
343 12/3/1851 *From:* F. T. Sargent

To: Otis [O.O. Howard]

OOH-0324

Brooklyn

Source: Bowdoin

Brooklyn Dec 3 1851

Dear Otis

You no doubt wonder at our long silence, and perhaps with very good reason, for I think one of us might, amid the multiplicity of "dimish'd cares" have found time to have droped you a line if for nothing more than to inform you that we are still in existence, if we are lost to all around us, in the enjoyment of the "Honey Moon". I have been waiting a while to see if it (the moon) would not set, but I must wait still longer, and may Heaven grant that I may be so happy in the anticipation of it as to wait until I am grey, and then may I feel that by its light I may still see the virtues of my dear Wife.

Otis, we are happy, have been, and with the blessing of God hope to be through life. Sarah is all that I can wish, so far, as a wife. For five long years have we been acquainted with each other, three of which we have been engaged, and (as you are well aware) though it is pleasant, extremely so, to be with the dear object of our affections before marriage, and notwithstanding it is an old saying that "courtship is the pleasantest part of a mans life", I have the audacity to contradict it, at least in my case, perhaps it is one of the exceptions that proves the rule, and perhaps it may be that I have not enjoyed the married state as long as is sufficient to be a competent judge. I think I have, but though you may be entertained, you may not be much interested in what I have been saying, so for a change I will branch a little.

We arrived at home safe after leaving West Point where we enjoyed ourselves very much, thanks to our Cousin Otis. Once more at home I thought it time for me to look round, and see what was to be done next, as I had decided on leaving Mr Benson, where I have been for the last three years as he would not do for me, what I thought he ought to. I have finally got settled in Brooklyn, and have hung out my "shingle", having on it "Tucker & Sargent". "Lime, Lath Brick &c", so when you want a "Brick in your hat" you can be accommodated. We have been in operation for about four weeks and are doing "as well as could be expected". Next spring we expect to do a large business, and have every prospect of it. It is quite a different business from the one I have been engaged in, but I am my own man now, and in that I was another, and besides I have a prospect of making some money now; there it was slim. I must leave you now and go to dinner, will call again soon.

Decr 6. It took me longer to get my dinner than I thought it would, as it don't often take me three days.

The truth is I have been as busy as possible since I left off, and with all have one of "Jobs comfortus" right on my thigh, and a run round on my left thumb and this morning a prospect of another of the former on my hand - pleasant, decidedly, I don't think. <Beles> are something I am quite unacquainted with, for I have never had but one, and that about 20 years ago, I don't know how to account for them, if you can by any System, mathematically, Philosophically or otherwise, I should like to be enlightened.

As I am writing now, the Guns are booming from the Battery in honor of the arrival of the distinguished Hungarian, Kossuth. Such a demonstration as is now being given him in New York, was never known in this country. It would have afforded me great pleasure to have gone over with Sarah this morning to have intruded the moment, but 'twas quite impossible without neglecting my business, which I could not think of doing. She has gone however with some friends, and I dare say will enjoy it exceedingly. Kossuth, I think, is the most remarkable man of the age - think of a foreigner to our tongue, making such magnificently eloquent speeches as he did, one following another, throughout Great Britain, or rather in London & Southampton, I think him a most remarkable man, and one of, if not the, greatest orators of the age. I hope he will not be injured by the attention that he is receiving from the American people, there is some danger of it.

I suppose you hear from the East often. Sarah & I hear from Maria & Mother once in a while. I don't know of anything new or interesting to you. Addison is down there now and says he is enjoying himself "some". He will be here in Jany again and return to California in February. I think he has done very well since he left this country for the Pacific, and I am glad of it, for I think him a capital good fellow, and one that will make a good use of his money. He boarded near us while here, and we enjoyed having him come in and see us very much. It would not be very surprising to me to hear that he had, like myself "turned <Benedict>". He ought to have a

good wife to take to California with him, and I hope he may get one. I think he wants one.

