



The Spy and the Girl.

A WARTIME ROMANCE.

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL.

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IN 1861 to 1865 I was a cavalryman and a scout. During Sherman's continued fight on his way to Atlanta the enemy would make a stand, throw up breastworks and thus bring our forces to a halt. Then our cavalry would push out on his flank, get in his rear, and his retreat would commence again. On one of these occasions, when we were on his flank, our cavalry commander sent me in advance to report on the position he proposed to occupy. I went in uniform, which, in case I was taken, would protect me from the fate of a spy. After going the first half of the distance on my horse I picketed him and walked. I had a map showing the roads over which the Confederates would march if they retreated, and I crossed most of them without seeing any large bodies of troops. So I resolved to return and report the fact to the general.

Passing through a wood just off the road, I came upon a house, one of those southern dwellings with an open space between two parts. In this case each part was but a single room. Being concealed by trees, I considered it a good place for a rest and something to eat. So I went up to the open door and knocked.

A girl about eighteen came to answer the summons. When she saw a



SHE TURNED PALE.

strapping young fellow in blue and yellow, with a carbine slung over his back, she turned pale. But I smiled at her as pleasantly as I could, which seemed to reassure her. She was pretty, so far as a country girl of her station could be pretty, and, judging from an ambrotype in the possession of my grandchildren taken at that time, I was a fine looking young man. I resolved to work my way into her good graces and kept up a perpetual look of admiration for the purpose. I told her that, though a Yankee, I had no reason to do her any harm and if she would give me a snack I would consider myself eternally obliged.

She gradually gained confidence and set something to eat before me. We got on together so well that when I proposed to depart she contrived excuses to detain me. It did not occur to me that there was any purpose in this except to enjoy my company. I have seen country girls fall in love with a likely young fellow in a few hours, and the girl seemed to be doing the same with me.

There was no one in the house except the girl and an old woman who kept herself in one of the rooms. The girl held me till just before dark. Then I was about to pull away from her, but she said if I would wait till she could find the cow she would fill my canteen with fresh milk. She took a pail and went away. I waited nearly half an hour and was about to leave without a goodbye or the milk when I heard a man's voice order me to throw up my hands. I was sitting on the porch between the two parts of the house. My carbine was resting against a chair. I had my revolver, but dare not draw it, so I put my hands above my head and waited. A man in butterfly advanced from behind a tree, covering me with a shotgun, followed by two other men and lastly the girl. She had gone away for the purpose of betraying me.

I was disarmed, and the men searched me, finding the map, which they appropriated. One of them went away and returned with a Confederate offi-

cer and half a dozen men, all mounted. The officer looked at the map, then at me, and said:

"This is spy work. You are in uniform, but you will be treated as a spy."

The girl was standing by, different expressions flitting across her face. At times she seemed proud of what she had done, then very sorry for it. She asked the officer how a spy was treated, and when he said "Hanged!" she turned white as a sheet. The Confederates put a lariat around my neck and, mounting their horses, started me off at a run on foot before them. I cast a reproachful glance back at the girl and saw on her face a look of horror at what she had done.

We had gone a mile when we met a troop of cavalry and turned back with them. Repeating the house we had left, the officer who had me in charge told the commander of the troop that he would await "the general" there, and I was permitted to sit on the porch in charge of two sentinels. Suddenly there was a sound of breaking twigs, and a scattered line of horsemen came riding through the wood. My guards started away, and when the newcomers reached me the officer commanding them was the captain of my own company.

My general had received orders to push on, which he had done without awaiting my return. I told him that my guards had been awaiting the coming of a general, which meant that the enemy were again retreating. As soon as I had recovered from this sudden reprieve—I had expected to be hanged—I turned to look at the girl who had betrayed me. I never saw such pleading in any woman's eyes, but I was in no mood for it. With a look of contempt, I turned away from her and soon after left the house.

Years after while on a train going from the west to Atlanta I got off at a station from which I had started my scout and drove over to the scene of my adventure. I found the house, but a new family in it. I asked a woman living there what had become of the girl.

"Oh, the gal that was livin' yere in '64? She's dead. She betrayed a Yankee sojer that asked her for a snack. She'd fallen in love with him, but she didn't know it. He was tuk back by his own men, and the gal pined and died."

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Death's Warning To Soldiers.

PRESENTMENTS of death have made a familiar topic of discussion among soldiers for centuries. Some persons affect not to believe in 'em, but we have high authority for the theory that at times the somber shadow of impending dissolution projects itself before the event across the consciousness of the person chiefly concerned.

