Miss
Messrs. Edissens;

A vacation of a few weeks has passed and I find myself trying to perform the not over-dreadable task of writing a composition. I have already had to take one off of my reports which I was done to hurry and get it written. But what am I to write about? All the subjects that I can think of, have been about so many times, that I cannot say anything new about them. Some people have thoughts come into the mind ad fast, as they can express them on paper. Now I don't intend to say that I don't think as much as other folks, but it always so happens that it takes me a long while to write a composition. But to come back to the subject. That shall I
write about. Oh, now I know what it shall be about; The last winter's term of school. The first Monday in Dec., last the bell again threw out its joyful summons, and many there were to respond to it. At a little before nine we rose, when our teacher walked in.

He was small in stature, but great in intellect, and all those qualities that go to make a good and efficient teacher, and above all the happy faculty of winning the love of every pupil. It did not take him long to get acquainted with us, and we began to feel that he would be a good friend indeed. About the middle of the term our old teacher Mr. Hall came to see us, and gave us some very good advice. During the winter we had several snow fights, but all went an adown by as could be wished for. And now I remember the red eyes the last day of the term, that proved how
Dennis  Apr 13.  1862
Messrs (Misses) Editresses;

A vacation of a few weeks has passed and I find myself trying to perform the not over-agreeable task of writing a composition. I have already had to take one off of my reports which warns me to hurry and get it written. But what am I to write about, (A)ll the subjects that I can think of have been about (written upon) So many times, that I Cannot Say anything new about them. Some people have thoughts come into the mind as fast as they can express them on paper. Now I dont intend to say that I dont think as much as other folks, but it always so happens that it takes me a long while to write a composition. But to come back to the Subject, w(W)hat shall I [page] write about. Oh, now I know what it shall be about; T(t)he last winter's term of school. The first m(M)onday in Dec, last, the bell again threw out its joyful Summons, and many their were to respond to it. At a little before nine (o'clock) we were (all seated) when our teacher walked in. He was small in Stature but great in intellect, and (presented) all those qualities that go to mjake a good and efficient teacher, and above all the happy faculty of wining the love of every pupil. It did not take him long to get acquainted with ous, and we began to feel that he would be a good friend indeed. About the middle of the term, our old teacher Mr Hall came to see us, and gave us some very good advice. During the winter we had severall snow fights, but all went on as Smoothly as could be wished for. And well do I remember the red eyes the last day of the term, that proved how [page] hard it was to part with a (our) good friend. And while our teache I(i)w away pessing his C(college) a (the) course of study Let us see if we cannot improve the time as well as he does.

L. Howard Howes