



***HARRY  
HAZELTON***

***THE BORDER  
SPY; OR,  
THE BEAUTIFUL  
CAPTIVE  
OF THE REBEL  
CAMP***

**Harry Hazelton**

# **The Border Spy; or, The Beautiful Captive of the Rebel Camp**

**A Story of the War**

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# CHAPTER I.

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The Rebel General Price—Determination to Fight—  
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Let those who fear the spray the torrent flings  
Retrace their steps—I'll cross the stream, howe'er  
Its brawlings may disturb me.—*Mrs. Hale.*

"By my soul, it shall be done! Yes, safety, honor, fame, fortune, all require it!"

It was a wild spot. The towering rocks reached to the height of several hundred feet above the valley below, where rolled the rapid waters of the Osage. Upon one of these jutting turrets, stood the speaker. His large form rose above the mountain oaks, standing as he was upon its most elevated point. But a close observer could not fail to notice that he was ill at ease. His eyes were restless, and as they wandered from mountain crag to the valley below, and thence to the far-reaching prairie in the distance, his frame trembled, and his fingers convulsively clutched his long iron-gray locks, as they were streaming in the morning wind.

There was nothing remarkable in his dress, except that at such a time and place he should have worn an elegant sword, which could be seen beneath a large, dark cloak, thrown carelessly over his shoulders. In other respects he was without uniform, or any mark indicating the military chieftain.

After gazing for some time upon the surrounding country, he again spoke:

"Yes, by heavens, it is a land worth fighting for, and I will —"

The speaker paused, and turning, beheld the approach of the person who had interrupted his soliloquy. A frown covered his face as he asked:

"What do you want, Johnson?"

The answer came, rough and fiercely.

"Want? revenge!"

"On whom?" asked the first speaker, as he grasped the hilt of his sword.

"Not on you, General Price; so don't fear."

"Fear!" echoed Price, "I fear no man—nothing."

"Then why do you clutch your sword as I approach?"

"Because I believe you are treacherous," replied Price.

"Treacherous! ha! ha! ha! Can I be else, and serve *you*?"

"But are you faithful to me and my cause?"

"*Your* cause!" echoed Johnson. "Why *I* thought it was your country's cause!"

"My country's cause is mine," replied Price. "Again I ask you, are you faithful to me?"

"Yes!"

"What assurance have I that you will be faithful?"

Johnson bowed his head, and did not reply.

"Answer me," said Price, sternly and suspiciously.

"General Price," replied Johnson, as he raised his head, and fixed his piercing eyes upon his questioner, "General Price, I am poor. If I were or had been a servant in heaven, and the commander-in-chief of the infernal regions had

offered me a position on his staff, to escape servitude, and for promotion's sake, *not knowing him or his service*, I might have accepted. In doing so, I should have lost heaven, and in no case could have returned. Thus, as I would have no choice, I probably should serve faithfully in my new capacity, for policy's sake, even if I was deceived by the devil's promises. In much this way do I stand toward you, General Price!"

"I have not deceived you!"

"You have! You have lied to me!"

"Johnson!" yelled Price, as his sword flashed in the morning light, "no man shall address me thus, and live!"

"Hold, General Price," said Johnson, as he levelled his rifle at his breast, "you had better spare those who *must* serve you, as few are willing!"

"Curse him!" muttered Price. "But for policy's sake I must restrain myself. He shall act the spy this once—it is necessary—or I would dash him from this rock into the depths below." "Johnson," he added, speaking aloud, "you must not speak thus. It is true I have as yet been unable to fulfil my promises; but consider. We are here facing a powerful army—an army of fanatics—of devotees—who will fight to the death, while many of my soldiers are discontented, and if they fight at all, I fear will do it unsuccessfully. I have no confidence in many of my men. Why is this, Johnson?"

"I can answer, but for one."

"Then answer for yourself!"

"I will, I have no confidence in you."

"You will serve me, nevertheless?"

"Yes—I am forced to do so!"

"How forced—by whom forced?"

