

[Inside cover, right side]
John Deering to
Bowd. Coll.
Jan. 29, 1861
[Written twice]

[Cover page]

Journal
From
January 29, 1861,
To
September 6, 1862
By
John Deering Jr.

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Journal
By John Deering, Jr

To be burned, unread.

Bowdoin College, Jan, 29, 1861.- Find myself back to this honored institution after an absence of nine weeks. Arrived at two P.M., and learned at the depot from Gerrish that mine was the seventeenth arrival in our class. Went to recitation in Algebra at four P.M. Brunswick looks gloomy enough, especially around the college. Nothing can be seen except a boundless expanse of snow, variegated by little cow paths just wide enough to allow one to walk in them with imminent danger of being precipitated into the snow banks. The students looked "blue" enough also, and I don't blame them, for the whole prospect is disheartening enough. If I had known how things were down here I should have been a little more unwilling to leave Saco. But after all, I suppose I can pursue my studies and carry out the objects for which I was sent just as well as if the grass were green and the birds singing. That is one of my faults, that I am influenced too much by

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outward circumstances. If I were only governed more by a consciousness of my duty independently of all other considerations it would be better— But it is a defect in my nature and has only been aggravated by culture. I have no new resolves or rules to lay down in this Journal at the beginning of this my second term—further than this, viz., I will spend more time in study and less in idling and scrubbling than last. I hope I shall be able to keep this resolution. It is but reasonable and proper that this term should be more profitable than last, And I mean to make it so.—Instructor Tucker has appointed next Thursday to hear recitation of back lessons in Livy.

Jan. 30.- It seems like old times to rise before light and go to recitation. I was surprised at the contrast existing between the appearance of the sorts in the recitation room to day and that which they presented last term. Then they were almost filled, now there are only a few in each seat. But they will soon be filled; and I shall be glad when they are as the recitation seems to pass off more pleasantly and quickly at such times. One Latin lesson was in the second book of Livy. I found it like the majority of lessons in the

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same book last term. In Greek we are reading the “Debate Upon the Invasion of Greece” of Herodotos.—It is quite easy—although a few hard passages are occasionally found. Algebra is just the same—perhaps a little harder. My room wears quite a homelike appearance. It is very pleasant to sit in an easy chair before a good fire and think of home and Saco. I spend a great deal of time in so doing and find much pleasure in it. Rooming alone suits my ideas of comfort admirably. Joined a [G.I.?] Eating-Club today. The steward is Finger of the Senior Class. One of the first in his class. The club is composed of members of all

classes. All agreeable fellows. The cost is not to exceed \$2.00 per week. We live very well indeed.

Jan. 31- Found myself quite unwell this morning when I awoke. When I retired last night I shivered much with cold and during the night I sweat considerably in consequence of the heat resulting from a great fire which I built just before going to bed. I did not sleep much. It is "nothing but a cold," but it is a very severe one and as it makes my head ache so as to unfit me for study, it is likely to cause me considerable inconvenience. I mus-

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tered what strength I was master of and recited all "back" lessons in Livy. After that I felt much better, But my appetite for breakfast was very slight and for dinner just nothing at all, and so I stayed away from the latter. Was up in Algebra, as, also, I was yesterday. "Sailed" through quite successfully.

Feb. 1- Feel very unwell again to day—so much so that I was obliged to stay away from recitation in Greek. I wish I knew what to do with my cold. I would give considerable if I were free from it. But I suppose I must grin and bear it.

Feb. 2. Saturday. Dignity to day; But my cold is so troublesome that it is impossible to enjoy it as I used to last term, I do wish that Brunswick was just a little more pleasing to the eye and mind.

Feb. 3. Had the pleasure of attending Dr. Adams' church all day. Another reminder of the nice times that I had last term! Prof. E.C. Smyth preached in the forenoon a very interesting sermon. I like him better every time I hear him. Dr. Adams

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held forth in the afternoon in his usual dry and doctrinal manner—Offering quite a contrast to the preacher of the forenoon.

Feb. 5- My cold is considerably better today, but it is far from being well yet. It is very unpleasant to be obliged to study under so great difficulties and cut recitation after all. I certainly hope that it will depart soon. Wrote home to day.

Feb 7. Took from the Library today C Irving's "Life and Voyages of Columbus". I have determined, after some thought, to commence a regular course of American History, with special attention to that of the United States. I shall read accounts of the discovery of America and the take up Bancroft. It is quite a formidable undertaking in the midst of my college duties. But I think it is my duty to be well informed in regard to the History of my own country.

Feb. 9- As our recitation room was cold this morning we had no recitation in Latin. The students find no fault with the "dispensation." My cold is getting much better.

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Feb. 10- The sermon this forenoon was delivered by Dr. Adams of sagacious intellect;- afternoon by Rev. Mr. Potter of Topsham, a brother to the Wisconsin member of Congress who once "had a Pryor engagement." I have quite a high opinion of his effort.

Feb. 15- The term drags slowly along in dreary monotony. I heartily wish that we could have a little excitement. It could be a great relief.

March 1. An interval of two weeks between these two entrees in my journal. I am getting lazy. I am willing—no, not exactly, that, but I am forced—to acknowledge the

fact. But those two weeks have been so dull that I couldn't find anything of sufficient interest to warrant an entry in this repository of great thoughts and stirring events! But now a "change has come over the spirit of the dream." We had a fight today. Yes, a real earnest pitched battle we (Freshmen) with the Sophmores. To day was class election day. The Sophmores had found it out, and had determined to be present and lend us a helping hand—or brick bat—

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which was about the same. It was almost-noon, and we had got nearly through with recitation in Greek to Tutor Stone. Suddenly a snow ball came crashing through the glass in near and dangerous proximity to the Tutor's head, This was only preliminary. Soon another came, and then another from a crowd of Sophs who had been passing to and fro before our windows. The class began to get excited and the tutor frightened. The class in their excitement jumped up in their seats and cast anxious and longing glances out of the windows. The tutor, who had been sitting in a state of bewilderment, dumbfounded by the unexpected attack at length "came to a realizing sense of his condition", and acting on this realization, and commending his soul to him who gave it, he "took up his bed and walked"—out of the room with rolling eyes and trembling knees. The violence of the attack had in the meantime subsided and not an enemy could be seen. At this juncture somebody, While of Bangor, I believe, got up and moved "that John Deering be President of this meeting". The mo-

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tion was seconded and about to be put, when I arose and said that I 'did wish

to serve them in that capacity today” and would nominate Melcher—a pious young man from over across the river. (I wanted to electioneer on the floor and consequently declined the honor). At this stage of the proceedings the battle was renewed by the outside party with renewed violence. The snow balls and other missiles came in such profusion that every pane of glass in the room except two or three in the corner window were broken, and the glass and shattered [each?] were flying around our head so thick and fast that we were [fair?] to shelter them under our shawls and seats. We remained in this condition a moment during the thickest of the storm, endeavoring to shield our precious bodies from harm, until at length human nature could endure it no longer. Emery ran out of door, and I followed his example, We picked up a brick and “let it drive” into the midst of besiegers, and then taking warning by their howling ran back again to join the besieged. I remained outside again until a chair pitching

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out of the recitation room wrong side up, told me that hostilities had been commenced from the inside. At this signal I rushed in and found the persecuted Freshmen busily engaged in barricading one of the windows with the tutors desk. Willing to assist in a good cause I joined my aid and by our united efforts we placed the desk in a strong position so that it did much service for the defence. We waited until the outside Barbarians had thrown in upon us all the stones, bricks and clubs that they could find and then threw them out again with all the strength of our indignation and muscle. The damage done was considerable, if we may credit report. No sooner were the missiles outside again than they came back

with accelerated speed, and again we returned the compliment, We fought with courage and desperation, choosing rather to die than to surrender. (We had been reading about Leonidas and his Spartan band in Greek a few days before). But ammunition was growing scarce. The cry was raised "To the wood closet." It was locked. But we heeded not this:

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We broke in the door and in a moment we had projected every stick of wood but of the window. The belligerent Sophs sent it back again with an emphasis. So the battle continued for some twenty minutes, and we had become almost exhausted from our efforts. But we were bound to fight to the last. Some of the valiant Freshmen stood directly in front of where the windows used to be and hurled bits of iron and billets of wood at the heads of the enemy. But ammunition again began to fail us. "The seats!" they shouted, and in a twinkling one of the benches which had so long supported innocent Freshmen was torn up by the roots and was undergoing the process of dislocation. But hark! The tumult had ceased. The battle is no longer waged. The faculty have arrived on the battle field and sent the besiegers to their rooms. A moment later Prof. Smyth, a man of immense numerical strength stalks into the recitation room and says "Go on with your election, gentlemen. If they

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trouble you farther they must do it through me, and, suiting the action to the room he posted himself in the window-space. Following his

advice I commenced my speech at the point at which I left off at the influx of snow balls and soon I had the satisfaction of seeing Melcher presiding over the deliberations of the Class of '64.

But alas! The fallability of human wishes. Man proposes, and some other man desposes! So it was today. I had my plans to carry out in the election of Class officers. But they all came to naught. We had agreed last term to abolish coalitions and [d...?] in this election. But the Alpha Deltas, unmindful of their plighted faith had made a coalition with each other and with a few others, Oudens and Chi Psis, and carried the Election all their own way. I was a candidate for Orator. Of course I was defeated. Only one Psi Upsilon was elected, and he to the office of Treasurer. It was rather provoking to see the Alpha Deltas elect just

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whom they pleased. But we couldn't help it, and as a natural inference we had to "grin and bear it." But those who were not included in the little AΔ arrangement were somewhat indignant, and gave vent to their indignation quite freely. I have no doubt some classes dissatisfied with such a result would have exercised the right of secession. But, although we had no voice in the election of the officers, yet we were bound to abide by the result. And so we intend to do, though we enter our most earnest protest against all such exhibitions of meanness, ill faith, and trickery. Next year there will probably be a coalition.

The following are the officers chosen—the most of them Alpha Deltas:

Augustus F. Libby,
James Mc'Keen

President
Vice President

Myron M. Hovey	Orator
Enoch Foster, Jr	Poet
Frederick H. Appleton,	Victorian
James H. Maxwell	Toast Master
William L. Gerrish	Secretary
William H. Pearson	Treasurer

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Committee on Odes.
 Thomas H. White, John H. Woods,
 James McKeen.
 Committee of Arrangements.
 Charles A. Robbins, Charles F. Libby,
 Sanford O. Frye
 Class Supper – Thursday Evening, August 1, 1861.

March 8. – This evening was [holden?] the first meeting of the Freshmen Debating Society. I was elected President pro. tem.

The officers elected were

President—	Charles E. Gibbs.
Vice-President—	James M. Knight.
Secretary—	Nathan W. Grover.
Treasurer—	Charles Jewett.
1 st Editor—	John Deering Jr.
2 nd Editor—	William U. Pearson.
1 st Committee—	John E. Dow, Jr.
2 nd Committee—	William L. Gerrish.
3 rd Committee—	Virgil P. Nall.

Besides the election of officers not much business was transacted. The regular evening on which the Society is to meet is Friday. Considerate interest was manifested in this our first meeting. This society ought to be a class affair.

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March 15. My journal is fast losing what little interest it might possess from this abominable habit of suffering it to lie on my table a week or two at a time without opening it. The important event for my entry this evening is the meeting of the “Freshman Debating Society,”

or as the name is now the “Amphimar Society.” I read a paper of my own preparing, this office is going to be fun for me.

April 1. Here I skip two weeks without saying a word about study or college or anything else, and [treat?] the long silence on April Fool Day. This day seems to be noticed here among the students more than at most other places in this region. This is, perhaps, because a “fool’s day,” would naturally be celebrated where fools are the most plenty. The bell-ringer tolled the bell half an hour earlier than usual, and had the satisfaction of [urging?] out about half a dozen students. One young man of the senior class went out to see how many were “sold”—I believe they count him in!

