





SUE MUNDAY,

THE

GUERRILLA SPY.

BY

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Author of "Osgood, the Demon Refugee," "Cheatham, or  
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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE UNKNOWN BOATMAN AND HIS OBJECT.

During the early part of the fall of 1861 you might have seen, if you had been there, a litty dirty boat floating lazily on the waters of the Tennessee river. The dingy bark was gliding along with the current the occupant being far too busy watching the shores on either side of the water course to attend further to the navigation of his frail vessel than to keep its head fairly "down stream."

The man was very uncouth in appearance, his hegd and face being covered with a wilderness of hair, from the midst of which his eyes shot forth eager glances of inquiry as he passed by any spot that could more easily than others be turned into a hiding place for his enemies.

Having followed the course of the stream for some time, the unknown man came to that part of the river where nothing but a very narrow neck of land separates the waters of the Tennessee from the Cumberland. Here he sprang on shore, and dragging his boat on to the bank after him, passed across the narrow neck to the other river.

Finding all was quiet on the banks of the Cumberland, and that the coast was clear, the man returned for his boat which had been so contrived as to be almost as easily moved on land as in the water. Having properly prepared the vessel for the purpose of land travel, a couple of ropes were attached to the bow, and soon the rough and apparently reckless man was dragging the river craft overland towards the waters of the Cumberland.

Again the boat was prepared for its natural element, and jumping into it the occupant, whose wild and haggard look would have without doubt betrayed the wickedness of his disposition to the most casual observer, and have caused him to become an object of suspicion, took his gun once more in his hand, while the boat was allowed to follow the current for about half a mile.



By this time the full moon had risen, and began casting its silvery radiance over the whole country, rendering every object quite as distinct if not so brilliant in color, as under the noon day sun.

Muttering an expression of annoyance at the brilliancy of the Nocturnal Goddess, the occupant of the boat turned its head "up stream," and dropping his gun, began to row with all his strength, as if in great haste.

In spite of the man's caution he was not entirely unobserved, for another had tracked him from the place where we had first noticed his boat on the river to that where the boatman had landed.

Directly the watcher became certain that the other intended to disembark, he concealed himself in a bush, through the leaves of which he was enabled to perceive the motions of the party whose actions had been the special object of his anxiety.

Feeling certain that the owner of the boat would not leave his vessel long unconcealed if he did not intend to return, the watcher continued to occupy his hiding place until he should become thoroughly convinced that his fears were erroneous.

When the follower saw the boat drawn across to the other river, he became certain that the object of his scrutiny intended again to take to the water, and following the trail, made by the transit of the vessel, easily tracked the boatman to the shores of the Cumberland where he found by the marks on the bank that the bark had once more been set afloat.

"Confusion," muttered the watcher, "he has escaped me notwithstanding all my trouble."

Shortly after the moon arose, and as a bright light was soon shed over the scene, the scout then mounted into a high tree for the purpose of discovering, if possible, whether any boats were on the Cumberland river, and the direction they were taking. It was not long before he saw one which was being rowed rapidly up the stream; but as it was coming from a point down the river, he did not for a moment suspect that it could belong to the man whom he had been so long watching.

The boatman on nearing the spot where he had re-embarked, began carefully to examine all the surrounding country as far as his eye could reach, and more especially that place where the boat had been drawn across the land from river to river. He evidently suspected that his actions had been watched and his footsteps dogged; but felt satisfied by this investigation that the plan adopted had foiled his pursuers successfully.

Having thus become convinced that his future movements would be unobserved, the man, whose actions had thus been shrouded in mystery, now began to exercise less caution and circumspection in the course he adopted, and boldly pushing forward, arrived at the pathway which led from the river to Eddyville.

Concealing his vessel up a narrow inlet, overgrown with bushes, the boatman sprang on shore and made his way to the village where



he evidently expected to meet some of his companions, from whom he was to obtain such information as would guide him in his future operations.

On arriving in the village he found everything quiet, as most of the inhabitants had retired to rest. He therefore was not at all disturbed in his movements, but proceeded without interruption to a cottage in the outskirts of the place.

When he reached the house the boatman knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, but finding his first summons disregarded, he rapped still louder and louder, until he succeeded in arousing the sleepers, one of whom inquired from a window what he wanted at that late hour. One word in reply satisfied the person at the casement; for retiring quickly the questioner reappeared at the door, and admitted the boatman.

"Ah! Jerome," said the latter, "you see I have come at last."

"Do you know I had entirely given you up?" asserted Jerome.

"Some one was on my track," said the boatman.

"Indeed!" remarked the other. "How did you escape then?"

"By doubling on the Cumberland."

"Which route did you come?"

"Across the neck."

"How did the wheel arrangement act?"

"Capitally."

"Do you intend sleeping here?"

"No. It is understood at the Fort that Grant's troops are in possession of Smithland and Paducah, and my mission is to ascertain the strength of those forces; after which I intend to organize a band of daring fellows here in Kentucky. Can you let me have a horse?"

"Yes."

"At once then, for I must mount and be off this very night. There is no time to be lost."

The horse was supplied, and having ascertained all that was necessary for his purpose, the spy started on his way down to the river bank, where he ferried the animal across to the peninsula formed by the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers.

Brightly still shone the moon in the heavens, and striking the pathway leading to Smithland the horseman rode quickly along until he came to a point where a sentry had been stationed. The sentinel was one of the new volunteers and had not yet learned the necessity of keeping a strict watch while on duty; consequently he was dozing on his post at the time the mysterious man approached.

Seeing this the spy tied up his horse to a tree and muffling his own feet, approached closely to the drowsy soldier without alarming him. It was then but the work of a moment to seize the unwary guard by the throat, and choking him to death prevent an outcry of any kind.



No sooner had the sentinel been disposed of than the body was stripped and the stranger dressed in the uniform. Having thus attired himself he fired off the sentinel's musket and then ran in upon the reserve with a cry that the pickets had been attacked and were being driven in.

Impressed with this idea the reserve quickly fell back upon the main encampment, and soon the long roll announced that the garrison was fully alarmed.

Of course the troops were quickly turned out to resist the expected attack; but nothing of the kind was made. During the confusion, however, the spy had been enabled to ascertain from the other soldiers sufficient information to give him some clue to the strength of the forces, as none of the raw troops could have suspected for a moment that an enemy would have been so daring as to rush into the very midst of the opposing army, and consequently were far from being as guarded in their conversation as they should have been.

The alarm over the spy went out to take the place of the dead sentinel, and it was very little trouble for him to slip off from the post, mount his horse and dash up the peninsula to the place where he had left his boat.

As the troops had but recently been gathered together in the form of regiments and brigades, very many of the men did not even know the members of their own company; therefore it was not to be wondered at, that, during the confusion, the strange face of the spy was not noticed, especially as it was heavily covered with hair, a characteristic of many of the western men, of which the whole command was composed.

Being attired in the dead sentinel's uniform, the deception was thereby rendered still more complete, and the difficulty of recognition greater.

The day had broken long before the spy had reached his boat, and it became a matter of serious consideration whether it would not be better to continue onward on horseback up the peninsula than to risk the chances of discovery by dragging the craft again across to the Tennessee River. As the boat was more useful than valuable he determined to let it remain where it was, until a better opportunity served, and putting spurs to his horse's sides, he pushed along at as rapid a rate of speed as the capacities of the animal would allow.

After a hard day's journey, the spy, having exchanged horses en route, reached a point of the eastern bank of the Tennessee River, where a rebel post had been located, and where he expected to obtain means for reaching the headquarters of the Confederate Military Department of Kentucky and Tennessee.

To the commander of the post the spy stated what he had attempted, and the success which had attended his enterprise. He



then requested that proper transportation should be furnished him so that he might reach the Departmental headquarters as speedily as possible.

It so happened that at the time when the spy reached the rebel advanced posts a river steamer had but recently arrived with stores and rations ; whereupon the commander gave the daring adventurer a pass to go up the Tennessee with the vessel which was about to return for instructions and further supplies.

The spy accepted this method of transportation, and leaving the horse with the commanding officer was soon en route for Fort Henry which at this time was the headquarters of the rebel forces in that part of the West.

On arriving at the fort, the spy reported to the General commanding, the success of his undertaking, also the estimated strength of the Yankee garrison at Smithland, together with such other military information as he was able to gather in the short space of time that the alarm existed among them Northern troops in that place.

The General complimented him highly upon his adroitness as well as bravery, and promised that if he succeeded in raising the company he spoke of among the people of his State, he would obtain for him a special commission from the War Department at Richmond, as Lieutenant in the Confederate Cavalry service of the Provisional or Irregular Army.

With this promise in view the coarse unshaven man next day started down the river, landing once more on the peninsula, where he sought out his boat, and crossing the Cumberland, again paid a visit to his friend and companion Jerome in the village of Eddyville.

On arriving at the house the spy reported his success which had attended his operations as well the reception he had met with at the hands of the commander of the department, and stated that he was determined to raise the company he had spoken of for Irregular Cavalry service.

"Will you join me, Jerome, if I do?" asked the bluff and desperate looking man.

"Yes that I will," answered Jerome, "and so will Bill Davidson and Magruder. You know both of them will."

"I know but little concerning Magruder," asserted the other ; "but as regards Bill there can be no doubt concerning his pluck."

"Pluck!" ejaculated Jerome, "I tell you what it is, Harry Midkiff, Magruder has far more pluck than I have, and that is saying a great deal as you are very well aware."

The bold speaker was but seventeen years of age ; but his keen brilliant eye gave a guarantee to his words. His head was covered with long black curly hair, although his face was devoid of either beard, whisker or moustache. He was tall but yet would have been termed in civilized life an effeminate looking young man, and would



never have been suspected of committing any more desperate deed than breaking some young girl's heart.

"The contract between him and his companion was very remarked in appearance, although in daring and spirit they were about equally matched.

For some time longer the conversation was carried on but at its conclusion, it was decided that Henry Midkiff should get up the company, and that the other would join him as soon as everything was in a fair way for the accomplishment of the purpose intended.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE COTTAGE AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

In the outskirts of the village of Brandenburg, Kentucky, some few miles from the centre of the place, was a pretty little cottage, with its porch covered with flowering vines, and its neatly tended front garden resplendent with flowers, rich in hue and fragrant in scent.

A flourishing magnolia tree ornamented either side of the gate, the path from which led up to the rustic home of perhaps the most charming maiden in that part of Kentucky. In the season these trees almost made the surrounding air intoxicating with their perfume; but as the forest was now becoming tinged with the variegated hues of departing summer the principal glories of the magnolia had disappeared until another genial spring should invest the trees with renewed life and vigor.

The only occupants of the cottage were an old man, verging upon the recorded four-score when human "strength is labor and sorrow," and his grand daughter a gentle maiden of sixteen. The former was named Hugh Woodward, and he was among the oldest residents in the State. He had fought the National enemies during the war of 1812, and had both before and since raised his hand in aggressive and defensive warfare against the savage aborigines of the West. He had watched the United States rise to a great and powerful nation and gloried in its grandeur, while he regretted the prospects of civil strife which had already been inaugurated at the time our tale opens.

Nettie Woodward, the granddaughter, was a fine specimen of rustic beauty, plump as a partridge and fresh as a rose. Unlike most of her neighbors she was very fair, her eyes being a bright blue and her long hair hanging like ringletted threads of gold over her well formed shoulders. In stature she was somewhat beyond the medium height and her figure was lithe and graceful, her form just reaching the fulness of womanhood, although her spirit and disposition was as frolicsome as that of a child.



Like a nymph of Flora's own choosing, Nettie would wander daily amid the flowers, and by her gentle care and attention had produced the almost perfect Eden which formed the surroundings of that pleasant home.

Happy in her own mind, and in the enjoyment of every pleasure for which her spirit craved, the granddaughter of Hugh Woodward never thought of sorrow, except when some favorite flower was withered by the frost, or killed by a passing blight. She had certainly read in the Louisville journals of the uprising of the people of the South, and had heard it rumored that the forces of the National Government had taken possession of two points many miles further down the river; but as nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony of her own home, the rumors of war had scarcely excited more than a passing thought.

Old Hugh Woodward felt very proud of his "gentle Nettie," and although rejoicing to see her spring-like beauty thus verging upon nature's summerhood, still it to some extent gave him a source for regret, as he felt that the day was approaching when some younger man would entice away the affections that had heretofore belonged only to him since the death of her parents.

This thought made him always suspicious of every youth he saw standing by the garden gate, for although in reality the youngster might only be admiring the flowers, the now jealous old man suspected that the florist was the greater attraction.

Notwithstanding the anxiety of the old man, the heart of his granddaughter had not yet been troubled with the thoughts of any other love than that of her grandfather, and to him she was as devoted in her care and attention as could possibly be expected.

But one domestic lived with this family, and she had been a member of the household long before "Missee Nettie war born." She had formerly been a slave of "Massa Wood'ad" but had many years before been manumitted for faithful services, refusing, however, to leave the house "whar she had nussed young Missee Nettie."

Aunty Beck had long since passed to the shady side of fifty and although her skin was black and shiny, her crispy wool was as white as the flour she daily kneaded into bread. Her disposition was as happy as that of her nurse-child, and nothing seemed to disturb her peace of mind beyond "de drunken customaries ob her 'corrigable brudder."

"Dat ole fool," Beck would say, when more that usually excited, "him gwine de rite way to get de delerum triumphant. Him had 'um once, and dat oughter be nuff. But den, missee, him such an ole fool. He'd swaller more whiskey at a sittin, or a standing eder, dan'd sarbe to stock de grocery up in de town for a munf, den he'd cum home wid him legs gwine ebery wich way slop. Him cussed ole fool; deed is he, missee."

Nettie would always laugh off the negress's anger, and try to mollify her ruffled feelings; but although the good natured laugh would



return, still in spite of all her young mistress could say the old nurse would maintain her assertion that her brother was a "cussed ole fool."

Among the visitors to the cottage, was a descendant of the noted Daniel Boone, the Kentucky pioneer, as venerable as Woodward himself, and nearly as well off. The two old men would sit together for hours talking about the times in old Kentucky when they, with the other settlers, shouldered their muskets to chase the savages from the neighborhood in which they then lived.

"Ah! Boone," remarked Woodward, one day, after a recapitulation of their early adventures, and the changes which had since taken place in the State, "who would have thought that any such trouble would take place as that which now threatens us?"

