

in which he held the battery, he procured them permission from General Ewell next morning to select from among the captured guns the best pieces, to take the place of their own, which were greatly inferior.

The day after the battle of Winchester, the corps of General Ewell took up its line of march toward the Potomac. The Baltimore Light Artillery was directed by some subordinate officers to report to General Nelson of the *reserve* artillery. The order occasioned the greatest surprise and indignation throughout the command, for always before they had led the advance and covered the retreat. Such an indignity, as they considered it, could not be tamely submitted to, and a protest was immediately drawn up and forwarded to General Ewell, who at once ordered the battery to join Albert G. Jenkins' brigade of cavalry, which was the van of the army in the invasion of Pennsylvania.

The battery crossed the Potomac on the 18th of June, and that day joined Jenkins, when the whole command moved rapidly forward in the greatest good humor. Many were the jokes they practiced, and many the quaint sayings peculiar only to the soldier. "Take them mice out of your mouth," one would bawl out, as an officer with well-waxed mustache rode by; "Take 'em out, no use to say they ain't thar, for I see their tails stickin' out." And as another came along, but a short time in the service, and wearing a "boiled shirt," and white collar, his ears were sure to be assailed with "Say, mister, how long did you have to soldier afore one of them things growed 'round your neck?" and a staff officer, with handsome cavalry boots, would be requested by a dozen voices to "Come out of them thar boots, for it's too soon to go into winter quarters."

*En parenthase*, soldiers are queer-beings, and will have their joke, even in the face of almost certain death. At the battle of Malvern Hill, whilst the First Maryland Regiment was awaiting its turn to "go in," and the men were closely hugging the earth to avoid the terrible fire of grape and canister which swept over and around them, I heard an officer of the regiment remark to another at his side, whose face was pressed close to the ground: "Say, Captain, you'll get a scrape down your *back* directly, and you know it's something we don't allow here." and the officer addressed coolly turned over on his back, remarking: "Well, if it will please you better, I'll take it in front."

The command of Jenkins pursued its march rapidly through Maryland, and struck the Pennsylvania line near Greencastle. Thence their way lay up the Cumberland Valley to Shippensburg, where a halt was made for a short time to allow the tired troops to partake of the delicious apple-butter, ham, bread, etc., furnished them in abundance by the startled inhabitants. Whilst thus enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, the cry of "Yanks" was raised, and in an instant the scene changed. Cavalrymen sprang to their horses, and artillerymen to their guns, but the wary enemy could not be induced to come within range of Griffin's Parrott's, but retired towards Carlisle, followed leisurely by Jenkins.