

said, rushing back to the window. Come, Bose, hurry, or all will be lost."

The fellow now wished to insist on my going first; but he saw that time was wasting and glided down the rope, gradually disappearing in the heavy shadows.

The fall of one of their number had caused only a momentary lull, and I heard them renew the assault with tenfold fury.

I dared not fire again, for I felt that every bullet would be needed when affairs were more pressing.

It seemed an age before I felt the signal from below that the rope was ready for me; but it came, and I let myself down; pausing an instant, as my eyes gained a level with the sill, to take a last look into the room.

As I did so the door gave way, and the bloodthirsty demons poured over the threshold.

I knew that I had no time for deliberate movement. They would instantly discover the mode of escape, and either cut the rope or else fire down on me.

I had taken the precaution to draw on my heavy riding gloves, and my hands, thus protected, did not suffer as might have been expected.

With my eyes fixed upon the window, I slid rapidly down, and struck the earth with a jar that wrenched every bone in my body.

Quick as lightning I was seized by Bose, dragged some paces on one side, and close against the face of the cliff.

Not a second too soon, for down came a volley, tearing up the earth about the foot of the rope, where, a moment before, I had stood.

"Thunder, they will escape! After them, down the rope!" yelled a voice almost inarticulate with rage.

And I saw a dark form swing out and begin the descent.

"Now, Mas'r Ralph," whispered Bose, significantly, and with a quick aim I fired at the swaying figure.

Without a sound the man released his hold, and came down like a lump of lead, shot through the brain.

Another had started in hot haste, and was more than half way out the window, when suddenly the scene above was brilliantly lit up by the glare of a torch.

Again the warning voice of the watchful black called my attention to the figure now struggling desperately to regain the room, and, as before, I threw up my pistol, and covering the exposed side, drew the trigger.

With a convulsive effort the wretch, springing far out into the empty void, turned once over and came down with a rushing sound upon the jagged rocks that lay at the foot of the precipice.

A single look to see that the window was clear—we knew there could be no path leading down for a long distance either way, or they would never have attempted the rope, and we plunged headlong into the mountain side.

We got clear, it is true; but with the loss of our animals and baggage; for the next day, when we returned, with a party of regulators, we found the place a heap of smouldering ashes, and no living soul to tell whither the robbers had fled.

The East River Bridge.

The bridge now in process of construction connecting the cities of New York and Brooklyn will have the longest single span of any bridge in the world. The main span will be 1,595 feet six inches, and the land spans 930 feet each.

The bridge was designed in 1867 by John A. Roebling, but he died in 1869, before any work on it had begun, and it has been built entirely under the guidance of Washington A. Roebling, the present chief engineer.

The bridge extends from the junction of Sands and Fulton street, in Brooklyn, to Chatham street, in New York—a total length of 5,986 feet, the Brooklyn approach being 971 feet, the suspended part 3,455½ feet, and the New York approach 1,502½ feet.

The approaches will consist of a series of brick and granite arches, which, when finished, will be ornaments to the two cities. It has taken nine years to complete the towers and anchorages, construct the cables, and get everything ready for the suspension of the floor.

Preparing the foundation for the towers was one of the most difficult parts of the work. Hugh timber caissons, each 175 feet long, 102 feet wide, and twenty-five feet high, containing over 1,609,000 feet of timber, were sunk below the bed of the river until they rested on rock or on an unequally firm stratum. On the Brooklyn side this was reached at a depth of forty-five feet below high water; but it was necessary to go seventy-eight feet below high water on the New York side. The pneumatic method of sinking caissons is not new, but the operations here surpassed by their immensity everything of this kind that had ever been done before. The towers are 278 feet high. The anchorages are 129 feet by 119 feet at the base, 117 by 104 at the top, and 89 feet high.

The total quantity of granite and limestone in the towers and anchorages is 146,000 cubic yards, and it required the continuous for four years of over twenty quarries in Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York to furnish the necessary supply. In the summer of 1876 the masonry was completed.

On the 29th of May, 1877, the first wire for the cable was stretched across the river. There are four cables, each consisting of nineteen strands, each strand, containing 280 galvanized cast steel wires, No. 8 gauge. These cables are fifteen and three-quarter inches in diameter. For wrapping the cables galvanized annealed wire was used. March 1, 1879, the four cables were completed, just twenty-one months after they were commenced.

The platform of the bridge, which is five feet wider than Broadway, is sustained by the iron cross-beams, and stiffened by six longitudinal trusses. It is divided into five parts, two outer parts intended for horse-cars and general vehicle traffic, two intermediate divisions intended to accommodate the rapid transit passenger cars, and a central promenade, a little above the level of the main floor, and intended for pedestrians. The stiffening trusses will be iron, six in number, the outer ones nine and a half feet high, the other four sixteen feet in height. The total weight of the bridge will be 13,000 tons. It is proposed to move the cars on the bridge by means of wire ropes and stationery engines. This method is considered as preferable to that of locomotives on account of the steep grade of the bridge.

