



Horatio Fore Smith

11th Battery

R. I. Mounted Artillery

Class of '65

Bowdoin College.

Brunswick, Maine

Learn.

Place of Residence

Gorham

Maine

Mother's Address.

Mrs. H. P. A. Smith

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Brother's Address

Mrs. H. P. A. Smith

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July 4th 1868.

1.
Recruiting Office
14 Dorrance St.
Providence, R.I.

My eighteenth birthday and the date of my enlistment in my country's service. Today I am to don the uncomfortable and curious uniform of the 11th Battery of R.I. Mounted Artillery.

How strange it seems to me to be sitting here, surrounded by scenes so new and untired when two weeks ago I was quietly pursuing my studies in College. I shall try to remember and record here the incidents of my attempts to enlist in Maine and Rhode Island and my final success.

When the call first came out for six months troops from the states adjacent to Pennsylvania, we heard at Bordoin that the Governor had received a despatch from Sec'y Stanton inquiring how many troops he could raise for that service. Expecting of course that the reply would be immediate, and patriotic, Louis Shepard and I began to think over our responsibilities to our country and finally concluded after asking Prof Whittlesey's advice and receiving a favorable reply.

to go home the same afternoon and get our parents permission to go to the war. Quite a number of the boys felt as we did and Harry Chapman and George Packard agreed to imitate our example tomorrow by calling on their fond parents and requesting permission to do their duty.

Home we went; and I received permission to go, bid my friends good-bye and went to Portland to await a call from the Governor. This call never came - Packard, Harry and Shepard were with me in Portland and we enjoyed ourselves immensely - but on Saturday, despairing of a call we went back to college, quite chop-fallen and disappointed -

Monday morning, a ray of hope illuminated our darkness. - We learned that little Rhody had responded gallantly to the call of the General government and was to raise 3 regiments of Infantry, one of Cavalry and an additional battery of artillery. - Caswell telegraphed to Col. Bayles of the Cavalry to know whether he would receive students into his regiment. The reply was "all you send will be cheerfully received." and

Caswell immediately drew up a paper for signatures. Wright, Merriam, Fuller, Caswell and I signed this unconditional paper - while another was started in our class not to be considered binding unless signed by fifteen members of the class. We did not attach much importance to this paper, never supposing for a moment that all the names would be procured; but when we came away last Friday the paper had been changed so that if twelve names could be procured it should be obligatory. -

On Friday I went home and found my mother and grandmother regretting having given their permission and hoping that I would not go. But even if I had desired to remain at college, it was then too late. The contract bound us, and I was obliged to go. I hope, however that I had loftier motives for going than the mere desire to keep my word unaltered. I believe that the country needs our services - and when she calls, all minor considerations fade away. - If I could go for three years I would do it without hesitation.

but beside that my parents would never consent to my breaking up my college course - I feel that I am fit to myself to complete my course and prepare myself for the active duties of life. -

On Monday morning I started for Portland. Mr. Strong had called me in on the Sabbath eve and talked to me about the trials and temptations with which I am about to meet - and had given me a letter to read when I was at leisure.

Aunt Ellen felt very badly about my going and ~~forced~~ when I bid her good bye - but the girls were quite brave and cheerful - Mother and Mary and Frank were going into Portland with me.

Poor Harry in P. inconsolable because he could not accompany us. His father had called him back to Portland in reply to an urgent request for permission to go, and informed him that he might have his choice - go to the war and give up his college course - or stay where he was - Of course Harry did not wish to resign his connection

with college for a six months service - so he returned to college - while I remained in P. for a day bidding friends good bye and accepting treats -

At 7 o'clock I found myself on board the Montreal in company with Horace Wilson, a very welcome companion, and after shaking hands warmly with Maxwell, Frank and Uncle John who were assembled to witness our departure - we steamed away out of the harbor - past the breakwater - leaving Fort Georges with its busy workmen, swarming on every side, upon the left and P. threading the narrow channel between Forts Preble and Scammel and swinging over the waves off the coast of Cape E. where I have spent so many happy days.

The lights faintly glimmering in the pale light of parting day, the Cottage, and Richmond Island were left behind us and as the moon rose slowly up out of the eastern waves I went down to pay my ~~homelost~~ unwilling tribute to Old Ocean and seek the arms of Morpheus. - I woke at 4 o'clock just as the boat was entering Boston Harbor. The sun was coming up

out of the sea in the East, gaining inch by inch perceptibly. - The harbor is beautiful. though no true Portlander will allow that it is equal to Casco Bay.

The islands were clad in verdure which beneath the light of the rising sun appeared as if spread with changing gold.

The forts which are intended to defend "the metropolis of N.E." loomed up grey and gloomy with their "frowning guns" - Fort Warren and Independence where the traitor Vallandigham was to have been confined - and the dome of the State House commonly supposed to be the "hub of the universe" loomed up above the city, & very evidently in want of gilding.

By means of my Guide Book I easily found my way up Mink St. and to Washington St. where Horace and I took breakfast. I then accompanied Horace to the Providence train and saw him off for that famous city - promising to follow him tomorrow. Having hailed a horse-car - I then rode up

to Newton St. and walked across Blackstone Square to Shawmut Avenue where I found my loving relatives very happy - to receive me, and eager to show me the lions that I might acknowledge the superiority of Boston to everything else earthly. Uncle Lempi having kindly consented to act as chaperon escorted me around Boston - to see the Old South, the State House, City Hall Faneuil Hall, &c. After witnessing the reception of the 45th which like all other receptions was a confusion of dust and feathers, plumes and bayonets - we went across the river to see my Alma Mater Alma Mater Harvard. The President's house is a pretty little cottage of stone in the French style with the college arms above the door. The grounds are not so ~~well~~ prettily designed as ours at Bordoin, but they have worn as with the feet of many generations of students - and the trees are well-grown and shady - trees under which so many happy jolly fellows have lain since three hundred years ago.

Gore Hall is a fine piece of architecture - their Gymnasium a very convenient one. - The old time-worn halls. Holworthy Hall's, Stoughton and ancient Massachusetts, are filled with the greatest interest to all students.

Back by East Cambridge and up to the Square, where I took a bath and went to dinner.

After dinner, I laid down and took a nap, from which I was roused in about three hours by my anxious relatives, who ~~feared~~ thought I had fainted, I lay so still and breathless.

I took a walk with George in the evening and met two young ladies of rather doubtful fortune whose efforts ^{to live up from the path of} were fruitless.

I fell in with a very interesting book by Dickens which occupied my time till 10.30. when I slept peacefully and dreamlessly till morning.

← Wednesday →

Waking rather late, I bid my friends good-bye and left for the seat.

of war. Found Wright at the Parker House and while talking with him was accosted by Jackson (graduate A.A.C.) Wright had just left three ^{Williams} ~~amateur~~ alpha Deltis whom he met in the street, fellows full to running over with the true alpha Delta spirit. - I went with Wright at his request to see the colleges again and also to Runker Hall for the first time - up the 358 coil-some steps which lead to the tower from which Boston, Cambridge and Charleston with all their historical and pleasant associations are plainly seen.

Here on this hill fell one of our first martyrs to liberty - how many more are falling every day around us - and how fragrant is this memory and theirs. - So, thinking much of the weary work which occupied that night of the 16th of June and the bloody work which has made the succeeding day immortal - I toiled down the steps again, at a fearful expense of lubricating oil - and after admiring the beautiful statue of Warren, went out on the hill, and took the cars for Boston. - Ran up town and

took a bath; after which I rode down to the Providence depot and meeting Wright at this place of rendezvous, we started for the city of Roger Williams.

A daily paper which I purchased from the cars informed me that Meade who is Hooker's successor is pressing the rebels closely and obliging them to unite their scattered forces to give battle.

Heaven prosper the right.
My gallant friend, the Freshman seeing a moderately good-looking dandy in the seat opposite, undertook the by no means difficult task of scraping an acquaintance.

With a politeness which is natural to the worthy young gentleman, he proffered his evening paper for her perusal and after giving her a suitable time to glance over its columns he made a bold push, went over and sat beside her. The conversation I did not hear, but he afterward told me that her name is Miss Annie Kirk, that she lived in Providence and had asked him to call on her tomorrow - Mr. Wright seemed to

maintain his reputation ^{as} for a brilliant conversationalist - and the lady, who evidently was a lady, did her half of the work nobly - while poor solitary I sat reading my Herald and envying my unscrupulous companion. Perish by overstepping very slightly the ordinary rule of propriety had secured a pleasure denied to ^{villain} his modest and retiring companion.

So we came into the city of Providence, represented temporarily by the Boston Providence R.R. Depot, whose arrangements are as orderly and its hackmen more civil, than in any town I have ever visited - One word more about these extraordinary hackmen - Instead of rushing head-long at you and seizing your baggage in the approved or rather time dishonouring way, they stand in a long line with ^{each} ~~the~~ arm extended like a row of finger-posts, and every passenger as he passes this line is saluted by his anxious friends in the ranks with startlings inquires as to his trunk and other baggage and polite proposals to "take you right there, sir" - When a hackman secures a fare, and then

only he has a right to leave his position - How fortunate for travellers if this wise system could be transplanted into every State and every depot.

We secured one of these courteous coachmen and rode up to the City Hotel which is the most stylish house in the place, and charges the moderate price of \$2.50 per day.

After tea, which was served with the most painful propriety, we strolled out in search of our friends and also to see the colleges.