9th

Yesterday I went up the River as far as Peekskill, having started off on Saturday a sloop that we had been purchasing, and I came, or rather went up to get a cargo of Brick for here. I thought of you as not being many miles above me, but could not spare the time to go and see you. I got home again about 8 o'clock in the evening & found that Sarah had received letters from Maria & Willie. The folks were all well, of your own family or relations; Mrs Gilmore (Miss Lucia Grant) was very sick indeed and not expected to recover, was confined not long since and gave birth to a young Son (I think), and has not recovered from her sickness. Maria writes that they are having fine sleighing and enjoy it finely with their horses & sleighs. Their Thanksgiving dinner came off at Laura Anns. Willy says "ample justice was done to the Turkey, which was a goose". The two together, I think makes a very respectable Bull. I should like to enjoy for a few days the fine sleighing they are having down East now, a very few days would satisfy me for the Winter.

I suppose you are having some fine cool breezes about this time. Mosquitoes don't trouble you much eh? Our weather has been rather cold for a few weeks past, but I hope, for the sake of our business, that it will be mild for a few weeks so that we can get in a little more stock before it closes up. It is getting along toward night and I must try and get this letter off tomorrow, for it has been in hand long enough. Why have you been so long silent? Waiting for Sarah or myself to write eh? Don't wait again and we will try and keep up with you. Make our united regards to Webb & Lothrop, also remember me to your room mate, Mr Browne, I think his name is, & believe me with consen'ly affection, Yours

F.T. Sargent

344 12/5/1851 *From:* O. O. Howard

To: Cousin [Augustus Howard]

OOH-0325

West Point N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

West Point N.Y. Dec 5th 1851

Dear Cousin,

I presume you think me a lazy correspondent, but you would find me otherwise, far otherwise, were I not tied down to a military academy - where, though you may be twenty one, you are scarcely your own man. Since I wrote you my birth day has come round - twenty one the 8th day of November 1851. Just think of it, we are twenty one, old enough to vote, big enough to think & act all by ourselves - to manage our own concerns, go a courting, if we please, get married if we have a mind. What liberty! Is'nt it a glorious thing to be twenty one - to be such independent men. But ah! Here's the drawback. We are both of us slaves. I have surrendered my liberty and misfortune has seized upon yours. But it's no use groaning, cursing or <reputing>. The past can not well be mended. Let us then together with hearts full of hope & cheerfulness look forward to a better future, to the time when we will be really twenty one. I would judge by your letters that you were in very good spirits & disposed to look upon matters philosophically at least. I covet more time to write you, and especially a more lenient set of governors that I might visit you now & then, & chat away some of those long, dull hours, which must draw so heavily upon your patience & equanimity.

It is now Saturday. Being on guard to day, I was obliged to walk Post while the Battalion was at dinner. This brought my dinner about two o'clock. This delay as you may well suppose sharpened my appetite not a little. The result was that I got a surprising quantity of corned beef. Hence you must not be surprised to find my brain dull & my memory clogged this afternoon.

I believe we followed the boy Otis till he arrived at Bowdoin College. I got into Brunswick the evening before my examination was to take place, and if you can recollect the peculiar feelings which you may have had upon the eve of some event, as you conceived it, all important to yourself, about to decide your destiny. You can easily picture the expectant boy, the novice waiting for the morrow with his heart palpitating between hope & fear. The day came at last, at day-light, we were on the ground. Students collected around us dubbed us with the name "sub freshmen", but yet notwithstanding the significant cognomen, they treated us with great <?vity>. We listened to their colored pictures of College bliss, and were charmed to think that we soon were to become participants of College honors & "College dignities". Soon we were interrupted, by the approach of a long, reverend-looking man; his head bent, as in meditation & his step slow & steady. He came up & asked if we were candidates for admission. Finding that we were (there were 8 of us). He led the way, beckoning us to follow. We entered a building which afterwards learned was the medical college, & were conducted into a large, dark room, where we met the assembled 'faculty' of College. I remember with what awe I regarded those dignified, stern-visaged men at that time. Their perfect silence & the dim light added not a little to the effect they had upon the simple boy. Our reverend conductor whom I found to be the celebrated Professor Upham brought out his big Virgil first then a man in gold spectacles, the very personification of dignity itself, took a part of us away into one corner of the room to examine us in Sallust. After passing through his hands, another Gentlemanly, handsome man led us away into another apartment, as dark as the first with skeletons & human skulls on one side & curious models upon the other. Every new thing served to impress me with awe anew, so much so that the greek roots stuck in my throat, but he took me up in an easy place where I knew the story & this good fortune limbered my tongue. Thus we pass round through the hands of all not excepting Old Prof Smyth. With his fierce look and stalwart frame, who found us most all wanting in his Algebra. I passed however through the ordeal & was admitted to all the immunities & privaleges of a freshman, to take my room & place at the ensuing 'Commencement'. Before this we were to have a vacation of four or five weeks.

