

patriotic individuals who bade us a fervent God-speed and wished that good-fortune might attend us wherever we went; but the great mass seemed hardened to the sight of their fellow-men going away from amongst them to explore unknown fields of danger, and to purchase with their life's blood a continuance and perpetuity of that nationality which has made the United States of America the first among nations. As these thoughts entered my mind, they suggested the picture of the hundreds of thousands of devoted men who passed through this great city, with all their hardest and most bitter experiences—hardships and dangers, sickness and death—before them, many, very many of them to return again no more; and I began to realize that, though still in a land of peace and plenty, a few days would bring me out upon far different scenes and into circumstances that would require a bold heart to meet as they ought to be met. Luckily for us all the future cannot be penetrated, or we should be mourning calamities before they befall us; dreading dangers before they threaten, and finally become unarmured at the awful prospect impending over our future. Still there is in the expectancy of danger something that is fascinating, and something, too, that even while we dread we seek; and this feeling, the result of a strange curiosity, enlivened by hope and the love of excitement, is what often keeps up the spirit of the soldier and urges him on, even when worn out with fatigue and well-nigh exhausted, to renewed energy and more determined acts of bravery.

The transport we embarked upon was a dilapidated steamer called the "Haze" (who that ever took passage in her to or from Dixie can forget the old tub?), a miserably appointed vessel, whose officers and crew seemed

better fitted for the penitentiary than for the station they held. It was in this vessel that I first learnt some of the hardships and inconveniences of a soldier's life. Just before the hawser was cast off, an Irish apple-woman came on board, her basket well laden with fruit, and said—"Come, me boys; it's not many of these ye'll get in the place ye're goin' to—so help yourselves! 'Tis all I have to give ye, except me blessin'—and may God bless ye all, and bring ye safe back agin to the friends ye have at home!"

She then proceeded to distribute the apples (and fine ones they were) to the boys, many of whom, thinking more of the apples than the blessing, rushed eagerly, in saying, "bully for you, old lady!" nearly overturning her in their desire to possess as much of the fruit as possible. As for me, I was content to let them have the fruit—the blessing and good wishes of the warm-hearted old woman was all-sufficient for my desires. She stepped ashore, and as she disappeared in the crowd on the pier, I heard one of the lucky ones, who was inuring in the fruits of his scramble, remark to another lucky one, "Daved good apples!—that's a bully old woman.—how did you like her malediction?" "Big thing," was the response.

The hawser was finally cast off, and, backing slowly out of the dock, the steamer was soon under full headway down the bay. What my emotions were as I gazed (perhaps) for the last time upon the surrounding scenes, I will not tire the reader by giving expression to,—doubtless they resembled in a manner those of thousands of others who had gone the same road before me. My comrades, however, as a general thing, were merry, and talked of the promised land (Dixie) in a tone that showed