We conducted our expedition on the principle of examining the book of every hotel we came to.

We were entirely unsuccessful - as we afterward learned the boys were up at the University spending the evening - and we finding efforts fruitless, returned to our hotel -

Some young ladies inhabiting a house on the Street parallel to College Street were quite attentive to us as we passed, probably smitten with Wright's move-

tache. So, for the first time in Providence we threw our weary forms on our Anderson Spring Bed Bottoms and courted repose (not however till we had thanked the kind All Father for his loving kindness toward us in the past, and implored a continuance of it in the future.

Good Night.

Thursday.

We retired last night expecting before tonight to be privates in Her Majesty the Goddess of Liberty's Third Regiment of Cavalry, but there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Glancing over a paper in the reading-room I found a general order from Adj. Gen. Mauran, changing the time of the 3rd Cavalry from six months to three years. This announcement was a damper to my enthusiasm. Of course, situated as we are we can not enlist for three years. It would be throwing away the most valuable part of our lives. Still we are determined not to flinch. If the 3rd Cavalry fail us, at least some other branch of the service will receive us.

Artillery and Infantry remain, and in case of a failure in both of these attempts, a forlorn hope is left. We can go on to New Jersey and enlist in the Cavalry there. We walked over to the barracks and then went on a long but, ^{finally} successful cruise after the encampment of the Cavalry.

Our first directions, received from a soldier whom we met, got us as far as the top of a hill about a dozen rods away, where we enquired again.

This gave us a start of a few rods more and at last we reached the sought for High St. following which according to instructions we arrived at the camp not of the Cavalry but the infantry. Once more we enquired and received a new series of directions, giving us the unpleasant information that the camp of the N.D.C. was about a mile off. We resumed our tramp and continued it with dogged perseverance, though the perspiration rolled down our foreheads in streams large enough to turn a mill, until seeing

no prospect of our journey's end we made another application to a woman who said there was no camp in the neighborhood. Somewhat alarmed at the thought that we might possibly have taken the wrong road - we applied to another woman, at a farm house by the way side, for a drink and some more directions. She knew of no regiment - perhaps her husband did. Fortunately he was posted and by inquiring of an Irishman at the first turning, and asking another fellow-traveller if ^{we} were on the right road, we arrived at last heated and fatigued at the wished for goal. Arrived there, we gained no information of any value to us.

Caswell and Merriam had not been there and we turned our weary feet toward the Elmwood Omnibus Station. There we took a delicious(?) glass of ran soda - and rushed out coughing and wiping our eyes, just in time to jump into the Buss and start off. Our fellow travellers were two quite pretty girls - one in a white veil with clear complexion and fine cut features - the other with her back toward

me though I am bound by
gallantry to say that it was
a very pretty back. That
youth of inexhaustible cheek,
the brazen and unflinching
Wright - after thinking for a
few minutes what means to
adopt to open a conversation
with them very coolly proceeded
to open the window, which
caused a draft upon the back
of the young lady in the white
veil. Of course she moved.

^{then} and of course Wright shut down
the window again, apologized
and was intimately acquainted
with both young ladies immedi-
ately - To do them justice, they met
his advances more than halfway.

In two minutes Wright was
gradually edging up to the fascinating
females. In five they had exchang-
ed cards. In five more they had
invited him to call - and he had
accepted the invitation; very
wisely giving false names for him-
self and myself, christening me by
the unpropitious appellation of
Peleg. I owe him one for it. The

young ladies jumped out when we
reached the city and tripped off on
a shopping excursion and as
Wright appeared rather dull without
female society, I proposed that we
follow their example.

No sooner said than done. We are
out of the Bus, have paid our fare
and are on our way to see Col. Bayles
and get his advice in regard to
our future course. We found the
Colonel, who is a very agreeable and
obliging gentleman, at his office.

He expressed himself ~~very~~ as
regretting very much the necessity
which obliged him to lose the students
and advised us if determined to go
to enlist in the Cavalry.

Caswell and Merriam had called
on him - but where they had gone he
did not know.

After waiting some time at the
depot, and finding no one - we
returned to town and repaired imme-
diately to the recruiting office of
Messrs. Segur, Pierce and Kenyon. To
enlist in the Battery of Light Artillery.

We found those gentlemen in their
office, and having made their acquaint-

prevailed on them to make out our papers. - After dinner we walked back to the office, and escorted by friend Pierce went down to pay our respects to the doctor. - On entering the mansion of ~~our~~ Dr Gardiner we found that worthy reclining on the sofa - as ~~he~~ entered he lazily opened his eyes and inquired what we wanted.

He is a remarkably portly man and one of the most irritable men that I ever saw.

After an hour or two of fussiness and fault finding, he finally concluded to examine after some five or six others had come on the same errand.

We retired to an inner room where we stripped and awaited his arrival. Here is the form of examination -

"A Punch in the Chest" - "All Right"
 "Kick out with one foot" - "the other"
 "Strike " " " " arm" - " " " "

"Jump up" - "Put on your clothes"

A little more fussiness - a great deal more fault finding - and on

Wright and I took a bath in the morning.

infinite amount of red tape completed our examination - and we rec^d certificates of our qualifications for service in Uncle Sam's big army.

Wright went off to see his charmer the fair Miss Kirk and I went back to the Hotel and wrote a letter to my sister Mary, a long and circumstantial account of my adventures by sea and land.

My chum soon returned. His fair friend was not at home; but to prevent despair had left word for him to call in the evening.

On returning to the recruiting office we found a new plan on foot - viz. that of recruiting a battery entirely of students. The plan was suggested by Segur and of course excited our enthusiasm. The papers are to be put on the track, Circulars issued and everything done to ensure success.

I wrote immediately to George Packard telling of the scheme and asking his cooperation. I retired rather early, and was waked at half past ten by my Freshman who was quite sporty on the subject of Annie Kisses, pictures, hearts, Kirk and females in general - Good night

Friday

July 3rd

I forgot to mention in making out yesterday's record that, impelled by motives of economy and in order to be nearer our friends, we moved our head quarters to the Aldrich House.

In that fashionable hotel I awoke in the morning of July 3rd feeling very uncomfortable hot and unable to account for it. A search resulted in the discovery that the chimney was in a corner of our room and of course the air we had been breathing was heated by this article of furniture. Of course we concluded to pay our bill and leave the place immediately.

Going down to the office, we found our friends furnished with numerous copies of newspapers containing Segur's notices - and desiring that we should procure some names of students in different colleges. So we started for the University where we endeavored to find our solitary Alpha Delta, Willard (W.M.) The other Alpha Deltas have all volunteered on the Coast defence — We did not succeed

in finding him at first but attained our object by visiting the college library which contained a full list of catalogues of every college.

The librarian was very courteous and obliging.

We succeeded at last in finding Willard, who is a true Alpha Delta and a perfect gentleman.

After a few moments conversation with him, we retraced our steps to the office and made up the newspapers for distribution.

Wrote in the course of the day to Harry and Eddie Appleton.

Henry brought some circulars over to our room in the evening, and we directed about fifty of them to various students in every college.

A man whose temperance principles had not held out very well, afforded us some amusement in the evening.

He seemed to be influenced by the attraction of Gravitation to an unusual degree. Mr. Wright applied the principle of Bridgman a wafer in the evening with marked success.

Saturday July 4th

Just eighteen years today since I entered this changing world, and every year I enjoy more than the last.

I think I have lived on the whole a very happy life. My capacity for enjoyment is very large and I am happy often where others would be miserable.

Even now, when there is so much uncertainty about our prospects, and each day diminishes my scanty stock of money. I am gay as a lark and enjoy myself highly.

My pecuniary difficulties were partially relieved by Keggins' promise to pay our bills at the Carl House till we were sworn in.

What his motive can be in paying for us when we are doing so little for him and when he might get us off his hands any time by having us sworn in, I cannot ^{con-}ceive.

However we are enjoying life, and will not complain till our money fails.

I spent nearly the whole day in the office writing and enlisting men. Two soldiers viz. Charles Jackson and +
Owe their being in the army at

present to my assistance.

The circulars which were printed on yesterday were despatched today to all points of the compass. and we lay on our oars expecting the results of our previous efforts. Mr. Amours friend Wright has succeeded in forming the acquaintance of two young women in the house opposite the recruiting office. - so that they soon in reply to his salutations and occasionally meet his further advances.

We fell in today with his Elmwood friends and spent a very pleasant hour with them in the morning according to his report. He says that they inquired after me, and that the younger of them is quite smitten with me.

"Vanitas Vanitatum." Did I not renounce the female sex when I started for the war and shall I allow any member of the deceitful race to entice me with ~~any~~ insidious wiles - particularly when I have sworn an inviolable oath to avoid them all with the exception of Ah those little oblong letters! How I wish I had one of them with me or could hope to receive one tonight.

Recruiting was quite brisk all day.

at 4 o'clock I was left in charge of the office, as Kenyon and Pierce both wished to be away. I was to wait till the Sergeant came for the men, to deliver them up to him then to wait till he returned in order to obtain the receipts for them.

There was much delay about the matter, and in the end quite a number of perplexing circumstances. The Sergeant after waiting an hour for Chubbly went over with the other three men and was refused admission because they had not received their uniforms. This exhibition of official red-tapeism perfectly disgusted me - besides placing me in a very embarrassing position.

