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330 10/1/1851 *From:* Epes Sargent

*To:* Otis [O. O. Howard]

OOH-0310

New York

*Source:* Bowdoin

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New York Oct 1 1851

Friend Otis

Yours of 24th ult came duly at hand. I hope this first letter may be the commencement of a long continued & frequent correspondence between us. I am fully aware you are not over burthened with <linem> time and therefore will excuse you accordingly. I suppose Frank will in all probability commence matrimony soon. He contemplates committing the act this month. I think Silas intends going with him. Perhaps after Frank has been thoroughly initiated he can give you a few lessons.

How does Webb get along since his return. Tell him I would like to hear from him. He probably had a good time while on furlough.

We have all left the Battery Hotel. Silas & myself board at 75 Beekman St. I moved more on his account than my own. It used to cost him more for board than he could afford to pay with the Salary he is getting, and another thing true being a bar at the house. I found it full to handy for him in the way of smoking &c. As you say it is his own fault if he don't make a smart fellow as he has plenty friends and a good situation.

I think if he had remained in Boston much longer he would have been a "spoiled child". His intimate friend Jerome Wass has been more injury than benefit to him.

I have just about satisfied him of the fact. Business of all kinds in N.Y. is very dull. The Banks are busting up and the merchants are failing which keeps us in constant hot water. There seems to be but little prospect of a change this fall as money grows tighter every day. The Banks won't discount for less than 18% a year which price would ruin any man to pay. I am afraid I shant make much out of my Boston Depot as I find Brown spends the money about as fast as he can make it.

I am glad you have entered your new quarters & like them so much. I see they have conferred the title of A.B. upon Dan D Eaton. I have no doubt he deserved it. He is a good fellow an honest fellow and one deserving success. I understand your Cousin Wm Otis gained some laurels at last commencement. I think Silas will go down with Frank. It will do him more good than anything else as his health is not remarkably good this fall. I will send you some papers soon. Tell Billy Webb to write me soon. Remember me to all my friends & write me often. In haste

Yours Truly  
Epes Sargent [Younger brother of Frank Sargent]

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331 10/4/1851 *From:* O. O. Howard

*To:* Cousin [Augustus Howard]

OOH-0311

West Point N.Y.

*Source:* Bowdoin

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(Oct 4 1851) West Point N.Y.

Dear Cousin

I undertook while in Camp to give you a brief sketch of my past life, such as it now presents itself to my recollection. I am thinking such a course may be a bore rather than a blessing to you. It is'nt best however for a young man to begin anything and back out before he tests his powers. A young lady said to me the other day that in these days, when ladies pay their own postage it gives them the privilege of writing what they please. Perhaps if I will pay my own postage I may claim the same privilege.

Since I wrote you we have left Camp & already been five weeks in barracks. I have resumed my studies with my wonted courage & industry and have thus far succeeded very well. Our time is more occupied than it was last year, so much so that it is almost impossible to get a half hour's respite during the week excepting Saturday afternoon. Our studies are no less in amount or number, besides we have to spend one afternoon in drawing. The next is the more pleasant task of learning to ride. I do not succeed remarkably well in drawing as you might judge from my penmanship.

I believe I left myself at the age of ten yrs, just after my father's death. I staid home, worked on the farm and made sap-sugar in the spring, scarcely anything transpiring of any note, till Col. Gilmore came to carry my mother, my brothers & myself to a new home. I was pleased with the change like all boys, though my brother was an exception. Rowland rather demurred, and out of revenge, would never upon any account call his new father, father, for more than three years. Charlie was very little, a pretty boy. of two years. So, he had not much to say upon either side of the question. I can see now that my mothers second marriage has been a blessing to us all; for my step-father has uniformly treated us with all the care of own children; he has preserved our property & put it in good shape, and never has been harsh or unkind to either of us.

At the age of twelve I went to live with my uncle Mr Otis at Hallowell. I took care of his horse, milked his cow & went to school. I saw other boys studying Latin. Of course I too must study it. My friends said, no! I was to be a farmer; what good would Latin do me? It made no difference; study it I would or nothing. There then, I first entered upon a course, which put the idea into my head of going though College.

