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TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 23.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

Most Interesting Details.

No battle since the war began has so nearly approached the character of one of the regular old-world battles of renown, as that of Wednesday last. In every previous engagement of any magnitude, the ground was so obstructed with woods, that the general in command could find no single point of view from which the whole field might be seen. In fact, from Bull Run the first, down to Bull Run the second, every battle of importance has been made up of a series of nearly independent conflicts, under commanders of brigades or regiments, whose attacks, or movements of whatever kind, were made without concert, and often more after the fashion of Indian warfare, than according to the tactics of a more scientific system. The great battle of Wednesday last, however, differs *in toto* from its predecessors, and its details will be studied both at home and abroad with an interest corresponding to the character which distinguishes it and gives it importance. We have a most vivid and effective description of the whole battle by a correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, which we lay before our readers in addition to that we copied on Saturday:

THE BATTLE FIELD.

On the evening of Tuesday, Hooker was ordered to cross the Antietam Creek with his corps, and, feeling the left of the enemy, to be ready to attack next morning. During the day of apparent inactivity, McClellan had been maturing his plan of battle, of which Hooker's movement was one development.

The position on either side was peculiar. When Richardson advanced on Monday he found the enemy deployed and displayed in force on a crescent-shaped ridge, the outline of which followed more or less exactly the course of Antietam Creek. Their lines were then forming, and the revelation of force in front of the ground which they really intended to hold, was probably meant to delay our attack until their arrangements to receive it were complete.

During that day they kept their troops exposed and did not move them even to avoid the artillery fire, which must have been occasionally annoying to them. Next morning the lines and columns which had darkened cornfields and hill crests, had been withdrawn. Broken and wooded ground behind the sheltering hills concealed the rebel masses. What from our front looked like only a narrow so omit fringed with woods was a broad table-land of forest and ravine; cover for troops everywhere, nowhere easy access for an enemy. The smoothly sloping surface in front, the sweeping of slowly mingling lines was only a delusion. It was all a rebel stronghold beyond.

Under the base of these hills runs the deep stream called Antietam Creek, fordable only at distant points. Three bridges cross it, one on the Hagerstown road, one on the Sharpsburg pike, one to the left in a deep recess of steeply falling hills. Hooker passed the first to reach the ford by which he crossed, and it was held by Pleasanton with a reserve of cavalry during the battle. The second was close under the rebel center, and no way important to yesterday's fight. At the third, Burnside attacked and finally crossed. Between the first and third lay most of the battle lines. They stretched four miles from right to left.

Unaided attack in front was impossible. McClellan's forces lay behind low, disconnected ridges, in front of the rebel summits, all or nearly all unwooded. They gave some cover for artillery, and guns were therefore massed on the center. The enemy had the Shepherdstown road and the Hagerstown and Williamsport road both open to him in rear for retreat. Along oneor the other, if beaten, he must fly. This, among other reasons, determined, perhaps, the plan of battle which McClellan finally resolved on.

The plan was generally as follows: Hooker was to cross on the right, establish himself on the enemy's left if possible, flanking his position, and to open the fight. Sumner, Franklin and Mansfield were to send their forces also to the right, co-operating with and sustaining Hooker's attack, while advancing also nearer the centre. The heavy work in the centre was left mostly to the batteries, Porter massing his infantry supports in the hollows. On the left, Burnside was to carry the bridge already referred to, advancing then by a road which enters the pike at Sharpsburg, turning at once the rebel left flank and destroying his line of retreat. Porter and Sykes were held in reserve.

WEDNESDAY'S BATTLE.

The battle on Wednesday began with the dawn. Morning found both armies just as they had slept, almost close enough to look into each other's eyes. The left of Meade's reserves and the right of Ricketts' line became engaged at nearly the same moment, one with artillery, the other with infantry. A battery was almost immediately pushed forward beyond the central woods, over a ploughed field, near the top of the slope where the cornfield began. On the open field, in the corn beyond and in the woods which stepped forward into the broad fields like a promontory into the ocean, was the hardest and deadliest struggle of the day.

For half an hour after the battle had grown to its full strength, the line of fire swayed neither way. Hooker's men were fully up to their work. They saw their General everywhere in front, never away from the fire, and all the troops believed in their commander and fought with a will. Two-thirds of them were the same men who under McDowell had broken at Manassas.

