

THE BORDER SPY

OR THE
BEAUTIFUL CAPTIVE OF THE REBEL CAMP.



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THE

BORDER SPY;

OR,

THE BEAUTIFUL CAPTIVE OF THE REBEL CAMP.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

BY LIEUT. COL. HAZELTINE,

FORMERLY CAPT. COMPANY A, FREMONT'S BODY GUARD.



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THE BORDER SPY;

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BEAUTIFUL CAPTIVE OF THE REBEL CAMP.

CHAPTER I.

*The Rebel General Price—Determination to Fight—
The Sleeping Indian—Price Suspects him—
He is Bound—Surprise—Escape.*

Let those who fear the spray the torrent flings
Retrace their steps—I'll cross the stream, howe'er
Its brawlings may disturb me.—*Mrs. Hale.*

"By my soul, it shall be done! Yes, safety, honor, fame, fortune, all require it!"

It was a wild spot. The towering rocks reached to the height of several hundred feet above the valley below, where rolled the rapid waters of the Osage. Upon one of these jutting turrets, stood the speaker. His large form rose above the mountain oaks, standing as he was upon its most elevated point. But a close observer could not fail to notice that he was ill at ease. His eyes were restless, and as they wandered from mountain crag to the valley below, and thence to the far-reaching prairie in the distance, his frame trembled, and his fingers convulsively clutched his long iron-gray locks, as they were streaming in the morning wind.

There was nothing remarkable in his dress, except that at such a time and place he should have worn an elegant sword, which could be seen beneath a large, dark cloak, thrown carelessly over his shoulders. In other respects he was without uniform, or any mark indicating the military chieftain.

After gazing for some time upon the surrounding country, he again spoke:

"Yes, by heavens, it is a land worth fighting for, and I will—"

The speaker paused, and turning, beheld the approach of the person who had interrupted his soliloquy. A frown covered his face as he asked:

"What do you want, Johnson?"

The answer came, rough and fiercely.

"Want? revenge!"

"On whom?" asked the first speaker, as he grasped the hilt of his sword.

"Not on you, General Price; so don't fear."

"Fear!" echoed Price, "I fear no man—nothing."

"Then why do you clutch your sword as I approach?"

"Because I believe you are treacherous," replied Price.

"Treacherous! ha! ha! ha! Can I be else, and serve you?"

"But are you faithful to me and my cause?"

"Your cause!" echoed Johnson. "Why I thought it was your country's cause!"

"My country's cause is mine," replied Price. "Again I ask you, are you faithful to me?"

"Yes!"

"What assurance have I that you will be faithful?"

Johnson bowed his head, and did not reply.

"Answer me," said Price, sternly and suspiciously.

"General Price," replied Johnson, as he raised his head, and fixed his piercing eyes upon his questioner, "General Price, I am poor. If I were or had been a servant in heaven, and the commander-in-chief of the infernal regions had offered me a position on his staff, to escape servitude, and for promotion's sake, *not knowing him or his service*, I might have accepted. In doing so, I should have lost heaven, and in no case could have returned. Thus, as I would have no choice, I probably should serve faithfully in my new capacity, for policy's sake, even if I was deceived by the devil's promises. In much this way do I stand toward you, General Price!"

"I have not deceived you!"

"You have! You have lied to me!"

"Johnson!" yelled Price, as his sword flashed in the morning light, "no man shall address me thus, and live!"

"Hold, General Price," said Johnson, as he levelled his rifle at his breast, "you had better spare those who *must* serve you, as few are willing!"

"Curse him!" muttered Price. "But for policy's sake I must restrain myself. He shall act the spy this once—it is necessary—or I would dash him from this rock into the depths below." "Johnson," he added, speaking aloud, "you must not speak thus. It is true I have as yet been unable to fulfil my promises; but consider. We are here facing a powerful army—an army of fanatics—of devotees—who will fight to the death, while many of my soldiers are discontented, and if they fight at all, I fear will do it unsuccessfully. I

have no confidence in many of my men. Why is this, Johnson?"

"I can answer, but for one."

"Then answer for yourself!"

"I will, I have no confidence in you."

"You will serve me, nevertheless?"

"Yes—I am forced to do so!"

"How forced—by whom forced?"

"Not by you, General Price, but by myself."

"Don't you see much to fight for? Look around you. Gaze upon the face of this beautiful country. Our enemies come to rob us of it. Shall we, like dogs, submit? No! by the Eternal, I will not!" cried Price, his powerful frame quivering with emotion.

"I see but little beauty here. Where is it?"

"All around—on every side!"

"I see but one bright spot, and that is—"

Johnson gazed into the valley below. His look was earnest. As he gazed, the tear-drops started to his eyes, and he bent his head upon his hands, while his breast heaved convulsively. He was deeply moved.