I staid with my uncle over two years, a sort of gentleman servant, entitled to all the privileges of the one & obliged to perform the duties of the other. I worked on his farm about three miles out of the village, in the summer. He would ride out himself in the morning, sometimes bring me back & sometimes let me walk back in the evening.

In the fall & winter I sent to school to a fine Old Gentleman Mr Burnham. I shall always remember him with gratitude & Pleasure. He conceived a great affection for me & treated me accordingly encouraging me & stimulating my rising energy by praise, and never flogging me except when he could not help it; and even then whipping me very easy. I remember once our "recess" was to be conditional: if we wouldnt whisper once for the forenoon we might go out and if we did whisper we could go out by going up & taking a ferruling. At recess time about twenty boys marched resolutely up to his desk and took a ferruling. I got off mighty easy with two slight blows. When I first went to Hallowell the boys called me green; would laugh at me & mimic my flat country sounds. This as you may well judge I would by no means bear, and hence arose many a pretty hard fought battle. I was short & stout and used to fight about two at a time. I believe I generally came off conqueror, but seldom without a black nose, black eye, or some other hard mark. Soon however I got my spirit pretty well established, and gradually too my greenness wore off.

(Nov 2d) You begin to think you are not to get another letter, and you will not if I rest a month every time I lay aside my pen. I hear that Aunt Aurelia has been spitting blood & is in very poor health, that Aunt Lucrecia's family have many of them been very sick. She has been obliged to give up her intended visit to New York. Give my love to your father, brother & sister. Tell him, your father, that I am sorry he should think it gives me so much trouble for him to come & see me. All the trouble is that of getting a permit and this is nothing. Tell him

not to give up coming to see me.

I have not heard from you for a very long time. How is your health this fall? And my cousin Elizabeth. She did come to see her cousin last summer. Ask her if she remembers, that I told her Elizabeth was my favorite name, upon which she suspected that I was in love.

But to resume. After I got home from my stay at Hallowell, with a very little knowledge of English and very little knowledge of Latin (for I had read the Latin reader and Virgil's Bucolics) and also I had got the greek reader (tupto) my progress had been so promising, that I was very soon sent to Monmouth Academy, to prepare for College. Being between 14 & 15 years of age, I began to think myself man enough to beau the girls about; and hence as you may suppose, since opposite pursuits cannot well harmonize, I neglected my studies. I would study chemistry for the sake of sitting by the girls in the class. I bought drawing utensils, for the sake of having the pretty little drawing <misstress> come sit by me and show me. However I made out to wander through Cicero's Orations.

In this state of comparative ignorance, I set out the next spring dressed in an entire suit of grey for N. Yarmouth Academy, situated a few miles from the City of Portland. This was the 1st of Febr 1846. I arrived there after a ride of 40 miles in an old red "<pu? [ side cut off]> in a strange place finding not a soul that I knew, homesick, tired & cold. They showed me into a little bit of a dirty room, without a bed or fire. I had brought my bed<[side cut off]> though, so I was prepared for that emergency.

Well, in a short time I joined my class & was surprised to find them so proficient. They would read latin as so much English & rattle off the Greek verbs 'like fun'. I found myself a perfect goose. I had thought myself a scholar. There is nothing which will stimulate a young man to exertion so effectually, as to find others of the same age far in advance of him.

Nov. 5th

This class was to enter College the coming September. During that little time of about seven months, I should be obliged to read all Virgil, all Sallust, the Greek reader, and 4 books of the New Testament in Greek & review Cicero, and get in addition six sections in Smyths Algebra. To the Student this looks like a two years course, especially for a beginner. I began to apply myself with all my might.

Towards the last of the fixed time I thought I was going to fail. Mr Weld, my instructor said I would have to remain another year. I thought him a little selfish in his advice, knowing that it was for his pecuniary interest for me to remain. I declared I would enter College. One fortnight still was left. During that fortnight I allowed myself only 4 hours sleep each night excepting Saturday night, stood at a "stand-up" desk, and studied, took no exercise, no recreation only leaving my books long enough to get my meals. This took the flesh off, but I passed the College examination as well if not better than any one in my Yarmouth Class.

