ONE beautiful day in April 1861, when our whole country was ringing with notes of preparation for war, the little town of M——, in one of our Western States, was no exception to the general rule. Indeed, nowhere could stouter-hearted patriots be found than in our usually quiet little village. On the bill, beneath the shade of a group of fine old elms, a company of stalwart young men were drawn up listening to the impassioned tones of their leader, while he denounced treason and all who sympathized with it. The cheers which rang again and again upon the air told that his words had an echo in the heart of each listener there. Groups of ladies were gathered there too—the mothers, sisters, and lovers of this young hand of patriots. There were few timid hearts there. All burned with patriotism. They were ready to send forth their dear ones, as the women of the Revolution had sent forth theirs. Already they are making arrangements for the presentation of a beautiful flag these soldiers are to carry into battle when they meet the foe.

But let us leave the groups upon the hill and take a peep into a cottage where I shall lead you. Not, far down the shady street leading from the hill stands a neat, white cottage embowered in trees and shrubbery. A grape-vine almost covers the little portion, and “running roses” are gracefully trained over both front windows. The door is open, disclosing a neat little parlor and there occupants. The furniture, though not costly, has an air of richness, and the arrangement of the few articles of ornament the room contains gives a tasteful, luxurious look to the whole. The table, loaded with books, needs only a casual glance at the volumes upon it to tell you the occupants of that room are refined as well as educated. In an easy-chair wheeled close to the open window reclines a lady past middle age, but still bearing traces of no ordinary beauty. Her dark hair, though slightly silvered, waves softly around a high white brow. Her cheeks, though they have lost their youthful roundness, are still very fair, and around her mouth lingers a winning smile. Though gazing out to the hill at the groups gathered there, she holds in her hands a piece of embroidery It is a ground of blue silk, upon which she is embroidering white stars. The other occupants—two younger ladies—are similarly employed; and you will at once guess, reader, they are making the banner for those patriots on the hill. Other ladies have been at work upon it, but the finishing touches must come from Mrs. Rivers’ hand. Let me introduce you to
Miriam Rivers, the Lady Soldier, or, General Grant's Spy

Edith Rivers, as she sits in a low chair by her mother's side. A very presentation of a living, breathing "Hebe" is Edith Rivers. She is dressed very plain, but no plainness of dress can hide the beauty of her face and form. Her brow is not so high as her mother's, but perfect in outline, her cheeks rounding and rosy, and her lips full and pouting yet pure as a rosebud. Her hair falls around a swans like neck in a shower of brown ringlets. Just now a louder cheer from the young soldiers on the hill calls both the girls to the window. We can compare their height as they stand there side by side. Edith is not so tall as her sister Miriam, and there is quite a contrast between the two. Miriam is perhaps taller than medium height, but she does not look so. She is neither very slender nor full in form, but she lacks the full bust of Edith. Without looking stout her appearance still gives one an idea of strength and great endurance. She is well shaped, graceful, and I was about to say beautiful, but where Edith is she cannot lay claim to that although among other girls she might he considered beautiful. Her nut brown hair is combed back very plainly, but still ripples around a high, intelligent brow. Her face is oval, and though her complexion is neither so fair nor so rosy as Edith's, it is still far from dark. But her eyes—it is in her eyes that her crowning glory lies. These dark, glorious brown eyes of hers far eclipse Edith's azure orbs. Many have said "she would be positively homely if it were not for her eyes," and some have compared their splendor to the "evening star." All who are acquainted with her agree that there is a charm, a fascination about her when engaged in animated conversation that few can resist. As she stands there now alone—for Edith has gone back to her seat by her mother's side—she is gloriously beautiful, a smile playing around her mouth, her eyes lighted up, and almost a glory encircling her brow. This is one of her most beautiful moments. Should any one see her as we see her now he would never forget the beautiful vision. She has evidently forgotten every thing around her, and stands there looking far, far away into the distance. In her small, beautifully-shaped hands she holds her work, her fingers working nervously with the red and white stripes of silk she clasps between them.

Mrs. Rivers breaks the silence at length with a sigh, and as she speaks Miriam turns dreamingly from the window. "It is hard to part with a dear son to go away and meet these cruel foes, but harder still to have no dear ones to send." Edith looked up with an air of astonishment, and opened her blue eyes in wonder. Before she could make any remark Mrs. Rivers continued: "I feel, when I see these dear boys giving themselves to their country, their mothers must be blest in having such sons. It gives me a lonely, isolated feeling to have no one to send in defence of my country. Had your father lived, he would have shouldered his musket in defence of that liberty which was dearer to him that life."

"I know he would! I know he would!" exclaimed Miriam. "Oh, that I were a man!" She had dropped her work, and with clasped hands was gazing away into vacancy again.

"I would to God that you were, Miriam. "Mrs. Rivers was deeply agitated. "I could give you willingly, to my country—to my God." Edith's eyes had lost the look of wonder now, and the pearly drops were rolling from beneath the long lashes.

Miriam sat with clasped hands looking away into the distance and that glorious light in their eyes which made her so beautiful. She was revolving some glorious plan in her mind—perhaps, like a second Joan of Are the angels were whispering to her a plan to save her country. The little gale in front of the house swung open, and a young girl gayly dressed came up the walk. The inmates of that little parlor struggled to regain their composure, and Edith and Mrs. Rivers had in a measures succeeded. Miriam still sat with clasped hands and fixed gaze, when the visitor entered.

"How do you do, Edith—Mrs. Rivers? Why, Miriam, what are you looking at?"

"Nothing, Bell. Excuse me!" said Miriam, once more returning to the world around her. When the greetings were over, Mrs. Rivers inquired if any more men had enlisted. "Yes, quite a number, and among them," with a deprecating glance toward Edith, "Horace Atherton."

"I know the would go. He was speaking a few moments ago, was be not?" It was Miriam who asked the question, as much to divert the girl's attention from Edith's blanched cheek as to satisfy herself, for she was sure that was his voice she had, heard ringing out upon the soft April air.

"Yes, they have elected him Captain."

"I am glad of it. What a good Captain he will make!" exclaimed Mrs. Rivers.

"How strange it all seems!" continued Bell Nelson. "She short a time since all was quiet and peace and now all there men going away to fight."

The girl spoke more seriously than was her wont Edith had regained her composure and joined in the conversation. There was no topic to be discussed now but the war topic, and for half an hour they talked on, bell joining in the work upon the flag.

"Oh, I had almost forgotten to tell you—but I suppose Captain Atherton would have informed you this evening. You, Miriam are to present the flag."

"When?" was the question asked eagerly by both girls, Edith's cheek reddening at the mention of Captain Atherton's expected visit.

"In a week. They are to leave in a week from to night."

All where silent for a, few moments, then Bell said, rising. "I declare I must be going! How beautifully our flag waves this evening!" pointing up the hill to the
court house, were waved the "stars and stripes."

"Long may it wave, o'er the land of the free and home of the brave." There comes Captain Atherton. Keep up a brave heart, Edie—good-by" and she was tripping gayly down the walk as though there was no war in the laud. Here was a buoyant spirit—light as a feather. Ah, how soon it may be saddened!

She met Horace Atherton at the gate. He bowed low as he held it open for her to pass through, but Bell could not help noticing his grave Countenance. Edith rose to meet him, extended her band, turned pale, then red, and burst into tears, Horace looked troubled, but drawing her arm within his own led her into the room beyond, then folding her in his arms kissed her passionately. At length he asked, You do not blame me, Edith?"

"Oh, no! no! but—she broke down again in spite of her resolution to conquer her tears.

"Don't, Edith! Your tears quite unman me, I would rather face a battery. Be my brave little Edith now. I did not see you up there, and I Supposed I should have to tell you myself until I saw Bell had been here."

"Forgive me, Horace!" Edith had completely conquered now, "I do not blame you for going. No, I am proud of you, and glad of your good fortune and popularity. Bell told me you had been elected Captain of the company."

"Yes. The boys chose me unanimously, but I do not feel happy over that. I think there are others in the company better fitted to command than myself."

"Not one, according to my judgment," exclaimed Miriam, coming into the room just then. "Excuse me—it is time I were preparing tea. Do you hear that, mother? Horace thinks there are those in the company better fitted to command than himself! Call him in to give an account of himself."

Mrs. Rivers took up the banter of her daughter, and Horace was soon engaged in conversation with her, while Edith and, Miriam prepared tea. He is a tall, noble man—fit mate for Edith Rivers. His dark brown eyes light up with enthusiasm as Mrs. Rivers' patriotic words fall upon his car. After tea is over, and Horace has wheeled Mrs. Rivers' chair back into the parlor—for she is an invalid, and cannot walk—Miriam takes up the now finished flag.

"That reminds me, Mira, that you had better be learning your piece, for you have been chosen to present us with that flag, and of course you will want to do it well, but I have no fears on that score. I'll be bound you will make two or three conquests by it. The boys can't resist those, glorious eyes of yours, and then the patriotism too."

"Hush, Horace! You are a flatterer. I shall not believe you. I am like you, I think; there are other ladies in town could present it much better, Besides, I shall hate to let It go. I would rather go with it. I envy you, Horace, How I wish I could go and fight for my country!"

"You think she is in fun, Horace," said Edith, "I tell you she is in earnest, and I should not wonder if she enlists yet."

"You will have to go some distance from here then, Mira, for your eyes would play the mischief with you. Once seen, they are never to be forgotten."

"No wonder! I presume I should frighten a whole regiment—they look so much like an owl's eyes. That's what you mean, Mr. Atherton: you need not deny it."

Atherton laughed at her pleasantry, but they were all soon engaged in serious talk upon the prospects of the country. Atherton talked cheerfully, and they discussed many plans for the future, when the war would be over, for be was Edith's betrothed husband, and was not ashamed to talk of the home he was to have where Miriam and Mrs. Rivers would be inmates. "That is," he playfully added, "if Miriam does not find her 'congenial' soon, which I think she will."

"Which I hope she will, you mean. In that case you will not be obliged to have such a pest in your house. Oh, yes, I'll be very apt to marry just to please you. You need not console yourself that way. I am in love already with my country and do not mean to desert my lover."

"You are always up with me, so I shall have to quit even. I must go, for it is getting late."

He bade Miriam and Mrs. Rivers good-night, and, drawing Edith into the portico, lingered a moment and was gone.

That night, when the girls were in bed in their pretty little bed-chamber, they talked long and earnestly. A plan had been revolving itself in Miriam's brain, and she was now, as was her custom with all her plans, unfolding it first to Edith. There would be need of nurses in the hospitals and on the battle-fields. She would go
and do something for her country. Edith did not oppose the idea of lady nurses, but she did Miriam going.

"Why not I, instead of you? I am healthier, and could bear the hardships better."

"Never! I should like to know when you became so much healthier than I! Why, child—" (Miriam had a fashion, when they were talking in confidence, of calling Edith "child." She was just two years the senior) "you would die in a month, but I can endure it, if any one can. You know I have never taken a fever in my life, and I have been out in all kinds of weather going to my school. I am older too."

Edith said no more, and both at last fell asleep.

The week passed quickly and yet slowly—quickly to those who knew they would have to let their dear ones go then; slowly to all who watched anxiously the papers, hoping against fate that something would avert the blow which must come ere long when brother would meet brother in battle. The last evening our young patriots would spend at home had passed, and all was bustle for their coming departure. All day the flag waved gloriously out upon the balmy breeze. All day the drum's hoarse notes were heard, and on many a heart its stroke fell like a funeral knell. Still the people of M—— were bravely sending forth their dear ones. There were no murmurings: all was cheerfully done. An hour before the expected

train, was the time, appointed, for the presentation of, the flag, and the platform of the depot the place, Miriam was dressed in a sky-blue dress, encircled at the waist by a sash of red and white—her hair loose and flowing gracefully over her shoulders, only confined, by a chaplet of blue, spangled with stars, and as she advanced waving the beautiful flag, in the soft breeze, and with beautifully-fitting words and impassioned tones presented it to Horace Atherton, chosen to receive it she looked like the goddess of liberty. Cheer after cheer greeted her when she appeared and at the conclusion of her short speech the cheering was loud and prolonged. As silence began, to reign again, some cheered the moments of waiting, I will not attempt to describe the feelings and the scene when at length the train came and departed with its rich freight.

As Horace, Atherton bade good-by, Miriam said, "Good-by for a little while. Remember we will soon be there,"

"I shall be sure to get sick then," was the response.

Miriam had raised a company of nurses, and they were to join the regiment soon. Two dozen in all, and among the number the gay Bell Nelson, as serious as any when she joined the band. Ah, how many of our now gay young ladies, could they be permitted, to join in some real work for their country, would be changed beings! Had the government control and used the willing patriotism of our women as it should, many a poor soldier-boy might now be living who died from "lack of woman's nursing, and dearth of woman's tears;"

A week—two weeks—went by, and many letters had been received from the boys, stationed in the low, sickly land at Cairo. "Why don't you come?" wrote, Horace, "I opposed it at first, but now I see how much nurses are needed. Many of our brave boys are down with fever, and no one here who knows how to make a bite fit for a sick man to eat. Come soon, if you are coming."

"We have been waiting to get some instructions from Government how to proceed, but we can get no attention," wrote Miriam. I hope we shall soon be sent on. Many of us would serve with out pay, but you know it is useless for us to go without some arrangement with Government. I see that through out, the whole country the women are making the same patriotic offers, but nothing has yet been done. We shall know our fate in a week, and I much fear it will be, to stay at home. You ought to see what a change it has made on Bell Nelson. She is, the most matronly girl you ever saw, and we think of electing her matron. We are busy scraping lint, making bandages, preparing delicacies, and making hospital clothes. I shall write you soon what answer we get. I have been writing, to some head of bureau of other ever since you left,"

In a week, Miriam wrote; "At least we know it, 'No women about camps.' So we are consigned to stay at home; as beings too ephemeral, too light, to be of, any service to our country. Nothing for us to do but scrape a little lint, make a few bandages, and send boxes of articles which never reach their destination; or if they do our cans of fruit and bottles of wine are all devoured by fat doctors instead of the sick and wounded soldiers we intended them for. Bell Nelson, I think, shows her disappointment mere than any of us. She is completely put down about it and declared at first she would go on her own hook; but her mother, of course opposed that. There are not a few here who have declared it very disreputable to go even as Government nurses; and if any woman's patriotism should lead her to go, as Bell says, on her own hook her character would not be worth much. Bah on such a society! I don't know what I shall do yet, I suppose try to teach again for three months, then I think it very likely, I shall don the regimentals. There I think I hear you laugh now."

So, after all their preparations to share in the work of their country, the young ladies of M—— had to settle down despondently to the every-day routine of work just as though there was no war in the land, only relieved by the labor Miriam had so graphically described. Miriam was teaching now, but very dull the time dragged upon her hand. In vain she tried to feel as she had felt before when teaching; in vain she tried to be resigned to God's will." She said over and over again
to herself, "Woman's work is to stay at home and pray," Fervently she prayed that God would speed the right. Anxiously she read the papers. Oh, how she pored over the news from Western Virginia, where Sigel Rosecranz and their bands of heroes under McClellan were slowly driving back the foe. Miriam had come to the conclusion that soon a shock of the two armies would come; and in July she waited in terrible suspense to hear the news.

"Bull Run! Bull Run!" How the news flew over the wires! How in all our railroad towns the dailies fluttered down, carrying the sad news like a thunderbolt into our midst! Mrs. Rivers and Edith sat with clasped hands, and blanched cheek, while Miriam, with ashy lip and husky tone, read the despatch. A half an hour after, gathering up the paper, she went to be room, with compressed lips and firm step.

"Edith!" she called, as Edith passed along the hall toward her mother's room, When Edith entered, the room, she was standing before the mirror, her long glossy hair falling like a veil almost to her waist.

"Edith, take these scissors, and cut this off," she said, holding up the heavy tresses.

"Miriam, what do you mean? Cut off your beautiful hair!"

"Yes. It would not become a soldier very well, would it?"

"Oh, Miriam! You have not that idea in your head again?"

"Indeed, I have never had it but of my head since they refused to let me go as nurse."

"Indeed, I have never had it but of my head since they refused to let me go as nurse."

"Miriam! Miriam!" There were volumes of anguish in the girls tone as she stood with pale cheeks before the determined girl.

"Edith!" Miriam was upon her knees now before Edith. "I am not insane, but I shall soon be if I cannot do something for my country!"

"But think of it, Miriam. You may be discovered! What then?"

"I have thought of it. I have no fears. God will protect me. There is nothing so dreadful as slavery; nothing so dear as liberty. I have no father, no brother, no lover to send, so I shall go myself."

"What will mother say?" asked Edith, her own objections vanishing before the torrent of eloquence Miriam poured forth as kneeling still before her, she plead earnestly with voice and look.

"She will send me with her blessing, when she finds I am determined to go. Perhaps I shall be promoted, and I can send her money enough to live nicely."

Edith smiled through her tears. "Why, Miriam, you talk as though you were a boy, and no trouble about your going. How do you expect to get into the service?"

"I will tell you when you set about trimming my hair like a good girl, and be in haste, for I must go on this evening's train."

"So soon, Miriam? Why not wait till to-morrow?"

"Don't ask me to wait! Now, now—I must go this very evening? I cannot wait. Oh, Edith, my resolution is taken! I have sworn to go, and I must not stay."

With blinding tears Edith took up the scissors, and soon lock after lock fell over Miriam's shoulders, and was gathered carefully up by Edith.

"You look almost like a boy already," was Edith's exclamation a quarter of an hour after, as she put the last touches of the brush to the closely-cut looks. Miriam had told Edith all her plans in that time. It seemed very unreal to Edith, to Miriam very real. She was almost stepping into real life now, Only one trial remained to her yet, and that was to part with her invalid mother and gentle, loving sister.

An hour later a handsome youth knelt before Mrs. Rivers, pleading earnestly. He looked not more than eighteen. His hair, dark and closely cut, fringed his high, white forehead with curling locks. He had dark, brown eyes, neatly chiselled nose and chin, and curved lips. He was not very tall, but, although slender, he had an air of manly strength.

"Go, my child, and God bless and protect you!" Mrs. River's tones were full of deep anguish. The boy sprang to his feet, kissed Mrs. Rivers' pale cheek, caught Edith to his bosom for a moment, and was gone.
Fifteen minutes after, a youth of eighteen or twenty, dressed in plain black pants, coat, and vest, and wearing a dark straw hat, completely hiding his features in the darkening twilight, walked into the depot at M——, purchased a ticket, and leaning against one of the deep windows in the ladies sitting room awaited the train. It was not until the train was whirling him eastward from M—— that our young hero gave way to the tears that all this while were almost bursting his heart. Covering his face from view with his broad-brimmed hat, he wept silently; then relieved by the tears he had shed, looked out of the car window, and began to hum an air in a low tone. He performed his role well, even springing to his feet quickly to give two young ladies who entered the crowded car his seat.

About noon the next day our hero stepped off the train at the depot of a bustling city, which we shall call S——. Sauntering up the street in apparently a careless manner, he entered a restaurant, ordered dinner, and looked over the morning paper.

"—— Guards, Captain Sutherland. Rendezvous at —— Hall." Just the thing for me, for they will be likely to go to camp soon, and I don't want to stay here long," soliloquized our hero, as he read the advertisement.

"—— Guards, rendezvous at —— Hall?" he inquired of a young man who was quietly despatching a dish of oysters at a table near.

"Yes. Went to enlist?"

"I had, thought of it."

"Come right along, then. Captain Sutherland will be glad to see you." The young man rose and led the way. "It is unfortunate you did not come sooner. You might have obtained an office, but the offices are all filled now."

"That makes very little difference. I am a stranger here, and do not expect office."

"You might have obtained one thought: you do not look as if you would stand the rough and tumble of a private's life."

"I have always been healthy, and am willing to do what I can for my country."

"Might I ask your name and residence?"

The young man's manner was perfectly respectful, and our hero answered, rather equivocally. "Marion Somerville, I have no particular residence at present."

"I suppose I should be equally frank with you in return for having my curiosity satisfied. I am Edward Hartly, of the —— Guards, at your service. Here we are at the hall."

They went up a flight of stairs and entered a large hall filled with men, mostly young, none of them over thirty-five. They went forward to the Captain, and Hartly introduced our hero as Marion Somerville, "who wishes to enlist in the Guards."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Somerville. We just want a few more men to fill our company, but I fear you are too young."