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April 4. Commenced to review, and shall spend the remainder of the term in reviewing. This is easier than to be engaged on advance lessons—provided one gets his lessons thoroughly when he goes over them the first time. Two weeks more and I shall be in Saco—Hurrah! “I wish I was in Dixey & c!”

April 10. I find that, without doubt, the two easiest weeks in a term are the two last, which are spent in review, The lessons, themselves require but very little study—provided always, they are thoroughly learned in going over them in advance, and also, which I am inclined to think has considerable influence—the student is encouraged to study by the thought that a few days more he will be free from all drudgery. This, I find to be the experience of about all who have expressed any opinion about it.

April 16. Examination day, and dies redeundi

ad Saconem. The examination passed off very pleasantly and successfully. Took the noon train and bidding good by to classmates and collegemates was whirled off to

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Saco, nothing loth to leave Brunswick even for an absence of two weeks. We had a nice time in the cars, as, in fact the students always have at the end of every term. Geo. E. Brown of Hampden, a member of the Sophomore class stopped at Saco with us, and will spend a few days here with his classmate Emery. Brown is a splendid fellow, with an immense capacity for enjoyment. Found all the folks at home well. It is a great relief to be at home once more. But alas! I do not find my sister here. She is forever separated from us on this earth. But I am thankful that the rest of the family were there to welcome me.

April 21. It is very pleasant to go to meeting again in the Hall. By request I sang in the choir. Have been engaged since I arrived home in going around town to see the folks, and having a good time generally.

April 28. Another Sunday. During the past week I have [visited?] considerably and loafed a good deal and enjoyed myself much.

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April 30. There is some talk this morning of getting up a May walk for tomorrow. I hope the plan will be carried out.

May 1. May day, and a splendid time I have had. Nine of us boys and girls started off this forenoon for a tramp to the cascades about four miles and a half from the village, on the Portland. These “Cascades” are a series of beautiful

little water falls situated in a romantic spot, offering considerable attraction to sentimental young persons. The company consisted of Misses Hattie Chase, Lucy Stacy, Lizzie Chase, Fanny Tappan and Ellen Hill, and [Mssrs?] Emery (G. A.), Keely, and Emery (T.B.), besides myself. I never had a better time on any similar occasion. The company was select and very agreeable. Started at 10 AM., and got home at 6 P.M.

May 2. Term commences at Bowdoin. I have concluded to stop at home till Monday (May 6). I anticipate a good time in these few days. Recitations will not commence till Saturday, probably.

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May 5. Sunday. Went to the Unitarian meeting this forenoon; in the afternoon visited the Hall. This is my last Sunday in Saco till August.

May 6. Arrived in Brunswick to day, to act over the studious scenes of last term. Several of my classmates were in the same train with me. Find that nearly our whole class is here, with two or three new ones. Have removed from the room which I occupied last term to one that I like much better in Miss Thompson's, near the Gymnasium. I feel in the mood for study now, and hope to accomplish much this term.

May 12. I have time to day—the Sabbath—to write but a very few words. I find it almost impossible, with my present disposition to record the trivial events of every day occurrence. I'm afraid I shall have to give it up, at least, for the present. In fact I am not far from it now. It is very seldom that I open these pages now. Wrote home today.

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May 16. A meeting of the Amphionian Society was holden this evening in the recitation room_ for the choice of officers for the present term, The following board of officers was elected:

John Deering Jr., President;
James McKeen, Vice President; E.C. [Ingersoll?],
Secretary; S.S Casewell, Treasurer; W.Woodbury,
A.P. Wright, Editors; Committee, W.L. Gerrish,
E.M. Deering, [N.I.F.?] Merrill. I hope we
shall accomplish something this term,
and we undoubtedly shall if the mem-
bers will take hold and try. There is
certainly need of improvement—in speak-
ing extemporaneously, and if we wish to
become good speakers we must certainly
commence very soon. There is not so much
interest manifested as is desirable, yet there
is quite a number who are regular in
their attendance at the meetings of the
society, and who manifest a laudable
interest. If I cannot desire the benefit that
I ought to receive, from this Society, I
shall endeavor to form another, on a
smaller and more social scale after
the style of Seargent S. Prentiss’s, the
[“Spoutaroi.”?]

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May 25. I find that the Fresh man digni-
ty afternoon is awaited with much im-
patience by myself, in common with my
classmates. I am not so fond of study
as I wish I was, owing probably, in a
great measure, to my not studying more.
Geometry I do not like and think I never
shall, at least, if we must always recite
it as we do now. The manner of rec-
itation differs from that adopted with
any preceding class. The Tutor sends about
half the class to the board and then
[takes?] up them and the other half
up without distinction to demonstrate

by the figures drawn. No one is allowed to explain his own figure. Nor is this all [or?] even the worst. A man is liable to be called up in the midst of an explanation, and if he fails to go on from the exact spot where the other stopped he is obliged to take his seat, and another is called. Sometimes the first man called, does not know where to commence and in such cases, a dozen members of the class are called upon in succession, no one of which can carry the explanation forward.

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May 31. Wrote a letter to the Maine Democrat (Saco) to day. It related chiefly to college needs and such subjects as would, perhaps be interesting to the relatives and friends of the students. It is the third article that I have written for that paper since my entrance into college. I think I shall continue to write occasionally for a time to come—if agreeable to all parties, These letters are generally written in a hurry and amid the sometimes pressing demands of other pursuits, and this may account for some of their numerous faults.

June 11. The letter above referred to was published in the issue of today.

June 16. Sunday, Prof. Carlton S. Lewis of Troy University preached this afternoon and evening. He is a splendid preacher. His sermon was very interesting exhibiting, as it did, the evidence of deep and labored thought, and the possession of uncommon powers of imagery and expression. Some of the passages were

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very beautiful indeed—such as I have

rarely heard from any preacher.

June 30. Nothing of importance has transpired for the last two weeks, and so following the bent of my lazy inclinations I have not written in my journal. I must be more regular hereafter, or else these pages will be of but very little use. I find that my studies are of the same degrees of interest and hardness than they have ever been. My love for geometry has not increased and probably will not till after we finish it.

July 4. The dullest Fourth I have ever spent in my life—Nothing was done in the way of a celebration by the town, and all the noise and patriotism seemed to proceed from the students. I spent the day in writing letters, sleeping walking [c.e?] and finally came to the unanimous conclusion that I would celebrate the next anniversary of our National Independence in some other place than Brunswick.

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July 11_ Three weeks from today occurs our examination. I am glad that it is so near at hand, and should not be sorry if it were already passed. I have no fears as to how I shall pass except in mathematics. I hope to come up in Algebra—though it would be just my luck to be taken up in Geometry. I find that it is very hard to study towards the end of the term. My experience used to be the same in the Saco High School, though not in so great a degree. Considerable anxiety is manifested in some members of the class in relation to their obtaining their "Sophomore tickets." It seems to me entirely uncalled for. I anticipate no

such accident as the refusal to any member of the class of the much desired paper.

July 18. Wrote and sent away a contribution to the Saco "Democrat." It was the third installment of the "Bowdoin Correspondence," and treated of the programme for Commencement week and the Gymnasium.

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July 22. Bought a sett of furniture of Albion Howe of the Senior class for fifty two dollars to be paid Commencement week. I forgot to mention in any journal that I [drawed?] a room in College. The number was 24 Winthrop Hall, otherwise ([than?]) euphoniously called "Sodom." It is a very good and convenient room—the second choice in my class. My chum for next term or next year or so long as we can agree is Frank L. Hayes of Saco, a talented and agreeable young man of eighteen, a former schoolmate of mine. I expect our connection in College will be of the most pleasant character. He will enter the next Freshman class.

July 27. Our last "dignity" afternoon in our Freshmen year. It hardly seems possible. But so it is and I am glad of it. We should feel very "jolly" if we were only through our examination.

July 29. Finished our recitations for the term and the year. After being released we gave three rousing cheers for our instructors.

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July 30. Tuesday. Examination of the Junior class. It went off very successfully.

July 31. Wednesday. The Sophmores were examined today. There were, I believe, no failures. All got their Junior tickets.

Aug. 1. Examination of the Freshman Class.

The class of '64 are triumphant! We have got, at last, what we have been working for a whole year—“probatione bene peracta”, and “Ticket of Merit”, so now having obtained these two important documents, “et obedientiam omnibus legibus et statutes huius collegii polio-itus, ad omnia privilegia ejusdem nune admittitue.” Ita dicit Praeses.

The examination was not so very hard as had been reported to us, but still the examining committee probably found out nearly or quite all we knew.

Edward P. Weston, Rev. Mr. Ballard, and another elderly gentleman whose name I do not know were present and occasionally put in a question, more, as I thought, to display their own knowledge than to elicit that of the student.

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Our examination commenced at nine o’clock and continued till four. The second division, however, did not get through till an hour later. The inquisition in Latin (by Tutor Tucker) was most severe. In Greek (by Tutor Stone) it was very easy. As I had half believed it would I was taken up in Geometry notwithstanding my long unremitting “cramming” in Algebra. I was sorry that it was so, but did the best I could and succeeded as well as could be expected.

About fifteen minutes after the second division had finished their examination we were called into the Medical College from our positions under the trees where we had [sang?] and talked and laughed and read newspapers in defiance of anxiety about

the result of the inquisition we had just passed through. We went in gladly enough and yet not without some dread. After we had seated ourselves and become quiet the President vowed and motioned to quite an old and benevolent looking gentleman who sat near and we had the pleasure of listening

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to an eloquent speech from him. He told us that the examining Committee as well as the Faculty were highly gratified at the very creditable manner in which we had passed the examination, stating that we gave evidence of being very steady industrious talented young men, the same story that has probably been told to every preceding class for forty years. He spoke quite eloquently and patriotically of the present national troubles and said that when our country called us he expected to see us all ready to take up arms and fight in her defence. He reminded us of our duty which we owe to the college, and of the importance of our showing the most implicit obedience to all its laws and requirements. He said that the next class expected much (and I can assure him that they will get it!) from us, endeavored to impress upon our minds the necessity of setting a good example. The most welcome announcement and the one we had impatiently waited for was that we were all entitled to our tickets. We could hardly restrain our jubilant

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emotions at this welcome news but managed with considerably difficulty to preserve the decorum befitting the occasion. As soon we had our “Matriculation” and Sophomore Tickets we could not “hold in”

after we got to the door, but gave utterance to yells which the largest wild-cats might aspire to give. After we had all got out and arranged ourselves in something like a line we started at break-neck speed for a large plum tree which stood in direction due west from our position. We joined hands and ran around the tree several times and then breaking ranks we three rousing cheers for Tutor Tucker, and Tutor Stone and Prof. E.C. Smyth, and a "tiger" for the "Class of 1864."

Thus finished [we up?] the Freshman year. Nothing remained to remind us of our "probationary" state but the class supper which was to be eaten at eight o'clock at the "Tontine Hotel." Our supper (the regular, not the Class) was eaten with a light heart, and the remaining hours of the day were spent in "placid thought."

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Proceedings at the Class Supper.