"Ah, who indeed?" responded Boone, sadly. "I hear they have torn down the old flag in Richmond and buried it at the foot of Patrick Henry's grave."

"They would not dare do that," shouted Woodward, rising quickly from his chair in anger, but sinking back again in it, with a sigh on finding his limbs were not as strong as in the days where shoulder to shoulder with his present companion he had marched to defend the honor of that flag against a foreign foe.

"Dare?" repeated Boone. "They have dared more than that, and have not only done what I say, but have boasted of the way in which the 'gridiron' has been laid low."

The grandfather of Nettie burst into tears at the thought of the disgrace which had been offered to the glorious banner that had so successfully been borne from the Mississippi to the seaboard, while even he was a young man, and had since been carried into the heart of the Mexican territory, along the Pacific coast, and even over the Rocky Mountains. He had rejoiced on former occasions when the flag was said to be floating uninterruptedly over every ocean in the known world; but now he had lived to see the day when the people of his own country had brought an everlasting disgrace upon that flag for which he had shed his blood.

"I have far more cause than you to weep," said Boone, "for the curse, secession, the blight of our land, has taken possession of the mind of my eldest son's child, and he has gone away to join those who have thus disgraced the flag we have both fought under."

"Thank God, Boone," fervently exclaimed Woodward, "although I have many times regretted that no boy lives to carry my name down to posterity, now I rejoice upon the reflection that none will ever disgrace it by joining those leagued together to destroy the happy Union established by our forefathers."

"Your lot is far happier than mine can possibly be," said Boone, "for among those who have recently advanced under Rosseau to Muldraugh's Hill are the two boys who call my Daniel father."

"Cousin against Cousin," murmured Woodward.

"Yes," replied Boone, "and our old friend Crittendon has his chil-



dren divided on this question ; for George has gone with the Secessionists while Thomas advanced with the National forces."

"Brother against brother," said Nettie's grandfather, solemnly, "where will the end be?"

"Where, indeed?" murmured Boone.

That evening the two old men parted with saddened hearts, for the first time in many years.

While the foregoing conversation was in progress, Nettie was busy attending to her garden, and was just in the act of clipping off the dead sprigs which surrounded her rose-bush when a young man with black curling hair, and piercing black eyes reined in his horse at the gate and requested the florist to give him a rose from the bush she was trimming.

Without a moment's hesitation Nettie complied with the request, and for the first time their eyes met. Without knowing why, the gentle orbs of the maiden dropped under the gaze of the stranger, and a rich color suffused her face and neck.

Without observing the confusion which he had caused, the horseman thanked Nettie kindly for her compliance with his wishes, and kissing his hand to her cavalierly rode off at a gentle trot, without turning round even for an instant.

As if spellbound the young girl remained rooted to the spot, her eyes still fixed upon the ground, and there is no knowing how long she might have remained thus enchanted, had not a familiar voice uttered her name, at the same time tapping her smartly on the arm.

"Why, Misse Nettie," said her nurse, "where are your torts gone skiddering to. Ole Aunt Beck been callin' all ober de house, and in de garden, and you'ze standin' here all de while, and neber anser no-how. You neber sarbed Becky so 'fore. Am you sick, chile?"

Nettie started, colored and replied somewhat vacantly, but without the usual smile with which she had always greeted her old nurse, no matter on what occasion.

The negress instantly observed the change in her mistress's manner, and it gave her great pain, as she could not remember anything she had done to make her angry, nor had she noticed any previous symptom of ill health. She however felt perfectly certain that something must be wrong with her "chile," the old nurse always looking upon Nettie as her particular charge.

"Did you call me, Aunty?" asked Nettie, somewhat confusedly.

"Yes, Misse, deed did I," replied the negress, her large eyes filling with tears. "What on arth's de matter wid you chile?"

"Nothing, Aunty," replied Nettie.

"Nuffin!" repeated the nurse. "Dis chile specs you'ze done gone and cotched de ager."

A smile crossed the features of Nettie.

The nurse looked at her young mstres with an expression of sor-



row, and then said that "Massa Wood'ad" had been making inquiries after her.

"Specs you'd better spriten up a little, missee," added she, "or dare'll be suffin wrong in de house 'fore long."

This remark seemed to arouse the maiden from her stupor, and quickly reassuming her wonted vigor, she sprang lightly towards the house, leaving the old nurse to follow when and how she chose.

Becky looked after her in wonder, and then muttered, "Dat chile's gone crazed, deed has she."

On entering the house, the negress was somewhat surprised to find her young mistress in the same good humor, as had heretofore characterized her manner, and, on seeing this, tears of delight took the place of those which had before visited her eyelids.

With an expression of joy, Becky told her mistress that she had "scar'd her some," but now all seemed right again.

Nettie replied with her usual smile, and said she felt perfectly well; but to none of her nurse's earnest inquiries as to the cause of her manner in the garden would she return an answer.

Perhaps she did not herself fully know the reason why she had thus been affected. There was, however, one thing of which she felt perfectly certain, she never before experienced such a sensation as had then taken possession of her mind and faculties; but it had now passed away, and she was once more herself.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A HORRIBLE AND MOST ATROCIOUS CRIME.

The young man, who had caused such consternation in the mind of Nettie, after leaving the garden gate, rode off at first at an easy pace; but shortly after urging his horse into a gallop started along the road towards a point of a stream which emptied into the Ohio River some little distance West.

On arriving at the place, the youth—for he would have ordinarily been styled a good looking, rosy checked boy, in spite of his scowling brow—began looking around as if in expectation of meeting some one in that vicinity, and not seeing them vented his impatient ill humor in muttered expletives and execrations.

As the moments flew by he became the more angry, and slipping from the back of his horse, the rider began to pace the ground with hasty and irregular strides, each time on turning to retrace his steps expressing his vexation in anything but gentle terms.

Suddenly stopping and looking across the stream, the young man observed a boat pushing across from the opposite shore; then with a savage "at last," he sprang on the back of his steed and rode down to meet the boatman, who appeared to be as young as himself.



"Look here, Harry Magruder," said the horseman, "this method of keeping appointments will not do. If you ever expect to accomplish anything against the Yankee Abolitionists, activity and punctuality must be exercised. I've waited an hour for you, and it is now nearly dark."

"So much the better for our work," asserted Magruder.

"Nothing of the kind," replied the young man. "It will be nearly midnight before we can get at the house."

The boatman had by this time sprang on shore, and in a few moments the little vessel was concealed in the bushes. Then leaping a rail fence into a neighboring field, a horse which had been grazing there was seized and brought into the roadway by taking down a portion of the rails.

Magruder had taken a blanket out of the boat, and now threw it on the back of the steed, then making a portion of the boat rope into a halter-bridle, he quickly sprang on to the animal's back and told his companion to lead the way.

A ride of nearly four hours duration brought them some distance into the interior, when they halted at a house built on the side of a rocky hill.

"Now, Jerome," said Magruder, "you are the boy to induce the man to come out, if any one can."

Jerome then advanced to the door, and with a gentle knock, requested admittance. In a few moments the summons was answered, and after some conversation the third person came into the road. The three were soon in close colloquy, and while thus engaged walked somewhat gently towards the hill side, as if to avoid anything like eavesdropping by those left behind in the dwelling.

The last one that had joined the two horseman, did not apparently agree with them, with regard to some propositions which had been made, and so expressed himself in somewhat forcible terms, to which Jerome returned quiet but firm answers.

"It is no use," said Jerome. "It must be done, and this night too. The man is dangerous to the cause, and Midkiff says he must be removed. Will you, or will you not, assist us?"

"The whole thing is needless," answered the other.

"Well," exclaimed Magruder, "needless or not, it will have to be done."

"Yes," added Jerome, "and you will have to come along and assist in the work."

Still the other protested and wished to be allowed to return to the house. He did not like the work and said he would not join in it, notwithstanding all that could be urged, unless forced to comply.

"He knows too much," muttered Jerome, as he fixed his dark piercing eyes on the man who thus objected, "It is plain his heart is not with us, and it may be necessary to secure his silence. But come along he shall, and after this is done, I'll attend to his case."



By the uncertain light of the waning moon the face of Jerome assumed somewhat of a diabolical expression, the scowls which passed over his forehead, causing the dark, beetling brows to overhang the fiery eyes, adding a degree of savage ferocity to his otherwise handsome features. This scowl, however, lasted but a moment, then assuming a far more pleasant tone of voice he asked the other to guide them to the spot, even if unwilling to assist in the work.

For a few moments the inhabitant of the house hesitated even to join at all in the affair, but at last agreed to point out the building providing it would not be necessary to take any active part in the work.

The three then proceeded along a short distance when Magruder whispered to Jerome that he thought the other intended to play them false. On being asked why he was of that opinion Magruder replied that several little actions on the part of the unwilling guide looked very suspicious.

Jerome said he intended to watch him closely, and if he found that treachery was really intended, nothing should save the traitor from the vengeance which should follow him.

On nearing the house Magruder noticed a little alcove or hollow place in the side of the rock upon which the cottage was built, and when the guide refused to go any further, the former suggested to Jerome in a whisper that the place might be put to some practical purpose.

"What do you mean?" asked Jerome.

"A slight tap on the head might prevent the betrayal of our secret," answered Magruder, "and a few stones that are lying near would keep any one from finding what had become of the traitor."

Jerome comprehended the meaning instantly, and asked the guide if he intended to go on with what had already progressed thus far.

A negative reply was returned, and quick as lightning, a slung shot which Jerome carried in his hand struck the other and felled him to the ground.

Without waiting to see whether the fallen man was killed or not Jerome raised the inanimate for in his arms, and placed him inside the rocky opening which was just large enough to allow of a man standing upright within it and no more. Then with the assistance of Magruder a number of large and heavy stones, which lay near by, were piled one on the other until the whole of the entrance was almost hermetically sealed.

As the last stone was being thrust into its place and a wedge of the same material driven between it and the solid rock, so as to maintain the movable portions in their positions, a groan was heard to issue from the recess.

"He is not dead," remarked Magruder.

"So much the better," responded Jerome. "He will have a few moments to reflect upon the disadvantages of playing us false; that is, if he recovers his senses in time."



"But he will force away these stones," suggested Magruder, "and so escape."

"Let him," replied Jerome, with a look of savage vindictiveness. "If he can get out of that hole, I'll forgive him all the treachery he intended."

The two then ascended the rock to the cottage above, and without a moment's hesitation it was forcibly entered, the inhabitants, a male and two females, dragged from their beds, and without further warning ordered to leave the State within twenty-four hours.

In order that they should have no attractions as far as the house was concerned, the two men, after pillaging it of all the valuables which it contained, set fire to the place and burned it to the ground; having first allowed the shivering females to take enough clothing from it to prevent them from perishing from exposure to the night air.

The man who had thus been deprived of his house was too old to offer any resistance to the despoilers, and the women were too frightened, consequently Jerome and Magruder had everything their own way.

Once, and only once, the younger of the females besought the midnight incendiaries not to destroy the only place where they could rest their heads; but on receiving a reply from Jerome that Kentucky was no place for Yankee abolitionists, she desisted, knowing that her father had long since been a marked man among the pro-slavery inhabitants of that neighborhood, because of his outspoken words in opposition to the cause of secession.

Furthermore her brother had but recently joined Rosseau's regiment of loyal Kentuckians, and this having become known to their political enemies, under the circumstances she felt certain that no mercy would be shown to them by those who had arrayed themselves under the banner of the Confederate States.

With a laugh of derision at their desolate appearance the two young incendiaries now passed down the rock, Jerome threatening those who had but a few hours before retired to rest in hopeful peace and confidence, that if they were found anywhere south of the Ohio River by the same hour the next night not only their property but their lives would soon be made a sacrifice to the interests of the cause of the South and Southern Rights.

After making the forest a shelter for that night, the old man, at the first break of dawn, paid a visit to some of his neighbors, and with their assistance managed to get a horse and wagon with which he began removing the wreck of their property into the city of Louisville. He then reported the fearful havoc that had been made with his home, and by the aid of some well disposed persons a fund was raised sufficient to enable them to cross into Indiana where some of their friends resided.

Meanwhile the two miscreants returned to the spot where the horses had been left, and with a cursory glance at the house of the



man who had been imprisoned in the rocky recess, they laughingly roke back with the intention of seeking the place where Magruder had secreted his boat.

As the animals were somewhat wearied with the long journey which they had performed during the previous evening, Jerome exchanged his for a fine full-blooded mare which he found in the stables of a well-to-do farmer, while Magruder selected a first rate horse from the same stock.

"In order that the farmer may not grumble at our borrowing his animals," said Jerome, laughing, "we may as well leave him those we have already used up, and doubtless with a little care he may again make the brutes fit for some useful service. I like the exchange, and if we are pleased, surely he need not object. Others would not have been so considerate of his interests."

Some little caution was at first needed in order to remove the fresh horses without alarming their owner; but when once free from the vicinity, the animals were put at their quickest speed in order to arrive at the spot where the boat was concealed before the day began to break.

On reaching the banks of the stream Magruder sprang from his horse, turned it into the field whence he had taken the other, and then, getting into his boat, rowed across to the other side.

Jerome, however, refused to part with the mare which he had taken from the farmer, and knowing that Midkiff would be waiting to receive the intelligence of either the success or failure of the expedition, upon which the two young men had been sent, he rode quickly over towards the place which he had agreed upon as a rendezvous.

Midkiff, after he had listened to Jerome's recital, informed him that soon there would be plenty of work to be done. The Yankees had invaded the neutral soil of Kentucky and it would be necessary for the defenders of the South to advance their lines in order to meet the enemy on a fair footing.

Under these circumstances it was necessary that the defences should be well manned, and for this purpose every one capable of bearing arms who would volunteer his services was at once admitted into the rebel ranks. Consequently when Midkiff offered his company of Kentuckians, the men were promptly accepted, and he appointed to the command.

Among those who joined Midkiff's company were Henry Magruder and Jerome Clark, both of whom were ordered to report as soon as possible at the headquarters of the Confederate Army at Fort Henry.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SLEIGH RIDE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

During the winter of 1861-2 the three rebels who have been introduced to our readers were mostly kept on duty either within the works at Fort Henry or Fort Donelson, principally at the latter place.

Being a daring rider and somewhat fearless in his manner, Jerome Clark was occasionally sent down the river and even as far as Louisville on scouting expeditions, and during one of these trips passed by the house of the Woodwards near Brandenburg.