"Not by you, General Price, but by myself."

"Don't you see much to fight for? Look around you. Gaze upon the face of this beautiful country. Our enemies come to rob us of it. Shall we, like dogs, submit? No! by the Eternal, I will not!" cried Price, his powerful frame quivering with emotion.

"I see but little beauty here. Where is it?"

"All around—on every side!"

"I see but one bright spot, and that is—"

Johnson gazed into the valley below. His look was earnest. As he gazed, the tear-drops started to his eyes, and he bent his head upon his hands, while his breast heaved convulsively. He was deeply moved.

"Johnson, why are you weeping?" asked Price, as he regarded him with a look of surprise.

"Am I weeping?" returned Johnson, raising his head.

"Yes; some sad recollection of the past oppresses you!"

"Of the past? Yes, of the past, as well as the present, and of the future! But tell me what *you* see here, that you should love this country so much. It is not from associations?"

"No, only its beauty!"

"Its beauty? I cannot see it! Where is it?"

"Shall I describe what I see?"

"Yes, sir; I am interested to know what *you* can call beautiful."

"I will. I am standing here, upon a lofty mountain turret. Below is the Osage. Gaze upon it. Is it not majestic? Yonder it rolls, along the mountain's base, now leaping,

rushing onward, like a giant army charging a deadly foe, lashing its banks as if it longed to break from its restraint, and charge the world. And there it strikes the mountain's side, and for a moment falters. It will turn aside defeated! Will it? No! It is no coward, and the mountain yields—the mountain falls—the Osage breaks the barrier, and rushes on. And now, all conscious of its victory, it pauses for awhile, or gliding gently onward murmurs its own song of glory. And listen to the strain. How it rises on the air, and is borne from crag to crag, along the lofty summits to tell that grand array of its own defeat. Look at that mountain column formed in battle line. It appears impregnable. But its ranks are broken, and its power defied. That gap is where the charge was made—that gap tells the story—its line was broken, and defeat followed. The river was victorious!"

"Good!" echoed Johnson. "What more do you see?"

"Mountains and hills where we can defy the world. And yonder is my own camp."

"Yes, your camp, containing seventy thousand true and tried soldiers. Those who have shared your victories with you. Seventy thousand soldiers! ha! ha! ha!"

"Johnson, I do not like your sarcasm. Better the enemy should over-estimate our numbers. It will intimidate them."

"Intimidate! Whom?"

"Why, not only the soldiers of the army, but their generals!"

"Asboth?"

"Yes!"

"Sturgis?"

"Yes!"



"Hunter?"

"Yes!"

"Sigel and Fremont?"

"Yes; even Sigel and Fremont can be intimidated."

"Perhaps—by an earthquake, but not by you, General Price. Asboth is a soldier, and does not know the meaning of the word fear. Sturgis—you have met him once—do you wish to meet him again? Hunter—there is lightning in his eyes; if he does not fight, it will be for want of a foe. Sigel—do you remember Wilson's Creek?"

"But of Fremont—what of him?"

"He will meet you here, if you dare remain; and his soldiers will come with him."

"Well, it may be so. Their army is now at Warsaw. They must be detained for some days yet. They are constructing a bridge at that point across the Osage, and you will have sufficient time to visit their camps, and return before they advance. If it should be advisable to move, you can apprise us in time."

"When shall I start?"

"Now."

"Well, your instructions."

"Johnson, I confess I fear to meet that man Fremont. And yet I hate him with a bitterness which poisons all my joys. Tell him we number seventy-five thousand fighting men, well armed and disciplined. That we are strongly fortified, and for them to advance would be certain death. Tell him it is a mistake that my soldiers are discontented, but will all fight to the last. Will you tell him this?"

"I will."

"Your safety may depend upon it, for I *will* fight if I am compelled to face him with a single regiment. Last night I held a council with my officers, and we resolved to make a stand here. To retreat farther will be to bring shame upon us, and to stamp us as cowards. And I believe there is not a dozen men in my army who would not die before they would be branded as cowardly. I rely upon their pride, rather than their loyalty."

