
579 6/2/1855

From: Otis [O O Howard]

To: Wife [Lizzie Howard]

OOH-0530

Watervliet Arsenal, N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

Watervliet Arsenal N.Y.

June 2nd 1855

My dearest wife,

It is Saturday night and I know I cannot get a letter off before Monday and perhaps I may get one from you before this is closed, but I cannot refrain from writing. I wish dearest you could look into my heart & see it as it is. I don't mean for you to witness all the stains that time has stamped therein, but even if you could have it all laid bare, you would never dream that my heart was cold, that my sympathies were weak. You are mine now darling and there can be nothing gained by pretense.

I cannot tell you what I meant to when I began, words are either too cold or too warm. One may say he loves you when he loves himself & loves to have you please him, the darling man. Then something keeps you off, you are not delighted while nestling close to his bosom, though what he says is ever so charming. But sometimes the heart is very warm & the words you attempt to clothe your emotions in seem very cold. Pray my darling not judge me by mine. There is a heart here that beats for you, that feels lonely, and would droop a little, did not the ugly head above it control it. It will long for you.

"Is she happy away? When her head presses the pillow, is it soft and comfortable. When she sleeps is it a gentle & peaceful sleep? Does she wake before the day, and think long of her new home, and of him, who is there? Is she unhappy still? Does she cry for grief. Oh! Will she not come back & be happy? Can she not bear the heavy burden, as a sweet sacrifice to him she loves?"

I want often to talk with somebody who will inquire after you. I called on Miss Mary once, after the first few words in which she asked in an affectionate manner after you & I told her I had received a letter. I couldn't get up a pretext for talking about my wife, & though my mind and heart were upon the little one. I didn't know as other people's were so I talked absently about other things. Home with my book or drawing is the place for me. Here is the rocking chair, the little birds, the books, the windows towards Troy (& the Canal) and their seats. In the next room is the bed. The half table, the rose bush.

Don't think all things remind me of you Lizzie, no, you are right here in my heart all the time night and day, and I fear I worship your little self too much. But the dream is so sweet, that you must not break the charm. Don't think me silly (the use of that word brings to me your expression when you have used it and almost makes me - almost touches my pride). I say don't think me silly when I write as I have been writing above, for my wish is to try to open my bosom to you & let you know what's working there. It is selfish in me if it gives you any permanent sadness, but it seems to me if you love & are sure you are loved, you like much to have the beloved one, a little of an egotism, just a little, enough to let you know his circumstances, both without and around him & within?

But my feeling now is that Lizzie says please don't gas Otis, but confine yourself to real things. So I will.

Ollie Hazard is still with me, will go home next week sometime. Messrs Boggs & Shunk are alive, well, & full of fun, have been singing songs & amusing Ollie. Mrs Thornton said to me the other day, Give my love to Mrs Howard and say she must hasten back. Her husband leaves for Santa Fe via St Louis, Fort Leavenworth &c, on Monday next. Mrs Symington & Miss Mary have gone to New York to visit a friend who is about to leave for a foreign tour, and taken Johnie along for a beau. Major S & myself are widowers virtually. The major has children for comfort & consolation, I have not.

I am happy that you want me with you. I know you love your husband and it is he that must not only love you in return, but strive to be a good and worthy husband. I want three things my darling. I want to fear God, not fear man, and love you rightly. I will finish this tomorrow, when I hope to have more common sense, for I have made out so many accounts, i.e., mess bills. P. Treasury bills and foremost debts & credits that I may say, a la Shunk, I am getting decidedly practical. How I wish you were here this night. I have the night cap now. Don't tell though.

Good night. God bless you.

(Sunday evening five minutes of 7) It has been raining or looking as if it wanted to ever since June set in till tonight. Now it has cleared up & Watervliet invites your return my darling, with many smiles. I seem to think you are at Leeds, for if Saturday was a rainy day you would not have returned to Lewiston.

I hope you are well now and I know this to be your time of dreaming, musing and thinking of the dear ones who are absent from you. Perhaps you are just now thinking of your husband. What is he doing? When this reaches you, you will know he is thinking of you. A young man from Albany, Jackson of whom I spoke in a former letter, has come here again for a good time. After tea the young men set out for a walk. I ran away from them, saw your letter on the table unfinished and here I am. I wish the young men could choose some other time than Sunday to visit us. The coarse ribaldry & vulgar jokes, to say nothing of other things don't set well on my palate.