The young man with whom I lived at Yarmouth, called the most talented of the whole class, spent that last fortnight in "<spreening>", that is, riding into Portland & coming back drunk. I remember he & I rode to Brunswick, where the college is situated, 16 miles from Yarmouth. He often ridiculed me because I would not drink with him. He tried to persuade me that it was niggardly & ungentlemanly not to do so &c &c. Then he was smart, energetic and talented, before he graduated, he was absolutely degraded in tastes & in intellect - a perfect rake & drunkard - shuned by those who once courted & flattered him, but who were more politic but less openhearted & generous. He had been suspended from College three times, and hardly permitted to graduate.

Leaving you now at the thresh-hold of my college course, I will bid you good by. If you will come to see me I will show you my two brothers in miniatures, so you may form some idea how your cousins look.

I wish particularly to ask your father if my brother Rowland, resembles my father when he was of his age.

Write me as soon as you can, remembering that I am  
Your affectionate cousin  
O. O. Howard

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332 10/10/1851 *From:* O. O. Howard

*To:* Col John Gilmore  
(Mother)

OOH-0312

West Point N.Y.

South Leeds  
Maine

*Source:* Bowdoin

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[This is letter is very faint.]

West Point N.Y. Oct 10, 1851

Dear Mother

Saturday night has come round again, and again I take my pen to commence the pleasant task of communing a few moments with you, my mother, to whose love & care my reason tells me I owe more than my heart is wont to acknowledge more than I seem to appreciate when wrapped up in self. I neglect to study your comfort & your happiness I call this a pleasant occupation because it is ever pleasant to feel that you are doing another a pleasure to know that your own weaknesses are over looked, your errors forgiven, and your thoughts however common or ill-expressed are pursued with an unfeigned & deep interest. It is pleasant too to let fancy disenchained from the common irksome every day confinements take wing & visit scenes more genial and more loved not because they are really more beautiful but because they connect themselves with the pleasures of boyhood, because they contain home & those friends who are friends indeed. When I am writing to you my mind flies to the places in which you are moving and is continually recalling and delaying upon those events in which we two have had a common part & a common interest. Thus recollection & fancy being wide awake & active begets in my heart for the home being a serenity & a pleasure which are real. You ask me of my reading during the period of our encampment. They amounted to nothing. Like hundreds of other good resolutions they <ended> in <unsolutions>. I read some portions of the History of the United States and a few novels but I was conscious of very little improvement therefrom. In fact I find myself every day losing what little literary knowledge I once was master of. I hardly believe that after emerging from this institution so celebrated for scientific researches. I shall be under the necessity of keeping pretty quiet or I will very often have to blush at my own ignorance; or surprise people by the apparent paradox that a young man naturally of good common sense has studied 8 years always with admirable success & turned out after all a fool. It would be the height of folly to complain for my mind is not of sufficient capacity to grasp & digest at the same time all the knowledge that I long to possess, hence we will learn that portion which is easy of acquirement at any period of a man's life for future study. Now my intellect is being trained to do my bidding.

The news of Sarah's approaching marriage anticipated you and reached me before your letter. Frank wrote me two or three weeks since inviting me to the wedding which invitation I shall of course be under the necessity of not accepting. I wish them all the joy imaginable at the wedding which is said to be a very important era in a man's life and a no less important one in a woman's: and especially do I wish them a permanent happiness resulting from the new relations into which they are about to enter. In my opinion Frank is a fine man - a man with whom a lady could not well quarrel and if Sarah is not happy with him as a husband & protector it will be her own fault. I believe all my young friends and play mates are marrying off, but it is some consolation to me to know that I shall enjoy a longer period of youth. I never meant to get married when I was a mere boy yet although it might seem often to my friends "mighty like" preparing for such a breach of prudence.

