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A FAIR CONFEDERATE. AN INTERESTING STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

(Continued from last week.)

Who could hear him at such a distance? Who would obey him if heard? Oh, the agony of a sight like that! To see men marching not only to their own destruction, but to the destruction of their comrades, doubtless of the whole army, and without the power to prevent them. Oh, for a battery with which to fire smoke over that death-trap—to conceal it! Oh, for a cyclone to blow dust in the eyes of those Confederates! God grant that the stupidity which prevails in war may seize those Southern generals now that they may not reap this offered advantage. May they be blinded! God, this is terrible!

"There! They see it. They are preparing to march through it. There they go. Hear those cheers—that rebel yell. They're near it. They're in it. Our men are breaking on the right of the gap. There goes a regiment, a whole brigade on the left. Heavens, how those gray coats leap forward! It's a splendid sight if they are Confederates. They know it all up with us. The whole right of the army is giving way, broken, scattering pell-mell over the field, chased by the southerners pouring volley upon volley after them.

"Stop and rally! No! No one could rally troops on the breast of Niagara. But there's a crumb of comfort—those men nearest this way are bending back like wrought iron. They are not breaking. Good. There's a faint hope for the left. But, O Lord, what's the left with the right and center gone?"

And now comes a spectacle, a contrast which must always stand out a splendid monument of heroic endurance in the great cemetery of war—the spectacle of an army, one half routed, gone, driven like dry leaves before the wind, the remaining half holding in check for more than half a day a force against which the whole had found it difficult to contend. Standing in the center of the "horseshoe," the fortification of which his wisdom has constructed during the night, General Thomas, intent upon guiding the troops of his own corps, with no word from his commander in chief, for a time not knowing, or at least not admitting, that the army is by all the rules that govern science of war defeated, goes on fighting as if there is but one Army of the Cumberland, and that composed of the troops under his command.

The right put to flight, the Confederates prepare to crush the remainder of the army. All around the "horseshoe" they gather their forces and hurl them against the blue coats. The first onset fails. There must be another. A second wave goes rolling on and dashes against the logs where the one armed Army of the Cumberland is fixed. It will need many such waves—a constantly beating surf. Surely that curve, with flanks bent almost in a circle, almost touching, can be a curve of battle, but how can such a curve stand against the whole Army of the Tennessee?

But this curved array of bayonets is too tough to be broken in front. It must be taken in flank. There is a ridge just beyond the right heel of the "horseshoe." It has been abandoned by the Unionists. No one seems to know why. Climb up, Confederates; seize this ridge. It commands the Union right. Once firmly lodged there you can hammer them unmercifully.

And the gray coats do climb the ridge and drag artillery with them and at a glance discerns that without a force to drive them from it his army is lost. There is no such force. Every man is engaged and needed where he is. The general's brow is knit, and his square mouth sets even more firmly than before.

can tell, but from his position they suspect him to wear blue. At any rate, they assume that he does. Suddenly every flag is unfurled, displaying the stars and stripes. Enough. Mounting his horse, the aid rides over the ground between him and the head of the advancing column.

"Who are those troops?" "The first division of the reserve corps." Posted at the opening of the struggle to guard a bridge across the Chickamauga on the extreme north of the battlefield, with orders to hold it at all hazards, this division had for two days listened to the sounds of fighting without firing a shot. The Confederates had made a crossing without using the bridge, and the division was a useless guard. On Sunday morning the commander, chafing at inaction, yet dreading the consequences that might occur, the blame attending a disobedience of orders, determined to burn the bridge and march to the relief of comrades whom he divined were being hard pressed. Gathering his principal officers in a church near by, he announced to them what he proposed to do. The little church, unused at that hour of the holy day to anything more vigorous than a minister bounding a pulpit or the strains of "One Hundred," rang with assenting acclamations of soldiers.

Marching through fields of yellow corn, guided only by a distant but continuous roar, the division each moment lessens the distance between it and the army whose fate hung on its quick coming. The direction taken led toward the north side of the horseshoe and the rear of the Confederates. First a small body of Confederates, cavalry, guarding a hospital, were met. These were easily scattered, and the column moved on. Striking the Chattanooga road, the division marched on down it. There were heights to the east, and on these were guns. It was plain to the gunners that the advancing column was a rescuing column. They opened fire to delay it. The Union troops did not heed them. There was a more important enemy—a more important work farther on.

But they were marching directly in rear of the Confederate line. Filing to the right, through an orchard and open fields beyond, they came to a point where the dim outline of the troops engaged could be seen through the overhanging clouds of smoke. The reserve halted in a field between the two bent flanks—the two heels of the horseshoe.

CHAPTER XXV. STORMING THE RIDGE. Mark Maynard was standing holding Madge by the hand, surveying the battlefield. He heard a gun fired from the crest of the ridge so important to both armies. He turned and saw the shell it sent whirl in a spiral, screaming above the heads of two officers, evidently of high rank, standing in a field near the center of the horseshoe. One of them, a large, massive man, he recognized as General Thomas. The other was the commander of the newly arrived division. As Maynard looked the latter rode away. He was going with orders to retake the ridge.

Maynard had not seen General Thomas for months. Indeed he had met him but a few times since the days when he was the general's favorite scout. Remembering his disgrace, he was about to go away, not caring, in his altered condition, to meet the man for whom of all the army he felt the greatest reverence. But the general turned before he could do so and looked in his direction.

It was too late to go away unobserved, and Maynard felt a desire to discover, or if there were not something after all, in this great soldier so great that he could afford to give him a kind word. He walked toward the spot where the general stood.