The three men were left on my hands with no means of paying for their board over the Sabbath and when Jackson was as drunk as a beast and Borditch not much better. I finally decided after some misgivings to take them over to the Adams House and have them put up, thinking that the firm would prefer to pay their expenses for two nights than lose the chance

of getting them altogether. So over I went with the Sergeant, pestered somewhat by the hostile attentions of a tall young man somewhat under the influence of liquor, who wished "one more kiss before we parted". Having finally got the business off my hands, I went home with a lighter heart to write some letters and records. While I was in the office in the afternoon, my only caller on official business was a drunken man who wanted me to understand that he would not submit unless he got \$4.00 down.

This I could not promise and he was growing somewhat heated about it, when his companion below diverted his attention by smashing the grindstone, and he went rather hastily down stairs.

He was an old gray-headed man and his disgraceful conduct filled me with shame for him - To think of a man crowned with gray hair debasing himself before everyone.

I have not spoken of the procession which consisted entirely of the Regiment of India which he caused in this

vicinity and which was clad in every variety of uniform from the, ~~the~~ ^{the} plume of the Burnside Regt. to the flashy militia uniform of our days of peace. Their arms were alike and appeared serviceable, furnished with sword-bayonets.

The Gov. and various Genl. Adjutant, Quartermaster, Major &c with their staffs on horse back appeared ^{fully}.

The only amusement which I allowed myself during the day was firing at a mark with an air gun, the property of a disabled soldier, who lost an arm in Mexico.

I made a few poor shots and, Wright as many better ones. The poor fellow had so much custom that he had no time to go home to meals. He let them fire 1500 shots in the course of the day at one cent a shot.

In the afternoon the Old Guard paraded, an ancient and honorable company of veterans who appeared in their old uniforms and with the time worn guns which they had carried on so many similar occasions.

They carried with them two

field-pieces, having some historical remembrances connected with them what I do not know.

Called on Col. Sayles in the evening but found him not at home and went away disappointed.

The same success attended my call for letters at the F.O.

So my Fourth of July passed - very pleasantly indeed but how differently from ^{those of} previous years. - I have been hard at work all day in a literary way - devoting some time to Uncle Sam's service - last year I was at home on a little vacation of a few days, enjoying very much the respite from study. Sic labuntur anni.

I wonder how I feel toward my anonymous correspondent - bless her!!!! There are some emotions which I person may cherish a long time and not be aware of their presence in his heart. My day-dreams with the ^{castles} marriage in which I build up lofty castles.

On a golden wedding ring & are filled with her presence - and that sweet face which I admire so much lingers in my memory and haunts me in a very traceable way though but

Sunday. July 5th

My first Sabbath in Rhode Island dawned rather overcast but soon the sky cleared up and the Sun favored us with his presence. During the day however there were frequent showers and the Sun set in clouds. I attended in the morning the 1st Baptist Church which the sexton informed us was the original church founded by Roger Wil- liams. The present church edifice is 88 years old - though the sexton told us that R. W. founded it some time previous to that, a statement which we easily gave credence. The

building is a very large one, surrounded by an extensive green filled with trees - and has doors upon all the four sides which makes it very convenient to ventilate the house in summer.

The sermon (by their minister, name unknown, who has been absent some time for his health) was on "Rome".

The travelled minister managed very adroitly to mix up his own experiences with those of St. Paul and to inform us that he trod ^{as well as} with the apostle the sands of Puteoli. The

address was more grace eloquent and descriptive than spiritual and profitable. It sounded more like words ^{utter} adapted to please a cultivated ear than to reach a sinner's heart. But much is to be pardoned from the fact that he has just returned from the scenes which he portrayed so strikingly and has the memory of them fresh in his mind.

I meditated at noon on the idea of a Deity distinct from our Saviour and on the duties which we owe to God as our sovereign, preserver and benefactor, apart from his character of Saviour and Intercessor.

How awful is God's presence when not rendered loving by the gentle features of Christ! How fearful are His threatenings until we remember that in Christ He manifests Himself reconciling all men to Himself.

I started for the Baptist in the afternoon, as it was nearest, but remembering that today is Communion, I turned my steps toward the Congrega- tional Ch. upon the hill. It seemed like home to see the emblems of a Saviour's ^{last} spread out before a little company of

believers - and to unite with my
brethren in celebrating his dying
love - The sermon was an excellent
one and will linger long in my
memory. It was from the text:

"Beloved, now are we the sons
of God; and it doth not yet appear
what we shall be, &c."

May the Lord assist me to
live so as to glorify his name that I
may always be able trustfully to
look forward to the time when I shall
be like him because I shall see him
as he is. I retired early after
a lunch liberally provided by Wright
with the assistance of his paid domestics.

Monday July 6th

The news which came on
yesterday that Lee's army was captured
seems about to be realized - The reports
still estimate the rebel loss as immense
and his chances of successful retreat
very small - Longstreet is reported
wounded and a prisoner while Pleasanton
is harassing the enemy's rear.

God grant victory and complete
success but this blood shed is horrid
How I long to hear of some signal

defeat of the enemy which shall close
this fearful and fratricidal strife
yet I would never - and I know
the true heart of the land throbs in
unison with mine in this respect.

Have our army retire from the conflict
till the ~~causes~~ objects for which it ~~retires~~
begun are secured. So God save
the Union and prosper our righteous
cause - confound our foes and aid our
friends to be wholly and heartily loyal.

More circulars were on hand in
the morning, which Wright and I
directed to six or seven fellows in each
college in N.E. - and sent away at
noon - drying our throats, fearfully
in the task of sticking the postage-
stamped on them. My call for
letters was at last answered - In
response to my modest appeal the
P.M. (bless him) handed me a missive
from home, enclosing one of the precious
little oblong envelopes from Springfield.
I felt very happy when I went back to
my task of fastening stamps - and
at length finding it impossible to delay
longer tore open the welcome epistles.
One from Mother - The other from Etta
Mama does not regret at all the change

Sunday, July 5th

~~The Sabbath~~
of service: on the contrary, deluded
by the false hope that we shall
be sent down the harbor to defend
Newport, she is calm and happy.

The news which her letter con-
tains is as follows: Gen. Irish is
dead. He has gone to his grave
full of years - and ripe for glory -

The old veteran can tell his
battles over no more here - the
aged Christian has gone where prayers
are exchanged for praise - and hope
for fruition. In peace.

The usual 4th of July ride took
place, Whittier of course being the
brilliant star of the occasion, before
whom all lesser luminaries paled
away; the ubiquitous Emery was there,
of course, as gay as usual - long may
he wave!!

Now for the charming letter from
Springfield - My friend regrets my
determination to go - and expressed
a few hopes that unforeseen circumstan-
ces may yet interfere to prevent my
going. She is quite patriotic but much
more affectionate. - The presents on

hope of being a meeting in Boston the
last of the month, which I shall certainly
by endeavor to bring about - I can
get a furlough I know if I am in
any luck. I would not miss the
opportunity of seeing my incognito
for any thing. She persists in
retaining the two subjects of interest
which she mentioned in her last, until
then I am really quite curious to know
what they are.

This day is the date of my
being sworn into the U.S. service.

This operation was performed by an
insignificant ^{in fact} but very important ^{unofficial}
Justice of the Peace - a young man of
twenty, who carried off four papers
when he had concluded his task, for
fear we might destroy them ~~the papers~~!!!

Afterward we accompanied our
friend Pierce to the L.M.C. office: but
failed to get our uniforms as they had
received no orders to give us them - so
we spend another night at the hotel
till a little more red tape can be
applied to the case.

Jackson and his friends went into
uniforms today - My action on Saturday
was approved by all - Jackson

was in a state of beastly intoxication all the afternoon. The 11th Reg. came into town at noon. They have been in ^{the} service for nine months and have not seen a single engagement. They appeared very much emburmed, and though they had hard labor - but they brought no wounded and their banners were as free from powder stain and rents from bullets as when they left the State.

I wrote home to Uncle John in the evening asking for \$10.00 - which I expect on Wednesday -

The more remark. Wright's very injudicious liberality to the matter has made them perfect beggars. They expect "buck shush" for the least service and always keep their left hand convenient for the reception of shimplasters.

We walked out in the evening to see the Burnside Rifle Factory pouring smoke out of its many chimneys and returned by the more fashionable streets - dusky with gath'ring shadows while the gas lamps came out one by one like stars to illumine the darkness. Good Night

Tuesday

July 8th

My valise having given out in some unaccountable way, I proceeded to the lock makers and endeavored to get it mended - but the worthy gentleman did not consider himself competent to fix it and I returned with confusion of face to No. 47.

Wright and I were instructed by our friends the recruiting-officers to procure passes for the Smith Ferry and with this object in view, we visited the Adj. General, L.M. General and other officials - but did not succeed in obtaining our papers. At last, however, we reached Maj. Pierce and Capt. Tetlow who expressed a perfect willingness to allow us to go. We embarked on board the tug boat Am. Union, under the protection of Tetlow, Capt. of the College company, who is a splendid fellow. He is called the just scholar in his class, and ought to be an Alpha Delta. He told me that our society stood first in College - and the AKE next. The OAX are hard - the F.T. dig. He did not tell me why he had not joined any society, but boys after wards told me that while he

The rebels are reported
completely panic-stricken and
rattled.
always expressed a preference for
AA. he had ~~always~~ never con-
-ded to join any Secret Society.

We had a very pleasant trip
down the bay. There is some
beautiful scenery along the shores
but we miss the hills of Maine.

