Lizzie's love

Portland Feb. 8th 1855

Mon frère,

I have come to this city for the purpose of getting married. The card enclosed herewith will inform you of the fact & the when. She that's to be the happy bride has some very bad fears or I would not have bothered you this time. I think of going to Hallowell tomorrow. Shall call on you on my way back. I hope you will get this so as to be at the cars as I pass on. I have my dear brother a secret to impart to you. Keep it close. I shall rely upon your assistance as well as your secrecy in case of failure - it is this. Lizzie is making her wedding cloth & not quilting.

Votre frère

O. V. Howard

Alice & Hellen's love is enclosed also. Make them come - Lizzie wants them witness it. Display your persuasive powers.

113 2/8/1855 ***From:*** O.O. Howard ***To:*** Mon Frere [RB Howard]

RBH-078 Portland

Source: Bowdoin

Portland Feb. 8th, 1855

Mon Frere,

I have come to this city for the purpose of getting married. The card enclosed herewith will inform you of the fact & the when. The that's to be the happy bride. Has some very bad pens or I would not have blotted your letter. I think of going to Hallowell tomorrow, shall call on you on my way back. Hope you will get this so as to be at the cars as I pass on. I have my dear brother a secret to impart to you - keep it close. I shall rely upon your assistance as well as your secrecy in case of failure, it is this. Lizzie is making her wedding dress & not quilting.

Votre frere
O. O. Howard

Alice & Helen's card is enclosed also. Make them come. Lizzie more than wishes it. Display your persuasive powers.

Lizzie's Love.

[Otis & Lizzie were married 14 Feb 1855 in Portland.]

Bowd. Coll. March 18. 1855

My dear Mother

Roscoe, or as we shall soon have to call him, Dr Jennings went up to Leeds yesterday and said he should go to meeting today if there was any and promised me he would speak to you if you were there. So if you hear from me Sunday you won't probably care much about it Tuesday when this gets home. but as I have got through going to Church for today I will write. I have not heard a word from Otis since he left Maine. I wrote him an account of Grandmothers death & funeral immediately on my return from Leeds & requested an immediate answer as I was anxious to learn how the Army increase bill which had then just passed Congress was to affect him Knowing, as I did, that he had petitioned for a Captaincy in the Dragoons. I rather repeat & I guess he hopes, that he will not get it. Such an appointment would now deprive him of a home & make him a Rover. A kind of life which a manly man would not relish even if he did get double pay & double honor —

temperament I am not over patient. So I fell to fretting, snarling & sending all the pants to his Satanic Majesty by turns.

Dow Job must have cursed had his situation half as provoking. But it was no use. So after exhausting myself in vain efforts to unite the reluctant waistbands. I laced the fronts with an elegant shoe-string making very much the same display of linen as some ladies do in a different place — I mean those muslin bosoms with their oriel lacing — In the mean time, the hour lost, and my unlucky appearance, with my short legs & open fronts, destroyed all my hopes of meeting my fashionable acquaintances and almost kept me from the Concert itself, but Hewitt came in, lent me his cloak, and, at last I went, and enjoyed the music in an obscure corner, unnoticed and unknown — the secret was, Waterman slept with me the night before & by mistake had worn my pants to Topsham and had left his own little short, greasy, narrow contracted things behind — Remember me to Father, Sallie Roland & Lucien. &

as your very affectionate son

Rowland

I shall certainly expect a letter from him the first of the week - Our engine gave out up in Greene that morning & came down & detained us an hour. So I missed the train at Yarmouth & so had to make Charles another compulsory visit. I found him with a pretty bad cold, which this damp weather and sloppy going is not calculated to help much - So I did not reach Brunswick till Friday afternoon & had nearly a week to make up - I have had a cold in the head, throat &c most of the time since I came back - but it is more troublesome than injurious - In want of something better I believe I must tell you of a practical joke which was unwittingly played on me the other night - I am one of those who enjoy a good joke about as well when it falls on myself as on somebody else. Well, you see, an old singing master of mine, Mr. Rice of Bath, was to give a concert here on Wednesday night - assisted by his Glee Class - and a singer of Boston who is an especial favorite of mine - Mrs. Hattie C. Long (got the most heavenly voice you ever heard) - As was natural I made up my mind to go, in fact I was very anxious to go - & as I had a musical friend here who has spent the winter in New York, who has heard all the great singers & who knows all about music, who is very pretty and very agreeable. I naturally enough took it into my head that I would like to have her go - only just to see, of course, whether our tastes coincided in regard to Mrs. Long - because if they did I should consider myself quite a judge -

