THE

SECOND MARYLAND INFANTRY.

CHAPTER I.

It was towards the close of October, 1862, that the author made his way to Richmond, scarcely convalescent from severe injuries received in the second battle of Manassas. I reached that city in anything but a comfortable frame of mind, for I was out of the army owing to the disbanding of the First Maryland, and my finances had run down to the last five dollars. However, hoping something would turn up, I registered my name at the Linwood, and determined to quietly await the course of events.

The city was filled with officers in gay uniforms, some just from the front, some who had never been there, and never intended to go, others convalescing from sickness or wounds, &c., &c. Altogether Richmond presented a gay scene, and I thought I could spend a few days there as pleasantly as elsewhere. But I had no alternative, for it was out of the ques-
tion for me to yet think of carrying a musket in the field.

A few days after my arrival, while walking up Main street with a friend, I was approached by an officer in a handsome uniform and handed a large sealed envelope stamped "official business." Judge my surprise when upon opening it I found a commission as First Lieutenant of infantry in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, with orders to report to Colonel Shields at the Camp of Instruction. This was a windfall, indeed, and with all my heart I thanked the kind friend who had taken so much interest in my behalf.

Some funds were now to be raised on the strength of the commission to pay board bills, etc., and I therefore directed my steps to the office of dear, good old Major John Ambler, paymaster, upon whom I had more than once before called when in trouble—and what Marylander had not. They were his especial favorites, and he would rather pay them at the beginning than at the end of every month.

This little necessary piece of business attended to, I proceeded to rub up my uniform preparatory to paying my respects to Colonel Shields, at Camp Lee. I found the Colonel a very pleasant gentleman, who received me most cordially, and upon presenting my papers I was assigned to my quarters with orders to report next morning, when I would receive instructions.

In the morning I was on time. With a bland
smile the Colonel informed me that my duties would be confined to superintending guard-mounting, instructing the sentinels in their duties, and to organizing into squads, to drill as many as possible of the several thousand conscripts in camp.

I must confess this was putting it upon a sick man pretty heavy, but I determined to do the best I could for the present. Upon inquiring if I had any assistants, I was told, "yes, Captain, Frank Schaffer, but he isn't here much."

I had never met Schaffer, but knew who he was, so I started out to hunt him up. I soon found him, and reported my orders. He laughed, and told me not to trouble myself much about the conscripts, "unless," said he, "you want to be driven as crazy as a March hare."

I soon found that he was right, for of all the mean, filthy, ignorant, God-forsaken people it had ever been my lot to encounter, these conscripts exceeded all. You might drill them for hours without making the least impression, and when at last exhausted patience would draw forth language rather strong and unmilitary, you were sure to hear something like "I don’t know nuthin 'bout soldiern, nor darned ef I keer 'bout larnen, and jist say I might go home, mister, an' I'm off."

I soon found it utterly impossible to do anything with them, and took the responsibility of directing my attention to the lighter duty of mounting guard, for I knew the commandant would never be the
wiser, as he seldom came out of his office except to
go home. As to looking after the camp it was
something he never thought of; indeed, never hav-
ing had any experience as a soldier, he scarcely
knew one end of a musket from the other.

My guard was composed of this conscript material
too, and a pretty guard it was. They thought noth-
ing of smoking their pipes when on duty, or halloa-
ing to their companions at a distance; they would
carry their muskets in all sorts of fashions, but gen-
erally dragging it by the bayonet, and as to keeping
them on post when they felt hungry, that was out
of the question, although I punished many of them
severely for this breach of discipline.

One day I was making one of my usual rounds,
when I espied a sentinel in front of the officer of the
day's tent resting his arm and chin upon the muzzle
of his gun. When I approached he never moved,
but began to whistle a lively tune. I stopped di-
rectly in front of him and asked "what he was
doing there?"

"Wall, not much of anything," he replied,
"looking after that ar feller's things back thar, I
believe," at the same time kicking back towards the
officer's tent, and still in the same attitude.

"Come," said I, "straighten yourself up; have
you never been taught to salute your officers when
they approach?"

"No I haven't, and I don't keer much about
larnin," was his reply; "say, mister, what did
that thar rig cost you've got on?"
This was unbearable, and after using no gentle force to straighten the fellow and make him shoulder his musket, I set to work to instruct him in the duties of a sentinel. After half an hour’s hard work I left him thinking I had succeeded pretty well. A short time after I had occasion to return the same way in company with Captain Schaffer, the officer of the day, to whom I related what had occurred in front of his tent. He laughed, and offered to lay a wager that he had forgotten every word I had told him, which I readily accepted. As we approached what was my chagrin to find the fellow in exactly the same position I had at first found him, nor did he move when we got directly opposite to him. Again I asked him “what he had been put there for?” As before, he answered “to look after that thar feller’s things back thar,” accompanied with the old kick.

“Have you not been taught the duties of a sentinel, sir?” I demanded in an angry tone.

“Wall,” said he, without moving an inch, “thar was a feller ’round here a bit ago, who wor a tellin of me somethin’, but I kinder believe he didn’t know any more about it than I do.”

I troubled myself no more about that sentinel, the reader can rest assured.

After having remained at Camp Lee some three weeks, I determined to resign my commission, and endeavor, if possible, to raise a company for the field, for I had discovered that a good many young
men were coming over from Maryland about that
time to go into the army. I found it the most diffi-
cult task I had ever undertaken, as most of them
preferred the cavalry or artillery to the infantry.
However, by great perseverance, and the aid of
Captain Richard Winder, about the 20th of Decem-
ber I mustered into the service a company of eighty-
five as fine men as ever trod a battle-field. They
were principally from the lower counties, and well
behaved and intelligent men.

With the assistance and influence of Generals
Elzey and Winder, I was enabled to arm and equip
them well, which I could not have done otherwise,
for clothing and the improved arm were at that time
in much demand.

Having received my orders, on Sunday, the 30th
day of December, 1862, with Volandt’s band at the
head, I marched my company through the streets of
Richmond to the Virginia Central depot, where I
took the cars en route for the Valley of Virginia, to
join the First Maryland Battalion of Infantry, or as
it was afterwards called, to distinguish it from the
First Regiment, the Second Infantry.

I found it at New Market at daylight on the
morning of the 2d of January, upon the eve of
marching to Moorefield, on an expedition against
the enemy, along with the rest of Jones’ command,
to which they were temporarily attached.

My men, being wearied, I was directed to remain
behind and do provost duty until the return of the
expedition. It proved a fruitless one, and they returned after a week of great suffering, having been compelled on their march to break the ice and ford the many rapid mountain streams between the two places.

