

---

410 11/1/1852 *From:* C. H. Howard

*To:* Brother [O O Howard]

OOH-0387a

Leeds

*Source:* Bowdoin

---

Leeds Nov 1st 1852

Dear Brother

It has been a long time since I addressed you by way of letter. And as you have learned, I am situated differently somewhat from what I was when I last wrote. And perhaps you would like to hear the circumstances connected with the change in the place of date of my last & this letter although perhaps you have heard them all through Mother's & Rowland's letters.

After writing you my last letter (of which I can hardly remember & perhaps you have entirely forgotten) on Saturday I remained at Kents Hill until the next Friday (I believe that I wrote you that I intended to walk down to Wayne Friday eve & then walk home Saturday morning). My health was pretty good that week, although my stomach seemed out of order and my head felt somewhat heavy & dull & sometimes pained me. Well Friday came, in the morning it looked as though it was about to rain, which made me feel a little disappointed. But I soon discovered that it was breaking away in the West & that it was going to clear off.

About Eleven o'clock just as my Latin bell rang, Mother & Dellie drove up to the door. I was glad to see them, I assure you. Mother had brought all of my things but she told me I might go home if I wished. I hesitated some time about making up my mind but did so at last just before it was time for them to go and concluded to go with them not thinking however of stopping more than until Sabbath evening. And so I took nothing with me more than what I had on me. I wore my palm leaf hat home, which you know would have been pretty cold to wear in the middle of Oct. for I believe it was past the middle when Rowland went after my trunk. But you know it did not make any difference to me whether I had any hat or cap as long as I had clothes enough on my bed for about two weeks & I have not needed a cap much until quite lately. But I believe I am getting ahead of my story.

We started from Mr Robinson's about three o'clock, had quite a pleasant ride down to Wayne for the weather was very warm & pleasant. We arrived at Arza's a little before five o'clock. We took supper there & when we got ready to start for home it was sunset. Mother thought she must call and just see Mrs Sampson who has been very sick this fall. I believe she was better the last we heard. Mother did not stop long and we were soon on our way home again. We got here about eight o'clock. The next day I had a bad head ache but I went about, out of doors & I believe that was the last I went out of doors for about four weeks when I rode down as far as aunt Lucretia's. Rowland went after Dr Bradford I believe Monday. He came Tuesday after this for a fortnight. I suppose you know about as much about it as I do, for I do not remember much that passed during those two weeks. After this I began to gain slowly.

After I got so I could sit up in the armed chair I was pretty lonesome sometimes, for mother was obliged to be out in the kitchen at work. I had to sit here in this North Room alone. If I could have read I should have had something to have taken up my attention but I was not allowed to read for fear of injuring my eyes.

I almost forgot to tell you that while I was quite sick they told me that there was a letter for me from Roscoe Jennings came in the mail of that night & that it contained a letter from you but I was so sick that I could not hear it. In four or five days from this time I felt so well one day that I asked mother to read it to me. She read a part of it, and had to put it away again for it tired me so to hear it that I told her I should have to wait until I got still better before I could hear it. It was not long however before I could have it read & also read it myself. It was in answer to my last one.

We rec a letter from you last - no week ago last Saturday. We were all as you also was very glad to hear that Mrs Waite was better. I was glad to see you write so cheerfully so very much more so than in your last one before. We first heard of Mrs Waite's sickness through your letters & we did not again hear from her until we again had a letter from you. I was very sorry to hear that you had lost your money for I suppose there is no way of recovering it there.

We heard from Mrs Waite last Thursday. Aunt Martha Jane & Mrs Haines, Squire Haines's wife of Portland, came here Thursday morning about eleven o'clock. They said she was gaining but slowly. They stopped here a

few moments & mother went with them up to uncle Ensign's. Rowland went up to bring mother home at night & brought her down to Mr Barrow's to the band for it meets there now & the club meets at Mr Tupper's house.

