

wife, and dragging her towards the open door, he shouted, as he paused a moment on the balcony beyond—'Hast thou, then, the hardihood to say that thou gavest him not the ring?'

'Then die—the in thy guilt—go seek thy paramour in the infernal world!' and with the strength of a giant he raised her aloft, and, without an instant's hesitation, hurled her over the low parapet into the depths below. No sound was heard from the wretched victim of unbridled passion, but from her attendants burst forth one piercing scream of anguish, and, hiding their faces with their hands, they rushed from the presence of the murderer, as though fearing a similar fate for themselves. Their terror increased when they heard his voice calling after them to stop, and it was only when he had repeatedly assured them that they, at least, had enough to fear, that he prevailed on them to pause in their flight.

'Alas, my Lord, she was as pure and good as she was fair to see, and we have lost the dearest, kindest lady that ever poor maidens served. Oh woe the day that we have seen such a sight! woe! woe!' As to the ring, they all in succession bore testimony to the alarm its loss had occasioned, and the fruitless search they had been making for it. Joachim listened till he doubted the evidence of his own senses, and half repented the rashness which had defiled his soul with a double murder. Oh heaven! if Agnes had been innocent after all—yet how—how could it be so, when he had himself seen the ring on the finger of her favorite page? Nay, the lad had seemed rather to display his prize than hide it, and as the remembrance of his gay, smiling look of exultation came up before the gloomy imagination of the jealous old man, he was seized anew with the fury that had crazed his brain when he stabbed the boy to the heart, and he revelled in the thought he had sacrificed to his injured honor both the wretched offenders. Urged by some mysterious impulse, he again walked forth on the balcony, and bent over the parapet to see whether his wife in sight, so that he might bare the body removed. But what could equal his astonishment when far, far below, on a narrow shelving of the rock, he beheld, not a bleeding and mangled corpse, but the beautiful form of his young wife kneeling as if in prayer. Long did Joachim gaze with eyes starting from their sockets, but seeing that the figure moved not, he called out in a voice so loud and piercing that it might almost reach 'the dull, cold ear of death.'

'Why, Agnes, can it be that thou art yet living? if so, speak—speak, I charge thee in God's name!' She was, then, alive, for she looked up, but instantly her head was again bowed, and she made no effort to make herself heard. It was, indeed, true: by a miraculous interposition of Providence, Agnes had alighted safe and sound on the very ledge where Rodolph had sat but a few hours before, and she was now, and had been since she recovered the first shock attending her tremendous fall, engaged in thanking and praising that God who had so wonderfully saved her from an awful death. She prayed, too, for grace to pardon this dread wrong, vowing, at the same time, that her whole future life should be spent in the exclusive service of God. She then heard her husband's voice without attempting to answer but he having seen enough to convince him that she yet lived, and fully assured by her miraculous preservation that she was under the special protection of powers divine, and must, therefore, be pure as an angel, at once acknowledged his grievous sin, and, bearing his breast, cried aloud that he was the most wretched of all mankind.

In a little time Agnes was carried from her perilous situation to the room she had so fearfully quitted—her maidens alternately laughed and wept as they gathered around her, and the baron would have knelt at her feet where she lay exhausted in a high backed chair, but this she would not permit, motioning him with her hand not to kneel, though it was some minutes before she could express herself in words—'Not so, Joachim Von Braunsberg, not so—Kneel not to me, but to that God whom thou hast so grievously offended, and may He forgive thee, even as I do. From this moment, however, our marriage is virtually dissolved. Thine own arm when it hurled me down the steep to that sudden and unprovoked death from which the great and merciful God was pleased to save me—thine own arm severed, and for ever, the tie which bound us to each other. Nay, my lord, hear me out—I must speak my mind once and for all in this matter. Thou hast doubted mine honor—that I forgive thee—thou hast shed the blood of him who for years not few I loved better than life itself. Ay, look upon me as angrily as thou wilt—I did love him, and surely without a fault, for that love began in the purity and freshness of life's early spring, and grew I knew not how, but it strengthened with every passing year. But since I have been thy wife I have crushed it, Joachim, with all my might—ay, pure as that love was I have struggled against it till I thought it dead—dead. But to-day he came—I saw him—saw him oppressed with sorrow for my loss. I saw him as the faithful friend of that afflicted mother whom thy faithlessness had robbed of its last stay. I had heard from a Svanian *minnesinger* who came hither by chance some days since that this true and generous friend had sacrificed the chief part of his inheritance to restore my mother to a portion of her lost possessions, yet of this he spoke not to