For the first time in a good many months I had the pleasure of taking by the hand my old friend and former companion in arms, Major James R. Herbert. I also, to my great delight, found many of the officers and men of the old First in the Battalion, now numbering seven companies, and among the former Captain Wm. H. Murray, Captain John E. Howard, and Lieutenants George Thomas, Clapham Murray, and Zollinger.

CHAPTER II.

The Second Maryland Infantry, which was destined to take such a brilliant and conspicuous part in the great rebellion, was formed and partially organized in Richmond during the autumn of 1862.

To the exertions of Major Herbert, Captains William H. Murray, Ferdinand Duvall, and other officers, the Confederacy was mainly indebted for this splendid command. As I have said, they but partially organized in Richmond, and then proceeded to Winchester, where the organization was perfected and Captain Herbert elected Major.
Shortly after my company joined them, an order was issued by General Jones directing that the officers of the command should go into an election for a Lieutenant-Colonel, it having more than the requisite number of companies. Major Herbert was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel. A short time after Captain W. W. Goldsborough was promoted to the Majority, when the organization stood as follows:

Lieutenant-Colonel, James R. Herbert; Major, W. W. Goldsborough; Acting Adjutant, Lieutenant George Thomas; Quartermaster, Major James Hardin; Commissary, Captain John E. Howard; Surgeon, Dewilton Snowden.


Company C.—Captain F. C. Duvall; Lieutenants, Charles W. Hodges, Joseph W. Barber, Thomas H. Tolson.


Company F.—Captain, A. J. Gwynn; Lieutenants, Polk, John Hyland, and Forrest.
Maj. W. W. GOLDSBOROUGH.

After the Moorefield trip the Second Maryland spent the remainder of the winter in camp at various points in the Valley of Virginia, first at New Market, then near Edinburg, Lacy’s Springs, Harrisonburg, and at Woodstock.

Nothing of importance occurred during that time to disturb the monotony of camp life, except an occasional alarm, or expedition after pig iron to the furnaces in the vicinity of Edinburg. These expeditions were facetiously called “Jones’ pig iron raids” by the men, and which they, as well as the officers, heartily detested, for it seemed as though General Jones invariably selected a blinding snow storm in which to make them.

It was in March, whilst encamped near Woodstock, that one day a cavalry picket dashed into camp and informed Colonel Herbert that a large body of the enemy’s cavalry were advancing rapidly down the valley turnpike, and were within three or four miles of us. The long roll was instantly sounded, and although the men were all engaged at one thing or another around the camp, and the summons was totally unexpected, yet within less than three minutes the column was formed and on the move. Such was the state of efficiency our able commander had brought his battalion to.

We marched rapidly up the turnpike until we had
passed Woodstock, three miles from our encampment, and were within two miles of the enemy before we were overtaken by the cavalry, under command of Jones in person. He ordered us to halt and form line of battle, whilst he pressed forward to ascertain the number and character of the Federal forces. In a short time we were startled by a volley of small arms and the wild yell which we knew too well came from our men in the charge. It was not long before prisoners began to come to the rear in large numbers, and we were assured that it had been successful. The General had encountered the Twelfth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, and at one charge, with an inferior force, scattered them to the four winds, capturing, killing, and wounding over three hundred of them.

Although the troops were without shelter the whole winter, except such as they could erect out of brush and leaves, there was scarcely any sickness, and a hardier set of men I never saw. It was demonstrated to our entire satisfaction that tents were not fit for troops in winter, as the winter before we had tried them for a while in the First Maryland, and much more sickness prevailed.

It was some time in April, 1863, that General Jones determined to make a raid upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the neighborhood of New Creek and Cheat River. The Second Maryland was to accompany the expedition as far as Moorefield, between sixty and seventy miles distant, to bring
back the wagon train, which could accompany them no further, and to gather up stores of every kind to be found in that rich and fertile valley.

It was a lovely morning that we left our camp, and although the roads were bad we made good progress the first two days. On the third day, however, the rain commenced to pour down in torrents. It was a cold, sleety rain, and about as disagreeable a one as it had ever been my misfortune to encounter. On we pressed, though, fording rapid streams waist deep and climbing immense ranges of mountains. By three or four o’clock of the third day we had reached the summit of the last range, at the foot of which lay the beautiful town of Moorefield. Suddenly the wind sprung up, the clouds and mist disappeared, and away off in the distance lay this magnificent valley, one of the most enchanting spots in West Virginia. I was perfectly charmed, and for a long while gazed upon the scene before me in silent admiration.

That night we went into camp within two miles of the town, and next morning moved a portion of the command into the place, whilst the remainder encamped upon its suburbs.

General Jones finding it impossible to cross the river at Moorefield, moved up to Petersburg with his cavalry, where a crossing was effected.

We were now left to ourselves, with instructions to rest the men and horses, and then return to the Valley of Virginia in the vicinity of Harrisonburg.
We had but little to fear from the enemy, who were at Winchester, some seventy miles off. We therefore took our own time about leaving, for we found Moorefield a most delightful place, and the people kind and hospitable. However, after a stay of three days, we retraced our steps by the way of Franklin to Harrisonburg, taking with us about one hundred and fifty prisoners that General Jones had captured after a sharp fight at Greenland Church, and also some of our wounded, among whom was the gallant Colonel Richard Dulaney, of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry.

We reached Harrisonburg without an incident worthy of note, and went into camp to await the return of the expedition, which we did not expect for at least a month.

CHAPTER III.

As we felt satisfied our stay at Harrisonburg would be a prolonged one, and the weather being fine, Col. Herbert set to work to make the Battalion as efficient in drill and discipline as possible. He had taken advantage of the winter, when the men could not drill, to teach his officers their duties, and as most of them were totally inexperienced they required a great deal of instruction. By spring they were familiar with Hardee, and that, with the little
training they had had in the fall, made them perfectly competent to handle their respective companies in company and battalion drill.

"To equal the First Maryland in drill and discipline," I have heard Col. Herbert say, "is my greatest ambition." And he was gratified, and more than gratified, for I think without any exception the Second Maryland was the most perfect command that was or had ever been in the Confederate army. One great reason for it was that they had been properly mustered in, and no misunderstanding therefore existed as to the length of time they were to serve, as had been the case in the First Maryland.

*Still another reason was that the officers, with scarcely a single exception, were a remarkably intelligent set of men, and took the greatest pride in the battalion. With all the love and fond remembrance I still cherish for the old First, I am compelled to admit, in all candor, that the Second was a superior command, and for the reasons I have stated.

On the 22d of May General Jones returned from his trip to West Virginia, which, taking everything into consideration, proved a failure. It is true he had destroyed a part of the railroad, but the damages had been as quickly repaired. He had captured horses, cattle and sheep in large numbers, and also some prisoners; but then he had sacrificed some valuable lives, and so completely broken down his
men and horses as to require a long season of rest before again ready for the field.