During his absence Jerome had entirely forgotten all about the rose which he had received from the hands of Nettie; but now that he was passing the garden, although the season was changed from summer with its roses to winter with its frosts, still the remembrance of that simple event was forced upon his mind, and he felt somewhat desirous of once more seeing as a matter of mere curiosity the young lady who had presented him with the flower.

As it happened Nettie was just coming out of the garden gate for the purpose of going on a sleigh ride at the time Jerome was passing, and seeing a stranger naturally looked up.

The eyes of the two met, and recognition was instantaneous; although on the former occasion their interview did not last but a few moments.

So sudden and unexpected had been the meeting that Nettie lost all her presence of mind and staggering, would have fallen, had not the young man sprang instantly from his horse and started to her assistance.

The thrill of delight that ran through the frame of the young girl when she found that the stranger was indeed the same to whom some months previous she had given the flower, was more than enhanced on ascertaining that he had so promptly and readily alighted to aid her.

For a few moments not a word was spoken; but after a brief interval Jerome ventured a remark that he hoped she was not sick. To this Nettie replied to the effect that the sudden coldness of the atmosphere had struck her lungs, in consequence of coming from a warm room, and that the shock had nearly deprived her of animation.

On her stating that she was about to take a short drive in the cutter which stood by the gate, Jerome in a very gallant manner begged for permission to accompany her for just sufficient time to make assurance doubly sure that she would not again be taken ill.

Although asserting that no further danger need be feared from a repetition of the attack, still Nettie made no objection to the young man riding by the side of her cutter; but rather, on the contrary,



stated that if it pleased him so to do, she would be happy to have his company.

Having handed her into the conveyance, Jerome re-mounted the full blooded mare which he still retained in his possession, and at a steady pace the two young persons started along the road towards the less inhabited part of the vicinity.

While they were thus journeying along the youthful spy inquired of his companion certain particulars concerning the movements of the Union troops in that vicinity, to which questions Nettie returned without suspicion sincere and correct answers, as far as she was personally conversant with the facts either from observation or hearsay.

Having gained all the information he could from the unsuspecting girl, the young rebel now began to speak to her in somewhat of a flirting style of language without being aware that he was trifling with the heart of a susceptible and artless female, whose mind was already more than half entranced by the remembrance of the former meeting. Consequently when he began to talk of love, and the advantages of always being possessed of her charming society, the simple hearted maiden readily drank in the intoxicating draught that flowed from his lips, although scarcely aware of the true meaning of the rapturous phrases which he uttered.

The two young persons being thus employed in delicious converse, at least so far as Nettie was concerned, neglected to note how far they had been travelling, and the sun had begun to sink in the West when first the thought crossed the young girl's mind that they had better be returning.

Indicating that fact to her companion, the young man suggested that if the two horses were attached to the cutter and he take a seat by her side they might return the quicker. To this suggestion Nettie made no objection, and in a few moments the two horses were harnessed to the light conveyance.

The young girl had scarcely reflected for a moment upon the fact that the young man who accompanied her had only once before been seen by her, and then but for a very brief period; but when he took a seat beside her, she felt so very much pleased at the circumstance that even if any such thought had crossed her mind it was quickly banished as an unwelcome visitor.

Meanwhile old Hugh Woodward had become somewhat alarmed at the continued absence of his "only child," as he called Nettie, and had begun to have a suspicion that some accident might have befallen her. As soon as the sun began to sink in the Western horizon, and for a long time after the moon had risen, the old man would send out at short intervals Aunty Becky, the negro nurse, to look up and down the road and see whether she could find the maiden carelessly driving about in the vicinity; but the negress would return with the report that,

"Misse Nettie nowhar to be seen, nohow."



The hours flew by, and still Nettie did not return. The old nurse remarked that she had never known her young mistress serve them so before, and she had also begun to feel "drefful."

Had either the old gentleman or the nurse observed the scene which had taken place at the garden gate, before the young girl entered the cutter, perhaps their alarm would to some extent have been moderated, notwithstanding the fact that the young man was a complete stranger.

But not suspecting for a moment that their favorite could be influenced in any way by the blind god, they naturally felt certain that nothing but some serious mishap could have caused her absence for so long a period, without some notice having been previously given of her intention of thus acting.

But at last their anxiety was set at rest by the sound of sleigh bells jingling on the frosty air, and looking from the window the old nurse observed that two persons occupied the cutter.

"Ki, ki, Misse Nettie," ejaculated Aunt Becky, in an undertone; "dat's what's de matter wid you. Ki!"

During the return trip, Jerome more than once placed his arm around the waist of his gentle companion for the purpose, so he said, of preventing her from falling out of the cutter; but as the vehicle was constructed with a very high back, to an ordinary observer this precaution would scarcely seem necessary.

The evening had far advanced when the cutter arrived once more at the garden gate. The young man, declining all Nettie's pressing invitations to enter the cottage, detached his splendid mare, and quickly remounting her rode off at his quickest speed, having first given the young maiden full assurances of his regard for her, and a promise to pay an early visit to the home of her grandfather.

As yet he had said nothing about being in the service of the Confederate States, nor even given his name; consequently a mystery still remained in the mind of Nettie, one which she felt very desirous of unravelling, namely, who and what her unknown companion could be.

But the affair which had begun by the giving and receiving of a rose, and after a very long interval had been revived and continued during a drive over the frozen snow, soon proved to be a far more serious matter than at first appeared for Nettie Woodward whose susceptible and unsuspecting heart readily received and retained all the fond impressions made upon it by the honeyed words of the dark-eyed young stranger.

Although Jerome had promised to return once more to the cottage still, thought she, after he had gone, what numerous causes might intervene to prevent him from keeping his promise. And how was she to learn of these mishaps, should they occur? He had named no special time when he would revisit the neighborhood, nor did she know of any means by which she could trace him or learn of his whereabouts.



Had Nettie belonged to what was generally called "the world" she might have blamed herself for thus readily giving her affections to an entire stranger; but she had always resided with her grandfather and old Aunty Becky, and was therefore entirely innocent of any of the wiles and artifices of city life. Her mind was pure as an angel's and her heart as guileless as that of a dove.

This had been the young maiden's first real experience in the mystery of love and even yet she did not understand the sensation. She seemed to have a yearning towards this stranger, this dark-eyed masculine acquaintance of a few hours, such as she had never before experienced towards any one, something different entirely from the feeling of affection which she bore towards her grandfather and her old nurse, although fondly loving them both.

The impressions which Nettie had experienced during the sleigh ride were something entirely new, an emotion so indescribable that it must be experienced before it could be understood, and none could really be made aware of its strange and yet pleasureable sensations but those whose heart and mind have never been contaminated by the insinuating and tainting conventionalities of artificial society.

Such feelings as Nettie Woodward then experienced are never known but once. It was the dawning of a first love, a beaming forth upon her of a light heretofore hidden. The young girl felt its effects, and although somewhat confusing her, making her desirous of doing what she had never before done, hide her thoughts from her grandfather, and notwithstanding that the new sensation to some extent made her unhappy, still she would not have recalled the past few hours even if it were in her power so to do.

Such were the reflections of the gentle girl as she entered the house after parting from Jerome, and when her grandfather questioned her, as to the cause of her unusual absence, an answer, far from the correct one, arose to her lips, and satisfied the old man, who was too much overjoyed at her safe return to doubt for even an instant the sincerity of her replies.

With Jerome the feeling had been somewhat different. His heart was far from guileless, and although his naturally savage disposition had been somewhat softened during the few hours he had spent in Nettie's society, still the lurking devil which had taken possession of his soul was not to be conquered by even the angelic sweetness of the maiden's disposition.

Although thinking perhaps a little more of the young girl than he than he had ever before done of any one of the opposite sex, yet, his mind was wrapped up to a great extent in himself, and with a careless shrug of the shoulders he urged on his steed in the direction of the Cumberland River where he made a report to General Simon Bolivar Buckner of the success of his mission.

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## CHAPTER V.

## SAVAGE CONDUCT OF CLARK TO A PRISONER.

Henry Midkiff's company was attached to General Buckner's command and with it was stationed in the defences of Fort Donelson during the attack and investment by General Grant, in the early Spring of 1862.

Shortly after the capture of Fort Henry, and during the advance of the Federal troops towards Fort Donelson, Jerome Clark, while acting as an advance guard with Magruder and Davidson, captured a scout of the opposing forces.

According to the regulations of war it was the duty of advance guards to send to the rear of their army all prisoners taken during military operations; but Magruder did not like such trouble and therefore recommended that the captive be quickly disposed of in a far easier manner, and his body hung to the limb of a neighboring tree as a warning to the approaching Yankees of their fate if taken.

"I have a plan that will suit me much better than that," suggested Clark, "if you only like to adopt it, and it will be a little amusement while on this lonely post. Will you join me, lads?"

"What is it," asked the others.

Clarke whispered a few words in his comrades' ears, and although they turned somewhat pale at first, still after a moment's reflection consented to assist him in the affair.

"I don't know," observed Davidson, "but that the bloody Yanks would serve us the same if they caught us therefore we'll be first in the war."

The poor captive, who had been tightly bound, looked with alarm at the faces of those in whose hands he had unfortunately fallen, and felt certain that his life would have to be sacrificed. An appeal for mercy was rising to his lips; but a glance told him that it would be useless, and he therefore determined to die bravely even if his death was to be by the very rope with which he was bound.

Little, however, did the Union scout imagine what was really in store for him, as he heard the following question.

"Are you ready boys?" asked Clark.

"Yes," replied the others.

"Then to work," said he.

The three men advanced towards the prisoner and tied a rope around his heels.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the prisoner with an expression of anxiety.

"You'll soon know," answered Clark, as he drew the hempen twist the tighter.

"Now, lads," exclaimed Davidson, "all together, and up she goes."

The rope had been thrown over the limb of a tree, and in a few



moments the Union soldier was dangling head downwards from the branch.

"How do you like that?" asked Clarke.

"Savage!" ejaculated the prisoner. "You'll one day meet a worse fate. You'll die by the rope, and with a gaping crowd hissing and hooting into your ears."

By this time the blood had rushed downwards into the head of the victim of this savage barbarity, and his face was becoming discolored to a dirty purple hue. He was also experiencing a suffocating sensation of the most painful nature, and would have blessed his torturers had they put an end to his existence.

"Don't his face look pretty?" laughed Clark, savagely, "the Yankee Abolitionist will soon become a nigger if he remains there much longer."

"A few minutes more," responded Magruder, "and he'll be out of his misery."

"The devil he will!" exclaimed Clark, "And then our fun will be over. That won't do, exactly."

"What do you intend?" asked Davidson.

"As he was a calf in getting captured," replied the young savage, "serve him as they do those animals."

"How's that?" asked Davidson.

"Bleed him," was the reply.

A smile of barbarous pleasure passed over the countenances of the other two, when they heard the words of Clark, and they drew their knives to assist him in the cruel operation.

Their victim had, however, by this time become almost insensible to everything around, in consequence of the immense quantity of blood which had flowed down into his cavity of the brain, and therefore was not fully aware of what his tormentors were about to do. But still he was not dead, and the method they proposed would only prolong his misery, instead of ending his life as speedily as the poor fellow would have wished.

"Do not cut an artery," said Clark, "otherwise you will only hasten that which I would for a time prevent. Let me make the first cut."

So saying the mere boy stepped forward to show the others how to begin the butchery. Taking his knife he cut loose the cords which bound the victims arms, which fell helplessly downwards, the hands hanging lower than the head. He then severed the fingers and thumbs and left the stumps bleeding; but finding that did not produce much effect he cut off both hands at the wrists placing the point of his knife between the joints in a manner that would not have disgraced a surgeon.

The flow of blood caused a convulsion of the victim's frame; but still consciousness did not return, and this was what the young barbarian particularly desired. To have mutilated a dead body gave him no pleasure; he wished to see the writhings and contortions of



the poor fellow, as he inflicted upon him some new torture, and to hear his screams of agony as the knife touched some sensitive part; and while he remained even partially insensible such could not well be.

"I see how it is," said he, "there is too much blood on the brain. I must remove a little of that."

With the point of his knife, Clark made a slight incision by the side of the hanging man's temple, and almost immediately a stream of black blood began to ooze forth, first sluggishly and then somewhat quicker. Each moment the sanguinary stream began to brighten in color, and after a while the eyes of the victim opened.

"Let him down for a little while," suggested Magruder. "He will then perhaps recover, and you can string him up again after that."

The suggestion was quickly acted upon, and the suspended man lowered to the ground, where he was allowed to lay; the three rebels being fully convinced that as his feet were bound he could not run away, and without hands it was impossible for him to release himself from the ropes which thus held him coerced.

The pressure being thus removed from the brain the captive began gradually to recover his senses and after a while opened his eyes and tried to remember where he was. A dizziness coming over him, and causing a film to overspread his vision, the poor fellow raised his arms as if to clear it away with his hands, and for the first time discovered the mutilation of those limbs.

A cry of agony burst from the soldiers' lips on perceiving how he had been maltreated, and a curse, a deep withering curse, was hurled at the heads of those who had thus abused him.

The three savages laughed loudly when they heard the exclamation of their victim and Clark remarked that he thought it about time to "string the Yankee up again." To this the others replied in the affirmative, and removing the rope from the prisoner's feet, his arms were forced behind him, and the hempen cord fastened around the elbows.

In this condition the captive was once more hoisted up, and suspended from the branch, the weight of his body nearly tearing the arms from the sockets, the joints cracking like the report of a rifle.

Every time the poor fellow uttered a cry of agony the three brutal rebels laughed in a manner that denoted the extreme pleasure which the sufferings of the martyr to universal liberty gave them.

"Kill me," pleaded the suspended man, "in mercy kill me, and end this misery at once. What have I done that you should so cruelly torture me?"

Clark merely laughed at the appeals of the captive and stated that he need not be in a hurry to die, as they had not yet done with him.

With a fiend-like brutality Clark and Davidson now advanced to the sufferer and taking off his boots cut off singly every one of his toes, the former employing himself with one foot while the latter was engaged with the other.



Finding that repining and petitions, instead of securing relief from his sufferings, only added to their severity, and gave pleasure to his tormentors, the victim of their cruelty now ceased making complaints and reproaches, and after a brief while began to faint from the loss of blood and excess of pain.

The torturers endeavored once more to arouse the fainting man by pricking him with the points of their knives; but their victim was too far gone, and all their efforts could not restore him from the death-like lethargy into which he was falling.