"Johnson, why are you weeping?" asked Price, as he regarded him with a look of surprise.

"Am I weeping?" returned Johnson, raising his head.

"Yes; some sad recollection of the past oppresses you!"

"Of the past? Yes, of the past, as well as the present, and of the future! But tell me what you see here, that you should love this country so much. It is not from associations?"

"No, only its beauty!"

"Its beauty? I cannot see it! Where is it?"

"Shall I describe what I see?"

"Yes, sir; I am interested to know what you can call beautiful."

"I will. I am standing here, upon a lofty mountain turret. Below is the Osage. Gaze upon it. Is it not majestic? Yonder it rolls, along the mountain's base, now leaping, rushing onward, like a giant army charging a deadly foe, lashing its banks as if it longed to break from its restraint, and charge the world. And there it strikes the mountain's side, and for a moment falters. It will turn aside defeated! Will it? No! It is no coward, and the mountain yields—the mountain falls—the Osage breaks the barrier, and rushes on. And now, all conscious of its victory, it pauses for awhile, or gliding gently onward murmurs its own song of glory. And listen to the strain. How it rises on the air, and is borne from crag to crag, along the lofty summits to tell that grand array of its own defeat. Look at that mountain column formed in battle line. It appears impregnable. But its ranks are broken, and its power defied. That gap is where the charge was made—that gap tells the story—its line was broken, and defeat followed. The river was victorious!"

"Good!" echoed Johnson. "What more do you see?"

"Mountains and hills where we can defy the world. And yonder is my own camp."

"Yes, your camp, containing seventy thousand true and tried soldiers. Those who have shared your victories with you. Seventy thousand soldiers! ha! ha! ha!"

"Johnson, I do not like your sarcasm. Bet-

ter the enemy should over-estimate our numbers. It will intimidate them."

"Intimidate! Whom?"

"Why, not only the soldiers of the army, but their generals!"

"Asboth?"

"Yes!"

"Sturgis?"

"Yes!"

"Hunter?"

"Yes!"

"Sigel and Fremont?"

"Yes; even Sigel and Fremont can be intimidated."

"Perhaps—by an earthquake, but not by you, General Price. Asboth is a soldier, and does not know the meaning of the word fear. Sturgis—you have met him once—do you wish to meet him again? Hunter—there is lightning in his eyes; if he does not fight, it will be for want of a foe. Sigel—do you remember Wilson's Creek?"

"But of Fremont—what of him?"

"He will meet you here, if you dare remain; and his soldiers will come with him."

"Well, it may be so. Their army is now at Warsaw. They must be detained for some days yet. They are constructing a bridge at that point across the Osage, and you will have sufficient time to visit their camps, and return before they advance. If it should be advisable to move, you can apprise us in time."

"When shall I start?"

"Now."

"Well, your instructions."

"Johnson, I confess I fear to meet that man Fremont. And yet I hate him with a bitterness which poisons all my joys. Tell him we number seventy-five thousand fighting men, well armed and disciplined. That we are strongly fortified, and for them to advance would be certain death. Tell him it is a mistake that my soldiers are discontented, but will all fight to the last. Will you tell him this?"

"I will."

"Your safety may depend upon it, for I will fight if I am compelled to face him with a single regiment. Last night I held a council with my officers, and we resolved to make a stand here. To retreat farther will be to bring shame upon us, and to stamp us as cowards. And I believe there is not a dozen men in my army who would not die before they would be branded as cowardly. I rely upon their pride, rather than their loyalty."

"That must be your appeal. Shall I go now?"

"Yes! Stay, Johnson; return by to-morrow night and tell me Fremont is dead, and you shall be richly rewarded. Tell me Sigel is also dead, and you shall have command of the second regiment."

"Sigel and Fremont shall die!"

"You swear it?"

"Yes, I swear they shall die, when—"

The remaining portion of the sentence was inaudible.

"Ugh!"

Startled, Price turned to behold, at the base of the rock upon which he was standing, an Indian, who was, apparently, fast asleep.

"Do you know that red devil?" asked Price, turning to Johnson.

"Let me see."

Johnson bent over the edge of the rock, and for some time remained silent. At last he said:

"'Tis Red-wing, as he is called by the people hereabouts; one of the Osage tribe, I believe. But you will find little good in him, although he might be made serviceable, if you could keep whiskey from him."

"Red-wing," shouted Price.

"Ugh!"

"You red devil, get up and show your colors, or I will send a bullet through your head!" exclaimed Johnson.

There was no reply. Johnson raised his rifle, but the Indian had risen, and fixing a glance of hatred upon Johnson, he said:

"Give Indian whiskey—me fight for you—me kill for you—give Indian whiskey."