The half hour passed, the rebels began to give way a little, only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire, Forward, was the word, and on went our line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the cornfield, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence, and across the road, and then back again into the dark woods which closed around them, went the retreating rebels.

Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast—followed till they came within easy range of the woods, among which they saw their beaten enemy disappearing—followed still, with another cheer, and flung themselves against the cover.

AN AMBUSCADE.

But out of those gloomy woods came, suddenly and heavily, terrible volleys—volleys which smote, and bent, and broke, in a moment, that eager front, and hurled them swiftly back for half the distance they had won. Not swiftly, nor in panic, any further. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away—a regiment where a brigade had been; hardly a brigade where a whole division had been victorious. They had met from the woods the first volleys of musketry from fresh troops—had met them and returned them till their line had yielded and gone down before the weight of fire, and till their ammunition was exhausted.

In ten minutes the fortune of the day seemed to have changed—it was the rebels now who were advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines, sweeping through the cornfields from which their comrades just fled. Hooker sent in his nearest brigade, and ordered Doubleday to forward his best brigade.

Hartsuff's and Doubleday's brigades pushed on and held the hill from which the cornfield begins to descend. They were severely attacked by the rebels, and though they were severely cut up, and Gen. Hartsuff wounded, they maintained their position.

The crisis of the fight at this point had arrived; Rickett's division vainly endeavoring to advance, and exhausted by the effort, had fallen back. Part of Mansfield's corps was ordered in to their relief, but Mansfield's troops came back again, and their General was mortally wounded. The left nevertheless was too extended to be turned, and too strong to be broken. Ricketts sent word he could not advance, but could hold his ground. Doubleday had kept his guns at work on the right, and had finally silenced a rebel battery that for half an hour had poured in a galling enfilading fire along Hooker's central line.

Orders were sent to Crawford and Gordon—the two Mansfield brigades—to move directly forward at once, the batteries in the centre were ordered on, the whole line was called on, and the General himself went forward.

HOW HOOKER WAS WOUNDED.

To the right of the cornfield and beyond it was a point of woods. Once carried and firmly held, it was the key of the position. Hooker determined to take it. He rode out in front of his furthest troops on a hill to examine the ground for a battery. At the top he dismounted and went forward on foot, completed his reconnoissance, returned and remounted. The musketry fire from the point of woods was all the while extremely hot. As he put his foot in the stirrup a fresh volley of rifle bullets came whizzing by. The tall soldiery figure of the General, the white horse which he rode, the elevated place where he was—all made him a most dangerously conspicuous mark.

Three men were shot down by his side at the same moment that Hooker was struck in the foot by a ball. The air was alive with bullets. He kept on his horse for a few moments, though the wound was severe and excessively painful, and would not dismount till he had given his last order to advance. He was himself in the very front. Swaying unsteadily on his horse, he turned in his seat to look about him. "There is a regiment to the right; order it forward! Crawford and Gordon are coming up. Tell them to carry those works and hold them—and it is our fight!"

It was found that the bullet had passed completely through his foot. The surgeons who examined it on the spot could give no opinion whether bones were broken, but it was afterwards ascertained that though grazed they were not fractured. Of course the severity of the wound made it impossible for him to keep the field, which he believed already won, so far as it belonged to him to win it. It was nine o'clock.

The fight had been furious since five. A large part of his command was broken, but with his right still untouched, and with Crawford's and Gordon's brigades just up, above all, with the advance of the whole central line which the men had heard ordered with cheers, he well might leave the field, thinking the battle had been won! As it was impossible to hold the position General Sumner withdrew the division to the rear, and once more the cornfield was abandoned to the enemy.

French sent word he could hold his ground. Richardson, while gallantly leading a regiment under a heavy fire, was severely wounded in the shoulder. Gen. Meagher was wounded at the head of his brigade. The loss in general officers was becoming frightful.

At one o'clock affairs on the right had a gloomy look. Hooker's troops were greatly exhausted, and their General away from the field. Mansfield's were no better, Sumner's command had lost heavily, but two of his divisions were still comparatively fresh. Artillery was yet playing vigorously in front, though the ammunition of many of the batteries was entirely exhausted, and they had been compelled to retire.