Behold me then at home how large, how nicely I felt - Member of College! Didn't I strut about with my standing dickey & didn't the young ladies all look upon me as a splendid fellow. At least so in my pride I flattered myself. In September I returned to Brunswick, lived with a young man of my acquaintance - the first half of a quarter. Of this time I have but a poor recollection - excepting that I was a freshman. I recollect one night, my door was stove in and in came a mass of entrails, belonging probably to some stolen goose.

Before this term closed I met with the young man with whom all my college joys & sorrows are in a measure

connected. For we lived together for the four years becoming as much attached as brothers. His name was Perley. Your father will probably remember Eliza Lane. She married old Esq Perley's son, of Livermore. This young man was the fruit of that marriage. I never had seen him before, but had heard of him & knew that our mothers were very intimate when in their girlish days. This was enough to make me seek his acquaintance. He had been consumptive. He entered College about a year before me, but his health threw him back a year. He came about the middle of the term. Very soon I formed an acquaintance. The first thing that attracted my notice of his peculiarities was his love of romance. He always would have his Byron when I called to see him. Soon we read together, then we walked & talked together. In short not many weeks passed before we two were very intimate. I left my chum & he left his. Together we took a room & <hereafter> lived together till the close of our College course. Perley is an uncommon linguist and a splendid writer, but mathematics came hard. On the contrary I had a sort of predilection for mathematics, whilst I was very <apt> to stumble over Greek roots. Hence we combined giving and receiving mutual assistance.

I shall have much to say <about> my old friend & chum hereafter, but now I will give you a slight idea of a Freshman's life by copying a few passages from my diary (March 30 1847). "The sophomores attempted to hold our class into the chapel after 'prayers' this evening which occasioned besides striking, pulling, holding, <> scratching - an intense excitement, which made every body talk at once at the supper table, and has driven <> study from our heads this evening. But we were too <> they couldn't hold us". This is one of the long established precedents for imposing upon poor freshmen. It is now <> done away with, since the College government had an <> to that in building the new chapel. In these "Holdins" as we called them I being light used to jump upon the heads & shoulders of the 'sophs' & walk over them through the door way & entry till I reached the outside, where I succeeded in breaking the brace of men who filled the door once or twice, and with an enormous pressure in <> rear, out they would go all in a bunch - 50 young men rolling head over heels. If you had been there & heard the mingled shouts of 'victory & defeat' - curses & cheerings, you would scarcely believe that all those young men had just emerged from the house of prayer.

The next two pages have the edges clipped off]

(June 19th 1847). It is quite cool - the wind blowing quite hard. I have attended Prayers & recitation, & eaten my breakfast. Now I have seated myself to search my brain for something to write in my journal. As I can think of nothing else but <> what I am encircled with I will speak of College life - ie <the> life of a freshman. 1st he must bear the taunts & jokes of the upper classes, without a murmur, have the poorest room in College and that poorly fitted & furnished. Every one coming into his room takes liberty with impunity, spits upon the floor, covering it with no matter how much filth and dirt - rendering it so much the blacker as a room should be which had been occupied 14 weeks without washing. But to call these inconveniences he soon gets accustomed, so that what he thought at first his pride could not brooke he can submit to with perfect composure & enjoy himself in his humbleness. The freshman too has some privileges. All his misdemeanors are excused or overlooked on the plea of his being a freshman & ignorant of College laws and customs. He can study as hard as he pleases, provided <he> studies hard enough, read as much as he wishes & write "as much as he can" &c.

