

Horatio Fox Smith (1845-1864), Civil War Journal, 1863  
Transcription with annotations by Nancy Walker, Bowdoin Class of 2015



[Upper paste-down endpaper blank]  
[Upper free endpaper recto] Horatio Fox Smith  
11<sup>th</sup> Battery  
R.I. Mounted Artillery  
[inserted above: Class of '65] Bowdoin College.<sup>1</sup>  
Brunswick, Maine.  
Law.  
Place of Residence  
Gorham,<sup>2</sup> Maine  
Mother's Address  
Mrs. H.P.A. Smith  
Gorham  
Maine.  
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[page 1]  
July 4<sup>th</sup> 1863.  
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 11<sup>th</sup> Battery of R.I. Mounted Artillery.

How strange it seems to me to be sitting here, surrounded by scenes so new and untried 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.

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<sup>1</sup> Founded in 1794, Bowdoin College is a liberal arts college in Brunswick, Maine.

<sup>2</sup> Gorham is a town in Cumberland County, Maine. It became a manufacturing center in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, producing textiles, clothing, and lumber, among other goods.

When The Call first came out for six months troops from the states adjacent to Pennsylvania, we heard at Bowdoin that the Governor<sup>3</sup> had received a despatch [sic: dispatch] from Sec'y Stanton<sup>4</sup> inquiring how many troops he could raise for that service. Expecting of course that the reply would be immediate and patriotic Tom Shepard<sup>5</sup> and I began to think over our responsibilities to our Country and finally concluded after asking Prof Whittlesey<sup>6</sup> advice and receiving a favorable reply [page 2] to go home the same afternoon and get our parent's permission to go to the war. Quite a number of the boys felt as we did and Harry Chapman<sup>7</sup> and George Packard<sup>8</sup> agreed to initiate our example tomorrow by calling on their fond parents and requesting permission to do their duty.

Home we went; [~~striketrough: 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<sup>9</sup> had responded gallantly to [~~overwrite: the~~] call of the General government and was to raise 3

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<sup>3</sup> Abner Coburn (1803-1885), was the 30<sup>th</sup> governor of Maine. The Republican served from January 1863 to January 1864.

<sup>4</sup> Edwin McMasters Stanton (1814-1869), served as Secretary of War from January 1862 to May 1868.

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Shepard (1842-1920), Bowdoin Class of 1865, was one of Smith Fox's Alpha Delta Phi fraternity brothers. He native was also a member of the Peucinian Society, one of Bowdoin's literary societies. He left Bowdoin in 1864 to join Company B of the Maine State Guard. He received his B.A. out of course in 1914.

<sup>6</sup> Eliphalet Whittlesey (1821-1909), was professor of oratory and rhetoric. He and Joshua Chamberlain were Bowdoin's only faculty members to leave their position at the college to join the Union Army. Whittlesey rose to the rank of brevet brigadier-general. During Reconstruction, he served as adjutant-general in the newly established Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands under its commissioner, fellow Bowdoin alumnus, General Oliver Otis Howard, Class of 1850.

<sup>7</sup> Henry Leland Chapman (1845-1914), Bowdoin Class of 1866, AΔΦ, received his master's from Bangor Theological Seminary in 1869 before returning to Bowdoin as professor of Latin and English literature. He did not serve in the Civil War.

<sup>8</sup> George Thomas Packard (1844-1905), Bowdoin Class of 1866, graduated from Bangor Theological Seminary in 1869 and became an Episcopal clergyman. He did not serve in the Civil War.

<sup>9</sup> I.e., Rhode Island.

regiments of Infantry—one of Cavalry and an additional battery of artillery.— Caswell<sup>10</sup> telegraphed to Col. Sayles<sup>11</sup> of the Cavalry to know whether he would receive students into his regiment. The reply was “all you send will be cheerfully received”— and [page 3] Caswell immediately drew up a paper for signatures. Wright,<sup>12</sup> Merriam,<sup>13</sup> Fuller,<sup>14</sup> 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 inviolate. 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 [page 4] but beside that my parents would never consent to my breaking up my college course— I feel that I owe it to myself to complete my course and prepare myself for the active duties of life.—

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<sup>10</sup> Samuel Shannon Caswell (1840-1870), Bowdoin Class of 1864, AΔΦ, enlisted on August 12<sup>th</sup>, 1863, and rose to the rank of 1<sup>st</sup> lieutenant of the 1<sup>st</sup> New Hampshire Heavy Artillery and then became adjutant of the 18<sup>th</sup> New Hampshire Infantry. He was mustered out on July 29<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

<sup>11</sup> Willard Sayles (1822-1903), commenced organization of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Regiment Rhode Island Volunteer Cavalry on July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1863. After the war, the Colonel served as Rhode Island Attorney General from 1867 to 1882.

<sup>12</sup> Albert Wright (1841-1888), was a non-graduating member of Bowdoin's Class of 1866, AΔΦ. He attended the College from 1862 to 1863. He did not serve in the Civil War.

<sup>13</sup> Leander Otis Merriam (1843-1919), Bowdoin Class of 1866, enlisted in March 1864, and served as sergeant major of the 31<sup>st</sup> Maine Infantry.

<sup>14</sup> Charles Fuller, Bowdoin Class of 1865, AΔΦ, was also a graduate of the Medical School of Maine, Class of 1869. He did not serve in the Civil War.

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 cried when I bid her good bye—but the girls were quite brave and cheerful—mother [striketrough: and] Mary and Frank were going into Portland with me. Found 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 [page 5] 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 [P overwritten: the] harbor—past the breakwater—leaving Fort Gorges<sup>15</sup> with its busy workmen, swarming on every side, upon the left—[striketrough: and] [striketrough: P] threading the narrow channel between Forts Preble<sup>16</sup> and Scammel<sup>17</sup> and swinging over the waves off the coast of Cape E.<sup>18</sup> where I have spent so many happy days.

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<sup>15</sup> Fort Gorges was a U.S. military fort in Casco Bay at the entrance to Portland Harbor. Construction began in 1858 and was hastened at the outbreak of the war.

<sup>16</sup> Fort Preble was a military fort in South Portland, Maine, built in 1808 and named for the late Commodore Edward Preble (1761-1807). During the Civil War it became the recruiting depot of the 17<sup>th</sup> Maine Infantry. On June 26, 1863, Confederate soldiers entered Portland Harbor; 23 were captured and detained at Fort Preble.

<sup>17</sup> Fort Scammel, built in 1808, is located on House Island in the Portland Harbor. In an effort to modernize, the fort was rebuilt in 1862 under the direction of Thomas Lincoln Casey (1831-1896), who was also the engineer for the construction of the Washington Monument.

<sup>18</sup> Cape Elizabeth is a seaside town in southern Maine. It houses the historical Portland Head Light as well as Fort Williams Park, named for Major General Seth Williams (1822-1866), assistant adjutant general of the Army of the Potomac.

The lights faintly glimmering in the pale light of parting day, the Cottage, and Richmond Isle were left behind us and as the moon rose slowly up out of the [?]stern waves I went below to pay my ~~[striketrough: unwelcome]~~ unwilling tribute to Old Ocean and seek the accord of Morpheus<sup>19</sup>— I woke at 4 o'clock just as the boat was entering Boston Harbor. The sun was coming up [page6] 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—

~~[striketrough: we]~~ 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.” loom up grey and gloomy with their bristling guns— Forts Warren<sup>20</sup> and Independence<sup>21</sup> where the traitor Vollandigham<sup>22</sup> 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 Milk St. ~~[striketrough: 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 horsecar—I then rode up [page 7] 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.

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<sup>19</sup> The god of dreams in Ovid's epic poem, “Metamorphoses.”

<sup>20</sup> Fort Warren is located on Georges Island at the entrance to Boston Harbor. Construction was completed at the onset of the war. It served as a prison for Confederate officers and government officials.

<sup>21</sup> Fort Independence is located on Castle Island and provided defenses for Boston; it was first constructed in 1634.

<sup>22</sup> Clement Vollandigham (1820-1871), a leader of the Ohio Democratic Party. He opposed the Civil War, denouncing it as “wicked, cruel and unnecessary.” On May 5<sup>th</sup>, 1863, Vollandigham was arrested as a violator of General Ambrose Burnside's Order Number 38, which sought to make all forms of opposition to the Union effort illegal.

Uncle Cruft having kindly consented to act as chaperone escorted me around Boston—to see the Old South,<sup>23</sup> the State House, City Hall, Faneuil Hall, &c. After witnessing the reception of the 45<sup>th</sup><sup>24</sup> 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's Alma Mater Harvard<sup>25</sup>. The President's<sup>26</sup> house is a pretty little cottage of stone in the French style with the college arms above the door. The grounds are not so ~~[striketrough: well]~~ prettily designed as ours at Bowdoin, but they have worn as with the feet of many generations of students—and the trees are well-grown and shady—trees under which ~~[striketrough: the]~~ so many happy jolly fellows have lain since two hundred years ago—[page 8] Gore Hall is a fine piece of architecture—their Gymnasium a very convenient one.— The old time-worn halls: Holworthy, Hollis, 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 overwritten: lay]~~ down and took a nap, from which I was roused in about three hours by my anxious relatives, who ~~[striketrough: 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 virtue whose efforts ~~[inserted above: to lure us from the path of rectitude]~~ were fruitless.

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

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<sup>23</sup> The Old South Meeting House, built in 1729, rose to prominence as the organizing center for the Boston Tea Party. In 1874, the congregation moved, yet retained the name "Old South Church."

<sup>24</sup> The 45<sup>th</sup> Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was one of the regiments raised in response to the August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1862, call. The 45<sup>th</sup> also received the title of the Cadet Regiment, as more than 40 commissioned officers were formerly of the Boston Cadets. The regiment mustered out of service on July 8<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

<sup>25</sup> Harvard University, established 1636, is the oldest institution of higher education in the United States. The founders of Bowdoin envisioned the college as the "Harvard of Maine," drawing from its philosophy and curriculum to provide Maine boys with a quality education closer to home.

