

# SHENANDOAH



A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing, Founded on the Great Play of the Same Name

By BRONSON HOWARD AND HENRY TYRRELL  
Illustrations From Actual Wartime Photographs by Brady

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## PROLOGUE.

This thrilling romance of love, war, patriotism and adventure in the valley of Virginia, 1861-5, has a vivid historical and scenic setting. The whole stirring panorama of the mighty struggle that preserved the Union is outlined as a background to the romantic love drama continuously occupying the stage, the dramatic personae of which are famous soldiers and typical civilians on both sides. This novel, like the play which ranks as Bronson Howard's masterpiece and which has held undiminished popularity on the stage for a quarter of a century past, is broadly non-partisan in spirit and abounds in striking characters, with effective contrasts of pathos and comedy. The illustrations are particularly interesting because a majority of them are actual wartime photographs of famous generals, camps, batteries, historic scenes and typical soldiers who wore both the blue and the gray.

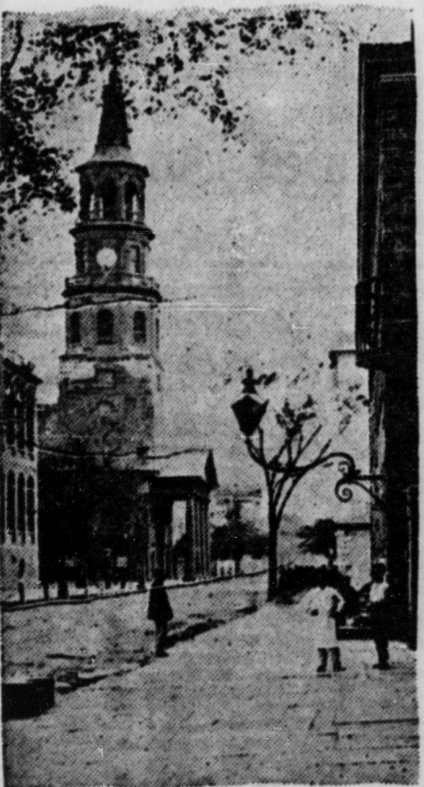
## CHAPTER I.

### Haughty Old Charleston.

CHARLESTON always looks to me as if it had drifted bodily across the Atlantic from old France or Spain," said Colonel Haverill as he stood gazing out harborward from the pillared veranda of the roomy colonial mansion fronting on the East Battery.

It was early spring of the year 1861. Sky and water in that southern seaboard clime were blue, but it was the soft, dreamy blue of Mediterranean shores. Nights of velvety dusk were lit with strangely large, low hung stars. The magnolias were not yet in bloom, but amid the moss veiled live oaks already the mockingbirds sang, or rather rhapsodized in language of golden tone, as if confiding thrilling secrets that burst from stifled hearts.

Such were the enviable conditions, heightened rather than restrained by the political turmoil of the time, under which an oddly assorted group of people of various ages and conditions, and including besides Charlestonians



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Charleston in 1861.

a number of representatives of other sections of the south as well as of northern states, planned the Ellingham ball for the second week in April.

Colonel Haverill of the regular army of the United States had been a Mexican war comrade of the late Colonel Ellingham of Virginia. When Ellingham died Haverill became the guardian of his two children, Robert and Gertrude.

Robert was duly graduated from West Point and with his classmate, Kerchival West of Massachusetts, went, with the rank of lieutenant, to see active service on the plains in the

regiment of Colonel Haverill. Ordered to Washington, Colonel Haverill and his wife were now traveling northward via Charleston, accompanied by Lieutenants Ellingham and West. Gertrude Ellingham had come on from the family homestead in the Shenandoah valley of Virginia to meet her brother Bob. Likewise Madeline West had come to join her brother Kerchival and incidentally to enjoy her first acquaintance with the fascination southern city.

Nothing less than a ball—one of the famous Ellingham "levees"—could fittingly honor the occasion.