In my next I want to tell you of my first College vacation which I have skipped in my course - for that is connected with two pretty girls in association one of whom you have seen. Both have the name of 'Lizzie' & both were unfortunate enough to captivate two College 'chums'. I was going to write this letter over; since I have taken no pains as you see, but as my common fortunes would have it - after I had copied three pages oh! How nice! I found that the remaining side had a big blot upon it - so here goes trusting to your generosity to forgive & your friendship to conceal - I will send you this scribbled sheet. I want to go to see you on Christmas. If your father will write a pretty strong request for me to come - stating some pretty substantial reasons for I know you have some. Why I think I can procure a short leave. Give him with your brother & sister my love. My brother Rowland, now seventeen has entered College. I think he is teaching a winter school now. He is bigger & heavier than his Cadet brother. All about the same down East. Aunt Aurelia is quite low in health & spirits as well as in point of wealth, for she has now - scarcely a cent. Write as often as you feel like it. Don't be regulated by me. I will now tell you a secret. I can when I take pains write a plain fair hand. But like the poor Gascon who fought terribly when he quarreled I never take pains, excepting when I write a love letter.

<>

346 12/7/1851 *From:* J. N. Jewett

To: Cadet O O Howard

OOH-0326

Yarmouth Me

Military Academy
West Point N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

Yarmouth Me Dec 7 1851

Friend Howard

From your letter of the 27th ult, the reception of which I would surely, very gratefully acknowledge. It seems that while I was very easily & complacently throwing myself upon my dignity & conscious rectitude in the matter of addressing you, you were doing precisely the same thing in reference to writing me. Now I am certain that I have written to you since I recd a letter from you, prior to your last, though whether you received the letter or answered it & the answer failed to reach me. I am of course unable to say - I have been waiting about 4 months for the reply & had surely come to the conclusion that you had found other acquaintances more after your tastes & was almost ready to resign myself to the sad fate of a desertion & complete oblivion so far as you were concerned.

But really I am quite happily disappointed by the perusal of the one sheet now lies before me. It seems that though the attractions of West Point are great & absorbing, still a small nook in your memory is reserved for the scenes & associations of Bowdoin. These days of pleasure & profit, of struggles & disputes, of hopes & fears, all of which have been safely passed through & we go forth to the duties & responsibilities of men.

It is pleasant to look back upon these however & think of the many incidents which then so much interested us though they for the most part appear rather trivial now. But there was the opening scenes the initiatory steps of life characterized by their peculiar phases & yet giving a foretaste of the fierce struggles which were to come. <Apupenation> season in which trials were for the <> of our strength & of which our recompense was to be enjoyed in exact proportion to the effort we made in after life. I don't know that I regret any of the apparently frivolous circumstances of my College course. I am inclined to think that they all had their advantages which more than <> <> than folly & vexation.

But enough of the past. I am glad to be informed of your continued prosperity. I hope you may yet come out No. 1. However if others have the advantage of you, that is a circumstance in their favor which you of course are not provided against. I would not my self object to course of four horseback riders, for aside from pleasure of them (which as you suggest, could probably become wearisome as a duty) they are capital exercise of which I don't get more than an ordinary show. As to your opinion that I could easily take a prominent stand if there. I am willing to take your word for it & perchance to believe it without trial.

On the whole I should hardly deem it the kind of cultivation I needed, and no more do I need the discipline of school teaching. But the money - that's the object with me, while of course I endeavor to do my duty as far as I can. And yet amidst the toil & confusion of this drudgery, I find opportunity to study some which I also <> as far as possible. I have commenced reading Laws, & have finished or rather have gone through with Blackston & have nearly <completed> the 3d volume of <Kent>. At the <[hole]> accomplish quite a mass before the close of <[hole]> did not intend to spend any more time <[hole]> - close of my first year out of College in Pedagoguing, but after a better reflection I thought it might be as well as perhaps better to endure it another year.

The 18th of August next will see me bidding a final Good-bye to this business without any fail. I shall then push for the West as fast as my <> will allow me. I shall probably remain to commencement, as I was not there this year.

My health is tolerably good, though both that & my temper I apprehend begin to feel the effects of my avocation. Oh! it is ruinous, too bad for a man.