I have not seen Dr Lord or Warren in this region yet. I am sorry the Dr is about to leave you or more properly perhaps that he has left you just as Leeds is beginning to prosper, thanks to Uncle Ensign & her internal improvements. How happens it, hav'nt people paid him well? Or does he feel that the field is too narrow; that he can obtain another situation more in accordance with his taste & ability? Never mind: I will ask him if he comes to see me myself. I presume some of the "would be young" ladies feel a little nettled at his leaving? Or am I again slandering the fair sex?

I have been out this afternoon to gather walnuts. They call them hickory nuts here. Hickory trees are as common here as the beech with us. I suppose Dellie would like the sport of picking a few baskets full of these and more still the sport of cracking and eating them.

I have been unlucky enough to get some additional demerit this month: 3 for absence from the parade of guard at dinner. I forgot that I was on guard & went to dinner with the battalion, whereas I should have been walking post. Again one night I was late at unfixing bayonets at dismissal from parade. This will give me <7>. A man

has to keep pretty wide wake to keep clear of reports, unless he is a favorite, especially where they had as lief report him as not. I never expected to keep clear of demerit this year; and therefore if they do not increase, or exceed so I shall be well satisfied.

(Sunday) I have been to church this forenoon and listened to a very good discourse on the evidences of the Christian Revelation of its genuineness & authenticity. Since I was once obliged to study Paleys Evidences the subject being familiar becomes interesting when I hear it treated of.

My health is good. Give my love to Charles & Dellie, Johnny & all. Write me as often as you can get an opportunity; as often as is consistent with your health. I received your last letter & the envelopes.

Yr affectionate son  
O O Howard

[Envelope]  
[Postmark] WEST POINT [Date not legible]  
Col John Gilmore  
South Leeds  
Maine

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333 10/15/1851 *From:* Rowland [Howard]

*To:* Brother [O O Howard]

OOH-0313

Bowd. Coll

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Bowd. Coll, Oct 15th 1851

Dear Brother

Having sufficient excuse in the state of my health from the admirable duty of attending Parson Adams delightful meeting and sitting on those luxurious seats, I take the opportunity for writing you. I have a bad cold and cough but I am in hopes to get rid of it in a few days.

The ground here is white with snow and icy, and this morning I noticed a sleigh gliding along quite smoothly to the twinkling of the Bells. From these indications I suppose that winter is very near at hand. The snow has stoped all exercise in the Gymnasium and the ropes covered with ice look gloomy enough. I suppose your place for recreation is well fitted up and of easy access in all seasons. Write me about it.

The students are dropping off one by one as I suppose they used to do when you was here. As the Fall Term draws to a close the brows of school masters grow darker and darker and gradually their forms become stiffer and more dignified as they prepare to "frighten the aple munching urchins with the squeaking of their shoes".

What a blessing it is, isn't it, that Providence has provided a way that a student may disipline his patience - or kill himself? I have not engaged a school as yet although I have had several very good offers. One in Bodoinham, a classed school of 45 scholars, for \$22, but report says it has some very hard boys, and I think I shall not take it. Sanbon U Carter of Portland wrote me that I could have a school in Cape Elizabeth of 3 ½ months at \$25.00 but did not mention its size or character. Not desiring to take a very large or ugly school. (For I have a presentiment that 3 should die) I have written them that I would take it if numbers and reputation were favorable. If I go to the Cape I shall have your Portland friends quite near. Mother wishes me to come home and stay this winter, which of course would be much more pleasureable to me than teaching. I don't know yet which I shall do. It will depend in a great degree on my health and my reflections on poverty.

We have one thing which you did not, and I assure you is a decided bore, viz.Proff Stowes lectures, the lecture in religion 3 times per week. On Frydays and Sundays we are compelled to attend, but on Saturday it is voluntary. I hear the bell ringing now for the Sabbath lecture. Proff Stowe is a man of decided ability but his efforts seem to be purely intellectual, his reasoning sound and incontrovertible, but he has nothing for the imagination, nothing for the affections, nothing that appeals to the heart, and consequently he is extremely uninteresting,

