Perhaps my dear fellow, you and I may meet yet in the same place, say New York, there would be some thing like a field for exertion, and if you will direct your course there, I will also, that is to say in a few years. The society of ladies is lost, but I like a bigger scope to exercise in than this little farm office, etc., that I am possessed of such extraordinary talents, but but what little I have got, must be made a good use of.

Did You young gentleman from this place give you a letter of introduction, from Mrs. East Friday? They were going to the Meeting, 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.

I am in the most friendly manner to Amanda as she is an old friend, we have sent of wine and cheese associated in the happy day of boyhood, shooting marbles &c. and 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 born as Continental, by yourself, and spend a day or so with us, or any length of time agreeable to you. Let hoping this will suit for the post letter, and I mean to return answering you before I write again, hoping you will answer immediately.

[Signature]

February 28
West Point N.Y., Aug 14th 1851

Dear Cousin,

I was much pleased to receive your letter—glad to find you able to write and so cheerfully too. And glad that you have opened our correspondence, which I myself should have done ere this had not a sort of instinctive languor played the dance with my energy & thoughtfulness at the same time. I am really glad to see you so much of a man as to little desponding. It is very easy of a man to be discontented in any circumstances your pleasure. If he has little of the 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 & this makes himself miserable, by your desiring at every little loss or disappointment. No, Cousin, above all, give me the cheerful spirit. The man who can always hold his head up, and feel defiance to the deteriorating influence of ill-health or ill-luck, exhibits a true & noble spirit. But listen 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 talk when he strikes a vein that will interest his friend. We can do it after he becomes acquainted with his tastes & peculiarities, unless he be afflicted with that
Very common malady of all philosophical 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. I more intimately acquainted with myself.

I have loved many of my friends, with the elements, and since I neglect, that pure feeling, aided and abetted by malice, has caused me in those lives of Ezlet, but as the subject of so many words has become stale with me, I will not draw upon your sympathy by depicting difficulties, out of which my gentle ingenuity and persevering spirit is born to derive much good. What shall I write? Suppose I attempt

In stir up a bad memory and see if it can furnish me with any thing worth the telling from my boyish history. The first effects of which I have any distinct recollection are of course, my father and mother. Remember, my father used to teach me pieces, make me sit in the middle of the floor, make a bow, and declaim them. Oh, how proud I used to feel and delighted but when some stranger who happened to be at my father’s would listen to my boyish eloquence with a smile of approval, I rewarded me with a dance or a penny. Then they used to tell me Grandfather Ainslie like. I should work as in my little box: little thinking then that it would come to my poor little about money. Then about three years old I distinctly remember many particulars of a journey which my father and mother took to Bangor, a city of you remember on the Penobscot, whereas Leeds is on the Tennessee. 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 snow was going constantly & the jangling of the bells, melting together & producing a monotonous sound, soon sent me to sleep, in which the situation, miles would glide away seemingly in almost no time. Occasionally a gust would start me, or father would raise my covering and ask if I was cold. We got to a town called New Sharon 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, stood out bare of his heavy grey mack. Of which he was so fond, was well kept clean. 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 find as I supposed through the door entry they confided by walked ahead. When to my consternation down down down I went. I thought up on a stone platform with life enough left to scream with me ordinary people. Thanks to a pair of lungs well developed by constant exercise, it soon receded me, and came to my relief. I can see him now just as he looked when he charged over me to pick me up, liking the night flash upon my face covered with blood and blood & tears. He carried me back to my mother, when my wounds were bandaged up, and when put on my head and my crying finished. Having as many clothes on to keep out the cold preserved me this time. This little scene in the tavern is as distinct before my mind as if it happened but yesterday. The tall man, who looked so kind, the two
stormy ladies who spoke so soothingly, my mother frighted and weeping, and my father coming in and look as I thought at Dreamland upon my mother's face, and in her lap, for some reason strongly impressed my memory, and this has become the darkest dream of which I can recollect in my not very eventful life. I remember also various characters that I met with on that journey. I had one day gone away, all trembling in the house of a friend of my father's to play with two pretty little girls. In my absence I attempted a scene on one of the chamber, caught her fingers in the hinge of the door, squeezed them immovably, she screamed, then sat down, and cried as of her little heart would break. I tried to soothe them, and tell her that I did not mean to hurt her, but it did no good. I saw her begin to cry too. At this juncture a young man whose had a very melancholy look made his appearance. He began to tease me. One of his legs made an angle of little less than 90° at its knee. We both the little girl's in his arms, and began at me very steadily, so as to make me shiver. This reproach not in the least allayed the anguish of spirit. Why that had taken possession of my little heart at the discovery I had done - clear dreams. This may seem very little, but I repeat to dwell on these childish scenes, which happened in every house in every day. But I was much more trying to see how fear back into my being. Indeed, memory would conduct me. Then I went to my room, and essayed to use my own powers in the same manner. It is a demonstration. I was that is what I want to keep us from getting over things that cannot be helped. The next thing is the whole train of events which I can recall is that one evening what I came from school. I could not find my mother. I could not find my mother. By the way, I was looking for her, going from room to room and calling the tall servantage, called and then with her face and marked chin, suddenly stopped my progress.
and brushed me off, with her mouth drawn down, looking very solemn. I was four years old but I was observant. Thought by her look something dreadful had come across. She said if I would go and eat my supper she would show me something very beautiful.

