

IRENE THE FOUNDLING

Or, The Slave's Revenge.

By the Author of "The Banker of Bedford."

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Oh, what a curse is civil war," said Abner, with a sigh, "dividing nations, people and kindred. And, leaning against the trunk of the giant oak hickory, he stood for a moment lost in painful reverie.

The heat of a horse's hoofs aroused him, and he saw his brother approaching. To reach the house he was compelled to pass within a few feet of the hickory tree, and must inevitably discover Abner, who, however, made no effort to conceal himself.

Standing in the shade of the tree as he was, Oleah did not see his brother until he was within a few feet of him, and then could not distinguish his features.

"Halloo, whom have we here?" he said, reining in his horse abruptly.

"Who is there?" cried Oleah, or it may be worse for you," said Oleah, not receiving an immediate answer.

"It is I, Oleah," said Abner, stepping from under the branches of the old tree.

The two brothers had grown more and more estranged, but as yet there had been no open rupture between them.

"Well, I might inquire what you are doing here," said Oleah.

"And I might ask what you are doing here, and where you are going, and a hundred other questions. If I were to tell you I was star-gazing you would not believe me."

"I don't know; I might," said Oleah. "You were sentimental at times when a boy, and the habit of looking at the moon and stars may have followed you into manhood."

"I was just thinking," said Abner, "that this tree is very old, very hale."

"It is," answered Oleah; "it was a full grown tree when I first remember seeing it."

"Yes, and we have often climbed its branches or swung beneath them."

"That is all true," said Oleah, restlessly, "but why talk of that, above all other times, to-night?"

"It brings pleasant memories of our happy childhood. And why not to-night as well as any other time?" said Abner.

"I have reasons for not wishing to talk or to think of the past to-night," said Oleah. "I have enough to trouble me without bringing up recollections that are now anything but pleasant."

"Recollections of childhood are always pleasant to me," said Abner, "and when storms of passion sway me, such thoughts calm the storm and soothe my turbulent mind once more to peace."

"Have you been in a rage to-night?" asked Oleah, with a smile.

"No."

"Then why are you conjuring recollections of the past?"

"I have not conjured them up; they come unbidden. This night, above all others, I would not drive the thoughts of our past away."

"And why?" asked Oleah, uneasily.

"Because this night we part, Oleah, perhaps forever."

Oleah, rash, hot-headed, fiery Oleah, had a tender heart in his bosom, and now he was trembling with emotion, although he made an effort to appear calm.

"How do you know that we are to part to-night?" he asked.

"We are both going from our home, and going in different directions. We are standing on opposite sides of a gulf momentarily growing wider."

A fearful suspicion crossed Oleah's mind. "Do you leave home to-night?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"To join the army of my country and the Union."

Oleah started back as if he had received a stunning blow in the face. Abner was aware that Oleah had enlisted in the Confederate army, but Oleah did not dream that his brother would enter the army of the North.

"Abner, Abner," he cried, hurriedly dismounting from his horse and coming to his brother's side, "for heaven's sake say that it is not true!"

men, finding seventy-five thousand wholly inadequate to put down the rebellion. Virginia was at this period in a constant state of alarm. Sumter had fallen, Harper's Ferry and Norfolk Navy-yard were in the hands of the rebels, while a mob, in the city of Baltimore, had attacked Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops on their way to the defense of Washington.

The Federal Government, on the other hand, was straining every nerve. It had collected about Washington, as speedily as possible, under General Scott, the veteran hero of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and the Mexican War, the volunteers who flocked to their country's defense in answer to the President's call. Volunteer companies were raising all over the country. In the extreme Northern States, in the defense of the Federal Government; in the extreme Southern States, in defense of the Confederate Government, and in some of the Middle and Western States, companies were raised for both sides. In fact, there were men in some of the more Northern slave States, who mustered with the rebels and were actually in the Confederate service before they knew it.

In Virginia, as we have shown, both sides were represented. The Junction, on account of its railroad facilities, was an important point to guard, and about three hundred volunteers, under Colonel Holdfast, were here stationed. Of these was recruited there was but one company that was a complete organization, uniformed and armed at the expense of the Government. It was a company of mounted infantry, under command of Captain Wardle, armed with musket, uniformed in the Government blue, and furnished with horses in order to scout the country.