<sup>26</sup> Thomas Hill (1818-1891) served as Harvard's president from 1862 to 1868.

[left-pointing arrow] Wednesday [right-pointing arrow]

[wingding]

Waking rather late, I bid my friends good-bye and left for the seat [page 9] of war—  
Found Wright at the Parker House<sup>27</sup> and while talking with him was accosted by Jackson  
(graduate ΑΔΦ).<sup>28</sup> Wright had just left three [strikeout: Amherst] [inserted above: Williams]  
Alpha Delts 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 Bunker Hill for  
the first time—up the 258 toilsome 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 [his overwritten: its] memory and theirs— So, thinking much  
of the weary work which occupied the height of the 16<sup>th</sup> 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,<sup>29</sup> went out on the hill, and  
took the cars for Boston— Ran up town and [page 10] took a bath; after which I rode down to  
the Providence depot and meeting Wright at this place of rendesvous [sic: rendezvous] we started  
for the [p overwritten: city] of Roger Williams.<sup>30</sup> –

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<sup>27</sup> Founder Harvey D. Parker opened this Boston hotel in 1855. It was home to the Saturday Club, whose membership included Charles Dickens, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Bowdoin Class of 1825.

<sup>28</sup> Alpha Delta Phi is a Greek-letter fraternity. It was founded in 1832 at Hamilton College in Clinton, N. Y. as an elite literary society.

<sup>29</sup> Joseph Warren (1741-1775), entered the American Revolutionary War as a major general. Despite his rank, he volunteered as a private in the Battle of Bunker Hill and was killed in combat.

<sup>30</sup> Roger Williams (1603-1683), an English protestant theologian. He founded the Providence Plantation colony in 1636, and served as ninth President of the Colony of Rhode Island.

A daily paper which I purchased in the cars informed me that Meade<sup>31</sup> who is Hooker's<sup>32</sup> successor is pressing the rebels closely and obliging them to unite their scattered forces to give battle.<sup>33</sup>

Heaven prosper the right.

My gallant friend, the Freshman seeing a moderately good-looking damsel on the seat opposite, undertook the by no means difficult task of scraping an acquaintance.

With a politeness which is natural in the worthy young gentleman, he proffered his evening paper for her peruse [sic: perusage] 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 lives in Providence and had asked him to call on her tomorrow— Mr. Wright seemed to [page 11] maintain his reputation for [inserted: as] 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<sup>34</sup> and envying my unscrupulous companion who by overstepping very slightly the ordinary rules of propriety had secured a pleasure denied to his modest and retiring [~~companion~~] [inserted above: fellow soldier].

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<sup>31</sup> George Meade (1815-1872), one of Joseph Hooker's core commanders. He succeeded Hooker as major general and commander of the Army of the Potomac on June 28<sup>th</sup>, 1863, days before the Battle of Gettysburg.

<sup>32</sup> Joseph Hooker (1814-1879), nicknamed "Fighting Joe," was a major general in the United States Army and commander of the Army of the Potomac until his resignation on June 28<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

<sup>33</sup> In June of 1863, General Robert E. Lee invaded the North. President Lincoln vetoed Joseph Hooker's strategy of taking Richmond instead of pursuing Lee. This disagreement, along with Hooker's poor performance and Lincoln's dwindling confidence in him, lead to Hooker's hasty resignation. Union and Confederate forces would meet days later at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania on July 1<sup>st</sup>.

<sup>34</sup> Founded in 1846, the Boston Herald is one of the oldest daily newspapers in the United States.



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<sup>35</sup> 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-dishonored way, they stand in a long line with [inserted above: each] one arm extended like a row of fingerposts, and every passenger as he passes this line is saluted by his anxious friends in the ranks with startlings inquiries as to his trunk and other baggage and polite proposals to “Take you right there, sir.”— When a hackman secures a fare, and then [page 12] 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<sup>36</sup> spending the evening—and we finding efforts fruitless, returned to our hotel— Some young ladies inhabiting a house on the Street paralell [sic: parallel] to College Street were quite attentive to us as we passed, probably smitten with Wright’s mous [page 13] tache— So, for the first time in Providence we threw our weary forms on our Anderson Spring Bed

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<sup>35</sup> Poor men, often African-American, who would solicit money from travelers by carrying luggage or driving them to their destination. The name stems from hackney carriages, horse-drawn taxicabs first used in 17<sup>th</sup> century London.

<sup>36</sup> Brown University, established in 1764 in Providence, Rhode Island.

Bottoms<sup>37</sup> 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.

[line]

Thursday

We retired last night expecting before tonight to be privates in Her Majesty the Goddess of Liberty's Third Regiment of Cavalry<sup>38</sup>, 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<sup>39</sup>, changing the time of the 3<sup>rd</sup> 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 3<sup>rd</sup> Cavalry fail us, at least some other branch of the service will receive us [page 14] Artillery and Infantry remain, and in case of a failure in both of these [striketrough: I] 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 [inserted above: 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 recieved [sic: received] a new series of directions, giving

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<sup>37</sup> The Anderson Spring Bed Bottom was patented in October 1861.

<sup>38</sup> The 3<sup>rd</sup> Rhode Island Volunteer Cavalry was organized in Providence and mustered in on September 12, 1863, for a three-year enlistment.

<sup>39</sup> Edward Carrington Mauran (1820-1886), Rhode Island Adjutant General during the Civil War.

us the unpleasant information that the camp of the R.I.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 [page 15] 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 [inserted above: 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 raw soda and rushed out coughing and wiping our eyes, just in time to jump into the Bus and start off. Our fellow travellers were two quite pretty girls—one in a white veil with clear complexion and finely cut features—the other with her back toward [page 16] me though I am bound by gallantry to say that it was a very pretty back. [The overwrite: That] youth of inexhaustible cheek, the brazen and unblushing 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, [~~strikethrough: and~~] [inserted above: then] of course Wright shut down the window again, apologized and was intimately acquainted with both young ladies immediately. 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 exchanged cards. In five more they had invited him to call—and he had accepted the

invitation; very wisely [inserted above: (?)] giving false names for himself and myself, christening me by the uneuphonious appellation of Peleg. I owe him one for it. The [page 17] 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. Sayles 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 [strikeout: very] as regretting very much the necessity which obliged him to lose the students and obliged 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 immediately 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 acquaintance [page 18] 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 [striketrough: our] Dr Gardiner we found that worthy reclining on the sofa. As [he overwritten: we] entered he cajily [sic: cagily] 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 the examination—

A Punch in the Chest—"All Right" "Kick out with one foot"—"the other—"Strike" [out with one] "arm"—"the other"—"Jump up"—"Put on your clothes."

A little more fussiness—a great deal more fault finding—and an [page 19] [marginalia (head of page): Wright and I took a bath in the morning.] infinite amount of red tape completed our examination—and we recd certificates of our qualifications for service in Uncle Sam's big army.<sup>40</sup>

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 Spooney<sup>41</sup> on the subject of Annie. Kisses, pictures, hearts, Kirk and females in general— Good night [page 20]

Friday July 3<sup>rd</sup>

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<sup>40</sup> A medical examination was required to determine physical fitness for service. This examination consisted of the candidate jumping, bending over, and kicking. The doctor would also administer sundry thumps on the chest and back, and examine the candidate's teeth and eyes. Men who passed the examination received a certificate and were officially cleared for service.

<sup>41</sup> I.e., sentimentally or foolishly amorous.

I forgot to mention in making out yesterday's records that, impelled by motives of economy and in order to be nearer our friends, we moved our head quarters to the Aldrich House.<sup>42</sup>

In that fashionable hotel I awoke [in overwrite: on] the morning of July 3<sup>rd</sup> feeling very uncomfortably 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 desirous 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 (HM) The other Alpha Delts have all volunteered on the coast [defense overwrite: defence [sic: defense]] – We did not succeed [page 21] 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

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<sup>42</sup> The Aldrich House, 110 Benevolent St, Providence, RI 02906. The house was built in 1821.

Appleton.<sup>43</sup> Kenyon 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<sup>44</sup> principles had not held out very well, afforded us some amusement in the evening. He seemed to be influenced by the attraction of Gravitation in an unusual degree. Mr. Wright applied the principle of Bribery on a waiter in the evening [striketrough: in] [striketrough: a] with marked success. [page 22]

Saturday. July 4<sup>th</sup>.

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 hugely.

My pecuniary difficulties were partially resolved by Kenyon's promise to pay our bills at the Earl House till we [were overwrite: are] 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 [striketrough: per] [inserted above: con]cieve [sic: 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<sup>45</sup> and [underline] + owe their being in the army at [page 23] present to my assistance.—

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<sup>43</sup> Edward Larke Appleton (1839-1868), Bowdoin Class of 1861, AΔΦ. He enlisted in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Maine Infantry on May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1861, as sergeant major and was promoted to 2<sup>nd</sup> lieutenant. He was mustered out of service on December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1861.

<sup>44</sup> The virtue of temperance is the control over excess. The 19<sup>th</sup> century saw a boom in the temperance movement, which promoted abstinence from alcohol.

<sup>45</sup> Charles Cabot Jackson (1843- 1926), Harvard Class of 1864, AΔΦ.

The circulars which were printed on yesterday were despatched [dispatched] today to all points of the compass—and we lay on our oars expecting the results of our previous efforts. My amorous friend Wright had succeeded in forming the acquaintance of two young women in the house opposite the recruiting office—so that they bow in reply to his salutations and occasionally meet his further advances.

He 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.*”<sup>46</sup> 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 [striketrough: only] 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 recieve [sic: receive] one tonight.

