

endeavoring to destroy this republic, which has cost so much blood and treasure to establish and maintain. I will soon be in readiness to enlist those who may wish to offer their services."

The most intense excitement prevailed among the young men, while the older ones were thoughtful, feeling that a crisis was upon the country. True to his word, old Josh Gundy, with tottering steps, came forward, and, addressing the officer, said—

"Sir, I was a soldier in the war of 1812, and was with General Scott at the capture of the City of Mexico, and now I wish to be the first to sign the roll from Wapakoneta in defense of the dear old flag."

As the old hero's mind went back to the days when he fought the battles of his country, the hot tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, visibly affecting those present. The officer was moved by the patriotism, and, grasping Josh by the hand, said—

"God bless you, my patriotic old friend. The government, I hope, will not need men of your age. You have already given your best years to her, and she will not expect you to give her your declining days."

Colonel Harrington now stepped forward, and advised the people to return to their homes and prepare themselves to make great sacrifices during the coming struggle, the end of which no one could foresee.

As may well be supposed, the country was ablaze with excitement; the country people continued to flock into town in great numbers. The soldiers' quarters were being besieged by the young people, who had never seen a soldier in uniform, and these "for sure" soldiers were great curiosities to them. The enlistment went on briskly, and when the sun went down on the day after the arrival of Lieutenant Barber and his men, there were enrolled, in the service of the government, one hundred as fine looking young men* as ever shouldered a musket, and who were eager to be led against the foe, who dared to insult the flag of their country. This company was at once forwarded to the camp of instructions, there to be put through the various evolutions necessary to the recruit, before being sent into the field.

The parting from friends on leaving for the scenes of battle, will long be remembered. Later on, these three months' volunteers formed a nucleus, around which, a few months later, were gathered large armies.

Among the most active in securing enlistments, was Colonel Harrington. The colonel was the wealthiest man in that section of Ohio, and a leader in

* The writer of these lines, although under sixteen years of age, enlisted in this company, and served in it and other commands continuously until the 28th of July, 1855, or until every traitor had laid down his arms and sued for peace.

most matters which came up for consideration. His family consisted of himself, wife and daughter, and, as might be expected, he and his estimable wife worshipped at the shrine of their only child.

Amy Harrington, like many of her Northern sisters, was a blonde of the purest type. She was just the age—nineteen—when woman attains her most perfect form and beauty. Her hair, like threads of gold, hung in luxuriant masses about her shoulders, extending far below her slender and shapely waist. Her complexion was most delicately fair, showing the dainty blushes and the blue pencilings about the temples, every passing emotion being noted by the ebb and flow of color, as seen through her transparent skin. She had large, soft, blue eyes, with arched eyebrows of golden brown; hands small and white. In height, she was five feet five inches; and in her walk, showed a queenly grace.

Colonel Harrington had been exceedingly careful about his daughter's education, giving her all the advantages which wealth and position could procure. One would naturally infer, that with her numerous friends and indulgent father and mother, she would be very happy. Not so, however. Being a woman, and an exceptionally beautiful one, she had a great many suitors, and being conscientious, her heart was sad when she had to send her many admirers away. There was one, however, who laid siege to Amy's heart, and who was not sent away without recognition. That one was Tom Norwood. Tom was the son of Mrs. Norwood, who lived neighbor to Colonel Harrington. The husband of Mrs. Norwood had died a year before the opening of our story, leaving two children to the care of his widow. Tom was the elder, being just twenty-one years old, while little Mamie, his sister, was only two. Tom and Amy had grown up side by side, always the best of friends, and, as they reached manhood and womanhood, this friendship had ripened into love. Tom was a perfect specimen of manly beauty, standing five feet eleven inches, with square shoulders, and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. He had dark, chestnut-brown hair, which clustered in ringlets about his fair brow. When his hat was laid aside, his forehead showed that he had intellectual capacity, as well as manly beauty. He was a genuine type of a Western man.

There was a wide difference in the social positions of the two families. The Harringtons, possessing wealth, had *carte blanche* to the best society, while the Norwoods, being very poor in this world's goods, were denied entrance to the *beau monde*. While Amy was away receiving her finishing education, Tom was studying at home. He could not afford a collegiate course, therefore he applied himself the more dili-