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2033 12/4/1863

*From:* Otis [OO Howard]

*To:* Dearest [Lizzie Howard]

OOH-1979

Headquarters Eleventh  
Corps,  
Loudon East Tenn.

*Source:* Bowdoin

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[430]

Headquarters Eleventh Corps,  
Loudon East Tenn. Dec. 4 1863

Dearest,

I dont know when this will ever reach you. After reaching Parker's gap & breaking the Cleveland & Dalton R.R. we turned to the left and marched on up here.

Sunday Dec 6th  
I was interrupted.

friday.

friday night we made a bridge with Rebel Wagons 75 feet long across the little Tenn. Crossed the river and marched to this place yesterday. Longstreet is retreating & Burnside relieved from siege. I have just got a letter from him.

We are all well. I fear you have been much worried, for I have been for over a week without any communication, marching & marching. God has blessed us in spite of our unworthiness. May He give you & our children his constant blessing.

I am stopping with a house full of beautiful little children - at Mr Foster's. He is away with our army at Kingston, a strong Union man. Almost all the people of East Tenn. are strong, unconditional union men. They put to shame our Copperheads.

Goodbye. I shall try to get this off from Knoxville.

Lovingly  
Otis

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2034 12/4/1863     *From:* J. G. Blaine

*To:* To the Editor of the  
Evening Post

OOH-1980

Washington, D.C.

*Source:* Bowdoin

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[29]

Major-General Howard

Washington, D.C. Dec. 4th 1863.

To the Editor of the Evening Post

Sir: In your issue of Monday last I read with equal surprise and regret, an article headed "The Eleventh Army Corps, and its General" in referring to its participation, in the recent battle at Chattanooga you use the following language.

"We rejoice over the redemption of the Eleventh Corps. Its disgrace was a sad thought to everybody who had the honor of our arms at heart. That the Corps is now trustworthy, is proof that its demoralization was the fault, not of the men themselves, but of the officers under whose command they were. We are glad that to General Hooker belongs the credit of restoring this lost Corps to the confidence of the country".

You can hardly say too much in praise of Genl Hooker, whom all loyal men regard as among the most gallant, dashing and heroic leaders of our Army. But in praising Genl Hooker there is certainly no occasion for aspersing, even indirectly, the well earned and brilliant fame of other officers. You seem to have entirely forgotten – you certainly failed to mention – the important fact that, the immediate commander of the Eleventh Corps, at the time of its misfortune at Chancellorsville, and at the time of its magnificent feat of arms on the summit of Lookout Mountain, was one and the same man – Major-Genl. Oliver O. Howard. In both of these battles General Hooker was General Howard's superior officer, and it has never been alleged that General Howard failed to obey orders in either place. I think the Evening Post, is the first respectable paper that has even intimated that General Howard was at fault for the repulse of his Corps at Chancellorsville. He has in his possession the documents to vindicate his conduct as a military commander on that field, and may make them public when he can do so without injury to the service.

The gallant part borne by the Eleventh Corps in the battle of Gettysburg is entirely ignored by you. The fierce rebel assaults on Cemetery Hill – the key to Meade's position – were repulsed by Howard's command with a bravery and skill which won universal praise, and at the close of that bloody contest the Eleventh Corps had fought its way to the gratitude and admiration of all loyal hearts. The Corps went to Chattanooga, therefore, under its gallant young leader, with the glory of Gettysburg and not the failure of Chancellorsville inscribed on its banners. After the battle of Gettysburg, the President of the United States was pleased to send General Howard an autograph letter of thanks and congratulation for his consummate generalship on that field – a letter which the young hero's modesty has thus far kept from the public eye. And last August, in an address before the Alumni of Waterville College, Vice President Hamlin, speaking the opinion of two of the most gallant Generals who fought at Gettysburg, declared that when the history of that battle should be truthfully written the great victory would be ascribed, so far as it could be ascribed to one man, to the heroic firmness with which Howard, with his Eleventh Corps, held Cemetery Hill.

I ask the insertion of this letter because General Howard's fame is dear not only to the Country, but especially to his native state, which I have the honor in part to represent. He is my immediate constituent, my fellow townsman, my friend. He has attained at thirty three years of age, the eminent rank of Major-General, with the command of an Army Corps. He is an able, loyal, brave, Christian General, and I venture to say of him in the language of another, that at the close of this war, "Few will leave a more splendid, and none a more stainless name."

Very Respectfully Yours  
J. G. Blaine

[Written sideways on the last page, in a different hand.]

Letter to N.Y. Evening Post by J.G. Blaine

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2035 12/5/1863

*From:* S N Sherman  
Surg. US Vols

*To:* Maj Genl O.O. Howard

OOH-1981

U.S. General Hospit'l  
Grafton, W.Va.