Well - I hurried home from supper, resolved to dress as soon as possible, that I might have a short call & chat before Concert - On reaching my room, and having partly dressed, what was my surprise to find that of five pairs of unmentionables, not one was there, but had holes in the knees or in a still more embarrassing place. I was in despair - but after hunting some minutes, which seemed like hours, I found under the bed a pair, which although they were most greasy & threadbare than I ever recollect mine to have been, yet they seemed to be entire - These, I concluded were the lost pants - I tried them on, & O horror of horrors!! my legs stuck through farther than Le Grand Cranes, and when I attempted to bring the waistbands into anything like proximity - it was a dead failure - Three inches at least did they lack of a proper union - Now, Mother you know that being of a nervous

114 3/18/1855 ***From:*** Rowland [RB Howard] ***To:*** Dear Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

RBH-079 Bowd. Coll.

Source: Bowdoin

Bowd. Coll. March 18, 1855

My dear Mother

Roscoe, or as we shall soon have to call him, Dr. Jennings, went up to Leeds yesterday and said he should go to meeting today if there was any and promised me he would speak to you if you were there. So if you hear from me Sunday you won't probably care much about it Tuesday when this gets home, but as I have got through going to Church for today I will write.

I have not heard a word from Otis since he left Maine. I wrote him an account of Grandmother's death [Elizabeth (Stinchfield) Otis died on 3 March at the age of 81] & funeral immediately on my return from Leeds. I requested an immediate answer as I was anxious to learn how the Army increase bill which had then just passed Congress was to affect him knowing, as I did, that he had petitioned for a Captaincy in the Dragoons. I rather suspect & I guess he hopes, that he will not get it. Such an appointment would now deprive him of a home & make him a Rover, a kind of life which a married man would not relish even if he did get double pay & double honor. I shall certainly expect a letter from him the first of the week.

Our engine gave out up in Greene, that morning I came down, & detained us an hour. So I missed the Train at Yarmouth & so had to make Charles another compulsory visit. I found him with a pretty bad cold, which this damp weather and sloppy going is not calculated to help much. So I did not reach Brunswick till Friday Afternoon & had nearly a week to make up.

I have had a cold in the head, throat, &c most of the time since I came back, but it is more troublesome than injurious.

In want of something better I believe I must tell you of a practical joke which was unwittingly played on me the other night. I am one of those who enjoy a good joke about as well when it falls on myself as on somebody else. Well, you see, an old singing master of mine, Mr. Rice of Bath, was to give a concert here on Wednesday night, assisted by his Glee Class, and a singer of Boston who is an especial favorite of mine - Mrs Hattie C. Long (got the most heavenly voice you ever heard).

As was natural I made up my mind to go, in fact I was very anxious to go, & as I had a musical friend here who has spent the winter in New York, who has heard all the great singers & who knows all about music, who is very pretty and very agreeable, I naturally enough took it into my head that I would like to have her go - only just to see, of course, whether our tastes coincided in regard to Mrs. Long, because if they did I should consider myself quite a judge.

Well, I hurried home from Supper, resolved to dress as soon as possible, that I might have a short call & chat before Concert. On reaching my room, and having partly dressed, what was my surprise to find that of five pairs of unmentionables, not one was there, but had holes in the knees or in a still more embarrassing place. I was in despair, but after hunting some minutes, which seemed like hours, I found under the bed a pair, which although they were more greasy & threadbare than I ever recollect mine to have been, yet they seemed to be entire. These, I concluded were the lost pants. I tried them on, & o horror of horrors!! My legs stuck through farther than Ichabod Cranes, and when I attempted to bring the waistbands into anything like proximity, it was a dead failure. Three inches at least did they lack of a proper union. Now, Mother, you know that being of a nervous temperament I am not over patient. So I fell to fretting, snarling & sending all the pants to his Satanic majesty by turns.

