

Brigade. As it was, no harm had been done other than the disquietude growing from the few shells our battery had landed in their midst.

The march was then resumed, and it was not long before heavy firing off on the right and front told Jackson that a great battle was in progress, and that he for the first time was late in getting into the position assigned him. But that was the fault of the ignorant guides he was compelled to depend upon, and many miles were needlessly marched through the dense pines which surrounded him.

But finally the enemy under Fitz John Porter was encountered in force north of the Chickahominy, when Jackson attacked him with great fury. For hours the fearful struggle continued, and still Jackson had made no impression upon the strong position held by the enemy. Some of his finest brigades had been sent forward only to be hurled back shattered and beaten.

During this time the little First Maryland, being attached to no brigade, had been kept in the rear and ordered to support the batteries. But this kind of work did not suit Colonel Johnson or his men, who had been chafing for two hours to move forward.

In the meanwhile the gallant George Kyle, of Baltimore, joined the regiment in citizen's dress, having ridden from Richmond to participate in the battle. He had with him a large batch of letters for members of the regiment from loved ones at home. Bidding his men to read their letters as hastily as possible, Colonel Johnson prepared to move forward.

Inclining to the left the regiment marched in line of battle with beautiful precision. It was, indeed, an inspiring sight to see this little line move all alone over that storm-swept field. Presently Lawton's fine brigade of Georgians were overtaken, moving in the same direction. The fire became too hot, and they were ordered to lie down, and as Colonel Johnson marched his regiment over the prostrate Georgians they broke into hearty cheers. On they pressed in the most perfect order. Coming to a ridge that gave his men shelter, Colonel Johnson halted them in order to rest them for the final struggle, which was to be for the possession of a battery in his front. It was a most desperate undertaking, and would have resulted in disaster had not matters turned out differently, for, as after events proved, Colonel Johnson had mistaken the strength of the enemy.

"Forward!" was the command, and the column resumed its steady advance. But a short distance had been traversed before fragments of regiments were encountered going to the rear in great confusion. The men of the First Maryland became unsteady for the first time as these fugitives crowded upon them and almost swept them off their feet. They began to tread upon each other's heels and the alignment was broken. Then was witnessed one of the most remarkable sights ever seen upon a battle-field, and proved the value of discipline.

"Halt!" cried out the gallant Johnson. "On the colors, dress!" The