

I tell you—and disagreeable work, too; for we had our mind made up to have a *prog* at the Rebels anyhow. We dragged a dozen or more brass howitzers, and twenty or thirty 30-pdr. Parrott guns, beside some 16-inch and 24-pdr. cohorn mortars, down the mountain, loaded them on board canal boats, and started them for Washington under guard of a brigade of Infantry, who footed it on the tow-path. Then we spent a day and two nights in destroying ammunition; and I should judge there was more than a million dollars worth at our battery alone. This we accomplished without accident. A Company of the 8th New York Artillery, who were temporarily stationed at Co. I's battery, were not so lucky. Their captain, thinking our men too slow, ordered his men (so it is said) to take axes and smash up the shell!—30-pdr. Porrot percussion shell, all ready for firing! The result was an explosion that shook the hills for miles around, the death of 8 or 10 men, and mangling of 15 others, the captain included. Co. I's boys, knowing that such reckless ignorance would cause a catastrophe, wisely retired out of harm's way, and escaped unhurt. Piles of bacon, beef, sugar, coffee, hard bread, clothing, and other commissary stores were set on fire and destroyed. All the troops in the vicinity were then started for Frederick, Md., our company (H) being left alone on the hill, with the big guns and a few rounds of ammunition to cover the retreat! The Major, Quartermaster and Adjutant, went with Co's B, I and C, which were temporarily attached to Kenley's brigade. On the 1st of July, Capt. Holt received orders to destroy the big guns remaining, and get his company to Frederick City the best way he could. Accordingly, about sunset on the first, we resumed the work of de-

struction, by spiking the pieces, knocking off the sights, chopping up the rammers, &c., *mushing* the carriages, and concluded by pitching the disabled guns over the precipice. We then (each man taking only a blanket and some *prog*) fell into line, and marched by a back road over the mountain to Sandy Hook, where a good many canteens were filled—not with water. We left all our clothing, except what we wore, our tents, &c., on the hill, and as we filed past the officers' quarters, each man *jabbed* the butt of his gun through the windows, by way of finish to the job. We marched until 12 o'clock, bivouacked, resumed our march in the morning, and got into Frederick about 3 p. m. A great many troops were concentrated there—the whole suburbs of the city was a vast military camp. Another night on the ground, and at 11 a. m. we started for Monocacy Bridge, whither the battalion had gone. Another tramp, footsore and weary, and we arrived at Monocacy in the evening. Here we spent the "glorious fourth" in very shabby style. I never could find out why we were ordered to Monocacy—there were no batteries there; our camping ground was low and wet; and the only "prospect" was the dull, muddy, sluggish river and patched-up bridge—the original structure having been burned by the Rebels the preceding summer. Our principal occupation, while in this bog, was killing pigs and hens, trying to keep out of the rain, and doing picket duty. On July 6, our Company (H) was ordered to pack up (that was soon done) and start in the cars for Harper's Ferry. Accordingly we marched to the railroad, and found five iron-clad cars, in which a few light howitzers were mounted, ready for us. Moving cautiously over the road (report had it all torn up) we reached Sandy