himself. On the contrary, he spoke only of her sufferings, and of the assistance that through his own generosity they had been alleviated. I saw him: thus noble—thus magnanimous—and the love of years sprang up again within my soul in all its early fervor. Yet even then I wronged thee not, Baron Von Braunsberg, no, not even in thought. He had travelled many a weary league to look upon my face—he asked, but one poor word of compassion—of sympathy—but once to press my hand. For this he knelt—for this he wept and prayed, but the word was not spoken, nor the hand given. I remembered that I had given that hand to another before God's altar, and I would not that his passionate kiss should rest upon it. He departed in bitter anger—and I prayed that I might never see him more on earth. Thou hast slain him, Joachim, thou hast slain mine early love, and yet I forgive thee. Thou wouldst have given myself a cruel death, and even that do I forgive thee, but never again can I look upon thee as a husband—never! Moreover, I have promised my life to Christ. That promise was made while yet I knelt on that fearful precipice, and it is, I trust, registered on high.'

The baron was silent for a few moments, his knitted brow and fixed eye denoting deep and stern thought. Approaching Agnes, he at length said:—'Since heaven itself hath borne testimony for thee, I may no longer doubt thy innocence—though it is hard, too, if a man cannot believe his own eyes. Saidst thou that this angelical lover of thine came hither only this day?' 'Surely, my lord, I did say so, and I could almost swear that before to-day he never set foot on ground of thine.'

'And how callest thou him?' 'Rodolph, my lord, Rodolph Von Meinher.' 'Bore he no other name?' the baron asked again in increasing agitation. 'Assuredly not,' replied Agnes in unfeigned surprise. 'Rodolph Von Meinher could not stoop to borrow a name for any purpose whatsoever.'

'Then have I surely and, indeed, shed innocent blood, for I have slain thy page Albert, and not this Rodolph—so God have mercy on my soul!' On hearing this Agnes bounded forward, and catching the arm of her husband looked eagerly in his face—'Art sure, my lord, very sure that it was Albert that thou didst stab?' 'Yes, have I not told thee so?' returned the baron sullenly—'I think thou that this is a matter for bandying words? I say again it was the page, so, prithee, question me no more.'

Agnes fell upon her knees and raised her clasped hands to heaven: 'Now may the name of the Lord be ever blessed for that Rodolph hath escaped this evil hour.' A moment, however, and the color left her cheek, and the light faded from her eye as she thought of the innocent victim of this so fatal error.

'Alas, poor boy!' she fervently exclaimed, while the tears flowed copiously from her eyes; 'alas! could neither thy blooming youth, nor thine artless gaiety, arrest the deadly stroke? Poor, poor Albert, that I should have been the unwitting cause of his untimely doom! May heaven have mercy on his soul!' A simultaneous 'amen' from the attendants seemed to exasperate the baron, who might, perchance, have given way to a fresh burst of wrath when a domestic entered to announce that the page was not dead, having been only in a swoon, and that he now desired to speak with the baron. The latter waited not to hear Agnes express her joy, but hobbled off to visit the wounded youth. The short time of his absence was spent by Agnes in thanking heaven anew for such signal favors as she had that day received. When the baron returned his shrivelled features were expressive of shame mingled with sorrow, and Agnes had more than once repeated her inquiry before he could find words to answer that the wound was not mortal, and the boy was likely to recover.

'And the ring, my lord—what says he of the ring?' 'Alas! for my fatal—my accursed rashness!' returned the baron gloomily; 'he says that he had been amusing himself this morning with bow and arrow, when, seeing a raven perched on the branch of a tree at some distance, he brought her to the ground with a well-aimed shaft. Whereupon, going up to the dead croaker, he found the ring close by, and he supposes she must have dropped it from her mouth. It is most probable that the ill-omened bird had flown in at an open window of thy chamber, and picked up the ring from where it lay. The bird immediately drew the rich jewel on his finger and walked away admiring its beauty. At this moment it was that I unluckily approached, and instantly recognizing the ring, which the silly youth took care to display, I was seized with a fit of uncontrollable rage, and plunged my dagger, as I thought, into Albert's heart. The rest is, unhappily, too well known to thee, Agnes! why, then, repeat it?'

