

Shenandoah.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]

"You see, the general had not crossed the river and so he was completely cut off, and we didn't know it. They do say he met the emergency with the most audacious display of nerve and presence of mind that you ever heard of—actually rode toward the bridge and, rising in his stirrups, called out to the Federal officer commanding the artillery: 'Who ordered you to post that gun there, sir? Bring it over here.' It fooled them long enough to enable Jackson to put spurs to his horse and dash on to the bridge at full gallop.

"Three hasty shots followed him, but they flew harmlessly over his head, and he reached our quarters on the northern bank in safety. And was he rattled? Well, at the moment of the scare I saw young Bob Lee (youngest son of General Lee, you know, who is only fifteen and left the university to join the 'Stonewall' brigade as a private) going down to the bank of the stream to fetch up some water. He had the big camp kettle slung over his shoulder, and I suppose the general in his excitement thought it was a drum, for as he flew past he shouted out to Bob: 'Hi, there, drummer, beat the long roll!'

"That was a close shave, dear Sis. But I believe—and so do we all—that our 'Stonewall' Jackson lives a charmed life while he has this job of clearing the valley to perform, and nothing can stop him. Do you know what the Yanks call him? The 'ubiquitous Presbyterian.' It seems like a wild dream, as I look back upon what has happened since you and I parted at Richmond. Our great commander, whom we were rather inclined to poke fun at in the beginning and whose recklessness many distrusted a long while after that, has bowed over the Federal commanders as fast as they could be hurled against him—Hanks, Fremont, Shields, Milroy, with subordinates like Bleeker, Sigel, Steinwehr and other able soldiers defeated and the whole upper valley regained.

"Why, think of it—in three months he—may I say we?—have marched, I suppose, 400 miles, fought four pitched battles and seven minor engagements, to say nothing of the regular daily skirmishes. And we have defeated four armies, captured seven pieces of artillery, 10,000 stand of arms, 4,000 prisoners and any amount of stores, besides fabulous sums (as I hear) of cash money.

"What our adversaries' losses in killed and wounded foot up I don't know, but they could not have been small. Ours were less comparatively; but, oh, Gertrude, we have lost our Ashby. He fell in a moment of triumph, and his last words were, 'Virginians, charge! I am sure his name will always be remembered and honored by the people of Virginia.'

"He was not a Presbyterian, like Old Jack, but he was devout and childlike in his religious faith and a regular attendant at the services of the Episcopal church, which was the church of his ancestors. He may have kept himself a bit aloof from the vulgar camp fun or moments of abandonment, though no man was more frank and gay on the march or in bivouac.

"Is it worth these sacrifices? Gertrude, in spite of all our successes I wish this nightmare of civil war were over and well over. But who can tell now when we shall be out of the woods?"

Washington, remembering Bull Run, had nervous prostration whenever "Stonewall" Jackson was reported in action anywhere within a hundred miles of the Potomac. For this reason it is probably historic truth to say that "Stonewall" Jackson saved Richmond to the Confederates in 1862—in the first place by diverting McDowell's army to the valley, in the second place by marching fresh from his own victories in that same valley to join Lee in the seven days' battle around the Confederate capital.

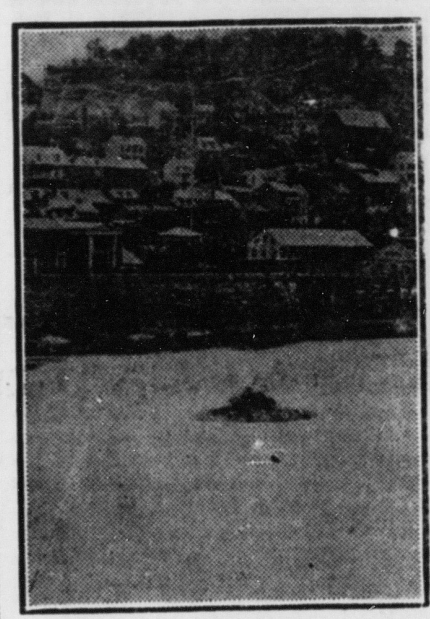
"I am going back home," said Gertrude Ellingham with determination. "I long to see the valley once more, and I can do just as much good at Belle Bosquet as I can here, perhaps more, now."

