

look around me and take a survey of the mass of human nature that there commingled for the first time. And truly it was a heterogenous compound of representatives of nearly every race of people in Europe, and plentifully sprinkled among them was the leaven of the whole—smart, shrewd, intelligent, quick-eyed and quick-witted Americans. And such a confusing babble as prevailed I never heard before. Wragging and swearing, drinking and eating, talking and laughing,—all combined to give me no very agreeable foretaste of what I had to expect in my new vocation. I noticed others, new, like myself, to such scenes, who seemed mentally dumfounded, or unconsciously comparing the quiet routine of the life they had led at home to the new one they had assumed, and, no doubt, to the great advantage of the former and dislike for the latter. But happily for us all, being the creatures of circumstances, the plainity of our natures leads us to be quickly reconciled to our lot, whatever it may be. The change of life from a citizen to that of a soldier is so radical that few like it at first: but by degrees it becomes endurable, and finally, often, desirable. The many cases of reenlistment prove this.

There were several "characters" among the recruits in camp, to whom, if I could, I would devote a few pages, as well as to the management of the camp and the method of dovetailing a little innocent private business into that of the public, as practiced by some of the little great men in authority there; but as the space I intend to take up is limited, I am warned that I must leave out here and condense there, which is not so pleasant after all.

Men were arriving every day in squads of from twenty to fifty, and leaving at intervals in detachments of

from 100 to 500, to be distributed among their respective regiments at the seat of war. At length our turn came. It was on a Friday.—Now, Friday, though generally considered by superstitious persons an unlucky day, has often proved a lucky one for me. I was born on Friday; was married on Friday, and now I started to go to the war on Friday. I shouldn't wonder if on some Friday in the future I would die—and that will be another great event in my life. Well, we started on a Friday afternoon, and taking the cars at the Old Colony depot in Boston and the boat at Fall River, found ourselves next morning in the city of New York. We were quartered in barracks on White street, furnished with filthy beds, miserable "grub," and allowed free range of the city. A lieutenant (from Haverhill, I believe) had charge of our squad, which numbered about a hundred, and some of his enthusiastic admirers in the crowd presented him with a sword. There was, of course, a presentation speech, enthusiastic, pathetic, patriotic and warlike, and a response suitable and sentimental. It made a good impression on me at the time; but then I had yet to learn the difference between what an Indian would call "talk fight" and "fightem."

On the following Monday afternoon, with all "traps" snugly bestowed and knapsacks strapped on, we were drawn up in front of the barracks, when the lieutenant stepped out in front and proposed three cheers for the barrack-master, which were given: but I did not join in, even in dumb show, having too much conscientiousness to outrage the finer feelings of my stomach by cheering for an individual who had cheated and abused it. We then took up our line of march for the transport, and went along almost unnoticed save by a few