Price leaped from the rock, and motioned them to follow. In a few moments he reached camp, closely followed by Johnson and the Indian.

The appearance of the rebel camp was somewhat singular.

Around the camp-fires were crowds of listless men and boys, who watched the approach of their commander with calm indifference. He passed on in silence, occasionally returning the salute of his officers, but did not pause until he reached a tent located upon a high bluff, and almost concealed from view by a thick growth of oaks. Around this tent were others, less grand in appearance, which were occupied by the leaders of his army. Stretching for some distance below, was an open field, over which were scattered rude tents, of a great variety in form and appearance. Bed blankets, worn and various in their colors, were stretched across poles, at either end of which was placed a supporting stake, cut from the surrounding branches. All looked comfortless.

Mingled with these were seen rows of small canvas tents, giving the encampment more of a warlike aspect. The arms were also varied in their patterns. Some of them bore the appearance of the regular United States army rifle, while others were the ordinary hunting rifle or shot gun. Occasionally were to be seen soldiers in uniform, but in most instances the rough blue home-spun was worn.

As the Indian passed through the camp, his eyes wandered carelessly over the scene. When Price reached his tent, an orderly arose to receive him, and the general said:

"Send a corporal and ten men to my tent."

Then turning to Johnson, he added:

"You are known, and will require no escort beyond our lines. I shall question this Indian closely, and perhaps use him. Go!"

"Yes, general," replied Johnson, and turning he departed.

By this time a large number of officers had gathered near the tent of Price, and silently awaited the examination of the Indian, who they evidently supposed to be a spy from the Union army. Unconscious of their presence, or at least appearing to be so, the Indian stood with folded arms before the tent of the rebel general.

In a few moments Price appeared, pausing directly before the Indian. Their eyes met, and for some time they regarded each other in silence. At length Price asked:

"What is your name?"

"Me Indian—brave!"

"You are an Indian chief!"

"Me no chief!"

"Do you know me? I am chief here. Look around you—behold my warriors. They are all brave. They will conquer the enemy. If you will bring your warriors and fight with me, your hunting grounds will be safe, and your fathers' graves sacred. If these invading robbers should conquer us, you will lose your grounds; the graves of your sires will be polluted by their unholy touch, and you and your people made slaves! Will you fight with us?"

"Ugh!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Price.

"Me ask chief."

"What is your name?"

"Red-wing."

"To what tribe do you belong?"

"Osage."

"Red-wing, don't attempt to deceive me. I can read your very thoughts!"

"Cowwewunk!"

"Yes, I know you. You are a spy, and direct from the federal camp. You pretended sleep as you were lying at the foot of yonder rock, that you might hear all my conversation and report it. You have heard too much. Are there any here who have seen this fellow before?" asked Price, turning to his soldiers.

"I have seen him, and know him," replied one of the men, stepping forward. "He is called Fall-leaf, and is chief of the Delaware tribe.

The Indian sprang forward, and in an instant had broken through the crowd which encircled him, and with the speed of a deer, dashed toward the distant cliffs.

"Fire upon him!" shrieked Price.

A hundred rifles were raised, but the Indian was darting among the tents in such a manner, that no opportunity for accurate aim could be had.

"Curses on it, he will escape!" yelled Price.

"Here Barclay, Rains, all of you, mount and follow. I must have that red devil, dead or alive. If he escapes, he will bear important information to Fremont."

Price sprang into his saddle and dashed forward in pursuit. He was soon followed by a score of others.

"By heavens, they have seized him!" cried Price, as he approached the outer lines of the camp, where stood the guard tent.

So it was. Just as Fall-leaf reached a narrow defile which led along the mountain's side and down to the river below, the detail ordered by Price as a pretended escort, were starting for headquarters. They met the Indian face to face, and comprehending the state of affairs, the corporal ordered,

"Seize him!"

A large knife flashed in the sunlight, which the Indian suddenly drew from concealment, and, as two of the guard sprang forward, it fell with crushing weight upon the brain of

each. A third and a fourth shared the same fate.

But, at this instant one of the guard levelled a terrible blow at the head of the Indian, with the butt of his musket.

Fall-leaf, staggering back, fell to the earth. Half a dozen bayonets were instantly pointed at his heart, but, as Price approached the spot at this moment, he cried:

"Alive! alive! take him alive! I will question him first—then torture him!"

In an instant the Indian was bound and helpless.

Price, as he rode up, followed by his aids, ordered Fall-leaf to arise. The Indian was only partially stunned by the blow, and obeying the summons, he stood erect.

"Now, dog!" said Price, "you shall confess."

