

for any length of time the restraint even of a loved embrace. She bounded from my arms, shook herself like some gay bird settling its plumes after a rude hand had touched them, and with an arch look and merry laugh tossed back the bright curls from her brow, then demurely putting her hand upon my arm, and gaily chatting of the past, present and to-come, (all strangely mingled and confused), tripped lightly beside me toward an old mansion half hidden in the shadow of a mountain. Was Memory playing tricks with Fancy in my sleep? On we went, down that old avenue of elms,--its gravel, white and clear as that which makes the trout's home in the river that flowed beside us,--rustled beneath our footsteps. The blossoming willows which skirted the river banks sent forth their odors, freighting the air of the spring morning with fragrance almost oppressive. How the touched of those soft fingers thrilled me, as we ran up the rough stone steps of the old mansion--her home! Do dream sprites have homes? Had I before tripped hand in hand, up those moss-grown steps with that bright impersonation of youth and beauty? Was the subtle fragrance which seemed to be an ethereal presence floating near us--was this the characteristic, never-varied, and well-remembered perfume of a mouchoir? It was not mignonette, nor violet. It was not the sweet "bouquet", that lends its enchanting fragrance to "the beauty of my gay brunette", nor the faint aroma that marks the quiet presence of Hermona, nor the subtle perfume which speaks the resignation in the heart of Nora. It was not the voluptuous fragrance of the Rose, which added to the enchantments of the southern siren, nor the piquant thyme which gave so befitting a charm to the dashing Kentucky widow. It was the breath of fern! How the breezy mountain tops loomed on my sight, as I bethink me of the odor that haunts every

rock-cleft! Can it be? Oh! Memory! How are thy pictures intertwined with dreaming fancy! Thy sketches are as fantastic as hers; are they equally unreal? Does the Present link as well as separate the Past and the Future? Did I dream all this. I know not. It went on,-- the massive door opened--the soft hand still locked in mine. The breezy drapery, the enchanting fragrance still floated around me. Is the Past repeated in the Future or is all a dream? I would give more than than wealth to know--no matter what. The door opens and I gaze into a familiar room. The sofa, the guitar, the glint of the river--flashing through the open window,---

"Lieutenant! Lieutenant! Breakfast's ready!" Big John our faithful servant was calling me to masticate, "hard Tack", and Bacon!

In Camp, Murfreesboro, Tenn.