

230

My dear Otis:-

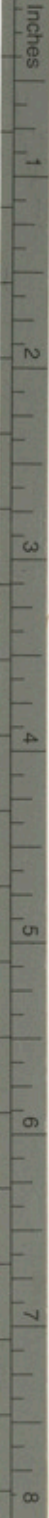
Benzy handed me a \$1.00 last evening, saying it was to pay, or he paid for a package. I do not understand it, I have no recollection about it - please send me a note, & jog my memory. I received a letter from home yesterday - all well. How are you getting along -

Yours truly

W. L. Lathrop

[July, 1851]





P. Howard  
(Present)

230  
080

My dear Mr. Howard  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the  
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Wm. Howard Turner

2

Mrs Lee will be happy  
to see Rachel Howard Turner  
Wed evening at 7 o'clock

Friday, 7<sup>th</sup>

[July 7, 1851]



27  
ci  
I have the pleasure to inform  
you that the same has been  
received at 1 o'clock  
this day  
Yours truly  
J. H. [unclear]

1  
2  
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5  
6  
I have the pleasure to inform  
you that the same has been  
received at 1 o'clock  
this day  
Yours truly  
J. H. [unclear]



but I hope, time and a knowledge of your true  
character will cure all the evils arising from envy  
or other bad or mistaken notions I have no friends  
in NY to lend respects to. So you must take all  
to yourself; What I've written I can't say, but  
make the most of it that you can and still  
remember your affectionate brother

Rowland

P.S. Am devilish sorry that I did not get a  
truthful portrait to send you. Did not dare to take  
but a look at it and didn't know how it  
looked. The artist said it was natural and  
I took it for granted that it was a monkey  
with turned up nose and snubbed along  
N B Howard

Yarmouth July 12<sup>th</sup> 1851

Dear Brother

Here am I, with a pen bad enough  
to wear the life out of Methuselah at his one  
hundredth year. although in the flower of youth.  
But if you won't swear, I won't.

This is one of the most beautiful days of  
the season. and last night excelled it a  
hundred fold. It is almost sunset and I feel  
too lazy to study. and so I am here burdening  
you with the natural productions of such  
a condition, and I'll be plagued if I know  
what I wrote in the last sentence, but I shall  
leave it entirely to your sagacity.

We ought to study as if angels were  
peering and fairies gazing. But poor human  
nature is weak and inactive. But I believe I  
study all that mine will let me anyhow. for my  
health is poor and ~~the~~ (excess understood)  
We are reviewing Cicero at a ~~proportion~~ <sup>rate</sup> and  
the Greek Reader in the same proportion.  
Review comes easy to me, except when this queer  
mind of mine gets the other side <sup>up</sup> and then  
order from chaos is impossible. and often times I  
find that implicit trust on providence and  
Old Rob is all that is left me. I don't expect  
to take a high stand in college for my mind



goes by fits and jerks although my body is one of the most tractable and docile pieces of human machinery that ever was concocted.

We shall have to make up Fallouts together, for we have got into our review and haven't touched it yet. I believe Robinson is going to intercede with the professors in our behalf. May his vast influence in that direction prosper all his undertakings for the amelioration of humanity. We have cool weather here all of the time. I haven't seen the day yet that I could keep both of my windows with comfort. A cold North East storm prevailed all day on the fourth, but notwithstanding all hands of us went into Patterson and enjoyed ourselves the best way we could within doors. After a steady rain for all day some of the wise ones have arrived at the sage conclusion that it is just as likely to rain on the fourth as any other day of the year at the same season. How many old and established opinions were overthrown upon that rainy fourth it would be difficult to enumerate. I took dinner at Lirris and tea at Aunt Martha's. The former professes to be delighted with her trip to N York and says she was quite homesick and lonely when she felt that she had indeed started on her homeward passage. The charms of the people, the country and the scenery must indeed have been fascinating to have decided with her mother and her home the empire of her heart and the tendency of her feelings and affections. You may be assured that she enjoyed

her visit exceedingly and, with all your self-accusations, your company was the most agreeable part of it. Her homeward journey was pleasant and she is now to all appearances well and happy. Be thankful for that and wait for me till after I take a walk and light a lamp and see whether I touch the ruling or not.