Job must have cussed had his situation been half as provoking. But it was no use. So after exhausting myself in vain efforts to unite the reluctant waistbands, I laced the fronts with an elegant Shoe-string making very much the same display of Linnen as some ladies do in a different place. I mean these muslin bosoms with their cord lacing. In the mean time, the hour lost, and my unlucky appearance with my short legs & open fronts, destroyed all my hopes of meeting my fashionable acquaintance, and almost kept me from the concert itself, but Hewitt

came in, lent me his cloak, and, at last I went, and enjoyed the music in an obscure corner, unnoticed and unknown. The secret was, Waterman slept with me the night before & by mistake had worn my pants to Topsham and had left his own little short, greasy, narrow contracted things behind.

Remember me to Father, Dellie, Roland & Lucia, & as

Your very affectionate Son
Rowland

room—the carpet that was under her feet when Mr Moore stood before her with such tender words.— I am in this room— Lizzie is in the rocking-chair by my side— She has been pretty contented though she rather longs for her girl-friends in Portland— If she gets homesick with such a fine even-tempered, good-natured, yielding husband as she has, I shall send her back to Portland. But she is looking critically over me so I must stop talking about her— She was to take my correspondence— to show you how little she does it she is, I will tell you, <u>subrosa</u>, she has not written a single letter for me yet. Undoubtedly there are thousands of things you would like to know that I have not told you— I dont mean to satisfy your curiosity for I should thereby shorten your subsequent epistles & open the probability of your visiting us next summer. There is much to be seen— A favorable impression has preceded you— in this quarter. Lizzie says she is making out a list of purchases. It is sunday— she must have forgotten— She sends her love to you— She sends love to Alice & Ellen if you see them, she is going to write them soon. Remember me to the three tutors individually & by name. Your affectionate brother Otis

Waterville Arsenal
March 18th 1855.

Dear Brother

I received your letter in good time, but I had already been apprized of Grandmother's death through a letter from mother that came to hand a few days before. I regret very much indeed that I did not go to Wellesville as I at first intended— but the past cannot be helped, and it looks little to recall such things to grieve over. I was glad— (that is it afforded me a sort of mournful pleasure) that you were so particular in describing the last moments of our dear Grandmother; for I loved her very much and anything connected with that sad time when she was on the verge of Eternity could not fail to make me pause in my levity & spurs me towards the same inevitable terminus in my own journeyings onward. Would to God my end might be like hers!

But enough of sad thoughts— it is not a part of my philosophy or religion to be dolorous— Our Grandmother was a faithful & teaching christian and she has gone to a better world, after a life of usefulness, in which her children & grandchildren will do well to emulate

her example, is there not then, (if not a cause for joy,) little cause for abiding sorrow?— You say I know what you wish to know better than you can tell me— Well we came through safely from Portland to Springfield the first day (Monday) & the second day arrived at Troy. Instead of finding my friends at the Depot to welcome the bride I could not find a carriage there fit to take her in to the Arsenal. I left her at the Depot went & procured one at a Livery Stable & we set forth for her new home— the most interesting objects we met on the way (that is to Lizzie) were pigs— She saw a pig at every corner, in the streets— on the side-walks,— Everywhere in fact excepting in pens where she thought they ought to be. We crossed the Hudson over the Troy bridge— which expands now, spans the river— by two sections— the first to a little island & the second from the island to the opposite shore— This is just above the junction of the Mohawk— We then turned south— crossed the latter river— then a branch of the Canal & found ourselves in the filthy city of West Troy— the only redeeming features of which are the McAdamized roads & Waterworks, which it chances to contain. We followed the river down for a mile or more till we came to an iron fence, which Lizzie observing eyes guesses belonged to Uncle Sam— We soon came to the gate & turned to the right passed through— up the road across the canal— again to the right a few steps & we come to a large stone house— with Porters in front there's huge mouths pointing outwards— one half of this double tenement. Of this tilly her is to be under her ~~supervision~~ supervision. We entered found Mr Ruggs— who had made preparations to meet us that night at Albany & come up with us— have a carriage for us at the Depot— and a good dinner for welcome— but we got the start of him. I had written that I did not expect to get further than Boston the first night— & therefore could not reach Albany till evening. The Birds & plant came safely— the basket also though I dropped it and spilt some of the seeds contained— so also with the shawl & bandbox & bride— all arrived safely at the Arsenal on tuesday the 27th of February 1855. We are now quite settled. Though my laziness & Lizzies carpet require a lounge to make all complete in the furniture line. I packed piano— chairs &c. &c. at Portland. They arrived by Freight train on Thursday following safe & sound— cost for 8 large boxes only ten dollars, carting &c inclusive, We now have three rooms fitted up— two above & one below. Lizzies parlor is beautifully furnished, an elegant new carpet— a centertable of rosewood & a settee of the same with her former nice mahogany furniture. The room above looks north to the East with two windows to the south with one— She has upon this

