

SECOND MARYLAND ARTILLERY.

(BALTIMORE LIGHT.)



IT was towards the close of a pleasant day in October, 1861, that the First Maryland Infantry dragged its weary length into camp near Centreville, after a long and fruitless expedition to Pohick Church, in search of the enemy. Things seemed much changed, indeed, since their departure, for in their absence a battery of artillery had invaded the sacred confines of their camp, and a scowl was observed upon more than one face, for we were jealous of our rights and dared maintain them. Judge then our surprise when informed it was a battery manned by brother Marylanders, and called the Baltimore Light Artillery. They had just been organized at Richmond, and forwarded to the army at Centreville during our absence. They were welcomed, most heartily welcomed, and it was not long ere we discovered old friends and acquaintances among them.

Before many hours had elapsed we paid our respects to the officers of the battery, and found them to be the true type of the Maryland and Virginia gentlemen. But here they are :

Captain J. B. Brockenborough was a Virginian, a graduate of the Military Institute at Lexington, and a son of Judge Brockenborough, whose name is so well known to the people of the South. He was a young man, not long from college, but in that intellectual face you read more than the ordinary man, and the honor and glory with which he subsequently enveloped his fine command is a matter of history.

His First Lieutenant, W. Hunter Griffin, was also a Virginian, but had been engaged in business in Baltimore for many years. Brave, noble-hearted Griffin ; how little I thought, as for the first time I took his hand, we should pass together through so many stirring scenes in the field and prison, for with the mention of his name appears before me all the horrors of the retaliatory dens and dungeons of Morris Island and Fort Pulaski. There we shared between us the wretched pittance given to sustain a bare existence, and there we more than once divided our last dollar.

Second Lieutenant, W. B. Bean, was a Marylander, and a fine officer and brave soldier.

Third Lieutenant, George Wilhelm, was also a Marylander, and during the little while he was with the battery proved himself an efficient officer. On his resigning, the dashing McNulty was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The *personnel* of the men was unsurpassed in the army, and was it a wonder,