"I am over twenty. I hope I am not too young to be of some service to my country."

The words were spoken fitly, and the air of bravery and manliness which did not for a moment desert our hero, went to the hearts of all in the room.

"Bravo!" "Bravo!" "That's the right talk!" "Just the boy for you, Captain!" echoed through the room.

"Come up and put down your name. One so patriotic should not be refused admittance into 'Uncle Sam's family.' You write well, my boy. I am sorry you came so late: we might have given you an office. Perhaps I shall want to employ you as a clerk. You do not look stout enough for a private's life."

"I have always been healthy, though," answered the young recruit.

"And you may stand it better than we robust men. You are a stranger here?" Marion Somerville nodded in the affirmative. "Come to dinner with me, then."

"I took dinner at a restaurant, but I will accept your hospitality, for I should be lonely here."

In such good company as Captain Sutherland's we will leave our young soldier, while we peep into Mrs. Rivers' little cottage again. It is several days since we last looked in upon them. In the adjoining room to the parlor, where we first saw our heroine, sits Mrs. Rivers and Edith. Mrs. Rivers is paler than when we saw...
her first, and traces of suffering are upon her face; but the same winning smile lingers about her mouth. Edith has drawn a low stool to her mother's side, and, surrounded by the tasteful arrangements of Mrs. Rivers' bedchamber, she makes a beautiful picture. She bends eagerly forward, and is engaged in breaking the seal of a letter bearing Miriam's well-known ciphers. Let us listen as she reads, for there is no secret from us, dear reader, as there is from the good people of M——. Edith's tone is only loud enough to reach her mother's eager ear.

“DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER:—I am safe in S——, and, incredible as it may seem to you, belong to 'Uncle Sam's family.' I had no trouble in enlisting.”

We know the history which follows, and we will only listen to the following extract.

“Captain Sutherland took me home with him and introduced me to his mother and sister; and after dinner we spent a pleasant hour in the parlor. Let me describe the family as they appeared to me yesterday afternoon in that pleasant parlor. Ida Sutherland, as she sits at the piano playing patriotic airs for her handsome brother, looks much like my own sister Edith the same brown ringlets, the same blue eyes. Mrs. Sutherland is very much like my own mother in her gentle manners and her patriotism. It is from her her son inherits his piercing brown eyes, high, noble forehead, and love of country. Can I describe Eugene Sutherland as he stands there by his sister's side, turning over the music for her? He is tall and well built; his face is oval shaped, his brown high, massive, and fair, his eyes are dark brown, clear and piercing as an eagle's; yet kind and gentle in their glances when he wills; his whiskers are luxuriant and curling; his hair, dark and closely cut, clusters in short curls on either temple; he wears a moustache over his neatly-chiselled upper lip that only adds a charm to his smile. Perhaps you are thinking now, Edith dear that I shall fall in love with my Captain at once. Never fear; if my heart were not yet so sore with disappointment, I would be too wise for that. He has a lady-love, and he would not be an't to return the love of his clerk and fellow-soldier. I love him as a friend, and thank God my lot has fallen in such pleasant places. I am to act as his clerk, but still I will not be off duty, and I expect to have some wonderful experience to write you when I have been on picket first. We start to-morrow for camp; will not remain there long but go to the field. I have not been suspected yet. All think me a very handsome young man. Sutherland has told me of several compliments paid me by the fair sex of his acquaintance. I have met many ladies at Captain Sutherland's, and to judge from what the Captain says, have played my role to perfection. I am glad we leave here so soon, for just think, Edie, of a modest young man like me being placed in such a predicament—the ladies all falling in love with him! Among all the ladies I have met here I da Sutherland stands peerless, but there is no danger of her committing so great a blunder as becoming enraptured with me. Hardy and she are engaged. The Captain says she admires me very much and the feelings returned I assure you. I have not time to write any more. I shall write again from camp as soon as we reach there. Ever yours,

“MARION SOMERVILLE.”

Edith looks up as she finished the letter, tears and smiles, struggling together on her fair face. "What a queer letter, mother! but just like her, though. How strange it all seems! She has chosen a pretty name, and I am glad she has found such good friends."

“Yes, thank God! I believe the child was sent there by him for some good purpose, and he will protect her. I had not the heart to refuse to let her go when I knew how she had longed to do something for her country. Oh, it was hard to part with her harder far than if she had been a man. Thank God for protecting her so far! May his strong arms be around her and his loving mercy sustain her!” Mrs. Rivers bowed her head and prayed while the tears pent up for days flowed unrestrained. Edith locked away the letter carefully with others written in Horace Atherton's hand and hidden from any strangers eye. She was a careful little woman, this pet sister of Miriam's good as she is beautiful, and Miriam knows mother will not suffer for why want of attention.

Marion Somerville is in camp, writing at camp table, sitting for a camp stool in Captain Sutherland's tent. Blue is very becoming to our hero, and so would the ladies of S—— says life they could see him now as he sits there, the jaunty soldier cap so well calculated to show off fine features, sitting lightly on the small, well head the near collar of the coat coming up just far enough to discount the while throat but not been it; one small white hand flying over the paper the other hanging in a careless easy position by his side. The small feet are encased in neat yet strong boots, over which fall the blue pants with at graceful sweep.

"our furniture," for it is all he can carry with him far. The room where our hero sits is smaller, contains a couch similar to the one we have described; no mirror (one serving both); no wash-stand, and the only other articles of furniture are a knapsack, hanging from a hook in the tent pole, a gun, and soldier a accouterments. The gun is a light rifle, very light, but looks as though it might do good service. The curtain now diving the apartment is so, arranged as to roll up...
and down when wished, and the whole makes one rooms, except when the occupants wish to be alone, or when they retire for the night.

Let us now take our privilege of peeping over shoulders and read Marion Somerville's letter, or such parts of it as may interest us.

"Now let me tell you about our leaving S——. Of course it was not to me like leaving M——; yet I could not, help feeling sad in sympathy with others. It is a sad sight, to see a regiment leaving, even if you have no interest save that which common humanity, gives. It was a hard struggle for Eugene Sutherland to part with mother and sister, but I think a harder struggle for him to leave his betrothed—Emma Coy. She is a beautiful woman, but hers is a beauty which, however much I might admire it, I could never love. A cold, stately, icy woman. She did not transcend the most rigid rules of propriety, that evening at the depot when Eugene's heart was almost bursting with the agony of parting. Some little maudlin outburst of feeling would, have been prized dearly by him when far away from her. But no she stood there, his arm around her, her hand in his, and his great heart, beating close to here in its agency. She must have heard the throbs, and still she was the same cold, stately woman. She let him press her to his bosom, she let him kiss her when the rush for the train came; but there was no emotion visible, save a slight saddened of the beautiful mouth. I do not think she loves him with a love equal to his. I was better satisfied with Ida Sutherland's and Edward Hartly's parting. Ida presented the—Guards with the flag, and Hartly received it. It was a beautiful and affecting scene. She bore up well through that, but when it was over she sought the furthest corner of the sitting room, and Hartly by her side. She did not weep. I am not sure that she shed a tear, but there was the paling of the lips, the choking of the voice the trembling of the hand. She loves them, and they are happy in each other's love, for he is a noble fellow. But you will say that I was standing there, a cold critic of other people's feelings. Not so. I was thinking—thinking of the mother and sister I had left in M——, wondering if I should ever see them again. There were many regrets and well wishes from fair lips for "Somerville," as the train came and I stepped upon it, and I was sorry to leave S——, for they all took me to their hearts, because I was a soldier, without any appearance of suspicion, although my sudden appearance among them and evasion of all questions about my place of residence and my past life had caused some speculation. I occupy one part of the Captain's tent, have a nice little place free from intrusion when I wish, and am in fine spirits and health. Captain Sutherland and I are the best of friends, and he confides in me as he would in a brother. He does not suspect me. I have not been frank enough, with him yet to disclose my residence, or any thing of my past life. He does not question me, but he has looked for me to tell him. I have let him understand that there is some secret connected with my past life which I cannot at present divulge. He trusts me, and does not question my character. There, are some amusing occurrences in camp, and especially among raw troops. It would amuse you to see the efforts at tailoring among the men, putting inside: pockets in their coats, etc. It did not take them long, in spite of the most awkward handling of the needle I could command, to find out that I could sew; where upon I was beset with work until I had neither time for the Captain's writing nor my own. In vain I charged exorbitantly; in vain I told them I had not time: they would come with the most dolefuly droll faces, and insist on having the work done. At length Captain Sutherland's most peremptory order "shut down" on the tailoring in his tent, and once more I have quiet. The Captain has just been called to headquarters, and I am snatching this time to devote to you. Enclosed you will find a small amount of money. We have not been paid yet, and I don't know when we will; but Captain Sutherland forced me to take this in advance for my services as his clerk; and as I have made enough in my short experience in the tailoring line to bear my expenses until I am paid, if that is with in three months, I send this to you. The Captain has just returned with the order to be ready to march to—night, in what direction I do not know, but I think southwestward. God bless and protect you.

"MARION SOMERVILLE."

Soon all was bustle in the lately quiet camp, and in a few hours the tents had disappeared and in their places were long lines of men with glistening rifles and with knapsacks strapped upon their backs. The train was late, and tired, hungry soldiers waited, with many exclamations of displeasure or raillery. At length the regiment to which our hero belonged stepped upon the long expected train, and, with loud cheers, left the waiting thousands behind. Crowded on the cars they longed for the boats, but when crowded upon the transports they found they might as well endure patiently. At length they stepped upon the shore at Paducah, with rations devoured and feeling ravenous as wolves. The Colonel soon had the crackers on hand, and "the boys" were busy taking their first meal of "hard tack." Sutherland and our hero were soon engaged around a camp-fire, and there was no little merriment in their mess, as well as all around them, when they sat down to their first meal at bivouac. The tents, of course, were not on hand, and would not be that night, and our heroes—after the Cap

the fee when that dawn should break. Then before me passed in anticipation the bloody battles yet to be fought, and for a moment my heart sank and my blood curdled within me, as I thought of the part I might take in these battles. It was only for a moment though. I gazed up at these calmly glistening stars, the, emblem of our nation's pride, and I thought of the captives pining away their lives in Southern dungeons—of the many persecuted Unionists gazing almost despairingly to that North star, some of them, perhaps, even now guiding by its beam their fleeing footsteps. My heart was nerved to do and dare even to death, should it come in the conflict. I waked at the tap of the drum, sprang lightly to my feet, bathed my hands and face in a little stream which ran close to our spot of bivouac, and felt as much refreshed as if I had slept in a good bed. The rails were soon again blazing under camp-kettles and frying-pans, and our breakfast was in course of preparation. Rails, I say, for I do not pretend to say we did not appropriate them. There was very little firewood to be found in the stunted forest which surrounded us, and the fields adjoining, of course, were stripped of fence. Sutherland and I each carried an armful of the rails to our camp-fire, and my conscience did not smite me for it. If we are to make war on them, we are to live off the enemy, as far as practicable at least. At eight o'clock we were all in line and took up our march for the city, which was only a mile distant. As we neared, with banners flying and bands playing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' there was quite a commotion visible. Many were hastily departing, taking with them what they could of their household goods and 'chattels,' and a few were making ready to welcome us with every demonstration of joy.

"I shall never forget one scene which met us near the entrance of the city. An old lady was hoisting a flag as we approached, and as we (for our company was in advance) field along opposite her house, the stars and stripes floated out upon the breeze, Cheer after cheer greeted it as its folds unfolded in the breeze, and our boy enthusiasts there in the air and with uncovered heads passed under the flag. 'The old lady stood there clapping her hands and shouting 'Glory to God!' while tears of joy course down her cheeks. Tears stood in the eyes of many of us, and Lieutenant Hartly stopped with the old lady to hear her story. The rest of the regiment followed our example as they passed the flag, and thus we entered the city. The business-places were closed, and had it not been for the many flying fugitives at the other end of the city and the few Union flags flying and handkerchiefs waving, we might have thought the city deserted. The regiment was only halted long enough in the city to detail the provost-guard and station them, then marched through and encamped half a mile south of the city. Before night we were joined by another regiment, and our tents had arrived. The boys soon struck their tents, and when night settled down upon us we were all, with the exception of the pickets, gathered in our tents, cracking jokes and telling jams. Lieutenant Hartly that night told Sutherland and me the old Union lady's history. It was this: Her husband had been driven off by the rebels in the early spring. They then attempted to force her only son into their ranks, but he escaped and joined the Union army. So glad what she to see our army approaching that she brought out the old flag, hidden away to save it, and wept for joy like a child when. She saw its folds floating again in the breeze. 'God bless her!' he concluded: "she would not let me go, as well as several other officers who stopped to hear her story, until we partook of refreshments and fruits, and she loaded me with peaches and apples he continued, emptying his pockets into our hands as he spoke. Sutherland and I quite appreciated the old lady's kindness as we are the luscious fruit.

"I have never yet been on picket and have done no duty but drill duty, but I expect soon to try picketing and I have no agreeable idea of it; but I did not come with the expectation of finding a soldier's life all play, so I am ready for the lonely picket post."

The next day after this last entry in our hero's journal the post-boy made his appearance in camp. Eagerly the boys grasped at the welcome missiles. Sadly some turned away disappointed. Sutherland and Marion were among the "lucky fellows;" and, seating themselves upon a fallen log to read the precious missives, Marion looked up after breaking the seal to take a glimpse of the scene around him. The noise of camp was hushed. There stood a boy leaning against a tree, so deeply absorbed in a letter from home that a rebel might have made him prisoner before he would have seen him. Sitting on a stump is a man shading

*DEAR MARION:—Your letters have all been received, also the miniature you sent. How noble you look! I would scarcely have known you

in military dress. I think you could come back to M—— on furlough, and no one would suspect you. Many questions have been asked about your sudden disappearance, and of course I have had to tell some 'white lies,' to say no worse. I showed Bell Nelson your miniature, and she did not recognize it. She playfully charged me with being unfaithful to Horace, but I told her he was only a cousin of mine who had lately joined the army. She gazed long at it, said she playfully charged me with being unfaithful to Horace, but I told her he was only a cousin of mine who had lately joined the army. She gazed long at it, said he was very handsome, and, I believe, was half inclined to fall in love with it. Bell is very gay and thoughtless now. I believe if she had been permitted to go as a nurse she would have become a serious girl. Horace is well, but there is much sickness in the company. We are glad you have such pleasant companions. Mother says she will write next time. In the mean time God bless and protect you.

From Your

"EDITH."
A few days later the weekly journal was speeding its way to M——, bearing news of Marion to the dear ones there. Let us, dear reader, quote from its pages.

"Yesterday I went on picket for the first time. The night was cloudy, fleecy gray clouds scudding over the moon and only now and then unveiling her face to our view.

"The picket is a dangerous post, and I cannot describe my feelings as, equipped with my cartridge-box and canteen and firmly grasping my light rifle, with the bright bayonet gleaming in the sickly light of the veiled moon, I went across the abatis our boys have already constructed. Sutherland insisted upon standing picket too that night, for our boys are worn down with the work of fortifying, and he was by my side. Clambering over the huge trees, fallen over each other, their limbs interlaceing and making it difficult for infantry to cross and next to impossible, for cavalry, we at length reached the post. Stationing me, with instructions as to my duty, he sought his own post. I had instructions to fire if I suspected any one was creeping up to the post. Several of our pickets had been fired at lately, and it was thought that at least a band of guerrillas were hovering near, although our scouts had failed to detect them. There was no danger of my sleeping on my post that night. With a prayer for strength to do my duty, I took up my lonely station. The sound of tattoo died away in the distance; all was quiet save the sighing of the wind in the trees, and one hour passed away—an age it seemed to me; then I did not stand in so stiff a position, did not peer about in the dark so closely, yet I kept a good look out. At the end of another hour I became aware of a crackling in the underbrush not far from where I stood. Nearer it came and nearer. I was sure now it was a man creeping cautiously up upon me. I peered into the shade of the underbrush, grasping my Minie rifle more firmly and giving the bayonet a wrench to be sure that its fastening was firm. I was sure that when I fired the unseen foe would rush upon me, and attempt to despatch me at once before relief could reach me. Nearer still came the crackling noise as of some one treading upon dry twigs. 'Halt!' I was startled at the sound of my own voice in the dreadful stillness. All was still: no sound, not even the crackling noise I had heard before for a few minutes—hours it seemed to me. Then it sounded with awful distinctness, and this time nearer. I raised my rifle, drew back the hammer, and discharged the piece directly at the spot from which the sound proceeded. Almost at the same moment, and before, I knew the result of my fire, I drew my revolver and prepared to sell my life as dearly as possible; but as I did so I heard a plunge forward not ten paces from me, a groan, and a fall. I had shot my antagonist! A shudder ran through my frame. Although but a moment before I had determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, I was the veriest coward now, for I deemed myself alone with a dead or dying man, killed by my own hands, and I started in on the run. The reserves were already starting for my post, as I came rushing up. Mistaking me for a rebel, one of the excited men raised his piece, and a moment more a ball would have struck me, but just as his finger was upon the trigger Captain Sutherland's strong arm threw up the rifle and a ball went singing over my head, followed by the words, 'For God's sake, don't shoot our own men!' My feelings may better be imagined than described at this particular juncture of circumstances. Hurrily I related my adventure, and begged that some one would return with me to see what had become of the unfortunate wretch. 'Certainly,' responded Captain Sutherland; and, followed by quite a number of the men, we led the way to my post. 'Only about ten paces south of here,' I said, creeping cautiously forward. 'That's right!' remarked the Captain, seeing my caution. 'The fall and groan may only be a ruse. Look well to your pieces, boys.' We had only proceeded a few paces until, by the sickly light of the moon, which was just emerging from a rugged cloud, we saw a dark object stretched motionless upon the ground. A chill struck to my heart, for, although I had fired according to orders, and in self-defence, I could not bear to see the being I had murdered. Captain Sutherland stooped down and placed his land upon the object. I turned my face away, and as I did so, the moon rode out upon a clear spot of sky in all her splendor. How the ringing laugh that followed smote upon my heart! What could Captain Sutherland find to laugh at? I turned almost angrily toward him, and as I did so saw—not a man stretched dead before me but—a large hog! Amid the merriment of all, for I joined in the laugh heartily, the dead animal was dragged in and dressed for our use. Captain Sutherland sent me into camp, saying I had done enough for one night on picket, and stationed a relief in my place. The next morning the story circulated through the camp, and I was greeted wherever I went with some joke on the affair; but I took it all in good humor and was voted a fine fellow. The Captain persists in saying I knew all the time it was a hog and not a rebel I had killed, and was only playing off a joke on them. He says when I turned away my face as he stooped to inspect the object, I was laughing in my sleeve. I rather expect it will be fashionable to make such mistakes in future, for the fresh perk was relished very much."

Many times after our hero occupied the lonely picket-post, and often, in the lonely, dull hours that dragged their slow lengths along, he amused himself with living over his "first night on picket."