A short time after his return the Second Maryland and the Baltimore Light Artillery and First Maryland Cavalry were ordered to Fisher's Hill, to relieve the gallant Major Sam Myers; who was stationed there with a small force of cavalry. Soon after our arrival we were joined by the lamented General Albert G. Jenkins, with a splendid brigade of Virginia cavalry.

Whilst at Fisher's Hill it was determined by the officers of the Maryland Line to select a commander, it being then temporarily under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Herbert. By their unanimous voice Colonel Bradley T. Johnson was chosen, and Lieutenant Bussey dispatched to Richmond to notify that officer of the fact. Colonel Johnson was then a member of a military court, much against his will, with the rank of Colonel of cavalry, and he at once accepted the command, and started for it next day, but did not reach it until after the battle of Gettysburg (though he was in the latter part of that engagement, acting as aid-de-camp to General Ewell,) and upon looking into the matter, and finding the battalion of infantry cut to pieces, advised that the consolidation should be postponed for the present, whilst he himself was assigned to the temporary command of the Third Virginia Brigade, the same he commanded with so much distinction at the second battle of Manassas,
and first invasion of Maryland, and to which General Jackson, before his death, had so long tried in vain to have him permanently appointed.

During our short stay here nothing of moment occurred with the exception of a slight skirmish in the streets of Strasburg, in which Captain John W. Torsch with three companies was engaged with a regiment of the Federal cavalry. The enemy was driven off with loss, and pursued beyond Middletown by a portion of the First Maryland cavalry, who were, however, unable to come up with them, so precipitate was their flight.

On the 10th of June the whole command moved down and went into temporary camp at Cedar Creek. Whilst here a company of the First Maryland cavalry, with a few of Jenkins' men, all under the command of Captain W. I. Raisin, had the misfortune to run into a Federal ambuscade, in which he sustained a loss of four men killed, and thirty wounded and captured, the gallant Raisin being of the number, with a desperate wound in the head.

On the afternoon of the 12th a dispatch arrived announcing that General Ewell was at Front Royal with his whole corps. Great was our surprise, for we had little dreamed he was nearer than Fredericksburg. What it meant we could not conjecture, but that a movement was to be made on Winchester was apparent to all.

Late that night a second dispatch arrived direct-
ing Colonel Herbert with his infantry and the Baltimore Light Artillery, (General Jenkins with the cavalry had left that afternoon to join General Ewell,) to move in the direction of Middletown immediately and protect Ewell's wagon train, which had been ordered to that point.

The next morning, by order of General Ewell, we moved up the Valley turnpike, somewhere along which we were to await the arrival of General Early, who was to strike the turnpike near Newtown. We halted about two miles from Kearnstown, where shortly after a second order arrived directing us to halt at Newtown and there await Early's approach. It was too late, however, for we had passed that place, and fearing the effects a retrograde movement would have upon his raw troops, Col. Herbert determined to take the responsibility of waiting for Early where he was. In an hour or two that General joined us with his division of infantry.

Our approach had by this time been discovered by the enemy, for a regiment of cavalry was descried in the road less than a mile in our front. A piece of Griffin's battery was now run up and masked by a small party of horsemen, and a shell thrown into the midst of the surprised cavalrymen, who scattered in every direction. In a few minutes a battery made its appearance upon a neighboring hill, when a lively exchange of compliments took place between it and the Baltimore Light Artillery.

Meanwhile Early was engaged getting his troops
into position. Three companies of the Second Maryland, under the command of Major W. W. Goldsborough, were thrown forward as skirmishers, with orders to advance until the enemy were developed in force. Griffin’s opponent had now retired, and the whole command moved forward in line of battle. In a little orchard, near Kearnstown, which was flanked on the right by a strip of woods, the skirmishers first encountered them, and a sharp fight ensued. Steadily the Marylanders pressed forward, and although subjected to a severe artillery fire from a battery on a hill a short ways off, drove the enemy before them.

General Early had in the meanwhile formed his troops for a charge, and in a few minutes a yell on our left announced it. It was Gordon with his splendid brigade of Georgians. In beautiful order they dashed forward and drove the enemy pell-mell into Winchester.

That night (one never to be forgotten, for the rain poured in torrents until morning) we held a position at Hollingsworth’s Mills, but half a mile from Winchester.

At early dawn the rain ceased and the troops were all on the alert. Shortly after sunrise the skirmish line along the whole front got in motion and approached to within two or three hundred yards of the suburbs of the town. Here they halted for a few minutes exchanging shots with the enemy, when the Marylanders charged into the town, and
a lively skirmish ensued in the streets of Winchester. Although opposed by a greatly superior force they held their ground for some time until ordered back by General Gordon.

Reluctantly they withdrew, the enemy following, until they reached a stone fence about two hundred yards from the town, when the fight was renewed, and continued several hours, the enemy holding a position in cemetery lot. This the Marylanders finally drove them from with loss.

We afterwards ascertained that it was the Fifth Maryland we had encountered, nearly the whole of which was captured next day.

While this little affair was transpiring, Early was placing his artillery in position and moving a column of infantry (Hays' Louisianians) in the rear of the town to storm a strong fortification, the key to the enemy's works. About four o'clock the artillery opened, and under cover of it the Louisianians charged on the run, and in the time I am relating it, had possession of the place; and when had they ever failed in the assault?

Holding these relative positions, darkness came upon the combatants, and we felt confident unless Milroy retired during the night he would be assaulted in the morning.

Having command of the skirmish line I was instructed by General Ewell, who had come up that morning with the main body of his corps, to keep a watchful eye upon the enemy, and if I saw any
signs of his withdrawing from his works to report the facts to him immediately. I therefore kept my scouts in the town all night, who constantly reported that everything indicated such a move, which intelligence was communicated to the commanding general, who hastened several brigades by a circuitous route around to the rear of the town, and about three miles distant, to intercept them should they attempt to escape by way of the Martinsburg road.

Thus the night wore away, and at the first peep of day, agreeable to orders, I put my skirmishers in motion and entered the town. All was still as death. Not an enemy was to be seen as I cautiously moved along the deserted streets. Presently I met a citizen, who in reply to my interrogatories told me he thought Milroy had retired during the night. To make sure he was not mistaken I ascended with him to the upper story of his house, from whence I could see into the main fort, and although the flag seemed defiantly flying from the flag-staff I could see it was deserted. I had scarcely regained the street when the roar of artillery and the crash of small arms some two or three miles up the Martinsburg road confirmed my belief.