REINFORCEMENTS.

At this crisis Franklin came up with fresh troops, and commanding one division of the corps, formed on the left. Slocum was sent forward along the slopes lying under the first ranges of the division of rebel hills, while Smith was ordered to retake the cornfields and woods which all day had been so hotly contested. It was done in the most handsome style. His Maine and Vermont regiments and the rest went forward on the run, and cheering as they went, swept like an avalanche through the cornfields, fell upon the woods, cleared them in ten minutes, and held them. They were not again retaken.

The field and its ghastly harvest which the reaper had gathered in those fatal hours remained finally with us. Four times it had been lost and won. The dead are strewn so thickly that as you ride over it you cannot guide your horse's steps too carefully.

General Smith's attack was so sudden that his success was accomplished with no great loss.

Up to three o'clock Burnside had made little progress. His attack on the bridge had been successful, but the delay had been so great that, to the observer, it appeared as if McClellan's plans must have been seriously disarranged.

M'CLELLAN'S ORDERS.

Finally, at four o'clock, McClellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin; to the former to advance and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and any cost; to the latter to carry the woods in front of him to the left, which the rebels still held. The order to Franklin, however, was practically countermanded, in consequence of a message from Gen. Sumner, that if Franklin went on and was repulsed his own corps was not yet sufficiently reorganized to be depended on as a reserve.

Franklin, thereupon, was directed to run no risk of losing his present position, and, instead of sending his infantry into the woods, contented himself with advancing his batteries over the breach of the fields in front, supporting them with heavy columns of infantry, and attacking with energy the rebel batteries immediately opposed to him. His movement was a success so far as it went. That being once accomplished, and all hazard of the right being again forced back having been dispelled, the movement of Burnside became at once the turning point of success, and the fate of the day depended on him.

Generals Hooker and Sumner, and Franklin, and Mansfield were all sent to the fight three miles away, while Porter seems to have done double duty, with his single corps in front, both supporting the batteries and holding himself in reserve. With all this immense force on the right, but sixteen thousand men were given to Burnside for the decisive movement of the day.

Still more unfortunate in its results was the total failure of these separate attacks on the right and left to sustain, or in any manner co-operate with each other. Burnside hesitated for hours in front of the bridge which should have been carried at once by a *coup de main*. Meantime Hooker had been fighting for four hours with various fortune, but final success. Sumner had come up too late to join in the decisive attack, which his earlier arrival would probably have converted into a complete success; and Franklin reached the scene only when Sumner had been repulsed.

BURNSIDE AT THE BRIDGE.

Attacking first with one regiment, then with two, and delaying both for artillery, Burnside was not over the bridge before two o'clock—perhaps not till three. He advanced slowly up the slopes in his front, his batteries in rear covering, to some extent, the movements of the infantry. A desperate fight was going on in a deep ravine on his right, the rebel batteries were in full play, and, apparently, very annoying and destructive, while heavy columns of rebel troops were plainly visible, advancing as if careless of concealment, along the road and over the hills in the direction of Burnside's forces. It was at this point of time that McClellan sent him the order above given.

Burnside obeyed it most gallantly. Getting his troops well in hand, and sending a portion of his artillery to the front, he advanced them, with rapidity and the most determined vigor, straight up the hill in front, on the top of which the rebels had maintained their most dangerous battery. The movement was in plain view of M'Clellan's position, and as Franklin, on the other side, sent his batteries into the field about the same time, the battle seemed to open in all directions with greater activity than ever.

There are two hills on the left of the road, the farthest and lowest. The rebels have batteries on both. Burnside is ordered to carry the nearest to him, which is the farthest from the road. His guns opening first from this new position in front, more entirely controlled and silenced the enemy's artillery. The infantry came on at once, moving rapidly and steadily up long dark lanes, and broad, dark recesses, being plainly visible without a glass as they moved over the green hillside.

The next moment the road in which the rebel battery was planted was canopied with clouds of dust swiftly descending into the valley. Underneath was a tumult of wagons, guns, horses and men flying at speed down the road. Blue flashes of smoke burst now and then among them, a horse or a man or half dozen went down, and then the whirlwind swept.

