Chickamauga.

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL

Copywright, 1866, by American Press Association.

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER XXII. THE FIRST GUN AT CHICKAMAUGA. Mark Maynard was passing the first night after his sentence. Jakey had left him, after their discussion of the cammign, to relapse into gloom. He blew this candle and threw himself on his camp cot. Sleep would not come. The events of the past few days caracoled fantastically before him like an army of cavalry goblins in review. They had scarcely got by before they turned and came contering back again. Thus they marched and countermarched till midnight, and still no sign of sleep. Maynard tossed and turned and pined for day. And what would it bring forth? Surely a battle could not be much longer delayed, and with a battle there

as a chance for oblivion. Scratching a match, he reached for its watch. It was 19 o'clock. He felt that he could no longer bear those low peaked canvas walls above him. He must get out under the broader canopy. Lighting his candle, he noticed the uniform of Private Flanagan, in which he had aided the escape of Caroline Fitz Hugh. He put it on, and, throwing back the tent fiaps, stepped out into the night. The sky was covered with thin clouds, behind which the moon shone, giving a light between darkness and moonlight. He set out toward the front. Passing ont of his own immediate camp, he as-cended the slope of Pea Vine ridge, which stood dark against the eastern sky. Olimbing to one of its highest points, where he could overlook the Pea Vine valley, he seated himself on a rook and gave himself over to meditation. Around him was the dark circle of the horizon, while above was the great dome. Beneath him, on the eastern slope of the ridge, were the Union outposts, beyond which slept a Confederate army. Back of him, in the valley of the Chickamauga, were the Union troops, the two armies making in all 100,000 souls.

There came a distant rumbling from the south. It grew, faded, was lost and reappeared, the unmistakable rattle of a train. It came on slowly from a distance of several miles, the rolling of the trucks, the panting of the locomotive, growing louder the while till it reached a point directly east of where he was sitting and a few miles south of Ringold. There it could not only be heard, but seen by him. He watched it move on up the road, and at last it was lost in old. He listened to hear if it went farther, but the sound did not recom-

Scarcely had the train stopped when another was heard coming from the same direction. It, too, came on, was lost for a time in the tunnel, and passing north stopped where the other had all moving in the same direction. In less than an hour Maynard counted five

trains, all of which stopped at Ringold.

He rose from his seat. "There," he exclaimed, pointing to Ringold, "is a point from which, if I am not mistaken, there will soon come an attack on our lines. They are bringing troops in those trains to mass them on our left, where there is so little to oppose them. If the trains were going south, it would argue that the enemy were retreating. Coming north means that they are going to take the offensive. It looks to me as if this rapid moving of men at this hour meant a daylight attack right here on the left. If so, there is no time to lose. I must get back and give a warning."

He walked rapidly in the direction of Reed's bridge, and coming to the headquarters of the commanding officer of the troops he sought found an aid who was on duty all night, the general being ehensive in his exposed position apprehensive in his exposed position and wishing to be called at the slightest sign of an attack. To him Maynard recounted what he had seen, and the general was awakened and informed. He turned a willing ear to Maynard's caution and at once ordered that the men be aroused, the horses fed and breakfast prepared. Then the horses were sad-dled, the artillery harnessed and the baggage loaded into the wagons.

After imparting his information Maynard went to his own camp, called for his horse, and buckling on his saber and pistol rode back to the camp he had left. He arrived just in time to join a reconnoitering party starting to ride over the ridge in the direction of Rin-



Tearing up the flooring.

gold. Being in a private's uniform, he was not recognized by the men-his appearance was much changed by the last files as though he belonged to the

The squadron trotted up the road leading through a gap in the ridge and stood on a summit overlooking the Pea sition to defend it.