While the human fiends were thus engaged they were startled by the sounds of fire arms, at some little distance, and shortly after two or three rifle bullets flew over their heads.

"Harry," said Clark, "this place is getting too hot for us; we had better fall back to the fort. But before leaving, to prevent that fellow telling the Yankees what we have done, a couple of charges from our revolvers had better be emptied in his body."

No sooner was the suggestion made than the ruffians at once followed it out, and six bullets were lodged in the inanimate and unresisting form of the Union scout while still hanging on the tree.\*

General Grant's army soon after advanced upon the works at Fort Donelson, and during the three days struggle Clark and his two companions fought viciously; but previous to the surrender the three escaped with Floyd in the direction of Nashville, and afterwards retreated towards the mountains in Tennessee.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### NARROW ESCAPE OF CLARK.

For a time the three companions were separated, Midkiff's company having been mostly captured with the troops under General Buckner, the commander of the company only escaping by adroitly slipping away from his captors after the garrison had been surrendered. Being thoroughly conversant with every part of the country in the vicinity of Fort Donelson he was enabled to avoid those places where the sentries were posted, get beyond the lines of the Union armies and thus escape from their custody.

Occasionally Clark would make a dash across the Cumberland River into Kentucky and by cautiously using the by-paths of the country, reach the Ohio River in the vicinity of Brandenburg. During these trips he would call upon Nettie, and at last the two began to look upon each other in the light of future husband and wife, the young girl

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\* When the Union troops advanced upon Fort Donelson in February, 1862, the mutilated body of a Union scout was found hanging on a tree as described..  
AUTHOR.



by this time understanding the feeling which animated her bosom in favor of the unknown.

By this time Nettie Woodward had learned that her strange and roving lover was named Marcellus Jerome Clark; but was not aware of his connection with the insurgent army until upon one evening, while they were conversing together in a lane near the cottage, a number of soldiers in pursuit of some escaped prisoners from the camp of captured rebels in Ohio appeared in the vicinity.

Fearful that he might be recognized by some of the Kentucky soldiers who had joined the army from the neighborhood where he had formerly lived, and who had become aware of his connection with the rebels, Jerome asked the young girl to conceal him in some place where the soldiers would not be likely to look for him.

"Why are you so desirous of being concealed?" asked the fair girl.

"Because I should be held as a prisoner, if taken," replied the young rebel.

"Prisoner!" exclaimed Nettie. "Why should they hold you prisoner?"

"Because ——" hesitatingly began he.

"Because what?" inquired she, anxiously.

"You will not betray me," said Jerome, "if I tell the reason. You could not have the heart to give me up to my enemies after I had placed so much confidence in you. My heart and life is devoted to you, but if I were to be betrayed, I ——"

"Confide in me, Jerome," replied Nettie, firmly. "I have kept the secret of our acquaintance from even my grandfather from whom, until now, I have never concealed anything, and if your liberty is at stake my whole life will be devoted, if necessary, to your preservation. Confide in me."

While thus speaking, the young girl looked so affectionately into the face of the rebel, that he felt incapable of being deceitful even if he had been so inclined; and now knowing that his safety depended on what assistance she might render, he determined to acquaint her with everything, even if it deprived him of her affection and regard.

Clark had been bold even to recklessness before his fellow man; but Nettie had to some extent conquered him; and now he was about to confess to her a fact which were she so inclined might cause his incarceration in a Northern jail.

"Nettie," said he, "I will confide in you; for my heart tells me that your love will be strong enough to prevent you from causing me harm. I am a Confederate soldier."

The young girl started, and hid her face in her hands.

"You will not betray me, Nettie, will you?" asked Jerome, anxiously.

"No, Jerome, no," replied she, in a choking voice, and her eyes



full of tears ; "but why did you not tell me of this before ? Were you in that service when first your lips declared love for me ?"

"I was," answered Jerome.

"Why, oh why, did you thus deceive me ?" asked she in a voice almost inaudible through her choking sobs. "Your life will be one of daily peril, and we can never hope for happiness while my grandfather lives, as he is bitterly opposed to what he calls the sin of open rebellion."

"There is no time now to be lost," asserted Clark, in a sharp and somewhat anxious tone of voice. "Will you save me from my present peril ? I know you will if you can ; therefore can you do so ?"

"Yes," said she, "follow me."

Leading the way from the lane into and across the garden in the rear of the cottage, Nettie opened the door of a barn, which had been used for the storing of tobacco, and bade him remain there until the danger, which had menaced him, had passed.

"You will never be looked for here," said the young girl, "as my grandfather's feelings are too well known to admit of the slightest suspicion. He, I know, would not conceal you under any consideration ; therefore should the soldiers make any inquiries of him, he will answer in such a manner as to prevent them even from desiring to search his premises. As they are not in quest of you, personally, there need be no danger of any one reporting your presence ; for none who have seen you in my company, and even they are few, would ever suspect that you are in league against the North. Fear not," added she, her eyes lighting up with sudden determination, "they will have to take my life before capturing you."

"Dear, devoted girl," murmured Jerome, as she left the barn, after carefully closing and fastening the door, "if ever peace is restored to this now distracted land, and we only gain our independence, I will lay all I possess, heart and soul, as well as earthly wealth at her feet."

His reveries were however disturbed by the beat of a drum, and through the cracks between the boards which formed the sides of the barn, the concealed rebel could observe the forms of a number of armed soldiers marching up the very lane in which he had been standing while engaged in conversation with Nettie. He had not concealed himself a moment too soon.

Steadily the troops advanced until they arrived in front of the house where Hugh Woodward resided, and they were then drawn up in line while the officer entered the cottage.

"Several rebel prisoners," said the officer, "have recently escaped from Ohio into Kentucky, and we are in search of them. Have you seen any such ?"

This inquiry was addressed to the old gentleman, who promptly replied in the negative, hoping at the same time that they would be successful in capturing the miscreants whom he said had brought



death and destruction upon the once happy land in which they had so long enjoyed peace, plenty and prosperity.

The officer inquired if the old gentleman had any objections to their searching his outhouses and barns.

"Not in the least," replied Woodward, "I am too old to accompany you in the search, and my child is at present absent; but go where you please, on any part of my house or grounds, no opposition will be made. I do not know where the key of the tobacco barn has been put; but as far as I can recollect it has not been opened for several weeks, and consequently there can be no one inside of it. Still if you think it necessary the fastenings can be forced off, providing they are replaced."

The officer promised to use no unnecessary violence either in person or property during his investigations, and after a cordial good evening took his leave.

Marching around the house, the officer examined the garden to see if any traces appeared on the soil that looked like the footsteps of one escaping to a cover; but could find nothing to justify the slightest suspicion. He then tried the door of the barn and found it fastened with hasp and padlock as the old gentleman had stated, and nothing by the dim twilight could be seen to indicate that the fastenings had recently been disturbed, the hasp being rusty as could be easily felt, and the lock firmly secured.

Some of the soldiers tried to peer through the cracks of the boards; but as the shades of night were falling on the outside nothing was to be seen within the barn, and they reported that all was secure.

One man suggested that to make sure, it might not be a bad plan to fire a few shots into the barn through the cracks; but the officer intimating that as such a course would no doubt create an alarm, which was entirely unnecessary, not only among the family but also in the whole neighborhood, he was opposed to anything of the kind.

"Well, Major," said the man, "it was merely suggested on the bare possibility that some one might have concealed themselves in the barn without the knowledge of the family."

"And have locked the door on the outside after they had got in," laughed the officer. "That is certainly a very bright idea, I must say."

The private, therefore, only got laughed at for his suggestion and turned away in a sulky humor. Had he dared to have disobeyed orders, the contents of his musket would have soon been flying through the barn; but with his officer opposed to the affair, the man could not make the venture.

"Perhaps," said the Major, after a brief interval had elapsed, "it may be as well to try the experiment; but as I do not want you to shoot each other, two or three shots will be enough fired from the same side of the barn,"



Three men were selected, and the muzzles of their weapons placed between the cracks of the boards at a distance of about three feet apart from each other. The muskets were then discharged; but as silence followed the reports, the officer ordered his men to withdraw while he informed the owner of the cottage what had been done.

Old Woodward said they had done perfectly right, as having nothing in the barn but some refuse tobacco their bullets could not possibly do harm, and they would perhaps go away a little more satisfied by having tried the experiment.

Nettie, however, who had watched the soldiers from a point some short distance off, had with difficulty prevented herself from screaming when she saw the muskets pointed through the cracks of the barn, and on hearing the reports fell senseless to the ground under the very natural supposition that her lover had been killed by the bullets of the Federal soldiers.

The young girl did not lay long in a state of insensibility; but on recovering she saw the soldiers filing away along the lane, as if returning to the place whence they had come.

As soon as they were out of sight, she rushed forward, and taking the key of the padlock from her bosom, in which she had thrust it on seeing the soldiers approaching the house, she hastily undid the fastenings of the barn-door, and even in the dark rushed in to find whether the object of her solicitation had been injured by the bullets of the soldiers or not.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### MORGAN'S RAID THROUGH KENTUCKY.—CLARK'S ATROCITIES

The rebel raiders rode recklessly over the State of Kentucky during the early part of the fall of 1862, and the name of Morgan was upon every tongue, in many cases being uttered in accents of fear and alarm.

These raiders merely acted as an advance guard of the large army which under General Bragg had advanced from Tennessee into that State for the purpose of capturing Louisville and other important cities; thence to cross the Ohio River for the purpose of invading the North at about the same time as the Rebel Armies in Virginia were threatening Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Among those who held minor commands under Morgan were Henry Midkiff and Jerome Clark. The latter had escaped uninjured from the bullets fired into the tobacco barn of old Mr. Woodward, on the eventful evening described in the last chapter, by swinging himself upon a rafter of the building immediately on overhearing the suggestion of the soldier to fire into the barn. The missiles had therefore



passed harmlessly beneath him while occupying the elevated position.

The operations of the raiders were rapid and ruthless ; for whenever the Union citizens refused to reply readily to their demands, the most violent means were adopted to bring them to what was termed reason. The stores were rifled of their contents, and the private inhabitants were robbed of their money and valuables in a manner only equalled by a horde of brigands suddenly let loose upon an unprotected village.

Perhaps the most unprincipled among the raiders were Midkiff and Clark, both of whom commanded sections of the freebooters operating on the flanks of the main army, the former being on the right and the latter on the left. This disposition had been thus made in consequence of their individual knowledge of the particular section of the country in which they had to operate.

One of the objects of Clark's section was to dash across the Ohio in the vicinity of Brandenburg ; but in this the raiders were defeated by the activity of the commander of the gunboats patrolling the river and the promptitude with which the citizens of that part of Kentucky responded to the call for volunteers for home defence.

The main rebel army having been driven back, the raiders also had to leave the State of Kentucky ; but before they did so, fiery marks of their visitation were left in the shape of burning houses and barns belonging to the Union loving citizens residing in those unprotected places which they visited.

During their return Southward the desperadoes under Clark dashed into the little town of Hammons ville, in Hart County, took the citizens by surprise, disarmed them and committed a number of robberies with impunity. Stores were entered and plundered, and private citizens were relieved of pocket books, watches, &c. The outlaws flourished their revolvers in a reckless manner, and made every effort to terrify and annoy the people of the place. Some of the prominent storekeepers were relieved of their rich goods in the coolest manner possible, and several valuable horses were pressed into the service by the raiders, who remained in the village for over an hour, making quite merry over whiskey, oysters &c. They then left, taking the road to Rolling Fork.

Clark in each instance gave evidence of his barbarous disposition ; but none more so than in his attack about midnight upon the house of a noted Union citizen, who resided on the road by which the raiders were retreating.

On approaching the door of the Union man's dwelling Clark demanded admittance ; but not immediately gaining it, he gave orders for his followers to fire through the windows at the residents who were moving about in their night clothes. The young son of the citizen, a mere child, being aroused by the firing, raised himself in his bed to a sitting posture to see what was going on. Clark no



sooner saw the child than he fired a revolver at him and mortally wounded him.

This outrage so exasperated the father, that without attiring himself, he seized a gun, left the house and gave them battle, determined to defend his family as far as it laid in his power.

With his white night clothes on,—the night being dark—the brave man soon became a target for his almost unseen enemies. Every fire-arm among the raiders was levelled at him, and three bullets hit the mark, two striking him on the hip, the third going through the centre of the unfortunate man's leg just above the knee.

This last wound, being serious, caused the gallant man to fall to the ground, when Clark approached him, and placing a revolver at his head threatened to blow out his brains.

After gratifying their fiendish malice by these acts the outlaws entered the house and robbed it of everything that was valuable, driving the women and children in the fields and lanes.

Not finding as much money as he expected Clark became enraged and set fire to the house, leaving the wounded father and son to perish from exposure.

The desperadoes then visited other houses in the neighborhood, robbed the inmates and plundered their dwellings, and when not satisfied with what they obtained setting fire to the houses.

In a few instances only were the rascals resisted, and during one of the contests, Clark was wounded in the thumb of his right hand. This injury so exasperated him that he ordered every man, woman and child in the building to be brought out and hung; but not being able to find ropes as quickly as he desired, he drove them back again in the house, which was of frame, and then ordered it to be set on fire with the living inhabitants inside. Before, however, the dwelling could be fairly ignited a squadron of Union Cavalry dashed up to the spot, causing the rebels to beat a hasty retreat in order to save themselves from capture.

The raiders having been driven from the State of Kentucky, their operations were for the next six months confined to regular fighting with the armies in the field, and the individual doings of Clark were for a time lost sight of, as they were of but minor importance.

During the summer of 1863, Morgan again made a dash through Kentucky and the advance being led by Clark and Midkiff reached Brandenburg, where they captured the steamers *Alice Dean* and *J. T. McCombs*. By these two vessels the majority of Morgan's forces crossed into Indiana, where they committed a series of outrages which so incensed the people of that, and the adjoining State of Ohio, that they rose in a body to resist and capture the daring raiders.

After a chase of several hundred miles Morgan and the majority of his band were captured in Ohio, and among those taken prisoner



was Midkiff, who was sent to the captive rebel camp in Ohio, while the leader was placed in the State Penitentiary. \*

Clark, however, was somewhat more fortunate, and escaped across the river into Kentucky, with those that eluded the military combinations which had been skilfully planned with the intention of capturing the whole force.