Recruiting was quite brisk all day. [page 24] 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 [inserted: of] perplexing circumstances— The sergeant after waiting an hour for Chubby went over with the other three men and was refused admission because they had not recieved [sic: 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 Bowditch not much better— I finally

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<sup>46</sup> Ecclesiastes 1:2: “*Vanitas vanitatum omnia vanitas,*” or “*Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.*”



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 [page 25] of getting them altogether. So over I went with the Sergeant, pestered somewhat by the polite 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 enlist 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 window, and he went rather hastily down stairs.

He was an old grayheaded man and his disgraceful conduct filled me with shame for him. To think of a ~~[striketrough: n]~~ man crowned with gray hair debasing himself before every one.

I have not spoken of the procession which consisted entirely of the regiment ~~[striketrough: wh]~~ of militia which is raised in this [page 26] vicinity and which was clad in every variety of uniform from the blue blouse of the Burnside Regt.<sup>47</sup> 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 Gens. – Adjutant, Quartermaster, Major &c with their staffs on horse back appeared finely. 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.<sup>48</sup>

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<sup>47</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Major General Ambrose Burnside (1824-1881). The 21<sup>st</sup> mustered into service on August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1861, and was eventually attached to the Army of the Potomac. By the end of the regiment’s three-year service, less than 10% of soldiers remained, as more than 900 of the original 1,000 men were killed in action, taken prisoner, or discharged due to wounds or disease.

<sup>48</sup> The Mexican-American War (1846-1848) resulted from the U.S. annexation of Texas in 1845. The war ended with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in which Mexico ceded Texas and the California and New Mexico territories.

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 1550 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 [page 27] field-pieces, having some historical remeniscences [sic: reminiscences] 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 P.O.

So my Fourth of July passed—very pleasantly indeed but how differently from [inserted above: 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—<sup>49</sup>

I wonder how I feel toward my anonymous correspondent—bless her!!!! There are some emotions which I [a] person may cherish a long time and not be aware of their presence in his heart.

My day-dreams [~~with the marriage~~] [inserted above and ~~with the marriage~~: castles] in which I “build up lofty castles.”]

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Mexico received \$15,000,000 in the treaty. About 2,000 Americans were killed in combat and an additional 4,000 were wounded. 13,000 American soldiers died in total from combat, mortal wound, and disease.

<sup>49</sup> “So the years slip by—”

On a golden wedding ring are filled [her overwrite: with] her presence—and that sweet face which I admire so much lingers in my memory and haunts me in a very unaccountable way  
Heigh-hit[page 28]

Sunday. July 5<sup>th</sup>

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 [~~strikethrough: e~~] there were frequent showers and the Sun set in clouds. I attended in the morning the 1<sup>st</sup> Baptist Church<sup>50</sup> which the sexton informed us was the original church founded by Roger Williams. The present church edifice is 85 years old—though the sexton told us that R.W. founded it some time previous to that, a statement [~~inserted above: to~~] 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 mingle his own experiences with those of St. Paul and to inform us that he trod [~~strikethrough: with~~] [~~inserted above: as well as the~~] apostle the sands of Puteoli.<sup>51</sup> The [page 29] address [~~strikethrough: was~~] more [~~strikethrough: grac~~] eloquent and descriptive than spiritual and profitable. It sounded [~~strikethrough: more~~] like words [~~strikethrough: a~~] [~~inserted above: better~~] 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.

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<sup>50</sup> Founded in 1638 by Roger Williams, the First Baptist Church of Rhode Island is the oldest Baptist congregation in the United States. The current church building was constructed in 1775.

<sup>51</sup> Established in 194 BC, Puteoli was a Roman colony where Saint Paul stopped on his journey to Rome. Now named Pozzuoli, it is a city located in the Principality of Naples.

I meditated at noon on the idea of [~~striketrough: 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 Congregational Ch. upon the hill. It seemed like home to see the emblems of a Saviour's [~~inserted above: death~~] spread out before a little company of [page 30] 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.<sup>52</sup>”

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 darkies.  
[line]

Monday July 6<sup>th</sup>

The news which came on yesterday that Lee's<sup>53</sup> 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<sup>54</sup> is reported wounded and a prisoner while Pleasonton<sup>55</sup> is

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<sup>52</sup> 1 John 3:2.

<sup>53</sup> Robert Edward Lee (1807-1870), served in the U.S. Army for 32 years. Upon Virginia's secession from the Union, Lee resigned on April 20<sup>th</sup>, 1861 after great deliberation and took up command of the Virginia state forces before becoming commander of the Army of Northern Virginia. On April 9<sup>th</sup>, 1865, he surrendered his forces to Ulysses S. Grant at the Appomattox Courthouse in Virginia.

<sup>54</sup> James Longstreet (1821-1904), a general in the Confederate Army and Robert E. Lee's principal subordinate.

harassing the enemy's rear.<sup>56</sup> God grant victory and complete success but this blood shed is horrid. How I long to hear of some signal [page 31] 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—[crave overwritten: have] our army retire from the conflict till the [striketrough: causes] objects for which it was 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-stamps on them. My call for letters was at last answered. In response to my modest appeal the P.M.<sup>57</sup> (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 [page 32] [striketrough: Sunday, July 5<sup>th</sup>] [Strikethrough: 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.

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<sup>55</sup> Alfred Pleasonton (1824-1897), a Union general. He commanded the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac during the Gettysburg Campaign.

<sup>56</sup> These events refer to the Battle of Gettysburg. The bloodiest battle in the Civil War was fought in and around Gettysburg, Pennsylvania from July 1<sup>st</sup> to 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1863. The battle ended with Lee's retreat back into Virginia. Joshua Chamberlain, Bowdoin Class of 1852, gained prominence as commander of the 20<sup>th</sup> Maine Volunteer Infantry in the engagement at Little Round Top against the 4<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup>, and 47<sup>th</sup> Alabama and the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> Texas.

<sup>57</sup> I.e., postmaster general.

The news which her letter contains is as follows: Gen. Irish<sup>58</sup> 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 pace.<sup>59</sup>

The usual 4<sup>th</sup> 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 expresses a few hopes that unforeseen circumstances may yet interfere to prevent my going. She is quite patriotic but much more affectionate. She presents a [page 33] hope of [strikethrough: bein] a meeting in Boston the last of the month, which I shall certainly 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 [insert above: in fact]—but very important [insert above: in appearance] Justice of the Peace—a young man of twenty, who carried off our papers when he had concluded his task for fear we might destroy [the papers overwritten: them!!!!!!!!!!]

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<sup>58</sup> James Irish (1776-1863), brigadier-general in the militia of Maine. A committed civil servant, he served Cumberland County in the Massachusetts Senate and, upon Maine's admittance as a state, served as land agent and postmaster general. Months before his death he admitted, "I have no strong desire for the continuance of life," but added, "I do want to live to see the close of this dreadful war."

<sup>59</sup> "Requiescat in pace." I.e., "may he rest in peace."

Afterward we accompanied our friend Pierce to the Q.M.G.<sup>60</sup> office; but failed to get our uniforms as [strikethrough: they] [overwrite: he] had recieved [sic: 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 [page 34] was in a state of beastly intoxication all the afternoon. The 11<sup>th</sup> Reg. came into town at noon. They have been in [inserted above: the] service for nine months and have not seen a single engagement. They appeared very much sunburned and toughened by hard labor—but they brought no wounded and their banners were as free from powder stains 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.

One more remark. Wright's very injudicious liberality to the waiters has made them perfect beggars. They expect "buck sheesh"<sup>61</sup> for the least service and always keep their left hand convenient for the reception of shinplasters.

We walked out in the evening to see the Burnside Rifle<sup>62</sup> Factory pouring smoke out of its many chimneys and returned by the more fashionable streets—dusky with gathering shadows while the gas lamps came out one by one like stars to illumine the darkness. Good Night [line]

[page [35]]

Tuesday—July 8<sup>th</sup>

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<sup>60</sup> I.e., quartermaster general.

<sup>61</sup> I.e., baksheesh. It is a form of tipping, charitable giving, or bribery in the Middle East and Southeast Asia.

<sup>62</sup> The Burnside carbine was developed and patented by Ambrose Burnside, general in the Union Army. The carbine was produced from 1858 to 1870 by the Burnside Firearms Company and was popular during the Civil War.

My valise having given out in some unaccountable way, I proceeded to the lock maker's and endeavored to get it mended, but the worthy artisan 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 South Ferry and with this object in view, we visited the Adj. General, Q.M. General, and other officials—but did not succeed in obtaining our papers. At last, however, ~~[striketrough: i]~~ we reached Maj. Pierce and Capt. Tetlow<sup>63</sup> 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 first scholar in his class, and ought to be an Alpha Delta. He told me that our Society stood first in College, and the ΔKE<sup>64</sup> next. The ΘΔX<sup>65</sup> are hard—the ΨΥ<sup>66</sup> digs. He did not tell me why he had not joined any society. Our boys afterward told me that while he [page 36] [marginalia (head of page): The rebels are reported completely panic-stricken and routed] always expressed a preference for ΑΔΦ he had ~~[striketrough: alwa]~~ never concluded 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.

Conanticut Island<sup>67</sup>, Rocky Point<sup>68</sup> 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 gaining in power, till it [was overwritten: had] become absolutely ravenous

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<sup>63</sup> Possibly John Tetlow, Brown University Class of 1864. He enlisted in Company B, Rhode Island 10th Infantry Regiment on May 26th, 1862 as corporal and was mustered out on September 1st, 1862. Two years later, he was named valedictorian of his class.

<sup>64</sup> Delta Kappa Epsilon is a fraternity founded in 1844 at Yale University.

<sup>65</sup> Theta Delta Chi is a fraternity founded in 1847 at Union College.

<sup>66</sup> Psi Upsilon is a fraternity founded in 1833 at Union College.

