

SAVING THE NATION.

The Army of the Potomac on the Road to Richmond.

BEFORE FREDERICKSBURG

Burnside Discovers that He Has Lost His Golden Opportunity.

FIGHTING FOR BRIDGES.

The Desperate Struggle Over Laying the pontoons.

BY "CARLETON."
[COPYRIGHTED—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

It was on Nov. 17 that Gen. Sumner's Grand Division reached the hills opposite Fredericksburg. The pontoons arrived on the 27th.

Twelve more days pass—the army reposing on the Falmouth and Stafford Hills, over which Gen. Washington rode in his boyhood.

The whole of Gen. Lee's army was encamped on the hills behind Fredericksburg. Standing on the hill overlooking the town I could see white tents in the distance. At night there was the glow of innumerable camp-fires. Morning, noon and night I could hear the bugle call of the cavalry and artillery, and the rattle of the drum and the rumbling of wagons. There were but few people in the town—nearly all had left. The Confederate pickets patrol the southern bank of the stream; the Union, the northern.

"When are you going to Richmond?" asked the Confederate.

"We'll let you know by and by," was the answer.

THE PROBLEM.

What should Gen. Burnside do? His first plan had failed, partly through his forbidding Gen. Sumner to cross the river when he could have done so, partly through the failure of Gen. Halleck to have the pontoons there upon the arrival of the troops.

On the Upper Rappahannock he had been confronted by only two-thirds of Lee's army; now the whole Confederate force was on the hills before him. Every day the intrenchments were becoming stronger. The Confederate batteries were all in position. On the Upper Rappahannock no pontoons were needed; but now pontoons must be laid under a heavy fire. The army had marched directly across the Confederate army to open a new base of supplies, and then take up its march towards Richmond. The railroad was open, but the Confederate army, behind unassailable intrenchments, blocked the way. The whole plan had failed. What should be done? Burnside thought of making a second move down the river towards Belle Plain, lay the pontoons there and cross; but somehow Gen. Lee knew all about it and sent D. H. Hill's division to occupy the ground opposite the place selected for crossing.

Winter had not yet come; the river was rising, however, and the army must not, however, go into winter quarters. The northern people wanted to hear that Richmond had been captured.

On the 10th of December Gen. Burnside called his officers together and laid his plan before them. It was to plant all the heavy artillery along the hills (nearly 150 guns), lay pontoons in five places, and cross the army at night. Franklin's Grand Division was to attack on the left; Sumner's, on the right.

LAYING THE PONTOONS.

Soon after dark on the night of the 10th the Engineer Brigade, with the pontoons on wheels, came down from the Stafford Hills. Boats sufficient for the construction of two bridges halted near the railroad; enough for two more went a third of a mile down the stream, opposite the lower end of the town, while the remainder went a mile and a half farther down, almost to Mr. Bernard's house. Sumner and Hooker were to use those opposite the town, and Franklin those opposite Bernard's. A brigade of troops was ordered to protect the engineers in their work. The gunners stood beside their guns ready to open fire if the Confederates opposed them. The engineers took the boats from the wagons, pushed them out over the thin ice, anchored them in the stream, and commenced laying the timbers and planks. A dense fog hung over the river, which concealed their operations, and before daylight the bridges were half completed. The 17th and 18th Miss., of Barksdale's brigade, and the 8th Florida, of Perry's brigade, were on picket along the river, while the 13th and 21st Miss. and 3d Ga. were in reserve in the town.

Lee was wary. He expected an advance of the Union army. His scouts were alert. All the commanders were ordered to be vigilant. So, keeping a sharp lookout, the sentinels walked the bank through the long night, peering into the darkness, and listening to catch the meaning of the confused hum which floated to their ears across the stream.

