

the bridges over the North and South Anna Rivers, and thus keep open General Lee's communication with the South, from which he received most of his supplies. Colonel Johnson had before gone off with the cavalry, and was closely watching that of the enemy.

A few days after, General John C. Breckinridge moved up with his division, when the Second Maryland was assigned to his command, but remained an independent command, being attached to no brigade. General Breckinridge established his line along the Virginia Central Railroad, his left at Hanover Junction and his right extending toward Hanover Court House.

General Breckinridge seemed much pleased at having the little battalion assigned to his command, and complimented them highly upon their neat and soldierly appearance, thanks again to the good offices of Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson.

About the 20th of May General Lee had fallen back on the line of the South Anna, and at the same time the enemy advanced a corps across the North Anna, occupying position on the plantation of Major Thomas Doswell.

Here they were attacked and driven back with heavy loss. During the time they remained there, however, a Federal Maryland regiment on picket called to some of Hays' Louisianians, who were in front of them, that they would like very much to meet the Second Maryland Confederate Regiment. This coming to the ears of the boys they sent a committee of officers to wait upon General Breckinridge with the request that they take the place of the Louisiana regiment and be allowed to give the Federal Maryland regiment a little brush. This request the General refused to grant.

Soon after General Breckinridge moved his command toward Hanover Court House, passing through and going into camp a few miles from that point on both sides of the railroad leading to Richmond.

And here the boys were for awhile, until their identity was discovered, subjected to a good deal of ridicule, for as the old Army of Northern Virginia came along the neat and cleanly uniforms they wore attracted the attention of the veterans : " Go home, you nice little soldiers ; we're here now ! " " Oh ! don't he look purty ! " " Nice little Richmond soldiers, wear good clothes, don't you ! " " Go home, boys, and tell Mammy Mars Bob's boys are right down here, and they won't let you git hurt, son," etc.

But presently their jibes were turned to cheers of welcome. " Hold on, thar, boys ; them ain't melish, them's the Murlanders ; how are you, old Murland ? " and another, " Hurra for old Murland ; " " Have you j'ined us again ? Sure 'nuf : come along ; Mars Bob's waitin' for you." So from being unmercifully ridiculed the boys were wildly cheered by these heroes of the old Army of Northern Virginia, with whom they were soon once more to unite in the bloody battles of the campaign already opened.