

We soon reached Cochezville, the head-quarters of the regiment. As we knew it would take some to get the company here on board, many of us alighted, and having been stimulated before leaving Florence, we felt like another dose. Going to the hotel we commenced engineering; I went up to the bar, and producing my canteen, "I would like to have a canteen of whiskey," said I. "You can't have it," replied the vender of "hot gut," "it is against the Colonel's orders." Dr. Westcott, who was standing by, took the canteen, and presenting it to the bar tender said: "Fill that canteen with whiskey." "It is against the Colonel's orders," again replied the bartender. "Never mind," continued Westcott, "I am Surgeon of this regiment, and I recommend it." The vender of strong drink took the canteen quite reluctantly, and filled it, returning it to me. In course of time we left Cochezville and proceeded toward Baltimore, having but two or three other stations at which to stop. It was a pretty night, and the soldiers were in the best of humor. Many of them had raised their spirits up by pouring spirits down, and songs, and humorous jests enlivened the ride, and along that route the evening was made hilarious by the voices of returning soldiers. We arrived in Baltimore about midnight, and marching to the depot of the P. W. & B. P. R. to be ready to take the train that would be on our accommodation, we bivouaced around the depot, anywhere we could until the morning. When day dawned, we were a sleepy, tired looking set, as we arose and were seen straggling around the depot. Many of us had imbibed rather freely the night before, and felt rather the worse in consequence. After sauntering around for sometime I espied Westcott approaching me, tapping me on the shoulder, he inquired, "Got anything in your canteen?" "No," replied I, "every drop gone, but if you will go to a restaurant with me, I will pay the bill." We went and were satisfied. Sometime during the morning a train was at our disposal, on which we

embarked and proceeded to Wilmington. We were going home, and if we had been absent only a short time, our hearts were, nevertheless, buoyant, and our spirits light. The landscape, as the train gently slipped over the track, presented a gorgeous panorama, beautifully diversified as it was, with hill and dale, and after we had crossed the Susquehanna, every object along the route greeted us with welcome familiarity. We reached Wilmington and went to Camp Brandywine, in the suburbs of the city. Not being mustered out that day, we had the privilege of the evening. We returned to the city in squads, and enjoyed ourselves that night in visiting the various amusements the place offered.

Next morning we were at our several posts, and being drawn up into line by companies, a dispute arose between two of these over some trivial matter, which came near resulting seriously. So far did the anger of each arise against the other, that Captain Hall, commanding one of the disputing companies, ordered his men to load their guns. At this stage of the proceedings the Colonel, ordered Company J and another company to march between the disputants and arrest them. The movement was made, and the tumult stopped, without the necessity of resorting to harsh measures. That day we were mustered out of service, and marched into Wilmington, where, at the city hall we deposited our accoutrements, into the keeping of Uncle Sam. Another night, in Wilmington, hot bath, a change of clothing, and the enjoyments, the evening brought to us. The following morning a special train was provided to carry us to our homes. Boarding this, we were hurried along down through Delaware stopping at every station, where there who lived in that vicinity might alight. I soon reached Felton, where I left my remaining comrades, and was carried to Frederica, where I was warmly

Greeted by my friends, and thus ended my
thirty days Campaign."

Dear reader, if the ^{Final} Campaign, the history of
which I have related, was ended, in an as-
sociation, or a friendship, if you please, that
had its origine during this Campaign, had
not yet reached its culmination. I had
returned home as I have written, but the
pleasing memories that haunted my mind
centered on one object only, - always the lit-
tle maid of Abambin's Woods. Certainly I
had formed many acquaintances among
my comrades, and had nothing unpleasant
to look back on, yet ^{in my young years} her was the first scene
in the first act, of a young dream, which
was to play an important part, in the after
consideration of my life's history. Do you re-
member then, when I tell you that on my arrival
home I immediately dispatched a letter to
Mary, telling her of the event, and many other
things? Well I did, and when I now
recall the contents of that letter, I am
surprised at its ebullitions, and the im-
petuosity that must, at that time, have cha-
racterized my youthful brain. A correspo-
ndence was ~~thus~~ opened between us, that
was mutually agreeable, as subsequent
events have proved, and though the effusions
that passed between us, when viewed by a
calmer mind might have appeared like the
fond ravings of a happy lunatic, yet, to me
they were pregnant with celestial thoughts, and
were still cherished as happy memories.
I had been at home scarcely three months, when
my desire to again visit the little Maryland cot-
tage became so intense that I actually made
my journey. I arrived in Baltimore about half
a year ago. I went to the scenes of three months