Time and again have soldiers said to their comrades, "I shall be killed in the fight today—something tells me so, and I know it," and after the battle their lifeless bodies have been found upon the field.

Officers of high rank have acknowledged this presentiment and have confided last messages and requests to brother officers before going to battle and death. Whence comes this mysterious message? It cannot be ascribed to fear, for practically in every instance of authenticated presentiment the man thus forewarned has gone into the fight as bravely as ever and has done his full duty until the fatal bullet came. Men who have gone unscathed through scores of engagements have felt the sudden premonition on the eve of a battle and made ready for death, never doubting that the day was to be their last on earth. Comrades to whom these premonitions are acknowledged sometimes try to convince the man so warned that he is mistaken, but in their hearts they believe that the warning means death in battle for the soldier concerned. This is one of the unsolvable mysteries of war.

One of the most remarkable instances of presentiment is recorded in a new book by General Newton M. Curtis, the hero of Fort Fisher. General Curtis tells the story of the Sixteenth New York volunteer infantry regiment, "From Bull Run to Chancellorsville." The regiment had landed at the head of York river, in Virginia, early in May, 1862. After marching a short distance the soldiers stacked arms, prepared and ate supper and then lounged about on the ground in conversation. Suddenly Private Edwin H. Bishop of Company F arose and said:

"Boys, if I should fall in the next battle, as I now believe I shall, I wish you would bury me under this tree, where I indicate by these lines."

Bishop picked up a spade and awkwardly marked the outlines of a grave. Corporal George J. Love of the same company immediately took the spade and drew on the ground a neat parallelogram, saying solemnly:

"I would like you to dig my grave beside Bishop's, but please dig it with more regularity than his crooked lines indicate. I am the son of a sexton and have helped to dig many."

Love dropped the spade and sat down, whereupon Private Peter G. Ploof, a boy of twenty, picked up the spade, saying:

"If I fall, dig my grave here beside Love's, and do it as we dig graves at home. Please follow the lines I make for you."

The young soldier drew on the ground an outline of the coffin in use at that time, widening at the shoulders and tapering to the head and feet. He then sat down, the soldiers resumed their talk, and nothing more was said of the incident during the evening.

Before daylight next morning Company F and Company G were attacked by General J. B. Hood's Confederate brigade, an overwhelming force. In Company F just three men were killed

—Corporal Love and Privates Bishop and Ploof. After the battle their comrades buried them under the tree, digging the grave of each in the place which he had indicated the night before. In describing the first years later General Hood said that while riding in advance of his column he was suddenly confronted by Union men who were almost close enough to shake hands with him. He dismounted, stepped back to his men and ordered them to fall into line of battle and load, the men being under imperative orders to march with unloaded guns. The Union soldiers immediately opened fire. Says General Hood: "Meanwhile a corporal of the enemy drew down his musket upon me as I stood in front of my line. John Deel, a private in Company A, Fourth Texas, now residing in Gonzales, Tex., had fortunately in this instance, but contrary to orders, charged his rifle before leaving camp. He instantly killed the corporal, who fell within a few feet of me."

This man, says General Curtis, was Corporal Love, one of the three to whom had come the warning of death.

On the subject of these mysterious warnings General Curtis writes:

These presentiments or previous notices of death came to men of varied character and accomplishments—to men in the ranks and to officers in high and important positions. I have no acquaintance with so called fortune tellers or with those who profess to hold communion with the other world, but I saw no many cases of presentiments which were realized that when on one occasion, just before ordering an advance in an important battle (Fort Fisher), I was apprised of the fact that a brave officer had received a warning I at once sent word to the officer or next rank in the regiment to take a position where he could be easily communicated with. Before this officer had reached the position indicated the colonel had received a mortal hurt and died without registering consciousness. Not one of the persons who entertained these sentiments ever failed to discharge faithfully every duty imposed as promptly as any of his associates.

Lincoln and the Captured Brigadier. "I remember," Senator Depew said recently, "being in the executive mansion at one time and in Mr. Lincoln's office when a telegram was handed to him which gave the information that a brigadier general, through foolishness of an extreme sort, had been captured down in Virginia. In his command was a long train of pack wagons and mules. Mr. Lincoln read the dispatch. Then he took up his pen and said:

"With that pen I can make a brigadier general in a minute, but I cannot replace those mules!"

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

IN the making of our banner
Was there meaning in each hue?
Was the blood red stripe of courage
Meant to lead the white and blue?

AND the white, as sign of pureness,
There for all the world to view,
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