11th Army Corps

*Source:* Bowdoin

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[176]

U.S. General Hospit'l Grafton, W.Va.  
Dec 5th, 1863

To  
Maj Genl O.O. Howard, 11th Army Corps  
My dear Genl:

Will you allow me to introduce to your acquaintance my brother, M.G. Sherman, Surg in charge of the 3rd Brig, 2d Division, 24th Army Corps. He is a dear brother to me; a son of New England, and has as brave and patriotic a heart, as ever throbb'd under a military uniform. Any courtesy you may extend to him, will lay me under renewed obligations, and will be as warmly appreciated, as if extended to me.

I am Genl.  
Very truly, your Friend,  
S N Sherman,  
Surg. US Vols

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2036 12/5/1863 *From:* Laura B Otis

*To:* Dear Cousin Otis [OO  
Howard]

OOH-1982

Leeds

*Source:* Bowdoin

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[12]

Leeds Dec 5 1863

Dear Cousin Otis

I received a letter from my cousin Louise last evening. She was very anxious for me to write and enquire if the 44 Indiana Reg was there. She has heard that her husband is Col of that Reg. She is going to try get something. I dont think there is any use in her trying to find his whereabouts, but to please her I thought I would write to you., and when Charles writes to his Mother let him write if you can find out any thing who the Col is, if it is there. I cant tell you the particulars now but when I see you I will.

I am writing this in a hurry for my little boy is setting in his high chair at my side fretting for me to take him. It is almost conference time & want to give this to your Mother to put in one of her letters to Charles. I hear from you by the way of your Mother. Oh may you both be spared to her and your dear family is my earnest prayer.

When it comes good sleighing I am going to Augusta to compare babies. Mine has grown to be a great fat boy I think most as big as yours. He is just as good a boy as need to be.

We are having some very interesting prayer meetings. Four have joined the church. Your Mother has written who they are.

I should like to write you a good long letter, but I dont get much time to write.

From your Cousin  
Laura B Otis

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2037 12/5/1863

*From:* S N. Sherman,  
Surg. US. Vols.

*To:* Maj General O.O.  
Howard

OOH-1983

US Genl Hosptl  
Grafton, W. Va.

Commanding 11th Army  
Corps, Army of the  
Cumberland

*Source:* Bowdoin

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[30]

US Genl Hospt'l Grafton, W. Va.  
Dec 5th 1863

My dear Genl:

Allow me to tender you congratulations with the rest of your friends, on the new laurels you have won for yourself and your command, in the late battles that drove the enemy from his "strong places" on "Lookout Mountain", and inflicted on his panic stricken and dismayed legions, one of the deadliest blows to the Rebellion it has received. A few more such, and the bloody drama is ended; and how can we be thankful enough, that we are permitted to be among the instruments, however humble, by which a merciful and just God, is so palpably making "The wrath of man to praise Him."

Please accept for yourself, your Brother, Capt Atwood, and any else on your staff whose acquaintance it has been my happiness to share, my highest consideration and kindly wishes. My earnest prayers for your safety, success, and happiness, you will always have.

Most truly, Your Friend  
S N. Sherman, Surg. US. Vols.  
In Charge

To Maj General O.O. Howard,  
Commanding 11th Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland

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2038 12/6/1863    *From:* Lizzie Lee

*To:* My dear Cousin Lizzie  
[Howard]

OOH-1984

32 G. St Between 12th  
& 13th St.  
Washington D.C.

*Source:* Bowdoin

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[449]

Washington D.C. Dec. 6, 1863

My dear Cousin Lizzie,

I am much mortified that so long a time has elapsed after my right pleasant visit with you and I have not written. Excuses are very poor but it seems that there has been a perfect fatality about my writing since I came here. Perry has said now today you will write and I truly intended but the time has gone and one truly believes in the school motto procrastination is the thief of time. The first fortnight after I left you we had company. Then I was ill a little while and a week after that Perry came on after me. We have moved once since we have been here, and are now very pleasantly situated. Our room is the parlor – large & prettily furnished. Our meals we have sent in. I like it much better than I ever thought I could. It seems like play keep house. But I would like so to have a real home, but as military men never can take root any where I am going to try and like change. Perry was very fortunate in getting into the Invalid Corps. He is for the present stationed in charge of the Depot department, so is not very much confined. He seems well, but is very easily fatigued yet, not having his old strength by any means. He received a letter from Charles a few days since dated the 21 of Nov. I have just read it over to see if there is anything of interest I could repeat to you but there seems to be nothing but they were well. And think the Gen must have been feeling well for he wrote a P.S. to say he thought he could beat Perry. Is it not grand that that Corps have won such laurels. I think they have been covered with glory since Gettysburg, where the Gen is certainly acknowledged to be the hero of the grand battle.

Mrs Farwell has just been in and desired me to give you much love. She is the only lady acquaintance I have. She is quite near and comes in quite often which is very pleasant. We think of going to see the <Arabs> this afternoon.

