

THE
TEST OF LOYALTY.

BY
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TO
WILLIAM M. FRENCH,
THE AUTHOR'S TRUE FRIEND
AND
LIBERAL PATRON IN HIS EARLY LITERARY EFFORTS,
THIS WORK IS
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

It will be remembered by many that, during the year 1862, a number of soldiers belonging to the army of the North-west deserted, and, returning to their homes, were concealed by disaffected partisans.) The hero of this story has been selected from a score of these, personally known to the author.

The idea of the work was suggested by a friend, who conceived that such a production, showing, as it necessarily must, the influence, for evil, exerted upon susceptible young men in the army by certain political malcontents, might be productive of good.

The statement that the majority of the characters who figure here are real, their names only being fictitious, is scarcely necessary, as many of them will be readily recognized.

The principal scene has been laid in and about the Hoosier capital, for two reasons: first, because the author is Hoosier, and is partial to Hoosierdom; second, because it

is mete that the most gallant of the North-western States should figure in the romance of the present period.) She certainly has as much claim to such notoriety as those rebellious States, which have hung so conspicuously hitherto, in the gallery of fiction.

If, in reading this story, any, who have heretofore been blinded by the opaque goggles of party devotion, should have their eyes opened to the great truth that Loyalty admits of no ifs or buts; if any should be convinced that it is the duty of every American to lay party, property, life—all upon the altar of Freedom, then shall my highest hopes be consummated.

To the members of the Metropolitan Literary Institute, who, for eight years, have been to me both schoolmates and teachers, are due my warmest thanks for many kind suggestions.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENLISTMENT.

"Why, George, what is the matter? you look real blue. Has anything unusual happened you?" said Dora Clinton to her brother, unexpectedly confronting him, as he stood on the old porch in front of his farm home, peering into his face with solicitous inquisitiveness.

"Nothing is the matter with me, Dora, but the country! the country!—that's what I'm thinking about. To go, or not to go—that's the question. Here's the corn to plant and plow, the wheat soon to cut—all the season's work to do; no body here but father, if I leave—but—but, I want to go and help whip the secesh. Nearly all the rest of the boys are going, and I'd like right well to go with them," and George stepped nervously about over the porch, as though he were caged. Dora's quick eye did not fail to discern his embarrassment, and she speedily addressed herself to its removal.

"Is the season's work all that bothers you?"

"Not all, of course; but that's the most."

"Well, then, go, and if father can obtain no other help, I'll turn out, myself. The mothers of seventy-six did farm and shop work, while the fathers fought the battles of Independence, and I can imitate them."

"Hurrah for you, Dora!—plenty of Clinton spirit about you, but I don't know so well about the ability."

"Ah! don't trouble yourself about that. A woman can do anything she puts her head to."

While Dora and George were thus engaged, their father, a gray-haired veteran of the war of 1812, stood behind the front door, which opened upon the porch, listening, wondering, admiring; and upon the enunciation of Dora's last sentence he could not refrain from interrupting them. Stepping from his place of concealment he addressed them:

"Children, I'm proud of you. The blood of Seventy-six runs in your veins. The country is safe while such as you are left."

"George, your father is old, but the danger of the Government makes him strong. If you want to fight for the flag, go. The old man can take care of the farm."

Mr. Clinton's broken eloquence caught the ear of a certain very important individual of the feminine gender, whom we may now introduce to the reader as Mrs. Clinton—an old lady, rather low in stature, stooped in form, with head frosted, and encased in a snow-white, heavy frilled, linen cap—eyes small, grey, twinkling, looking through a pair of old fashioned spectacles—features sharp and angular. She wears a plain, calico dress—old style—narrow cape and large, checked apron with a pocket in it, which receptacle contains a ball of knitting yarn, a thimble, and the bureau, cupboard and smoke house keys. Her father was a Virginia Democrat—a fact she often alludes to with much pride—and she is fond of telling how many handsome young men she refused when she was young, because they were not "to her mind in politics." She "liked Clinton, because he was honest, industrious, good looking, but she adored him because he was a Democrat." She is now—in the commencement of the rebellion—of the opinion that the South has done wrong, but thinks Lincoln to blame

for the war. "He ought'nt to let the South secede, but he hain't no right to use coercion," is an oft repeated saying with her.

The President has called for seventy-five thousand volunteers, and she has suffered no little uneasiness for fear George "will go and 'list."

The reader may, therefore, imagine her feelings upon overhearing the old man's talk on the porch.

"Talkin' about sendin' George to war, hey?" exclaimed the old lady, suddenly appearing in the midst of the company, and wiping the dust from her spectacles. "An is my only boy, who's allers been with me, except when he was to college, to be taken from me now in my ole days? Oh, this horrid war, that might 'a been avoided as well as not! It'll be the ruin of us all yet."

"But, mother," said George, "whether it might have been avoided or not, it is now upon us, and if we don't do our duty, the Government you always taught me to love will be destroyed. Can't you see that?"

"Bravely said, my boy," responded the father. "Wife, it is our duty to give our son to the country. It has always blessed us, let us defend it. I'm as good a Democrat as anybody; don't like Lincoln so very well; but it isn't his Government any more than mine that's in danger."

Mrs. Clinton, notwithstanding her strong political prejudices, felt the force of these remarks, and, not so much from any conviction of duty as from the consciousness of her inability to withstand the positive patriotic element with which she had to contend, yielded a sort of a silent, grudging consent to George's enlistment. George did not fail to notice this, and it tended, in no small degree to chill the patriotic ardor which enthused his soul, though it by no means weakened his desire to support his country in her hour of

peril. Thinking to improve his own feelings, and, perhaps, his mother's sentiments, he proposed to go immediately to Indianapolis, a distance of about three miles, and enter the ranks of his country's defenders, which proposition was accepted. A horse and vehicle were now brought out, and due preparations made for George's departure. The whole family accompanied him. On his way to town, he took what he thought might be his last look at all the familiar haunts of his boyhood. The neighborhood church; the school house and its forest play-ground; the woods he had often strolled with his sister, in summer, in quest of wild flowers, and ransacked in winter, with his boyish comrades, in search of rabbits and coons, were the scenes of pleasures and sports never to be forgotten.

He had heard his father speak of the imposing grandeur of the mountain scenery of Virginia; but this he had never seen. To him there was a beauty about the broad, level landscapes, towering old forests, and wild, tangled copses of Hoosierdom which could not be surpassed in any part of the world. But his country had called him, and he had resolved to separate himself from home with all its endeared surroundings, and even to quit the loved society of parents and sister in obedience to that call.

It was sad to leave, perhaps forever, the scenes and friends of his childhood, but it was soul reviving to know that he was to be numbered among those immortal patriots, who to preserve the American Government from the political corruptions of the Nineteenth century were to baptize it with their blood. Such were his reflections as he glided swiftly over the level pike to the recruiting office.

But little was said by the family while on the road. All were too deeply absorbed in the sad change that had come over a once peaceful and prosperous country, and the dis-

turbances it had caused in their social and domestic relations to talk freely.

If the reader had been with them, however, he might have read in the clouded brow of the father, and the glistening tears which stood in the eyes of the mother and sister, no less than in the ever-changing features of George, something of the character of the feelings which occupied each.

Having arrived at Indianapolis, George, accompanied by his father, repaired immediately to a recruiting stand and enlisted in a company composed largely of his old associates. No sooner was the fact known, than his friends gathered around him, warmly shaking his hand and rending the air with cheers for "George Clinton."

One after another came forward and remarked: "I knew George was too brave to allow others to do his fighting."

Meantime, Mr. Clinton had been accosted and called aside by Mr. Hardhead, Esq., a very successful criminal lawyer, residing in the metropolis, and the following conversation occurred:

"Mr. Clinton, why do you encourage your son to enlist in the Lincoln army? How does it come that so sound a Democrat as you will have any part in this abolition war? I'm astonished!"

"Astonished, that I should forget my party and stand by my country in times like these? And I don't know so well about its being an 'abolition war.' There's a good deal that goes to show that the South's been getting ready to rebel for several years. Any how, we've got to fight it out or be nobody."

"Clinton, haven't you been to some of the Republican war meetings and listened to some of those Union shriekers who denounce liberty of speech, and incite mobs to hunt down

the few remaining Democrats who have back-bone enough to express their opinion of this abolition crusade."

"Hardhead, what do you mean? Wasn't you a Douglas man in 1860? If you was, what makes you now go in for the fire-eaters, when you know they were the worst enemies Douglas had?"

Mr. Clinton was a man of moderate education, but was very eloquent when he felt deeply; and on this occasion he was peculiarly so, in so much that Hardhead felt it difficult to manage him.

"Well now, Mr. Clinton, if you must know it I will tell you the secret. I never was a friend of Douglas after he took the stand he did against the Administration on the admission of Kansas into the Union with the Lecompton Constitution. I only favored the Douglas ticket because the success of that ticket seemed to be the only hope of defeating the abolitionists. All this talk about popular sovereignty is humbug. The right of a territorial population to regulate its own domestic institutions in its own way is a very pretty thing to talk about, and it served our purpose very well in the election of Buchanan in fifty-six; but when you come to test it, it is found to be impracticable and unsafe."

"The true Democratic doctrine is undoubtedly that which is laid down in the Breckenridge platform. The people of all parts of the Union have an equal right to migrate to any territory within the United States, taking with them their *property*; and it is the duty of the Government to protect them and their *property* to the full extent of its powers."

"Now it is for the equality of rights in the territories that the South is fighting to day; and they ought to fight for it."

"Hardhead, are you one of those who believe that it is *Democratic* to convert this Government into a negro pro-

tecting machine, and by it to force slavery upon the people in a territory, whether they are willing or not? And do you go against the majority of the people controlling this Government, just because that majority has said that slavery shall go no further?"

"No, I do not deny the right of the majority to govern, but I deny its right to *oppress* the minority. According to the decision of the supreme court, slaves are property any where within the United States; and no majority has the right to interfere with the rights of property. No Government is justifiable in encroaching upon the rights of the people of one section that it may promote the interests of another. Our fathers rebelled against the British Government because it tried to render us subservient to the interests of the people of England; and Jeff. Davis and the people of the South have rebelled against this Government because, to favor the abolitionists, it aims to oppress slaveholders. I know that these Union shriekers tell us that no overt act had been committed; but the Southern people told us long ago that they would consider the election of a sectional candidate an overt act, and a just cause for secession. The warning has been fair, but the abolitionists have not heeded it. They have brought the war upon themselves and they may fight it out. For my part I will have nothing to do with it; nor will any other true Democrat. All I hope is that the South may give the Lincolnites a sound thrashing."

Hardhead continued thus delivering himself of the most treasonable sentiments, growing more and more outrageous, until a crowd of excited soldiers hearing him, he found it necessary to seek safety in the bosom of his family.

Clinton's feelings, upon hearing Hardhead's disloyal expressions, can not be described. He had previously

placed the utmost confidence in Hardhead; had regarded him as an able leader in the Democratic party, and a true friend of Douglas; had voted for him in 1860, honestly believing that in so doing he was supporting the doctrine of non-intervention; and now to hear him not only repudiating that doctrine, but expressing the strongest desires that a wicked and causeless rebellion might succeed, was something for which he was by no means prepared. Hardhead had been his warm personal friend—had acted for years as his attorney, and had always been true to him in that capacity; and being very adhesive in his friendships, he could not so readily condemn what he had just heard as if it had come from some other source.

After all, he did not know but there might be something in Hardhead's views; he (Clinton) had probably not investigated all the circumstances connected with the rebellion as closely as he should. Hardhead certainly was a man of more talent and information than himself; and as he had always been a lover of free speech, his regard for Hardhead was by no means lessened by the coercive demonstrations of the soldiers toward him. Still Clinton could not justify Hardhead's repudiation of the platform on which he had run for Congress, nor the assertion that the accession of a constitutionally elected president was, in itself, a sufficient cause for secession. In short, Clinton was completely confused, being strongly influenced on the one hand by personal friendship and past political attachment, and on the other by that love of country which had been instilled into him from youth.

In this vibrating state of mind he sought his wife and daughter, who had improved, or rather mis-improved the time occupied by George and his father in finding the recruiting office, by paying a passing visit to the family of

Mr. Venom, a very popular editor, who had just experienced the terrors of "*Abolition rule*," by being forced to display the American flag from his office window, and take the oath of allegiance. During this visit, the following highly entertaining feminine discussion occurred between Mrs. Clinton and Mrs. Venom:

"Mrs. Clinton, do I understand you to say that your handsome son George, between whom and my daughter Volatile, there has always existed such a close intimacy, has gone and enlisted in the Northern army?"

"Ye-es, of course. Why do you make so strange of it? Didn't you think him brave enough to go to war?"

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Clinton; I can assure you that I never for a moment doubted George's courage. He comes of a brave stock. But I must say I am surprised that the son of so good a Democrat as Ingram Clinton should take any part in this Black Republican war."

"Well, Mrs. Venom, I don't want you to think that I had art nor part in it. It was all fixed up atween Dora, an George, an father, an among 'em afore I knowed anything about it. An then George, he seemed so bent on goin, an Father was so anxious to have him go, that I thought I must consent. But, law me," and here Mrs. Clinton drew a long sigh; "I tell you it didn't please me a bit, so it didn't."

"If it had a been a war with some furrin nation, I wouldn't a minded it. I'd a said, go George, and drive the invaders from the country the forefathers fought, bled, an died for. But it always seemed to me this war with our Southern *brothers* might a been avoided."

"And so it might, Mrs. Clinton. In the first place the Northern people need not have elected Lincoln. The Southern people had always told us they would not submit

to the election of an Abolitionist. And then after Lincoln was elected, we might have preserved peace by agreeing to the Crittenden Compromise, although that was hardly fair for the South, and—"

"Now, Mrs. Venom, them's jist my sentiments, but I haint got the edecation to express 'em."

"But that's not all, Mrs. Clinton. If Lincoln had *let the South alone*, and had not attempted coercion, the Border States would have stayed in the Union, and after a while the rebellious States would have come back."

"That's my opinion, too, Mrs. Venom."

"Now, the truth is, Mrs. Clinton, the Black Republicans are bent on the freedom of the negro, and they have brought on this war to subjugate the South and emancipate the slaves. But the South never can be whipped, and this country never can have peace until the Democratic party gets into the power again, and *compromises* the matter by giving the Southern people their rights."

"Now your'e talkin, Mrs. Venom. The Abolitioners loves the *nigger* better nor they do the country. The South'll never submit, an the Dimocrats'll have to settle the fuss after all. But;" and here Mrs. Clinton heaved another deep sigh; "George has gone an done it, I reckon, by this time, an I spose there's no help for it. He's so hot-blooded, an Father, he's not much better; an the idee o' fightin for the Government, under the stares an stripes, has sot 'em both crazy. The fact is, I'm beginin to git uneasy for fear the ole man'll jine the company too, if he can. But then I spose he can't, can he?"

"O, no, Mrs. Clinton; no one over forty-five can enter the service."

"The thing goes specially hard with us now, Mrs. Venom, because the most o' the corn crap's to be put in,

an there's nobody left to work but the ole man. Hands is powerful scase, you know, an wages high. Dora, she thinks as how she might do a right smart chance o' work on the farm; but, law, she's too spindle'n to stand anything. She'll do big things, won't she? Why, she haint been woth much in doin the work about the house sense she went to boardin school. But she's all full o' hifallutin notions now—talks about revolutionary mothers, the fortitude o' wimmen, what the country demands of our sex in this tryin period, and all sich; but when it comes to the tryal, I'm a thinkin she'll wilt like a mornin glory of a hot summer day."

"Yes, I should think Dora too delicate to do much outdoor work."

"Well, I was just a thinkin, Mrs. Venom, as I come up, that I'd ax you somethin about a thing I hearn down town."

"What is it?"

"Why, some feller was a tellin another feller jist as we stoped afore the Odd Feller's Hall, that the Union men had made Mr. Venom hang out the American flag, an take the oath of allegiance to the United States. How about that?"

"Well, that is about true. You see husband is pretty independent, and he came out in a leader the other mornin, reviewing the course taken by the Black Republicans in the last Congress, and showing that the Abolitionists brought on the war. This so maddened the so-called Union men, and the soldiers about town, that they gathered around the office and threatened to tear it to pieces if husband did not display the flag and take the oath. Of course he was willing to do that; but if anybody thinks he

has changed one whit from what he was, they are badly mistaken. He is still the same Iscariot Venom."

"Oh! is that the way of it? Why, I—but the door bell rings."

"Dick! Dick! you lazy black rascal, where are you?"

"Heah! heah! Missus Venum, at your serviss."

"Go to the front door and see who desires admission. If it is that impudent Mrs. Loyal, tell her I am not at home. Now do you hear?"

"Yes, missus; I heah."

"I expect its the ole man after me an Dora. I thought I hearn ole Pats nicker jist afore the bell. Its about time he should be here. Yes, it's him; I hearn him ask if I was here. I've got a good one laid up for him for keepin me here so long. I'll lay anything he's been foolin away his time talkin politics with Hardhead, or some o' them fellers. Yes, it's him; here he is."

"Good evening, Mrs. Venom."

"Good evening, Mr. Clinton. Have a seat on the sofa, and rest yourself; you must be tired."

"Thank you, Mrs. Venom, but I have no time to stay; and if wife and Dora are ready, we will be off home immediately. Our main help about the farm has gone to serve his country, and the old man will have to stir now, or the season's work will fall behind."

"So Mrs. Clinton has just been telling me; and I have been wondering how—but here come Dora and Volatile, looking unusually serious for them. Why, Dora has been crying, and Volatile is pouting. Girls, is anything the matter? Certainly, there is nothing wrong between you?"

"I don't know whether you call it wrong or not," said Dora, "but whenever anybody speaks derisively of the

American Union, and shows sympathy with rebels, she, or he, can no longer be a friend of mine. Volatile and I have been out to Wallace Barracks in company with my old friend, Ninnie Hardhead, and on our return, Ninnie and Volatile did nothing but slur the brave boys who have so cheerfully stepped forward in this hour of their country's peril, to sustain the honor of the flag; and they shall know from this time forward, that a gulf, as wide as the difference between treason and patriotism, separates them from me."

"Dear me! I wonder! Why, you must have been taking lessons of Mrs. Loyal," said Mrs. Venom.

"Why, daughter, you are excited. You speak too bluntly. Remember we are in the house of our old friends," said Mr. Clinton.

"Oh, that's jest like her," said Mrs. Clinton, "more of her boardin school retreic; wants to to let folks know what she's larnt. I tell you, ole man, that gal'll be in the Insane Hospistle afore a year, without a chance."

"Been taking lessons of Mrs. Loyal—in the house of *old friends*—will be in the *Insane Hospital*. I am thinking others might learn valuable lessons of Mrs. Loyal. Father, why didn't you say a den of secession vipers instead of a *house of friends*; and as to the Insane Hospital, give me that any time in preference to the doom that hereafter awaits TRAITORS!"

"Wife! wife! let's be going. Things are getting pretty hot here. Dora will cool down when she gets home. I hope you will take no offence, Mrs. Venom. Dora will apologize when she is at herself."

"Why, Father, what do you mean? I *am* at myself. Loyalty to this Government is always sane. Treason is the worst form of madness; and there are some here who

will feel it before many years. You may depend upon it, I shall never apologize to traitors while life remains, nor cease denouncing those who would insult my country's flag, until I am cold in the grave. Father, I am ready to go home, and will be glad to get there, but must see George first. Where is he?"

"I left him at the recruiting office. He said he would meet us at the New York Store, if there was any chance."

"Ole man, I am ready an anxshus to git home, or any where else, where it 'ud be proper for me take that gal down a notch or two. I'll larn her how to take advantage of the edecation wev'e sacraficed so much to give her, to insult our friends and disgrace herself. I'll let her know her mother knows somethin, if she didn't git no high boardin school larnin when she was a gal. I'd like to see George though, too."

Dora, to avoid any further dispute with her mother, remained silent, fully determined, however, in her own mind never to yield a single inch of the lofty, patriotic ground she had taken.

All things being in readiness, the family proceeded to their carriage and started home. Passing down Main street, they came to the locality where George had promised to see them, and found him in waiting. He told them he had enlisted in the company of his choice, but would not be mustered into the service for a day or two, and he would spend that time at home. All were rejoiced to hear this news. Mrs. Clinton seemed particularly pleased; and the significant twinklings of her little grey eyes indicated that she had a special object in having her son at home a little while before he was sworn in.

George took his seat in the carriage, and all proceeded on their way home.

Wonderful to say, Mrs. Clinton had not a word of reproof for Dora, even when the best opportunities were offered. The truth is, she knew her daughter, and that while she was the most obedient of daughters in all matters coming within the sphere of a mother's jurisdiction, she was not the girl to compromise any right principle. Mrs. Clinton desired to leave as favorable an impression upon the mind of her friend, Mrs. Venom, as possible. Hence she attempted to show her disapproval of Dora's Union sentiments, and particularly her hostility to the bold manner in which they were expressed, by making threats of reprimands and punishments at the proper time and place. But further than this mere display, she intended nothing, and during the route from the city home, no mention was made of what had passed at the house of Mr. Venom.

And, as we have hitherto omitted it, let us here attempt a description of Dora.

She is a genuine Hoosier girl, of medium height and full form. Her features are strong but not coarse. Her complexion is rather dark,—hair very dark, and worn plainly; eyes hazel, large, round, electric in expression—the true index, at all times, of her feelings, whether sad, pathetic, or revengeful. Her head is large, high, and narrow in front, but full in the combative region. The painter would hardly select her as a model of feminine beauty, and yet she is by no means homely. She is possessed of rare perceptive, memory and language, and the ability to apply whatever she learns. Her education is the very best that the Hoosier capital will afford. She is an inveterate reader of history and politics; believes that a woman has a right to know anything she can learn, and express an opinion when she has one. She is frank, bold, honest, energetic, and

always ready to defend the right. A dandy, whose highest conception of a *lady* is that of a semi-sentimental, smirking, French-chattering, piano puppet, will hardly be tempted to fall in love with her, but a *man* who wants a *woman*, will make her his wife if he can get her. She is not rude, but earnest, ardent, and always ready to attack wrong wherever she may find it; always desires to be obedient and respectful to her parents, but not negative and subservient.

On the way home, Mrs. Clinton was occupied in asking George questions with reference to his enlistment, his company, officers, etc, etc. She seemed particularly anxious to know all about the nature of a volunteer enlistment,—how far the recruit was bound before he was sworn in, etc.

George knew his mother's susceptibility, and could plainly see that some one had been poisoning her since he had parted from her in the morning. He was, therefore, extremely careful to say nothing indicating a desire to retrace the step he had taken. But the significant queries of his mother did not trouble George half so badly as the ominous silence and vexed countenance of his father. There was a gruff, disappointed expression in the latter's features, which could not easily be fathomed, and which set George on nettle of uneasiness. Dora, also, observed this, and determined, if possible, to know the cause of it.

Arrived at home, George housed the carriage and put away the horse, while the other members of the family proceed to the house. Dora immediately sought an interview with her father, when the following passed between them:

"Father, what causes you to be so gloomy and abstracted this afternoon?—so ruffled and unapproachable. Quite dif-

ferent, you seem now to what you did this morning. Then you was sad, now you are morose."

"Daughter, it would be difficult for me to tell you all I feel just now; and if I were to do it, it would, perhaps, only perplex you, while it wouldn't relieve me."

"Father, unless it is something not proper for me to hear, I insist that you disclose to me the whole cause of your trouble. You know how much I love you, and how miserable I am, when anything goes wrong with you which I may not know."

"Well, for your satisfaction, I'll tell all. To begin with, I've been surprised to-day to find that some of my old Democratic friends don't support the Government. I have been particularly troubled at Hardhead's notions of the war. I fully expected to find every Douglas man a warm supporter of the Government; but he not only speaks discouragingly of the war, but favorably of the secessionists—the murderers of Douglas. The rebellion has made a new man of him. He now sees light where he used to see darkness. He now defends the Lecompton doctrine and the Breckenridge platform with as much zeal as he used to oppose them; giving as a reason for his past support of the Anti-Lecompton ticket that it was the only one which could possibly defeat the Republicans. He seems to think that the Southern people are fighting for their rights, and that the abolitionists have brought on the war. Now you know Hardhead has always been a good friend of mine. He certainly knows more than I do about politics. I've always looked up to him as a political, as well as a legal advisor; and the stand he now takes, and the boldness he defends it with, shakes my confidence a little in the views I took this morning, and leads me to ask whether or not I have done right in giving up George."

"Father, I can hardly believe that it is you who talks thus. I am filled with inexpressible anguish to hear you even intimate that your faith in the cause of the Union is shaken. As to Hardhead, I could have told you long ago that he is an unprincipled politician; a man ready to do anything for money or for position—a *traitor* both to his party and to his country. His friendship to you is based upon the profit he has derived from your patronage, and that he yet hopes to derive in the future. Take away the money prop and his high estimation of you will tumble into the unfathomable depths of oblivion. And can it be possible that my father acknowledges dependence upon a corrupt, worn out political hack, as it regards the formation of his opinions and the conception of his duties in a great crisis, such as the present? Is it possible, that my father, when the flag of his country has been basely insulted, will confer with one who would sell soul and body for office, to know what he should do?

"The assertion that this war is brought about by the abolitionists is a lie, and Hardhead knew it when he uttered it. The great national calamity which now overhangs us is just what the enemies of Douglas have been working for a number years. The election of Lincoln—the pretext for the war was made certain by the division of the Democratic party at Charleston. The same fire-eaters who defeated the efforts of the conservatives of the North-west are working to destroy American liberty; and the man who, having fought under the standard of the Little Giant, would turn, immediately after his defeat, and lick the dust from the feet of his enemies, is unworthy a position among respectable apes.

"The issue of the present is not *abolition*, but the salvation of America. It is not whether the negro shall be freed,

but whether the freedom of the white men shall be preserved; not whether the present administration is right, but whether the great Temple of Liberty, reared by the heroes of Seventy-six, shall stand; not whether a local institution of the South shall be extended, but whether the Union, more precious to the true American than life, shall be perpetuated."

"Daughter, the heat of your feelings carries you to extremes. Remember you're young and have not seen as much of the political workings of this Government as others have. I know you're well versed in history for one of your age, and that you take an unusual interest in the welfare of your country, but the warmth of your young blood won't allow that cool exercise of judgment that *older* ones are capable of; I admire your patriotism, but don't like your uncompromising disposition. It does not become one of your age and sex to speak so harshly of everybody who opposes your views. Hardhead may be all that you say he is, but it doesn't look well in you to use quite such hard words about him as you do. You should be more moderate."