How did you spend Thanksgiving? I did it in the most quiet way imaginable, right here & nowhere else all day - & all alone. Winter term commences next Thursday. I have only been to Portland this vacation - saw Perley &c. All well & in good spirits. And now wishing you all prosperity & happiness, I will subscribe myself

Yr Friend & Classmate

J. N. Jewett

Saw your brother in P. a week ago. He is keeping school in Cape Elizabeth

[Envelope]
Cadet O O Howard
Military Academy
West Point N.Y.

347 12/10/1851 *From:* E. Gilmore

To: O. O. Howard

OOH-0327

Leeds

Source: Bowdoin

Leeds December 10th 1851

My Dear Son,

This afternoon the house being left entirely to your father and myself, I have concluded to lay aside my many numerous occupations and commence a letter to my son. I have set aside times before to give to this purpose, and been prevented by some unforeseen occurrence. There are three letters before me from West Point, two of them I think I have not answered. You say nothing, but what your health is good, for which I am glad.

R.B. Howard came home to thanksgiving and staid until Saturday at eleven 1/2 O'clock when Charles took him to the depot, at Green. His visit and departure has given me an uneasy, restless feeling about him, I can hardly describe. He coughed badly, and seemed as though he could hardly hold himself up, he seemed to have a large collection of phlegm in his stomach, his head ached, and sometimes he would vomit. I could do but little for him in the time he staid at home. I made him a cyrrup which he took with him. When he wrote me on the sabbath, and Monday, after one days teaching of his school he liked the appearance of his school and his boarding house well. He described his chamber which he occupied in his letter to me, and concluded he was as well off as he should be in the one he slept in, at home with his feet sticking out of the bed some two feet or more.

The night of thanksgiving and Friday night our beds were all filled having Arza and family and Huldah and family home to spend the annual thanksgiving with us. George came from Baltimore where he had been attending the fair (with his employer) exhibiting their manner of rearing bees and making honey. I think I wrote you that Arza had sold out his right in that business. But that was but only for a few days, and now I [have] three beds unoccupied.

But I am in hopes next time he comes home to make him more comfortable and see him in better health. He is very fleshy and a half inch taller than his father. I fear he has not exercised enough, the latter part of the term, for his health, I thought when he left home he would be back in a week or two, but one week is past and three days of another, and he does not return, which gives me reason to hope, he will write me, his cough is better. He has \$26 per month and pays \$2 per week for board so he will not make any more than we pay in this town, but it may be better for him in future.

Our school has begun. Charley and Dellie are wide awake about their winter school. They think they have a prospect of a good school. This is the third day.

I think a great deal about your Jan examination, not that I am particularly anxious about your rank but I seem to fear for you in many respects. I hope you will not be annoyed in your feelings because you are not a favorite, or because you are not popular or any of these things, but go forward with a consciousness of rectitude in your course, with a cheerful and calm countenance and receive the rank in your class as coolly as you did when at the head. Everything that befalls you gives your mother a pang, but I feel as though I knew my boy, that I do not think all is well when it is not. I take it kind in you to let me know how you are situated from week to week, because nothing will come unexpected.

We have had two reports from the War department this fall. The third one I expect is at the centre office. (The last two Sabbaths we have not been out to meeting. The last Sabbath I had an ill turn that kept me in bed the most of the day.) In your Oct report you did not stand so well in drawing as in Sept. one better in french and one lower in Mathematics.

I thought about you all day the day you was twenty one years old and called to mind many occurrences in which you and I had participated. How close the ties of nature between mother and child. No distance or circumstance nor length of time can affect it. The same stretch of feeling is constantly in their breasts. I some where saw in reading something like this, that women formed good conclusions and right judgements, but could not give their reasons. A just idea of the sex I thought. I am in the habit of reasoning with myself, and forming my own judgements alone without giving utterance to them, ever. Therefore the judgements and conclusions

are all that can be known.

This is my 47th birth day. [She was b. 10 Dec 1804.]

I thought, while reading an extract from Augustus Howards letter, it was characteristic of his uncle Everet, his cheerful style of writing. I recollect one piece of poetry which he composed while lying on a sick bed, which ended every verse with, my bed to soft, my floor to hard, O, where then shall I lay. His active mind was put to rest by death at the age of 32 [Everett Howard was b. 22 Nov 1787, d. 23 Nov 1820].

