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 disdain ed 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
raged. The enemy here held a stronger position, and could not be dislodged.

As the firing in our front had ceased temporarily, I took advantage of it to go in search of Colonel Herbert, from whom I wanted further orders, and to whom I wished to report my situation. Upon reaching the right of the battalion, however, I was grieved to learn, through Lieutenant George Thomas, that the gallant Colonel had been pierced at the first fire by no less than three balls, and carried from the field in a supposed dying condition.

Sending for the commanders of companies, with the view to ascertain their respective losses, I was shocked at the reports made by them. Nearly one hundred men had fallen in the Second Maryland alone, and at least three hundred in the brigade, during those few dreadful minutes.

As Captain Murray had the right of the battalion by seniority, I directed him, for the present, to take command of that wing whilst I looked after the important position I had taken at right angles with him after we had carried the enemy's breastworks, and to inform General Steuart, if he should see him, where I was, and how I was situated. I had scarcely returned, when the enemy opened again with increased fury, but as the brigade was now sheltered behind the log breastworks and immense rocks that covered the hill, their fire did but little execution. The men were directed to fire at the flash from their
muskets, and from the shouts of "stop that firing, you are shooting your own men," I was convinced it was with effect. They must have been new troops, ordered from another point, as they did not seem to be aware of the change that had taken place in their front. Many came into our lines to remonstrate with us, and found themselves prisoners.

An incident of this kind occurred here, which, under different circumstances, would have afforded some amusement. Captain Torsch, of Company E, whose gallantry had been conspicuous during the evening, whilst urging his men to fire as rapidly as possible, was approached by a Federal officer and peremptorily ordered to cease. The Captain had received no instructions to obey officers in blue uniforms, and he therefore declared "he'd be d—d if he would," and seizing the astonished "lover of the Union" by the throat, dragged him into my presence, and demanded in an excited manner that I should "give him the devil for coming inside our lines and interfering with him in the discharge of his duties." The fellow was dreadfully scared, and begged piteously to be sent to the rear, as he "did not wish to be shot by his own men."

Another, somewhat similar, occurred shortly after, in which the author was a party. Whilst directing the firing, I was approached by an officer on horseback, and asked how "the fight was going?" I saw his mistake directly, and telling him I did not
know, walked towards his horse's head to take him by the bridle. As I did so his suspicions must have been aroused, for he inquired "What corps is this?" "A Rebel corps, sir, and you are my prisoner!" I exclaimed, presenting a pistol to his breast. With perfect self-possession he dismounted, and unbuckling his belt handed it to me with sword and pistol attached, playfully remarking as he did so, "Take them, sir, they are yours, and fairly won." He proved to be Lieutenant Egbert, a staff officer, who in carrying a dispatch had become lost in the darkness.

By ten o'clock the firing had ceased, and the men rested upon their arms, prepared to repel an attack at an instant's warning. The officers were required to remain awake during the night, and a vigilant line of pickets kept a watchful eye in the direction of the enemy, who were but fifty yards distant. They were also on the alert, as we were assured by an occasional volley of musketry.

During the whole night artillery and wagons could be heard rumbling along the Gettysburg turnpike, and as the sound seemed to recede we thought the enemy might be retreating. Generals Johnson and Steuart were attentive listeners, and I heard Johnson express such a belief. I sincerely hoped it might prove true, for I was sickened at the prospects before us.
CHAPTER VII.

THE long wished for day at length began to appear, and at early dawn the troops were awakened from their slumbers to renew if necessary the dreadful struggle. In vain I peered through the misty light for a glimpse of the enemy, but none could be seen. They had certainly retreated under cover of night, and we were right in our conjectures; and now for a pursuit in the direction of Baltimore. But even as I thus anticipated the pleasures in store for us, of the prospect of once more seeing home and loved ones there, I was startled by a terrible volley of musketry in our front, whilst simultaneously several pieces of artillery opened upon the flank of the three companies I had thrown across the breastworks the previous evening, and I was compelled to hastily withdraw them and seek the cover of this our only protection. The fire was awful, and the whole hill side seemed enveloped in a blaze, although it was but occasionally we could catch sight of an enemy. The trees were riddled, and the balls could be heard to strike the breastworks like hailstones upon the roof tops. The fire was returned as best we could, but it was almost certain death to expose any vital part of the body; and many were killed and wounded by reckless exposure of person.

The right of the battalion, where were stationed
companies A and C, under the command of Captain Murray and Lieutenant Charles Hodges respectively, were exposed to the severest part of the fire, and suffered in greater proportion than the others. Until nearly eight o'clock this dreadful storm of bullets continued to sweep over and around us without the slightest abatement. All along our line wounded men were lying bleeding to death, as it was impossible to remove them to the surgeon's quarters after they were struck. Feeling anxious to know how the right fared, I cautiously made my way there, and sheltered myself behind a rock where were Colonel Parseley and Captain Murray. I inquired of Parseley if he had suffered much.

