

CHAPTER II.  

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When the Army of Northern Virginia left its position on the Rappahannock in June, 1863, the Chesapeake Artillery was attached to the corps of General Ewell. The Chesapeake did not participate in the battle of Winchester, as there was no occasion requiring their services. Dement's upheld the honor of Maryland upon that occasion and made a bright page in history.

At Gettysburg the Chesapeake was with the gallant Latimer, who was in command of Colonel Andrews' battalion of artillery. By direction of General Edward Johnson, Latimer took position on Benner's Hill, which was directly in front of Cemetery Ridge, a commanding position, crowned by many batteries of the enemy's artillery.

About 4 o'clock Latimer opened fire, and for more than an hour one of the most terrific artillery duels of the war continued. The gallant Captain William D. Brown, of the Chesapeake, was among the first to fall, having both legs shattered, although he survived his dreadful injuries several days. A member of the Chesapeake Artillery who participated in the battle thus describes the terrible ordeal through which the battery passed :

Gettysburg cannot be justly described, as far as our battalion was concerned, which was commanded by the gallant Major Latimer, in the absence of Colonel R. S. Andrews, who had been wounded at Winchester. Benner's Hill was simply a hell infernal. Our position was well calculated to drive confidence from the stoutest heart. We were directly opposed by some of the finest batteries in the regular service of the enemy, which batteries, moreover, held a position to which ours was but a molehill. Our shells ricocheted over them, whilst theirs plunged into the devoted battalion, carrying death and destruction everywhere.

The Chesapeake received the most deadly evidence of that terrible duel. Our gallant Captain, William D. Brown, was the first to fall. Riding to the front of his battery, he enjoined us, for the honor of our native State, to stand manfully to our guns. The words were still upon his lips when he fell, dreadfully mangled by a solid shot. No braver or more unselfish patriot fell upon that blood-soaked field, and none were more beloved by their commands.

There were many deeds of heroism on that field that day, and of these the Chesapeake had its share.

Three of our pieces were silenced, and sadly and with moist eye Sergeant Crowley stood meditatively looking at the wreck around him. Approaching the veteran he pointed, with a trembling voice, to his dead and wounded comrades. There were Doctor Jack Brian, and Daniel Dougherty, and brave little Cusick. They belonged to his detachment. And