The exercises in the evening at the Class Supper were of the most interesting character. The President of the Class, Augustus F. Libby presided, having in the seat of honor at his left Prof. Dole. After the singing of an ode the Orator, Myron M. Hovey, Pronounced his Oration. The subject was "Student Life" and was treated in an easy, graceful style. His delivery was not very good, but the merit of the production and its intimate connection with each of his hearers gained for it an attentive audience. No new or striking thoughts were enunciated but the causes of the success and failure of many students especially in College were made known in a forcible style and many of the sentiments advanced are worthy of the continued remembrance of the whole class. If some of the suggestions

of the Orator should be carried out I doubt not that great benefit would be derived from them, especially from those relating to the causes of the ruin of so many young men in our institutions of learning, The oration was worthy

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of a member of the class of ’64, and was often and deservedly applauded. The Poet of the Evening was Enoch Foster, Jr., who discoursed on “The Mallstrom Meck.” At first he confined himself to his subject and was not listened to with much attention, because, probably, we had been looking for a totally different theme. I am unable to pass judgement on this portion of his poem, other than to say that it seemed very smoothly written and sounded well. The second part was devoted to the experience and labors of the class, and contained many good hits. It was well received and did much to increase the enjoyment of the evening.

After the oration several toasts were read by the Toast-Master, James H. Maxwell. They were responded to by the President of the Evening, Prof. Dole and one or two others. One—to The “Amphionian”—as follows, was responded to by myself: “The Amphionian Society”—Established by the energy, talent and perseverance of the class of ’64;

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May its sayings and doings be always endearing to us all.” I spoke briefly of the advantages to be derived from such an organization if rightly carried out and expressed the hope that we should all eagerly improve the advantages which it affords. The Toast-

Master did his duty well and met with several well-deserved compliments. The History by Frederick H. Appleton was short and to the point—and presented the prominent events in our “strange and eventful history” in a pungent and pleasing manner. The Odes by T. H. White, J. McKeen, J.H. Woods, J.G. Night and A. P. Wright were appropriate, well written and adapted to very pleasing and popular tunes. The supper was excellent and many seemed to enjoy the smoking after we had finished eating. I am sorry to record in the fair pages that some of our number were drunk. It is an evil to be deplored and remedied if possible. How strange it is that young men old enough to come to College and having sense enough of its advantages cannot refrain from such vicious and eternally

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ruinous indulgences. But it is a very prevalent evil in College. With parting cheers for the Class we separated. We marched through the different streets of the quiet old town and woke nearly all its inhabitants from their “sweet sleep.” The next morning about one o’clock we retired to the quiet repose of our “victorious couch.”

No more Livy &, no more Grammars,
no more Victorians, no more Paley &,
no more Latin or Greek Prose Compositions. Hurrah! Hurrah! But

Fines Nondum Est!

August 2. Friday. Saco. At home at last, glad enough to escape from all thoughts of study and work for four weeks. Found the folks all well with visitors, viz., Aunt Banks of Freeport, and her daughter Mrs. Holbrook of Great Works, near Bangor. The latter is accompanied by her little daughter. They are to remain here two or

three days_ They are both great strangers.
The garden is flourishing nicely and
every thing looks green and pleasant.
I anticipate much enjoyment this vacation.

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Home, Aug. 3. Made a call this afternoon
upon my friend Lizzie Chase. Found her
as lively and agreeable as ever, and confessed-
ly glad to see me. Saw a number of my
young friends and acquaintances today.

Aug. 4. Attended church at the Hall
all day. Mr. Rice preached. I can de-
tect no signs of improvement in our Pastors preach-
ing. But he is, at least, as interesting as
Dr. Adams of Brunswick renown.

Monday, 5. It seems very much like "old
times" to walk the streets of Saco and
recognize the faces I used to know so well.
This may be a little stilted, but neverthe-
less it just as I feel about it. It is
very pleasant to be freed from all [thoughts?]
of study, and have the mind entirely
unoccupied, except with plans for
enjoyment during the vacation.
I have been walking around town
this forenoon, and loafing in the shops
the keepers of which I am acquainted
with. We have been enjoying some very
pleasant days of late and this is one of them.
In the evening went to walk with L.

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Tuesday, Aug. 6. The entry for yesterday
answers equally well for today. Had
another very pleasant walk with L. this
evening. The moon is most beautiful.

Wednesday, 7. Went to a Unitarian Picnic
holden in Mrs. Gov. Fairfields' grave by
the river-side. Went in company with
Lizzie Chase and Lucy Mason. Met my

friend Henry O. Hight who is now in a store in Boston. It has been a long time since I have had the opportunity to see him, and I was glad to meet him. The day—or rather the afternoon, for we did not start till half past one—was passed very pleasantly the younger members of the party in playing “grace – [hoops?],” talking, laughing, eating, running down hill, and playing “goose,” “old maid,” & c. It was nearly nine when we got home.

Thursday, 8. A number of us “boys,” or perhaps young men—as some of the number were at least twenty five—chartered the omnibus “Old Orchard,”

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went on a picnic excursion to Long Pond and Ferry Beach. There were about thirty of us and a merry party we were, too. We started from the Orthodox Vestry a little after nine in the forenoon and a journey of moderate length—which we enlivened by singing “John Brown’s body lies” & c.”—we arrived at the place of rendezvous. Our first movement was a very general one to the beach, which we made in a body. We had a very pleasant week there and returned to the pines in the neighborhood of which Long Pond is supposed to be a little while before dinner. We improved these few moments with a desultory conversation, and when the “[vitals?]” were removed from their snowy coverings we devoured them with an eager appetite. The provisions were good and were washed down by liberal [portions?] of lemonade. After dinner we sang and talked and laughed and gave each other connundrums and then played about the same games as yesterday. I must say, however, the went

off in a more lively and interesting manner than yesterday. We then took long

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strolls upon the beach, went over to the bowling-alley and rolled and finally sat down under the trees out of speaking distance from the other "pairs", and enjoyed a social chat. The ride was even more pleasant than the previous one down. Arrived home at half past six.

Friday 9. Spent in loafing down town.

Saturday 10. Do. Occupied a portion of my time in reading,

Sunday 11. Attended church all day, in the forenoon and evening at the Unitarian, and in the afternoon at Orthodox. Mr. Tenny of Biddeford preached a very good sermon at the Hall. James Tracy Hewes of Saco, a graduate of Bowdoin College, and a recent graduate of Cambridge Divinity-School, preached two very good sermons at the Unitarian. I understand he was the second in his class at Harvard. I notice a marked improvement both in matter and manner on the

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effort I heard him make something like a year ago. He has a good voice and doubtless appearance in the pulpit and doubtless will make an acceptable minister. Had a very pleasant walk with L.

Monday, Aug 12. Went after blueberries with Davis. Was quite successful, filling my basket and getting home

at quarter past eleven. Spent the afternoon in walking and reading.

Tuesday 13. Rainy and cold at Home. In the evening paid a visit at the house of Miss Lizzie Chase. I shall remember it as one of the pleasantest evenings of the vacation.

Wednesday 14. Cold, stormy and very uncomfortable generally at home, for the greater part of the time. Received a call from my friend Locke, who has just been admitted a member of the Freshman Class of Bowdoin College. He feels "grand" because of this sudden elevation. I don't blame him, for I

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felt just so myself when I was admitted. He thinks that he will enjoy College life and escape [duckings?]. I am quite sure he will not be free from the latter "dispensation". It is said to be very beneficial in taking the &c, &c, &c.

Thursday, Aug 15. Pleasant after the Storm. I hear that this storm has been very severe and caused quite a destruction in property in Massachusetts and some of the states farther South. It was quite cool here. Pity it didn't reach farther down into "Secessia" and cool the excited passions of the Southerners. Made another excursion after blueberries this forenoon. Got a basket full. In the afternoon went to ride with my former teacher Mr. Hobson. He told me many interesting stories of his college life, and we had a very talk about matters and things in general. He says that he shall have five or six boys prepared for College a year from this fall. Evening, went on a ride to the beach with L. which

I enjoyed as much as usual.

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Friday, Aug. 16. A party of young ladies and gentlemen, mostly Unitarians, went on a sailing and picnic excursion to Wood Island in the pleasure boat "[Siboce?] Cloud". Started at half past six A.M., and arrived home at 10 P.M. They danced upon the deck of the schooner Lamartine after their arrival till eleven. They say they had a nice time. I was invited to accompany them, but was unable to do so. A very pleasant day.

Saturday 17. At home A.M. Passed a great part of the afternoon down town, chiefly in the Atheneum, Spent the evening with L.

Sunday, 18. Remained at home this forenoon. Attended at the Hall in the afternoon. Mr. Rice preached a very good sermon. Evening. Went to meeting at the vestry, after which took a walk with some of my young gentlemen acquaintances.

Monday 19. Helped mother wash in the

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forenoon. Was occupied a part of the day in writing. Was down town in the afternoon as usual. Made a call at L's this Evening.

Tuesday 20. Same as yesterday, except the washing, In the Evening made a long call upon Frank Hayes. Frank begins to realize that college is near at hand and that he must [enter?] upon its duties and responsibilities. He thinks he shall be well contented and not homesick—I

agree with him except in the last. I know I was homesick.

Wednesday 21. Down town most of the day, In the afternoon met Dorville Libby of the Senior Class of Bowdoin College, who says that he will probably be obliged to abandon all future study at Brunswick owing to the failure of his attempts to get money. He has applied for the office of teacher in one of the Portland Grammar Schools. I hope he will get the situation, but I hardly think he will, there are so many applications. I am sorry for Dorville and

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would gladly aid him if I could. I hope he will [come?] liberal and accommodating hand to open an avenue of escape out of all his troubles. Made a short call upon L. Evening. Went to the Congregational circle at Mr. Govdale's and remained there till I got tired and then went to the Baptist at Rev. Mr. Kelly's by request. I had a very pleasant time at the latter gathering.

Thursday 22. Pleasant at home. No occurrence of importance or interest even to myself today. Read and wrote some.

Friday, Aug. 23. A year ago today I was admitted to college. I can hardly realize it now. It does not seem a year since I knocked with fearful heart and trembling fingers at the doors of university life. But it is indeed so, and I think I am grateful to my heavenly father for it. To record a fact or two. Went in reach of cranberries this forenoon to "Goose-Fair" marsh, so called. Picked five quarts. I waited till Davis got seven. Spent the Evening with L.

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Saturday, Aug. 24. At home. With my friend William Keely, a former class-mate (in Mr. Hobson's) most of the afternoon in the Atheneum and the streets. How pleasant it is to have nothing to do! Took a long walk with L. this evening.

Sunday 25, Attended church all day; in the forenoon at the Hall where the Rev. Mr. Parson's of Limington preached. His subject was "The necessity of a daily renewal of grace in the heart." It was a good sermon and well delivered. In the afternoon went to the Baptist Rev. Mr. Keely, Pastor. He preached a very interesting sermon, closing with an earnest and affectionate appeal to the unconverted. In the evening listened to the Rev. Mr. Nichols of the Unitarian church. His sermon was an argument in favor of Unitarianism, not a very sound one, in my opinion. Took a walk with L. after meeting this evening.

Monday 26. Staid at home and washed A.M. Did nothing in particular in P.M.

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Tuesday, Aug. 27. Went in search of adventures down. Met with no very extraordinary ones. Read some at home. Fair. Spent the Evening with L.

Wednesday 28. At home in the forenoon. Spent the afternoon with L. Considerable packing to do in anticipation of my departure for Brunswick.

Tuesday 29. Packing up. In the afternoon went over to Kennebunk to visit the Camp Meeting which the Methodists of this section of the State are holding. Had a good time, but came away with a

stronger impression than ever of the vanity and uselessness of Camp Meetings in general and this one in particular. My companion was L., with whom I also spent the evening very pleasantly. This is my last day in Saco, and I have endeavored to improve it to the greatest degree possible. But it was very hard to say Good-bye, “& c.”

