and his revolver in the other, threatening to shoot the driver, and his comradd gasping on the matrass. The furious driver whose steady hand guided the dashing team, whose seeming madness saved them from capture, is Charley Stantial, of Co. G, and the private who put out the red lining of his coat as a hospital flag, and from whom I got the facts of the story, is C. P. Ball, of Co. B, all 41st men.

In thus giving you this sketch, I have related only what was the experience of scores of wounded men moving from the field that day; yet language will not convey a tithe of the terror of that race and the consequent suffering; nor have I selected cases of any peculiar interest above many others only, by the fortunes of the trip, this history of the person named has come directly before me.

Poor Pacthin, now gone to rest was bro't in the same day. Lieut. Beebe and Capt. McCleery, wounded, rode over the same route in the wild confusion. W. J. F.

Death of a Brave Soldier.

The untimely death of Charles Stansell, Co. G. 41st Ohio, deserves from me more than a passing notice. Some time since, while in camp with his regiment at Readyville, Tenn., a difficulty arose between him and another teamster, in which Stansell was hit with a club upon the head. Erysipelas set in, and a few days since he died.

Charles Stansell was the fearless driver of a four-horse team from Murfreesboro to Nashville on that memorable New Year's day of 1863, when in a rough army wagon, Lieut. Wolcott and myself were being conveyed to a hospital. He was the one who drove us on the run that day for eight miles, and would not stop, but rushed on, heedless of our protestations and threats, over seemingly impassable objects, thus saving our team, our wagon, and our lives, all of which would have been sacrificed had we fallen into the hands of the rebels, who pressed us so closely that the third wagon in our rear was captured and burned. Riding his wheel-horse he lashed the others into a mad run, and by his coolness and undaunted bravery, while musket balls were whizzing all around him, drove us safely through. Such the circumstances of our acquaintance with him, who will wonder at our unutterable sadness on hearing of his untimely death, and in their sudden and overwhelming affliction his relatives and friends have our heart-felt sympathy. Green grow the grass over his patriot grave. E. A. P.

Clev. Herald, April 25th.

Our Military Correspondence.

FROM THE FORTY FIRST—ANOTHER RECONNOISSANCE TO WOODBURY.

READYVILLE, Tenn., April 3d, 1863.

FRIEND CONVERSE:—About 9 o'clock P. M., April 1st, an order came for us to be prepared to fall in, with one day's rations in our haversacks. The men examined their guns; those which were not clean were put in good order; cartridge-boxes were filled with forty rounds, (which is all they will hold;) haversacks and canteens were put where they could be found in the dark; and, thus prepared, the men lay down to sleep. About 12 o'clock, the order came to fall in. Preparations having been previously made, in a few minutes the men were all in line. We of Cos. B and K were marched down the hill, and formed in line with the Regiment, Co. B on the left. In a short time, we were on our way to Woodbury. After having passed our picket, one platoon was thrown out as skirmishers in the rear, the other as rear guard. When about three miles from camp, we left the pike, and turned to the right, the 6th Kentucky in front, the 41st in the rear.

After passing over the roughest road imaginable, and, indeed, the most crooked, through streams, up and down rocky hills, daylight found us some four miles from the pike leading from Woodbury to McMinnville. About sunrise, firing commenced in the vicinity of Woodbury.—We pushed on with all possible dispatch, for our mission was to cut off their retreat toward McMinnville. While a force was sent to the left of Woodbury, and another, accompanied by the cavalry, moved up in front, the attack was made by our cavalry on a force of about six hundred of Morgan's mounted men. When the firing commenced, their baggage wagons moved with all possible speed for McMinnville. We reached the pike in time to capture these wagons, three in all, drawn by two mules each, and filled with camp equipage and officers' baggage. After reaching the pike, we moved towards Woodbury. Co. B again deployed on the right and left of the moving column, so as to cover its rear, the 6th Ky. still in advance. In the road, and on each side, down the ravine, and on the hills, were strewn coats, hats, caps, blankets, haversacks, valises and sacks of corn, together with various articles of clothing; for, when the "rebs" found that their retreat in the road was cut off, they took to the woods and ravines, in many cases abandoning their horses, of which about forty were captured.

After we had moved forward about two miles, we met a portion of the retreating foe, closely pursued by the 3d Ohio Cavalry, who dashed among them with drawn sabres. When they found themselves thus hemmed in, they took to the woods. This ended the rout. The "rebs" had been effectually scattered. We returned to camp weary and exhausted, having marched about thirty-two miles in about thirteen hours, and forded one stream of water some ten or twelve times. The result of this expedition was the capture of some fifty prisoners, and forty horses, together with baggage and baggage wagons, and the killing of some six or eight Secesh. No one was killed on our side. One of the cavalrymen was severely wounded. It was a very successful expedition, as well as a very tiresome one. What our next move will be we, of course, cannot tell, but we trust it may prove favorable toward accomplishing an honorable peace. The Geauga boys, are reasonably well. Charles Tilly died March 31st, and Charles Stansell died April 1st. Both were laid in the same grave. May the Divine Being comfort and bless the afflicted friends.

Yours for the Union, C. P. B.

SHOCKINGLY BURNED.—On the canal boat Waucasta, at the Brewster Coal Company's dock, on Wednesday, a Mrs. Stansell attempted to kindle a fire in the stove by pouring oil from a lamp. While thus engaged, the lamp exploded, scattering the burning oil over her person, and enveloping her in a sheet of flame. One of the men on the boat had the presence of mind to wrap his coat around her, and finished extinguishment of the flames with pails of water. All her clothing was consumed, and her limbs and arms terribly burned. She is suffering fearfully, and the chances of her recovery are unpromising.—*Cleveland Herald, June 27th.*

Mrs. Lorena Stansell was the wife of Orrin Stansell, and only daughter of Joshua Downing, Esq., of Munson.—The circumstances of her death were sad and painful in the extreme. She remained on the boat, suffering untold agonies, until 7 A. M., Saturday, when, at her urgent request, she was taken home to die. She lived until the journey was completed, and died at 1 P. M., the same day. She was but thirty-four years old, and a lady of remarkable goodness and amiability. For several years, she had sacrificed the comforts of home, and accompanied her husband in his business, because, like a true-hearted woman, she desired to bear life's burdens with him, and, having purchased and nearly paid for a home of their own, this was the last season they expected to continue on the canal. Those who were with her after the accident say that she bore her sufferings without a murmur, and died as serenely as she had lived. She was buried in Munson, on Sunday, at 11 A. M., a very large number of sorrowing friends attending the obsequies, and Prof. Hayden officiating as clergyman. We trust that few of our readers need to be reminded of the lesson taught by this accident, which is but one of many as sad and fatal.

Miss Mary Ryder died on Tuesday, after a brief illness, of typhoid fever, in her 21st year. The deceased had been a resident of this place for about five years, and had gained many warm friends.