Emancipator Island, Rocky point
and all the various places of interest
were passed, and we at last arrived
at the South Ferry, towing the Governor
and suite in their barge. I had
found my appetite gradually gain-
ing in power, till it had become
absolutely ravenous and when we
reached the land, we rushed up to
the hotel and made an assault on
the boiled eggs and bacon with a
vigor and determination of which
a ~~com~~ Maj. Gen. Cong might well be
proud. After our meal we
started for the encampment of the
University Guards - It had been
variously represented to us as one
mile, a mile and a quarter - and
two miles. I should call it hardly
a mile. On arriving, and just as
we entered the grounds, a guard
flung down his musket, rushed up

The bells rung ³⁷ at noon and
guns were fired on account of the
surrender of Vicksburg.
and gave us the grip. While we stood
talking, another, and another came
up till we had nearly the whole
delegation around us. The boys
were very glad to us, and showed them-
selves enthusiastic Alpha, Delta.

I shook hands with their delegates
to Union, and reminded them of
our rights to the Convention which
they agreed to support. - While
the guard were under arms, receiving
Maj. Gen. Robbins and staff we exam-
ined the fortifications which are as
yet by no means formidable.

They consist merely of an earthwork
a few feet high with a trench
The Alpha Delta tent, is very commodi-
ously arranged within, and they have
many conveniences which we need
not expect. They seem to be
quite tired of a military life and
rather anxious to return to college.

We gave them our circulars
and presented our case before them
as favorably as possible, but I
am not very sanguine of gaining
any great accession to our num-
ber from Brown. We left the
boys in their tent, with many

Kind wishes and hoping to meet again shortly. Ridge and Bullard (A.A.P.'s) and Tyler (modern) came up with us on the boat and we enjoyed ourselves singing college songs and telling stories.

Tyler thinks of joining us. How it will turn out I do not know.

On returning to the Carl House we glanced over the book and were very agreeably surprised to find Caldwell's name. He came forward to meet us, and we made extravagant exhibitions of happiness.

After a short time, we adjourned to our room where we discussed Bordoin matters and the chances of our getting various fellows whom we named. Merriam will come if all is sure about the bounty.

I wrote to him assuring him that money will be forthcoming. I was very much grieved to hear that Charley Fuller has been suspended indefinitely from college for general intemperance and immorality. He has been associating with abandoned women &c and will probably be expelled from A.A.P. For Charley - I always liked him and can not tell how grieved I am at his misconduct.

Wednesday July 2nd

Went over to the office as usual in company with Eastrell - Recruiting was not as lively as usual owing to the draft, which is in full operation.

Fifteen gentlemen at our table have been drafted - They are in high spirits, and most of them intend to go. Eddy says he shall try to get into our Battery.

Caswell was sent through in the course of the morning but when he reached the doctor he was rejected.

The doctor said that he had the Gonorrhea or clap. Cas says he caught it by sleeping with a fellow in Boston who had it very badly.

The doctor gave him some medicine, and says he will pass him tomorrow. He (Dr. Gardiner) wants his son to have the position of Commander of the Battery. - His son has been in service for two years as Lieut. in one of the 1st Reg. Batteries and now wants to serve six months, and then get a chance in the U.S. Army. Caswell promised his influence

in favor of young Gardiner and the old gentleman would have passed him if he had been in the last stage of consumption.

A young man named Gray, who had been Lieut. in the 152nd N.Y. enlisted at the office in the morning.

Why he resigned his commission to become a private is a perplexing question.

He is a tall fellow with a clear complexion and a small mustache. - and by all means the meanest specimen of the race that I have yet fallen in with. He still wears his uniform, all but the shoulder straps, and parades his commission before us privates with much swaggering and braggadocio. The young females at the restaurant opposite the recruiting office afforded us some amusement through the day. In the afternoon, Wright went up to call on his Elmwood styles, and was successful in

carrying off their pictures. The married lady is a beauty, but Miss Wilson does not seem to me fascinating by any means.

However Wright, with his usual cheek, succeeded in abstracting the cards ~~from~~ in exchange for a very unreliable promise to give them to him when he had them taken.

With much perseverance the gallant young man continued his laborious though gallant undertaking.

In the evening, after his return from Elmwood, he started for the distant Olney St. where he spent the evening with his first sweet heart "Gentle Annie".

Casswell and I walked out of the city toward the location of the Luther College - We saw many charming country ^{places} ~~places~~ and villas near this city.

The draft, impartial and impartial, had glanced even among the boards at the Earl House.

Eighteen are taken, and occasionally a new one comes out with the sign of the enscript red tape at the button-hole.

Thursday July 19th When I came down to the Reading Room in the morning as usual, I took up the Post, and on looking it over, found another General Order from Adj. Gen. Mansour closing the recruiting offices, and cancelling all warrants in the hands of recruiting officers.

This was another and it seemed to me for the moment a more over whelming blow than any which we have yet received.

We supposed that this would immediately cause the disorganization of our Battery and we did not know what other evils, including hotel bills, disgrace at college &c.

On second thoughts however, all anxiety for ourselves was given up.

We are already sworn in and are ~~not~~ bound for service to the United States, but Casswell does not occupy the same position and we still felt some solicitude for him. He was passed and sworn in however in the course of the morning, and Kenyon took the same

obligation to pay his bills that he did to pay ours. Casswell having been formerly installed as a member of the 1st Hotel Brigade, furnished in the evening a liberal treat consisting of figs and cherries, to which we did not amply justice.

Having become very dirty, I carried some of my personal property up to the house of a washerwoman to be cleaned.

The street in which this woman lived contained some wonders of architecture. One dwelling house is built on the model of an Egyptian temple, resembling very much the Tombs in N. Y.

The front would hardly give one the idea that it was intended as a dwelling - but rather on the contrary it looks more like a building for the performance of some heathenish rites, or for the profit of some speculating Barmecide. On the opposite side was a house in the Syrian style with an arch cut through the front story, which was made of solid stone. Our happy client brought in with him in the morning

a friend named Blazeder from Dartmouth College, who read the advertisement of our Battery and had come to join us.

We were a little confused by his coming, but as it was no fault of our own, were not ashamed at all. He remains at the Aldrich House awaiting with us the despatch from Washington which is to give us a definite understanding of our position.

We went over to the Governor's office in the morning, but were unable to see him as he was engaged, but a very polite official, name unknown, gave us some information in regard to the draft, the battery and our own position.

The despatch from Washington has not yet been received. In the mean time, the raising of a Student's Battery is very doubtful; the raising of Infantry very doubtful, in fact everything very doubtful and nothing certain.

We gave us to understand however that our bills at the hotel would be assumed by the State.

Friday, July 10th

Everything is so dull that our presence at the Recruiting Office seemed unnecessary - so Cass and I called at a circulating library on Westminster St. and drew out two standard fictitious works. Scott's Ivanhoe and Dickens' David Copperfield.

I devoted my whole time from ten o'clock in the morning to two the next morning to reading Copperfield for the hundredth time... and found it as interesting as ever.

It is one of my favorite books - the characters are portrayed so finely and the narrative is so full of interest that I never can lay the volume aside till I have devoured it all.

Dear little Dora, in her childish innocence - I can never read her history without a mingling of pity with the love and tenderness called forth by her plaintive story. The courtship of David and Dora is beautifully told, and comes home to the heart of everyone who has ever felt the tender emotion. The character of Agnes, the pure, loving, patient woman, is one which alone is sufficient to give

Dickens his world wide reputation.

Wilking Micam-ber is an inevitable and unique character.

Mercurial, hopeful and despondent in the same moment, always waiting for something to "turn up" and never ~~too~~ cast down because fortune does not come to him.

he is a type, exaggerated as all Dickens characters are, of a very large class of people in this world - among whom I fear I must rate myself.

The question suggests itself is it not better for a man to ~~not~~ possess this capacity for happiness, which transmutates sorrow into gladness, and enables him to defy blue-ness, and dull care, than to belong to the sober, meditative class who never suffer an injury or fall into any difficulty but they know the very depth of their misery and suffer ~~for~~ ^{agony} for the deepest dejection.

David Copperfield is to me one of the most interesting of all Dickens' novels. The story is told so ^{in so} simple and natural a way that one ~~follows~~ ^{follows} the incidents before one very eyes ~~which he has written in~~

the paper. There are not wanting some who think that Dickens had related in the life of Copperfield his own checkered experience - he certainly tells the story as if he felt the whole of it.

On calling at the Office in the morning I was very much pleased at the receipt of a letter from my Uncle John enclosing \$10.00 per request and advising me not to lend to every one who wanted to borrow.

Saturday July 11th

My time was occupied mostly in reading books from the Circulating Library - "Kiddie's - Love me little, love me long" - and one other. The debt about our uniforms still continues.

Kempton got a letter from Major Gen. Robinson the afternoon ordering the 2nd M. Gen. to uniform as, but he made some technical excuse.

We were snatched to and fro a great deal from one place to another but did not succeed in effecting anything.

Sunday July 12th
 In pursuance of my plan to visit while here the churches of the different Evangelical denomination, I dropped in to the Beneficent Congregational Church in the morning. The sermon was preached by a minister from out of town whose name I did not learn.

I was quite surprised to find that the church edifice was surmounted by a dome.