"Me no confess!" answered Fall-leaf.

Price stamped his foot from very rage. Turning to the guard he said:

"Throw that hell-hound upon the fire between those burning logs!"

The Indian glanced at the burning mass, and then upon the objects by which he was surrounded. The guard were about to seize him, when, turning to Price, he said:

"Me tell all!"

"You will tell me all you know of the federal army, and of your own plans?" asked Price.

"Yes! Me hate you. Me fight you. You steal pale-face—Alibamo—"

Price started, turning pale as death, as he shrieked:

"Pitch him into the fire this instant!"

The guard seized the Indian, and were about to put the order into execution, when a man bearing the appearance of a rough mountaineer, sprang forward.

"Hold on a bit, general!" were his deliberate uttered words.

Then, with the most perfect coolness, he drew his knife and severed the cords which bound the wrists of Fall-leaf.

"And who are you?" asked Price in surprise.

"Your best friend, of course, general," was the laconic reply.

"I doubt it!"

"Then you believe I lie, do you?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I will not lie then. I am your enemy. The reason I called myself your friend was, because I intended to give you good advice!"

"Indeed! And what is this good advice?"

"Why, general, that you are too far from the main body of your troops with so small an escort. You had better return!"

"What do you mean?" asked Price, alarmed.

"I'll show you," was the reply. "Here, boys; come on, quick," he shouted, turning toward the dense thicket from which he had emerged.

"We are surprised! Fall back!" shrieked Price, as he wheeled his horse.

The guard had not waited for this command, but were already rapidly retreating toward the main camp, followed by the aids of Price.

The Indian and his rescuer had already

mounted a cliff which overlooked the entire ground, and turning he cried:

"Look how the cowards run! Ha! ha! ha!"

Price heard the words, and the laugh of derision. He commanded a halt, and exclaimed:

"It was but a ruse! No troops excepting our own are near us. Follow me—we can yet overtake them. There is but one path leading down the mountain, and one along the ridge. Take the lower one, Rains, with forty men. I will take the upper path, and thus we will cut them off."

The order was at once executed, and the different detachments galloped along each mountain road.

"There they are!" cried Price, as he reached the highest mountain point, about four miles from his camp. "There is a path to the right of that ledge, which leads to the valley. Quick—intercept them. They are making for that spot."

The whole party dashed forward, but were just in time to see the rescuer of Fall-leaf spring from the rock and commence his rapid descent down the rugged pathway. A volley was fired after him, but without effect.

"But where is that red-skin?" asked Price.

"He is not with that fellow, and I saw him standing upon that rock but a moment since."

"He may be concealed in some of the crevices in the ledge," replied one of the party.

Search was instantly made. In a few moments one of the aids cried:

"He is here! surround the rock—he cannot escape!"

Near the summit of the cliff there was a large oak tree, which at one time had been standing erect, but from lack of soil to secure its roots, had gradually settled down until its tops were some thirty or forty feet *below* its roots. It hung over a frightful precipice of over one hundred feet. Directly below grew a large tree, whose tops reached within fifteen or twenty feet of the declined oak's branches.

The Indian finding himself thus surrounded, did not hesitate an instant. On one side was the precipice—on all other sides, the infuriated soldiery, thirsting for his blood.

Quick as thought he sprang for the oak. Down its body and branches he ran, like a squirrel skipping from twig to twig.

"Fire!" shouted Price.

"Our pieces have all been discharged at the other spy. We must load."

"Well, quick—quick, or he will escape. By heavens, look!"

The Indian had reached the extreme branches of the declining oak. He paused an instant, and then sprang for the tree below.

It was a fearful leap. But he succeeded in grasping one of the topmost branches. His weight bent the frail limb, and before he could grasp another, it had broken, and his form went whirling through the air. But his form was checked by striking one of the main limbs, and with an effort he secured a firmer hold. In an instant he had reached the body of the tree, and was safe.

As he reached the base of the ledge, he turned and cried:

"Price—me meet you again!"

CHAPTER II.

*The Meeting—The tale of Wrong and Blood—
The Avenger—The Oath—The Mountain Maid
—The Lover.*

Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes, and braggart
with my tongue.

But gentle heaven, cut short all intermission,
Front to front bring thou this fiend of Scotland and my-
self,

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too.—*Shakespeare.*

WHEN Fall-leaf reached the ground he start-
ed for the river, pursuing his way cautiously,
but rapidly. Ever and anon he would pause
and listen. It was evident he was pursued by
the party from whom he had just escaped, but,
as he passed along, their shouts were received
only by a scornful curl of his bronze lip.