While the duties being performed as mentioned above, I will tell you that this is a most beautiful evening. The moon looks bright and the sea breeze is cool and refreshing. I haven't heard from home since our folks returned. I had a letter from Charles while they were gone he says his health is pretty good. I had a quite a serious thought of writing some poetry on the Beautiful Suicide. But magnitude of the subject overwhelmed me and I consoled myself with the consideration, simple and heart-felt as it was that Julia Bates was a damned fool for hanging herself by the neck until she was dead. I don't know of any news except the eternal depravity of human nature as developed in the case of Babbalanja and the that in the days of her virginity was Lurina Quenwood of Wayne. Don't you think the wretch had an heir five months after marriage. What will Hanson say now. Bill Varner performed the same deed of wickedness and laid for his future wife as the legend developed. Verily people are getting rather social! I see you of the 2<sup>d</sup> safely and am much obliged for the unaccustomed favor and hope to see another soon. I am sorry for your position towards your exiles.



from the retired manner of life I have chosen for myself. I must confess that for some time before going to West Point I had a serious talk with you about the propriety of remaining there but I went and returned, and made it a subject of study as far as in my power, with my means and I think I have formed a just idea of your situation, now my son, how do you feel about staying and, taking your chance through these remaining years with your class, do you look forward, to that new world which four years of hard labour of body and mind, might expect? I feel as though it is a place full of fatigue and danger, but I don't wish you to give up any enterprise that will be for your best good, or has a prospect of placing you in an honorable position, from mere weakness, or want of judgment in female friends, I do not feel any enthusiasm, or ambition; for military glory or honor, do you my son; if you do why then say so I should be as glad to hear your sentiments if they did not agree with mine is if they did. I never have known what your calculations were if you had not gone to West Point perhaps I have never sought your confidence in a proper way, I always shrank from the idea of a married life for you while so young, or fraught with loads of cares, from necessity but perhaps I have overrated them from deeply feeling for your great responsibility, weigh well your situation and prospects and when decision is past let no painful reflections follow you, I don't think you do not wish your youthful brow clouded with care, whatever your daily duties are I do desire that they may be done with a cheerful heart, I cannot say that my example is such, but I think I feel the necessity that it should be so more deeply than a more light hearted person, since more mature than to ~~be~~ in the morning Lizzie might feel disappointed from fatigue, and she is her mother's all, might feel for her so much as to feel painful, I hope nothing that I have done, would give her painful feelings, for I feel very near the same interest in her as in you if your heart's are one and would not intentionally wound her delicacy, my son write me freely and in confidence at perhaps in some way I can serve you, I have thought I wished I could see Lizzie and her Mother again, but you know I cannot. C. C. Howard.

I saw R. B. H. just one minute at the cars on my way home and have not heard from him since I have not written to him I expect he is waiting for a letter from home, which he will have soon I think just like my dear my housekeeper left about on hour 2:30 pm I arrive at 3:30 and I not truly believe all this is my reason for not writing sooner. My dear Son, Leeds July 12. 1851.

Two weeks has passed rapidly away since we arrived at our old home, and I have thought almost every day I must write and tell you we were safely moored in our own harbor. After your father returned from the camp, we took a hasty breakfast and repaired to our landing and part over to Cold Springs (after parting with Warren) we went in the Cars to Peekskill when we found your Uncle W. B. Howard, and went to his house, and stopt until the next train of Cars for New York, when returning to the Cars we met Cadet Randal Corning from the Cars, who gave us your best respects, and we passed into the Cars for New York your Uncle came as far as Singing with us. When we came into Chambers Street, I was thinking we were near our Hotel, and thought we would walk, I think we must have walked two miles, in the heat, we arrived at the Battery Hotel, before our baggage did, I was so fatigued I did not sit up until nearly night. Lizzie did not say she was fatigued but I thought she was, and would think as mean but it was altogether a mistake, Silas came in at evening and set a while, and invited Lizzie to go to the Opera where he had an engagement, but she declined, and Mr Sargent came in and spent the evening, I think him very pleasant, and much of a gentleman, we spent the next day at Brooklyn, we walked across the Battery to the ferry and crossed over the East river, and walked to <sup>Mr</sup> Boarding house on Fulton Street I might have mentioned that Lizzie came over in the morning and accompanied us over to Brooklyn and offered us a coach if we chose but we preferred walking on account of