As the band of raiders had been routed and broken up, the majority having been captured, Clark was entirely lost sight of. It was supposed by many that he had repented of his evil ways, and had quietly settled down into a respectable citizen in some remote part of Kentucky where he was entirely unknown, except by the notorious reputation which he had gained as a cruel and heartless rebel raider.

During the Spring of 1864, Hugh Woodward died, leaving his darling Nettie to the care of her nurse Aunt Becky. It was known in the vicinity that the young girl refused all offers of marriage from even a number of handsome and well-to-do farmers of the neighborhood; but Aunt Becky used to say "dat she tort Missee Nettie hadn't 'gotten de uice darkeyed young massa, dat sometimes long' go liked to gas wid her in de lane."

Whether or not Nettie knew anything of the location of Clark, was a mystery which only she could unravel, "lese way, Becky know'd nuffin 'bout it, nohow."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE FEMALE GUERRILLA.

The inhabitants of the city of Louisville and its vicinity were placed in a great state of ferment and consternation by the report that a female guerrilla, by the name of Sue Munday had been ravishing the country at the head of a band of desperate outlaws, among whom were named "Bill Davidson," Harry or "Bill Magruder," "Harry Midkiff," "Pratt," and others already known to disreputable fame.

She had been described as a tall and handsome woman, of Southern Kentucky birth, the wife or sister of some soldier serving in the Confederate or Rebel army; but who had been living peaceably in Kentucky until on one occasion she had been cruelly and brutally outraged by some Union soldiers, and had sworn vengeance against all Union men either in military or civil life wherever they were to be

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\* For the full particulars of this daring raid see Dawley's War Novel No. 2. PAULINE, THE FEMALE SPY, price 25 cents. Ask any Bookseller for a copy, and if he has it not, he can procure it. Or it will be sent by the publisher of this work post-paid on receipt of price.



found. At least these were the reports that were current in those regions of country ; but with regard to the truth of the statements said to have been made by the female guerrilla, no one could get any definite account, nor who had been the perpetrators of the reported outrage.

One thing was, nevertheless, certain that Sue Munday was a she-fiend embodied in the guise of a woman, and she was not only reported as a savage in her disposition ; but was also reputed to be a daring rider and a gallant fighter.

Her band had several times encountered portions of the State military forces, and on each occasion the latter had come off second best.

So rapid had been her movements that very often the reports of her being in three or four different places, somewhat distant from each other, would reach Louisville at about the same time, notwithstanding the advantages of the telegraph and other speedy means of communication. In fact she had become to be as much dreaded by the quiet peaceful farmers and citizens as even Morgan or Forrest had been.

It was useless for any one to inquire who Sue Munday was ; no one seemed to know her, except by reputation, and that was bad enough ; but all agreed that she was a most dangerous and heartless woman, an incarnate fiend.

The principal field of Sue Munday's operations lay in that region of country West of Louisville, with Brandenburg as its centre ; and all along the Ohio River from Owensboro to Louisville and as far inland as Hartford, Litchfield and the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, had been more or less devastated by either her or her band of followers.

No one that had ever fallen into her hads was known to have been released alive ; but one or two of her captives had succeeded in making their escape, and through them some of her brutalities were made public.

On one occasion a party of troops that had been sent out to effect her capture, were instead made captives themselves by the villainous band, and when "Sue" saw that they were attired in the military uniform of the United States, her demoniacal spirit arose and she determined they should suffer for the outrages which she said had been inflicted upon her.

The whole party were by her orders bound to trees in the vicinity of the place which she said had been selected as the spot for their execution. They were so tied up that the whole of them could see what passed in the centre, and yet be powerless to resist or prevent what was being done.

While they were thus looking on, one of the party was taken from among the captives, his feet and hands severed from his body by "Sue" herself, a hole nearly five feet deep dug in the ground, and the poor wretch placed upright in the hollow with his legs bound up



with cords and his arms tied to his sides. The earth was then shovelled in and stamped around the living, mutilated man until his whole body was buried up to his neck. He was then left with his head above the ground, so that he might be able to see what was to be the fate of his companions, one of whom was next brought forward to receive his doom.

The second poor fellow had a different sentence. His arms were severed at the elbows, and his legs at the knee-joints, his eyes were gouged out, his ears cut off, and tongue torn out by the roots, because he had chosen to execrate the fiendish woman for her cruelties to his companion. The bleeding and mutilated remains were then thrown alive into a shallow pit dug somewhat like a grave, and the earth piled up gradually upon it, the face being the last covered in order to prevent death by suffocation as long as possible.

In these barbarities "Sue" took the most active part, and scarcely ever was the knife to be used but that her hand grasped the handle with all the ease of an accomplished butcher.

In some cases she would be more human, and shoot down her victims with a revolver at ten or twenty yards distance, taking care, however, not to fire the fatal shot until three or four charges were lodged in her victim's body.

One of the captive soldiers was hung by the neck with a noose which would not slip, and as the man was drawn up gradually the neck was not broken, nor could he die by strangulation. He hung thus for some time until at last he died from sheer exhaustion and suspended animation.

But one of the whole captured force escaped both torture and death, and this arose from the imperfect manner in which he had been bound to the tree. Finding the knot of the rope giving, the soldier contrived so as to loosen it entirely and allow it to slip to the ground when he took refuge in a neighboring tree, in the branches of which he remained until the guerilla band, having as they thought completed their fiendish work, left the spot for some other scene of villainy. He then made his final escape.

It was in vain that the sufferers pleaded for mercy; so entirely heartless had the creature become, that any who chanced to fall into her hands neither received nor expected pity or humanity.

Finding that her outrageous progress was to some extent undisturbed, "Sue" extended her field of operations, and one night early in 1865, she dashed into the village of Charleston near Madisonville, Kentucky.

The guerillas entered the place with a wild hullo, startled the sleepers from their beds, and made the night hideous with their deafening noises. Sue Mundy was at their head and whenever any resistance was offered she shot down the citizens in cold blood.

Every store in the place was rifled of its contents, and the persons of those who stepped forth into the streets to inquire what was going on were outraged and plundered.



After the pillage of the village of Charleston had been completed the guerrillas crossed the Tradewater into Hopkins County, where they recommenced their frightful and alarming outrages. The houses of isolated farmers were broken into and plundered, and if the owner dared to resist this forced tax upon their property, "Sue's pistol," which had become as noted as herself was brought into play; the daring house-owner generally finding his level on the ground, sometimes by his own hearth stone.

During the freebooting expedition, Sue captured a valuable horse belonging to a well-to-do farmer named Dixon Davis, and he not being willing to let the animal go without some effort to regain it followed them on the road to Rochester.

While en route the guerrillas stopped at a house near Greenville, for the purpose of obtaining refreshments. So terrible had Sue Munday's name become that the farmers who lived by the roadside, and in isolated places, readily gave the miscreants, that formed her band, such food as they required in the hope that it might save their persons and property from violence. In some cases this course of proceeding had the desired effect; but in others it only resulted in worse outrages, as it often gave the marauders the clue to what they wished to learn, viz: the value of the property within the dwellings.

Davis as soon as he saw that the guerrillas were busily engaged in discussing the provisions approached the farmer and said,

"This is a bad crowd I have got in with."

"Yes, I reckon," responded the farmer.

"They have my horse," said Davis.

"Have they?" replied the farmer. "And they're well able to keep it from you."

"Well I want that horse," asserted Davis.

"I'm afraid that is all the satisfaction you will get," observed the farmer. "You may want; but if they are not willing to give the animal up I do not see how you will get it."

"Do you know the leader of this party?" asked Davis. "I mean that young looking fellow over at the head of the table."

"I should reckon I did," answered the farmer.

"What is this young man's name?" was Davis's next inquiry.

"That's no young man," replied the owner of the house. "That's a woman; the veritable Sue Munday herself. Does she not look like a fiend with those dark eyes of hers flashing forth fires of hate and revenge."

"Is that the Sue of whom I have heard so many accounts of malignant barbarity?" asked Davis.

"The same, identical creature," was the farmer's answer.

"If that be so," remarked Davis, "the sooner I am out of her company the better; therefore if I find it impossible to regain my horse before night I shall return home."

"Perhaps," muttered the farmer inwardly.

The meal ended, Sue made a demand upon the owner of the house



for whiskey; but as he had none in the place, the guerrillas were compelled in spite of the dreadful threats which they uttered to go without the wished-for stimulant.

It was partly a stroke of policy with the farmer not to supply the miscreants with spirituous liquor; for he well knew, if they became intoxicated, his house was for more likely to be plundered and destroyed than if he refused them, and as the liquor was not in any part of the building where they could find it, he felt able to deny its presence with a good grace.

One man threatened to burn down the house if the whiskey was not forthcoming, and even stepped from his seat for that purpose; but Sue Munday, rising to her feet, presented a revolver at the head of the outlaw and swore she would blow out the fellow's brains if he attempted to move with any such design.

With such inducements to refrain from the outrage the miscreant sat down again in his chair and, like a bear, began to grumble even while he ate.

After the guerrillas had partaken of all they could get, the whole party left the house, Davis following them as he had stated he would do.

While they were on the road to Rochester, Sue said to Davis that she thought he had followed them enough, and as the horse had not proven so good as she had expected, he might take it home again when ever it pleased him.

Overjoyed at the prospect of getting his animal back so easily Davis was completely thrown off his guard.

"I desire to ride the animal," said Sue, "until we get to our bivouacing ground, then you may have it."

Davis made no objection to this, knowing very well that it would be useless, and with as good a face as possible he continued to trudge along with the band until they arrived at a piece of woodland on the other side of the road.

"Here we are at last," said Sue. "The horse will need a little rest, therefore you may as well come along with us and throw yourself down on the grass, while the animal nibbles a little and recruits up its strength from the fatigue which it has undergone."

Davis for the first time looked Sue full in the face, and could not help admiring her dark flashing eyes and rosy cheeks.

"What a pity it is, so fine a woman should have become an outlaw," thought he, looking upon her with some degree of admiration. "She has at one period of her life been a splendid creature, and even now would not disgrace by her appearance almost any society. But if report speaks truly she must be the very arch-fiend himself embodied in the form of a handsome woman. The same report, however, says she has been outraged by some Union soldiery, and if that and the other statements be correct, she has been fearfully avenged, although innocent persons have had to suffer.

With these mixed feelings animating his thoughts Davis stepped



from the roadside into the cover, and after walking about an eighth of a mile into the bush, the female outlaw suddenly stopped and threw herself on the grass.

During the time they had been occupied in traversing the woodland the sun had set, and darkness was approaching. Davis therefore looked about him nervously.

"So, sir," said Sue, addressing him, "it was your intention to have returned home to-night whether you obtained your horse or not."

Davis started when he heard his determination repeated by the leader of the gang, and for a short time wondered how she could have divined his purpose. Suddenly recollecting that he had spoken to the farmer, at the house where they had stopped, about what he intended to do, Davis naturally supposed he had betrayed him, and therefore made no reply.

"I suppose you know who I am," said Sue.

"Certainly," replied Davis.

"Then you must be aware that I never allow prisoners to escape, and you are now in my hands as such."

The owner of the horse began to think the prospect bore an entirely different coloring to that which had appeared to his view before entering the wood, and therefore inquired somewhat anxiously whether they designed to murder him or allow him to return with the animal which had been taken away from his house.

To this question Sue replied very blandly that the wood was very convenient for the purpose of carrying out the former part of his solicitous inquiry, and therefore she thought it would be needless for him to trouble himself any more about the welfare of his steed.

Upon hearing this reply, Davis started to his feet as if with the intention of making an escape; but Sue pointing her revolver at his head told him to retake his seat as she wished to talk with him on matters of some importance.

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Next morning a section of military passed along the road in the vicinity of the woods, and found the dead body of Davis hanging by the heels from one of the branches of the trees. No sign of violence was apparent on the lower part of the body nor did it appear that the farmer had either been shot, stabbed or otherwise maltreated except in the manner above described. The appearance of the hands which hung loosely down towards the ground, and also of the face, gave evidence that the fate had resulted from the rush of blood, upon the brain.

He had been hung up alive and died while in that position.

The soldiers scoured the woods in all directions, but nothing could be found to indicate what direction the murderers had taken in their flight. The only thing which denoted who had been the cause of the farmer's death, was a piece of paper attached to the victim's clothing stating how he had met his death, and by whose hands. The paper was signed "Sue Munday."



## CHAPTER IX.

## SUE MUNDAY'S ADVENTURE WITH PRENTICE OF THE "LOUISVILLE JOURNAL."—THE DISCOVERY.

The reports of the outrages of the female guerrilla\* began to flow into Louisville at a very rapid rate, and the press thought it time to call the attention of the authorities to her misdoings. Among the most violent in these denunciations was the editor-in-chief of the *Louisville Journal*, and he never allowed an opportunity to slip without hurling at her from his pen some of the most pointed and cutting remarks that could be conceived.

As Sue used to read the newspapers whenever she could get them, the remarks of the editor of the *Journal* naturally cut her to the quick, and while engaged in some guerrilla operations in the vicinity of the Ohio River the female outlaw addressed a letter to him in language far less refined than expressive.

She also requested that the letter should be published, no matter at what expense; but as the editor of that popular newspaper had no desire to give to the public the uncouth vituperations of any outlaw—who although wearing the form of a woman, had so unsexed herself as to adopt the clothing of the sterner sex and raid it all over the country at the head of a band of wild desperadoes, whose cruel and brutal outrages were only fit to be classed among the doings of some of the savages who had, one hundred years previous, roamed wildly over the same State in which the notorious Sue Munday now committed such havoc.

Not wishing to let the matter of the letter pass without any kind of notice, the witty editor penned the accompanying article in reply, and published it in the *Louisville Journal* for the benefit of the said Sue Munday in particular and for his readers in general.

As the design of the writer was to let the world know what he thought of the notorious woman, we republish the article in full for the entertainment of our readers:—

ALL ABOUT SUE MUNDAY.—We have received from near West Point, at the mouth of Salt River, a communication signed with the names of Sue Munday and three of her chief officers, together with a note in Sue's name alone. Sue, in her individual note, asks us to publish the communication of herself and her officers, and proposes, when she and we meet, to pay us in whatever currency we prefer. Well, let us think what we will take pay in. We don't want it in Confederate notes, for our pockets wouldn't hold enough to pay for "a nip" apiece for Sue and ourselves. We don't desire it in lead, for we have mettle enough in us already. We don't want it in steel, for



we have quite as much point now as we need. We prefer not to take it in hemp, for we are a temperance man and have decided objections to getting high. We won't accept it in kisses, for we would rather be kissed by the Devil's daughter with her brimstone breath than by a tom-boy. We'll not submit to have it in hugs, for those who have seen Sue in her guerrilla costume say that she is a *little bare*. So we'll not sue to Sue for favors of any sort. She has done a great deal of stealing, but she can't steal our heart, and we don't care to have her steel her own against us. She has committed great waste, but she can't commit her own little one to our arms.