The weather is delightful here; one hardly needs furs. I can't realize it can be cold any where. Week ago I saw roses in bloom out doors. How is little Jamie & the others, his bright-pale face I have often thought of. Children and people begin to think of Christmas. There is a very fine Toy Shop here, and I have been in several times and tell Grace I saw a beautiful doll in a cradle that by touching springs would open its eyes, throw up its hands sit up, and even open its wonderful little mouth, where were tiny white-teeth and say Mama, Mama and Papa, Papa as plain as I can. I thought walking dolls wonderful, but this one was a wonder. I hope that you are quite well, and baby too. Tell Guy Perry has a nice little gentle pony he calls mine, and if he were only here, he should have it to ride. Perry had a sword given him by a friend in New York, and from another gentleman a horse. I met the lady yesterday who had such a brilliant wedding at Augusta. Perry took Mrs Farwell and myself to the Capitol and she toured with us.

Enclosed are our pictures. I think Perrys good, but I hope to get some better ones. I would like one of you much.

I hope you will have good news from the West. I feel that they will be kept safe and well. I am going to write to Charles to-day. Perry would join me in a great deal of love to you and yours.

Ever your affec cousin.  
Lizzie Lee

332 G. St Between 12th & 13th St.

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2040 12/9/1863

*From:* George B Corkhill  
Capt & CS Vols.

*To:* My Dear General [OO  
Howard[]

OOH-1985

*Source:* Bowdoin

Headquarters Second  
Brigade,  
Second Division,  
Second Corps,

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[31]

Headquarters Second Brigade,  
Second Division, Second Corps,  
Dec 9th 1863

My Dear General

I cannot resist the temptation to compliment you on the success which has attended your corp in the west.

You certainly have very many friends in your old command who like me are gratified at the victory which has crowned the gallant fighting of even the 11th Corps while under your leadership!

Your army I fear will have the glory of having struck the fatal blow to the rebellion. The country seems to have lost confidence in our army, whether justly or unjustly I cannot say.

We have of late met with very little success: We crossed the Rapid Anne the other day, but to recross. There seems to be a rumor that Gen. Meade will be relieved! In case this is true I wonder who is to be sacrafized next?

I heard a very distinguished man high in power in the Government say that to you was due the credit of "Gettysburg" and that if you were here, you would be his choice for the command. You may feel thankful you are not here, lest some such misfortune might overtake you.

The 2d Division remains about as of old. Col Devereaux of the 19th Mass commands our brigade, Col Baxter 72d and Col Morehead 106th, the 1st and 3d Brigade. Brig Genl Webb the Division and Maj Gen Warren the Corp. Genl Hancock arrived in Washington last week and is expected here every day. There are but few changes. Col Heath 19th Maine has resigned. Lt. Col Hessel 72d killed, some others killed or resigned whom you would know but whose names you will meet in papers.

I see that you must have been under heavy fire in your last fight from the way the bullets handled the horses of your staff officers.

I should be glad to hear from you at any time, should you feel disposed to write, as there is no commander with whom I ever served that I remember with more pleasure than you.

My Kindest Regards to Your Brother, Col Balloch et al.

Very faithfully  
George B Corkhill  
Capt & CS Vols.

P.S. Should you ever want a Corp C.S. dont forget that I am next on the docket. - G  
Capt Geo. B. Corkhill  
Dec. 9, 1863

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2041 12/10/1863 *From:* Otis [OO Howard]

*To:* Dearest [Lizzie Howard]

OOH-1986

Head Qrs 11th Corps  
Athens, Tenn.

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Head Qrs. 11th Corps  
Dec. 10, 1863 Athens, Tenn.

Dearest,

We have returned from Knoxville where I last wrote or rather sent a letter to you. I should'nt wonder if you had more news than we. I hope you have heard where we are and are therefore not overanxious. We have been for two weeks without any communications whatever, have lived on the produce of the country. We run the mills, gather in the pigs, sheep & cattle and have got on very well. I wish we could get where there was some sort of chance of getting letters from home. This & all Tenn is a beautiful country. I am at the house of a Mr <Chages> - three beautiful little girls one ten, one about Gracies age & about as old as Jamie. Mrs C is a complete lady. Very many almost all are Union people here.

Give much love to Guy, Grace & Jamie & Chancy. I think about you much & long for the end & for home. I hope you are well and happy. Chas. has some cold but I am quite well. God bless & keep you.

Lovingly  
Otis

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2042 12/17/1863 *From:* Otis [OO Howard]

*To:* Dearest [Lizzie Howard]

OOH-1987

Hd. Qrs. 11th Corps  
Lookout Valley

*Source:* Bowdoin

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[453]

Hd. Qrs. 11th Corps Lookout Valley  
Dec. 17th 1863

Dearest,

Last night we returned to the old camp, after fighting a three days battle and marching immediately thereafter some two hundred and forty (240) miles. Much of the time we have been cut off from all mail connection.