A month passed by, bringing some changes to Marion Somerville. A slight indisposition so alarmed the Captain for the health of the young man that he loved as a brother that he would not permit Marion to go on picket any more, nor even to command a squad at work on the fortifications; and, as Marion would not remain idle, Sutherland at length consented that he should act as nurse in the hospital, now nearly full. We quote from the journal again:

"Here I am in the hospital, and while the sick in my ward are sleeping and an attendant watching, I once more devote a few minutes to my only bosom friend. I have been sick myself since last I traced these pages; but not dangerously. It was a slight attack of fever, and it made the blood crimson my cheek to receive the kind yet delicate attentions of Captain Sutherland. No doubt he thought the deepening flush was only the heightening of the fever. He bathed my brow as gently as my mother could; smoothed back my short locks with a touch as gentle as Edith's. Sometimes, when I remember the anxious glances he bent upon me when he thought me sleeping, they puzzle me. Does he suspect and love me? Impossible! I must not let my mind harbor such thoughts, or they may betray me. I was glad to escape from his constant society for a while. Not that I dislike it—oh, no!—but it is dangerous. A little self-control and I may crush..."
Miriam Rivers, the Lady Soldier, or, General Grant's Spy

One day, late in the autumn of 1861, a group of officers was gathered at General Grant's headquarters. In the middle of a large room in one of the city hotels sat Somerville chosen to bear the despatches to the commander at Cairo. It was with alacrity our young hero set out on his journey, for in the tedious leisure of the

A few weeks later a trusty courier was needed to carry secret and important information to General Grant. A council of officers was called, and Lieutenant

...is with Fremont! How gladly would our men have followed where he led, but we were not permitted to follow our noble chief. Yet we are true soldiers and will

...all around us, almost within sight of me as I write, loll the idle slaves — large, brawny fellows, only needing the word to handle those shovels, if there is a necessity for them to be handled—idle because they have no interest in working for their masters, half of them absent in the rebel army—idle because we refuse to let them work for us. Why will our government persist in thrusting from it the most efficient means it could use, and which lies within its grasp everywhere? My heart

...to see these brave boys, better fitted to grasp their rifles and march upon the foe, doomed to shovel away their lives in inglorious inaction, while all around us, almost within sight of me as I write, loll the idle slaves—large, brawny fellows, only needing the word to handle those shovels, if there is a necessity for them to be handled—idle because they have no interest in working for their masters, half of them absent in the rebel army—idle because we refuse to let them work for us. Why will our government persist in thrusting from it the most efficient means it could use, and which lies within its grasp everywhere? My heart is with Fremont! How gladly would our men have followed where he led, but we were not permitted to follow our noble chief. Yet we are true soldiers and will go where duty calls us, lead who will.”

...one day, late in the autumn of 1861, a group of officers was gathered at General Grant's headquarters. In the middle of a large room in one of the city hotels sat

our now great chieftain. A table was before him loaded with books, papers, military maps, etc. Around him were clustered a group fit for a painter—the generals who have since led our men to victory. Standing by General Grant's chair, as though he had just arisen, one hand resting upon the table, the other tracing the course of the Cumberland river on a map before him, stands he of the high, noble brow, clear, piercing eyes, and quick, restless manner. There are some starting likenesses between those two men as we see them there together, both destined to be so great, their heroic acts to be so entwined; but let us not anticipate. Grant, as he sits there listening to some suggestions Foote is making, has none of that impatience of advice so often seen in those who lead in some great undertaking. At length the interview draws to a close, and Foote goes out with that abrupt, quick, yet business-like manner so characteristic of him, and Grant turns to the other officers with an air of "I am at your service now if you have any business with me." But scarcely have they gathered around the table when the servant enters with a card. General Grant glances at it, and, knitting his brows a moment as if in thought, says to the officers around him: "You must excuse me, gentlemen. Urgent as your business may be with me, this card informs me that still more urgent business must first be despatched. You can call to-morrow morning"—with a glance at his watch—"I shall have no more time to-night than I shall need for the coming interview."

Perhaps it was with some chagrin that these distinguished officers met a very young, slight man wearing the uniform of a lieutenant in the hall, as they bowed themselves out and knew that this was the visitor for whom they had been dismissed. They were soldiers though, and understood their duty, as did not the crowd of murmuring, waiting, would-be-visitors of General Grant below stairs. The General arose and extended his hand to our hero with a genial, good-natured smile that did not quite drive the shadows of care from his face. "I am glad to see you, Lieutenant Somerville."

Our young Lieutenant returned the greeting with perhaps a little embarrassment, as he was conscious that those great, searching eyes were bent in scrutiny on his face. The General must have been satisfied with his search of our hero's countenance, for he said, with a heartiness usual with him when pleased with one, "Now to our business! I have been expecting the despatches for some time."

Somerville laid a bundle of papers upon the table, and the General was soon deeply engaged in their examination. Two hours later General Grant said, speaking slowly, as if in deep thought: "Very well, my young Lieutenant, if you think you can accomplish this undertaking; but it is a dangerous business. You have talent, but you are very young, and, no doubt, inexperienced."

"It is true I am young and inexperienced, but I have spent much thought on the subject. I have gained pretty good information of the best and safest routes, and you already have my plan. I do not think my youthful appearance would be any disadvantage, but, on the country, rather an advantage. If I have your approval, I shall try. I can no more than fail."

"But think of it again! With failure comes an ignominious death."

"I have indeed thought much of that, General, and there is no one in your command whose nature would shrink more from such a death than mine; but, when I have given my life to my country, what matters it if I die at the head of my command gloriously in battle, or—" a slight shudder ran through the young Lieutenant's frame, but he finished the sentence firmly as it was begun—" or on the scaffold."

"You are brave, my boy! I can but say go, and God bless you!" The General's voice was choked with something just then, and he turned away his face, but only for a moment. The next minute he was giving our hero instructions as calmly as was his wont. The young Lieutenant arose to go at the expiration of another hour.

"If you should need more funds, Lieutenant—"

"You have already given me sufficient for my purpose. As I said before I do not want pay, but only money for my expenses. As no pay would tempt me to undertake this, I do not wish to receive, any thing for my services," interrupted our hero.

"Remember to report to me in person, or, in the event of your not being able to do so, you remember the instructions."

"Yes, General; yes."

General Grant wrung our hero's hand at parting with a grip that almost made him wince, and there was something very like tears dimmed his usually clear gaze.

Late one rainy evening in January, 1862, a Confederate officer stood upon the piazza of a mansion house not far from the renowned Fort Donelson, and pulled the door-bell with a nervous hand. The rain was dripping from hat, coat, and sword, as a sharp-faced old lady drew the door partly open and surveyed the visitor with an inquisitive eye.

"Can I find shelter within from the storm, madam?"

The old lady did not answer at once, but seemed engaged in surveying the officer from head to foot, evidently thinking in what sad plight his wet clothing would
Miriam Rivers, the Lady Soldier, or, General Grant's Spy

His tone was low and his eyes drooped with apparent embarrassment, while a slight flush rose to his fair cheek that only made him more charming in

"Thank you," he said, turning toward the lady in the ruddy glow of the firelight. "I feared I should be doomed to stay out in the storm to-night."

"Never, while I, have a roof over my head, shall a Confederate soldier be turned from my door. I am glad I happened to be passing, and heard your appeal. I suppose my housekeeper would have refused you admittance. She is very much afraid of her carpets being spoiled!" and she laughed, but added a moment after, "I am forgetting that your clothes are dripping with rain. I will show you to your room, and you can change your clothing. I shall send up a servant with your valise, which you have left on the piazza."

"Do not give yourself so much trouble, I pray. My clothes are fast drying in the cheery blaze, and I shall find another shelter when the storm abates. If you live alone I do not wish to intrude upon you."

"What, if I say you shall not seek another shelter to night? Although my housekeeper and I are the only white persons about the mansion, I have plenty of faithful servants, and I will not turn out a soldier in such a storm as this for the sake of propriety. I shall shelter who I please in my own house."

"Then I shall gladly surrender myself your prisoner," and the officer smilingly seated himself, and stretched out his limbs contentedly in the warmth of the blaze. "You may, if you, please, send up my valise, but I shall remain here by the fire. It is not the first time I have been soaked with rain."

His fair hostess turned and left the apartment to prepare for the comfort of her guest, while he surveyed the room and concluded by leaning back and murmuring, "So far, good! Heaven grant that I may still be favored with thy protection."

As he sits there in the light of the fire he looks very like our youthful Lieutenant Somerville, and, reader, I should not be, surprised if it were he in disguise. The room was large, and, comfortably furnished with furniture of an antique yet rich pattern. Musical instruments and books were plentifully scattered about the apartment, yet in tasteful arrangement. Several pictures graced the walls, and heavy rich curtains draped the large deep windows. The hostess was not long in returning, and, as she enters, bearing in one white hand an astral lamp which she places upon a table near the hearth, let us describe her. She is about medium height, well built and graceful. Her dark hair is arranged in a tasteful combination of braids and curls so as to form a coronet, from which falls a shower of glossy ringlets over a swan-like neck. Her fine figure is set off by a tasteful jacket of crimson cloth, over a skirt of black falling gracefully, to the floor. Her complexion is dark but brilliant, her eyes large, dark, and full of astral lamp which she places upon a table near the hearth, let us describe her. She is about medium height, well built and graceful. Her dark hair is arranged in a tasteful combination of braids and curls so as to form a coronet, from which falls a shower of glossy ringlets over a swan-like neck. Her fine figure is set off by a tasteful jacket of crimson cloth, over a skirt of black falling gracefully, to the floor. Her complexion is dark but brilliant, her eyes large, dark, and full of passionate fire. One would at once say that Spanish blood ran in her veins. There was the proud, graceful bearing of a Spanish lady mixed with that naivette and candor so often seen in American women. She is followed by a negro woman, bearing a tea—tray, who soon spreads a plentiful repast before the officer. He partakes of the meal with a relish, while his fair hostess presides gracefully. Tea over and the tea things carried out, she draws up a card-table before the blazing fire and the two are soon engaged in a game. He has soon learned her history. Her mother, a Spanish lady, had died when she was a mere child, and her father four years since, leaving her an only child and heiress to a large property. The most of her time since had been spent at school until the breaking out of the war, when she had remained at home, seeing little company except ladies, who, like herself, were working for the soldiers, only occasionally an officer from the fort visiting the mansion. The evening was passed in card-playing, talk, and music by the hostess until a late hour, when the officer was shown to a perfect little bed-room above stairs, and was soon fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. He had informed Estella Duvaud (for such was her name) that he was a Captain Lee, of the Confederate army, bearing secret and important despatches to the commander at Fort Donelson, and it was not entirely with "heart whole" that Miss Duvaud laid down to slumber that night. The young and handsome Captain had made quite an impression on her heart, until now free.

The rain was still pattering slowly down when the officer rose the next morning and came down to the sitting-room. His hostess was already there, and welcomed him with a blush he could not fail to note. After breakfast was served he went to the window, and, looking out, said, "This is rather unlucky for me, for I must go on to the fort this morning."

"Not in the rain! Your business is not so urgent as that, I hope!"

"It is indeed urgent, but, unluckily for me, I have been so absentminded as to be guilty of something which I am almost ashamed to confess, even to you, Miss Duvaud. I fear you will think me very unsoldierlike."

His tone was low and his eyes drooped with apparent embarrassment, while a slight flush rose to his fair cheek that only made him more charming in
Estella Duvaud's eyes. She had come to the window, and, standing close to him now, she gave him an encouraging glance as she spoke.

"Pray do not think me inquisitive, Captain Lee, if I ask what is your misfortune. Perhaps I can aid you!"

"I fear you can give me no aid. I have forgotten the countersign by which to enter the fort, and the only remedy will be to present myself to the guard, let him call the corporal, and pass me to headquarters as a prisoner, where I can make it all right, but it will be very disagreeable to one like me to be exposed to even the shadow of a suspicion."

"If that is all I think I can aid you. I am well known to the sentinels, who often, when off duty, come to my house for fruit and milk; and as I have been kind to them, I am quite a favorite with them. I think I can get you the password, for they know I am to be trusted. I shall go to-day and get it for you."

"Thank you, Miss Duvaud, but I do not wish to expose you to danger."

"You need not fear that, for, even if I am unsuccessful, I shall incur no danger."

The young officer had taken her hand, and the glance of his dark brown eyes was bent upon her now with a look that brought the tell-tale blush to her cheek again. "Pardon me, Miss Duvaud—Estella—if I say that you are somewhat to blame for my forgetfulness. Your eyes have driven almost all other thoughts from my mind, and—well nigh stolen my heart."

Miss Duvaud blushed deeper than before, and seemed inclined to pardon not, only this boldness of speech but the familiarity with which he stole his arm around her waist and drew her head to his shoulder. During the day the rain ceased falling, and Miss Duvaud stole out and returned before evening with the required information. The young officer was standing at the window as she rode up and passed to the stables in the rear of the house. As she passed the window she bowed low and looked more charming than ever, in riding-dress and cap. A black hostler came to meet her, and as he did so she stooped and giving her black steed a quick rap on the shoulders with her taper fingers he suddenly stumbled. The officer uttered an exclamation of terror which changed to surprise as the next moment she sprung to her feet unhurt, having kept her seat while her horse went down. The hostler grinned till his ivory shone in contrast with its ebony setting as he caught the rein she had dropped and the horse sprang lighty to his feet.

"Why, Miss Duvaud!" was the officer's greeting as she ran up the steps of the piazza and, burst into the sitting-room in full riding costume, "you are quite an adept in horsemanship."

"Yes. I have taught Jupiter some pranks for my own convenience and amusement, but I find it necessary to warn any one else riding him against them, especially the one you just now saw him perform. But I suppose you are anxious to hear the result of my efforts. I have gained all the information you need to enter the fort, but perhaps I had better keep it myself till next morning, as you are so forgetful," with a mischievous glance at the young officer.

"As you please, but I think now, that I know my enchantress is not quite indifferent toward me, I will be able to remember a word or two."

The officer's glance was quite as mischievous as the lady's, and she answered: "Well, between us, we can remember it, and I shall tell you now."

Captain Lee leaned closer than was really necessary for her to impart the information, and somehow Estella Duvaud's curls became entangled in the buttons of his military coat. It took a long time to untangle them; and Estella's face was very rosy when at length the curls were free. She believed herself the happiest of mortals, despite the intelligence that her loving Captain would leave her soon to fight for the independence of the South. That night she told the young officer his intention to go to Richmond soon, and he expressed great joy at having her near where he was stationed.

The next morning the officer went on to the fort and entered without any difficulty. The despatches, which he unfolded at headquarters were to the effect that all was well along the lines, and the reinforcements called for by the commander of the fort would not then be needed, together with other important items in regard to the Confederate forces at Manasses, Virginia. It was with great apparent satisfaction that the young officer examined the fortifications, and he expressed his conviction to the general Commanding that the Yankees would find it hard work to take the place. He returned to Miss Duvaud's mansion that evening, bearing with him despatches from the commander of the fort, detailing the entire force in the fort, with number of guns, etc. He insisted on starting for Richmond that night, and Miss Duvaud found it useless to urge him to stay longer; but she would not permit him to set out to make the journey on foot, as he informed her he had done the greater part of the distance coming. He said coming to the fort he had gained a great deal of information by travelling through the enemy's country, and intended to take the same route back, which would prevent his taking advantage of the railroad communications for some time. In spite; of his remonstrances, Jupiter was ordered to be saddled, and soon stood pawing the ground impatiently. At parting, Estella gave the young officer a small gold-ring, and a miniature of herself framed in a setting of Confederate colors, and so contrived as to be worn era the breast when wished. The parting was as affecting as any love scene could be, and as the powerful steed bounded away with his light burthen he carried with him Estella's Duvaud's heart. The young officer had only proceeded a few miles eastwardly when, if his movements had been known at the fort, they would have occasioned some alarm. He rode into a forest through which ran the telegraph wire, and, fastening his steed, climbed a tree, and with a bottle of nitric acid procured for the purpose, won severed
Miriam Rivers, the Lady Soldier, or, General Grant's Spy

Miriam Rivers, the Lady Soldier, or, General Grant's Spy

said with perfect credulity. It was getting tiresome and every moment more dangerous, as he expected to meet the returning force of rebels, and perhaps some one conscious that if the officer himself had any knowledge of that army he might be betrayed, but he appeared as ignorant as himself, and swallowed all he wished, and he was almost in despair, as the officer kept close to him and plied him with questions about Bragg's army, to all of which he answered as best he must ride on, as he wished to join them; but the officer, too, spurred up his horse and seemed determined to keep him company. This was far from what he learned the whereabouts of the rebel conscripting force ahead, with the intention of avoiding them, if possible, and then said that he

Our hero—for it was he—learned the whereabouts of the rebel conscripting force ahead, with the intention of avoiding them, if possible, and then said that he must ride on, as he wished to join them; but the officer, too, spurred up his horse and seemed determined to keep him company. This was far from what he wished, and he was almost in despair, as the officer kept close to him and pield him with questions about Bragg's army, to all of which he answered as best he could, conscious that if the officer himself had any knowledge of that army he might be betrayed, but he appeared as ignorant as himself, and swallowed all he said with perfect credulity. It was getting tiresome and every moment more dangerous, as he expected to meet the returning force of rebels, and perhaps some one

who knew the major he was personating. He began to fear, too, that his rebel companion suspected him, and was only leading him to capture. The thought made the blood run cold in his heart, but he began to ransack his brain for some plan to escape his hateful company. For a quarter of an hour he thought in vain, becoming almost silent, and only answering his companion in monosyllables. The cold sweat almost stood upon his brow, but he succeeded in hiding his agitation, and his eager gaze forward, fearing to see the rebel force meeting them, was construed by his companion into an eagerness to meet them. Suddenly a thought flashed like a streak of sunshine across his mind. As they were turning a bend of the road that led around a hill from which they had a view of a portion of the road below, he pretended to have caught sight of some fugitives creeping along in the road but who instantly disappeared.

"Let us put our horses to their speed," exclaimed the conscripting officer. "I'll have them dead or alive!" he almost shouted.

The officer bounded away, and our hero pretended to be urging his steed to his utmost, but actually holding him in; when, going down a slight declivity in the road, our hero's horse suddenly stumbled and fell, throwing him over his neck. He uttered an exclamation of pain which made the officer, who was a little in advance, check up his horse so suddenly that he came very near throwing him over his head.

"What's the matter, Major? The devil take that horse of yours! We might have catched the d——d cussers, if he hadn't been so awkward. Are you much hurt?"

"Not much: my ankle is sprained," attempting to rise but sinking back again with a groan and a look of intense pain.

"That's deuced unlucky! The devil take the horse! Let me help you into the saddle, and then I shall have to go, or I won't catch the rascals."

"No, no! Don't stop for me! I shall be able to mount soon, and if I feel better shall follow you. Press on after them, and be sure to catch them!"

"I will, Major. I will!" and the eager officer was off at a gallop, while our hero muttered, "I hope you may catch the fellows I saw, and much good may it do you, you rascal!"
No sooner was the officer out of sight than our hero sprang lightly into the saddle, and, turning his horse, was galloping backwards as fast as the rebel officer in the other direction. He soon reached a cross-road loading off northward, which he threaded cautiously yet rapidly for several miles.

Thus for day after day he travelled, sometimes almost meeting with capture and again speeding prosperously on; but at length reached the Ohio and was soon safely on board a steamer steaming down to Cairo. As he passed Paducah, he strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the white tents as a traveller might to catch a glimpse of home, and wondered what Sutherland was thinking. No word of him, he knew, had arrived at camp, except General Grant's message that, "considering Lieutenant Somerville's

faithful services in performing the duty of bearing despatches to the Commander, he hereby grants him a furlough of indefinite length." Sutherland, in his tent or on duty, found himself ever wondering where Somerville was, and checked himself for being "so foolish about the boy," when sometimes the thought would creep into his brain that Somerville, with his Quixotic notions, had volunteered as a spy. He imagined him challenged and shot by a sentinel, or, worse than all, hung as a spy, and his heart rebelled and involuntarily his hand clutched at his revolver as if he would fly to his rescue. He wondered why he was so tenderly attached to this boy he had known but a few months, and tried to analyze the feelings he felt for him. It must be because he was so young and interesting—so gentle and yet so brave. He had never before felt such love for one of his own sex, and he gave up the task of exploring his heart for the cause of that love, satisfied that the love was there. He was growing uneasy now, even more anxious to hear from Somerville than to get letters from home. He chided himself for it, but in vain.

In the meantime our hero had arrived at Cairo, placed the noble steed in a good stable, and presented himself before General Grant. It was with a beauty grip that the General grasped the young Lieutenant's hand, and surprise was mingled with admiration in his tone as well as his look. As before, many distinguished visitors were dismissed for this beardless, slightly sun—browned young Lieutenant, and wonder grew large in many a mind when he and the General were once more closeted together.

"I confess," said the General, "I am surprised to see you—and so soon, too. You surely did not accomplish all your plan."

In reply Lieutenant Somerville laid upon the table before the General the full report of the strength of Donelson, together with a complete drawing of the fort, batteries, etc. The delight of the General was without bounds, and he rubbed his hands in glee.

"Come, tell me how you accomplished it," he said, when he had examined the valuable documents. Somerville related his adventures with a simplicity and modesty which charmed the General, blushing deeply when he related that part of the story connected with Estella Duvaud; and the General, who, naturally enough, attributed his blushes to a wrong source, rallied him upon his love—affair with the fair rebel.

