

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 impetuosity, that must, at that time, have characterized my youthful brain. A correspondence was opened between us, that was mutually agreeable as subsequent events have proven, and though the effusions that passed, when viewed by a calmer mind, might have appeared like the fond ravings of happy lunatics, yet, to me they were pregnant with celestial thoughts, and are still cherished as happy memories.

I had been at home, scarcely three months, when my desire to again visit the little Maryland college became so intense that I actually made the journey.

I arrived in Baltimore and hired a man D. drove me to the scene of three months ago. Mankins 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 fears 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, although my visit was not unexpected. It was lovely weather, and the four days I spent 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." Each day we would wander through the woods, or along the little rivulet, herebefore related to, and although the November frost had nipped

The flowers, it had also changed the remaining foliage into bariegations of crimson and gold, presenting a kaleidoscopic view that is seldom witnessed anywhere but in country life. We enjoyed there rambles; and if the conversations of our happy selves on those 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 Mary, this time, however, with feelings far different than I had parted with her at other times. Our promises were made, and during our present 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 return home, I diligently set myself at work, to establish on a firm basis, a business that should bring me a competency, and provide for the comforts of my intended.

November, waxed and waned, December, with its snows and ice, came and passed away, January, with its chilling winds, and uncomfortable blast inaugurated a New Year, February followed hard on its predecessor, and found me again at the little cottage, by the riverlet; and on the morning of February 24th, 1865 - the Baltimore Sun contained the following, <sup>notices</sup>, the real names being omitted:-

Married:

I—, No.—. On Tuesday, Feb. 28<sup>d</sup>, 1865; at the residence of her uncle at Blanken's Woods, near this city, by Rev. R. H. Nemo, Mairs Mary —, to Mr. D —, of Delaware

× × × × × × × × × × ×

Twenty five years have passed since the events I have recorded, and with them many of the characters, who have figured in our story: Captain Bosden has, long since, gone to his account; Lieutenant F. C. Agres, as has been already stated, is now Presiding Elder, of Salisbury District, of the Wilmington ~~Co.~~, <sup>Es</sup> Conference; the short, and fair young life of Lieutenant Green is finished; the gifted, and talented Dick Harrington, sleeps beneath the sod near his native capital; Dr. Westcot I never saw again. The 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, be at the zenith of his life's glory; the beautiful Mary of 1865, 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 womanhood; her deep hazel eyes still retain their piercing glance, and in them yet sparkles the fire of girlhood; her auburn hair is not yet streaked with silver, and falls in graceful clusters over a fair, and noble brow;

her form, once so lithe, is now become elbonpoint  
and she appears younger than she is.

Around her cluster eight children, three of  
whom have passed to women's and man's estate,  
while the remainder are bright little cherubs,  
happy in their lovely innocence.

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  
Mary, the little maid of Mankin's Woods.

The End.

D. A. Conner  
Milton,  
Delaware