The meetings closed about eight o'clock when Rowland & mother started for home. The colt acted quite gently until they got into the road when he started and run as fast as possible as far as Mr Alden's when Rowland turned him into his door yard he stoped. Mr Alden came out & he & Rowland examined the harness all over and also the <carriage> but could find nothing wrong. Mr Alden led her down that hill by his house & Rowland then got into the carriage and he went on as well as any horse until <they> arrived at the top of that hill where Arza Lathrop <> lives & where Melvin Berry did live. Then he began to run again & mother said that he must have run <faster> than he did at first. He ran until he got most <up> that hill by Mr Merrill's. Then mother did not care <for> riding any farther. After they had been there a few minutes looking over the harness, Henry Brewster came along <> & she left Rowland & got in with Henry & rode <home>.

We were some alarmed about Rowland & so <> although unwell concluded to walk down the road <to> meet him but before S. got more than down to the road <> & I being up in in the north chamber saw & heard him <> it being a moonlight evening. We saw him first just this <side> of Capt Turners & I could hear the colt's heels strike the <ground> about every second & he was running very fast. I being <so> weak it frightened me very much.

The stairs that I could descend in the morning with out holding on up above, & letting myself down with my hands I came down pretty quickly that night I tell you. We saw that he stoped down to the <> & mother went down there pretty quick. & I went out in the <> room to tell Rowland A & Lucia but when I got out there <> I could hardly speak & I almost fainted away. R.A. <& Lucia> went to meet them also. & found that no <injury> had been done except to the carriage which had several spokes bent in it. Rowland walked him about all the way from Mr Morrill's & led him down Squire Turner's Hill <> when he got on top of the Hill the other side of Capt Turners he began to run again & Rowland had fixed the bridle so that <he> could hold him this time and this made him mad and so he kicked. I heard someone ask father the <next> day if he know what made him run or something like that and he said he could guess perhaps you can guess and I want write what they think made him kick. I don't <> he would kick now. There was only two or three days about that time that he would kick. I thought you would like to <> hear what a time we all had here, so frightened.

Arza has so far recovered that he has been over to make us a visit although he has two cains when he walks yet we <should> be obliged to say that he can walk. He & his wife came over here week ago last Wednesday. They stoped all night here & then went to Greene for he wished to hear the news that Loiza brought for she has been to Mass. Warren brought Arza & wife back Sunday. They went <home> Friday.

Rowland was down to Hallowell Monday <& to> Augusta. He went to get a glee club to come and sing at the Mass meeting which was held at Leeds on Wednesday <> up by the Scott & Graham Club of which he is <a> member. Father went to the River on Tuesday & came back the same night. Mother consented to let me go to <> meeting although I had not been as far from them <before> since I was sick. I think we had a very good meeting indeed. Mr Goddard & Benson were the only speakers beside <Floris> Gould. Mr G I think is a very good speaker. He is a lawyer from Lewiston. Mother took me away before Mr B had got through. I suppose you have heard him speak in public. He seemed a little more at home than Mr G & I believe he is much more used to it. Mother said that just before Wm A Harrison's election he was sent by the Whigs to lecture all of the way here to Washington. There was about three hundred present. There would have been about twice that number had it not been for the disappointment of not having the cars run as they expected on the hand bills which they put up. It said that they had made arrangements with the A.R.R.Co. So as to have the cars leave Haines' Corner at 12 o'clock, Noris' Ferry 12-30, North Leeds 12-45 & be at Leeds Corner at one the time appointed for the meeting. But the engine did not get here so soon as they expected. Uncle Ensign was chosen president of the meeting. Rowland did not get the Glee Club of Augusta, but we had good singing by Mr Davie (Bass & <>) Thos Bridgham (tenor) Giddeon (Alto) & R.B. (bass). They say from a Scott song book such tunes as "Old dan Tucker" "Dearest <Maine>" etc.