But he soon found more difficult objects
with which to contend. As he emerged into
an open space, he came suddenly upon the
party under the command of Rains. He was
not at once discovered. Bending to the
earth, he crept cautiously along, concealing
himself as best he could, by the under brush
and tall grass. But he was not long to remain
undiscovered. One of the rebel party, having
espied the object of their pursuit, raised his
rifle, and as its report rang through the forest,
it was answered by a sharp cry of the Indian,
who sprang into the air, and fell backward.

In an instant he was surrounded. Upon ex-
amination it was found that the bullet had
penetrated his breast, rendering a dangerous,
if not fatal wound, from which the blood was
flowing profusely. He was quite conscious,
but unable to move or speak.

"Shall I send a bullet through his brain?"
asked one of the rebel band.

"It is unnecessary. That ugly wound in
the breast will soon end him. But stay. His
tribe must not know of his death. Throw him
into that hole by yonder rock, then fill it up
with stone and dirt."

The form of Fall-leaf was taken from the
ground, and cast with violence into a cavern,
or "sink-hole," about twenty feet in depth,
large enough at its bottom to contain the bod-
ies of a dozen men, but, unlike the majority of
such old water-escapes to caverns in the bowels
of the earth, the mouth of this hole was so
small that it was quite difficult for the passage
of a single form. As soon as this was done,
the party proceeded to fill the entrance with
rock and rubbish.

"It is done. He will trouble us no more!"
said Rains.

"He is buried alive!"

"Yes, but no matter. Let us return to
camp!"

The rescuer of Fall-leaf, after his escape,
pushed rapidly forward to the river bank.
Here he paused for a moment and listened.
No sound was heard. He placed his ear to
the ground.

"They are no longer in pursuit, but are re-
turning to camp," he muttered, after a pause.
Then he drew a small whistle from his pocket,
and sounded a shrill note. There was no re-
ply, and he repeated the call. Still there was
no answer.

"Has he been seized by those ruffians? If
so, I must return to his rescue. But, stay. I
heard the report of a rifle, and then a sharp
cry. He may have met some of the soldiers,
and suffered at their hands. At all events, it
will be useless now for me to go again to
camp, as the guard will be doubly vigilant. I
will return to the cabin, and if Fall-leaf does
not appear by nightfall, I will then go in
search of him. Perhaps Johnson will accom-
pany me."

He plunged into the river, and soon reached
the other side. Onward he went, up the moun-
tain, not pausing for a moment, showing him-
self perfectly familiar with the locality. At
length he emerged into an open space, near
the summit of the ridge he had been travers-
ing, at the opposite side of which appeared a
rude log cabin. He sprang forward with a
smile as his eyes fell upon the dwelling, but
as he came nearer the smile faded, and a look
of wonder, or painful anxiety, became fixed
upon his face. At length he paused and ex-
claimed:

"What means all this? How I tremble!
What forebodings flash across my brain! If
harm has come to them, I shall go mad, mad!
Oh! my father—my dear sister, why are you not
upon the threshold to welcome my return?
No answer! All is silent there—and all is deso-
lation, too. The creeping vines are torn
away—the flowers choked with weeds—the
beauty of the place departed—*she is not there,*
else it would not be so! And I am doomed to
—I must be satisfied first. Alibamo! Sister!
Alibamo!" His voice rang out with
startling clearness.

"Who calls! William! Brother!"

"Johnson—my best friend—oh! you are yet
living!" cried William, as he sprang into the
arms of Johnson, who had appeared in the
cabin door.

"Yes, friend, you are living; but where is
my father—oh! I fear to ask—I am a coward,
Johnson!"

"You observe a change here, I suppose?"
asked Johnson.

"Yes! But tell me *why* this change? I can
bear it now!"

"First let me hear of yourself, William,
and then I will answer you. Where have you
been detained so long?"

"I cannot answer until you have told me of
my father and my sister. Are they alive?"

"I hope so!"

"You *hope* so! Oh! Johnson, my heart will
burst with this suspense. Think for a mo-
ment. I have been a prisoner now nearly
three months. At the battle of Wilson's Creek
I was taken by the enemy, having been left
wounded upon the field. I suffered—oh! how
terribly! I suffered from doidly pain—from
hunger—my heart wrung by the taunts and
insults heaped upon me by the wretches who
held me in their power. I often felt death
would be a great relief, but *hope*—the bright
star of hope rose high above the dark cloud
which surrounded me, and I lived on. What
was that hope, Johnson? It was of home!
Father! Sister! I dreamed of liberty, even
in my dungeon's depths—and on the grimmy
walls I traced the flowers and vines my sister