115 3/18/1855 ***From:*** Otis [OO Howard] ***To:*** Dear Brother [RB Howard]

RBH-081 Watervliet Arsenal

Source: Bowdoin

Watervliet Arsenal March 18th, 1855.

Dear Brother

I received your letter in good time, but I had already been apprised of Grandmother's death through a letter from mother that came to hand a few days before. I regret very much indeed that I did not go to Hallowell as I at first intended, but the past cannot be helped and it boots little to recall such things to grieve over. I was glad (that is it afforded me a sort of mournful pleasure) that you were thus particular in describing the last moments of our dear Grandmother; for I loved her very much and anything connected with that time when she was on the verge of eternity could not fail to make me pause in my levity & point me towards the same inevitable terminus in my own journeyings onward. Would to God my end might be like hers! But enough of sad thoughts, it is not a part of my philosophy or religion to be dolorous. Our grandmother was a faithful & trusting Christian and she has gone to a better world after a life of usefulness, in which her children & grandchildren will do well to emulate her example. Is there not then, (if not the cause for joy) little cause for abiding sorrow?

You say I know what you wish to know better than you can tell me. Well we came through safely from Portland to Springfield the first day (Monday) & the second day arrived at Troy. Instead of finding my friends at the Depot to welcome the bride, I could not find a carriage there fit to take her in to the Arsenal. I left her at the Depot went & procured one at a Livery Stable & we set forth for her new home. The most interesting objects we met on the way (that is to Lizzie) were pigs. She saw a pig at every corner, on the streets, on the side-walks, everywhere in fact excepting in pens where she thought they ought to be.

We crossed the Hudson over the Troy bridge, which expands no, spans the river by two sections - the first to a little island & the second from the island to the opposite shore. This is just above the junction of the Mohawk. We then turned south, crossed the latter river then a branch of the Canal & found ourselves in the filthy city of West Troy. The only redeeming features of which are the McAdamized roads & Watervliet which it chances to contain. We followed the river down for a mile or more till we came to an iron fence, which Lizzie's observing eyes guessed belong to uncle Sam. We soon came to the gate & turned to the right, passed through up the road across the canal, again to the right a few steps, she comes to a large stone house with mortars in front, their huge mouths pointing outwards - one half of this double tenement, Otis tells her, is to be under her supervision.

We entered, found Mr. Boggs, who had made preparations to meet us that night at Albany & come up with us, have a carriage for us at the Depot, and a good dinner for welcome, but we got the start of him. I had written that I did not expect to get farther than Boston the first night & therefore could not reach Albany till evening. The birds & plant came safely, the basket also though I dropped it and spilt some of the seeds contained. So also with the shawl & bandbox & bride -all arrived safely at the Arsenal on Tuesday, the 27th of February 1855.

