

second day's battle at Gettysburg ; that would have been fought somewhere else, possibly upon ground of our own choosing, and certainly with a better prospect of success."

The second evening after the division left the vicinity of Carlisle the troops went into camp near Fayetteville, more than twenty miles from Gettysburg, and on the morning of July 1 the march was resumed in the direction of that place.

A short distance beyond Fayetteville the men of Longstreet's Corps were passed in camp, and the heart of every man in the Second Maryland was made to beat with pride, as five hundred strong and drums beating, the battalion marched by these veterans of many battles and heard their unsparing praise of the fine appearance and soldierly bearing of the boys from Maryland.

The weary miles were slowly unreeled that hot July day, for the road was blocked by a long train of wagons ; but finally that obstruction was passed, and the marching became easier.

And now more than one-half the distance between Fayetteville and Gettysburg had been traversed when a sound ahead as of distant thunder was wafted to the ears of the tired infantrymen. The veteran knew too well what that meant ; the novice scarcely noticed it, or was uncertain as to its meaning. A commotion was soon observed ahead, and presently staff officers were dashing furiously along the column. Louder, more distinct, the thunder became, and it was apparent to all that a furious battle was in progress. The command, "Close up, men : close up !" was heard on every hand, and faster grew the pace, and thus, sometimes at a double-quick, eight miles were gone over, and Johnson's Division was fast nearing the field of strife, and as it did so a shocking sight met the gaze of the men, for hundreds of mutilated and dying soldiers filled the roadside. Thousands were indifferent to the sight, for they had witnessed it many times before, but most of the men of the Second Maryland had never seen it, and while it made many a face pale, the compressed lips showed the firm determination to willingly undergo the same suffering, the same death, for the cause of their beloved South as had the heroes around them.

But as still nearer the division approached the field the sound of artillery almost ceased, until only an occasional gun was heard. The battle was over — for that day at least.

Passing on, over heaps of dead and dying of both armies, the division entered the streets of Gettysburg, and halted to rest. The battle of that day had, indeed, been long and bloody, but the enemy had been driven to the heights on the other side of the town, shattered and demoralized, thousands of their number having been captured in the streets. Even then it was not too late to administer a crushing defeat, for Early with his splendid division was there, and had not been heavily engaged, and Johnson was there, his men eager to be