Pushing rapidly down the main street, I did not halt until I reached the Taylor Hotel, where I encountered a half dozen unarmed Federal soldiers, who informed me their companions were all gone, and they had been left behind to attend the sick and wounded at the hotel, which had long before been
converted into a hospital. I immediately moved up and took possession of the Star fort, where I found about two hundred of the enemy who had preferred to remain behind rather than follow the fortunes of Milroy.

On looking around the fort I discovered twelve splendid rifled pieces, which were but indifferently spiked; the ammunition had been destroyed by throwing it into a well.

The sound of battle had in the meanwhile ceased up the road, and in a short time a long line of prisoners, numbering over two thousand, made their appearance, who had only surrendered after a desperate fight.

During the whole day prisoners continued to come in, until the number was much augmented, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that the miserable hordes under the brutal Milroy were pretty much all in our hands, but to our chagrin we found that the wretch we had so long wished to lay our hands upon had escaped.

Such was the battle of Winchester, or rather one of the battles of Winchester, and a complete surprise it was, for not until the day after our first attack at Kearnstown was Milroy induced to believe it was a force of any magnitude that was in his front.

We found the town full of stores of every description, and our captures amounted to considerable, for besides twenty pieces of artillery we captured several
hundred horses, an immense train of wagons, ambulances, several thousand stand of small arms, &c.

The loss of the Second Maryland in this affair was as follows:

Company A, Captain William H. Murray.—Killed, none; wounded, Sergeant E. S. Dorsey, severely; privates, Sommerville, Sollers, slightly; John Wilson, slightly.

Company B, Captain J. P. Crane.—Killed, none; wounded, privates J. E. Joy, mortally; H. Corry, slightly; William Herbert, slightly.

Company C, Captain Ferdinand Duvall.—Killed, none; wounded, Captain F. Duvall, severely.

Company D, Captain Joseph L. McAleer.—Killed, none; wounded, private John Devres, mortally.

Company E, Captain John W. Torsch.—Killed, none; wounded, Lieutenant W. R. Byus, slightly; captured, Lieutenant Joseph P. Quinn.

Total, 9 wounded and 1 captured.

CHAPTER IV.

THE morning after the battle of Winchester the command was temporarily attached to the brigade of General George H. Steuart (composed of Virginians and North Carolinians,) of Edward Johnson’s division, and shortly after the whole of
Ewell's corps took up its line of March in the direction of Smithfield, where we arrived about dark, and went into camp for the night.

The next morning we resumed the march, our course shaped towards the Potomac, which there seemed but little doubt we were destined to cross, but with what object in view we had not the slightest conception. We crossed the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Kearneysville, and then took the road leading to Shepherdstown. The day was intensely hot and the troops marched leisurely. By midday we went into camp about three miles from the river that separated us from our own beloved Maryland, and which we cherished a fond hope of crossing on the morrow.

It was whilst we lay here that I took advantage of the time afforded to pay a visit to the estimable family of the Hon. Alexander H. Boteler, whose beautiful residence was but a mile from our camp. I found Mrs. Boteler at home with her two accomplished and attractive daughters, and they vied with each other in their endeavors to make my visit an agreeable one.

Mrs. Boteler informed me that they had been subjected to all sorts of annoyances from the Yankee soldiery, and taking me to her chamber pointed out a bullet hole through a pane of glass in the window which had been fired by a thing in uniform whilst she was looking out into the yard, the ball passing through her hair and lodging in the ceiling.
It was late in the evening, and with many regrets, that I left this lovely family and their little paradise, and wended my way back to camp. Alas, all that is now left of that once sweet, happy home is a mass of ruins, for the brutal and relentless Hunter visited it soon afterwards and burnt it to the ground.

On the afternoon of the 18th of June we broke camp and moved up the road leading to Shepherdstown, through which village we passed amid the joyous shouts of the inhabitants, and were in a few minutes upon the banks of the Potomac, into which the men plunged waist deep, and began make their way to the longed-for shore. I wished I possessed the pencil of the artist to paint that scene, for it was one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Upon reaching the Maryland shore the joy of her exiled sons baffled description. They shouted and screamed, and rolled upon the ground in the delirium of their joy, and to one not acquainted with the cause it would have seemed as though bedlam had been let loose, and in this Pandemonium I must confess our gallant brigade and battalion commanders played a conspicuous part, leaving out others of minor rank.

That night we encamped upon the banks of the river, and next morning passed through the town of Sharpsburg and halted upon the famous battlefield.

After remaining in camp here three or four days,
we moved on towards Hagerstown, which place we passed through, and encamped a short distance beyond.

By many of the citizens of Hagerstown we were heartily received; others again scowled fiercely upon us, and no doubt wished every rebel son of us to the devil.

On the morning of the 23d of June we left our camp near Hagerstown, and crossed the Pennsylvania line, and passed through Greencastle, where Steuart's brigade was detached from the division and ordered to proceed to Chambersburg by way of Mercersburg, McConnelsburg, &c., and we arrived on the evening of the 26th without an incident worth mentioning.

After crossing the Pennsylvania line, the most prejudiced observer could not help being struck with the perfect discipline that pervaded the entire army. There was not a single straggler to be seen upon the road, for under no circumstances was a man suffered to leave the ranks, except when at a halt, which was ten minutes in every hour, and then he was limited to one hundred yards from his command. There was no running about the country pillaging and robbing and burning; no defenceless women insulted and outraged, as had been the case hundreds of times in our own country when invaded by the hireling hordes of Yankeeedom. Oh, no, the army of Gen. Lee was composed of different material and was commanded by a Christian soldier, who held such
hellish acts, and the instigators of them, in abhorrence.

On the morning of the 27th we passed through Chambersburg and took the turnpike to Carlisle, and on the afternoon of the 28th of June the worn and wearied division went into camp a short distance to the right of the road, and about three miles distant from that town. The day had been excessively warm, and our march a long and tedious one, but stimulated with the hope of soon having in our possession the capitol of the great Keystone State, and proud to know we were invading the enemy's country, not a complaint was heard nor a straggler to be found.

The order to "break ranks" had been obeyed with alacrity; and as the dusk of evening came on hundreds of fires could be seen throughout the woods at which the hungry troops were busily engaged cooking their meat and boiling their coffee. A night of refreshing sleep followed the repast, and at reveille every man was promptly at his post, and prepared, nay impatient, to resume the march to Harrisburg, which town we cherished the fond hope of reaching that day.

But hour after hour sped by and no order to "pack up" was given. What could it mean? For days we had taken up the line of march at sunrise. Twelve o'clock, and no order. One, two, three o'clock, and an aid was observed to dash up to brigade headquarters, and in a few minutes the welcome
command to "fall in" was heard throughout the vast encampment.