The Government found it impossible to turn out arms and clothing fast enough to supply the volunteers at once, and it was late in the summer of 1861 before they were all equipped. Many armed themselves, as was the case with two hundred of those at the Junction. Their arms consisted of rifles, shot-guns, and such other weapons as they were able to furnish themselves with.

The Junction, as we have said, presented a curious scene. Five tall, white army tents had been erected for Captain Wardle's men, and there were a score or more enclosures, ambitious to be known as tents, made from Virginia wagon-covers, sail-cloth, oil-cloth, sheeting, and bed-ticking. They were of various sizes and shapes; some so small that four men would fill them; others large enough to hold twenty-five. Some of them were square, some round, like Indian wigwams, and others more like a circus canvas than anything we can compare them to.

The tents were a motley assemblage, and so, and to a greater extent, were the men therein sheltered. There was first the company of Captain Wardle, properly uniformed and armed, and intensely military in appearance and behavior. They were always drilling when not scouting the country; the raw recruits standing by, overwhelmed with admiration at their easy proficiency in the manual of arms, or the intricate and mysterious movements of the company drill.

It was early morning, and the smoke was ascending from half a hundred camp-fires. The scene was a constantly varying panorama of straw hats, linen coats, broadcloth coats, colored, flannel and white shirts. An orderly sergeant was trying to initiate a squad of raw recruits into some of the mysteries of drilling.

"Remember the position of a soldier," said the orderly. "Heels close together, head up, the eyes striking the ground twenty paces away. Now, shoulder arms! Great Moses! Tom Kooztz, can't you learn how to handle a gun? Keep the barrel vertical! Do you call that vertical?"

"What d'ye mean by sayin' vartical?" asked Kooztz.

The orderly explained for the hundredth time, that vertical meant straight up and down. He had them then count off by twos, beginning at the right, then he instructed them that at the order of "right face," number one was to take a half step obliquely to the right, and number two a step and a half to the left, bringing them in double file at right face. But when he gave the order, half of the men had forgotten their number. Confusion and dismay resulted, and the long suffering orderly sat down and swore until he was exhausted.

Camp-life was new to all, and its novelty kept all in a perpetual excitement. There was but little discipline. Officers ordered men and men ordered each other. Every one had suggestions to make, and those who knew the least offered the most of them.

"I tell you," said Sergeant Swords, "that tent is not strong. The center pole is too weak, and the guy ropes are rotten. It'll go down."

"I always knowed them boys didn't know how to fix a tent," said Corporal Grimm, plying his jaws vigorously on a huge piece of pig-tail tobacco.

"Yes, sir; they've got a good deal to learn yet," said Sergeant Swords, with a sigh.

"I do hate to see any one, who don't know anything about soldier life, pretend to know so much," said Corporal Grimm, who had had ten days' experience before he enlisted in his present company.

"So do I," said Sergeant Swords, who had seen at least six days' service. "They'll find yet they had better take some one else's advice what's had experience. Why, when I was with Captain Strong's men, and we marched forty miles to Goose Creek Bridge to keep the rebels from burnin' it, we fixed a tent up like that, and the first night after we encamped, there came up a rain-storm, and blowed the thing a quarter of a mile into a brush heap."

"Did I ever tell you what a hard time we had when I was under General Preston," asked Corporal Grimm, by way of introduction to a story which should redound to his own greatness.

"No, I believe not," answered Sergeant Swords, with more courtesy than truthfulness, for he had heard the story at least a dozen times.

"Well, sir, them was tryin' times," said Corporal Grimm, shaking his head and muttering his quid with the air of a man who has suffered. "Why, sir, we marched eighty-five miles on foot, and all the rations we had was dried beans, hams, and crackers. Oh, I just thought I would give anything for something substantial to eat or a drink of coffee! The boys all run out of tobacco, too, and we had an awful time. The thought of these hardships brought to his face an expression of extreme agony.

"Why didn't you press something to eat? You passed through a country where there was plenty, didn't you?" asked Sergeant Swords.

"Yes, but what could fifteen hundred men do at present? Why, they couldn't get enough to feed one brigade, let alone our whole army," answered Corporal Grimm, who, as much service as he had seen, did not exactly know how many men it took to constitute a brigade.

"We soldiers have hard times," said Sergeant Swords, brushing some of the mud off his blue jean coat. "Wonder how soon we'll draw our clothing and arms?"

"Don't know, but hope soon. I'm tired of these farmer brown breeches. I want a blue coat with stripes on the sleeves."

At this moment there came a blast from the bugle.