Two hours more and there was mourning in the Castle of Braunsberg, for its young and beautiful mistress had passed its gates never to return. She had rejected the piteous supplications of the baron, and, while awaiting intelligence from her mother, to whom a trusty messenger was dispatched, took up her abode in the nearest convent. Wholly intent on eradicating from her heart that love which had been her joy in years past, and more recently her sorrow, she would not visit her mother's dwelling lest there she might encounter Rodolph. That fear might not have deterred her, for Rodolph was already far from thence, on his way to join the Knights Templars, which order he soon after entered.

A little while and Agnes, too, assumed the religious habit with the free consent of her mother, who hailed the change with delight. Knowing that her beloved child could never be happy in the world, she rejoiced to see her cast off its iron trammels and seek consolation where alone it could be found—in the bosom of religion—where weary hearts ever find rest if rightly disposed.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG—LUMINOUS DETACHED PARTICULARS OF THE BLOODY STRUGGLE.

(From the Correspondent of the New York Times.)

Opposite Fredericksburgh, December 13.

The battle of Fredericksburgh, which has been raging since 10 o'clock this morning, without a moment's pause, was closed by darkness to-night.

In its duration, its intensity, if not in the losses it has occasioned, it caps the climax of the whole series of the battles of the campaign. The Nation will stand aghast at the terrible price which has been paid for its life when the realities of the battle-field of Fredericksburgh are spread before it. Unhappily, like many of our engagements, though serving to illustrate the splendid valor of our troops, it has failed to accomplish the object sought. The sequel alone can tell whether the work of to-day is to be the prelude to a glorious victory or an ignominious defeat. But the result thus far leaves us with a loss of ten to fifteen thousand men, and absolutely nothing gained. Along the whole line the rebels hold their own. Again and again we have hurled forward our masses on their position. At each time the hammer was broken on the anvil. I have not heart in the mood which the events of to-day have inspired, to write other than a bald record of facts. Whatever there is in the battle scene of picturesque or sublime—and viewed merely as a spectacle—a great battle displays these qualities in a way that no manifestation of natural forces or of human energy ever can—must shrink and shrivel before the awful earnestness of the issue. Of course at this moment it is impossible to give more than the most general impressions;—the phenomena of a battle are too multifarious and complicated for the resources of any one observer; and the man does not live who can reproduce with life and truth the reality of even the smallest engagement. The theatre of operations to-day extended from Fredericksburgh on the right and down the south side of the Rappahannock for two miles. The accompanying diagram, together with a brief description, may serve to make the account a little clearer. Immediately behind the town of Fredericksburgh, the land forms a plateau, or smooth field running back for about a third of a mile. It then rises forty or fifty yards, forming a ridge of ground, which runs along to the left for about a quarter of a mile, where it abuts at Hazel River, which empties in the Rappahannock, west of the town. At the foot of the ridge runs the telegraph road, flanked by a stone wall. This eminence was studded with rebel batteries. To the right along up the river, the ridge prolongs itself to opposite Falmouth, and beyond; and here, too, batteries were planted on every advantageous position. Back of the first ridge is another plateau, and then a second terrace of wooded hills, where a second line of fortifications were placed. Between the rear of the town and the first ridge, a canal runs right and left, and empties into the river some distance above Falmouth. This plain, of a third of a mile deep, between the suburbs of the theatre of operations of the Right Fredericksburgh and the first ridge of hills, was Grand Division of the army, under Major-Gen. Sumner. On this narrow theatre our brave troops surged and swept, forward and backward, in the tide of battle, for ten long hours. A word now on the scene of operations of the Left Grand Division. From the Lower part of the town the ridge on which it built slopes abruptly down to a comparatively level or undulating country, which stretches for some miles down the Rappahannock. About a couple of miles back