I got a good letter from you last night eight days old. You seem to want a cook. I wish you had some of the yellow girls that follow us out of slavery. One wanted to cook for us yesterday, but I am afraid you have'nt a constitution sufficiently strong for the diet that these poor people are "raised in" You talk of boarding. Boarding destroys two things the family & the home. If you can stick it out till I can come to you, I shall feel better than to know that you are boarding. When you go to the last house you surrender your independence. A hotel ruins the children. I think Joshua Turner would be a true friend to help you in the purchase or renting of a good house.

I cannot bear the thought of pulling up stakes & leaving Maine and beginning anew, for I feel secure in the friendship & appreciation of a large number of our best citizens, who take a pride & pleasure in my good name. Mr Blaine has written an article for the Evening Post, too flattering to me, but a generous & manly defense of a friend and I feel very grateful. Our school privileges in Maine are better than elsewhere.

Charles thinks you might come west on a visit and bring Jamie & the baby & proposes that he go part of the way to fetch you. What do you think of it. It is uncertain what time I could get if any to meet you, and I am hoping something will turn up to give us peace before the end of this winter. I might resign & leave the field, but I cannot make it seem consistent with my duty so to do. My staff are all dependent on me & would be thrown out of Service. However, we shall see.

Meade's want of success is a good thing for the general result, for it keeps Lee & his army preying upon the vitals of Virginia, while the Western Armies are doing the necessary work.

Tenn. is full of loyal people. She will resume her duties soon.

Give much love to Guy, Grace, Jamie and an armful of kisses to Chancy. Grace's letter I got at Cleveland. I wish you could travel with us thro E. Tennessee – a splendid country & a fine people. The ladies are Union – US flags appear from many houses.

I must go now & look for a new camp. God bless you.

Lovingly  
Otis

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2043 12/18/1863 *From:* W.T. Sherman *To:* Maj Genl OO Howard  
Maj Genl  
OOH-1988 Head Qrs. Dept of the Comdg 11th Corps  
*Source:* Bowdoin Tenn.  
Chattanooga,

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[344/32]

Head Qrs. Dept of the Tenn.  
Chattanooga, Dec 18, 1863

Maj Genl OO Howard,  
Comdg 11th Corps.  
Dear General,

As the Events of War brought us together and have as suddenly parted us, I cannot deny myself the pleasure it gives me to express to you the deep personal respect I entertain for you. I had known you by reputation, but it needed the opportunity our short campaign gave me to appreciate one who mingles so gracefully and perfectly the polished Christian Gentleman, and the prompt, zealous, and Gallant soldier. I am not in the habit of flattering, but I have deemed it my duty to express to Genl Grant and others in whom I confide not only the satisfaction but the great pleasure I experienced in being associated with you in our late short but most fruitful campaign. Not only did you do all that circumstances required, but you did it in a spirit of cheerfulness that was reflected in the conduct and behaviour of your whole command. I beg you will convey to Genl Schurz, Col Rushbeck and all your officers the assurances of my personal & official respect.

Should Fortune bring us together again in any capacity, I will deem myself most fortunate, and should it ever be in my power to serve you, I beg you will unhesitatingly call on me as a Friend.

With great respect, Your friend,  
W.T. Sherman  
Maj Genl

[Written on the back]  
18th December 1863  
Major General Sherman  
Congratulatory Letter

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2044 12/20/1863 *From:* Otis [OO Howard]

*To:* Dearest [Lizzie Howard]

OOH-1990

*Source:* Bowdoin

Headquarters Eleventh  
Corps,  
Lookout Valley

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[454]

Headquarters Eleventh Corps,  
Lookout Valley Dec. 20th 1863

Dearest,

It is sort of unsatisfactory to write letters when one feels a strong inclination to go home. I have meditated on several propositions like these. To go alone making the journey in 7 days on and 7 days back spending 6 days at home. Objection. I might fail of connections & take more time en route - Command not in condition to leave - Too short a visit at best. Dont like to come back. Another proposition - For wife & baby to meet me in New York and go to West Point spending 10 days there. Objection - Too cold weather for wife & baby - Would have to part away from home - Would want to see the other children - Only one Isabela. Well, I think we will wait and see what will turn up.

You can hardly think what a host of mail matter we had when we got back last thursday. So many accounts of the battle of Chattanooga. We cannot feel too thankful for the dealings of Divine Providence with us. I wish, nay long, for the end, but know it is wrong to be impatient.

I will enclose you the letter of Gen. Sherman to me. It will explain itself.

