

over the fire, on a stick, a slice of bread, and a pint of coffee, were, that night a ~~feast~~ feast to our hungry natures; after eating which we rolled ourselves in our blankets and were soon in the arms of Morpheus. The moon looked down on us with the same beaming splendor that it did on Sennecherib's host, but when morning dawned it found a living army instead of a dead one.

Preparations were now made for a permanent camp, the ground <sup>was</sup> cleared off, avenues were laid out, our tents were pitched, and guards posted. Drills, again, became the order of exercise, and the prayer meetings, and exercises which engaged our attention, of evenings, at Havre de Grace, were superseded by ~~mirth~~ mirth percolating fun, and camp enjoyments. O, we were learning fast! If not the real essentials of soldierly qualities, at least, the part that most easily affects the morals, and to which human nature is prone.

To the eastward, and contiguous to Banksin's Woods, is a small rivulet, or was at the time of which I write, which was crossed by a footway. On the north side of this rivulet, was a little knoll, on which stood a little cottage, the body of which was painted white, the roof red, and the shutters green. Within this cottage lived a gentleman and his wife, and also a sixteen year old Miss, the niece of the couple. The name of the Miss I will not give, — as she is yet living — but for convenience of expression, in relating my true narrative, I will abandon the rules of euterpe, and

Simply call her Mary. I think, if she ever should see these lines, she will forgive me for this breach of etiquette.

How I first became acquainted with Mary I cannot, now, exactly tell, it was not through the formality of an introduction, with the lifting of the hat, and the bowing of the head on my part, and a beautiful little curtsy on hers, but a kind of picked up acquaintance, brought about in nature's own way.

I am passionately fond of flowers, of all kinds, and particularly the water lily. Along the banks of the rivulet of which I speak, and at the season of the year of which I write, wild flowers abounded, and water lilies grew in abundance. It was my habit, during our short stay at this place, when off duty, to go beyond the camp and stroll along this rivulet which possessed peculiar attractions for me. I would gather the lilies, and pluck the wild flowers, and form them into a bouquet, and keep them a day, when they would wither, and die.

Late one afternoon, I was walking along the stream, I had already gathered my flowers, and completed my bouquet, and was meditative, thinking, perhaps, of home, when suddenly emerging from behind a cedar bush, which hid her from <sup>my</sup> view, I came upon Mary, — the first time I ever met her. She was sitting on the ground in the act of taking off her shoes. I spoke to her politely, and would have passed on, but she in youthful glee exclaimed, "O, what a beautiful posy you have! See there is a pretty lily out there,"

Continued she, pointing toward the Stream, "and I was just taking off my shoes to go after it!"

"Allow me to get it for you Miss, I can do it quicker than you, and beside it is no need to wet your feet," said I, at the same time taking off my shoes, and wading to the lily. Having secured it, — and it was a nice one — I placed it in the middle of my bouquet and returned to the shore. Seeing my act she looked very demure as much as to say, "I don't thank you to keep it." But when I approached her and said: "Permit me Miss to present you with my bouquet and your lily combined," her eyes danced with joy.

"Will you, indeed, give me this?" said she, taking the flowers. "O, it is so beautiful! I am so glad!"

"It is yours Miss."

"My name is Mary. Mary 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 here, parenthetically, that in those days when surrounded by Soldiers, and unknown persons, familiarity was not deemed an unpardonable sin.)

"I will accept your kind invitation," returned I; and I sat down, and put on my shoes.

Having performed this necessary task, we started for the house, she chatting gaily about the Soldiers, the Circles, 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, mer-  
rily exulted 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 skirt,  
with pink bodice, while on her head she wore a jaunty  
hat, which formed the coronal to the waving ringlets  
that 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 nai-  
vete as charming as it was unexpected. I had fo-  
und out during our conversation, that she was well  
informed, for one of her youth, and my presenta-  
tion to her uncle, confirmed the belief that she  
was well bred in the etiquette of polite society,  
an accomplishment, I acknowledge, I did not ant-  
icipate to meet with in one so young. Where she had  
obtained her education I did not then know, but  
months afterward I learned her whole history; it,  
being altogether personal, will not be related in  
this connection.

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 the readers of our story. I thought the old gen-  
tleman 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 Mary during some of his random talk.

However, the evening passed pleasantly, and I took my departure, promising to call again. Mary accompanied me to the little gate that helped to enclose the yard, where with a merry shake of the hand I bade her a good-natured "good bye," and hurried back to camp. The shades of evening were already gathering when I passed the guards, who knowing me asked no questions.

It must not be thought, O, gentle reader, that this was my last interview with Mary! I met her thrice more while at Blankin's Woods. On two of these occasions, I walked quietly out of camp, in the soft ~~even~~, ostensibly for a stroll, but in reality to see the little maiden; ~~on~~ <sup>from</sup> both of these trysts I returned to the regiment long after nightfall, and being without the countersign, was obliged to run the guards, <sup>which</sup> I successfully did, as the watch was not over strict.

While encamped at this place, Corporal Dick Harrington wishing to go home, asked for a furlough, and was refused. Presuming on his standing, as the son of a judge, he took "French leave," but was arrested at Havre de Grace, while attempting to cross the Chesapeake, 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