Vine valley. By the light of day Maynard looked down upon the landscape breaks, meeting it he had seen a few hours before; but, ah, how changed! Ten thousand men in

movement-too far for him to hear the it. tramp of the men advancing over the thundercloud rising in a clear sky. like a troop of lions over jungle. Occasionally there came a confusion of distant sounds-orders-mere murmurings et seemed rather a troop of specters,

from their still silent weapons. This fancy vanished with the first few shots from the skirmishers. They were too real, too spiteful, to attribute to any but human agencies. Back goes the thin line of blue before the scattered Confederates in advance, supported by thick columns of dusty gray. No skirmish line would care to stand against these columns coming silently, not yet

in presence of a fee worthy of a volley. addenly there is a rumbling, shouting, a lashing of horses in Maynard's rear. Turning, he sees a Union battery, drawn by horses, galloping up the slope from the bridge. Dashing into position, the horses are swung around, pointing the muzzles of cannon toward the advancing bost. The guns are unlimbered. There is a boom, followed by a shrieking shell arching toward the heavens and dropping with a sound like an exploding rocket over one of the advancing columns.

The shot produces a change in the as he might never be again, but he had disposition of the closely packed Connot met death.

federates as a turn of a kaleidoscope

[To be Continued.] alters the combination of colors. The closed columns halt, quickly extend wings on either side, joining tips, each while deploying, resembling the continued line, from tip to tip, of some huge distant bird. Now they are in line of battle and once more move forward, while the Union battery drops hells in their extended and less vulnerable ranks. Marching over open fields, crossing gulleys, now lost in a wood, to appear upon its other edge, bisecting creek and road, a slowly drawing coil, a line of the "ribbed sea sand," streak of dust before a rising wind, the ontherners move steadily forward. Before them the Union outposts give way, retreating under cover of their guns.

What are those funereal looking wagons driving up and being stationed at different points, those men, with a strip of red fiannel about their arms, scattering themselves over the field? To the young enthusiast for war in the distal be, who has been impatient to see a battle, these wagons, these men marked with red, composing the ambulance corps, getting ready to take care of dead who have not yet been killed, wounded who have not yet been hit, bring the first realization of what war means. There is none of the harsh music of battle about these grim looking wagons, these men waiting for victims, to brighten the eye and send the blood coursing through the veins. They go about their work in a methodical fashion that dampens ardor as water quenches fire. They mock a soldier's ambition for glory. There is something in the calculation, the preparation, to remind him that, after all, the gold lace, the feathers, the martial music, are but to cause him, like the pampered sacrifice, to forget what he is for-to be shot.

But Mark Maynard was a veteran and had seen all this before. He gave the ambulance corps a single glance, and then, looking toward a group of Union officers partly concealed from him by the smoke of the battery, saw one of them, with the stars of a brigadier general on his shoulder, peer northward through a fieldglass. Turning his eyes in the same direction, he could see light cloud rising west of Ringold. He watched it and observed that one end of it was trending toward a ford, north of Reed's ridge. The officer soon shut up his glass, and in another moment a.us. were gamping away to give orders to retreat. A column of Confederates, extending for miles, were marching to the ford to turn the Union left, and no time was to be lost in getting the little force back to the bridge.

There is a quick limbering of guns, and skirmishers, cavalry, gunners, all hurry back over the ridge. At the bridge they find two regiments ready for any duty to which they may be assigned. They are directed to hold the ford to which the column of dust is moving. Protected in that direction, the force at the bridge awaits more confidently the coming of the advancing Confederates.

They have not long to wait. The skirmishers, a thin line of gray, are soon seen scurrying over the ridge like light scattered clouds before a "white squall." The main line of gray is still tramping over the Pea Vine valley, keeping the slow pace of their heavy guns. The Union men do not wait for the stronger force. They turn upon these skirmishers and drive them back through the gap

to their more slowly moving comrades. Mark Maynard, following with the rest, soon again found himself on the ridge. There, in the valley below, was the line of battle be had seen, but nearer, a crescent shaped line extending from the bank of the creek above the ford across the northern end of the ridge into the Pea Vine valley. Battleflags appeared above the line at regular intervals. Each one of 15 flags Maynard counted, indicating a regiment. He knew that the little Union force east of the Chickamauga could not stand against what appeared to be at least a division of infantry, with a very strong force of cavalry. Nor was he wrong. loss of his beard—and fell in with the The soythe swung round as if moved by the arms of a Titan, mowing with its sharp edge the opposing Unionists. They were sent flying back to the bridge and hurriedly put themselves into a po-

They are ready for the storm when it breaks, meeting it with artillery and charges of cavalry. The Confederates are driven, but by this time their artilgray were coming across the valley.