MORNING.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 11th of December two signal guns were fired on the heights of Fredericksburg. Deep and heavy their roar rolling along the valley, echoing from hill to hill, and rousing the sleepers of both armies. Who listened upon the Falmouth Hills knew that the crossing was not a surprise, but that the Confederates were ready for battle. As the day dawned there came a rattling of musketry along the river. Barksdale's pickets opened fire. The gunners at the batteries were quick to respond, and sent grape and canister across the stream. The pickets opposite the lower pontoons soon retired, and the engineers completed their work. But in the town the Mississippians took shelter in the buildings and poured a deadly fire upon the bridge-builders. Almost every man who attempted to carry out a plank fell. For awhile the attempt was relinquished.

"The bridge must be completed," said Gen. Burnside.

Once more the engineers attempted it. The fog still hung over the river. Those who stood on the northern bank could only see the flashes on the other shore. The artillerymen were obliged to fire at random, but so energetic were the engineers that they were able to carry the bridge within 80 or 90 feet of the shore, and then so deadly in turn was the fire of the Confederates that it was wiser to send men out with a plank.

Gen. Burnside stood on the piazza of the

Phillips house, a mile from the pontoons. Gen. Sumner and Gen. Hooker were there. Aids and couriers came and went with messages and orders.

"My bridge is completed, and I am ready to cross," was Franklin's message at 9:30.

"You must wait till the upper bridge is completed," was the reply.

Two hours passed. A half dozen attempts were made to complete the upper bridge without success. Brave men, not belonging to the engineers, came down to the bank, surveyed the scene, and then, volunteering their services, seized planks and boards, and ran out upon the bridge, but only to fall before the sharpshooters concealed in the cellars of the houses not 10 rods distant. Capt. Brainard, of the 60th N. Y., with 11 men, volunteered to finish the nearly completed work. They went out upon the run. Five fell at one volley and the rest returned. Capt. Perkins, of the same regiment, led another party. He fell with a ghastly wound in the neck. Half of his men were killed or wounded. These were sacrifices of life with nothing gained.

The forenoon wore away. It was past 1 o'clock. The army was waiting. Gen. Burnside sent for Gen. Woodbury, commanding the engineers, and for Gen. Hunt, commanding the artillery, and talked over the situation.

"It is impossible to complete the bridge. It is murder to send men out to be shot down by the Confederates concealed in the cellars of the houses and firing from the windows," said Gen. Woodbury.

BOMBARDING THE TOWN.

The Confederates were using the houses for shelter. By the code of war it would be unlawful for Burnside to bombard the town, although there were women and children and non-combatants in the houses. He gave the order, and then from 147 cannon shot and shell were rained upon the town. Nearly 9,000 rounds were fired.

The air became thick with the murky clouds of smoke. The earth shook beneath the terrific cannonading, and every minute saw the town shrouded in a thick fog of smoke and powder. No hot shot were used, but explosives set fire to a block of buildings and a great dark column of smoke rose heavenward.

Although the bombardment was so terrible very few persons were injured, and the Mississippians were still in the cellars, ready to fire upon the bridge-builders. The first man who went out with a plank fell headlong into the water. One thing was plain—the Mississippians must be driven from their hiding places before the work could go on.

A BRAVE ACT.

A force must be sent over in the boats, charge up the bank, and drive the Confederates from the houses. It would be a hazardous undertaking—men would be killed.

"Who will go?" Col. N. A. Hall, who was a Lieutenant in Fort Sumner when Beauregard opened fire upon it, but now commanding a brigade, asks the question. He is Colonel of the 7th Mich., one of the regiments of his brigade. The other regiments are the 19th and 20th Mass. and 42d N. Y. They have fought at Fair Oaks, Savage's Station, Glendale, Malvern and Antietam. The blood of Col. Hall's own soldiers, the veterans of the 7th Mich., is up.

"We will go," they shout.

The fog and the smoke of the cannonade had not passed away; the air was clear. The Mississippians were sending their bullets across the stream, but at a signal the men of the 7th Mich. go down the northern bank upon the run, lift the boats from the wagons, push them into the water and leap in. The paddles dip into the water; the men are a fair mark for the enemy. One by one they drop, but they go, faster and faster, towards the southern shore. The heavily-laden boats ground in shoal water before reaching the shore. The soldiers, with a common impulse, leap into the water and form under the shelter of the bank.