Friday 30, Brunswick. Returned to day to commence another term of study in “Old Bowdoin.” I have come

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this early because I had a room to fit up in College, It is No. 30, A.H., very pleasantly situated, and, now that we have got possession of it, well furnished. It was pretty well up, but that is no draw back, it is all the more healthy on that account! The exercise which we shall get in mounting the stairs will be very beneficial! We have been at work hard since we came and this evening are thoroughly tired. Before I left home I was disappointed in not receiving my expected remittance. But I trust that I shall not suffer any great inconvenience from this, though I have felt the want of the “needful” upon several occasions. Obtained my supper at the “Gatchell Club” where I have boarded for two terms. Slept upon a mattress containing length and breadth but no thickness with two boxes with sharp corners for pillows! My chum—Frank L. Hayes—takes to College as naturally as a duck to the water, and although he has left behind him much to be longed for, yet I think he will not suffer much from homesickness.

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Brunswick, Aug. 31, Have been very busy all day in putting down my carpet, setting up my book-case, arranging furniture, & c. It makes me tired, and gives me a tremendous appetite. Have got settled now however, and I begin to feel comfortable and contented. Found in the Post Office seven news-papers and a letter—the latter from Thomas Deering, who says that owing to sickness in his family and the hard times he is unable to give me any further aid at present. This announcement has caused me much sorrow and dissapointment. I know not what to do. Besides the fear that I shall have to leave College the fact that I owe a large sum for board and college privileges renders this announcement particularly unwelcome. I do not despair yet however, but shall wait with much anxiety the progress of events. A few days more will reveal to me my destiny. I hope and I pray that I shall not be obliged to leave College even temporarily. Went to prayers to night for the first time.

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Sunday Sept 1. A cool, clear and beautiful day. Attended church all day as usual. Am glad that I have an opportunity of looking at the opposite side of the meeting house to that which I have been accustomed to view. Dr. Adams departed so far from his usual custom as to preach two good sermons. They were good, and the students generally liked him. Spent the leisure hours of the day chiefly in writing and reading.

Monday 2. Recitations commenced this morning. Recited in the morning in Greek (Demosthenes's Olynthiacs) to Prof.

Packard. The book does not appear to be very hard. The professor asks quite a number of questions, but they are of such a character that one can easily get used to and thus answer them all. In Geometry at 10 ½ o'clock A.M., we went in to Prof. Smyth. I don't like the study, and never did, but he is much more easy in recitation than Tutor Tucker was. In the afternoon we recited in French to Prof. Cham-

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berlain, who has recently received the department of Modern Languages in stead of that of Rhetoric and Oratory which he has hitherto occupied. He is a fine scholar, and a very gentlemanly man. I understand that he will soon leave for a short stay in Europe, We shall (the Sophomores) be sorry to have him go, but there is no help for it: This afternoon he gave us a familiar lecture about languages in general and the French in particular.

Tuesday 3. Recitations as usual. The students in obedience to a proclamation of "the Sheriff of Bowdoin College assembled before "King Chapel" at noon to cast in their votes for Governor of the state of Maine. Not much excitement was manifested and the attendance was a great deal thinner than usual on similar occasions. The result of the balloting was as follows –
Washburn – Seniors , Juniors , Soph. Fresh.
Jameson “ “ “ “
Dana “ “ “ “
Rec.d a Democrat from the office today.

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Wednesday, Sept. 4. A beautiful day. Find myself much more devot-

ed to my studies than last term and also the term before. I study about six hours each day—two in the forenoon, as in afternoon and evening, Rise at half past five and retire at ten. I like my studies this term, except, of course, that despicable Geometry. The “fishing” business is very profitable about now. The [Us Y’s?] have secured in their toils, the following members of the Freshman class, viz., Bolton, Dudley, Hayes, Hill & Packard—all, as far as I know, good fellows. The other societies, I believe, have not been quite so successful. I should think this “fishing” would be very disagreeable to the victims, It keeps them away from their studies and [ponies!?] and thus debars them from obtaining much rank which they would undoubtedly otherwise have got. I should “pledge” myself, I really believe, [simply?] to get rid of the officious attentions of the other classes.

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Thursday, Sept 5. Another beautiful day, which I can enjoy in Brunswick as well as in Saco. The members of my class are continually up to some “[grind?].” This morning we were surprised and horrified at beholding a skeleton which had graced the walls of the medical college for years, suspended to the branches of a tree in front of the building. This afternoon some of the same class, in broad day light, drove up into the fourth story of “Sodom,” or rather the North end of Winthrop Hall. I don’t approve of grinding at all, but if we must have “grinds” let us have good and original ones. But I think they are in a fair way of carrying it much too far.

Prof. Stowe of Andover Theological seminary prayed in the Chapel this evening. He is an old looking man, not appearing in the least to me like the great Professor Stowe, the husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe. The Professor in French today gave us a very short lesson for Monday—for which we are sufficiently grateful.

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Friday Sept. 6. Had “dignity” this afternoon. I enjoyed it of course. It is quite a privilege to have an afternoon to one’s self and be free from all thoughts of study for a little while at least. It happens that we have French in the afternoon, and thus get rid of one recitation in that department. I should prefer to have an [adjoin?] in Mathematics. I should be willing to make considerable of a sacrifice to escape recitation in that department.

Saturday 7. Recitations as usual in the forenoon. No recitations [KATA’ TO’ ECCO’ ÐOS?] in the afternoon. For my own part I should prefer to have my dignity at intervals of at least two or three days. I find that rooming in College is much pleasanter than rooming out. It is very comfortable indeed, this having as it were a home of my own, where I can do just as I like and feel that I am master. And this feeling can only be engaged to its greatest extent when one knows that he possesses at least an interest in every article

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of furniture in the room. I am waiting quite anxiously for rain. I think I could enjoy a great storm such as we used to have.

Sunday, Sept. 8. The Rev. Dr. Stowe of Andover preached all day. His sermons were very clear logical and interesting, although they were not delivered in a very oratorical manner. The students liked him—and this can be said of but very few preachers who occupy the Brunswick pulpits habitually or occasionally. He has a very patriarchal look about, with his long white hair and broad benevolent face partly concealed with beard of the same color as his hair. He is attended by his wife, making a visit to their friends and former neighbors in Brunswick.

Monday, 9. The first division recite to Tutor Stone in Latin this week, the second division taking Demosthenes. We have commenced the first book of the Odes of Horace. Our lesson this morning was the first ode and was very easy and pretty.

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My impression is that I shall like Horace. At least I hope I shall, for it is the part of every true scholar to be acquainted with his productions.

Tuesday, Sept. 10. The returns of votes from the different towns in the State indicate that Washburn was yesterday elected Governor by a large majority over both his competitors Jameson and Dana. I am unable to procure the accurate result. Am glad to know that Jameson's votes were much more numerous than the [disunion] Dana's. The latter, I hope, will have sense enough to keep his obnoxious views to himself hereafter.

Wednesday 11. A rain storm at last? I am heartily glad to see it. I find my anticipations of its comforts fully real-

ized though I experienced some difficulty in obtaining wood to keep a fire. Which adds so much to the enjoyment of a rainy day. It makes a fellow think of home a good deal though and sometimes he is troubled with a most uncomfortable longing to be there.

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Thursday, Sept, 12. Dull and unpleasant as yesterday. This applies to the weather and not to the studies, though some of them are disagreeable enough.

Friday, 13, It has cleared off beautifully and now the weather is most delightful. I am perfectly in love with these beautiful Autumn days. From my earliest recollection my mind has been filled with pleasant thoughts as Autumn came with its clear mornings, its beautiful sky, and a brilliant harvest moons. This morning Tutor Stone gave out the subjects for our first theme. They are as follows: The Gulf Stream; Magna Charta; The Blindness of Milton; The Saintly and the Heroic. They are considered by the class as a good choice of subjects. I hope the themes will be equally satisfactory to the Tutor.

Saturday 14. Nothing in the line of study out of the usual way except that Prof. Smyth gave out a lesson from his “Trigonometry and Surveying” for Monday. I am glad of the change. For anything

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however hard will be a relief from horrid Geometry. I have been told that it was very easy in comparison with what we shall have to take after we finish the Trigonometry. A meeting of the students was held in South Wing this

noon to elect Editors to the "Bugle." But owing to the small attendance the meeting was adjourned to the 28th day of Sept., at the same hour and place.

Sunday, Sept. 15. At meeting all day. The Rev. Dr. preached two quite endurable sermons. I cannot account for the fact, unless he imbibed the [inoperation?] from the Rev. Professor C. E. Stowe. The singing was very good all day.

Monday, Sept. 16. Monday morning recitations are nuisances. They ought to, have been abolished years ago, and if the faculty would do as I honestly think should we should have been relieved of all necessity violating the Sabbath. This dispensing with them is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished, especially by all religiously inclined young men.

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Tuesday, Sept, 17. We go on slowly in Trigonometry and French. Prof. Smyth is very nervous man and appears to be desirous of occupying most of the recitation hour himself in demonstrating what is admitted and known by every – body. Prof. Chamberlain gives us short French lessons, though he spends a great deal of time & attention to the Pronunciation. He is very much liked by the class, at the same time a gentlemen and a scholar. Our class make most commendable progress in the acquiring the pronunciation.

Wednesday. Improved some of the pleasant moments in wandering through the woods and roads, in company with Melvin J. Hill, A member of the Freshmen class, from Biddeford. This evening was one of the most beautiful I ever witnessed. The moon shone bright and clear and the Northern Lights turning in the sky added to the effect of the light and stillness of everything around.

Thursday 19. Nothing of importance in my study life. Will Pearson and I went off among the woods this morning to see if we couldn't find a rostrum or bema wherefrom to re-

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hearse our selections for Declamation. And by the way, they come off—for the first division, ended by myself—a week from tomorrow. We were quite successful, and now intend to visit this soon-to-be consecrated sport daily. The exercise of walking and speaking will add to strength of body and strength and clearness of voice. But more elsewhere of its advantages & c.

Friday, Sept. 20. A warm and beautiful day. Played Base Ball in the forenoon for an hour. Took from the Peucinian Library through the kindness of one of the Librarians, McKeen, a volume of the Congressional Globe with "Appendix" in order to select an appropriate piece for Declamation. The attempt proved a failure, and rather than wade through such enormous volumes I was glad to fall back upon the celebrated speech of J. S. Prentiss in the Mississippi Contested Election. I admire it much, and consider it one of the most eloquent efforts I have ever read. I anticipate considerable labor in committing the ex-

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tract to memory. Commenced upon my theme and wrote two or three pages. Subject, "The Saintly and the Heroic."

Was initiated into the Peucinian Society this evening in company with several others, mostly Sophomores. I survived the ceremonies and hope to have the privilege of taking my share in the performances

of the next initiation. “Pinos loquentes semper habemus.”

Saturday Sept. 21. Played Base Ball this afternoon. The weather was very favorable and our engagement was not slight. This healthful sport is coming into vogue here as it did last year, and will, doubtless, be a source of amusement. For my own part, I like it heartily.

Sunday 22. A pleasant Sunday. The preaching—by Dr. Adams—not quite so pleasant. The Doctor does not improve by age, that I can see.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, 23, 24, 25. Occupied in study reading and playing Base Ball, Nothing new.

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Thursday, Sept. 26. National Fast day, appointed by President Lincoln, in view of the distracted and unhappy condition of our country. It was observed in the town by religious services in the different churches, and in the College by adjourns.

Friday 27, Declaimed to day before the class, for the first time. Felt quite at home much more than I expected to. I gained considerable credit for my performance, more, doubtless than I deserved. There were six in my division, of which I was last. Davis, I think leads the division, as far as good speaking is concerned. Themes due today, Mine was ready at the time appointed.

Saturday, 28, Played Base Ball as usual. To day the adjourned meeting for the choice of editors of the Bugle, twas held in the South Wing. Almon Goodwin, James A. Howe, Thos. T. Beverage were elected. The Bugle will not be published till near the end of the term.

Sunday, 29, Sermon in the forenoon by Prof. Egbert. Afternoon by Dr. Adams.