of the river it rises into a wooded slope. At a point a mile and a half below Fredericksburgh, two pontoons had been thrown across on Thursday morning, and on Friday the whole of the Left Grand Division, under the command of Major-Gen. Franklin, had marched over the river. Daylight of Saturday found the force drawn up in battle array on the broad plain skirting the Rappahannock. The battle ground, very marshy in some places, presented a fine field for military evolutions. The turtrope leading to Fredericksburgh runs about one half of a mile from and nearly parallel to the river. Beyond is the railroad, and still further beyond, the woody range of hills in which the enemy were strongly entrenched. About a mile and a half from Fredericksburgh, nearly on the river edge, is situated A. N. Barner's stone mansion, after the English style. The line of battle as it appeared in the morning, was as follows:—The Sixth Army Corps, under Gen. Smith (Franklin's old foe,) on the right, composed of three divisions, namely: Gen. Newton, on extreme right and rear; Gen. Burke, in the centre, and Gen. Howe, on the left. The First Army Corps, Gen. Reynolds, extending still further to the left, drawn up in the following order: Gen. Gibbons' Division on the right, connecting with Gen. Howe's; Gen. Meade's centre, and Gen. Doubleday, left, fronting to the southwest and resting nearly on the river. This constituted the order in which our forces were drawn up, there being three distinct lines of battle. Opposed to our right, under Gen. Sumner, was the rebel right, under command of Gen. Longstreet. Opposed to our left, under Gen. Franklin, was the rebel right, under Gen. Jackson, Gen. Lee, Generalissimo of the Southern army, was in person in command of the Confederate forces during the whole day. The plan of Gen. Burnside, agreed upon in Council of War, was to endeavor to pierce the rebel centre. Early on the morning of Saturday the order was given that Sumner's left, composed of the Ninth Army Corps, under command of General Wilcox, should be extended until it reached Franklin's right—thus forming a continuous line of battle along the river for two miles, the left resting on the river at the point where the lower pontoons cross, and the right on Fredericksburgh. The left wing, comprising the whole of Franklin's command (fifty thousand men) should then be swung round, as on a pivot, formed by Sumner's extreme right, resting on Fredericksburgh. If successful in this manoeuvre, Franklin would divide the rebel line, take possession of the railroad (the line of retreat), and come in on the flank of the rebel works back of Fredericksburgh. While this movement was being developed, a division was to be sent up from Gen. Sumner's command, by the plank road to storm the ridge. If there should be any failure in this it was hoped the co-operation of Franklin would presently make success certain. Hooker's corps was destined to act as a reserve. The dawn of Saturday found the forces distributed as thus indicated. It was a fine Virginia morning—mild and balmy as a September day, though the mist and fog of a late Indian Summer hung over the field of battle. About 8 o'clock, the Phillips House (the headquarters of Gen. Sumner, about a mile from the river on the north side, and where, by the kind hospitality of the large-hearted old soldier, I had been staying for some time during a spell of camp fever) was the scene of a numerous assemblage of officers. General Burnside and Gen. Hooker joined Gen. Sumner here, and the balcony and grounds in front were presently filled with officers and Aides. It was with alarm and pain I found a general want of confidence and gloomy forebodings among some men whose sound judgment I had learned to trust. The plan of attacking the rebel stronghold directly in front would, it was feared, prove a most hazardous enterprise, and one of which there is no successful example in military history. It was doubted that the co-operation of the right and left, according to the programme, would admit of practical execution, and things were generally at loose ends. 'The chess-board,' said Napoleon at Wagram, 'is dreadfully confused; there is but that see through it.' We all felt that the first part of the remark was applicable to our own case. But did we all feel equally confident that there was in our case an 'I' that saw through it? About 11 o'clock I crossed the Rappahannock on the upper pontoon bridge, and passed through the town of Fredericksburgh, along the main street. At this time brisk skirmishing was going on in the outskirts of the town, the rebel sharpshooters stubbornly contesting every inch of the ground as our skirmishers advanced. Caroline