The boats recross the river, take on board the 19th and 20th Mass., who join the 7th Mich. They charge up the bank, rush upon the houses, batter down the doors, quickly driving out or taking prisoners the Confederates within.

They leaped into the rocking challop. Ten offered where one could go. And the breeze was alive with laughter. "All the boatsmen began to row. Then the shore where the rebels harbored was fringed with a gust of flame. And blazing like bees over the water. The swarms of the boats came rowing.

But yet the boats moved onward.—Through fire and lead they drove, With the dark, misty mist within them, And the floating stars above.

Cheer after cheer we sent them, Cheers for old Massachusetts, Cheers for young Michigan.

They formed in line of battle, Not a man was out of place; Then with leveled steel they hurled them Straight to the rebel place.

FIGHT IN THE TOWN.

History furnishes but few records of more daring exploits than this of the 7th Mich. In 15 minutes they cleared the houses in front of them and took more prisoners than their party numbered!

It was 4:30 in the afternoon—one of the shortest days of the year. The sun had disappeared in a dull gray bank of clouds. Darkness was coming on. Quickly, now, the bridge-builders finished their work, and the other regiments of Hall's brigade crossed, filed right and left, followed by Owens's brigade.

The Confederates batteries through the afternoon had been silent, but now from Taylor's Hill, northwest of the town, came a storm of solid shot and shell aimed at the bridge. The hand of the 12th Pa., standing on the north bank, began to play to cheer the men while crossing, but there was a quick stop to the music not put down in the score when a shell burst close by them. They dropped on their faces, and then fled to a safer place.

Gen. Howard, commanding the division, formed his men on the southern shore—Hall's brigade on the right, Owens's on the left, and Sulley's held in reserve by the river. The fighting was to take place in the streets, which crossed their positions. The Confederates could choose their position. They now every hiding place—the point where they could open fire and not be seen.

I stood on the river bank and beheld through the gloaming the deployment of the troops. Hall's brigade was first in the fight, the Massachusetts 20th advancing up a street, receiving a fearful volley from the Mississippians, losing in a few moments 19 killed and 51 wounded. I could see single flashes from doors and windows where the Confederate sharpshooters had secreted themselves, and then sheets of flame from the dark mass of men in blue in the streets. Capt. May, commanding the 20th Mass., was directed to clear the street leading straight up from the river. The regiment advanced, but the head of the column melted quickly away. Platoon after platoon went

down. Ninety-seven officers and 150 men were killed or wounded in the distance of 150 feet. Though so many fell, the column did not falter, but with loud cheers rushed on, driving the Confederates from the houses.

OWENS'S BRIGADE.

The brigade was composed of the 69th, 71st, 72d, and 106th Pa. The skirmishers detailed to clear the streets rushed up a wide street, gained the flank of the Confederates and captured nearly 100 prisoners. Col. Moorhead commanded the 106th.

"Old man," said one of the prisoners, "I see you are safe. I have tried four times to hit you, but somehow I didn't do it."

Owens's brigade received a parting fire from the sharpshooters in the churches and in rear, sheltering themselves in doorways and by house corners, watched the flashes and gave answering shots and made it so hot for the Confederates that those who were not killed found safety in retreat.

In front of Hall the fighting was severe. The Confederates resolutely holding their ground, taking deliberate aim.

One of the men killed was Rev. Arthur R. Fuller, Chaplain of the 10th Mass. He had been a faithful Chaplain through the Peninsula campaign, working hard in the hospital day and night, till his health had given way. He had been honorably discharged the day before, but knowing that his patriotism he could not leave. He took a musket, became a volunteer, and joined the regiment as a soldier.

"I must do something for my country. Where shall I go?" he said to Capt. Dun.

"Now is a good time for you, if you wish to fight. Fall in on the left," said the Captain.