We are now quite settled, though my laziness & Lizzie's carpet require a lounge to make all complete in the furniture line. I packed piano chairs &c. &c. at Portland. They arrived by freight train on Thursday following safe & sound. Costs for three large boxes only $10, carting & inclusive. We now have those rooms fitted up, two above & one below. Lizzie's parlor is beautifully furnished, an elegant new carpet, a center table of rosewood & a settee of the same with her former nice mahogany furniture. The room above looks forth to the East with two windows, to the South with one. She has upon this room the carpet that was under her feet when Mr. Moore stood before her with such knotty words. I am in this room. Lizzie is in the rocking chair by my side.

She has been pretty contented, though she rather longs for her girl-friends in Portland. If she gets homesick with such a fine even-tempered, good-natured yielding husband as she has, I shall send her back to Portland. But she is looking critically over me so I must stop talking about her. She was to take my correspondence - to show you how little obedient she is. I will tell you, sub rosa, she has not written a single letter for me yet.

Undoubtedly there are thousands of things you would like to know that I have not told you. I don't mean to satisfy your curiosity for I should thereby shorten your subsequent epistles & lessen the probability of your

visiting us next summer. There is much to be seen. A favorable impression has preceded you in this quarter. Lizzie says she is making out a list of purchases. It is Sunday, she must have forgotten. She sends her love to you. She sends love to Alice & Hellen. If you see them, she is going to write them soon. Remember me to the <> tutors individually & by name.

Your affectionate brother
Otis

to my Youth & temperament then thinking but I have got to think & act like the rest of the world (who, honestly, look to me as if they were all two thirds mad) or be called a fool & a Dunce for my pains. but enough of this for the present. I shall feel better tomorrow and go into Recitation, no doubt.

Charles has lately written me a good & long letter. He went home with Merill last Sunday. I want him to come down here before he goes home & spend the Sabbath.

Otis has also written me. He keeps pretty still about domestic affairs as he should. Things are at a sad pass when there is a third confident to man & wife. He says he tells me little in order that I may write often in order to learn more. He touched my vanity there, and so misses his calculations. Love to all.

Affectionately Rowland

Charles speaks of getting a very superior kind of letter from Dellie. He must do me the same favor.

Bowd. Coll. Mch. 28. 55

My dear Mother

I hesitated some time before I concluded to write this. Knowing myself to be in rather a 'blue' state of mind. I was afraid I should inflict some of my bad spirits on you. But, after all, human nature wants something serious, nay almost gloomy now and then, just to keep the "ballance of power". Besides if we should always write in an apparently happy mood, we should begin to suspect each other of a want of confidence. For the mind must have its 'downs' as well as its 'ups'. and if we do not deceive, if we would show that confidence which is the true test of affection, we must make each other acquainted with the sad & sorrowful feelings as well as those that are bright & mirthful. Here lies the great

pleasure of writing my Mother - I need not feel that it is necessary for me to be sprightly & amusing - when there is nothing mirthful in me - but I need only to feel & to speak the true emotions of the heart - My mental depression today is almost entirely the result of physical causes - I have a serious cold & my whole body feels dull & stupid & as usual my mind refuses to study or to think - After sitting, working to & fro half the forenoon - I have taken this sheet to trouble you with my listlessness - but, I hardly think I ought to do so -

Sometimes it almost seems as if the intellect, the soul, being so superior in its essence, is too closely connected with the body - too sensible of the latter's ills & aches - I know once, when I was very sick, that the saddest moments which I experienced were those when I was conscious of my inability to to think, reflect & reason -

No merely physical weakness is half so sensibly felt - The loss of a hand or foot could never so affect the feelings of a man as a sense of mental inferiority - He then loses his sense of superiority or even equality with those around him. When some young woman is mourning for her lack of beauty - if she lacks nothing else. she ought easily to be consoled - Give me the consciousness of a superior intellect & I should need no beauty of person, or acres of land to make me proud - But alas! the World does not so estimate it - Wealth & fashion will always aim their blows at <u>that</u> kind of pride - from very envy of its superiority to their own pride of pocket & pride of appearances - & down it must come, unless set off by what the World calls necessary - So - in order to succeed - the intellect itself must set itself to work to acquire the arts of fashion & sweet ways

It is no use for boys like me to dream, although dreaming is much pleasanter

116 3/28/1855 ***From:*** Rowland [RB Howard] ***To:*** Dear Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

RBH-080 Bowd. Coll.

