

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 wife man (snore).

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 night while on post in an unfrequented 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 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?" 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 had not before seen I like, at the farm house gender, 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 farmers had in those days. For it was a novel thing to see a gentleman riding on horseback, and a lady seated behind with 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-

night, I suppose, 6 five or eight shots were fired
in quick succes, in the direction of one of our
picket posts. The long roll was quickly beat
and our company came out pell mell, and
fell into line. I acknowledge I got in the
rear rank; but when the captain marched
us around and "about faced" us, I was bro-
ught directy in front, that is in front of
our line of battle. Lieutenant Green
came down the line and seeing me, said
"D— give me a chew of tobacco?" I had
but one chew, and thinking I should never
need any more freely gave him it.
We stood in our position for a few minutes
when the train from Baltimore was heard
thundering on the track. To keep the light from
the locomotive showing our position, the
stentorian voice of Captain Godden comman-
ded, "Fall on your faces!" This we did and
lie there until the train had passed, when
at the captain's command we arose.
A few minutes later the tramp, tramp,
tramp, of a body of men was heard coming
down the rail road track. When within
trailing distance, Captain Godden again
called out, "Who comes there?" "A detach-
ment from Company D," replied the com-
mander. "We are trying to find out something
about the firing awhile ago."
"We are now drawn up in line," explained
Captain Godden, "and I am about to send
detachments to each of my picket posts,
to inquire into the matter."
"Well we will return to camp and report."
Detachments were according to the captain's
orders sent to the picket posts. In one of
these was the writer. And at each post,
every man on the post had heard the fir-
ing, and according to his statement the
balls had passed directy over his head.
We returned to camp without finding
the enemy. I afterward found out it was
a false alarm. Crypton of one man, I
always suspected the man. And he sub-
sequently told me, that he went out
that night with two revolvers, and shot
them off, and was lying under the

fence when the detachment going to
visit the picket guard on that line pas-
sed. After it was beyond hearing, he qui-
etly slipped back to camp. It was general-
ly believed that our officers knew all
about it, and had the alarm made to
by the men; but they denied any knowledge
of the affair. The Colonel was wroth, and
had he known that the officers were quiet
would have had them court-martialed.
After being at Glencoe a few days, I asked
the Captain for a furlough for twenty-four
hours. He gave me a note of reference to
Colonel Housefield, and a pass to Cock-
eyville. The Colonel gave me the furlough
and a pass to Baltimore. I boarded the
next train and after arriving at the cit-
y of monuments, proceeded on foot to Clark's
Road. Here the First Delaware Cavalry
were now encamped, many of whom I per-
sonally knew. I crossed the ~~the~~ river
and went directly to the little white cottage,
the home of Mary; — for my object in seeking
a furlough was to go to see her. She was greatly
surprised at my appearance, "it was so un-
expected!" she exclaimed. We talked and ch-
atted for some time at the homestead, and
while her aunt was busy with her household
duties, we walked out to enjoy an hour or so
in the shady grove near by. During this stroll
many things were talked of which it is not
necessary for me to rehearse, suffice it
to say that arrangements were made for
a correspondence between ourselves while
I should return to my home. I knew my
term of enlistment would soon expire, and
it would not be long before I should be in
mail communication, with this little girl
who was now absorbing the greater part of
my mind. My ~~that~~ visit was pleasant, but
necessarily short, as the passage of time ad-
monished me, I must leave, in order to catch
the train, so bidding a lingering "good bye" to
my little Mary, I hurried away. Passing
through the woods, I stopped a few minutes
to talk with my acquaintances of the Cavalry
who bantered me with my unexpect-
ed visit, and
looking gal over the creek. D.

I reached Baltimore in time, took the train and returned to camp.

While at our present station, our regiment was supplied with an assistant Surgeon, Dr. Westcot, was from the "army of the Potomac" and as far as I am able to judge an able man in his profession. Why he had left the "army of the Potomac" was a mystery to us all for, as we reasoned, a man of his apparent ability would be likely to be of more service to the Government in a large body of men than in a small quantity of troops like ourselves. But as Dr. Westcot was always full of whiskey, when he could get it, we strongly surmised that whiskey was the cause of his removal from the "army of the Potomac."

Be that as it may, Dr. Westcot was with us and in his official capacity he visited the different companies at their various stations. On one occasion, a little boy, having been run over by the cars, had his feet crushed and amputation became necessary. A consultation of the resident physicians of the neighborhood was held, at which Dr. Westcot was present. It was decided that our Surgeon should perform the operation. This he did, after a Catholic priest had administered the Holy Unction to the little fellow, and if any of us had had any doubts before of Dr. Westcot's efficiency as a Surgeon, they were removed by the mechanical ability displayed ~~in this official~~, in this operation.

As we were guarding a line of rail road it was claimed by the "boys" that we had a right to ride, when, and where, we pleased without paying fare. I will not attempt to discuss the merits of this point, as it needs more. The "boys" would, however, get on the train for a ride, and the conductor would put them off. One day, myself, in company with Dr. Westcot—who by the way, was quite congenial company, and made himself familiar with the "boys" particularly, if they had money—jumped on the train to go to Parkton, a distance of nine miles. "I can put you through," said the Doctor, "I will have no fare to pay while you are with me!" Nor did we. The Dr. stood on his official dignity, and the conductor allowed us

To pass free. At Parkston the Surgeon
got a little "fuddled" and when the last
way train stopped at that Station, he missed
it. I caught it, by running, and being with
out my escort, I seated myself on the steps
of the last car. When the train stopped
at a Station I would jump off, and mix
it with the crowd, until it started again
when I would get on. In this way I man-
aged to reach Glencoe. The doctor was
obliged to take the express train, which
stopped at no Stations, between Parkston
and Baltimore. When this train passed
Glencoe, I saw Westcott through the window,
who was sitting as upright as a Statue.
The next day he returned from the city.

Several days encampment at Glencoe
and our short life at that place was en-
ded. Our term of enlistment as "emer-
gency men," had about expired, and orders
were received one evening to return home.
The train to take us to Baltimore, had left
Parkston, taking up the companies along the
line, and was already at Glencoe, awaiting
our pleasure. We were formed into line
and as we had been so generously treated
by the old gentleman Obawell, our officers
deemed it true courtesy, to march the
soldiers up to his residence, and bid
him "good by," or make some clemen-
tiation to show him, we appreciated his
kindness. Accordingly — although the lo-
comotive was "toot, tooting" for us to board
the train we were marched to the gentle-
man's residence, and gave him "three
going cheers" and called on him for a "shack,
"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot make a
speech; but here — pointing to a pile of
demijohns — is whiskey, brandy, and gin.
Come up and help yourselves!"
We were marched up to the veranda, by
our officers, in squads of four, and par-
took of the Stimulants, and again giving
this "Model Man" three cheers, we retreated
to, and boarded the train, where officers
were already becoming impatient, at our delay.