I have not heard from Mr Jewett this term and I think he has not been in Brunswick. I don't know how it seems to you but it strikes me that he is excessively cool. That is not so enthusiastic as you would be under the circumstances. Just think of only 16 miles and railway at that, and not visit the one of his hearts choice, but once in two years, or on Thanksgiving or some such occasion. But I have some doubt of the hearts having much to do with that match, although I know but one of the parties, yet it seems to me like a work of the head, a mere business transaction. What do you think? I tell you how it is "Sodom" is devilish cold, and the way the wind creeps up a fellows trousers leg is an argument for bloomers. Why if a woman should room here, there would be no necessity of hoops in their petticoats to give them a graceful presence, for their skirts would be constantly distended after the manner of an umbrella. Such is the rush if cold breezes from the cellar of Sodom through the cracked floor of no 20.

I had a letter from Charles last week. He is in good health and spirits. Mother wrote about a page, but no news. I suppose you hear from home nearly as often as I do although your distance is so much greater. Our Tutor read me a letter the other day from his brother, who is now stationed at Macao. He spoke of you among his class mates <[torn bottom of page]> the antipode of China. I sent you one of his letters last Summer, published in the 'Enquiror' of which you never acknowledged the rec. I think he writes a beautiful letter, his descriptions of men and manners in the countrys which he has visited are admirable. I am glad that Dr Lord and 'Our Cousins Sargent' visited you. It must have been a great relief for you to see old and familiar faces again, for although new friends are ever so agreeable, yet when you meet one that can be called Old theres some thing inexpressible in it. Is it not so?

I am not getting along as well as I could wish, getting some most excruciating <'senno'> especially in Greek. In Algebra and Latin I do very well but not so well as some others.

Write soon. Give my respects Warren, and don't forget your College correspondent and

Your aff Brother  
Rowland

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334 10/17/1851 *From:* Rowland [Howard]

*To:* Cadet O O Howard

OOH-0314

Brunswick

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Brunswick [Friday] Oct 17th 1851

Dear Brother

As I have a little spare time I will begin a letter to you although I may not finish it until Sunday. In the first place I saw Father, Mother and Charles last Tuesday at Hallowell at which the long delayed wedding was at last consummated. They that is our folks were all well and appeared happy and at this point so much occurs to me for writing you that I must drop it for a future <session>.

This is a Sabbath morning cold rainy as you know all of those mornings are in rainy Brunswick if not everywhere else. I believe I told you that I had a fine time at Hallowell. Rev M. Thatcher of Winthrop performed the needful services to render our cousin and Frank Sargent man and wife in the eye of the law. Aunt Ann looks blooming but rather <aseiceive> by the press of duties. The bride looked excessively weary and the Bridegroom excessively comfortable. I like his appearance very much.

Silas is the same as usual. I suppose you have seen him lately. Don't he strike you as being rather proud of his rakeishness. His pedantry is my greatest objection to him. William is idle, at home. He has the reputation here of being a good scholar and fine fellow. His last two years in College were much more successful than his first. Maria is the same as usual, perhaps a little more womanly. On the whole Otis although I would not whisper it to anyone else I do not like my cousins over well. I never feel at home with them as I do with my school friends and acquaintances. William & Maria have a sort of reserve that makes me uneasy and Silas is continually boasting of the exploits of 'a man about town' as he has experienced them and does not even restrain his stories of wine bibing, oyster eating &c in the company of ladies, in which I think he shows a lack of good sense as well as good principles.

Most all of the wedding party came down with me in the cars on their way to Portland and thence in about two weeks to N. York. I hear that William & Maria returned to H yesterday, but I did not see them.

I am getting along pretty well in my studies but do not make good sails as yet, especially in Greek. We have a fine teacher in Greek, perhaps you know him, Jothan B Sewell, recently principal of Lewiston Academy. I tell you he is a decided 'screw'. Old Upham as he is denominated by his familiars is a queer one isnt he? He has held a number of long and serious consultations with me on a diversity of subjects and if I did'nt think the old Gent would <fit> a little more and then just for convenience just the smallest mite in the world I should think a great deal more of him. Don't you think he is extremely cunning in bringing about his ends. He has been trying very hard since our College initiation to get our class to sign a certain paper to prohibit anything of the kind next year, whether or no he will make out is a question.