The hill was carried, but could it be held? The rebel columns, before seen moving to the left, increased their pace. The guns on the hill above send an angry tempest of shell down among Burnside's guns and men. He had formed his columns apparently in the near angles of two fields bordering the road—high ground about them everywhere except in rear.

THE REBEL ATTACK.

In another moment, a rebel battle-line appears on the brow of the ridge above them, moves swiftly down in the most perfect order, and, though met by incessant discharges of musketry, of which we plainly see the flashes, does not fire a gun. White spaces show where men are falling, but they close up instantly, and still the line advances. The brigades of Burnside are in heavy column; they will not give way before a bayonet charge in line. The rebels think twice before they dash into these hostile masses.

There is a halt; the rebel left gives way and scatters over the field, the rest stand fast and fire. More infantry comes up; Burnside is outnumbered, flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack; he defends himself with unfaltering firmness, but he sends to McClellan for help. McClellan's glass for the last half hour has seldom been turned away from the left.

BURNSIDE ASKS REINFORCEMENTS.

Burnside's messenger rode up. His message is, "I want troops and guns. If you do not send them I cannot hold my position for half an hour." McClellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks very slowly: "Tell Gen. Burnside that this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost."

"I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry." Then as the messenger was riding away he called him back. "Tell him if he cannot hold his ground, then the bridge to the last man!—always the bridge! If the bridge is lost, all is lost."

The sun is already down; not half-an-hour of daylight is left. Still Burnside's message came it had seemed plain to every one that the battle could not be finished to-day. None suspected how near was the peril of defeat, of sudden attack on exhausted forces—how vital to the safety of the army and the nation was the fifteen thousand waiting troops of Fitz-John Porter in the hollow. But the rebels halted instead of pushing on, their vindictive cannonade died away as the light faded. Before it was quite dark the battle was over. Only a solitary gun of Burnside's thundered against the enemy, and presently this also ceased, and the field was still.

THE GREAT PERIL.

The peril came very near, but it has passed, and it spite of the peril, at the close the day was partly a success—not a victory, but an advantage had been gained. Hooker, Sumner and Franklin held all the ground they had gained, and Burnside still held the bridge and his position beyond. Everything was favorable for a renewal of the fight in the morning. If the plan of the battle is sound, there is every reason why McClellan should win it. He may choose to postpone the battle to await his reinforcements.

It is hard to estimate losses on a field of such extent, but I think ours cannot be less than six thousand killed and wounded—it may be much greater. Prisoners have been taken from the enemy—I hear of a regiment captured entire, but I doubt it. All the prisoners whom I saw agree in saying that the whole army is there. Hill and Longstreet are either killed or prisoners.

THE Chicago *Tribune's* Cairo correspondent says that on the night of the 17th, three hundred contrabands, mostly women and children, arrived there from Corinth, and General Grant will send a consignment of them, three to four hundred every day for the present. The able-bodied men are kept at Corinth, and other points, to aid in the construction of fortifications. General Grant's situation is becoming interesting. The latest rumor is that General Breckinridge is marching northward to join Price and Van Dorn, with a view to attack him both at Corinth and Jackson. The Grenada *Appeal* of the 12th says a large Confederate force under Breckinridge is moving northward, and had attacked Hernando, twenty-two miles from Memphis. Their destination is unknown. It is thought by some to be Memphis. Jeff. Davis has notified the Confederate Congress that he will need no more conscripts, and the conscript act is accordingly tabled. The Confederate Generals, with 40,000 men, are said to be fourteen miles from Corinth.

"IT did me good," is the candid expression of the thousands who have used Dr. Lindsey's Genuine Blood Searcher, and knowing that its compounds of Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mexican, Iodide of Potassium, &c., we don't so much wonder at it they say so. Sold by druggists generally. Price $1.

A LETTER from Corinth, Mississippi, reports another disgraceful evacuation. Troops guarding the post at Iuka got scared and ran away in the most cowardly manner, leaving valuable stores and a large amount of cotton to be preyed upon by the rebels. The contrabands which were there, to the number of nearly two thousand, stampeded, and made excellent time to Corinth, arriving with the cavalry. General Ord took prompt measures to recapture the place, and this movement was successful. The rebels had not disturbed the public property.

