

Confidential 3

237
Saskatoon August 10th 1881

O O Howard
My dear Cousin
Dear Cousin

If you remember, some months since, you and I mutually engaged to correspond. I told you then however, that you were not to expect anything entertaining, or in any degree worth the trouble of perusing. So, by a dim lamp, with poor eyes and a poorer brain, I sit down to introduce our long wished for correspondence.

The times with us are pretty much as usual; not so full of action as I could wish, and I find this propensity to action is very apt to land us into scrapes. You are aware of course, that your Father & Mother, accompanied, by a very pretty young lady (I have forgotten her name) paid us a short visit, but their stay being of so short duration, I had not much time to cultivate her acquaintance; but should judge her fully worthy the attention of a young, gay, enterprising, martial genius like yourself. What a clever circumstance it would be, to have such a wife, with her fortune, I have not and then an affair of pretty gallantry, which might entertain you if you were acquainted with the different characters, I have to deal with, but, without that, would be very unipid.

O O Howard Esq
Cadet
Lieut
Wentworth

Perhaps my dear fellow, you and I may meet yet
in the same place, say New York, there would be
something like a field for exertion, and if you
will direct your wishes there, I will also, that
is to say in a few years. The society of Puritans
I like but I like a bigger scope to exercise
in, than this little town affords, not that I am
possessed of such extraordinary talents, but but what
little I have got, must be made a good use of.

Did two young gentlemen from
this place, give you a letter of introduction, from Father,
last Friday; they were going to the South, and wished
to see the Elephant, when they got there, and for
that reason, got the old-gentleman to write you,
as I have not seen them since they returned,
I did not know, whether they gave it to you or not.

Remember me in the most friendly
manner to Rundle as he is an old school-
mate of mine and thereby associated in the
happy days of boyhood; shooting marbles &c but
as they are times gone by, never to return
they are hardly worth recounting in letter.

We would be happy to see you
down this way, as soon as convenient, to yourself,
and spend a day or so with us, or any length of
time agreeable to you, but hoping, this will answer
for the first letter, my illness having prevented me
writing you before, I must close. Hoping you will
answer immediately.

Remain yours &c
W. A. Howard

P.S. I will tell you about the young lady one of these days.
I am glad she pleases you. How does my cousin Elizabeth
think of her —

West Point N.Y., Aug 14th 1851

Dear Cousin,

I was much pleased to receive your letter - glad to be find you able to write and so cheerfully too. and also that you have opened our correspondence, which I myself should have done ere this, had not a sort of indolent languor played the devil with my energy & thoughtfulness at the same time. I am really glad to see you so much of a man, so little desponding. It is very easy, if a man chooses, to be contented & happy, place him in any circumstances you please. If he has little of this world's goods, why, he is content, cheerful and full of hope for the future. If he has much, he does not set his whole heart upon it, & thus make himself miserable, by fear & repining at every little loss or disappointment. Yes! Cousin, above all, give me the cheerful spirit. The man who can always hold his head up, and bid defiance to the deteriorating influence of ill-health or ill luck, exhibits a true & noble spirit. But I'll leave to lengthy dissertations.

In writing to you, I would strive to entertain you, if I knew how; but this is a difficult thing - I mean it is a difficult thing for the writer to tell when he strikes a vein that will interest his friend.

He can do it, after he becomes acquainted with his tastes & peculiarities, unless he be afflicted with that

very common malady of all epistolary writers.

Egotism. But a person may be a little egotistical in this way without being selfish. he may like to talk about himself, because he is more deeply interested in himself & more intimately acquainted with himself.

I have bored many of my friends with the details of unhappiness & neglect. that pure jealousy, aided and abetted by malice, has caused me in this work of Gallets. but as the subject of so many words has become stale with me, I will not draw upon your sympathies by depicting difficulties; out of which my Yankee ingenuity & persevering spirit is soon to derive much good. "What shall I write? Suppose I attempt to stir up a bad memory - and see if it can furnish me with any thing worth the telling - from my boyish history. The first objects of which I have any distinct recollection are, of course, my father & mother. I remember my father used to teach me pieces. make me step into the middle of the floor, make a bow, and declaim them. Oh! how proud I used to feel, and delighted too when some stranger who happened to be at my father's, would listen to my boyish eloquence with a smile of approval, & reward me with a dime or a penny. These, they used to tell me grandfather Otis likes. I would hoard up in my little box; little thinking then that I would care, so & soon, so little about money. When about three years old I distinctly remember many particulars of a journey which my father and mother took to Bangor. a city if you remember on the Penobscot, whereas Leeds is on the Kennebec. This is not

