HIT AT ANTIETAM.

Who Was the Wounded Soldier's Benefactor.

Hooker was trying to drive Jackson at Antietam. It is one of the mysteries of war that he did not annihilate him and then take Lee in flank. We outnumbered him, and we extended our lines until only a skirmish line of gray opposed us, but on no field of battle in the whole war did the Confederates fight so fiercely. It seemed as if every single company had been told to hold its ground until the last man was wiped out. We breasted up to the gray lines time after time, but they would not give back. They faced us and died. If they lost a rod of ground they charged back and recovered two.

I remember how the corn waved and rustled as we pushed through it that day—how the silken tassels became detached and floated into our faces like spiders, webs on a dewy summer's morning. They were waiting for us—the men who had come up from Harper's Ferry without a halt—foot sore, hungry, thirsty, but ready to die to save Lee's left wing. They made never a halt to moisten their parched throats at the wells of Sharpsburg—never a halt for the laggards to come up. Lee was in danger, and old Stonewall rode at their head. The politicians simply stur them. Those who breasted up against them on the battlefield remember only how gallantly they died.

At first a scattering fire—a man falling out here and there. The pop! pop! pop! increases in rapidity—now it becomes a continual roar—here comes the command to charge. There is a cheer—a rush—we are met cheek to cheek. Men cannot dodge bullets, but we dodge as they zip and spit and whistle by our ears. A storm of bullets cannot be breasted like a gale of wind laden with snowflakes, but we bend our heads and advance.

What is it? Why am I lying on the ground? Is the fight over? What is the din of battle has so nearly died away? I wonder and wonder. It is like waking out of a sound slumber. Now I know what it is—I'm hit. A bullet has crashed into my shoulder, spun me around like a top and then dashed me to the earth in a heap. Men struck that way lose consciousness for a minute or two. The roar of battle and