The bullets were flying thick and fast, but he was cool and deliberate. He exposed himself needlessly, standing in the middle of the street leading, firing, loading again, when a bullet struck him, and he fell dead. The Mississippians charged, and Capt. Dun was obliged to fall back, leaving his body where he fell. When at last he was recovered, everything valuable upon his person had been taken.

Gradually the flashes ceased, and the quick, sharp rattle of musketry became like the light pattering drops of a summer shower.

Barksdale withdrew his troops to the outskirts of the town. They had made a determined resistance, killing and disabling a large number of Union men.

At the next pontoon below they had prevented its construction. Burnside ordered Col. Hawkins, commanding a brigade, to send over men in boats. Four boats were launched, and 100 men of the 80th N. Y. crossed, captured 60 prisoners, and held the ground till re-enforced. The pontoon was completed, and Hawkins's entire brigade crossed and drove the Confederates from the lower section of the town.

TO ACCO.

In one of the warehouses was a quantity of tobacco. When the Confederates saw that the town was likely to be captured they threw it into the streets, but the soldiers quickly gathered it up. Round every camp-fire they smoked their pipes and rehearsed the events of the day.

There were stringent orders against plundering, but as the Confederates had used the houses for fortifications, from which they had fired upon the advancing columns, and as Burnside had bombarded the town, the soldiers reasoned that the command was imperative, and they appropriated to their own use whatever pleased their fancy.

They seized articles of food—bacon and eggs, meat cakes in the kitchens, eating them with sugar and molasses. They carried mattresses and beds into the streets, spreading them upon the sidewalks for a luxurious night's repose. They dressed themselves in old-fashioned, antiquated clothes, and danced and sang, playing upon the pianos. I saw one soldier throw away his cap and put on a tall hat; taking his place in the ranks, his comrades made fun of him for being so nice a gentleman.

Those who laid themselves down to sleep upon the mattresses and pieces of carpeting were compelled to give them up to the Surgeon for the use of the wounded. There was no indiscriminate plundering. Only the houses near the river were entered. As the army had straggled up the river, the houses were plundered up to this hour, it is probable that they had not been plundered by the Mississippians.

From that time the remainder of the war the soldiers paid little heed to orders against appropriating private property.

A BRAVE BOY.

When the soldiers of the 7th Michigan leaped into the boats a drummer boy joined them, Robert Henry Hester, 17 years old.

"Get out, you can't go," said an officer.

"I want to go."

"No; you will get shot. Out with you."

He jumped into the water, and helped push the boat into the stream, but instead of letting go, held on, clung to the stern, and was taken across. His clothes were wet, but that did not matter. He was on the southern shore. A short time later he was seen in a varied climate. He threw his aside, picked up a gun, rushed up the hill, came upon a Mississippiian slightly wounded, who was being carried to a house.

"Surrender!" Robert shouted. The Mississippiian gave up his gun and Robert marched him to the rear. Gen. Burnside said "Boy, I glory in your spirit," he said.

From Fredericksburg the remainder of the war West, and Robert was in the battles of Stone River, Chattanooga and other engagements, where he was as brave as on the banks of the Rappahannock.

[To be continued.]

[For the National Tribune.]

FORGIVENESS.

BY MRS. E. N. HARTENBERG.

"The boys in blue are getting gray; Their ranks grow thinner day by day; The step, see steady than of old, Is turning toward the gates of gold. How brave they were; how grand and well, With stalwart arms, a cause defended; How peace was won through their blood, Who wear to-day life's silver crown."

To-day they meet to close a hand—Old times relate—their old land; Is sought so true as freedom brave, A few more years, and who shall tell, How brave they were; how grand and well, With stalwart arms, a cause defended; How peace was won through their blood, Who wear to-day life's silver crown.

A score of years have passed away Since battles raged 'twixt blue and gray; Now the days run in a varied chain, Of olden scenes and the olden time.—Of parted fields, of wounds and scars, Of comrades dead, of friends who remain, Who wear to-day life's silver crown.