"Roll call," said Sergeant Swords.

A general gathering of each company about the Captain's tent followed.

Abner Tompkins was First Lieutenant of the company of which Sergeant Swords and Corporal Grimm were members. He had been with the company now for over a week.

The morning drill was over, and the volunteers were lounging about the tents, on the grass; Abner was leaning with his arm across the saddle-bow of his faithful horse, that he was about to turn out to graze. The mind of the young lieutenant was full of fancies and memories. His sudden departure from home, his interview with Irene, the parting with his brother, all were fresh in his thoughts, and his eyes naturally wandered back toward the road that led to his home. A familiar sight met his view. Coming down the hill, attended by a member of his own company, who had been on picket guard, was his father's carriage driven by the family coachman.

Abner started. Why was he coming to the Junction? The carriage drove up to Abner's tent, and the guard, making what he meant for a military salute, said:

"Lieutenant, here is a man as says he wants to see you."

"All right, Barney, you can leave him here."

The guard turned, and hurried back to his post as though the Nation's safety depended on his speed.

The driver opened the carriage door, Mr. Tompkins alighted, and father and son met with a cordial hand-grasp. Abner led his father into the officers' tent which was at present deserted by its usual occupants.

"Have you seen Oleah since?" asked Abner.

"I have," was the reply.

"Where?"

"At his camp."

"Why, father, how dare you go there, when your sentiments are known to be directly opposed to their cause? It was very dangerous."

"Not very dangerous, since I have a son who is an officer in their army."

"What officer does Oleah hold?"

"Second Lieutenant."

"I suppose Seth Williams and Howard Jones are there?"

"Yes, and Harry Smith."

"Harry Smith?"

"Yes."

"Why, he is no Confederate at heart."

"So are not a great many who are in their ranks."

"I have been daily expecting Diggs here," said Abner.

"Diggs, Henry Diggs?" asked Mr. Tompkins curiously.

"Yes; he promised me he would come here and join our company," said Abner.

"He is on the other side," replied Mr. Tompkins.

"What?"

"He is on the other side. He is a corporal in Oleah's company."

"Why, the contemptible little scamp! He promised me faithful he would come here and enlist."

"He is a man who cannot resist persuasion, and some one on the other side got the last word of him."

"True, Diggs has no mind of his own," said Abner.

"I have sometimes wished that my sons' minds were not quite so decidedly their own," said the plater with a sad smile and a doubtful shake of the head.

"Did you try to persuade Oleah to leave the Southern army?"

"No; he has conscientiously espoused the cause, and I would not have him do violence to his conscience. I talked to him mostly about you."

"About me?"

"Yes. I told him, as I now tell you, that if he had a principle which he thought right, he was right to maintain it; but while he fought in one army to remember always that he had a brother in the other, and, if by chance he should meet that brother in the struggle, to set brotherly love above party principle."

"What did he say?"

"He promised that he would, and now I have come for your promise also."

"I make it freely, father. It has always been my intention to meet Oleah as a brother whenever we meet."

"This is now a Sundered Nation," said Mr. Tompkins, "and its division has divided many families. It may be that brothers' swords shall drink brothers' blood, but, on Abner, let it not be your fate to be a fratricide."

Mr. Tompkins lingered until late in the day, when he entered his carriage, and was driven towards his home.

That night the Colonel sent for Captain Wardle and told him that he had been informed of a body of rebels collecting on the headwaters of Wolf creek, not more than three or four miles from Sngtown, and instructed him to take sixty of his own company and fifty of the new recruits and proceed there the next day, starting early in the morning, to break up the rebel camp, and capture every person found there.

There was another motley and undisciplined body of men encamped on Wolf creek. Wolf creek was a clear rapid stream, whose fountain-head was in the Twin Mountains. It came dashing from their craggy sides in many small rivulets, which, at their base, united to form this beautiful stream that flowed through a dark, dense forest in the valley, passing at one place within a half mile of Sngtown.

The camp, however, was three or four miles further up the stream, in what the military leaders considered a more advantageous location, on the main road that led from Sngtown by the Twin Mountains to a village beyond.

The numbers of the Confederates were increasing daily. As soon as the volunteers went into camp, those in sympathy with the cause came in from all four thousand men had assembled, ill-armed, undisciplined, confident, and full of enthusiasm. But one confident, and yet elected officers. Colonel Scrabble, an old Mexican soldier, was commander-in-chief of this force. Of the organized company, Oleah Tompkins was second lieutenant, and Patrick Henry Diggs was corporal.

