

Here I met Capt. Whately of our
Department. I was never more surprised
in a man's face at first sight. He seemed
a whole-souled man as well as a perfect
gentleman. He has been stationed
for a long time in the West at
Boston, Noyes and at St. Louis.
He has a very large family -
one or two grown up children and
the rest small. I left for Troy
about 6 O'clock P.M. passed the
night in a State room with a
stranger who reminded me
forcibly of the days of Thoroughness.

Poor man - he kept me awake
somewhat, but he had the
"worst of it". My love to all. I wish
the boys could visit me, but
good sense must prevail. I have
one scholar, who recites to me
every day in Latin. William
Thurston, the son of the Major who is
on his way to New Mexico.
Lizzie sends love
to all
Your affectionate Son
O. P. Howard

Watentel Arsenal

Aug. 4th 1835

Dear Mother,

I have hastily
made a sketch of the Arsenal
Grounds and of the relative position
of Troy & West Troy. Tell me if you
can form any idea from this of our
location. I will try to get you up a
drawing of our house, the Stone Arsenal
and the Major's house with the scenery
in front. Lizzie thinks this last would
have been more acceptable to her than
a plan of the grounds before she came.
She says in a plan you can form
no kind of idea of the trees & shrubbery
or of the actual appearance of the
houses. I would have sent you a good
drawing of the grounds in full, but
the paper necessary is too heavy
to send by mail and I hope you
will be able to visit us before
we are ordered away from this post.

Rowland and Charles must be at home
by this time. The boys must tell me how
their examinations were got through with.
I want to know how many questions
Charles missed, how much he has to make
up, where they took him to examine
him &c. Did Professor Upham give him
any serious advice? Tellie is at home
I suppose and working hard. Tell Rowland
it is too warm weather for him to do
anything else but write to me. I know
I don't deserve it, but for the sake
of former punctilious behavior, he
should forgive recent procrastinations
especially to a man who has a large
family to look after. Mr W.P. Peckley
came here about a week ago or more.
on his way to Maine. He was only
intending to stop the night and leave in
the morning train, but I would not listen
to it. It did me good to see his face
once more: for if there is anything
that remains in statu quo as to externals

it is Deley himself. He seemed the
other day when I found him on my
front steps waiting admittance like the
very same sleeping boy I saw for
the first time eight years ago on the
steps of Old North College. But he
has changed. He looks now full in
the face now. He may have called
to see you. It is account of his own
good fortune in the course of his
adoption, almost made me discontented
with the slow accumulation of
riches hereabouts. Last week on Monday
night I went to N. York in the Steam-
boat Commodore & returned in the same
the next night. I saw Aunt Anna,
Sarah & her boy ten weeks of age. Sarah
was not very well. Had a headache
the day I was there. Aunt was in
good health. I stopped with them
to dinner. Staid at the house
two hours. I went in the afternoon
to the Arsenal on Governor's Island.

Watertown Arsenal N.Y.

Aug. 15th 1855

My dear Brother,

I have just received Howland's letter and am glad to hear from you all. His accounts of his journey and his doings generally are very gratifying to such quiet people as Lizzie and myself. It must be pleasant to mother for Howland to take her on such an expedition. His health must be better this summer than usual. Uncle Wm's death came very suddenly upon me. Soon after I dispatched Howland's letter I received the paper which I transmitted immediately to Maine. I have received no further intimation - no particulars. 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 Howland, touching upon Wm's peculiar weaknesses, when I was so soon to learn the sad news of his death. He 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 Puckskill. came to me when I was so very sick at West Point as to be almost despaired of, and at several other times spent a social hour with me at the Hotel of the Post or on the plain. He never would take me from any duty. rejoiced at my success, he gave me much wholesome counsel - All these remembrances, appertaining to times when I sensitively appreciated any show of kindness or sympathy now come thronging back upon me, to reproach me for the idle words I have used, and to awaken warm feelings of regard for him that is gone. He was so much like Grandfather Howard that he seemed near to me from the moment I saw him first. I have had vague impressions of his faults, and could not sympathize in the ultra political & social doctrines that he maintained at all hazard. But with these I was not brought in contact, and I cannot do otherwise than draw the veil over them.