I ran to the kitchen, with my little head full of wonderment and eagerness; I unceremoniously uncapped the full bottle and 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 placed the blanket when I was securely fastened on my head as a little baby, ‘see your brother Bob’! “Will you not be very kind to him and love him? Of course I would.” I was.

When she left, I danced for joy. A brother, where did he come from? Where came I to have her? I find a brother.

Why, tell me my aunt, the doctor has been here while you’ve been gone to school and got him out of his saddle bag. Well, a garden! The innocent girl! So often used to silence me. Hark! I hear voices! I hear voices! I hear voices! for my aunt is a very noisy lady. I would not tell a lie for all the world. I was singing and I had a brother no matter how I got him. I always was delighted with him till he was just big enough to guard with me. My father would let him and tell me what I was not so much of a man as he. When very young my goodland was a delicate boy, but very active. I thought that my father had love him a little more than his age.
of particularity. My father seems in the distant view, with
which my recollection furnishes me, to have been very sterner
sometimes his brows would relax and a very pleasant
smiling smile would light up his countenance. But
such is a childish judgment, oh! Augustine, 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.
Co. cousin, and think that I am discontented with my own
father, for I am not. He has always treated me with
much delicacy and kindness. He has preserved what
little property I possessed for me with the most scrupulous
care, and I always respect him. Yet more can truly
the place of one's own father. Be thankful, Augustine, that
yours is spared to you. Be always kind to yourself as
I know you must be, to your father. But should
you outrun him, this conduct will be a source of
real happiness to you. Will have a beneficial influence
on you. I believe a man, who will suffer himself
to treat with indifference or disrespect his father.
It discovers a trait of meanness too degraded
for me. To look upon with patience. To resume.
Much time passed between the birth of my love brother
of which I have but a partial recollection. Still
then my childhood joys. Thus I disappointments. About this
time I was delighted with my finest years of life. I remember
what agony a dream caused me. The first ought after
my father brought them home. I thought some one
had been in the roof. I said there was a plate. Neither could
I was convinced of the contrary till they were brought to me. A man came one day to my father's and gave me a little dog. You can hardly imagine with what ceremony I loved that animal, and I believe the affection was mutual, for he never would leave my side unless compelled. One day he and I were strolling about, near where the first 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 rushed at him, pushed his head under the rock I could not withdraw it. Now he bit long. The man told he could not get out, he would not help him. He laughed. I shouted in. The animal would not let his nose off me. At last I threw a stone in. He bolted. I lay down by him, caressing him. I pulling him. I don't know what I did, but I know I never have felt such deep heart-bending grief as I experienced for these few moments. At last I said I would kill him myself or release him. in desperation I went him by the legs, I pulled with all my might. He came out whole. Then what a sudden change is joy - this day 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, I had joy of the neighborhood at last. But then, pretending that he thought he was a chump, for which act of cruelty I hate him yet. I was considered somewhat for my loss, by the people of a neighboring town.
chickens. These I cherished & nourished with wondrous care. But they would die, and then I would grieve. It seems strange to me now that I could have loved animals in such an unqualified way. But so it was. It may be natural. This was before restless ambition took root in the heart. Now, inevitably, came away all the gentle natural affections, which tend to humanise the human character.