of Main street was occupied by Gen. Kimball's, Gen. Ferrero's, and Zook's brigades, with portions of Hancock's division. The latter, with its artillery, lined the bank of the river in the neighborhood of the middle crossing, which is just below the railroad bridge. Other troops from the corps of Gen. Wilcox and Couch occupied the other streets of the town nearer the line of advance. Our batteries replied across the river, covering the advance of our forces. In the meantime Franklin had been for a couple of hours briskly engaged with the enemy on the left. The forces in Fredericksburgh had driven the rebels out of the suburbs of the town and rested their column on the canal. The time had now come to attempt an advance on the rebel position. The orders were to move rapidly; charge up the hill and take the batteries at the point of the bayonet. Orders easy to give, but ah! how hard of execution! 'Look! at the position to be stormed. There is a bare plateau of a third of a mile, which the storming party will have to cross. In doing so they will be exposed to the fire, first, of the enemy's sharpshooters, posted behind a stone wall running along the base of the ridge—of a double row of rifle-pits on the rise of the crest—of the heavy batteries behind strong field-works that stud the top of the hill—of a powerful infantry force now lying concealed behind these—a plunging fire from the batteries on the lower range—of a double enfilading fire from a cannon to right of them, cannon to the left of them.' Sebastopol was not half as strong. The line of battle was formed by Couch's Corps, (the Second,) composed of the Divisions of French, Hancock, and Howard, the left of the line abutting on Sturges' Division of Wilcox's Corps; (the Ninth.) The first advanced was French's, composed of the brigades of Kimball, Morris and Weber, supported by Hancock's Division consisting of the brigades of Caldwell, Zook, and Meagher. Forming his men under cover of a small knoll in the rear of the town, skirmishers were deployed to the left toward Hazel Dell; Sturges, supporting at the same time, moved up, and rested on a point at the railroad. The moment they exposed themselves on the railroad, forth burst the deadly hail. From the rifle-pits came the murderously aimed missiles: from the batteries, tier above tier, on the terrace, shot flames of fire; from the enfilading cannon, distributed on the arc of a circle two miles in extent, came cross showers of shot and shell. Imagine, if you can, for my resources are unequal to the task of telling you, the situation of that gallant but doomed division. Across the plain for a while they swept under this fatal fire. They were literally mowed down. The bursting shells make great gaps in their ranks; but these are presently filled by the 'closing up' of the line. For fifteen immortal minutes at least they remain under this fiery surge. Onward they press, though their ranks grow fearfully thin. They have past over a greater part of the interval and have almost reached the base of the hill, when brigade after brigade of rebels rise up on the crest and pour in fresh volleys of musketry at short range. To those who, through the glass, looked on, it was a parlous sight indeed. Flesh and blood could not endure it. They fell back shattered and broken, amid shouts and yells from the enemy. Gen. French's Division went into the fight six thousand strong; late at night he told me he counted but fifteen hundred. The fire of the rebel batteries was not the only thing from which our men had to suffer. Thinking to silence the enemy's guns, our batteries plucked on the bluff, on the north side of the river, embracing the 4½ siege guns, some batteries of 20-pound Parrots and the artillery of the left and left centre opened fire. The intervening space is between twenty-seven hundred and three thousand yards; too great a distance to calculate on the projectiles carrying with accuracy—particularly contractors' ammunition. If shell should fall short, or take an oblique direction, and explode among our troops, it would be difficult to see how a panic could be prevented. Promptly seeing this danger, General Hunt, Chief of Artillery, instantly dispatched orders to cease firing. It was well he did so, for immediately afterward an Aide came galloping from Gen. Couch, from the other side, of the river, begging that our batteries should cease, as they were actually firing into his command! While the broken column retires to its original position in the outskirts of the town, to re-form for a new encounter, let us see what goes on to the left. At daylight, the forces comprising the left Grand Division of this army appeared drawn up in battle array on the broad plain below Fredericksburgh and skirting the Rappahannock. At early morn the Thirtieth Massachusetts, Pennsylvania Bucktails, and two or three other regiments, were deployed in front as skirmishers, had the heavy mist cleared away, than Captain Hall's Battery, (Second Maine,) planted at the right of Gibbons' division, opened fire upon the rebels. Artillery firing now became general along the whole line, which was returned by the rebels. Heavy siege guns in our rear, the First Maryland, First Massachusetts Batteries, and Battery D Fifth Artillery on the right; Capt. Ransom's and Captain Walker's in front, and Cowan's New York, and Lieut. Harn's Third New York Independent on the left, and other batteries, kept up a terrific fire on the rebels. Orders now came to advance, and about nine o'clock Gibbons' and Meade's divisions commenced moving slowly forward. Gen. Meade's command, consisting of the Pennsylvania Reserves, was arranged in the following order: First Brigade, embracing the First, Second, One Hundred and Twenty First, and Sixth Regiments at the left; Second Brigade—Third, Fourth, Seventh and Eighth, centre; and Third Brigade, (Jackson's) Fifth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth, at the right. The advance resulted in almost straightening our lines, which were before somewhat of a crescent. Considerable resistance was met with, yet the forces continued to move forward, until at mid-day the line of battle was three quarters of a mile in advance of where it had been at the outset. But now came the reserve fire of the enemy with terrific force. Shot, shell and canister were poured into our men from various points, while the rebel infantry appearing, fired with rapidity. Still they continued to press on. Several batteries moved forward at the same time. As our troops saw the enemy giving way, cheer after cheer rang the air. About one o'clock, General Meade ordered a charge, which was very executed—the men pressing on the edge of the very crest, and skillfully penetrating by a movement on the flank, an opening which happened to occur between the Division of A. P. Hill and Early's Brigade, captured several hundred prisoners belonging to the Sixty-first Georgia and Thirty-first North Carolina. While the fight was progressing at that point, the enemy sent four heavy columns down on our left near the river. They were handsomely repulsed and driven back, however, by Gen. Doubleday's Division—Cowan's New York and Lieut. Harn's Fourth Artillery, and Third New York Batteries aiding very materially in the discomfiture of the enemy. Owing to the lack of reinforcements, Gen. Meade's command was obliged to fall back a quarter of a mile, where they remained—three quarters of a mile beyond the ground first occupied. Very heavy musketry firing continued along the line, neither side gaining any material advantage. About half-past one o'clock the first line of battle in Gen. Gibbons' Division was relieved by the second when Tower's Brigade, now commanded by Col. Root, charged over an open field beyond the railroad, and down into the edge of the woods, occupying the breastworks which the enemy had constructed here, and capturing 200 prisoners, belonging to the Thirty-sixth North Carolina and a South Carolina regiment. General Gibbons was severely wounded in the right hand. They held their own for some time, but were eventually compelled to fall back. The Second Maine Battery advanced with Gibbons' Division. When it fell back, three guns were left to bear upon the advancing enemy. An order came at that moment to cease firing, as the force coming from the woods were our own men. When it had advanced,