Mr. Diggs had experienced considerable disappointment when the company failed to elect him captain; when a vote was taken for first lieutenant, he made a speech which secured him two votes; for second lieutenant, Oleah Tompkins was chosen. He was about to retire from the field and from the army, and had even applied for his discharge, when the captain appointed him corporal.

He did not like to accept a position so insignificant, but, when he reflected that there were a number of corporals who had risen to be generals, and that the prospect for his promotion was good, he became pacified, and very reluctantly assumed the office.

The spot where the Confederates were encamped had formerly been used for holding camp meetings; it was a grove, surrounded on every side by a dense forest, and the high road, which led past the place, approached it in a circuitous manner that it could not be seen fifty rods either way.

The Confederates had chosen so secluded a spot that it was evident they wished their camp concealed. Wolf Creek bounded their camping ground on one side. The tents were fantastic affairs, and could vie even with those of the Junction in variety of shape and material, and showed quite as great a lack of skill in arrangement. The men were of almost every class, dress, and nation; but the dark, sharp-cut Southern features predominated.

They were fiery, quick-tempered men, whose rashness nearly always excelled their judgment. Most of them were dressed in the garb of Virginia farmers, without any appearance or pretense to uniform. Their arms were shot-guns, rifles, and ancient muskets—a few of them excellent, but the majority inferior. As a class, they were men who enjoyed fox chases, wolf hunts, and horse races, and the present phase of their life they appeared to regard as a frolic.

Camp fires were smoldering, and camp kettles hung suspended over them. As at the Junction, there was a great deal of talk about camp life, and suggestions by the score were indulged in. The sergeants walked about with much dignity, and our corporal had grown to feel the importance of his office; he had the drill manual constantly in his hands, and combed its pages with the uttermost diligence.

Corporal Diggs was a general in embryo, and his name was yet to ring through the trump of fame, until, among all nations, it should become a household word; he felt within his soul the uprising of greatness, as he looked through his glasses with the air of one born to command. And to think that he was an officer already—a corporal, no matter how, to whom his word was law! Truly, the dream of his life was now beginning to be realized, his dearest desire was about to be fulfilled.

Corporal Diggs had, from his earliest boyhood, thirsted for military glory; he had poured over the pictures of famous generals represented as leading the dashing cavalry on their charge, amid blind smoke and flashing swords, or guiding the infantry by a wave of the hand, and had longed for an opportunity to do likewise. True, he was a mere corporal, but it took only a few sweeping strides from corporal to general. The soldiers did not seem at present to regard him with awe and admiration, but they had not yet seen him under fire; they did not know how coolly he could undergo so trying an ordeal. He longed for battle as the war horse that already sniffs the fray. Once in battle, he would so signalize himself by his coolness and daring as to be mentioned in the colonel's report, and would undoubtedly be at once promoted.

Corporal Diggs was full of fire and running over with enthusiasm. No man in all the camp seemed as busy as he; in his tireless, short legs stamped about from place to place continually, his head thrown back, his eyes shining brilliantly through his glasses, a rusty, naked sword in his right hand. Occasionally the official duty of Corporal Diggs brought him to a standstill and then the would thrust the point of his sword in the ground, and lean upon it. As the sword was long, when standing upon end, it came near reaching the chin of the born warrior who carried it.

No one could appreciate the greatness of this great man. "Why did you leave before I showed you?" and other such frivolous phrases were constantly sounded in his ears. The gallant soldier sometimes became highly indignant, but he soothed himself with the reflection that all this would be changed after they had once witnessed his powers on the battle-field.

It was the middle of the afternoon. The recruits had exhausted all their means of amusement, and were lounging about under the shade of the trees, or cleaning their rusty guns.

"What shall we do to keep awake this evening?" said one fellow, lazily, reclining flat on his back under the broad branches of an old elm.

"Dunno," said another, who was almost asleep.

"Let's get up a scout," proposed a third.

"I'll tell you how we can have some fun," said Seth Williams, his eyes twinkling.

"How?" asked half a dozen at once.

"Get Corporal Diggs to make a speech."

"Good, good!" cried a number, springing to their feet. "The very thing."

It was finally decided to present to Corporal Diggs a written petition to address the members of his company on the question of the day, and enthrone them with his magnificent and stirring eloquence. The sergeant himself circulated the petition, and half a hundred names to it in less than fifteen minutes.

