

To work with the vim of the man he really was, but after a few days of labor, in consideration of his cheerfulness, and good behavior, the punishment was remitted.

"Strike tents! Strike tents!" was the order that resounded through the avenues, on Sunday morning.

"Where to now?" was the anxious inquiry from hundreds of mouths. But no one, except the officers knew; and rarely ever do on these impromptu removals. "My God!" exclaimed I to my comrade, "I must run over 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."

Away I went with the speed of a young deer, and not five minutes had elapsed from the time I left camp, until I stood beside Mary.

"Good bye Mary!" I said, my breath coming quick and hot, from my hard run, "we are going to leave!"

"When?" she questioned.

"Now. We have marching orders, and the boys are already striking the tents; I just ran 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 love!"

Salute 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 tramp 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 headquarters at Cockeysville. Company F, to which I belonged, and to which, in the future of my narrative I shall pay more particular attention than I have in my past rehearsal, was stationed at Glencoe; our commissioned officers were, Captain John Cosden, First Lieutenant Thomas Oliver Azres, and Second Lieutenant Philip Green.

Chapter 11

Glencoe.

There of our readers who have carefully read the preceding part of our story, have doubtless been led to believe, that soldier life, with our regiment had many attractions; and that our lot was easy, when compared to the hardships, our fellow-soldiers were then experiencing, in battling with the Southern army. We appreciated our situation. And at this season of the year to be stationed in

this part of
lovely Maryland ^{was a} treat to which in our loftiest im-
agination we had not looked forward to.

Glencoe ^{was} ~~is~~ beautifully situated: long undulating
hills, covered with grassy sward, and lovely va-
lleys, in which sparkled flowing brooks, that shimmered
and glistened in the morning sun, and where
serpentine courses were interspersed with minia-
ture cascades adown which the water flowed
with ^a soft gurgling noise that fell on the ear
like the misty dreams of fairy land; all this
combined to make Glencoe lovely; and when we
add to this scenery, the beauty of the growing crops,
and delicious fruits, - for the devastating hand
of war had not reached this section - the whole
became a panorama, scarcely ever witnessed,
never excelled.

Opposite the station was a magnificent build-
ing, surrounded on all sides by verandas, and
in front of which a grassy lawn extended to the
rail road tracks. From the house a gravelled
walk stretched away, on 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 luggage, and commissary stores, on
this green lawn, - for the weather was so beauti-
ful that we pitched no tents, and when it rai-
ned, we went up and stretched ourselves

on the floors of the berandahs that surrounded the building. After appropriate preliminaries a committee was appointed to wait on the owner ^{and} inquire his name. The committee returned in due time and reported that the gentleman's name was "Mawell". Accordingly our camp was named "Camp Mawell," in honor of the owner.

The people belonging at the Station, on the opposite side of the way, called the old gentleman a "rebel;" but he often came down to our camp, — a pleasant, peppy, good-natured old man, and without rich — and would stay for hours at a time, and talk pleasantly with our officers. So good, and kind, was he that he invited our officers to send the cooks, — for we had regularly detailed cooks — to his truck patch and get all the tomatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables they wanted, for the use of the company. This they did and we lived splendidly on a vegetable diet.

But people will talk, and be suspicious, and our friends at the rail road station intimated, that it was not because he loved us, he gave us the vegetables, but because he thought we would take them anyway. This we would not have done any wise man knows(?)

After our camp arrangements 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 around the country; at dinner we would go to one farm house, and at supper to another, and get our meals. We would always offer to pay for our entertainment, but our entertainers would receive nothing.

I remember one night, while on post in an un-frequented road, I heard the sound of horses hoofs on the ground coming toward me. I halted, on my beat, and faced the noise. Presently a horse-man appeared, coming in a canter.

"Halt!" cried I, when he was within hailing 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?"

"Friends," replied the horseman. "I am a gentleman, and this is a lady, — pointing to a female behind him on the horse, and whom I had not before noticed — I live at the farm house yonder, 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 travel, the Maryland farmer had in those days. For it was a novelty to me to see a gentleman riding on horseback, and a lady seated behind, with her arms around him.

Another incident I will relate: One afternoon