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Monday, Tuesday Sept, 30 & Oct 1. Nothing worthy to be recorded in this [letter?] journal. Have studied and played Ball as usual.

Wednesday, Oct. 2. A match game of Base Ball came off this forenoon between the Seniors and Juniors. The Seniors beat them by seven runs. There was good playing on both sides,

Thursday, 3. Have been reading "The Blithedale Romance" and "The House of Seven Gables," by Hawthorne. Am Perfectly charmed by them. They are the most thoroughly original books I have ever read, possessing a strange, fascinating influence which no other book has. Yet they are painful, and grate harshly on some of the [indirect?] and holiest feelings of the human heart. Yet they are worth reading merely for their style.

Friday 4. Declamations by the second division ending with Foster. In this division I am compelled to award the palm of superiority to Daggett—though I have many faults to find with his performance, it was, however, on the whole well delivered.

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Saturday, Oct 5. Rainy, and, as a natural consequence here, dull. Spent the afternoon in singing and reading.

Sunday 6. A day the counterpart of yesterday. It is very lonesome and gloomy, just such a day as throws a feeling of discontent and darkness over the mind. Prof. E. C. Smyth preached in the afternoon and Rev. John Lord, the Lecturer, in the

forenoon. The latter's sermon was "smart," as they say, a little too smart, perhaps. At least the preacher seemed to think so. But the delivery was perfectly awful, I can give it no other name. Mr. L. is a very nervous man, and his style partakes largely of his nature. His subject was "the Doctrine of Special Providences taught by the Scripture." His proof was very satisfactory.

Monday 7. Fair after the storm, though there is every prospect of another storm, in a day or two. We have commenced now to read in French, in Dumas Napoleon. It is rather difficult now to make much progress. But it seems

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to be the aim of the Instructor to furnish us, or rather to cause us to lay for ourselves a solid foundation upon which we can build a thorough knowledge of the beautiful French. As far as my experience may furnish a criterion, I shall doubtless like it. The exercises in the Fasquelle, are very easy. The book appears to have been compiled on philosophical principles, and offers the very best ground-work for beginners.

Tuesday, 8. Do, do, as yesterday as regards studies & c. Received a copy of the "Maine Democrat" containing a letter of mine of the date of Sept. 24. No news in it. Rec.d also a letter from Waterville.

Wednesday 9. First day of the Fair of the Sagadahoc Co. Ag. So. in Topsham. A match game of Base Ball came off in the Fairgrounds this forenoon between the Senior and Junior Clubs. The Seniors beat by one run. The playing on both sides was very good. Prof. Smyth kindly gave us an adjourn to witness the game.

A very pleasant day.

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Thursday, Oct. 10. An excursion train from Lewiston arrived here in the morning, containing a number of persons who came to witness the Fair. Prof. Chamberlain gave us an adjourn in French. In the afternoon was surprised by a visit from my Uncle Thomas [Deering?] from Auburn. He had come to visit the fair and took occasion to call upon me. I was glad to see him—it is so seldom that I see one of my relatives. He seemed to be in good health and spirits. His family is all well.

Friday, 11, Recitations as usual in the forenoon. The third division in declamation declaimed in the afternoon, ending with Hall, only Hall didn't speak. All did well. Gerrish, Perhaps did the best, or perhaps, Grover. As I have been unwell for several days, I was unable to hand in my theme, so was excused till tomorrow. The subjects for themes, due two weeks from this date, Oct. 25, were given out as follows: "The Norman Conquest," "The Poet and Prophet," "Clouds," "Whatever is, is right." We have every reason to be grateful to the Tutor for his selection of subjects this week.

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Saturday, Oct, 12. A cold disagreeable day. Received from home a box containing the clothes which I sent Monday. I hear from Frank Littlefield who came from Saco to day that Davis is sick with the slow fever, and that they fear that mother will be sick also, as she is now quite unwell. I hope to hear more cheering news than this in a day or two. A match game of Base Ball came off today between the Junior and Sophomore Clubs. The Juniors came out five ahead. Devoted the

evening to writing and reading “Longfellow’s Voices of the Night.” The poems are all beautiful.

Sunday 13, Sermon’s forenoon and afternoon by Prof. Packard. This is the first opportunity that I have ever had of hearing the reverend professor. I like him, and should like the privilege of listening to him every Sunday.

Monday 14. Cool but pleasant. Wrote to Fred M. Cobb, to obtain the loan of ten or fifteen dollars until the close of my school.

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Wednesday Oct. 16. Received a letter from Mrs. Mary A. Cobb enclosing ten dollars, in compliance with my request of Monday. It is a favor for which I am grateful.

Thursday 17. Wrote to [Mm.?] Realy that I should probably be in Waterville tomorrow. It looks like a storm now, but unless it rains very hard I shall go. I intend to return Monday or Tuesday.

Friday 18. Find myself in Waterville as I expected in the midst of a rain storm. It commenced to rain here early this morning and has rained hard ever since. Arrived at the college just as the students were coming out from prayers. [Jon?] seemed very glad to see me, and kindly conducted me to his room. I made a short call before supper downtown, and spent the evening at the same place. Enjoyed myself very much in the company of new and old friends.

Saturday 19. Waterville. It continues stormy. Not withstanding the weather, I took the opportunity to walk around the college premises and form my impression of the institution.

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My impression is that it is good enough so far as it goes; but it is not on half so large a scale as Bowdoin. The grounds are much smaller, although laid out with some taste and presenting quite a fine appearance. The trees are not so numerous as in Brunswick. The buildings are three in number, besides a small wooden building formerly used as a Commons House, but now filled with Freshmen. The rooms are smaller than mine, containing no bedroom unless divided off from the main room by the students. The chapel is small and destitute of ornament. The remainder of my thoughts need not to be recorded here. Went into the reading room, which I found well supplied with daily and weekly papers especially those of the latter character which were of the Baptist persuasion. Walked about the town some. Find it to be very pretty, abounding in several fine houses and many trees. The gloomy weather however lent a corresponding hue to every out-door object. Enjoyed a very pleasant call in the afternoon, as also in the evening. There is no prospect of fair weather.

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Sunday, Oct. 20. Pleasant, to the surprise of all. Remained in William's room during the forenoon. In the afternoon attended meeting at the Baptist Church in company with Mrs. Thayer and Miss Lizzie Chase. An excellent sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Bullen. Took tea at the house of this former lady. Went to the vestry in the evening.

Monday 21. A beautiful day. Spent the forenoon around the colleges making the acquaintance of the students. I have become acquainted with several very pleasant young gentlemen. In the afternoon went to

walk down to the French settlement (so called) and the cemetery a mile or two out of the village. It was a beautiful walk indeed. At the supper table whom should I meet but Emery and Ingersoll classmates of mine in "Old Bowdoin," who told me the astounding story that they had been suspended and were now on their way home! The reason of their dismissal is this: Last night, or rather this morning at about 1 o'clock, they with two others, who were also suspended, Daggett and Caswell, effected an entrance into the chapel and

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ascended the tower with the intention of removing the bell. But the tutor by some means or other got wind of their purpose and detected them while in the act and they were consequently suspended immediately. The class escorted them to the depot with a cavalcade and foot procession and cheered them off. Two of our suspended ones (Daggett and Ingersoll) felt rather badly; the others didn't seem to mind it much. The Waterville boys are perfectly dumbfounded by the depravity of the Bowdoin students.

I am sorry that this event has happened, not only for the boys' sake, but also for the sake of the reputation of the class. I hope that the number of our class may not be diminished again by any similar transaction. The bell, I understand, is in a very "unringable" condition. Made a "call" in the evening.

Tuesday, Oct. 22. Returned to Brunswick with a strong desire of plunging into the mysteries of Greek and the intricacies of Geometry. Missed recitation in French on account of not hearing the bell.

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I am very much gratified with what I saw in Waterville. My visit was very pleasant, and not entirely without profit, I think. I made a number of acquaintances, especially among the students, some of whom, I hope will return my visit.

Thursday, Oct. 24. Made up in Latin to Tutor Stone this morning, and in French to Prof. Chamberlain this afternoon. Prof. Smyth has appointed Saturday, at noon, to recite back lessons in Geometry.

Friday, 25. Theme due this afternoon, but Tutor Stone very graciously excused me till the first of the week, on account of my absence.

Saturday, 26, Made up in Geometry, as was appointed. Was occupied during the afternoon in reading the second volume of Parton's "Life of Jackson." This volume concludes "The Soldier." It has been very interesting throughout. Went to hear a lecture in the evening by our new Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in the Senior recitation room. He is an interesting

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writer and an easy and graceful speaker. In this latter respect he has the advantage over the Collins Professor, E. C. Smyth.

Sunday, Oct. 27. Went to meeting, and sat under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Adams. He was as interesting, and my sleep was as pleasant, as ever.

Monday, Oct. 28. Received a telegram from Saco, stating that Davis was very sick, and was not expected to live but a few hours. The sad news brought me home in the noon train. Found my dear brother suffering extremely from the typhoid

fever which had settled in his bowels.
They had applied a [blistic?], according
to the doctor's orders, and some hope was
entertained that he would survive. But
as I looked at him, I felt that he
could not get well. Oh! it is very
sad to think that my dear, dear
brother must die. I pray God that
he will yet spare him to us, Oh!
cut him not off in the bloom of his youth,
and from the midst of our little family,

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and his studies at school! He had
not spoken since Saturday; owing to
his tongue and palates having stiffened,
and become dry. But although unable
to speak, he showed that he recognized
me. When I entered the room he looked
eagerly up, and as I approached the
bedside and bent over him, he put
his arms around my neck, and em-
braced me tenderly. But his strength
soon failed him, and he sunk back
into his former state of lethargy. He
has suffered the most excruciating pain
for three days, and there seems to be
no relief. My poor, dear Mother, who
is not well herself, suffers much
from care and anxiety, and compassion
for the darling sick one. She says that
Davis has been sick four weeks, but not
dangerously, as was thought, until Friday
when he was suddenly taken worse. He has
not expressed any opinions, as to his
prospects of recovering, but has spoken
about his plans after getting well again,
which leads us to infer that he thought
there was no danger. God grant that there
may not be.

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Tuesday, Oct. 29, My brother is appar-
antly no better. He suffered dreadfully

during the night, resting but a few moments during the whole time. Oh! that something could be procured to stop this pain. I fear that it will wear the poor sufferer out very soon. He seems to retain his senses most of the time, although he rarely takes much notice of what is going on around him. I have sat by his bedside considerably, and done all that I can, but I fear that it is all in vain. I have prayed many times that God would spare him, but I fear that my prayers are not to be answered, Mother is almost despairing.

My sister arrived today from Boston with a little darling baby. She did not expect to find Davis alive, as she received a dispatch yesterday of the same import as mine. She states that Thomas will be unable to come, as business demands his presence at home. Davis did not seem to recognize his sister. If he did, his agony probably prevented him from showing it.

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Wednesday, Oct., 30, Poor, dear Davis is dead! I am brotherless now. Oh! it is a sad dreary day. The house is pervaded by sadness and darkness. How hard to realize that he is gone! It does not seem possible that one so healthy and strong as that darling brother was when last I saw him, lies emaciated and dead! Oh! it is hard to be called upon again within one short year to weep over a lost loved one! It is a sad, sad thought that I have no brother now! His pleasant, open face will never meet our gaze again! His cheerful voice will never be heard again! I shall never receive his welcome again, until in God's infinite mercy, he welcomes

me to the courts of love above! Oh!
may I meet him there! And with
him that unforgotten sister, who now
rejoices, as we confidently believe, at
the coming of her brother. What a
glorious, happy meeting that must be!
I little thought I should be called
so soon to stand by the death bed
of the youngest and and the strongest

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of this little family circle. In my ignorance
of the ways and plans of God, I
never dreamed of his dying. We mingled
in all my visions of the future, and
I felt a thrill of happiness when I reflected
on what I might do for a younger
brother. But my hopes are all frustrated
now! He is gone from me forever!