So run our lives with faint change, To-day is new, to-morrow strange, The past is spent, the future near, How dark mysterious will seem clear—Why conflicts wage—and we shall know, In heaven's cause of earthly woe, How peace was won through their blood, Who wear to-day life's silver crown.

Forgiveness reigneth, glad and free, Wherever the starry light may be; No more is crossed with a flaming sword, But in its stead the kindly word, Is interchanged by friend and foe, Around the camp-fire's cheerful glow; Old friends forgive, misdeeds forgiven, A preface to the joys of heaven.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

The Boldest and Ablest Strategy of the War.

GRANT'S GENERALSHIP.

The Miseries of Camping in the Swamps.

RAINS AND FLOODS.

Gaining Firm Ground in the Rear of Vicksburg.

BY FRANK H. MASON, CO. A, 42D OHIO—EDITED AND REVISED BY JOHN W. FRY, CO. H, 42D OHIO.

On returning to the vicinity of Vicksburg from the Arkansas Post expedition, Morgan's corps landed at Young's Point, on the Louisiana shore, seven miles above the city, and encamped wherever favorable ground could be found in the rear of the levee. Sherman's corps landed at the same point, but marched three miles farther down, and encamped at the base of a long, spear-shaped peninsula opposite Vicksburg. Across the neck of this peninsula, as we stated in a former letter, a shallow canal had been cut during the previous year, but the water had subsided before it could be finished, and it had been thus far useless. The river was now rapidly rising, and it was the purpose of Gen. Grant to

COMPLETE THIS CANAL.

whether with the expectation of opening a channel of communication past the city, or simply by way of keeping the troops partially employed during a season of enforced inactivity, was a point on which opinions differed.

On the 25th of January, Gen. Geo. W. Morgan, our division and corps commander since the previous April, was relieved from command at his own request on account of failing health. For a month past he had kept the field in defiance of the protests of his Surgeon, and upon the reorganization of the army at Young's Point he consented to retire. The reorganization was by virtue of Military Order, No. 210, of Dec. 18, 1862, from the War Department, which had been received while the troops were retiring from Arkansas Post. It divided the Western army into

FIVE CORPS D'ARMEE,

as follows:

The Thirteenth Corps, commanded by Maj.-Gen. John A. McClernand.

The Fourteenth, by Maj.-Gen. George H. Thomas.

The Fifteenth, by Maj.-Gen. W. T. Sherman.

The Sixteenth, by Maj.-Gen. H. Burbank.

The Seventeenth, by Maj.-Gen. Jas. B. McPherson.

Gen. Thomas's corps was in Middle Tennessee, Hurlbut's at Memphis, McPherson's in the rear of Memphis and on its way to join the force in front of Vicksburg, and the corps of McClernand and Sherman, as already stated, were at Young's Point. The Thirteenth Corps, the largest of the five named, comprised four divisions, commanded respectively by Gen. P. O. Osterhaus, A. J. Smith, E. A. Carr, and A. P. Hovey.

De Courcy's brigade, still including the 16th Ohio, 22d Ky., 54th Ind., and 42d Ohio, had been assigned to the division of Gen. Osterhaus, a German officer of admirable qualities, who had distinguished himself at Pea Ridge and in other engagements in the West.

DRENCHED OUT.

During the stay of troops at Young's Point the rains were incessant, and the low plantation ground on which they were encamped became a vast quagmire. The water broke through the sides of the new canal, which had proved a total failure, and backed up, driving Sherman's corps to the levee. The damp and discomfort began to tell seriously upon the health of the troops, and the hospitals were filled with the sick, who died as if stricken with an epidemic. The levee, the only dry ground in the vicinity, was soon honey-combed with graves. About the 10th of March the Thirteenth Corps was moved upon steamers 12 miles up the river to Milliken's Bend, where fine camps were laid out on the broad, sandy cotton-fields, protected by the levee. Here a reorganization of the Ninth Division took place, by which Osterhaus's command was brigaded as follows:

FIRST BRIGADE—GEN. VAN DEVIER COMMANDING.

49th Ind. 115th Ill. 120th Ill.