It is estimated that the bridge, when completed, will have cost \$13,500,000, of which \$9,500,000 will be spent on the bridge itself, and \$4,000,000 in acquiring the necessary real estate. It is hoped that in 1881 the bridge will be opened to the public.

Written for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Archy Moore, of Tennessee.

Would you wish to hear me tell you,
Of brave old Archy Moore,
Of Archy Moore, of Tennessee,
A hunter of four score?

Well, I will, for Arch was ever,
A hero in the strife,
And his affection for his dogs,
Lent a charm unto his life.

We were fighting now in Tennessee,
Where the Stars and Stripes were banned,
And Archy then was captured,
By some of Bragg's command.

A prisoner wounded nigh to death,
His life term nearly o'er,
Unto the Rebel General's tent,
On a stretcher he was bore.

Then, said Bragg, with an impatient voice,
"Old fellow, why should you
Be fighting against the South, to which,
All Southron's should be true?"

Up feebly spake the soldier:
"My name is Archy Moore,
I now am dyen, Gin'ral,
My life will soon be o'er.

Three months ago I owned two dogs,
With which I run the deer,
Upon these mountings they were known,
By all both fur and near.

An, yore men, twaz the devil's work,
And that they know full well,
Kilt them dogs I loved, Gin'ral,
More nuz airy tongue can tell.

I say that them ar dogs an me,
Jist loved each other so,
That thar killen wuz to me, Oh! God,
Well nigh a fatal blow.

I had reared up them ar puppies,
O! wern't they full of fun,
An I trained 'em fur to hunt the deer,
Frum the time they jast could run.

And menny, menny wuz the hunt,
With them ar dogs o' mine,
With good old Rover, dead and gone,
And his mate, Angeline.

Wale, Gin'ral, twuz one summer day,
At my cabin door I stood,
Wen two shots wuz fired over thar,
Jist beant the wood.

And then I hears a howlen,
And a deep, mournful whine,
Sez I that howl is Rover's,
And that whine's from Angeline.

I grabbed from o'er the mantle shelf;
My trusty, true old gun,
And over to the cedar wood,
With all my speed I run.

And thar I seed them dog's o' mine,
A gaspen out their breath,
And not fur off yore soldiers,
Who I knew had been their death.

I raised my trusty rifle quick,
To shoot yore Southern men,
Fur I tell you fierce and bloody thoughts,
Were bilen in me then.

Yit my dogs wuz dyen, Gin'ral,
To them I now must see,
Death I knew would soon let Rover
And good Angeline be free.

So I jast drew up old Rover's head,
And on my breast it laid,
My eyes did swim with burnin tears,
That could not all be stayed.

And Rove that greater, better,
Nuz airy other houn,
Looked as if to say: "I'll meet you
In the happy hunting groun."

I turned now to Angeline,
Fur Rove had breatheed his last,
She struggled longer, but that moan,
Proclaims her life is past.

But fore she died she seemed to whine,
"Oh! dear old master Moore,
I'll meet you; master Archy,
On the tother huntin shore.

Then I tuck them dearest frens o' mine,
In death now lyn still,
And I buried em up yander,
On that little rounded hill.

And at their graves, I madly swore,
Fur vengeance on the foe,
Who had kilt the dearest things to me,
That lived on arth below.

I jined the Union army,
And I fit as fight the brave,
But now death comes upon me,
I shall enter soon the grave.

And, Gin'ral, when I die, please,
Jist promise, ef yer will,
To bury me wid Rove and Line,
On that little rounded hill."

The morning came and in that tent,
A form lies cold and still,
And soon old Archy Moore will sleep,
With his hounds upon the hill.

And if perchance there's hunting ground,
Upon the other shore,
You'll there find Rove and Angeline,
With brave old Archy Moore.

MAJOR

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Sept. 3, 1879.

Soldiers' Correspondence.

A Reminiscence of Chickamauga.—Gen. Steadman's Division.

NEW CUMBERLAND, TUSCARAWAS CO., OHIO,
September 2, 1879.

