

Beverly Farms September 2, 1900

My Dear Judge

Your most welcome

letter and the little book arrived  
two or three days ago and thank  
you for them most sincerely. I  
had to say that although I  
would not swear to anything (al-  
though I have no prejudices against  
an oater) I believe that I have  
received the letter which I have not  
answered and I fear that there  
must have been something wrong

in the direction of my letter. I shall  
hope to read your articles. I don't  
get much time for writing outside  
what I do in a judicious way. The  
only thing I have done, I suppose, in  
two necessary speeches, is a short  
introduction to Montaigne in *Esprit*  
*de Lois* for the Appellate. Which I  
wrote in the Spring on the subject  
pleasing my fancy. It does not seem  
to have come out yet, although I had  
hope to see it before now. It is a  
charming theme and one could soon  
moralize upon it for a good while.  
I found my work this last year pretty  
hard and was glad to take a rest here

by the side of the ocean for two months.  
I had on a two big boots and  
iron cuffs on. Now I have staying  
with me an de Confidant of ice with  
me doing the best to kill me to you,  
Ag. Last night I had in to meet  
him Goldensteen a distinguished soldier  
another de Confidant who was badly  
wounded, and my Kinsman Henry  
Higginson, who has a beautiful  
Sabre Cut on his face. And then  
we won - two times de side of  
the old war - hobnobbing as cheap  
as possible. But the opposite soldiers  
got on very well in the intervals of  
fighting. McClellan by green, <sup>was in the evening</sup> <sup>with</sup>  
last night of a Captain of Sharpshooters

Coming in to him and looking who were  
in front of his guns - "Why" he said  
"you been here?" "No they are not," he  
answered - "I've just been going over  
the line - There is a heap of  
kils and shels - They are all over in  
the Yankee picket line, playing  
seven up" - And he took by the top  
the other fellow's night glass, and could  
see them then! - He - I have been  
stealing a moment to write to you  
while my gun was getting shawed.  
I can just hear his step, and  
run up and look after him. My  
best sends kind remembrance to  
you and the Clark in which I join.  
I hope that you both a was from  
now. My duty begins this week. I am  
going out to the line.

Beverly Farms

September 2 1900

My Dear Judge

Your most welcome letter and the little book arrived two or three days ago and I thank you for them most sincerely. I hasten to say that although I would not swear to anything (al-though I have no prejudices against an oath) I believe that I have received no letter which I have not answered and I fear that there must have been something wrong in the direction of my letters. I shall hope to read your articles. I don't get much time for writing outside what I do in a judicial way. The only thing I have done, except one or two necessary speeches, is a short introduction to Montesquieu's Esprit Des Lois for the Appletons - which I wrote in the Spring as the subject pleased my fancy. It does not seem to have come out yet, although I had hoped to see it before now. It is a charming theme and one could go on moralizing upon it for a good while. I found my work this last year pretty hard and was glad to take a rest here by the side of the ocean for two months. I have read one or two big books and more light ones. Now I have staying with me an ex Confederate officer who was doing his best to kill me 40 years ago - Last night I had in to meet him Gildersleeve a distinguished scholar another ex Confederate who was badly wounded, and my kinsman Henry Higginson, who has a beautiful sabre cut on his face - and there we were - two from each side of the old war - hobnobbing as cheerfully as possible. But the opposite soldiers got on very well in the interval of fighting. McCabe my guest, who was in the artillery, told us last night of a Captain of sharpshooters coming in to him and asking who was in front of his guns. "Why" he said "Your men are". "No they are not", he answered "I've just been going over the line - there isn't a man for a mile and a half - they are all over in the Yankee picket line, playing Seven up" - and McCabe says he took the other fellow's night glass and could see them then! Well - I have been stealing a

moment to write to you while my guest was getting shaved. I have just heard his step and must go and look after him. My wife sends kind remembrances to you and Mrs Clark in which I join. I shall read your book a week from now. My duty begins this week.

Ever Sincerely Yours

O. W. Holmes

University Of Tasmania: A.I.Clark papers: C.4 Holmes to Clark 2 Sept 1900

D. Appleton & Co, publishers (Originally of Boston)

B.L. Gildersleeve (1831-1924), philologist & scholar of Virginia

William Gordon McCabe (1841-1920) of Virginia, Confederate Captain of Artillery, school master & Latin scholar



Beverly Farms September 2, 1900

My Dear Judge

Your much welcome

letter and the little book arrived  
two or three days ago and thank  
you for the much interest. I  
hesitate to say that certainly I  
would not swear to anything (al-  
though I have no prejudices against  
an oath) I believe that I have  
received the letter which she was  
answered and I fear that there  
must have been something wrong

in the direction of my letters. I shall  
hope to read your articles. I don't  
get much time for writing outside  
what is in a judicial way, the  
only thing I can do, & after an or-  
two necessary speeches, is a short  
introduction to Montaigne in English  
de lais for the Appellate. Which  
I wrote in the Spring as the subject  
pleased my fancy. It does not seem  
to have come out yet, although I had  
kept to me it before now. It is a  
charming theme and one could go on  
moralizing upon it for a good while.  
I found my work this last year pretty  
hard and was glad to take a rest here



by the side of the ocean for two months.  
I had on a few big boots, and  
now I have staying  
with me an *de Confidant* officer who  
was doing his best to kill me long ago.  
Last night I had to meet  
him & I did clean a distance and so did  
another *de Confidant* who was badly  
wounded, and my Kinsman Henry  
Higginson, who has a beautiful  
Sabre Cut on his face. And then  
we won - two times *de la side* of  
the old war - hobnobbing as cheerfully  
as possible. But the opposite soldiers  
got on very well in the intervals of  
fighting. He told me by guess, <sup>whom was in the army</sup> that  
last night of a Captain of Sharpshooters

Coming in to him and asking who were  
in pond of his pens - "Why," he said  
"you been here?" "No they are not," he  
answered - "I've just been going over  
the line - There is a wire for a  
mile and a half - They are all over in  
the Yankee pocket line, playing  
slow up - And he told me he took  
the other side's night place and could  
see them there! Well - I have been  
stealing a man to write to you  
while my flesh was getting shaved,  
I have just been to the shop and  
dressed up and took after him - My  
wife sends kind remembrances to  
you and Mrs. Clark in which I find  
I shall send you both a word from  
how my duty begins this week, when they  
goes out to me,