Tuesday

I think I have written about all of the news. It has rained here ever since last Saturday, does not rain much now but is breezy. George Lothrop & Huldah & Hilda came down here last eve. They are soon to move to Livermore Falls. Today is Election day in Maine. It is quite doubtful who will be elected. I have been thinking it over & have concluded that this is about the poorest letter that I have written for some time. My hand trembles so that I can hardly hold my pen & for this reason you must excuse the bad penmanship this time. And I will try when I get a little stronger to do a great deal better & I hope I can. I am quite weak yet but am constantly gaining. It has been but about six weeks since I was taken sick. Oh! I almost forgot to tell you that we had a letter from Lizzie last Saturday. She said her mother could not yet sit up. George W Jones is quite sick with the

Typhoid fever the same as the one which I had. He is at home. If he gets able he thinks of going back to California with his brother-in-law Mr Curry who has been there about two years but who is at Mr Jones' now. He will also carry his family with him.

Our folks are all well. The men are all going to town meeting today. Mother's health is pretty good. She is sweeping here by me now. Don't you wish you could have mother to sweep your room some times. This must answer for the present. I will try & do better next time. Write as soon as possible Otis.

From Your Affectionate brother  
Chas H Howard

[This letter continues on the next letter from Rowland]

---

411 11/1/1852 *From:* Rowland B Howard *To:* Brother [O O Howard]

OOH-0387b

Leeds

*Source:* Bowdoin

---

[This letter is a continuation of the previous letter from Charles.]

Dear Brother

This is decidedly a bad day for the greatest election the world ever saw. It rains like (oh most anything) and Father says a rainy day always hurts the Whig vote. I should have had no doubt of Maine's going right had it been pleasant. No really temperance man will vote for Frank Pierce. If that gentleman is elected, it will be a grand time for Army officers. He'll shake his fists at somebody, and then look out for a fight. Vacancies and of course promotions. I suppose Charley has written all of the news as I see he has a monster of a letter. I at Mother's suggestion enclose \$2.00, supposing that owing to your misfortune, you may be a little short of change.

Believe me your aff bro.  
Rowland

---

413 11/21/1852 *From:* E. Gilmore

*To:* O O Howard

OOH-0388

Leeds

*Source:* Bowdoin

---

Leeds Nov the 21 1852

My dear son,

I have built me a fire, on purpose to be alone and give my attention, wholly to you. It is a long while since I have attempted to write a letter to any of my children. I hope you have been prospering all the while but I have fears that all has not always gone well with you at all times, but I hope nothing very serious has occurred to you. Perhaps your Mother has done wrong in letting small things prevent her from writing in answer to each and every one of your letters, but we must abide the results. I could sit and write over my reasons, but they are nothing more than common ones. Your demerits count up to 43, which seems to say all is not right, your letters are good, affectionate open hearted, just such as should pass between Mother and son. My sympathy's are always awake to everything that affects you. I am happy in proportion as you, happy, have much I could desire, that you were not so much dependant on the treatment you receive from others. I cannot think but what your nervous sistem is taxed to the utmost in your daily labours, or you could bear more from a sneering man for whose conduct you can feel no other, than the utmost contempt of feeling, and showing contempt in some situations are very different things. What is past can not be recalled in your situation. Neither do I wish to call up any unhappy feelings to no purpose. I think you are perfectly sensible of the deficiency in your composition, on education, you must look upon yourself as far superior to such persons, in your candid moments. I can conceive of it, exactly but think it my women's weakness, but we will turn to more pleasant subjects hoping all is well! We have received your address and your long and kind letters. I feel as though mine is a poor compensation for them, but still there is a great pleasure in receiving letters from my son and in answering them.