forgotten, because I came near breaking my head. It was in the winter and I rode between my father's knees covered up, head and all beneath the buffalo, where the noise of the snow giving constantly & the jingling of the bells, mingling together & producing a monotonous sound, soon put me to sleep, in which situation miles would glide away seemingly in almost no time. Occasionally a jolt would start me, or father would raise my covering and ask if I was cold. We got to a town called New Sharrow and stopped at a Public House. Mother & myself were shown into a reception room where there was a good warm fire and father, as he was wont, staid out to see if his pretty grey nag, of which he was so fond, was well taken care of. I don't know why, but I turned round, after mother had seated herself by the fire, to go out to father. I opened the door to pass as I thought through the dark entry. I very confidently walked ahead. When to my consternation down, down down I went. I brought up on a stone platform - with life enough left to scream with no ordinary power, thanks to a pair of lungs well developed by constant exercise, it was heard and came to my relief. I can see him now just as he looked when he stooped over me to pick me up, letting the light flash upon my face, covered with dirt, blood & tears. He carried me back to my mother, where my wounds were bound up, camphor put on my head and my crying hushed. Having so many clothes on, to keep out the cold preserved me this time. This little scene in the saloon is as distinct before my mind as if it happened but yesterday. The tall men, who looked so kind, the two

strange ladies, who spoke so soothingly, my mother frightened
and weeping, and my father coming in and looking
as I thought so sternly upon my mother & me sitting
in her lap, for some reason strongly impressed in
memory, and thus has become the earliest incident
to which I can revert in my not-very eventful life. I
remember also various characters that I met with
on that journey. I had one day gone away up stairs
in the house of a friend of my father's to play with the
pretty little girls. In my roguery I attempted to shove
one up in the chamber, caught her fingers in the
jamb of the door & squeezed them unmercifully. She
screamed, then sat down and cried as if her little
heart would break. I tried to soothe her & tell her
I did not mean to hurt her, but it did no good, & I
began to cry too. At this juncture a young man who
had a very peculiar look made his appearance. He was
lame - One of his legs made an angle of little less than 90°
at his knee. He took the little girl in his arms - and
at me very steadily - then reproved me gently. Which
reproof not in the least allayed the anguish of spirit - Why
that had taken possession of my little heart at the discovery
I had done so - Dear Cousin, this may seem very silly
& simple to dwell on these childish scenes, which
happen in every house & every day. But I was merely
trying to see how far back into my babyhood, memory
would conduct me. Then I want you to try yours? Was
own powers in the same manner. It is a diversion - as was
that is what I want, to keep us from fretting over
things that cannot be helped. The next thing in the
train of events which I can recall, is that one evening when
I came from school, I couldn't find my mother. Where
I was looking for her, going from room to room and
calling. The tall personage, called aunt Ann, with her
thin face & peaked chin, suddenly stopped my progress:

and rushed me up, with her mouth drawn down, looking
very solemn: I was ^{only} four years old, but I was observant.
Thought by her look something dreadful had come
to pass. She said if I would go and eat my supper I he
good boy she would show me something very beautiful.
I must not make the least noise for my mother was
sick. I went to the kitchen, with my little head full of
wonderment, and eagerly & uneasily awaited the fulfillment
of my Aunt's promise - 'to show me something beautiful'.
Presently she came in carefully carrying a little bundle
of white blankets in her arms: I ran up to her eager to
see the precious thing so carefully wrapped up. she
opened the blanket, when lo! there peeped forth the head
of a little baby. "See your brother, let's!" "Will you not be very
kind to him & love him?" Of course I would. I was
in high glee, I danced for joy. "A brother, where did
he come from?" How came I to come home & find a brother?
Why, tells me my Aunt: the doctor has been here while your
dearest were gone to school and took him out of his saddle bags.
Heaven pardon the innocent jib! so often used to silence
curious little heads! for my Aunt is a very pious
body I would not tell a lie for all the world. It was enough
I had a brother - no matter how I got him. I always
was delighted with him till he got big enough to quarrel
with me - till my father would pet him, and tell me
that I was not so much of a man as he. When very young
William was a delicate boy, but very active & sprightly.
I think still, my father did love him a bit more than
I do: but in my mother I never could trace the least show