<sup>67</sup> I.e., Conanicut Island, located in Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island.

<sup>68</sup> An amusement park in Warwick, Rhode Island. It was opened by Captain William Winslow and operated from 1847 to 1995.



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 [striketrough: com] Maj. Gen. Com. g 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 [page 37] [marginalia (head of page): The bells rung at noon and guns were fired on account of the surrender of Vicksburgh [sic: Vicksburg].<sup>69</sup>] 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 themselves enthusiastic Alpha Deltas.

I shook hands with their delegates to Union,<sup>70</sup> and reminded them of our rights to the Convention<sup>71</sup> which they agreed to support. While the guard were under arms, receiving Maj. Gen. Robbins<sup>72</sup> and staff we examined 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 commodiously 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 gaing [sic: gaining] any great accessions to our number from Brown. We left the boys in their tent, with many [page 38] kind wishes and hoping to meet again

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<sup>69</sup> Vicksburg, Mississippi was a fortress city, protecting the portion of the Mississippi River under Confederate control. The Vicksburg Campaign culminated with the Siege of Vicksburg from May 18<sup>th</sup> to July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

<sup>70</sup> Founded in 1795, Union College is a liberal arts college in Schenectady, New York. The Union College chapter of Alpha Delta Phi was founded in 1859.

<sup>71</sup> The Alpha Delta Phi International Convention is an annual meeting of delegates elected from each chapter of the fraternity. The first convention was held in 1836.

<sup>72</sup> Charles T. Robbins, elected major general by the legislature of Rhode Island on February 19<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

shortly. Page and Bullard<sup>73</sup> (ΑΔΦ's) and Tyler ([?]) 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 Earl House we glanced over the book and were very agreeably surprised to find Caswell'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 Bowdoin 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 [inserted above: the] 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 ΑΔΦ. Poor Charley—I always liked him and can not tell how grieved I am at his misconduct. [page 39]

Wednesday July 9<sup>th</sup>

Went over to the office as usual in company with Caswell. Recruiting was not as lively as usual owing to the draft, which is in full operation.<sup>74</sup>

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

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<sup>73</sup> Herbert Cutler Bullard, Brown Class of 1866, ΑΔΦ. Dr. Bullard graduated from Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1871. He did not serve in the Civil War.

<sup>74</sup> The Enrollment Act, or the Civil War Military Draft Act was enacted on March 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1863. By early July, conscription was in full swing, leading to the New York City Draft Riots from July 13<sup>th</sup> through 16<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

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 1<sup>st</sup> Reg. Batteries and now wants to serve six months, and then get a chance in the U.S. Army. Caswell promised his influence [page ~~39~~ 40] in favor of young Gardiner and the old gentleman would have passed him if he had been in the last stages of consumption.

A young man named Gray, who had been Lieut. in the 152<sup>nd</sup> 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 moustache—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,<sup>75</sup> and was successful in [page [41]] carrying off their pictures. The married lady is a beauty, but Miss Wilcox does not seem to me fascinating by any means.

However Wright, with his usual cheek, [~~striethrough: P~~] succeeded in abstracting the carte's<sup>76</sup> [~~striethrough: on the~~] in exchange for a very unreliable promise to give them his when he had them taken.

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

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<sup>75</sup> i.e., ladies.

<sup>76</sup> i.e., carte de visite.

In the evening, after his return from Elmwood, he started for the distant Olney St. where he spent the evening with his first sweetheart—"gentle Annie."

Caswell and I walked out of the city toward the location of the Quaker College.<sup>77</sup> We saw many charming country [~~places~~] seats and villas near the city.

The draft, unpitying and impartial, has gleaned even among the boarders at the Earl House.

Eighteen are taken, and occasionally a new one comes out with the sign of the conscript, red tape at the button holes. [page 42]

Thursday. July [10<sup>th</sup> overwrite: 9<sup>th</sup>]

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. Maurant 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 overwhelming blow than any which we have yet recieved [sic: 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 [~~held~~] bound for service to the United States but since Caswell 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 swearing, and Kenyon took the same obligation [page [~~42~~]] to pay his bills that he did to pay ours. Caswell having been formerly installed as a member of the 1 Hotel Brigade, furnished in the evening a liberal treat consisting of figs and cherries, to which we did [~~not~~] ample justice.

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<sup>77</sup> Possibly Moses Brown School, founded in 1784 to educate young Quakers in Providence, Rhode Island.

Having become very dirty, I carried some of my personal property up to the house of a washerwoman to be cleansed. The street on which this woman lives contains some wonders of architecture. One dwelling house is built on the model of an Egyptian temple, resembling very much the Tombs in N.Y.<sup>78</sup>

The front would hardly give me the idea that it was intended as a dwelling—  
[~~striketrough: 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 Barnum.<sup>79</sup> On the opposite side was a house in the Syrian [~~inserted above: style~~] with an arch cut through the first story which was made of solid stone. Our sappy Lieut. brought in with him in the morning [page 45] a friend named Blazeder<sup>80</sup> from Dartmouth College, who read the advertizement [~~sic: 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 [~~sic: dispatch~~] from Washington which is to give us a definite understanding of our position.

We went over to the Governor's office<sup>81</sup> in the morning, but were unable to see him as he was engaged. [~~striketrough: but~~] A very polite official, name unknown, gave us some information in regard to the draft, the battery, and our own position.

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<sup>78</sup> Manhattan jail constructed in 1838. It was designed in the Egyptian Revival style of architecture by John Haviland (1792-1852).

<sup>79</sup> P.T. Barnum (1810-1891), a businessman and entertainer. He owned Barnum's American Museum from 1841 to 1865 before entering the circus business with Barnum & Bailey Circus.

<sup>80</sup> Possibly Kimball F. Blaisdell, Dartmouth Class of 1864 (graduated with the Class of 1868), who enlisted in the U.S. Navy at New Bedford, Massachusetts, on July 10<sup>th</sup>, 1863.

<sup>81</sup> James Youngs Smith (1809-1876), the 29<sup>th</sup> governor of Rhode Island. The Republican served from May 26<sup>th</sup>, 1863 to May 29<sup>th</sup>, 1866. He was succeeded by another Republican, Union General Ambrose Burnside.

The despatch [sic: dispatch] from Washington has not yet been recieved [sic: 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.

He gave us to understand however that our bills at the hotels would be assumed by the State. [page unnumbered]

Friday. July 10<sup>th</sup>

Everything is so dull that our presence at the Recruiting Office seemed unnecessary—so Casw. and I called at a Circulating Library on Westminster St. and drew out two standard fictitious works. Scott's *Ivanhoe*<sup>82</sup> and Dickens' *David Copperfield*.<sup>83</sup> 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 [striketrough: the] mingling of pity with the love and tenderness called forth by her [striketrough: 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 true, loving, patient woman, is one which alone is sufficient to give [page 47] Dickens his world wide reputation.

Wilkins Micawber is an inimitable and unique character. Mercurial, hopeful and despondent in the same moment, always waiting for something to "turn up" and never [striketrough: des] cast-down because fortune does not come to him—he is a type exaggerated

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<sup>82</sup> Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), a Scottish author. His historical novel *Ivanhoe* was published in 1820.

<sup>83</sup> Charles Dickens (1812-1870), an English author known for his social critiques. His eighth novel, *David Copperfield*, was published in 1850.

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 ~~[striketrough: live]~~ possess this capacity for happiness, which transmits 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 ~~[striketrough: its fu]~~ the deepest ~~[inserted above: agony of]~~ dejection.

David Copperfield is to me one of the most interesting of all Dicken's [sic: Dickens'] novels. The story is told so~~[inserted above: in so]~~ simple and natural a way that one see the incidents before our very eyes which he has written on [page 46] the paper. There are not wanting some who think that Dickens has 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 11<sup>th</sup>

My time was occupied mostly in reading books from the Circulating Library—Reade's "Love me little, love me long"<sup>84</sup>—and one other. The doubt about our uniforms still continues.

Kenyon got a letter from Majer [sic: Major] Gen. Robbins in the afternoon ordering the Q.M. Gen. to uniform us, but he made some technical excuse.

We were marched to and fro a great deal from one place to another but did not succeed in effecting anything. [page 49]

Sunday July 12<sup>th</sup>

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<sup>84</sup> Charles Reade (1814-1884), an English author best known for the 1861 novel *The Cloister and the Hearth*. His novel *Love Me Little, Love Me Long* was published in 1859.

In pursuance of my plan to visit while here the churches of the different Evangelical denomination,<sup>85</sup> I dropped in to the Beneficent Congregational Church<sup>86</sup> 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 [sic: deceived]. Caswell and I attended church together, and were quartered in a moderately-aged young lady who displayed considerable embarrassment when I expressed [~~strikethrough: our~~] gratitude for her hospitality. The sermon was on Immortality—intended for the annihilation of Sadducees<sup>87</sup> and infidels. The logic did not seem to me very clear—though the oratory was faultless. If to his power of delivery [page 48] were joined Prof. Egbert's<sup>88</sup> faculty for concentrated thought and happy expression, the whole would make a [~~strikethrough: very~~] valuable possession for an orator. Feeling rather unwell I slept during the greater part of the afternoon, but attended S.S. Concert<sup>89</sup> in the evening. Caswell and I conversed on Christianity and daily Piety in the afternoon.

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<sup>85</sup> Evangelicalism is a subset of Protestantism. The movement began in the 18<sup>th</sup> century with the Methodists in England. Evangelists are characterized by belief in conversionism (i.e., “born again,” adult baptism) Biblicism (literal interpretation of Scripture), crucicentism (the atoning properties of Christ's sacrifice), and activism (the effort to express and share the gospel).

<sup>86</sup> A Congregationalist church located at 300 Weybosset Street in Providence, Rhode Island. The church was founded in 1743; the current structure was built in 1810.