I took Ollie to Church to hear Mr Temple today. The new Church is completed. Mrs Willard Miss Emma & Mrs Tibbets inquired for you. Mrs Willard says she shall claim me there, and wants me to get a part of a pew. The renting will take place on Wednesday next. I wish you were here to consult with. I want a seat some where, and don't like to wander about from Church to Church. But your prejudices & mine seem to run in different directions in this matter. I almost wish we, as man & wife, might unite in religious sentiments as we are united in others, and I believe we will if we both wish it sincerely. I want you back darling at all hazards, say when shall I meet you.

I have got some new drawings on the floor. Mr Boggs & myself are detailed through the Major to make drawings of a Gun & the Gun-pendulum, an instrument for proving powder & other things, to be sent to England. I shall try to do mine this week so as to go for you next week. How did you find Mother? Is she to accompany you to Boston?

I will not write any more tonight. Mrs Symington & Miss Mary will return tomorrow. Write me when you can come, and believe My heart is yours

Your own
Otis.

This is the third short letter.

Any man can find time to write to his wife if he loves her (?)

My love to our mother, Aunts Uncles & cousins. Learn all you can darling. It is useful sometimes to know how to meet emergencies.

I looked out sharply for a letter this morning, none came.

580 6/2/1855

From: Lizzie [Howard]

To: Husband [O O Howard]

OOH-0531

Auburn

Source: Bowdoin

Auburn June 2 1855

Saturday 5 o'clock

My own dear Husband

I received both of your affectionate letters this (Saturday) afternoon, on my return from Leeds where I have been spending the week. It did seem so very long before I heard from you.

Your Mother received a letter from you yesterday, and we were very glad. I will not write you some things, but when I get home I shall, with arms around your neck, tell you how lonely I am at times, and that I shall not again come to Maine alone. I am going to Watervliet just as soon as Mother will let me.

Your Mother will not accompany me to Boston, and I see no need of your coming farther than Springfield. I will let you know in season to meet me there.

Cousin Adams and Frank came in after tea, and now they have gone. I will resume my writing to my dear Husband.

When I went to Leeds I found your folks having their house painted throughout the inside. Some rooms were dried - the dining-room floor varnished &c, but we got along nicely and I had a very pleasant visit. We (Mother and I) went to Turner one day, saw Grandmother and Aunt Nancy, took tea the same day with Aunt Martha and Laura. Uncle Ensign got home while I was there from Waterville, where he saw Rowland, and returned with him to Hallowell. Dellie took me to the Depot. Just before I started Col G. gave me two apples for you, two for Mother and two for myself, quite a rarity. I presume you have received a second letter from me before this time, and you ought to have received another this evening, but I did not write while at Leeds. I gave Col Gilmore \$100.00.

Secrets are secret still and we will keep them to ourselves. It must be so.

I have been very well all the time I have been from you excepting one day at Leeds (that was yesterday). I am very well to-night, and am wishing my visits were over and I was at home at Watervliet in our pleasant chamber and you reading aloud to me or I to you.

I have not told you how Mother is. When I returned to-day I found her about the same as the first day I saw her. Seems to be very weak and is surely very nervous. I think that she will soon be better.

It is half past nine and I will go to bed to please Mother. Good night my darling. I hope to see you soon.

Monday Morning. I hope you will not be very anxious about me, my darling, because you have not heard from me for so long a time. I am very well indeed. I should be so happy if I could start for home this week, and it may be that I can. I do not know as I shall be able, that is, know in season to have you come and meet me, but do not fear to have me go alone. I have just thought what I can do - telegraph for you to meet me. I can do that after I start. I will do so, dear Otis. I have not seen Charlie, but on my way home I intend to stop with him over one train.

I would not have Mother receive one of your letters after I leave for anything. I will not be anxious too about you if I do not hear from you again, but you may write to Mother. I presume I shall get a letter Wednesday next from you. I am now hoping I may start this week, but you will know if I do.

This is a very rainy day, therefore I have to stay at Aunt Sarah's.

Now good bye my dearest Husband, the mail goes out this afternoon and I wish you to hear as soon as possible from your
Lizzie.

Say nothing please about \$100.00.

You need not send that dress trimming. I am sewing for mother.

581 6/10/1855 *From:* Lizzie [Howard]

To: Husband [O O Howard]

OOH-0532

Auburn

Source: Bowdoin

Auburn June 10 1855

I desire very much to write you a long letter to-day my dearest Husband, for I know you must be very anxious to hear from me. I shall not be able to tell you when I can go home. I am very sorry to say Mother is not as well as usual. We made up our minds to come down here to Uncle Alden

Whitman's (live in the lower part of Adams house where Frank and Adams first went to house keeping) to come yesterday. We did so, but the ride seemed to tire Mother very much, and she was obliged to lie in bed all the rest of the afternoon. She is better this morning, got up to breakfast and sat up two hours, and is now at eleven o'clock lying down. I do hope and think she will be better in a few days. She wants me to go home, but I do not wish to leave her while so ill. Aunt Ellen is in the place, been staying with Aunt Hicks, and Mother says I may go and she will have Aunt Ellen stay with her.