I cannot understand this providence
of God. It is far beyond my comprehension!
May God give me strength to bear patiently
all afflictions that he sees fit to send
upon me, and faith to believe that
“He doeth all things Well.”

My brother died at nine o’clock this
morning, after a night of most intense
suffering. When I rose this morning I
noticed that his breathing was more
difficult, his pulse fainter, and his
strength much reduced. Mother, too,
told me, through her tears, that
Davis could not live long. It was an
announcement which I could pray to
have been spared! He suffered much
until a few moments before he died.
In the bright, beautiful morning,
when the school-bell was ringing,
he breathed his last, and left us
to mourn his early death.

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Thursday, Oct. 31. What a dreary,
comfortless day! How empty and
cheerless the house seems, after
the departure of its light and life!
My thoughts are sad

indeed, full of murmurings against the just God, who has seen fit to afflict us thus. Oh! may he give me light to see the justice of this sorrow!

Friday, Nov. 1. A beautiful day to witness my brother's funeral. It took place this afternoon at two o'clock. On account of the number that attended, the sermon was delivered at the cemetery, by the open grave. Rev. Mr. Mason, of the Methodist church, officiated. His remarks were very appropriate, and touching. He spoke of the character of the deceased in terms that all who knew the lost one felt to be true. Yes, he said a-right when he said that 'Davis was a good boy.' Oh! that he had been spared that I might make returns for his love and kindness to me! But he is gone, and I shall never see him on earth again! I am brotherless, and it almost seems, friendless now. May God be my friend!

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Saturday, Nov. 2. A day of quiet and gloom, and so must be all the days for months to come, for the cheerful, lively son and brother is gone, He has taken with him our joy and gladness. We have no heart for mirth or laughter now. My poor mother bears up much better than I had expected. She is supported with strength from on high! Where her darling son has gone. But she often thinks and weeps of him.

Sunday, 3. A stormy Sabbath. Such a storm raged last night and this forenoon as has not been known for years. Much damage, it is feared, has been done to wharves and shipping. We believe that father was out of the reach of it. Did not attend church.

Monday, 4. The papers report considerable damage from the storm in Portland and Boston. It arose chiefly from the enormous tides, greater than have been known for thirty years. It is much pleasanter now, with every prospect of long continued fair-weather.

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Tuesday, Nov. 5. Received a letter from a very dear friend today to console me in my great affliction. It has done me much good, and I am grateful to the writer for it.

Wednesday, 6. Sent a letter to Father today, directed to Liverpool. How sad will be the intelligence that it will convey to him! I tremble for the result, but hope for the best.

Thursday 7. Occupied in study in order to prepare myself to be examined in the studies of the class, gone over during my absence. Shall return a week from to day.

Friday 8. Ditto.

Saturday 9. Ditto.

Sunday, 10. Went to meeting this forenoon at the Hall. Rev. Mr. Reely preached. Learn that Rev. Mr. Rice, the pastor of the church, has resigned, on account of learning that his services were no longer wanted. I am

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sorry for him, but, at the same time, he ought not to have come amongst us. The blame is not so much his, as the foolish committee of the church who invited him. He has married quite recently a daughter of Rev. Charles A.

Lord of Portland, the Editor of the "Christian Mirror."

Monday, Nov. 11. Occupied in study and work about the house.

Tuesday, 12. Ditto.

Wednesday, 13. The time approaches when I shall return to Brunswick, and finds me quite unprepared to pass an examination on the studies that I have been absent from. I shall go, however tomorrow. Sister Mary and the baby remain with us yet, and will, I hope, till I come back from B.—Tuesday, I hope—Glorious news came today of the complete success of the fleet at Beaufort, [S. le?], It is indeed inspiring tidings to the North, and much cause great consternation and dismay at the South. "God speed the right!"

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Brunswick, Nov. 14. Every thing is just as I left it, awaiting my return. Went to recitation and prayer. Studied till late in the evening, and slept soundly.

Friday, 15. Made up to Tutor Stone in Latin. Had a little conversation with him in regard to Declamation, Composition, Writing & c. We seem to be both of the same mind, viz, that the students of Bowdoin neither write nor declaim enough. Handed in a "Double Theme."

Saturday 16. Recited to Prof. Packard this morning the advance lessons in "Demosthenes' Select Orations," from which I was absent. Made up in Geometry and Trigonometry to Prof. Length.

Sunday 17. Attended on Divine Service as usual. Dr. Adams was absent, to the great relief of all. Prof. Egbert C. Smyth preached

in the forenoon, Prof. Whittlesey occupied the pulpit in the afternoon. Both sermons were good.

Monday, 18. Finished making up in Greek

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this morning. Prof. P. was quite easy upon me. Recited all back lessons in French to Prof. Chamberlain. I am now "all right," and "square" with my class. Prof. C. told us that he should not examine us this term—for which intelligence we showed our gratitude by demonstrations made by floor and feet.

Saco, Tuesday, Nov. 19. Home again after an absence of five days. I am glad to be here so soon, though there are not so many dear ones to welcome me as before. We got all through our examination a few moments past eleven this forenoon. Went to the Exhibition of the Senior and Junior Classes last evening. The exercises were interesting, and the parts showed an average share of talent. The first prize was awarded to Dorville Libby, Saco. Subject, "Hawthorne's Marble Faun." The second prize was awarded to Edward N. Packard, Biddeford. Subject, "The Safety of the Republic the Supreme Law." Both of the productions did credit to the writers, though

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I do not agree with a lot of the sentiments advanced by the former, as when he says that Hawthorne is full of misanthropic melancholy. His writings never struck me so. They seem rather to display a dreamy sadness, which serves as a cloak to conceal his indignation at man's num-

erous transgressions of the law of love.

Wednesday, Nov. 20. I am just beginning to realize the awful loneliness that reigns throughout the house. It does not seem like home now. I cannot rest here as I used to, in the full belief that here was comfort, safety and love. So strongly, indeed, has this feeling of the uncertainty of all things earthly settled upon me that I dare not trust them as before. I almost tremble when I think upon how slight a basis all my hopes are rested. I trust that this feeling may work out much good in my heart. Enabling it to fix its best and holiest affections on higher and more worthy objects. But I would wish, in spite of that, that I had my brother back again.

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Saco Nov. 21. Thursday. Thanksgiving day has come to us again, but not as a day of rejoicing and mirth, but of sorrow and dejection. My mind reverts to last Thanksgiving, and contrasts our condition then with the present. Oh! how mournful the contrast! Then it was joy and gladness, tempered with the sorrow that Anna's sickness caused. Now, it is darkness altogether. Anna and Davis are both dead, and father is beyond the sea, and knows not that he has one child less! No, it is not a day of Thanksgiving to us. It is rather a day of fasting. May God strengthen my mother's heart and mine, that we may be prepared to spend a long bright day of Thanksgiving in Heaven, together with him who is so far away from us.

Nov. 22. Had intended to go to Freeport today to commence my school. But have concluded to remain at home until next Friday. I am anxious

to commence as soon as possible.
It is my first, and much depends
upon its issue.

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Nov. 24. Mr. Rice preached his farewell sermon this afternoon to his “sorrowful” congregation. He gave general satisfaction, or at least his sermon appeared to the best that he had delivered since his ordination—owing probably, to its being his last!

Nov. 26. Tuesday. Visited Mr. Mason’s school this afternoon. Received a letter from a friend in Waterville.

Thursday, 28. To day is the annual Thanksgiving in all the United States excepting Maine and Massachusetts. Spent the day in making preparations for my departure.

Friday, 29. Arrived at Freeport this afternoon to prepare for my school. Was examined by a member of the Committee, the Rev. John Rounds, and received a certificate, a very interesting and important document. It was nearly six o’clock when I reached my Uncle’s house. Its inmates were much surprised, though glad, to see me. It was raining in Saco when I left.

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Freeport, Nov. 30. Saturday. A stormy, gloomy, day. Remained at my uncle’s in the forenoon. Spent the afternoon in visiting.

Sunday, Dec. 1. It has cleared off beautifully after the storm. But the ground, covered by the snow, presents rather a cheerless look. It seems as if Winter had commenced in earnest.

Monday, 2. Commenced my school with thirteen scholars, of all ages from twenty to nine years of age. I cannot, of course, tell with certainty yet, but I think that I shall like them, and I hope they will like me. Nine of them are boys, and four are girls. They are very intelligent, and some of them are well advanced in their studies. I hardly knew what to do, but think on the whole, I got through the day, without any serious blunders.

Tuesday 3. My heart was gladdened by the appearance of another young gentleman who proposes to become my scholar.

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Friday, Dec. 6. Finished the first week of my school. I have succeeded much better than I expected or dared to hope. I like the scholars, and begin to think that the feeling in some degree, at least, is reciprocated. Most of them are studious and well behaved: one or two are inclined to be a little mischievous. There seems to be a want of interest in the school which needs to be remedied. I shall make it my first duty to arouse the scholars to an enthusiasm in the work, to which they are devoting themselves. It strikes me that they have not been dealt with strictly enough.

Saturday, 7. No school to day. Went to the "learner" via "Porter's Landing." The "Landing" is about a mile distant, which we reached by water. It was quite a rough passage, but the exercise of rowing was capital. I should like about two hours of it each day for six months. Received a letter worth going the distance for. Found my friend William Keely aboard the train, bound for the War. His immediate destination was Augusta, where I expect to hear

from him in a few days.

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Sunday, Dec. 8. Heard Burnham, a ΨY brother, and a Senior in Bowdoin College, preach in the school-house of the district above mine. His subject was "The infinite Love of Christ," which he treated well, considering his youth and inexperience in the art of preaching. I find fault with his loud voice and theatrical style of delivery, which I do not consider exactly appropriate in the sacred desk. His audience liked him much. They consider him a perfect prodigy of genius and piety.

Tuesday, 9. My school was visited by Mr. Rounds today. He appeared to be well pleased with the beginning. I have done my best, and I can only leave the rest to him, and the other members of the Committee. He says he will lecture at the school house one week from next Thursday evening.

Wednesday, 10. Nothing of importance

Thursday, 12. Ditto.

Friday, 13. Ditto.

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Saturday, Dec. 14. School all day. The arrangement in this and the neighboring districts is to have school all day one Saturday and none the next, for the comfort of those who live away from the school house. It is a warm and beautiful day. A number of the young people belonging to the neighborhood met together at the school-house this evening for a sing. I was present and enjoyed myself as much as any of them.

Sunday, 15. A cold, windy, wintry day. Stayed at home all day, preferring the warmth of a good stove and a plenty of wood, to the heat of Mr. Burnham's sermon.

Monday, 16. My throat is so troublesome that I fear I shall be obliged to abandon my charge. I find it very difficult to do the talking that my scholars deserve. Rather than remain in my present circumstances in charge of the school I should resign, since I can do justice neither to the scholars nor to myself. I spoke to the agent about this matter this morning.

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Tuesday, Dec. 17. This morning I received from the S.S. Committee a permission to leave on account of the difficulty above mentioned. I acted upon it accordingly, and closed my school this noon. I addressed a few remarks to the scholars, expressing my regret that I was unable to continue in my services here. They seemed sorry to have me go, and I felt unwilling to bring my first attempt at school-keeping to a close so soon. But it cannot be helped now. I should like to remain and finish the school—for I have had charge of it just long enough, to begin to feel a deep interest in its welfare. I sincerely hope the district will secure a good teacher to succeed me, in order that the interest that has been excited among the scholars, may not be lost. I made out the register this afternoon, and handed in to the Town Treasurer, who paid me, in full for my services, the sum of \$110.23. Thus ended my first experience in school-keeping.

