

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED TWICE-A-WEEK--WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY.

LEWIS M. GRIST, Proprietor.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

TERMS--\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, THREE CENTS.

VOLUME 41.

YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1895.

NUMBER 14.

CHICKAMAUGA.

A SEQUEL TO CHATTANOOGA.

BY CAPT. F. A. MITCHELL.

(Copyrighted 1894, by American Press Association.)

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Once inside his tent Colonel Maynard said:

"Corporal, I want you to get me the uniform of a private soldier. You must do so without exciting suspicion."

"O! don't know how O! will do it, colonel, without going back to me own camp."

"I fear that will take too long. Can't you steal one from one of the tents near by?"

"O! might be able to do it, and O! might spend the whole night trying. O! can get one at me camp certain."

"I would take your jacket, but I want your assistance. There's no other way but for you to go to your camp."

"Colonel, O! will ride hard."

"Ride, and remember that every moment is worth years at any other time."

Ratigan lost no time in mounting and was soon galloping on his way. Once out of the camp from which he started he found no guards to pass and was able to drive his horse to the utmost.

The night before he had chased the woman whom he had then known as Betsy Bagges in a mad race to capture her. Now he was tearing along in a mad race to save her from the consequences of his capture. Past woods and waters flew the corporal, over bridges and hills, through hollows and rivulets, till he came to his own camp. There he at once sought the quarters of Private Flanagan.

"Flanagan," he cried, shaking the private, "yer wanted!"

"What is it, corporal?"

"Let me take yer clothes and ask no questions."

"Take 'em. And divil a question will O! ask except what ye do be wantin' 'em for."

Ratigan seized the bundle, and, with an injunction to Flanagan to keep his mouth shut if he wanted to save himself from future trials, mounted his horse and was again flying over the ground back to Colonel Maynard's headquarters.

It was now the small hours of the night. The corporal cast his eye to the east and saw a faint streak of white light there. Digging his spurs into his horse's flanks and urging him with his voice at the same time, rider and horse sped on in a race between life and death.

"Go on, ye beast!" cried the corporal. "Go on, me darlin'. Stretch yer cussed legs, for I don't care if ye kill yerself if we lose no time. What's yer loife compared with hers? On with ye, me beauty! Win the race with the sun that is shewin his light there, and O! will worship ye forever."

With such contradictory and incoherent phrases Ratigan urged his horse till he could go no faster. Again did hills, vales, woods, waters, fences fly by till at last the corporal dismounted at the camp he rode for, and in a moment was in Colonel Maynard's tent.

The corporal started back. A man stood there whom he did not recognize for a few moments as Colonel Maynard. He had no beard, while the colonel had had a heavy one. His hair and eyebrows were black, while the colonel's were light, and the hair which had hung below his hat in short curls was now cropped.

"Give me the clothes, quick!"

The corporal handed him the bundle, and Maynard lost no time in getting into them.

"Corporal," said the colonel, "let me explain what I am about to do. I know something of the blood that flows in the veins of Caroline Fitz Hugh. She will never accept her life at the price I intend to pay for it. She must not know that I intend to save her by violating a trust, by incurring my own downfall, or she will not leave her jail. Do you understand?"

"I do, colonel. She would chide me if she knew I was doing the same."

"While you have been away I have placed three horses in the wood yonder."

"I see, colonel."

"Corporal Ratigan, every man has his own part in life to perform. The distinctive feature in mine seems to be to decide quickly between conflicting duties. I am going to violate a trust, to perform a sacred obligation. If you will aid me, follow me."

Taking up a slip of paper lying on his camp cot, on which he had written an order, the two left the tent. They were challenged by the sentry on post, but giving the countersign proceeded till they were again challenged by the guard at the temporary prison. There the colonel advanced and gave the countersign and passed into the house.

The sergeant in charge met them and asked what they wanted. The colonel handed him the paper he had brought with him. It was an order for the person of the prisoner. The place was only lightly by a candle, and the colonel took care to stand with his back to it. But this was not necessary, for his disguise was complete. Corporal Ratigan remained without the door, on the porch.

The sergeant looked from the paper to the man who stood before him inquiringly.

"This is very strange," he said.

Maynard made no reply.

"Here is Colonel Maynard's order," the sergeant added, reading it over again. "Do you know what he wants with her?"

"Do you suppose I don't know any better than to ask questions when I get

an order?" replied the spurious private gruffly.

The sergeant went into the room where Miss Fitz Hugh was confined and led her out, pale and wondering.

"It isn't sunrise," she said in a voice which it was difficult for her to keep from breaking.