"These are not moderate times, father. The life of America is at stake; and whoever, either directly or indirectly, shows sympathy with its enemies not only deserves the uncompromising hatred of every friend of freedom, but the ignoble death of a *traitor*, be he old or young. Treason is inexcusable enough in youth; but when dignified by age and advocated against the light of experience, it becomes detestable beyond the power of human description. No, Father, say not that my words have been too sharp against a man, who, as the insidious serpent insinuated himself into the good graces of our Mother Eve, that through her, he might taint the air, curse the earth, and

blight the souls of millions, would stealthfully creep into the hearts of Columbia's loyal sons, infuse into their souls the fatal poison of disunion, and thus destroy a nation's freedom. Words are but feeble agencies to portray the dark, the damning crime of conspiracy against liberty; and the condemnation of traitors is so deep that the eye of the human imagination could not penetrate it, in an age. But, Oh! Father, how do you think poor George will feel when he hears of the change that seems likely to come over you? How will his soul bear up under the knowledge that your heart is not *fully* enlisted in the great cause for which he goes to fight? And—"

There, daughter, stop! The old man can endure no more. You have touched the tender spot. You know how I love George; you know how I love my country. But, my head is addled, I am in a vexed, uncertain state of mind; don't know what to make of Hardhead, and—"

"Why, father, I can tell you what to make of him," said George, surprising both his father and Dora by his sudden appearance. "He is simply a sympathizer with the South; an enemy to the Government. Everybody knows that. Col. Vaughn told me to-day that Hardhead was at heart a rebel, and a more dangerous foe to the Union than any man in the Southern army."

"Col. Vaughn!"

"Yes, Col. Vaughn."

"Well, if *he* says it, I reckon there is something in it. But George, did you hear what passed between me and your sister?"

"Only a part of it, father—the latter part."

"Well, son, you mustn't think that your father would have you undo anything you have done to-day. I have merely allowed myself to get a little worked up by some

talk I had with Hardhead this forenoon; and, as Dora has hinted, I reckon it is weakness in me to allow him to do my thinking. Go on my boy, you have honored yourself and your father in offering yourself to your country. May God bless you."

The incisive arguments of Dora, although not new to Mr. Clinton, owing to the unselfishness and earnestness of the manner in which they were presented, tended greatly to restore his mental equilibrium, and to remove those Democratic jealousies aroused by his conversation with Hardhead in the city. But his sympathy for his son and the opinion of Col. Vaughn—a life-long Democrat—caused him to feel ashamed of having allowed himself to entertain any doubts of the righteousness of his country's cause; and to fall back rapidly to his former position—that whatever might have been the causes of the war, it is the duty of all citizens of all parties to sustain the Government.

He was naturally a firm, resolute man; but was becoming enfeebled both in mind and body by age, and was by no means well prepared for the new issues and soul-trying exigencies which the year 1861 brought with it. His party prejudices were exceedingly strong. He had always believed that the history of his party was the history of the Government; that the Democratic policy was the only one upon which the Republic could be securely based; and, hence, although he felt, as Dora had said, that the same men who had divided the Democracy and thus ensured the election of Lincoln, were foremost in the rebellion, yet he had no love for the Republicans, and by no means liked the idea of humbling his Democratic pride.

It was under the influence of these peculiar feelings and prejudices that he was induced to take into consideration the views of Hardhead. But the counter-views of another

Democrat, more talented and influential, tended to restore him to his former patriotic stand, and to arouse in him a strong suspicion of Hardhead's loyalty.

In this state of mind, he called for his pipe, lighted it and sat down to soothe his excited nerves and indulge in hopeful reveries. In the mean time Dora went to the kitchen to assist her mother about the supper.

While supper was in preparation, Mr. Clinton took occasion to ask George a great many questions about Colonel Vaughn and other Democrats, and their opinion of the war, etc., etc., which George cheerfully answered as well as he could. It was a great solace to him to know that his first views of the war and the duties of the people were fully supported by the most distinguished Democrats of the country. And he finally requested George to procure for him a paper containing the noble speech made by Senator Douglas in Indianapolis, on his return from Washington, immediately after the breaking out of the rebellion.

Supper being ready, it was quietly despatched; all appearing to have said about all they had to say respecting the exciting scenes of the day. Mrs. Clinton was unusually quiet; but exceedingly vigilant in watching all George's motions and expressions of countenance.

After supper the family proceeded to the sitting room, and after a few minutes' conversation, during which time Mr. Clinton again indulged in the use of the pipe, preparations were made for retiring to rest. The venerable head of the family selected and read from the "Old fashioned Bible," an appropriate chapter, and then poured out his soul in earnest prayer to the Great Disposer of all human events, in behalf of his distracted country, and the brave soldiers who had gone to fight the battles of freedom. He closed his appeal by invoking the blessings of heaven upon

his only son, who was now about to leave his father's roof to meet the enemies of his Government in deadly combat. During this prayer the feelings of all were touched. George and Dora felt what they had never felt before. The insecurity of human institutions, and the uncertainty of life were brought before their minds in the most vivid manner, and they felt they were to suffer afflictions of the soul to which they had previously been strangers. The eccentric mother was moved to intense grief, and experienced a degree of humility which even such erratic minds as her's rarely know. All arose from the mercies' seat, melted into contrition, and sympathetically harmonious with each other, to retire to rest imbued with thoughts and desires as new as they were soul-thrilling.

CHAPTER II.

LOYALTY'S TEST.

We near the large plantation residence of a wealthy Tennessean, near Knoxville. The man who resides there formerly lived in the vicinity of Nashville, but moved to his present place of abode about the time that Sumter was reduced, in order to escape the persecutions which the secessionists were visiting upon the Union men of that region. His name is Trueman. He is an uncompromising friend of the Union. He is a brother of Mrs. Clinton; has an intelligent and interesting family; is brave, noble, and generous. We shall soon form a more intimate acquaintance with him, but for the present we will approach the door of his house and busy ourselves in listening to a conversation between his two daughters.

"Louie, did you tell me you had received a letter from our Hoosier cousin, Dora Clinton?"

"Yes. Would you like to read it?"

"No; I would rather have you read it. You read so much better than I do."

"Anything to please you, Jennie," said Louie, as she opened the letter and read as follows:

"DEAR LOUIE: I have so many things to write about that I scarcely knew where to begin. You are, of course, as well apprised of the great misfortune which has befallen our country, as I am. You may not know, however, the

feelings of our people toward you as well as one who has always lived here.

"The people of the North have not engaged in a war for the freedom of the negro, but for the preservation of the Union. Thousands of men who voted against Lincoln have taken up arms, not against slavery, but against traitors. The Administration declares it as the policy of the Government to interfere with the domestic interests of no State, and to protect the lives and property of citizens everywhere. If the Southern people would lay down their arms to-day, the Government would receive them again into the Union without infringing a single one of their rights. But while the seceders continue to strike at the Government, the great loyal masses of the North will fight while a man is left.

"The secessionists need not deceive themselves with the hope that the conservative Democracy of the North-west will assist them in their silly, insane efforts to establish a Southern Confederacy. We know too well the value of our Government to encourage its destruction. There may be a very few among us who sympathize with the traitors, but they are too idiotic and cowardly to be worth anything to anybody.

"You know not, my dear Louie, how much uneasiness your kin here, suffer on your account. Knowing that your father is an uncompromising Union man, we fear that unless aid is soon sent you, he will fall a victim to those ruthless savages, who obey the mandates of Jeff. Davis. May the Father of mercies protect you, is our constant prayer.

"Should you be closely pressed, fly to us if you can. We will receive you with open arms.

"The health of the entire family is good.

"George has volunteered in his country's service.

"Ever your faithful cousin,

"DORA.

"P. S.—Remember me to your pa and ma, and Albert, and kiss Jennie for me.

"D."

"How much that sounds like cousin Dora," exclaimed Jennie. "Her independence, patriotism, and sympathy are all visible in that letter."

"Yes, and her sound common sense, too," Louie said, as she folded the letter and placed it in her portfolio.

"How good it is in her to sympathize with us, when she herself is, no doubt, enough grieved that her only brother, who has always been by her side, must be made a mark for rebel bullets."

"Yes, Jennie, it is, indeed, good, but not remarkable; because our own misfortunes, so far from monopolizing our souls, really render them the more capacious for the reception of the sorrows of others."

"O! Louie! when I think of the beautiful home we have exchanged for this place, and the many good friends this war has alienated from me, it nearly breaks my heart. But then, if it only places father out of danger, and saves Albert from being pressed into the rebel army, I am satisfied."

"Yes, and well you may be; for there is no telling what evils we may yet have to encounter. Lincoln seems to be very slow in sending arms or aid to East Tennessee, and if we should be neglected until the secessionists have made sufficient headway to put us under martial law, and cut off all sources of assistance to us, we shall experience trials of another sort to any we have heretofore known. Our noble Senator, Andy Johnson, has spared no efforts to in-

duce the Government to supply us with the means of defense, but as yet we have nothing but promises. The Administration does not seem to appreciate the devoted loyalty of the Tennessee mountaineers. The fearless spirit and self-sacrificing Unionism of Brownlow and his brother patriots, seems thus far to have excited little more than admiration among the powers at Washington. It may be, however, that preparations are being made to assist us as rapidly as possible."

"Oh! Louie! don't talk so gloomily of our prospects. It makes the cold chills run all over me. Only think of Father's being treated as some of the Union men about Nashville have been; and then the idea of Albert being made to enter the army of Jeff. Davis, to make war upon the Government to which he has always been so devotedly attached—to trample under foot the flag he holds more sacred than life. Surely! surely! sister, such terrible calamities as these are not in reserve for us."

"Earnestly, I pray not, Jennie; but while we should not anticipate the worst, yet we should always be prepared for it. I would not have you suffer the afflictions you have portrayed in advance; I would only have you be satisfied that our condition is no worse than it is. If we had entirely lost our home, it would be nothing to the sacrifice we may yet have to lay upon the altar of our country."

"Oh! how I wish we were rid of our negroes, and could go North," Jennie exclaimed in her most fidgety style. "Then Albert could join the Union army, and share the honors of loyal warfare with his cousin George. But then, he could not be persuaded to go and leave us here, exposed as we are."

"Girls! girls! have you heard the news?" cried Albert

Trueman, rushing unexpectedly into the room, while a mingled expression of uneasiness and vengeance flashed from his keen gray eye."

"What news?" eagerly inquired the sisters, both in the same breath.

"Why, a force of two thousand secessionists is within one day's march of Knoxville, and—"

"Why, Albert! that must be a mere rumor," said Louie, trying to suppress her agitation.

"All but a mere rumor—I only wish it were. I have just this moment heard it from a very reliable Union man who came immediately from the neighborhood where the scoundrels encamped last night."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is so; and he says the cowardly dogs are destroying property, and shooting down unarmed Union men wherever they go."

"Oh! that we had arms! Why don't the Government send us arms? We ask no more," ejaculated Albert in the most supplicating tones.

"Albert! my son! this is no time to be vainly lamenting our condition—no time to stand here idly wishing for what we can not obtain!" cried Mr. Trueman, at the top of his voice, as he entered the presence of his children, his whole countenance burning with fiery indignation. "The devouring wolves of Jeff. Davis are in our midst, committing the most savage outrages upon our people, to make them bow at the feet of the rattlesnake king, and no time is to be lost, or we shall be reduced to a submission more humiliating than that of the meanest slave."

"Come, my boy, don't stand here waiting and praying for Government arms; but with your revolver and fowling piece mount your Selim, and off with me to Knoxville.

Brownlow and other lion-hearted patriots, are in waiting for us."

"Well; but Father what will become of us?" asked Jennie, while her pallid countenance and trembling frame showed the intensity of the fear to which she had been wrought up.

"What will become of *us*, indeed!" said Louie, in tones of sarcastic bitterness. "Better ask what will become of Father and Brother, and the brave little band of patriots who are going to defend us against those heartless wretches."

"Surely, we can take care of our persons while our friends go to meet the hosts of Confederate brutes who threaten the destruction of the whole country."

"Heroic daughter! Worthy descendant of the revolutionary mothers; may Heaven enable you to inspire your sister with the same dauntless courage and unyielding fortitude which I know will keep your head above the fiery waves that are now sweeping over the land. I have no fears of your mother. Her spirit is fully equal to the trials it will be required to endure. But we must be off."

"Ned! Ned!"

"What, massa?" said a supple son of Africa who answered to that name, as he sprung into the room, and hat in hand, made his lowest bow to his master.

"Go immediately to the stable and saddle Charley and Selim, and bring them out in the greatest possible haste. Come, off with you!"

"Yes, massa; I bring de hosses in de twinklin ob a sheep's tail," said Ned, bounding away to the stable, revolving over and over in his kinky pate what the emergency could be that required such unusual haste, and

which caused the whole family to appear so deeply agitated.

"Louie, call your mother. I must see her before I go, and let her know what it is that takes me so unceremoniously from home."

"I guess she is in the garden, Father," replied Louie, as she glided out of the parlor in search of her mother.

She had been absent but a few minutes when she returned, bringing Mrs. Trueman, who, as she presented her husband with a beautiful bouquet, remarked tenderly:

"Here I am, dear; what will you have with me?"

"Were it any other woman than you, I should be afraid to tell you," answered Trueman, looking confidently at his wife. "But knowing your courage and power of endurance, I do not hesitate to tell you why I requested your presence."

"Ah! I see it is something serious."

"Serious, indeed, my dear—more so, doubtless, than anything which has ever yet tested your fortitude. The fiendish followers of Jeff. Davis are within a day's march of Knoxville, burning houses, murdering the people, stealing property, and doing whatever else their hellish instincts prompt them to do, in order to make the Unionists submit to the rule of their Confederate master."

"Is it possible! So it seems that our removal to East Tennessee has not secured us from the persecutions of the usurper. Where is the aid promised us by the Government?"

"It is too late, my dear, to lament the failure of the Government to supply us with the means of defense. Whether there is any just cause for the slow movements of the Federal authorities, we know not. Nor have we time to stop and inquire. We only know that we are pre-

sented with the alternatives of war or abject slavery; and that we must, with what means we have, resist, to the death, those who seek to coerce us into disunion, or sacrifice that which is dearer to us than life—our HONOR.

"Albert and I are going, with our revolvers and shot-guns, to Knoxville, to unite our efforts with the few remaining FREEMEN of the once proud State of Tennessee, to resist the encroachments of the oppressor. We are few in numbers, but strong in the love of liberty. Our dependence is not on superior equipments and military discipline, but upon the righteousness of our cause and the God of truth. We may all fall, but we prefer honorable death to that mean servility which reduces a man to the condition of the brute."

"Husband, I have never had any desire to survive your death, but I have as little that you should outlive your honor. Go and meet the ruthless despoiler who seeks to strip your country's flag of its pristine glory, and transform its noble defenders into obsequious menials; and while the consciousness of your soul-inspiring motives emboldens your heart and nerves your arm to the unequal conflict, remember that she who loves you better than life, is ever invoking the God of justice to shield you from danger."

"And if I fall?"

"I will rear a monument to your fame, and inscribe on it: JOHN TRUEMAN, ONE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS TENNESSEE MARTYRS WHO FELL WHILE BRAVELY DEFENDING THE AMERICAN UNION AGAINST THE MYRMIDONS OF THE TRAITOR, JEFF. DAVIS."

"Then, wife, though the vassals with whom I go to contend were as countless as the sands upon the sea shore, I would cheerfully meet them all; and with the certainty of

death staring me in the face, would strike while life remained, knowing that when my bones should be mouldering in the grave, my memory should be sacredly enshrined in the heart of one of America's noblest women."

"Massa! de hosses is ready!" exclaimed Ned, coming rather unceremoniously into the presence of his master and mistress. "Dey been well fed dis mo'nin, and I curry dem up as slick as a peal'd ingion. But Cha'ley got de debel in him dis mo'nin as big as a yea'lin. He try to flounce de saddil on todder side all de time I try to put it on."

"Is Albert ready?"

"Yes, Father, I am all ready," answered Albert, springing into the room, and presenting himself before his Father rigged from top to toe in a suit of woolen homespun, with his shot-gun suspended to his shoulder, and his revolver snugly belted.

"And you, my boy, are going with your Father to defend your liberty, are you?" said the heroic mother, her every feature beaming with a mingled expression of patriotism and a mother's pride.

"Yes, mother, I *am* going," replied Albert, in bold, manly tones.

"Well, son, remember your mother, and under no circumstance ever so conduct yourself as to cause the blush of shame to mantle her cheek when your name is called in her presence."

"Never! never! mother, while I have the power to act will I dishonor *your* name," Albert exclaimed, erecting his tall, manly form, and looking the very personification of all that is brave and noble in man.

By this time all the members of the family had gathered around Mr. Trueman and Albert; and many of the ser-

vants, including the eccentric Ned, were huddling about the steps anxiously catching every word that dropped.

Louie and Jennie stood arm in arm, in mute silence, carefully watching every change in the features of their parents and brother, and with all the courage they could summon, awaiting the departure. Louie had succeeded in quieting the fears of her more timid sister, and in reconciling her to the dire misfortune which seemed to be hovering over them.

All things being in readiness, Mr. Trueman and Albert, with a hasty good-bye to their friends, mounted their horses and started for Knoxville. Long did the mother, the daughters, and slaves stand at the gate, whither they had followed their protectors, and gaze in the direction of Knoxville. With all their differences in character and disposition, one feeling pervaded every soul—that of a sense of danger. Even the simplest of the negroes seemed to be impressed with the idea that they were standing on an isolated, defenseless spot, surrounded on every hand by the turbulent waves of civil war.

Long after her husband and son had disappeared, Mrs. Trueman called her family and servants together, and proceeded to make the best preparations for immediate home defense which her meagre facilities would allow. Hasty barricades were constructed for the doors and windows, and every one capable of striking a blow was provided with an extemporized weapon of one kind or another. Axes, hatchets, pitch forks, spades, carving knives, and cudgels innumerable were brought into requisition. Mrs. Trueman did and said everything she could to inspire her daughters and slaves with hope and courage. She recounted to them many of the deeds of female and negro heroism during the Revolution and the Indian wars. She told

them how American women had assisted their fathers, husbands, and brothers, in driving the British from the land, and establishing the independence of the United States; how bravely negroes had conducted themselves in the days of Seventy-six; how the wives and daughters of frontier settlers had managed to destroy whole bands of Indian savages. Finally she appealed to them in the name of all they held sacred on earth or revered in Heaven, to show themselves equal to the emergencies of the hour. She told them that they were not expected to go out to meet armies on the field of battle, but to guard home, property, and their persons against such straggling vandals as might be strolling about in search of the means of gratifying their avarice and lusts; that if they valued their lives and their honor, they would show it by resisting to the utmost of their powers, any encroachments upon their personal and domestic rights; that if they loved their brave protectors, who had taken their lives in their hands and gone to confront the minions of the usurper, Davis, they would manifest it by unflinching courage in times of danger.

By the time she had completed her arrangements and finished her exhortations, her daughters and negroes had unlimited confidence in her ability to command the pitch fork and cudgel brigade. The simple-hearted darkies regarded her as a chief well skilled in "strategy," and fertile in expedients. Her bravery had long been acknowledged. Upon the approach of night, Mrs. Trueman selected several of the most trusty of her slaves, and posted them as sentries to keep watch and give the proper alarm in case of approaching danger. She conferred upon the faithful Ned the honor of the office of "corporal of the guard," and he assumed the responsibilities of his important station

with that degree of alacrity and pride only known to the negro.

Assembling his sable comrades, he delivered to them the following charge:

'FELLA NIGGA'S: Ole massa's gone wid young massa to fite de secessioners, an dar aint nobody heah to do nuffin but ole missus and de two young missuses an de nigga's. Ole missus say we mus stay 'wake de 'hole nite, and neber go to sleep nary time, an watch de scatterloppers what mout be gwine about seekin whom dey mite steal sombody's hosses, or bu'n sombody's ba'n. I'se been 'pinted to see dat you does yoah duty, c'lean up to de handle. Now, I 'spects ye to keep yoah eyes wide open, if you has to prop up de lids wid splinters. Now, don't fo'get dat, nohow. Mus'nt stan still nowhah, foh nigga sleep standin bout as well as lyin down, dats a fac.

"If anybody come, let me know fust, den I tell missus. Keep yoah eyes skin'd foh dat seallywag dat boa'ds oveh to Johnson's, what come from de Norf, and say he vote foh Brackenridge, an blebe in Suddern rights, kase if de scatterloppers cum roun', I blebe he be de fust man to show dem whar to do dar dirt in dis neighbo'hood; an ye know he got speshel spite at de niggers on dis place kase dey won't c'rupt dar morals by 'sosheatin wid him."

Having delivered this charge, Ned sent the guard to their several stations and established his headquarters on his master's back porch, near the kennel of the faithful house dog, pitch fork in hand, prepared for any emergency.

While all these things were transpiring at the Trueman plantation, scenes of a far more thrilling character were occurring in another direction. Mr. Trueman and Albert having arrived at Knoxville, found about one hundred and

thirty Tennessee patriots waiting for them. These men, like Trueman and his son, were generally ignorant of military discipline, and were armed with rifles, shot guns, revolvers, Bowie knives, etc., etc.

Brownlow, unhappily, was lying very ill, and they were obliged to select another man from their number as their leader. Trueman was the man. All had the utmost confidence in him. He was known to be honest, brave, and sagacious; and no one felt that all that could be done would not be accomplished if he commanded the company.

Assuming, without hesitation, the responsibilities thrust upon him, Trueman proceeded immediately to organize, as best he could, the men who had placed themselves under his charge. This being effected, he gave them considerable exercise in shooting and charging upon horseback, availing himself, in the meantime, of every opportunity for testing their courage. To his great satisfaction he found that no man in the whole number had any of the elements of cowardice. The company was composed of tough, active, intrepid mountaineers, who had never known fear; of men who, having always been the freest of the free, among Southrons, were not to be subjugated by those they deemed the enemies of liberty; of men who loved, above all other earthly things, the American Union, and whose devotion to the old flag was superior to every other earthly feeling; of men who, without succor, and surrounded on every hand by a wall of fire, had sworn by the memory of their sires, by the affection they bore their loved ones, and by high Heaven, never to come under the dominion of those who would level to the dust the great Temple of Liberty, and erect in its stead a cotton throne.

Among such men as these, Trueman felt that every man was a general, and that the greatest duty which devolved

upon him was to show himself worthy of their confidence. The task before them was an arduous one. A superior number of drilled men, with all the regular equipments of war, was to be met and driven from Eastern Tennessee. Upon the success of this undertaking everything depended. They had boldly declared their hostility to the bogus Confederate Government,—their determination to stand by the Constitution of the United States; and in pursuance of this declaration they had taken up arms to defy their enemies. Should they fail everything was lost. Their property would be confiscated, their families impoverished, and themselves doomed to imprisonment and death.

All these reflections crowded themselves upon Trueman's mind, as he formed his men in column and gave orders to march.

The foe they had to meet had been for some days scouring the country, about twenty miles from Knoxville. The road to this section lay through a rough, mountainous country—a country offering the greatest facilities for guerilla warfare—and was in many places barely passable. To guard against surprises, Trueman selected from his company a guide thoroughly acquainted with the route. The loyalists had proceeded only about ten miles, to a place where they had previously intended to encamp, when they discovered the enemy. He, too, was under march, and was just coming over the brow of a hill. At first it appeared to Trueman that the number with which he had to contend did not greatly exceed his own, but as the secessionists continued to pour platoon after platoon, and company after company over the hill, he saw that his little handful of men, compared with that of the enemy, was as a drop of water to the ocean. As he halted, and contem-

plated the vast odds against him, his heart sickened, not at the almost certain prospect of death which stared him and his comrades in the face, but from the fear that, despite all their efforts to prevent it, Eastern Tennessee would be overrun and subjugated by the destroyers of liberty.

To die was, in his estimation, and in that of his fellow patriots, a very small consideration, if by that sacrifice, freedom could be secured to their portion of Tennessee; but if, with all their resistance to the Confederate tyrant, they could not rescue their homes and families from his destroying clutches, then was the prospect gloomy indeed.

Suddenly, and as unexpected as would have been the upheaval of a subterraneous ocean, the secessionists sprang up on the right and left of the patriots, from undiscovered ambuscade, and completely surrounded them. Unprepared as they were for the surprise, the brave little band of loyalists displayed the greatest coolness. Trueman formed them in line, remarking as he passed from one to another of his men: "Boys, we die for Liberty and our homes. May the martyrdom we suffer to-day kindle a blaze in East Tennessee which shall dazzle the eyes of the Administration at Washington, and arouse it to a sense of its duty to us."

The commanding officer of the rebel forces sent an order demanding the immediate and unconditional surrender of the loyalists. To this Trueman replied:

"Tennessee *Freemen* never surrender. They die!" and ordered his men to fire.

Instantly every patriot brought his piece to his face, and the clicking of about one hundred and thirty locks was followed by the fall of as many traitors. The secessionists, enraged at the unexampled bravery of so small a

handful of men, returned the fire with deadly effect, and with demoniac yells rushed upon the few remaining loyalists, with the determination of leaving none to tell their friends of the heroism they had exhibited on that fearful day. But the rebel chief commanded that no Union man who surrendered, or was found wounded, should be killed.

When the smoke cleared away, and the secessionists had approached the spot where the loyalists had fallen, it was found that none except the killed and wounded remained. Among the latter was found the noble Trueman, with a musket ball through his right shoulder. He was immediately taken in charge with others of his wounded comrades and put under surgical treatment. The first questions he asked when restored to consciousness were: "How many of the boys are killed? Where is Albert?"

One rebel soldier, who happened to be more humane than the majority of his comrades, obtained leave to make search among the fallen patriots for one answering the description given him, by Mr. Trueman, of Albert. But after making the closest examination of every body, among both the dead and wounded, he found no one resembling the described Albert.

Thus closed the scenes of one of the most eventful days of the history of Tennessee.

In the very same hour that Mrs. Trueman was organizing her female and colored home guard, her husband was a wounded prisoner, in the hands of his country's enemies, while her only son had either been disabled, and had crawled away from the scene of mortal strife, and secreted himself in some cave or copse, or had escaped to be hunted down and shot, or captured and imprisoned. The brave little band of loyalists had, with few exceptions, sealed their devotion to liberty with their life's blood, and

had thus erected for themselves a monument of fame more durable than marble or brass—a monument which shall stand while the history of America is preserved.

Let us now return to the Hoosier State and see what the Clintons and their friends have been doing.

CHAPTER III.

THE SOLILOQUY—THE CHANGE.

"What a glorious morning is this," soliloquised Dora Clinton, as she stood upon the old, vine clad porch of the parental mansion, and looked out upon the green forest fringe which girted her father's farm. "How exhilarating the soft breeze which comes through the woods and across the fields laden with the fragrance of wild flowers; how soul thrilling the song with which the robin hails the appearance of the solar monarch. How like my country in its golden days of peace and prosperity is this joy-inspiring morning. But, as the brightest day is often darkened by the frowning storm cloud, and rendered hideous by the destructive tornado, so is my once happy country enveloped in the sombre mists of revolutionary gloom, and plowed by the devastating hurricane of civil war. And shall we murmur? No! God is merciful even when he frowns; beneficent even when he punishes. And as by the dreaded storm and the ravaging tornado the elements are purified and nature's disturbed forces restored to their wonted equilibrium, so by revolution and civil strife nations are politically purified, and the unbalanced machinery of State restored to its proper equipoise. Shallow, indeed, is the philosopher who can not see the goodness of the Deity as much in the cloud as in the sunshine; as much in the raging tempest that lays waste a country as in the balmy

zephyr that fans an infant's cheek; as much in the evils of war as in the blessings of peace."