Corporal Diggs had just returned from inspecting the guard when the petition was presented to him.

"Well, yes—hem, hem!" began the soldier, orator, and general in embryo. "I have been thinking for some time that I ought to make the boys a speech. They—hem, hem!—should have something of the kind occasionally to keep—to keep their spirits up."

"Well, come right along now," said the Sergeant, pointing to where nearly a hundred had gathered around a large elm stump. "They're waiting for you."

Corporal Diggs felt that his star had risen, and with a face full of becoming gravity, which the occasion and his official position demanded, he went forward to the place indicated, dragging his long sword after him, the stick he calls his horse.

The crowd received him with enthusiastic cheers, and Corporal Diggs mounted the stump.

"Hem, hem, hem!" he began, clearing his throat by way of commencement. Ladies and gentlemen—a slight titter in the audience—"I mean fellow-citizens, or, perhaps, fellow-soldiers or comrades would be more suitable terms for addressing those who are to share my toils and dangers." (Cheers.) "I come here to talk," as one of old said, "for you know too well the story of our thralldom." What would the gentlemen have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet that they must be bought with slavery and chains? There are those who cry "Peace, peace!" but there is no peace! The next gale that sweeps down from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. (Cheers.) But, my comrades, I—hem, hem!—feel it my imperative duty to tell you that the foe is near at hand, and battle, glorious battle, where "flame and smoke, and shout and groan, and sabre stroke" fill the air." (Vehement cheering, and Seth Williams trying to kick the bottom out of a camp kettle.)

"Gentlemen of the jury—hem, hem!—No, fellow-comrades, I mean, gird on the armor of determination, the helmet of courage, the shield of unity, the breast-plate of honesty, and with the sword of the right never fear to hew your way through the ranks of injustice." The orator paused for a moment for the cheering to subside that not a word of that sublime speech should be lost. All the soldiers in the camp, not only Diggs, but by this time gathered about the speaker.

"Gentlemen of the jury, or fellow-soldiers, I should say, hem!" he resumed, "it may be that some day I shall have the honor of leading you to battle. Then, fellow-citizens, I hope, nay, I verily believe, that not one in this camp will be found skulking or hiding. (Cheering, and cries of "No, no!") May that day come that we may all prove to the

will that we have a principle, and that we can defend it. (Cheers and cries of, "Let her come!") Gentlemen, hem!—comrades, liberty is in the very air, and the citizens of the South breathe it, and now that the tyrants of the North have seen fit to loose the war dogs, not one of the swords of Columbia's true sons shall be returned unsharpened to its sheath. (Long continued cheering.) While this voice has power to speak, and this tongue power of proclaiming the truth, the wrongs of the South shall be told. (Cheers and cries of "You bet.") And while this eye has the power of sight to aim the gun, and this arm strength to wield the sword, they shall be used wholly for the South." (Cheers and cries of "Hurrah for Diggs.") Some scamp propounded the long unanswered question, "Why didn't you wait till I had shown you?" but the orator is unmoved by this attempt at ridicule. "Gentlemen of the jury, or, rather, fellow-comrades, when I think of all our wrongs, I long for the day to come when we may meet the foe face to face. Yes, face to face, with bristling steel between, and canopies of smoke rolling above and mixing with the clouds of the heavens. Then shall they feel the arm of vengeance. Oh, ye boosters of the North," growing very loud and eloquent, while his right hand, with fingers all apart, cleft the air, "if you would know with whom you have to deal, come on!" (Cheers and cries of "Come on!") Towards, boosters, how I long to meet you where the cannon roars—the glad thunders of war. (Cheering, and one young recruit trying to stand on his head. I tell you that we can now say with the poet:

"Hark, hark, the tramp of war awakes And vengeance from the vigil breaks, The dreadful cry of carnage sounds, It seems that hell's let loose her hounds."

"My brave comrades, remember Marion and Washington of old, and be like them, ready to lay down your life for your country. (Wild cheering.) I am ready to die in defense of the land that gave me—"

Bang, bang, bang! went three muskets about two hundred yards up the creek.

"Oh, Lordy!" yelled Corporal Diggs, and he performed a leap which a frog might have envied, alighting from the stump on his hands and knees on the ground.

Bang, bang, CRASH! went half a hundred guns in the same direction, and the air seemed alive with whistling balls.

"What is that?" cried Seth Williams.

