

much as to say "I don't thank you to keep it." But when I approached her and said, "Permit me thine to present you with my rose and your lily combined," her eyes danced for joy. "Will you, indeed, give me this?" "O, it is so beautiful! I am so glad!" — "It is yours thine." "Thy name is Abby, — Abby, B. —" said she "won't you go to the house with me and see uncle, he loves soldiers, and so do I." Reader allow me to remark that in these when surrounded by soldiers and unwarlike people, familiarity was not an unpardonable sin. — "I will accept your kind invitation," said, as I sat down and put on my shoes. Having accomplished this necessary duty we started for the house, she chatting gaily about the soldiers, the birds and many natural objects, while I was intent on studying my youthful companion. She was young and pretty with auburn hair, pearly teeth, and rosy cheeks, and as she, in the guileless innocence of her young maidenhood, merrily expatiated on the hospitality of her uncle, I thought I had never seen one so beautiful. Her eyes were of a deep hazel, and looked into my very soul. She was dressed in a blue Cashmere dress, with pink bodice, while on her head she wore a jaunty hat, which framed the coronal of the waving ringlets which fell gracefully around her lovely neck. We reached her home and as I had given her my name she introduced me to her uncle with a naivete as charming as it was unexpected. I had found out during our conversation, that she was well informed, by one of her aunts, and my presentation to her uncle confirmed the belief, that she was well-bred in the etiquette of polite society. An accomplishment, I acknowledge, I did not anticipate, in one so young. The old gentleman received me kindly, as did also his wife; after the compliments of the day were passed a desultory conversation, was carried

on for some time & which would be of no interest to relate, in our story; I thought the old gentleman rather inquisitive, as to my parentage, my home, and my standing, but attributing this to his senility, I took no umbrage, although I could feel the hot blood mount to my cheeks as I glanced at Abigail during some of his random talk & however the evening passed pleasantly, and I took my departure, promising to call again, Abigail accompanied me to the little gate that enclosed the yard, where with a silent shake of the hand I bade her good-bye, and hurried back to camp. The shades of evening were already gathering as I passed our guards, who knowing me, asked no questions.

It must not be thought a gentle reader that this was my last interview with Abigail. I met her thrice more while at Campbell's camp. On two of these occasions I walked quietly out in the afternoon, ostensibly for a stroll, but in reality to see the little maiden; on both occasions, I returned to camp long after nightfall, and being without the counter sign, was obliged to run the guards, which I successfully did, as the watch was not over strict.

While encamped at this place, Corporal Dick Harrings, wishing to go home, asked for leave of absence, and was refused. Presuming on his standing, as the son of a judge, he took "French leave," but was arrested at Abasco de Grace, while attempting to cross the Suquehanna, and sent back to headquarters. The Colonel had his stripes taken off, and condemned him to sweep camp for a week. This was a humiliating penance to poor Dick, yet he went to work with the vim of the man he really was, and after a few days of labor, in consideration of his cheerfulness, the punishment was remitted. "Strike tents! Strike tents!" was the order that went thundering along the avenues on Sunday morning, "where to now?" was the inquiry from hundreds of mouths. But no one knew, except the officers, and rarely ever do, on these impromptu removals

"Oh God!" said I to my comrade, "I must run  
down and see my gal! Will you take charge  
of my gun, I will put on my accoutrements,  
and be back by the time you start?"

"Yes," said he, "Be quick."

Swiftly I went with the speed of the wind,  
and not five minutes had elapsed from  
the time I left camp, until I stood beside  
Abby. "Good bye Abby!" I said, my breath

coming quick and hot, from my hard run.  
"We are going to leave." "When?" she questioned.

"Now. We have orders, and the boys are  
striking the tents. I just run over to bid  
you good bye, and must now go!"

"O, must you go? Will I ever see you again?"

"Yes dear you will see me again, good  
bye now, I cannot linger." One kiss more,

she turned her cheek to me, and pressed  
my hand, but said not a word. I gave  
her a parting kiss, and hurried back to  
camp. I was in time, and might have

tarried an hour longer, but I did not then  
know that "large bodies move slowly."