"Why, sister, what a pretty little speech you have been making here to yourself—a very pretty speech, though I am not so sure that it is all true. I have my doubts as to whether God has anything to do with this war. I think it likely the Devil has more hand in it than the Supreme Being."

"Ah, George, is that your notion of things?"

"Yes. Are we not taught that God is the source of all good, and the Devil the author of evil?"

"Certainly; but at the same time are we not taught that Satan acts by permission of God? And if he acts by permission of God, then he must, in some degree, be acting out the will of the Almighty; and whatever is in accordance with His will is right, though we may not see it."

"Well, sister, I'm no Theologian; can't talk with you much on Theology. It takes the little preacher to do that."

"You rascal!"

"Good mo'nin to you dis mo'nin. How's de folks dis mo'nin?"

"Why, Dick, what on earth brought you here this early in the day? I had no idea you was out of bed yet. You town people generally sleep long after this time."

"Not all ob 'em don't sleep so pow'ful late, Massa George."

"De big folks and de loafer's gine'ly goes to bed at one in de night and gits up at ten de next day; but de mechanics and workin' people, an nigga's goes to bed early and gits up wid de sun. Dey has to make a libben you knows."

"Wha's Massa Clinton?"

"He's out taking his usual morning ramble about the

farm," answered Dora; "examining the fences and looking after the stock. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes, Miss Dory, if you pleases."

"Well, take a seat," said George, handing Dick a chair. "He will be in soon. But, Dick! I and Dora have just been contending as to who has the biggest hand in the war, God or the Devil. What do you think about it?"

"Wy, Massa George, dats a question dis chile knows bery little 'bout. I go last Sunday mo'nin to heah de Prispitceerin preecheh, an he say he tink God frough de Debil bring dis wah on de' peepke case dey be gitten too proud an wicked. Den I go to heah de nigger Metidist, what preach in de supernumerated Piscopalen chu'ch, in de evenin, an he say dat needer God nor de Debil hab eny-ting to do wid it; but dat de enslavement ob de Africanus popy-lye be de whole cause. Who de Africanus popy-lye be I knows not, but from what de preecheh say I 'spose he be a nigga. Between de 'pinions ob dese two big preeches dis chile git conside'bly mixed up, and de moah he trys to settle which is de best de mo'eh he gits dumfusticated."

"Well, Dick," said Dora laughing—while George was too full of mirth to say anything—"I don't blame you for being bothered, for it is very hard for the best educated of us to harmonize the differences between the conflicting doctrines of the present day."

"Well, Miss Dora, I 'spects atfeh all de poor nigga haf to bar de blame ob dis wah, case ef dar had'nt a been no nigga dar would n't a been no wah, dats a fac."

"We don't know that, Dick," replied Dora, more seriously, "because although the absence of negroes might have prevented a war such as the present one, yet when any people become so politically corrupt as ours are they have to have a revolution."

"Speets dat so, too, Miss Dora; but ye know nigga don't know nuffin 'bout polyticks no how."

"Hallo, Dick, what wind blew you here at this hour in the morning?" jocularly asked Mr. Clinton, suddenly appearing from the back yard and ascending the steps at the side of the porch, and taking a seat upon the old cushioned settee he always reposed upon when warm and tired in the summer.

"Why, Massa Clinton, am dat you? You's de bery man I wants to see.

"You see, Massa Clinton, me an Missus Venom had a fallen out last night 'bout Missus Loyal. Todder day somebody knock at de doah. Missus Venom call me 'me-jetly and say: Dick, go an open de doah, and don't forgit what I alers tells you; if it be Missus Loyal, tell her I aint at home when her or any odder Abumlishenest comes to see me. Well shoah 'nuff when I goes to de doah dar was dat bery Missus Loyal; an she ax me whah is Missus Venom? an say she want to see her 'bout donatin blankets and quilts, and sich like to de sogers, case de Guv'ment hadn't had time to git 'em foh de boys. Ob coase I do my juty, an so says I: 'Missus Loyal, Missus Venom be in de settin room; but she say she not at home when you or any odder Abumlishenest cum.' Missus Venom heah me ob coase, an when I went to de settin room she light right into me like a hornet, for tellin Missus Loyal too much. She say she no want me to say: 'Missus Venom *is at home*, and say so an so,' but dat she want me to make de woman blebe she was shore 'nuff gone; an all dat 'bout Abumlish she want me to lef out all togedder.

"Dreckly Massa Venom came home, an Missus Venom tell him all 'bout what was de matter, an so says he: 'I guess I'll ship Dick; he's dangrous nigga.' Den he pay

me off an tell me to go an git a place 'mong de Abumlish-enests. But den I does n't like Abumlish, case I don't wan't de niggas sot free and sent 'mong us, you knows. So I thought I come out here dis mo'nin an see if you want eny help. I can plow, or hoe corn, or tend he hosses or eny ting most you wants done 'bout de farm."

"Well, Dick, I believe you are honest, and I have always heard that you worked well; and as you have come in just the right time, I guess we will take you. You will not be required, here, to take up your time in opening and closing doors, and running errands, but in hard work about the farm," replied Mr. Clinton, while his fun-full countenance showed how he had enjoyed Dick's simple, frank, narration of the causes which led to his dismissal. Meantime Dora and George had stepped a little aside and given themselves up to the heartiest kind of laughing.

"But what did Mr. Venom pay you, Dick?"

"Fifty cents a day, Massa."

"Well, if you will work well, I will give you a dollar a day for day work, or twenty dollars a month, wet and dry, boarding, washing and mending thrown in."

"I tak de las, Massa. De las suit me de best, and if dis chile don't work, tell him ob it."

It is, perhaps, proper to state here that Dick was not born free. When about twenty years old his master, a Kentuckian, had, upon his death bed, freed all his slaves, some fifteen in number, when Dick found his way to the Hoosier city, where he had some friends, and had worked steadily for Venom up to the breaking out of the rebellion, when the unfortunate, or fortunate affair just related caused his dismissal.

Dick, immediately entered upon the performance of his new duties, feeling even happy that he had been discharged,

seeing it had resulted in a considerable advancement in his wages. He was immediately given the charge of the horses, and instructed in reference to the manner in which the labor which was expected of him should be done.

"Father," said George, after Dick had gone to work, and he and his father had returned to the house, "I will give you all my wages while in the service, and allow it to be paid on Dick's hire."

"No! no! my son, never! I am fully able to defray the expense of the help employed in your stead. Give yourself no uneasiness about that."

"Why, ole man, have you gone and hired that great thick-lipped, white eyed nigger?" exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, in a tone of surprise, as she came from the sitting room, rubbing her hands together, and looking over the tops of her spectacles, as much as to say, why was I not consulted?

"Of course I have. Is there anything wrong about it?"

"Anything *wrong* about it! Why, don't you know he's no 'count to you? What does he know 'bout farmin'?"

"He says he knows something about it; and he seems to be honest and anxious to work. You know I am greatly in need of help, so I thought I would hire him."

"How come he to leave Venom?"

Mr. Clinton here related the circumstance which threw Dick out of his old place, about as he had it from the latter.

Mrs. Clinton stood a moment contemplating first George and then his father, with a mingled expression of vexation and disappointment.

"And is George bound to go, then?"

"Why, certainly, mother. What do you mean by such

a question?" said Dora, who until now had said nothing since her mother appeared.

"I reckon I've got a right to ask such a question. George is my boy, an I'm his mother; and there aint nobody can feel for a boy like his mother. Besides, George is too young to go to war. He ain't stout enough to stan it; an he's not bound to go yit till he's sworn in, if I aint badly mistaken."

"Mother!" exclaimed George, whose feelings could no longer be suppressed, "does not my honor bind me? Have I not placed my name on the enlistment roll, and pledged myself to appear promptly when required, and be mustered into the service? Who will I be in this country, and what will the boys belonging to the company think if I should break that pledge? I thought you was willing for me to go, from what you said yesterday, and I am sure I have no desire to go against your will, but it is too late now to talk of retraction. Rather let me *die* than break my promise to my country."

"Wife, the boy is right. It is certainly wrong to try to persuade him out of the service now. It is a death blow to one's future manhood to induce him to trifle with his honor while young. By no means say anything to discourage George, now that he has enlisted."

"Well, I spose you 'll haf to have your own way, as you allers do in everything," Mrs. Clinton muttered, retiring to her room, wiping her spectacles and eyes, alternately.

"What in the world can be the matter with mother?" inquired George, excitedly, as Mrs. Clinton disappeared.

"I don't know, son, unless it is her extreme anxiety about you, and—"

"No, Father, it is not all that," interrupted Dora. "I know mother loves George; but about two hours' talk with

Mrs. Venom has done more to make her oppose his joining the army than anything else."

"Perhaps that may have something to do with it, my daughter."

"Oh!" exclaimed George, if Mrs. Venom has talked with her, the mystery is solved at once, because—"

"There, be moderate, boy. Remember the frailty of humanity, and especially the susceptibility of woman. Mrs. Venom is naturally a kind, good hearted woman, but she is united for life to man who, although very clever and honorable in a private capacity, is so strongly attached to his party that he can approve no public act outside of it."

"Yes, Father," said Dora, "it is a great pity for our sex that we are not independent enough. We are not altogether to blame for it, however; for our education and social relations are such as to rob us of our individuality, and make either dolls or slaves of us all, and in most instances both. You cannot expect women to exercise a free judgment when they are taught from childhood that, beyond music and the soft languages, their educational sphere does not properly extend, and that to take an interest in matters of Government renders them coarse and masculine."

"As it respects politics, women and negroes are generally on a level in America, and in some States the latter are superior. Woman will never fully develop her self-hood while she is taught that it is all merged in that of her leige lord."

"Why, daughter, you seem to be getting *strong minded*. Have you been hearing Lucy Stone, or reading Carrie D. Filkins' paper?"

"Father, I know nothing except what I have seen in the vulgar political sheets in the way of unmanly slurs, of the

teachings of the women to whom you have referred; but from the public odium heaped upon them, I think I might learn much that is truly ennobling from either one of them—much valuable truth not taught in the majority of the female boarding schools of the day." *

"Well, we've had enough of this," said Mr. Clinton, rising slowly from his seat and moving toward the front of the porch. "George, I guess you must go to town with me this forenoon. I don't like to trust myself alone with that colt, and Dick is using both the old horses in the plow."

"Very well, Father; shall I catch up and get ready?"

"Yes."

"May I go along, Father?" eagerly asked Dora. "I will not tease you any more about women's rights, but will try and be a pretty girl."

"Do you really need to go, my daughter?"

"Yes, indeed I do. I want to get some bonnet ribbon, some stationery, and I want to mail some letters, and inquire for some I am expecting."

"Well, get ready, then, while George is getting out the carriage, for we can't afford to wait long. We must get back by nine o'clock."

"I will be ready before you are, Father, I'll bet."

And Dora skipped away to her dressing room and was fully prepared for her town trip some time before George brought the carriage to the gate; while her father went to inform Mrs. Clinton, and ask her what she wanted brought from town.

"Are we all ready?" inquired Mr. Clinton, giving his venerable beaver the last and finishing swipe with his silk bandana.

"I am ready," answered George.

"And so am I, and have been for some time," said Dora.

"Then let's be off at once."

"Here, ole man, you are about to forgit the molasses jug. Git it full, for that nigger you've hired 'ell stow away a pint at a meal, I'll bet. I never seed a nigger in my life that didn't eat twice his weight every month, in molasses, when he could git it."

"Well, wife, never mind about the molasses. If the man works well we can afford to feed him."

"Why, is Dora goin, too?" inquired Mrs. Clinton, demurely. "Now, Dora, for your mother's sake don't git into a fuss to-day with enny of your friends. Come, you know we don't want to quarrel with every body, and git the people in town so down on us that they won't come to see us."

"You need not uneasy yourself about that, mother," replied Dora. "I shall make no quarrel with anybody but traitors, and only with them when they come in my way. And as for visitors, I want none except those who stand by the flag—those whose brains have not been cobwebbed by the spider of disunion, and whose every heart-throb responds to the taps on the bell of Liberty."

"More o' your boardin school highferluten," muttered the old lady, as she turned and walked with vexed agility to her room. "I'm afeard you'll ruin the family, yit."

By the time she had reached her room and seated herself to her sewing, Mr. Clinton, Dora, and George, were rolling toward the city.

Arrived there, George took the horse and carriage to a livery stable, and thence proceeded to the quarters of his company; and Dora went to her shopping and post office errands, while her father went about the transaction of his domestic business.

At the company quarters George found his brother volunteers in high glee over a late Union victory in Western Virginia. He had a jolly time with them, and left, assuring them that he would soon be with them.

Dora, on inquiring at the post office, received several letters, and among others, one from Tennessee. The handwriting on the envelope told her plainly whom it was from, and she immediately tore it open and read the contents. Folding it and slipping it into her pocket, she soliloquized, audibly:

"I wonder what mother will think of that when I read it to her? What will be her opinion then of the slimy reptiles in the North that crawl in the mire of secession sympathy? Oh! won't I read that letter to her with emphasis?" And from beneath the cloud of her dark brow flashed the lightning of indignation. "I will go this minute and find George. Ah! there he goes across the corner."

"George! Georgel!"

"Hallo! Is that you, Dora?"

"Yes. Hold on a moment; I want to see you."

Tripping diagonally across the street, (for she was too wholly absorbed in her thoughts to show any regard to the ordinance of the council of fashion, requiring all well-bred people to keep the sidewalk,) she ran up to George and handed him the Tennessee letter. He opened and read; but before he reached the bottom of the last page, he handed the letter nervously back to his sister, exclaiming:

"Can it be possible? I wonder what Father will think of Hardhead when he hears that?"

"Why, he'll think about what I told him several evenings ago," returned Dora, bringing her little foot down

on the pavement, and tossing her head as much as to say: "I'm not generally wrong in my judgment of a man, if I am young, and a woman."

Passing up Main street, Dora and George met their father engaged in a very low conversation with Hardhead. Dora immediately plucked her father aside, and said, loudly enough for Hardhead to hear:

"Father, pardon my presumption, but have you no better way of spending your time than in conversation with that old traitor?"

"Hush, you silly child. You are certainly not crazy enough to insult a man on the street."

"No, not a man; but an uncouth, sealy, secession lizard, I would not only insult, but kick out of my way just now, if he were to drag his hideous form across my track," replied Dora, in a considerably louder tone, looking darts into Hardhead's countenance.

The latter, fearing an engagement with Dora even more than the "ruffianly soldiers," as he called them, who some days previous had shown him a little more attention than he thought consistent with good breeding, turned rapidly on his heel, and without as much as saying good day, made quick time to his office, growling as he went:

"What a d——l of a minx, old Clinton's daughter is getting to be."

"Father," said Dora, "I have a letter here from Tennessee which, when you hear its contents, will open your eyes wider, I apprehend, than they were ever known to be before. You'll hate rebels as badly as I do, I think, when you hear the news from our Tennessee friends."

"Why, what can it be?"

"Never mind now. You shall know it all when we get home."

"Well, if you and George are ready we will be off at once. I believe I have nothing further to do."

"I guess there is nothing to keep us here any longer, is there, George?"

"Nothing on my part, Dora."

"Then let's go right away."

And Mr. Clinton led the way toward the stable where George had left the horse and carriage.

In less than an hour the Clinton family were seated in a group on the old porch, anxiously awaiting the reading of the Tennessee letter.

"Come, Dora," said Mr. Clinton, "let's have that news, right off."

"Very well. You shall have it, instanter."

And Dora drew the letter from her pocket, opened it, and read:

"LOVED COUSIN: Your fears that evil might come upon our family on account of Father's strong Union sentiments, have been realized. Eastern Tennessee, being without the means of defense, has been overrun by the secessionists, and yesterday afternoon, in an effort to drive them out of the country, the loyal East Tennesseans were literally cut to pieces. Of course Father and Albert were among the loyalists; and Father was dangerously wounded by a musket ball which passed through his right shoulder. What became of Albert we know not. He has not been heard of since the fight. Whether he was mortally wounded, and crawled into some hidden place and died, or has escaped and is waiting an opportunity to get home, we are left to conjecture. In either case death seems equally certain, because the secessionists, having overcome all opposition, are searching out Union men every where, and

imprisoning, shooting, and hanging them, in the most barbarous manner.

"In one single day three men have been hung without even the favor of trial; five have been shot while trying to escape, and any number have been thrown into loathsome prisons. Many of the latter have been sent hundreds of miles from their now destitute families, to be manacled and dungeoned in the far South.

"All these sufferers are the most respectable and enterprising of our citizens.

"This very forenoon a Union man was hung, without trial, right by a railroad station, and as the passenger train passed, many of the so-called chivalry of the South, came out upon the car platforms and kicked the poor man's lifeless body. He hangs there yet, an undeniable evidence of both the devoted loyalty of Tennessee patriots, and the heathenish barbarity of Southern traitors.

"It will be hard, I reckon, for you to believe these statements; but as certain as there is a world, they are true. If anybody had told me a year ago that any of our people could do what I have seen them do within a few days, I should have scouted the idea, and considered its author as fit for the mad house. But what I have seen I must believe. I am now prepared to expect anything.

"My own dear Father is now lying a wounded prisoner in the county jail, and dim, indeed, is the hope that he will escape execution. I and ma visit him frequently, and do all we can to alleviate his sufferings and cheer his depressed spirits.

"Oh! cousin; you know nothing yet of the horrors of this wicked rebellion. Nor do I wish that you ever may experience what I have. No power on earth can picture my feelings as I now write; not only on account of the

present, but in contemplation of the future. There is here no security of either life or property. Many of our neighbors have been ruthlessly stripped of all their means. While Union men have been cruelly murdered, their wives and little ones have been, from wealth and luxury, hurled into extreme destitution. We know not what moment we may share the common fate of all who prefer the stars and stripes to the rattlesnake and pelican flags. Mother is as determined as father, and declares she will suffer anything before she will submit to the Confederate wolves. Only yesterday she drew a pistol to shoot a Confederate officer who came to take down the American flag, which floats over our house. As sure as the traitor had entered the yard he would have been a dead man, for when mother talks about shooting, she means it.

"Father, although wounded and expecting to be executed, suffers very little on his own account; but the thought of what we may have to endure, and the subjugation of Eastern Tennessee, weigh constantly on his soul.

"We have no chance to do anything but remain here and die, or suffer worse than death. The Government has done nothing for us. Perhaps it has done all it could; but to people situated as we are, patience is a stranger. We are in no condition to allow for the apparent delays of the Administration.

"How gladly would we accept your invitation to come North, if we could. But how can we? In the first place, Father is wounded and a prisoner, and we would all willingly die with him before we would leave him. But even if he were well and with us, there is no chance of escape. So you see the prospects for our coming to you are indeed poor.

"Jennie, and I, and mother, are enjoying tolerable health, physically; spiritually, we are sick enough.

"Our love to your ma and pa, and cheers to George, who has enrolled himself in his country's cause.

"Your cousin,

"LOUIE."

"DORA."

While this letter was being read, every heart was touched. Mrs. Clinton, naturally one of the most erratic and susceptible of persons, was wrought up to the highest pitch.

"Goodness sakes alive! Is it possible! Lord have mercy! Poor brother John! What will become of him and his family? Aint there no help for them? Can't anything be done? Must they all stay there and be killed? Are we never to see them any more? Oh, my God, my God!" cried Mrs. Clinton, while her whole frame quivered with an internal agony, which even she could not express. "George, you may go now, and kill every secesh you see."

"Oh! how I should like to be one of an army to clean the heathens out of East Tennessee and rescue the noble Union men of that State," said George, erecting his form, and contracting his fingers as though he were gripping a musket. "Wouldn't I like to help strike down the keepers of uncle's jail, burst open the doors, and bear him home to his family." And George's eye lighted up as though he would soon be allowed to accomplish what he so much desired.

"When are you to be mustered in, George?" asked Mr. Clinton.

"Why, the captain said day after to-morrow, he thought."

"Well, perhaps you may have the privilege of going where you seem so anxious to go; and it looks like that is where you are needed most."

"I do hope they will send us there, right off, Father."

"By the way, son, here is a paper I brought from town. I want you to read it to me."

"Of course I will, Father."

"Well, take it, and turn to the telegraphic dispatches, and read them first. I want to hear the war news."

George took the paper, while his mother and Dora went to the kitchen, and read the whole telegraphic column. Among other dispatches was one stating that the President was going to take immediate steps toward succoring the loyalists of Eastern Tennessee.

"That's the very thing I wanted to hear. Son, read it over."

George read it the second time.

"That's the talk. I tell you Old Abe begins to suit me pretty well, if he is a Republican."

"Who cares for Republican, Democrat, or anybody else, Father, so the war is vigorously prosecuted against the rebels. It makes no difference who puts the rebellion down, so it is done."

George now turned to another page and read a copied editorial from the *New York Ledger*,—formerly a strong Breckenridge paper,—which was pregnant with highly patriotic sentiments. He then read another from the *Tribune* very much of the same character.

"Why, is it possible that these two papers are about to get into the same channel after fighting, as they have, for so many years?" asked Mr. Clinton.

"Why, certainly, Father; stranger things than that are happening every day. This war is producing some very

remarkable changes. See General Butler doing the noblest service in the army, while Jesse D. Bright improves every opportunity to strike an underhanded blow at the Government. See Edward Everett taking the loftiest, patriotic stand, while John Bell unites with the dirty secessionists of his State."

"Won't it be a glorious day in the history of this country when party is forgotten and only country is thought of, my son?"

"Indeed it will; and it looks now as though matters were drifting that way, in the North."

George turned to another page and ran his eye over it until he came to an extract from a speech of one C. L. Vallandigham, and read a few paragraphs.

"There, George, that's enough of that. It sounds just like Yancy or Jeff. Davis before the war. If you can't find anything better than that you may bring me my pipe. I'm in no humor for that kind of stuff, just after hearing the news from East Tennessee."

George brought the pipe, and Mr. Clinton, after filling and lighting it, proceeded to sooth his agitated nervous system, through the never failing agency of the narcotic weed, and to hide the memory of Vallandigham in huge columns of smoke.

"Massa Clinton, was dat de dinna ho'n I heard way out on todder side ob de field?"

"Yes. None too soon for you I reckon."

"Ob coarse not, massa. I tell you dis ehile's hungry."

"Well, come right on out to dinner. Come, George."

In a few minutes all were seated round the dinner table, and, of course, the leading topic was the condition of things in Tennessee. Dick sat some time in mute silence

listening attentively to what was being said. Finally he ventured a question.

"Massa George, did you say de secessioners be confiscatin an bu'nin all de property in East Tennessee?"

"Yes; all the property of Union men."

"Den what'll become ob de niggas? Will dey be confiscated, too?"

"Certainly; all belonging to Union men."

"Reecon dat 'ed be a good place for Massa Venom. He say he like to own a hund'ed niggas, an lib in de Souf; an I spects dars a good chance dar in Tennessee now to git niggas putty cheap. Dars only one thing in his way, I spose, an dat is, he's too big cowa'd to do de necessary fightin. Massa Venom sleep good nary night. He lie 'wake mos all de time speeten de Abumlish to come an present him wid a hemp neck tie."

"All these Northern traitors are cowards," said Dora. "I only wish they had to endure the sufferings of the Union men of the South."

"'Spects, Miss Dory, if dey had dem to ondergo dey'd git most ob de secessh bleech'd out ob 'em and come out what dey calls Abumlish."

"Yes, I'll venture anything they would."

Dinner over, Dick returned to his work, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton heard George read the paper, and Dora occupied herself in replying to her cousin Louie's letter, though with very little hope that Louie would ever see a line of her answer.

The time for mustering George's company into the service had been considerably prolonged, and George, with most of his comrades, began to feel no small degree of anxiety about getting off to war. The Tennessee letter had greatly heightened his anxiety, and he was really

"spoiling for a fight." Heavily, indeed, did the time hang upon his hands. Every minute seemed an hour in duration, and every day an age.

Finally, the evening before the day his captain had told him the company would be mustered in, he received intelligence that his presence was demanded at company quarters early next morning.

With what untold rapture did he receive this glad news. The long period of anxious expectation was now broken, and George's highest earthly desire was to be gratified. Promptly on the morning of the day appointed he appeared at the place designated by the captain, and with his entire company was sworn in.

On the day following, the boys received their arms and uniforms, and from that period forward, with the other companies composing their regiment, were drilled constantly in the manual of arms and in field movements. During this period, George was frequently visited by his friends from the country, and he was delighted to find that his mother had become an ardent advocate of a vigorous war policy.

"George," said she, in talking to him one day, "I hate to give you up, of course, as any mother would, but I'm proud to have you go and defend your Government. The war's here, and can't be helped; the best men in the South's got to die at the hands of nigger worshippers. I tell you, I've got my eyes open. There aint but one way to git peace, and that's to whip the rebels and hang the leadin secesh; and as for slavery I don't care much what becomes of it. When you git into battle, I want you to show the grit o' your mother, now mind that."

Finally the regiment to which George belonged was ordered to Western Virginia. This was not the direction in

which he wished most to go; but still it was better than to remain inactive, out of the reach of danger.

"Anywhere to fight rebels," said he upon hearing the news, tossing up his hat, and cheering the stars and stripes.

Remembering that his parents and sister would never feel satisfied if they were not allowed to see him off, he sent word to them by one of his father's neighbors, of the intended movement, and that his regiment would march that very day. In less than two hours he was visited by his father's entire family—Dick and all.

"Well, George, you go to-day, do you?"

"Yes, Father, and I am glad of it," answered George, spiritedly.

"Where do you go?" asked Dora.

"To Western Virginia. I would rather have gone to Tennessee; but you know soldiers have no choice—must go where they are ordered; and I would much rather go to Virginia than stay here. Anywhere to fight."

"But is no troops to be sent to Tennessee?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Clinton. "Is the poor Union men of that State jist to be butchered, and their families robbed of house and home, without even knowin they have any friends that would help them?"

"We must be patient, mother," answered George. "The Government will undoubtedly do the best it can for Eastern Tennessee. But there are many difficulties with which to contend before that region can be reached. It is, doubtless, all for the best. Let us pray God to protect our friends until we can rescue them."

"Yes, de Lord's bery good; but I hab allers noticed dat he be gin'elly on de side ob dem what hab do most guns

an do de best shootin," said Dick, rolling up his big eyes, and looking exceeding wise.

"There, Father, we are ordered to fall in—I must be off."

The regiment now formed and marched to the railroad depot, followed by a host of friends and spectators.

This was the fifth Hoosier regiment sent to the South, and the interest manifested in behalf of the boys was intense. From the time they left their barracks until they reached the depot, the citizen escort increased until it numbered its thousands. Arrived at the depot, a scene passing all human description, ensued. The hurrying to and fro of officers; the rush of anxious relatives to speak a farewell word of encouragement—obtain a last shake hands and a last kiss, presented a spectacle only to be conceived of by those who have witnessed such sights.