"I think, Lieutenant, you will have a chance to see your lady-love again ere long, should she remain in that vicinity. She is bewitching," he added, examining the miniature our hero had handed him; "and I congratulate you, my boy, if you can only win her over to our side."

"You may rest assured, General, I will try should I ever meet her again," answered Somerville.

At parting, Somerville said: "General, there is one request I have to make of you, and that is, that my name shall not be mentioned in connection with this."

"As you please, Lieutenant," the General replied.

General Grant had offered our hero a furlough, and compelled him to accept part of the funds he had not used on his trip as a spy. The gold thus forced upon him he determined to put away for use should he ever be taken prisoner. The furlough he readily accepted, as he longed to see his mother and sister once more.

One evening, not long after he passed Paducah, he stepped off the cars at M—, and walked leisurely into the depot to claim his baggage. Many inquisitive eyes were turned upon him, but no one seemed to recognize in him an old acquaintance. Taking up his valise, he went down the street. On the sidewalk he met Bell Nelson and another young lady with whom "Miriam Rivers" had been well acquainted. The girls rushed their low talk as the young officer came near, and he could not help smiling as he brushed by them, very politely making the military salute, and noting in the deepening twilight the sly looks of admiration the girls bestowed upon him. A rapid walk of fifteen minutes, and once more our hero lifted the latch of the little gate and stole cautiously up the walk. Creeping to the window he peeped in. The blinds were drawn, but leaving a small crevice through which he watched the occupants of the little sitting-room Mrs. Rivers, looking perhaps younger than before, sits in an easy-chair before the fire. Edith, as is her wont, has drawn a low stool to her mother's side, and sits there; her fingers busied with some netting, while her eyes watch the play of her mother's knitting-needles. She is saying something now in so low a tone that the listener at the window cannot hear it, but the next minute Mrs. Rivers rises, and, going access to the window to gaze out into the night. He draws back a face pale with suppressed emotion, and as he does so hears her murmur, "My poor child! Would to God I could see you once more." It was evidently thoughts of that absent child had drawn her to the window to gaze out into the darkness.
He could look in at the window no longer now, and pulling the door-bell he waited an answer nervously. It was Edith answered the summons with an inquiry of “Who's there?”

"Miriam!" was answered in a low, thrilling tone.

The door was thrown open, for Edith had recognized the voice, and the young Lieutenant was clasped in her arms. Mrs. Rivers was astonished as, holding the light, she came into the hall and saw Edith clasped in the arms of an officer, and she was about to draw back, for her first thought was of Horace Atherton, but the officer raised his head and, seeing her, held out his arms. The next moment she had fallen into them, while Edith caught the lamp. She was carried into the sitting-room, and kneeling at her feet as she sank back in her easy-chair was the same youth who had knelt there six months before, only the fair cheek was slightly bronzed, and the shoulder-strap s and military coat gave him a more manly air. In a few minutes Mrs. Rivers recovered her composure, and then Miriam related Marion Somerville's adventures from the time of leaving M——, Edith drawing the curtains closer, that no inquisitive eye might spy out their secret.

As they gathered around, the tea-table that night, Miriam said: “This seems so like old times, mother, and you able to walk without assistance, too. You don't know how glad I was to see you so well.”

“I owe it all to you. It was the remedy you sent that cured me.”

“Thank Heaven for it. I shall not feel so grieved at leaving you again, now that I know you are so well.”

“I should like to keep you, though,” answered Mrs. Rivers. “How, noble you look in your military outfit! but, my dear, you must not go out as a spy again.”

“I don't think I shall. We will soon make an advance, and I shall be at the head of my command. I shall meet danger, of course, but I am ready to die, if need be, for my country.”

“How strange you talk, Miriam! You almost make me think you are a man. I must be doubly blest in having a daughter who can fight for our country.”

“As yet I have done no fighting, mother, unless you call my experience the first night I went on picket by that name; but whenever I meet the foe, if need be I hope I shall gaze upon our flag, and as my 'springing steps advance, catch war and vengeance from its glance.'”

Edith laughed as Miriam alluded to “the first night on picket,” and playfully said, “You ought to have seen mother; and me, when I read that week's journal. We, were actually under the impression you had been killed in spite of your own chirography describing the event, and my voice, grew husky as I read on until I came to the final catastrophe, when I almost went into hysterics, so sudden was the transition from the sublime ly terrible to the ridiculous.”

Thus they talked on playfully, sometimes serious, until the "wee sma hours o' night" warned them of needed repose; and as Mrs. Rivers and the girls parted at her bed room door, Miriam said: “Remember, mother, Edith, that Miriam Rivers bids you good-night, and only 'Marion Somerville' must be present in the morning. I have no intention to make myself known to my former acquaintances at present, and you must be careful in speaking to me.”

Mrs. Rivers and Edith promised, and all were soon locked in slumber.

Bell Nelson was over in the morning as soon as the etiquette of M—— would allow, and, of course, was introduced to Lieutenant Somerville. She found him, as she told Edith after an hour's conversation, "as intelligent as handsome." When Edith informed our young Lieutenant of the impression he had made on Bell's mind, he remarked: "It is time I should don that miniature of Ida Sutherland I keep as a safeguard. Though it is somewhat pleasing and exhilarating to receive the praise of the ladies, yet I have no wish to break their hearts, and I believe an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.' I wear this," pinning a small miniature set in a neat breast-pin on the bosom of his snowy shirt as he spoke, "as a sign that my heart is already appropriated, and, of course, if any lady falls in love after that, I am not responsible.”

“You did not take that precaution when you won poor Estella Duvaud's heart, did you?”

“Of course not, Edith; but don't reproach me, for my conscience already lashes me enough for that. I regret nothing in that trip except the necessity which forced me to take advantage of her trusting heart. I hope she may find a Captain Lee in the Confederate army gallant enough to give her the love she deserves. God bless her! Although espousing the wrong cause, she is a noble girl.”

Many were the lady visitors Edith had for the next ten days. She and the young Lieutenant could scarcely get an hour alone. Lieutenant Somerville played his role well, eliciting the admiration of the young ladies of M——, as he had of S——, without trying to win their hearts. In spite of the pique many of them felt that he
did not pay them particular attention, all agreed that he was an accomplished and educated gentleman. The young gentlemen, too, of M——, expressed
their convictions that, although Lieutenant Somerville was faultless in manner, he was quite an oddity, for they could not keep him on the street-corner a half an
hour, and he had not only positively refused to be treated but had never been seen in a billiard room or a drinking-salon since his advent in M——. It was
hinted about town that he was far more attentive to Edith than mere cousinly relation would dictate. In fact, all M—— was in quite a hubbub about
Lieutenant Somerville. Balls and parties were got up expressly for him, which he patronized sparingly, and again the ladies murmured at his eccentricity. He
would scarcely, if ever, dance at the few halls he attended. That he could dance was very evident, with an elegance not surpassed by any young man in M——;
and it was very provoking that he would not. Then he told them his reasons with such candor and freedom from cant that it sent a pang to many a conscience.
Bell Nelson was urging Edith and he to attend a ball the last night of his stay.

"The time was, Miss Nelson, when I loved the dance; the time when our country was blessed with peace and prosperity, when there was only the usual amount
of suffering in the land; but now, Miss Nelson, my heart refuses to make itself glad when our brave boy's are cut off from these pleasures, enduring hardships
and dangers, braving death by disease and the sword."

His dark eyes dilated with earnestness.

"You have expressed my feelings exactly, Marion," exclaimed Edith.

Bell Nelson bit her lip, and replied, after a moment, "When would you dance? Is there not always suffering in the world?"

"Yes, more or less always," answered Edith; "but not always is our country visited by so dreadful a calamity. It seems to me we should be a very sober people now."

"Oh, you have grown very puritanical lately," with a glance at the Lieutenant. "I have seen the time when you and Miriam could dance as well as any of us."

"I do not deny it," answered Edith; "but now is not the 'time to dance' spoken of in Holy Writ."

"I would like to know when you would ever dance, if you waited for

the time!" But changing the subject, "Edith, when did you hear from Miriam?"

The Lieutenant answered: "If you have reference, to Cousin Miriam, I saw her about two months ago, acting as nurse in the hospital: She was well, and, I believe,
is still, is she not, Edith?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"I wish I were with her," half sighed Bell. She sat musingly for a few moments, then arose, and, bidding the Lieutenant farewell, and the rest good-night, she went
out to the ball just over the way. Hers was a kind and gentle heart, yet all serious impressions were evanescent as writing upon the sand of the sea-side.

The next morning, our hero, after parting with mother and sister, and a number of new gentlemen and lady-friends, was whirling away toward Paducah to join
his regiment.

Captain Sutherland was standing moodily in front of his tent as Lieutenant Somerville rode proudly into camp on his noble steed. Sutherland's eyes were bent
upon the ground, and he did not notice the approach of a horseman until Somerville, springing from the saddle, advanced, and, laying his hand upon his
shoulder, spoke. He started; and seeing Somerville, for whom he had anxiously watched, caught his hand in a warm clasp, while the glow that lighted up his
face, but a moment before so gloomy, told how glad he was to meet him.

"Why, where have you been, Lieutenant?"

"Come inside the tent and I will tell you,"

Our hero related his adventures Apparently more to Hartly's amusement than Sutherland's. Although overjoyed to once more see Marion, Sutherland seemed
to have lost all interest in any thing else. Something had happened him—some great grief had fallen upon him; and, when Hartly left the tent, Somerville was/about to follow him and inquire if he knew the cause of Eugene's changed manner, but Sutherland laid his hand upon his arm and detained him. Somerville
turned, and, as soon as Hartly was gone, said, clasping Sutherland's hand in his, "For God's sake, Captain, tell me what ails you!"

A sudden fear had shot through his heart, leaving him pale as the Captain, as he dropped on a camp stool. Did the Captain suspect him, and had he lost all
respect for him? No, that would not correspond with the greeting he had received. He breathed easier, and leaned forward to hear what the Captain had to say;
but Sutherland had dropped into a seat, too, and, bowing his head upon his arms on the table, sat thus. Marion could endure it no longer, and drawing away
Captain Sutherland's hands, he repeated the question, but in a gentler tone, not sharpened by fear as had been his voice before.

Sutherland raised his face ashly with pain, and said: "Oh, how I have longed to tell you, Marion, and now I have not the strength to do it. This and this will tell
you," drawing a couple of letters from his side pocket and banding them to Marion. "Head them, and, Knowing as you do how I loved that woman, you will
not wonder that I suffer."

Marion Somerville ran his eye hastily over the first. It was in Emma Coy's handwriting, and was a short, cold farewell, stating that she had, found one better fitted
to mate with her, and in a few hours she would be his bride. The other was from his sister, gently breaking the news of Emma's marriage with a discharged
and reputedly rich quartermaster, who had been paying her attentions for about a month. Tenderly she soothed and comforted him, bidding him to not let
this woman's faithlessness crush him to earth. How in contrast were those two letters, and Marion read over Ida Sutherland's twice to efface the remembrance
of those harsh, heartless lines from Emma Coy. He then said, as Sutherland raised his face, white with suffering: "Eugene, listen to your sister's words, and bid
the remembrance of that heartless woman go to the winds." There was deep anguish in Lieutenant Somerville's tones as though he were smothering some grief
in his own breast.

"Oh, Marion! If you had loved as I have loved—if you had staked all your hopes of happiness upon one cast of the die, and found it worthless—you would not tell
me so calmly to forget her. Forgetfulness will not come when I bid it."

"Eugene, I have loved—loved as vainly! staked all my happiness, as you have, and lost!"

The flood-gates of memory were opened now, and the old, bitter disappointment came flooding Marion Somerville's heart as it had not flooded it for years, and a
cry of anguish escaped the pale lips as before him swept the handsome yet false face of one whom he had loved in the long ago with all the strength of a
woman's love. Sutherland looked in surprised sympathy on this outburst of grief.

"Why, Marion, I never dreamed that you had loved and been disappointed; you so young! God pity you." Great tears were rolling down Sutherland's cheek now.
The fountain of tears, which his own grief had dried up, sympathy with Marion's had opened, and he wept like a child.

It is by no means so strange for a man to weep that it might be characterized as unmanly, and those two friends mingled their tears, together in the solitude of
their tent. An hour after, both were giving orders to their commands as calmly as though the scene in that tent had never transpired. Marching orders had
been issued, and all was bustle in the camp. Soon their regiment was again upon the transports and steaming up the Tennessee. Sutherland's face had not worn
a gloomy look since the announcement of marching-orders, but Marion was anxious when he saw the look of desperate resolution written there. No
conversation upon the subject had since passed between them, but Somerville knew that Sutherland's heart was bleeding in anguish. How gladly would he
have comforted him, but he dared not speak all he felt. It was harder than ever now to conquer the growing love for Eugene Sutherland, but he must hide that
love, else it might betray him, and he should be denied the privilege, so highly prized, of following him, and perhaps saving the life which, with his country, shared
his love.

As the transports wound in and out along the banks of the Tennessee, the scene presented was picturesque and beautiful. Loaded to the decks with soldiers—
some in the fanciful dress of a Zouave and others wearing the blue coat, pants, and black military-hat with its floating feather, or the jaunty cap with its
pratoking front-piece—lounging in all attitudes upon the guards and decks—each transport seemed "a thing of life" floating along against the foaming current.
Here and there a group of spectator lined the banks, not always with signs of joy at their approach, but on ahead steamed the black, turtle-like gunboats,
sending terror to many hearts as the smoke from their smoke stacks rose above the forests that lined the banks. Somerville was lounging upon the guards,
gazing up and down along the lines of transports, writing now and then in a little memorandum from which he refreshed his memory when composing the
weekly journal he still continued to send to M—— Sutherland approached, and, leaning opposite him, watched him unnoticed for a while. When at last he looked
up and met Sutherland's mournful gaze, the telltale blood rushed to his cheek, but Sutherland failed to notice it beneath the brown tinge a Southern sun was
fast giving to Marion's once fair complexion.

"How long have you been waiting on my pleasure, Captain?" Somerville asked, as their glances met.

"Not long. At your memorandum again, I see. I have almost neglected all memorandum for several days. I wish I could blot out all memory of the past."

"Do not permit your thoughts to be so mournful, Captain. See how picturesque this scene. Look how our dear old flag floats out upon the breeze, each star
gleaming clearly out," pointing, as he spoke, to the lines of loaded transports with the soldiers merrily chatting in groups upon their decks.

Sutherland answered, "It all seems to me like a dream. Nothing interests me except the prospect of losing this miserable life soon. Marion, when we meet the
"Don't talk thus, Eugene!" Somerville had taken Sutherland's hand in his, and by a great effort was gazing with a calm, eye but a beating heart into Sutherland's wild, restless eyes.

"Marion, how the touch of your hand stirs my pulse! how the glance of your eye takes away the restless burning from my brain! I believe you are my good angel, but it is useless to tell me not to talk so. I feel what I say, Marion, if I do not die in the coming conflict, it will not be because I do not seek death."

Somerville still held Sutherland's hand clasped in his, still gazed into his eyes where this desperate resolve was written. "Eugene, think of your mother and sister, and when we meet the foe do not needlessly expose your precious life."

"Mother and sister! Ah, yes! They will be better off without the miserable, aimless being I shall be in the future."

Somerville saw that it was useless to reason with him. An effort to enlist his affection had been equally as fruitless, and he now tried to appeal to ambition and patriotism as a last hope to break the chains of despair which enthralled him.

"Then, Eugene, think of the flag of your country. Do not recklessly expose your life, but live to carry its folds upon another battle-field."

"Some must die, Marion: why not I? I long to leave this miserable life; if death is to be found upon the battle-field I shall find it."

There was deep passion in Somerville's words, as, clasping Sutherland's hand tightly, he said: "Eugene, if madness will rule you, wherever you go in battle I shall be by your side. I do not seek death, but to save your life."

"God bless you, my friend, but that cannot be. You must not follow me to death," answered Sutherland, tears standing in his eyes. Just then a group of soldiers came towards them, and Somerville, releasing his friend's hand, drew his cap over his eyes as he walked away to hide his emotion.

Our heroes were side by side in advance that day, as, wading through the, mud, came the brave soldiers landed from the transports. Boom! boom! came the sound of the guns from the gunboats, and was answered by cheer after cheer from the tired soldiers. As the sound of the guns continued, the soldiers quickened their march, for the words of Foote to Grant had become known to them, and the ambition of all was eager to share the glory with the gunboats. As our readers know, they did not arrive in time, and the, hero of the gunboats had taken possession of the place when they climbed the hill in the rear of the fort, and broke into the deserted rebel-camp. Cheer after cheer burst from the weary soldiers as our flag greeted their sight floating over the fort. After quartering their soldiers in the deserted rebel-camp, the Captain and Lieutenants Somerville and Hartly left their men busily despatching the dinner the rebels had quit ready cooked but untasted, and joined the other officers in an inspection of the fort and gunboats. Somerville exerted his powers of conversation to their utmost to dissipate Sutherland's gloomy thoughts, and had the pleasure of seeing him seemingly forget his griefs while in conversation.

A few days only elapsed till the army was on the move for Donelson. They arrived at that fort from Fort Henry promptly, but the rest of the forces on the transports had not yet arrived. The regiment to which our heroes belonged took up a position on the left wing with the division of General Smith, whose forces menaced the foe on the north and west. I shall not describe the short but sanguinary conflicts which were fought while waiting the arrival of the transports and gunboats. They were feeling the enemy's strength. Many and various were the emotions felt by our soldiers while they waited under a clear sky the coming conflict and their cheeks were funned by the balmy southern breeze. Their hopes grew high on Thursday, but still impatience that the forces were so long to arrive mingled with their confidence. The gunboats arrived that night, but a dreadful storm of rain which changed to Snow and sleet had made the position of our troops very uncomfortable. But though pinched with hunger and benumbed with cold, they were not discouraged. The next afternoon the gunboats engaged the water batteries nobly, but at length they became disabled and the fleet in almost the flush of victory was compelled to abandon the attack. A cold, dismal night set in, and the unsheltered soldiers shivered around their camp-fires. The pickets on each side were strong, but nothing disturbed the Silence except the occasional fall of a shot from the rebel batteries. Sutherland and Somerville became convinced that the rebels would make a sortie upon their lines as soon as day would break, and before the dawn began to glimmer in the east Sutherland repaired to headquarters and warned the Colonel of what he deemed their danger. The men were just preparing to take their breakfast when he returned, and Somerville and he communicated their fears to Hartly. As they were standing in a close group conversing in low tones, an orderly called out, "Look out, Captain!" and as Sutherland turned his head he saw a puff of smoke rise from the position of the nearest rebel battery, and the next moment a shell fell and exploded not ten paces from them.

"To say the least, that was rather careless in our, neighbors over the way," said Hartly, smiling.
Although the fragments flew in every direction, the shell had done injury, and the three officers simultaneously raised their field—glasses and leveled them in the direction from which the shot came. It was still so dark that the rebel breastworks were but dimly defined, and they could not make out in the gray dawn the lines of dark objects drawn up near this battery which had saluted them so warmly. Scarcely had the left wing been drawn into line, without tasting any food, when the rebels made the attack in three columns. Three or four rebel regiments attacked a Union regiment, but nobly did our men hold their ground against overwhelming numbers.

Now came the moment when the regiment to which our heroes belonged was first to meet the foe. Sutherland approached Marion, and, handing him a miniature, said:

"Should I fall, give this to her, and tell her she has broken my heart. Tell my mother and sister I blessed them with my latest breath. And now farewell, my friend: it may be a last farewell."

He clasped Somerville's hand for a moment, and as our hero turned away his face to hide the anguish there, dropped it and went to the front. Marion had that morning placed in Sutherland's possession a farewell letter to his mother and sister, should he not survive the conflict, for it is not an uncommon feeling in going into the first battle that one will not come out alive again. Marion followed Sutherland, and was soon by his side. He turned, with a reproachful glance, but said nothing. At that moment they were attacked, and most gallantly they met the foe, driving him back; but it was not in human nature to withstand the overwhelming tide which was poured down upon them, and slowly they were driven back in turn, fiercely contesting every inch of ground. It seemed almost miraculous how the officers of the—Guards escaped unhurt, for they were dashing here and there, now to the front, now through the lines, now rallying a column, now cheering on the men with pistol in hand and sword waving. Each in himself seemed a host, and the men caught the enthusiasm and shouted even as they fell in death. Bullets whistled around their heads, but still our young officers went through those five hours of dreadful conflict unhurt, each gnashing his teeth with mortification when their regiment was compelled to fall back for want of ammunition. With a rush and a cheer General Wallace's brigade came from the centre to their aid, and the advance of the rebels was checked. They were in turn pushed back over considerable of the ground they had gained.