Source: Bowdoin

Bowd. Coll. Mch. 28, 55

My dear Mother

I hesitated some time before I concluded to write this, knowing myself to be in rather a "blue" state of mind. I was afraid I should inflict some of my bad spirits on you. But, after all, human nature wants something serious, nay almost gloomy now and then just to keep the "balance of power". Besides if we should always write in an apparently happy mood, we should begin to suspect each other of a want of confidence, for the mind must have its "downs" as well as its "ups", and if we do not deceive, if we would show that confidence which is the true test of affection, we must make each other acquainted with the sad & sorrowful feelings as well as those that are bright & mirthful. Here lies the great pleasure of writing my Mother. I need not feel that it is necessary for me to be sprightly & amusing when there is nothing mirthful in me, but I need only to feel & to speak the true emotions of the heart.

My mental depression today is almost entirely the result of physical causes. I have a serious cold & my whole body feels dull & stupid & as usual my mind refuses study or to think. After sitting, rocking to & fro half the forenoon, I have taken this sheet to trouble you with my listlessness - but, I hardly think I ought to do so. Sometimes it almost seems as if the intellect, the soul, being so superior in its essence, is too closely connected with the body, too sensible of the latter's ills & aches. I know Once, when I was very sick, that the saddest moments which I experienced were those when I was conscious of my inability to think, reflect & reason. No merely physical weakness is half so sensibly felt. The loss of a hand or foot could never so affect the feelings of a man as a sense of mental inferiority. He then loses his sense of superiority or even equality with those around him. When some young woman is mourning for her lack of beauty, if she lacks nothing else, she ought easily to be consoled. Give me the consciousness of a superior intellect & I should need no beauty of person, or acres of land to make me proud.

But alas! The World does not so estimate it. Wealth & fashion will always air their flaws at that kind of pride, from <verging> of its superiority to their own pride of pocket & pride of appearances & down it must come, unless let off by what the world calls necessary. So in order to success, the intellect itself must set itself to work to acquire the arts of Fashion & "sweet cash".

It is no use for boys like me to dream, although dreaming is much pleasanter to my youth & temperament than thinking, but I have got to think & act like the rest of the world (who, honestly, look to me as if they were all two thirds mad) or be called a Fool & a Dunce for my pains, but enough of this for the present. I shall feel better tomorrow and go into Recitation, no doubt.

Charles has lately written me a good & long letter. He went home with Merrill last Sunday. I want him to come down here before he goes home & spend the Sabbath. Otis has also written me. He keeps pretty still about domestic affairs, as he should. Things are at a sad pass when there is a third confidant to man & wife. He says he tells me little in order that I may write often in order to learn more. He touched my vanity there, and so misses his calculations.

Love to all.
Affectionately
Rowland

Charles speaks of getting a very superior kind of a letter from Dellie. He must do me the same favor.

Waterloo Cayuga Co. N.Y.

March 29th 1855

Dear Brother,

"Of course I dont expect a bachelor to be reasonable". I was a short time since on myself & know rather well how to estimate them, particularly with regard to their reasonableness - they are entirely unsettled in mind and in heart - full of vagaries and strange fancies - bound by no tie or "compact" as you call the bond of union that exists between me & "L" - I will use the pen in order to keep it moving and if Mr Howard dont get back too soon I will give you particular fun for writing such a letter to your worthy brother, who has, by the way, gone into the other quarters to have a little smoke with his friend. Mr Shunk. (Dit it too bad his wife wont let him smoke at home) You did not think I should read that same letter first. "Domestic bliss when" sour grapes. She is coming. I have been doing nothing.

I wont give us more upon politics & some other matters. Upon one subject I feel very much like you do Lizzie. Full of nonsense & fun - He teases her about her birds & various things - He says "you little thing I must see them at Liberty." I am very well satisfied with President Pierce. I believe there is much humbug & gas, about all the representations to his disparagement. He seems to do things about right. His appointments could not have been fairer or have given more general satisfaction to the country. The country seems to be in a very prosperous condition &c. I regard these terms of designation which are ~~precisewords~~ sometimes terms of reproach and sometimes not, as the case may be viz: Locos & Whigs. as of the least consequence in the world.