After forcing his way through packed crowds of soldiers and citizens, George finally reached his friends, who were awaiting his appearance with as much anxiety as if he had been long absent. But a few moments were allowed for parting injunctions, promises, and well-wishes.

"George, you must be obedient to your officers, and faithful in the performance of your duty," said Mr. Clinton, shaking George's hand warmly. "Only be as true to your country as you have been to me, and all will be well."

"I'll try, Father."

"Remember your sister, brother," cried Dora, taking George's hand and imprinting a warm kiss upon his lips, while her eyes glistened with tears, and her whole countenance beamed with the light of that pure, disinterested affection, only known to the sister.

"Here, George, take this, and don't forget to read it

often. It will be a light to you when your pathway is dark, and a comfort when you are down-hearted. It will larn you how to keep out o' the way o' temptation, an be happy," said Mrs. Clinton, presenting her son with that holiest of a mother's gift's—a bible.

George embraced her, and at the call of his captain took his seat hurriedly in the train.

"All ready!" cried the conductor, signalling the engineer to start.

Three or four piercing screams from the locomotive whistle and the long train, freighted with the dearest hopes of Indiana fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters, moved slowly onward.

Every car window was filled with projecting heads, while hats and handkerchiefs innumerable were waving from the train, and from the multitude below, and the very heavens were echoing the enthusiastic cheers of the loyal sons of the West. Ranged along the sides of the railroad track, were those who felt the deepest interest in the welfare of the departing heroes, and from whose eyes gleamed those gems of affection more precious to the soldier than pearls, and more to be prized than the richest gold. Down many a furrowed and many a rosy cheek, trickled the tears of sorrow mingled with patriotism, and from many a fervent soul went up the silent though earnest prayer of deep solicitude.

Many were the sighs and anxious looks that followed the train, as with constantly increasing speed it moved toward its destination; and sad were the hearts of hundreds as they turned their faces homeward, to find vacancies in the family circle, perhaps never to be refilled. In the evening after the departure of the regiment, we find the

Clinton family seriously talking over the events of the past week.

"What an awful condition the country's in," said Mrs. Clinton. "It looks to me we're all tore to pieces."

"Yes, wife," responded Mr. Clinton, "we are truly in a bad condition; but we of the North know very little of the evils of war, yet. Think of what the people are suffering in East Tennessee."

"Oh, Father!" cried Dora, "don't mention East Tennessee. The thought of what our friends may be suffering fills me with horror. Ere this, uncle may have been hung, and his poor family reduced to beggary."

"Oh! its awful!" cried Mrs. Clinton. "But John Trueman's a man, an his wife's a woman, if she has allers been use to niggers. I tell you, they'll die like heroes, every one on 'em, before they'll submit to the secesh. One thing that consoles me in this tryin hour, is to know that none o' my kin aint cowards."

"How many niggas has Massa Trueman got?" inquired Dick, in a manner which indicated that a new idea had struck him.

"I believe he had a hundred," replied Mr. Clinton.

"Den I 'spects dey he'p de family considerable much when de danger come, if massa's allers been good to dem."

"Well, he was the best man in the world to his slaves," said Dora.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, looking very incredulous; "I don't believe niggers has got pluck enough to fight wo'th a cent."

"Don't fool you'se'f, missus. I tell you I's seen niggas do de biggest kind o' foughtin, in what Massa Venom calls cases o' 'mergency. Niggas can fight wid dar teef an finger nails, an make batterin rams ob dar heads. Wy, I

seed a nigga onct but a hole in de biggest kind ob a cheese wid his head. No, missus, dars lots o' niggas 'ell fight. I heah some ob 'em 'bout town dis mo'nin sayin dey'd like to hab a chance at secesh, an I shouldn't be 'sprised if dey hab dat chance one ob dese days, an den dey'll show you 'bout de fightin."

"Oh, pshaw! Dick!" said Mr. Clinton, "you needn't be uneasy about negroes ever having to fight in this war. This is a white man's war."

"Yes' massa; but if de white mans gits killed off, a whole heap ob 'em, an dies, lots ob 'em, wid de yaller fever in de Souf, Massa Linkum 'll be mighty apt to consent foh niggas to he'p him out ob de scrape. Any how, dats dis chile's 'pinion."

"Oh, we will have the war closed before the yellow fever season, Dick."

"I's not so sure 'bout dat, massa. Dem Sudderners 'll fight putty stubbo'n, an dey 'll git a good many ob dar niggas to he'p dem."

"Well, ole man, les go to bed. I'm completely tuckered out with the day's labor an excitement."

"Enough said."

And Mr. Clinton had Dora to bring him the old family Bible, and after reading a chapter, humbly and fervently addressed the Throne of Grace.

After the evenings service, the family retired, filled with sadness and anxiety. George was gone, perhaps never to return, and the Tennessee relatives were, perhaps, undergoing tortures of which no just conception could be formed. Dreams of the most frightful character disturbed the Clintons during the entire night.

CHAPTER IV.

A PRISONER OF WAR.

"O, Father, do you think you'll ever get well in this gloomy, filthy place?" asked the affectionate Louie Trueman of her father, as she took her seat on the damp earth by his side, and pillowed his aching head in her lap.

"Ah! daughter, I have very little hope of recovering if I have to remain here. But your mother told me a moment ago, when she left me, that she would see the rebel commander of the post, and do her utmost to obtain permission to take me home."

"Oh! has she gone to try that? May God in his mercy give her success. O, Father, if we can only get you out of this dismal place, and have you at home, we can soon have you up again."

"But then, will they let Dr. Sharp continue to wait on you there, as he has done here? For, if he has turned to be a secessionist, he is very kind and attentive to you; and he is such a good doctor that I want him to remain with you."

"Ah, Louie, you need not think the doctor has turned out a real secessionist. He is only playing 'sharp' on the rebels for the present, in order to save his family and property. If Federal troops should ever occupy this town, you will see the doctor as good a Union man as he ever

was. But keep mum. He has gone with your mother to assist her in procuring my release."

"Oh! Father; do you think they will succeed?"

"I hope so, daughter."

A ray of hope penetrated Louie's hitherto gloomy and despairing soul, and reflecting outward, lighted up her eye, which illuminated her every feature, imparting to her naturally handsome face an expression which would have filled the most obdurate heart with thrilling emotions.

Bending over her father's blanched countenance, she tenderly stroked his forehead and cheered his wearied spirit by sweet, comforting words, and a smile, the life-inspiring effects of which was only increased by those dew drops of affection which stood upon her soul's windows.

The prospect of taking her father out of a dungeon which the light of day never reached, and of surrounding him with the genial influences of home, lifted a cold weight from Louie's heart, which had long depressed and chilled her feelings.

How anxiously did she await the return of her mother and the doctor; how earnest were her desires that the mission of mercy might succeed.

After thus waiting for a considerable space of time, during which every minute seemed an age, her attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of steps and voices at the prison door. O, how her heart fluttered as she awaited the entrance; how rapidly did sunshine and clouds succeed each other in the chamber of her soul, as the turnkey threw back the great iron bolt and the massive door creaked on its hinges.

"Why, Louie! here so early? I had not expected you so soon," exclaimed Mrs. Trueman, affectionately.

"Yes, mother. I supposed you would be worn out with

last night's labor, and could not be relieved too soon."

"Why, Louie! good morning; glad to see you, indeed; have good news to tell you," said the good-natured little Dr. Sharp, advancing, and extending his hand.

"Good news! Oh! what is it, doctor?" nervously inquired Louie.

"Why, your father will soon be out of here and at home again."

"Is that it? The Lord be praised!"

"Yes, daughter, that is it," assuringly replied Mrs. Trueman. "I and the doctor have obtained leave to take your father where we may hope to do something for him."

"God bless you, dear mother! and how much do we owe to the good doctor?"

And Louie gently removed her father's head from her lap, and running to them, embraced both her mother and the doctor, while tears of joy rolled in quick succession down her pale cheeks. In the meantime Mr. Trueman, who had lain for days in an utterly helpless condition, raised himself up, and supporting his body on his left elbow, ejaculated: "Thank God! Oh, bless my wife! Bless the doctor! I shall see light again. Oh! let me go soon!"

"You *shall* go soon, my dear," replied Mrs. Trueman, flying to her husband, and easing him back upon his pallet, "but you must not allow this unexpected good fortune to excite you to imprudence. Remember, dear, you are weak."

And she smoothed back the hair from his forehead, and kissed him tenderly.

Louie and the doctor now approached Mr. Trueman, each taking one of his hands, while the faithful wife still sat bending over him, smoothing his pale forehead, and as-

suring him that he should soon be removed from that loathsome spot.

The turnkey remained at the cell door contemplating the scene within, with feelings altogether new to him.

"Louie, did you come in the carriage?" inquired Mrs. Trueman.

"Yes, mother."

"Did Ned come with you?"

"Yes."

"Where is Ned?"

"He's up near the public square minding the horse. Shall I go for him?"

"Yes, right away, daughter; and have him bring the carriage here immediately."

Louie threw on her shaker, tripped out of the jail, and proceeded with delighted haste to the spot where she had left Ned with the carriage, none the less happy to know that she was to break the glad news of her father's release to his most faithful servant. Joy is ever diffusive, and few, indeed, are the persons who do not increase their stock of happiness by sharing it with others.

"I wonder what makes Miss Louie in such a big hurry? Sumpin must be up," muttered Ned to himself, as Louie approached him.

"Oh, Ned!" cried Louie, as she came up almost out of breath. "I have the best news to tell you, you ever heard."

"What dat, Miss Louie?" asked Ned, while a broad grin displayed his magnificent double row of ivory, and his eyes stood out so plumply as to almost show the whites clear of the orbits.

"Why, father is released from jail, and is going home with us."

"Now, Miss Louie, is you jokin, or in ha'd yea'nest?"

"In earnest, of course. And mother wants you to take the carriage right down to the jail, and take father home."

"Better blebe dis nigga do dat in de biggest hurry he eber done anything."

And in less than it takes us to tell it, Ned turned the carriage, helped Louie in, and was whirling on his way to where his wounded master lay. So eager was he to see Mr. Trueman and be convinced that all he had heard was true, that he took time to ask no questions until he reached the prison. Here he was met by the doctor, just as he drew up in front of the entrance to the jail.

"Well, Ned," said the doctor jovially, "what do you think of your master's getting back home to you again?"

"Thinks powe'ful well ob 'em, massa; but I's feard dars some humbug 'bout dis yer business. Am massa r'aly free?"

"Free to go home, Ned. There's no humbug about that: but I expect he'll be guarded there as a prisoner, still."

"Have to be guarded!" asked Louie, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, of course. He is still a prisoner of war to the Confederate States, and will be treated as such until some new arrangement is made."

"Well," said Louie, "I supposed he was still a prisoner, but did not think of the necessity of a guard. However, we can't have everything just as we wish it, always, and I reckon we may be glad that we have obtained as much favor as we have."

"Of course you may, hoping in the meantime for better

things in the future," responded the doctor, winking very significantly.

Louie was well acquainted with Dr. Sharp, had long been convinced that he was not very inappropriately named, and hence concluded that there was a volume of meaning in the words, "hoping, in the meantime, for better things in the future," accompanied by the doctor's peculiar wink. She therefore said nothing further, touching her father's condition, but followed the doctor, who now led the way to the prisoner's cell.

Ned was, of course, backward as slaves generally are, but took good care to leave very little space between himself and the other members of the party who preceded him to his master's place of confinement.

"Well, here we are, mother, ready to proceed," Louie exclaimed, entering the cell, and going directly up to her father.

"Why, Ned, my boy! how are you? It has been some time since I saw you," said Mr. Trueman.

"Why, massa! am dat your bery se'f? I shouldn't a know'd you, only by de voice; you's so powe'fully changed. Why, massa, you's all bleached as white as a linen shirt."

"Yes, Ned; staying here as long as I have would bleach a nigger, I believe."

"Spects dats so, massa; but you know we must 'hope for better things in de futer,'" replied Ned, trying to copy the highly significant language of Dr. Sharp.

"Unusually philosophic to-day, Ned," said Mr. Trueman, smiling.

"Well, let us proceed," said Mrs. Trueman. "I'm for business."

Mr. Trueman was now carefully carried to his carriage,

and the doctor accompanying them, the family proceeded home, attended by two Confederate guards.

Trueman, upon once more emerging into the light of day, experienced a degree of rapture only known to those who have been deprived of it as he had. In Methodist phrase, he felt like shouting; but the peculiar character of the surroundings and his own weakness, prevented any such outward demonstration of joy. He, as yet, had little hope of escaping the common doom of Eastern Tennessee patriots; but the certainty of again being at home, surrounded by his family, where he could, at least for a season, breathe a pure and buoyant atmosphere, was so much better than he had previously expected, that he really felt he had cause to rejoice.

Arrived at home, he was carried into his room and laid on a soft, downy bed, such as he had always been accustomed to prior to his imprisonment. Instantly Jennie came to his bedside, and throwing her soft, white arms round his neck, cried:

"O, Father! are you with us once more?" and bedewed his pillow with tears.

Soon the glad intelligence of his arrival reached the ears of the slaves, and they crowded into the room where he lay, exclaiming:

"Oh, massa! am you actelly on dis plantation agin? Glory be to de Lord! We pray for you all de time, massa." And great tears of joy rolled down many an ebony cheek. So touching was this scene that even the hardened Confederate guards could not control their feelings, and the moisture of their eyes showed that the searing influence of treason had not yet wholly dried up the wells of their sympathies.

Everything within the room where Trueman lay was

clothed with new charms to him. The bedstead on which he reposed, the chairs, tables, etc., ranged around, the window blinds and casements, seemed possessed of rare beauties; and many little things scarcely noticed by him in former days, now assumed the most attractive forms, and presented themselves to his mind as matters of peculiar interest.

How true it is that we never know how to value home until we have been deprived of it. To have been absent on ordinary business five years would not have endeared Trueman's home to him half so much as one day spent in the loathsome rebel prison at Knoxville.

CHAPTER V.

DR. SHARP'S SCHEME—NED'S SOLILOQUY.

Wonderful indeed were the cheering effects of home and its surroundings upon Trueman's wound, and emaciated body. Instead of the fetid air of the dungeon, he now inhaled the invigorating atmosphere coming from the mountains; and instead of wilting under the effects of midnight gloom, he enjoyed the soul-reviving influence of the light of day and the sunshine of the family circle, combined.

Day by day he grew stronger, and his wound healed rapidly. But as he recovered his strength, the difficulties with which he and his family were surrounded, became the more appreciable. He had committed the unpardonable sin, in the estimation of rebels. He had proven to secessionists that he loved the Government of his fathers more than he did the South. He had taken up arms to defy the Confederate Government, and had thus forfeited all claims to its protection. He was now a prisoner of war to the South, with no hope of ever being honorably released, except by death.

His family was by no means likely to be cared for and protected in case he should be taken from it; but on the other hand, had before it every prospect of disgrace and misery indescribable. He could obtain his release and be

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restored fully to his family only upon one condition, viz: by taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy; and this he could no more think of doing than he could contemplate suicide. To escape seemed impossible, helpless as he was, and guarded on all sides by a most vigilant enemy.

Albert could not be heard from, and the chances were that he never would be. No available assistance appeared in any direction, and the future was as gloomy to contemplate as the valley and the shadow of death.

Reflections of this character were occupying Trueman's mind on the afternoon of one of those melancholy days which never witness the light of the sun, and whose rare, humid atmosphere depresses the most buoyant souls, when Dr. Sharp, with his face all aglow with good humor, and his little round gray eyes twinkling with the expression of some well-matured scheme, entered the room.

"Good evening, Mr. Trueman."

"Good evening, Doctor. Sit down and try your hand at driving the blues away from me," said Mr. Trueman, drawing a long breath, and looking anxiously at the doctor.

"What! got the blues again! I believe they have assumed the chronic form with you. However, I don't know that one can blame you much, considering the scrapes you get into."

"Never mind the scrapes, but prescribe at once, as I have requested."

"Of course I'll prescribe, Trueman; and I am pretty sure the treatment will succeed," said the doctor, with one of those peculiar winks of his which always meant something.

"Then let's have it immediately."

"Well, before I proceed, tell us how the arm and shoulder are, to-day, and"—drawing close up to Trueman's side, and whispering,—*"how near the guards are."*

"The arm is mending rapidly, and the guards are at a respectful distance, picking berries with the niggers. Go ahead with your prescription, doctor, go ahead."

"Well, the prescription is this: Get away from here as speedily as possible."

"Get away! Why, what do you mean? How can you conceive of the possibility of such a thing?"

"Easily enough, sir; easily enough. And not only can I conceive of it, but I can put you immediately in the way to do it."

"Do you mean what you say, doctor, or are you just gassing me to-day, as you generally do when I am low-spirited?"

"Mean exactly what I say, sir, and am ready to give you the most convincing proof of it, if you will only be as ready to adopt my plans as you are to take my doses."

"I am certainly ready to adopt anything that is practicable."

"Well, now hear me, and when I am through, I think you'll agree that my scheme is practicable."

"Doctor, do you really think it will work?" asked Trueman hopefully, after listening attentively to a somewhat detailed plan of escape.

"Work! Well, see if I don't *make* it work. Only give me a little time; Mrs. Trueman, and Ned, and I'll do it as easy as I ever cured a bad cold."

No one, as yet, had the least idea that Ned knew anything of the use the doctor proposed to make of him; but a shrewd darky is by no means asleep at all times when his eyes are shut; and the mere intervention of an ordi-

nary door will not always prevent his hearing what may be deemed very important secrets, especially if the key-hole be left unstopped.

Ned had for several days noticed what he regarded as very peculiar movements on the part of Dr. Sharp, and on this occasion observing, from an unseen corner, that the doctor not only closed the door of Trueman's room, as he entered, but turned the key, his African curiosity was roused to its highest pitch. Stationing himself at a convenient place to flank the key-hole, he improved the first opportunity of moving up and occupying a "strategic position," planting his auditory battery in the advance.

"Gory! dat's good!" whispered Ned to himself, as he heard the doctor detailing his scheme to Trueman; "Massa's gwine to git out o' dis."

"Um, goody! dats better yit. Dis chile's to 'stinguish hisse'f by 'scortin massa to de Norf. Won't dat 'ford splendiferous chance for dis nigga to 'splay his 'strategy?' Always blebed dis chile was to do sumpin uncommon, ebber sense Aunt Cloc tu'n de coffee grounds on his fo'tune."

And Ned's face fairly glistened with self-complaisance.

"But de ques'n am, what 'll massa do wid Ned when he gits to de Norf? Niggas is free when dey gits ober dar, dat's a fac;" and here Ned, observing that the conversation between the doctor and his master was drawing to a close, retired in very good order to a spot where he might, with impunity, think a little louder.

"Yes, dat am *de* ques'n," soliloquised Ned again, as he seated himself on a large stone in the back yard, and turned his eyes in every direction to see if the coast was clear. "Ob coa'se Ned 'll be sot free; an dar aint nuffin wrong 'bout dat, dat's a fac, dough I likes massa powe'ful well."

"An den if dis chile cou'd jis' fix 'em up some how to git Lucy ober dar wid him, an set up house-keepin foh hisse'f, wouldn't dat be some style, as Massa Albe't used to say? Well, dar aint nuffin like 'strategy,' no how, an I's good at dat. So jis' wait till de time comes."

Trueman's confidence being now fully established in the doctor, and he having arrived at the conclusion at which men of his spirit generally arrive when similarly situated, viz: that no change could possibly render his condition worse, the plan of escape proposed was adopted heartily, and steps immediately taken to carry it out.

Trueman's only great regrets were that he could not take his wife and daughters with him, and that he should be obliged to part forever from his faithful slaves; for while it is true that servants are often devotedly attached to good masters, it is also true that masters are as frequently attached to good slaves. If he could only have taken them North, and freed them, he would have been fully satisfied, but this was not possible. He endeavored to console himself, however, with the idea that they could fare no better in his presence than in his absence. But mere consolations do not so satisfy such minds as Trueman's as to ease them. The trials of the last few weeks had been rapidly *abolitionizing* him. His love for the Union was so paramount to every other consideration, that whatever threatened its safety he would have destroyed, however much endeared to him; and it had been clearly demonstrated to him within a few days, that slavery and the Union could no longer dwell together in harmony. He was now fully prepared to make any sacrifice which his country demanded of him, and the mere loss of his slaves was a trifle in his estimation, were it only possible for him to give them their freedom, and so situate them as to in-

sure their future comfort. But the idea that they were not only to remain in bondage, but to be confiscated by Jeff. Davis' minions, and used to forward the rebellion, was anything but pleasant.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

The Trueman residence is dressed in mourning to-day. Slaves move about the premises, through the halls and rooms of the house with eyes downcast, spirits dejected, and a general mien not out of keeping with the sable robes with which nature supplied them. In a retired room, darkened by close drawn, heavy windowshades, is a velvet-lined coffin, and around it are gathered Mrs. Trueman and her daughters, dressed in deep mourning, sighing, weeping, lamenting. Outside this circle are gathered, in a promiscuous huddle, the house servants, male and female; and the incessant application of tattered bandanas and table-worn aprons to eyes swollen with grief, would indicate that those humble dependents have lost their chief support.

A gentle rap is heard at the door of the death chamber, and, entrance being granted, in steps the country parson, with a train of curious attendants. His habiliments, his solemn countenance and manner, show that he has come to perform the last rites over the body of the dead. He opens the sacred volume, reads an appropriate chapter, then lines and sings a touching funeral hymn,—the slaves following in strains of "doleful melody"—then earnestly supplicates a throne of grace in behalf of the mourners, whose husband, father and master has been "cut off from

the land for the high crime of supporting a wicked, oppressive Government in its unholy persecutions of the South."

The preliminaries over, the parson selects and reads a suitable text, and from it pronounces a short funeral discourse, warning those present from that wrath a just God will visit upon all who *affiliate* with abolitionists, or *persecute* slavery.

"Strange way of manifesting sorrow," we think, as we turn to look in the face of Mrs. Trueman, who, with her back turned to the preacher, is biting her lips with rage, and shooting out from her eyes—now perfectly dry—lightning flashes of indignation. An expression not very different is seen in the countenance of Louie and Jennie, who also refuse to look at the parson. But the simple-hearted darkies, apparently drinking in every word of the sermon—if sermon we may call it—seem only to grieve the more and sob the louder.

The minister has concluded, and Dr. Sharp, in his usual sprightly, tripping manner, protrudes his dumpy form into the room.

"Let us haste," he whispers to the parson. "The body is in a most offensive state of putrescence, and it is not promotive of either the comfort or the health of the company to keep it above ground much longer."

"Yes," sanctimoniously nods the parson; and in a few minutes, with little noise but much bustle, Dr. Sharp has appointed the pall-bearers, and the head of John Trueman's funeral train emerges from the house and leads the way toward the country graveyard. Upon coming out, the pall-bearers and mourners are confronted by a host of citizens and soldiers, who, so soon as the coffin passes the

front gate and enters the road leading to the burying-ground, form in order of procession in the rear.

Is it possible that Trueman can have so many friends, or are these but solemn mockers? Listen!

"John Trueman was brave; I've seed him tried," murmurs a butternut-uniformed cavalier in the ear of a comrade near him. "He was a quick turned, ginerous sort of a feller as ever I knowed," says a citizen to his neighbor, as the train moves on.

A good man's friends may be partially alienated from him by the untoward circumstances of a social or a political revolution, but they can never be wholly severed from him. Trueman's friends were those who had tried his worth, and although they felt—many of them—to regret what they considered his errors in politics, their admiration of him as a man had only been modified, not changed to hatred by those conceived errors. Slowly, solemnly the procession, composed of soldiers, citizens and slaves, proceeds, and, finally arriving at the cemetery, the coffin is placed by the side of a newly dug grave, and the parson, with another hymn and prayer, consigns the ashes of Trueman to their last resting place. The coffin is lowered, three or four stout men grasp, each, a spade, and the dull, leaden sounds of the heavy clods upon the boards which cover the vault fall with a heart-chilling weight upon our ears. There are soul-depressing sobs, heart-piercing cries to be heard in the direction of the closely veiled wife and daughters; there are convulsive demonstrations of grief throughout the entire crowd of African attendants; there are gloomy brows to be seen among all the Confederate soldiers; there are tears of sorrow glistening from many a neighbor's eye. In fact, the burial scene is one of unusual sadness, and we long to be released as a witness.

The last shovel full of dirt is packed upon the sharply elevated clay mound, and the throng of attendants return home at will and without order. Every one seems struck with the buoyancy of soul exhibited by the friends of the deceased. Mrs. Trueman's movements are wonderfully elastic as she mounts the step of her carriage and takes a seat inside. Louie, notwithstanding an occasional convulsive sob, converses with considerable sprightliness, while Jennie may even be seen, occasionally, timing the air of some familiar ditty, mentally sung, upon the floor of the vehicle with the toe of her gaiter. It is the soul that sings rather than the voice, and if we could draw aside those heavy veils we might see, playing upon the countenances of the wife and elder daughter, the same animating tune which sought involuntary egress through Jennie's foot.

The observer is puzzled. Can it be that these women have become so calloused by unremitting grief that the sorrow occasioned by the death of a husband and father is buried with his ashes? Or, has the joy over the rescue of Trueman from an ignoble execution by an honorable death risen superior to the gloomy despondency which otherwise would overcast the mourners? However it may be, there is a lightness of manner and cheerfulness of voice noticeable among the Truemans on their return from the funeral, widely contrasting with the sorrowing manifestations at the grave.

The sun sinks calmly behind a gold fringed cloud which skirts the western horizon as the Confederate guards, so long Trueman's most watchful attendants, take their leave, and the atmosphere of freedom may again be breathed in the immediate vicinity of the old mansion.

A half-filled moon moves gracefully up the clear, starry sky as from the agloomed slave cabin is wafted to our ears the quaint melody,

"Massa's in de cold, cold ground."

CHAPTER VII.

CORRESPONDENCE—ITS EFFECTS.

"What strange letters father writes me, now-a-days, said George Clinton to himself, seating himself upon the ground in a West Virginia camp, and re-perusing an epistle just received from home; "says here he thinks I am fighting in the noblest of causes, and then right away intimates to me that he greatly doubts the ability of this Administration to conquer the rebellion; wonder if Hard-head is working on him again; must say I don't like such letters; almost wish father would quit writing. How different Dora writes; would rather read one of her month-old letters than a dozen of father's freshest. Dora makes me feel like fighting the whole Southern Confederacy, father almost puts the cowardly chills all over me. Wonder if he knows the effect of such letters as his on a soldier? Believe I'll just answer him right now, and tell him what it is."

So saying George produced his portfolio and penned to his father the following very pointed reply:

"DEAR FATHER: Your's is at hand; am glad indeed to hear from you, but sorry you deal me so much cold comfort. I think if you had to climb these rocky, barren hills, and crawl through the bushes and briers as I do, after

the Indian plan, you wouldn't think much, nor care much about the Administration, just so the rebellion might be put down. What has got you to doubting the ability of the President? Hasn't he done about all that any man could do under the circumstances? Don't you think it a pretty hard time, anyhow, to be President? I do. Why, every civilian in the country wants to tell Lincoln how to carry on this war. The land literally swarms with military advisers, and from the way many of you write, I've no idea but that half the farmers in Indiana could end this war in a week if they had their way about it. You don't seem to think how poorly we were fixed for war when we began, and how well the secesh were prepared, on account of their stealings. Just think how many soldiers had to be armed and equipped in a little time, and how little ready material we had to go on.