MR. EDITOR: In order that your readers may have a more perfect understanding of the surroundings, I will make a brief statement with regard to the forces engaged and the disposition of the several commands. Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas' corps occupied the left of the line; Maj. Gen. Crittenden's joining him on the right, Maj. Gen. McCook joining him, forming the extreme right of our line, while detached four miles to the northeast lay the reserve corps commanded by Maj. Gen. Gordon Granger. The early forenoon of Saturday, September 19, generally known as the first day of the battle of Chickamauga, passed without forewarning of the approaching conflict, but shortly before 11 o'clock the storm that had been brewing all the morning on the rebel side, burst forth. At that time a large mass was seen advancing upon Brannan's division, on the extreme left. First, it came upon the second brigade, Col. Croxton commanding, and soon forced it back, despite its determined resistance. The other two brigades of the division at once came to its assistance, and succeeded in checking the progress of the rebels and driving them back, but their column being in turn strongly reinforced, they came forward again with wild yells. So powerful was the momentum of the assault that it pushed Brannan back to and beyond his position in the line, thus uncovering the left of Baird's division, which at once became fiercely engaged. The storm rolling from left to right fell next upon Johnson, and almost simultaneously upon Reynolds, who, wavering at times, but again securing their firmness, gave back a little, but again advanced until the troops of Brannan and Baird, rallied by their leaders, came up once more to the work. Then the order was issued for the entire line to forward, and nothing in military history exceeds in grandeur the charge of that powerful corps. Longstreet's men from the Potomac were directly opposed by the troops of General Thomas, and although they fought with stubborn determination, they could not for a moment check the steady march of those veteran battalions. They had already pushed the enemy before them for three-quarters of a mile, recovering all the lost ground and most of the material of war lost in the morning, and Longstreet was threatened with annihilation, when a new danger caused Thomas to halt.

While our left was driving Longstreet's corps, Polk and Hill threw themselves impetuously upon Palmer and Van Cleve, of Crittenden's corps, who, failing to advance, left a gap between himself and Thomas. These divisions were speedily broken in pieces, and their complete rout was imminent, when Davis' division came to their support, and for a time restored the fortunes of the day. But the enemy, knowing that all depended upon his making a diversion in favor of the defeated Longstreet, massed nearly the whole of his available force and hurled it against Van Cleve and Davis, driving the former to right and the latter to the left, and entered boldly the opening thus made. In this juncture General Rosecranz called up the divisions of Wood and Negley, and threw them into the gap. After a brief contest, the rebels found themselves matched, and an advance was ordered, and by sunset the original position of the morning was gained. The second day of the battle was the blessed Sabbath, the day appointed for rest; but there was no rest for that weary army on that sacred day, for at nine o'clock in the morning its stillness was broken by the enemy repeating the tactics of the previous day. For two hours the contest raged, when through some mismanagement there was a gap left in our line, of which the enemy took advantage, routing nearly one-half of our whole force. Thomas' corps was all that was left to contend with the rebel hordes, already elated with success. It was certain that unless assistance should speedily come from some quarter, it must at length succumb, for the enemy was gathering his hosts to hurl them in a last mighty effort.

At this crisis General Thomas' attention was attracted (for the whole command now devolved upon him) by a long line of dust rising above the tree tops in his rear. He now prayed for Granger, like Wellington at Waterloo prayed for Blucher. O! what must have been the feelings of Pap Thomas. Fifteen minutes without relief, and the Army of the Cumberland is lost! Hark! What are those cheers after cheers rising above the roar of battle? They are from Granger's men. The corps rushes madly into the fight. They have double-quickened four miles without orders. The fight now raged with redoubled fury; to our left was a brigade, and in their front the brave Longstreet was hurling his legions of picked Virginians. Forward and backward went that thin and constantly thinning line of brave boys, when suddenly appeared a man, mounted upon a steed, riding down the line. A train of the most stirring memories of my life starts at the name of Steadman, for it is indelibly associated with a sight such as a man is privileged to look upon but once in a lifetime. At this most critical moment of the battle of Chickamauga, when every man was in the line, and it was swaying backward and forward, and would inevitably soon give way if something extraordinary did not speedily take place, Steadman turned his horse, and snatching the colors from the color-bearer of a regiment, rushed his horse towards the rebel line. I saw him go one-third of the way to the rebel line, waving the Stars and Stripes over his horse's head. This act of bravery—although some think it was not called for—I believe saved the Army of the Cumberland from destruction.

GEORGE C. MAGEE,
Co. H, 98th O. V. I.

SAVANNAH, Mo, Aug. 10, 1879.

MR. EDITOR: Now if we do not get our just bounty before the election of a new President, I hope the soldiers all over the country will discourage, by all honorable means in their power, the nomination of a candidate by either party who is opposed to the equalization of bounties, as a more just and deserving law was never offered in the halls of Congress. As you deserve success at the hands of soldiers, I shall bring your paper to the notice of many fellow-soldiers in my vicinity. Yours truly,

O. S.