of partiality. My father seems in the distant view with which my recollection furnishes me to have been very steady. Sometimes his brow would relax, and a very pleasant-smiling smile would light-up his countenance. But such is a childish judgment: Ah! Augustus, how I wish I now had my own father! I wish I could see him now. How would he look, how would he act to me now that I am grown! Do not misunderstand me cousin, and think that I am dissatisfied with my step-father, for I am not. He has always treated me & mine with much delicacy & kindness. He has preserved what little property I possessed for me with the most scrupulous care, and I always respect him. Yet none can supply the place of one's own father. Be thankful Augustus that yours is spared to you. Be always kind & respectful as I know you must be, to your father; but should you out-live him, this conduct will be a source of real happiness to you, will have a beneficial influence over you. I despise a man, who will suffer himself to treat with indifference or disrespect his father. It discovers a trait of meanness too degrading for me to look upon with patience. To resume. Much time passed between the birth of my two brothers of which I have but a partial recollection. I had then my childish joys, sorrows & disappointments. About this time I was delighted with my first pair of boots. I remember what agony a dream caused me. The first night after my father brought them home. I thought some one had been in the night & cut them to pieces. Neither could

I was convinced of the contrary till they were brought I put
upon the bed beside me. A man came one day to my
father's & gave me a little dog. You can hardly imagine
with what fervency I loved that animal, and I believe
the affection was mutual; for he never would leave
my side unless compelled. One day he & I were rambling
about, near where the hired man was at work, when
Diamond (that was his name) discovered a woodchuck
under a large rock in the wall. The dog in his eagerness
to get at him, pushed his head under the rock & could not
withdraw it. Now he did cry. The man said he could not
get out: he would not help him. He laughed & teased
me - the animal would cut his nose off - &c. &c. Ah, what
agonies paddled me & I cried: I lay down by him, caressing
him & putting him. I don't know what I did: but I
know that I never have felt such deep heart-rending
grief as I experienced for those few moments. At last
I said I would kill him myself or release him. In
desperation I seized him by the legs, & pulled with
all my might. He came out whole. Then what
a sudden change to joy - This dog was the best
companion I ever had. If I should ever be blessed with
a wife, she might consider herself blessed with an
excellent husband, if she could develop in me half
the affection I cherished for that little animal. A bad
boy of the neighborhood at last shot him, pretending
that he thought he was a skunk; for which act
of cruelty & falsity I hate him yet. I was consoled
somewhat for my loss, by the present of a turkey & some

chickens. These I cherished & nourished with unremitting ^{care.} but they would die, and then I would grieve. It seems strange to me now that I could have loved animals to such an exclusion of everything else. But so it was. It may be natural. This was before restless ambition took up its abode in my heart, which inevitably drives away all the gentle natural affections, which so beautify the human character. Time sped on; when I was eight years of age another brother came into the world, smuggled into the household by the same officious doctor. He became a beautiful boy, with a calm mild face. He is yet my favorite. One day about a year & a half after his birth. My brother & myself were sent early one sabbath morning to father's cornfield to keep the sheep &c. from the corn. It was far from the house & the wind was blowing. When it was time to get ready for church, father called to us. To make us hear he had to exert all his strength. He hallooed very loud indeed. I wanted to stay at home & he let me. About noon, the servant called me from the barn - and said my father & mother had come. This was unusual. They had never before come home so early. I ran into the house - saw my father bolstered up in a high-backed chair, as pale as a cloth. He held out his hand; and said my son, I have been spitting blood. He never recovered. ^{months} eight ^{weeks} I think he lingered with ^{his} bleeding nose & then till his blood was all gone. He died. I don't know how it seemed to me then. I did not feel his death, as I should now, for I did not know the worth of a father then. —

I will close now to resume again if you like my method. When I come to college life, perhaps I can please you by rehearsing more markedly incidents. Your father's letter of introduction was not given to me. I have been refused a permit to visit you; If your father will write me a good strong request to come stating, if it is true, that he thinks it would do you good to see me, & that you are hardly able to visit the point, I think by such means of such a letter I can get a permit. Ask him to write immediately, if he thinks best, so that I can go next Saturday. But he must take you all & make me his promised visit if possible. Commend me to him & to your brother & sister. With a deep interest to you all & especially to yourself. Remember me your new cousin & friend - Chs.