All was bustle and excitement, and many were the speculations indulged in by both officers and men, as the companies formed, as to the cause of our delay and our probable destination that day.

"It is my impression," observed one, "we will go no farther than Carlisle, where Rhodes is encamped, join him, and make the attack upon Crouch’s forces about midday to-morrow."

"There is where you are mistaken," was the reply of a comrade. "You see the different corps and divisions have been marching on converging roads. Well, we are almost up with Rhodes, and our delay of a day was evidently occasioned by Ewell’s being ahead of time. Now mark me, we will make a forced march to-night and begin the attack at daybreak in the morning. General Lee can spare no more time, in my humble opinion. Already he has lost too much, and the next thing we know, Hooker will be at our heels, and between him and Crouch we will have a devil of a hot time of it."

Entertaining such opinions pretty generally, great was the surprise of all to observe the head of the column, upon reaching the turnpike, file abruptly to the left instead of the right, and we found ourselves retracing the steps of the day before.

Disappointment and chagrin was depicted in every countenance as we silently wended our weary
way. The boisterous, merry shout of the past few days was no longer to be heard; and the troops did not move with that elasticity of step in the retreat (as we termed it) which had characterized their advance, for officers and men had alike become impressed with the belief that some disaster had befallen us, and we were a second time to recross the Potomac.

After a march of twelve miles the command went into bivouac near the village of Springfield. The evening’s meal was moodily discussed, and all went sulkily to sleep.

The reveille of the following morning was not as cheerfully responded to as before; and shortly after taking up our line of march the barefooted (and there were hundreds of them) who, with cracked and bleeding feet had borne the advance march so cheerfully, now began to murmur and complain.

During the day’s march we met about two hundred paroled Federal soldiers who had been captured a day or two before by General J. E. B. Stuart’s cavalry, and ordered to proceed to Carlisle. They were hundred days men, called out by the Governor of Pennsylvania, to repel the invaders of their sacred soil, and had been but a few days in the field. As they passed our bronzed and weather-beaten gray jackets the contrast was striking indeed. The one clothed in new and well-fitting uniforms, the other in rags, and shoeless. Many were the wistful glances directed at their well-cased
feet by Steuart's men, but they passed us without molestation. Not so, however, with the Stonewall Brigade, which was immediately in our wake. The temptation was too great for their commander, General Walker, to resist, and halting the young heroes of a single skirmish, he addressed them pretty much as follows:

"I would judge from your appearance, young gentlemen, you have not been long in the service, and while we have been blistering our feet on your devilish turnpikes, you have been enjoying the pleasures and comforts of home. Your term of service has now expired; return there and remain, for I tell you soldiering is both a disagreeable and a precarious occupation. But before you go—and you have but a short distance ere you meet your friends, and we, God knows, how far without meeting one—I think it but fair we should make an exchange in the way of boots. What say you?"

A hearty burst of laughter was the response at, to them, so novel an idea, and in an instant every pair of shoes was "shed" in army parlance, and tendered to our barefooted soldiers.

It was quite amusing to see the poor fellows move off, picking their way daintily over the rough and uneven turnpike; and from the gait we left them "advancing on Carlisle," I much question whether they reached their destination inside of several days.

Another incident similar in its character occurred
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An hour or two after in the Second Maryland. A gallant young non-commissioned officer of Captain William H. Murray's company, came to me and presented for my inspection what had been a pair of shoes, but were now minus the soles. His feet were in a shocking condition, and he expressed a fear that he would be unable to proceed much farther, unless I could supply him, or grant him permission to "forage" for a pair. Being curious to see how he would proceed about it, "I spreck nottings mit mine mouf, but I spreck like ter tivel mit mine looks," as the Dutchman would say; and going upon the old adage that "silence gives consent," the Sergeant quietly resumed his place in the ranks. But a little while elapsed, however, before I observed him gradually fall to the rear of the column; and as he neared me, he pointed significantly to a fat old farmer who was lazily leaning on a gate-post, intently watching the passage of the troops. I aver I did not wink at the Sergeant, but he afterwards persistently maintained that I did. Be that as it may, he stepped up to the old fellow, and bantered him for a trade. Now the Dutchman could scarcely speak a word of English, and the Sergeant not a word of Dutch, and after vainly endeavoring to make him understand his Saxon, had no alternative but to trade sans ceremoni. So, throwing off his "uppers," he in the most artistic manner stooped down, raised one foot; and in an instant the Teuton stood "one boot off and one boot on." The fellow fol
lowed, the Pennsylvanian never moving a muscle or budging an inch, but watching the strange proceeding in utter amazement. After admiring the "fit" for a moment, the audacious rebel politely bid the old gentleman "good day," and rejoined his command, congratulating himself no doubt upon the excellent exchange he had made. As we passed out of sight I turned in my saddle and cast a look behind. There he still stood, gazing after us, as if transfixed to the spot, and no doubt soliloquizing, "Ven tat tam fellow prings mine poots pack."

CHAPTER V.

The afternoon of the 30th of June found the advance at the little town of Greenvillage, six miles from Chambersburg, where we filed to the left and took a country road, as we supposed, in search of suitable ground on which to encamp for the night. At length we halted in a beautiful field, close by which there was wood and water in abundance.

An hour or two after our arrival, Lieut. Col. Herbert and myself visited brigade headquarters for the purpose of learning, if possible, the reason for the retrograde movement, and the probabilities of our returning to Virginia without a fight.
We found the General agreeable and affable as usual, and with him the gallant Colonels Warren, Walton, and Parsley, of the brigade. They were discussing the very subjects upon which we wished so much to gain some information, and we listened attentively.

Walton seemed much annoyed, and in his blunt and earnest manner expressed great disappointment at the result so far of the second invasion of the enemy’s country.

“I am as much in the dark as any of you, gentlemen,” said the General; “but I do not agree with you in the supposition that we are to recross the Potomac without a great battle. The result of that battle will determine our future movements. We will pursue this road on the morrow, most assuredly, but where this road will lead us to is a question I cannot solve. Hill and Longstreet are in advance of us; Rhodes is, or was, at Carlisle; Early is supposed to be in the neighborhood of York, and that we are converging toward some given point is very evident, but of the whereabouts of that point I am totally ignorant.”

In my youth I had more than once travelled almost every road in York, Adams, and Franklin counties, and was therefore familiar with them all. From the General’s remarks it instantly flashed across my mind that we were about to move on Baltimore and Washington. That I had discovered the designs of General Lee I did not doubt for a
moment, and looking wondrous wise during the rest of the conference, I determined to keep my own counsel until the next morning, when I would surprise my brother officers by unfolding to them what I was confident must be the reason for this countermarch. How near I was to the truth the reader will see.