MILITARY INCIDENT.—A body of the 2d Pennsylvania cavalry, under Col. Price, making a reconnoissance yesterday morning beyond Centreville, came up with a force of secession troops, infantry and cavalry, near Thoroughfare Gap, and captured thirty-two of them. The remainder escaped. It was afterwards ascertained from the prisoners that they formed a part of Gen. Ewell's bodyguard, who was in advance in an ambulance on his way to Richmond. The prisoners were brought to Gen. Banks' headquarters last night.—*Washington Letter.*

HON. THOS. WILLIAMS, of Allegheny county, has been the successful competitor for Congressional honors in this District. Although not our first choice, yet we can extend to him as hearty a support as we could have given to our own candidate. Mr. W. is a representative man, possessed of fine abilities, a good legislator, and the man for the crisis. His nomination completes the ticket for this county, making it one upon which may be rallied the support of every truly loyal man, let his political proclivities be what they may.—*Kittanning Free Press.*

More Indian Outrages.

SALT LAKE, Sept. 22.—Charles McBridge was one of the party of fifteen for the States, who were attacked by the Snake Indians at City Rocks, on the Humboldt route, one hundred and fifty miles north. They fought the Indians twenty miles, losing six killed, two wounded, and all the outfit. John Connor, John Sharp, Benj. White, James Shaw, Wm. Davis and John Gordon, killed. John Foster and Samuel Kelly, arms broken, reports Indian depredations northward coming in daily. Much trouble is expected from the late emigration.

The Rebel Invasion of Maryland--The Plan, and the Men who are Carrying it Out.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, writes:

Some facts in connection with the operations in Maryland have just come to my knowledge, which may prove of interest, and I proceed to note them down—premising that they are mainly derived from a source entirely trustworthy, and are entitled to all the credit which unofficial observations deserve.

The rebels, as is well known, pushed for Hagerstown, where they are believed to have concentrated three columns, amounting in the aggregate to over *one hundred thousand men*. The column from Frederick was overtaken near Middletown; while Gen. Burnside, though no mention of the fact is made in the official bulletin, had succeeded in making a *detour*, and, by a forced march, had struck the enemy by a side road at that point, cutting off a portion of the rear guard. And while giving all credit for the success of our forces in this action, we must not forget that *the mass of the enemy's army is yet untouched.* Whether the report that he is flying, panic-stricken, toward the Potomac, shall prove to be justified by the facts, we have yet to learn.

If the enemy has 100,000 men in the mountains of Maryland, as my informant believes—and he has been within their lines, and is a man of trusty judgment—it will still be no child's play to dislodge them. That Lee and Jackson have invaded that State, simply to run away again at the first encounter of our forces, and thus lose the prestige they have gained, seems hardly credible. There are those who believe that a small detachment—say 25,000 or 30,000 men—will be left to hold some mountain pass against McClellan, while the balance of the army, by a forced march, will be united with the rebel reserve known to be in Virginia, and attack Washington before the bulk of our force can be returned here for its defence. But this is a theory scarcely practicable; for while our army in Maryland is probably not inferior to their own in numbers, we have a reserve nearly as large in the trenches around the capital, *besides a heavy column sent westward on the south side of the Potomac.* The success of such an enterprise would require movements equal in rapidity and precision to the most brilliant executed by Napoleon. The enemy would be compelled to evade or destroy our force south of the Potomac, and to storm our fortifications, defended by numbers nearly equal to their own, before McClellan's army could arrive to fall with destructive force upon their rear.

On the other hand, Lee says they have no intention of leaving Maryland. They have gone there to remain—to deliver that State from the rule of the despot, and give the people a fair election between the Northern Union and the Southern Confederacy! With that intention, they have crossed over the bulk of their forces in Virginia, well supplied with small arms and artillery, and commanded by the best officers in their service.

The good conduct of the rebels in their occupation is fully confirmed. They allow no plundering, and treat even Union citizens with kindness. They pay for everything they get in Confederate notes, or Maryland or Virginia money. Nothing is touched till its value is estimated and the price fixed.