SECOND BRIGADE—COL. JOSEPH F. DE COURCY COMMANDING.

16th Ohio. 54th Ind. 114th Ohio.

22d Ky. 42d Ohio.

Foster's 1st Wis. Battery. Lampher's 6th Mich. Battery.

On the 9th of February, Col. De Courcy, whose health had failed, went North on a leave of absence. He was dissatisfied with his failure to attain his well-earned promotion to a Brigadier-Generalship, and did not return to the army from that time until the 30th of July following. The Second Brigade was commanded by Col. L. A. Sheldon, of the 62d Ohio, with conspicuous bravery and ability.

THE EARLY SOUTHERN SPRING

had now set in; roses and daffodils were in bloom in the neglected gardens along the river, and the sunshine soon dried and hardened the ground into condition for drilling and reviews. The army was put into fine condition, equipments were brought up from the rear, convalescents were perfected, and preparations completed for the Spring campaign. What the plan was we could not guess. That the movement was to be against Vicksburg was certain, but how or when the attack would be made was yet a mystery. On the 16th of March a part of Gen. Sherman's corps, which had been left at Young's Point, was sent, with several gunboats under Admiral Porter, to work a passage through Steele's Bayou, in Mississippi, across to the Yazoo, and endeavor to effect a landing there, from which the army might operate against Vicksburg. The expedition was conducted with great energy and spirit, but Sherman found the enemy in force at an important point, and the difficulties of the passage so great that the attempt failed altogether in that quarter. The expedition returned to its camp at Young's Point on the 27th of March.

It was demonstrated that the army could not divert the Mississippi on its course so as to evade Vicksburg, or gain a practical base of

ESTABLISHED 1877.—NEW SERIES.

GENL. O. O. HOWARD'S

Personal Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion.

BATTLE OF WAUHATCHIE.

Brilliant Repulse of Longstreet's Night Attack.

GEARY'S VICTORY.

The Army of the Cumberland "Cracker Line" Secured.

BY MAJ.-GEN. O. O. HOWARD, U. S. A.
[COPYRIGHTED—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

XXXVIII.

I saw Gen. Hooker after he had received his instructions to cross over the Tennessee at Bridgeport and march to form a junction with Gen. Hesen, who was the officer selected by Gen. Thomas to come out from Chattanooga, seize the foot of Lookout Valley, lay a pontoon bridge over the Tennessee, and defend it till our arrival. I NEVER SAW HOOKER APPARENTLY SO APPREHENSIVE

of disaster. He said, in substance: "Why, Howard, Longstreet is up there on that Lookout range with at least 10,000 fighting men. We will be obliged to make a flank march along the side and base of the mountain. I shall have scarcely so many men, and must take care of my trains. It is a very hazardous operation, and almost certain to procure us a defeat."

I did not share Hooker's apprehensions at the time, for I believed that the co-operating forces, both at Brown's Ferry and the remainder of Thomas's army beyond Lookout Mountain, would be on the watch; that if any considerable force of the enemy came against us he would thus hopelessly divide his army. But a few days later, after a nearer survey of the country around Chattanooga, I saw that Gen. Hooker had good reasons for his surmises; for Lookout was like

THE GRECIAN ACROPOLIS

at Athens—a place for the most extensive observations, quite unassailable if defended by a few men well posted, and the ground for well-chosen sorties. Neither Brown's Ferry nor Chattanooga could have struck a blow up there. In all this region the hills and mountains are very high, and the valleys are comparatively narrow. The smaller force in the valley was, therefore, always at a great disadvantage.

The early morning of the 27th of October, 1862, found my command full of exhilaration and in rapid motion. We already knew the country pretty well, for we held a grand-guard at Shell Mound, six miles out on the main Bridgeport & Chattanooga Railroad, and had scouted the country to the front and right much farther. No matter what the danger may be, the men in marching always brighten up and appear happy after remaining for considerable time in a disagreeable camp. The children and fever had begun to worry our men not a little, particularly the bridge guards which had been on the south side of the Tennessee. Many poor fellows who became sallow and shivering in the low grounds, where they were forced to camp, will remember with gratitude the indelicate Surgeon, Dr. Spurling, sometimes called the Charley O'Mally of the Army of the Cumberland, who lived with them in the low grounds and cheered them by his jolly sallies as well as by his medicines.