The dawn of the first day of July broke bright and beautiful; and, as I watched the glorious sunrise majestically in the cloudless sky, I little thought its decline would inaugurate one of the most dreadful battles of the century, and usher into eternity the souls of hundreds of my fellow-men, who die engaged in deadly strife.

At seven o'clock the march was resumed; and when it became apparent we were not yet to seek Virginia's sod, a spirit of enthusiasm diffused itself throughout the command which could hardly be controlled. Poor fellows, little did they then think a few hours more would see thousands of them stretched stark and stiff, and wounded and dying upon the gory field of Gettysburg.

"Captain Murray, I will lay you a wager," was my exclamation as I rode to the side of that gallant young officer. "I will wager you my last ten in Confederate currency that we will see Washington's Monument in Baltimore in so many days. Come, do you take the bet?"

Raising his eyes, he looked at me with an expression which seemed to say as plain as he could speak, "Are you jesting, or are you a fool?" and then broke out into a hearty laugh.
"If I did not know you and the Colonel were at headquarters last evening, I would be inclined to believe you had partaken of some of the proceeds of Commissary John Howard's successful raid of yesterday," he replied.

"But I do not know anything of Captain Howard's raid or what he captured," I somewhat petulantly rejoined, for I did not like the idea of my great secret being treated with such indifference; "and I moreover assure you I am altogether in earnest. Now listen, and I will convince you I am right: You know that Longstreet and Hill are in advance of us, and I will inform you that Rhodes has left Carlisle; and Early is at York. Well, from York there is a turnpike to Baltimore, as you are aware. Early will take that road and operate upon the line of the Northern Central Railroad. There are two fine turnpikes also from Gettysburg (whither we are going, as this road can lead us nowhere else,) to Baltimore, the one passing through Littlestown, Westminster, &c., the other by the way of Hanover and Manchester to Reisterstown, sixteen miles from the city, where the two meet. Rhodes will join us at Gettysburg, and the whole army, with the exception of Early, will take these parallel turnpikes and reach Reisterstown simultaneously, for the distance is the same. Rest assured all this marching and countermarching was for the purpose of misleading Hooker; and now that General Lee has him out of the way, he intends to slip into Baltimore and Washington before he can discover his error."
I believe my reasoning made some impression; but not being of so sanguine a temperament as myself, he was far from being fully convinced. How far right and how far wrong I was in my conjectures the sequel proved. It was not my first attempt to penetrate the designs of my commander-in-chief, but I determined it should be my last.

After a rapid march of a few hours the column reached the town of Fayetteville, through which we passed without a halt. Shortly after, the troops of Longstreet’s corps were encountered, quietly cooking their rations in a wood close by the roadside. These veterans—scarcely a man of whom did not carry the scars of some hard fought field—suspended their labors and closely scrutinized us as we passed by. How it made my heart thrill with pleasurable emotions as I heard the compliments they bestowed with no sparing hand upon the splendid command to which I had the honor of belonging. By the tap of the drum they moved like machinery, and with that quick, nervous step and precision for which they were so justly celebrated throughout the entire army.

"Look out for your laurels, Fourth Texas," I heard an officer exclaim in that regiment of imperishable renown, "for if I mistake not there goes a little battalion that will give you a tug for your next wreath." And similar remarks were heard on every side.

On we pressed, and rapidly neared the town of
Gettysburg. But eight miles more, and we will encamp for the night upon its outskirts.

But what means this commotion ahead? Something is out, most assuredly. The order passes along the line to "Move up, men, move up."

"Dr. Snowden," I remarked to the surgeon of the battalion, who was riding by my side, "I have imagined for some minutes that I heard the sound of artillery ahead, and from the confusion among the staff officers I am half convinced I did."

"I was about to remark the same," the Doctor replied. "There it is again, and there, and there," he continued, as so many sounds of artillery were distinctly heard. "But here comes the Colonel, perhaps he can enlighten us."

As Colonel Herbert approached I could see from his manner that something was wrong. Addressing me, he said:

"You will keep your men well up, sir; no straggling under any circumstances. There is serious work going on ahead, and it is likely we will be into it in less than three hours. The orders are to press forward with all dispatch."

The words were overheard by some of the men, and the news ran through the battalion like wild fire. One prolonged yell announced it to the other regiments and brigades, and for a minute the welkin fairly rung with their joyous shouts. More distinct at every step became the roar of artillery, and we knew from the incessant discharges that the fight was a fierce one.
I must confess I was puzzled, completely non-plussed. Who had dreamed of the enemy being in that quarter? I will venture to say not an officer of the army outside the corps commanders, and perhaps their respective staffs. And I do not believe they, or even General Lee himself, expected forty-eight hours previous to encounter him there. A dreadful blunder somewhere, but where I will leave it for the historian to tell.

"How about that nice little trip to Baltimore and Washington, and those parallel turnpikes, now," said Captain Murray addressing me. "Ah, that was a beautifully arranged affair, I must confess; but there seems to be obstacles in the way of its fulfillment."

"And the ten dollars," chimed in Torsch. "It will buy a pint of Monegahaly, as the people hereabouts call it. Yes, we'll take that ten when we reach Gettysburg. We will, won't we, Cap?"

I acknowledged my plans had miscarried, which was all owing to the enemy's getting betwixt us and Washington's monument; but that I was still somewhat inclined to believe it was only a small force of the enemy who had stumbled upon our advance. And this belief seemed to be strengthened as we neared the battle-field, for the discharges of artillery were not now near so rapid as they had been an hour or two before.

About two miles from Gettysburg we passed a farm house by the roadside, which had been con-
verted into a hospital and filled with our wounded, as was also the yard. A little farther on a great many ambulances were encountered, well freighted with torn and bleeding men, and directly a long line of the more slightly wounded, all making their way to the rear in search of surgical aid. From these we learned the fight had been a desperate one, and the casualties numerous on both sides; but that we had been successful at every point. A little farther and we filed to the left to avoid attracting the fire of the enemy's artillery, which was still being served, but slowly.

Passing a large field, in which were several thousand Federal prisoners, we were directly upon the battle ground. The evidences here gave most unmistakable testimony of a stubbornly-contested battle, as the ground was covered with the dead—blue and gray side by side. In and around the railroad cut dug by Thad. Stevens many years since, the slaughter of the Federal troops was appalling. They literally lay in heaps, whilst our loss at this point appeared comparatively small.

We here learned that portions of Ewell's and Hill's corps had encountered a heavy force under General Reynolds, and that he himself was among the killed. Our own loss had been by no means slight. Besides a large number in killed and wounded, General James Archer and almost his entire brigade had been made prisoners.