It was not because of the anxious outlook in Richmond, with McClellan's army almost within gunshot. On the contrary, that in itself would have kept her in the threatened Confederate capital had not stronger ties of both duty and sentiment drawn her home ward.

As Gertrude read in northern newspapers the accounts of the desperate fighting and of the suffering of Jackson's troops she exclaimed: "Let them send the whole population of the north down here if they will, but they can never conquer us! When they have killed off our men we will shed the last drop of our own blood." Captain Kerchival West of the Union army of southwest Missouri, as he read the account while alternately burning and shivering in the ague stricken camps of the lower Mississippi valley around Corinth, thought in feverish fancy that he could hear Gertrude saying just such words as these. Her hate, as he imagined it, was like his love—an unreasoning, all-consuming passion. He felt himself ominously fortified with the double strength of hope and despair, for love is a flame that feeds upon despair and takes a lurid halo of glory most of all when lavished wildly and in vain. One sovereign solace he had, that he was wearing the blue and fighting loyally for the old flag in a campaign sufficiently remote from the valley of Virginia. After all, fate had been kind to him, he thought, as he recalled his farewell words with Bob Ellingham, at Charleston—was it ages ago or only a little more than a year back? "All right, Bob. I only hope we never meet in battle, that's all." And then they both saddened as they added: "Who knows?"

Who knew, indeed? What a tangled skein of lives it was, anyway! One thing was certain—he may have been glad he was not fighting in Virginia, and yet his heart was there all the time. Meanwhile Gertrude's decision to leave Richmond and go home to the valley was put into execution with characteristic impulse. It was a bad time for such a journey. That made no difference about her embarking upon it, but it did lead to some very complicated and roundabout arrangements for the accomplishment of the trip. Her Confederate war office friends, for reasons essentially their own, decreed that if she went at all it must be

by way of Baltimore and Harpers Ferry. For the last named barrier, a Federal pass would be required, this to be procured at Baltimore. And to go to Baltimore, by water, of course, it was necessary to run the Federal blockade.



Harpers Ferry.

But this would be comparatively easy under the plan agreed upon, by which Gertrude was to have a traveling companion—a mysterious southern lady who knew the routes intimately and who seemed to be rather closely in touch with the executive departments at Richmond for one who confidently promised to arrange the little matter of Federal passes at Baltimore.

This young person—she seemed not over twenty—was introduced somewhat vaguely as Mrs. Smith. She was well dressed, fairly good looking and a bright talker, particularly with the men. Her self confidence was perhaps a trifle excessive; but then this would not come amiss for two unprotected females abroad in Dixie in wartime.

On the first stage of the journey overland as they stopped overnight at Petersburg Gertrude said to her fascinating roommate: "Mrs. Smith, I have told you what little there is of interest about myself and my plans. I do so wish you would tell me something of your own adventures."

"I don't mind, my dear, now that we are off and on our way," laughed the



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"My real name is Belle Boyd," other as she saturated a handkerchief with eau de cologne and washed her face with it. "By the way, my real name is Belle Boyd."

"Belle Boyd of the secret service?" "Yes, honey child. That's what we are on now."

"But if they should suspect us after we cross the lines they would arrest and detain us, would they not?"

"They hang spies," Miss Boyd replied. "But I don't reckon they will get us. Of course I won't be Miss Boyd and you won't be Miss Ellingham from now on."

A civilian met "Miss Page and Mrs. Smith" at the Light street wharf in Baltimore. He took them to a Federal captain, and the captain sent them to his superior officer, General Fisher. Belle Boyd, now "Mrs. Smith," stated their case.

"We are southerners, general, and we wish to go south by way of Harpers Ferry," she said, handing him a note

which the captain had given her. He read the note, looked at the pair with a quizzical expression and then nodded his head.

"Very well, ladies. I will make out your passes, which will take you to General Kelly at Harpers Ferry. My jurisdiction ends there, but you will find General Kelly a courteous and considerate gentleman. Beyond that I can make no promises for him, you understand. If everything is all right, why—you will be all right. You will have an escort as far as Harpers Ferry, and an officer will be sent this afternoon to your boarding place to examine your baggage."