"Come," said the colonel. She followed him to the porch, and Corporal Ratigan joined them, but it was too dark for the prisoner to see who he was, and he did not dare to make himself known. As soon as they had got to a safe distance he whispered:

"Darlin'!"

"Rats!"

"Not a word till we get further away."

They walked on at an ordinary pace, though all desired to hasten. After passing some distance from the house Maynard turned and glanced back. He saw the sergeant watching.

"We must go to the tent," he muttered, and the three walked on. Before entering he looked again. The sergeant was still watching. He evidently wished to make sure that all was right. All entered the tent, while the colonel, standing at the front and peering between the tent flaps, watched for the sergeant to go back into the house. Presently he did so and left the way clear.

"Now come on."

Leaving the tent, they walked a short distance down the road. Not a word was spoken. Presently they turned aside and entered the wood. There they found the horses.

"Mount," said the colonel to the prisoner.

Putting a foot in his hand, she sprang up to a horse's back. There was no saddle for her, but the high front of a "McClellan" served very well, and she was so good a horsewoman that she could have ridden sideways on the animal's bare back. The stirrup was fitted, the colonel and Ratigan mounted, and the three rode rapidly away.

"We must dodge the picket," said the colonel. "Even the countersign might not avail us with a woman in the party."

"What does it all mean, Rats?" asked Miss Fitz Hugh. "I thought you were going to do your duty at all hazards."

"Well, there's different kinds of duties, and sometimes they won't work together. If saving a woman's life isn't a duty, then me mother didn't bring me up right."

"Who's the other?" she asked while Maynard was riding a little in advance.

"One who this night makes me his slave."

"And I from this night will be indebted for my life to both of you if you succeed in saving it. But I can't bear to have you sacrifice yourselves for me. You may be committing an unpardonable sin toward your comrades, but I cannot believe you are committing a sin toward our Father. And one day it will be all ended, Rats, and then who will care?"

"O! know those who will rejoice."

Ratigan now took the lead, having passed over the route before several times and being familiar with the best way to get between the vedettes. Colonel Maynard dropped back beside the prisoner.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"One who serves you."

The voice sounded familiar, but was disguised, and she did not recognize it as Colonel Maynard's.

"Were you sent by Colonel Maynard?"

"No."

"Why should you try to save me?"

"Ask me rather why I should not."

It was plain the man, whoever he might be, desired to remain unknown, and she desisted from further questioning.

"After all, my death would not profit the Federal cause," she said. "My lips will be sealed to any information I may possess."

"Your information would be too late in any event. Had it been otherwise this plan would not have been attempted."

"Why so?"

"Your commander in chief of the Army of Tennessee has delayed too long already. He will attack us almost immediately. Your information would not now hasten that attack."

"How do you know?"

"We have captured prisoners showing that your men have been re-enforced from Knoxville and Virginia. General Bragg has ceased to retreat and is about to fall upon us with a concentrated army."

"You are right in assuming that neither you nor I can have influence for or against either side now. These troops have been coming from Virginia for a month. They are nearly all arrived. You may expect to hear the opening shot of a great battle at any moment."

The corporal, who was in front, reined in his horse and held up his hand in warning. They were on the edge of a wood and within a few hundred yards of the creek and could see to the right and to the left.

"My God!" exclaimed the corporal, "there are vedettes there, and vedettes there," pointing north and south. "And they are both comin this way. We must go back."

Colonel Maynard rode forward to see. He glanced at both parties of vedettes, then in front of him. From that front at that moment there came a horse's neigh. It was answered by a neigh from behind the three on the edge of the wood.

"Your people are where that horse neighed. Can you keep your seat in the saddle for a dash?"

"Yes."

"We are surrounded. It is the only

chance. Are you prepared? Ready! Go!"

The two men dug their spurs into their horses' flanks, and all three shot out toward the creek. They had not gone a hundred yards before they heard, "Halt there!" immediately followed by a shot. They paid no attention to either, but dashed on over the uneven ground, the two men riding close on either side the prisoner for fear she would lose her balance. Her horse stumbled, but recovered.

"On, on!" he said.

A volley came from the vedettes riding from the south, but no one was hit. In crossing a gully Miss Fitz Hugh tottered sideways, but Maynard caught her and righted her.

"On, on!" he said. "A few hundred yards, and you are saved."

Then came another volley, this time from the party advancing from the north. Corporal Ratigan swayed in his saddle, but recovered himself.

"They are advancing to meet us! Quick! Down the bank! Through here! It is not knee deep!"

A third volley came, but it did no harm. It was too late to stop the fugitives now. They rode right into a party of Confederate officers.