I believe his only living son is in N. York City. Mrs Spruay lives near Chicago and I presume Elizabeth is with her. I received your letter from Brunswick. I am sorry I permitted so long a time to elapse between my letters, and I must acknowledge it was laziness

in great part. 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 forcibly than
ever before, ~~A~~ a sense of my separation from you
all, "from the home of my childhood." Though not
from the fond recollections pertaining thereto. Though
new interests spring up around me and new feelings
arise under new and peculiar circumstances, still my
heart must revert 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. The life we are
to lead in the army, moving before we get much
acquainted with people whose interests don't run in
the same channel with ours; never acquiring strong
local attachments, will serve to foster rather than
abate 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 winter fire, and with lighted candle clothes
over the Schuettiger's columns. I fear I am getting
sentimental. 'Tis not so for a soldier. I went out
to the Shaker Community last Sunday. I intended
to have given you an explicit account of my

visit but I have only this page left and it is getting
late. Mr Lansing (our Military ~~Store~~ Storekeeper and part
of the men) invited Mrs Spurr and I myself to ride
with himself & wife to the Shaker Settlement and
attend their services. As Sunday was the only one
I could form any idea of their religious practices
I concluded to go. We left here at about 1/2 past seven
nine last Sunday morning and after a ride over a rough
road of about five miles we reached our destination. Here
we found beautiful farms, saltwater with extreme
nicety and buildings new or in excellent repair. We
passed a large building with the sign Office in large
letters upon it. Turned around it to the North and I
followed up an avenue with a picket fence on each
side of fifty or sixty rods in extent. This was completely
crowded with carriages of spectators from Troy, Albany
and the surrounding country. We left our carriages
and walked up the avenue - passed through a gate
and a few yards further on came to the church
door. They have two doors of entry side by side - with
aisles separated by a railing, one for the men & the other
for the women. About one third the extent of the church
a railing spans completely across the lower & thus cuts
off the appointment for strangers & visitors. Mr Lansing
was recognized by one of the fathers & our party was taken

behind the roof sailing through a gate that was closed
and fastened at the commencement of the services.
The side remaining two thirds of the Church was surrounded
by a completely by one wall seat and at each end there
were two or three 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
single plain unpainted floor - as smooth, pretty & clean as one
that you ever saw. Soon after our entrance. I was looking
towards the opposite end and saw the door open and the
^{apparition like} women file in one after another till about sixty - had
entered. They arranged themselves along the wall on the
right side. The men came in at the same time from the
left side. What strikes you first is the dress of the
women. Each wears a plain grooker cap projecting slightly
above the face - a three cornered white cape or kerchief with
the point behind extends down to the brief waist - The dress
as much like Old Mrs Z's night gown as anything - one
two gathers before & behind and none at the side - with a
button up under the arms the dress goes straight down to
the feet - round toed shoes with heels to them complete
the attire. All the women are dressed alike in pure white.
Some top to toe. They each carry a white towel folded & laid
across the left arm - The men are simply dress very
much like our grookers. Their broad brims & straw coats - were

Wm. Mich soon your sleeping brother John

thrown aside before entering - excepting some few old men, who threw aside theirs before commencing the service. So the men were in their shirt-sleeves. They all cut their hair in an oval shape close around the face and left it long behind, making it look as bad as possible. The men & women at a signal from an old man arose simultaneously and arranged themselves several ranks deep - the men facing the women. The old men apparently in the front rank & the younger in rear - so with the women opposite. First some remarks from the old man. Then they all struck up a hymn or chant - swinging the body slightly as they sang. They sang & spoke alternably. ^(some one made remarks) Then all resumed their seats. and one man came into the middle of the floor and addressed the congregation. showing the people the object of their singularity. I spoke well & to the point. Their doctrines I cannot speak of this time. After he took his seat they resumed their places in the middle of the floor. sang. then 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 ways then turning, moving back just as far & turning again. all did this at the same instant & keeping 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 the hands up & down in front of the body. palms up. After this another man addressed us worldly people & we separated. Goodnight. Lizzie sends love to Charlie Mother Howard & Lizzie & all just before she drops asleep. my love to all - to Uncle Fergus folks when you see