view, we had a fine view of Brooklyn, and New York, after dinner  
Ansa and Lavinia walked with us on Brooklyn heights which gave  
us a beautiful view of the shipping in the bay, the islands, a grand  
view of Brooklyn, and the City of New York. I had a fine  
visit at Brooklyn and should have enjoyed it, if I had not been  
in such a fatigued state all the time my face red and I in great  
heat, I think Lizzie enjoyed herself that day pretty well at  
least I wished her too. We came back to the ferry and crossed  
again and rested us at our hotel, and took the Boat for Boston  
at five O'clock and splendid thing it is, after we had  
got seated, in the saloon Mr. Sargent came on board  
and spent the remaining time we were at the wharf we did  
not see Silas Lee, through the day, I did not think when he went  
out in the evening, that we should not see him again, we had a  
beautiful passage across the sound, one of the most splendid  
evenings, and the boat moved as smoothly as one could  
wish and the view on either side was more beautiful  
than my pen can describe until weariness drove us to our  
berths, Lizzie had some dread and fear of sea sickness  
but was happily disappointed she had a good night's rest  
took our breakfast early, and went in the cars to Bridgewater  
where we were, at 7 O'clock, after a half our or more spent  
in getting a conveyance for ourselves and baggage, we  
started for Boston, in a good covered wagon with stuffed  
seats, we had 8 miles to travel, to get to Alson Gilmore  
a charming, clear morning, fine farms nice houses and  
proud yards filled with all kinds of rare plants and flowers  
indeed, I don't know when I have enjoyed any scene with  
more true pleasure than I did that morning's ride, for I was

so much absorbed in looking at the beauties around me I had no  
thoughts for those I had left far away, and I believe Lizzie was  
quite as happy to be once more on New England shore as I was,  
I pointed out to her where <sup>your</sup> Grandfather, was born, and where  
your father was born as we passed directly by the houses, your  
father chatted about old times all <sup>the</sup> way with the man who took  
us over, when we arrived at Mr. Alson Gilmore, <sup>we</sup> had a warm  
welcome there and Mrs. Gilmore said we must make her house  
our home while we staid they were surprised to find that  
we could stay only one day, and sent for all the acquaintances  
as to come and see us, amongst the rest Orinthy Foss, came and  
took tea with us and spent the evening with us, the next  
morning as soon as practicable we were conveyed <sup>to</sup> North East  
ton and Mr. Gilmore and wife, <sup>and</sup> Mother accompanied us  
to and the next morning after having a beautiful shower in the night  
we prepared ourselves to take the stage at six O'clock which we did  
only for four miles, where we entered the cars and were in the  
Boston in a short time, Alson Gilmore and wife went into Boston  
with us. Mother accompanied us into the cars at twelve O'clock  
and we were soon on our way to Portland, where we arrived  
at 5 P.M., we went to Mrs. Waite. Lizzie was delighted to get to  
Mother, I went to Henry's and passed the night the next day  
took dinner at Mrs. Waite, Mrs. Waite ask me if I said anything about  
leaving West Point I told her I did not, I thought she and Lizzie  
both seemed out of spirits the morning, I returned from Mother's  
which made <sup>me</sup> feel a little troubled, and for some days, it nettled  
me a good deal, but I <sup>could</sup> not accuse myself, of any want of  
tenderness towards her at any time throughout our journey,  
but still I know my acquaintance with young ladies is quite  
limited, and I think sometime I lack in delicacy that some



I still continue my writing, I have Seed, July 11<sup>th</sup>,  
 handleg. finished my journal, Saturday after leaving  
 Garmouth we soon arrived at green depot, where <sup>we</sup> found  
 W. Shower ready to provide a conveyance to his  
 house where we took tea and proceeded on our way  
 home, where we found all our friends well as usual  
 Charles was very much improved, and continued  
 to gain, once in a while he coughs a little just to show me  
 that his disease is not rooted out entirely, while we were  
 gone Johnny had the mumps, and when we arrived Rodolphus  
 had them, and Charles has them at the worst rate, he is  
 swollen, so there is scarcely any natural look about him  
 he has swallowed but little to day, and his chest resembles  
 a very fat infant of six months old, he has a strip of flax  
 tied around him to keep down the swelling from passing  
 below his chest very little can be done for him, I hope he  
 is seeing the worst of it to day, your Father has gone to  
 Lewiston to attend railroad meeting, since I came home  
 Myoslin has built our front yard fence and painted  
 it white, it is quite pretty, the front yard is quite gay  
 those rows <sup>of</sup> up rose bushes that you set each side  
 of the gravel walk is cover'd with roses besides many  
 other plants are in blossom, it never looked so well before  
 about here your father has made some improvements  
 and Charles has not been able to work, in the field  
 as usual and since he has been gaining he has been  
 up the old lumber laying about, which gives us quite  
 neat appearance for us I do not work in the garden much

