

a sharp fight ensued, which lasted some time, when Brockenborough was ordered to open fire, which he did with effect, and the enemy retired.

At daylight on the morning of the 27th Jackson resumed his march, but owing to the incompetency of his guides it was late in the afternoon before he neared the point of attack assigned him. But at length everything indicated a rise of the curtain in the fearful drama about to commence. Columns were marching and counter-marching, staff officers dashed hither and thither, while the crash of small arms, and the sullen boom of artillery on the right, told full well that the work of death had begun.

About 4 o'clock Jackson threw out his skirmishers, and moved forward in line of battle, and in a few minutes the enemy were developed in heavy force, and strongly posted, when the fighting became terrific. The artillery was directed to take position in an open field on the left, and were soon heavily engaged. The battle here was very unequal, for the enemy had greatly the advantage in artillery and position, and soon succeeded in disabling a number of Jackson's pieces. In a short time the Jeff Davis Mississippi Battery was torn to pieces and the Baltimore Light Artillery ordered to take its place, immediately under the eye of Jackson himself. Gallantly the Marylanders responded to the order, and dashing at a full run across the field, unlimbered and opened fire.

The author was standing close beside General Jackson when the battery went forward, and he shall long remember the look of anxiety with which he watched it, and well he might, for upon the success of that battery much depended. For a while the air was filled with exploding, crashing shells, and the horses and men fell rapidly before that withering fire, which was directed with almost the precision of a rifle shot. Away went a limber chest high in the air, scattering death and destruction around. "We are not close enough," said the brave Brockenborough. "Limber to the front, forward, gallop!" rung out his sharp command, and in an instant the battery was in position at point blank range. Fiercely those guns were then worked, despite the iron hail that plowed up the ground around them, and in a few minutes Brockenborough had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy retire precipitately, leaving the ground covered with dead and dying men and horses, and shattered carriages and dismounted guns. It was French's famous battery they had encountered, but French's no longer, save in name.

On the morning of the 29th, the battery accompanied Ewell's division to Dispatch Station, on the York River Railroad, where a few shots were exchanged with the enemy, when Ewell retraced his steps, and moved towards Malvern Hill.

In the afternoon of the 1st of July, the battle of Malvern Hill began, and soon raged fiercely. The enemy had been enabled to reach the heights of Malvern, where he posted sixty guns, which swept every foot of ground around. In vain did the heavy masses of infantry rush with desperate valor upon these guns, but