"That must be your appeal. Shall I go now?"

"Yes! Stay, Johnson; return by to-morrow night and tell me Fremont is dead, and you shall be richly rewarded. Tell me Sigel is also dead, and you shall have command of the second regiment."

"Sigel and Fremont shall die!"

"You swear it?"

"Yes, I swear they *shall* die, when—"

The remaining portion of the sentence was inaudible.

"Ugh!"

Startled, Price turned to behold, at the base of the rock upon which he was standing, an Indian, who was, apparently, fast asleep.

"Do you know that red devil?" asked Price, turning to Johnson.

"Let me see."

Johnson bent over the edge of the rock, and for some time remained silent. At last he said:

"'Tis Red-wing, as he is called by the people hereabouts; one of the Osage tribe, I believe. But you will find little good in him, although he might be made serviceable, if you could keep whiskey from him."

"Red-wing," shouted Price.

"Ugh!"

"You red devil, get up and show your colors, or I will send a bullet through your head!" exclaimed Johnson.

There was no reply. Johnson raised his rifle, but the Indian had risen, and fixing a glance of hatred upon Johnson, he said:

"Give Indian whiskey—me fight for you—me kill for you—give Indian whiskey."

Price leaped from the rock, and motioned them to follow. In a few moments he reached camp, closely followed by Johnson and the Indian.

The appearance of the rebel camp was somewhat singular.

Around the camp-fires were crowds of listless men and boys, who watched the approach of their commander with calm indifference. He passed on in silence, occasionally returning the salute of his officers, but did not pause until he reached a tent located upon a high bluff, and almost concealed from view by a thick growth of oaks. Around this tent were others, less grand in appearance, which were occupied by the leaders of his army. Stretching for some distance below, was an open field, over which were scattered rude tents, of a great variety in form and appearance. Bed blankets, worn and various in their colors, were stretched across poles, at either end of which was placed a supporting stake, cut from the surrounding branches. All looked comfortless.

Mingled with these were seen rows of small canvas tents, giving the encampment more of a warlike aspect. The arms

were also varied in their patterns. Some of them bore the appearance of the regular United States army rifle, while others were the ordinary hunting rifle or shot gun. Occasionally were to be seen soldiers in uniform, but in most instances the rough blue home-spun was worn.

As the Indian passed through the camp, his eyes wandered carelessly over the scene. When Price reached his tent, an orderly arose to receive him, and the general said:

"Send a corporal and ten men to my tent."

Then turning to Johnson, he added:

"You are known, and will require no escort beyond our lines. I shall question this Indian closely, and perhaps use him. Go!"

"Yes, general," replied Johnson, and turning he departed.

By this time a large number of officers had gathered near the tent of Price, and silently awaited the examination of the Indian, who they evidently supposed to be a spy from the Union army. Unconscious of their presence, or at least appearing to be so, the Indian stood with folded arms before the tent of the rebel general.

In a few moments Price appeared, pausing directly before the Indian. Their eyes met, and for some time they regarded each other in silence. At length Price asked:

"What is your name?"

"Me Indian—brave!"

"You are an Indian chief!"

"Me no chief!"

"Do you know me? I am chief here. Look around you—behold my warriors. They are all brave. They will conquer the enemy. If you will bring your warriors and fight with me,

your hunting grounds will be safe, and your fathers' graves sacred. If these invading robbers should conquer us, you will lose your grounds; the graves of your sires will be polluted by their unholy touch, and you and your people made slaves! Will you fight with us?"

"Ugh!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Price.

"Me ask chief."

"What is your name?"

"Red-wing."

"To what tribe do you belong?"

"Osage."

"Red-wing, don't attempt to deceive me. I can read your very thoughts!"

"Covwewunk!"

"Yes, I know you. You are a spy, and direct from the federal camp. You pretended sleep as you were lying at the foot of yonder rock, that you might hear all my conversation and report it. You have heard too much. Are there any here who have seen this fellow before?" asked Price, turning to his soldiers.