It was nearly dark when we entered the town;
and, halting in one of the streets to await orders, the troops stretched themselves upon the ground to rest their weary limbs. Having some acquaintances in the place, and feeling rather hungered, I suggested to Colonel Herbert that we should go up to Will's hotel, where I thought we could procure some refreshments; but upon reaching the place we found it closed and apparently deserted. Returning, I met a gentleman whom I had known in former years—Mr. Henry Stahle, editor and proprietor of a Democratic paper there—and we entered into conversation upon topics entirely foreign to the war. A crowd of gaping citizens soon surrounded us, and imagining Mr. Stahle was hatching treason, forthwith reported him to the authorities. Now, as Mr. Stahle had been suspected of being a copperhead for some time, owing to the manly and independent tone of his paper, his being seen in company with a rebel officer was proof positive, and when our forces fell back he was handed over to the tender mercies of General Morris, of Fort McHenry notoriety. I trust the reader will excuse this little digression, but I thought the incident worth mentioning.

About nine o'clock we received orders to "forward," and, passing through the town, struck the York turnpike, which was pursued for a mile, when we filed to the right and marched across the open country until we neared the Hanover road, when the command "on right by file into line" was given, (for we had been marching right in front,)
and the Second Maryland Infantry took its place in the line of battle, where so many of the noble spirits who composed it were to bleed and die in the dreadful conflict about to ensue.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT night the troops slept upon their arms, prepared to resume hostilities or repel an attack at a moment's notice. Colonel Herbert and myself selected a spot somewhat retired from the main body, and, after picketing the horses, laid ourselves down to sleep. To sleep, did I say? To rest I should have said, for it was many hours ere I closed my eyes in sleep. A thousand recollections of the past presented themselves. I thought of home and the loved ones there; of many incidents attending the two eventful years of carnage and bloodshed through which I had been spared where so many died. Truly God had been merciful, and I offered up a silent prayer that I might survive the fight of the coming morrow. And then I thought of the hundreds around me who were taking their last sleep save that which knows no waking; of those in dream, dreaming of their once happy homes, of wives and children, of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts, but to awake in the morning only to the dread reality.
At early dawn I arose from my blanket hungry and unrefreshed. The Colonel appeared in the same condition, for after rubbing his eyes and looking around him for a minute he broke forth with:

"Why in the devil didn't you think of making old man Sheeley give you some of the cooked provisions out of the mess chest? Now the wagons are the Lord knows where, and here we are sucking our thumbs to appease hunger. I can go twenty-four hours without eating, but darned if I like it to be an hour over that time."

"And pray, sir, why didn't you ask Mr. Sheeley for some of the provisions in the mess chest?" I inquired.

"Because I didn't think of it."

"And neither did I; but if you will promise to say nothing more about Sheeley and the mess chest I will introduce you to a little private arrangement of my own."

The Colonel looked up inquiringly for a moment, and although he said nothing, I could plainly read in his countenance "Oh do."

At the battle of Winchester, some weeks previous, I secured a number of large sized boxes of sardines, all of which I had given away, save one. This I had in my saddle pocket, along with a small flask of brandy that I procured as we passed through Greenvillage. I had kept it a secret, for on the march you have plenty of visitors if you are known to possess a flask of liquor. Here was an emer-
gency, however, and it was for an emergency I had saved it. The flask and sardines were speedily produced, and for the first time in twenty-four hours I saw the Colonel smile. And then he took the cork out of the flask, threw back his head and smiled again, and, as he lowered the uplifted arm, I discovered considerable daylight through the bottle he had smiled at. Ahem, like master like man, and I followed his example. Then the sardines were discussed, and we grew amiably disposed, and we talked and talked about—everybody and everything but Sheeley and his mess chest.

The morning wore away and there were no evidences of a renewal of hostilities. About ten o'clock General Johnson requested me to make a reconnoissance from a hill about three-quarters of a mile in our front. Being perfectly familiar with the country, having hunted over almost every foot of it in my youth, I put spurs to my gallant sorrel, and, making a detour to the right, I after a few minutes rapid riding reached its summit. Here screened from the enemy's view by an undergrowth of cherry trees, I witnessed a sight I shall ever remember. In front of me, distant about half a mile, was the long ridge leading to cemetery heights, and then cemetery heights themselves. This ridge and the heights were crowned with innumerable batteries of artillery, and immediately in rear of them a long dark mass of infantry, their bayonets glittering in the sun. I was on the ridge
which separated the contending armies, and never before upon the eve of battle was I so struck with the advantages one army had over the other in point of position, save at Fredericksburg. In fact the thing was about reversed except in the numbers of assailants. It was almost impossible for us to find position for a single battery on our left or in our centre. The spot upon which I stood was the only one in front of Johnson, and a battery could hardly live here an hour, as was demonstrated that day. For at least twenty minutes I gazed upon the opposite heights, where all seemed life and animation, and then turned my horse's head and galloped back to where I had left the General, and to whom I made my report. As the coast was clear, in company with Major Latimer, his chief of artillery, he proceeded to the hill, and shortly after ordered up two batteries of artillery, one the Chesapeake artillery, under command of the lamented Captain Brown, of Baltimore.

During the afternoon Colonel Herbert proposed we should visit General Walker, of the Stonewall Brigade, which was in position a short distance to our left, and if possible procure something to eat, as we were suffering very much from hunger, having partaken of no food except the sardines since the morning of the day before. We found the General in pretty much the same predicament, but his Adjutant-General very kindly furnished us with two biscuits apiece, which were thankfully accepted.
In the course of the conversation which ensued, mutual surprise was expressed that the attack had not been renewed.

"However," said Walker, "it is not too late; and I think it possible it will yet be made before nightfall."

Now these late-in-the-evening fights are the most disagreeable things imaginable, as will readily be conceded by all who have participated in them, and I sincerely hoped the General's prediction would not be verified. In the first place, you are as liable to shoot and be shot by friend as by foe. Moreover, the inextricable confusion inevitable is unpleasant, for you are more likely to get into the enemy's lines than keep in your own, and I saw many instances of it that night.

While we were conversing, some of the pickets brought in a prisoner, an ill-favored, brutal looking Dutchman, who had been pounced upon while out foraging. The fellow appeared relieved at the idea of escaping the fight, for drawing a long breath he said:

"Ich been feel mooch besser; I like not. mooch fight."

Upon our inquiring why Hooker had been succeeded by Meade, he replied:

"Vat for he let der Lee in Pennsylvany coom?"

The prisoner could not or would not give us any information upon many points we questioned him. He only knew that he belonged to a "Pennsylv-
vany" regiment in the "Oonan" army. So much and no more could his intelligent mind comprehend.