This corps was engaged three days with the enemy. Marched all the fourth in pursuit. On the 5th day a part made a march of 27 miles the rest about 10, one day's rest & bring up supplies. The next day, 21 miles from Parker's gap to Cleaveland, next about 10 or 11 to Charleston. Some worked till 1 o'clock at night in repairing the bridge over the Hiwassee. Tuesday crossed Hiwassee, marched 13 or 14 miles to near Athens. Wednesday 23 miles. Thursday 8 miles. Friday night made wagon bridge at Davis' ford 750 feet long, marched from Loudon across wagon bridge to Louisville, 21 miles. Sunday command rested, while I went on to Knoxville from 13 to 15 miles. The next day we turned back and marched leisurely back to Lookout Valley, having fought 3 days and marched some 240 miles. More than half the men have either no shoes or no bottoms to them. Nobody would complain, but they would show me their poor red cold feet as I passed on. We are now giving them shoes. Rebels did'nt have any in their country.

I feel much gratified that Gen Sherman was pleased with me and the command. Gen Grant regards him as his best officer & warm friend. He is rather rough in his expressions, but an uncompromising friend of the government.

Give much love to Guy. I hope he is very well this cold winter. It is cold here. We all have our overcoats on at dinner as our dining tent has no fireplace or stove yet. Grace wrote papa a good letter which met him at Cleaveland on his way back from Knoxville. Guy & Grace will have to study Geography pretty smartly to keep up with papa. I hope Jamie is still hearty, and Chancy well. Jamie, does he want papa & John to come home still? With my prayers & much love for you my darling wife. I remain

Your husband  
Otis

P.S.

I believe I am more homesick of late than usual. Charles is well & proposes sending for a book to be sent to Guy. I have some fans for you, for mother and for Grace.

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2045 12/23/1863 *From:* M C Meigs

*To:* Major Genl O.O. Howard

OOH-1992

Chattanooga

Comd'g 11th Corps

*Source:* Bowdoin

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[33]

Chattanooga 23d December 1863

My dear General,

In ancient times, before the invention or diffusion of letters, our barbarous ancestors raised upon the battlefields which decided the fate of tribes, tumuli of earth or cairns of loose stones, which have outlasted the traditions of the contests they are intended to commemorate.

We have fought a great battle, one which makes an epocha in the history not only of the United States, but of that almost eternal contest between good and evil – between liberty and slavery of which our war is the latest & greatest act.

I wish to see some monument erected upon the battlefield, and it seems to me that the point of Lookout Mountain is a site on which the rudest artificial structure if of sufficient size to be seen at a distance will have a striking effect.

I have sketched a monument little removed in its rude simplicity from the cairns which dot the fields of Germany & Northern Europe but containing a sepulchral chamber, which, by diminishing the quantity of material, diminishes the labor of erection and will form a receptacle, in which, at some future day, it is probable that the bones of those who lie buried on the mountain would be collected. There appears to be a period of repose for the troops. Could not the 11th and 12th Corps erect this monument on the field of their valor – in commemoration of their great exploit and of their comrades who gave their lives for their country.

I enclose a sketch – the cairn is sixty four feet square at base – and 40 feet high – the block is 17 feet square & 8 feet high – the column 8 feet diameter at base & 20 feet high. The vault is a dome, circular in plan 32 feet in diameter. The whole to be built of dry stones of moderate size laid with their beds horizontal, except the lining of the vault which should be built as wells are walled up, with radial joints clinched with small wedge shaped stones.

I would insert a large slab of cut stone in the panel of the die-inscribed “Erected by the 11th and 12th Corps of the Army of the U.S., in memory of their comrades who fell in the storming of Lookout Mountain and Missionary ridge on the 23d 24th & 25th November 1863.”

I would place it on the flat rock at the NE point of the summit of Lookout and encircling the floor would sculpture in large letters three feet long “Stormed by the Army of the United States 24 November 1863 .”

Would your Corps enter upon such a task with spirit. I hope they will.

Truly your friend  
(signed) M C Meigs [General Montgomery C Meigs]

To  
Major Genl O.O. Howard  
Comd'g 11th Corps.

[Sketches of the proposed monument.]

[Written on the last page]

Date. Dec. 23d 1863

Recd. Dec. 24

Letter from Qr. Genl. Meigs

Concerning Monument on Lookout

[Note. A copy of this letter was generated. It was filed as OOH\_1991. The original is OOH\_1992.]

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2045 12/23/1863 *From:* M C Meigs

*To:* Major Genl O.O. Howard

OOH-1992

Chattanooga

Comd'g 11th Corps

*Source:* Bowdoin

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[33]

Chattanooga 23d December 1863

My dear General,

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Truly your friend  
(signed) M C Meigs [General Montgomery C Meigs]

To  
Major Genl O.O. Howard  
Comd'g 11th Corps.

[Sketches of the proposed monument.]

[Written on the last page]

Date. Dec. 23d 1863

Recd. Dec. 24

Letter from Qr. Genl. Meigs

Concerning Monument on Lookout

[Note. A copy of this letter was generated. It was filed as OOH\_1991. The original is OOH\_1992.]