The baggage searcher found them duly prepared and no obstacle came up to prevent the girls from taking the westward bound train on the Baltimore and Ohio road at noon the next day. Their escort was a flirtatious young lieutenant, whom "Mrs. Smith"—newly widowed for the occasion—engaged in an instructive conversation about Federal military matters, which lasted until toward sunset. The slow train drew up under the shadow of the frowning Virginia heights and heights of Maryland at the historic point where the Shenandoah river breaks through the mountain wall and falls into the Potomac—and they had reached their destination.

Evidently there was a riot going on in the little shut-in town at the end of the long railroad bridge across the Potomac, where the old arsenal and the engine house which had been John Brown's fort lay close upon the railroad tracks, with dwelling houses, barracks and taverns straggling up the hilly streets behind.

They held a consultation in the parlor of a "hotel" full of drunken soldiers and decided to go out and make inquiries of any one who might seem sober enough to answer as to where they could hire a vehicle to forward them on their journey. All uncertainty was promptly dispelled—they could not get out of Harpers Ferry that night.

Meanwhile they had discovered that General Kelly's office adjoined the place where they had been marooned as it were. They sought out the commanding officer, who received them courteously, heard them with wonderful patience—under the circumstances—and on the whole was quite sympathetic. But what could he do?

"I can give you your passes," said he, "but I don't see what you are going to hire to travel in, unless an ox cart or a broken down wagon, and the roads are almost impassable, even for staunch vehicles. Besides, it is unsafe for you to travel without military escort, and that I have no authority to furnish. If you ladies were prisoners, now, I might send you through our lines under escort all right."

"That may happen to us before we get home," whispered Gertrude slipshodly, though she felt like crying. "And this is hardly a fit place for ladies to spend the night in," continued the general, in his role of Job's comforter.

"Do you mean that we ought to go back to Baltimore?" asked Belle Boyd energetically.

"Well, you see, ladies, you are in the difficult position of southerners sent south. The present policy of the government is to send all southerners below the line to stay, but they must be well vouched for. I am only explaining the situation to you. I can't very well send you back without authority. Perhaps the best thing for you to do is to

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General Joseph E. Johnston.

held out at the hotel until I can telegraph to General Fisher. My orderly will notify you as soon as I hear from him."

"We will go back and wait," said Gertrude's companion determinedly.

They noticed among the groups thronging the tavern a half dozen gray coated Confederates who had been captured the day before. One of these, evidently an officer, paced restlessly up and down the room, while the guard kept an eye on him. He peered closely at the two girls as he passed them, and they returned his gaze with interest. Gertrude was wondering if she had not seen that face somewhere before, when suddenly, without stopping or turning his head, the man dropped these words in a stage whisper:

"Are you going south?"

"Yes," answered Belle Boyd like a flash.

At the next turn he muttered: "Take a word?"

Another affirmative.

"Get message to General Johnston at Richmond"—across the room again—

"that you saw Captain Thornton here a prisoner."

Captain Thornton! Then it was he—Edward Thornton, Gertrude's Charleston acquaintance of a year ago last spring. "What shall you do?" she whispered Belle Boyd. "That will depend on what they are going to do with us here," was the nonchalant reply. "I know this officer. He is an important man. If I can help him out I shall do so."

[Continued next week.]

Inquisitive.

"Could you learn to love me?" "I don't know," replied the girl. "What is your particular system of instruction?"—Washington Herald.

It is always easier to stand off and criticize than it is to rush in and help.—Sydney Smith.

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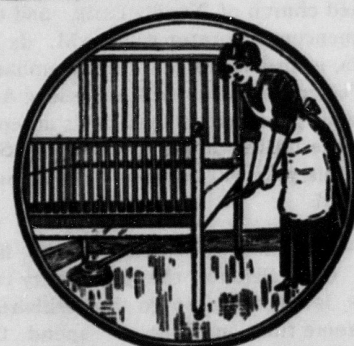
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