"It is too bad," exclaimed Walker, rather excitedly, "to think that such men as we have around us should be butchered by the miserable mercenary devils of which this is a fair specimen. Sometimes I am half inclined to show the wretches no quarter. Take the creature to the rear."

Expressing a mutual wish that fortune would favor us in the coming fight, we separated, not to meet again for many months.

Soon after reaching the battalion Capt. W. H. Murray, of whom I have before spoken in this narrative and of whom I have yet to speak, joined us. He was one of my dearest friends, and his was a friendship I was proud to boast. With Colonel Herbert we had started out early in '61 as privates in the First Maryland; arose to the rank of Captain almost simultaneously; first saw fighting at the battle of Manassas; and had together participated in most of the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia from that time to this. A thorough disciplinarian, brave as a lion, calm and collected amid the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, and the carnage of battle, I regarded him as one of the very best officers I ever saw. By his men he was almost idolized, whilst by the battalion he was universally beloved. The companies he commanded in the First and Second Infantry were model ones, and I question whether throughout the whole Confederate
Army two such could have been found. As an evidence of their discipline and fighting qualities, and the tenacity and desperation with which they stood to their work at Gettysburg, I would state that out of ninety-eight men that he took into the fight, but thirty-one reported after the battle.

"Anything to be done to-day?" was his inquiry as he took a seat by our side.

"General Walker seems to think so," was Col. Herbert's response; "but his opinion is based upon no positive information. This long silence betokens a dreadful battle when it does commence, and I am getting tired of the suspense. By-the-by, Captain, now you know perfectly well that I am not at all superstitious, but I'll be hanged if I havn't a presentment that I am to be hit in this affair. You and myself have escaped so far without a scratch, but we won't this time, mark my words. With G. there it has become so common a thing that nothing else is to be expected."

"And for that very reason I shall escape," said I. "You know the old saying that 'it is a long lane that has no turning'; well I think I am around the bend, whilst you two have not yet commenced the trip."

"There it comes," exclaimed Murray, suddenly springing to his feet as the sound of a single piece of artillery was wafted to us on the evening's breeze from away down to our right. "And there, and
there, and there!" as three more distinct discharges were heard.

For a moment all was still as death. Not a sound to break the same quiet that had preceded the four explosions. It was but a moment, however, for these were Lee's signal guns to commence the battle, and the thunder of two hundred pieces of artillery burst forth from our lines. The enemy replied with as many more, and the earth shook and trembled as though riven by an earthquake. The air was filled with exploding, crashing, screaming shells. "Lay down!" is the command, and every man was flat on his face.

Perhaps nothing in battle is so trying to an infantryman's nerves and patience as the preliminary artillery fire that precedes it; and the same effect is produced upon the artilleryman by the whistle of the minnie ball; although the destruction of human life by musketry is at least five hundred per cent. greater than by artillery; and an old soldier will contend a battle has not fairly begun until he hears the rattle of small arms, when he will exclaim to the recruit: "Now somebody is getting hurt; all this thunder was only for its effects."

The brigade on our right being in a more direct line with the shots fired at the batteries of Latimer on the hill in front, begin to suffer severely, and the litter bearers are busily engaged carrying off the wounded. Latimer is working his guns savagely, but is being terribly handled, for three times his number of guns
are concentrated upon the two little batteries, rend-
ing and tearing him to pieces. Caisson after caisson
shoot high up in the air as they are exploded by the
enemy’s shells.

"He can’t stand that pounding much longer,"
remarked the Colonel; "and for all the execution
he is doing I wish General Johnson would order
him away. Here comes a litter from that direction
with a wounded man. Let us see who it is."

Approaching the sufferer we were shocked to
behold the familiar features of the chivalrous Cap-
tain Wm. Brown, of the Chesapeake Artillery.
His face was pale as death, and although both legs
had been horribly shattered by a cannon ball, he
smiled as he recognized us. Turning to Captain
Torsch, he said in a weak voice:

"Captain, if you should get home, tell my poor
old father I died endeavoring to do my duty."

"We are making out badly up there." said one
of the litter bearers. "Major Latimer has been
carried from the field mortally wounded; and if
kept on that hill much longer more of us will be
likely to follow him!"

For at least two hours this awful fire continued
without a moment’s cessation, when aids were seen
dashing furiously down the long line of infantry on
our right, who spring to their feet as they pass, and
were at once in motion.

"Mount your horse quickly," said the Colonel,
"for we are going in;" and the next instant, in a
clear, distinct voice, heard even above the din of battle, he gave the command, "Forward, guide centre!" and the gallant sons of Maryland commenced their march to defeat and death.

Preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, steadily the long line in grey advanced across the Hanover road, and entered the woods before them. We found the ground here very uneven, and covered with immense rocks, which necessitated the dismounting of field and staff officers, and the horses were sent to the rear. We passed over more than a mile of this country before our skirmishers encountered those of the enemy upon the banks of Rock creek. A sharp fight ensued, but our gallant fellows dashed across the creek, which was waist deep, and put them to flight. The order was then given by some one for the skirmishers to join the main body. The disastrous consequences that followed this order will be presently seen.

We were rapidly approaching Culp's Hill through one of the densest woods I ever passed. Darkness was upon us, and nothing could be seen save the flash of an occasional musket in our front. More and more difficult became the ascent, but over every obstacle pressed the devoted division. Not a shot was now heard, and the woods seemed inhabited but by ourselves. What has become of the enemy? In an instant the question is answered, as the heavens are lighted up by the flash of thousands of muskets, and the deadly Minnie tear and rend our
ranks fearfully. The column reeled and staggered like a drunken man. To add to the horrors of the situation, a fire was also opened upon us in rear by a body of our own troops, who receiving some of the bullets that escaped us mistook us for the enemy. Men fell like autumn leaves; but the brave fellows disdained to retreat. The enemy’s fire was returned, though with little effect, as they were protected by their breastworks. No command could be heard above the infernal din. What was to be done? To stand there was certain death, and therefore, why not sell our lives dearly as possible? At this moment the heroic Walton approached me and asked “what on earth shall we do?”

“As I am not in command of the battalion, I can do nothing,” was my reply.

“Well, I shan’t wait for orders any longer, but will charge the works if I lose every man in my regiment. Take the responsibility and charge with your left at the same time.”

“I’ll do it,” was my response, and hastily detaching the companies of Captains Torsch, Stewart and Crane, with Walton, dashed at the breastworks, cleared them in a moment, with the loss of but three men, and instantly wheeling to the right opened a destructive, enfilading fire upon the enemy who still remained in the breastworks, which compelled them to fall back to Culp’s Hill.

On our right Nicholl’s brigade of Louisianians had not been so successful, and there the fight still