Now came the decisive movement of the struggle. An advance was to be made along the whole line, and General Smith was directed to charge the rebel works on the left. Sutherland was in a fever of excitement, and, seizing the flag of the—Guards, he started alone to join the storming force as a volunteer. In spite of his commands to the contrary, Somerville followed, and placed himself among those who were to cover themselves with glory or die in the attempt "Forward!" and on rushed the stream of living bravery, on upward, in the face of a galling fire of grape and canister that quenched many a young life, and stretched many a blue coat on the ground. They fired not a gun, but noiselessly as a phantom army pressed onward until within a few feet of the battery, when they poured in a murderous volley of bullets and rushed with fixed bayonets and cheers over the ramparts. The rebels fled, the breastworks were carried and cleared with a shout which was caught up and echoed around the devoted place above the boom of the cannon on the right. Sutherland had cleared the breastworks with a spring, and waving his sword backward as he cheered, was about to plant his flag on the ramparts, when a few desperate rebels, returning as their comrades fled, made a dash at the flag. One of them—an officer—as he neared the Captain drew his revolver and was about to fire full at Sutherland's breast, but Somerville, who had been watching his movements as he climbed up the breastworks, anticipated the motion, and almost at the moment he placed his finger upon the trigger a ball from our hero's revolver laid him low. Sutherland grasped his hand, saying, in husky tone, "You have indeed kept your word! God bless you!"

As Sutherland and Marion went along the breastworks on their return, they passed a flag which Marion saluted with a low bow, and the next moment they encountered the one who had borne it there—Horace Atherton, standing upon the breastworks, his hat and coat riddled with balls, and a handkerchief bandaged around his wrist. Marion grasped his hand.

"Horace, this you? Are you badly wounded?"

"No: but who addresses me? Heavens, it is—."

A warning look from our hero interrupted his speech. "I will see you again, Captain Atherton," and Sutherland and Somerville passed on.

"After the battle!" How our heroes realized the force of these words as they walked back over the scene of the late conflict. Men were busy carrying away the wounded to a small log-hospital in the rear, but many wounded as well as dead still lay stretched upon the ground. Somerville grew sick at heart as his eyes took in the scene, and he remembered a human being lying prone and lifeless on the rebel breastworks shot through the heart by his hand. For a moment all the burning ardor of enthusiasm which had inspired him in the conflict died out, and he turned his face away from the scene before him and wept. It was only for a moment though: just then a company filed by, carrying with them "the star and stripes," and as Marion's tear-dimmed gaze caught sight of the starry banner, the weakness caused by exhaustion and pity gave way to a joyful rush of thankfulness that the flag had been borne triumphantly through the battle. Laying his hand upon Sutherland's shoulder, he said: "It is terrible, this 'after the battle'"
"Yes, terrible! It almost unmans me." Sutherland's face wore a sober, subdued look.

As their command was now at some distance, and the time wasted in reaching it could be better employed by assisting in carrying the many measures cared for, they were soon busy. As they carried in a poor wounded soldier, Marion recognized him, and a cold shudder shot to his heart. It was Bell Nelson's brother, who, following that flag through the hottest of the fight, had fallen—a Minie ball through his ankle, his left arm shattered by a cannon shot, and his face so bespattered with blood that, as they found him, still grasping his musket in his right hand, Marion did not at first recognize him. Somerville wept bitter tears over the shattered pride of a found mother's love and a gay sister's affection, as, bending over him, he tenderly wiped the blood from the pale, manly face. Although conscious, he did not recognize our hero. His arm was carefully amputated, and the wound on his ankle dressed. Atherton entered the hospital as Somerville was still bending over the wounded man, trying to make him as comfortable as possible.

"Charlie Nelson! This you, my brave boy!" was his greeting, while the brave man's lip paled as he came forward and stood by his side.

"Yes, Captain; all that's left of me. I had the misfortune not to get over the breastworks, but I am so glad our flag was planted there!"

"What do you think of him, surgeon?" inquired Atherton in a low tone to the surgeon in attendance.

"He will live—with care. His wounds are not necessarily fatal, but they are dangerous."

"Then I must send or take him home. Somerville," he added, turning to our hero, "will you write; to his friends?"

"Yes; at once."

Many more from M—— were wounded, but none so severely, and, strange to say, none killed; but all was confusion about the battle-field, and many names were put down by the reporters as among the killed who were unhurt, and it was not strange, as we will see hereafter, that conflicting rumors reached the anxious friends at M——. Sutherland and Marion then returned to their own company, and found all the wounded doing as well as possible under the circumstances, but all the command suffering more or less from hunger and cold. Lying on their arms, the weary soldiers shivered away the long, cold hours of the night which followed Sutherland and Somerville paced back and forth, sharing the sentinel's duty, for the purpose of keeping themselves warm; now and then stealing to the hospital to see that the wounded were as comfortable as the poor, accommodations would allow. Still cold, hungry, and weary as our soldiers were, they felt confident that the morning's dawn would usher in a day of victory, though it should be another day of strife. Although everything was done that could be done, wounded men lay dying in the icy ravines with no eye but God's to witness their suffering. Oh, the, sins of the leaders of this infernal rebellion! Is there mercy for them? The crimes, the sufferings, they have occasioned, never have been equalled.

To the astonishment of our army, when morning dawned, a white flag greeted their sight, and ere long the stars and stripes waved over Donelson. A loud volley of cheers greeted it, and was answered back by shouts of joy from benumbed and hungry thousands. Our readers are familiar with Grant's message to the rebel commander and what followed that message. Noble words!

That day, as Sutherland and Somerville went to the right, Horace Atherton met them, and, now that the battle was over and he had time to gratify his wonder, he clapped Somerville on the arm, and, drawing him aside, whispered, "You have succeeded wonderfully! I would never have believed you could have accomplished it. Your courage, too; although I did not see you, I have heard you praised for your gallantry in the battle. Don't that fine-looking Captain of yours suspect you? Ha! ha! Take care you don't fall in love with him, but he might give you his heart for saving his life as you did on the breastworks. He told me about that, but he don't seem to suspect the truth. Suppose, now, you make a clean breast of the matter. I'll bet he falls to love with you at once. How could a fellow help it, after having his life saved by the fair one?"

"Hush, Horace, you will betray me! You are just as inveterate a tease as every," laughed Somerville, blushing deeply at Atherton's raillery.

"You can trust me, Marion Somerville," and he passed on with a smiling bow.

When the rush of duty consequent upon taking care of the wounded, guarding prisoners, and making arrangements for the comfort of the men camp was over, Somerville had time to think of Estella Duvaud. He and Sutherland, who had grown almost cheerful now, set out one afternoon to visit her mansion. A pleasant ride brought them to the grove on the north of the mansion. Circling leisurely around to reconnoiter the place first, they rode up in the rear of the commodious stables. Somerville was leading the noble steed he had become so peculiarly possessed of, and which

he had conveyed up the river with the intention of returning. Jupiter neighed loudly as he snuffed the air of home, and his neigh brought the sable hostler in sight. Sambo surveyed them with a mingling of curiosity and wonder, but made no advance to meet them. The horsemen rode forward, and accosted him. During the conversation which followed, the negro eyed the black steed Somerville was leading longingly, but said nothing. Somerville had cautiously inquired where
his mistress was.

“She be gone to Richmond, but you needn’t try to ‘duce this nigga to leave the old plantation. There’s lots of ‘em round here’ll be glad to go, but Missa ’Stella she be very good to us, and I se not goin’ to leave a good missus when I se old ‘t any rate.”

Somerville smiled and looked at Sutherland, who began quizzing the sable philosopher.

“You would rather live in slavery then than to be a free man?”

“Freedom’s a good thing, massa, for them that’s young and strong, and for them that’s got hard masters. I know what that is, for I didn’t always belong to Missa ’Stella, but an old man like me, when he’s got a good massa or missus, had better stay where he is till he know how the thing’s gwine.”

“But your children! Wouldn’t you risk suffering a little for their sake?

“My chillen, massa! Oh, they be sold long ago—way down the river!” and a look of trouble passed over the usually placid countenance of the black as though a fountain of sorrow had been touched which had lain covered away in his heart for years.

“If you had your freedom, don’t you think you might see your children again—be united again?”

“Never, massa! Never spect to meet them till we meet at the last day.” He shook his head sadly, while great tears rolled down his cheeks; then continued, his face brightening and glowing with that strange prophetic Spirit of the religious African; “All will be well then—the bond will go free.”

“Have you no desire to see the deliverance of your race?”

“Yes; oh, yes, massa! God knows how I se prayed for it, but it seems as if the time was never to come!”

“Is not this the year of jubilee?” asked Sutherland, a touch of that solemn sound of African prophecy in his tone.

The black’s face lighted up, and he answered: “Some say so, massa, but it’s not for me to say. God knows how we’s prayed for it, and—oh, if it is coming—thank the Lord!”

He clapped his hands as he spoke, and tears of joy now rolled down his dark cheeks.

This is the universal desire of slavery instead of freedom spoken of by the Southern press, and in no place have our soldiers found any other or stronger desire to remain in slavery than this despondent patience coming from “hope long deferred,”

Finding Estella Duvaud absent, our heroes remained only long enough to give into the eager hostler’s hands Estella’s noble steed, and cheering him with the prospect of the sure deliverance of his race, they returned the fort.

The time passed on not so monotonously now as it had done at Padueah. The soldiers had something to talk about, and hope grew high in their hearts. It was not alone at home at the North that the prediction was made that few battles would be fought yet. Marching, countermarch, eating “hard-task,” and, again, partaking of something better, receiving and reading letters from home and writing accounts of the battle in return—thus the time went on. A few went home to “glorify,” and many to recruit from wounds; but neither Sutherland nor Somerville was among them. Horace Atherton took the first furlough he had ever asked, and went home with Charlie Nelson, and Hartly performed the same service for the wounded of his company.

Our hero wrote home after the battle: “You will want to know what were my feelings when I first went into battle. Although we were expecting battle, the attack was so sudden that morning that I had not much time to think. In a few moments were crowded years of thought. Oh, how the memories of home stirred in my heart! Captain Sutherland approached me and bade me farewell, and in that moment all the reality of the scene rushed up before me. I feared for him, not myself. As the rebels rushed upon us I was conscious of a flash of heat through my veins—a tingling sensation in every nerve; and for a moment I was spellbound as I gazed upon the advancing columns, but only for a moment. I rushed to the front close to Sutherland. I looked toward the flag where it waved proudly; I daguerreotyped each star upon my mind; I breathed a prayer to heaven, and, with an ideal stary banner before my mind, even when I could not catch a glimpse
of our flag, I rushed onward in the fight. From that moment, through all the five hours of dreadful conflict which followed, I was cool and collected as though, only on dress parade. After the battle was the trying moment for me. I sickened at the dreadful scene before me, and the enthusiasm which had carried me through the battle was gone. Just then I caught sight of our flag, and my heart rose in thankfulness even while it was saddened at the slaughter.”

A slight view of the contrast sometimes presented in our country during this war may be seen from an extract from a letter to Somerville by his sister not long after the battle. “I understood you wrote to the Nelsons the truth of Charlie’s condition at once, but they never received the letter. Conflicting rumors were in circulation. One day we would hear that but two or three of the company were left alive, and the next it would be corrected and a list of the killed and wounded, purporting to be a correct one, would be printed. Thus much distress was occasioned, but at length the news, as we believed reliable, came that no one of our company was badly wounded. Then judge of our surprise and sorrow when, last night, Horace arrived with Charlie Nelson, more dead than alive. His situation is critical, but the physician has hopes of him yet. Bell was at a ball given in honor of the victory, for, although amid the national rejoicing family sorrow is scattered all over the West, some of the people of M—— concluded to demonstrate their joy in this manner. When the train arrived, some one, who did not wait to ascertain the real state of affairs, ran to the ball-room and Bell was informed, as she stood upon the floor ready to begin a new set, that her brother’s dead body had been carried off the cars. She fainted, and they sent for me. It was some time before he recovered. Her first words were, “Oh, Edith! Charlie dead, and I dancing!” I shall never forget the tone or the look. At that moment some one entered with the news that he was only wounded. A carriage was procured, and we drove to her mother’s. It was an affecting scene: Bell hanging over her wounded brother with face white as the ball-dress she wore, and bitter tears raining over him. Charlie, weak as he was, tried to soothe her, but she could only be prevailed upon to cease her self—reproaches when I told her she must not needlessly agitate her brother. Of course the dancers dispersed, I hope with a lasting impression of the words of Holy Writ upon their minds, a time to dance.”

Again, a month after, she wrote: “Charlie Nelson! is fast recovering. No one could have better attention than he. Bell is the most devoted nurse you ever saw, and Charlie is the hero of the town. There are few young ladies that would not prefer him, with one arm, to the ‘stay-at-homes’ with two. He is cheerful, and does not seem to see any cloud in the future. His betrothed (You know her) has remained true to him, and shares Bell’s labor of nursing. God bless them! May they be as happy in the future as they deserve for the sacrifice they have made their country!”

Lieutenant Hartly and Captain Atherton had returned, and the army was encamped on the river banks at Pittsburg Landing. Hartly and Atherton had been in Sutherland’s tent telling the news from home to eager listeners; but now they had retired, and the Captain and Somerville were the only occupants of the tent. Both sat for some time as if in thought: then Marion broke the silence.

“Struggle as I will against it, I cannot help feeling a pressure upon my spirits to—right—something of a presentiment. I have had the same feeling before, and always previous to some sad affair. But pray do not listen to my croakings. I am not likely to inspire a man with bravery by such talk.”

“You have described the feeling which has hung over me all evening,” answered Sutherland. “I am not superstitious, but I cannot shake off the feeling that some great danger will menace us.”

“I hope all due precaution will be taken to guard against a surprise. It would be disastrous to be surprised here,” added Somerville, slowly, as if nursing.

“Oh, yes—of course. There is surely no lack of pickets out, and it is foolish to let this fit of the blues trouble me so,” returned Sutherland.

It was late before our young officers sought their couches. There was charm for each in the other’s society. It seemed strange to Sutherland when he thought of it, but it was not often he troubled himself now about the reason of his deep love for his fellow-soldier. Since Emma’s desertion, he had completely given himself up to the influence of his “good angel” as he called Marion; and when a “fit of the blues” would attack him, as was often the case since Emma’s marriage, he would scarcely permit Somerville to go out of his presence. Marion would often laugh him out of this notion, but to-night they sat there together long, each disinclined to break the silent reverie in which the other was absorbed, and each equally disinclined to make the first move toward retiring.

Perhaps they had enjoyed two or three hours of sleep when the long roll of the drum brought them to their feet, and they began to dress hastily and buckle on their swords and revolvers. The dawn of that terrible sixth of April was struggling with the darkness of the night. Our heroes had their men in line before that dawn had fairly broken. On another part of the field, where was stationed the brave regiment to which Horace Atherton belonged, the rebels were already creeping cautiously up, and the commanders were not yet satisfied that the enemy was there in force. As they came creeping up through the forest in the gray dawn, displaying no banner, many of the men were eager to rush upon the wily foe, but the exclamation ran along the lines, “Don’t shoot! they are our own men!” “Our men and be d—d!” exclaimed a little fellow of Horace’s command, more courageous, than pious. “I’m going to shoot, boys, let the rest do as they like,” and suitting the action to the word he sprang forward a few paces, brought his rifle to a rest, and fired before he could be prevented. At that moment the “stars and bars” unfolded in our very faces, and a volley of balls whistled into our ranks. The battle had commenced, and we were soon engaged along the whole front. The gallant regiment to which our hero belonged was assigned a dangerous post, which they were to hold at all hazards. Not long had they been in
Miriam Rivers, the Lady Soldier, or, General Grant's Spy

was fearful, Sutherland and I, as well as Horace Atherton, are safe. Horace and Eugene received a few scratches, I not one, although my uniform was riddled

It seems very strange when I look back and think how I have been guarded in every danger, strengthened in my weakness. Although the fatality among officers

providence sent Ida Sutherland here! How noble, yet how pale she looked, when we carried him in! She little dreamed how

were the tears I shed then.

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Ida Sutherland came down the river on one of the first hospital

boats. It was with an ashy face but silently she received the helpless form of her lover, and

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worn warriors on the other side of the river, and cheered them on in the face of the foe. How

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Guards and their brave companions, the Colonel brought up his reserves to relieve them. As Somerville reluctantly went to the rear, picturing the form of the one dearest to him on earth lying dead or wounded beneath the feet of the rebel host, he met Sutherland returning from the hospital. He sprang forward, crying, "Are you badly wounded? For God's sake, tell me, quick!"

The blood from Hartly's wound had stained Sutherland's dress, and it was not strange that Somerville asked the question, gasping for breath as he did so.

"No; I am not wounded at all, but Hartly is, dangerously."

There was a grave, sad look on his countenance as he clasped Somerville's hand, yet he felt a strange mingling of pleasure at seeing Somerville's anxiety for his safety.

"Poor Edward! Do you think he will live?" Marion asked.

"I cannot tell. He has the best attention here. I left him in the care of a woman braver far than some men upon this battle-field to-day."

Sutherland had carried his wounded comrade to that Illinois woman who all day long remained upon the field ministering to the wounded and the dying. It was with saddened hearts, even though in the moment of their victory, our young heroes went to their duty and glanced along their thinned ranks. But in spite of their desire to know how their wounded comrade was, they remained at their post and fought again and again on that bloody day. They strained their gaze, looking in vain for Buell, but cheered on their men with the hope that help was near. Foremost in the fight were the —— Guards, when, at length, the cheers arose from Buelle's eager forces. It was caught up by the tired, toil—worn warriors on the other side of the river, and cheered them on in the face of the foe. How many anxious hearts kept tired frames from sleep that night as, lying on their arms, they waited in that drenching rain for dawn! Somerville and Sutherland alternately stole to the hospital to watch by the unconscious Hartly. Their command was not idle in the fray when the dawn broke and the fight again commenced with renewed fury. As our readers know, the rebels were driven steadily back step by step, and when the ground our heroes had fought over the day before was regained, stout hearts stood appalled before the blackened corpses of many who once were their fellow-soldiers, so mingled with the rebel dead it was hard to distinguished between them. - The shells from the gunboats, which all night shelled the woods to keep back the rebels from a night-attack, had set the woods on fire, and the dead or helpless wounded fell victims to the flames.

The battle was over, but the dreadful scenes of the battle—field—sickened many hearts. Impelled by a presentiment that Hartly or her brother was wounded, Ida Sutherland came down the river on one of the first hospital—boats. It was with an ashy face but silently she received the helpless form of her lover, and returned on the next boat with him. Her love had made her strong in that trying hour.

Our hero wrote: "The battle is over, and oh, how terrible is the battle- field 'after the battle!' I will not attempt to depict its scenes. Poor Hartly! What a blest providence sent Ida Sutherland here! How noble, yet how pale she looked, when we carried him in! She little dreamed how womanly were the tears I shed then. It seems very strange when I look back and think how I have been guarded in every danger, strengthened in my weakness. Although the fatality among officers was fearful, Sutherland and I, as well as Horace Atherton, are safe. Horace and Eugene received a few scratches, I not one, although my uniform was riddled
with balls. Oh, that terrible afternoon, which I thought would have no end! How often I raised my field-glass and strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of Buell's army, and almost cried aloud like Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, 'Oh, that night or Buell would come! But I lived through it, and it seems like a strange, terrible dream now. Thank God for protecting me on the battle-field.'

As the time passed on, although our heroes were busy with their duty, the longing to hear from Hartly became almost unendurable; but at length the news from Ida came that he was recovering. She had remained in the hospital nursing him, and he was far enough recovered now to be removed to his home in S——.