New York Aug 15th 1839

My dear Atty

I am quite ashamed of myself for not having written you for so long a time. I have no apology to make now, for want of time. I am also very sorry I have not been up to see you before. I made an arrangement last week to go today to Newburgh and come down from there with a letter just to see you but that all knocked "into pi". As I received a letter from Sarah who is in Boston, and promised her if she came up I would go on, so I am quite happy to fulfill my agreement. I shall go this afternoon, and return some time next week - I left last Monday

afternoon to Baltimore & returning on
Wednesday morning, remaining
there one day, and riding in
the car two nights. - you may
readily perceive that it was
no pleasure trip. I intend
to come up to see you before
you break up - don't know that
I have written you since I
saw you "Lizzie" - was quite well
pleased with her, and say she
did not stay longer that I
could when her own civilities
excuse my haste as I have a
deal to do today.

Only ever in haste
P. J. Sargent

but perhaps that little talent is wasted for want of cultivation, don't be
over anxious about any thing, but try be happy in well doing,
in looking after your letter of the 11th July I took up Mr. Fawcett's letter
written to your Uncle John after visiting West Point, last March
in closing his letter he says all of it in the highest praise and
commendation, and praise, now has the tables entirely turned,
look the subject over well, and try to have a right view of the subject
and now you seem to have earned a good name abroad
your two letters since my return seem to ~~show~~ so much of
melancholy that they almost alarm me, don't be so distrustful
I am glad Silas Lee has been to see you, how did you spend the
Month, don't anything, give you pleasure and G. Lathrop, he
could not be called a "lover" caller of the justices of New
York City, I think your Uncle Ward is kind to come and
see you, now do you have any reason to complain, you
are as high in rank as you could ask and where is your
had all the care you could wish, and you have kind friends
all around, put a complacent face on matters and cheer
up, only think of Asa Gilmore how much pain and
sickness he has to encounter, when we returned to Brooklyn
from you, we found Asa having a tumor made, he had a small
burst on the side of his bowels near the hip that the doctor
called a rupture, he wore the truss three weeks and became
satisfied it was not a rupture and had it examined
by eminent Physicians who then said it was an abscess and
talked very discouraging, so much so that he sold out his
so much and so long desired offering to his partner in
the business and returned home with his wife and child
they have been here two weeks his abscess broke soon
after his ~~arrival~~ arrival here it discharged as far as we
could judge nearly two quarts, all the doctors expected
he would be laid aside when it discharged but contrary
my from that he has never laid in bed one day
and now rides out and will soon go to house
keeping, Charlie is well and cheerful so is Nellie and
has done well at school this summer Johnny is as happy
as ever his father has not been to see him yet I understand
that Sarah Lee has gone to Boston to get the fittings
getting married, I shall be obliged to stop for want
of time and room, from your affectionate Mother
A. C. Howard (don't don't neglect) Writing

Leeds, Aug. the 17, 1856.
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My dear Son, ^{received} We have finally your letter of date 11th, ^(filled)
after going to Liverpool and back I have dwelt much on
your situation, since my return from West Point, and should be
glad to be a counsellor but am not capable, don't think other
cadets have had such or similar grievances as yours, are you
the only sufferer, you must remember my son it is no small
thing for a young man to take the first rank in his Class —
where rank is thought the most of than any one thing.
I have just re-read your first letter after you left home, written
in New York City, after seeing Mr. Alby he said you
could take a high stand in your class but it would be dis-
puted, and you feel it, very sensibly, to have demerits marked
against you the second year, after having escaped them the
first, the world is full of vexations and I hope you will not
sink in your own estimation, I hope falsehood (if you
are accused) will not be your resort, or any other mean-
ness of which you are accused, I am thinking whether you
have these taunts thrown in your face from the parties them-
selves or whether you have tattlers at West Point, if you are
shunned you would seek to know the cause, in some
way to, ^{be} sure, I hope your disponding feelings do not exagge-
rate, nor aggravate the matter, you mentioned in your last
letter of having 20 or 30 marks of demerits against you I would
like to know in what they consist you spoke of your untile
my skill, how do you like them, The first word I received from
you after leaving you was the 9th of August, you never say how
how much I thought of it you who had been so good about