Our thanksgiving is past and with us without much account, Mother was with me and is here now. I have not taken a thanksgiving dinner with her since my father died before this one. She has changed in some respects very much since you saw her. Your father went to Uncle Ensign's for her thanksgiving day. So she took her breakfast with one child and dinner with another. Your Uncle Ensign has had very poor health this fall. I have sometimes been affraid, he was running down entirely, but your father saw him out yesterday, and thinks him essentially better. He has had a severe cough with pain in the side, nearly three months.

I received a letter this evening from R.B.H. He is well and doing well. He has engaged our school, for his vacation eight weeks, so he will be with me through the vacation. Charles is with us, has been two weeks. He is assisting his father in <counting> up <interest> on our railroad stock. Charles does not talk much on the subject of religion. He reads his Bible when he gets leisure. Dellie is about as usual. Today he walked to the meeting house to see ninety yoke of oxen collected and some young cattle, all belonging in Leeds. I do not exactly know the object of the exhibition but I hope to incourage farmers in improvements. Your father has been in Portland and called to see Mrs and Miss Waite and found Lizzie a great many percent better than I feared. Said she had been sick but considered her self quite recovered, said she had been out that day and was quite gay, said she was twenty one years of age the day before and was making herself merry saying, now do as she was a mind to the rest of her life, said she was very anxious to go a picking Wallnuts that afternoon. His visit there, and finding Lizzie better was a great relief to me. I hope she may yet to have permanent health.

You have sometimes asked me what I think of your staying in the army. I have nothing to say, when you have spent four of the best years of your life to study a profession what can I say, but follow, it especially for a season. I do not know what your special causes of trouble have been, why you have so many demerits. I don't know but they have been, such as may induce you to leave the Army and seek a livelyhood some other way. But I hope they are nothing that arrises from a bad heart. I have sometimes thought Lizzie's visit at West Point might make you absent minded, and be the cause of some of your mistakes. It is a natural supposition. I very much feared that our visit there might create envy in the minds of Cadets less favored in that respect, to see one of their fellows walking about with his pretty cousins. Your father was decided against her going this Fall on that account, but did not feel free to speak to her about it. I believe he talked about it to R.B.H. I hope the Dear girl will yet see happy days, if my hearts desire could avail any thing, you would be perfect in all thing.

Sometimes I have thought, when I am thinking of your hearty anticipations, and then your discouragements,

who knows that your heavenly father is allowing the things for your own glory. To keep the vanities of life from surfeiting you, or to keep you humble, that journey yet be consecrated to a greater work, for whose work is as great as, the work of the Lord's? What can be so great an office as an ambassador of Christ, as to devote ones life of the employment to our heavenly master's.

Louisa has been confined to the house since last May. Last Friday, she had an abcess opened on her thigh the underside of it, been gathering all the time. Her health is very much run down. The general opinion is that she will never recover, but I have such a strong desire, that she may, that I can see a chance for her to recover. I hope she has seen the worst of it, and she will yet be a benefit to her family many years. I sent her your address which interested very much. Charles has been there since his return home. The last time I was there, I thought no person could be so well calculated as Warren to fill his place. His old father, you know what an invalid he is and his wife could not walk a step, only as he half carried her and Lydia had got so tired she had not set up for two days. All went well with Warren to appearance what a son? what a husband? what a friend? such a man must be. Arza is a confirmed invalid for life. How long he is to remain as he is, God only knows.

For six weeks past Rowland has conducted himself tolerable well. I do not hear much profane language now, so you see by my letter there is no exemption from trouble any where. I have written this all by candle light and it is now ten of the clock. Your father is still at the table reconing interest on railroad stock preparing one part for the next annual meeting of stockholders which will be holden the first Monday in Dec. I have bloted my paper more than common, but cannot copy.