"Very much indeed. I have but thirteen men left. And now I have but twelve!" he exclaimed in the same breath, as one of his men fell over dead in Captain Murray's lap, shot through the head.

I heard the words but imperfectly, for the same ball struck me full in the forehead and knocked me almost senseless; but its force was spent, and an ugly bump was the only result.

"Take care there, Sergeant Blackiston, you are exposing yourself too much," I shortly after remarked to the orderly of Company A, and even as I spoke a ball passed through his arm, lacerating it badly. Poor fellow, it was his first and last wound, for he died shortly after in the hospital at Frederick, where he was held a prisoner.

"My men are out of ammunition, sir," said
Captain Murray; "and with your permission, I will withdraw them to the cover of those rocks on the left for half an hour—or a less time should you need me—and get some water and replenish their cartridge boxes. I have suffered fearfully, sir, and the men are somewhat dispirited."

I suggested it would be a dangerous undertaking, but with great caution the point might be made.

Gradually they worked their way down the line, and reached the shelter in safety, and another company was ordered to take their place.

As I returned, the commanders of companies informed me that their ammunition was also exhausted. The difficulty was to get it, as none was within half a mile, and it was almost certain death to leave the shelter of the breastworks. I reported the matter, however, to General Steuart, whom I found sitting with his staff behind an immense rock, and he told me I had better call for volunteers.

"General, do not ask one of your officers or privates to volunteer to perform this duty whilst you have a staff officer left. I will bring the ammunition, if I live!"

Words that should be written in letters of gold, and they fell from the lips of Lieutenant Randolph McKim, one of the General's aids. The noble fellow made the venture, and succeeded in his mission.

It was about half an hour after the above, that
Captain George Williamson (Adjutant-General of the brigade, and one of the bravest men that ever trod a battle-field,) directed me to move my command by the left flank, file to the right at a given point, and form line of battle under cover of a woods, and as close as possible to its edge, without attracting the attention of the enemy, and that the rest of the brigade would form on my right and left.

I divined the object of the move instantly, and told the Captain "I considered it murder, and therefore would take my men in under protest."

"The General has expressed the same opinion, sir; but the order comes from one higher than he, and is peremptory," was his reply.

Sending for Captain Murray to join the command, the devoted little brigade—already reduced to about nine hundred men—made their way slowly, sometimes crawling, to the spot where they were to be senselessly slaughtered. Nine hundred brave men to storm a mountain, and upon whose sides bristled the bayonets of ten thousand foemen, and artillery innumerable. Some one's hands are stained with the blood of these gallant men, and God will mete out fearful retribution in the world to come.

We were now within less than two hundred yards of the enemy, with an open field in front, over which we were to charge.

"Captain Murray, you will take command of the right," were my last words to one of the noblest of men.
Slowly I moved down the column, with feelings I had never before experienced on the battle-field, for I felt I had but a minute more to live; and as I gazed into the faces of both officers and men, I could see the same feeling expressed, for all were alike aware of their danger. But no coward's glance met mine. There was no craven in those ranks. They had sneaked to the rear the day before. But the compressed lip, the stern brow, the glittering eye, told that those before me would fight to the last. Reaching my post, I looked up the line, and there stood the brave Steuart, calmly waiting for the troops to get in position.

"Fix bayonets," was the command, quietly given; and the last act in this bloody drama was about to be enacted. It was a dreadful moment. But one brief second of life yet left! The sword of the General is raised on high! "Forward, double-quick!" rings out in clarion tones, and the race to meet death commenced. The fated brigade emerged from the woods into the open plain, and here—oh God! what a fire greeted us, and the death-shriek rends the air on every side! But on the gallant survivors pressed, closing up the dreadful gaps as fast as they were made. At this moment I felt a violent shock, and found myself instantly stretched upon the ground. I had experienced the feeling before, and knew what it meant, but to save me I could not tell where I was struck. In the excitement I felt not the pain; and resting
upon my elbow, anxiously watched that struggling column. Column, did I say? A column no longer, but the torn and shattered fragments of one. But flesh and blood could not live in such a fire; and a handful of survivors of what had been a little more than twelve hours before the pride and boast of the army, sought to reach the cover of the woods.

But that merciless storm of bullets pursued them, and many more were stricken down. Among those who escaped, with a slight wound, was Adjutant Winder Laird, who, as he passed where I lay, caught me up and carried me to the shelter of the woods.

Faint and sick from the loss of blood, I fell into a stupor, from which I was aroused by the voice of Lieutenant Thomas Tolson.

"Can I do anything for you sir?" he kindly inquired.