You may well suppose that I have been bored to death by the fishing for secret Soc's. Our class is small compared to the Sophomore class and there is at present a question among them as regards the balance of power and each has exerted itself in the piscatory line, a little more than I believe is customary. And of course so much the worse for the poor, suffering Freshman.

I have been strongly 'fished' for the four Soc's and haven't decided yet which to join and don't intend to until I get ready Ahem!!!

Your friend Kendall has been rather cooler (but still more agreeable) since I have avowed my independence.

I have been burdened with two rather onerous offices and devilish unluccrative. They are <com> of my class for Catalogues & Ceremony. The last is especially disagreeable as I have to wait upon the table pour tea and Coffee &c for which I receive the enormous remuneration of ten per cent of my board. All the students with whom you are aquainted inquire after you frequently and Proff Upham says that you was a particular <favorite> of his, with whom he has passed many pleasant hours. Write soon and tell me all about yourself, and about College and everything else and Remember me always as



Your aff. Brother  
Rowland

P.S. I had a letter from Lizzie just before going up to Hallowell, saying that she would go up with me, but as the day was somewhat rainy she did not come, and I say much disapointed went alone and disapointed all the rest. But the day was not fit for her to be out. She wrote me in good health and spirits

Your Brother  
Rowland

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335 10/19/1851 *From:* Laura Howard

*To:* Cousin [O O Howard]

OOH-0315

Leeds

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Leeds, Oct. 19, 1851

Dear Cousin

I feel to regret my negligence when I look at the date of your letter and think how long it is since I received it. I must confess I have grown very careless of late about writing to my friends. It is not for want of love or that I do not think of them, but as you know procrastination is the thief of time I have been putting it off from time to time till I am almost ashamed to write at all thinking perhaps you have forgotten there is such a person as your Cousin Laura.

But enough of excuses, I hear from you quite often and that you are doing well though I understand you have had some little trouble since your Mother was there but have overcome it in a measure. I was much interested in hearing your Mother read your letters last week. I was down to see her and spent the afternoon & could not help feeling hurt to think you was blamed unjustly but do feel glad that you have overcome them. It must have been very trying to your feelings indeed to be reported of that you did not do.

I expect you have seen Dr Lord by this time. He was going to call and see you. I shall miss him very much this winter. I expect to be very lonesome indeed. Most all the young folks have left Leeds. All those that were company for me but I anticipate much pleasure in seeing you next summer if we both live. Oh I long for the time to come, and think how you will look and of hearing you tell all that has passed since we last parted.

I have seen Elizabeth Wait three times this summer, spent the day with her at your house, called on her when I was in Portland and she came down one Sunday a short time ago with Mr Perley and we rode down to your mothers and stopped a short time. I am very much pleased with her and think I shall hold you to your promise of living with you. She is handsome, amiable and very lady like in her appearance and just such a person as I should think you would like and that you may both do well is the sincere wish of your cousin.

You gave me a long lecture on marriage in your last letter. I agree with you and think I am better off as I am, unless I could find one that would reciprocate my affection but I do not expect to. Therefore I will be contented with my lot and condition in life which is a very good one and I feel contented and happy as and uneasy mind like mine can be. I endeavour at all times to think all is for the best wither it be joyous or grievous, and when I can put my trust alone in Providence then I am happy and know that all he does is right. I feel at times that this world is all a fleeting show and that it is our duty to be prepared for another for we know not how soon we shall be called to give our account.

My two Sisters in Philadelphia have experienced religion since their Fathers death. It was a great loss to them and to me for I always anticipated that I should see him again but he has gone - to his long home and my prayer is that I may be prepared to meet him there.

Aunt Lucretia's family have most of them been very sick but are all getting better. I thought they would loose little Henry but he has got quite smart. Clark is better but gets up very slowly. Everet has put his Sister and William on the town and I do not know but it will kill Aunt Aurelia. She is very unwell and has been spitting blood lately. Her troubles have always been great but now they seem more than she can bear. Marian remains with her. Mr Joslin has taken William for the present. I told her I was going to write to you soon and she wanted me to send her love to you. I think her troubles in this world will not be much longer. My heart aches for her. She appears so disconsolate and unhappy with no prospect ahead of it ever being any better.