Good night my son. Your affectionate Mother  
E Gilmore  
[to] O O Howard

---

414 11/27/1852 *From:* Rowland [B.  
Howard]

*To:* Brother [O O Howard]

OOH-0389

South Leeds

*Source:* Bowdoin

---

South Leeds Nov 27th 52

Dear Brother

Thanksgiving day passed off with us in the quietest manner possible. Only six of us sitting down to Dinner all told as Father says, but on the whole I enjoyed it about as well as when we have a crowd. I should liked to have seen you here and farther than that I should not care. Mother, Dellie and myself went up and heard Mr Barrows Discourse, a thing I never did before Thanksgiving Day. His congregation numbered sixteen. He diped into Temperance & Politics considerably avowing himself a Ramrod and an Abolitionist &c. Thomas Bridgham was at the meeting and while there his mother came down to Aunt Lucretias and poor Tom took his Thanksgiving Dinner in the closet with a crust and a pitcher of cold water. Thomas thinks of moving to Leeds and I hope that he will. He will be quite an addition to this comunity, and I hope that they will encourage him to remain here. He is a fellow of sound principles and a kind heart. I wish that you would write him. I think he would be much pleased to hear from you.

Charley went to Portland last Monday and I suppose you will hear from him while there. I shouldn't wonder if he was a little homesick before he gets home again. He can't amuse himself anywhere so easily as I can.

I think of going to Topsham a week from next Monday and reviewing my studies preparatory to a return to College in the Spring Term. Your old Classmate Adams has charge of the Acd there and has written me an invitation to study with him this winter. I have heard from you that he was a good fellow and as 'Twas the most convenient place I concluded to go down.

Warren has been having a pretty good time I should think. He is quite a Lion among the young Ladies of Leeds and is looked upon by the Fathers and Mothers as quite a desirable match. Charles Bates has been almost <in> <extremes> because W called on Novella three or four times. Warren was to return to West Point yesterday but I have not heard whether he did or not.

Melvin Howard is failing fast and they do not think that he can live through the winter. I shall try to see him before I leave. Poor fellow! His much coveted visit to Bath has given the finishing stroke to his disease. Mrs Sylvester feels very much obliged to you for your kind letter and would answer it but she does not feel able. She has spoken of your letter to mother a number of times. William Otis has been stoping at John Harrisons for some days. I have not heard that he has gone home yet. I am surprised that he does not come down and see us.

Mother is quite well and will write as soon as she gets time. Our Rail Road is completed to Livermore Falls and the cars make two trips each way per day. I believe they are doing very well but they will have to do well many a year to reimburse parties for the great expenditure. But however I am glad Leeds has got a Rail Road and I am glad Uncle Ensign has got one, for it gratifies their pride and makes them feel a little smarter.

Father is now preparing his books for the annual report and a hard time he has of it. He is not used to dealing in thousands as he has to now. Write us soon and remember me as

Your affectionate Brother  
Rowland

---

415 11/28/1852 *From:* Peleg S. Perley

*To:* Cadet Oliver Otis Howard

OOH-0390

Portland

West Point  
New York

*Source:* Bowdoin

---

Portland Nov. 28th, 1852

Dear Howard,

I am aware that I have been owing you a letter for a long time. I am also aware that we had a talk when you were at our house the night of the tipover about corresponding oftener than we had been accustomed since our exit from College. What the conclusion we arrived at was I forget but I don't forget that your last letter was a good, whole-souled friendly letter and that for that so full of ancient kindness such as warmed our hearts in the earlier if not the better days you deserve a good one from me. This I cannot promise you to day for I feel too much taken up with self to give to others especially to you such friendly entertainment as I fain would. So for want of anything better I shall give you a short history of myself, my own inner mood, since you saw me or at least such as it is now for it has undergone too many changes during this space to be all described in this sheet and this may be as interesting to you as ought else though I may get the credit of being gloomy and - though that will be nothing new. Well judge me as favorably as you can and here goes.

Inter nos, which being interpreted means between you and me and Lizzie (only I don't wish her to know this.) I have been tossed between doubt and hope and fear for the last six months nearly; all terminating as I might have known it would. The worst of it is I have made no mental progress during this time. I have lost so much out of my life. A new lesson not soon to be forgotten has been added to my experience making me wiser perhaps though I have my doubts but no better I am sure.

