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A Weary Tramp.

The following narrative of "moving accidents by flood and field," is from private letter of a member of Co. H, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, to the editor. It was, of course, never intended for publication; but as it is perfectly reliable in all its details, and was written by an Islander, then in the U. S. service, we think it deserving of a corner in the PROGRESS MAGAZINE. The letter from which this narrative is taken, bears date of February 6, 1864:—

I promised to give you a sketch of our operations last summer. It can't interest you much, but will help to fill up my sheet if nothing more. I kept notes while on the tramp, but have since destroyed them, and can therefore give you but a bare skeleton, and must trust to memory for that.

When Lee made his bold attempt to invade the Northern States, the battalion of our Regt. (Co's. B, I, C, and H,) was stationed at Maryland Heights, and for several days rebel wagon trains could be seen moving towards Sharpsburg, on the Upper Potomac. Hooker and his army were in a fog—did not know which way to go (at least I judged so at the time). An attack was daily expected on Harper's Ferry and the Heights, and preparations the most ample were made to receive butternut company. Our

battery, of 100 and 50-pounder Dahlgren guns was broken up, and the guns were hauled, by hand, at dead of night (raining like blazes all the time) to more commanding positions on the top of the mountain—were pushed up, inch by inch, to places where a Welsh goat would hardly dare to scramble. In the meantime, reinforcements of infantry and light artillery arrived—breast-works and rifle pits were thrown up, and everybody was on the qui vive, expecting the ball to open at any moment. Harper's Ferry was evacuated by all who could get away: the Union troops moved over to the Maryland side, and the pontoon bridges over the Potomac were cut away, and were soon, in piecemeal, heading for Chesapeake Bay. Thus we waited for a couple of days, vowing vengeance on the Rebels and daring them to come on. But Leo was not so silly as to attempt a crossing at that point. He chose a safer and more convenient place to get over the river, and how well he succeeded you already know. Soon we heard that the army of the Potomac were crossing at Point of Rocks, some miles below; and were astounded when an order came for the Heights to be evacuated, and all Government property that could not be got away in a hurry to be destroyed. Our battalion then had some hard work to do,