Wednesday, 1. My mother, myself, my aunt and two cousins crossed the river to day on a visit to Mr. Samuel Fitts's—a relative of

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my father's. I left my mother there, whence she will set out for Yarmouth tomorrow in season for the noon train for Portland. I arrived at my Uncle's again about 4 o'clock P. M. Enjoyed the visit and the row across the river finely.

Thursday, Dec. 19. My nineteenth birth day! One more birth-day and I shall be among the twenties! How swiftly the time flies. I just began to realize the swiftness of the flight of time. Well, we are growing old, and we must make up our minds to acquiesce in the many tokens which it gives us of approaching age. I am young yet, but still it seems that I am rapidly increasing in years. I look back to my last birth day and see that from that time to this my joys and sorrows have been very numerous; but the recollection of my sorrow bears down all remembrance of my many hours of joy. To look forward, where and what shall I be a year hence? No one but God the Father knows, and to no one will he reveal. Oh! God, be merciful, if thou wilt.

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Arrived in Portland this afternoon. Am now stopping with my mother and cousin at my cousin Cobb's.

Friday, Dec, 20. Spent the day in reading and playing, and strolling about town, looking at the British Steamships, the Gun boats &c. Visited my cousin's—Mr. Joseph Pickett's school in Cape Elizabeth. I liked the appearance of his school very much. He has a very good reputation as a teacher of a grammar school. Spent a portion of the evening at Mr. F's father house, in very pleasant company. Spent the evening at

“headquarters” with my cousin Macy Cobb’s family.

Saturday, Dec. 21. We (mother and myself) occupied a great part of the forenoon in Messes, Sanborn & Carter’s book store. The latter gentleman gave me a polite invitation to purchase my books at his store! Which I shall doubtless do, if I have a mind to. Arrived home this afternoon, and, having built a good fire, are now enjoying ourselves much—“There’s no place like home.”

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Friday, Dec. 28. My friend William Keeley, an old schoolmate, who enlisted a few weeks ago in the 18th regiment, Col. Neal Dow arrived home today on a furlough. He says that he is very well satisfied with the life of a soldier, and strongly urges me to join him. I have had some thoughts of enlisting since the close of my school.

Tuesday, Dec. 31. Went to Augusta today and enlisted as private in Co. K, 13th ME. Regt. The date of my enrollment was put back to December 5th. I have determined to become a soldier, chiefly because I feel that it is my duty to:

Wednesday, January 1, 1862. A new year finds me in Camp at Augusta. My quarters are as comfortable as tents can be at this season of the year. The weather is cold and blustering. The snow is quite deep. We have a good warm wood fire and do not suffer any from cold. My tentmates, twelve in number, are very agreeable companions of all ages from 16 to 45 and one or two a little older.

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Thursday, Jan. 2. Was mustered into

the United States service today by Col. Neal Dow after being examined by the Assistant Surgeon Dr. Gordon. Seven or eight were mustered with me. We are now firmly bound to Uncle Sam.

Saturday 4. Got a furlough of five days to return home, but was too late for the train. So shall have to defer my visit till Monday.

Monday 6. Went home today. Found Mother well—though rather tearful at the prospect of my having enlisted.

Tuesday 7. Got out an advertisement for recruiter signed “John Deering Jr., Recruiting Officer.” Made a few calls today and evening.

Wednesday 8. Went to the Baptist Circle this evening. Had a very pleasant time. Made some new acquaintances which I shall improve when I return from the war!

Thursday. Bade “good-bye” to Mother and

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am en route for Waterville, where I arrived at four o'clock P.M. The folks at W. were very glad to see me.

Friday, Jan 10. Arrived in Augusta this morning after a pleasant stop in Waterville. Found everything just as I left it. A warm and pleasant day for winter.

Tuesday, Feb. 18. Broke up the encampment this morning before daybreak and forming in line went to the depot where we took the cars for Boston. Stopped a few moments in Brunswick where I saw many of my college friends. Arrived a Boston at eleven o'clock P.M., where my brother-in-law met me and conducted me to his house on

Harrison Avenue. Found Mother there with them quite well. The regiment is quartered in [Fanerill?] Hall.

Wednesday 19. Returned to my company this morning and remained at the Hall all day. The papers speak very highly of the regiment's appearance. The weather is cold, but clear. Our quarters and food are very good indeed.

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Thursday, Feb'y 20. Got a pass and went to my brother's this afternoon, where I passed the time very pleasantly.

Friday 21. Remained at my brother's house all night and bidding an affectionate good-bye, returned to my quarters this afternoon, About four o'clock the regiment was drawn up in line and soon after marched to the Old Colony Depot where we took the cars for Fall River. We arrived at Fall River soon after dark and went on board the steamer "Bay State" for New York.

Saturday 22. Washington's birth day. Arrived in New York early this morning. We soon landed and marched up to the wharf where the steamship "Fulton" was moored. We immediately went on board this vessel and took possession of our bunks. Mine is on the third deck with George and William Keely. The guns are firing and the bells ringing in honor of the day.

Sunday 23. Remained on board the vessel. Some of the soldiers went to meeting; others to

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walk about the city to see the sights—but most were content to remain on board the "Fulton". This steamer, by the way, is a

splendid vessel of about two thousand tons [indecipherable], formerly running on the New York and Havre line. It is the same vessel that conveyed General Scott to France a few months ago, and is noted for her speed and safety. I can't say much for my accommodations. In common with the other soldiers we occupy bunks, large enough to contain three; built of rough boards and very hard. Never mind, our voyage won't be long.

Monday 24. The Twelfth Conn. Regiment, Col. Doming, for whose coming we have been waiting, arrived this morning by steamer, and were immediately put on board the "Fulton". They are rather a rough looking set, but good patriots. The number of troops now on board is about sixteen hundred, viz, the 12th Conn. and six companies of our own regiment. The other four companies went on board the steamer Mississippi at Boston. Our destination is generally supposed to be Ship Island.

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Wednesday, Feb. 26. Hauled out into the stream this forenoon where we anchored. We are anxiously waiting to get underweigh.

Thursday Feb. 27. Set sail just before noon and are now floating smoothly down the harbor catching glimpses of the forts, islands, & c., as we go.

Friday 28. Are well out at sea and are booming swiftly along. The weather is mild and the sea calm. The soldiers are contented and joyful. Ah! how many of them shall return alive!

Thursday, March 6. Have had the usual experiences of voyagers the past week. Met with one or two quite severe storms and

our passage, as a whole, has been rather a rough one. But our noble ship stood it bravely. There has been a good deal of seasickness. I myself have not escaped the common lot. Was confined in my bunk most of the time for two days. But have got bravely over it now. Some however remain quite sick. Saw numerous

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schools of porpoise and flying fish. The latter were very beautiful creatures, though much smaller than I had expected. Witnessed a most beautiful sunset on the coast of Virginia. We ran very near the land along the whole coast of Florida which looked very beautiful to us accustomed to the snows of New England, for the past three months. Were in sight of Key West and the light house and fort situated on it.

Saturday, March 8. On waking this morning found ourselves in sight of a long, low, sandy island which proves to be the famous Ship Island. It looks barren and dry enough at a distance. On nearing it its appearance does not improve. It is apparently seven miles long and from a quarter to three quarters of a mile in width. There are two or three buildings on the Western end and a few stunted pines on the Eastern summit which is more elevated than the Western. We can see many white tents pitched upon the sand presenting a very pretty picture. Several vessels lay anchored in the distance. We soon were anchored

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among them and are now busy writing letters home to tell the folks of our arrival.

Sunday 9. A very pleasant day. Went

ashore about noon, and proceeded to our camping ground, a little to the east of the others. Besides our regiment there are [nows?] quartered here the 26th Mass., 9th [Comm,?] 12th ME, and 30th Mass. Our tents were soon pitched on the sand and we were comfortably settled. Saw Eben Patterson soon after landing.

Monday 10. Engaged in digging sand and leveling our encampment, the ground presents quite a pretty appearance this afternoon. Gathered some coarse grass for the floor of our tent.

Monday 17. Have got well settled and commenced to drill. The remaining four companies have not yet arrived. We drill from seven to eight, from ten to eleven and four to five. The routine of camp life is about the same as at Augusta. The weather is quite cold, especially nights.

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Tuesday, March 23. The missing four Companies have arrived after a long and wearisome passage and a narrow escape from destruction. They went ashore on "Frying Pan Shoals," near Hilton Head, N.C., and landed there, where they remained more than a week. Gen. Butler and staff have also arrived. Wrote home the 21st. Have been engaged as Clerk in the Captain's tent making out the pay rolls of the Company for the two months ending February 28th. Nobody knows when we shall be paid off.

Monday, Mar. 31. Have been engaged this week as the week previous in writing at the Headquarters of the company. I like the employment rather better than drilling.

Tuesday, April 1. With April comes warmer weather. The sun is very hot during

the middle of the day and much warmer than formerly at night.

Thursday, April 10. The weather continues about the same. Capt. Irvan has arrived to the great joy of us all.

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Tuesday April 15. Have been drilling in skirmishing for the past few days. It is lively work and rather interesting.

Saturday April 19. Was detailed as Clerk in the office of the A.A.A. General of the 3rd Brigade, commanded by Brig. Gen. Geo. F. Shipley formerly Colonel of the 12th Maine Volunteers. Received the appointment through recommendation of Lieut. Col. Rust and Capt. Swan. My employment is making out a report of all the troops on the Island each morning, and copying the orders of Gen. Shipley when issued, and sending them by the mounted orderlies to the various regiments and batteries. I think I shall like well. The Ass't. Adj. General is a very pleasant man. I receive forty cents a day besides my monthly pay as a soldier, making in all twenty-five dollars per month. Many men in our company would have been glad of the situation. Gen. Butler has gone to New Orleans or somewhere else leaving Gen. Shipley in command of the Island. Several regiments are left behind.

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Monday April 28, Have been very busy all the past week. Sunday included office hours from eight A.M. to four P.M.

Saturday, May 3. We learn today by an arrival from New Orleans that Gen. Butler has taken possession of that city and

now holds it. Orders came for Gen. Shipley to proceed to N.O. with his brigade. We are now making preparations to go. Orders were sent out from these headquarters to different regiments and batteries to hold themselves in readiness to embark early tomorrow morning. The Adj. General told me that I had better get ready and accompany him. My regiment is to remain on the island. I gladly accepted the offer, and surprised my tentmates by telling them of my good fortune. I am very eager to see News Orleans.

Sunday, May 4. Got a dress suit this morning and went on board the steamer "Tennessee" about three o'clock P.M. The 12th ME. Reg't. together with Gen. Shipley and staff were also embarked on this vessel. Hauled out into the stream about five o'clock where

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we anchored. Got underweigh again in the and headed for the Mississippi. Some time in the night some accident occurred to the machinery and we were obliged to lie to for several hours.

Monday, May 5. All damage was repaired, and we crossed the bar of the South West Pass this forenoon. We had a very pleasant sail up the river to the forts, Jackson and St. Philip, where we arrived at eight o'clock this evening. It is so dark that we are unable to get a fair few of these forts. Our journey has been through a very low and swampy country.

Tuesday 6. We are anchored close to St. Philip, which we are able to examine, and also its larger neighbor, Fort Jackson. The latter is situated on the right bank of the river and the former on the left.

They are strong fortifications of brick and mason work and are capable of doing immense injury to a passing fleet. It is wonderful how Farragut escaped so well.