Strange that I should have hoped at all never seeing one single cause for hope. Well there has been something peculiar about it somewhere. So it seems to me. I don't understand whether she has been indifferent to me all the way along or not. I wish I did. Did you ever suspect you were indirectly and mediately the cause of hindering me in my suit? I suppose not. Did I ever? Yes.

Well we shan't quarrel about that. It is hard for a fellow to give up any object that he has cherished especially when that object is a woman that one loves but it is I suppose a part of our earthly experience of that trial and probation we used to read of in Paley and so maybe for the best. God knows. Hopes rise and set and those that are dearer than life I have seen fade and die without a tear and scarce a sigh with only now and then a prolonged sucking whistle.

I don't know that my case is hopeless but I regard it as nearly so. I no longer hope. Enough on this topic. I do not fear of tiring you on it but it has been so long since you have had any such experiences - in fact you never had - you have been so happy in your love that you cannot entirely enter into my feelings and I am glad you cant. Yes, Howard, I thank God that this experience has been spared to you. I would this last could have been spared to me. I am now going to work, not with a stout heart for such a one beats not in my breast but stout or resolute or not it must come to the work. I will study labor. It is my only hope, my only salvation. I cannot, I don't expect to make a great Lawyer but I am going now to study, to work with a will and though I cannot say it will be a labor of love it will at least save me from vain regrets.

It is the first time I could ever say it but I can say it now heartily, cheerily. Come toil, come labor, come study, I am your man. I am aware as you are that a man's life is not completely rounded without the love of woman. I know mine cannot be, but if one cant win that he can at least win and deserve his own esteem from the consciousness of duty done, of powers nobly and honestly and busily employed.

Still immeasurably yours  
Peleg S. Perley

Your brother Charlie is here - spent Thanksgiving here. His health is now very good. Kendall was here yesterday on his way to Wash. on <vt. orl> cases. Prex. Woods delivered a eulogy on Webster here which is to be published. It was all eulogy. Annie was just in here as I was reading this over. P.S.P. I thought Lizzie was to put in a note.



[Envelope]

[Postmark stamp unreadable]

Cadet Oliver Otis Howard

West Point

New York

---

416 11/28/1852 *From:* O. O. Howard

*To:* Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

OOH-0391

West Point N.Y.

*Source:* Bowdoin

---

West Point N.Y. Nov 28th 1852

My dear Mother

I have not received a letter from you for a very long time, so it seems to me and perhaps you are under the same impression with regards to your hopeful son. I intend, however, to get a letter home once a week, hoping all the time that somebody will write me from home about "that often." The sun is pouring its rays upon us bright & warm. If you were here you would hardly imagine that it was the last of November. No snow. Winter is creeping upon us very gradually, so gradually that we scarcely perceive the difference of temperature from day to day. How happy I would be to be at home now & go to meeting with you today. It would do me good to see the faces of all my old friends, who will flock out to the old house. I can see familiar countenances, by dint of fancy with cheerful content impressed. I can see those aged men wearing a mild peaceful solemnity sitting with respectful attentive faces, looking up towards the pulpit, whence they receive a comfort & a pleasure. Old, young & middle aged, all possess an interest for you, when you cannot see them, when memory pictures them as they used to be.

It is time for Church. I have been to church & returned. We had a very good sermon, as we always do from Professor Spirole. He said at the commencement of his discourse that as we were not required on any particular day to suspend our ordinary duties for the purposes of thanksgiving & praise, yet it became us too, as well as the other inhabitants of this land, to feel and express our gratitude to the Author of our being & Bestower of all our blessings. Therefore he gave us a Thanksgiving sermon; I enjoyed the sermon much, but I would enjoy the thanksgiving dinner too.