reared. The night winds whistled through my casements, and I heard my sister's voice—her song so sweet and thrilling. If dreaming thus, I woke to sadness, my father's voice would speak to me, bidding me be firm and hope. At last the news reached me, even in my cell at Springfield, that Fremont was coming. My wounds were healed, and I resolved to escape. Oh! how I longed for freedom. And why? First, that I might once more clasp my father and my sister in my arms, and then join Fremont. I watched for opportunity, and soon it came. I escaped at night, by the assistance of Fall-leaf, an Indian chief. I started at once for home. I was crossing the mountain this morning, when suddenly I came upon the outposts of Price. I saw my deliverer a prisoner, and bound. I did not hesitate, and by a stratagem, released him. The trick was discovered and we were pursued. I became separated from Fall-leaf. I should have returned in search of him, but I could not. In the distance I could see my home, never before so loved. I felt that dear ones were waiting my approach, and I hastened onward. And now, with burning brain and bursting heart I ask, are they yet living, and you reply you 'hope so!'

"Come in, William, I will tell you all," answered Johnson.

"All! Oh! that word has a terrible sound. I cannot go in if *they* are not here! Each familiar article would only be a dart piercing my heart. Here I will listen where there is air to breathe."

He seated himself upon a log before the door, and dropping his face in his hands, he said:

"Go on!"

"William, it will require all your fortitude to listen to the narrative, for it is a tale of blood!"

"Go on!" replied William, without raising his head.

"I will. After the fall and defeat of the brave General Lyon, at Wilson's Creek, and the consequent retreat of the Union army, our position here was by no means an enviable one. It was well known that we were originally from the East. We were called 'abolitionists,' and this was enough. Other families were equally persecuted, and we resolved to leave the country. A party of Unionists, consisting of all our immediate neighbors, assembled here to make arrangements for leaving on a stated day. We were seated around this very spot, unconscious of danger, conversing upon our present trials and future hopes. We numbered twenty souls, thirteen of whom were women and children. On a sudden a party of rebel ruffians dashed upon us from the surrounding woods. Escape was impossible, and but one of our party was armed. We sat quietly awaiting their approach, thinking this the best course to pursue, as we could not believe unarmed men would be murdered in cold blood, even by those wretches. But we were woefully in error. Their captain, one Robert Branch, rode to the side of Walter Leeman, and clove his skull. I sprang to my feet—so did our comrades. But the conflict was of short duration. Seven unarmed men could

not cope long with forty mounted assassins. I saw—your father—fall—"

A groan was the only response from William. He did not raise his head.

"I seized the rifle of my fallen friend, and for a moment used it with terrible effect. I saw three villains fall under the blows I gave, but this could not last. I was stricken down, but not until I had heard the barbarous captain cry out, 'Spare that maiden beauty—she must be mine!' I could not save her—I fainted!"

"Oh! sister—Alibamo!" sobbed William.

"I must have remained unconscious for some hours, as it was dark when I awoke. I could scarcely move, either from loss of blood, or the terrible excitement and exertion I had undergone. I remained quiet until daylight, with the exception of several times calling the names of my friends. But I received no answer. And no wonder. Oh! what a sight met my eyes in the morning. I almost wished it had never come. Even the bright sun must have sickened as it gazed on such a sight."

"Was my father dead?" asked William.

"I could not find his body, although I searched for it everywhere. It is my belief that he was only wounded and then carried off, a prisoner. Five of my friends lay dead and cold by my side. Myself and your father made up the seven men who were present when the fight began. My wife was bleeding at my feet. She was not dead—but only survived long enough to gently press my hand, and look her last farewell. She could not speak. I had but an indistinct recollection of her having thrown herself before me, and the blow levelled at my life was received by her. Oh! God, why was I saved to life—but not to live? For I cannot live without her! I had only been stunned by the blow."

"And my sister?" asked William.

"She, too, must have been taken captive!"

"Then, by heavens, we have much to live for!" cried William, starting to his feet.

"Much to live for? Yes—our country—our hopes—revenge! Oh! William, could you have seen that sight, you would feel as I now feel. Could you have felt the burning fires that seared my heart as I lifted the dying form of her I loved so truly, in my arms, and vainly begged her not to leave me yet, you would feel as I now feel. Could you have heard the cry of agony wrung from my wretched breast when I knew I no longer had a wife, you would feel as I do now. Oh! William, it is terrible—terrible!"

"What course did you pursue?" asked William.

I consigned our loved ones to the grave, disguised myself, staining my skin with walnut bark, and then started forth for vengeance!"

"And what have you accomplished?"

"But little as yet. I have not met *the* man. I could have killed, but if discovered, or even suspected, it would prevent the carrying out of my plans. Price has employed me as a spy, and thus I have access through his lines. My plans the first, to find your father and your sister. I am almost certain she is with the rebel army, and that I heard her sweet voice, last night, singing a mournful song."

