Dear Mother,

I have lately

Made a sketch of the Arsenal

Grounds and of the relative position

of Log & Brick etc. Tell me if you

can form any idea from this of our

Location. I will try to get you a

drawing of our house. The house around

and the Memoirs house with the scenery

in front. Poggi thinks the last winter

has been more acceptable to her than

a piece of the grounds before this time.

The days in a plan you can form

of the actual appearance of the

house. I would have sent you a good

drawing of the grounds in black but

the paper was preyed too heavily

and send by mail and that you

will be able to send us drawings

in case desired but upon this point.

Wittenham Arsenal
Aug. 4th 1835

Your affectionate Son

P. H. Howard

Saggi sends love. Your affectionate Son to all.
it is Deby himself. He seemed the other day when I found time on my first steps walking admittance like the very same beflying boy I saw for the first time eight years ago on the steps of Yale North College. But the new changes, the last ten fall in the same row. The man has called to see how to account for him. The good fortune in the course of the adoption, almost made me discontented with the slow accumulation of useful connections. Last week on Monday, the major I went to a party in the town. B.C. Comstock invited me in the morning. The first night I saw Aunt Ann. Sarah is her boy ten weeks of age. And was not very well. Has a headache. The day I was there. Aunt was in good health. I justified to the theme to dinner. Stan at the house. Two hours I went in the afternoon to the Arsenal in Governor's Island.
Saratoga, Aug. 9th, 1855

My dear brother,

I have just received Rowland's letter and am glad to hear from you all. The accounts of his journey and his earnings generally are very gratifying to such quiet people as Lizzie and myself. It must be pleasant to mother for Rowland to take her on such an expedition. His health must be taken this summer than usual. While mine, health came very suddenly upon me. Soon after I dispatched Rowland's letter I received the proof which I transmitted immediately to Maine. I have received no further information at present. I don't even know if his daughter, Elizabeth, was with him. I wrote at once to Chicago and have not yet received a reply. I felt badly to think I had written as I did to Rowland, touching upon such pecuniary matters when I was so soon to learn the sad news of his death. I always treated me with the utmost consideration and kindness; visited me at West Point when I was
lonely and a stranger. Received me with a warm
welcome and cordial hospitality at his home
in Peekskill. Came to me when I was so very
dick at West Point as to be almost confined to
and
at several other times spent a social hour with
me at the Hotel of the Post on the Plain. He
never would take me from any duty. He joined
at my requests. He gave me much wholesome council

All these remembrances, opportunities to times when
I sincerely appreciated any show of kindness or sympathy.
now came Formatter back upon me. To proceed one
for the idle words I have added, and to anchor
warm feelings of regard for some that is gone. He
was so much the Grandfather toward that he seemed
near to me from the moment I saw him first. I
have had vague impressions of his fault, and could
now sympathize in the extra political and social
decisions that he maintained at all regard. But with
these I was not brought in contact and I cannot
so otherwise. There down the well over them.
I believe he only loving son is in N. Y. City. His Penny
lives near Chicago, and I presume Elizabeth is with
her. I received your letter from Homestead. I am
very sorry I permitted to being so long to elapse between
my letters, and I must acknowledge it was long

I’ve great joy. Future separation or rather immediate separation is ever the best of apologies. After reading what you said of your speedy return home and of your wish for me to be there to make the family complete, there seemed to come over me more fiercely than ever before. A sense of my separation from you all, from the home of my childhood. Though not from the fond recollections pertaining thereto, things new interests spring up around me and new feelings arise under new and peculiar circumstances, still my heart must reveal to the old place and I can’t make it seem possible I have any other real home but the one that covers my mother’s head. In the hope we are to lead in the army, moving before we get much acquainted with the people whose interests don’t run in the same channel with ours. Never acquiring strong local attachments, will serve to foster rather than create the old home feeling. When I speak of home I will mean the old place where mother is living, thinking of her absent boys and where father builds the bright window pane and built lighted candle shone over the Advertiser’s columns. I have been getting sentimental - almost as for a Soldier. I went out to the Shaker Community last Sunday. I intended to have given you an explicit account of my
visits but I have only this page left and it is growing late. Mr. Stoney (our military stock keeper and part of the men) invited me to ride with myself to the Shaker settlement to attend their services. As Sunday was the only day I could form any idea of their religious practices I concluded to go. We left here at about 8 o'clock on June last Sunday morning and after a ride over a company road of about four miles we reached our destination. Here we found beautiful forms cultivated with extreme care. Priests and buildings new in excellent repair. More people a stone building with the sign Office on large letters upon it. Turned around it to the north and at the end followed up an avenue with a picket fence on each side by fifty or sixty rods in extent. This was confined grassland and the carriages of spectators from Troy, Albany and the surrounding country. We left our carriages and walked up the avenue formed through a gate and a few yards further on came to the church front. They had two doors entering side by side one for the men at the other for the women. About one third the extent of the church was a railing down completely across the women. The men sat on the steps in the shade of the large trees. The lampposts were recognized by one of the Fellows our party was taken
behind. The soup was served through a gate that was closed and fastened at the commencement of the service. This door was two inches high, and at each end there were two rows of seats facing each other. At the farther end and opposite our entrance were two more doors. The entire and extensive interior was a smooth unpainted floor as smooth as a water mirror. I have never seen one like you ever saw. Soon after our entrance, I was looking towards the left end and saw the door open and the apportionment like women file in one after another. The almost dirty and worn they arranged themselves along the wall on the left side. The men came in at the same time from the opposite side. What strikes you first in the dress of the women? Each wears a plain green cape, projecting slightly below the neck, a narrow corseted white skirt, or petticoat, with a white apron behind extending down to the floor. Most of the dress as much like the Old World's Night gown as anything. One or two girdles before and behind and more at the sides. With a few flowers under the arms the dress goes straight down to the floor. The women are almost all bareheaded. All the women are dressed alike. They are white. Their hair is left to fall down their faces each carrying a white towel folded and laid across the left arm. The men are simply dressed very much like our gardeners. Their broad brims & straw-like hats were
Worn coats before entering—expecting some few old men, who threw aside theirs before commencing the service. So the men were in their thick sleeves. They all cut their hair in an oval shape, close around the face and left it long behind, making it look as red as possible. The men of women as a signal from an old man rose simultaneously and arranged themselves, several ranks deep. The men facing the women. The old men apparently in the front. Sanck of the younger men near. Repeal the women apposed.

First some remarks from the old man. Then they all struck up a hymn or chant—swinging the body right and left as they sang. They sang in threes alternately. Then all returned their seats and one man came into the middle of the floor and addressed the congregation, showing the people their singularity. The speaker well to the point. Their doctrine I cannot attendant by of this hour. After the talk, he sat. They resumed their places in the middle of the floor. During them, a few of the singers separated themselves from the rest and sang while the others danced. They took a simple step, moving forward a little way. Their turning was just as for turning again. All did this at the same instant. Raising time with the song. After this, some more remarks were made by an old gentleman to the "Saints." The dancing was resumed. This time they moved about the singers in circles. Every one made motions with his hands up in front of the body, palms out. After this, another man addressed us two boys, fell on the floor. Another sent love to Charles Mother. Another held it all just before the broth retook. Very time to all to take a little, folks when you can.