Friends gathered about Miss Fitz Hugh. Her brother, being in presence of others, restrained his desire to throw his arms about her neck. He lifted his hat to her as politely as if she were as nearly related to the rest as to himself, then took her hand and kissed it. Suddenly, in the midst of a shower of congratulations—a wild, irrepressible cheer that burst spontaneously from the party—Caroline Fitz Hugh gave a shriek. Corporal Ratigan had fallen from his horse and lay white and bleeding on the ground. Springing from her own horse, she bent over him and raised his head.

"O God, he's dead!"

CHAPTER XX.

CASHERED.

The cheer, the shriek, Miss Fitz Hugh's words, sounded in Colonel Maynard's ears as he put spurs to his horse and dashed away up the stream in a direction parallel with the Union lines. The cheer was the announcement of the completion of an act by which he had parted with what he held most dear—the confidence of his superiors, his peers and the rank and file of the army. He had given to Caroline Fitz Hugh to see the rising of the sun whose light was now broadening in the east. He had called down upon himself what to him was the bitterest of all degradation, perhaps to meet the fate that had been intended for her. Riding up the creek on the bank nearest the Confederate lines, he approached a wood. This he entered, crossed the creek unobserved and emerged to see the men by whom the escaping party had been chased returning toward the ridge. Not caring to be questioned by them, he rode back into the wood until they were in a position not to see him. Then he trotted slowly to the ridge and over it, making his way back to his tent.

It was now broad daylight. As he dismounted he noticed a detachment of cavalry marching on foot, under the direction of an officer, toward the house where Miss Fitz Hugh had been confined. On arriving there they halted, and the officer went inside. In a few minutes he came out and strode over to Colonel Maynard's tent. The colonel had gone in. He had thrown off his cavalry jacket and was waiting for what was to follow. The officer entered the tent, and not recognizing Maynard, shorn of his beard, asked for the colonel commanding.

"I am Colonel Maynard."

"Ah! I did not recognize you, colonel. I have just called for the spy in the house where I expected to find her and was told by the sergeant that he had delivered her soon after midnight to two men bearing an order from you."

"Well?"

"I suspect something must be wrong. Was the order a forgery?"

"No."

"Then the prisoner is in your keeping?"

"No."

"Escaped?"

"Yes."

The officer was too astonished to ask any more questions at once.

"Who is responsible?" he asked presently.

"I am."

"You?"

"Yes, I. You will march your men back to camp. You need not make any official report of the matter unless you choose. I will report the escape myself."

The officer bowed, and with the same astonishment on his face that had been there throughout turned from the tent, and going to the men standing in the road marched them back to camp.

Colonel Maynard came out of his tent, and mounting his horse rode to the headquarters of his division command. He rode slowly, his head bowed almost to his saddlebow. Reining up before the general's tent, he sent in his name by an orderly, and was soon admitted.

"General," he said, "I have come to prefer charges."

"Indeed," said the general. "Why

not forward them in writing in the regular way?"

"It is because of the person against whom I am going to prefer them."

"And that is?"

"Myself."

The general looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"Colonel, are you ill?"

"No, general."

"I suppose it would be ridiculous to ask a man if he is all right here?" and he tapped his forehead with his finger.

"I am sound of mind and body."

"Well, well, colonel, what does it all mean? It's too early in the morning for joking," and the general yawned.

"I have to report that the spy left in my charge has escaped and through my connivance."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the general. "That is a serious matter."

Maynard remained silent.

"And the explanation?"

"There is none."

The general looked into the melancholy eyes of Colonel Maynard and felt a cold chill creep over him. He knew there was some reason for the act which would explain it if not excuse it.

"Colonel, you are a dashing fellow, with a tinge of romance in your nature. I trust you have not yielded to an absurd notion as to taking the life of a woman."

"No, I have not."

"Then give me some explanation. I fear it will go hard with you, but I will do all I can for you if you can give a satisfactory reason."

"I have no reason to give."

"Of course I must report the matter. Better speak now. It may be too late hereafter."

"I have reported the fact. That is all the report I have to make."

"Then, colonel, it is my duty to order you to your tent under arrest. You may leave your sword here with me, if you please. An order will be issued placing Colonel —, next in rank, in charge of your brigade."

Colonel Maynard unhooked his sword from his belt and handed it to the general. Then he rode back to his tent, and as he entered it he felt that he had left his former self outside; that, as in the case of a fallen comrade, he would never see this being of the past again. As for his present self, that, if suffered to live, could only live a life in death.

A court martial was convened to try Colonel Maynard with as much dispatch as had attended the trial of the escaped woman. The charge was "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," the specification "himself aiding in the escape of a spy in the service of said enemy."

