

In 1864 when General Hunter retired from before Lynchburg, General Lee took advantage of this retreat, to threaten Washington hoping thus to draw off Grant from the Siege of Richmond. Accordingly General Earl with twenty thousand men hurried along the Shenandoah Valley, to accomplish this mission. Defeating General Wallace at Monocacy River on the 10th, of July he appeared before Fort Stevens, one of the defenses of Washington. History tells how his plans were frustrated by "stopping a day," and how he was compelled "to load with boot" to retreat and recross the Potomac; and that he subsequently sent a part of cavalry into Pennsylvania, entered Chambersburg, set fire to the village, and escaped safely back into the Shenandoah.

Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware were in a tumult of excitement, all day long on Sunday, July 10th, - the day that Gen. Earl appeared before Fort Stevens. The trains on the Delaware Division of the P. W. & B. R. R. were thundering up and down the line, dispatching heralds, and manifestoes, calling on the populace to arise, and defend their homes, and save the States from invasion. The citizens flocked to the call, and boarding the trains were carried to the State's metropolis; and that night, the city of Wilmington, Del. was one of tumult and confusion. Monday was spent in preliminaries, obtaining arms, and the munitions of war - and on Tuesday the 7th, Delaware Regiment was sworn into the service of the United States, for thirty days, and pushed to the Susquehanna. Arriving at Perryville, we were no trains were allowed to cross the river. The old Steamboat Maryland, which was, at that time, used in ferrying the trains, carried us over, and we stood in all the splendor of battle array upon the soil of Maryland.

We were a beautiful mass of conglomerate humanity; - beautiful in outline, and

picturesque in construction — there were young and old, preachers, lawyers and doctors, some who have since played important parts on the theatre of action, and passed their last accounts; others who are now standing on the pedestal of fame, important actors in the world's grand drama. Dick Harrington, who afterward became celebrated in Washington history, and subsequently was the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in Delaware, and the grandest orator at the Delaware bar, was a corporal in Company F, and the Rev. J. O. Azres, now Presiding Elder of Salisbury District of the Wilmington M. E. Conference, was First Lieutenant of the same company. Others I suppose are still here, struggling on, whose names, time has effaced from my memory.

But if our occupations were diversified so were our arms, for we had all kinds, from a flint-and-steel, to a tape rifle, and a Spencer Seven-Shooter. As I have intimated, we were landed at Havre de Grace, and here we bivouaced for a few days, being drilled and initiated into the duties of a Soldier's life. Our evenings were spent by a portion of us in prayer meetings and by others as attentive listeners to our orators, — Dick Harrington, and a fellow we called "Parson Brewster". I have no doubt to-day, but these maiden speeches made by Dick, on those sultry evenings, laid the foundation of his future greatness; but of "Parson Brewster," poor fellow! I never knew what became of him. We must have enjoyed ourselves amazingly, for it was facetiously remarked by the citizens of Havre de Grace, that the 7th, Delaware, prayed the first part of the evening and stole chickens the remainder of the night. But you know dear reader these were war times, and our enemies said this.

A day or two after our arrival a sloop of war was sent from Philadelphia to the mouth of the Susquehanna, with a battery of artillery from that port, and a company of Chariques under Colonel Horney, one of the most gallant looking men in uniform, that it has ever been my lot to see.

We were in daily expectation of an attack from the rebels, but with the exception of a few straggling Indian looking creatures, captured by scouting parties, none were seen by us.

Some of our men becoming sick, a building was improvised for an hospital, and as we were without the means to properly care for sick soldiers, the ladies of the town generously loaned us pillows, and brought us little delicacies to tempt the palate; for which act of kindness they will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the writer.

