

overwhelmed, and soon after the heavy columns massed in front of Lomax, attacked furiously, and drove that General back in the utmost confusion.

During this time the gallant McNulty and his brave command were hurling death and destruction into the ranks of the enemy, but to no avail. With the retreat of the cavalry under Lomax, McNulty limbered up and sullenly fell back, unlimbering at every available point, and opening his fire upon the pursuing foe, thus enabling the cavalry to escape. In this manner the village of Woodstock was reached. Still through its streets he continued to pour into the faces of the advancing enemy destructive discharges of grape and canister. But the gallant little battery was doomed, for the enemy pressed upon them in overwhelming numbers, and still they disdained to abandon their pieces. Beyond the town they made one more effort to stay the dense masses which almost enveloped them, but even as the gunners were ramming home the last double charge of canister, they were captured and cut down in the act.

Twenty-three men and the four guns fell into the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant McNulty, who had his horse killed under him, with the balance of his men, fought their way through and escaped.

For his gallantry upon this occasion, McNulty was placed in command of a battalion of artillery, and the command of the Baltimore Light Artillery devolved upon Lieutenant John W. Goodman, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Soon after the disastrous fight at Maurytown, Goodman was ordered to Fishersville, where the little left of Early's artillery were preparing their winter quarters. Whilst here every effort was made to procure guns, horses, etc., for the battery, to replace those lost in their last fight, but without success, for the Confederate Government had none to spare. But the brave fellows were ready for any duty that might be assigned them, and when Sheridan, in March, threatened Lynchburg, they gladly obeyed the summons to repair to that place and assist in its defense in any capacity. But their services were not required, and they were in a few days after ordered to Petersburg, to help man the fortifications there.

When the great crash came, and the little army under General Lee was forced to retreat before Grant's overwhelming masses, along with the rest was to be found the remnant of the Baltimore Light Artillery — one day fighting as infantry, and the next as cavalry, or assisting some battery in trouble. Noble fellows, like their comrades of the Maryland Line, they were true to the cause they had espoused to the last, and, like the infantry and cavalry, were determined to fight on whilst a ray of hope remained. Alas ! that last ray disappeared with Lee's surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, and when told they were disarmed, and no more to be led against the enemy, these veterans, who had unhesitatingly faced death in all its dreadful shapes on so many bloody fields, wept like children. Surely Maryland should be proud of her " Young Line " in the Confederate States Army, as she was of her " Old " in the days of the Revolution.