

Hook, and the folks—the few remaining there—were “right glad” to see us. The Rebels in small force had passed through the place during our absence, and picked up all the horses, clothing, and every thing else they wanted—so the people were naturally glad to see U. S. soldiers again. The cars were pushed on a little further towards the Ferry, where we got out to reconnoitre. Whiz-whiz goes a bullet, then another and another, and a good many more. Only two men wounded, and those, singularly enough, not of our company. The rebels held possession of the Ferry, and the fellows who fired on us were posted behind the ruins of the U. S. arsenal buildings on the opposite side of the river. The cars were pushed up still further, and a few shells thrown at the rascals. We took a mountain howitzer from one of the cars, mounted it in a good position on a rock, and began to blaze away—not at the Rebels, but at the houses. Soon a white flag (it looked like a petticoat) was seen flying from the top window of an apparently tenantless house, and the captain ordered us to cease firing.

Only a few of us were engaged in the “bombardment”—the remainder of the Co. were using small arms at a furious rate and at ranges *a la* Gilmore. Everything that moved, and a good many things that did not move, was fired at. Rebels were seen everywhere by some, but I saw very few—an occasional puff of white smoke from behind a pile of bricks or stone pillar revealing their hiding places. Toward night the excitement died away, then the rain came down in torrents, and we passed a miserable night in the mud and rain. Next morning (a good many troops having arrived during the night) we were told that a pontoon train would arrive that day, and a bridge be thrown

across the river. So we were counted off in squads to guard the pontoons while at work. But the day wore on, and no pontoons arrived. The boys would persist in firing at every man and cow they saw, being positively sure he and it were rebels. Another shocking night, with mud to the eyes. Another day of waiting, wondering inquiry, and washing of clothes. At nightfall came an order to the captain for his Co. to occupy the Heights again, and man his battery!—when his battery and everything else had been knocked into a cocked hat! However, up the steep ascent we trudged, in that frame of mind peculiar to men who feel that they have been humbugged. Puffing and blowing we reached the top, and the sight of the place where our old quarters had been made me sad. It was desolation itself. I can appreciate the feelings of a man who, on returning from a journey, finds his house and property destroyed by the ravages of war. Another night on the ground: “Like mists of the morning” our tents and everything else had flown. Next morning we mounted an old spiked 24-pounder on a broken carriage, and commenced to unsnipe it, when an order came for Co. H to join the battalion at Middleton, Md.—that Kenley’s brigade was going thither and we could overtake it on the road somewhere. We started instanter (29th of July, I think), trudged merrily along, joined the brigade, and marched, not to Middleton, but to Boonsboro’. Here the battalion was not to be found, so we fell into line of battle with the the brigade,—which was the first brigade, first division, first corps. of the Army of the Potomac.—determined to “go in” on our own hook, and Gen. Kenley—a little, rough-looking, red-headed, stubby-chap (they say he was a “Plug” and used to run with a maskeen in