

"You are with me!" Nor did we. The doctor stood on his official dignity, and the conducta allowed us to pass free. At Parkton the Surgeon got a little "fuddled," and when the last way train stopped at that station, he missed it. I caught it by running, and being without my escort, seated myself on the outside steps, of the last car. When the train stopped at a station I would jump off and mingle with the crowd, until it started again, when I would get on. In this way I managed to reach Glencoe. The doctor was obliged to take the express train which stopped at no station between Parkton and Baltimore. When this train passed Glencoe I saw Westcot through the window of the car sitting as upright as a statue. The next day he returned from the city.

Several days encampment at Glencoe, and our ^{short} life, at that place was ended. Our term of enlistment as "emergency men," had about expired, and orders were received one evening to return to Delaware, to be mustered out of service. The train to take us to Baltimore, had left Parkton, taking up the companies along the line, and was already at Glencoe awaiting our pleasure. We were formed into line, and as we had been so hospitably treated by the old gentleman Abawell, our officers deemed it true courtesy to march the soldiers up to his residence and bid him "good bye," or make some demonstration to show him we appreciated his kindness. Accordingly, although the locomotive was "toot, tooting," for us to board the

train, we were marched to the gentleman's residence, and gave him "three rousing cheers," after which laudation we called on him for a speech.

"Gentlemen," said the old man, "I cannot make a speech; but here - pointing to a pile of demijohns he had had brought out - is whiskey, brandy, and gin; come up and help yourselves!"

We were not ~~loath~~ to accept the invitation, and were marched up to the veranda, by ~~our~~ our officers, in squads of four, and partook of the stimulants; then, again, giving this model man, "three cheers," we retreated to, and boarded the train, whose officers were becoming impatient at their delay. We all voted, "If that man is a rebel he is a good one."

We soon reached Cokeyville, the headquarters of the regiment. As we knew it would take some time to get the company here, on board, many of us alighted; and having been stimulated before leaving Glencoe, 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," returned the vender of rotgut, "it's against the Colonel's orders!"

Dr. Westcot, who was standing by, took the canteen, and presenting it to the bartender said, "Fill that canteen ^{with} whiskey!"

"It's against the Colonel's orders!" again answered the bartender.

"Never mind!" continued Westcot, "I am Surgeon of this regiment, and I recommend it!"

The vender of bug juice took the canteen, quite reluctantly, and filled it, returning it to me.

In course of time we left Cockeysville, 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 excited their spirits up "by pouring spirits down," and songs, and witticisms, enlivened the ride, and along that route the evening air was resonant with hilarity, made so by the voices of returning Soldiers. We arrived in Baltimore during the night, and marching to the depot of the P. W. & B. R. R., to be ready to take the train that would be for ^{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 the worse in consequence.

After sauntering around for some time I espied Westcot 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?"

He agreed. We went, and were satisfied.

About ten o'clock that morning a train was at our disposal on which we embarked and proceeded to

for 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 skipped over the tracks, 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 Branchville, 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 many places of amusement 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 F, and another company to march between the disputants, and arrest them. The movement was made, and the tumult stopped without resorting to harsher measures. That day we were mustered out of service; and marched into Wilmington, where, at the general rendezvous for arms, we deposited our accoutrements into the keeping of Uncle Sam.

Another night in Wilmington; - a bath, a change of clothing, and the enjoyments the evening brought

to us. The following day 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 those who lived in that vicinity might alight. I soon reached Felton, where I left my remaining comrades, and was conveyed to Frederica, where I was warmly welcomed, by my friends. And thus ended my "Thirty days Campaign."

Chapter III

Finale.

Dear reader, if the campaign, the history of which I have related, was ended, an association, or a friendship, if you please, that had its origin during that Campaign, had not yet reached its culmination, and in order that you may understand the finale, it is necessary that I write the brief sequel to this true narrative.

I had returned home, as I have written, but the pleasing memories that haunted my mind, centered on one object only, - Mary; the little maid of Mankin's Woods. Certainly, I had formed many acquaintances among my comrades, friendships, long afterward held in pleasant remembrance, and had nothing of regret to look back on, yet my meeting with her, was the first scene, in the first act of a young dream which was destined to play an important part in the after consideration of my life's history. Do you wonder then, when I tell you that on my return home I immediately dispatched a letter to Mary, telling her of the event,