The court met on the afternoon of the day on which Maynard had reported his act. Men of his own grade, or near it, sat about a pine table in a wall tent and proceeded with the formalities attending the case. As Maynard pleaded guilty to both charge and specification there was little to do except to come to a verdict. Before doing so the president asked the accused if he had anything to say in his behalf, any explanation to make.

"No," was his reply.

"Colonel Maynard," said the president, "you have served this army with distinction. You have been respected, trusted, beloved as few other men in the army. You have confessed to having committed one of the most atrocious crimes that can come under the jurisdiction of a military court. Nothing can excuse it. There may be something to palliate it. I conjure you to speak before the court brings in a verdict and names your punishment."

"Mr. President," replied Maynard, "for my act toward this army I am accountable to you as a court martial convened to try me; for my act as one of right or wrong, of honor or dishonor, I am accountable only to a tribunal with which you have nothing to do. Do not waste valuable time. Before the sun sets twice, if I mistake not, you will have a more important work to do in the reception of the enemy. Do your duty as a court, and do it with dispatch."

There was not an officer present but looked at Maynard with a curious admiration. It was plain that he had sacrificed himself, though it was not entirely plain why. Even those who condemned him most bitterly seemed to hesitate to bring in a verdict which would naturally carry with it the punishment of death.

"You are mistaken, colonel," said one of them, referring to Maynard's predictors. "The enemy have been in full retreat ever since we left Murfreesboro. I only fear he's going to give us the slip again."

"I regret your confidence, sir," replied Maynard. "I am aware that others feel as you do, and it is a mistake which will cost this army dear."

"Nonsense. Haven't we?"

"This is not the place to discuss problems for which only our commanding general is responsible," interrupted the president. "Let the prisoner leave the court."

Maynard was led away, and the court proceeded to consider a verdict. There was little time spent on it, for there was but one thing to do, and that was to make it "guilty of the charge and guilty of the specification." Then began a discussion of the punishment. One of the members stated that it was personally known to him for a fact that the accused had one year before visited Chattanooga as a spy, when the place was held by the Confederates, had been captured, tried, condemned and sentenced to be hanged; that Jacob Slack, a boy who was now serving as his orderly, had been with him; that he had contrived to get news of Maynard's condition to Missouri Slack, his sister, at Jasper, Tenn.; that she had gone to

Chattanooga, had entered his jail, had exchanged clothes with the prisoner and thus effected his escape; that he had been concealed and afterward helped through the lines by a Miss Fain, whom he had married on reaching the Union lines.

"I put it to you, gentlemen," he concluded, "could one whose life had been saved by women carry out a sentence of death upon a woman for the same offense for which it was intended he should suffer?"

The speaker knew nothing of the relations existing between Maynard and Fitz Hugh. It is impossible to know what might have been the effect had he possessed this knowledge. The court acted only on the information communicated by the officer who told the story of Maynard's experience as a spy, and the main facts in this were known throughout the army. The circumstances of the accused's sentence by Confederates to be hanged for a spy and his escape, the valuable service he had rendered the Union cause, the reasons he had for not wishing to shoot a woman, saved his life. The sentence of the court was that he be dismissed the service, with forfeiture of all pay and emoluments.

When this sentence was communicated to Colonel Maynard, he was in his tent, waiting to know his fate. He had expected to be shot. He hardly knew whether he was more moved by the leniency shown him or more disappointed at being obliged to live a disgraced man. But one reason gave him comfort that he was not to die—his wife. He knew that, although all others looked upon him with horror, she would love him all the more that he suffered.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEDNESDAY.

W. C. BENET.

THE ENQUIRER herewith takes pleasure in introducing to its readers Hon. W. C. Benet, judge of the First Circuit, who will preside at the approaching term of the circuit court, to convene in Yorkville on next Monday.

Judge Benet is a native of Scotland, having been born in that country in 1846. He received his early education in the parish and high schools of Scotland, and completed his studies in the University of Edinburgh. He first came to South Carolina in 1868, and for a number of years taught school at Cokesbury and Greenville, at one or the other of which places he had among his pupils, Governor John Gary Evans, Associate Justice E. B. Gary, Judge Ernest Gary, and quite a number of other gentlemen, who are now prominent in public and professional life. He gave up school teaching, however, for the law and after studying for some time under Judge Thomson, of Abbeville, was admitted to the bar in 1876, and continued to practice until February 1894, when he took the seat on the bench to which he had been elected by the legislature in December, 1893.