I had supposed that this building was the State House - the astute and observant Wright had assured me of the truth of my conjecture - but both of us were deceived. Caswell and I attended church together, and were quartered in a moderately-aged young lady who displayed considerable embarrassment when I expressed our gratitude for her hospitality. The sermon was on Immortality, intended for the annihilation of Sadducees and infidels. The logic did not seem to me very clear - though the oratory was faultless. If to his power of delivery

were joined Prof. Egbert's faculty for concentrated thought and happy expression - the whole would make a ~~very~~ valuable possession for an orator.

Feeling rather unwell I slept during the greater part of the afternoon, but attended S. S. concert in the evening. Caswell and I conversed on Christianity and daily duty in the afternoon.

Our conversation took its origin from some difference of opinion which we had on the subject of the Trinity. Cas is a Universalist.

I fear my arguments met with little success. God help me to live so that my daily example may witness for my Saviour.

The S. S. concert was conducted in a novel and (to me) an interesting manner. Classes were called upon in their numerical order, and one or two from each class recited verses from Scripture or hymns. Several returned volunteers addressed the S. S. Wright was out all the evening calling on his darling on Olney St.

Monday 13th
 Every day for the last week I have lived in anticipation of coming trouble and have felt like using the famous exclamation of Madame Pompadour (or some other of the mistresses of that abandoned Louis Quatorze) *Après nous le déluge.* My practice of depositing the writing of each days record ~~for~~ tell the incidents recorded are old and almost forgotten has deprived the account of the interest which it would have had, if it had been in reality a diary of my thoughts and impressions as well as the adventures which occasioned them. Several times during my stay in town, events which seemed to indicate a failure in our plan have caused me to despond for a time - and cheering circumstances have elated me again and made me more sanguine than ever. My mercurial temperament has kept me swaying like a pair of balances, first up then down. But lately I have inclined

downward. and am gradually reaching a philosophical conviction that we shall be sent home. Though how or why I can not understand. We are legally sworn in to the U.S. Service, but this mean little State is in doubt who shall furnish us uniforms and whether we shall go at all.

Kenyon says it is perfectly plain to him that we have a right to demand to be called into service, or else to receive our bounty. The bounty is not of so much consequence to us as the permission to go - but it seems rather difficult to get either just at present.

~~That~~ the fifth time tonight we were marched over to the L. M. G. & office and for the fifth time failed to receive our uniforms for some other incomprehensible reason. - We are quite beginning to despair.

I have resigned myself to apathy and novel reading. - Today I have been reading *Recit Dregule* by Knithrop - a book which for the funny way in which the sentences are jerked out, and the promiscuous

coinage of new words, some of them ridiculous too, is one of the best which the year has produced.

I have read the book before and after the first reading felt that there was a some thing about the book which I disliked.

What it was, my indolence prevented my determining.

I was not to review the book; I had no other powerful motive for considering its merits, so I lazily permitted it to ~~go~~ ^{fall in} into the ranks of the forgotten with the vague sense of dislike attaching to it - which on closer thought I could hardly account for.

Though my second perusal has been hardly less cursory and informal than the first - yet as the plot and the incidents were familiar, I had more leisure for considering the style, in which I trace the occasion of my dissatisfaction with the book. The two faults or peculiarities which I have mentioned ^{which are} ~~and~~ very patent ~~and~~ render the style ~~so~~ entirely different from

that of the Author's by whom I swear ~~that it is~~ ^{and} novelty, especially such novelty, is rather disagreeable.

After the prose of Dickens which is almost Poetry, and in many places divides into ~~hexameters~~ feet natural to with a musical rhythm - the harsh, concise sentences of Winthrop follow like the ~~note~~ ^{note} mirth of a drum after the soft breathings of a flute.

Many of his thoughts are noble the spirit which pervades his writing is a spirit of purity - and if this painfully harshness of utterance were softened and toned down as I know it would have been by his maturer judgment - his works would become standard volumes for every shelf, and would possibly (excepting of course periodical improvement) come to fill the places beside Irving and Cooper, Scott and Dickens.

But enough about the young hero's book, which we all view with partiality as the production of a mind which is forever at rest - whose impulses were ever toward purity and patriotism, and which only ceased its noble work

when the heart from which it
drew its sustenance, poured out its
life blood in his Country's cause.
Honor to the brave young
martyr.

While I was
lazily perusing this book in the
Recruiting I heard footsteps
on the stairs, and was agreeably
surprised by the entrance of
my two Alpha Delta brothers
Judge of '65 and Mustin of '66.

They announced a meeting
this evening and extended a cor-
dial invitation to all the Bordwin
brothers to be present and take part.

We were there of course and
enjoyed a very pleasant evening
with them. The record of which
I must commit to Memory not
to the pen. We returned
to the Capl House at 10.30
with fresh devotion to Alpha Delta
kindled in our hearts and burning
brightly there.

"Macti Alpha Delta Phi
Gloriosis rebus de"

L. F. S.

Monday July 20th Boston

After a lapse of
seven days, I resume my record
at the writing-table in my
Uncle Crafts study, intending
to make one vigorous effort to
bring my ~~account~~ autobiography
up to the present day.

We left our hero in the busy
city of Providence, in some doubt and
anxiety - expecting and dreading
an order to return ^{yet} hoping fervently
that "some thing would turn up".

Something did turn up on
Tuesday eve but I must first
relate the occurrences of Tuesday.

In the morning I then from
the Circulating Library on
Westminster St. a volume of
Orypheus & Kerr's humorous history
of the Peninsula campaign
descriptive of the glorious exploits
of the "General of the Snackerel
Brigade" alias G. B. McCallan of
N. Y." Among the comic and
amusing tales and mock heroic
records of Sham-battles he has
interpersed some of the most

elegant ~~pathetic~~ pathetic passages
 eloquent and touching ~~passages~~ which
 I have ever read. The death
 of the soldier in the Lebbey prison -
 the dead wide awake and other scenes
 are depicted with a master's hand.

We shall hear from the author
 some day in notes richer and deeper
 than any he has yet attempted.

The poetry which he has scattered
 here and there among his letters, like
 flowers ~~among~~ in a field of grass,
~~betwixt~~ displays the true genius of
 its writer and seems the out-breath-
 ing of a soul in which fires are
 smoldering which shall yet burst
 out in wanton flames and prove
 the true poetic fire.

I come now unwillingly
 to the record of our final disappoint-
 ment. Talking the matter over
 with Kenyon in the afternoon he
 thought it best for us to return.

He said it was still possible
 that our scheme might succeed, but
 for the present at least it was best
 to return to Brundrick and wait
 for news from him. We agreed
 to pay our bills which here and our
 expenses home - which is very liberal

in him - but this decision for
 which we have been looking and
 the justice of which we can not
 deny, is a grievous disappointment
 to us. Our hopes and expectations
 have been so great - my sanguine
 disposition has aided me in
 finding so many reasons for confi-
 dence in the future - that the blow
 is almost as sudden as if wholly
 unexpected.

Now we are to
 return to College with the studies
 of three weeks to make up and
 an examination to pass on all the
 studies of the year - we are to be
 laughed at by all the boys and
 to have the sad disappointment to
 cherish besides.

Well! it
 is humiliating and disheartening -
 but I suppose it is for the best.

Perhaps it will be for my
 advantage to pursue my studies
 rather than to be away in the
 army, guarding hospital-stores
 or dodging the bullets of rebel
 pickets. "Whatever is, is right."

An additional mortification
 was added. It was not enough
 that we should be made victims

but others were to suffer with us. On looking at the book in the evening, we found the names of Lambert, Hanson and Williams of Waterville, Me. They had come on to join the Battery - in a great hurry for fear it would be entirely filled before they arrived. They were badly disappointed at the condition of affairs, and we asked them up in our room to condole with us over ~~the~~ our misfortunes.

We improvised a little treat and discussed our troubles over some Earle House Cigars, which dispensed their pleasant perfume through the room; and gradually our misfortunes seemed less, till, as the smoke became thicker, we reached the point where we could laugh at the whole thing as a (rather practical) joke.

There is nothing like a good cigar to put to flight blue devils - and we retired in a very calm and contented state. The morning dawned clear and warm - the last morning of a stay in P. Bill was settled. Barkers

visited; last purchases made tickets procured, and at 10.30 we bade adieu to the scene of our only (and I think final) military experience.

On our way ^{in order} to B. we organized the Battery, not only to promote discipline but to give the inmates of the Car some idea of our position. After some

fifteen ballots, and much contention I was elected Capt. by four votes out of six - Hanson (after 5 ballots) 1st. Sout of 6 was chosen 1st Lieut. Wright. 2nd Lieut. - I then appointed

Ed Lambert Orderly Sergeant - Williams the remaining Sergeants and Caswell the 12 Corporals.

I also appointed Williams Surgeon Caswell Quartermaster and Lambert Chaplain, which completed the organization of the Battery.

A lady who sat behind us in the Car, seemed interested in our proceedings and when we left the Car handed a note to Wright.

We read it in the depot. She said her brother was an Alpha Delta and now in the army, and requested us if we met him to give him her love.

So we arrived at Boston and after partaking of Soda Water at the expense of our Commissioned Officers separated for our various places of destination. Caswell for Cambridge - Wright 16. Pinckney St. - The Waterville boys for the Hancock House and I for 201 Shawmut Avenue.

I surprised my relatives somewhat: but they professed to be glad to see me - and immediately resumed the agreeable task of showing off Boston to a stranger.

