

A. Thirty Days Campaign.

By

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Chapter 1

New Recruits

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 Early 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 defences of Washington.

History tells how his plans were frustrated by "Stoping a day," and how he was compelled, "laden with bootz," to retreat, and recross the Potomac; and that he subsequently sent a party 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 July 10th, — the day that General Early 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 distributing 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, Delaware,

was one of turmoil and confusion.

Monday was spent in preliminaries, — obtaining arms, and the munitions of war — and on Tuesday the 7th, Delaware Regiment of Infantry, was sworn into the Service of the United States, for thirty days, and pushed to the Susquehanna.

Arriving at Perryville we were landed; the excitement being so great, that 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 theater of action, and passed their last accounts; others who are now standing on the pedestal of fame, important actors in the world's great 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. T. O. Agres, now President 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 banqueted for a few days, being drilled, and initiated into the beauties of a Soldier 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 Brownlow," and I have no doubt, to-day, but those maiden speeches, made by Dick, on those sultry evenings, helped to lay the foundation of his future greatness. But of "Parson Brownlow," 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 Regiment 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 marines under Colonel Forney, 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, forlorn looking creatures, captured by secretizing parties, none were seen by us.

A few 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 Havre 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, swung them over our shoulders, and marched to the river where we stacked our arms. Here we lie all day, or straggled about the town, waiting for transportation, we knew not where; and not until late in the day did a boat arrive. This we boarded, after much delay, and steamed out on the placid bosom of the Chesapeake. We stowed ourselves away, anywhere 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 broken, only, by the dull thud of the steamer's paddles, and 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 docks 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 the vertical rays of a burning sun, without any protection, or lolled around the dock, drinking the nauseating hydrant water, until many of us were prostrated by sickness, and some by sunstroke.

To add to the uncomfortable ness 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 leaving Havre de Grace, and we could not get them now. So famished had many of us become, that a piece of bread kicked over 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 McAnbin's Woods, and at thisylvan spot we halted; orders were given for a distribution of rations, fires were built, and coffee made. A slice of pork, which we singed