Our stay at Yaux de Grace was, however short for on Saturday after our arrival we received orders to break camp. On the morning of that day we struck our tents, rolled our blankets, and slung them over our shoulders, marched to the river and stowed arms. Here we lay all day, or straggled about the town, waiting for transportation, we knew not where, and not until late in the evening, did a boat arrive. This we boarded, after much delay, and steamed out on the placid bosom of the Chesapeake. We stowed ourselves away any where we could, tired, hungry and exhausted, for many of us had had nothing to eat since the morning. The solemn stillness of the night was only broken by the dull thud of the steamer's paddles, and the low conversation of the guards on the lower deck. This music was, however, with the assistance of tired nature, sufficient to lull us to sleep, and when we awoke on Sunday morning we were at the dock at Baltimore. The sun arose on that morning, and lighted up a lurid sky, and on this, the hottest day of that hot summer we lie upon the upper deck of that vessel, exposed to vertical rays of a burning sun, without any protection, or rolled around the dock, drinking the nauseating brackish water, until many of us were prostrated by sickness, and some by sunstroke. To add to the discomforts of our situation, and particularly our stomachs, we had nothing to eat. There was plenty on board, in charge of the

Commissary, but our officers had neglected to distribute rations before we left Haute de Grace, and we could not get them now. So furnished had many of us become that a piece of bread picked around the deck of the boat was esteemed a luxury. Late in the afternoon we were ordered into line, and marched through Baltimore, leaving the Sick to follow. A short distance from this city is located Blankin's Woods, and at this Green Spot we halted; orders were given for a distribution of rations. Fires were built, and coffee made. A slice of pork, a slice of bread, and a pint of coffee was that night a feast to our hungry natures. After eating which, we rolled over in our blankets and were soon in the arms of obaephens. The moon looked down on us with the same beaming splendor, as it did on Sennecherib's host, but when morning dawned, it found a living army instead of a dead one.

Preparations were made for a permanent camp, the ground was cleared, avenues were laid out, and our tents pitched, and guards posted. Drills again became the order of exercise, and the prayer meetings and orations, which engaged our time, of evenings at Haute de Grace, were superseded by mirth provoking fun, and camp enjoyments. O, we were learning fast! If not the real essentials of soldierly qualities, at least, the part that most easily affects the morals, ~~and~~ <sup>new</sup> to which human nature is prone. To the eastward and contiguous to Blankin's woods is a small rivulet, or was at the time of which I write — which was crossed by a footway. On the North side of this rivulet, was a little knoll, on which stood a little cottage, the body of which was painted white, the roof red, and the shutters green. Within this cottage lived a gentleman and his wife, and also a sixteen year old elvis, the niece of the couple. The name of the elvis I will not give, as she is yet living, but for convenience in my true narrative, I will

abandon the Brills of etiquette and simply call her Abby. I think, if she ever sees these lines she will forgive me for this breach of politeness.

How I first became acquainted with Abby I cannot now exactly tell, it was not through the formality of an introduction, with the lifting of the hat, and the bowing of the head on my part, and a beautiful little courtesy on hers; but a kind of fished up acquaintance, brought about naturally. I am passionately fond of all kinds of flowers, and particularly the water lily. Along the banks of the rivulet of which I speak, and at the season of the year of which I am writing, wild flowers abounded, and water lilies grew in abundance. It was my habit, during our short stay at this place, when off duty, to go behind the camp and stroll along this rivulet which possessed peculiar attractions for me. I would gather the lilies and pluck the wild flowers, and form <sup>them</sup> into a posy, and keep them a day, when they would wither. One afternoon late I was walking along the stream, I had already gathered my flowers, and completed my posy, and was meditative, thinking, perhaps, of home, when suddenly emerging from behind a cedar bush, which hid her from my view, I came upon Abby, - the first time I ever met her.

She was sitting upon the ground, in the act of taking off her shoes. I spoke politely and would have passed on, but she in youthful glee exclaimed, "O, what a beautiful posy you have! See there is a pretty water lily out there," continued she, "and I was just taking off my shoes to go after it!" "Allow me to get it for you Abby, I can do it quicker than you," said I, at the same time taking off my shoes, and wading after the lily. Fearily secured it, and it was a nice one. - I placed it in the middle of my posy and walked astore. Seeing my act she looked very demure, as