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2046 12/23/1863 *From:* Otis [OO Howard]

*To:* Dearest [Lizzie Howard]

OOH-1993

*Source:* Bowdoin

Headquarters Eleventh  
Corps,  
Lookout Valley

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[452]

[Letterhead]

Headquarters Eleventh Corps,  
Lookout Valley Dec. 23 1863

Dearest,

I must confess to you that I have got a smoky tent. My house smoked so badly that I have had it torn down and it is now rebuilding. I have moved into another place temporarily and find to my sorrow that this smokes too, so that I have to keep the front up.

This is my excuse for not writing for a day or two. Col. Asmussen starts for Nashville tomorrow & I want to send just a note by him to say that I am quite well & so is Charles, Capt Stinson & Mr Gilbreth.

Everything is now very quiet. Bragg's army (Gen. Hardee comdg) keeps at a proper distance. We are hoping that no disaster may befall us in the vicinity of Knoxville by Longstreet turning back. Gen. Foster has quite <has> a pretty large force and if well handled will drive Longstreet out. Perhaps Gen. Grant will go up in person pretty soon.

I hope the children are well tonight. The weather must be getting quite cold by this time in Maine. It is pretty cold here, freezes very hard. I have a most excellent cook, a mulatto woman, who has two little children and is staying in a tent. She wants to earn something to take her north. I wish you had her, she seems like a good woman. I have a man run our mess, and he hires this woman. Charles, Capt Stinson, Capt. Pearson, Col. Hayes and Mr Gilbreth mess with me. We still eat in a cold tent but are having a place fixed – half house & half tent. Give much love to each of the little ones & God bless you all.

Most affectionately,

Your husband

Otis

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2047 12/26/1863 *From:* OO Howard

*To:* My dear little daughter  
[Grace]

OOH-1994

*Source:* Bowdoin

Headquarters Eleventh  
Corps,  
Lookout Valley

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[450]

[Letterhead]

Headquarters Eleventh Corps,  
Lookout Valley Dec 26th 1863

My dear little daughter,

I think I wrote Guy last; at any rate I received a letter from you last. I dont remember when I got one from Guy it was so long ago. Papa has just had a new house built one that it has taken three days and one half of Christmas to finish. I think my house is now quite as big as Mamma's parlor. My new chimney not being high enough was topped off with a box. Just now the box caught fire and if John had not moved very quickly my whole house would have been on fire. John pulled off the burning box, but now my new house is full of smoke. Perhaps a kind Heavenly Father dont want your papa to find too much comfort away from his home.

Yesterday was Christmas. You would have wished me a merry Christmas if I had been at home and who knows, but you and Guy would have made me a Christmas present. Which do you like best to make presents or to receive them?

Yesterday Uncle Charles, Col Meysenburg, Dr Hubbard, Dr. Sukeley & I went up to the tip top of Lookout Mountain. This is a very high mountain 1400 feet above the surface of the river. You can see from the northern point into five different states, I am told – Tennessee, Alabama, N. Carolina and Georgia. I do not know whether the other state is Kentucky or South Carolina. Chattanooga with its houses its tents and soldiers huts is spread out before you. The beautiful serpent like river the Tennessee runs at your feet and as far as you can see it twists along in the valleys. You can look at Missionary ridge & all along where the battle was fought and you can see your papas present camp.

Two steamboats came in sight several miles apart on the river while we were gazing. I hope to take you there some day, my daughter, with Mamma, Guy, Jamie, and Chancy. Lookout mountain will some day be a place of great interest and frequent resort. There is a fine little hamlet called Summertown on top, - probably called so because people went thither from the hot cities to spend the summer.

You must give a great deal of love to Guy. Has he improved much in reading and writing since he left your school? And Jamie, can he stop "his self" long enough to think about John and his absent papa? Does the baby grow? Can he talk any yet? And how is dearest Mamma, very cheery and happy and well, working for all the children and for papa far away? I feel glad you are a good girl, glad you remember the verse "love one another" and expect you know its meaning. May our kind and loving Heavenly Father have you all in his holy keeping.

Your affectionate father  
OO Howard

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2048 12/27/1863 *From:* Otis [OO Howard]

*To:* Dear Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

OOH-1995

*Source:* Bowdoin

Head Quarters 11th  
Corps  
Lookout Valley

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[457]

[Letterhead]

Head Quarters 11th Corps  
Lookout Valley December 27th 1863 between Christmas & New Years

Dear Mother

I intended to write you on Christmas eve, but my tent and house smoked so badly that I gave it up and moved into another belonging to the Quartermaster while mine was being rebuilt. After mine had been torn down Chimney and all I found to my sorrow that my temporary abode was but little superior to the other and I read & wrote without comfort. Your letter and others that I hope to write I have reserved for my new house. I'm in a house of one room, the side logs a foot through. One end fireplace & chimney, and stockading, the other boarding from clothing boxes. The floor the same, a little like patch work - for roof a cotton covering called "paulin" without the tar. We fitted a shelter tent into the upper part of the gable end. I enclose you a little sketch as I do to Guy & Grace thinking it might interest you to learn how we make houses here. My house is much superior to those of the inhabitants in this valley. I have a nice cot-bed, a desk, a table and three chairs. So that you see how comfortably fixed I am for the winter.

