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 midnight, I suppose, six or eight shots were fired in quick succession 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 brought directly in front; that is in front of our line of battle. Lieutenant Green came down the line, and seeing me whispered, "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 appearance, the stentorian voice of Captain Cosden commanded, "Fall on your faces!" This evolution was performed in beautiful style by all except one man, who resolutely stood his ground and hollowed, "Blamed if I'm a goin to hide! I a'n't afraid of all the rebels in Maryland!" And stand he did. I am sorry I cannot recall the name of this hero, for such bravery should not go unmentioned. We lie on our faces untill the train had passed, when at the captain's

command we arose again.

A few minutes later the tramp, tramp, tramp, of a body of men was heard coming down the rail road track. When within hailing distance Captain Cosden again called out, "Who comes there?"

"A detachment from Company I," replied the commander, "we are trying to find out something about the firing awhile ago!"

"We are now drawn up in line," explained Captain Cosden, "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 Captain Cosden's orders dispatched to our several picket posts; and in one of there squads was the writer.

At each post, every man on the post had heard the firing, and, according to his statement, the balls had passed directly over his head. We returned to camp without finding the enemy. I afterward found out it was a false alarm, brought on by one man. I always suspected the man; and he subsequently told me that he went out that night with two revolvers, and shot them off, and was lying under the fence when the squad going to visit the picket guard on that line passed. After it was beyond hearing he quietly slipped back to camp.

It was generally believed that our officers were at the bottom of the affair, but they denied any knowledge of the matter. The Colonel was wrathy, and had he known the officers were guilty, would have had them court-marshalled.

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 Horsefield, and a pass to Cockeyville. The Colonel gave me the required furlough, and a pass to Baltimore. I boarded the next train, and after arriving at the city of "monuments," proceeded on foot to Mountain's Woods. Here the First Delaware Cavalry were now encamped, many of whom I personally knew. I crossed the rivulet, 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 sudden appearance, "It is so unexpected!" she exclaimed. We talked, and chatted, for sometime at the homestead, and while her aunt was busy with her duties, of the house, we walked out to enjoy an August day, 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, when 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 visit was pleasant, but necessarily short, as the passage of time admonished me, I must leave in order to catch the train. So bidding a lingering adieu 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 appearance in that locality, and good-naturedly remarked, "That's a good-looking gal over the brook D—." I reached Baltimore, 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, more likely, 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 whisky, 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 was, 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 foot crushed, and amputation became necessary. A consultation of the resident physicians was held, at which Dr. Westcot was present, and at which, 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 he displayed 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; but the officials on the trains did not see it in that light. I will not attempt to discuss the merits of this question at this distant day. The "boys," believing in their right, would get on the train for a ride, and the conductors, believing it their duty, 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 a train to go to Darlston, a distance of nine miles. "I can put you through," said the doctor, "you'll have no fare to pay while