When I was eight years of age, another brother came into the world. Springing into the household by the same officious doctor, he became a beautiful baby, with a calm mild face. He is yet my favorite. One day about a year and a half after his birth, my brother died. He went early one Sabbath morning to father's cornfield to help the shears, as from the corn, it was far from the house & the wind was blowing.

When it was time to get ready for church, father called as usual. He made us hear he had to exert all his strength. He walked very slowly indeed. I wanted to stay at home, if he let me. About noon, the second called me from the barn, and said my father wouldn't come. This was murderous. They had never before come home so early. I ran into the house, saw my father reclining sup in a high-backed chair, as pale as a dead. He held out his hand, and said, try not, I have been spitting blood. He never recovered, eight weeks

I think his lingering with bleeding now & then till his blood was all gone. The end. 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 become again of you like my brother. When I come to College life perhaps I can please you by discovering many more excellent accidents. Your father's letter of introduction was not given to me. I have refused a permit to visit you. If your father will write me a good strong letter in his own writing if it is true, that he thinks it would be you good to see me & that you are fairly able to lead the present, I think by such means of such a letter I can get a permit. Write me to write immediately of the writer, best, so that I can go next saturday. But he must tell you all. I expect him his promised visit if possible. Recommend me to him & to your brother & sister. With a true interest to you all especially in yourself. Remember me Your New Cousin & Friend. Etc.
New York Aug. 17, 1831

My dear sister

I am quite ashamed of myself for not having written you for so long a time. I have no apology to make you, for want of time. I am also very busy; I have not been able to do anything for you before. I made arrangements just now to go today to Newburgh and come down from there with a pretty girl to see you, but that all knocked into pieces 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 spent last Monday
aftennoon at Baltimore & returning on
Wednesday morning, remaining
there one day and rising at
the cars too bright, you may
readily perceive that it was
an unpleasant trip. I intend
to come up to see you before
you make trip. Don't know that
I have written you since I
saw you "Lizzie" was quite well
pleased with her and any other
and 5 her younger that I
could I him the same comfort,
deceive my haste as I am a
and to do.

Only in haste
Your's in haste

W. T. Sangwex
Leeds, Aug. 17, 1854

My dear Son,

I received the note you sent your letter of Oct. 27, after going to Liverpool and back. I have written on your situation, since any return from that Point, and should he glad to be a counselor, but not capable, I don't think. Other gifts have had back on similar grievances, as yours, one thing. The flux of your mind must be a future one. It is so small for a young man to be the first back in the Class, where work is thought the most of in every one. I have just read your first letter after you left home, written in Massachusetts City, after leaving Mr. Ellery, he said you could not have a high stand in your class but it would be difficult, and you would very sensibly have elements marked against you the second year. After meeting each other of the first, the world is full of detection and I hope you will not be in yours own estimation. I hope to hear (if you are scanned) will not be your reverses for any other reason, or of which you are accused. I am then having whether you have these talents thrown in your face from the parties then when or whether you have to be at least. Briefly, if you are examined you would seek to know the cause, in some way to three. I hope your corresponding feelings do not engage the more aggravated the matter you mentioned regarding letter of having 10 or 60 such of them is against you? Would like to know in what they commit you spoke of your writing or skill, bow to you like them. The first word I received from you after leaving you was, the 9th of October, you never seem to know how much I thought of it you who had been so good about...
all at once, entirely quit writing to me further. I cannot think a letter would come any more from you—Paint me, but the clerk in New York City sent it to England, and it returned here the same day, you did not mention in your letter. I have always that Great Goddam was unjust; I should like to know how it happened, and what was, the result. I have been to Holland since my return from West which had some talk with your uncle John, he had seen the gentleman and said he had said you stood high in the opinion of officers and professor generally, and you, Mr. Hodge, that you was again with the professors; and they spoke highly of your talking and such. Indeed, student and spoke highly of you every and Mr. Hodge are always in the world. Let us go where we will, it will come as some have or other. This felt so much at some times in my life that it is now, a distinct society, I have sometimes heard of every notice of my heart, and heard everything even, and concluded the vice disagree of every time, permitted it for some time, purpose that was unattainable to me, told one of your been unpopular in your class, he thought it would make some uncomfortable but thought it matter of course, I have not done things you told me of Mr. Abbot. He thought your course would him perfectly well be thought him mean, wanted to take the course he did. The day you will see,
Dear Charlie,