"What are you doing here, my man?" said the commander of all there was one left of the Army of the Cumberland sternly, seeing the begrimed Maynard in private's uniform and not recognizing him. "Why are you not with your regiment?" "I have no regiment, general." "Your troop, then?" "I have no troop. I am not a soldier." "Who are you?" "Mark Malone." The sternness on the general's face slightly relaxed. "Ah, Colonel Maynard. Pardon me. I did not recognize you." "No, general. I was Colonel Maynard. I am now a private citizen. I would be glad to assume my old scouting name, Mark Malone."

asked presently. "You remember when I went to Chattanooga to bring you information of Bragg's movements to Kentucky I met a Confederate officer—Ca captain Fitz Hugh—who twice gave me my life?" "Yes, yes, I remember. There're standing well down there in the center and with so little ammunition. They'll get their new cartridges presently from those brought by the reserve division. The ammunition comes as opportunely as the men."

"They're making a good fight everywhere," observed Maynard. "Let me see. You say you were called upon to shoot a woman. She was some relative to this Captain?" "Now, Colonel Fitz Hugh. A sister. That made it pretty hard for you, Colonel. But a soldier must do his duty."

"Have the Confederates possession of that ridge, general?" "They have." "And are our men going to retake it?" "They're going to try." Maynard swept his eye over the position.

"They must take it." The general shot a quick glance at the degraded officer. "You think it important?" "The fate of this part of an army—it can't be called a whole one—depends upon it."

"You are right, Colonel. We must take that ridge or before nightfall be flying over this field like the right and center, or what is worse, be captured. This is not the first time I have observed that your eye is made for war." Maynard had become so engrossed that he did not hear. He almost forgot his chief's presence.

"I haven't a command to lead up that hill, but I have arms to carry a musket. I'll go in the ranks where I've been since the fight began," and he started in the direction of the reserve.

"Stay, Colonel," called the general. Maynard turned and walked back to where the general was standing. He waited for him to speak further, but he did not. Minutes passed, while Maynard watched the absorbed commander, who in turn was watching the line forming below.

"Colonel Maynard," he said at last, "do you see that regiment down there? It seems to be short of officers. So far as I can judge from its movement, no one is in command. I shall have to make an infantryman of you, though you are of the cavalry. Go and lead that regiment in the attack about to be made on the ridge."

"But, general—" "There is no time for buts, sir." "I am a civilian, with no right to command."

of purpose, which if it could be transformed to a different field, a field of moral heroism, would make an army of gods. Mark Maynard climbed with the rest. For a moment when that storm burst the instincts of a human being acting upon him suddenly, made him recoil. A number of quick recollections flashed before him. His position, the chance given him to redeem the past, the consciousness that men looked to him for strength in that trying moment—they were all as nothing compared with another, one which prevented any further giving back. It was not a desire for death. That was too near. It was not a desire to show prowess at a moment when men were either quailing or making records as heroes. At this terrible moment there came before him a picture so sweet, so innocent, that one may well wonder how it could have appeared amid such frightful scenes. It was the photograph of his wife and boy. With it flashed the thought: "All for them. For myself nothing."

Whether he needed this to nerve him to do his duty, certain it is that from this moment he forgot danger. One idea absorbed his entire being—that whether he lived or died would go back to those he loved better than himself. He was at least not among the filchers. Once this idea possessed him he was a machine, a cog moving 300 wheels. He knew nothing of the deafening sounds; he was oblivious to bullets or shells. Like the picture of the Sistine Madonna was ever present the gentle face and figure of a woman holding up a child. Mother and child, in the famous painting, have for centuries stood forth, a divine light in the eyes of Mark Maynard, who divine light to lead him out of the depths into which he had fallen by a violation of principle.

The time of probation was short, but too short for Maynard's bearing to have its effect. Among the few who held the men together during that brief struggle for the life of the army he took one of the best requests on it was that commanded by Colonel Mark Maynard. The ridge was not only won; it was held. But who can depict the holding? It was a repetition of struggles like the one that took it, only the gray attacked, while the blue defended. Eight times the Confederates charged, and eight times they were driven back. Night came; there was no light whereby to make another ridge was in Union keeping; in the Army of the Cumberland was saved.

R. Inquisitive, his command, Maynard rose through 2,500 dead and wounded to the 7,500 men who climbed the hillside a few hours before to General Thomas's headquarters.

"Have you any further commands, general?" he asked. "Ah, Colonel Maynard! Let me thank you among others for your work. You men over there have saved us. I want you to go back to the cavalry and command one of several forces intended to cover our retreat. We must get back to-night to a safer position."

"Colonel," added the general, turning upon him a kindly, approving eye, "there are a number to be rewarded for to-day's work, among them yourself. If we cannot safely do this, I shall make a suitable acknowledgment of your services."

CHAPTER XXVI. AN IMPORTANT LETTER. The battle at Chickamauga is over. The Army of the Cumberland has withdrawn to Chattanooga, safe for the present at least but in great danger. Their enemies are looking down upon them from the heights that encircle the town, awaiting their opportunity to fall an easy prey through starvation. Colonel Maynard is waiting the result of army red tape in the matter of his court martial. The papers in the case were forgotten in his efforts to save the left. A copy of the report, however, had hidden from the battlefield each behind a cavalryman.

One morning an orderly came to Colonel Maynard's tent and showed him a letter postmarked County Cavan, Ireland, and addressed to the man who had assisted in the escape of Caroline Fitz Hugh. But there were features of the address which led Ma to doubt if it were not for some other Ratigan. Maynard determined to go in quest of the Ratigan's body or Ratigan himself, if he were not dead, taking the letter with him.

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