"Yes, it's hard to be President now; for while you folks at home are all complaining because the thing is not being wound up quick enough, lots of the soldiers are cursing the Government because they can't have every nice thing they have been used to at home, hauled round to them.

"Now, I tell you this country has got to get used to war. The thing can't be done in a day, nor a week. It may take years yet, but I reckon you'll agree that the Government is worth any effort to save it, however expensive. And now, father, just allow me to drop you a hint: if we can afford to leave home and endure what we do to save the country, you folks at home can surely afford to give us all the encouragement in your power. I tell you, it makes a soldier strong to tell him to fight, but when it comes to hinting to him that those who control his actions are not doing for the best, it tends, if he listens to it, to

take all the fight out of him. I hope you'll think of these matters.

"But I must quit.

"Ever your faithful

"GEORGE.

"P. S.—My love to all the friends of the Union. Tell Dora to write.

"G."

During his entire life, George had never said or written anything to his father which partook of anything like the degree of independence which was manifested in this letter, and it was by no means pleasant to feel it his duty to do so now. Several sighs and a trouble-expressing contraction of the brow, accompanied the passage of this epistle into the camp mail box. Let us follow it to its destination.

It is a delightful summer morning, and George's father sits in his accustomed seat on the old porch, running his eyes rather hurriedly over a page of letter cap, just out of the envelope.

"Rather saucy, that, for George, I'll declare," said Mr. Clinton, stopping to digest a paragraph, and looking out regretfully from under his momentarily elevated spectacles, as much as to say, "I almost wish I had not written him what I did." Resuming the letter, he read it eagerly to the close, and nervously folding and re-encasing it, said:

"Well, I must say, the boy talks manfully. I know he's honest; never would be the boy to talk to me that way but from a strong conviction of duty. And there's some good sense in what he says. It is a bad time to be President. Things were in a terribly bad fix at the commencement of this war. The South had everything and the Government had nothing. May be some of the papers I've read, and

and some of the Democrats I've talked to, are too bitter toward the Administration; not a good idea, always, to form a fellow's notions too soon; well to be careful, or one might get on the wrong track; rather a ticklish time to take stock in politicians, any how; never was disposed to sympathize with the rebellion; have always hated the very idea of it; merely thought that perhaps the present Administration was not aiming to put down the rebellion so much as to establish some of its pet notions. And it really does seem to be touched with abolition; reckon its as the boy says, letters like my last, take the fight out of soldiers."

Thus sat Mr. Clinton, revolving in his mind the question of propriety in relation to the course he had lately pursued in his correspondence with George, when Dick, returning from an errand to town, threw into his lap a letter directed in a well-known hand writing, and post marked "Louisville, Ky."

"Why! what does this mean?" exclaimed he, in a tone of agitated surprise, at the same time tearing open the envelope, and turning hastily to the signature. "As I live!—from John Trueman. Well, that's ahead of anything yet; made sure he was dead. Wife! wife! come here!"

"Oh, I'm too busy, darnin your socks, to come jist now," answered the old lady, rather petulantly.

"Never mind socks now. I know you want to hear from John Trueman as badly as I do."

"From John Trueman! Well, I reckon I do;" and Mrs. Clinton measured the distance from where she sat to the porch about as quickly as she was ever known to do it, by no means prepared to see a letter in Trueman's own hand writing, but excited enough in the supposition that some

one had arrived, per accident, who knew and could tell something of his fate. But when she came on the porch, and found that Clinton had just received an epistle from him, dated at Louisville, she fairly went into hysterics.

"Why, ole man, what does it mean? I thought he was hung by this time, or dead from his wound. Well, there's no use talkin to me any more 'bout there a bein no speshul Providence; for shorely, nuthin short of a meracle could a saved him. Come, read, ole man, read!"

Mr. Clinton, adjusting his spectacles, proceeded:

"LOUISVILLE, —, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I expect this will take you a good deal like an unexpected thunder-clap, for I have no idea you think it possible for me to yet be alive. But, by the interposition of Divine Providence, I am still spared, and have made good my escape from the very mouth of hell. How this is, I cannot now say, of course, but when I see you I will tell you all about it. Meet me on the 18th, at the Union Depot, upon the arrival of the morning train. I would come right on but for some little matters I have to arrange here, which will require a couple of days.

Your brother,

JOHN TRUEMAN.

"Why, father! father! what does this mean? A letter from uncle John! Can such a thing be possible?" cried Dora, dashing on to the porch, from her toilet room, with hair flying in all directions, and a countenance indescribably expressive of the agitation to which she had been wrought up by the few broken sentences she had caught from her father's reading. "Is it really from him? Do let me see it, father;" and she reached and received the letter from her father, and devoured its contents in far less

time than it takes us to tell it. "And he will be here, himself, will he, in a few days? Well, this is indeed most glorious; have an idea he will be able to present a class of arguments against the rebellion which will completely demolish all this semi-secesh cant we hear so much of about here. Oh, won't it be so rich to have him get hold of Hardhead! I'll manage for that, see if I don't," said Dora, snapping her fingers and dancing away with an air of triumph to her room.

The time to elapse between the reception of this epistle and the arrival of Trueman was short in fact, but tediously long to the Clintons. His letter was of just that character which is best calculated to excite the human curiosity, and every member of the Clinton family was almost constantly engaged, during this interim, in manufacturing questions of every kind for the expected coming.

The morning of the 18th came, and with it John Trueman to Indianapolis. His relatives were in anxious waiting at the depot, with carriage ready to convey him to their residence.

For the description of the scene which occurred upon the meeting of Trueman and his kin, the author acknowledges the lack of genius. Suffice it to say, that Dora, being the most sprightly, reached him first and kissed him warmly. Mr. Clinton gave him a real Western shake of the hand, while tears of joy stood in his eyes, and Mrs. Clinton hugged him, and, notwithstanding the nimbleness of her tongue, was unable to say anything but "O, John! O, John!" for several minutes.

Trueman, in the meantime, was not a little moved at the affectionate reception, and really felt that were his wife and children with him he would consider himself as having

made a happy exchange of wealth on the one hand for liberty and safety on the other.

During the almost frantic manifestations of joy consequent upon this meeting, and standing at a respectful distance, contemplating with becoming diffidence and profound interest the touching scene passing before him, was the heroic Ned, who, until addressed by his master with reference to the baggage, etc., etc., had not been noticed by the Clintons.

"Brought a boy with you, ha?" asked Mr. Clinton, looking kindly at Ned.

"Yes," replied Trueman, "I hardly see how I could have dispensed with him. He has been, indeed, a great help to me; and I am not sure but that his shrewdness and energy have frequently preserved me from danger."

"I dare say he has been very good to you. He looks like he was a good boy," said Dora.

Ned now began to feel somewhat at home, and with great alacrity performed all the little chores preliminary to the start for the Clinton farm, which, as Trueman did not feel disposed to ramble about town and see the sights, was not long deferred.

"We are all ready, I believe," said Mr. Clinton, as Dick turned the carriage in front of the depot and alighted to assist in stowing the baggage. "All aboard!" and the crack of the driver's whip announces the drive to the country. Along the route a thousand and one questions were asked and answered relative to the condition of affairs in Tennessee, and particularly respecting the Trueman kin that were left behind.

It was observed by the Clintons that Trueman appeared somewhat depressed when asked about his wife and daughters, always accompanying his reply with a sigh. He felt

that they were not altogether safe, whatever Dr. Sharp's maneuvers; that should his expedients for keeping the secret fail, the chances for Mrs. Trueman and the children were slim. The Hoosier relatives desiring to direct his mind from these painful reflections, turned the conversation to a more enlivening channel—crops, scenery, the Indiana military status, etc., constituting the topics.

Meantime, Ned and Dick were rapidly forming an acquaintance which gave prospect of a very close intimacy between those individuals. Following the carriage home, and seeing Trueman and his kin snugly housed for the evening, we shall leave them for the present.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SURPRISE—THE DELIVERANCE.

Standing upon an eminence near the Trueman residence, and looking in a south-westerly direction, we see, at the distance of about five hundred yards, a dragoon, making his way directly toward the house. He is tall, but well proportioned, and a graceful rider. His steed is one of superior blood,—spirited, and nimble. As he nears the house, we perceive that he wears the Confederate uniform, and the speed of his horse indicates that he is upon urgent business. We wonder what is his errand. He dismounts, hitches his horse, and proceeds to the house with a confidence which suggests considerable familiarity with the premises. He rings the door bell; a servant answers the call.

"Is this the residence of John Trueman?" he inquires, in husky tones.

"Yes, sah."

"Is he in?"

"No, sah; him been dead free days," answered the servant, in a manner betokening suppressed grief.

"What, dead!"

"But," said he, resuming his former gruffness, "I must to business. Show me your mistress' apartment."

"Yes, sah! Dis way, sah; dis way."

Following the servant, the cavalier is shown into Mrs. Trueman's room.

"Good morning, madam."

"Good morning, sir;" and Mrs. Trueman rises and shows the intruder a seat, endeavoring meanwhile, to get a close look at his features; for while his voice is rather strange, there is something in his accent and his demeanor which seems strikingly familiar. His air, to her, is not an easy one, and his whiskers and hair bear the semblance of disguise. "However," thinks she, "it will not do to appear impudent, and I must not follow up his averted countenance too closely."

He motions the servant out of the room.

"I understand Mr. Trueman is dead."

"Yes, sir."

"Rather sudden, that death. Was his wound a mortal one?"

"No, sir. But he caught cold in it, and it mortified," replied Mrs. Trueman, in a tone not indicating that amount of sorrow we usually expect to see in a bereaved widow.

"Madam, I am your friend, and—"

"Who are you? No man is my friend until I know him," and Mrs. Trueman placed her hand upon her revolver, her constant pocket companion.

"Can you keep a secret, madam?" asked the dragoon, kindly. "The one I would impart to you involves my life, and perhaps yours."

"You would evade a direct answer, then. Yes, sir, I am a woman, and can keep a secret."

"Then, mother, I need not *tell* you my name," and Albert Trueman fell at his *mother's* feet.

"Albert! Albert! my dear boy!" cried Mrs. Trueman,

raising him and pressing him to her heart. "And you are still alive. But, how comes it that you are a Confederate dragoon? Explain, my boy, explain!"

"Be very silent, mother; we may be overheard."

Mrs. Trueman's presence of mind admonished her of the importance of closed doors, and she saw that they were all securely bolted, and then said, in a low tone:

"Proceed, Albert."

"Well, mother, on the afternoon of that fearful day—of course father told you about the battle—and—"

"Yes, he told me all about it."

"Well, my horse was killed under me. I saw all my comrades killed or wounded; thought at first I would die fighting. Then I thought of you and the girls. I stood in the bottom of a little sink. A dead rebel laid at my feet, his horse near by—for they had a few cavalry. It was the work of a moment. I stripped him of his uniform, donned it, mounted his horse, and rode to the rear of the rebel lines, cheering for the South. This, dear mother, I did for you—for my sisters. You know I wouldn't have done it for myself. Was it right?"

"Why, certainly. It was noble. But how come these whiskers? They are not yours."

"Well, you see, they were just put on for to-day, merely to keep the servants from recognizing me; for none of the confeds know me. And we have not been long enough in East Tennessee for any of the natives to catch me up."

"Shall I call Louie and Jennie?"

"Not yet, mother. I must tell you my errand."

"Well, go ahead."

"You see, mother, Dr. Sharp is the only person, except yourself, in the world that is in my secret. I have had

frequent conferences with him, and know all about father's death and burial."

"You do?"

"Yes; and the next thing in the programme is to hurry you off, with all speed, to Indiana."

"But what will become of you, my boy?"

"I'll take care of myself, never fear; but you must go to-morrow morning. Everything is ready. Dr. Sharp sends by me all the passes through the lines, and you must go on the first train to-morrow. The doctor did not like to risk me on this business, but I could not bear for you to leave without seeing me, and so I prevailed on him to let me come."

"Thank Heaven for this most gracious dispensation," said Mrs. Trueman. "But how will you escape?"

"Never mind me; I'll meet you in the *United States* before long."

"But the girls—I must see them now, and be off."

Mrs. Trueman brought in Louie and Jennie, after first preparing them, aside, for the meeting—for she well knew the mercurial temperament of Jennie could not behave prudently in case of a surprise—and the scene which followed was one of those sacred ones which the artist may dimly outline but cannot develop. A lad—a boy just turning his teens, who has experienced more within the space of a few days than most persons do in a lifetime, in the habiliments of disguise, carrying forward a scheme which would not have disgraced Napoleon, stands in the locked embrace of two who have hitherto essayed to advise him in all matters of propriety, alternately kissing them and detailing his own marvelous escape and his method for procuring theirs. No wild passion energized his will or nerved his arm in this the grand enterprise of

his life; no romantic affection for an affianced bride developed the expedients requisite to the performance of the task before him. But it is that pure, unsullied love which the true son and brother bears to his mother and sisters which makes him the hero, the idol that he is.

The time arrives for his departure. He bids his dear ones adieu, hastens to his horse, and is soon seen flying toward the rebel camp.

"Mother," said Louie, "I believe I have the most glorious brother in the world. Why, did you hear him tell how he helped father off without father knowing anything about it?"

"Certainly."

"Oh! wasn't that splendid!" cried Jennie; "I tell you, he's the boy."

"There, there, Jennie, be careful," enjoined Mrs. Trueman. "Don't you know our danger? Albert is a heroic boy, but we'll talk more about that some other time. Come, we must not forget his advice. Let us be preparing for our trip. Dr. Sharp is to be here in the morning to escort us to the train;—those passes—ah, here they are, all safe," and Mrs. Trueman's heart swelled with the anticipated joy of again seeing her husband.

Servants were now called, trunks and handboxes produced, and, until a late hour in the day, all hands were busied in packing dry goods preparatory to the journey to Hoosierdom.

Mrs. Trueman's mind was now comparatively at ease. She had for some days felt the greatest anxiety on account of her husband. Her fear had been that he would be detected in his attempt to escape, in which case she knew what his fate would be. But this fear had been removed by Albert, who had during his visit graphically sketched

to Louie his father's hazardous "ride for life" and his safe exit to the land of freedom. Still, more than this, Albert, whose face Mrs. Trueman had not hoped to see since the battle; Albert, her husband's living miniature, had that day pressed her hand, called her mother—oh, how sweet that name—and bedewed her cheek with tears. Indeed, this was one of the most glorious days of Mrs. Trueman's life—one well calculated to prepare her for feeling light the sacrifice of home and property she was about to make.

The night passed, the morning came, and with it Dr. Sharp, who accompanied Mrs. Trueman and her daughters to the depot, where they were to bid adieu to Tennessee.

To portray the feelings of the Truemans as they said good-bye to those faithful servants, whose very existence was knitted to theirs, and who had never known what it is to depend upon themselves, would require the artist to be Mrs. Trueman, Jennie and Louie.

There was the kind, trusty old mama who had nursed and watched over the cradle of all the Trueman children; her husband, Aaron, who had attended them along the zigzag paths of youth, and all the younger slaves with whom they had grown up—these, all these, were now to be left to the mercies of those who were strangers to mercy. Can any, save those who had the trial of parting from these faithful Africans, tell what it is to be thus separated? And who shall be blamed for all the domestic troubles of this character which have occurred in the South? Echo answers, *Southern traitors.*

Pacifying the sorrowing domestics, to some extent, by the promise that she would endeavor to soon have them with her, Mrs. Trueman, with her daughters, entered the carriage, which had been hers, and ordered the driver to proceed.

"O, home, sweet home! gone forever," she murmured, as the carriage rolled away toward Knoxville. But the human heart is ever eager for consolation when troubled; and Mrs. Trueman found in the expected felicity of again embracing her husband in a land of liberty, a balm which, in a very great degree, healed the wound caused by the loss of her home.

Arrived at the depot, the Truemans were soon aboard of the train and moving at a rapid rate toward liberty, father and husband. Nothing worthy of remark occurred along the route, and in due season they came safely to Louisville, and proceeded thence to the Hoosier Capital, where they were warmly greeted by their friends.

Mr. Trueman's happiness upon finding his wife and daughters safe with him was raised to ecstatic glee upon hearing that Albert was still alive. And, believing that the same kind Father who had so graciously guided and protected them would conduct Albert safely through the wilderness, he banished all uneasiness from his soul, and found sweet contentment in that hope only known to him who has an abiding faith in God.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE—THE RETURN.

It is a balmy summer morning. Not a cloud is to be seen upon the whole face of the sky, as the sun in full glory rides up the eastern horizon, inviting the race from slumber to nature's grand sanctuary of praise and thanksgiving. And we are reminded that as by the day god's chemico-vital influence, countless changes are continually going forward in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms—death succeeding life, and life death—so by the mysterious, all-pervading power of Jehovah, are multifarious changes perpetually occurring in the moral, social, and political departments of the intelligent world—nation's birth succeeding nation's death; old governments and social institutions decaying and giving place to new ones. We are also reminded that as all the changes produced in the physical universe tend to the development of higher forms of life, so do social and political changes promote the development of better forms of government.

This thought, so general, so sweeping, applies, this morning, with peculiar force to our own people and government. But a few months since, the African was availing himself of every opportunity of escape from his Southern master; but now a great political revolution is going forward, and the master flees from his slave or volunta-

rily gives him freedom, that he may secure his own. John Trueman, once a wealthy slave owner, has now not even a body servant whom he can call his own. A number of slaves have been left by him in Tennessee to effect their own freedom by escaping from illegal masters, or to remain and be confiscated; while one, the shrewdest, most faithful of them all, has worked his way, with his master, to a land of liberty, and is now engaged with the eccentric Dick upon the Clinton farm. This morning he may be seen in company with his colored associate sauntering out toward the barn.

"Well, Dick, you say you'd like to heah 'bout de time massa an dis chile had comin frough de wilde'ness"

"Ob cou'se, ob cou'se."

"Well, I don't ha'dly know whah to begin; but, howsomevah, notwithstanding, in de fust place, secondly, you see massa he go dead—dat is, he play dead—de mo'nin befoah we start, an be toated into a back room, which open to 'ads de stable. Den Doctoh Sha'p, he hab a coffin brought to de room whah massa play defunct, as Doctoh Sha'p say, an hab sumpin powe'ful—whew! awful stinkin,—slipped into 'em. Den, in de second place, 'firdly, de doctoh hab de pa'son come an sing, an pray, an preach ober de dead stink in de coffin, to git de Lo'd to sabe 'em. Well, den, in de fou'th place, sixteenthly, Doctoh Sha'p, an de pa'son, an ole missus, an de Suddern sogers, an all de niggas, 'cept dis chile, went in a camp meetin gang to de grabe ya'd an den dey hab a little moah sing, an a little moah preach, an a little moah pray ober de defunct stink, an dey berry 'em widout funder ceremony; an all de 'federate foks think dat was massa. Now dats a fac, shoah as you lib. Well, den, de sogers all bein gone, massa an dis chile, in de night time, be slipped onto a couple ob hosses, which Doctoh

Sha'p hab brought to us, an den we git foh ole Kentuck, gist tolluble libely like. But, some time prebiously, on de same subsequential night, we come to a place in de road whah dar was a 'federate gua'd, an he said, 'halt! advance an gib de country sign,' an—"

"What sign is dat, Ned?"

"What sign? Why, de country sign, ob cou'se—dat is a—a—sign ob de Suddern country, an I s'pose dat's a nigga. Any how, dat's what dar frighten foh.

"Well, den, when he ask foh de country sign, massa show de Natcheese sign—dat is a six shootin pistol,—an de 'federate drap down an let us pass."

"What was you doin den, Ned?"

"Dis chile? Why he was playin strachedy—dat is keepin so'ter befoah massa, an de top o' my pate to'ards de 'federate, so dat if he shoot, de ball hit dat an bounce back.

"Den we gallup on ober mountains, an rocks, an brush, till we come to a little town in Kentuck, an dar we jump on de steam kua's an come to Louisville."

"An didn't nobody do nuffin to you after dat time?"

"No; 'cept once, when a 'federate soger tried to catch us, but we hab de fastes hosses an out run 'em. I tell you dar aint nuffin like strachedy, nohow. But I reccon we mus git de hosses ready to go to town, Dick."

"Dats so, shoah case; Massa Clinton 'speets Geo'ge home from de a'my to-day."

Dick and Ned now harnessed the horses, hitched them to the old family carriage, and drove out in front of the house. The Clintons, with Dick as their driver, were soon aboard, and whirling toward the city.

"Well, father, what do you think of the rebellion now? Do you think it should be put down, nigger or no

nigger?" said Dora to Mr. Clinton, rather independently.

"Well, ye-es, I reckon so; but, then, I'm still too much of a Democrat to go in for making it an abolition war."

O, pshaw! out on Democracy!—on everything but the country."

"So say I, Dora; and out on Abolitionism, too. Now don't you know that Ned would be better off as your uncle's slave than he could be, free? And then who wants the niggers freed and sent among us?"

"Dat's what I say, massa," chimed in Dick. "We don't want 'em sent among us—" and the argument was interrupted by a general outburst of laughter.

"Father," replied Dora, "that is not the question. It matters not whether the negro is better off as a slave or not. The question simply is this: If slavery stands in the way of the Government, would you say, 'down with slavery and let the Government live?'"

"Well, it hasn't come to that yet."

"I think it is coming to it pretty fast."

"Well, it didn't start out that way, any how. All the cry was, 'Save the Union now, take care of politics and slavery when the war is over?'"

"Yes, father; but suppose the Union can't be saved without destroying slavery—then what?"

"But I think it can."

"You do? Look at the Confederates everywhere using negroes to build fortifications. Then look at the Union troops employed to guard Confederate slaves, while our men, for want of re-enforcements, are being slaughtered at Bull Run. I tell you, father, I am a Democrat, too, and don't like negroes any better than you do, but I would rejoice if Lincoln would declare universal emancipation

to-morrow. And you will see that it will have to come to that yet."

Mr. Clinton's only reply was a heavy sigh. He felt that the simple, common sense argument of his daughter was too strong for him.

Dora began to observe, with pain, that her father, though honest and well-meaning, was again suffering with that disease which might be termed Chronic Democracy; that while he was capable of rising superior to his party predilections on occasions of peculiar patriotic excitement, yet when such excitements abated, and he had free access to Democratic papers and politicians, he manifested the chronic symptoms again. She was greatly troubled to know what treatment would cure him—alopathic, homeopathic or botanic. With the first she had had considerable success; the second she had used with fair results, but still she had not effected a cure. The question now was whether by the third, which she had never tried, she should let him sweat it out. The alopathic treatment seemed to work well after the symptoms had been aroused by Hardhead on the occasion of George's enlistment; the homeopathic seemed to have some effect upon the recurrence of the disease which followed the reading of Democratic sheets, and which was manifest in Clinton's correspondence with George—for George had written Dora all about it. This treatment was applied by Mr. Trueman. After thinking the matter over thoroughly, she decided to try the steam system, well knowing that his own party was as good a steam tub as could be found, and that the Government would apply the heat. She, therefore, at the close of the argument just cited, lapsed into silence, and resolved to say nothing to him again touching the Union question until she saw the results of Democratic inconsis-

tencies and the future developments of the war as brought out in the crucible of his reflectives.

About nine o'clock the family arrived at town and repaired to the depot to await the coming of George's regiment, which came in about two hours afterward. The crowd gathered to receive the boys, was almost as large as the one which had assembled to see them off to the wars; and the enthusiasm exhibited as the brawny sons of the gallant Hoosier State, covered with glory, debarked and formed into two-ranked column, was of the wildest character.

"Aint that my boy?" asked Mrs. Clinton, looking toward the front of the column. "Yes, that's him. It is! it is! it is! and I'm gwine right up to him."

"No, no, wait mother; he will be at liberty soon," said Dora.

"His mother's at liberty now," and the old lady ran and embraced her boy in the presence of thousands. A mother's affection cannot be restricted by conventionalities.

"Oh, how changed you look, George!"

"Stand back, madam," said a major, "we need the room."

"Well, aint that a purty out, indeed! that after I've give my boy to the army, sich a lookin thing¹ as that are should deprive me from speakin to him merely because he's in solumn column. Ah! I see into it all. This here's a gitten to be a military despotism. Sich things as that's a makin the money and gitten the honor, an our boys is a doin the drudgery. I knowed this was what Lincoln was after all the time. He don't care nuthin about the Tennesseeans, nor the Government, nor nobody else, so him an the Republicans fills their pockets. I'll

see if George goes agin," muttered Mrs. Clinton, retiring in rather bad order to the crowd.

The regiment marched to the State capitol, followed by its friends, was addressed by the Governor, and released for the day. George, as soon as he had lain aside his musket and accoutrements, found his parents and sister.

"O, George, I am so glad to see you looking so happy and hearty. How do you like soldiering?" said Dora, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, first rate. It agrees with me. We've got the best regiment and the best officers in the world," replied George, in that confident manner so generally characteristic of Western volunteers.

"Best officers in the world!" muttered Mrs. Clinton. "Why, George, you can't be in yearnest, shorely." And here she related the treatment she received at the hands of the major, and added, "Now, George, aint you powerfully gulled by these fellers? Can't you see the military despotism a sticken out all round?"

"Why, pshaw, mother, that is no more than an efficient officer's duty. I was sorry it happened, but could not blame the major. The lines must be kept clear when a regiment is on the march."

"Lines kept clear, indeed! Now, I'd like to know how much it 'ud a hurt 'em to a stopped the rigment till I could a spoke a few words to you. No, I tell you, Abe Lincoln's a despot, an all these here officers is tyrants, an wants to gull the pore people an git rich off o' this war, an that's all they keer fur."

"There, mother, I see you are all wrong again," said George, looking around to see in what mood his father appeared. The latter looked rather grum and sad, hung his

head and said nothing. A mere glance was sufficient to satisfy George as to the cause of his parents' disaffection. In his mother's look and language he could detect volumes of political gossip with Mrs. Venom; in his father's eyes were visible numerous conversations with Democratic politicians, and in the very lines of his face could be traced treasonable editorials.

The young soldier's mortification was intense. He had gone from home with his father's blessing,—his mother's sympathy; he had left his parents all aglow with the fire of patriotism; he returned to find them poisoned by the wily serpent, secession sympathy—cold in love of country, bitter in their complaints of trivial offences and imaginary abuses.

"Oh, how I wish I had been kept in the service!" involuntarily exclaimed he. "I can't stand this."

"Why, George!" responded Dora, "didn't you want to see us?"

"Yes, *you*, Dora; but I don't know why I should want to see any body else." And George's countenance expressed volumes of sadness.

"Come with me a moment," said Dora, taking his arm and leading him aside; for she saw how much he stood in need of a different treatment from that he received from his parents.