<sup>87</sup> A Jewish sect that flourished until the destruction of the Second Temple of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. Members of this more conservative group were generally wealthier and better connected than the Pharisees. They disagreed with Jesus' ministry and are commonly believed to have played a role in his death, leading to their frequent demonization among Christians.

<sup>88</sup> Egbert Coffin Smyth (1829-1904), Bowdoin Class of 1848, graduated from Bangor Theological seminary in 1853. From 1854 to 1863, he was professor of rhetoric and oratory as well as natural and revealed religion.

<sup>89</sup> Sunday dchool concerts, which featured musical performances, dialogue, and other theatrical proclamations promoting temperate living and Christian values.



Our conversation took its origin from some difference of opinion which we had on the subject of the Trinity. Cas is a Universalist.<sup>90</sup>

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. [page 51]

Monday 13<sup>th</sup>

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<sup>91</sup> (or some other of the mistresses of that abandoned Louis Quatorze<sup>92</sup>) *Après nous le deluge*.<sup>93</sup> My practice of deferring the writing of each days record [~~striethrough: for~~] till 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 occasions 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, just up, then down. But lately I have inclined [page 52] downward and am gradually reaching a

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<sup>90</sup> Universalists reject principles of damnation, believing that no sin is everlasting and all souls will be reconciled to God without exception.

<sup>91</sup> Jeanne Antoinette Poisson (1721-1764), was *maîtresse-en-titre*, or chief mistress, to Louis XV from 1745 until her death.

<sup>92</sup> Louis XIV (1638-1715), also known as the Sun King, was a member of the House of Bourbon and ruled as King of France and Navarre from 1643 until his death; Smith has misidentified him in relation to Mme. Pompadour.

<sup>93</sup> “Au reste, après nous, le Déluge,” “besides, after us, the Deluge.” Madame de Pompadour allegedly comforted Louis XV with this phrase after France’s defeat in the Battle of Rossbach in 1757.

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 recieve [sic: 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.

For the fifth time tonight we were marched over to the Q. M. G.'s office and for the fifth time failed to receive our uniforms for some other incomprehensible reasons.— We are quite beginning to despair.

I have resigned myself to apathy and novel reading. Today I have been reading Cecil Dreeme by Winthrop<sup>94</sup>—a book which [inserted above: but] for the funny way in which the sentences are jerked out, and the promiscuous [page 53] 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 [striketrough: go by] [inserted above: fall back] into the ranks of the Forgotten which [striketrough: the] [inserted above: a] 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 leizure [sic: leisure] for considering the style, in which I trace the occasion of [for overwrite: or] my dissatisfaction with the book.— The two faults or peculiarities which I have

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<sup>94</sup> Theodore Winthrop (1828-1861), an American writer. He was the Union's first casualty of rank during the war, dying at the Battle of Big Bethel on June 10<sup>th</sup>, 1861. *Cecil Dreeme*, a novel of social mores at New York University, was published posthumously in 1861.

mentioned and [inserted above: which are] very patent ~~[strikethrough: and]~~ render the style ~~[strikethrough: so]~~ entirely different from [page unnumbered] that of the Author's by whom I swear ~~[strikethrough: that the]~~ ~~[inserted above: and]~~ novelty, especially such novelty, is rather disagreeable.

After the proze [sic: prose] of Dickens which is almost Poetry, and in many places divides into ~~[strikethrough: hexameters]~~ feet naturally with a musical rhythm—the harsh, concise sentences of Winthrop follow like the ~~[strikethrough: notes]~~ rattle of a drum after the soft breathing of a flute.

Many of his thoughts are noble. The spirit which pervades his writings is a spirit of purity—and if this painful~~[strikethrough: ly]~~ 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 (expecting of course periodical improvement) come to fill the places beside Irving<sup>95</sup> and Cooper<sup>96</sup>, 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 [page 55] when the heart from which it drew its support, poured out its life blood in his Country's cause.—

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<sup>95</sup> Washington Irving (1783-1859), was an author best known for his short stories, including "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle."

<sup>96</sup> James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), was an author famous for his historical romances, including *The Last of the Mohicans*.

Honor to the brave young martyr. While I was lazily pursuing this book in the Recruiting I heard footsteps on the stairs, and was agreeably surprised by the entrance of my two Alpha Delta brothers Judson<sup>97</sup> of '65 and Mustin<sup>98</sup> of '66.

They announced a meeting this evening and extended a cordial invitation to all the Bowdoin 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 Earl House at 10.30 with fresh devotion to Alpha Delta kindled in our hearts and burning brightly there.

“Macte Alpha Delta Phi

Gloriosis rebus de”<sup>99</sup>

HFS [page 56]

Monday July 20<sup>th</sup> 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 [striketrough: 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—[inserted above: yet] hoping freely that “some thing would turn up”—

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

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<sup>97</sup> Edward Judson (1844-1914), Brown Class of 1865, AΔΦ. He received his doctorate of divinity from Colgate University, then Madison University, in 1881. He then became professor of theology at Madison and served as a trustee of Brown University from 1880 to 1907.

<sup>98</sup> John Burton Mustin (1844-1871), Brown Class of 1866, AΔΦ. He received his M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1868. He did not serve in the Civil War.

<sup>99</sup> “Well done, Alpha Delta Phi, glorious deeds...,” quoted from the opening stanza of “Macte Alpha Delta Phi,” from the fraternity’s songbook.

In the morning I drew from the Circulating Library on Westminster St. a volume of Orpheus C. Kerr's<sup>100</sup> humorous history of the Peninsula Campaign<sup>101</sup> descriptive of the glorious exploits of the "General of the Mackerel Brigade" alias G. B. McLellan of N. Y." among the comic and amusing tales and mock heroic records of sham-battles he has interspersed some of the most [page 57] ~~pathetic~~ [inserted above: eloquent] and ~~touching~~ [inserted above: pathetic] ~~scenes~~ [inserted above: passages] which I have ever read. The death of the soldier in the Libbey [sic: Libby] Prison<sup>102</sup>—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 overwrite: along] his letters, like flowers ~~among~~ in a field of grass, ~~betrays~~ displays the ~~true~~ genius of its writer and seems the out breathing of a soul in which fires are smouldering [sic: 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 disappointment. 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 Brunswick and wait for news from him. He agreed to pay our bills while here and our expenses home—which is very liberal [page 58] in him—but this decision for

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<sup>100</sup> Robert Henry Newell (1836-1901), a popular humorist who used the pseudonym Orpheus C. Kerr in his satirical articles on the war and contemporary society.

<sup>101</sup> The Peninsula Campaign was the first large-scale offensive in the Eastern Theater. The operation was commanded by Major General George B. McClellan and took place in southern Virginia from March to July, 1862. The campaign culminated with the Union's humiliating defeat in the Seven Days Battles from June 25<sup>th</sup> to July 1<sup>st</sup>.

<sup>102</sup> Libby Prison was a prison in the Confederate capital of Richmond, Virginia. It is notorious for its harsh, overcrowded and unsanitary conditions, as well as for its high mortality rates.

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 confidence 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 disappointing—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.”<sup>103</sup>

An additional mortification was added. It was not enough that we should be made victims [page 59] but others were to suffer with us.

On looking at the book in the evening, we found the names of Lambert,<sup>104</sup> Hanson<sup>105</sup> and Williams of Waterville College.<sup>106</sup> They had come to join the Battery—in a great hurry for fear it would be entirely filled before they arrived. They were sadly disappointed at the condition of affairs, and we asked them up in our room to condole with us over [~~strikethrough: the~~] our misfortunes.

We improvised a little treat and discussed our troubles over some Earl 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.

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<sup>103</sup> Alexander Pope (1688-1744), English poet. This quote is from his c. 1734 poem, “An Essay on Man.”

<sup>104</sup> William Henry Lambert (1843-1890), Colby Class of 1865. He did not serve in the Civil War.

<sup>105</sup> Charles Veranus Hanson (1844-1899), Colby Class of 1865. He graduated from the Newton Theological Institution in 1868. The Reverend served as trustee at Colby from 1883 until his death. He did not serve in the Civil War.

<sup>106</sup> Colby College is a liberal arts school in Waterville, Maine. It was established in 1813 as the Maine Literary and Theological Institution, and was renamed Waterville College in 1821, before settling on the name Colby in 1867.

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. Bills were settled.—barbers [page 60] 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.<sup>107</sup> On our way to B. we organized the Battery, [inserted above: in order] 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 8 ballots) by 5 out of 6 was chosen 1 Lieut. Wright 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieut.—I then appointed Lambert Orderly Sergeant—Williams the remaining sergeants and Caswell the 12 Corporals. I also appointed Williams Surgeon Caswell Quarter Master and Lambert Chaplain, which completed the organization of the Battery.

A lady who sat behind us in the cars, 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. [page 61] 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 surprized [sic: 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 [strikethrough: 6] days of my stay have been so similar in experience that I can not remember upon which day I visited the Athenaeum,<sup>108</sup> on which the State House, and on which I

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<sup>107</sup> Smith would go on to enlist in the Maine 31st Infantry Regiment on April 16<sup>th</sup>, 1864. He mustered out on August 18<sup>th</sup>, 1864, and died of disease on September 20<sup>th</sup>, 1864.

<sup>108</sup> The Athenaeum was founded in 1807 as a library and museum. The current building, located at 10 ½ Beacon Street in Boston, was constructed in 1847.

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.<sup>109</sup> Just as I neared the marble steps of this model hotel I saw a petit form surmounted by a tall hat, which I recognized as the property of my brother in AΔΦ Charlie Robbins.<sup>110</sup> He is on his way to the convention [~~in~~] accompanied [page 62] by my substitute Gussie Libbey.<sup>111</sup>

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 valises 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 Euna was determined from the moment of my arrival that I should see Mount Auburn,<sup>112</sup> 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 [line] [page 63] 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 [~~cerem~~] cemetery, and thus far our plans have been thwarted.

