

The following graphic description of what followed is given the author by Sergeant Daniel A. Fenton of Company G :

In the charge we obliqued slightly to the left, and hit the enemy fairly on his left. They were taken by surprise, and some of them jumped out of the pits and escaped, whilst others were captured and sent to the rear. We at once began to change the front of the rifle pits, using our hands and bayonets to dig the earth and arrange the pits for our defense.

The firing soon ceased and an oppressive stillness prevailed, and we anxiously awaited the coming of daylight. We did not know then that we would still more anxiously await the coming of night.

Slowly daylight began to appear. It never came so slowly before, to our excited imaginations. Had the troops to our right and left been as successful as ourselves? God grant they had. Anxiously we peered to the right and left through the approaching light. Suddenly a voice from one of the boys with brighter vision than the rest of us was heard: "My God; there are the Yanks!" And, sure enough, we were flanked at both ends. The rest of our contingent had utterly failed to take the pits in their front, and we were in "a hole," or, rather a series of holes, sure enough.

As soon as we realized the situation, some of the boys jumped out of their pits and rushed at the enemy so uncomfortably near, and thus we extended our line five or six pits.

A hot fire was at once opened, and kept up at intervals for several hours. About 10 o'clock A. M. our cartridges began to give out, and those who had them to spare threw them from one pit to another.

On looking back at our works about this time we saw they were alive with men, and a good deal of excitement seemed to prevail. And then we could see the muzzles of brass cannon protruding. Surely something was being done for our relief. But we must have ammunition before that relief arrives. "Who will go back to the works and procure it?" is asked by Captain Torsch. "I will, Captain," said Lee Goldsborough, a veteran who never missed a battle in which either the First or Second Maryland were engaged from the first Manassas to Appomattox.

Like a deer, he started on his perilous errand with two haversacks, and rushed into a gully a short distance away. The enemy opened fire upon him the instant he emerged from his pit, but we soon put a stop to that. He was next seen crawling along the ground like an Indian, and then, as the ground was favorable, he would spring to his feet and go like the wind, until at last he reached the works and bounded safely over them.

"But will he get as safely back?" is the question on every lip. "If not we are gone, sure!" After a brief interval his familiar figure is seen to recross the works, dragging something with him. With breathless anxiety we watch him as he takes the same precautions as before for his safety. Sometimes crawling, and sometimes running, he at length sprang into his pit with two haversacks full of cartridges. You should have seen how these cartridges were thrown from pit to pit.