"Oh! if she lives—but let us go. I will enter the lines of the rebel army this very night. I will go, and if my sister is there, she shall be saved, or I will perish with her!"

"I am waiting only for to-morrow night. At that time Price will suppose I have just returned from Warsaw. Then I will go with you!" replied Johnson.

"I shall go to-night!" answered William. "But I shall enter the camp by stealth, crawl from tent to tent, listen to all conversations, and perhaps in this manner may get important information, both for our friends, and of my father and sister."

"It is a desperate hazard, William!"

"I am resolved!"

"I shall go with you!" replied Johnson.

"No, or at least, not within the camp. If you were seen before the expected time, it would create suspicion. You will conceal yourself before you reach the outer pickets. But I must find Fall-leaf. I will go to the point where I heard the rifle report. He may be wounded—perhaps dead."

Night was fast approaching as the friends took their course down the mountain, and toward the rebel camp. The fires could be distinctly seen, and the shrill notes of the fife, and the rattle of the drum, echoed across the mountain, and from hill to hill. As they reached the river, William exclaimed:

"It is nine o'clock. They are beating the tattoo in camp. In an hour all will be quiet. But let us now search for Fall-leaf. The moon is shining brightly, which will favor our search!"

The friends sprang into a small skiff which Johnson drew from its concealment in a clump of under brush, and in a moment were upon the opposite bank. Without further words, William led the way, and soon arrived on the spot where Fall-leaf had been wounded. He examined the ground carefully, and at last exclaimed:

"Here are traces of blood, and the grass is trodden down, plainly showing that a great struggle has occurred, or that a large party have passed over this place."

"Let us trace the path. Here it runs, up this slope, toward this rock. And look! here the earth has been disturbed. Do you not remember there was a cave here? And its mouth or entrance is filled with rock and earth, which has been newly thrown there. Fall-leaf has been killed, and buried here!"

"Why buried? These rebels are not in the habit of burying those whom they murder. Why should they bury Fall-leaf?"

"Because he is of a powerful tribe, and his death, if known, would make eternal enemies of all the Delawares."

"He was their friend, was he not?"

"No! He met Fremont at Tipton. He had formerly been his friend, having often met him on the plains between this and the Rocky Mountains. His whole tribe is deeply attached to the general, and will do all in their power to assist him. And if the Delawares should learn of his death, I believe that tribe alone would almost annihilate Price and his army."

The work of removing the stone and earth which obstructed the entrance of the cave, now began.

They toiled on in silence. At length the last obstacle was removed, and William called:

"Fall-leaf! Fall-leaf!"

There was no answer.

"He is dead, or not here!" said Johnson.

"He must be here else why has this cave been filled, and so recently. I will descend and ascertain."

William sprang into the cave. He had nothing with which to strike a light, but in a moment he said:

"There are *two* bodies here. I will pass them out, and by the moonlight we can examine their features."

William lifted the bodies toward the entrance, and as he did so he said:

"One of them has been here a long time, as the decomposition indicates. Lay them on the ground, Johnson, and I will search farther!"

After a moment's pause, Johnson asked:

"Do you find anything else?"

"No—nothing!"

"Then come out."

William left the cave, and as he did so, Johnson grasped him by the arm, and asked:

"Will you be calm!"

"Yes—yes!" replied William. "But what do you mean?"

"Will you think *only* of revenge?"

"Of revenge! What do you mean?"

"Look there!" cried Johnson, pointing to one of the bodies which had been taken from the cave.

"My father!" shrieked William, as he glanced at the corpse.

"Yes, your father! But, pray be firm—be calm."

"I am calm—very calm!" sobbed William, as he sank beside the inanimate clay.

"The Indian is recovering, William," said Johnson.

This was indeed the case. In spite of his long confinement in the cave, and the suffering endured from his wound, Fall-leaf had recovered sufficiently to speak. He had partially raised himself from the ground, and was resting his head upon his elbow.

But William was too deeply affected to observe this, or to notice the words spoken by Johnson.

At last he arose from his prostrate position beside his father's corpse, and for a moment gazed wildly around him. He pressed his hands to his temples, as if endeavoring to collect his scattered thoughts. His eyes fell upon the Indian, and then were raised to Johnson.

"I remember all now!" he said. "I hoped it was a dream—but it is a dread reality—but not all—not all!"

"William! You know me?"

Johnson gazed upon him with earnestness.

"You think I am mad, Johnson! But I am not. Hark! Great heavens! Listen!"

Johnson shook his head.

"Here, Johnson—here! kneel with me—here, beside my father's clay! *That* voice tells me I have work to do!"

"What voice, William?"

