

**SWEET REVENGE: A
ROMANCE OF
THE CIVIL WAR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649716807

Sweet Revenge: A Romance of the Civil War by F. A. Mitchel

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

F. A. MITCHEL

**SWEET REVENGE: A
ROMANCE OF
THE CIVIL WAR**

SWEET REVENGE

A Romance of the Civil War

BY

F. A. MITCHEL

CAPTAIN AND AIDE-DE-CAMP ON THE STAFF OF
MAJOR-GENERAL G. M. MITCHELL

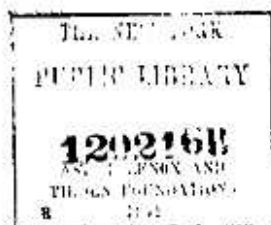
AUTHOR OF "CHATTANOOGA" "CHICKAMAUGA" ETC.



NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

1897





Copyright, 1897, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. BUSHWHACKED	1
II. INCOGNITO	13
III. A DEFINITE OBJECT	21
IV. WON OVER	33
V. ARREST	44
VI. AN AMATEUR SOUBRETTE	59
VII. MIDNIGHT	72
VIII. ON THE PLATEAU	83
IX. FIENDS	98
X. A DANCE FOR A LIFE	102
XI. STRALING THE GUNS	111
XII. A DAYLIGHT ATTACK	121
XIII. BELEAGUERED	131
XIV. A BONFIRE DEFENCE	139
XV. WOMAN'S PLUCK	148
XVI. A BUGLE-CALL	161
XVII. FLIGHT	175
XVIII. RETAKEN	184
XIX. BUCK'S INDISCRETION	194
XX. A MASQUERADE	203
XXI. A STERN-CHASE	214
XXII. HUNTING BIG GAME	225
XXIII. THE UNION SAVED	238

19-62

SWEET REVENGE

I

BUSHWHACKED

"HANDS up!"

Why he shouted the words I don't know; for in another moment he gave me one barrel, and before I could raise a finger I heard a click, admonishing me that I was about to get the other. A thin film of smoke floating above the fence to the right and two malignant eyes peering at me from between the rails betrayed his position. Like a flash I whipped out my revolver, but before I could raise it there was another report, and my right arm dropped, benumbed by a charge of buckshot. Seizing my weapon with my left hand, I brought it to a level with the eyes behind the fence and fired. There was a sound

of a body falling, and I knew that I had struck home.

Spurring my horse to the side of the road, I craned my neck over the fence, and there in the ditch lay the bashwhacker. His hat had fallen off, and left bare a head of red, shocky hair. In his belt was his revolver, beside him a shot-gun. His body, clad in "butternut," lay on an incline, his feet in the water, which flowed lazily past. The sun, shining through budding branches, lighted up his face, and I knew that I had seen him before; indeed, a vivid scene in which he had borne a part came up out of the past to fling over me a cloud of gloom, like the wing of an Apollyon.

I drew an involuntary sigh. It was not that I had taken a life — lives were cheap enough in those days, and he had sought to take mine; it was not my narrow escape from death; but an overpowering consciousness that the spirit of war lurked everywhere; that the beautiful face of Nature about me — trees, fences, bushes, everything — best served to cover assassins.

"Is he dead?"

Startled at the sound of a voice, I glanced aside. There, leaning against the fence, her



... 9 7 8

arms resting on the top rail, gazing at the disagreeable sight on which I had been intent, stood a young girl.

"Where did *you* come from?" I asked, lifting my hat with my left hand.

"There." She turned her head and glanced at a house on the other side of the road.

"You must have stepped lightly; I didn't hear you coming."

Without reply she continued gazing at the body of the bushwhacker. I too looked again at the upturned face, with its glassy, staring eyes.

"Why did you kill him?"

"I will tell you."

But I did not tell her then, for as I spoke I felt something warm trickling over the back of my hand, and, looking down, saw blood dripping upon her dress.

"Come into the house, *quick*; that's arterial blood."

Seizing the reins, she led my horse, I following, to a side gate. This she opened, and we went up to the veranda. Catching sight of a colored boy, she called to him:

"Mount, *quickly*, and ride for the doctor! Tell him a man has been shot, an artery cut, and a life is in danger."