My page was not wide enough I guess I will have to write on the other side. Why I could have a whole sheet of paper for a week or two. He is now in confinement awaiting the sentence of the Court martial with considerable anxiety - We know that same but he has to await the order from Washington. This reminds me of my Experience at West Point. The time when I waited patiently for a decision - not knowing whether I was to have a furlough or not. I believe I wrote you before about our elegant rooms, how they have been fitted up according to the good taste of Mrs H. - Shunk is very much like you Lizzie. full of nonsense & fun - He teases her about her birds & various things - He says "you little thing I must see them at Liberty."

I wont give us more upon politics & some other matters. Upon one subject I feel very much like you do Lizzie. Full of nonsense & fun - He teases her about her birds & various things - He says "you little thing I must see them at Liberty." I am very well satisfied with President Pierce. I believe there is much humbug & gas, about all the representations to his disparagement. He seems to do things about right. His appointments could not have been fairer or have given more general satisfaction to the country. The country seems to be in a very prosperous condition &c. I regard these terms of designation which are ~~precisewords~~ sometimes terms of reproach and sometimes not, as the case may be viz: Locos & Whigs. as of the least consequence in the world.

Write soon & direct to Waterloo Cayuga Co. N.Y.

Good bye
Write soon
Yours
W. H. Howard

P.S. April 2d

March or April 1st. 55

My Dear Mother. I have not a cent - Little
care, from Charles, but on all - Little
entire sons. Be you well assured
I have in hand five dollars for
that over-plus surveillance can easily
be avoided, and that extreme timidity - that your
imputed sway neither belongs to me or Lizzie.
But you may know that that same honey-moon
is unfavorable to the full development of common
sense or to the imparting of information that
would be of interest or comfort to a bachelor.
Now I have reached the candid part of your letter -
"I want for the life of me to know why you need Mr L -
read your letters to this individual or your
here". To be candid in reply - if there is aught to
write that she might not see, why she would not be
likely to see it - and she writes letters does then up
and sends them off and I do not see them. So
also she receives letters - hands off the top or bottom
as the case may be, wherever the secrets happen
to be located. If my assertion is not sufficient on
these important points, why prove me. As to the matter
of history - the recent changes in the Army do not affect
me much. Maj Harding's death which occurred a
a day or two before my marriage, took my
Brevet off - rendering me a 2nd Lieut. By this new
arrangement, the 1st Lieut Symme of our Corps
was made a Capt. of Cavalry - this brings me along
a little nearer a 1st Lieutenancy. Two years prove
next July I shall be a 1st Lieutenant by regular
promotion; any casualty will bring me up before
that time. I did not apply for promotion
in a new regiment perhaps the Ordnance
Corps was disbanded as we were led to
anticipate by the original Army Bill. Mr
Shunk has come in to pay us a visit. He is
entertaining Lizzie while I continue to write.
Lizzie is trying to smoke - She has a cigar proportionate
to her own personal dimensions. to wit - 8 inches long
1/8 inch through - They continue to bother me - Lizzie
is sea-sick now, as I judge by her faltering lines.
We have had a Court Martial here this past
week - and I was recorder, had to write one day
from 6 O'clock a.m. till 12 P.M or midnight
rather. Nothing has arisen to give me so much
labor in a long while, as I had in the 1st place
to look my self up on Martial law, then to
learn the duties of a Judge Advocate. A poor
fellow got to drinking too hard. to attend
to his duties properly - Having been reported
he was put into confinement I remained there

117 3/29/1855 ***From:*** O. O. Howard ***To:*** Dear Brother [RB Howard]

RBH-082 Watervliet Arsenal N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

Watervliet Arsenal N.Y.
March 29th, 1855

Dear brother,

"Of course I don't expect a bachelor to be reasonable." I was a short time since one myself & know well how to estimate them, particularly with regard to their reasonableness. They are entirely unsettled in mind and in heart, full of vagaries and strange fancies, bound by no tie or "compact" as you call the bond of union that exists between me & "L".