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 is that I am your brother and that your love for me simply trumps all others. Though the world is worth more than really belongs to them, after all affection, I entertain the notion that in the world is it best to present to the reader's attention. Your feelings make the announcement better, more agreeable. I wanted you to receive and see how much your father is better, but I can't help your exciting feelings little heart, and know that you would go away unhappy. I did not pay any outspared attention. Some time while I was there, you shall come and have all the pleasure you can be during and West Point. I know till you of your concern in that. I promised them I was father that I would correspond with them in order of possible to almost, but paid from the final steps of his memorable absence of it was in my power. I understand the book would afford the much pleasure. But of my own internal issues analysis confused me with anything either humorous or diverting. I saw at least now to begin to touch upon themes that I would want to hear of...
mind, so become sufficiently simple. If you are my
friend, if you are true to your word of the
compliance. And I know in the good that you can
and especially to one. Wherever kindness helps you
be helpful by the hand. Where my faithful love, so fall of
the little pieces to see, when my health is better, I have
been reinforced in mine hands. I intend, as I thought, to
make a brief of your memory. Of all the kindness
I could and found, as we have the same little accidents
of my own history. From my earliest recollection to
the present day, when I found myself an aged man
of almost twenty one, feeling before them, if the care do
be without any painful emotion to pass me with a
similar flutter of my heart. The method I have begun
and find very interesting is myself. For it tells to
my mind continually, many almost forgotten little acts
of kindness, shown me, first by my own father & mother
and afterwards by my brothers. I will have to bind me
my head of the last recognizance more nearly to you all.
Then very early, self-love existence is calculated
in the. I knew frequently did occur a great piece
with a bright thing. And encroaching your little while
just as your brother when we left the old house for
a new home. I found myself of you then, a bright
briskly little long, then as the great one you have
grown to be. You need much good care of your
health. Charlie, but stand for the world in silence, that is
beautiful must to think yourself built when in reality you
only feel a little long and lazy. You can strangely mean
how much one may add to the health by cultivating
so cheerful, independent sort of a spirit. Do you know
the heart of cheerfulness & brightness? Unless a person
he is afflicted with some covering, as a covered sorrow,
it is easy to be cheerful. The method I would prefer
would be cease to do everything merely to gratify
yourself. If you are away from home among strangers
or kind hearted, your sympathies awakened, your
own rights must be legally maintained, so you will be
completely upon a scale of operations, but in the family
circle, when in the heart you believe nothing but kindly
attention coupled with the best interest of others. This
is the sphere to make yourself happy by affectionately
tending your constant and always to your
father, mother & brothers. Accustomed yourself to do
little acts of kindness, as well as become satisfied
of self, a pleasant feeling will come be experienced in
your heart, you will become cheerful. I intende
not your own cheerful spirit will become conclusion.
May I, Charlie. You home will be dearer to you and
these days for the experiment. Perhaps some weeks
Mrs.UpperCase. Armitage lecturing. And what says his clear brother
is after. As soon as the moment. Will then you want forget
the pleasant times. But remember the intention is
based on an affectionate interest in you by brother
my health is good. We shall go out of camp, a long
time has passed, and at times he is very interesting
studies. I look forward to the coming year, with
both hope & fear. I regret a great deal more strength of
CO Howard

West Point, N. Y., May 12, 1851.