Ever since he first came to this country, Judge Benet has been quite prominent in politics. He was Democratic county chairman for Abbeville for four years, was several times sent as a delegate to Democratic State conventions, and in 1884 was a Democratic presidential elector. In 1888, he was elected to the legislature on the Farmers' Movement platform, and rendered distinguished service in behalf of Clemson college by framing the bill to accept the Clemson bequest, and also the bill to establish the institution, and leading the fight to a triumphant issue in both cases.

Before his elevation to the bench, Judge Benet had already won wide distinction as a lawyer of ability, and also won an enviable reputation in the literary field, and though he has been wearing the ermine but little more than a year now, on account of the promptness and soundness of his decisions, he has demonstrated to a degree that he is fully equal to the responsibilities of the high position in which he has been placed.

HIS FAMILY'S DISTRESS.—At one time Mr. George Stearn pleaded and won a case in Boston, involving between \$300,000 and \$400,000. It was a difficult case, involving long preparation, and a plea four hours' long. After it was all over he asked W. W. McClench, who was in his office, what he ought to charge, and the latter thought it ought certainly not to be less than \$5,000. He decided, however, to send in his bill for \$3,500. "I wouldn't ask you for this," he wrote with it, "but my family has been without flour for a week, and my wife needs a new pair of shoes."—Springfield Republican.

GOT THEIR ITEMIZED STATEMENT.—A bill 9 feet long was presented to the Montgomery county, Pa., commissioners at a recent meeting. The amount was \$2,288.86 for repairs to a county bridge in Skippack. A previous bill had been rendered "in the lump," and a request was made for an itemized statement, with the result noted.—Philadelphia Press.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THINK BOYS!

BY GREM.

Think of the baby in the cradle so sweet, With his chubby hands and chubby feet, He is the love of the mother's heart, And with him she would never part.

Think of the boy at 12 years of age, When things don't suit he gets in a rage. He will not his mother's command obey; But she is uneasy when he is away.

Think of that boy at the age of 18 years, How he causes his mother to shed tears, He is frivolous, wayward and wild; But the dear mother still loves her child.

Think of the boy at twenty and one, He has bad habits, mother he will shun. He is ashamed of the way he has done; But the mother still loves her son.

Think of the man at thirty and two, He is thoughtful, kindhearted and true. His mother, at last, has saved her child; And on her face, she wears a smile.

Boys you should have a little thought, Of worry to mother you have brought; Be manly and honest in every way, Success will crown you some bright day.

"THINK O' YER MITHER!"

Lord Nelson is reported to have said that "he never knew what fear was." But scores of brave men have known that terrible sensation and have risen above it. Courage in certain persons is an instinct, but in the majority of brave men it is a moral creation.

The Rev. J. C. Young tells in his "Journal," a story illustrating the fact that a mother's influence can create courage in her son, even though he is "a coward on instinct."

The boy, 18 years of age, behaved with such conspicuous bravery in his first battle with the Russians at the Alma, as to attract the attention of a newspaper correspondent. The mother read the published letter, and wrote to her son, calling him her "hero boy." The son replied with the frank confession that had it not been for a sergeant-major, and the thought of his mother, he should have run away. He wrote:

"When I first saw the Russian guns opening fire, I felt disposed to run away. I felt that I was a born coward. My knees knocked together; I looked over my shoulder to see how the land lay behind me. Suddenly I felt a strong hand between my shoulder-blades, and heard a kindly voice, in broad Scotch, say:

"Come, laddie—forward move—forward! Duty, aye, duty!"

"Encouraged by the tone of friendly expostulation, and by the brave bearing of our old sergeant-major, I felt as if a new backbone had been put into me. I went on with redoubled courage; but as I drew nearer and saw more of the ghastly effect of shot and shell, I again found myself looking over my shoulder.

"Instantly the same hand was at my back, and I heard: 'Eh, sirs! come, come, laddie; ye've done vera weel. Forward then! Duty's the word—aye, duty! Come, then—I'm just proud o' ye!"

"Inspired to deserve his good opinion, I put forth all my energy until the man on my right and the other on my left were shot down. This was too much for my cowardly heart. I turned around to fly. But both my shoulders were seized in an iron grip, and these words hissed in my ears:

"Fie, fie, laddie! Think o' yer mither!"

"Wrought up by your dear name, I sprang forward, rushed into the thick of the battle, and I hope, bore myself as a soldier should."

MODIFIED PRESCRIPTION.—Mr. Oscanyan, in his book, "The Sultan and his People," says that a Turkish physician was called to visit a man who was very ill of typhus fever. The doctor considered the patient hopeless, but prescribed for the patient and took his leave. The