"George," said she, after they had retired to the shade of a tree in a remote part of the State House yard, "I know something of how you feel." And an expression of mingled pity and chagrin marked every liniment of her face.

"But, Dora, what does it mean? How does it come? It wasn't this way when I left."

"It means this, George. Father has been almost daily

visited by Northern traitors—those cowardly, burrowing vermin, who infest this community; who would rather undermine the Government and lay it in ruins, than be deprived of the privilege of stealing from it. With these fellows he has had long talks, and they have given and sent him cords of treasonable sheets,—as the *Enquirer*, the *World*, the pusillanimous, the pitiful *Sentinel*. He has almost slighted his bible to read them.”

“Do you say! But why didn’t you burn the accursed trash?”

“I did—all I could get hold of, and talked to him about the rottenness of such stuff—tried to get him to read Union papers, but the traitors out-generaled me, and kept his ear in spite of my efforts.”

“I thought there was something up from his letters; and then he quit writing.”

“Yes—by the way, some of your letters did good—there has been something up all the time. Once in a while I could—just after reading a letter from you—see in his face and actions, signs of a very strong contest between love of country and love of party. Just then, if I had a good opportunity to flank him, as you military folks say, I could almost drive him from his Democratic fortifications. But, then, perhaps the next hour he would receive strong reinforcements from the city, and I would be forced to retire.”

“I wondered where all those dirty secession sheets came from, to us.

“But you wrote me, Dora, that uncle had come, and that all his folks, except cousin Albert, are here.”

“And so they are.”

“Well, what have they been doing? Couldn’t they put father to rights?”

“They didn’t, any how. You see, uncle and his family

are courteous and refined—feel that they are our guests, and don’t like to talk too plainly. But uncle has done some good. He often tells father that the Union men of the South are for the Government without any ifs or buts, and relates, in glowing style, the outrages of the secessionists. And once I heard him say to aunt, in private, that our Northern traitors were a disgrace to those of the South. But we are called—I suppose we go home.”

“Yes; but if it were not for you and uncle’s folks, I wouldn’t go a step. I’d go right and volunteer now, and back to the South.”

“There, George, never mind. It may all come right in a few days.”

George procured leave of absence and went home with his folks, feeling anything but happy. He had met the enemy of his country upon three battle fields; had maneuvered and fought for his life in numerous scouts amid the fastnesses of West Virginia; had seen his noble comrades fall, pierced by the ball of a lurking, ambushed foe; had lain whole nights upon the bare ground, without tent, in the drenching rain; had gone for days without food, suffering all the horrors of hunger, added to the miseries of unrespected fatigue—all this he had undergone for his country, and was consequently in no condition to listen to the treasonable mutterings of political sore heads, much less to hear their sentiments re-echoed by his own father and mother. A day or so spent with his home friends and his Tennessee relatives, during which time the pleasure of seeing his refined and highly patriotic cousins was soured by the consciousness of his parents’ indifference to the cause of his heart, and George returned to the capital to be mustered out of the service. Here he met with a species of difficulties more trying than any he had encoun-

tered during the service. Red tape stood in the way of his discharge and his pay. Government officials were slow and apparently indifferent. The boys were detained several days, being crustily put off from time to time, when they applied for their dismissal. Promises were made and broken with a recklessness truly aggravating, and numbers of soldiers were heard to say that if it were not for the Governor, whose kindness had been so constant to them during the campaign, they would tear down the Government buildings over the heads of the officials. George, among others, became highly exasperated, and declared, "I will volunteer no more if this is the Government's method of proceeding." He now began to fear that his parents were not very far wrong in their condemnations of the Administration. During this season of protracted suspense, he was called on by his old flame, Volatile Venom, who, with other young ladies of her kind, was ever ready to sympathize with anybody afflicted by the "Lincoln Government." George had not very anxiously hoped to see her, but when she did appear, he had not the hardihood to slight her company, or refuse to listen to her treasonable insinuations, especially as the latter were so ingeniously sugar-coated, and so peculiarly adapted to his own feelings that they did not seem so bad to take. His old male associates of the secession persuasion were also very industrious in hunting him up; were likewise very sympathetic and good-Samaritan-like in their attentions. In short, it so happened that almost every conceivable influence was brought to bear against his patriotism at a time when he was most susceptible.

Finally, however, he was discharged and paid, but did not return home with that inflexible determination to

stand by his country, right or wrong, which formerly sustained him so amply under very trying circumstances.

How true it is that we never know ourselves until we are tried by that which strikes at our personal interests.

Upon George's coming home, Dora noticed that something had wrought a change in him, and she was not long in ascertaining the causes. Knowing her influence over him, she addressed herself most assiduously to the task of putting him to rights, and was not long in accomplishing her object.

"Well, sister," said he one day when talking to her, "I guess you are right. War is a new thing to this Government, and things can not go at first as we might wish."

His old regiment was now being reorganized at Indianapolis, and having a desire to go again with "the boys," he determined to re-enlist. But this time he asked neither the advice nor the consent of his parents. He knew that Dora would support him with her whole soul; and inasmuch as she had become his sun by day, his guiding star by night, his heart's idol, his all, he cared for little else. Who shall estimate the moral and spiritual worth of a true, devoted sister?

Time wore apace, and just two weeks after George's discharge from the three months' service, he re-enlisted for three years, little knowing the trials that were in store for him. The regiment remained at Indianapolis three weeks after his re-enlistment, during which time certain very important changes occurred among the Clintons and Truemans, which are related in our next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW HOME—THE SURPRISE.

Mr. Trueman having become a permanent citizen of Indiana, and having been accommodated by his brother-in-law, to the requisite means, purchased a little home near the capital—a neat little cottage and three acres of ground—furnished his house with plain furniture, and settled his family in it.

"Are we ourselves, or not?" asked Louie of Jennie, one day as they sat on the door step and surveyed the extent of their possessions at a glance.

"I don't know, Louie. It don't look much like it. Only think of what we were."

"Yes, and then what we *are*, Jennie."

"Well, I reckon we ought not to complain."

"No. Think of what scores of the Union people of our State are suffering—folks that were as rich as we were, without money, without property, without home."

"Yes, and the home we have, thank Heaven, through the assistance of kind friends."

"Who's to do our cooking and house cleaning, though? That's the question. Oh, if I could only cook like Cousin Dora."

"Don't ask me that, Jennie. That's a vexed question; but, I guess, we'll have to learn."

"Mother says we must try our hands to-day."

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"I wonder if Ned can cook? Call him."

"Ned! Ned! Where are you?" cried Jennie, and in a moment the representative of the burnt land appeared.

"Ned, can you cook?" asked Jennie.

"O, yes, Miss Jennie, dis chile knows sumpin 'bout dat; but he knows moah 'bout de eatin pa't, dat's a fac."

"Well, it's about dinner time, Louie, suppose we take a lesson of Ned."

The proposition was accepted, and all proceeded to the kitchen, and went to work.

"Dar, Miss Jennie, you's done it now—put de whole box ob peppeh in de co'n bread—yah! yah!"

"Why, Ned, I thought that was the saleratus."

"Did you ebber see sallyrattus in de peppeh box?"

"Poh! we never had pepper boxes in the South—that is I never saw one on the table."

"Dar, now, Miss Louie, dat beats all—stirren de wheat dough wid a tea spoon."

"How then, Ned?"

"Why dis way—wid youah hands." And Ned took hold of the dough, moistened it and tugged away at it like a good fellow. "Dat's de style."

"Is dat a cat? Whah am it?"

"Why, in the stove!" cried Louie; and she rushed to the stove, opened it, and out jumped a large cat, almost scorched to a crisp, leaving a half-baked pie scattered in fragments all over the oven.

"Well don't dat beat de dickens. Could'nt you see dat cat when you put de pie in? I's feared I haf to gib up de job of 'structin ye in de science ob kitchenology altogedder, dat's a fac."

At this juncture the teacher and his pupils were surprised by the sudden appearance of Dora Clinton, who,

after a hearty laugh, took the dinner in hand and completed it in the best of style.

"There, now, call Mother, and let's eat," said Louie."

"Where is Uncle?" asked Dora. "I did not see him when I left Aunt in the parlor."

"He is in town, seeing about getting business," replied Louie.

"What business does he want?"

"Well, almost anything. If he can get nothing else he will go to a printing office."

"Why is Uncle a printer?"

"He was, when he was a boy."

"Where?"

"In New Haven. He went there from Virginia when he was a boy to learn the trade with his uncle."

"Aye! and has Uncle been a Yankee?"

"Of course, and is yet, all except the vernacular, which is pretty well southernized."

Mrs. Trueman was now called to dinner, and after the joke in reference to the lesson in cooking was told, and all had enjoyed a good laugh, the party proceeded to the discussion of the practical merits of the dinner, and a general talk.

"Have you seen Cousin George to-day, Dora?" inquired Jennie.

"Yes, I have just come from his camp."

"Missus! Missus! I jis now see Massa George Clinton comin up de road wid somebody what look mighty like dat 'federate soger what try to stop me an ole Massa on de way to dis country. I tell you, Missus, it be him or somebody jis like him, foh dat fella make a mighty 'stinct 'mpression on dis chile's mind, dat's a fac."

"Is George coming with him, Ned?" eagerly asked

Dora; and she pushed aside her plate and hurried to the front door.

"Yes, it is George," exclaimed she.

But a few minutes elapsed, and George Clinton, with a young man, dressed in confederate uniform, rode up to the front fence, alighted, hitched and approached the door.

By this time Mrs. Trueman, whose appetite had vanished upon the delivery of Ned's message, had made a hasty preparation of her toilet and was coming toward the front door, closely followed by Jennie and Louie.

It is a characteristic of Southern ladies that they never permit themselves to appear in company after eating, until they have made due toilet preparation, while our Western women would about as soon be introduced to the most elite strangers in the midst of a meal as otherwise.

"Why that's—that's Albert! As I live it is!" cried Mrs. Trueman, and the whole bevy started at double quick for the gate, Mrs. Trueman keeping in the advance.

"Oh, my dear, dear boy!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about his neck, "you did escape! God did protect you, and bring you to me," and she drew him close to her heart.

"Thank God, we are all saved now," cried Louie; and she, her sister and mother, encompassed Albert and bedewed the earth with tears of joy. George and Dora withdrew a few paces and gazed upon the touching tableau with mingled feelings of awe and sympathetic bliss. Repairing to the house, they were there but a few minutes when Mr. Trueman came in.

"What! My boy!"

"Father!" And father and son locked in holy embrace, and with uplifted hands returned solemn thanks to the

Father of mercies for their most wonderful and gracious deliverance.

Was it not meet that this should be done? Here was the entire Trueman family—once wealthy, proud, influential; recently torn asunder, scattered and scourged by the demon secession; now re-united, poor, but happy in a land of liberty and safety.

When the company had regained its mental equilibrium, and Albert had been introduced to his cousin, Dora, all united in a request that he should tell how he escaped. His story was a brief one. He had been sent by the confederate commander in East Tennessee, along with a number of others, to make discoveries in Kentucky. When he reached that State he watched his opportunity, and when on a scout, and out some distance from his comrades, laid whip to his horse, was soon out of sight, and was but half a day in making his way to a railroad station, where he sold his horse and embarked for Louisville. Arriving at that city the day following, he reached Indianapolis the next, where, happening to meet George Clinton, with whom he soon formed an acquaintance, he inquired for his father. George, having a short leave of absence, cheerfully accompanied him to his father's residence. And this is the whole story of his escape. He ran no *hair breadth* escapes, was *not* several times thrown from his horse; nor was he at any time rescued from imminent danger by accident or the timely interference of friends. He simply had a good horse, made good use of time and saved himself.

Dora was highly pleased with his appearance; but the reader need not imagine that she was silly enough to fall in love with her cousin. She was merely impressed with the idea that he is a noble, manly fellow.

Time glided along almost imperceptibly, and George,

fearing his leave would run out and find him absent from camp, excused himself and returned to town, taking with him the horses he had hired to bear himself and cousin to his uncle's.

By this time, having concluded that his time was come, Ned, the faithful and tried, sued for recognition, and was warmly greeted by his former young master.

"Massa," said he, turning to Albert's father, "don't you 'cognize Massa Albe't as de indiividual dat wanted de 'country sign' dat time? I tell you, massa, dis chile neber was fooled yit, by moon light, an dis am de chap dat want de country sign, an dis chile play off strachedy on him, dat's a fac."

"Never mind that, Ned. Your mistress has told me all about it."

"Missus! I'd like to know what missus knows 'bout strachedy?"

"There, that will do, Ned."

Dora remained during the afternoon, and shared the cup of happiness, which was full to running over in the Trueman family. In their palmiest days, when wealth and luxury were even burdens to them, the Truemans had never known the joy they did this afternoon. How true it is that poverty and persecution prepare the soul for its fullest measure of bliss.

Toward evening the conversation turned upon business, and Mr. Trueman, remarking that he had looked around all day for business, declared it as his intention to join the Union army.

"Why?" asked his wife.

"Why, because," said he, "I have heard so much treason to-day, uttered by men who, instead of losing their all in property, by this war, as I have, have grown rich and

are still getting richer under the protection of this Government—I say I have heard so much treason from their lips that I have resolved to try to shame a few of them by going to the support of the standard of my country.”

“Well, but suppose they will not be shamed, husband?”

“Then I shall propose to Old Abe that he let me *hang* a few of them. There are certainly some of the meanest lickspittles here in the North that I have ever seen.”

“Well, father, if you go I must go with you,” said Albert.

“You shall, my boy!” and Trueman and Albert struck hands in a pledge to fight armed traitors while one remained.

“Did not Mrs. Trueman object?” the reader may ask. Not she. She had always loved her husband and son as dearly as wife and mother ever loved. They were doubly endeared to her by the unprecedented trials, the sacrifices, the heroism of the past few months. But her’s was not that selfish affection which is fed and sustained by personal gratification—by exclusive caresses and attentions. It was an affection presided over by that magnanimous spirit which links the interests of humanity with the interests of self—by that love of country which sees no personal happiness beyond the perpetuity of the Government. She had witnessed the horrors of a causeless rebellion in the section in which it originated; she had felt, to her heart’s core, the sting of that vile serpent which would fasten its deadly fangs upon the fair form of Columbia; she had experienced the woes of civil war and the value of government; she had made a willing sacrifice of her wealth and caste upon the altar of Freedom, and she was now ready to make any further sacrifice which might be demanded by her country.

O, ye mean spirited cowards who would have peace at the expense of liberty; ye obsequious menials who would prostrate yourselves in the dust before the beast whose rule is slavery, and implore a cessation of hostilities that your money, your property, and your worthless lives may be spared—ye libels upon the name, American, look at this patriotic daughter of the South, her noble husband and son, and then, tortoise-like, shrink back in your slimy shells and hide your sneaking faces from the gaze of honorable men.

“It looks hard,” said she, “to part with you now, after just passing through with what we have, but if your country needs you, go. Her claims are superior to mine.”

Dora sat and contemplated this remarkable manifestation of devotion to Liberty, with a strange feeling of inspiration and mortification combined—of inspiration because of the nobleness of the exhibition, of mortification because her own father, who had not suffered a tithe of what Trueman had, showed scarcely a tithe of his loyalty.

Night approached, and Dora, after promising to visit her aunt and cousins often, and give lessons on the cook stove, (rather more important, by the way, than lessons on the piano,) ordered her horse and galloped home.

A few days were passed happily in an exchange of visits between the Clintons and Truemans, during which time a great deal of history was rehearsed, and Albert and his father volunteered in the service of the United States for three years. George Clinton’s glowing descriptions of the brilliant military achievements of his regiment, together with his earnest solicitations, induced them to enlist in his company.

The regiment was now nearly full, and in the course of a few days was ordered to Kentucky. It was there but a

short time when it took a leading part in the glorious affair at Mill Springs. In this decisive engagement, which resulted in the hurling back of Zollicoffer's forces, and the salvation of the Northern Border States, Trueman, in a desperate bayonet charge, was slightly wounded; and his regimental officers, having proven his fine soldierly qualities, and having had frequent exhibitions of his rare executive powers, promoted him to the rank of first sergeant. He occupied this position but a short time, when he was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of a second lieutenant; and finally, upon the reduction of Fort Donelson, he was commissioned a captain. In the meantime, Albert had been promoted to a first sergeancy.

Trueman's pay now, together with Albert's, was sufficient to support the family at home in good style, and by careful economy, to enable them, at no very distant day, to pay for their cottage home. It was a matter of considerable relief to Mrs. Trueman, meanwhile, to be able to employ an efficient cook—one capable of making practical house-keepers of the girls.

As the army of the Great West pressed forward, penetrating the territory claimed by the Southern Confederacy, achieving victory after victory, Trueman rejoiced to know that the old Hermitage State—the State of his early adoption—was being rescued from the grasp of the arch-traitor and secured to the Union. How eagerly he awaited the hour when the down-trodden patriots of East Tennessee should be able to rise and execute full vengeance upon their merciless oppressors; when they and their families could be re-established in their rightful homes, and again enjoy the priceless blessings of liberty, under the protection of the starry flag. "We occupy Nashville to-day," said he,

in a letter to his wife. "God, the Government, and the right must succeed."

Happy indeed must he have been to feel that the faith upon which he had staked his all, and for which he had suffered such fiery persecutions, had not been misplaced. And how different this feeling from that which shrinks the soul and sears the heart of the traitor who sees that, day by day, the just penalty of his crimes approaches.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VIPER'S STING.

"Ninnie Hardhead is not far wrong," muttered George Clinton to himself, as he folded a letter he had just read, and seated himself on a stone in front of Vicksburg. "Not far wrong, I think. He says, what I have experienced: 'This is an unnecessarily prolonged war—a war for the benefit of officers—a money-making war.' Truth in that. And he's about right in saying that nobody but Republicans stand much chance for positions. Here's uncle, and cousin Al., both promoted from the ranks—one to a captaincy, the other to a sergancy. I've been in the service longer than either one of them; have done more hard fighting; have brought more recruits to the regiment than any man in it, and yet I am nothing but a private; just what I was at the commencement of the three months' campaign. Nearly all the boys in our company—sons of Republicans—that were in West Virginia, have some office. I don't see what I'm fighting for, but to fill officers' pockets. The war is no nearer to an end now than it was two years ago." And George again produced the letter and read it.

"Would I rather be free and getting a salary of one hundred a month?" Well I guess I would. How to do it, though—that's the question. And, then, could I face

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Dora—that sweet sister who has been so true? How could I look at her? I believe it would be easier to take Vicksburg than to do that. But—then—but, then she's—she's mistaken; she's greatly misled, as Ninnie says."

Here George hung his head and lapsed into a prolonged ruminating silence. Then rising to his feet and looking uneasily around, muttered:

"Wants me to try and make it all right between him and Dora, hey? Offers me five hundred to do it. Could take Vicksburg three times while I'd do that once. May be some way to do it, but I can't see it. But, I'm going to try getting out of this, that's so—how? Let's see. Get a furlough home, and forget to come back? No; that's played out; too stout to get a furlough. I'll take my chance for a French leave. Wait till I'm on picket again."

George now produced his portfolio and wrote a long letter to Dora, giving, in doleful detail, the hardships and disappointments he had suffered since re-entering the service, and complaining bitterly of the partiality he thought he observed in the matter of promotions, etc.

The reader may now wish to know the causes of this wonderful change in George. We will give them: In the first place, he had suffered his loyalty to be invaded by the dissatisfaction arising from his presumed mistreatment in regard to his discharge from the three months' service. And, although he appeared so willing to enlist the second time, yet his faith—that all-preserving element of a young man's character—had suffered a wreck, and his aims were never so pure and unselfish thereafter. How essential to a boy's right success is confidence. It should never be shaken.

In the next place, a great effort had been made in the

North to reorganize the Democratic party. The occasional reverses to the Federal arms had given pretexts for criticism and complaint. Politicians and newspapers opposed to the war, had taken bold ground against the Government. The election in Indiana had gone largely against Unionism, and treason seemed to be growing popular. It was now that Ninnie Hardhead insinuated himself into a correspondence with George; first talking a little patriotic, but lamenting the reverses of the Union armies, and the sufferings of the "poor soldiers." Then, advancing as he drew George out, and hinting that the Republicans would never end the war. Then, ascertaining George's tender place, his jealousy growing out of a disappointed ambition—he unmasked his batteries and directed his heaviest guns at that. The effort succeeded. George revealed to the enemy the weakest point in his moral fortifications and suffered himself to be surrounded. He was forced to capitulate. The enemy offered magnanimous terms—a pleasant position, a hundred dollars per month, protection from the "Abolition Government."

What were young Hardhead's motives? Why, he desired two things: first, to distinguish himself in the service of his party; second, to reduce the proud spirit of Dora Clinton. He once thought his chance good for winning her. At least, he was smitten, and thought her approachable. But his conduct, in her presence, toward Union soldiers had, in her own language, "placed a gulf as wide as the difference between treason and patriotism," between her and him, and he had sworn to either make her repent or ruin her happiness.

If he could get George to desert by his seductive promises, he could then, he thought, bring her to terms, or

despoil her future happiness by exposing her brother to the vengeance of the laws.

The spirit of treason is ever the same whether exhibited in a national or personal affair—either rule or ruin.

"I'll tame the jade, yet," said Ninnie, one day, to himself, just after reading one of George's letters.

"Let's see—wants to know what to write. Well he must tell her that I am coming over to the Union cause, all right—and—by the way to make things better, I'll work myself into a position—a place in the pay department, that's the ticket."

But we return to George. Two days after his reception of the letter containing the seductive promise of an easy position, a large salary, and sure protection from the law against deserters, he was placed on outpost duty. It was night—a dark night, and George thought the time highly favorable to desertion.

"It will win, I think," whispered he, sauntering out from his comrades upon the pretext that he saw something crawling in the distance, and wanted to see what it was.

"Now's my time," said he, and he threw aside his accoutrements, and started at full speed.

A desertion from Vicksburg, at this time was considered next to impossible. The water channels of communication with the North were all in possession of the Union forces; almost every natural and artificial obstruction had to be overcome in taking any land route. George's success was extremely doubtful, not only on account of these difficulties, but because of the depletion in his energy and courage arising from the constant conflict going on between his ambition and his conscience.

"Hist! Is that a soldier there, in my rear?" whispers he, turning and trying to catch the form of an imaginary

object. "If it is—my God!" and he wheels and runs for life.

"Oh, horrors! Dora's ghost! It must be! It moves towards me! But, then, she's not dead! How can it be?" he tremblingly murmurs, as he gropes his way through a thicket, his every muscle quivering under the lacerating blows of an outraged conscience.

"But, my uniform, my uniform!—how's that to be managed? By heavens, what a fool I am! That will expose me. I can't—but, then it's too late now to go back. I must put it through, hit or miss. I'll try and exchange," said he, stopping a moment to take breath, flashes of anticipated success and clouds of remorse mingled with fear alternately flitting athwart the dome of his reflectives.

Oh, ye venomous worms; ye scaley skinned reptiles; ye human-shaped lizards! think of the poison you inject into the life current of every young man you are allowed to approach. Shall it be said that there is any future for you? No; for in Heaven you cannot live, in Hell your presence would insult the meanest devils.

Poor George, finally worn out with fatigue, unnerved by fear, pierced to the quick by an acute conscience, giddy, feverish, heartsick, was forced to yield to nature's demands, sought a resting place in a dense copse, and stretched himself out on the ground, every bone in his body aching and his head feeling like a red hot caldron of molten lead.

Who, that has a heart, can gaze upon that picture without being moved to pity. There lies a young man, the only son of a grey-haired father; the hope of a fond mother; the former pride of a devoted sister; once a moral giant, now a shorn Sampson; a conquering hero in the right, a vanquished stripling in the wrong; a Caesar for his country, an Anthony against it; an undaunted brave for

freedom, a trembling coward for slavery; a young Hercules in the armies of the Union, a powerless imbecile in the service of traitors. Hover about him, O, ye angels of mercy; pour into his young heart the antidote for the poison of treason; apply to his sick conscience the balm of moral courage; strike from his will the chain forged for it by remorseless traitors, and fastened by a worse than fiend incarnate; and, when sleep shall have restored his exhausted frame, may he arise in the majesty of his former manhood and declare himself free.

Did we say, *sleep*? That groan, those wild ejaculations, those sudden startings at some dream-created monster or apparition, tell us that, wearied as he is, he does not sleep the sleep that restores.

CHAPTER X.

A RAILROAD TRIP—THE ARREST.

"Why, what does this mean? A letter from George, dated at Evansville!" exclaimed Dora, running her eye rapidly down the first page of an epistle just from the office.

"What, Ninnie Hardhead an assistant paymaster, and for the Union? Strange! But, this *heads* me. George says address him as 'Wm. Burk.' What's that for? If he is there on detailed duty, why is he not still George Clinton? Ah! I see through it all. George has deserted!" And tears stood in her eyes, while a cloud of indignation gathered upon her brow.

"His recent letters from Vicksburg sounded like desertion. And why has he said so much of late about Ninnie? I'll lay anything, that whelp has had a big finger in this affair. The silly rascal what does he mean?" And Dora's outraged pride spoke in electric tongues from her every feature.

"Heah; Miss Dory! A letteh Miss Louie send you," said Ned, bowing and presenting a communication just received by Louie Trueman from Albert. "She say when you be done wid 'em you send 'em back by me."

"Yes, yes. Take a seat." And Dora nervously opened the letter and read.

"Aye! My suspicions are all confirmed. 'George has

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been *missing* over two weeks!' He's ruined! ruined forever!" she muttered in frenzied accents, while hot tears fell in torrents upon the quivering letter, and her whole frame shook from the smothered fire which, like the pent up flames of a smouldering volcano, raged in her bosom.

"Here, take it, Ned." And the suple African received the letter and made quick time towards Trueman's residence.

"Is this true, or a dream? Is it *my* brother that is so disgraced? O, God, have mercy! Shall I answer George? No. I'll to Evansville this very day! *Nothing* shall hinder me!" said Dora, literally flying to her toilet chamber.

"Shall I tell father and mother? No. I'll be there and back before they miss me."

Dora hastily donned her traveling attire, and without seeing or speaking to any of the family, hurried to Indianapolis on foot, took the first train to Terre Haute, and thence proceeded to Evansville. It was dark night when she arrived at the former place, but what cared she for darkness. To her, there was no distinction between night and day. The greatest, most trying task of her life was before her—the resurrection from the grave of dishonor of one dearer to her than life. It must be done, and that speedily, or George's end would be that of a deserter.

The Government had just published an order requiring that all deserters, within a limited space of time, report themselves for duty at their respective regimental headquarters upon pain of execution. Several deserters, at various points, had just paid the penalty of their crimes by being shot to death—Robert Gay, among others, at Indianapolis.

This was the second warning from the Government, and the executions alluded to had occurred some time previous to this, but the former, in consequence of George's trans-

gression, rang with a peculiar, horrifying shrillness in Dora's ear, while the latter presented ghastly pictures of blood and infamy to her highly wrought imagination.