Your father returned from Hallowell last eve—g. Addison is there yet, nothing is worthy of remark there. I have heard nothing said of Melvin Howard of late, but it is most probable he will not recover. I seem to be remarkable barren for news. O, yes. I tell you that the stockholders meeting, which was the first day of December, that all the officers but one were changed. Your Uncle Ensign is no longer one of the board directors. Neither is your father one of the officers.

Saturday morning

I left my letter to go and walk with Mrs Turner, Wednesday evening, and have just now returned to it. Mrs T has been sick a long time. Now she seems to be in a good way of recovery. Sarah is with her. She said she sent you a piece of wedding cake by Warren Lothrop. Mrs Enoch Tupper will be buried tomorrow. Ensign and Martha went from here just now. Their family are well. I have not seen Laura much of late. She told me at church, about your letter. She was delighted with it. I received a letter from Lizzie the first part of November, after the wedding and levee at Uncle Henrys, which was very gratifying to me, an old woman, and thought I would Answer it, after I went to Lewiston, and bought me some fine paper. So the time has run along six weeks. I did not think she would think anything of it, if I had I would have been more prompt in my answer. I think now I shall write soon, yes tomorrow.

I cannot express to you, the strength of my desire for your welfare in whatever situation you are in. My anxious feeling are always lasting, and hoping all is well, I know that every move of our lives, is attended more or less with disappointments. If it was not so, we should become puffed up in this worlds prosperity, and be forgetful, of the great and good being from Whom all blessings flow. I do not think my views towards God are as full of gratitude, as they should be. My heart is not always found in full confidence with that being who has always sustained me, through so many years of my life. I wish I could hear you say, I rejoice in hope in the Savior, and felt him to be your guiding star.

Your Mother
E. Gilmore

[To:] O. O. Howard

348 12/14/1851 *From:* O. O. Howard

To: Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

OOH-0328

West Point N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

West Point N.Y. Dec 14th 1851

Dear Mother,

I have written six letters since yesterday noon, and consequently feel a little tired, but happening to think that two weeks had passed since I had written you I thought I would try to fill another sheet this evening. I received a letter from Rowland at Cape Elizabeth, which I answered today & another from Dr Lord.

I am a little anxious about Rowland's health, having that cough. How did he look when at home, pretty bright & healthy? He writes me that his district is seven miles from Portland. I was sorry to learn that it is so far; for I thought that the situation would be much pleasanter for him, being where he could go into Portland & spend the sabbath & all spare Saturdays.

Dr Lord has settled in Lancaster this State, near Buffalo. He writes very favorably of his situation. What do you do for a physician at Leeds? It is a pity Dr Lord could not make up his mind to stay with you, for a young man of his integrity is rare. But like other young men he has some of the laudable ambition, and I will readily admit, that, if he wishes, wealth influence or reputation he does well to seek another spot than Leeds. I doubt not but that a philanthropic young doctor, would have an excellent field of labor at Leeds, but I would almost as soon think of settling there as a lawyer. Dr Lord has a reflective mind & a clear, sound judgment, and if he only had a little more native energy his success would be certain.

I have been reflecting a little upon the physician's life, and strange to say I have felt sorry that I had not embraced the profession immediately on graduating from College. There is something deeply interesting to me in the study of Anatomy, so far as our course entered into the subject, and then just think of the ability & the opportunities the physician has to do good. Hardship is often & always thought of when one speaks of the Doctor, but after all, there is no more, & no worse labor in the practice of medicine, than in the successful practice of any other profession. Everybody sees the physician, sees his toil, his restless nights, his travels in the cold & storm; but the mental labor of the would-be-rising lawyer & the midnight study of the conscientious divine one considered not at all are counted as nothing because they are not seen. And from my little experience I would not judge that the professions of arms carried with it very much of "ease & dignity".

I, goosey that I am, have got the idea of fame, of greatness, of reputation into my head. I know too that the physician however deeply learned, however skillful, stands but a poor chance of enjoying the esteem & praise of his country at large. But as I grow older my ideas undergo a change. Fame is a sort of nothingness, a bubble, which looks brilliant, beautiful, attractive, but which you cannot touch - you cannot grasp. Pursue it as it seems to dally in the air before you, approach it, it is nothing but a name. Common sense says the heart must find its pleasure, its true enjoyment in doing good.