"A thousand voices calling for vengeance. But, kneel with me now, and swear by the God of truth and justice—swear by my wrongs,

your wrongs, our country's wrongs—swear by your murdered wife, to join me in pursuing these fiends in human form, until they are swept from the earth!”

“I swear!” cried Johnson, as he knelt beside his friend.

“Me—me next!” answered Fall-leaf. He made an effort to get upon his feet, but fell back.

“That voice again?” cried William, starting up, and listening.

“I hear nothing!” answered Johnson.

“But I do! It is a sound soft and plaintive. It echoes along the mountain, and I know its melody. It is the voice of Alibamo.”

For a moment all were silent and listened eagerly to catch the distant sound, but it was so low and indistinct that nothing definite could be made of it.

“It is only the murmur of the river, William,” said Johnson.

“To me it is the murmur of an angel, and I will trace its source. Johnson, you must remove Fall-leaf to our cabin. His wound is painful, and needs attention. Bury my father first, and then perform this duty. I will meet you to-morrow night.”

Without further words, William darted from the spot, and commenced his course up the mountain toward the camp of Price. Now and then he paused to listen, but all was silent, save the murmur of the breeze among the oaks, and the rippling of the rills.

“Am I dreaming?” he at last exclaimed.

“No—no! there is her voice again! Sister!”

William paused, listening intently.

Upon the clear, moonlight air, rang out a voice, sweeter than angels' echoes. But the words; they spoke of love—of willing captivity—of future joys mingled with hope. Of her brother—her father—and her lover—“HARRY!”

“Is it possible *she* has loved a rebel! O God! is my cup of bitterness not yet full? But I will steal closer, and listen!”

In a short time he reached a rock, upon which, in the clear moonlight, could be seen, two forms. The one a female, pure and lovely as the moon's own rays; the other, a delicate youth, of about twenty years of age, yet bearing the impress of a noble soldier. Alibamo spoke:

“Are you not required in camp, dear Harry?”

“Yes, love—but here, also!”

“You would not sacrifice your duty for love?”

“My first duty is here—with one I love so wildly. And you love me, do you not, Alibamo?”

“Oh! Harry—I cannot tell you how dearly!”

“Then you are not *my* sister!” shrieked William, who had heard these words.

“Halt! Who comes there?”

These words were spoken by one of the sentinels of the picket. In an instant, William had darted from the spot. The sentinel fired upon him without effect. He was soon out of danger, and then paused irresolute. At length he said:

“It will be useless to return to night. That

gun has aroused the camp, and they are beating the long roll. But, why should I wish to return. My sister loves a rebel. No! what is that? Why, he—her lover is waving the Stars and Stripes from yonder rock. He knows I see him—and hark!—she—my sister—is singing—The Star-Spangled Banner. Surely this is all a dream.”

CHAPTER III.

The General—His Quarters—The Delay—The Expedition—The Instructions—The Departure.

We should have else desired your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow,
It's far you ride?—*Shakespeare.*

THE Union army, or rather a portion of it, was encamped at Warsaw, waiting for the completion of the Osage river bridge, which was being built by the soldiers, at that point. The division under the command of acting Major-General Sigel, had succeeded, after an extraordinary effort, in reaching the west side of the river, but it was impossible to convey the heavy trains which accompanied the army across, without something more than the small scow, which was termed a ferry-boat, and plying between Warsaw and the opposite shore.

The divisions under the command of McKinstrey, Hunter, and Pope, had not yet arrived. Therefore the troops occupying Warsaw and its vicinity, numbered only about ten or twelve thousand. Under the incessant toil of the soldiers, who labored day and night, it was expected that the bridge would be complete by the time the rear divisions of the army arrived.

As a matter of prudence, it was deemed necessary to keep the rebel hosts in ignorance with regard to the situation of our forces. It was not expected that they would advance upon us, although many expressed a desire that it should be so, believing that Price would never meet our entire army, and that farther pursuit of that general was altogether fruitless. This opinion, however, was not general, and the more experienced officers were of the opinion that a few days would bring a great and decisive battle, but had perfect confidence in our complete success. They felt, that if the rebel leader possessed one particle of *pride*, he *must* make a stand, after the oft-repeated oaths that he had taken, to meet and overwhelm the federal troops.

Spies were reporting each day, that Price had sworn to meet, and give us battle; but the opinion among this class seemed to be, that he would fall back to the Arkansas line, and make a junction with Texan troops, said to be on the march toward Missouri. Many reports were circulated with regard to the strength of the rebel army, some saying it numbered over seventy thousand, while others declared there were not over thirty thousand armed men connected with it.

But the general commanding the Union forces, placing little reliance upon the statement of those spies, whom he believed could