I think the weather is quite as cold here as in Virginia, but we hav'nt seen any snow yet.

I take it for granted Charles has described to you the events of interest in our long march to the vicinity of Knoxville and back. So I thought it might be of interest to you to name each member of our staff, and attempt his marked characteristics.

Col Asmussen as we call him is a Lieutenant Colonel, an inspector and chief of Staff. I found him here on taking command. He is a German, about my size, black hair & a piercing black eye, very mandatory in his style of speaking. You can just barely detect the foreigner in his accents. He is most energetic and constant in the discharge of his military duties and aids me very much. He drinks some but never lets me see him do so. He seems always very much attached to me.

Lieut Col. Meysenburg is my Adjutant General. He keeps an office with several clerks, records all orders, issues mine and makes out reports to send up from those received from the Divisions. He is a little taller than I has dark brown hair, a high, broad, clear forehead. He seems quiet, dignified; is a good German and English scholar, looks about 22 yrs of age.

Lieut. Col Balloch, my Commissary, looks as if 40 yrs, has a stoop in his shoulders and a long face & care worn, but he is the most jovial, companionable, kind rough Scotchman, born in America, you ever saw.

Lieut Col. Hayes, my Quartermaster was an old College friend at Bowdoin in the next class after me. I got him appointed Asst. Qr Mr with the rank of Captain in the 2nd Div. 2nd Corps. Recently I have had him appointed Corps Qr. Mr. with rank of Lieut Col. He is about my age & size - a little heavier perhaps. He has brown hair and blue eyes, talks little, gives you the impression of a firm & careful man.

Maj Howard, my first Aide de Camp, with his fine brown hair, reddish mustache & whiskers, and genial face, you will recognize without an introduction.

Capt. Stinson A.D.C. is about as tall as the Major, of a sundy complexion, slender build, neck rather long. He has a clear blue eye and the stamp of intelligence and independence in his face. He has a slight lisp, or impediment in speech, particularly in pronouncing the word horse, dropping the r

Capt. Daniel Cross A.D.C. takes the place of Capt Griffith, who was killed at Gettysburg. He came on with Col

Hayes, and is a handsome young man of Chas' age, of red cheeks, dark eyes & hair and a cheerful expression. Always very prompt & active.

Capt Pearson is called commissary of musters. He musters in and out all officers & men of the Volunteer Service in this corps. He is a regular officer of the 14th infantry. A young man about 25, of a sober look, thoughtful, quick to reply and respectful, generally reticent. He is very fearless in action.

Lieut Gilbreth whose father lives at Augusta at the Arsenal is an Acting Aide de Camp.

Capt. Schofield, a black haired, black eyed dark complexioned thick set young man brings up stragglers, takes care of prisoners and gives passes.

These officers constitute the staff when you have added two fine young men of the Medical Department. Surgeon Brinton looks hardly 25, has a fine clear bright dark eye, quite deep in a young face, a high full forehead and he is prepossessing, but for a little touch of the cynic in the smile. He is withal a young man of unusual ability & character. Dr Hubbard is older, health not good. He looks a little as Thomas Bridgham used, to before he had so many wrinkles, and is a high minded, true hearted man. The former, Dr B, is called Medical Director of the Corps & the latter is the Medical Inspector. He has resigned and leaves us soon.

Capt Stinson, Pearson, Col. Hayes, Chas, Lt Gilbreth & myself now mess together. We have attached to Hd. Qrs. a pioneer company, the Provost guard, an escort, one company of Cavalry, orderlies, hostlers, clerks and a number of Colored Servants. All these officers & men belong to and really constitute Corps Headquarters.

It is the sabbath & has been very stormy all day, for the most of the time raining hard. Chas sits by my fire reading the Independent. Give love to Father, remember me to Roland & Cynthia & the neighbors. Is Oscar at home? I hope you are very cozy & happy this cold winter. Dellie comes home frequently? Give him my love. Isabella has gone to Lizzie & I am glad. Mrs Clark was getting aged & broken. Charles sends his love and says he shall write soon. We would like to hear of a still growing religious interest in Leeds. I hope Dear Mother, you do not cease to pray for us that we may ever walk uprightly in the fear of God.

Your ever affectionate son  
Otis

Enclosed a New Year's present to go with Charles'.

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2049 12/31/1863 *From:* Otis [OO Howard]

*To:* Dearest [Lizzie Howard]

OOH-1997

*Source:* Bowdoin

Headquarters Eleventh  
Corps,  
Lookout Valley

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[460]

[Letterhead]

Headquarters Eleventh Corps,  
Lookout Valley Dec. 31 1863

Dearest,

I have now had my chimney rebuilt the third time and have attained a perfect success. I now have a large fireplace that affords me a warm fire and does not keep my eyes and lungs filled with smoke.