I would like to know how he is in the house



Tuesday, P. M. You will see by my date how I am getting along with my letter, last evening your father came home and said we should <sup>have</sup> seven men here at dinner, and now that I have performed that duty I again resume my pen, I have given <sup>you</sup> some ideas of our ourselves how went matters with you after we left, I could not help feeling pained for you that you should get reported while we were there, and have felt anxious, since to know how you got along with it, do write the particulars, to us, and how you feel in your encampment whether you are strong and healthy, or whether you feel dragged, and tired, the most of the time, I would like to know whether you enjoy yourself or not but hard study will commence again when you return to Barracks there is a kind of yearning for you, that I can hardly give a name, Last Wednesday there five young men drowned at Banmouth centre, one out of six who were in a Sail boat when it capsize'd ~~xxxx~~ succeeded in swimming a shore Capt. Keanley had two sons in the boat one of them was the one saved Mr. O'Sak Clough, had the sons drowned, and Mr. Clark a Victor from Newport made five that lost their lives, they were good swimmers but the weight of their clothing exhausted them before they could reach the shore, I went out on Friday and the public services at the burial of the three Cloughs they were three fine manly looking men, the three coffins were placed before the pulpit, a melancholly view, their parents and four Brothers one only sister and one young lady who was engaged to one of them made up the remains of the ~~xxx~~ family truly the hand of God seem'd to be upon them, they had a large grave prepared to receive them all, their father groan'd audably after looking at them, while I was within hearing your father is going to Hallenel tomorrow I may go with him if Charles is better you must supply what I leave out, for I am worse than even



almost our whole country. By the way I  
suppose you must come on to Concord  
that will be a grand treat to those who can  
enjoy it. I remember to tell me that he is coming  
& I hope we shall have quite a clip gathering  
Old Buck & Perry & Adams & Jackson &c &c.  
What we have one of the Times? But if I remain  
here another year I shall not be there, for I shall  
improve my vacation for a visit to Wisconsin -  
& that will include Concord in my tour - I shall  
be sorry for that, though in that case it cannot  
be helped - He has been getting along very finely  
this term with a school of nearly 50 scholars  
I have a fine boarding place which adds but  
a little to the awkwardness of my situation -  
As to news I hardly know of any I can think  
of anything worth telling. Such a drought in this  
respect I have seldom known - We had a most  
glorious 4th of July - I was in Portland all day  
but it rained all the time & nothing was done -  
My health is much better than when I wrote you last  
though it is not entirely recovered - I shall need the  
summer at best on that account - By the way  
just before I last saw him - Mr. Howard, just  
let us hear from you within the next 4 weeks &  
by that time I shall be able to let you know when  
I shall be next year.  
Truly & fondly - J. N. French

Yarmouth July 19. 1857  
Friend Howard  
I have made my  
calculations & wrote you some 3 or 4  
weeks ago - but unfortunately for my letter  
I happened to be in Portland about that  
time I heard that you were about to be visited  
in a way which I had good reason to sup-  
pose would be much more agreeable to you &  
I therefore concluded that I would wait until  
~~length of time to see you~~ those emotions &  
suspensions, which must of necessity make  
my letter exceedingly ineffectual & uninteresting -  
has necessarily slipped away. To suppose  
Spencer has now elapsed I believe I although it has  
somewhat deferred my reply to your last. I  
perceive you do not regret in any way the cause  
of the delay & for as I named it - But really  
I should have written earlier had it not  
been for the circumstances mentioned - Well  
how do you find yourself feeling after a two or  
three days' interview with your friends? Don't  
you wish Study's house was over & you permitted  
to mingle a little more freely in society than