"Tell Captain Murray to take command of what remains of the battalion," I directed.

"Alas, sir, Captain Murray has fought his last fight; he fell dead, close to my side, late in the charge," he answered.

Colonel Herbert's prophecy was fulfilled.

The command of the battalion now devolved upon Captain Crane, who, with little difficulty, rallied the survivors, and from the breastworks we had occupied, still maintained the fight. Borne back at length, by overwhelming numbers, this little band of heroes sullenly retired, stubbornly contesting every foot of ground until they reached Rock
Capt. WM. H. MURRAY.
creek, where they took a stand, from which the utmost efforts of the enemy failed to dislodge them.

Darkness put an end to the conflict, and the exhausted troops threw themselves upon the ground to snatch a few moments' sleep. But human endurance was yet to be taxed to a greater degree before allowed to seek that rest and repose it so much needed, for that night General Lee had determined to retire from Gettysburg, and recross the Potomac.

Such was the part taken by the Second Maryland in the great and bloody battle of Gettysburg, and although it brought mourning and sorrow into many families in that glorious old State, still it had better a thousand times been that than the blush of shame for a son's recreancy.

The casualties were frightful indeed; and it became necessary to leave the severely wounded in the hands of the enemy, among the number Colonel Herbert, Major Goldsborough, Lieutenant Joseph Barber, (who died a few days after) and Lieutenant Wilson. Captains Stewart and Gwynn, and Lieutenants Thomas, Tolson and Broadfoot, although severely wounded, succeeded in getting away, the latter, however, died at Martinsburg soon after reaching that place.

Of the officers and men who escaped unhurt, but two hundred reported after the battle, out of five hundred that went into the fight. I annex a list of the casualties, which will be found pretty nearly correct:
Field and Staff.—Killed, none; wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Herbert, seriously; Major W. W. Goldsborough, seriously.

Company A, Captain Wm. H. Murray.—Killed, Captain Wm. H. Murray; privates, John W. Hardesty, Wm. Bruce, T. Lloyd, James Iglehart, Jr., Arthur Kennedy, George W. McIntyre, Wilbur Morrison, Harman Nicalai, Henry A. McCormick, George C. Starlings, John H. Windolph; wounded, First Lieutenant George Thomas, severely; First Sergeant Wm. J. Blackiston, severely; Sergeant James H. Thomas, severely; Corporal Charles E. Maguire, severely; privates, John Bond, slightly; Philip Barry, slightly; Wm. H. Bowly, mortally; Charles S. Braddock, slightly; James E. Carey, slightly; Wm. S. J. Chandler, mortally; Moses Clayville, severely; Jacob N. Davis, severely; Wm. J. Edelin, slightly; Barnard Freeman, severely; Alex. Fulton, slightly; Wm. F. Gardiner, severely; Samuel T. Glenn, slightly; Motley Hanson, slightly; Samuel J. Hopkins, severely; D. Ridgely Howard, slightly; Leonard W. Ives, mortally; W. T. V. Loane, slightly; W. S. Lowe, severely; John Marney, dangerously; Philip Pindell, mortally; Frank H. Sanderson, mortally; A. J. Sollers, slightly; Charles H. Stale, severely; Wm. T. Thelin, severely; Charles M. Trail, severely; Andrew C. Trippe, severely; John P. Williams, dangerously; Jacob E. Zollinger, severely; Wm. H. Laird, slightly; Craig Lake, severely;

Company B, Captain J. Parran Crane.—Killed, Sergeant Thomas S. Freeman; private Warren F. Moore; wounded, Second Lieutenant James H. Wilson, severely; Sergeant Z. Francis Freeman, slightly; Corporal George Hayden, mortally; Corporal Thomas Simms, severely; Corporal Thomas F. Wheatley, slightly; privates, James P. Alnez, severely; John H. Chunn, slightly; Edgar Combs, slightly; Thomas J. Delogier, seriously; Albert Fenwick, slightly; Henry Ford, slightly; John A. Hayden, severely; James B. Keech, severely; Thomas Magill, slightly; Joseph H. Milstread, slightly; Wm. H. Simms, severely; Wm. L. Turner, slightly; Henry Turner, severely; James R. Webster, dangerously; John W. Wills, severely; James H. Wills, severely.