From this time he recovered rapidly but the physicians pronounced him unfit to remain in the service. His wound, although healing so as to permit him to follow some easy business, would always prevent the active exertion he would be called on to perform in the army, and he reluctantly resigned his post. Of course Somerville was promoted to the position he had occupied, that of First-Lieutenant, and a very worthy Sergeant took the position Somerville had filled. Thus our hero was guarded through the dangers of the battle-field by an unseen hand, but one recognized by him. To the kindness of that Providence he also ascribed his "good luck" in being so rapidly promoted to the position he occupied, and received it with sadness as he thought of the noble man who had lost the place through his bravery. From this time the regiment to which he belonged was sent from post to post, marched and counter-marched, until at length they found themselves at Nashville with Rosecrans. Since the battle of Shiloh their regiment had not been engaged in any battle of importance. The regiment to which Horace Atherton belonged had been sent to the army of the Mississippi, and thus these two gallant regiments were separated.

Great preparations had been making for some time for the "Forward movement" and the "decisive" battle which was expected. I am the debtor of an "army correspondent" for much that follows, and I give honor where honor is due. I shall quote largely from the "Cincinnati Commercial" Special Correspondent.

"Christmas night there was a brief council of war at the headquarters of General Rosecrans. It was assumed that there would be sharp skirmishing on the first day of the movement, but no hard fighting. It was designed, however, to press the enemy so sharply that he would be compelled to resist in force or fall back rapidly. The commander urged it upon his Generals to "press them hard," strike fast and sharply; give them no rest. Fight them—fight them——FIGHT, I say!"

"Father Thomas looked grimly in his benevolent way for a while, but finally relaxed into merriment. 'Bully' McCook's blue eyes twinkled until Be relieved himself by the facetious suggestion that he would be under the painful necessity of whipping my friend Hardee.' Crittenden, proud and stately, said but little, but was emphatic enough in the conviction that there would be 'd—d hard fighting,' if the enemy stood at all. Negley, full of martial ardor, expressed himself in complete readiness to move with all vigor; and quiet Sheridan, in his conclusive, undemonstrative way, silently considered the subject under discussion, apparently acquiescing in the settled plan, thinking it not worth while, doubtless, to occupy time with" expression of any particular opinions. The main business in hand, however, had been concluded in a serious and somewhat eager way between. General Rosecrans and General Thomas before the introduction of any promiscuous colloquy, so that the technical term, "Council of War" was not really applicable.

"It was assumed, generally, that, if the enemy proposed to fight, he would probably meet us on Stewart's creek, in the rear of Lavergne, and our columns were disposed to move down the Wilson's, Nolinsville, Murfreesboro', and Jefferson pikes. A brigade was detached to protect our right, while Negley should endeavor to turn the enemy's left, and get in his rear; McCook's corps pressing directly upon Hardee at Nolinsville and Triune, Crittenden pushing down the Murfreesboro' and Jefferson pikes. These dispositions were subsequently modified by circumstances. Our flanks, of course, were protected by strong detachments of cavalry. Before the assembly separated, General Rosecrans again urged upon officers present to Fight! Spread out your skirmishers far and wide; keep pushing ahead; expose their nests. Fight! keep fighting! and they will not stand it.'

"Little sleep that night I ween: excitement banished drowsiness. The tumult and confusion of preparation made slumber next to impossible. The clatter of orderlies' swift—footed horses on the streets; the rush of flying troopers; the gabble and confusion of fretful servants; the turmoil of packing and disposing of equipage. But why describe? It was another event. Such events, come they ever so often, profoundly impress: the ghosts of dead years fly up in your imagination; those you love most dearly move your heart tumultuously. Such emotions are exquisitely painful and exquisitely sweet. Many a brave lad that night, perhaps, committed his last fond adieu to 'the girl left behind me. 'Yet I heard scores say proudly, 'I never prepared to go out to battle with such confidence in leader and army. While all the serious feelings of our natures were sharpened into keen vitality, there was a superb gayety in the deportment of the men that augured a splendid future, then breaking from auroral light into blazing morning. Pray God the promise thus held to the imagination may not be broken to the heart."

Some such feelings as these filled the hearts of our hero and his companion as they waited in sleeplessness for the dawn. Somerville sketched these thoughts as well as a farewell letter to mother and sister, which somehow took the tone of the last letter the lamented Ellsworth wrote his parents. This letter he felt a strange impulse to place in the possession of the Second-Lieutenant, for since the first battle in which he had been engaged he linked Sutherland's fortune and his: if one fell the other would; if one were captured the other shared his fate. In the march which my "Correspondent" describes below, my heroes were stationed with Negley, and both felt a gayety of spirits quite unusual as they marched to meet the enemy, passing jest and repartee with the men as the gay columns moved on.
But let "my correspondent" tell his tale. "At dawn of the 26th, our gallant troops broke up camp with wild shouts and streamed: along the highway in
magnificent Panoply. It needed only sunshine to burnish their polished steel. A strong and steady rain poured down upon them, but not furious enough to
quench their ardor. It was not long before they pressed upon the enemy. First a somber horseman was disturbed, then groups of fleet steeds scurrying
swiftly through the evergreen copse over the hills and far away. Now and then a fierce bullet whistled through the leafless branches of the forest, but still the
torrent swept onward 'up South,' as 'Bully' McCook says of this rugged region. It was high noon before the sullen boom of cannon thumped the heavy
atmosphere. General Rosecrans and his staff had mounted but a half hour before. They were winging about the highways of the city when the sullen
reverberations of cannon

excited every ear. 'Only shelling skirmishers,' and yet the thunder of hostile guns quickened pulsation; every rider straightened in his saddle, and his
steed impulsively struck into a sharper trot. As we proceeded, the fire waxed brisker on the right. It was obvious that McCook had stirred up the fox, and his
pack were opening among the hills in full cry. We were too far away to catch the full scope of the music. Now, however, a whole tone thundered from our
front. Something appeared brewing for us."

In the movements of the battle, the regiment to which our hero belonged was, with others, thrown into the cedar thicket to rally the routed forces from the right,
and check the rebels in pursuit. How nobly the generals commanding this lost hope of the right wing did their duty you all know, but Sheridan and Negley were at
last forced to retire. In the smoke and confusion which prevailed in the cedar thicket Sutherland and Somerville, with their command, became separated from the
rest of the regiment. Well might our "correspondent" say, "The history of the combat in those dark cedar thickets will never be known. No man could see even
the whole of his own regiment, and no one will ever be able to tell who they were that fought bravest and they who proved recreant to their trust. I know there
was some cowardice displayed, but I know, too, that there was shown by many officers and regiments as lofty a heroism as that which distinguished
and immortalized the followers of Godfrey or the Cid." When the rest of the regiment struggled out of the cedar thicket in as good order as was possible, and
took their stand to meet and drive back the victorious foe when he would emerge from the forest, in anticipation of an easy victory, on the field beyond, they left the
—— Guards inextricably entangled and out off from them, but fighting bravely still.

"We are surrounded!" cried Sutherland, when he saw the situation in which they had become inevitably involved: "We must cut our way through!"

They attempted to make a dash through the rebel lines nearest their regiment, but it was soon evident that this movement would expose them to a cross fire
of musketry as well as a raking shower of grape and canister from a battery till now concealed. The position was desperate and required a desperate remedy.

"Men!" shouted Sutherland, "yonder battery must be silenced! Shall we attempt it?"

He was answered by a thunder of "Yes! Take it! Take it!"

"That's right! We will silence it, and cut our way through! Reserve your fire! Forward!"

On struggled the —— Guards through that tangled thicket, balls whistling through their ranks and some dropping at every step, but still on they rushed, bearing
their tattered flag. They are close to the battery now, and nearer their friends, but the rebel host loom thickly through the cedar branches, and the battery still
belches its hellish fire.

"Now! Fire! CHARGE! Each man look out for himself, and cut his way through if he can! Sutherland's voice rung above the din of battle, like a clarion-blast, and
the little band poured such a murderous fire into the rebel ranks that for a few minutes they were thunder struck. They had evidently expected them to throw
down their arms instead of firing upon them. The battery was silenced, for every man at the guns was either badly wounded or killed; but just as Sutherland's
men, were passing almost in the mouths of the cannon, literally hewing themselves a road through the rebel ranks, a tall Captain of artillery sprang to one of
the guns, and, pushing aside the dead cannonier, attempted to fire the already loaded piece; but Sutherland anticipated the rebel's movement and reached the
gun almost at the same moment. Both their revolvers were empty, and again began the sword conflict over the cannon. Sutherland soon parried a blow of
his antagonist with such force as to push him back a pace or two, and before he could ward off the thrust Sutherland's sword had entered his side. He turned, but
as he did so encountered another rebel, sword in hand. They evidently intended to try his mettle in the sword fight. The fight went on, while the rebels
crowded around calling out to Sutherland to surrender. Somerville missing him in the retreat, now rushed to the spot, but he was not permitted to assist him. It
was madness in him to attempt it. Sutherland's strength was fast failing, and he fell, wounded in the breast, at the same moment that Somerville, vainly striving
to reach him, was wounded, and his sword fell from his powerless right hand. They were prisoners in that dismal cedar-thicket! Somerville's heart swelled
with anguish as they hurried them to the rear, carrying Sutherland's insensible body and driving him before them sick at heart and almost fainting. All the horrors
of captivity uncheered by Sutherland's presence—for he believed him dead or dying—rose up before him, but he struggled for composure and succeeded in
a measure. As they still hurried them through the cedar thickets, a thought, like a forlorn hope, flashed through his mind. Taking from his breast-pocket the
miniature Estella Duvaud had given him, he fastened it as well as he could with his left hand upon the bosom of his battle-stained coat. And An awful roar shook
the earth just then, a crash rent the atmosphere, and Somerville almost fell to the ground upon the spot his captors designated to him as his position. His
Miriam Rivers, the Lady Soldier, or, General Grant's Spy

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herd quailed before the picture his imagination conjured as the scene transpiring on the other side of those cedar thickets. He thought the day lost—the army of the Union crushed; and for a moment he was almost bereft of the power of motion. A rebel surgeon was busy under the shelter of some trees not far from him, and he supposed Sutherland had been brought here for surgical care; but several minutes had elapsed and still the surgeon did not come. Recovering his power of motion, he knelt tremblingly beside his friend, and placed his hand upon his heart. It still beat to beat feebly, but with returning force as though he was about to recover consciousness. He forgot all else now, and baring Sutherland's bosom as well as he could with the left hand and the returning use of his right, he washed the blood from the wound carefully with water from his canteen. Mid found that the bleeding had almost ceased. Then staunching the

blood still oozing out with lint and bandages he drew from his pocket, he closed his vest and bathed his face again and again, pushing back the masses of dark hair from the pale, high brow. Sutherland opened his eyes and looked around him wildly at first, murmuring:

"Have we whipped them? Did we again the day? Where is Somerville?" He had evidently not recognized, him.

In a few moments he opened his eyes again, and, attempting to rise said: "Is that you, Somerville? Where am I? I have surely not been sleeping to—day. Where are the rest of the men? Ah, what does this mean?" "finding blood upon his hands and clothes. "Tell me, Marion," as Somerville put out his left hand to keep him from rising.

It was hard for Marion to say, but he stooped and whispered, "You are wounded, dear Eugene. We are—are prisoners!" the words came with a gasp.

"Wounded! Prisoners! Good God!" The whole truth flashed over him in a moment land he closed his eyes while a deadly pallor overspread his countenances.

Somerville was alarmed. He bent still lower beside him, and asked, anxiously, "Do you suffer much pain, dear Eugene?"

"No. I do not feel any pain. I do not think I am wounded dangerously. It must have been exhaustion more than the wound made me faint How far have the devils brought us, and how is the day going?"

"To your first question I must answer that I do not know, for my conflicting emotions prevented me from noticing the distance—it seemed miles to me. I fear the day is going badly for us. The tide of battle has been surging farther away, and a terrific cannonade was carried on just after our capture, but it has ceased now. Whether it was our guns or the enemy's I am unable to tell, but certainly the artillery was massed:"

"What's that?" Sutherland asked the question, rising to a sitting posture and straining his gaze in the direction of the cedar thicket. "Yes, it is—it is the enemy in full retreat. Thank God!"

Groups of flying gray-coats now emerged from the underbrush and ran by in breathless haste. The surgeon, who, with his assistants, was busy at a little distance, rose to his feet, holding in his hands a leg he had just amputated, and called out as the rebel soldiers hurried past: "What the devil's the matter?" "We're all cut up!" "The Yankees have hell massed over there, and I'll be d—— if I'd stay and go to the devil!"—were the answers. This rough colloquy cheered our prisoners more than they dared to show, and they kept their eyes fastened on the cedar thicket and their ears strained to catch the sounds of retreat. It was not long till they were aware that there really was a retreat of the rebels on that part of the field, but still they heard the roll of battle away on the left of the Union army, and their hopes dared not rise. The guard now came towards them, and urged Sutherland to rise with the point of his bayonet. It was with some difficulty he managed to stand alone and walk to the ambulance, which drove up just then and was loading with the wounded rebels and a few badly—wounded prisoners. Somerville was urged forward by his guard in company with other Union prisoners who had been brought up, and as fast as the fears of their guard could drive them they were driven after the jolting ambulance. Oh, how they longed to remain and meet their friends! but they were driven on faster, on to the extreme rear of the rebel forces, before they were once again halted.

Though the battle was suspended it was not ended, and our prisoners waited in dreadful suspense, never closing their eyes that night, and listening eagerly when they heard the sound of battle Thursday morning. All day Friday the battle raged, and hope grew high in their hearts when, in spite of the caution of their rebel guards, they found that the rebels were getting the worst of it. Although escaping the wholesale robbery which the other prisoners met with, Somerville suffered from the chilling dampness of his clothes almost as much as those who had been robbed of their coats. To no other reason than the miniature he wore pinned on his bosom could he attribute his freedom from appropriation to rebel use of his coat and all it contained. All they deprived him of were his journal and all other papers in his pockets. He felt thankful to escape so easily, although he could not conceive of what use the papers would be to his captors, but explained the matter by the supposition that the robbers could not read, and believed the papers were of great value to them. Although his wound was so painful, in spite of the best dressing he could give it under the circumstances, he scarcely felt the pain in the more acute apprehensions he felt for Sutherland, who had been placed under a rude shed at some distance, and he could not even hear from him. Slowly the time crept on, until, on Saturday, in a terrible storm, they were loaded into some dirty old passenger-cars, and whirled away for Richmond. Somerville was fortunate enough to find Sutherland after they entered the cars. Pale and haggard, he was half sitting, half leaning against the side of the miserable car. When he became so weak from pain and hunger he could no longer support himself, Somerville seated himself upon the floor of the dirty car (for there were no seats), and pillowed him upon his knee. Thus, through that
long ride, they whiled the weary, painful hours away as best they could; and, when at length they reached Richmond, many of those who, when they left the battle —field, could have taken the field against the fine could they have regained their liberty, were scarcely able to walk.

They were marched from the depot to prisons little less miserable than the cars they had left. The guards were obliged, after cruelly trying to force Sutherland at the point of the bayonet to walk alone, to permit Somerville and another prisoner to assist him in the march. The most of the privates were sent to Bell Isle, while the officers were quartered in Libby prison. It was with great difficulty, weak as they were from wounds and want of food, they could climb the stairs to the rooms assigned to them. Sutherland, Somerville, and several other officers were turned into a large room without a fire or beds, and with scarcely any thing in the windows to keep out the cold rain. For one thing Somerville felt thankful: he was to share the same room with Sutherland, and have the privilege of ministering to his wants as far as it was possible for him to do with his limited store of medicines and bandages. When the guard disappeared, Somerville first made a rude pallet of some straw lying in one corner of the room, made Sutherland lie down, and, unloosing the bandages from his wound, placed fresh lint upon it wet in water from his canteen, which he had been fortunate enough to get filled after reaching Richmond, and in which he poured a few drops from a small vial he drew from a secret receptacle about his clothing; then pouring a few drops from another vial into Sutherland's canteen, he held it to his lips for a moment, then placed it on the pallet and sat down by his side. Noticing that Sutherland shivered (for he had been robbed of his outer clothing), he was about to draw off his own coat to cover his shoulders, when a young, handsome officer came forward, and, drawing off his coat, placed it over Sutherland's shoulders, saying, as he did so, "I can better endure the cold than you, sir." Somerville thanked him, but would have returned the coat, but this he would not permit. His generous conduct had won Somerville's esteem, and he asked the name of his fellow-prisoner.

"Lieutenant Albert Manning, of Co. —, of —— Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, at your service," was the answer. "You will do me a favor to make me acquainted with your own and your friend's name."

Somerville complied cheerfully, and a conversation sprang up between them in which Sutherland joined occasionally, whiling away the hours until the guard rapped at the door to take them to the dining—room for dinner. It was welcome intelligence, but a struggle arose in Somerville's mind. Lieutenant Manning saw it, and whispered, as the inmates of the room fell into rank at the order of a rebel corporal, "Don't stop for that. You will offend them. I will manage it, if possible, that your friend shall have food, if they are too hard-hearted to bring him any." One of the guard ordered Sutherland to rise, but did not attempt to force him to when he told him he was not able to do so. Although Somerville was almost famished, the miserable food placed before him and the thought that perhaps Sutherland would not even have this, prevented his eating more than would barely sustain life. They were agreeably disappointed to find, when they returned to their quarters, that food had been carried to Sutherland.

A fresh trouble was in store for our hero. The next morning, in the prison arrangements, Somerville was changed, from the room in which Sutherland and Lieutenant Manning were prisoners to one on the next floor below. The order was given suddenly; a guard stood ready to escort him below, and he had no time to leave with Lieutenant Manning the medicines, lint, and bandages for Sutherland; for, as he turned toward Manning, the guard hurried him off, and, his heart sinking within him, he went out and followed the soldier. The room into which he was ushered had much the same accommodations as the one he had left. The prisoners already there were chiefly officers—fine, noble-looking fellows. Many of them had wounds more or less severe. Somerville tried to compose himself as well as possible, and entered into conversation with his fellow-prisoners for the purpose of diverting his mind from thoughts that almost made his brain whirl. The second day after his removal to the room below he succeeded in bringing one of the guards with a piece of gold, of which he was fortunate enough to have considerable of his own and Sutherland's secreted about him, to find out and tell him how Sutherland was. He learned from him that his friend had received very little if any surgical attention; that he was very ill with fever; that the room had been cleared of all the prisoners except the badly wounded and sick—in fact had been turned into a hospital, where there were no nurses, and surgeons' calls were like "angels' visits—few and far between." This information only added to his anguish of mind, now bordering on distraction. He scarcely closed his eyes that night, and, when he did, not to sleep. How he longed to fly to him! He was moodily walking the floor next day while the other officers were making arrangements to "kill time" as best they could. While thus employed a happy thought flashed through his mind, and a fear at once rose up to crush it. Estella Duvaud was in Richmond! Why not apply to her to help him in his troubles? It was a desperate scheme—a desperate game he played—and he might win. He drew a sheet of paper from his pocket, and, resting his cap upon his knee for a stand, wrote, Libby Prison, Jan.—1863;” then, folding the paper, he dropped it into a small gold ring engraved with the letters "E. D." and enclosing it in an envelope addressed it to "Miss Estella Duvaud, Richmond, Va." This he watched his opportunity to give to the guard who had served him before. As he went to dinner he slipped the letter to him, accompanied by a piece, of gold, which had the desired effect.

As the day wore away, and night settled down over his prison-house, he almost despairs of success; but he relieved himself by the suggestion that perhaps she had not yet received his note. The next morning, as he was seated on the floor with several other officers engaged in a game of cards (for by paying exorbitantly they had procured a deck), the guard ushered a lady into the room. Her veil was down but Somerville felt a strange mingling of feeling as he sprang forward to meet her. He caught her hand and led her behind the shelter of a blanket stretched in front of his rude pallet. She threw up her veil and for a moment Lieutenant Somerville was confused. She was the first to speak.
"This is strange, Captain Lee!" There was something of sternness and a feeling of wronged confidence in her tone. Somerville had regained his composure, and met her gaze calmly as he answered.

"It may appear strange to you, Miss Duvaud, but I can explain all."

"Oh, if you only could! But what does this mean? You here a prisoner— in Federal uniform!"

"I will not attempt to deny, Miss Duvaud, I deceived you when I saw you before; but it was only for the sake of my country."

"Then you are—a Yankee!" The words came reluctantly from her lips as though she were slow to believe.