however, to within fifty yards, the Commander of the Battery became convinced that they were rebels, and motioned to withdraw his battery, five guns were opened upon them, but after five rounds had been fired, the battery was ordered to fall back. Having fallen back the Captain called for volunteers to return; and bring off the battery. Sergeant Berry, Sergeant Stubbs, Corporal B. Greenly, and twelve men belonging to the 16th Maine Regiment, stepped forward: The undertaking, though hazardous, proved successful, as the abandoned gun was brought off in safety. It was while the fight was progressing at this point that General Bayard was mortally wounded. He had just reached Gen. Franklin's headquarters, in a small grove of the Bernard House, and taken a seat under one of the trees, when a ball, striking a few yards in front of him, glanced and then went through his thigh, inflicting a fearful wound. He was immediately conveyed to the Bernard House and placed in the charge of Dr. Phillips, Surgeon of the Brigade. As he was lying on the couch, the Chaplain of the Harris Light Cavalry approached and inquired if he desired him to write anything for him. 'By-and-by,' he replied; then turning to Surgeon Hockley, he inquired if he should be able to live forty-eight hours. A negative answer being given, he further inquired if he should die easy. Several of the surgeons in attendance thought his life might be saved by amputating the wounded limb, but the chances were so small he preferred not to undergo the operation. He was perfectly sensible, and never for one lost that self-possession which has always characterized him on the field of battle. About two o'clock General Birney's Division of General Hooker's Grand Division, which had been delayed for some time in crossing by the enemy's shells, moved forward to the left to the support of Meade's Divisions. Gibbons had become much cut up. The musketry fight was then very heavy, and this division suffered severely. Adjoining the First Corps under Reynolds was the Sixth Corps under Gen. Smith, presenting the following formation, in three lines of battle: Gen. Newton at the right; Gen. Burden at the centre and Gen. Howe on the left, connecting with Reynolds' corps. At sunrise the skirmishers commenced moving forward, General Vinton, commanding—About 8 o'clock the rebels opened a heavy cannonade upon the men. Some of their batteries were but a short distance away. A burning dwelling, which attracted considerable attention the night previous, was destroyed by them in order to make better their range. Martin's New York Battery, Frank's First New York, and Snow's First Maryland replied to the rebel guns with much spirit. At 3 o'clock General Newton's was withdrawn from the extreme of this corps, and took a position on the extreme right of Reynolds' command, where it was actively employed during the remainder of the day. About 4 o'clock the Fourth New Jersey were ordered to charge upon a force of the enemy near the railroad, which they did, driving them back for one hundred yards or more. A superior force then appearing against them, they were forced to retire. Colonel H. B. Hatch fell, wounded in the leg. The rebels ceased their artillery fire on this portion of the army about 10 o'clock in the morning. Toward evening, however, they sent a full brigade in the direction of Martin's battery, who came on with a yell, expecting to capture it. The warm reception which they received from the battery and the Second and Fourth Vermont Regiments, which were acting as skirmishers, compelled them to fall back. At the same time the three lines of infantry, composed of Pratt's and Vinton's brigades, stood to arms, and advanced with fixed bayonets. Night put an end to further operations on either side, with the exception of occasional discharges from our heavy guns. The result of the day's fighting on the left, so diversified in its character, was to give the left possession of a space about five hundred yards in extent. So far as stubbornly holding its own and gaining somewhat on the enemy the left grand division deserves credit. It had, however, wholly failed to perform the tactical manoeuvres assigned to it. Returning to the right, I found