"Conductor," said she, as that officer passed along the car aisle, "isn't this train moving at a very slow rate?"

"Can't run a night train any faster," replied the conductor, passing hurriedly on.

"Oh, horrors! we will never get there; and George may be gone before I get to see him. Oh, that I had the wings of the lightning!" exclaimed Dora, heaving a sigh, whose melancholy thrill communicated itself sympathetically to every contiguous soul, and turned many a pair of curious eyes toward her.

"I have been noticing that lady all evening," whispered a young man to his seat-mate—a foppish fellow dressed in regulation, and bespangled with shining brass buttons, apropos of the brass in his face.

"Why, by heavens! I know her," returned the glistening coxcomb, in his softest, lowest tones. "She's an old flame of mine. Better not let her hear you say anything against the Government, for she's an abolitionist, and as fiery as the devil."

"Do you say?"

"Yes—but, I wonder what's taking her along this line to-night. Something up, by Ned! Would you like to have an introduction?"

"Of course."

"Come along." And the twain rose and approached Dora.

"Miss Clinton, I—eh—have the—eh—honor—the—eh pleasure of—eh—intro—eh—ducing, Mr.—eh—Mr. Frothingale."

Dora started at the unexpected sound of that voice, turned her eyes toward the intruder, and imagine her

astonishment at beholding Ninnie Hardhead, standing before her dressed in army regulation. On no other occasion during her life had she felt so completely at a loss to know how to demean herself. Mr. Frothingale might be a respectable young man, and if so he should be respectfully treated. As for Hardhead she knew too much of his hypocrisy to be deceived by blue cloth and brass buttons. A moments reflection, however, decided her course.

"Good evening, Mr. Frothingale," said she. "But, gentlemen, I am sorry to tell you that, for the present, I would be excused from the task of entertaining any body. My mind is in no condition for it."

"Perhaps,—eh—perhaps, Miss Clinton, we can—eh—relieve your—eh—"

"Enough, sir!" interrupted Dora, loosing all patience with the impudent Ninnie. "Leave me!"

"By thunder!" said Frothingale, in low tones, as the worthy (?) pair resumed their seats, "she is somewhat outspoken, aint she?"

"The very devil!" returned Hardhead. "I thought I saw hell in her eye, so soon as she recognized me. But, never let on." And he bit his lip in his smothered rage, and shook his head, as much as to say: "I'll fix her yet."

"So, then, he is a paymaster, hey? God preserve the Government from such paymasters!" said Dora, audibly, after she had ridden herself of the nuisance. "Wonder how he got in. Didn't the Government know he is a traitor; reecon it's another effort to conciliate the *Democracy*! A few such as he will do the Union cause more harm than a brigade of Southern traitors. Heavens! what mockery that he should wear a patriot's uniform," her indignation kindling until it almost superseded her grief,

and she felt like going right up and stripping him of the insignia he so foully disgraced.

The train moved on at fair speed, reaching Evansville sometime after midnight. As the shrill scream of the whistle announced the near approach to the depot, Dora began to wonder how she was to ascertain George's whereabouts. In the town she could think of no one she knew, and if she knew ever so many, it was a question whether they could afford the information she desired. She had not the least doubt that young Hardhead could furnish it, but it was very unlikely that he *would* to gratify her, even though his life depended on it.

"What shall I do?" said she, as she alighted from the train. "Have I done right, or wrong? All the way here alone. No one to tell me anything,"—looking anxiously around.

"But I must be resolute." And she stepped inside a buss and was soon whirling up one of the avenues of the Crescent City, to a hotel.

"Is this the house?" asked she of the driver, as he helped her out on the pavement, and handed her her carpet-bag.

"Yis 'em, this 'ere's the place."

"Not a very imposing looking edifice—but what care I?"

"Great God!" said a hardy, tanned young man, standing near the house. "That voice! I know it, surely"—approaching so close that Dora caught his eye.

"George!"

"Hush!" said he, in a sharp whisper, coming up and taking her hand. "You must not call me George. I'll be exposed. That's not my name here."

Dora took the hint, and said no more, but took a firm

grasp on his arm, led him aside, and said: "You must go with me to a private room."

"No! People will talk about you, Dora, and I'll be exposed to danger. It will attract—"

"Never mind the talk. My good name is worth no more than yours, nor half so much to me. And I may save you rather than expose you."

George was thrilled with a feeling he had never known before. His sister, inexperienced in travel, unattended, had exposed herself to the taunts of the fastidious, the insults of ruffians, the suspicion of all, in a bold effort to save him. Her purity, bravery, devotion, as pre-eminently exhibited on this occasion, inspired him with a new admiration of her noble qualities, but shamed him to the lowest degree of self-abasement when he thought how unworthy he was of the love and watch-care of such a sister.

Exists there on earth, a thing so unselfish, so pure, so holy, so ennobling as a sister's love? Think of it, ye spiders in human form, when you weave your deceptive webs to ensnare the unwary feet of a susceptible brother. Know that the venom with which you would poison *his* affections, *his* motives, shall be sympathetically transfused into the heart of his sister; that in striking him you strike her; that in his sickness she is sick; in his disgrace she is dishonored; in his death she dies.

George felt that he could resist any other influence than that of Dora; and pale, trembling, submissive as a child, he, who had fearlessly faced showers of cannon balls, thousands of flashing bayonets, directed by the clerk, followed his *sister* to a private room in the hotel.

"You see, I don't stop here, Dora. Too public."

"How came you below, then?"

"Well—I—I was waiting to see a friend."

"What friend?"

"O, a fellow that boards up town."

"Boards up town, ha! Didn't he come in on the train with me?"

George's confusion choked his utterance, and he sought to evade the question by an affected fit of coughing.

"A knock at the door," said George, rising and looking anxiously about for some convenient way of escape.

"Never mind the knock," replied Dora, rising. "I know 'the way of the transgressor is hard,' but the innocent fear nothing;" and she advanced to the door and threw it wide open.

"Hold! hold!" cried George. "I am—I—"

"Halo, George! my good fellow! What's the matter?" And Ninnie Hardhead strode boldly into the room, not observing Dora the while, who stood behind the door until he came in.

"I had no idea, George, of your taking rooms here to-night. Are you safe in this place, my boy? I—thunder and lighting! Dora here! The clerk didn't tell me you had company. I'll—I'll retire."

"Not until *we've* settled," exclaimed Dora, turning the key and slipping it into her pocket.

"What! lock me in! I'll see!" shouted Hardhead, drawing a revolver.

"You vile worm of the dust! you foul traitor! think you that I am afraid of your pistol? You haven't the nerve to point it."

"We'll see," responded Hardhead, raising his weapon.

"And we *will* see!" shouted George, at the top of his voice, rushing upon Ninnie, wrenching the pistol from his grasp, and bringing him to the floor with a crash. "Now say one word, and I'll blow you to—"

"I was only try—eh—trying to sea—eh—scare her, G—George," whined the cowed Ninnie, looking up into George's face, like a whipped spaniel.

"You scoundrel! Up and off!" rejoined George, loosing his hold, taking the key from Dora and unlocking the door, which opportunity of escape was hurriedly improved.

"Now," said George, despondingly, "I'm ruined."

"What now?"

"Why, Ninnie will go straight and expose me," murmured he, burying his face in his hands.

Dora at once understood and appreciated her unhappy brother's condition. She knew that young Hardhead had influenced him to desert. She also knew that Ninnie was treacherous, cowardly, and revengeful; that he had the advantage of George in position, and would not fail to use that advantage against him, now that he had suffered such humiliation at his hands.

She now loved her brother more than ever, notwithstanding his high crime, because he had not merely shown himself brave and prompt in her defense, but had risked exposure and public disgrace, through Ninnie's treachery, for her. She, therefore, immediately set her wits to work to devise some means of saving him.

And it may be regarded as a general truth that what woman's fertility of resources, on occasions of this kind, cannot accomplish, is unattainable.

"Dora, I feel as though I couldn't stay here another minute, and yet I don't want to leave you. I may be arrested at any moment," said George, moving uneasily about the room.

"Be easy, brother, be easy. I have thought of something."

"What?"

"Have you not some of Ninnie's letters in your possession?"

"I have; but what good will they do me?"

"They will save you, or at least mitigate your punishment, provided they be properly managed."

"They may mitigate—hardly save me. But the idea of the arrest."

"Bad enough, George; but you have gone so far that you may look for that."

George, now began to realize, fully, the critical condition in which he had placed himself. He had once a powerful, a sure protector, his Government; but had left that protector and had thrown himself upon the mercies of a weak, treacherous scape-grace, and a few others of like character, Ninnie's political friends. He trembled at the thought of his condition.

While Dora and her brother were yet talking, a sharp rap at the door startled them—a rap which sounded to George like his death knell. The door was opened and in stepped Ninnie and another young officer.

"Your name Clinton?"

"It is," replied George, his fear having given place to the courage of desperation.

"I order you under arrest. Follow!" commanded the officer in stern tones.

"And I," cried Dora, "go with him."

"Who are you, miss?"

"His sister."

"I suppose you are, from what I hear (?)"

"Dare to insult her," said George, presenting his captured revolver, "and, officer as you are, I'll blow you through."

"Better keep quiet, young man. It will go hard enough with you, any how."

"Give me the pistol, brother, and be you silent. I'll defend myself." And Dora took the weapon into her own possession.

"Madam," said the officer more politely, "it is very late, and if you would be safe, you must remain here."

"On one condition I will," said Dora, thoughtfully.

"What?"

"That you tell me where I may find him in the morning."

"Certainly. You will find him in the lock-up. Anybody can tell you where it is."

And the officer proceeded with his prisoner, accompanied by Ninnie, to the place of confinement designated, leaving Dora alone.

No words can describe the complicated character of Dora's feelings as she turned the bolt of her bed room door, and threw herself upon her couch. In a strange city, No one to protect her, at a public house, slandered by the pusillanimous Ninnie, insulted by an officer. But even these were as trifling matters compared with the pain she suffered on account of George's misfortunes. He had been persuaded to violate his obligation to his country; had been betrayed, and was now upon the mercy of the Government. He might escape the full penalty of the law, but dishonor, foul and lasting, he could not escape.

And when Dora thought of the causes which led to this, the greatest misfortune of her life; when she reflected that those who had played the dark parts in this tragedy had done it in the guise of friendship, had for years been the recipients of her father's patronage and her own kindness, she felt a thirst for vengeance she had never before expe-

rienced. In vain were her repeated efforts to compose her agitated mind in sleep. Her throbbing temples and swollen eyes indicated that feverish excitement of the brain which will not allow of the approaches of Morpheus, but which, supplying an extraordinary stimulus to a fatigued nervous system, supports it through an almost infinite series of wearying efforts.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EVIL BROUGHT HOME.

"Emancipation's played out, old woman. We'll never take Vicksburg," said Mr. Clinton to his wife, elevating his glasses, and throwing a fumbled copy of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* aside. "The nigger proclamation has killed us."

"I'm not a thinkin so much about Vicksburg, nor niggers, nuther, as I am about Dory. I'm a gittin raal oneasy 'bout her. What on airth's she after?"

"This is a strange dido of her's. But a man told me yesterday, he saw her get on the train for Terre Haute. If we don't hear from her soon, we'll telegraph."

"Yes, we kin telegram—that's the latest fashion o' sayin it. But, as I live, that's her a comin now."

It was now about five o'clock of the second day following Dora's embarkation for Evansville; and never before had her parents realized so fully what it was for her to be absent. Her errand had been a matter of exciting curiosity to the family at home. All sorts of reasons for her unaccountable disappearance had been conjured up; fears for her safety, hopes of her return, prayers for her protection, had, during her absence, constantly succeeded each other; and now that her graceful form and agile step were recognized in the distance, emotions, rapturous unspeakable,

thrilled the hearts of her aged parents, and carried them back, for the moment, several years toward the period of their prime.

"Well, well, my gall, I had a big scoldin laid up for you, but I'm so glad to see you, that I can't say nothin," exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, meeting Dora at the gate, embracing her, and imprinting a mother's kiss upon her flushed cheek.

"But, come," said she, following her daughter into the house, "you must tell, in the name o' goodness, what you've been a doin'."

Dora, after greeting and kissing her father, entered upon a full detail of the causes and results of her errand, and wound up by saying:

"George is now in the city jail, awaiting his trial by court martial."

"What! In the jail!" vociferated Mr. Clinton, starting from his seat, staring wildly at Dora, while every fibre of his system quivered with the shock of the unexpected intelligence.

"Awful sakes alive! My boy! my poor boy! to be shot as a deserter!" cried the old lady, fairly going into tantrums.

"Yes, perhaps; but you need not blame the boy. I have the proofs to show the real criminal in the case."

And Dora opened George's portfolio, which she had secured and brought from Evansville, opened and read a number of Ninnie Hardhead's letters to her brother. The surprise, the indignation, the horror, which possessed the breasts of the parents upon hearing these letters—surpassed in intensity any feeling which had ever occupied them. Mr. Clinton, as certain religionists say, felt an awakening; and, all at once, it occurred to him that some

of his own epistles to George, during his first campaign, had, at least to some extent, prepared the way for those of Ninnie—the precipitators of his son's ruin. Can pen describe, or tongue express the remorse, the humiliation, the grief, of that frail old man, who now, within a few years of the grave, felt that his life's decline was to be embittered by his only son's untimely, dishonorable end, or, if George should be spared, by an heir who, with the blood of his ancestry, would inherit to his latest day, the black, indellible brand of—**DESERTER!**

O, ye soulless vipers, who essay to wind your deceptions coils around susceptible youth, and fasten your honor-blackening fangs upon its vital center; ye scribes of hell, who would, with pens of demon's claws, dipped in the venom of treason, scrawl and blot the unwritten pages of youthful character, behold here, in this heart-broken old man, a specimen of your work! A gray-haired pioneer of the West, whose life's prime was given to laying here the foundations of civilization, now, after a life of toil to secure a competence for himself and family, feels that in the sepulchre of his boy's honor is buried the brightest hope for which he lived. Hear that groan, which echoes through every apartment of the old mansion, as the old man abstractly murmurs: "I'm to blame, too; I'm to blame."

Strange to say, Mr. Clinton could not see that the spirit which inspired Ninnie Hardhead with his destructive designs, was the all-pervading principle of the party leaders in whose wake he had followed. He could only regard it as having a personal origin.

While it is true that Ninnie had been, in great part, stimulated by a desire to either win or destroy Dora, yet

this desire may be regarded as the creature of that school of politicians whose motto is, "rule or ruin."

"Dick!" called Mr. Clinton. "The horses and carriage, quick!"

The order was rapidly obeyed, and in little more than half an hour, George's mother, father, and sister, were with him.

What must have been his feelings at his parents' approach? What a contrast between George Clinton, the West Virginia hero, and George Clinton, the deserter! What had he to say? Nothing. He could think of nothing, such was his grief and confusion. But he could weep, and sigh, and groan. He could experience tortures of the soul, such as he had not conceived it possible for human beings to endure. And how of the mother and father? Language fails. Let us withdraw from the scene.

We pass a number of outlaws—hardened criminals promenading on the damp, stone floor, outside their cells. What, are they susceptible? So it would seem; for, glistening in the faint light of the prison, is visible a tear in almost every eye. We come to the outer jail door that opens into the turnkey's room. There stands a hard faced fellow—countenance a nondescript, trying to whistle Yankee Doodle; and we would suppose from his features that he never knew either sympathy or sorrow. Who is he? Ninnie Hardhead. We stop here a moment. Presently we see, through the grate, coming out of the prison at a slow pace, leaning forward upon his staff, an old man supporting an aged woman, whose face is covered with her handkerchief. Who are they? Mr. and Mrs. Clinton. They are closely followed by Dora, whose eyes are inflamed and swollen from excessive fatigue and weeping. The turnkey swings back the great iron door, and they

pass out toward us. They are ten years nearer the grave than they were yesterday. But—do we believe our eyes? the infamous Ninnie is grinning like a demoniac ape, in Dora's face.

"My revenge, miss," in an under tone.

"Scoundrel, off!" and Dora starts toward him.

What, does he run from her? Yes. One brave, loyal woman can chase a thousand Northern traitors, at any time, to their dens. An hour later finds Dora and her parents at home—sleeping? No. Morpheus ventures not to intrude, and grief reigns supreme for the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SPIDER CAUGHT IN HIS OWN WEB.

"Vicksburg is taken!" exclaimed Louie Trueman to her sister, as she came dancing into the reception room of her Hoosier cottage home, waving above her head the morning paper.

"Oh! is it?—Glorious!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Trueman, laying aside her sewing and taking the paper from Louie, "but we will not rejoice too much until we hear from your father and Albert.

"Why, it seems that we are behind the times. Vicksburg was taken on the fourth, and this is now the seventh—time enough, nearly, to hear from our folks. Ah, Ned, you bring a letter." And laying aside the paper, she tore open the envelope, and read.

"From father?" asked Jennie.

"No. From Albert; dated the first; says Vicksburg will soon fall, and then they will try for a furlough to come home."

"Poor Cousin George, how much glory he has lost!" exclaimed Louie, sighing. "How will he feel when he hears the news?"

"Yes, poor fellow! and he's to be tried for *desertion* to-morrow." And the joy over the splendid victory at Vicks-

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burg was dampened by the thought of the unhappy cousin's fate. Neither bliss nor sorrow often come unmixed.

"To-morrow, Jennie?" asked Louie. "Isn't it to-day?"

"I believe it is, sister, sure enough. And we promised to meet Uncle's folks in town, and attend the trial."

"I'll go with you girls; but I very much doubt your attending the trial. Military is military," said Mrs. Trueman.

"Dora will be apt to get in, I think," returned Louie. "She'll have *business* there."

The Truemans had not yet become able to purchase a carriage, but they had a horse, and, borrowing a vehicle of a neighbor, they were soon on their way to the city, Ned acting in the capacity of driver.

On reaching town and turning up an avenue, they were agreeably surprised by the Clinton carriage which, turning into the avenue at right angles, met them.

"Good morning," said all at once, sadness mantling every countenance.

"Dick!" exclaimed Dora, somewhat uneasily, "drive faster, we shall be late I fear."

Dick replied by a crack of his whip, and the carriage rolled up the street at a greatly increased speed, Trueman's following closely in the rear.

There was, notwithstanding the rapidity with which they moved, a gloomy solemnity about those vehicles akin to that of a funeral train. Few were the words that were spoken, and every heart was beating at an unusual rate, while nearly every breath was a sigh. Every mind was occupied with its own reflections, yet all absorbed in one sad thought. While some were despondent, others hopeful, there was but one of the entire company who had any practical scheme of operations, looking to the solution of

the great question: How can George be saved? That one was Dora, who had in her possession nearly all the treasonable letters written by Ninnie to the accused. With these she hoped to at least modify her brother's punishment; and should she fail in that, of one thing she was sure—she would condemn Hardhead, and bring him to the just punishment of his sins.

"This is the place," said she, as they drew up in front of the court chamber, which was in the second story of a large brick, and scarcely had the carriage stopped, when, without waiting assistance, she leaped upon the pavement and started up stairs.

"I hardly think," said Mrs. Trueman, "that *we* shall gain admission, even if Dora should."

Meanwhile the latter was tripping up the steps unconscious of anything that was being said or done about her.

"What will the lady have?" courteously inquired a young soldier, standing at the head of the stairs.

"I would be admitted to the court-martial, if you please."

"On what business?"

"To attend the trial of George Clinton," replied she, in clear, round tones.

"That is over, and sentence passed."

"What! of death?" and Dora's lips quivered, while a glassy film gathered over her eyes.

"Yes, mam, I am sorry to say," replied the soldier in tender tones, observing Dora's emotions.

"O, God, have mercy! Lost! lost!" cried the heart-pierced sister, almost dropping to the floor.

The soldier, whose course blue jacket encased as manly a heart as ever throbbed in human breast, was sympathetically touched, and while tears trickled down his bronzed

cheeks he extended Dora a supporting hand, and said: "He may not have to die. Government may pardon him."

"Oh, is there hope?" said she, taking courage. "But—those letters! I was about to forget them. Sir, will you please present these to the court-martial?"

"With pleasure," replied the soldier, "that is, I will have it done," and he opened the door and handed in the documents, with instructions as to whom they were directed.

Dora waited but a moment or two, when she heard, in the chamber, a general moving about, and the door swinging open, her presence was requested. Eagerly she complied.

"Madam, your name, if you please," said the president of the court.

"Dora Clinton, George's sister," she replied, summoning all the dignity at her command.

"How came you by these letters?"

Dora replied by relating the circumstances under which she obtained the papers, with a boldness and clearness which inspired the court with a high degree of confidence. The president becoming unusually interested in Dora, owing to her candor, refinement and scholarly attainments, detained her by requesting a full history of young Hardhead. To this task she proceeded most cheerfully, giving not only his character, but his origin.

"You will please remain, Miss Clinton," said the president, "until Hardhead is brought in." And an officer was immediately ordered to arrest Ninnie and bring him to court.

The officer was gone but a short time, when he returned, bringing with him the treacherous Ninnie, who pale and trembling with fear, entered the room, and starting at the unexpected sight of Dora, shrank back and would have

retired very hurriedly had it not been for the rallying power of the one who had him in custody.

"Here, sir," said the president, "you are the young man who was so ready to condemn another, what have you to say for yourself?" And the clerk was requested to read the letters presented by Dora.

During the reading of these epistles, Ninnie's color came and went with the rapidity of lightning, while his bodily contortions and squirmings told more clearly than language could, his guilt.

The whole matter took him by surprise. It was something for which he had made no preparation. He had not presumed those pen and ink witnesses would ever appear against him. It had been his intention to slip George back into the service in case the latter had succeeded in overcoming Dora's hatred toward him. But he had been too much of a *Ninnie* to provide for the destruction of the correspondence between him and George, in case of failure in that direction—most unfortunate for him but fortunate for the Government, for the right.

"What am I to do?" thought he. "Ah! I'll deny everything. That's my father's motto when he sees a case in court clearly against him."

"What say you, sir?" asked the president coolly, looking Ninnie full in the face.

"I—eh—I—eh—nev—eh—er wr—wr—o—te a word of it, sir!" stammered Hardhead, averting his countenance, and trying to conceal the guilt, which, although denied in words, confessed itself involuntarily in the muscles of his face. Hypocrisy controls no other member of the body so well as it does the tongue.

"It will require something more than a mere denial to refute this testimony," said the president, sternly.

The treasonable letters were now compared with certain military documents written by Ninnie, and the handwriting was found to be identical.

Who can pity the cowardly villain as the president orders him to be stripped of the insignia of his rank, and placed in confinement?

"My revenge!" said Dora, to the miserable traitor, as he passed her, led by a blue jacket, on his way to jail. His only reply was a fiendish frown, accompanied by an attempt at a defiant grunt.

"There, now," whispered Dora, to herself, as she neared the court-room door to watch his passage down stairs, "if George does have to die, *you* shall partly pay for it."

"Miss Clinton will please remain a moment," requested the president, and Dora turned and approached his honor.

"These letters," continued he, "throw a new light upon your unfortunate brother's case. The time fixed for his execution is a week from to-morrow. What you have just furnished us shall be immediately communicated to the Government, and the President may pardon."

"Thank you! thank you!" exclaimed Dora, in heartfelt earnestness, while tears of gratitude, more eloquent than words, stood in her eyes.

"Oh, if poor George's life can only be saved," murmured she, taking her leave, and descending to the street, "he may, in time, at least partially wipe this foul stain from his character."

Stepping out on the pavement, she found that her friends had all gone. The excitement of the past two hours had obliterated time so far as her percepts were concerned, and she had not the least idea how long her kin had awaited her appearance.

"Well, I must find them," said she. "The news is too

good to keep." And she went tripping along the street, with a heart much lighter than when she entered the court-martial, peeping inquisitively into every trading house she passed.

"Ah, here they are," she said, turning into a retail dry-goods establishment.

"Well, and what about the trial?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Clinton, monopolizing Dora's attention. The question was answered by a full account of all the incidents attending the visit to the court-martial.

The intelligence was not so gratifying to the distressed mother as it might have been, but fully as favorable as she expected. A week's time, Ninnie's letters, Dora's vigilance and industry—which elements in her daughter's character, Mrs. Clinton had learned to prize very highly—might effect much, and a ray of hope—the anchor of life—penetrated the agloomed soul of the frail old woman.

A little time spent in shopping, and then a visit to George, who was overjoyed to hear of young Hardhead's arrest and imprisonment, and the Truemans and Clintons were on their way home, some doubting, some hoping, some speculating, but Dora thinking, scheming.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DARK FORENOON—A BRIGHT AFTERNOON.

"The last day, and still no pardon," murmured Dora, despondently, as she threw on her summer shawl and started for her horse, which stood ready at the gate, to carry her to her uncle's.

"Bill, you must do your best pacing this morning," she said, vaulting into the saddle, and taking up the reins.

"How many times have I and George walked this road to school."

And even the very pebbles seemed eloquent with the familiar stories of the days of childhood and innocence, as her favorite horse carried her easily, swiftly toward Trueman's residence.

"Oh, that we were now as we were then!" Dora exclaimed, glancing at the tall trees which lined the road sides, bearing their green foliage toward Heaven as a mead of praise to the God of Nature.

But the imposing scenery of her childhood's haunts has few attractions for her this morning. This is the last day pending the time appointed for George's execution. For seven long days she has indulged the hope of a reprieve; and scarcely a day of that time has passed that she has not visited her condemned brother in his gloomy confines, cheering, comforting, encouraging. And the thought that

the remote star which had, during this period of anxious suspense, penetrated, with its faint light, George's dark cell abode, might before the setting of the sun, be forever obscured by the impenetrable mists of death, was not to be dissipated by any attraction, either natural or artificial.

Day by day had the deliverance been expected. Hour by hour had Dora labored and hoped for its accomplishment. Persons sustaining the most influential relations to the President had been implored to intercede. They had promised to make their best efforts in the prisoner's behalf. But death, horrible, ghastly, dishonorable, now stood upon the very threshold, and all efforts to save the victimized deserter seemed, thus far, fruitless.

Flying along the road, absorbed in reflections sad, apprehensive, gloomy, Dora soon arrived at Trueman's and was met at the gate by her loved cousins, Louie and Jennie, who broke to her the unexpected intelligence that her Uncle John and Cousin Albert had just come home on a furlough for three weeks.

"Please tell them to come out. I can stay but a minute. Business now."

"Won't you come in?"

"No, no,—too much to be done to-day." And Dora's horse, apparently partaking of her restless spirit, headed toward the city.

The cousins insisted no further, knowing that this day decided the fate of one in whom centered all Dora's hopes and affections.

"Did you ever see a sister so devoted?" Jennie said to Louie, as they hastened toward the house.

They were absent but a few minutes, when they returned, accompanied by the battle-scarred father and gallant brother, who greeted Dora warmly. She was happy and

yet ashamed to see them—happy to know that they had escaped all the dangers of the bloody gauntlet they had run, and ashamed because, instead of sharing with them the laurels awarded the heroes of Vicksburg, her brother was then in the loathsome dungeon awaiting the deserter's doom.