I am very well so do not be anxious, my darling, and I will be with you as soon as I can.

Your last letter, how shall I speak of it? The tone was so kind so affectionate, I did have a good long cry over it, and I did feel so much condemned for saying you could not feel as much sympathy as some others might. I now know it is not so. I will be very happy when I get back to, at Watervliet. I shall know how to prize my happy home and your society. I do not write much of this, but it is not that I do not think of you, or long to be with you. I am writing up stairs in the room with Frank and Adams. How I wish you were here. I do want to see you so much, but I do not think it worth while for you to come, of course not. I am coming to you soon.

A lady of my acquaintance saw you yesterday afternoon. You will smile when I say that she was in a mesmeric state. It was Mrs Mudgett put to sleep to examine Aunt Hicks hand. (I believe I told you she has a felon on her finger.) She only saw you pass by, and says he seemed to be commanding has some thing in his hand. I was not there, Aunt told me. Mother got up, ate dinner, and has not lain down since, and it is after two o'clock; dinner at twelve.

I remember that this is the day we were to have ripe strawberries; how many have you eaten to-day? I do not believe you have eaten one, for a very good reason - that there are non ripe to eat.

We are having a rain storm. The first rain that fell after I came to Maine was on Saturday, the day I came from Leeds. We have had a shower nearly every day since and this is a regular rainy day, but I hope the storm will not last long. I am more lonely when the weather is not sun-shining, and am apt to "look out at the window".

I do not know as you have heard the sad news - (not so sad as it might be to you), the death of Arza Gilmore. He was buried Sunday before I went to Leeds Tuesday, and died the same afternoon I arrived at Lewiston May 24.

It has taken me nearly all day to write this letter. I would write a while, and then do something for Mother, and talk a little, then write a little more. It is now nearly five o'clock. Mother is lying down. How I wish that she was well, for her own sake, as well as my own. Sometimes I feel as if I should fly to Watervliet. I so much wish to be there. I have written no letters excepting to you since I came away. I wish to write to Miss Carrie and ought to, but I know not how to take time.

Give my love to all at Watervliet. I shall be very happy to be with them again. Mother is very much better to-day than yesterday. By the time you get this I do really think that she will be quite well. I shall try to write to you oftener than I have. I wish to hear from you, and wish you would write that I may receive the letter by Saturday. If I should not be here please say nothing you would not wish made public. I may possibly start for home this week.

Ever and wholly your affectionate wife,
Lizzie

582 6/10/1855 *From:* Chas. H. Howard

To: Mrs. Eliza Gilmore

OOH-0533

Yarmouth

Source: Bowdoin

[To] Mrs. Eliza Gilmore

Yarmouth June 10th 1855

My dear Mother

I have an hour which I think I will improve by writing to you.

Perhaps Dellie will think I ought to write to him, but he must consider this as an equivalent & I will try & write him next. I was very much pleased to hear from him & home for I had not heard from home since I left & yesterday Rowland wrote me for the first time saying that he also had not had a letter from home this Term. He heard of Arza's death through Uncle Ensign whom he met at Waterville! Dellie wrote me just enough said that I knew he must have died but I believe he did not state where or when the funeral was &c & about his death. He thought I knew all about home affairs or was afraid he should tell something I already knew, which he never need fear. He did not write a word about the Society. Tell him to fill up his sheet always when he has time for it will all interest.

I am well & have been, am getting on first-rate with my studies. How is your health mother? Do you work very hard now? I suppose you will always have enough to do.

Is Lucia at our house? If so, please remember me to her; also to Roland Alger, happiness to him & his bride; also to Oliver, tell him I don't think hot weather has taken much flesh from him yet & if it don't before long I fear the cold weather will. I hope you & Dellie will write soon & tell me all.

Have you a good school. Dellie must make his plans to go entirely through his Arithmetic & all his books if possible, so to take a fair class when he goes to school again. I spoke to you mother about teaching school this Winter. Morrill is very earnest for me to keep his school & has talked with the Agent, says I must at 25 dollars & board. Don't you think I better engage to teach it?