We live pretty well now a days, excepting that we have had an enormous amount of Strong Butter. I have not murmured about it or cursed like many others, yet sometimes, I could not help turning away with disgust when I had 'spread' a piece of bread with butter, & put it to my lips to taste. But this is of small amount. I dislike above all things to think, or write about what I eat. It will do well enough to keep up a conversation by, such all absorbing subjects, where wit & sense seem to lag with exhaustion but it must be beneath the son who is writing to his mother, to fill his sheet, with a history of the eatables, delicate & indelicate which minister to his physical necessities.

I have been doing very well indeed in my studies for the past three weeks. The two preceeding the last I got a maximum for the week, each week, in both Mechanics & Chemistry, and a very good mark in drawing. I shall stand well enough here, not first it is true, in the end; but if I have my health I will graduate as high as I wish to. It does not matter much any way, only it is a little gratification to a proud man to succeed well in whatever he undertakes; yet a few failures are highly beneficial. They keep vanity down.

Charlie wrote me a note from Portland, which I received Thursday. He tells me he is getting right fat & looks & feels remarkably healthy. Very good. I am glad indeed. I feared he would not be well so soon.

We recently heard of the death of one of the present first class, who left us last summer on account of illness. His name was Henry T Latham. He belonged to our Bible class and was a very kind, quiet, good-hearted young man. He died at home in Georgia. I was quite intimately acquainted with him, as intimately as I was with any one (not in one of) my own class. His classmates have met to consult upon procuring a monument for him. Last evening, in the dialectic Society of which he was a member we chose a committee to draw up some articles expressive of our regret & sympathy in behalf of the deceased & his friends, who have been called to mourn his loss. The Corps of cadets wear the usual badge of mourning. It is customary in the army upon the decease of an officer to wear a strip of Crape encircling the left arm just above the elbow, for thirty days after putting it on as soon as they hear the news. All cadets now have this badge on, it being three or four inches wide.

West Point has changed its appearance very much since you were here. All the buildings that were between you & the new Barracks or Library, when you were at the Hotel have been torn down & carried off. The ground has been leveled, paths & gravel walks made, so that the plain & barracks present themselves improved ten

fold.

How does Mrs Lothrop seem after hearing the death of her son? It was very unexpected news to me. Although I never saw much of Elias, I always thought him a very fine man. I do not know whether Warren has returned yet or not. I presume not since he would probably have come to see me.

You cant think how military our new Commandant is. He makes us fold our clothes, a little nicer than I have ever been taught. Each thing must be folded so as to present square edges - all things of the same name must be put in a separate pile, & each pile brought out square with the front edges of the shelves - &c, &c.

I commenced this morning at six, and worked till inspection under arms at 8, folding sweeping, cleaning & arranging & then afterwards till ½ past nine, when the inspection of Quarters took place. At taps the Inspector comes into the room with a dark lantern, lets it flash in your face to see that you & not somebody else is in your bed. He is making various changes & revisions all, of them tightening instead of loosening the reign, by which we are curbed. But it does not matter. I do not care how military an officer is, if he is only stable so that I may know what to expect of him. I have not got any demerit since he came as yet. I still like Col. Lee. He comes to church regularly with his wife. She is not so fine looking as he I think, but she looks like a good woman; I wonder sometimes if Lee's father & mother know as much about the difficulty that existed between himself & me as my parents know of the same. I presume not, for his father would not have approved of the course he pursued in the outset - & he knowing this would not be likely to say much about the matter. I am now on speaking terms with every man in my class but Abbot & I cannot help avoiding him. I have as much as my philosophy & good principles can aid me to do to keep from hating him. He did not & does not seem to me to act as becomes a man, an independent, honest man. Yet it is my duty to pursue the same course towards him as I have towards all the others who foolishly made themselves my enemies.

Give my love to all. Tell Charlie to write me about his visit & Dellie to tell me the news. Tell Rowland not to wait for another letter before he writes.

From yr affectionate Son  
O. O. Howard