When you chose? I do but you did for  
me at any rate - When the parting words  
came slowly from your bosom in which con-  
flicting emotions swelled high for utterance  
when the carriage continuing the choicest treasure  
of life turned gradually from your lingering  
steps & disappeared behind a neighboring  
hill, or a bank, as the case may be, you triumphantly  
from your lingering gaze the prize like  
which for you there is no other on earth - Then  
I imagine you wished for the exercise of a  
natural freedom, for the sudden surrendering  
of those stern bonds by which you were held  
in obedience in confinement - that you might  
live with them the vivid scenes of nature  
of art, & return with them to your Exter-  
nals - And so it was I was right or about  
right? But alas! Students & Teachers are just  
when they put themselves & then must stay till  
their term of service expires, unless they forcibly  
break away from the restraints & which they have  
voluntarily subjected themselves, which for the  
most part is a course with easily understood  
open or easily followed - True we must make  
the best of it whilst for as these shut up hours  
have it may seem - But my term of service  
is almost over unless they conclude to pay me  
any more price for a longer continuance here.

Which I suspect they will not do - I have  
offered to stay another year for \$700. or though  
I am perfectly indifferent to accumulating even at that  
rate - They must decide some time for  
themself only & breaks some of this term & then  
I am off - I shall not shed many tears on  
leaving Truroth, I assure you, there are some  
good people here, but there are none who do  
not know of John Bull's foot & speak in an  
old fashioned vulgar way - This is the most ignorant  
sected with the most self complacency I self  
conceit here that I ever found in any little  
place - And now there is so much quarrelling going  
on that the place is perfectly barbarous -  
How in spite of all these unfavorable appearances  
I have got along very comfortably during the past  
year none so perhaps than I should again -  
For I should know better how to act another time  
I have been watching the manner of things without  
saying much so far. I am now ready to speak  
which I should best certainly do & that plainly if  
I live to remain here much longer -

For you of out-of-Edy - life is almost  
passed - I have differently as we situated for  
what we were 12 months ago now - Then we were  
all together as a class, rejoicing in the prospect of  
speedy liberation from the bonds that had held  
us for 3 or 4 years - Now we are scattered on



$$a^2x^2 + b^2x^2 = a^2b^2 \quad ||$$

$$a^2b^2 + b^2x^2 = a^2b^2 \quad - \quad || \quad N$$

$$\frac{a^2b^2}{a} \cdot b^2x^2 = a^2b^2$$

$$a + x^2 = a^2$$

West Point July 24. 1851

My dear father & Guardian, -

For what reason I cannot tell. But there certainly is a combination against me, either to give me censure or to betray me into some indiscretion in the hope that I may break some important regulation of this Academy, and receive a severe punishment, perhaps a dismissal. Several movements on the part of many of my Classmates, have produced this conviction. Under this impression, I have striven, all that lay in my power, to do my duty: I have taken pains to observe the regulations in little things as well as in great. As I have never before been in camp, my ignorance has betrayed me into some blunders. The reports for which I acknowledge to be just, and do not even attempt to get them canceled by any excuse. But many of my reports the majority of them in fact I do not deserve. Others of my Class are not reported under the same or like circumstances. Every time I go on guard, take all the pains I may, I must get several censure: this together with insults & slights that I cannot meet or answer, without appearing to be myself the aggressor, and thereby putting my position in jeopardy, have so much exasperated me that I cannot think. I cannot resolve what to do. I see no prospect of redress. If I write an excuse it is insufficient; if I deny a report or



say what any impartial <sup>cadet</sup> knows to be true, that  
the report was given me through malice. Why  
such an excuse is improper, is highly insulting  
not only to the reporting officer but to the full  
Commandant. Now then I am a cadet, who as a private  
my enemies, report me, and officers of the Army do not  
suffer the demerit to remain & be recorded. Now  
I can no longer bear. I must either have justice  
done me or I must resign my warrant as an  
Cadet. I cannot exhaust all the energies of my  
youth in a pursuit worse than useless. To live is as  
as I do now, the constant object of slight, neglect, ridicule  
and malice, I feel to be absolutely degrading. I do  
need talents of sufficient strength to keep at the  
at the head of my class, in spite of my enemies.  
I should think my prospect a little different  
but even then I fear that three years at West  
Point would be of very little lasting benefit. I rely  
you to write me your permission to resign  
I may not see it. probably shall not be  
forced to. but I wish for justice & if I can  
<sup>obtain</sup> have it. I shall have your permission, as  
an instrument in my hands to fall back upon  
if necessary. —

14<sup>th</sup> chapter job.