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<sup>109</sup> I.e., Parker House.

<sup>110</sup> Charles Augustus Robbins (1843-?), Bowdoin Class of 1864, AΔΦ. He was appointed acting assistant paymaster in the U.S. Navy on June 25<sup>th</sup>, 1864 and was honorably discharged October 31<sup>st</sup>, 1865.

<sup>111</sup> Augustus Frost Libby (1841-1919), Bowdoin Class of 1864, served in the 6<sup>th</sup> Regiment, Maine Infantry.

<sup>112</sup> Mount Auburn Cemetery was founded in 1831. The beauty of Mount Auburn's landscape and monuments broke colonial conventions of graveyard aesthetics.



I want to record here [a overwrite: 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<sup>113</sup> and basked in its radiance for more than half the time which I spent in the exhibition rooms. 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 ~~[striketrough: and through which the blood]~~ the perfect limbs. I can not describe my admiration and almost reverence. Such ideals do much ~~[striketrough: to]~~ in aiding us to realize what must have been the grace of our first parents whom in the Image of God— He created—

Milton's<sup>114</sup> words—[page unnumbered]

“Grace in her step, heaven in her eye”<sup>115</sup> 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 ravishes his senses and called forth such a flood of affection that its warmth 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.<sup>116</sup>

Ah, well! Such things do not seem improbable to one who has looked on the Medicean Venus.—~~[striketrough: Sever]~~ Often while gazing I have fancied that the limbs were on the point of moving; ~~[striketrough: and]~~ the Goddess about to step from her pedestal and leave us

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<sup>113</sup> The Venus de Medici is a Hellenistic sculpture of the Greek goddess of Love. The original is housed at the Uffizi Gallery in Florence; however, the Athenaeum housed a life-size replica at this time.

<sup>114</sup> John Milton (1608- 1674), an English poet best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost*, first published in 1667.

<sup>115</sup> *Paradise Lost*, Book VIII.

<sup>116</sup> In Ovid's “*Metamorphoses*,” Pygmalion falls in love with a statue that he created and, with the help of Venus, goddess of love, successfully wishes her to life.

for the couch of Vulcan,<sup>117</sup> or perhaps more likely the illicit [sic: illicit] embraces of the God of War.<sup>118</sup>—[~~striketrough: Do ever~~] Sad indeed was the which hurled our race from happiness in Eden, where perfection existed, to this false and unnatural [page 65] condition [~~striketrough: which s~~] 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 [~~striketrough: were~~] seemed admirable to me. I had foolishly seen the best first and found every thing else lessening by comparison.

The Laocoön,<sup>119</sup> the most wonderful in its conception and [~~striketrough: 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 [~~striketrough: tense and~~] muscles of Laocoön [~~inserted above: tense~~] with the desperate struggle to extricate himself from the coils of the poisonous monsters—the despairing languor of the figure on the left who has received the fatal bite and the awful terror of that [~~inserted above: one~~] upon the [~~striketrough: left~~] [~~inserted above: right~~] are [~~striketrough: so~~] thrillingly [~~striketrough: stamped~~] carved in the marble.

Then there is [~~inserted above: the~~] Apollo Belvedere<sup>120</sup> towering in his lofty deity above the forms around him—the dying Gladiator<sup>121</sup> with glazing eyes and the deadly sickness distorting his dying features—[page 66] the infant Bacchus in the arms of his guardian

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<sup>117</sup> The god of fire in Roman mythology.

<sup>118</sup> In Roman mythology, Mars is the God of war.

<sup>119</sup> Laocoön and His Sons is a sculpture by three artists, Agesander, Athenodoros, and Polydorus, from the island of Rhodes. Here Smith admires a replica in the Boston Athenaeum.

<sup>120</sup> The Apollo Belvedere is a life-size marble statue of the Greek god Apollo. The original has been housed at the Vatican since 1815; however, Smith enjoys a replica at the Athenaeum.

<sup>121</sup> The Dying Gaul is a Roman copy of a Hellenistic bronze statue commissioned by Attalus I of Pergamon to commemorate his victory over the Galatians. Until the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the figure was commonly misinterpreted as a Roman gladiator.

Silenus,<sup>122</sup> whose affection for his charge gleams from the marble.— The boy and the eagle in their fierce struggle for mastery<sup>123</sup>—and the shipwrecked mother lying dead and in death, [inserted above: most] lovely on the beach with her infant lying on her bosom. After these living forms I could not admire the paintings as I might. Painting is imitation but Sculpture is creation.

Of all the pictures I preferred Ben West's "Lear in the Tempest"<sup>124</sup> which for a representation of fierce and uncontrollable passion I have never seen equalled [sic: equaled]. The fearful energy of the maddened King as he hurls his maledictions against his foes, and [striketrough: makes] [inserted above: 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 please 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 [page 67] if he had not already left the city. So with ample 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 any position. At last by a vigorous effort of the cheek I succeeded in extracting 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[striketrough: s] to pass through of

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<sup>122</sup> In Roman mythology, Silenus serves as tutor and foster father to Bacchus, god of wine.

<sup>123</sup> In Greek mythology, Zeus transforms into an eagle in order to abduct the attractive, young Ganymede, and the boy serves as cupbearer to the gods in Olympus.

<sup>124</sup> Benjamin West (1738-1820), an Anglo-American painter best known for his depictions of historical scenes during and after the American Revolutionary War. His oil on canvas painting of a scene from King Lear was completed circa 1788.

mortification and chagrin in connection with the 3<sup>rd</sup> R.I. Battery.<sup>125</sup> 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 has just returned from Providence, where he had passed [page 68] through an experience very similar to ours. 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 guttapercha<sup>126</sup> watch 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<sup>127</sup> Chapel.

Wednesday~~[striketrough: s]~~ July 22.

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 seaport of the Canadas”) Sunday afternoon I listened to Mr. Webb<sup>128</sup> of the Shawmut [page 69] Church. His sermon was an excellent one from the text “How much owest thou my Lord?”<sup>129</sup> 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

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<sup>125</sup> The 3<sup>rd</sup> Rhode Island Battery of Heavy Artillery was organized in Providence as the 3rd Rhode Island Infantry in August, 1861. The regiment was officially changed to heavy artillery on December 19<sup>th</sup>, 1861 at Hilton Head, South Carolina.

<sup>126</sup> Tropical trees native to Southeast Asia. In the 19<sup>th</sup> century, the tree’s natural rubber sap saw widespread use in furniture, jewelry, and even in the insulation of the Transatlantic Telegraph Cable.

<sup>127</sup> James Freeman Clarke (1810-1888), Harvard Class of 1829, a Unitarian theologian and abolitionist.

<sup>128</sup> Edwin Bonaparte Webb (1820-1901), Bowdoin Class of 1846, served as pastor of the Shawmut Congregational Church in Boston throughout the Civil War.

<sup>129</sup> Luke 16:5.

Euna 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 clinks 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 Wesson to see the Examination of the Everetts School for Girls.<sup>130</sup> It was a [page 70] very well-conducted school apparently, and the examination [~~striethrough: was~~] showed 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 males and insinuated myself between the females as well as I could, though once or twice I became entangled in crinoline and narrowly escaped falling.

Escaped at last, I returned to the houses, and found some letter awaiting me, one from Emma (enclosing Etta's picture which I had sent for to take to war with me as an amulet) one from Harry, one from Shuttes asking me to act as Travelling Agent for his black Ink (which I most respectfully though finally refuse to do) and one for the Hon. Henry Y. Smith from a poor minister in the harbor whose brother was imprisoned unjustly [sic: unjustly] accused of desertion, and as his father was at the point of death, beseeching his pardon. [line] [page 71]

I sent this immediately to the Governor of R.I.<sup>131</sup> supposing it intended for him—deeply pitying the poor minister whose letter has been so unfortunately delayed.

Emma's letter states that Lieut. Lowell is probably killed, as he was left desperately wounded on the field and has not been heard of since. Charlie Hunt<sup>132</sup> is wounded and to return

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<sup>130</sup> The Everett School-house opened in 1860 as a common school for girls in Boston. It was named for the Honorable Edward Everett (1794-1865), a Massachusetts politician who served as governor as well as serving in the U.S. Congress and Senate.

<sup>131</sup> James Youngs Smith (1809-1876), the 29<sup>th</sup> governor of Rhode Island. The Republican served from May 26, 1863 to May 29<sup>th</sup>, 1866. The reverend mistakes the governor's first name for Henry in his letter.

home for a short time. How I wish I could be where the bullets are flying, but my fate forbids it 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. Cruft<sup>133</sup> is. We enjoyed ourselves “fighting our battles o’er again” and telling 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 **Butter Combustion Troupe’s** performance in the Museum [page 72] 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 26<sup>th</sup>

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 [striketrough: 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 Emma and I were deluded by the promising appearance of the sky into an excursion to Mount Auburn. We rode out by the road which passes Longfellow’s [page 73] mansion<sup>134</sup>—Washington’s head quarters—and Russell Lowell’s.<sup>135</sup>

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<sup>132</sup> Charles Oliver Hunt (1839-1909), Bowdoin Class of 1861, AΔΦ. He joined the Union Army upon his graduation, serving as sergeant and then lieutenant in the 5<sup>th</sup> Maine Battery. He graduated from the Medical School of Maine in 1867 and received his M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1868. He, like Smith, was a native of Gorham, Maine.

<sup>133</sup> Samuel B. Cruft (1816-1899), Harvard Class of 1836, a Boston clergyman and member of numerous charitable societies.

<sup>134</sup> Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), Bowdoin Class of 1825, was a member of the Peucinian Society, one of Bowdoin’s literary societies. The poet went on to become professor of modern languages at his Alma Mater

The city of the dead was as lovely and as lonely as ever. The marble tombstones glimmered through the trees like ghosts and there was a dim, religious silence which best befitted the place.