Uncle and Aunt Martha [Strickland] went to Hallowell to the wedding last Tuesday. They were married at eight o'clock and started for New York at nine o'clock. Sarah Lee is Mrs Sargent now. I presume they will call on you soon. Addison Martin was at the wedding and the governor so I expect they had quite a grand time. Your mother was there and Charles. She will tell you all about it.

John and Hellen [Otis] are well and Oli has got to be quite a boy, can do errands very well. I talk to him about you and he seems to remember something about you. The people in Leeds have not got done quarreling yet

and the singing & fear will go down and be the means yet of driving our Minister away but all we can do is to hope for better days.

Write as soon as you receive this and don't do as I have.

Your true Friend  
Laura Howard

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336 10/26/1851 *From:* O O Howard

*To:* Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

OOH-0316

West Point N.Y.

*Source:* Bowdoin

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West Point N.Y. Oct 26th 51

Dear Mother

I fear if you do not get a few lines from me this evening I shall not get another opportunity before next Saturday to write you. Last evening my usual time for writing being Saturday, was employed in solving several very hard problems, connected with our lessons. To day I have already written Rowland a letter. I have heard from you in several different ways through Rowland's & Laura's letters through Warren, Dr Lord & Mr & Mrs Sargent (en propres personnes) or if you don't like the French (in their own persons). The latter three happened here together last Thursday evening about 4 o'clock. I got excused from drill & parade & was permitted to stay at the Hotel till ½ past 6 - then I had to leave my friends and go to my room. The next morning as good luck would have it, when I went to get a permit of Capt Brewerton & insisted on seeing him, Mrs Brewerton came to the door. I told her my friends came 'from far' were going away that afternoon & that I wished to be excused from recitations very much indeed. She made me come in to the fire, carried my permit to Capt B in bed & made him sign it without permitting him to put in his usual limitations "when not on duty &c". The Dr stopped only till 9 on Friday. Frank & Sarah staid till 1 o'clock. We had a very good time, visited the laboratory & all the places that you visited, saw the relics of the mexican spoils, as well as three of the revolution & discussed their merits. Sarah thought she would rather have those 42 pounders on our side than on the enemy's. She & Frank appeared very well & very lively, neither so insipid nor foolish as we expect the newly married pair to be.

(Monday) "Taps" came to interrupt me last evening in the midst of my meditations. It is now evening just after supper. I have two long lessons to get besides walking Post an hour & a half. So you see you can get but a few lines at this sitting. I had a city to make the other day in drawing, i.e. a city represented by topographical signs. Well! I thought I had done it admirably when our instructor, Dick Smith, came round & said "your lines are too light, sir, too far apart, show too much white paper." This is a specimen of my success in Topography. Yet I am confident I will rise gradually, for I can take pains & stick to it as long as most any one.

Warren brought me Charlie's miniature and what he says is a piece of Lydia Turners wedding cake. Give my best respects to Lydia as well as my best wishes for her happiness, if she is in Leeds. Remember me to Sarah, tell her I shall expect to hear of her marriage next. When you see Laura, give her my love, & tell her she must not be impatient for a letter, for I cant get off more than two a week, certainly not till the drills stop. I hear sad news of our enterprising rail-road. Why I was anticipating a ride upon it almost to my fathers door next June. How does Uncle Ensign feel about the down fall of his favorite road? Has "Gid" (following the common parlance) has "Gid" exhausted all his funds, gas & persuasion? Cannot stockholders be induced to contribute a few thousand more?

Tell Charlie, that I am very grateful to him for his miniature. If it is a true likeness, he has changed a good deal since I left. How thoughtful in you to send me those mittens, for they are really a luxury here in cold weather, & I was unfortunate enough to lose my blue ones. Good night now. I will probably fill out the sheet tomorrow evening. The Dr sent his best respect to you & our family, said he should always recollect our family & his Leeds friends with a great deal of pleasure.