We fear that we can't make a bargain with you, pretty and gentle Sue. Still if you will name time and place and promise not to have any improper *aims* at us and not to look through other sights on getting a sight of us, in short not to be at all snappish toward us, and not to frighten us, as ghosts are said to be frightened, by a cock, we may meet you and talk matters over with you confidentially. Abstemious as we are, we would rather accept the contents of one of your pilfered whiskey-barrels than those of your pistol-barrel. We would rather feel the wadding of your bosom than your pistol-wad. We would prefer to see all the stock you have ever "lifted" rushing furiously toward us rather than behold your Colt's stock lifted at us. We should be almost as willing to see the nipples of your bosom as the nipples of your fire-arms. You may drill your troops as thoroughly as you please, but please don't go to drilling a big hole through us. 'Twould be better that you pull hemp from a cross-beam than a trigger at us. We have had many openings before us but none so perilous as the muzzles of your Deringers. You can spit fire enough at us yourself without calling in the aid of your side or pocket arms. Many think that it makes no difference on what day of the week a man dies, but we confess that we should'n't like to die of a Munday. We don't want to be in front of you if the breech of your weapon is going to commit a breach of the peace. We desire to be away if you mean to use the ugly prime of death against our handsome prime of life. If you come, don't bring Quantrell along with you on any account, for every limb in our forests would of its own accord twist itself into a withe at his appearance. We, individually, won't harm *you*. Though somewhat of a woman-killer in our youth, we have got entirely over that in our full manhood. Let the interview be soon, for we apprehend, that, before long, you will be like many hens' eggs we have seen—laid in the straw. Folks call you Munday, but we suspect that you are all the week *round*. Tell us whether you are as unprincipled as some say, or whether you have "a living principle within." The very times, like or unlike yourself, are pregnant of great things. Undoubtedly you are now in a perilous situation, but you may in due season be triumphantly delivered. But pray don't send aught to be left in a basket within our gate, for the thing will not be a sin to be laid at our door.

You have been an awful girl, Sue, we must say. You have killed



so many persons, of all colors, that no doubt white, yellow, and black ghosts haunt you continually, the black ones coming by day because black doesn't show at night. Our *Journal* may bring you and your fellows to justice and thus be to you and them not only a newspaper but a noose-paper. The authorities civil and military command us to cut down you and your gang wherever we can find you, but, if we wake up some morning and see you all hanging about here, we'll be hanged ourselves if we'll cut down one of you. And now for the present good-by.

Susanna, Susan, Suzie, Suky, Suc." \*

The foregoing article will show plainly that although the people of Kentucky dreaded the female guerrilla and her band they at the same time despised her for the unfeminine manner in which she employed her time. Her cruelties, it is true, had made her feared; but at the same time the same course of conduct had caused her to be abhorred by every one, both male and female. Even those inhabitants of the State who sympathised with the cause of the rebels could not help hating the woman who could so brutally act towards her captives, as had been reported of the notorious Sue Munday.

Every effort was made to capture the redoubtable guerrilla leader, and even the citizens armed against her; but it was always found that when the troops and *posse comitatus* were searching in one direction, Sue would be operating in another—at least such would be the reports.

The forces now marching against Sue Munday and her party were ordered to scour the country thoroughly; and, at last, a few of her men were captured, although the principal marauders escaped. Detectives were also dispatched for the purpose of hunting up witnesses against the female barbarian, so that when caught she should not through lack of evidence be able to escape the fate that was her due for the crimes that had been committed.

One of the captured guerrillas, on being questioned by a skillful detective, stated that if any person was to go to a certain part of the country lying somewhat inland from Stephensport on the Ohio River, something would be found that would be sufficient to hang the she-fiend.

"Yes," added the man, "and if you can only capture 'Bill Magruder, as he was a witness to the affair, if not an actual assistant in the work, he may perhaps turn State's evidence and give the whole particulars."

Following the directions thus given the detective started unattended to the place indicated, and having disguised himself as a tobacco planter, and wrapping himself up in an article of clothing, something between a cloak and an overcoat, trudged along unsuspected by those who were opposed to him.

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\* *Louisville Journal*. March 14, 1865.



Once the detective fell into the hands of a portion of Sue Munday's band, that section led by a miscreant named Marion, and only by the exercise of very great caution combined with the most artful kind of deception was he enabled to escape from their power. Even then he had to submit to the loss of everything valuable that was about his person; but as he had a character to fulfil it was deemed judicious to suffer the robbery in order to avoid arousing the suspicions of those in whose hands he had fallen.

Having escaped from the temporary durance in which he had been held by Marion and his followers, the detective next made his way to the place which had been pointed out by the captured guerrilla and found it exactly as described.

"But the secret lays behind this pile of rocks," remarked he, "and how I am to remove these masses of stone without a lever, somewhat puzzles me. Why did not the thought of such a condition of affairs cross my mind before starting."

While regretting his want of foresight in this matter the explorer happened to cast his eyes up to the top of the rocky hill, and espied the ruins of a cottage which had some long time previous been destroyed by fire. The area of ground that had been enclosed as part of the cottage property was still to be traced by the remainder of a zigzag fence, and the thought at once flashed across the detective's mind that the rails might be turned into some practical use in the shape of levers.

Climbing up on the height by means of the irregularities of the rocky sides, the top was in time gained, and the rails taken possession of. Hurling half a dozen of them to the place where he had been standing, they were soon followed by the party who had thrown them down, and who once more stood before the heap of rocks which had proved to be such a barrier to his explorations.

Thrusting one of the rails between the crevices of the stones, an effort was made to force them from their position; but it was entirely in vain, the rocky substances refusing, as it were, to be removed, and appearing to be as firm as the main height itself.

"Can I really have been deceived by that fellow?" muttered the detective. "If so, what could have been his object? This place is exactly as he described it, even to the precise position of this pile of stone, and yet — Well, I'll try again."

This time he struck the rail in a fissure higher up, and after a little exertion was rewarded by the sudden removal of one piece of rock much smaller than the others. Shortly after other pieces fell down to the ground, and then the operation of removing the rest became comparatively easy.

After the larger blocks of stone had been forced from their places, and an opening made about two feet wide and five feet in height, the eyes of the detective rested upon something that even made his heart tremble, notwithstanding the fact that he had been for years inured to scenes of crime and horror.



In the recess that had thus been brought to light and which had been hidden by the pile of stones, stood a skeleton; or rather the bony frame rested against the rocky wall of the right-hand side of the interior. The flesh had long since rotted from the bones, and lay in a heap of dust beneath the feet. The contraction of the shoulders told plainly that the being to whom they belonged had died in convulsive agony, and there was every apparent evidence that the unfortunate creature had been enclosed alive in that rocky alcove. \*

"This is indeed a discovery," ejaculated the detective, "and 'Billy Magruder' is said to know something of this affair. The circumstances as I have found them shall be at once reported to headquarters, and we will see whether or not the perpetrators of this vile and brutal piece of rascality cannot be hunted down. But," added he, "I must have witnesses to this before any of the guerrillas can learn of what I have been about."

Thus remarking to himself the detective replaced some of the stones, enough to conceal the skeleton, and threw some branches over the other part of the opening, giving the place the appearance as if, during a storm, the limbs of the neighboring trees had been blown down, and had there lodged. He then made his way to the village of Carrs, the nearest place to the rocky recess, and there obtained the services of the local constable and one or two of the villagers, after which he returned to the place of his horrible discovery.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FIGHT IN BRECKINRIDGE COUNTY.

Breckinridge County, Kentucky, was aroused late in the Winter of 1864-5, and placed in a state of great excitement by the rumors that several bands of guerrillas had concentrated for the purpose of resisting the federal authorities sent against them, and it was expected that a somewhat serious contest would arise between the two forces. One gang of marauders numbered forty-five, under a notorious ruffian named Williams; another consisted of about thirty men under Hays; a third twenty strong owned Marion as a leader; the fourth under Webster, only numbered fourteen, but every member was desperate; the fifth and sixth bands were relatively commanded by "Bill" Magruder and Henry Midkiff, (or rather Metcalf,) and the seventh, the most formidable was led by Sue Munday, who was attired in a Federal uniform and by general consent held the command of the whole concentrated force.

The desperadoes, thus united, presented a bold front and swore that no quarter should be given to any of the Yankees that should

\* See Illustration.



fall into their hands. This having been reported to the commander of the District, an order was issued to break up the organization no matter at what cost.

Under the circumstances it was necessary to send out a strong force of troops, at least numerous enough to drive the guerrillas from the position they had chosen, even if the horde of villains could not be captured. Consequently, when the troops arrived at the place they, without hesitation, commenced the attack and in a short time the whole of the contending forces on either side were engaged.

The fight could not be called a battle, as the numbers were too few on either side; but as it lasted for some time it might justly be styled a prolonged skirmish. The guerrillas were desperate and bloodthirsty, but were deficient in skill as regarded their leaders, and paid very little attention to the necessity of obedience on the part of the men; whereas the Federal troops were well disciplined, and had at their head a commander of acknowledged ability. The natural consequence was that after an hour's engagement the rebels began to break up and fight in a straggling, disconnected manner, while the Union forces kept intact and maintained their ground.

During the heat of the engagement Magruder was severely wounded and fell from his horse, and as he had been an old friend and associate of both Midkiff and Sue Munday, the general plan of fighting was left to take care of itself until the young man could be placed in some position of safety. That having been accomplished the other two returned to the scene of strife only to find the concentrated gangs broken up and their followers in full retreat before the pursuing soldiery.

Sue now suggested that it would be the best thing to leave the live men to take care of themselves, and to devote their attention to the one who had been injured; and Midkiff agreeing with the proposal, they returned to where they had left Magruder.

"It will not do to stop here," asserted Sue Munday. "Let us take him into Meade County. There I know of a place where he could be concealed for weeks, if necessary, and every possible attention will be given to him for my sake. To prevent dangerous delays we'll start at once."

Without further words the two seized the horses which were then in a field near by where they had laid Magruder, and Midkiff taking Magruder before him, dashed off along the main road to Brandenburg, followed by Sue who had her pistols ready to defend the wounded man to the last extremity if they should happen to be pursued.

On the road Sue pressed into the service Dr. Lewis, a noted surgeon of Meade County, and compelled the disciple of Escalapius to give Magruder proper surgical and medical attention, as soon as they arrived at their destination, which was a tobacco barn in the rear of the cottage owned by Nettie Woodward.

The guerrillas had no sooner arrived at the barn before Sue Munday



entered the house of the young lady upon whose estate they were, and in a short time Nettie, with tears in her eyes, assisted Sue and Aunty Becky to carry a mattress into the barn and place the wounded man upon it so that he might be as comfortable as possible under the distressing circumstances in which he had been placed.

Dr. Lewis next examined the injuries sustained by Magruder, and found that he had been shot through the left breast in such a manner as to give but little hopes of his recovery. On informing Sue Munday of this fact she exclaimed.

"If he dies, Doctor, I will kill a hundred Yankee soldiers in retaliation. But," added she, in a softened tone "you will do all you can to save him, will you not?"

The doctor replied in the affirmative; but, at the same time stated that the chances of final recovery were indeed very slight.

Midkiff in the meantime was busily employing himself in fixing up a stove and planking up all the cracks between the boards that formed the walls of the barn in order to make the place as warm as possible for the injured man. Sue also obtained from Nettie a quantity of provisions so that it would not be necessary to leave the barn for several days, and then declared her intention to watch by the sufferer until he was able to get up and move about.

Having obtained from the doctor all the necessary information to enable them to take care of the wounded guerrilla, Sue permitted the man of medicine to depart, the more especially when he stated that a large number of patients would suffer from his prolonged absence.

"You'll keep our secret, doctor, will you not?" almost pleaded Sue as the surgeon was about to quit the barn.

"I never betray my patients," was the answer.

"Remember, doctor," said Midkiff, sternly, "we never forgive those who play us falsely."

"Threats are not needed, sir," responded the Doctor, coldly. "Although pressed into this service, I have done the best in my power to save the life of your comrade, for which, perhaps at a future day he may not thank me unless a change should be made in his mode of living."

Sue pressed the Doctor's hand and said,

"Not one of the followers of Sue Munday shall ever harm you or yours."

The doctor then left the barn, and retraced his steps towards his home, entirely unaware of the fact that he was being followed by one who had been made aware of his capture by the guerrillas, and the object for which he had been taken so unceremoniously from his home.

"Well," muttered the follower, "if you have been bound to secrecy I have not; and by the memory of my murdered brother, who suffered a cruel, brutal death at the hands of that Sue Munday, they shall not escape this time."



Having seen the doctor once more inside his own dwelling the watcher mounted a fine horse, and taking the road by way of Little York and West Point, posted off as quickly as the strength of the animal would allow towards Louisville.

On arriving in the city, the brother of the murdered man went at once to the headquarters of the General commanding the District, and gave the information that Sue Munday and two other noted guerrillas were concealed in Meade County, that one was badly wounded and that Dr. Lewis was attending them.

The General naturally inquired the name of the party who gave such valuable information and received in reply a statement that formerly he held a position as field officer in one of the Kentucky regiments, but was then a private citizen.

"It will perhaps be as well, General," observed the stranger, "that my name should be kept somewhat secret until this expedition should be successfully carried out; for if it became known that I was engaged in any such enterprise my family might suffer at the hands of these accursed miscreants."

Meanwhile some of Sue Munday's gang enraged at the shooting of Magruder, determined on the first occasion to revenge his injuries upon some of the soldiers. It unfortunately happened that fickle fortune gave to the guerrillas the wished-for opportunity, and their threats were promptly carried out.

On the following Sunday evening a number of citizens had assembled together in a little meeting house in the vicinity of Bewleyville, and while engaged in the religious services, a gang of guerrillas surrounded the building. Two Federal soldiers were among the congregation who were at time singing a hymn of praise, when the doors were suddenly and rudely thrown open and the marauders entered the sacred edifice in anything but a reverent manner.