all at once entirely ^{ne} quit writing to his Mother, I could not think
a letter would miscarry, from West Point here, but the clerks
in New York City sent it to England, and it returned here
14th of Aug. you did not mention in your letter how it happened
that Cadet Gordon was injured I should like to know how it
happened, and what was the result, I have been to Hallouel
since my return from West Point had some talk with your
uncle John he had seen Mr. Gardner and said Mr. G. said
you stood high in the opinion of officers and professors
generally, and your Uncle Ward said he was acquainted
with the professors and they spoke highly of your talents
and said you were a hard student and spoke highly of
you, envy and malice are always in the world let us go
where we will, it will come in some shape or other I have
felt it so much at sometimes in my life that it has given me
a distast for society, I have sometimes scanned every motive of
my heart, and looked every thing over, and concluded
the wise disposer of everything permitted it for some
wise purpose that was unfathomable to me, I told your
uncle of your being unpopular in your class, he thought it
would make you uncomfortable but thought it a matter
of course, I repeated some things you told me of Mr. Abbott
he thought your course toward him perfectly right he
thought him mean minded to take the course he did
14th Aug. you will see by my letter the abrupt manner of leaving my
writing, I had an unexpected caller, on the Sabbath one who gave me great
pleasure, it was no less person than your own dear Lissie, her call almost
changed my train of thought, Charlie went to meeting and found her
there, and Mr. Peasey, had a tremendous head ache, went his ^{uncle} and

and Charley brought Lissie, and Cousin Laura Hayward here to see me
they stopt two hours, I feel my son as though you ^{had} many blessings yet in
store for you, to be sure you have deprived yourself of many present
enjoyment for the sake of, or in hope, of future advancement, but
don't torment your perplexities by an unhealthy imagination, I wish
you to look to that, my son why I think of that, is because I have many
times in my life person myself conjuring up things from appearance
which reality would or could not prove, and I think you partake
in some respects of your mother's nature, you spoke in your letter of
feeling ^{the} of being shamed by your Corps on the most influential of
them, even if it is so live them down by good conduct, have you not
been rather taciturn, my son since being at West Point, being not
inclined to be homesick, have not some shunned you because
they thought you did not wish their company, I saw something came
worn on anxious in your look all the while I was there very likely
all close observers noticed the same, I do not wish my son to vain
but to feel in his youth so care worn as to carry it about in ^{his} face
on the expression of your ^{his} countenance, as though ^{he} had been guilty
of crime, cannot make you ^{him} happy and casts a gloom on all around
him, I believe my spirit is with you, many a night since I
returned from W. P. have I spent in an anxious worrying
frame untill a till worn all down with fatigue would
get my rest to day morning and nothing in my imagination
but Ohs! Ohs! I have wished in such instances that I could hear
the voice of sympathy, but that is not my lot, there are certain
rights which belong to every man, and I would hold up my head
and enjoy them, I have associated so little with you for several years
that your mental enjoyments I seem to know nothing about, but
I seem to think you enjoy the Works of Nature, you speak of drawing
I seem to think you will ^{very} hail entirely. I have looked a good many

character than I have got. to carry me safely &
easily through the difficulties I have to meet here.
much less sagacity than I wish I had. That I might
turn every circumstance to good account.
Yet one thing is sure, I never despair, nor would
I if the clouds hung around me ten times as
dark as they ever have done before. But I will
try not to burden you with trials, which are
particularly calculated to make a man of me.
Opposition is a harsh but an efficient tutor. Flattery
makes a fool of a man. The former makes
me scowl & sometimes cringe, while enmity makes
the cup bitter; but the latter makes me feel decidedly
silly. Give my love to all - tell Rowland, when he gets
home if he is not already there, to write me. No matter
if he scolds me for forgetting to send his letter after
I had written it. Has a register been sent home
from West Point? Tell Mother I have resolved to
go into barracks with Mr Brewster. In many
respects he & I are uncongenial spirits. But he is
noble hearted and has maintained my cause when almost all have deserted me.
Langdon, my present tent mate & I agree first
rate, but I am a little suspicious of his habits
of study. Brewster I know from experience will study
with unremitting assiduity, and his example will
keep me from flagging. Tell me how Della looks
if he improves. If you & he live pleasantly & happily
together. I shall be surprised if he does not
make a smart, strong minded man one of
these days; for he has got the materials within
him. Remember me again to all the
family - and write me as soon as you can
from Your affectionate brother

Chs.

