

the advancing rebels, checking them in their impetuous charge. "Forward!" was sounded from the bugle in clarion tones, and the men sprang forward with fixed bayonets, stopping the hitherto exulting rebels, and starting them on the run to the rear, now as thoroughly panic stricken as the Union regiments they had just routed. Back, far back, into the woods the Union boys drove them, capturing hundreds of prisoners and several pieces of artillery.

The great battle of Chickamauga had commenced. Regiment after regiment, brigade, division and corps were now ordered into the fight. All was confusion. Men, with blood streaming from wounds, came to the rear, riderless horses galloped over the battle field neighing for the masters who had been shot from their backs, artillery horses, with their harness still on, ran aimlessly about, leaping over the prostrate forms of the dead and wounded, and men too cowardly to remain in front with their comrades fled to the rear for safety. From early morn until darkness put a stop to the fighting, the battle raged with unabated fury. Mingled with the roar of a thousand cannon, belching from their fiery throats both shot and shell, were loud volleys of musketry discharged into the advancing columns, mowing them down like grain before the harvester's sickle. Add to this the loud blasts of the bugle, the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, and you have a scene seldom witnessed by man.

Our hero, with his band of faithful followers, was in the thickest of the fight. We find him, near the close of the first day's battle, with his ranks terribly depleted, many of his brave men scattered over the field, killed or wounded, while some had fallen into the hands of the enemy. As the awful day drew to a close, the western horizon became crimsoned with brilliant hues, and the setting sun, casting its rays upon the blood-stained battle field, kissed the pale, upturned faces of the thousands of heroes who had poured out their life blood for their country. And as the survivors gazed upon this ghastly scene they knew full well that ere night should wrap the field within her sable mantle many more of their number would lie beside their dead comrades, for the work of death was not yet ended.

Captain Norwood's command was ordered to a point of timber some distance in advance of the main line of battle, with orders to hold it. The sun was sinking to rest behind the western hills, when the young officer gave orders for his command to advance. They at once moved forward into an open field, across which they quickly charged amidst a shower of bullets; but as they neared the edge of the timber they were met with a withering fire from the enemy, who were lying on the ground concealed from

view. The word was given to charge, and with fixed bayonets they rushed upon the foe.

The rebels, not being in sufficient numbers to withstand the onslaught, fled, leaving Captain Norwood in possession of the woods. His victory was of short duration, however, for, procuring assistance, the enemy soon returned to the attack. Captain Norwood, seeing them leave their position and move forward, ordered his men to lie down and not discharge their pieces until he gave the command to fire. On they came, through the brush, yelling like devils incarnate.

"Fire!" cried the young officer, as they arrived within a few yards of his position. The men sent a well-directed volley into the charging ranks, checking them for a moment. Springing to his feet, Captain Norwood shouted: "Give them the bayonet!" At the word each man sprang up, and with leveled musket rushed upon the enemy.

What a grand sight to see those heroic men, fighting hand to hand with men as brave as they! Steel met steel in deadly conflict, the Union blue and the rebel gray lay thick upon the ground side by side, forgetting in their death that they were enemies. Two-thirds of the gallant band of defenders of the Union had been killed or disabled. Finding himself surrounded and no support coming to his assistance, and knowing that he was largely outnumbered, and could hold out but a short time, Captain Norwood decided to surrender in order to save the lives of the rest of his men. It was a sore trial to the ambitious young officer, but as he saw his men falling around him, with no hope of assistance, he struck his colors and handed over his sword, crimsoned with the blood of his foe. Never did man go to his prison cell with a heavier heart than throbbed in the breast of Captain Norwood as he marched under guard to the rear of the rebel army.

On the night after the second day's battle, the pale moon shone out over the gory field, casting sickening shadows upon the contending armies, as they lay bivouacked where they had fought, waiting the dawn of another day, that they might renew the conflict. Relief parties of both armies were wandering over the battle field in search of some missing comrade, and as they met each other in the darkness they held friendly intercourse, talking of the incidents and scenes of the day just closed. The silent midnight watch had been posted, and the croaking raven, perched on a tall, shot-riven pine, in mournful cadence sung a requiem o'er the illustrious dead.

Once more we find the two vultures stealing from a deep ravine, some distance in the rear of the Union army, where they had concealed themselves during