Gen. Sumner seated on the front seat of an unyoked ambulance, at the Lacey House, directly opposite Fredericksburgh, at the point where the first pontoon bridge spans the stream. The veteran soldier had been extremely desirous of crossing over and directing in person the movements of his grand division, but the Commanding General would not permit it, and as a compromise he had come down from the Phillips House, which General Burnside had made his headquarters for the day, a mile from the river, and established here at his brink, I could not help feeling regret that the lessled old war dog was not let loose on the throat of the enemy. Meanwhile, as Fredericksburgh had become too hot to visit with a decent respect for one's safety, I remained with the General in the ambulance, to follow the tide of battle as reported by constantly arriving Aides and Couriers. The old man looked anxious and fearful.—Things were not going well with his command. For three hours his men had been fighting against fearful odds. They were much exhausted, their loss was excessive, and nothing had been accomplished. Indeed, to the test of the ear, at the point where we were located, it seemed as though they were being badly pressed. The batteries had been brought down and planted at the heads of the streets. The troops were hugging the city closely to escape the fearful fire. 'Where is Franklin?' was the eager inquiry. 'Everything depends on Franklin's coming up on the flank. Franklin's position was plainly observable by the line of smoke and fire a couple of miles to our left below. He was making no nearer. At 3 o'clock an aide arrives from Gen. Couch to say that his (Couch's) troops were advancing finely; but that Wilcox was not keeping up. 'Tell Gen. Wilcox,' replies Gen. Sumner, 'tell him he must make the Ninth Army Corps keep pace with the Second, if he can.' At 3 o'clock, Sturges, who had been clinging to the valley amid showers of fire, is so hotly pressed that 'he hardly thinks he can hold his own till Griffin comes up.' At 4 o'clock, French reports that his right is held by a brigade (Mason's) which is without ammunition. Sumner sends a message, begging Burnside that Franklin be directed to advance. But Franklin cannot advance. He has enough to do at this moment to hold his own, for Jackson has just thrown in reinforcements and is pushing hard to turn his left. Meantime the reserves have not been touched. Hooker's Central Grand Division—fifty thousand fresh men—have not yet been engaged; indeed, are yet mainly on this side of the river. 'Tell Gen. Burnside that he had better, by all means throw some of Hooker's in.' Burnside replies that he has directly ordered Hooker to go in, and that every man on this side of the river shall cross. Promptly the column is pushed down to the pontoons. Humphrey's division of Butterfield's corps leading. The wary rebels sharply on the alert for the movement of troops, and having a battery or two admirably trained on the bridge, pour in the shells and somewhat delay operations. Happily, though they fall all around the bridge, and kill some men on the banks, they do the structure no harm. In case they do, however, a corps of pontoniers stand ready to repair any damage. At 4 o'clock, Gen. Hooker, who had not yet been across the river, proceeded over, remarking to a friend that he 'was going to put this thing through.' In half an hour prodigious volleys of musketry announced that Hooker, with the reserves is engaged. This last assaulting column consisted of the divisions of Humphrey, Monk, Howard, Getty and Sykes. They had, however, hardly got fairly engaged before the sun went down, and night closed around the clamorous wrath of the combatants. At this time, Gen. Burnside, who had remained all day at the Phillips House, came down to the Lacey House; and in the garden facing the city, followed the progress of the fight. Externally calm, the leading player in this tremendous game, was agitated by such intensity of feeling as one can conceive, and he paced the garden gloomy as night. 'That crest,' he exclaimed passionately, 'must be carried to-night!' The brevity of time into which the stupendous issue of the day had to be crowded seemed to add redoubled