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We got underweigh again at eleven o'clock this forenoon and sailed up river through the most delightful country my eye ever feasted upon. On each bank as far as the eye could reach extended large and fertile plantations covered with cane, the orange and banana groves and dotted with the little white huts of the slaves or the stately mansions of the planters. The slaves ceased from their work and taking off their hats, chased us as we steamed by. It was a beautiful sight to us all, accustomed for the past two months to the dreary sands of Ship Island. The lights of New Orleans, in the form of a blazing crescent, came in view at eight o'clock, and an hour later we anchored near the [lever?] of the "Crescent City."

Wednesday, 7. The city looks very level and quiet. The grass is growing on the [lever?], and the city seems almost deserted. The news-boys came aboard with copies of this morning's "Delta," "True Delta" and "Crescent," dingy, dirty looking little sheets which publish Butler's proclamations. They contain nothing very new or striking.

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The troops were landed as soon as practicable, and were quartered on Old Level street, in a Cotton press. I went ashore this afternoon, and was immediately surrounded by a pack of hungry looking men, women, and Children, who talked the most outrageous secession. The streets are very quiet and everything seems very well behaved. Butler has infused a whole-

some fear into the brave hearts of New Orleans. Took up my quarters with the 12th ME Reg't.

Thursday 8th. Occupied in fitting up a room for Gen. Shipley's office, in the new Custom House, a large unfinished granite building on Canal Street. We shall occupy what was formerly the post office. Strolled about the streets looking at the novelties, among which are the St. Charles Hotel (where Generale Butler and Shipley stop), the United States Branch Mint, City Hall, Odd Fellows' Hall, the Jackson and Clay statues. Tried to make some purchases, but found every thing, especially food very high. Saw the maneuvering of the Union troops stationed here.

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Friday, May 9. A general order of Gen. Butler dated yesterday appoints Gen. Shipley Military Commandant of the city of New Orleans. "All officers on duty in this city or in Algiers will report to him." Gen. Shipley's headquarters are still in the Custom House. We have not got fairly underweigh yet.

Saturday 10. Commenced business in the office today. The routine is nearly the same as on Ship Island, though business is rather more brisk. Wrote home to mother this evening.

Sunday 11. Have to work Sundays as other days, with the exception that we have orders to copy. Take my meals with the Maine regiment, but hope to have an arrangement for cooking and eating in the building.

Thursday 15. Have secured the services of two "contrabands," and now are enabled to draw our rations and have them cooked in the building. The headquarters

of the Clerks are in the collectors office up stairs.

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Tuesday, May 20. Our situation now is very comfortable. We have good sleeping quarters up stairs and a plenty to eat, and fare much better in general than most private soldiers. Four clerks, myself included occupy a room together. Their names are, Smithe, Charles Leonard, Edward D. Bangs, all except Leonard, members of my regiment. The officers of the Conn. Regiment stationed in the building look with longing eyes upon our room, but they will not get it.

Saturday, June 21. Today am able for the first time for a month to write, and only with the greatest difficulty. About a month ago I fell in the Custom House near my room a distance of twenty five feet striking upon my head. The blow was so severe that was taken up for dead. But I gave signs of life shortly after and was conveyed to the St. James General Hospital, where my wound was dressed and proper care and attention given me. My head was severely shattered, my skull being

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fractured and otherwise badly bruised. I was senseless for two weeks, during which time my life was many times despaired of. I am very weak yet, but with the help of the nurse was able to walk to Gen. Shipley's office where I penned a letter to Mother. It will be a great surprise to her to receive it, as she doubtless supposes me fatally injured. It was, indeed, a miracle that I escaped instant death. I suffer a great deal yet from almost constant head-ache and dizziness.

In my letter I informed mother that I was improving in health, and should probably be at home in a month or six weeks. The doctor thinks that I ought to receive a discharge and the adjutant General Ilsley, says that he will use his influence to procure one. I shall be willing to receive it, as I feel very differently from what I did when I was well. The doctor says that it will be six months before I shall be able to do anything. I have no recollection of what occurred at the time of my accident and two weeks after. Quarter-Master Metcalfe has paid off the clerks to June 1st. The Amount which was sent to me at the Hospital was \$16.40

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Monday June 30. Am gaining in health an strength daily, but am very weak yet. I am very thin and pale as could be expected from my long confinement and sickness. Have written to my Mother and Sister in Boston and to a friend in Waterville. My accommodations in the Hospital are very good indeed. Our bill of fair is rather short, however.

Friday, July 4. The 86th anniversary of our independence finds me in a strange place, in a city, too, where the day is not likely to be celebrated with any great degree of enthusiasm. There was, however, an attempt at a celebration which is said to have succeeded very well. I am gaining quite rapidly.

Tuesday, 13. Have received several letters from friends in Saco and elsewhere. They have not yet heard of my misfortune. Have been out of the Hospital on a pass almost daily, and spent a portion of my money. Every thing is progressing favorably. The A.A.A. Gen. has done something towards procuring my discharge. He says that I shall have it.

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Friday, July 25. Have received letters from friends at home. Still remain in the Hospital, and am likely to some time longer. Have seen Sergeant Andrews and Private William Kelly of my company, now stationed at Fort [Macomb?]. My strength is rapidly returning and I derive great pleasure from my almost daily strolls about the city. The weather is very warm with frequent showers.

Monday 28. Recovered my discharge papers from Adjutant Gen. Haley for the purpose of making a correction. There is a great deal of delay about this matter. Perhaps it is all necessary. I don't believe it.

Thursday, 31. Finished my discharge papers, and handed them in again to Lieut. Ilsley. I hope they will go through this time. I am growing impatient.

Tuesday, August 5. Cool and pleasant. In the evening we had a shower which had not ceased when I went to bed. It reminded me very forcibly of a northern rain storm. Three steamers, the Creole, Roanoke and [Blackstone?] arrived today from New York, bringing the mails

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and a cargo of flour provisions, & c.

Wednesday, Aug, 6. Today we had a continuation of the rain of yesterday, making the air deliciously cool and comfortable. The view from the Hospital windows reminds me of a New England Autumn scene. Still, the thermometer stood at eighty-two in the shade. We should not call that very cool North. It is, however, the lowest temperature that I have marked since my sojourn in the Hospital. The morning papers state that a battle occurred at Baton Rouge yesterday between our forces and a superior Rebel army under Gen. Breckenridge.

Our troops were successful.

Thursday 7. Warm and bright. The air is much purified by the frequent showers of late. Our soldiers who were wounded at the battle of Baton Rouge two days ago arrived today in the steamer Lewis Whiteman and a portion of them were quartered in the [St.?] James. A collision occurred between this boat and another in the passage down and a member of the wounded were drowned. The body of Gen. Williams was carried away by the tide. The wounded men present a very dreadful spectacle to eyes unaccustomed to it.

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Friday 8. Warm with a fine shower late in the afternoon. The funeral of Gen. Williams whose body was recovered yesterday took place this afternoon at Christ Church. A large number of officers of the Army and Navy including Gen. Butler were present.

Saturday, Aug. 9. Another cargo of wounded soldiers arrived today, a portion of whom, nine in number, were quartered in our ward. Received my discharge from the Hospital and endeavored to proceed to my company at Fort Macomb, but was unable to go farther than the lake owing to the boat not running. Returned to the Hospital about nine o'clock and passed the night ministering to the wounded ones.

Sunday 10. Took up my abode with the 12th Maine Volunteers near the depot of the Port [Chaltrain?] Rail Road, where I have some acquaintances.

Thursday 14. A warm day even for New Orleans.

Friday 15. Warm as yesterday, Wrote home a long letter but have not mailed it.

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Sunday, Aug. 17. Removed from my quarters

with the Maine 12th and engaged a pleasant room at the at the Planter's Hotel at the corner of Magazine and Julia Street.

Tuesday 19. Cooler and quite pleasant. Spent my time and most of my money in the streets.

Wednesday, August 20. Received my discharge papers from A.A.A. G. Haley all signed and complete. They were approved by Gen. Butler Aug. 18th. I await now only the departure of the steamer.

Thursday, 21. Was paid by Paymaster Hewett in full for my services as a soldier to the 18th of August. The amount received was \$142.75. I am well satisfied with the manner in which Uncle Sam discharges his obligations.

Friday 22. The "Delta" this morning contains a glowing report of the great Union meeting holden in the city last night. It seems that loyalty has not entirely died out in New Orleans. The meeting went off without any serious disturbance.

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Tuesday Aug. 26. Called at the office of Chief Quartermaster Shaffer and got a pass to go home on the steamship "Fulton" which is to sail tomorrow with discharged soldiers.

Wednesday 27. Went on board the "Fulton" early this morning, and secured a good bunk on the second deck with plenty of light and air. After some delay the boat hauled off into the stream at 5 o'clock P.M., where she lay during the night.

Thursday 28. Got underweigh at half past ten this forenoon & proceeded down the river en route for New York. Passed Fort Jackson and St. Philip at 5 o'clock, and late in the evening anchored near the bar.

Friday 29. Started at four this morning, and crossing the bar, were soon out of sight of land. Course about South. Pleasant and beautiful

Saturday 30, Squally with some rain. Corner about Southeast with wind directly ahead. The soldiers are earnestly wishing and praying for a change of wind.

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Sunday, Aug. 31. Cool and pleasant. Are still in the Gulf of Mexico. Course about the same as yesterday till we reached Key West, after which we stood about East. Saw several sails to the North, in the direction of Key West. Several Showers of rain fell this evening.

Monday, Sept ,1. Rainy at intervals all day, and evening. Our course during the day has been nearly Northeast.

Tuesday, Sept. 2. Warm and pleasant. Had a fair wind this forenoon and all sail was set "to catch the gale." Our course has been the same as yesterday, nearly Saw numerous flying fish and porpoises.

Wednesday, Sept. 3. Rather rough last night. Was not sick, however. Very cold and windy. Passed Halteras this forenoon. They say it is thirty hours sail from this cape to New York. We have been very fortunate in our voyage thus far. The contrast between this trip and that to Ship Island last Winter is greatly in favor of the present. Three men have died and been buried in the sea.

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Thursday, Sept. 4. The wind died away this forenoon, and it became very pleasant. Came in sight of land about sundown,

when a pilot boat came along side and the Pilot, coming aboard, assumed command of the Fulton. He brings the news of great disaster to the Federal forces of Virginia. He says that our army has been defeated and driven back to Washington with the Rebels in full pursuit. Anchored in the evening near Sandy Hook and remained there during the night.

Friday, Sept, 5. Arrived at New York at eight o'clock this morning and immediately hauled up to the pier landed and preceded in a coach to the pier of the Fall River line of steamers. Put our baggage on board the "Empire State," where we got a nice breakfast for a half a dollar. Took a stroll about the city up Broadway and others of the principle streets. Making some purchase of fruit went on board the steamboat. Started at 5 P.M. for Fall River by the way of Newport. Going down the river saw the Great Eastern, lying at anchor some distance below the city. She answers the description of her that I have read. The weather is beautiful.

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Saturday, Sept 6. Arrived at Fall River at sunrise and took the train for Boston. Took a coach for my brothers on Harrison Avenue, but not finding my brother at home, stopped at the house of Mr. Thomas Hews. Took the three o'clock train for Saco, where I arrived at eight o'clock. My mother and father were overjoyed to see me. Found sister Mary and her husband here on a visit. The folks are all well.

"Thus endeth the second lesson".

The remainder of my eventful history is to be found in another journal. It is proper that I should express here my joy and gratitude that I have been permitted to return after so much suffering and danger. I think I can appreciate to some extent the goodness of God who has led me safely through so many trials, and gladdened

the hearts of my parents by a return, as welcome
as it was unlooked for. I had been many times
depaired of and my recovery was a most
grateful surprise to all. I know what
I shall do at home, but hope the way will
be opened for me to find something to do.
Saco, October 12, 1862. John Deering Jr.