At last we were escaping from the dangerous soil; from the old camps of the Confederates; from the guarding gun lines of railway; from the work in mud and water to condure the roads and lay the bridges. Just what was before us nobody knew. It was at least a change.

LOCAL SOUTHERN REGIMENTS.

My two divisions took the lead. Ahead of my infantry I had sent out a few cavalry companies. I had but few—I sent out two companies at that time. The policy of organizing many regiments as possible from each State which had attempted secession, when we came near them, prevailed, particularly in the West; so we had in the army our 1st Ala. Cav. and our 1st Tenn. These regiments afforded an asylum to "loyal refugees." In Tennessee the people at home who were full of sympathy for the rebellion were called "Southern men," while in retaliation the others were usually denominated "renegades" or designated by worse names.

From them I obtained two companies, one from each, and it was these who cleared, as well as so few men could, my front and right flank; the near riverbank covered my left. Gen. J. W. Geary was in charge of the division of the Twelfth Corps which was to follow mine. Gen. Slocum had for some reason sought and obtained a command further West; therefore, before this he had left Hooker's command. The remainder of the Twelfth Corps, besides Geary's division, in conjunction with some other troops, was to take care of our long line of communications. We made that first day a comfortable march,—for it is not wise the first day out of camp to press the men,—and met no opposition. We were early at Whiteside's, having made about 15 or 16 miles. One can hardly imagine

A STARTLING SIGHT.

Being ignorant of the country, we were started to see a considerable force crowning some round hills which suddenly rose up in our pathway. Were those men looting up and projected into the sky, our friends or our enemies? Field-glasses were in demand. We could see bright flags—red, white, and blue. The Confederates had in order the same as we. We could catch the bright gleam of bayonets and bayonets. The signs were not enough to determine the anxious question. But while preparing an approach with great care, to be ready for war in case the case should resolve itself, we heard a welcome sound; it was just like our own sturdy shout; it was Hazen's men, who, called by the cannonading, had left their bridge-head and had come out to meet us. As we neared them and could catch their accents, we took in the memorable words: "Hurrah! hurrah! you have opened up our road!" It was a glad meeting; glad for some comrades who may see this sketch will give me the name of the slain. Where there is but one name, it always excites one's interest. Who was that one? He was taken; and we were spared!

Being ignorant of the country, we were started to see a considerable force crowning some round hills which suddenly rose up in our pathway. Were those men looting up and projected into the sky, our friends or our enemies? Field-glasses were in demand. We could see bright flags—red, white, and blue. The Confederates had in order the same as we. We could catch the bright gleam of bayonets and bayonets. The signs were not enough to determine the anxious question. But while preparing an approach with great care, to be ready for war in case the case should resolve itself, we heard a welcome sound; it was just like our own sturdy shout; it was Hazen's men, who, called by the cannonading, had left their bridge-head and had come out to meet us. As we neared them and could catch their accents, we took in the memorable words: "Hurrah! hurrah! you have opened up our road!" It was a glad meeting; glad for some comrades who may see this sketch will give me the name of the slain. Where there is but one name, it always excites one's interest. Who was that one? He was taken; and we were spared!

Everybody will recall the story of

THE MULE BRIGADE.

There it was that the mules, and the parked wagons, became restive under fire. Many of them, as soon as the cannon began to roar, broke away and rushed straight through the enemy's ranks, down in the dim light passing with them for fire.

Gen. Geary trembled with emotion as he spoke to me of his losses and of the death of his son, Lieut. E. R. Geary, Battery F, Pennsylvania Light Artillery. He had in some 300 killed and wounded in that action. Shortly the complete junction was effected by Col. Hecker, and I hastened back to Gen. Hooker to make my report.