[The next paragraph was written by Lizzie]
I will use the pen in order to keep it moving and if Mr. Howard don't get back too soon I will give you particular for writing such a letter to your worthy brother, who has, by the way, gone into the other quarters to have a little smoke with his friend, Mr. Shunk. (Isn't it too bad his wife won't let him smoke at home.) You did not think I should read that same letter first "domestic Bliss when." Sour grapes. He is coming. I have been doing nothing.

March no April 1st 55

Dear brother

Be you well assured entré-nous that over-plus surveillance can easily be avoided, and that that extreme timidity that you impute neither belongs to me or Lizzie, but you may know that that same honey-moon is unfavorable to the full development of common sense or to the importing of information that would be of interest or comfort to a bachelor. Now I have reached the candid part of your letter - "I can't for the life of me see why you need let L read your letters to this individual or you hers." To be candid in reply, if there is ought to write that she might not see, why she wouldn't be likely to see it, and she writes letters, does them up and sends them off and I do not see them, so also she receives letters, tears off the top or bottom as the case may be, wherever the secrets happen to be located. If my assertion is not sufficient on these important points, why prove me.

As to the matter of history, the recent changes in the Army do not affect me much. Major Harding's death which occurred a day or two before my marriage, took my brevet off, rendering me a 2nd Lieut. By the new arrangement, the 1st Lieut. Symins of our Corps was made a Capt. Of Cavalry. This brings me along a little nearer in 1st Lieutenancy. Two years from next July I shall be a 1st Lieutenant by regular promotion; any casualty will bring me up before that time. I did not apply for promotion in a new regiment unless the Ordinance Corps was disbanded as we were led to anticipate by the original Army Bill. Mr. Shunk has come in to pay us a visit.. He is entertaining Lizzie while I continue to write. Lizzie is trying to smoke. She has a cigar proportioned to her own personal dimensions, to wit-8 inches long 1/8 inch through. They continue to bother me. Lizzie is sea-sick now as I judge by her faltering tones.

We have had a Court-Martial here the first week, and I was recorder, had to write one day from 6:00 A.M. Till 12 P.M. or midnight rather. Nothing has arisen to give me so much labor in a long while, as I had in the 1st place to back myself up on Martial law, then to learn the duties of a Judge Advocate. A poor fellow got to drinking too hard to attend to his duties properly. Having been reported he was put into confinement & remained there but paper or the want of it makes me forbear for a week or two. He is now in confinement awaiting the sentence of the court-martial with considerable anxiety. We know that same but he has to await the order from Washington. This reminds me of my experience at West Point, the time when I waited patiently for a decision, not knowing whether I was to have a furlough or not.

I believe I wrote you before about our elegant rooms, how they have been fitted up according to the good taste of Mrs. H. Shunk is very much like you, so says Lizzie, full of nonsense & fun. He teases her about her birds & various things. He says "poor little things, I must set them at liberty."

I am very well satisfied with Pres. Pierce. I believe there is much humbug & gas, about all the representations to

his disparagement. He seems to do things about right. His appointments couldn't have been fairer or have given more general satisfaction to the Army. The country seems to be in a very prosperous condition &c. I regard these times of assignation, which are sometimes terms of reproach and sometimes not, as the case may be viz: locos & Whigs, as of the least consequence in the world. If my page was not down, I would enlarge more upon politics & show why I don't care a copper one way or the other & how I have reason to doubt the advantage to the country of our man more than another.

I haven't heard from mother but once, from Charlie I believe not at all. Write the news, and don't fill your letter with abuse, for Lizzie's edification - though she thinks she has a perfect right to laugh at it.

I want you to come here if possible this summer sometime during your vacation. You can go from Boston to Troy for $5.00 remember. Lizzie says "I will write to you if you will write to me "a private letter" if you are very desirous of having one". They take much pleasure in criticizing my personal experience, no, my personal appearance. So you see I am a little confused, but this is better than a rope round one's neck.

Lizzie's love.

Yours affectionately
O. O. Howard

Good or bad this will be an April fool.