

On the afternoon of the 19th General Lee sent Heth's and Mahone's Divisions of Hill's Corps to drive Warren back. A vigorous attack was made upon Warren, and he retired from his advanced position, but was not dislodged from the railroad. After the close of the fight the Confederates withdrew to their main line, when Warren next day occupied the ground he had lost.

The above is by way of introduction to the following interesting account, by a member of the battalion, of the part taken by the Second Maryland in the first day's engagement :

Thursday, the eighteenth day of August, 1864, found the Second Maryland Infantry, then attached to Archer's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, bivouacked in a little valley about one hundred yards wide, the hills on either side crowned with a few stately pines, and a bold stream coursing through the centre. We had only a short time before been relieved from the trenches, and were congratulating ourselves on the prospect of rest. Near midday we heard the boom of artillery away around on our extreme right ; then slowly and solemnly another boom, and then another. Soon the drum beat the "assembly." "Right face ! Forward ! March !" was the command, and off we went to the Weldon Railroad. The whole column marched southward on the track. A piece of artillery unlimbered in the road and fired down it, betokening danger ahead. We soon filed off to the left, Davis' Brigade to the right, and formed a line on either side and at right angles to the railroad. In a short time the two brigades received orders to advance. As we emerged from the woods the view that presented itself was an open space, nearly level, about half a mile wide, with a forest on the southern side. When half across the enemy commenced firing. Onward we moved, our line being bent like a bow, the Second Maryland well up in front. When scarcely two hundred yards from, and in the immediate front of the enemy's line of battle, we came to a lane with a fence on either side.

We climbed these fences in the face of the enemy's fire, and why they did not ruin us I have never been able to understand. Still we pushed on, firing all the time. As we entered the woods we came upon fifty or sixty killed and wounded in our battalion front. We drove the enemy back easily, and advanced several hundred yards into the woods. On the enemy threatening our flanks, we fell back to the line from whence we had first driven them. The enemy attempted to charge us, but a few well-directed volleys drove them back.

While this attack was being made a new brigade was brought up, and lay down in our rear. We felt proud as we heard their officers say to their men, as they pointed to us : "Look how these men are standing up to their work !" After this attack had been repulsed we moved to our left to the support of our skirmish line, which had been holding the enemy's line of battle in check. We remained there until 8 or 9 o'clock, when we left our skirmish line and fell back to Petersburg. We had but three brigades engaged, and the enemy a much larger force, as they overlapped our flanks.

The night was dark and damp. We kindled our fires, roasted our corn, and lay down on our wet wrappings for a night's rest.