The younger set, including the two lieutenants, had practically no other subject of "serious" discussion. Secession talk was rife, to be sure, and military activities going on were such as to lead to but one logical conclusion—that war or something very like it was imminent. But love outranked logic in that particular camp at least.

At the very opening of the campaign the casualties took in Kerchival West and his demure, dark eyed sister Madeline; also, as mutual offsetting to this pair, the gallant Bob Ellingham and his sister Gertrude, the latter a spirited girl, with warm bronze hair befitting her emotional temperament and vivid complexion to match.

The first cloud that appeared in this roseate sky was Edward Thornton.

Thornton was rather a handsome fellow in his insolent way and a few years older than the two lieutenants that is to say, he was close upon thirty. He had more than the assurance of manner that such advantage might perhaps be expected to give him—especially with Mrs. Haverill, the colonel's wife.

The young people frankly did not like Thornton, though none of them had said so, and probably any or all of them would have denied the charge had it been made.

Meanwhile Dr. Ellingham and the colonel and Mrs. Haverill and the Pinkneys (South Carolina relatives of the Ellinghams) saw graver portents than sentiments on the near horizon. Their conversation turned upon questions of state sovereignty, the "old flag," and rights as to secession from the Union.

"If the interests of your manufacturing and shipping states of the north," observed Dr. Ellingham, "and of our agricultural and cotton states of the south are not running in harmony, that is no excuse for a family quarrel."

"I quite agree with you," said Colonel Haverill. "It is an awkward thing for a soldier to take sides in such a dispute. Theoretically we don't have to. The government settles all that for us, and we simply obey orders. I feel confident they will find a remedy for the present break as they have for other and perhaps worse ones in the past. If it were not for the slavery question—"

"Ah," sighed the southern conservative, "if I owned the 4,000,000 slaves I would gladly give them all up for the preservation of the Union."

"Well, your friend, Major Ruffin, certainly has more decided opinions on the subject than both of us put together," laughed Haverill, making the customary effort to divert the conversation into lighter channels.

Ruffin was a striking character, typical of the time. They met him afterwards at the Charleston hotel or on a sunny morning walking by the Battery sea wall, gazing out across the harbor to where the Sumter fortress reared its forty foot walls on an artificial island built on the shoals. This was one of the important fortifications of the seceding states whose status in relation to the federal government was in ominous dispute.

"Sir," Ruffin would say impressively, "if the status of these federal forts in the seceded states is not yet determined, it is high time it should be. If an appeal to arms is necessary, and I can see that it is, sooner or later, let it come right here and now."

"But, major," Colonel Haverill would protest, "I understood you were a Virginian? Virginia has not seceded."

"Not yet, but she will—she must. I am, as you say, sir, a Virginian born. But this hanging fire is so little to my taste, sir, that I have sold my Virginia property and cast my allegiance with South Carolina for the present. I have enlisted with the state troops here, and I await any minute General Beauregard's call to the batteries he is planting all around Sumter."

Major Ruffin was a white haired, elderly man, sixty years old if a day. In his fiery fanatical zeal there was something humorous—and something tragic.

Colonel Haverill, fifty-five years of age, was distinctively an American soldier type.

A veteran of the Mexican war, he was happily married to his second wife, a New York belle up to the time of her becoming the colonel's bride, some six years before the period with which the present narrative is concerned. His only son, Frank, was at that time a boy of fourteen, bright and spirited; but, as the colonel declared with real mortification, evidently not cut out for a soldier. That most lamentable deficiency—in the father's eyes—gave color to the assertion, made not by Mrs. Haverill alone, that the colonel thought more of his young southern wards, Robert and Gertrude Ellingham, than he did of his own son.

However this may have been, the colonel's young wife more than made up to the lad the deprivation of his father's full measures of paternal confidence and affection. Having no children of her own, she gave to the boy when in his infancy he had never known—a mother's loving care. As he grew up in New York amid good family associations and in comfortable circumstances, seeing little of his father



Wartime Photograph of General P. G. T. Beauregard.

and experiencing the irksomeness without the companionship of that parent's strict control, it was not to be wondered at if Frank came perilously near to being spoiled.