All things go on pleasantly here. We have about 40 scholars. I have nothing to hinder me from studying. We have very good prayer meetings each Friday, which I do not fail to attend; also Philologian meetings Wed. evening. There was an Auction here of books yesterday & last night. They sold books very cheap. I got some, but should like to have bought others, yet probably before 4 years are over I shall come in contact with another book auction.

How are the meetings in Leeds? Do you have preaching every Sunday & do you go to hear it always? Who preaches at the Methodist? How does the Sabbath school flourish. Dellie must pay good attention to this lesson which only comes once a week. I hope he will not neglect to give to Religion its due attention. You must, when you can, read with him at night mother, & he must remind you of it when you forget. Must he not? I now have plenty of time to read. I pray regularly twice a day. Only get in the habit & it is not much trouble.

I have not seen Lizzie yet, although Dellie wrote that she would be here on Thursday. I suppose her mother is very sick. Is she not? Rowland heard that she was in Maine by Uncle John who saw Otis in Boston. I wish to hear about Mrs. Waite & when Lizzie will return to New York. Dellie did not mention that Mrs Waite was sick but Rowland wrote she was. He has been to Norridgewick & to Portland on business for the Athenaeum Society.

Great excitement in this region about Neal Dow & the riot in Portland. But it has turned out as I thought & I do not think it was wrong to use weapons of death on such an occasion for which Dow is blamed by <>.

We have had severe rains lately for which to be especially thankful, as they were especially needed & I think now the crops will grow finely. It rained here most all of the forenoon. So I went to the Baptist, near by, in the forenoon but to the other this afternoon. I like Mr Aiken the Orthodox a little better as a preacher, than I do Mr Allen. I shall soon go to prayer meeting up to the Baptist.

Dellie must study well this Summer for it is probably the last Term he will go in Summer to the Town School. I have not rec'd the promised letter from Jun. Temp. Soc. yet. I hope you & Dellie have written me today.

Your affectionate Son
Chas. H. Howard

583 6/28/1855 *From:* CH Howard

To: Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

OOH-0534

Yarmouth

Source: Bowdoin

Yarmouth June 28 1855

My dear Mother

I was greatly pleased to receive a letter from you this morning, and to find it was one of those good long ones which I had thought belonged to days gone by. I have but little time to write tonight before I should be in bed but thought I would make a beginning of a letter. I was not aware that so long a time had elapsed since I wrote a letter home. But time flies & I have it all occupied, hope I do not spend a moment of a day idly.

I was glad to hear about Arza's death & funeral of which before I had had no account. I hope that Laverna will soon be well to attend to her little boys.

Charley Haines saw Lizzie going through in the cars, said she was bound straight to New York. I should have been pleased to have had her tarry a night in Yar. I wrote Rowland a letter the first of this week, a part of it Sunday.

I attend Sab. School Sunday morns which takes some of my leisure of Sunday. I think it is the best way I can spend the time, and I hope Dellie will continue to go to Sabb. School & try to make his class interesting. Let him study Clarkes <Comm> on his lesson & it will make it more beneficial & pleasant & let him ask questions of his teacher & not only say his verses & then hasten away. I should like to be his teacher or a fellow pupil & would be were I at home. I'm glad to hear that you have a good school, Dellie must improve it to the utmost. I shall see how much improvement he makes when at home the 2nd week in Aug. I must delay writing more tonight as I rose at 4 this morning & did not get to sleep very early last night as it was that of the Philo. I hope you are all enjoying good health & spirits tonight & are not retiring with too weary limbs to your beds.

Friday Morn

Dear Mother, this is a beautifully pleasant morning. I rose about 4 o'clock. It will be warm but I have not suffered much from heat yet because I just (day before yesterday) took of my underclothes. Mosquitoes trouble some but not much yet for we go to bed soon after dark so do not have a light long before.

I am thinking about home much lately, because I have been at home always for all my life before at this season of the year. This is the time when I used to be going to the town school so pleasantly & happily, when we used to have such joyous plays at noon or perhaps "go a pipping". Often when I am going & returning from the Acad I am thinking about our folks at work in the field & how I would like to be there. Perhaps our folks are hoeing. How are the crops looking pretty well.

I am getting on better than ever before in my studies. I have missed no recitation & no part of one in my Greek & Latin & do not mean to. Shall be all ready for College by the 3d of August. Then if nothing happens contrary to expectation shall spend a week at home with Rowland.

Give my love to all our family. Remember me to Jose if she is at our house & Dellie must send me the letters more abundantly in future & tell him I'm waiting for one from the Society. I am in a great hurry this morn for it is time for the cars to go so good morning, day & 3 months to all. Please to write as often as possible. I have not had a letter from Otis for 3 months.

Your Affectionate Son
CHHoward