Before those assembled could recover from their consternation the two soldiers were seized, bound and dragged from the building into the open space in the vicinity. Shortly after the sounds of the repeated discharges of fire arms were heard by the alarmed and excited worshippers, who quickly rushed out to ascertain the fate of the two men who had been so rudely torn from their midst.

Upon reaching the open space the citizens were horror-stricken at finding the two soldiers lying dead on the ground with their bodies literally riddled with bullets. One of the poor fellows had no less than nine bullet holes shot through him, near the same spot upon his left breast. It appeared as if the fiends had emptied all the charges of two revolvers, rapidly one after the other before the victim of their barbarity had fallen to the ground; the last few bullets being discharged after the dead body had dropped down, and thus missing their mark.

With one accord nearly the whole of the male portion of the congregation formed themselves into a military company, with the in-



tention of applying the next day for arms, not only to protect themselves, but also to hunt down the murderous gangs which infested that neighborhood.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE ATTACK UPON AND CAPTURE OF SUE MUNDAY.

General Palmer having received the information that the wounded guerilla Magruder was lying in a dangerous condition in the tobacco barn upon the Woodward estate at once dispatched fifty men under the command of Major C. J. Wilson, formerly of the Twenty-sixth Kentucky Volunteers, but latterly a private citizen of that State. The detail consisted of a section of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Volunteers under Captain Marshall and Lieutenant Cosmer.

Major Wilson, in consequence of the injuries he and his had sustained at the hands of the guerrillas, readily undertook to act in the capacity of guide and commander of this most important expedition.

Not only was the operation likely to be of importance in the capture of the guerilla, that lay in so dangerous a condition, but it was also expected that others of the gang might be taken if proper precautions were to be exercised in the outset.

"General," said Wilson, "the notorious Sue Munday has been with this Magruder on more than one occasion and if she can only this time be taken prisoner, her capture will be more valuable to the State of Kentucky, than the raising of a whole regiment. She is a host in herself among the vile desperadoes whom she commands."

To this remark the General returned an acquiescing answer, and desired that every effort should be made to secure the she-fiend, alive if possible, in order to gain traces of the others of the vile horde that had been creating such havoc among the loyal citizens of the place.

In order to mislead the military forces, as to the exact location of the wounded guerilla a report was spread by the rebel sympathizers in Louisville, that Magruder had been taken to the residence of a Mr. Oscar Beard, where he had died. This report however turned out to be false, and Wilson, who was still in that city began to think upon the chances that might have occurred to cause the removal of Magruder from the tobacco barn on the Woodward estate.

Knowing that it was next to an impossibility for the wounded ruffian to be without medical attention, Major Wilson determined first to secure the person of Dr. Lewis, and with his assistance to find out whether Magruder had been removed or not.

On arriving at the Doctor's residence, Wilson entered the house by himself; but stationed the soldiers within call, so that in the event of a refusal to point out the place of concealment used by the mis-



creant, forcible possession might be taken of his person as an aider and abetter in the crimes perpetrated by the guerrillas.

Wilson was asked into the Doctor's study, where he found that gentleman alone, but busily engaged in the perusal of some work on obtruse medical science.

"Doctor," asserted Wilson, "you are now attending a wounded man."

"Sir," replied Lewis, "I have not the honor of your acquaintance; but you must beware that in the present unsettled and excited state of society in Kentucky, wounds, and serious ones too, are very common. And it is not at all remarkable that I should have charge of some of the injured persons."

"You know well who I mean, doctor," said Wilson.

"How should I, sir?" asked Lewis in an innocent tone. "Among so many patients, which am I to select as the special object of your remarks? And besides, sir, what is the reason of such mysterious inquiries? Before I answer any questions it is very natural that my mind should be somewhat satisfied as to the intent of the party making them."

"Dr. Lewis," replied Wilson, somewhat sternly. "I am an officer in command of the military forces now engaged in the pursuit of certain guerrillas, and am fully aware that you are attending a noted miscreant who is lying dangerously wounded in this neighborhood."

"Well, sir," observed the Doctor, as the other paused.

"Will you inform me where that man is concealed?" asked Wilson.

"The duty of a medical man is never to betray the confidence placed in him by his patients," replied Lewis.

"The duty of a loyal citizen," contended Wilson, "is never to betray his country. Harboring or secreting its enemies is disloyal even when under the guise of medical confidence."

"This language from an entire stranger is ——" began Dr. Lewis.

"Not at all pleasant to your ears," interrupted Wilson. "I know it, doctor; but my duty compels me to give utterance thereto. Unless you are willing to become our guide voluntarily, I must use force and take you along with us as a prisoner. I have men enough for that purpose."

"If thus coerced, it will be out of my power to refuse to accompany you," observed the doctor, as several soldiers came up to the door in answer to Wilson's call.

"And your liberty, and perhaps life, will have to answer for any attempt to mislead us," remarked the leader of the military force in a stern and threatening manner. "You now have your choice of action."

Thus pressed into the service Dr. Lewis accompanied the expedition, and was compelled to act as guide to the hiding place of Magruder.

On the 12th of March, 1865 the detachment of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Volunteers arrived at the barn, and immediately surrounded



it, Major Wilson having become perfectly assured that his prize was still inside the building. The presence of two horses one formerly belonging to Mr. Paul of Breckinridge County, also told that some others of the gang were with the wounded man.

Mr. Paul's horse, which was what is known as the Gray Eagle breed, was a beautiful creature, and at the time of the arrival of the troops was grazing in the adjoining meadow. Wilson knowing the animal well, ordered it to be seized by some of his command, and in a few moments that as well as the other horse was taken possession of by the troops.

The order was then given to break open the door of the barn. It was found to be strongly barricaded, but the persevering efforts of the soldiers soon overcame the opposition. In a short time the door was broken down and the obstructions to a free entrance into the building removed.

During this part of the operations Sue Munday with a revolver in each hand, fired twelve shots in a rapid succession at the advancing troops. Four only of the bullets took effect, Private White being shot through the upper part of the right lung, the ball remaining in his body and causing a dangerous wound, Private Robbins receiving a shot through the bowels, and Private Wadsworth having his left ankle injured. The fourth soldier was but slightly wounded.

Sue Munday at the time was attired in a Federal uniform and the way she handled her pistols during the desperate assault excited the admiration as well as the fears of those who had been selected to effect her capture.

At last the weapons having been discharged, Wilson demanded the surrender of the whole party, enforcing his words by presenting at the three occupants of the barn the muzzles of a number of loaded rifles.

Sue Munday at first refused to comply with the demand; but understanding that no quarter would be given in the event of a further resistance, she at last capitulated on the condition that the three guerrillas should be treated as prisoners of war.

"What will be done at Louisville," replied Wilson, "I cannot say; but until you arrive at that place every courtesy due to prisoners taken in battle shall be allowed you. More it is impossible for me now to promise."

Under this proviso the three, Sue Munday, Midkiff and Magruder surrendered, the latter being entirely powerless to resist.

As the prisoners were being taken away, a young and beautiful blue-eyed woman came rushing out of the cottage and threw her arms around the neck of Sue Munday, crying bitterly.

"Oh, Jerome, Jerome," ejaculated she in great grief, "has it come to this after four years acquaintance?"

"Fear not, dear Nettie," said the other, "I shall be soon released, as the treatment of a prisoner of war has been promised me."

Nettie shook her head as if she doubted the realization of any



such hopes. She had read in the papers the feelings of the people upon the accounts of the outrages said to have been committed by Sue Munday, and knew that it had been resolved to show no pity to any of the guerrillas if captured while in the exercise of their disreputable calling.

"Jerome!" exclaimed Wilson, "Why, that is a man's name! Are you not Sue Munday?"

"Yes," laughed the guerrilla, "Sue Munday to my enemies, but Marcellus Jerome Clark to those who love me."

"I never believed a woman could have been such a fiend as you have proved," remarked Wilson, "and now it is exactly as I expected. In my opinion but little mercy will be shown you, as the excuse which has heretofore existed for your conduct no longer remains. You had better bid this young woman whom you have so cruelly deceived an eternal farewell, for she may never expect to see you again."

Nettie uttered a piercing shriek and fell senseless to the ground, and very soon after the prisoners were marched to Brandenburg, the five wounded men being borne on litters, until wagons could be found and then transported in those vehicles to the wharf of the Ohio River in front of that town.

The whole party soon after embarked on the "Morning Star," Magruder and the wounded soldiers being laid out in the floor of the cabin, while Clark and Midkiff were kept on the deck closely watched by the guard. The head of the vessel was then turned up stream, and pursued its course in the direction of Kentucky's chief city.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION OF SUE MUNDAY.

The next morning, Monday, March 13, 1865, the *Morning Star* arrived off the wharf at Louisville, and the news of the capture of the notorious Sue Munday having spread like wildfire through the city, the wharf was soon alive with eager crowds anxious to look upon the bandits who had caused such terror and alarm throughout the State.

In order to appease the excitement and gratify the curiosity of the people, an opportunity was given by the guard for the crowd to gaze upon the notorious marauders; but every care was taken to prevent them escaping.

Sue Munday, or rather Jerome Clark, seemed to enjoy the notoriety which his rascalities had caused, and occasionally laughed and nodded his head in reply to the exclamations of the crowd.

It was not long before the three guerrillas were safely ensconced in the military prison, and during the afternoon Lieut.-Col. Coyle, the



Judge Advocate of the district, appointed a military court to try these guerrilla leaders.

The whole of the afternoon of Monday was spent in taking down the evidence of witnesses for the Government in order to make out the case, and one of the captured guerrillas asserted that the skeleton found in the rocky recess was the remains of a man who had been murdered at the commencement of the war by Jerome Clark, since known as Sue Munday.

A large crowd assembled in front of the Provost Marshal's office during the whole of Monday afternoon in the hope of catching a glimpse of the face of "Sue," if that the notorious rebel should show it at the window.

The excitement in the city of Louisville and vicinity was intense, and rumors were circulated that an attempt at rescue would be made. It was therefore determined to conduct the inquiry with closed doors in order to prevent an outbreak in the Court Room, and also to keep the time and place of the proposed trial a profound secret.

On Tuesday morning, March 14, the military commission met at Colonel Coyle's headquarters, and Sue Munday was brought before the members of that court which was thus composed:—

Brigadier General Whitaker U. S. Volunteers, President; Brevet Brig.-Gen. J. H. Hammond, U. S. Volunteers; Col. Graham, Eleventh Kentucky Volunteers; Col. J. H. Bringhurst, Forty-Sixth Indiana Volunteers; Col. S. A. Porter, One Hundred and Twenty-Third U. S. Colored Troops; Lieut.-Col. A. M. Floray, Fourth Indiana Veteran Volunteers; Lieut.-Col. E. M. Bartlett, Thirteenth Wisconsin Volunteers; Major J. L. Wharton, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry and Major H. H. Foster, Twelfth U. S. Colored Heavy Artillery. Lieut.-Col. Coyle, acted as Judge Advocate during the trial.

The prisoner was then arraigned upon the following charges and specifications:—

Charge 1st. *Being a Guerrilla*: Specification 1st. In this, that he, Jerome Clark, alias Sue Munday, being a citizen of the State of Kentucky and of the United States, and owing allegiance thereto, did, within the lines occupied by the lawfully authorized military forces of the United States, unlawfully, and of his own wrong, take up arms as a guerrilla, and did join, belong to and act and co-operate with guerrillas—he, the said Jerome Clark, alias Sue Munday, not then acting with or belonging to any lawfully authorized or organized military forces at war with the United States, and not being commanded thereto by any lawful civil or military authority. This in the counties of Nelson, Marion, Henry, Woodford, State of Kentucky, during the months of September, October, November and December, 1864.

Specification 2d. In this, that he, Jerome Clark, alias Sue Munday, a citizen of the State of Kentucky, did, in said State of Kentucky, and within the lines of the regularly organized military forces of the United States take up arms as a guerrilla and outlaw, in the county of Meade and State of Kentucky, and did fire upon a detachment of the Thirtieth regiment Wisconsin volunteer infantry, and belonging to the regularly authorized and organized forces of the United States, who were then present in the discharge of their duty, and, by reason of said shooting, did wound privates John G. White, John Robbins and W. A. Wadsworth, of said



Thirtieth regiment Wisconsin volunteer infantry. This on, or about, the 11th day of March, 1865, in the county of Meade, State of Kentucky.

To which charge and specifications the accused pleaded as follows:

To specification 1st—*Not Guilty*. Specification 2d—*Not Guilty*, with the statement that he did fire upon the men of the Thirtieth Wisconsin volunteer infantry to defend himself when they were about to capture him. To the charge—*Not Guilty*.

The evidence was then taken under oath, and it was proved that the prisoner not only acted as a guerrilla, but was also guilty of the most wanton cruelty while thus engaged. The proofs of the murder were also conclusive; and after mature consideration the Court unanimously found him guilty of the charge and both specifications, and sentenced "Jerome Clark, alias Sue Munday, to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, at such time and place as the General commanding the Department of Kentucky might direct."

During the trial the prisoner stood firm and unmoved, and spoke in reply to all questions with the most perfect composure. His face appeared to wear a look of disinterestedness, and when the evidence was ended he seemed, while in the Court, to care but little about the result.

The prisoner, at the close of the trial, was sent under guard to the military prison, and the record of the same with the finding and sentence was sent at once to the General's headquarters for approval.

General Palmer at once approved of the proceedings and findings. He then confirmed the sentence, ordered it to be carried out at once, and directed the Commander of the Post to execute the order the next afternoon.

As soon as the prisoner arrived at his cell, he seemed for the first time to realize his condition, although his sentence had not been made known to him, and bursting into tears, he said,

"My poor Nettie, to what has our unfortunate acquaintance brought you. Little did I think when you gave me that rose that my life would be ended on the scaffold, and such I know, by the faces of my inflexible judges, will be the end of this."

In order to prevent any attempt at rescue the sentence was not made public until a few hours before it was to be carried into execution, therefore the guerrillas in that region of country could not possibly learn of the result of the capture until the whole of the proceedings had ended and the prisoner disposed of.

The condemned was, however, apprised of the result of the trial early on the morning of the day of execution; at the same time was informed that he had less than twenty-four hours to live, and was recommended to make his peace with his Maker.

Although expecting such a sentence, the culprit seemed startled at the promptitude with which the whole proceedings had been carried out.