It is a solemn sight at any time to a point north of the bridge, where it can see an army moving to strike a foe. sweep the valley of the creek, the bridge

There was something in the silent and those whose purpose it is to defend

Now there is imminent danger. Will intervening space, still wearing its sum- the little force on the east bank get mer robes of green—to remind him of a over, or will it be cut off and captured these overwhelming Confederates? There were compact columns of infan- It can only be saved by one portion ty steadily marching, while on either charging the enemy while the others flank cavalry trotted forward, head up, are moving by twos (the bridge will stand no more) across the structure.

Among those who charged and recharged to keep off the gray coats swarmpreceding the storm. The advancing ing upon them on that eventful morning, always in the advance, in the spitmoving with the wind, an army of mating line of foam that precedes the billicious spirits coming to scatter a plague low rolling upon the sand, Mark Maynard was ever present. As each wave rolled from the margin of the Chicksmauga broke upon the southerners and receded a number of the Union troops had passed the bridge.

Maynard waited till every man was over. Then, stepping on the bridge, he joined a party who were tearing up the flooring to prevent the enemy from fol-lowing. At last these left for the shore, and he remained alone. As board after board came up the Confederates pushed nearer, but still he worked on. Bullets sang to each other as they passed from east to west and from west to east, while the air was thick with interminable explosions. At last all was done that could be done. Whether his action had so excited the admiration of his enemies that they had no heart to shoot him or whether an overruling power would not let him die, he at last turned unburt and joined his comrades.

He had been exposed as never before,

[To be Continued.]

Afraid the Boat Is Lost.

Victoria, B. C., May 11.-Considerable enviety is felt by the members of the Methodist conference now in session here at the non-arrival of the Fort Simpson district delegation, which left the north for Victoria ten days ago on the missionary steamer Glad Tidings. The little vessel was seen at Bella Bella by the steamer Bascowitz, which arrived Wednesday. That was a week ago, and the day after the Glad Tidings made Namo, fifty miles this side of Bella Since then nothing has been heard of her, though she should have arrived Tuesday. Ten persons are on

Killed by Lightning in a Boat. Duluth, Minn., May 10.-Lightning struck a small boat in the harbor during a sudden storm yesterday and two of the occupants, Charles Emory of Bay City, Mich., and George Barshaw of Duluth, were instantly killed. William Helm of Bay City was slightly stunned, but otherwise unhurt.

Texas Democrats for "Sound Money." Waco, Tex., May 11.-The "sound money" conference, composed of prominent Democrats from various parts of the State, adopted resolutions declaring for gold as the standard of values and the largest coinage of silver consistent with finance. A division of the Texas Democracy on the silver question is considered unavoidable.

Nicaraguan Indemnity Paid. London, May 17.—The Times says that the indemnity from Nicaragua for for outrages on other British subjects was paid to Great Britain yesterday through the London Bank of Central

Train Robber to Be Hanged. Los Angeles, Cal., May 17.-W H. Thompson, alias "Kid," has been sentenced to be hanged at San Quentin for the Roscoe train robbery. The date of the hanging will be fixed next week. Thompson protested his innocence in

It is definitely settled that Western Normal College of Lincoln, Nebraska, will close its doors at the end of this spring term, June 6th. Mr. Croan, the proprietor, has located at Anderson, Indiana. The friends of Lincoln Normal University will be careful not to confuse the two schools. Lincoln Normal University is growing in popularity with the people of the state, and is the leading Normal School of the west today. Read the advertisement on another page.

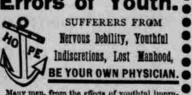
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