Trueman, observing her embarrassment, sought to remove it, not by avoiding any allusion to its cause, but by a manifestation of that liberal sympathy which, while it condemns sin, loves the sinner; for he knew too well the human heart to indorse the popular error that a cold non-recognition of its wounds, heals them; and taking her aside, he said:

"Dora, I understand you have presented the Government some letters written George by his destroyer."

"I have."

"Well, I have a stray one of the same batch,"—drawing from his side pocket a rumpled buff envelope, post marked "Indianapolis," containing another of those potent witnesses against the treacherous Ninnie.

"The best of them all!" exclaimed Dora, after a hasty perusal. "See, it says: 'George, your love of the Union is thrown away on a rotten Administration. What does Lincoln—what does his shoulder-strapped curs care for you?' Murderous composition, that, but powerful evidence. Too late, though, I'm afraid, to do George much good, uncle."

"Don't give up yet; may be I can do something."

"O, if you will, uncle!" said Dora, looking imploringly at Captain Trueman.

"You are for town?"

"Yes."

"Ned, bring out Jack."

The command was speedily obeyed, and soon the captain and Dora were galloping toward Indianapolis.

"Where do you propose to go, uncle?" asked the latter, as they entered the city.

"At once to General Clarendon," replied the captain, urging his horse forward. "He is commander of the post; and from my acquaintance with him, I take him to be an officer of very approachable and generous character."

Proceeding directly to headquarters, Trueman inquired for the General.

"He is at the jail," replied a clerk standing in the office door.

"At the jail!" and the captain and his niece wheeled, hurried to George's place of confinement, and were soon in conference with the post commander.

"Yes," said the general, folding a letter just handed him by Trueman, "Captain, this is sufficient, if anything further were needed, to convict Hardhead. And it goes still further to show how much young Clinton is the victim of copperhead influence. Poor fellow."

"O, General!" said Dora, beseechingly, "can anything be done yet to save brother?"

"It isn't too late to try," replied the general, hastily adjusting his cap. "A pardon is the only chance. I'll telegraph at once,"—hurrying from the jail.

"General Clarendon will do something if anything can be done," said Trueman, encouragingly to Dora.

"Yes, I believe that, uncle." And Dora's eyes told that a new hope had taken possession of her soul.

Conceiving that they could do nothing further, she now proposed a visit to George, and the captain assenting, made

immediate application to the jailor for admission to the prisoner's cell.

"He is not in his cell," said the turnkey. "He is in that room," pointing to a door leading into one of the sheriff's apartments, adjoining the jail.

Admitted to the room designated, Dora and her uncle found George surrounded by army chaplains and numerous representatives of the city clergy, who were laboring zealously, earnestly to prepare his soul for eternity. Deeply agitated in view of his approaching dissolution, despondent of obtaining forgiveness, his heart chilled with gloomy anticipations of the future, imagine his feelings in that most unhappy moment, upon beholding his noble-hearted uncle, whose loyalty had stood the test of the East Tennessee furnace, whose blood had stained the soil of rebeldom, whose vast wealth had all been sacrificed upon freedom's altar, whose brow was crowned with the fresh laurels of the nation's proudest victories, standing before him.

"Why, George, how—"

"No! no! uncle, this is *not* George," replied the poor boy, sobbing bitterly, and reluctantly extending his hand. "This is the miserable *deserter*," in tones that would have rended the heart of a flint.

"Could you be spared, would you atone for this?" asked Trueman, tenderly.

"Atone!" responded George, while the life-inspiring influence of the word sent the blood from his depressed heart thrilling along every artery, and brought him to his feet, erect. "If toil, if devotion to my country, if every drop of blood in my body will atone, I will make the atonement."

"His eye looks as it used to upon going into battle," whispered Trueman to Dora.

Trueman's words seemed full of promise to George, and yet, so frequently had he been disappointed that he would not allow himself to build too much hope upon them. But, still, he could not but wish that all which might be inferred from his uncle's question might be realized. And why should he not have thus wished? Life is dear, even to those who stand upon the very out boundary of time, and it may reasonably be supposed to be doubly dear to those who have scarcely passed the morning of their existence. George was young, vigorous, hopeful, ambitious; had scarcely tasted the sweets of life ere it seemed that death had knocked at his chamber door and demanded entrance. With talents above the average, fair education and an almost exhaustless fund of energy, what lacked he but time and experience to give real existence to at least a portion of the air castles of his boyhood?

But it was not so much the prospect of a premature as that of a dishonorable death, which had chilled George's heart and filled his soul with gloomy forebodings. Notwithstanding all the efforts of his clerical attendants, his own self-humiliation and repentance during that dark morning, still it had been impossible, thus far, for him to get his own consent to die. The crime he had committed appeared to him unpardonable. He was orthodox enough to conceive of the possibility of the forgiveness of any other sin than that of desertion. Happy had it been for him had he thus reflected ere he had taken the step so fatal to his conscience, to his honor.

How anxiously did he await some further development of the promise to which that one encouraging sentence had given rise. How earnestly did he wish that Trueman's next utterances might fan into a glowing flame the embers of hope from which his first words had blown the ashes.

But Trueman was silent—all were silent, and a deathlike stillness pervaded the room.

There was another in the same apartment whose suspense was equally agonizing with George's, and that was Dora.

Time with her dragged along at a miserably slow rate. Seconds were hours, minutes were weeks, hours were ages, and still the general did not appear, nor other person in his stead. It would not do to tell George what the general had promised; for his mental torture was already sufficient without having it intensified by the most bitter disappointment conceivable. "Oh, that he would come," is the burden of Dora's every sigh, as, with abstractly moving lips, she turns her anxious eyes, anon, to the clock.

The same unutterable uneasiness, in a greater or less degree, pervades every soul present, and those who would essay to break the miserable silence, find their lips chained, their tongues spell-bound; and thus minutes, hours wear heavily away, when a rumbling noise is heard at the door, which, suddenly and uncerimoniously swinging open, an officer enters the room and demands the prisoner. His cold look and stern request, startle the company, and strike terror to George and his friends.

"What, has the hour come?" tremblingly asked Dora.

"For his execution? yes," replied the officer, asking and answering the question in the same breath.

"And no relief!" cried Dora, and her heart-rending sobs agonized every soul.

"It must be so, sister," said George in sepulchral tones. "I have contracted the debt, *I* must pay it," voluntarily giving himself up to the officer.

With the first temporary shock passed away all George's dread of the execution, and strengthened in every sinew

by the consciousness that he had repented his errors and was now about to pay the full penalty of his crime, he stepped forward toward the cab which was waiting to carry him to the dark valley, with a firmness and dignity which commanded the admiration of every observer.

And now he enters the little black chamber upon wheels—the officer by his side—the door is closed and locked, the driver cracks his whip—the key note to the discordant, excruciating dirge now to be wrung from Dora's heart-strings by the bony fingers of despair—and at a rapid rate the self-condemned deserter is rolling toward the green-turfed death bed of the ill-fated Gay.

Dora, with the small remnant of energy based upon the slender hope that, ere the fatal command "Fire," shall be given, the reprieve may come, has rallied sufficiently to accompany her uncle in a carriage—which, with instinctive tact, he has obtained in exchange for Jack and Bill—and is following close in the rear of the black cab.

Extending back the distance of several squares is a promiscuous train of attendants—soldiers mounted, on foot; citizens, old, young, middle-aged; lads, lasses, children; all bending forward with eager, yet gloomy curiosity to witness the closing scene in a great tragedy, whose leading characters were the Southern sympathizers of the Hoosier State.

The cab hurries on, and only the carriages and horsemen are able to keep pace; but the pedestrians, bound by the strange spell of a desire to hear the death groans of this unfortunate boy, press anxiously onward. No happy face, nor cheery laugh, nor sunny smile may be observed any where throughout the entire length of that immense train. But, all along its whole extent, over every human soul, is spread the black wing of the angel of death, shutting the

light of the sun of joy out of every heart. The cab stops; George steps out, in the midst of a suburban forest; he sees his coffin—a plain, black box in the shade of a spreading oak; with alacrity he obeys the order to take his seat upon it; a few preliminaries, and he is asked if he has any thing to say to the assembled multitude. "Yes!" is the laconic reply, and he mounts his coffin—which, in the cause of his country, would have been a throne of glory, but which, in the cause of treason, is the death bed of honor—and says:

"Friends and countrymen: my words shall be few. I was a soldier; I loved my country; I fought in many hard battles; I helped to win victories; I was honored. I listened to Northern traitors; I learned to hate the Government; I deserted the army; I die a dishonorable death. Take warning, young men!"

He resumes his seat; a file of soldiers with loaded muskets form in his front, while a black cap is drawn over his head and face. We turn to look at the assemblage; no dry eyes are to be seen; even the hardy veterans who, with minnie balls, are to sever the cord which unites soul and body, are moved to tears, and we hear one of them say: "I fought with that fellow at Laurel Hill. A braver boy never shouldered a musket." We turn our eyes upward. The heavens are draped in black, and the massive green heads of the forest giants seem bowed in the spirit of mourning, while a heavy breeze is playing a melancholy requiem among their drooping boughs. We think of Dora. Where is she? Yonder, lying under a maple, her head resting upon her uncle's lap. Has she swooned? The brisk movement of fans and the frequent application of cold water to her brow, reply. Poor girl! She has schemed and toiled day and night to save her brother; but death,

grim, unrelenting, has now placed himself between her and him, and hope has fled.

Hark! The low command: "Make ready!—Aim!" And twenty muskets are leveled at George.

"Hold!" cries a voice, whose tones ring through the grand old forest like the notes of a silver trumpet, and turn a thousand eyes toward the place whence they proceed,

"Hold!" And a rider, mounted on a foaming steed, dashes between the muzzles of the muskets and the deserter, and hands the executing officer a paper.

The officer commands an "order arms," opens and reads. He folds it, and turning to our hero, says: "George Clinton: the high crime you have committed against the military laws of the United States, is pardoned by the President! Go, and sin no more."

"Huzza!" goes up from a thousand throats at once; and as the glad news runs from group to group, caps and hats by the hundred rise in the air, and the heavens ring with shouts of rejoicing. Meanwhile George's cap has been removed, and he and Dora stand in sweet embrace, while tears of sympathetic joy are watering the tanned cheeks of the noble uncle, who, with head bared, is giving thanks to the Common Father.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

"Have you heard the news, father?" asked Dora Clinton, approaching her parents as they sat together in the family sitting room, quietly talking over some of their domestic affairs.

"What news?"

"Why, the exposure of the Sons of Liberty," and Dora drew from her pocket a copy of a morning paper, and, seating herself, read an extended exposition of the treasonable organization to which she had called her father's attention.

"What in the world does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Clinton, taken completely by surprise.

"In the name o' sense! don't that beat the beater?" said Mrs. Clinton. "Jist look at the names—Venom, Hard-head, Dodge, Skulker, Riskall, Trotter, Truckler,—wy, ole man, I'm afeared the thing'll swaller up the whole Democratic party."

"Is that report reliable, though?" inquired the old gentleman.

"It ought to be," replied Dora. "It comes from General Clarendon."

"Is that so? Well, all I have to say is, that if the leaders of my old party are running into that, we may bid

good-bye to Democracy," and a cloud of shame gathered upon Mr. Clinton's brow.

Until now he had had no authentic evidence of the treasonable character of the men who composed the head and front of the Democratic party. They had only talked to him of the tyranny of the Abolition Administration; of illegal military arrests, unconstitutional measures, violation of State and personal rights, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the heinousness of the emancipation proclamation, etc. Long as the traitorous conspirators had worked upon him, they had never entrusted him with any of their secrets; for they were well assured, in their own minds, that to unbosom their destructive designs to him would be to disgust him with the party, and drive him from it. They were satisfied to revive and strengthen, by their assiduous efforts, his old prejudices against Abolitionism, and thereby to secure his vote against the prosecution of the war for the Union. In the meantime, so constantly had they assured him that their only object was to purify the Government, and that they entertained no such idea as the acknowledgment of the independence of the seceded States; that they were for the Union and the whole Union: that it was not a change of Government, but a change of policy they desired—so persistently had they labored in impressing Mr. Clinton with these notions that he had come to believe his party one of the purest that had ever figured in political history.

Clinton had not, with all his Democratic prejudices, a single element of the traitor in his heart; and so perfectly confiding was he that he had, notwithstanding their palpable inconsistencies, been wholly unable to observe anything radically wrong or treasonable in the Democratic leaders of 1862 and 1863. The tact, the assiduity of disappointed

politicians, the ingenious sophistry of Democratic newspapers, had succeeded in convincing him that the great object of the war was the abolition of slavery; that the Emancipation Proclamation had divided the North, united the South, and that the restoration of the Democracy to power was the only hope for the salvation of the country. So fixed, in fact, had become these convictions, that even the treacherous workings of the Southern sympathizers to induce his son's desertion, had not caused him to suspicion his party. All the villainous schemes and efforts of young Hardhead were, in his estimation, traceable only to wounded personal pride and the revengeful spirit arising therefrom.

Hence, it was not with the greatest readiness that he could receive the exposition of the Sons of Liberty as authentic and reliable. And more especially was it difficult for him to believe this a correct report on account of its coming through what he regarded as an abolition paper.

How wonderfully subservient are all the faculties of the human mind to prejudice.

The fact, however, that General Clarendon's name was appended to this exposure, was sufficient to set Mr. Clinton to thinking, doubting, and he resolved to investigate the matter. The general's noble intercession in his son's behalf had inspired him with a very high opinion of that officer—for there is one direct road through a father's prejudices, however strong, to his heart—and that lies through the heart of his child—and he determined to see the general in person, and obtain from him a personal confirmation of the published report. And so feverish had grown his curiosity while Dora was reading that he resolved to waste no time in carrying out his resolution.

"Old woman, I'm going to town," said he, rising and calling for his Sunday coat and vest.

"What, right away, ole man?"

"Yes, right away. Do you want to go along?"

"No."

"Do you, Dora?"

"I believe not, father."

"Then you may tell Dick to bring out one of the old horses."

The horse was soon produced, and Mr. Clinton, excited by his anxiety to obtain a more definite knowledge of the Sons of Liberty, made more than usual haste to the city. Arriving there at an early hour in the forenoon, the first man he met was Hardhead, who seemed unusually glad to see him, and taking him aside, began talking to him at once about the exposure of the treasonable organization, admitting that there was such an order, but that its only object was the defense of the ballot box—the securing of a fair election.

"Why," said Clinton, after listening to Hardhead for some time, "we have always had a fair election out our way. Our township, at the last two elections, polled strong Democratic majorities, and nobody was prevented from casting a legal vote."

"Yes, but it is different here, and in some other places. The Governor employs the military here to control the elections—has the soldiers to vote (although its unconstitutional) and drives Democrats from the polls."

"Well, now, I have never heard of any man being driven from the polls who behaved himself, Hardhead. I know that Dr. Blatherskite and a few others like him have been pretty roughly handled; but I have no doubt they could

have voted without any trouble if they had kept their foolish mouths shut. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know, Clinton. But then, look how the elections have been managed in Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri."

Clinton saw that Hardhead was foiled by his simple, stright-forward statement of facts, and that, together with the admission that there did exist such an organization as the Sons of Liberty, tended to shake his faith in Democracy more than anything he had ever met. In fact, so shocked was he with Hardhead's confession and attempts to apologize for the existence of treason in his party, that he could not endure the idea of perpetuating the conversation, and with a hasty good morning, left Hardhead and went elsewhere in search of information. Passing up Main street, he met a number of Democrats, and out of some dozens, he only found three who were not ashamed to acknowledge any sympathy or affiliation with the Sons of Liberty. Dropping into a grocery store he picked up a copy of the chief Democratic organ of Indiana. Although it was a late paper, it bore the appearance of considerable wear. It had evidently been much handled. The very first article that attracted his attention was an editorial headed, "The Exposure of the Sons of Liberty."

"Now," soliloquized he, in low tones, "we'll hear from the other side authoritatively."

And adjusting his spectacles he bent himself eagerly to the task of reading. He had not read half the first column when he stopped and abstractly exclaimed:

"My God! Can it be true?" while the quivering sheet he held in his hand told how intense was the indignation which burned within him. Resting a moment, as if to gain composure, he resumed his task. As he approached

the closing lines, the dark frown which sat upon his wrinkled brow, the keen flashings of an eye which had lost little of its youthful fire by the metamorphising effects of time, told in language which tongue could not utter, the outraged character of his feelings.

"Shocking! shocking! abominable!" he murmured to himself, throwing the paper upon the counter, and moving nervously out upon the sidewalk. "That's enough for me. No use to go any further. The editor not only owns up the existence of the 'Sons of Liberty,' but boasts of their number and power; and winds up by pompously exhorting them '*to arms*;' says the day has '*come for daring deeds*.' May God save me and my neighbors when those daring deeds commence. Sons of *Liberty*—heavens! how much is that word disgraced, since devils use it for their name."

And Mr. Clinton walked with more than usual nimbleness, in the direction of his horse. Two hours from this time found him at home relating to his wife and Dora the results of his forenoon's investigation.

"There haint no doubt about there a bein sich a thing as you say, ole man?" asked Mrs. Clinton, drawing up her eyebrows and looking very inquiringly at her husband.

"No doubt, at all. I tell you the editor owns it, and calls on the Sons of Liberty to *rise*."

"Yes, and suppose they do rise, father," said Dora, "what will become of your property, and everybody else's? Would anybody or anything be safe? Don't the fools know they propose a game at which two can play? But there is no danger of their *rising*. They are not of the rising kind—but, by the way, what do you think of Democracy now, father?"

"Oh! don't talk to me about Democracy. There is none of it any more."

That's so, ole man. It's played out, as the boys say," replied Mrs. Clinton.

Dora remained silent while her parents continued the conversation, noting with a high degree of pleasure, the effects of the steam system of political medication as adopted by her in the cure of her father's chronic disease. She saw that the time was rapidly approaching when he would see, as she had long seen, that the Democratic party was under the control and management of traitors; that those who superintended the working of its machinery were directing the party against the Government; that those who were opposing the Administration and crying peace were the Union's worst enemies, Jeff. Davis' best friends. The exposure of the Sons of Liberty did not surprise her. She had long been satisfied of the existence of such an organization, but had made very little effort to convince her father of it, because she knew the scales of his party prejudice had been too frequently inlaid by industrious demagogues to allow of his admitting the possibility of the Democratic party's being tainted with treason. But now, that the disloyal schemes of the leading politicians of the State's rights school had been authentically exposed, and that the most influential of these politicians had openly acknowledged their guilt and boastfully defied the Government, she could but rejoice within herself, that such developments promised the speedy deliverance of her father.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PLOT DISCOVERED—THE CONVERSION.

It was a gloomy Sunday afternoon. The sun's light was obscured by low, heavy clouds, from which was continually falling one of those chilling mists, which impart to all nature the aspect of melancholy.

The Clintons had attended church in the capital, at which place, meeting the Trueman family, they had accompanied the latter home, where all were seated together in the family setting room, busily engaged in conversation.

"How many boxes did you say, brother Ingram?" asked Mrs. Trueman, in a manner which denoted the most profound interest.

"Over thirty, containing revolvers and fixed ammunition."

"And where did you say they were found?"

"At Skulker's job printing office—some of them marked type, others, books, &c."

"Who told you this?"

"One of the boys that works in the office."

"Is any body arrested?"

"Nearly everybody but the right ones, it seems. Two or three who proved themselves clear of having any hand in the matter, have been released, while Skulker can't be found. The young man who told me, said the entire office was under guard, and that some of the soldiers had made

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a raid through some of the back rooms and had captured a vest and plug of tobacco belonging to him."

"Pshaw! what's a plug of tobacco?" interrupted Dora.

"You never mind. Let me tell it my own way. As I was about to say, the young man seemed considerably aggrieved over his loss, and said he was glad that the office would soon change hands, so as to take it entirely out of politics."

"But, what was the object of this secret deposit of arms?" asked Mrs. Trueman.

"To resist the draft. At least, that's the general impression."

"What do you think of it?"

"Why, I think it's devilish. That's about all the way I can express it."

"Then you don't go with your party when it comes to a thing of that kind?"

"My party! Do you mean the Democratic party?"

"Yes."

"There is no such party any more. No, I have not left my party. My party have left me and every other honest man, and formed a league with Jeff. Davis and the Devil. The ritual of the Sons of Liberty is enough to satisfy any body of that—'A republic upon the basis of color and grades of civilization. Resistance to tyrants not only a right but a duty.'"

"Why, brother, I'm afraid you'll get to be an Abolitionist if you don't look out," said Mrs. Trueman, jokingly.

"Call me Abolitionist, or what you please. I am any thing but a traitor." And Clinton lapsed into a silence which indicated that he did not enjoy Mrs. Trueman's sally as well as she had intended he should.

The truth is, Clinton had been for some days in anything

but a happy mood. It was extremely mortifying to him to know that his old party, so illustrious in the history of the past, so thoroughly identified with the growth and development of the country had, during the nation's greatest, most trying struggle for its own existence, passed into the hands of men who had converted it into an enemy to liberty and law. Naturally enthusiastic and adhesive, he had been most devotedly attached to Democracy. There was, to him, a charm in the very name. He had voted for all the Democratic presidents; had come to believe that the only policy upon which a republic could be safely based was that of his party. Under these circumstances it was but natural that he should experience a melancholy regret in beholding the death of Democracy, somewhat akin to the sorrow we feel in giving up a very dear friend. The discovery and capture of secreted arms and ammunition, had fully confirmed all that had been said of the designs of the Sons of Liberty, and exhibited a degree of fiendish hazzard of which he did not think them capable. That they had the control and management of the Democratic party, there was not in his mind the least doubt; that their intention was to inaugurate civil war in the North, and involve every Democrat in it, there could no longer be any doubt.

But, notwithstanding the woeful degeneracy of the Democratic party and Clinton's abhorrence of the treasonable schemes of its leaders, and, notwithstanding his fixed determination to identify himself no longer with that party, there was something about the word Abolitionist which he could not very well relish. Without any accurate knowledge of the true meaning of that word, he had for years regarded it as expressive of all that is corrupt and damnable in politics. Such had been the number and variety of

dark, repugnant interpretations given of it to him through Democratic mediums, that its very sound conveyed to his mind anything but agreeable sensations.

Dora, who sat an attentive listener during the conversation which passed between her father and aunt, was thoroughly acquainted with the former's feelings touching this matter. She had been an eye and ear witness to the mental throes which his renunciation of Democracy had cost him. She knew that, although he was effectually alienated from his old party, there had not yet elapsed sufficient time for him to form any new attachments—that while he was certainly no longer a Democrat, of the modern school, he was not yet a good Abolitionist. She knew that her father was not a man who would humble his pride by seeking an immediate change of heart at a political mourners' bench, and that considerable time and reflection would be required to produce, in his case, a sound and thorough conversion to Abolitionism. She had seen her father through two or three changes during the progress of the war, and had noticed that those peculiar democratic prejudices against interfering with slavery, had adhered to him with remarkable tenacity, under almost all circumstances. She also knew that he was a man who would not endure too much persuasion, nor the smallest amount of twitting; that the most successful method of modifying or of removing any erroneous opinions entertained by him, was simply to present him with facts and allow him time to digest them; that the surest plan by which to impress him favorably with any theory, either new or repugnant to him, was to furnish him with the facilities for free investigation. She had witnessed, with pleasure, the happy change produced in him by recent developments, and was exceedingly anxious that the course his mind had voluntarily taken in

the direction of political progress, should not be interrupted by any unfavorable influences. Hence she resolved, upon her father's temporary withdrawal from the conversational arena, to engage her aunt in his stead.

"Father is not exactly an Abolitionist, aunt; but he knows that these fellows who have been, from time to time, meeting in secret conclaves and purchasing arms in such quantities, and under such circumstances as they have, must be traitors, actively engaged against the Government."

"And, in that opinion, he is certainly right, Dora. But, from what he said concerning the ritual of the Sons of Liberty, I supposed he had become a real Abolitionist, and was disposed to joke him a little about it."

"Father never was really a lover of slavery. You see, he understands the ritual to say in substance that its framers are in favor of establishing a new government with slavery in every State of the Union."

"Ah! that way."

"Yes. Father was never so much of a pro-slavery man as to want to live in a slave State, or to own negroes, but he was always opposed to interfering with the institution in States where it legally existed."

"Well, that is liberal, I'm sure. But, then, I'm thinking he'll see yet, what experience has forced me to believe, against my inclinations, that slavery and liberty can not dwell together in harmony in a republic; that either slavery or the Government must perish. If the institution has made traitors in the North, among men who have no real interest in it, what may you expect of it in the South, among those who have brought this war upon the country solely on its account?"

This last remark of Mrs. Trueman's, struck Mr. Clinton as being one of peculiar force—as containing an idea which

had never occurred to him; and as Dora and her aunt continued talking he determined to make this new thought a matter of considerable reflection.

The clock struck two, and the conversation was interrupted by the cook's announcing dinner. Sunday dinners are generally late, especially with people who go from the country to church in the city.

The repast over, the Clintons went home, the old gentleman, during the drive, revolving over and over in his mind, the hint dropped by Mrs. Trueman: "If slavery has made traitors in the North, among men who have no real interest in it, what may you expect of it in the South, among those who have brought the war on the country solely on its account." This thought finally led to several others; and as the old carriage moved along, Clinton found himself, mentally, asking and answering questions something like the following:

"Who have injured me and my family more than any body else? Anti-war men. Who have shown themselves my best friends when I was in trouble? Abolitionists. Who tried to ruin my son? An anti war man. Who rescued my boy from a dishonorable death? The Abolition Government."

Thus he continued musing until the family arrived at home, when he seated himself near the jam of his old-fashioned fire place, thoroughly convinced in his own mind that the rebellion was radically wrong, that the Government was right; that slavery is a damning curse, an enemy to liberty and peace; that the war could be ended and the Union permanently restored only upon the Abolition basis. That the Government must destroy slavery or be destroyed by it.

George Clinton has retrieved his character in more than a score of hard fought battles. The memory of his crime has been obliterated by unflinching fidelity and heroic deeds. He had buried the stigma of deserter amid showers of cannon balls and volleys of musketry. He has re-established his reputation for bravery in hazardous charges upon massed columns of bristling bayonets. His gallant services have been rewarded by gradual promotion, and he now occupies the rank of adjutant, and is the idol of his regiment. His heroic sister rejoices in his redemption and the discomfiture of his heartless betrayer, who, stripped of his rank, loathed and contemned, occupies private rooms in Fort Lafayette. His brave uncle, no longer the object of his jealousy, is in command of a regiment, while his noble-hearted cousin, Albert, has been commissioned a captain. His aunt and her daughters are happy in their Hoosier home, secure from the devastating tread of Southern vandals. His father and mother, so vacillating in their views of the great issue, so inconstant in their love of country during the first, second, and part of the third years of the war, have had their eyes opened to the real character and designs of those traitorous party leaders, in whose wake they followed too long, and are soundly converted to the Union cause.

We are sorry to tell the reader that we can not say whether any of the unmarried folks who figured in this work have indulged in matrimony.