"I have seen him, and know him," replied one of the men, stepping forward. "He is called Fall-leaf, and is chief of the Delaware tribe."

The Indian sprang forward, and in an instant had broken through the crowd which encircled him, and with the speed of a deer, dashed toward the distant cliffs.

"Fire upon him!" shrieked Price.

A hundred rifles were raised, but the Indian was darting among the tents in such a manner, that no opportunity for

accurate aim could be had.

"Curses on it, he will escape!" yelled Price. "Here Barclay, Rains, all of you, mount and follow. I must have that red devil, dead or alive. If he escapes, he will bear important information to Fremont."

Price sprang into his saddle and dashed forward in pursuit. He was soon followed by a score of others.

"By heavens, they have seized him!" cried Price, as he approached the outer lines of the camp, where stood the guard tent.

So it was. Just as Fall-leaf reached a narrow defile which led along the mountain's side and down to the river below, the detail ordered by Price as a pretended escort, were starting for headquarters. They met the Indian face to face, and comprehending the state of affairs, the corporal ordered,

"Seize him!"

A large knife flashed in the sunlight, which the Indian suddenly drew from concealment, and, as two of the guard sprang forward, it fell with crushing weight upon the brain of each. A third and a fourth shared the same fate.

But, at this instant one of the guard levelled a terrible blow at the head of the Indian, with the but of his musket.

Fall-leaf, staggering back, fell to the earth. Half a dozen bayonets were instantly pointed at his heart, but, as Price approached the spot at this moment, he cried:

"Alive! alive! take him alive! I will question him first—then torture him!"

In an instant the Indian was bound and helpless.

Price, as he rode up, followed by his aids, ordered Fall-leaf to arise. The Indian was only partially stunned by the blow, and obeying the summons, he stood erect.

"Now, dog!" said Price, "you shall confess."

"Me no confess!" answered Fall-leaf.

Price stamped his foot from very rage. Turning to the guard he said:

"Throw that hell-hound upon the fire between those burning logs!"

The Indian glanced at the burning mass, and then upon the objects by which he was surrounded. The guard were about to seize him, when, turning to Price, he said:

"Me tell all!"

"You will tell me all you know of the federal army, and of your own plans?" asked Price.

"Yes! Me hate you. Me fight you. You steal pale-face—Alibamo—"

Price started, turning pale as death, as he shrieked:

"Pitch him into the fire this instant!"

The guard seized the Indian, and were about to put the order into execution, when a man bearing the appearance of a rough mountaineer, sprang forward.

"Hold on a bit, general!" were his deliberately uttered words.

Then, with the most perfect coolness, he drew his knife and severed the cords which bound the wrists of Fall-leaf.

"And who are you?" asked Price in surprise.

"Your best friend, of course, general," was the laconic reply.

"I doubt it!"

"Then you believe I lie, do you?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I will not lie then. I am your enemy. The reason I called myself your friend was, because I intended to give you good advice!"

"Indeed! And what is this good advice?"

"Why, general, that you are too far from the main body of your troops with so small an escort. You had better return!"

"What do you mean?" asked Price, alarmed.

"I'll show you," was the reply. "Here, boys; come on, quick," he shouted, turning toward the dense thicket from which he had emerged.

"We are surprised! Fall back!" shrieked Price, as he wheeled his horse.

The guard had not waited for this command, but were already rapidly retreating toward the main camp, followed by the aids of Price.

The Indian and his rescuer had already mounted a cliff which overlooked the entire ground, and turning he cried:

"Look how the cowards run! Ha! ha! ha!"

Price heard the words, and the laugh of derision. He commanded a halt, and exclaimed:

"It was but a ruse! No troops excepting our own are near us. Follow me—we can yet overtake them. There is but one path leading down the mountain, and one along the ridge. Take the lower one, Rains, with forty men. I will take the upper path, and thus we will cut them off."

The order was at once executed, and the different detachments galloped along each mountain road.