The rebels are, to a great extent, armed with new Enfield guns; and many of them have cannon, of which they have a vast supply, are of English manufacture. Their supplies of ammunition are also ample. Thus provided, and with their intimate knowledge of the country, it is not impossible that hunger alone must be the power which can compel them to a final retreat or surrender.

Lee is believed to be the brains, as Jackson is the hand and foot, of the army. Lee plans; Jackson executes. In their marches, Jackson leads the advance and Lee brings up the rear. Lee will talk, to some extent; but Jackson is always silent. Even his friends are unable to obtain from him any clue to the plans.

Jackson is described as a man of very peculiar temper and habits. He dresses in the commonest manner, wearing no badge that can indicate his rank. He lives entirely in the field, sharing the half-rations of his men, and disdaining the effeminate luxury of a house-roof and good bed. At one of his recent stopping places he was induced to occupy a dwelling-house as his headquarters, but he became uneasy at such unwonted comfort, and was presently found again in his old place amongst his soldiers. His whole baggage is his Bible and a few maps, and when not on the march he spends his time reading the former, or lying on the ground and studying the latter. He is of intensely religious habits, and would seem more a type of the old Puritan soldier than any other man in either army.

The impression made upon the Marylanders, both rebel and loyal, is that Lee and Jackson have come here to *remain.* The bulk of the people wish them gone, even their sympathizers and friends; but they have resigned themselves to the conviction that Maryland is to share the fate of Virginia, and become a battle-field for the contest. The conciliatory policy of the rebels—so different from that heretofore pursued—is well calculated to favor the belief; for if it is their design to occupy the fastnesses of the border for the season what importance to them to secure the friendship of the community about them?

The Retreat from the Maryland Heights—Who is Responsible!

The correspondent of the New York *Times* writes:

By whom the order for the evacuation of Maryland Heights, by which Harper's Ferry was lost, was given, is a point to be determined hereafter. I saw the order to Capt. McGrath, commanding him to spike the guns, and it *was written by* Col. Ford, who was in command of the Heights. His friends affirmed most explicitly that it emanated from headquarters. On the other hand, a Lieutenant in the Twelfth New York Regiment, who stood conversing with Col. Miles at the time the retreat began, informed me distinctly that when the Colonel cast his eye up the mountain and saw our men spiking the guns, he exclaimed, "*God God, he is giving up the Heights!*" that he reeled in his saddle and was apparently almost overcome.

Col. Miles evidently had confidence in our ability to hold them. In a conversation with him, on the Wednesday previous, he stated to several of us that he could hold them *against any force.* "The enemy never can take them," he affirmed.

On the day after the retreat, Col. Miles rode up to the Captain of the Commissary, as several of us were standing around him, and said in an abrupt manner: "Captain, you are injuring me greatly by reporting about town that I ordered the Maryland Heights to be evacuated." The charge was denied *in solo.*

Later in the day another officer rode up to the Colonel and put the question to the point blank: "Did you, or did you not, order the Heights to be evacuated." He said something in reply about discretionary powers, but nothing that I could learn in regard to written orders.

Passing Col. Ford's quarters on the heights, not long after noon, he called me in, remarking, in the presence of several others: "The One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York has acted disgracefully; they ran back over my own regiment and completely frustrated my plans." This would imply that a crisis had been reached which must be met immediately. Did he rather than to continue longer fighting and incur the risk of their being captured before being rendered useless and turned upon the Ferry?

Col. Miles was on the ground much of the day, apparently directing operations. The movements of the enemy at other points doubtless prevented his being there all the time. On one or another of two parties rests the responsibility. Col. Miles is in his grave. Col. Ford alone can solve the disputed point. These statements—in publishing which I violate no private trust, having been made in the presence of numerous parties—are called out by the positive declarations of a writer that Col. Ford surrendered the stronghold at his own discretion, and by a desire to throw what right we can upon the unsettled point.

Something of Monday's Movements.

The indications at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, after the battle was fairly over, were that the next day would be one of fierce and decisive battles. We knew we were on the heels of the enemy, that he had reinforcements during the fight which had been likewise put to rout, and that on the morrow we would most likely battle with the whole force. The prevalence of this belief had an inspiriting effect upon our men; They were justly proud of their success, and were eager to fight the whole thing out the next day, if opportunity offered. The Corps of Gens. Sumner, Banks and Porter were fresh and vigorous, not having been at all engaged, while those who fought were as ready as the fresher troops.

