

Baltimore)—was "right glad" to have us—for we could use big guns or little guns, build breastworks and dig ditches. Capt. Holt heard that the battalion was at Williamsport, and wanted to go there with his Co; but the General told him if he attempted it he would certainly be "clobbered," as the Rebels held the place and roads in the vicinity. So we passed some hours in helping to fell trees and throw up "works" in anticipation of attack. But at dusk the scene changed again. Our Major (Rolté) came riding into camp, and informed the captain that the battalion was a mile or two in the rear, in the Artillery Reserve Camp, and that we were to join it,—for which news we gave him a cheer, and trudged off again, found our companions, exchanged congratulations, cooked our coffee, singed our bacon, and *dumped* ourselves on the wet ground for a night's repose. Another rainy, miserable night. Next morning the whole army was in motion, and here I first saw what a vast, unwildly machine a large army is, apparently, unless directed by some master mind. The light batteries had been thinned at Gettysburg, and forty old men were detailed to fill the places left vacant,—the balance of the battalion were to act as Infantry—a sort of guard to Gen. Tyler of the Artillery Reserve. Soon we were on the tramp again, over wretched roads, towards Funkstown, where Lee was to be driven into the Potomac or brought captive to Washington. I must confess that when we halted everything indicated that a battle would be fought.—I had made up my mind for it. Lines of battle were formed, the artillery was limbered up, and everything appeared to be ready for the contest, when scout sent out to "stir 'em up," returned with the news that the enemy had flown. Curses loud and deep, and criti-

cisms not the most complimentary, could be heard on all sides. But Lee was safe over the river, and the next thing to be done was to give chase. So tramp again was the order, and away we trudged, through mud and rain, for Berlin, at which place a pontoon bridge had been thrown across the Potomac. The day before we reached Boonsboro. Picaudon had quite a fight with the Rebels at a village called Benevola. Dead and dying horses, fences thrown down, houses sacked, wheat fields trampled, and such like sights, told plainly as we marched past where the battle had been. I saw a number of wounded at Boonsboro, many houses being used as temporary hospitals.

It took some time for the army to cross the river, so we camped at Berlin a day or two; and on the 18th July we crossed to the Virginia side, in pursuit(?) of the Rebels. I need not detail the daily marches, nor tell you of our discomforts, trials, incidents and fun,—for you know exactly how men behave in an enemy's country. Suffice it to say that Gen. Tyler took up his head quarters for a few days at the village of Union about 25 miles from the river—a dilapidated, gutted, poverty-stricken town—where we had a rest. The boys on the light batteries went forward to Snicker's Gap, and some of them were sent, with their guns, to New York to suppress the riot. At daylight one fine morning, after being aroused by the usual bugle call, we were ordered to pack and march towards the Potomac again. Our men detailed on batteries came in a short time after, and resumed their muskets, much against their will. We did not start until 9 a. m., and reached the Potomac before sunset, crossed the pontoon, and once more encamped at Berlin for the night. Next morning, bright and early, saw us trudging up the towpath of the