ago. Abambin's Woods was still the rendezvous
of a body of soldiers, whom I did not know
but as I was now dressed in the garb of a
civilian no pass was necessary for me to
cross their lines. I arrived at the home of Mary
She was in a transport of joy at seeing me al-
though my visit was not unexpected. It was
her who I must now call my love. With
her who I must now call my love, was one
round of unalloyed pleasure, made doubly
so by the attentive care and encouragement
extended to me by the old folks. Every day
we would wander through the woods, or allo-
ing the little simulet, heretofore spoken of

and although the November frost had nipped the flowers, it had also changed the remaining foliage into variegations of crimson and gold, presenting a kaleidoscopic view that is seldom witnessed anywhere, but in country life. We enjoyed these rambles, and if the conversations of our happy selves, on these occasions, could be reduced to print, they would present a conglomeration of ideas only indulged in by happy lovers. At the expiration of my allotted stay I again took leave of Abigail, this time, however, with feelings far different than I had parted with her at other times. Our promises were made and during our present, ~~happy~~, intercourse our hopes for the future, had been discussed and our plans for life partly mapped out, and our temporary grief at our present separation was tempered by the anticipation of future bliss. I had, heretofore, no definite course in life marked out, but on my arrival home, I diligently set myself at work to establish on a firm basis a business, that should bring me a competence, and provide for the comfort of my intended. November waned and waned, December with its snows and ice, came and hurried away, January with its chilling winds and uncomfortable blast, inaugurated a new year, February followed ⁱⁿ its predecessor, and found me in the little cottage by the rivulet, and on the morning of February the 24th, the Baltimore Sun contained the following ^{article} ~~notice~~, the real names being omitted!—

Abigail
D—^{at}— on Tuesday, Feb. 23d, 1863
at the residence of her uncle, ^{at}
Abraham's Woods, near Baltimore,
Rev. B. H. Nemo, Abigail's
D—, of Delaware.

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quent five years have passed since the events I have recorded, and with them many of the characters who have figured in our story. Captain Casden has long since gone to his account, Lieutenant Thomas C. Azes, as has been already stated, is now the Presiding Elder of Salisbury District, of the Western M. E. Conference.

The short, and fair young life of Lieutenant
ant Green is finished, the gifted and
talented Dick Harrington, sleeps beneath
the sod, near his native capital, I
forget I never saw again. Many others
who have been silent and unimportant
actors in this narrative, are scattered
over the various States of the Union,
above or beneath its turf; the writer
should, barring affliction, ~~stand~~ be
in the zenith of his life's glory, the beau-
tiful day of 1862 - has become a matron
of forty one years, the roses have faded from
her cheeks, and in their place now shines
the permanent beauty of mature woman-
hood; her deep hazel eyes still retain
their piercing glance, and in them yet spar-
kles the fire of girlhood; her auburn hair
is not yet streaked with silver and falls
in a graceful cluster over a fair and noble
forehead; her form, once so lithe, is now become
a ~~solid~~ compact, and she appears younger
than she is. Around her gather eight
children, three of whom have passed to
woman's and man's, while the remainder
are bright little cherubs, happy in their lovely
innocency. We often sit of evenings, after
the children have retired, and talk of the
days of our early love, and the reminiscences
are pleasant and agreeable; and while
others may have cause to curse the war,
I bless the day I started on "a thirty days
campaign," and first met Clara, the
little maid of Blankin's words.

The End