The 4 days of my stay have been so similar in experience that I can not remember upon which day I visited the Athenaeum, on which the State House, and on which I fell in with my quondam fellow soldier Wright. On Thursday while on my way toward the chaos of stores on Washington St. I chose the route which led by School St. past Parker's. Just as I cleared the marble steps of this model hotel I saw a pettiform surmounted by a tall hat, which I recognized as the property of my brother in A.S. Charlie Robbins. He is on his way to the Convention in accompanied

by my substitute Russie Sibbey. I felt a great inclination to go with them but was restrained by prudential (financial?) considerations.

So I proceeded on my way, which led me to the purchase of a neck-tie for \$1.25, which I fancy gives me quite a brilliant appearance.

On calling at the Hancock House on the next morning after my arrival in the city I found that my Waterville friends had departed, and that Lambert - whom misfortune seems to follow very closely - had exchanged values with a Country man who was very anxious about its safety.

I gave the landlord his address, which I suppose will make all right again.

Aunt Anna was deterred from the moment of my arrival that I should see Mount Auburn, and I was as fully resolved myself to do so: but the elements conspired against us. On Friday (the day set apart for our excursion) came a violent paroxysm of rain which did not subside until we had given up all idea of visiting Mount Auburn on that day. This occasioned the first postponement

On Saturday, after a brief season of promise in the morning, the clouds burst out again and it rained spitefully all day. Sunday ditto. Monday - morning so unpromising that we dared not attempt a visit to the Serres cemetery, and thus far our plans have been thwarted.

I want to record here in a few words my sensations in regard to the pictures and statuary of the Athenaeum.

On entering for the second time (with Wright) I went immediately to the Venus de Medici and basked in its radiance for more than half the time which I spent in the exhibition room. Anything more perfect I can not conceive of than this treasure of Art. The grace of the attitude, the delicate texture of the skin which seems warm with life, and through which the blood the perfect limbs - I can not describe my admiration and almost reverence. Such ideals do much to in aiding us to realize what must have been the grace of our first parents whom in the language of God He created - Milton's words -

"Grace in her step, heaven in her eye" seem naturally to belong to this image of perfection.

Who was the ancient sculptor who fell in love with a statue of his own creation? If I remember rightly, the perfect beauty of his work moves his senses and called forth such a flood of affection that it warmed gave life to the statue, and the lips which had ever seemed instinct with life moved with her regular breathing and to her marble cheek came the rosy blush of a living maiden - and she stole from her niche to the arms of him who was her creator as well as her lover.

Ah, well! Such things do not seem improbable to one who has looked on the Medicean Venus. ~~Seven~~ Often while gazing I have fancied that the limbs were on the point of moving; and the Goddess about to step from her pedestal and "leave us for the couch of Vulcan, or perhaps more likely the illicit embraces of the God of War. - ~~So soon~~ Had indeed was the day which hurled our race from happiness in Eden, where perfection existed, to this false and unnatural

condition ~~which~~ & where with stunted and distorted forms we can only admire the beauty and grace which might have been the model of our race. After the Venus no other Statues ~~were~~ seemed admirable to me. I had foolishly seen the best first and found everything else lessening by comparison.

The Laocöon, the most wonderful in its conception and ~~most~~ execution of any group in existence demanded my attention and admiration.

The expression of horror and agony on the faces of father and sons, the ~~tense~~ ^{tense} muscles of Laocöon ^{tense} with the desperate struggle to extricate himself from the coils of the poisonous serpents - the despairing languor of the figure on the left who has received the fatal bite and the awful terror of ^{the} ~~that~~ upon the ^{right} ~~left~~ are so ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~fillingly~~ ^{fillingly} stamped carved in the marble.

Then there is the Apollo Belvedere towering in his lofty deity above the forms around him, the dying Gladiator with glazing eyes and the deadly sickness distorting his ~~dying~~ features

the infant Bacchus in the arms of his guardian Silenus, whose affection for his charge gleams from the marble. - The boy and the eagle in their fierce struggle for mastery and the shipwrecked mother lying dead and in death, ^{angel} lovely on the beach with her infant lying on her bosom. - After these living forms I could not admire the paintings as I ought. Painting is imitation but Sculpture is creation.

Of all the pictures I preferred Ben West's "Bear in the Tempest" which for a representation of fierce and uncontrollable passion I have never seen equalled. The fearful energy of the maddened King as he hurls his maledictions against his foes, and ~~meets~~ ^{shouts} his wild appeal to the winds - contrasts most strangely with the sodden, idiotic, calmness of the fool. The whole is a masterpiece and though improperly hung in an unfavorable light - pleases me more than all the rest.

On Friday I determined to seek out Wright and bid him good bye as I knew that he was to go shortly

if he had not already left the city. So with angelic directions I started for Pinckney St. but experienced some difficulty in finding it after all - I found myself involved in the labyrinthine mazes of Mt. Vernon, Hancock, Joy and other streets till I hardly knew my position - At last by a vigorous effort of the cheek I succeeded in extricating myself from my difficulty and in discovering at last No 16.

Wright was at home, and overjoyed to see me. We talked over our battles and recalled the stirring scenes of our brief campaign in Rhode Island. He went home by the evening boat, and with him I supposed ended the last experience which I was to pass through of mortification and chagrin in connection with the 3rd R.I. Battery. Short sighted mortal! my cup was not yet full. On

Sunday morning I received a letter from Charlie Andrews, informing me that he was in town at No 91 Revere St. He had just returned from Providence, where he had passed

through an experience very similar to mine. I would find him by calling at No 91. Are my trials never to end in relation to this troublesome battery!!!!!!

On Saturday I undertook a new project viz. the manufacture of a Gutta Serena match chain, in which undertaking I had the valuable assistance of my cousin and aunt - It was finished late in the evening and will be a "work of art". I bought a bar for it on Monday and shall make quite a stylish appearance.

On Sunday morning, I went to Rev. James Freeman Clarke's Chapel.

Wednesday

July 12.

I snatch the last opportunity before my departure for home to record the events of the remainder of my stay in Portland (or rather Boston) my pen has not been accustomed to writing the name of any city larger than "the natural seat of the Canadian". Sunday afternoon I listened to Mr. West of the Channing

Church. His sermon was an excellent one from the text "How much owest thou my Lord?" The preacher considered briefly the number and extent of our obligations to our Maker and Saviour, and closed with a fervent appeal to all to devote their lives to His service, to whom they were so much indebted, as a poor and insufficient yet acceptable repayment of his infinite bounty.

In the evening I walked with Aunt Emma to see Chester Square and Union Park, both lovely places, and each beautiful in some peculiar ways. — Chester Square for its fountains, its flowers, and the extent of surface which it covers — the Park for the beautiful wood-bine which climbs on the surrounding houses. Monday was ushered in, damp and misty and our excursion to Mt Auburn was again postponed. In the afternoon I started with Charlie and his friend Wesley to see the Examination of the Everett School for Girls. It was a

very well-conducted school apparently, and the examination ^{showed} ~~was~~ very careful study on the part of the scholars. The crowd was so thick that I did not stay through the whole time for fear of suffocation but wedged my way through the ranks of mothers and incinerated myself between the females as well as I could, though once or twice I became entangled in crinolines and narrowly escaped falling.

Escaped at last. I returned to the house, and found some letters awaiting me, one from Emma (enclosing Ella's picture which I had sent for to take to war with me as an amulet) one from Harry, one from Shutter asking me to act as Travelling Agent for his Black Ink, (which I most respectfully though finally refuse to do) and one from the Hon. Henry J. Smith from a poor minister in the harbor whose brother was imprisoned unjustly accused of desertion, and as his father was at the point of death beseeching his pardon I

I sent this immediately to the Governor of R.I. supposing it intended for him - deeply pitying the poor minister whose letter has been so unfortunately delayed.

Emma's letter states that Society. Correll is probably killed, as he was left desperately wounded on the field and has not been heard of since. Charlie Hunt is wounded and to return home for a short time. How I wish I could be where the bullets are flying, but my fate forbids and I submit. No letter yet from Etta though I am daily expecting one.

Charlie Andrews called in the afternoon, having found at last who the Rev. S. B. Craft is. We enjoyed ourselves "fighting our battles over again" and letting our respective adventures for an hour or two, and arranged to go down together in the Tuesday evening boat.

George and I went to the Butler Combination Trompe's performance in the Museum

on Monday evening where I saw ballet dancing for the first time. I am bound to say that my Puritanical education prevented my enjoyment of this part of the evening's entertainment.

Monday July 26th Looking back on the events of the week, which has been one unusually full of excitement and adventure, I do not at all regret the necessity which drew me away from my studies and gave me such a pleasant time in Brunswick. Providence. My life has been rather tame, and the experiences of the past year have been quite valuable in teaching me the ways of the world. Tuesday was very rainy as every day for the week has been. It held up for a short time in the morning, and Aunt Euna and I were deluded by the promising appearance of the sky into an excursion to Mount Auburn. We got out by the road which passes Longfellow's

mansion - Washington's head
quarters - and Russell Corvelli -

The City of the dead was
as lovely & sad as lonely as
ever. The marble tomb stones
glimmered through the trees
like ghosts and there was a
dumb, religious silence which
best befitted the place.

The tomb of Rufus Choate
which bore simply his name
chiselled plainly ^{in marble} ~~not~~ gaudy
ornament of any kind pleased
me very much.