"If a man die shall he live again?"

2720 = 2720  
2720 = 2720



O. Howard

West Point N.Y. July 29. 1851. 236

Dear Mother,

I have received your letter, and feel grateful to you for the pains you took to describe as a journey so minutely. Your account possessed for me a great deal of interest. I am sorry to learn that you found D. & his unhappy visitants, the mumps, in your house, when just returned, and am anxious to hear that they passed without doing any harm. You said Mrs. Wait looked disappointed. My father is natural, for she loves her daughter, and feels that to live is alone in the wide world, trusting implicitly in the integrity of a young man; who, however good his intentions, does little to warrant an earnest of that support and protection which he promises. I think a great deal. I ponder over my lot, my circumstances, my prospects. I confess the truth I have no great decision of mind. I did not want energy, but a spirit of resolve, upon which I can rely with unflinching firmness. My present position is not by any means under me contented, but hope brightens every thing. To tell the truth I do not dare leave this place. I am afraid that other places will be filled with equal or worse difficulties. And if I ever suffer myself to yield to injustice & malice, what can I trust in in any other situation? Once, of late, when I felt myself grossly wronged, and failed to get justice, went so far as to write to father to give me permission to resign my warrant as Cadet; that I might try my talents & my fortune in another and perhaps a more appropriate sphere. But I called



to mind the care & solicitude my uncle had exhibited  
towards me, how foolish he would think me, if I lightly  
gave up a place fraught with so many superior  
advantages, which but few of the young men of our  
land are permitted to enjoy. I thought, that thus  
far by perseverance & industry, if not by great  
natural talent, I had shown myself superior to  
none. Thousands & thousands of pretentives soon rose  
up to check my momentary despondency. I resolved  
or rather thought I would give the place another  
chance to redeem itself in my good graces. Did I  
believe it for Lizzie's ultimate good - or should she  
insist upon it as such, that I should leave West Point  
and its military prospects, for a quiet social existence  
where, my honor, my heart, my sense of right,  
would constrain me to leave; for to confess, what is likely  
to seem a weakness to the more practical spirit of  
riper years, I think my happiness is in a great  
measure to consist in making her happy. Yet  
whatever position I gain for myself she is to share  
with me, if Providence has not ordered it otherwise.

To be united when very young, is too apt to be  
a clog upon that youthful energy, which is the  
only surety of prosperity to a young man in moderate  
circumstances. It is not always so - it might not be  
the case with me; for I take much pride in showing  
myself a man: Yet to be prepared for married life  
before one takes its responsibilities is too good a maxim -  
too often attended with bad consequences when neglected, to be



violated by one of my natural prudence. Aug 1<sup>st</sup>: Since  
I began this letter I have walked a tour of guard duty - the next  
day I can do nothing ever but sleep and rest. Therefore you perceive  
I have to finish it the third day. You ask me what I think  
of military glory. I think nature has endowed me with very  
little military spirit, so little that I would fight but  
poorly in a bad cause. Every body however who has any  
desire for distinction, must make the most of the means within  
their power. I would like to be a high officer in the army:  
but were my talents of the right kind I equal to it. I would  
prefer to be a statesman. In fact I do not know what I am  
fitted for. I have about 30 demerits: 20 of which I do not deserve; but  
it is of but very little use trying to get them off, since they are  
such kind of reports that they cannot be cancelled excepting by  
the officer who reports me. Lieut Jones hates me - during a leave  
of absence of Capt Alden of about a fortnight he has been acting  
round: which made the time go hard with me. For my enemies  
would report - me & he would not take ~~these~~ reports off.