The tomb of Rufus Choate<sup>136</sup> which bore simply his name chizelled [sic: chiseled] plainly [striketrough: not] [inserted above: without] gaudy ornaments of any kind pleased me very much.

A family enclosure belonging to the contained some very appropriate inscriptions for the mother—who was blind

“From darkness into light The book of life unfolds.” For one who survived them all “he would not leave this then lone one”—the rain which came pattering down from the foliage of oaks and maples above us prevented our extending our walks as far as we should otherwise have done, and we turned back slightly disappointed, but promising ourselves [page 74] a day at Forest Hill<sup>137</sup> to atone for it. The continual rain prevented my going out of doors and so I remained with the family till the 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 “ma

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from 1829 to 1835 and then at Harvard until 1854. He lived at 105 Brattle Street in Cambridge until his death. The house, built in 1759, had previously served as the headquarters of George Washington.

<sup>135</sup> James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), Harvard Class of 1838, was a poet and abolitionist. He is considered a member of the Fireside Poets along with Bowdoin alumnus, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Lowell’s birthplace and residence, built in 1767, is located at 33 Elmwood Avenue in Cambridge. Today it is the official residence of the president of Harvard University.

<sup>136</sup> Rufus Choate (1799-1859), a lawyer and politician. He served Massachusetts in the U.S. House of Representatives and the U.S. Senate as a member of the Whig party. In 1853, he served as the 10<sup>th</sup> Massachusetts attorney general for one year.

<sup>137</sup> A neighborhood in Boston known for its hilly terrain.

seule”<sup>138</sup> at Boston, her letter had delayed so long and so I finally decided to return. I wrote to Etta informing her of my disappointment and asking her consideration, 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 [page 75] in securing a berth. Staterooms 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 [inserted above: back] and melted like the spray from the Sturgeon in the Culprit Fay.<sup>139</sup> 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 has not my little Auntie answered ~~[strikethrough: her]~~ my last letter I wonder.

She is strangely remiss. [page 76] Over the swelling billows with a dizzy swing—leaving the gleaming lights of the city far behind and rashing on with a dash of breaking waves ever in my ear and the foaming stream which had leaped up round the bows and been burlled madly down and tossed 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

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<sup>138</sup> I.e., my only love.

<sup>139</sup> A poem by Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820). “The Culprit Fay” was written in 1819 and published posthumously in 1835 as part of the book *The Culprit Fay and Other Poems*.



sail down our lovely Casco Bay on the Harvest Moon. The sea was at rest and the passage a very pleasant one. We passed Seguin where the Enterprize [sic: Enterprise] and Boxer fought in 1815<sup>140</sup> and turned in at the mouth of the Kennebec<sup>141</sup> to follow as the course of the river, embosomed in braving foliage till we arrived at Bath.<sup>142</sup> 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 [page 77] to my room where I found Harry after waiting for a while. I went directly to see the Prex.<sup>143</sup> 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.<sup>144</sup>

The boys professed to be glad to see me back and I enjoyed [striketrough: my] being at my Alma Mater very much. Much study that wearisome thing to the flesh, occupied me all the day. In the evening there was a Union Meeting downtown under the auspices of the Union League.<sup>145</sup> 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 Phi meeting in the evening.

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<sup>140</sup> The Capture of HMS Boxer was a naval battle of the War of 1812. The U.S. Navy brig USS Enterprise defeated the Royal Navy brig on September 5<sup>th</sup>, 1813. Smith misidentifies the year as 1815.

<sup>141</sup> The Kennebec River is 170 miles in length and falls entirely within the borders of Maine.

<sup>142</sup> An industrial seaport incorporated as a city in 1847. Bath's most renowned industry is shipbuilding, which began in 1743.

<sup>143</sup> Leonard Woods, Jr. (1807-1878), Union College Class of 1827, served as Bowdoin's fourth president from 1839 to 1866. He also graduated from Andover Theological Seminary.

<sup>144</sup> Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 BC), a philosopher, orator, and statesman in ancient Rome. Many of his speeches and letters have survived.

<sup>145</sup> Associations organized to promote loyalty to the Union. The first Union League was established in 1862 by a group of Ohio Republicans. These political and social groups spread throughout the North.

Friday made up in Cicero. Saturday in Demosthenes,<sup>146</sup> French, Horace<sup>147</sup> and Alcestis<sup>148</sup> all with credit. Much to my dismay I found that I had five themes [page 72] still due, but I shall finish them. Nothing shall deter me from getting my junior ticket—nothing if I can possibly prevent it.

Sunday was rainy nearly all day and the Doctor preached.

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

Study again all day and committed [~~strikethrough: my~~] myself to the tender mercies of Prof Billy<sup>149</sup> at 8 o'clock [The?] gave me a fearful examination of over two hours with Tommy Anderson.<sup>150</sup> [~~strikethrough~~]

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 myself by a very brilliant recitation.

On Saturday eve I recieved [sic: received] a letter from my friend in Springfield—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 [page 73] an unexpected thing. My deceitful little correspondent has known all about me from some nameless person ever wince 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.

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<sup>146</sup> Demosthenes (384-322 BC), an Athenian statesman and orator.

<sup>147</sup> Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65–8 BC), Roman lyric poet.

<sup>148</sup> A play by Athenian tragedian Euripides (c. 480-406 BC). It is based on the myth of Alcestis, a queen who sacrifices herself for her husband, King Admetus, but is saved from Hades and the underworld by the hero Heracles.

<sup>149</sup> William Smyth (1797-1868), Bowdoin Class of 1822, returned to Bowdoin in 1825 as professor of mathematics, and became associate professor of natural philosophy in 1846.

<sup>150</sup> Thomas Davee Anderson (1839-1879), Bowdoin Class of 1865. Anderson graduated from the Columbian College in the District of Columbia, now George Washington University, with an L.L.B. in 1868. He did not serve in the Civil War.

It cleared her from the [~~level~~] charge of indiscretion which she had brought against herself in one of her previous letters. Those eyes which she speaks of as “sounds” are going to play the deuce with me some day.

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 [~~th~~] 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 intellect and Fox perseverance could prevent it. [page 74]

July 30<sup>th</sup>

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 Prex. read the names Cotton<sup>151</sup> and Easton.<sup>152</sup> They seemed determined not to neglect our Societies AΔΦ and [Psi ?]. Easton was the best speaker by all means; but he stumbled once and hesitated—and I supposed that this would debar 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 [?] 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-campmeeting tune.

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<sup>151</sup> John Bradbury Cotton (1841-1909), Bowdoin Class of 1865. Upon graduation, he worked as a lawyer in Lewiston, Maine until 1889, when he moved to Washington, D.C. and served as assistant U.S. attorney general until 1893. He did not serve in the Civil War.

<sup>152</sup> David Augustus Easton (1843-1894), Bowdoin Class of 1865, graduated from the Andover Theological Seminary in 1869 before becoming a congregational minister in New York City. He later became interested in the doctrines of Christian Science, graduating from the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in 1889, and becoming pastor of the First Church of Christ, Scientist in Boston.

The words [?]

If you could make old Satan run

E-li o in the valley

Just shoot him with the gospel gun

Notting right along to glory [page 75]

Friday July 31<sup>st</sup>

The last day of my birth-month signaled by my final happy admission to the junior class. I believe I shall indulge in self [inserted above: con]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<sup>153</sup> and made up on Trigonometry and Surveying—leaving only their books of Geometry which I endeavored to prevail on him to excuse promising to make up after I had recieved [sic: received] my ticket. He assured me that he would do his best, which promise added to Prof. Whittlesey's let me little doubt on the question and in the evening I devoted myself to the task of pen making in which I distinguish myself. The following are some of my base attempts.

Why is a fellow smoking a Break [page 76] of day cigar like a man with the stomach-ache?

Because he has a sick centre [sic: center] (6 center)

Why is the same man like a person afflicted with erysypelas<sup>154</sup> [sic: erysipelas] in his nose?

For the same reason, having a sick scenter

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

Levyng black males mails

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<sup>153</sup> Wellington Rolvin Cross (1835-1891), Bowdoin Class of 1861, served as tutor at Bowdoin for two years before graduating from Bangor Theological Seminary in 1865 and becoming a pastor. He did not serve in the Civil War.

<sup>154</sup> I.e., erysipelas, a streptococcus bacterial infection.

And many more as bad. Here are a few elegant verses to Mssrs. 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 [page 77]

[~~striethrough: Thursday~~] [~~inserted above: Wednesday~~] morning dawned with the usual clouds and darkness which [~~inserted above: have~~] 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 merely on account of these paltry studies which my great soul held in utter contempt.

My fears were realized though not my worst fears— 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 puffed up at their entrance [~~in overwrite: on~~] the dignified character of upper classmen. For my part I was disappointed, for I had trusted to the assurances of the two members of the Faculty— But after two days study I succeeded in passing before Cross, and obtaining my ticket. So ends my record. I shall henceforth devote my book to [~~striethrough: a~~] memoranda and general remarks. [page unnumbered]

Horatio Fox Smith

“[~~striethrough: Nero~~] [~~inserted above: Galba~~] 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.”<sup>155</sup>

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<sup>155</sup> Nero (37-68 AD), Roman Emperor from 54 to 68. Known for his affinity for executions, he sought to put Galba (3 BC-69 AD) to death, but ultimately committed suicide before following through on the execution. Galba, then

Quere. How much would our annual revenue be increased—~~[striketrough: at least]~~  
[inserted above: by] how much less would it be diminished, if ~~[striketrough: the]~~ a similar law  
were applied to the contractors and defaulters who fatten in the public spoils at the present day?”  
[line]

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 [line]  
~~[striketrough: What is pleasure but a cheat?]~~

~~[striketrough: Joy, our ghastly]~~ [inserted above: a poor attempt at] self Deceit?  
Life but the tramp of weary feet? [page unnumbered]

Active Pleasure Nought  
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

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governor of Hispania Tarraconensis, became the first Caesar of the Year of Four Emperors, ruling for seven months from 68 to 69.