241 C. Howard

Dear Charlie West Point N.Y. Aug. 18. 1851

Mother told me how much you
liked a letter, and especially from your brother. I cannot
understand why my letters have so much interest.
For you, unless it be that I am your brother, and
that your love for me myself invests my homely
thoughts with more ~~real~~ worth than really belongs
to them. After all, affection & interest in the writer
is the best passport to the reader's attention. These
feelings make the commonest letter more than
agreeable. I wanted you to come and see me very
much, when father & mother did, but I understood your
exacting jealous little heart; and knew that you
would go away unhappy, if I did not pay you
sufficient attention. Some time while I am here
you shall come and bask all the pleasure you can
in seeing me and West Point. I have told you
of your cousin Augustus. I promised him & his
father, that I would correspond with him, in
order if possible to divert his mind from
the fatal effects of his lamentable disease if it was
in my power. To undertake the task would afford
me much pleasure; but as my own internal sources
seldom furnish me with anything either humorous
or diverting I was at a loss how to begin. Now to
touch upon themes that would suit his turn of

mind, or become sufficiently ample, to give any
kind of character or sufficiency to my side of the
correspondence. But I love to do good when I can,
and especially to one, whose bright hopes have been
ripped in the bud, whose future life, so full of
expected happiness to us, who enjoy health & vigor, has
been rendered a mere blank. I resolved at last to
make a trial of my poor memory, to see if in kindness
it would not furnish me with the many little incidents
ⁱⁿ of my own history from my earliest recollections up
to the present day, when I find myself an aged man
of almost twenty one. calling upon him, if he can do
so without any painful exertion to favor me with a
similar sketch of his boyhood. This method I have begun
and find very interesting to myself; for it calls to
my mind continually many almost forgotten little acts
of kindness, shown me first by my own father & mother
then afterwards ^{by} my brothers. It will serve to bind me
by means of past remembrances more nearly to you all.
Then my every day, selfish existence is calculated
to do. I more frequently see you in your little frock
with a bright shiny belt encircling your little waist
just as you looked when we left the old house, for
a new home. - I often think of you thus, a bright-
lovely little boy, then as the great one you have
grown to be. You must take good care of your
health, Charlie - but don't for the world be spleeny - that is
be careful not to think yourself sick, when in reality you
only feel a little languid & lazy. You can scarcely imagine

how much one may add to his health by cultivating
a cheerful, independent sort of a spirit. Do you know
the secret of cheerfulness & sprightliness? Unless a person
~~is~~ is afflicted with some corroding, deep-seated sorrow.
it is easy to be cheerful. The method I would propose
would be - cease to do every thing merely to gratify
yourself. If you are away from home among strangers
or cold-hearted, non-sympathizing acquaintances, your
own rights must be rigidly maintained or you will be
trampled upon as weak & spiritless; but in the family
circle, where in the main you receive nothing but kindly
attention mingled with the best-intended reproofs. There
is the sphere to make yourself happy by affectionately
extending your constant aid & sympathy to your
father, mother & brothers. Accustom yourself to do
little acts of kindness, you will soon become forgetful
of self. a pleasant feeling will soon be uppermost in
your breast. You will become cheerful. I doubt
not your own cheerful spirit will become contagious.
Try it, Charlie. Your home will be dearer to you, one of
these days for the experiment. Perhaps you think
this officious lecturing. Howland says his elder brother
is apt to write sermons. Well then, you must forget
the unpleasant words; but remember the intention is
based on an affectionate interest in you my brother.
My health is good. He shall go out of camp in less
than two weeks, and return to our very interesting
studies. I look forward to the coming year with
both hope & fear. I require a great deal more strength of

can pay me back in my own coin. He can give you
a pretty good account of West Point. I'll have
seen Sergeant Holloway, who told me that he
had gone on furlough but did not say how long
he had been gone. I went down to his barracks
but did not stay long enough to make many
inquiries, for fear, as we say, "of being hired" off
limits. Give my love to all. I wrote to Charles a
few days ago. You probably have got the letter
before this. I cannot understand why my letter
went to England, for I certainly directed it
to the right place. I think this is the fourth
letter I have written you since you were here.
That will be a letter once a fortnight. I would
write oftener, but I hear my letters will not be
so well filled if I do. I really depended on
seeing Warren before he went, but I was
afraid to invite him into camp for reasons which
I will explain to him one of these days. I wished
to send many a word by him. You can send any
thing you wish by him & I can get it. Perhaps
he will be on his return before you get this.

Remember me to all my friends at Andover in ten
months from this date I hope to be with
you.

It is really wronging yourself to feel so much
anxiety on my account. It is painful to me to know
that you do. Tell every body, tell yourself that I am
doing well. Write me as often as you can.

From your ever affectionate Son

O. O. Howard

O. O. Howard

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West Point New York Aug. 23^d 1831.