He thinks I have a penchant for low company, and will  
~~have~~ <sup>let</sup> no opportunity slip to exhibit his deep dislike. Capt Alden has  
as yet shown himself my friend, and I consider him a very  
just man. If it were not for him I should leave as soon as  
possible. I am blamed by what friends I have for taking  
things with such apparent coolness, for not retorting upon  
those who show so much malice towards me. I don't know why;  
but it seems to me I never had so much patience before. The  
future will show notwithstanding my tameness, that I am  
bound to have my rights. I met Warren yesterday &  
spoke with him the first time for three weeks. he said he



was going home soon. this month I believe. He said I  
I looked more fleshy than when you were here sub.  
My health is very good. I believe I told you about several young  
men going out after taps to play the rogue with the plebs  
who were sentinels. and that one of these young men. the  
Gordon of my Class. got pierced in the lungs. His wound  
was very slight, and is now entirely well, so that  
is performing all his military duties. What I was going  
to tell you was that this affair caused a Court of Inquiry  
to be instituted, which is now & has been for several  
days in session. It is thought that certain young men  
engaged in this "outrage" will be dismissed. I was in  
my tent & fast asleep - out of harm's way. You  
must see Aunt-Secretion and tell her to come. The  
month of August is the most pleasant & favorable  
time to visit West Point. Uncle Ward has been  
to see me, but did not stop but a few minutes.  
He asked if Aunt. was coming. I shall try to  
visit Putnam with her if she comes, and if she  
does not I think I shall go alone. Our encampment has  
now over half through. The 26<sup>th</sup> or 29<sup>th</sup> of this month  
we shall return to barracks. I expect that this dear  
& drawing will throw me from the head; but  
much more will be the credit if I stand as a picket  
in spite of all these things. That will be the best  
revenge I can ask for all my ill treatment.  
Give my love to Aunt-Secretion. Give it also to the  
Ensign's family individually & collectively. I have  
not heard from any of them of late, not even from  
Laura, who is so good to write letters. If you  
see Uncle John you must talk with him  
about my situation & prospects at West Point.



id Tell him of the opprobrium to which I have to  
submit. He once said that he wished for no better  
criterion, by which to judge a young man, than  
the estimation in which he was held by his  
class. This, I think, would give me rather an  
unfavorable character. Write me how his new  
wife does: I don't remember that you told me  
when you were here. Just before, Mrs Gardiner  
said she was very low. Tell me how Charlie gets  
on with the mumps. if he is cheerful and in good  
humors generally. Now during some of these long nights  
when my mind often reverts to you; I often long to  
be in your midst. I can't make it seem that I  
shall never again to live at home as of old. It seems as  
if I were only away at school for a while, whence I  
shall soon return to enjoy 'each passing day' free  
from clouding care: But reality whispers: - your life  
has begun in earnest: the happiness of your early home  
has become a remembrance, - It is true that no one knows  
what home is until he has been long away - until it  
dwells only in his conception. I amuse myself by  
picturing you in my fancy in the midst of your various  
employments; making you take at times all the  
places I have seen you in. I almost always see father  
asleep in his chair with his paper or his candle &  
paper in his hand. How does Dottie look? Is he fleshy?  
Is he manly? He will be a big boy when I see him  
again. It seems as if I could see him hanging around  
your chair while you were studying out my scribbling



to see if Ethel wrote anything about him. And  
there is Johnny, if he ~~was~~ is with you, with his  
good natured face. Give them & Charlie my  
love, the only thing I have to send them. Tell  
Robert A. to remember me to the young  
ladies of Leeds whom he sees at the Sunday  
evening meetings & at parties. My regards to  
him, since he might think it "small business"  
sending love to a young man with whiskers.

It has been a very long time since I have  
seen him. ~~Write~~ Tell father that our battalion  
now presents a splendid appearance, that we  
have an additional parade just after  
breakfast. Last evening we had what is  
called a Stag dance. The strip of ground upon  
which we dance is rectangular - about 60 feet  
by 12. All along <sup>each of</sup> the edges, is a row of candles about two  
inches high & a foot apart. You can hardly imagine  
how pretty it looks on the Green. Then the cadets  
uniform & manner of dancing add much to the  
beauty & oddity of the scene. They dance till gold  
then waltz out the lights, which have burned pretty  
low. Then they wind up by singing songs till  
'tattoo'. Two or three hundred people were collected  
to see us last evening. I think I have written  
about as much as you will have patience to  
unravel. For I am writing - with a horrid  
pen, and as you would say in an awkward  
position, lying down. I shall try to see Warren  
before he goes to Maine. Tell his friends that  
he is well. I had a letter from Robert a  
few days since & answered it. You must not  
let yourself be <sup>too</sup> anxious for me. Probably every  
thing will turn out for the best. Believe me  
as ever Your affectionate son  
O. C. Howard.