"To arms! We are attacked!" shouted Colonel Scrabble.

"Run for your lives," cried the four pickets who now came in sight, setting the example.

As the pickets had seen the enemy, and the Colonel had not, the men considered that the former knew more of their number. As for the gallant Corporal Diggs, after one ineffectual attempt to spring on a tall horse, he ran rapidly away to the woods as fast as his short legs would carry him, which Seth Williams afterward declared was faster than any horse could. It was in vain that the officers attempted to rally Captain Wardle, after the first fire, came galloping into view out of the woods, and, dismounting, fell into line of battle just in the edge of the cleared space where Corporal Diggs, not two minutes before, had been entertaining the entire camp with his eloquence. They poured another volley into the camp, which awoke the echoes of the forest and seemed to the terrified recruits to shake the Twin Mountains to their very center. They then charged down on the enemy.

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy, have mercy on my soul!" gasped Corporal Diggs as, impelled by the roar of fire-arms in his rear, the whistling of bullets among the trees, and the thunder of plunging horses on every side, he went over the ground at the rate of speed which almost took away his breath. He ran as he never did before. He crushed through underbrush, tore through thorns, dodged under limbs, and leaped logs, in a manner that would have astonished any one who took into consideration the shortness of his legs. He was leading the entire force, as in his speech a few minutes before, he had said he would. He was the first to start, and as yet was ahead of his footmen.

Many of the horses, about four hundred in number, which had been picketed about the camp, had broken loose during the firing and were running, plunging, and snorting through the thick woods, much to the terror of poor Diggs, who imagined a Union soldier on every horse, and supposed that there could not be less than fifty thousand of them.

On, on, and on he ran, for about three miles, when, coming up to a steep bank of the creek, he found it impossible to check his headlong speed, and tumbled head first into it. Down into the mud and water he went, sticking his head so deep into the latter, that it was with some difficulty he extricated himself. When he washed the mud out of his eyes, he perceived a drift a few feet away, and going to it managed to conceal himself amid the brush and logs.

"Oh! Lordy! Lordy! have mercy on me! Oh, I know I shall be killed!"

"Thump, thump! crash, crash! splash!" it was simply one of the frightened horses that had broken away from the camp, but it put Corporal Diggs in extreme terror, as he supposed it to be a regiment of Union cavalry.

"Oh, I ought never to have engaged in this unholty cause! I thought I was an error. I'll leave the Southern army sure, if ever I get out of this."

For hours Corporal Diggs was kept in a state of perpetual terror by fleeing men and horses.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. TOMPKINS' PERIL.

Since the rebellion had assumed such proportions, and men, who had made war with pen and tongue had taken up the sword, Mr. Tompkins had been careful not to allude to the merits of either cause in his family. He had been made to feel the bitterness of the strife that, in dividing the Nation, had divided his home. He felt most keenly a parent's agony at having his two sons in hostile armies. That, at any hour or moment, they might meet in opposing ranks, was a horrible possibility, which, do what he would, he could not banish from his mind. He knew, too, that the companion of his life held views antagonistic to his own on the question of the war. So he was reticent on questions on which every one else was eagerly expressing opinions; but in his heart, he was firmly convinced of the justice of the Union cause. Though Mrs. Tompkins, like her husband, was silent as to her belief, she was firmly convinced that the cause of the South was just. How could she, with all her native pride and prejudices, look on the subject in any other light? Her sunny home, the home of her childhood, the pride of her maturer years, was to be the field of contest. One side must win. On one side were arrayed the cold, calculating strangers of the North; on the other, the warm-hearted, generous people of the South; but what engendered to her, more than any other circumstance, the Southern cause, was that it was based on principles which she believed just and right.

Americans, more than any other Nation on earth, fight from principle. Other Nations blindly follow/jking or emperor, regardless of right or wrong, but the American fights

from principle approved by his judgment and based upon his earnest convictions.

Mr. Tompkins did not reflect on the dangers that might arise to himself from visiting two hostile armies. It was the day to be at Sngtown. He found the village in a state of excitement in consequence of "a large army of United States soldiers" having passed on their way to Wolf Creek. The villagers, unaccustomed to the sight of large bodies of men, put the number of Captain Wardle's command at several thousand, when in reality it did not exceed, including his own company and the others with him, one hundred and fifty.

"Where were they going?" inquired Mr. Tompkins of the village grocer.

"Dunno," was the reply.