Dear Mother. - I was surprised to learn from the letter which
I received from you this morning that my letter was over a month
in reaching you. You have already suffered too much solicitude
to take away your peace of mind. If you reflect a little you will
remember that it is contrary to my nature to be gloomy,
cast down or desponding for any length of time. Be
assured that I have worn a more cheerful countenance
this summer than ever before, neither has it been
all outside show. As I had previously considered myself
generally beloved, the sudden burst of feeling against
me took me unexpectedly and wholly unprepared.
There was no open insult, or ridicule; for such I could
face down, but my classmates were many of them
made officers. Some of them insinuating, mischief-making
and very popular at the same time. The first class
officers took sides against me without giving me
a hearing. I was forbidden to see Sathrop. Capt.
Alden went away. His just reports were given me and
would not come off. All this would make a stronger
man than me a little blue. In such a mood I wrote
to you. By degrees I set myself right. Capt Alden returned
and took my side. I stopped these insidious reports.
I became very military - guarded my movements on all occasions.
One time Mr Turnbull, acting sergeant Major, reported
me twice in succession for not keeping eyes to the front
at guard mounting. The second time I suspected what

he was about from the manner in which he ordered me into the rear-rank: & steadily kept my eye fixed on an object in front of me during the whole of guard mounting, which lasted upwards of half an hour. This was painful & you can imagine how exasperated I was to hear my self reported for not keeping my eyes to the front. I positively & detestedly denied the report & carried my denial to Lieut Jones then acting Commandant. He was highly incensed at my language - said that my excuse was not only highly insulting to him as acting Commandant but also to the reporting officers. When Capt Alder returned he treated me very differently, sent for me, told me I did perfectly right & called Mr Turnbull. He said Mr J. must appear before a Court of Inquiry & swear that he gave me my report justly & not from malice. I have heard no more about it since, and I have not been since reported. These young men began to find that they were losing ground, and if they continued, in the end, ^{would} defeat their own object. The object evidently has been to throw me from the head of the class this next year. This they have already accomplished, unless I do much better this coming year than last. This remains to be seen. The cards are gradually turning in my favor. When this present first class graduates, my footing will be better still. I have questioned the expediency of remaining here some time & again and have come to the decided conclusion that nothing which can happen here will tempt me to leave. Now forget any apparent gloom. Cease to be filled ^{with} anxiety, for my situation and prospects with three

corps of cadets like this my open enemies, would be far preferable to those of the majority of young men - much brighter than mine might have been, had I never seen West Point. This worrying & fretting when things do not go right is what I despise in theory, and if I do not always promptly resist & banish it in practice, be assured it is but a momentary humor I will not last long. When you were here I had several things to plague me, and might not seem so careless & cheerful as usual; but you would find if you were with me every day that there ^{is} much levity left yet in my composition. It will not be a very important loss if I do not stand ahead next year. I will warrant you I will not be far from that place. I shall do my best. If I fail, why, I can take it as well, as I have learned to take the refusal of a permit to go to see my Uncle. Between the first five there is so little disparity in talent in industry & previous acquirements, that the least thing, the turn of a straw almost will throw one of us ahead. Must take our chance & be content with the result. We shall go into barracks in one week. I did not know that Lizzie was gone to Livermore. It seems to me that she made a very short visit ^{with} you, probably she came again before returning. It is Saturday afternoon. I have been to see if I could see Warren before he started for home. I find he has gone. Excuse dear me to him if he says anything about my apparent neglect. I would rather associate with him than with any cadet, but I now find it next to impossible. He will soon, I hope, thank me then he

about in the dark region of doubt and
conjecture long enough, now misled by this and
now by that paragraph in your letters, I have
conjectured among other things as a cause
of your unhappiness. Jealousy. Envy. Home sickness,
Distant Love, Present hate, Pride - Poverty, Wealth,
and the Old Mice. Knows what else. But still
I am more and more in the dark what should
cause you that constant mental pain and anguish
which your letters seem to imply. You have constantly
mentioned this as a fact but never have intimated
a cause sufficiently great for such results.
To be sure, for me to know what the matter is,
may do you personally no good, but I assure you
that it is something more than idle curiosity in
me that prompts me to ask you as a brother
what is the real cause of your unhappiness in
your present situation. Everybody I see envies
your place, your rank, and your advantages and
you alone not only think lightly of them, but
but declare yourself entirely disgusted with
your situation and prospects. Is it the hatred,
prompted by envy of those around you that has filled
you with a seemingly abhorrence to almost the very
atmosphere of West Point and has caused you
to look upon your place, your classmates and teachers
like so many plague spots on the human body, and
entirely revolting to your thoughts and feelings?