We were, after much labor and vexation  
got in readiness for marching; the march  
was very short, for a train of cars soon  
appeared, from Baltimore, and took us  
on board. It soon became apparent that  
our future occupation would be guard  
duty on the line of the Northern Central  
Rail Road. We were there distributed,

between Baltimore and Parkton, with  
head quarters at Cockeyville. Company  
H, the company to which I belonged, and  
to which, in the future I shall pay more  
particular attention, than I have in  
the past, was stationed at Glencoe; our  
commissioned officers were: Captain  
John Gosden, First Lieutenant Thomas  
Oliver Agres, and Second Lieutenant  
Philip Green.

Some of our readers who have followed  
us thus far in our story, have doubtless seen  
that Soldier life with our regiment, had some

attractions, as well as hardships, and at this season of the year to be stationed in this part of level, obnoxious land, was a treat which we had not anticipated. Glenage is beautifully situated, long undulating hills, covered with grassy meadows and level valleys, in which sparkled flowing brooks, that shimmered and glistened in the meridian sun, and whose serpentine courses were interspersed with miniature cascades, down which the water flowed with soft gurgling noise that fell upon the ear like the soft cadence of fairy land, all this combined to make Glenage Cove lovely, and when we add to this scenery the growing crops, and delicious fruits, the whole becomes a panorama scarcely ever equalled, never excelled. Opposite the station was a magnificent building, surrounded on all sides by verandahs, and in front a grassy lawn extending from the building to the rail-road track. From the house a gravelled walk extended one side of the lawn to a rustic Spring house, within which a fountain of pure sparkling water, was continually bubbling up, and running away. We encamped, or rather we staked our arms, and deposited our baggage, and commissary stores on this green lawn, - for the weather was so beautiful that we pitched no tents, and when it rained, we went up verandahs that surrounded the house. After depositing our effects on the lawn, a comonitee was appointed to visit on the river and inquire his name. The comonitee returned in due time, and reported that the gentleman's name was "Marvell". Accordingly our camp was named Camp Marvell. The people belonging at the station on the opposite side of the way called the old gentleman a rebel. But he often came to our camp, - a pleasant party, good natured old man, and without fail - a would stay for hours at a time, and talk pleasantly with our officers. So good and kind was he that he invited the officers to send the cook his truck patch, and all the tomatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables we wanted.

for the use of the company. This we did, and lived splendidly on a vegetable diet. But people will be suspicious, and our friends at the rail-road station intimated that it was not because he loved us, he gave us vegetables, but because he thought we would take them anyway. This we would not have done, any wise man knows.

After our camp preliminaries were attended to, our picket guards were thrown out on three different lines, of three reliefs each. Our posts were about one and a quarter miles from camp. During the day while one relief was on the others would forage through the country; at dinner we would go to one farm house, and at supper to another, and get our meals. He would always offer to pay for our entertainment but our entertainers would receive nothing. I remember one road, I heard the sound of horses hoofs on the ground, apparently coming toward me, I halted, and faced the noise. Presently a horseman appeared, coming in a canter, "halt!" said I, when he was within half distance. Not pulling up immediately, click, click, went my gun lock, and "halt!" I cried again. This time he came to a stand. "Who comes there?" said I. "Friends," said he, "I am a gentleman and this is a lady, — pointing to a female behind him on the horse, and who I had not before seen — I like, at the farm house, and have the privilege of passing within the lines. I suppose you are instructed to let us pass?" "I think we are. Pass."

I mention this incident to show the novel mode of transportation the aboriginal ferretly tribe to see a gentleman riding on horseback, and a lady seated behind her arms, around him.

Another incident I will relate; one afternoon, the unusual manners of the officers and others attracted my attention, and I thought "Something was up." When we lie down after night, I did not go to sleep, in fact I could not. Some time, about mid-