"My God," ejaculated he, "so soon to die, and such a death. I should have been twenty-one next August, and must I perish before



even reaching my manhood? No," added he, as his eyes brightened with his thoughts, "I have been a man these four years for my country, and posterity will revere my name, although no child of mine will bear it in the future."

Overwhelmed with grief he sat down to write, and for some time was unable to complete his task. At last he overcame his feelings sufficiently for the purpose and wrote the following brief note to be delivered after his death to Nettie Woodward:—

"MY DEAR.—I have to inform you of the sad fate which awaits your true friend. I am to suffer death this afternoon at four o'clock. \* \* \* \* I send you, from my chains, a message of true love; and, as I stand on the brink of the grave, I tell you I do truly, and fondly, and forever love you. I am, ever truly, yours,

M. JEROME CLARK.

The above note plainly showed that in spite of his atrocities he still had one tender spot in his heart which was thus proved not to be all adamant.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE EXECUTION OF SUE MUNDAY.

Notwithstanding the fact that the result of the trial had been kept secret until so late an hour a large crowd assembled on Broadway between Fifteenth and Eighteenth Streets in the city of Louisville to witness the execution of the notorious Sue Munday.

In order, however, to prevent excitement the gallows was not erected until a short time before the hour appointed for the carrying out of the capital punishment. The instrument of death was very hastily erected, and was constructed from the same material that had been used in the scaffolding on which Nathan Marks, the guerrilla, had been hung several months previous. The platform or trap was supported by a prop, to which a rope was attached at the lower end for the purpose of dragging it hastily away at the proper moment.

About half an hour before the arrival of the doomed man a rough wooden coffin was brought and placed under the scaffold in order to receive the remains as soon as life had become extinct.

In the meantime the military prison presented a scene of great interest. The Rev. Mr. Talbot visited the condemned at noon and told him that having but a few hours to live, as his journey in life was nearly at an end, it behove him to prepare for a future state.

The prisoner began now to realize his awful position, and during the remaining few hours,—and oh! how short they appeared to him—his whole being seemed to undergo a change. The hardihood appeared to have deserted him, and although he still retained his courage, it was not that of daring bravado which had characterized his previous life.



At the instigation of the Minister of the Gospel, the man whose death-hour was so rapidly approaching, knelt down in prayer, and received the Sacrament of baptism, which ceremony being ended he dictated several farewell letters to his friends and relatives.

That duty ended the culprit again knelt in prayer, after which he listened attentively and earnestly to the kind exhortations of the spiritual adviser. He then confessed having taken the lives of many human beings as had also his companions in crime. At first he had only done so under the delusion that he was acting in the defence of his country; but afterwards—his mind could not bear to look back.

Soon the hour arrived for the removal of the prisoner to the place of death, and at that moment he, although looking very pale, appeared really handsome. He stood nearly six feet high, was remarkably well built and was as upright as an arrow. His long dark hair hung down over his shoulders; on his head was a black velvet cap, the emblem of the dark fate he was so soon to meet, and his attire consisted of a dark blue jacket with one row of Kentucky State buttons, a pair of dark cassimere pants and a pair of boots cut down to resemble shoes.

Shortly before half-past three in the afternoon of Wednesday, March 15, 1865, "Sue Munday" left his cell never more to return. He was conducted to a carriage which had been waiting in the prison yard, and securely guarded by the Thirtieth Wisconsin Regiment, left the military prison for the place of execution. He was accompanied by his spiritual adviser, who breathed in his ears the words of the Saviour, "Though thy sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool, though they be red like crimson they shall be as white as snow."

A military band preceded the carriage, playing martial music, and at about quarter to four o'clock arrived at the scaffold. The troops were then formed into a hollow square around the instrument of death, and the people gathered behind the soldiers.

The formation of the military occupied a few minutes, during which the prisoner remained in the carriage, his head leaning against the side, a white handkerchief up to his eyes, and his lips moving as if in prayer. When the preparations were completed the prisoner stepped from the carriage which was driven up alongside the fatal platform.

The procession was then formed and marched to the foot of the scaffold where the irons were removed from the prisoner's ankles and his arms tied. Shortly after the Provost Marshal, the prisoner with the clergyman, and two or three others stepped on the raised edifice.

Kneeling down by the side of the Minister, a fervent prayer was offered up for the soul of the man about to forfeit his life in expiation of his many crimes, which being ended, the Provost Marshal read the charges and specifications together with the sentence.



To the reading of the order, the culprit seemed to pay but little attention, his face wearing the same disinterested look ; but with his eyes half closed, he appeared to utter a prayer for mercy upon his soul.

The reading of the order having ended, the Provost Marshal asked the condemned if he had anything to say before the sentence was carried out. Turning to the Minister he replied in a low yet clear and distinct tone of voice as follows :—

“I am a regular Confederate soldier, and have served in the Confederate army for four years. I fought under General Buckner at Fort Donelson, and belonged to General Morgan’s command when he entered Kentucky. I have assisted, and taken many prisoners, and have always treated them kindly. I was wounded at Cynthiana and cut off from my command. I have been in Kentucky ever since. I could prove that I am a regular Confederate soldier, and I hope in and die for the Confederate cause.”

During the time the words were being spoken the prisoner stood firmly on the scaffold and his voice was unflinching.

The Provost Marshal then gave the order to prepare the doomed man for the last offices, and his assistant first pulling a white cap over the criminal’s face placed the rope around his neck.

At the word “three” the rope attached to the prop. was pulled with a jerk and amid a death-like silence the trap gave way. The fall was, however, not great enough to break the neck of the guerrilla spy, and he was choked to death, amid the most frightful struggles and convulsions. So violent indeed was the contest between life and death that it was at one time feared the bonds which held the arms confined would be burst asunder. His sufferings, however, were of short duration, and in a little while the remains of “Sue Munday” hung motionless in mid air, his body being seized by the never failing grasp of death, and his soul having winged its flight to that world about which so little is known here upon earth.

For a stated period the dead man was left hanging between earth and heaven, after which he was cut down and examined by the surgeon, who declared that life was extinct. The remains were then deposited in the coffin, and taken to the place where they were to lie for a certain time before being handed over to his friends for the purpose of interment.

The fatal ceremony ended, the crowd dispersed gradually and quietly to their homes to ruminate over the fact that the notorious guerrilla spy, who had created such terror in all parts of Kentucky, who had baffled all previous efforts made to capture him, and who had defied the military power of the State and Government, had perished by the hangman’s hand, and that “Sue Munday” was no more.

The rumor that the guerrillas intended to rescue their chosen leader from the gallows turned out to be well founded, and had the execu-



tion been delayed, the attempt would doubtless have been made; as a few days after several gangs concentrated and encamped upon Carrico's farm, in the vicinity of Brandenburg, and only a few miles from the Ohio River. These bands were under the leadership of Williams, Webster, Marion and Hays, and were composed of some of the most desperate men in the State of Kentucky.

By a judicious disposition of the forces they were not permitted to approach the city, being kept constantly engaged in skirmishing with some one of the bodies of troops in that vicinity, and not being aware that the trial and execution would so speedily follow the capture, they had no time to carry out the proposed deliverance before the news reached them that "Sue Munday was dead."

While the body was hanging on the gallows an excitement was created among the crowd around the scaffold by the reports of guns fired in rapid succession apparently in the direction of the military prison. Fearful that the guerrillas had really arrived to drag away from the grasp of justice, either dead or alive, the body of the criminal, the crowd began to run in confusion, to avoid the death which they expected to meet with at the hands of the excited and enraged desperadoes; while the troops prepared to resist any attack that might be made.

The alarm was speedily turned into ridicule by the arrival of a messenger who stated that the firing of the guns had been merely at a mad cow which, breaking loose and running at large, had to be killed to prevent her committing any serious injury upon the life or property of the citizens. This incident on so solemn an occasion had been entirely unlooked for, whereas the rumors of a proposed rescue was in every one's mouth and thoughts, and it was very natural that the mistake should have been made by those who had assembled to witness the

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END OF SUE MUNDAY.

The next number of this series (Dawley's Camp and Fireside Novels, No 7) will be entitled **ROB. COBB KENNEDY, THE HOTEL BURNER.** Ask any Bookseller for a copy, and if he has it not, he can procure it for you. Or it will be sent through the mail by the publisher on receipt of price.



# OSGOOD, THE DEMON REFUGEE

## CHAPTER I.

### THE DEAD SENTINELS.

The gap, as we have before stated, had been taken possession of by the followers of Cheatham, and rough works were thrown up to prevent the Unionists from escaping, for as yet actual war had not broken out either in Kentucky or Tennessee. Through powerful influence, of which the heretofore well known gambler had plenty, Ben Cheatham had succeeded in gaining the appointment of a Brigadier General of the provisional army of the Confederate States and had been assigned to the district of country embracing Eastern Tennessee and Cumberland Gap.

Knowing the value of Cumberland Gap as one of the principal keys to Tennessee, the newly appointed General ordered a force of troops to occupy and garrison the works commanding that pass, although he took good care that his own headquarters should be at Knoxville, half way across the State, and away from all danges, in the event of an advance of the Federal forces.

The garrison having been definitely established and the sides of the gap fortified, sentinels were regularly posted after tatoos according to the established military regulations, and all the routine of a well regulated military camp kept up. For some time all went well until on one occasion, for three nights running, the sentinels were found dead on their posts, and no one could give any account of the cause. The men were not wounded in the slightest manner, neither did there appear to be any marks of violence upon the persons of any of them, yet at every post, even those far distant from either entrance of the gap, were to be found the bodies of the dead sentinels.



The commander of the forces at the gap, Colonel Maney, took scarcely any notice of the first day's report, naturally supposing the sentinels had died from exposure; but when a similar report was brought in the next day, he began to think that something was wrong. His surprise, perhaps mingled a little with alarm, may easily be imagined, when on the third morning it was reported that all the sentinels had perished in the same mysterious manner during the night.

"Is it possible," inquired the Colonel, "that any of the Tennessee white-livered Yankees could pass the outer sentinels without their knowing it, and thus cause the death of the men at their posts?"

"I think not, Colonel," replied the Adjutant.

"Then how do you account for the mysterious deaths of these men?" asked the Colonel.

"I cannot account for it," was the Adjutant's answer.

"This must be kept secret from the new troops that are ordered to this post," replied the Colonel, "otherwise we shall not be able to get a man to do the duty."

"Your orders, Colonel, shall be attended to," replied the Adjutant.

"I should very much like to find out the cause of this mystery," muttered the Colonel to himself as the Adjutant left his presence. "There is not a house within the lines of our sentinels, and never has been one since the creation of the world, except the old burnt ruin up on the height, which would scarcely give shelter to a rat much less so many men as would be required to overpower all the sentinels. But then the soldiers are reported by the surgeon not to have died from violence, and certainly signals of alarm have never been fired by any of them. Nor can they have well died from exposure, as many of them are not exposed at all to the weather. I shall order the sentinels to be doubled to-night and perhaps the mystery may be explained."

The necessary orders were given, and that night at each of the posts the guards were doubled.

The morning report showed that all the sentinels were found in good order and unhurt when the relief was



round, and as the night had been one of the coldest of the season, the theory of death by exposure was completely evaporated, as two would perish as soon as one from such a cause.

"Still the mystery of the deaths is unexplained," said the Colonel. "If it occurs again I shall have to report it to the General."

For a week the sentinels were kept doubled every night, and during the interval nothing unusual occurred. The order was therefore given for the resumption of the former system of detailing men singly for duty.

"And," continued the Colonel, after giving the order, "we shall then be able to see whether the danger that threatened us a week since has passed or not. Be sure, Adjutant, to warn every man to be careful and keep a good look out."

The Adjutant saluted and left the headquarters to give the necessary orders.

The night was dark as pitch, so dark in fact that a tree ten yards ahead could not be seen at all. The sentinels were vigilant, and made up for the want of light by a stronger exercise of the sense of hearing, but nothing was to be heard or seen within the lines occupied by the Confederate troops.

Shortly before midnight a breeze sprung up, and then as suddenly lulled, and as one of the men on duty was leaning on his musket to rest himself, he was startled by the sudden apparition of a female on horse-back. He had not heard the animal approach, yet there it was, right before him, and yet so indistinct in the misty darkness as almost to be taken for a cloud.

"Who goes there?" asked the sentinel.

The figure spoke not, but the eyes of the horse seemed suddenly to be fringed with fire.

"Who goes there?" again asked the sentinel.

No answer was returned, but instead the supposed female turned her face on the sentinel. Even in the Cimmerian darkness that then existed the outline of the features could plainly be seen, for the head was all on fire, the smoke curling upwards above the feathers that appeared to ornament the head of the mysterious being. The fire at last died out leaving a still greater darkness behind.



"Who goes there?" inquired the sentinel, for the third time. "Speak or I will fire."

Again silence reigned supreme; but as the sentinel was about to raise his musket to his shoulder so as to be ready to fire either to give an alarm or to wound the person before him, a horrible sight met his view. Instead of the face of a beautiful woman as before, a ghastly human skull appeared on what seemed to be the shoulders of the phantom horse. The skull of the female was lit up with fire, although the bodies of both horse and rider were mere outlines in the darkness. At this moment a wild laugh was heard and a flash like lightning illumined the gap, but as it was instantaneous, the darkness that followed was even deeper than before.

The sentinel was blinded by the flash, and when he recovered his eyesight, the figure was gone. Not a sound could be heard along the pathway of the gap to indicate the direction taken by the mysterious horsewoman.

"That was no human being," said the sentinel, in accents of intense terror and alarm, "nor was the horse mortal. They are both gone, and yet not a sound indicates the road they have taken. Horses cannot fly, and their hoofs make a noise on the earth. Now this horse's hoofs have made no noise, and yet it has moved from here. What sort of a place have I come to?"

The guard had only this night been for the first time placed on sentinel duty in the gap and had heard nothing of the mysterious deaths of his predecessors. He was naturally courageous, and would face anything he could see or understand; but the mystery attached to the appearance of the horse and rider had so completely unnerved him that he was powerless to move or even fire off his piece.

Next morning it was reported that several of the sentinels were dead, and the same mysterious absence of marks was noticed on their bodies.

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The remainder of this remarkable story will be published in Dawley's New War Novel, No. 5, entitled "Osgood, the Demon Refugee." Ask any Newsdealer or Bookseller for a Copy; if he has not got it, he will get it for you.