Wednesday eveing (just before tadoo.) You see I am writing my letter by "piece meals"; but perhaps it is as well for if I had mailed it Sunday you would not have got it sooner than if I mail it tomorrow.

I find by yours & Laura's letter that Aunt Aurelia is in rather a bad condition. Do the people of Leeds blame Everett for calling upon the town to assist him in the maintenance of those children. It is indeed hard for a mother, who is proud, who has been accustomed to feel independent and to live independently, if not in affluence, to see her children so reduced and it helps the matter little to think that their poverty is owing to their own helplessness. But father would say such is the way of the world. Give my love to her if you see her & also remember me to Aunt Lucrecia & her family, through any one of whom you may meet. Tell Uncle Barna' who always takes a lively interest in me & in my welfare. Tell him that I often think of him, and hope that he will live till I return. Inquire after Melvin & Clark Leadbetter [children of Aunt Lucretia Leadbetter]. I believe I told you that the young Leadbeter who graduated here graduated at the head of his class, which I begin to think requires

a pretty long head.

Tell Charlie that a sketch of my past life has never been written. I formed such a design so as to amuse & enliven my cousin, but I found it too much. I have been obliged to give it up. I rather think Charles already knows nearly as much of my experience as I do.

Give my love to all. Roland A. must wake up. Tell him if he has the blues, he must kill them. Life is the best, the effectual remedy, life in its essence. Why who would grope along with a clouded brow and a down cast look, with a steady discontent visible in ones every look & act. Why! Such a man ought to be in the army, in this United States prison. Give me liberty, a lucky return from the gold regions with "a pocket full of rocks", wouldn't I cut round among the young & attractive fair ones. Do you think I would make myself miserable with imaginary evils? I reckon I could wake you up Roland. Even with my long face, I would start a fund of cheerfulness somewhere. I consider a young man a perfect absurdity who for no reason in the wide world, will give up his soul to a settled melancholly. I have had to bite my lips now & then, and felt as though all was not right; but I never have suffered & never will suffer Old Melancholly to have a welcome seat at my board. Heres "taps" again making periods in my writing.

Tell father "to never mind" the misspelling or bad handwriting this time.

Your affectionate son  
O. O. Howard

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337 10/30/1851 *From:* Elizabeth A Waite

*To:* Mrs Eliza Gilmore

OOH-0317

Portland

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Portland Oct 30 1851

Dear Mrs Gilmore

I know you are not expecting a letter from me just now, but as you have formerly invited me to write you, I flatter myself the reception of this will be as cordial as if I had written the particular time. Will it not dear Mrs G?

I should be most happy to write and receive letters from my friends or have uninterrupted correspondence with many, if I was not so forgetful (or rather negligent) myself if one writes me, it is seldom I answer promptly if at all, therefore I can blame no one but myself if I do not have correspondents. I can remember "some things" and write "some letters" it is true, but considering is'nt that a natural consequence? I suppose you, as well as all the rest, enjoyed yourself very much at the wedding. I regreted to have the weather keep me from being one of the party; however am happy to say, I was at the wedding levee at Mrs Strickland's (Tuesday evening). I intended to have seen them again but unfortunately I did not have an opportunity. I see friend Roland, has not learned my name yet; he writes Lizzie M instead of Lizzie A. I'll have to tell him my opinion of him will not be very flattering, if I cannot teach him the "first letter of the alphabet"; hope the Professors of Bowdoin will meet with better success in their endeavors to instruct him. My last letter from Otis was written the evening of the 18th. He had been on guard that day and had just returned from walking post as he commenced the letter. It is true, we cannot appreciate the pleasure he takes in receiving letters away from all friends comparatively speaking.

How is Charley's health? I hear he was at the wedding too. Think he might come and make me a visit. We should like much to see him here and Delli.

With much love to you & yours. I remain your true friend.  
E.A. Waite

To Mrs Eliza Gilmore

Please remember me to Laura. Tell her, if you please, it would be most pleasing to hear from her too. Perhaps we (she and I) are somewhat alike with regard to letter writing, but tell her to write me & sit wright down without forethought as I did this afternoon. It will not be "much of a task".