Today I have ridden all day and into the night and for much of the time in a heavy rain. I went to Whitesides and back; the roads are almost as bad as they are in Maine in the early spring when the frost is just coming out of the ground. Harry Stinson and Col. <Broughten> of the 143 N.Y. accompanied me also two orderlies. We went to see about getting an Engine across the Falling Waters bridge at Whitesides. The workmen will not complete the bridge for some time and Gen. Thomas wishes me and mine to get the Engine and some cars on this side.

A more barren, rugged country you have never seen. It is like the back country of West Point only there are more detached mountain hills (foothills?) with narrow and deep ravines. The streams are high and flow with mud. I notice that the masons to make mortar have only to dig a hole in the ground and mix in the excavated earth with water & really after a rain it would only be necessary to scrape the ground.

1863 has got on cloak and hat and is just ready to say: "Good bye, General, Good bye Howard, Good bye Otis. Let the mistakes you have made under me teach you lessons of wisdom. I speak to thee in confidence, in thy relations official, in those between man and man, in those of family, remember thy shortcomings and do better. Decisive in office, a bridled tongue in social sphere, and more effort for the comfort and welfare of the beloved at home. Renew thy covenant with God. Good bye!" May we not hope that this coming year will bring us peace, and love and home!

I have a beautiful etching of our past head quarter's camp, executed by one of Maj Hoffman's clerks. I cannot spell his name without notes nor pronounce it with them. You can get a photographic copy if you think best and send one to mother and another to Rowland. The picture is perfect, true to the minutia.

Capt Stinson says, out of doors: "snow aint it"! We hav'nt got into the sunny south yet. For it freezes, it blows, it rains and now it snows. You cant think how cold Johns hands are in the morning when he undertakes to roll up my sleeves. I must make as much fuss as Jamie does when you wash his face in cold water. It amuses John.

It is now five minutes after 12: the old year out out & the new year in. I wish you and all the little peaceful sleeping bunnies a very happy new year. Our love we will renew and repledge to each other – time only binds us with more cords. May we always be able to preserve a lively sense of a Father's hand bestowing blessings and not the least of them His Son, our Saviour.

Lovingly,  
Otis

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2050 12/31/1863 *From:* O.O. Howard

*To:* My dear Guy [Howard]

OOH-1998

*Source:* Bowdoin

Headquarters Eleventh  
Corps,  
Lookout Valley

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[451]

[Letterhead]

Headquarters Eleventh Corps,  
Lookout Valley 1863 [Dec 1863 was written in pencil.]

My dear Guy,

I have just finished a letter to Gracie and now your turn comes.

It is a very rainy night. When it rains here the mud gets deep so that you can scarcely walk. We have a very large Newfoundland dog at these Head Quarters, by the name of "Lookout". He generally keeps very quiet with his big head and shaggy tail, but he sometimes gets his pretty black back up and looks ill-favored strangers in the face. He is much like an Irishman: he dont like the negroes, but on the whole he is good-natured, looks you in the face like a sensible boy and fondly wags his tail.

The little foxes (boys) are still running about amusing themselves, not by washing their faces as you might suppose at first sight, but by setting fire to tall stumps of trees at the bottom. These burn two or three days and as many nights. When people clear a piece of land in this country for corn or for cotton, they do not cut the trees & draw off the wood but they girdle them: that is they cut a circular incision quite around the tree [sketch of a tree with a circular cut], so that the tree dies, the roots decay and the plough can be drawn amongst them with very little obstruction.

The people in Lookout Valley are generally very poor and all the children without any exception are ignorant and very dirty. It was not so in East Tennessee. The people there were intelligent, the boys and girls had "chances" to go to school and often washed their rosy cheeks. I got acquainted with little Walter Craigmiles at Cleaveland, Henry Hennegar at Charleston, Mary Creagr at Athens, Mary Sheldon at Sweetwater, Mary & Martha and Horace Foster at Louisville, E. Tennessee. These children were all between you & Jamie as to age and I talked with them about you all and showed them your pictures. They were moreover Union children and loved "Yankee Soldiers" as they call us and also the dear old flag of our country which the rebels hate so.

I am glad you and Mamma and the other children live so far from the Armies. These poor children have to see the rebel armies encamping on their father's farms, destroying fences, eating up the corn & then ours have to follow.

Uncle Charley sends his love to Guy & Grace and Jamie. Are you all glad that Isabella has come back to live with you? Is Mamma still the cook. Tell her papa is now wearing the new shirts she made. They are splendid, splendid. How can we pay her for all she does for us, Guy? You must tell me about your studies. Are you a good reader yet? And can you spell well?

Now I must go to bed under my Guniacca robe and let the rain pattering on my canvass roof sing me to sleep. The Saviour loves you Guy. His blessing be upon you my son.

Your affectionate father  
O.O. Howard