Company C, First Lieutenant Charles W. Hodges commanding.—Killed, First Sergeant Robert H. Cushing; privates, Samuel Duvall, Michael Davis, Jeremiah Dulaney, Bernard Kenney, Benjamin L. Lanham, James McWilliams, John T. O'Byrn, Benjamin Payne; wounded, Second Lieutenant Joseph W. Barber, mortally; Second Lieutenant Thomas H. Tolson, slightly; Sergeant George Probst, severely; Corporals Beale D. Hamilton,
mortal; James A. Lawson, mortally; privates, Samuel Anderson, mortally; Robert H. Clough, slightly; Tobias Duvall, seriously; Thomas Edgar, mortally; Samuel H. Hamilton, slightly; Edgar Hammond, mortally; Charles Hammond, slightly; John McGwinn, severely; Wm. V. McCann, seriously; James Nash, mortally; Wm. L. Nichols, mortally; Frank R. Steele, severely; Wm. H. Skinner, slightly; Wm. H. Shipley, severely; John G. White, slightly; captured, Corporal Edward A. Welch; privates, Robert M. Dawson; Walter Mullikin, Francis E. Storm, Justus Schutz.

Company D, Captain Joseph L. McAleer.—Killed, privates, James A. Brown, Cornelius Keron; wounded, Sergeant Wm. Jenkins, slightly; Corporals Joshua Owings, mortally; Emmett M. Webb, mortally; privates, Lewis Green, severely; Richard G. Killman, slightly; John Hayes, slightly; Philip Lipscomb, slightly; John H. Septer, severely; Wm. Watts, slightly; James H. O'Brien, severely; Thomas J. Hines, seriously; captured, privates Wm. Hogarth, John Lamb.

Company E, Captain John W. Torsch.—Killed, none. Wounded, First Lieutenant Wm. J. Broadfoot, mortally; Sergeant P. M. Moore, mortally; Corporals, John Cain, slightly; James Reddie, severely; privates, Michael Barry, severely; Charles E. Byus, severely; John Brown, severely; Alex. Brandt, slightly; James Fallon, slightly; Edward Fallis, severely; Stephen Helbig, severely; James
Lamates, severely; Daniel McGee, slightly; John N. Martin, slightly; Wm. P. Moran, severely; Frank Roberts, severely; Herman Radecke, severely; John Sullivan, severely; Wm. Wilkinson, slightly. Captured, Michael Burke.

Company F, Captain Andrew J. Gwynn.—Killed, Henry G. Taylor; wounded, Captain Andrew J. Gwynn, slightly; Second Lieutenant John G. Hyland, slightly; First Sergeant Nicholas J. Mills, severely; Sergeant Joseph S. Wagner, severely; privates, Leroy Anderson, slightly; George H. Claggett, slightly; J. N. Claggett, slightly; Philip Doyle, severely; Lemuel Dunnington, slightly; Benjamin Hodges, slightly; Benjamin F. Dement, severely; Robert Holder, severely; Minion F. Knott, severely; Alexis V. Keepers, slightly; Samuel Polk, severely; John W. Thompson, slightly; R. Wagner, severely.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the latter part of the night of the 3d, and all day of the 4th, the weary and dispirited troops of Lee retraced their steps. There was no confusion, no disorganization, for, except the depleted ranks, the army was as intact as when it marched over the same road but a few hours before, on their way, as they believed, to certain victory. But how different must have been the feelings of all as they looked around and missed the familiar forms and features of their comrades now still in death or prisoners in the hands of the enemy, thousands of them wounded and dying. To add to their wretchedness the rain commenced to fall in torrents shortly after they began their retrograde movement, and continued the whole of the next day, making the marching very fatiguing and the roads almost impassible for the wagon trains.

Steadily they retired, followed by the army of Meade at a respectful distance. In fact it was a mere show of following that was demanded by the people of the North after what they believed to have been a great victory.

"Do not let the army of Lee escape you," was more than once telegraphed to the Federal General. But that officer knew better than all others the shattered and disorganized condition of his own army, and the certain destruction that awaited him.
should he venture an attack. To follow, then, to quiet the clamorings of the people and the officials at Washington, was all he pretended to do. Had this not been the case he would have gladly taken up the gage of battle so defiantly thrown down to him by General Lee at Hagerstown, and where he suffered him to remain until the Confederate Commander, tired of waiting, again resumed his march by the same slow stages towards the Potomac.

On the 14th of July, Steuart's brigade recrossed the river at Williamsport, and took up the line of march in the direction of Martinsburg, after an absence from Virginia's soil of just twenty-six days, of which eleven were spent in Pennsylvania and fifteen in Maryland.

Passing through Martinsburg, destroying the railroad at and near that place, the command went into camp near Darksville, where it was determined to rest and recruit the tired troops for a few days.

On the 22d Johnson's division broke camp near Darksville and proceeded to Winchester, where it arrived that evening after a fatiguing day's march.

Next morning rumors prevailed that the enemy were crossing at Snicker's Gap, and the troops were hurried forward to check, and if possible drive them back. They were found in no force, however, and after a little artillery practice they retired.

Passing through Front Royal and Luray, and crossing the mountains at Thompson's Gap, on the 28th of July they took the road leading to Madison