Which gleaming where the tempesty dash  
Heralds the thunder's awful crash?  
Soul, by life's long cares oppressed,  
[?] not Love or joy the best  
Seek thy happiness in Rest. [line]  
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 dread summoner cometh  
And he beckoneth, beckoneth ever  
Saying "Up! For thine hour is come."—  
Saying "Uh! For they waiting is ended."  
Then straightway, the tolling bells swing  
And dive with a cloudy foreboding  
We go to the Court of the King. [page unnumbered]  
To my Linden tree  
Tall grief-laden Linden,;  
Drop to earth thy golden glory  
Sorrowfully down!  
As the morning breezes,  
List'ning to they mournful story,  
Sway thy dewy crown.

Leave, despairing Vestal,  
All the beauties thou hast boasted!  
See no more for aye  
Fire-tongues Pentecostal  
Blazing on the Maples forehead  
All the Autumn day.  
Think, bereft and lonely, forever  
Not of joys ~~[strikethrough: which thou hast]~~ <sup>[inserted above: now lost]</sup>  
Not of months gone by,  
Think sad Linden, only,  
As thy restless shadow~~[strikethrough: s]~~ shuns  
The sun's unfilmed eye.  
[Thy overwrite: That] the Springtime cometh  
When thy mourning shall be ended  
And a caressing wind,  
Not the chill breeze that numbeth  
They bare limbs with cold embraces  
Shall lay thee in its <sup>[sieken?]</sup> folds, and leave no pain behind [page unnumbered]  
I only know I love thee  
I know no worldly creed;  
I own no social fetter.  
Of courtly phrase I have no need,  
I <sup>[?]</sup> 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 the name thou bearest  
A loving heart can ne'er be sold  
E'en to the best and fairest.  
I dare not ask. I can not hope  
With heartfelt pleas to move thee  
I ask not hope not, know not more  
I only know I love thee  
October 23<sup>rd</sup>/63

[line]

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

“Where never floats an European flag—”<sup>156</sup> [page unnumbered]

Quick!

Over the Blackfells pebbly bed  
[?] by the marshland's treach'rous marge  
By the [?] wood where the leaves are red  
By the Long land-slide's giddy verge.  
O! Press on with the lightning speed

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<sup>156</sup> Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892), poet laureate of Great Britain and Ireland from 1850 until his death. He wrote “Locksley Hall” in 1835. The poem depicts a soldier's return to his childhood home and was first published as part of his 1842 volume, *Poems*.

Fly till thy iron jaws drop foam

Fly till thy steel-girt sinews bleed

Fly! Till I reach my home.

Sept./63 [line]

The Dragon Song.

Our sabres were blue

But we dyed them in red.

When the grey coated troopers of Ashby did [inserted above: reel]

For we walked out our passage

By winrows of dead.

And our sword strokes rained down

In a tempest of steel.

October 31<sup>st</sup>

[page unnumbered]

My Incongnita'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 nestling round a mouth.

By nature made for pleasant answers.

So small and with such tempting curves  
Well formed to ply its sweet vocation.  
None but a cynic could resist  
The red lips constant invitation. [line]

Leave me not—  
The night was full of silver light  
It flashed on river, danced on meadow.  
The fir-trees tip is bathed in [page unnumbered]

Leave me not.  
Where are the mates my childhood knew  
When life and hope were young together  
When love was warm & friendship true—  
And every day was pleasant weather?  
Gone, gone [my overwrite: the] merry lads are gone.  
They meet me now in visions only—  
Oh! Ye who love me, leave me not;  
For Life is lonely— [page unnumbered]  
My Junior Part.

The Devotee by Uhland.<sup>157</sup>

Translated November 1863. [line]

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Where Galicia's cliffs look sea-ward,

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<sup>157</sup> Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862), a German poet.

And against the steady line  
Ocean hurls her thundering billows,  
Stands a holy statues shrine;  
Where the queen, God's blissful mother,  
Frees from danger, shrives from sin.  
For the wanderer in the desert  
Beameth there a golden star;  
For the storm-tossed one a haven  
[?] within that harbor's bar,  
In the black and dreary night,  
And when the wild winds moan afar—  
Now the Vesper Bell is tolling;  
Over cliff and fill and lake,  
In the cities, in the cloisters  
All the brazen tongues awake,  
Making soft and mellow music  
All for Mary mother's sake [page unnumbered]  
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 sent the grave's dark portal,  
And the son, by all adored,  
In the garden met the Virgin,  
Eve to higher joys she started.  
There within her sanctuary  
Many a marvel had she done;  
And men saw her very presence,  
Where before her form alone  
Stood, with smile of holy rapture,  
Wrought in white and spotless stone  
Banners with the crop 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 [?] play. [page unnumbered]  
Up the rocky ascent toiling,  
Pilgrims throng, a ceaseless stream;  
Till the mountain [?] a ladder  
Like that one of old doth seem,  
Which the patriarch beheld  
By angels crowed, in a dream—,  
Close behind the happy pilgrims

Plod along with weary tread  
Men of wan and wasted features,  
Stooping form and bended head;  
Men who toil 'neath heavy penances  
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. [line]  
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 [page unnumbered]  
See the ring of rusty iron  
Round his shrunken body bound  
Hear 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 heart of his passion  
Has 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 vain.  
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 [sic: marvelous] compassion  
Burst his chain and end his quest.  
Though he walked 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 spirits door  
Every holy shrine he visits  
Hopeless, helpless evermore— [page unnumbered]  
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 resteth  
On the mountain's rugged brow.  
In his sin he dare not enter  
Where the Virgin's image stands  
Purpled with imperial splendor [sic: 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 waves is poured  
Say! remained the Heaven open  
When the Virgin upward soared  
And from out the Sacred City  
Is a radiant glory poured –  
On the rosy cloud remaineth  
Still her foot-print like a crown  
And from out the field of azure  
On the summit bleak and brown  
[?] the purple of the Sunset  
Lo the queen herself looks down. [page unnumbered]  
From the shrine the happy pilgrims  
Slowly move; but one low lies



By the convent's foot worn threshold,  
With pale face and rayless eyes;  
But his pallied 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  
Seeks a home among the blest  
“Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest”

Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> 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 shrinking soul—  
Man in the presence of God.

[unnumbered page]The Alpha Delta girls

Air—“Low Bach Car—

While toasting all the friends we lone

Oh, let us not forget:

The lovely ones whose memory

Is lingering with us yet.

Old Horace raved of ruby lips

Bright eyes and sunny curls.—

The Roman knew—we think so to.

Here's the Alpha Delta girls

Chorus

They [strikethrough: can] [inserted above: may] not seek our mystic shrine

Nor learn our signs & grips

But though we dare not trust their [inserted above: tongues]

We've unbounded faith in their lips—

And when our crescent [rides?] the sky—

Our star is brow impearls,—

Beneath our symbol we will pledge

The Alpha Delta girls.

Chorus [2 blank leafs]

[page unnumbered] Letters Recieved [sic: received] and Written

Written	Recieved [sic: Received]
Mary. July 2 <sup>nd</sup>	6 <sup>th</sup> Mother Etta
George Packard. 2 <sup>nd</sup>	7 <sup>th</sup> Frank
3 <sup>rd</sup> Harry Chapman Ed Appleton	10 <sup>th</sup> Uncle John

6 <sup>th</sup> Uncle John	14 <sup>th</sup> Mary  E. Appleton
[8 <sup>th</sup> overwrite: 7 <sup>th</sup> ] Etta	19 <sup>th</sup> C. H. Andrews
8 <sup>th</sup> Mrs. Chapman	20 <sup>th</sup> H. L. Chapman  Emma  Shutts
7 <sup>th</sup> Merriam	25 <sup>th</sup> Etta
6 <sup>th</sup> Frank	[29 <sup>th</sup> overwrite: 28 <sup>th</sup> ] Wright \$3.00  Whittier
14 <sup>th</sup> Whittier  Emma	
17 <sup>th</sup> Mother.	
22 <sup>nd</sup> Etta. Boston	
28 <sup>th</sup> Etta Bowdoin	
29 <sup>th</sup> George Cruft  Wright  Mary	
27 <sup>th</sup> Frank.	
30 <sup>th</sup> E. Appleton  Whittier	

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[page unnumbered] [in pencil] Will Negroes fight

An intrenchment [sic: entrenchment] called Verdiere [sic: Vertieres]

Capoix [sic: Capois]—<sup>158</sup>

[pen and ink]

Cliffs standing like [~~strikethrough: Napoleon's~~] [inserted above: Wellington's]<sup>159</sup> veterans.

Why are persons bathing like a consumptive's [?]

Because they come out in short pants.

The Sun like the dolphins

brightest in death

She has stolen my heart and steeled her own

[page unnumbered] [in pencil]

\$77.00

35

2.00

1.54

35

15

1.00

35

6.74

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<sup>158</sup> François Capois (1766-1806), a Haitian slave. He led the Haitian rebels to victory in the Battle of Vertières, the final battle of the Haitian Revolution, on November 18<sup>th</sup>, 1801.

<sup>159</sup> Arthur Wellesley (1769-1852), 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of Wellington. He was a commander in the British army during the Napoleonic Wars, defeating Napoleon in the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. He served as prime minister of the United Kingdom from 1828 to 1830.

70.60

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29.00

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2.00

11.00

1.00

10.00

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5.50

14.60

6.50

21.10

[page unnumbered] [in pencil]

Judson, 65

Mustin, 66

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