A family enclosure, belong-
ing to the ^{family} contained
some very appropriate inscriptions.
for the mother - who was kind
"From darkness unto light"

"The book of life unfolds."
for one who survived them all
"He would not leave thee thou lone
one."

The rain which
came pattering down from the
foliage of oaks and maples above us
prevented our extending our walk
as far as we should otherwise have
done. and we turned back slightly
disappointed, but promising ourselves

a day at Forest Hill to atone
for it. The continual rain
prevented my going out of doors
and so I remained with the family
till evening hours admonished me
to retire. Tomorrow-morning
I rose, dressed and sat down to
think - I hardly thought it worth
while to go out to Forest Hill today
in fact I began to think seriously
of returning home or to College.

There still remained a remote
possibility of my being able to
make up my neglected studies
and this prospect was every day
diminishing. I had very
little hope of meeting "Mia Julia"
at Boston, her letter had delayed
so long and so I finally decided
to return. I wrote a note to Etta
informing her of my disappointment
and asking her Commiseration
and after travelling round the
ancient city a little and taking
a farewell bath - I bid my
friends good bye and started
by the boat for Brunswick.
The Forest City was crowded
and I had the greatest difficulty

in securing a berth - State rooms were all taken up long before.

There were some pretty girls on the boat whom I (unwilling to allow Boston the possession of any feminine beauties) supposed to be from Portland.

I found Charlie Andrews on board on his way home and we sat on the seats singing till ten when I retired.

The passage was delightful - the sea unruffled except in our foaming wake - and phosphorescent - sparks shot up from the water and then sank and melted like the spray from the Sturgeon in the Culpeper Bay. I should

have enjoyed female society that night. There are some occasions which nature has specially adapted to flirting and I should have dearly loved to have had for a companion to admire and converse and sing with either my Etta or Aunt Em - Why had not my little Aunt answered ~~her~~ my last letter I wonder. She is strangely remiss.

Over the swelling bellows with a deep sighing - leaving the gleaming lights of the city far behind and rushing on with a dash of breaking waves ever in my ear and the foaming streaks which had leaped up round the bows and been hurled madly down and loosed up again and churned and twisted and tortured till it came from beneath the stern white with passion muttering in our wake.

I woke in Portland only to exchange boats and sail down our lovely Casco Bay on the Harvest Moon. The sea was at rest and the passage a very pleasant one. We passed Sequin where the Enterprize and Boxer fought in 1815 and turned in at the mouth of the Kennebec to follow up the course of the river, embosomed in waving foliage till we arrived at Bath.

This little city is the most disagreeable place I ever remember seeing though if all the girls were as pretty as those whom I met in the street I presume it might become endurable in time. I got out of the Cars before they reached the depot and went directly

to my room. where I found Harry
after waiting a while. I went
directly to see the Prof. and
learned that I should be obliged
to make up in everything.

They refused to allow me any
thing - but I resolved to make
up if possible and immediately
commenced studying Cicero.

The boys professed to
be glad to see me back and
I enjoyed ~~my~~ being at my
Alpha Maley very much.

Math study that wearisome thing
to the flesh, occupied me all
the day. In the evening there
was a Union Meeting down town
under the auspices of the Union
League.

Distinguished
speakers from abroad were present
but none of sufficient distinction
to draw me out and I continued
my studies. There was an Alpha
Delta Psi meeting in the evening.

Friday I made up in Cicero
Saturday in Demosthenes, Horace
Horace and Alceste all with
credit. Much to my dismay
I found that I had five themes

still due, but I shall finish them
nothing shall deter me from
getting my Junior ticket - nothing
of it can possibly prevent it.

Sunday was rainy nearly all
day and the Doctor preached.

I slept till twelve, then woke
up and studied till prayer time
and wrote three themes.

Study again all day and
committed ~~my~~ myself to the
tender mercies of Prof. Bilty at
6 o'clock he gave me a fearful
examination of over two hours
with Jimmy Anderson ~~with~~

I never passed through such a
fearful fight of affliction before.

There was no opportunity to pony
at all and my acquaintance with
the study of Analytics is so limited
that I did not distinguish my-
self by a very brilliant recitation.

On Saturday eve I received
a letter from my friend in Spring-
field - my dear little correspondent
whom I am getting to feel a very deep
affection for. This little envelope
contains the long promised and long
with held secret which was really

73.

an unexpected thing. My deceitful little correspondent has known all about me from some nameless person ever since the beginning of our correspondence, and on that account did not hesitate to reply to my letter and to send me her picture - the beautiful carte which I love so much. I own that while I was amused at the receipt of this piece of news I was also pleased.

It cleared her from the ~~last~~ charge of indiscretion which she had brought against herself in one of her previous letters. Those eyes which

she speaks of as "round" are going to play the deuce with me someday.

Tuesday morning I attempted the rather foolish task of making up in Trigonometry and Surveying without looking them over. Of course I failed and to my overwhelming discomfiture on the very ~~the~~ easiest thing in the book. Made another appointment for the evening, and went to my room, where I studied over the cruel Mathematics - determined not to fail again, if Smith entelllet and ~~the~~ perseverance could prevent it.

July 30th

74.

The Sophomore Prize Declamations came off in the evening - Brown not performing on account of sickness.

Packard and Shepard were spoken of by all as likely to be the fortunate men - but we were very much surprised on the next day to hear the Præz read the names of Cotton and Easton. They seemed determined not to neglect our Societies A.A.P. and V.O.

Easton was the best speaker by all means; but he stumbled once and hesitated - and I supposed that this would defar him from the prize. - I attempted a

little cramming on the night before examination but very wisely gave it up very soon, and went to bed.

Some Gagger Conscripts were singing and when we applauded them they called on us for a song - we gave them "Cruel War" - "Rock me to Sleep" &c - and in return they sang us a very curious negro-camp meeting him

The words were.

If you would make old Satan run
E-li o in the valley
Just shoot him with the gospel gun
Frotting right along to glory.

Friday July 31st

The last day of my birth-month signalized by my final happy admission to the Junior class. I believe I shall indulge in self-gratulation after I have brought my record down to that occasion. But before I relate the manner of my obtaining the ticket I must tell of my grievous disappointment in not getting it at first. I had been in on Tuesday evening before Cross and made up on Trigonometry and Surveying - leaving only three books of Geometry which I endeavored to prevail on him to excuse - promising to make up after I had received my ticket. He assured me that he would do his best, which promise added to Prof. Whittlesey's left me little doubt on the question and in the evening I devoted myself to the task of pen making in which I distinguished myself. The following are some of my base attempts.

Why is a fellow smoking a Break

of day cigar like a man with the stomach-ache?

Because he has a sick centre
(6 center)

Why is the same man like a person afflicted with erysipelas in his nose?

For the same reason, having a sick scent.

What is the State of Massachusetts doing in the high way robbery way

Levying black mails

and many more as bad.

Here are a few elegant verses to Messrs Cross and Whittlesey

Here's to Tutor Cross
Drink him down &c
For he never shall be boss &c.

Here's to Prof Whittlesey
Drink him down
And we hopes he takes his vittles easy

Wednesday
~~Thursday~~ morning dawned with
 the usual clouds and darkness
 which ^{now} shrouded the sky on each
 Examination day from time immemorial.

A little nervous
 and perturbed I was for fear that
 the Faculty not discerning my real
 genius and undoubted ability should
 refuse me my ticket. ^{quibly} on account
 of these paltry studies which my great
 soul held in utter contempt.

My fears were realized though
 not my worst fear - My ticket
 was with-held, but only till I
 had made up in Geometry which
 I did today after a hard day's work.

The boys were a little bit
 ruffled up at their entrance on the
 dignified character of upper class-
 men.

For my part I was disap-
 pointed for I had trusted to the
 assurances of the two members
 of the Faculty - But after two
 days study I succeeded in passing
 before ~~them~~ and obtaining my
 ticket. To end ~~my~~ record
 I shall henceforth devote my best
 to ~~a~~ memoranda and general
 remarks.

Horatio Fox Smith

"Galba"
~~He~~ obliged all the favorites of Nero
 who had been enriched at the expense
 of the tyrant to disgorge all but
 one tenth of their plunder.

Were - How much would our
 annual revenue be increased - at
 least how much less would it be
 diminished, if ~~the~~ a similar law
 were applied to the contractors
 and defaulters who fatten on the
 public spoils at the present day?

In the German Class. Sept. 1863

What is love but constant fears,
 Distant pleasures seen through tears
 Passion lessening with the years?

What is Hope but anxious eyes
 Strained to pierce the gloomy skies
 Where the threatening future lies.

Over
 What is pleasure but a cheat?

a poor attempt at
 joy, but ~~ghostly~~ self Deceit?

Hope but the tramp of weary feet?

Active Pleasure Knight.

What is Love but constant fears,
Distant pleasures seen through tears,
Passion lessening with the years?

What is Hope but anxious eyes
Strained to pierce the gloomy skies
Where the threatening future lies?

What is Pleasure but the flash
Which glimmers where the deucest dash
Heralds the thunder's awful crash?

Soul, by life's long cares oppressed,
Pursue not Love or Joy the best
Seek thy happiness in Rest.

This earth is the court of a palace
Where petitioners wait for the King.
Till the solemn-eyed servitor cometh
Them into the presence to bring.
Till Death, the dead summoner cometh
While with fear all the waiters are dumb
And he beckoneth, beckoneth ever
Saying "Up! for thine hour is come."
Saying "Up! for thy waiting is ended."
Then straightway, the tolling bell, ringing
And dim with a climax foreboding
We go to the Court of the King.