These are reflections. I remain where I am, turn neither to the right, nor the left, study, prepare yourself for something, be not fickle, unsteady. These are the silent promptings of my inward self.

I am now getting on very happily, certain of losing the head of my class, 41st in drawing, bad marks now & then, considerable demerit. These things stir up occasionally some rather unpleasant feelings, inevitably succeeded by strong resolutions, clinched by closed teeth, but with all, my eye is as bright & my heart as light as it ever was. I am bound as usual to do as well as I can and take the consequences without flinching.

How is Charlie? In good health & spirits & very kind to his brother Dellie. And how is the latter young gentleman getting on? Is he going to be a good scholar & a great boy, when I get home. How I wish I could drop in upon you now, if only for a few moments. I presume I would find father asleep in his chair, over the financial part of the President's message. I can see you all as I have seen you on many a winter evening; in the kitchen rendered so pleasant by the big glowing fire on the hearth. Here we are warmed by subterraneous furnaces, by means of flues in the side of the wall, where the heat rushes in in invisible torrents. Tell Roland to stop his dreaming about the happy life in California. Good night. My love to all.

Your affectionate son
O. O. Howard

[Envelope]
Col John Gilmore
South Leeds
Maine
[Postmark] WEST POINT NY DEC 17

349 12/19/1851 *From:* Ward B. Howard

To: O.O. Howard Esq.

OOH-0329

Peekskill

Source: Bowdoin

Peekskill 19 Dec 1851

My dear Nephew

The anniversary of Christmas is fast approaching, with it we anticipate an annual visit from you and regret they cannot be more frequent.

Your cousin Augustus continues much the same. His health is such that he cannot visit you at the Point.

Will you present my respects to Capt Brewerton with a request that he will permit you to visit your Uncle and family on that occasion.

As the Ice in the river may cause some unavoidable delay in returning on the same day, could you not be permitted to stay over at least one day. If not incompatible with your rules and regulations. Myself and family would be much gratified to have you extend your visit for more than one day.

Your affectionate Uncle
Ward B. Howard

O.O. Howard Esq.

350 12/28/1851 *From:* W. A. Howard

To: O.O. Howard Esq

OOH-0330

Peekskill

West Point
U.S.M.A.

Source: Bowdoin

Peekskill Dec 28th 1851

Well my dear fellow, how does this find you, in a perfect state I pray, as I am in hopes of being one of these days (the Lord willing). I have however just returned from a walk to the Cold Hotel, and while there sitting in a very contented mood who should come in but an old school-mate and returned Californian. He insisted on my taking a hot whiskey punch and smoking a pipe with him, from the effects of which my eyes and brain begin to feel a little heavy but my heart is amok and if words come as readily as ideal joy will get a letter eventually. Although I am writing at random and just about half tipsey

My health remains as it was when you were with us. I am heartily tired of my every day scenes of life, and for you to spend a day or even an evening with us, would be willing to go in for another punch and smoke provided you would partake. I have just received a letter from Lucius. He says in it, he and his proprietor were one morning sitting very composedly by the store, when in walks our sherriff,, slaps his Boss on the shoulder, as the owner of goods he had obtained under false pretences for which he must take a short walk as far as the Court House and explain. This he did and satisfied the gentleman how they were obtained, after which he let him start for home.

What do you intend to do New Years, not I hope spend it over musty Books and moth eaten Algebras if you will do as I do, go around and see your friends, take a social glass with each one and when night comes go home about half cocked, you will have a merry day of it.

But the clock strikes ten my eyes begin to close, so I will close this letter wishing you a happy New year, write soon and tell me how you got home &c. Miss Johnson came last night and we had another good game at whist, all that was wanting being yourself. But then you know parties at Whist are, spectators and principals too, they comprise the whole theatre themselves, and I was more interested looking at Lib as I call her than at the cards. But farewell, I am writing this to while away an hour which has passed and half of another. Lib and Father remain in good health, and with many happy New Years to you I remain

Yours as ever
W. A. Howard

To O.O. Howard Esq
West Point
U.S.M.A.