

discovered an officer of a New York regiment mortally wounded and dying. This Christian gentleman knelt and prayed with his wounded enemy — not enemy now — whilst the men of the battery stood reverently by until the poor soldier closed his eyes in death.

We next find the Chesapeakes at Harper's Ferry, and there one morning, just as the sun was rising, their Parrotts screamed forth an unexpected surprise to General Miles and the army there in fancied security. Fiercely those guns were worked that day, and one of the last shells fired by the battery cost General Miles his life.

After the surrender of those ten thousand men, the Confederates, under Jackson, were hurried to Sharpsburg, where there was pressing need for their services. A. P. Hill, with his light division, was left at Harper's Ferry to complete the surrender, when he, too, was to follow with all possible dispatch. The reader knows how well Jackson fought that day, and how, happily, in the nick of time, Hill swung his light division into line and saved the army from destruction.

And where were the Chesapeakes? Where were they not on that gory field? First here, then there, those self-same Parrotts, captured at Cedar Run, dealt death and destruction to the enemy, and perhaps never before were those guns so savagely handled. The occasion required that they should be on that dreadful day of the 17th of September.

Shattered and torn by the pounding it had received at the hands of the overwhelming forces of the enemy, the army under General Lee returned to Virginia, after having made the best contested battle it ever did make prior to or subsequently, and the Confederate soldier who fought at Sharpsburg can be proud of the heritage he leaves behind.

After returning to Virginia from the short campaign into Maryland, the Chesapeake moved slowly along the Valley turnpike until Bunker Hill was reached, where it remained for awhile, and crossed the Blue Ridge in November on its way to the Rappahannock in the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

In the fierce engagement at that place on the 13th of December, 1862, the Chesapeake took a prominent part near Hamilton's Crossing, and suffered severe loss. In this battle the lamented Grason fell, as did others equally as brave.

A short time after the battle the battery went into winter quarters in De Jarnette's Woods, in Caroline County, near Bowling Green, where the men had many weeks of much-needed rest.

But spring came at last, and with it came plenty of hard work for the Army of Northern Virginia.

The Federal Army, now under Hooker, occupied a strong position at Chancellorsville. General Lee confronted him with a much inferior army, but he still had Jackson with him, but, alas! it was decreed that it should be for the last