To my burden tree

Fall, grief-laden burden;
Drop to earth thy golden glory
Sorrowfully down!

As the morning breeze,
Lestening to thy mournful story,
Sway thy dewy crown.

Leave, despairing Vernal,
All the beauties thou hast boasted:
See no more for aye
Fire-tongued Pentecostal
Blazing on the Maples' face
All the Autumn day.

Think, bereft and lonely, ^{now} forever
Not of joy which ~~thou~~ ^{thou} hast lost
Not of months gone by,
Think, sad Lincolns, only,
As thy restless shadows shun
The sun's unfilmed eye.

But the Springtime cometh
When thy mourning shall be ended
And a caressing wind,
Not the chill breeze that numbeth
Thy bare limbs with cold embraces
Shall lay thee in its silken folds, and leave no ^{rain} _{behind}

I only know I love thee

I know no worldly creed;
I own no social fetter;
Of courtly phrase I have no need,
I know the Truth is better.
With arguments of paltry gain
I may not try to move thee
Still will my heart out-speak my brain.
I only know I love thee

Not for thy store of gold
Not for thy name thou bearest
A loving heart can never be sold
Even to the best and fairest.
I dare not ask, I can not hope
Which heartfelt pleas to move thee
I ask not, hope not, know not more
I only know I love thee

Oct. 23rd/63

Our country is one of those famous
isles of which Tennyson speaks in
Locksley Hall.

"There never floats an European flag"

Quick!

Over the Black fells pebbly bed
Close by the marsh-lands' track, our march
By the dim wood where the leaves are red
By the long land-slides' giddy verge.
Dust puffs on with the lightning's speed
Till thy iron jaws drop foam
Till thy steel-girt sinews bleed
Fly! till I reach my home.
Sept. /63

The Dragon Song.

Our sabres were blue
But we dyed them in red, ^{red}
When the grey-coated troopers of Ashby did
For we marked out our passage
By winnows of dead.
And our sword strokes rained down
In a tempest of steel.

Oct. 3/66

My Lucogant's Carte de visite

a brow which passion, sin and care
Have never touched with envious finger.
With heavy braids of nut-brown hair
Where playful shadows love to linger.
Soft eyes to melt at love's appeal
Or flash among the merry dancers -
Two dimples melting round a mouth.
By nature made for pleasant answers.
So small and with such tempting curves
Well formed to ply its sweet vocalism.
None but a cynic could resist
The red lips constant invitation.

Leave me not -

The night was full of silver light
It flashed on river, danced on meadows.
The fir-tree top is barked in

Leave me not.

Where are the meads my childhood knew
When life and hope were young together
Where love was warm & friendship true -
And every day was pleasant weather?
Gone, gone, ~~the~~ merry lads are gone.
They meet me now in visions only -
Oh ye who love me, leave me not;
For life is lonely -

My Junior Part.

The Devotee

By Uhland.

Translated November 1863

Where Galicia's cliffs look sea-ward,
And against the steady line
Ocean hurls her thundering billows,
Stands a holy statue's shrine;
Where the Queen, God's blissful mother,
Free from danger, shrives from sin.

For the wanderer in the desert
Beams there a golden star;
For the storm-tossed one, a haven
Lies within that harbor's bar,
In the black and dreary night,
And when the wild winds moan afar—

Now the Keeper Bell is tolling;
Over cliff and fell and lake,
In the cities, in the cloisters,
All the brazen tongues awake,
Making soft and mellow music
All for Mary mother's sake

And the sounding waves are silent;
Hushed the white surfs sullen roar;
And the boatman murmurs "Ave,"
Kneeling with suspended oar—

On the day to Christians dearest,
Blest Ascension of our Lord;
When were rent the grave's dark portals,
And the Son, by all adored,
In the garden met the Virgin,
Ere to higher joys she soared.

There within her sanctuary
Many a marvel had she done;
And men saw her very presence,
When before her form alone
Stood, with smiles of holy rapture,
Wrought in white and spotless stone.

Banners with the cross emblazoned
Move through meadows on their way
And the ships that line the harbor
Dip their flags and streamers gay
While the joyful bells are ringing
And the merry minstrels play.

Up the rocky ascent toiling,
Pilgrims throng, a ceaseless stream,
Till the mountain reared a ladder
Like that one of old doth deem,
Which the patriarch beheld
By angels crowded, in a dream.

Gloze behind the happy pilgrims
Flod along with weary tread
Men of wan and wasted features,
Stooping form and bowed head;
Men who toil 'neath heavy penance
Till the cry come "He is dead."

Never more in blest communion
With the sons of God to be;
Only at the Church's portal
May they bow the suppliant knee,
And for mercy and compassion
Wrestle in their agony.

All have passed; yet no! another
With pale lips of long despair,
Muttering a useless "Ave,"
Climbs with pain the rocky stair,
And his eyes like coals of fire
Glow beneath his unkempt hair

See the ring of rusty iron
Round his chunken body, found
Near the chains that tell his coming
By their hollow clanking sound
Since those chains first bound his body
Many a year has gone its round.

In the white heat of his passion
Was he (hark) his brother slain
And in wild despair he welded
From his sword this galling chain
But despair hath bound him tighter
And he writhes and foams in pain.

Far from hearth and home and country
Wanders he, and may not rest
Till the mercy of our Saviour
Shrives his sin-polluted breast
Till God's marvellous compassion
Burst his chain and end his quest.

Though he walk on soles of iron
Though he roam o'er wood and wave
Barefoot, weary, worn and bleeding
Peace he cannot, can not have
Never! never! peace and gladness
Enter at his spirit's door
Every holy shrine he visits
Hopeless, helpless evermore.

Now the convent's door he reacheth
On its threshold croucheth low
While the vesper-bell is sounding
And the pious pilgrims bow
And a light from heaven seteth
On the mountain's rugged brow.

In his sin he dare not enter
Where the Virgin's image stands
Purpled with imperial splendor
From the Sun in western lands
But he casts him on the earth
And wildly prays with clenched hands.

What a flood of liquid fire
Over field and wave is poured
Say, remained the Heavens open
When the Virgin upward soared
And from out the Sacred city
Is this radiant glory poured -

On the rosy clouds remaineth
Still her foot-print like a crown
And from out the field of azure
On the summit black and brown
Through the purple of the Sunset
So the queen herself looks down.

From the shrine the happy pilgrims
Slowly move: but one low bid
By the convent's foot worn threshold,
With pale face and rayless eyes,
But his pallid features wearing
Still a look of glad surprise -

Still his limbs and wasted body
Are by heavy fetters pressed;
But his soul in freedom soaring
Sucks a home among the blest
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary be at rest "

Nov. 11th 1863

Ho. Stem & cruel! ho proud and high
Trampling on hearts that bleed & ache
Know ye not that the day is nigh
When the earth shall tremble & quake

Back, back the heavens shall roll
And crouching low on the quivering sod
Shall stand alone with shuddering soul -
Man in the presence of God.

The Alpha Delta girls

Air - "Low Back Bar -"

"While toasting all the friends we love
Oh, let us not forget -"

The lovely ones whose memory
Is lingering with us yet -

Red wax traced of baby lips

Bright eyes and sunny curls -

The Ronda knew - we think so too.

Here's the Alpha Delta girls.

Chorus.

They ^{may} not seek our mystic chime

Nor learn our signs & grips, ^{imagae}

But though we dare not trust their

We've unbounded faith in their lips -

And when our Crescent rides the sky -

Our Star its brow impearls, -

Beneath our symbols we will pledge

The Alpha Delta girls -

Chorus

The Alpha Beta Gamma

Dear Alpha Beta Gamma

Truly saying all the friends we love
to us it is not enough
The lovely ones whose memory
is haunting with us yet
The father friends of our life
The mother friends and family circle
The friends whose love and help
we have received so often
The Alpha Beta Gamma
Chorus

We have not seen you Alpha Beta
The home for the old people
But though we have not seen you
We are comforted with the thought
That you are present with us
And that is how important
And how much we need you
The Alpha Beta Gamma

Chorus

Letters Received and Written

Written

Mary July 2nd
 George Peckard, 2nd
 3rd Harry Chapman
 Ed Appleton
 6th Uncle John
 7th Etta
 8th Mrs Chapman
 7th Merriam.
 6th Frank
 14th Whittier
 Emma
 17th Mother.
 22nd Etta. Boston
 28th Etta Borden
 29th George Craft
 Wright
 Mary
 27th Frank
 30th E. Appleton
 Whittier.

Received

6th Mother
 Etta
 7th Frank
 10th Uncle John
 14th Mary
 E. Appleton
 19th C. W. Andrews.
 20th W. L. Chapman
 Emma
 Shutt's
 25th Etta
 29th Wright \$5.00
 Whittier

Will Negroes fight.

An intrenchment called
Terdier
Capot -

Cliffs standing like Wellington's
Napoleons veterans -

Why are persons bathing like
a consumptive's breath?
Because they come out
in short pants -

The sun like the dolphin
brightest in death

She has stolen my heart and
stealed her out.

\$ 77.00
2.00
1.54
35
15
1.00
35
6.74

70.60
20.51
50.09
21.9
29.00
2,75 12.00 14.60
2 17.00 6.50
5.50 4.00 1.10
13.00
2.00
11.00
1.00
10.00

Judson 65

Mustin 66

At
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