

how high their hopes ran; but presently, as we passed Sandy Hook, and the regular and continuous swell of the ocean set in, many who were before lively as kittens became tame and wretched-looking enough. It was dark before we passed the Highlands, and, though we could not see the Jersey shore we heard of it from the breakers, here and there catching glimpses of lights which told us that even among its barren sands many had found homes. But let Jersey pass, and Delaware, and Virginia's eastern shore—"away, away down South in Dixie" we go. But how few, comparatively, of our detachment were now so eager, after encountering one enemy, to meet another? And yet, I verily believe, many of these poor fellows would prefer at that time to run their chances in battle (if only on the land) than be tossed about at the mercy of the waves and so thoroughly sea-sick. As for me, whose somewhat eventful life had often before sent me "down to the sea in ships," I had no feelings of nausea, and consequently enjoyed the surroundings, the fresh, bracing sea air seeming to instil new vigor into my frame, which twenty years of toil in a printing office (with short intermissions) had tended to impair. Thus situated I could look about me, and I observed some who were formerly the jolliest of our band now the saddest and most forlorn. One in particular (a fine young fellow, whom we dubbed "the colonel") who had been the life of our party, now pale and sad, with not a word to say, lay doubled up inside the coils of a law-ser, as forlorn as the Wandering Jew (by Eugene Sue). I was no more, with him, "Away daw South in a few days—hooray!" We passed the Chesapeake, (Fortress: Monroe,) Cape Henry and the dismal coast beyond, and on the third evening

neared land to the north of Cape Hatteras—But such land! A long, low bar of sand, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, relieved at intervals by huge hammocks covered with a stunted growth of trees, whose ragged and forlorn limbs and inclined position made them appear as if a fierce hurricane all the while tore through their branches, threatening to uproot and cast them away forever. "There," said I to the "colonel," who had come upon deck when he heard we were near Hatteras, and stood beside me grasping the rail,— "There is Dixie, my jolly 'colonel.' We have come 'away down South in a few days,' haven't we? and how do you like the lay of the land? What—can't you even say 'hooray?'" But only a faint smile was the answer. Shortly after dark we descried Hatteras light, which we neared about ten o'clock; but the captain would not venture in, and so we had to lay "off and on" till daylight, which was no pleasant job, for "the wind rose and the rain fell," and gave those who selected the deck for their sleeping place (myself among the number), with the assistance of an occasional dash of salt water, a pretty thorough soaking. As soon as it was clear day our craft heaved for the "swash," the wind blowing a small gale, the rain coming in squalls as if some martial genius presided over this unhappy coast, and the waves running in shore like race-horses, spreading their foam in a thin grey mist over the narrow line of sand, which seemed endeavoring almost in vain to keep its back above the water. To our right, and north of the inlet, were the forts taken by Gen. Butler in his first Coast Expedition. Only one of these, Fort Hatteras, is now used. The other has either sunk into the sand or been almost wholly destroyed by the action of the waves. Fort Hat-