

Inclining to the right, Colonel Elzey halted his command near the Henry house. The ground around there was thickly strewn with dead and wounded men of both armies. Conspicuous amongst them were those of the Sixty-ninth (Irish) and Seventy-ninth (Scotch) New York Regiments. At that point the struggle had been a terrible one, and the loss of life very great.

The wounded who were lying around uncared for were pleading piteously for water, and the soldiers of the First Maryland were soon tenderly caring for them. A Union officer, who wore the uniform of the Seventy-ninth New York, lay dying on the field, having been shot through the head. Captain James R. Herbert, of the First Maryland, raised the unconscious man's head, poured some water into his mouth, and unloosened his coat and waistcoat. As he did so a large pocketbook dropped to the ground, which the Captain opened, finding in it a package of letters from the dying man's wife, with the name of Brown on the envelopes. There were also seventy dollars in gold. Captain Herbert took possession of the letters and the money. Two years later, and when he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Maryland Infantry, he was desperately wounded at Gettysburg and made prisoner. During those two years and through all the changes and hardships of war he had kept both letters and gold as a sacred trust, and he now caused a personal to be inserted in the *New York Herald* asking for information as to the widow of the dead officer. In a short time the lady arrived at Gettysburg, saw Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert, and heard from his lips the story of the last moments of her husband. It renewed her grief, and yet it consoled her, and she left happy in the possession of the letters. The gold she took with reluctance.

The men rested for some time at the Henry House, and soon felt refreshed. All of them had food, too, although it came from the haversacks of Union enemies now lying stiff and cold in death. They felt confident that a march was now to be made upon Washington, and the thought of entering the Capital as conquerors reconciled them to discomfort and privation. They were, therefore, bright and cheerful when Colonel Elzey moved his brigade over the Stone Bridge in the direction of Centreville. After marching some three miles along the turnpike, the troops were moved to the right into a large field and ordered to rest.

Hour after hour passed away, and still no order came to move, and when near nightfall the troops retraced their steps and took the road to Manassas murmurs of dissatisfaction were heard on every hand. Soldiers are sometimes grumblers when not allowed to have their own way; every officer and man occasionally considers himself a general, and no doubt there are times in which the advice of the rank and file would bring victory, but that this was one of them seems ridiculous. At least General Joseph E. Johnston did not think the time