

even while he was deploring their loss, a solid shot struck Thaddeus Parker and literally disemboweled him and killed the two lead horses he was holding.

The fourth detachment was now all that was serviceable of the battery, and it continued to fire. His own piece being disabled, Jacob F. Cook was assigned as No. 2 to Sergeant Phil Brown's detachment, and while inserting a charge in the piece the wheel on the odd number side was hard hit. Sergeant Brown, Smith Warrington, Phil Oldner and Henry Wilson were each severely wounded by this shot. The Sergeant stepped down to Rock Creek, close to our position, bound up his wound, and returned to jack up his gun, put on a spare wheel, and resumed firing. Oldner was suffering at the time from a wound but recently received, and the fresh hurt was more than his system could overcome, and in a short while he was laid in a soldier's grave. And then we lost Lieutenant Ben Roberts and Richard Hardesty, both mortally wounded.

Our loss at Gettysburg was eight killed and eight wounded, and we lost half of our horses. We buried our dead, went into park, repaired damages, and when the retreat began in the direction of the Potomac the Chesapeake was well in the rear.

From Gettysburg to Appomattox the Chesapeake marched and fought, sharing all the vicissitudes of the Army of Northern Virginia.

At Fort Gregg our battery made a most determined defense after all hope had been abandoned. After exhausting our ammunition Lieutenant Chew's gray coat was pressed into service, and we loaded our pieces with such projectiles as could be picked up.

Billy Holtzman, as the columns of Michiganders swarmed over the ramparts, still showed fight. A big fellow seized the boy and seemed intent on distinguishing himself by some sanguinary deed, but a young Lieutenant who divined the brute's intentions, put a stop to it by ordering Holtzman to the rear under a prisoners' guard. Billy couldn't understand why the fellow wanted to wreak summary vengeance upon him until he reached the trench surrounding the ramparts and found it choked with the man's comrades, which he had attributed to the fire of the Chesapeake battery.

Although Pinder was severely wounded in the head, he and Culver fought like tigers at the ramparts. Poor Culver; his young life was sacrificed while fighting with a clubbed rifle, with which he had been doing deadly work, for he was a dead shot, and during intervals of firing by the battery he was busy at the ramparts with his rifle.