"Yes. I am what you call—a Yankee. I am not and never was an officer in the Confederate service, but, instead, I belonged to the Union service when first I made your acquaintance, and do still, although I am not in a way to do my country much service just now, I am, instead of Captain Lee, of the Confederate service, as I told you then, Lieutenant Somerville, of the Union army. I was taken prisoner at the battle of Murfreesboro', and I sent you that ring thinking that perhaps for the sake of—it reminds you of—you would aid me in my trouble; but I see that you despise me for what I did from love of country—what I had resolved to do before I saw you, and had taken a step too far in to retrace with honor to myself. It matters not. Take back your ring—take back your miniature. I can die, wounded and alone: near my dearest comrade but deprived the privilege of seeing him; or you can go back and—inform on me as a spy, and you know the sequel."

"No! no!" gasped Estella, pressing back the ring and miniature, as she spoke, "No, never! I forgive you all!"

"Thank you, darling! I shall try to be worthy of your love, but do not ask me to betray or desert my country. Never, no, never! I would die on the scaffold sooner!"

"I respect you for your constancy to your country, dear Lee—ah, Somerville."

"Marion Somerville—call me Marion, dear Estella."

Her curls were very near entangling in the buttons of his coat again, but she saw the bandage on his arm, and felt him wince when she touched it.

"You are wounded! Is it badly, dear Marion?"

"No, mine is only a slight wound; but I have a friend in this prison dangerously wounded, and suffering with fever—a very dear friend—a noble fellow—my Captain. He has no attention—is dying—perhaps dead, while I am only in the room below and cannot render him the least assistance. It was this nerved me to risk your anger, Estella."

"Your conduct is noble, dear Marion! If I can help you, I will. I will see President Davis myself to-day, and try to get you removed to the room where your friend is, and then rely upon me to aid you all in my power. Live in hopes, dear." She lifted his wounded arm gently in her small white hands, kissed his hand and was gone.

What of Sutherland in that dreary hospital-room above? It almost tore his heart asunder when Somerville was forced from his presence, and the heartless prison-officials gloated over his anguish and suffering. He lay there without attention or aid, for Lieutenant Manning and the other officers in the room, were ordered away and the room filled with men as helpless as himself. His supply of water was exhausted, and he often raised the empty canteen to his lips, praying for water. He piteously called for Somerville again and again, and the rebels laughed scornfully at his appeals.

There was no little murmuring among the prison-officials the next morning when an order came from the rebel President to remove Lieutenant Somerville to the room used as a hospital where Captain Sutherland lay sick and wounded, that he might attend his friend, but the order was obeyed. Somerville sank on his knees by Sutherland's pallet of straw, saying:

"Dear Eugene, do you know me! Look up! can you see me?"

"Whose voice? Oh, it was Emma's voice. Go away! You don't love me! You married the quartermaster because he was rich. Will anybody give me water? Somerville would bring it, but they took him away. Somerville! Somerville! water! water!" his voice died away in a hoarse whisper.

Somerville sprang up and called for water. He was happily disappointed, for the water was brought. Again he poured a few drops from the little vial into Eugene's canteen and filling it with water held it to his lips. He drank eagerly and sank back like an exhausted child; but his face and hands were burning hot, and Somerville poured a few drops from another vial into his own canteen and spongaed his head, face, and hands again and again; then wetting a handkerchief...
he laid it on his brow. Shuddering with fear, he began unbandaging his wound, for he feared it was too late to do any thing for it. The wound was very much inflamed and feverish, but still Somerville had hopes of the inflammation yielding to his treatment. He washed it carefully with a small roll of lint wet in water from his canteen, wincing more as he touched it than Sutherland did. He had scarcely finished his labor of love and noticed with satisfaction that Sutherland was much easier, when there was a bustle in the hall and the guard permitted two men, carrying a comfortable cot-bed, to pass through. Estella Duvaud entered, and, with the assistance of one of the men whom the guard permitted to remain with her, the wounded man was placed upon the cot and made as comfortable as possible, with nice, fresh sheets, a soft bed, and white pillows. When she found that Marion's friend had soon fallen into a sweet sleep, she fitted from pallet to pallet, holding a cooling draught to the lips of one and bathing the burning brow of another. Lieutenant Manning, handsome even in his sickness, caught her hand in his delirium as she bathed his brow, and, pressing it to his lips, called her "angel" and "fairy" over and over again. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she gazed on the wretched beings before her, and her heart, drawn into sympathy with them by the love she felt for Somerville, thought of the mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts in distant homes, whose hearts ached for the chance she had to minister to their wants. She talked with Somerville in a low tone before leaving. "I think I can, for I have been too necessary in the hospitals among our own soldiers to be denied some favors now. As you say, it is very likely there are boxes of articles for Union prisoners here, and that might help us much." Before that time next day each prisoner in that room had a comfortable cot-bed with a pillow. The windows were made sufficient to keep out storms; the floors were washed; the glare of light was tempered by curtains, which, if they were not rich, still made quite an alteration in the comfort of the apartment. Lieutenant Manning, who was suffering with fever, was placed near Sutherland, and a curtain divided that part of the room from the rest of the couches. Not a man in that room but began to recover from that day forth.

Many weeks had passed: Sutherland and Manning had both fully passed convalescence, yet Estella still visited her hospital and spent an hour or two each day. The torturing thoughts about the anxiety of friends at home were alleviated, for letters had been sent from their "prison-house" and answers received, through Estella's agency, and they were relapsing into cheerfulness if not gaiety again. Poor Manning! those were fatal days to him. Carrying an unfettered heart, he had surrendered it before he was aware to the "secesh fairy," as Estella was called by the prisoners, and now he awoke to a world of misery in spite of returning health. He saw that Estella's heart was given to Somerville, and, although he did not envy his friend, he was very unhappy. When he became convalescent, this juncture of circumstances made him sometimes taciturn, quite the contrary to his usual good humor. Estella would scold him roundly for being so cross, but end by laughing and adding, "It is a sure sign that a child is getting well to see it so cross." Manning would blush at this and shut his lips with a little quiver that Somerville read plainly, though Estella failed to understand. Somerville was already weaving a romance for two persons in that room if events would only work well. In this time a change had been wrought in Estella Duvaud's heart. From pitying the Union soldiers, she came to admire their devotion to the flag which, alas! she had not been taught to love rightly. There were long talks and debates in low tones between some of the prisoners and their benefactress. Most eloquent in defence of the Union cause was Lieutenant Manning, and Estella Duvaud listened sometimes in breathless silence to his pleading for, the dear old flag. Weaker and weaker grew her resistance to their Union sentiments, until, one day, she told them—Sutherland, Somerville, and Manning—that she was determined to put forth every effort in defence of the old flag—if she could get away from Richmond to be as strong a Union woman as she had been a Confederate. For some time she had been disgusted with many acts of their government. She told them she had laid her plans, and would get away from Richmond as soon as possible, first making all the arrangements she could to aid them in making their escape. She thought it might be better to have them removed to Bell Isle, for it might be easier to escape from the island; but she concluded: "I will aid you all in my power, and you must use your wits for the rest. If you do not succeed in escaping I will go to Washington, and try to get you exchanged as soon as possible." They thanked her and she bade them good-bye, saying she would call as often as prudence would dictate before leaving Richmond, and charging them to keep silence about her Union sentiments, for she did not wish to be suspected.

"I wish I were you, Somerville!" exclaimed Manning, as soon as she was gone.

"Why?" asked Somerville, affecting great surprise.

"You need not look so innocent. You know as well as I do that our fairy—Union fairy now—loves you."

"Pshaw! I you are mistaken: she loves you."

"Nonsense, now! Don't tell me that! Don't trifle with me, Somerville," he added, more seriously.

"Well, Manning, if you love her, don't stand back for me, for I tell you honestly I will never place an obstacle in your way," Somerville said, quite as seriously as the other.

"But it is too late! She loves you."

"I tell you, Manning, I shall never marry her! But pray don't tell her so, now: only plead your own cause, but don't be hasty, boy. Cheer up: 'faint heart ne'er
Manning looked pained and grieved. "Somerville, I am astonished! I hope you are not trifling with that noble girl! You are either trifling with her or me. Tell me that it is me and not Estella Duvaud."

"Why, man, I thought you would be pleased to know I was not in earnest with her."

"If it did not give her pain, I would be pleased, but I would rather suffer myself than give her a moment's pain."

"Well, then, know that I am not trifling with either of you. You shall have her if you can make her love you, and I will settle the matter with her satisfactorily, I hope. I never expect to have a wife," he added, with a queer, enigmatical smile—a smile that puzzled Sutherland sorely, but set Manning's heart at ease.

"Oh, an inveterate old bach, are you?" Manning asked, laughing.

In the mean time Estella had convinced "the President" that Belle Isle was far the safest place for our prisoners. Accordingly they were taken from Libby and escorted to the island. They almost went wild with delight when they felt the fresh air of spring and gazed on the clear, blue sky, and the green foliage that lined the river banks. They enjoyed themselves strolling over the island, in spite of the proofs that met them everywhere in pale, emaciated prisoners, that it had not been a pleasant place to sojourn the past winter.

One day Manning had strolled off with another prisoner, and Marion were left sitting on a log behind the shelter of a thicket. Guards were stationed all around the island, but no guard's eye was on them now. Sutherland broke out suddenly, after watching his companion covertly for a few minutes:

"Marion, I think if I could get away from here into 'God's country' once more, and could find some sweet little girl, with just such eyes as yours, I should—well, I won't say fall in love, but I should be obliged to revoke my resolution about the bachelor life. Why, what are you blushing at?" he added. "Have you, too, an idea to give up the bachelor life and not jilt our fairy after all?"

"No; I didn't know I was getting white enough to blush. I suppose prison-life has bleached me somewhat. What do you find about my eyes that charms you so?"

"Oh, I don't know. They are just such eyes as haunted me in my dreams before I learned to love those false blue eyes."

"Well, I suppose your ideal was far more handsome and girlish than I."

"Much such a looking personage. The same white brow, the same sweet smile. Oh, I shall make you vain: you are blushing again. What a girlish fellow you are! You would make a handsome girl. I could almost wish you were a girl!" This last sentence was very emphatic, and the gaze he bent upon his companion brought the blood into the really fair cheek as he held both the hands he had taken tightly in his.

The words that followed came slowly, while the face crimsoned to the brow, then the blood receded, leaving it white as a show-drift. "Eugene, you have your wish!"

"Marion, what do you mean? You are not trifling with me?" Sutherland could scarcely command his voice.

"Trifling! No, it is true. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you for what? My darling! My wife!—say you will be that to me."

Miriam Rivers was clasped closely in his arms and hot, passionate kisses, rained upon cheeks, lips, and brow. She tried to speak but the words died upon her lips. She was a loving woman once more, lying there silent in her lover's arms. He knew he was answered, and asked no more. He kissed her over and over again.

At last the old fear came into her mind, and she spoke: "Eugene, I thought you would hate me—scorn me from your presence."
“Hate you? Scorn you? You, my sweet little rosebud,”

The color was returning to her face, and, as she lay there nestled in his arms, her dark locks encircling her face, her large, brown eyes uplifted to his, she was very beautiful. All fear was gone: she could have closed her eyes and slept forever there, but a thought of their situation flashed over her mind, and she started up, glancing around her quickly.

“Eugene, it is sweet to lie here, but it is a dangerous place. I must never be suspected.”

“Yes, darling. We will get away from here. I feel strong now to do find dare anything for my country and my love. Tell me, darling, what induced you to enter the army, and all about your past life. Do not think I do not trust you. I would as soon doubt my God as you!”

He folded her in his arms once again, imprinted a kiss upon her lips; then released her, and only holding her hand, he listened to her modest narration of what is not news to the reader.

Many plans of escape our prisoners had pondered over long, but no chance appeared to them clearly yet to make their escape. Sutherland guarded Somerville tenderly from every exposure, often exciting a laugh from Manning at the fear expressed that the climate of the island would ruin Somerville's fair complexion. "One would think you intended to take him around when we are exchanged as a specimen of what Libby prison-life can do for a fellow's complexion," he would say; "but," he would add, "I fear we will have to stay here till we get to be mulattoes, but I don't fear that so much as the danger of our not getting enough to eat. If our present bill of fare is lessened, I think we will all be pale enough to pass for chalk eaters." It was true that rations were very scantily issued to our soldiers who were prisoners at Belle Isle now, and Sutherland would press Somerville to eat of his own scanty fare, feigning sickness sometimes to excuse himself from not devouring, what would not have half satisfied a healthy man.

One day about this time among the visitors who came over to the island from the city Somerville noticed a man in the dress of a citizen, who eyed them closely but cautiously, as if he did not wish to be seen watching them. He had not an idea who it could be as he scanned his features. He was apparently middle-aged, for his long hair was silvery and his whiskers were also gray, but his dark eyes had a strangely youthful gleam, and his movements were quite active for a man of that age. At length our prisoners turned away and sought the thicket where they went to sit and talk over their plans whenever they had an hour's liberty from the "pen," as they called the enclosure where they were often herded together. They had scarcely reached it when they were joined by this man, who had slipped cautiously after them.

"You do not know me, I see," he said, in a voice that made all three start. That certainly was Estella Duvaud's voice, but the man before them could not be she in disguise. So thought the captives, as the next moment he said, in a voice not at all like Estella's, "I am a friend, and came to aid you in making your "escape."

"Thank you," answered Sutherland, "but I think it is impossible to make our escape," eying the stranger suspiciously as he spoke.

"I see that I will have to unmask myself," he said. As he spoke he drew off, a wig and pair of false whiskers, disclosing the curls and features of Estella Duvaud to their view.

"Estella! Is it possible!" was the exclamation of all three as the transfiguration was completed.

"It is—but hush; all depends upon secrecy. I must make you acquainted with the plans I have perfected for your escape, and leave the rest to yourselves. Do not let your eagerness spoil all, but move with deliberation and caution, and give good heed to the advice of your guide."

In a low tone she made them acquainted with her plan, and ended by saying: "To-morrow I leave for the North. I shall remain at Fortress Monroe until you join me. Remember, a week from to-night." and the little old gray-headed man turned and was gone.

How slowly that week passed to our prisoners! How they longed to release all their fellow-prisoners! but this was impossible, and they guarded their secret carefully. At length the week was gone, and, as if Providence favored them, the night was cloudy, a slow rain splashing in the river—just the thing to muffle the noise of their boat's oars. Emerging cautiously from their miserable quarters, they avoided the pickets by creeping in Indian style between the posts. It was fortunate that the sandy soil was wet and gave out no sound to their tread. They reached the river bank and peered through the darkness for the promised boat; but cautiously, as if he did not wish to be seen watching them. He had not an idea who it could be as he scanned his features. He was apparently middle-aged, but his dark eyes had a strangely youthful gleam, and his movements were quite active for a man of that age. At length our prisoners turned away and sought the thicket where they went to sit and talk over their plans whenever they had an hour's liberty from the "pen," as they called the enclosure where they were often herded together. They had scarcely reached it when they were joined by this man, who had slipped cautiously after them.

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On through the forest they followed their sable guide, still creeping cautiously on, often stopping and listening intently for any sound of pursuit; but no sound but the wind through the forest trees met their strained sense of hearing. As the dawn glimmered faintly our heroes found them—selves in a tangled forest of underbrush, travelling over steep, rocky paths. At length they reached a ravine, through which ran a small stream. Their tall, dark guide halted as they reached it, and, saying "Follow me, however strange the path I lead you," stepped into the water and took his way up the bed of the "run," our fugitives following him without a word. For a quarter of a mile they travelled up that shallow stream, the banks every moment growing more rocky. At length their guide stopped where a rock overhung the water, with a tangled clump of laurel growing under it down to the water's edge. Pushing aside the laurel, he said, "Follow me: we will rest a while. "Our tired, foot-sore prisoners followed him in through an opening in the rock just large enough for a man to crawl through on hands and knees, and found themselves within a room about ten or twelve feet in circumference, and almost high enough for a man to stand upright beneath the rocky ceiling. The only light admitted was a faint glimmering through the entrance, but they thanked heaven for this retreat, and threw themselves upon the ground to rest.

The language of their guide (who was a jet-black but straight-nosed, well-shaped African) led them to believe he was educated, and they questioned him while they dispatched their bread and cheese with which each haversack was well supplied. They learned that he had been sold South from Tennessee when a lad of fifteen. His master removed from Louisiana to Richmond, taking him with him. He there fell in, five years before, with a man from the North, who secretly taught him to read and write. He bought his time of his master, and earned enough besides to buy books, which he had secretly studied ever since. He had, since the war broke out, often been employed to take citizens to Fortress Monroe, and was well acquainted with the route. This Estella Duvaud knew when she employed him to guide them to the fortress. He said this was his last trip, unless in government employ, for he was determined to enter the United States service as soon as he reached there.

They remained in their retreat for several days, when their guide stole out, and, reconnoitering, informed them it would be safe to pursue their journey. He thought there would be no great danger, except, when they came near the Union lines, there would be rebel cavalry-scouts hanging around to intercept them. Donning rebel uniforms which the knapsack contained they again set out, leaving three of the rifles in the cave.

They were a long time in reaching the Union lines. They were forced to make short marches, for, unused to marching for some time, the officers feet easily blistered, and it was with great pain they could travel at all. The fact of their being dressed in rebel uniform and this well-known travellers' guide accompanying them gave them more confidence. They crossed the Chickahominy in a boat, which their guide had previously procured, and hidden for this purpose; and here, as there was a large rebel force stationed, they had to move with caution, and dared not ask shelter in a house for the night, but concealed themselves in the swamps, all the intricate windings of which the guide was perfectly familiar with it having been one of his employments since he had bought his time of his master to help away fugitive slaves, and he had kept them concealed in these swamps for weeks. At length they had almost reached the Union lines, but, as their guide bad anticipated, they met with fresh trouble. They learned from the negroes at work in the fields that rebel cavalry were hovering around to intercept some Union officers who had escaped from Belle Isle. This caused them much alarm. They were so near their friends and liberty, but might yet be retaken! They were so footsore it was with the utmost difficulty they could travel, and they pondered the matter over almost in despair.

"We are in a desperate strait, and we must try a desperate remedy," suggested the guide.

"But what," questioned they, "is the remedy?"

"I do not yet see," he answered; "but we must lie where we are, only moving to escape capture, until something presents itself."

They were lying in a swamp bordering on a plantation, and their guide stole out occasionally to buy food of the negroes, whom they had found their friends along the whole route. While they were lying there waiting something to transpire in their favor, a squad of rebel cavalry rode up to the farm-house and put up for the night. The hearts of our fugitives beat rapidly when they saw four splendid cavalry-horses turned into a pasture adjoining the swamp. Here was a chance to escape into the Union lines, and they resolved to take advantage of it. Watching closely when the horses came near them their guide crept cautiously into the pasture, and giving a low, coaxing whistle which brought the animals to him at once, he signalled his friends of his success. But now a fresh trouble presented itself. They had neither saddles nor bridles, and only rope-halters, which he had procured from the negroes.
"I said we would have to try a desperate remedy." remarked their guide.

"I think now is our time, but, as I said before, it is a desperate game. If you are willing to make a trail for liberty or death—follow me. My chance is as dangerous as yours, for, should I be taken, my fate is certain; but one thing else is as certain: they never take me alive!" As he concluded he motioned his companions to mount, and led the way.

"We are not to attempt to risk pursuit without saddles or bridles—it would be perfect madness." It was Sutherland who spoke, as, after assisting Somerville to mount, he stood with his hand upon the neck of his steed in hesitancy.

"No, but we are to risk our lives to procure these necessary articles."

Sutherland vaulted on to the steed's back, and all set off, riding slowly and cautiously. They arrived in the rear of the stables belonging to the farm-house where the owners of the steeds had put up, so quietly not even a dog was disturbed. Hannibal (for such was their guide's name) sprang to the ground, saying, "Remain here till I return. Be still as the grave, and cautious as foxes. If I am discovered and cannot join you, I will give you the alarm-signal, and then ride for your lives. Sell them as dearly as possible."

"Ay, ay," whispered his companions, and he was gone. He stole to the negro-quarters, and, concealing himself in a clump of shrubbery, gave low, peculiar whistle which was heard and understood by the occupants of the nearest cottage. A man crept cautiously out from this cabin and stole to the shrubbery. Squatting down as he reached it, a conversation in a low whisper was carried on between the two for a few moments; then the man led the way to the stables, keeping in the shade and creeping slowly along. It was fortunate that, although there was moonlight enough to enable them to move easily, the queen of the night was not shining in all her splendor, or some one of the cavalymen carousing in the house might have noticed the moving figures.