My brother—I was surprised to learn from the letter which I received from you this morning that my letter was once again in your care. It is pleasing to me to know that you are all well. I hope that this letter will find your family in good health.

I have been very fortunate in my career as an officer in the army. I have served in various capacities and have been promoted to high ranks. However, I have always been mindful of my duties and have always strived to do my best for the country.

I am sending you some of my letters from my travels. I believe that they will be of interest to you and your family. I hope that you will read them and enjoy them.

May God bless you and your family. I shall write to you again soon.

Yours truly,

CO Howard

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The letter is in a cursive script, and the handwriting is quite legible. The content of the letter is about the sender's career and travels, and he mentions sending some letters for the recipient to enjoy.
Dear Brother

Again I begin a letter to you today at 7 o'clock in the morning. The sky is gray, and the air is cold. I am writing to you from my home in Leeds. The sun is shining, and the sky is clear.

I have been thinking about our recent meeting and the events that transpired. You mentioned something about your continued interest in our conversation. I was deeply touched by your words, and I hope to continue our dialogue in person soon.

I have been reading about your recent trip to France. I am so proud of you and the work you are doing. I believe in your abilities and your vision for the future. I am looking forward to your return and to our upcoming meetings.

I hope this letter finds you well and that you are continuing to learn and grow. Please know that I am always here to support you and to listen to your thoughts and feelings.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
of my own being you know. I have not been there
often since you left and it seems odd not
so have a moment now in which I can do as I please to long I have been in your
But however I feel a strong and generous
and possibly friends will not be mistaken on a three
sequence. But there is a certain patronizing
paternal and unemotional in my mind in which
you manifest especially in the measure by which
people who have before contemplate alike for domination,
and dwarfed capacity that seems to me
a scene broken on little figures in a manner
insincere manner of the American Dis
metaphor. But high things of course will be
vast in my mind, as contemplated are those against
amount of fellowship.

Please remember to high degree of friendship
and respect for Mr. Lin et your old friend, the
New properly expressed is like a young man that
are to, and I shall always remember him with
great deal of pleasure. He will stay again
another year, the American has a least the
fine he is not in that business. The
Brunswik is very good looking
and pleasant to talk and listen, one very
well. But there are a thought of degree of
original thoughts about him as if there is
it never kind heart in his expression. The

An illustration which I removed and read in
1850. Into the line my self in 51 and probably written
your name, and the few men I imagine that it is
equally applicable and not when to be the same person
for the first time that it was in the first relation.
Such is the Robison called there with great many
fun especially to himself in the course of the moment
your sight life.

Near all of the truth recognized me as
your mother, and shown that fact was clear to
understand. I thought it made the occasion clear
for the letter. The only one his one
there. The others were decent, must be a city seat
and Robison accorded his way made it to a smile and
called as a direction while I was reading. Julian
and even the day when he handed me the

I send love to you, and last of the
Hound at Miss Smith. Good evening! The town and
yet you a good room and theirs.
Our folks are all well, the cause of them
which is not unusual although the seat does not
all. I hope for the while I have plenty
and from what I mean which I mean to use of the
reading younger years to the best of my ability that is
of letter and presence an eating.

Now this I am going to put the real
meaning in the first letter and ask what in
the world it the motion with you. I have plans
Since writing the above I have been reading some of mother’s letters and the manner of your feelings is pretty plain. One little passage struck me and seemed pertinent. I refer to that ideal of social happiness compared with the necessity of life at West Point. I am sorry you have that anchor on so long here. 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 few 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. I know that when I told you not to go on a piece of ice, you were sure to go judging from that little fact. I supposed your spirit would rise with difficulties till they were overcome and as I wrote father yesterday, difficulties never alone can change your resolution, but imaginary pleasures might. But my thought on such things can change nothing and in no manner affect the result. So I will leave my speculations here.

Mother says she has seen a register from whom she does not know. Things at home look as usual the garden with little modest-wicker fence and gay arrangement of bright flowers looks really cleansing. I think some day lettering the little boys with me to Revisits today to see a Manager. Mr. Delays Toots better now. Mrs. I shall meet at the next Roundtable.