THE WOUNDED.

Early Monday morning details were made for burying the dead, which was soon performed as the proportion of killed was unusually small. Our wounded, which I think will number less than 2,000, were conveyed to Middletown, and all the churches and many of the private houses were filled. The ladies turned out with commendable spirit, and ministered faithfully to the poor fellows as fast as they arrived. To-day the wounded are arriving here, and the churches of Frederick are being used for the same purpose. Many of those but slightly wounded are leaving by the trains.

PRISONERS.

There were probably over two thousand prisoners taken during the fights of Sunday evening, and about seven hundred rebel sick were left in the barracks at this place. The enemy have treated their own sick during the last two weeks with great cruelty. They have left them to die almost anywhere—by the roadside and in fence corners, and the citizens of Frederick have hitched up their teams and gone down the Georgetown turnpike, toward the Potomac, whence they came, and picked up the poor fellows, brought them in, redeemed them from their filth and rags, and saved their lives.

MONDAY'S PURSUIT.

We did not, for some reason, get a bright and early start on Monday morning. The rebels had been driven into Boonsboro on Sunday night, eight miles from Middletown. Hooker's force started about eight o'clock, a. m., and his advance cavalry soon had a collision with the enemy's rear at Boonsboro and drove them handsomely from that place. Our infantry followed on, and found the roads, fields, forests and hills swarming with rebel stragglers. They were speedily gathered up and sent to the rear, and by ten o'clock Hooker sent word back that he had captured a thousand, and if the army immediately pressed on the whole rebel force would be ours. General Hooker may have been too sanguine, but at any rate no decided advance was made until nearly noon, some time being necessarily consumed in ascertaining the roads and the lay of the country.

VALUABLE AID

Was tendered our Generals in this respect by dozens of loyal citizens, who came on horseback and by mountain paths from the direction the enemy had taken, and gave full and reliable information of the rebel movements. This was one of the most gratifying signs which we met with anywhere. In Virginia it was all the other way; the enemy knew all about us, and we knew nothing of them. But here, yesterday morning, it was cheerful indeed to see these honest and loyal men flock to headquarters, each corroborating the other's story, and rendering their information positive. For instance, a large body of the enemy breakfasted at Keedysville at about seven o'clock, and within two hours afterward four or five men from that village had arrived with the information at General McClellan's headquarters, six miles distant.

ON THE MOVE.

Hooker moved by the main pike to Boonsboro, followed by Sumner, while Banks moved by a very crooked road away round to the right of Boonsboro, evidently to ascertain if the enemy had any further force in the direction of Hagerstown. It was rendered positive that he had not, and Banks again struck the Boonsboro road, and followed Hooker. At the latter place a branch pike diverges from the main road to Hagerstown, and, turning abruptly to the left in the centre of the village, runs nearly due south to Keedysville, Sharpsburg and Sheppardstown, on the Potomac. These three corps pursued the enemy by that route.

Reno's and Porter's corps took the rough winding road which ran over the mountain crest through the battle field of Sunday, and followed on to Keedysville, striking the pike about a short distance south of that place, and pushing toward Sharpsburg, from which the enemy were driven just at sundown.

FRANKLIN'S MOVEMENTS.

After Franklin had driven the enemy from Burkittsville Gap, he, too, was occupied some time in picking up killed and wounded, and sending both them and prisoners to the rear. But he promptly struck off down into the valley, between South Mountain and Elk Mountain, called by the people "Pleasant Valley." Down this valley came fifteen to twenty thousand of the rebel troops had fled during the night and morning, and had Harper's Ferry held out until Monday at sundown, Franklin would not only have made a magnificent haul of the enemy, but could have retaken Maryland Heights, and thus have saved the Ferry. It was Franklin's desire to reach that place as speedily as possible, but in order to do it he must drive the enemy before him—which he did, though not rapidly enough to render timely assistance. As well he subsequently seen, it was this force which escaped across the Potomac, on Monday night, by using our pontoon bridge.—*Baltimore American.*

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