As they reached the stables, one of the men came out on the piazza, and, looking around him for a moment, called to the master of the house in a tone which was distinctly heard by Hannibal and his companion: "I say, Jacobs! are those horses of ours safe to remain in the pasture all night? Are your 'chattels' the pure grit, or have some of them got tar on de heel?"

"Safe! I should think they was, lest some outsiders takes a fancy to them. My niggers is all the pure thing—none O' your lazy, lay-around kind. I don't keep any O' the sort. When I sees them gettin' lazy I sells them right straight," answered the man addressed, coming out and joining the cavalry as he spoke. He was evidently preparing to give the other a complete history of his "chattels;" but he interrupted him with, "Well, well, enough, Jacobs! Our nags are in no danger then, for no white man except their masters can catch either of them. All right—all right. Let's have another bottle of that old rye. We'll pay you well. Taint an everyday business for us to be sent down here to catch Yankee prisoners, but you see it was lucky we happened to know them. Lieutenant Somerville, Captain Sutherland, and Lieutenant Mannin', or some sech name; w'ant it, Dobbs? Don't make any difference; we know their faces, and if they h'aint got inside the Yankee lines yet we'll catch them to-morrow. We must be off by day-light; our nags 'll be rested by that time."

Hannibal and his companion heard every word of the colloquy, for, excited by the "old rye" he had imbibed, the cavalry Captain talked in a louder tone than was really necessary for his host to hear.

"Not so safe as he thinks, he! he!" whispered Hannibal's companion, as, each loaded with a couple of saddles and bridles, they crept cautiously in the direction of the waiting officers.

As they reached our heroes, Hannibal said: "Romp, you will have to be wise as a serpent, that the reputation you appear to have in your master's eyes don't suffer. Good-by, now, and keep up a brave heart: our time is coming."

"Yes, and we'll be ready," was the response, and he disappeared in a twinkling.

The horses were soon equipped, and they set off, after carefully examining their revolvers and finding that they were all right. They rode slowly, husbanding their horses' strength, which they knew would be severely tried as soon as dawn would break and the many squads if rebel cavalry with which the country was infested would be astir.

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True to his expressed intention, the half-drunken cavalry Captain called to the host when the first streak of gray in the eastern horizon warned him of coming day. "Jacobs! I say, have our horses up here, saddled and bridled in half an hour. "The drowsy host staggered out to obey, called Pomp from his cabin, and despatched him for the horses. Pomp went with readiness but soon returned, saying that the horses were nowhere to be seen. "I spect, massa, they's jumped the fence and run away."

The frightened host caught at this suggestion of Pomp's, and, entering the house, he informed the Captain that their horses had broken out and gone of during
the night.

"Some of your niggers has stolen them, and run off on them, more likely," thundered the enraged rebel, followed by a volley of oaths. He stormed and swore, and his host grew as angry at this insinuation, for, as we have seen before, he prided himself on his choice of "niggers." At length one of the cavalymen proposed that their host should call up his "chattels," and see if any were missing. Jacobs looked triumphant as the whole force turned out at the call, including "Aunt Dinah" and her little "olive branches," grinning mischievously as their master said, triumphantly, "Now, what do you say? Here they are all, from Pomp to little Dickey there!" pointing to the smallest "curly head" hiding in the shelter of "Aunt Dinah's" gown. The angry Captain was not half satisfied, and relieved himself by saying that the only alternative Jacobs had was to lend him a couple of his best animals while the others hunted up their own horses on whatever others he had about the place. Jacobs knew there was no help for him, for the cavalymen had already taken their way to the stables. A fresh volley of oaths burst from the discomfited rebels when they found their saddles and bridles gone, and, foaming with rage, the Captain and his companions seized the host's two best horses, and, rigging them hastily with his saddles and bridles, mounted and galloped away in hot haste without even stopping to pay Jacobs for the "old rye" they had drank.

In the mean time our horsemen had put some distance between them and the house of Jacobs, and, as they saw the first streak of gray in the east, they touched their steeds lightly and bounded onward like the wind they had rode at a gallop for about two miles, when, stopping to listen, they heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the road behind them. They slackened their speed, intending to rest their horses until they were sure that they were pursued. They knew the speed of their horses now, and by not overtaking them they felt certain they could distance pursuit from behind, but they were fearful of meeting a force in front. Nearer and nearer sounded the clatter of horses' hoofs, and, as they ascended a hill, they caught sight of two horsemen riding at a breakneck-pace across the bottom road below. They evidently had descried our officers, for the foremost on gave a yell, and both, plunging their spurs into their horses' flank, urged them onward faster than before. The little squad before urged on their horses, but not so madly as their pursuers. When again they caught sight of their pursuers they saw that their horses were evidently failing, and Hannibal, raising a field-glass he was fortunate enough to possess to his eyes, said, "I thought so. Yes, that's two of those fellows who put up at old Jacobs' last night. I guess they find old Jacobs' horses won't stand what these beauties will. If they ride much longer at that pace they'll sit flat in the road."

He passed the glass to the others, and each scanned their pursuers, but just as Manning returned it to him he started, exclaiming, "What's that?" He listened intently for a few moments, then he exclaimed: "A force is coming along a cross-road only half a mile ahead, but they are yet a mile away. If we can reach and pass that road far enough ahead we may escape, if they are enemies, but of that I have little doubt. If ever you rode now ride for your lives!"

On dashed our horsemen, their noble steeds answering beautifully to the rein of their riders. They flew over that road like the wind, the trees whirling by in one mangled mass as they swept along. They have gained the road and turn their heads, as they pass, but catch no glimpse of their pursuers yet. Onward, still onward, for a mile or two more, before they draw rein. Their steeds are reeking with foam, when they slacken into a canter, and each rider soothes his horse gently with his hand. Somerville's face is flushed with excitement as Sutherland, slackening his rein, clasps his hand, saying in a low tone, "Are you not weary, dear Marion?"

"No. This is glorious excitement; if our noble steeds can endure this, liberty is not far off, and that would nerve me to more than this—even to use this as I have used it before," placing his hand—the butt of his revolver as he spoke.

Sutherland thought him more charming than he had ever seen him. He could scarcely refrain from bending over and imprinting a kiss upon the red lips, but he thought of other eyes and desisted. They still rode on at an easy pace, pausing sometimes to listen; but for a quarter of an hour they could hear no sound of horses' hoofs and began to think their pursuers had given up the chase, but the next moment Hannibal cried, "There they are, in full pursuit!" Onward again they flew as fast as before, but still the sound of horses' hoofs came so near they could hear them as they rode. They soon became aware that their horses were failing, and their pursuers were gaining on them. They did not urge their horses to their utmost, did not spur them on with pain: they reserved that to the last moment. Suddenly they heard the sound of horses' hoofs in the road before them, as if coming to meet them. The face of each rider blanched as their quickened sense of hearing warned them of the fact, but onwards they rode still, a forlorn hope flashing through each mind and telegraphed from eye to eye that perhaps they were friends. It was growing too exciting for words, and they swept on in silence. The thunder in front drowned the sound of horses' hoofs behind, as, looking backward, they described through a cloud, of dust the gray coats of their pursuers. At the same moment a cloud of dust became visible coming round a bend in the road

in front, and the cold drops stood upon the brow of each horseman as the thought of what their fate might be if caught between two avalanches of rebel cavalry stared them in the face. There was no retreat, but, thank Heaven! the cloud of dust in front clears away, and the "blue coats" emerge to view. A shout goes up from their parched throats as the welcome sight meets their eyes, but the next moment a fresh danger menaces them. Some of the Union cavalry, catching sight of the rebel uniforms our fugitives wore, had brought their carbines to a rest, and in a moment more would have fired upon them; but Hannibal, plunging spurs in his horse's side, sprang in front, crying: "For God's sake, don't shoot! They're Union prisoners." The carbines were lowered, and
the advance of the cavalry force, seeing the truth of the situation just then, opened their lines and let their reeking steeds pass through.

"Saved!" was the exclamation of all three as they rained up their steeds to watch the result when the desperate rebels in pursuit would rush head-long upon the Union lines. Just at that moment the rebels had come close enough to discover that the force meeting them was Union cavalry, and they tried to check up their maddened horses in a vain endeavor to save themselves, but too late. The blue coats charged down upon them with a cheer, and, closing around them, took them prisoners. The leader refused to surrender until he had received a ball through his right shoulder. He gnashed his teeth with disappointment and rage when he saw the three prisoners, and himself a prisoner and wounded.

"Ah, you black rascal!" he cried, when he saw Hannibal riding his favorite steed: "You shall suffer for this!"

"You are not exactly in the position to make threats, Master Jenkins," responded Hannibal. "I do not think it will materially better your condition."

Jenkins relapsed into moody silence, but some of his companions were more talkative and related the circumstance of Jenkins' and Dobbs' horses, giving out when they met them as they came in from the cross-road. Two of their company had taken, back the broken-down animals, while the two worthies had mounted two of their best horses and continued the pursuit. The cavalry, which had come out from Hampton to aid the prisoners in their escape, now returned, and Sutherland, Somerville, and Manning, and their brave guide, were soon on a ferry-boat steaming over to the fortress.

Here they met Estella Duvaud anxiously awaiting them. Her greeting was warm for all, not forgetting Hannibal, but her manner was especially warm toward Somerville. Manning's eyes drank in the beauty of her face with a longing look as he met her, and Somerville felt glad that the time was not far distant when Manning might win her love; although there were some misgivings in his mind when he thought of the possible consequences of the disclosure he would have to make to her.

A few weeks have passed, and our heroes and heroines are in Washington at a comfortable hotel. Somerville had informed Estella a few days before, when she chided him for the coldness of his manner, that he had a secret to divulge to her that would explain his manner—a secret that he would divulge in a few days; and now Estella, in a fever of suspense; walks the floor of their private parlor waiting the hour that is to disclose a secret which may perhaps blast her future life with disappointment. She laughs at her fears a moment after, as she says, "as if he could prove false to me! Oh no!" At that moment the door of the parlor opens, and the servant ushers in a young lady, and, closing the door, leaves them alone.

Estella advances with politeness and places a chair for her, saying, as she does so: "Your card, if you please. I do not remember your name although your face is strangely familiar."

The visitor hands her a card, and she is more puzzled than before as she reads: "Miriam Rivers." She again surveys her visitor, every moment becoming more embarrassed as the thought forces itself upon her mind that this lady is in some way connected with Somerville's secret. It was at this very hour he was to meet her here to explain all. She would have been prepossessed in the lady's favor if it had not been for this torturing thought that perhaps she was Somerville's betrothed. She was perhaps a little taller than medium height, but very gracefully built. Her complexion, though not very fair, was still very good. A faint rose-blush diffused itself over her cheek. Her brow was high, white, and rounding. Her eyes were very fascinating—dark brown and very earnest as they were bent upon her now, as if to read her thoughts. Her lips were curved, and a sweet, sad smile lingered around the curves. Her dark hair was worn in the latest style—short, and combed in short curls around her brow. Her dress was of plain black silk, flowing full and gracefully over abundant crinoline, only relieved at the throat by a ruffle of delicate lace, and at the wrists by lace cuffs.

A thought now flashed through Estella's mind, as she sat there taking in all this in her visitor's appearance and twisting the card nervously in her fingers. Rising, she approached her, and, coloring deeply, said: "Excuse me, Miss Rivers. I presume you are some near friend of Lieutenant Somerville, but it was rather ungracious in him to, send you to me without an introduction. You very nearly resemble him. But for the difference in name, he chided him for the coldness of his manner, that he had a secret to divulge to her that would explain his manner."

She extended her hand as she concluded her little speech. What made the blood so suddenly recede from her cheeks, leaving them pale as the lace on her visitor's dress? She had caught sight of the ring on her visitor's hand which she had given to Lieutenant Somerville, and which she had only that morning seen him wear. What did it all mean? She would have fallen, but her visitor sprang up hastily and drew her to a seat on the sofa; then folding her arms around her, said, in a voice that made her start: "Can you forgive me? Oh, forgive me!" She was upon her knees now before Estella. "I had good reasons for all I did, and my heart has ached often when I thought of how I was deceiving you. I am only a weak woman, loving one as fondly as you have loved me. Now, that your idol is destroyed at one blow, can you forgive one who, for the sake of her country, first deceived you; then, for the sake of one dearer to her than her own life, did not undeceive you? I love you dearly—as a sister. Say that you return it."

Estella's head was bowed, and the tears were falling now in torrents from beneath her long silken lashes. "Forgive you? How could I help but love one that I
have worshipped as I have worshipped you? But I have received a terrible shock! Oh, terrible!’ and she covered her face with her hands and cowered on the sofa in a crouching attitude.

Miriam was in deep distress. She tried to soothe her, and her tears of remorse mingled with Estella's. At length Estella arose, saying, with an effort to smile: "If you will leave me alone now I will soon be myself again."

"You will love me as a sister, dear Estella?"

"Yes, as though you were my own sister," and Miriam, smiling through her tears, went out.

Estella and Miriam came down to supper are in arm, Estella only looking more charming from a slight paleness. Manning, who had been informed of the truth by Sutherland, was almost radiant with joy. He was particularly attentive to Estella at supper, paying her all those graceful attentions only a gentleman knows how to pay; and when they left the supper-table she accepted his are with a blush that made him a happy fellow for that evening. He promenaded and rode with her during the rest of their stay in Washington; and when, the day of their departure, there was a quiet wedding at their hotel, Estella was bridesmaid and Manning grooms man.

Scarcely a week elapsed after Sutherland and Miriam's marriage when the rebels invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania, and Captain Sutherland and Lieutenant Manning, like brave soldiers as they were, rushed from the arms of love to the battle-field. They came out of the battle of Gettysburg safe, and, assisted by Miriam and Estella, spent several weeks in the hospitals as nurses. When the wounded were mostly removed from Gettysburg to other hospitals and their services were over, Sutherland and his bride, accompanied by Manning and Estella, started for their western home by way of Niagara. They had a pleasant trip, and a warm welcome awaited Sutherland, his bride and her friend at his mother's house in S—. Ida and Hartly had been married for some time, and they were made heartily welcome to their hospitality. They remained only a few weeks in S— then started for M— and, still accompanied by Estella, arrived safely and were warmly greeted by all. Miriam as "Marion," as Sutherland would persist in calling her, became the heroine of M—— Bell Nelson persisted in saying that she did not believe Lieutenant Somerville and Mrs. Miriam Sutherland, were one and the same being: she had never before been so deceived.

Edith and Estella were soon close friends, and for a month they were very busy, secretly, over dresses, laces, etc; but their secret was out when Lieutenant Manning arrived, and there was a double wedding in the little rose-covered cottage in M——. As after Miriam and Sutherland's marriage, their gayety was broken in upon by the news of the battle of Chickamauga, and Manning, Sutherland, and Atherton hurried away to the field—the two former accompanied by their brides, who would not remain behind. As there had been much fatality among officers, both Manning and Sutherland found themselves promoted to vacant colonel-ships, and Major Atherton was also making fast upward strides. But it was not office our heroes thought of as they hurried to the field to take command of their regiments; and yet, despite his sorrow that our army had met with such slaughter, Sutherland was far happier than he had been when he travelled over part of that road before. He had managed to get "Lieutenant Somerville" honorably discharged without any notoriety. It had required all his eloquence to induce "Marion" to accept the discharge; but he succeeded in persuading her not to go into battle again,

and it was arranged that Miriam and Estella should go first to Estella's mansion, and, if they could not content themselves there, might come to the, front and superintend the nurses in the hospitals.

At the battle of Chattanooga, as the fight commenced, two ladies on horseback, in half-military, half-equestrian costume, took their place on a small knoll south of Chattanooga, holding lightly the reins of their prancing black steeds. As the thunder of the cannon thumped upon their eager ears, they turned toward each other with a meaning glance, exchanged a few words, and each raising a field-glass surveyed the situation for several minutes. It was evident they were not unused to such scenes, for the cheeks of neither blanched as the terrific sounds from the front continued and spoke of dreadful conflict. Then, as they, lowered their glasses, one of them said:

"It is time we were there, Estella. Some of the wounded have already been carried in."

"I am ready," was the response.

They galloped in the direction of the battle-field, leaving a little group of newspaper correspondents wondering who they could be. They were soon busy in the hospitals, and, if their gallant husbands could have seen them as they staunched the blood and bound up the wounds of many a poor Union soldier, not even neglecting those of the enemy who were brought in, they would have thought "hospital superintendence" very laborious business. All that day they labored and did not seem to weary of their task.

Mission Ridge was taken! The word flew from lip to lip, and was repeated to our nurses in the hospitals. Again the steeds were brought out—again those lady-nurses, in their unique dresses, galloped farther to the front and on over the battle-field. There was work for them to do now, more precious yet than the labor they had been employed in. Their husbands were among those who were to storm Mission Ridge, and they looked for them—perhaps they were dead
or wounded upon the battle-field. About half way to the ridge they met a courier, whose face they knew at a glance, and both rode eagerly forward to meet him. He carried no bad news certainly, for Hannibal was not wont to smile thus when he had bad news to communicate.

"What of them?" both asked in the same breath.

"Both are unhurt," was the answer. "Colonels Manning and Sutherland have led their regiments to the top of Mission Ridge, and told me to say to you that they will be to the rear as soon as duty will permit."

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated both ladies as they turned to ride back. That night, as they stood with their husbands watching the camp-fires on Mission Ridge like great beacon-lights hanging between heaven and earth, their hearts rose in thankfulness for the great victory gained, though many noble dead lay stretched between where they stood and those campfires. It was a strange, weird scene, and that little group felt its solemnity and realized in all this the avenging hand of a God who is "long-suffering," but whose anger, when kindled, is "like a consuming fire."

It was the greatest season of rejoining the North had known since the war began: the return of the veterans for a while to their homes. Colonel Manning and his wife had stopped with Sutherland and "Marion" at M——. The regiment to which Colonel Atherton belonged had that day too returned as veterans, and the little town of M—— was full of gayety. There was the "welcome home" dinner—the ball that night. All felt happier than they had felt for years, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." The hall was splendidly festooned with evergreens, and dancers joined in the dance, without formality, without coldness. It was, in fact, "a republican ball;" aristocracy hid its head. Many were there who did not approve of balls, but who could not find in their hearts the wish to stay away from the "soldiers', welcome home ball." There were the soldiers, looking gay and happy, with fair girls hanging upon their arms. Charlie Nelson was there with his devoted wife hanging upon his one arm, and Bell was there, a happy bride. A soldier had that day claimed her for his wife it was the first ball she had attended since her brother was brought home wounded. She had learned to look upon such pleasures, not as something to live for, but merely as wayside flowers to cheer her in her duty—not to be gathered and enjoyed too often lest she weary of their sweetness. Not least in importance were Colonels Manning, Sutherland, Atherton and ladies, and many admiring glances followed them as they swept through the dance. All agreed that Miriam Rivers had not lost her fascinating powers of conversation.

Another "welcome ball" came off at S—— when our hero and heroine arrived there the same day that the remnant of the Guards came home. As Colonel Sutherland swept through a waltz with his fair wife, a blue-eyed and still beautiful woman watched them with envious eyes. Emma Coy bad found her quartermaster was "not all she wished him," and witnessing Sutherland's happiness as his eyes followed his wife that night was not the best medicine for a "sick soul."

Sutherland, Manning, and Atherton have returned to the field, and the wives of the two former with them as before. Hannibal, who is employed in raising a regiment of Colored men in Tennessee, has found his father in Estella's former slave-hostler, but whom she has now made as free as herself.

Reader, I shall not tire your patience further, only to say that I hope my characters may all live to sing the songs of peace when war is banished from our land, and we are once more a happy and united people.

THE END.

If I have succeeded in explaining and interesting you in the feelings which have prompted noble women in all ages to do heroic acts, I am amply repaid. Who can tell how many JOANS OF ARC our great republic contains? We know that many of our women have laid their lives upon the altar of our country, as well on the battle-field as in the hospitals.

THE AUTHOR

[Figure]

GENERAL GRANT AND MIRIAM.—Page 60.