After graduation from Columbia—instead of from West Point, as the colonel would have desired if such a choice could have been realized in the natural course of events—Frank Haverill entered the banking house of the Howards, relatives of his stepmother. This had seemed a promising connection—it might have led, possibly, to an other matrimonial alliance through one of the pretty daughters of the family on whom the young clerk was known to have made a most favorable impression—when suddenly he ran away with and married Edith Maury, a nice enough girl, as it was said, but two or three years his senior and the daughter of an impoverished southern family whose home was in New Orleans.

This was bad enough. Still a rash love match is not in itself an unpardonable sin. Frank was forgiven. At least a truce was patched up and the prodigal son went back repentant, as it seemed, to his stool at the bank.

Alas, the prodigal climax was yet to come. Its beginnings had dated back even to the college days. Edward Thornton had been much in New York then. He had first met the Haverills at Saratoga. Handsome, reckless, a social favorite and sportsman of no small pretensions, Thornton had immediately exercised over young Frank an influence amounting to fascination and hero worship. Those were flush times of racing, of gambling, of drinking and—south of Mason and Dixon's line especially—of duelling. Thornton took the eager, precocious boy in hand and "made a man of him." It was such a "man" as the colonel, his father, absent most of the time on western duty, never dreamed.

Matters were in such strained relations now when the colonel and his wife stopped at Charleston on their way north. And it was at this fateful moment that the last stroke fell.

The day before the Ellingham ball Colonel Haverill learned from the New York newspapers and simultaneously by letter from his lawyers there that his son was an absconder and a fugitive. Under suspicion on account of irregularities discovered at the Howard bank, he had fled, no one knew whither, to escape arrest, leaving his wife deserted and without resources.

Colonel Haverill's grief and rage were fearful.

"I might have expected it," he said. "And yet, hadn't I enough else on my mind just now without being brought to face a thing like this? Well, let fate deal with him. He deserves the worst that can happen. I am through with him. I have always done my best by him; now I have other and more important duties to perform. I am an officer of the United States army."

"Don't judge him too hastily, John. May it not have been that it was only after another was dependent on him that the debts of a thoughtless spendthrift—for he was nothing worse—drove him to desperation—to fraud, perhaps—I will not believe crime."

"His wife shall be provided for—my lawyers have their instructions," replied the colonel curtly.

Mrs. Haverill stole softly out of the room, closing the door behind her,

passed through the spacious galleries and down the broad winding stairs to the drawing room.

Everywhere, as Mrs. Haverill descended after her troublous interview with the colonel, the younger people were blissfully lounging or circulating about, still talking love and war.

They had a new and breezy accession to their ranks in the person of Jenny Buckthorn, U. S. A. She was the daughter of bluff old General Francis Buckthorn of the regular army and had been born and brought up in a military camp on the western plains.

"We're going to see active service now—sooner than you civilians seem to suspect," announced Jenny to an attentive group of listeners under the front portico. "Our boys are already under marching orders in Washington. Your General Beauregard is riding his high horse, it seems. Tell him for me that he'd better mind what he's doing or we'll have Heartsease down here after him."

"And who is Heartsease, pray?" inquired Gertrude Ellingham, who of late was developing an unwonted interest in the federal military service.

"Heartsease? Brevet Captain Heartsease? Why, he is—one of my favorite cavalry officers. You'll hear about him."

"Yes—wherever Miss Buckthorn is for five minutes or so," whispered Bob Ellingham to Madeline West. "I know Heartsease. Not a bad fellow, but the biggest flop that was ever misdealt into the cavalry. You ought to hear what General Buckthorn says about him. Wears a single eye-glass at guard mount, and carries a scented lace handkerchief at cross country drill."

Gertrude Ellingham drew Jenny aside and asked her:

"How is it to have a sweetheart who

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)

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