Leeds Aug 24th 1851

Dear Brother

Again I begin a letter to you dated
at home. Sitting in our old parlor, the boys playing
and Sara humming in the kitchen, the same as
ever, I came home yesterday about 11 o'clock. Rodolphus
performed the wonderful exploit of driving to
Greene to meet me. Since that memorable occasion
he has been decidedly on his "Laps", I suppose
you feel some interest to know how I prospered
at my examination at Brunswick. I went down
on Thursday and visited a Teachers Institute at
Topsfield on the afternoon of that day, and staid
with Wendell that night, whose conduct struck
me as being rather officious, but however I was
much obliged to him for his kind, gratuitous tender
of a lodging. Our examination began at 8 o'clock next
morning and lasted till about four in the afternoon.
I passed a favorable examination on all the studies
in which I presented myself. I took a deal on
Jugutha and of course have it to make up this
vacation. It is with pleasure that I announce to
you the presentation according to the common
custom of the College Laws and Bond, which I
with accustomed carelessness lost on my way
home. I seem rather lonely at B. on account

of my not seeing you there. I have not seen them
before since you left and it seems odd not
to have a room to run to in which I could do
as I pleased so long as I pleased its owner.
But, however, I find many ^{students} kind and gentlemen,
and probably friends will not be wanting on a closer
acquaintance. But there is a certain patronizing
familiarity and overbearing care for my welfare which
some manifest. Especially two or three in the present
Freshman class, contemptible alike for diminutive
minds and dwarfish bodies, that seems to me,
a mere looker on, like portraying in a miserably
insipid manner the peculiar beauties of the X^Y
institution. But such things of course will be
only for my mirth, so contemptible are these figured
sprouts of college life.

I leave you ^{with} a high degree of friendship
and respect for Mr Jewett, your old friend. He
has uniformly treated me like a gentleman that
he is, and I shall always remember him with
a ^{great deal} of pleasure. He will stay at Y^{ale}
another year. The Trustees have advanced his
pay to \$800,00. At present he has gone to
Bangor on business. Robinson is a very good teacher
and understands Greek and Latin, one way, pretty
well. But there is not the slightest degree of
original thought about him or if there is
it never finds vent in his expressions. The

same illustration which he borrowed and used in
1850. But his turn very well in 51 and probably will some
years hence, and the poor man imagines that it is
equally applicable and with when to the same person
for the fortieth time, that it was on the first relation.
Such is 'Old Rob', as we called him. Much good may be
done, especially to himself in the course of his honest,
upright life.

Nearly all of the Proff^s recognized me as
your brother, and when that fact was clear to
Goodwin I thought it made him amazing clear
for he didn't take me up but once in pieces, while
the others were 'screwed' most unmercifully and
Proff. Boardy screwed his very face into a smile and
served as a dictionary while I was reading Talbot.
And even the Pres, when he handed me those
honored Laws, said, 'You sir are a brother of the
Mr Howard at West Point & have early in the term and
get you a good room and then.'

Our folks are all well. The course of Charles
sickness is not removed although he calls himself
well. I hope for him while I fear. I have now over
four weeks vacation which I mean to employ (after
reading Jungstetter of course) to the best of my ability, that is
if Father and Providence are willing.

Now Otis I am going to put the real
business in the postscript and ask what in
the devil is the matter with you. I have plunged

Aug 28th

Since writing the above I have been reading some
of mother's letters and the mystery of your feelings
is partly explained. Some little passage struck
me a peculiarly pertinent. I refer to that ideal of
social happiness compared with the sore reality
of life at West Point. I am sorry you have that
anchor on a lee shore. But still I hope it will
not materially change your course on the ocean of
life. I did not know till now that you got
so far discouraged as to write to father to resign
your warrant. Neither do I think such a course
consistent with your nature, if I am acquainted
with it at all. You know that when I told you
not to go on a piece of ice, you was sure to go. Judging
from that little fact I supposed your spirit would
rise with difficulties till they were overcome and
as I told father yesterday, difficulties never slow
can change your resolution, but imaginary pleasures
might. But my thoughts on such things can change
nothing and in no manner effect the result. So I will
leave my speculations here.
Mother says she has rec'd a register, from whom she
does not know. Things at home look as usual
the garden with its little modest-wicket fence and
gay ornaments of bright flowers looking really charming.
I think of taking the little boys with me
to Lewis ton today to see a Managrie. Tell Sam
he is going to write you and if his letter does not
look better than this I shall not let him send
it. Would you write soon. Rowland



Cadet Oliver O. Howard

West Point

N.Y.

