

Poughkeepsie 4 Oct. 1852

My Dear Nephew

myself, Elizabeth  
& Mrs Henry intend visiting our  
friends at Newburgh on Wednesday  
next by the 12 past 9 o'clock train from here.  
It is by the particular request of the  
Miss Phillips & Mrs Henry & Elizabeth  
that I ask you to join us either at  
Garrison's or Cold Spring, we will  
return at an early hour in the  
Evening,

We must leave Brewster  
allow you a full day to meet a  
couple from Chicago whom  
you have never seen. I  
firmly hope he will grant you  
this favor on the present occasion  
all join in love to you  
Your affectionate Uncle  
Ward B. Howard



Philadelphia Oct. 1832

My Dear Mother  
I have been thinking and  
feeling of the great things  
that are going on in the  
world, and how much we  
are doing for the poor  
and the suffering.

There are many who  
are not yet converted  
to the Christian faith,  
and who are still in  
the power of the devil.  
We must do all we can  
to bring them to the  
knowledge of the truth.  
We must be faithful to  
our duty, and not  
be discouraged by the  
opposition we may meet  
with.



Friday - West Point. Oct 8<sup>th</sup> 52  
My dear Mother,

It is very late - after tea -  
I cannot write you but a few lines - Your letter  
I got to day - The news it contained makes me feel  
very badly - I want to see Charlie. to be with him, to  
tend him - If he should be in any danger, do not as  
you value my happiness neglect to write. Another  
blow - Lizzie's letter which I got at the same time  
I did yours - tells me that her mother is very sick - very  
low - cannot be moved only to have her bed made -  
is in great pain - breathes hard &c - It seems dread-  
-ful to me to be bound here - I should have applied  
for a leave immediately - but I feared I would not  
get it, since you wrote so encouragingly about Charlie  
towards the close of your letter - If Lizzie should  
write to you or to father that her mother is much  
worse than she is now - I wish father - if Charlie is  
very sick to write me this simply - requesting me to come  
home - or that he wishes me to come home immediately  
since certain unforeseen circumstances demand my presence.  
Any way - only that the request may procure me a  
leave for a week or ten days. For if Mrs. White should not



live it is absolutely necessary that I should  
be there. I hope this will not take place. May  
God be with I protest you all. - I will write  
more tomorrow - You will get this Tuesday, where  
- as you will not get the one I write tomorrow till  
a week from tomorrow. - Give my love to Charlie.  
I do love him indeed I would give anything to be  
with him - I know he will be taken care of.

I fear Lizzie will make herself sick - sick

Remember me to all.

From your very affectionate son

C. L. Howard

Oct 8 1872

C. L. Howard



South Leeds Oct 9<sup>th</sup> 52

Dear Brother

Charles continues more comfortable although we have to sit up with him every night as yet. I am in hopes that his Liver is gradually wearing off. but he is quite low. When he rec'd your letter since he to Kent's Hill. he was so sick that he did not understand much of it. but we shall read it to him now that he is a little better. Eliza Jennings is yet alive. but I believe the Dr thinks that he cannot recover.

I squeezed out time to attend our Club on Thursday evening. It has not increased in Numbers since you was here but has become very much more active and efficient. We have procured three Runners in town and have Warrants for a number more. The general opinion seems to be that now that Superannuated Men have made such exertion to sustain the Law, now is the time to execute it. and from what I can hear I think that it is being executed with a spirit and vigor before unequalled. I went with the Officer the other day to search John Rees premises and we succeeded



in bringing away a load of linen which will probably be destroyed and the poor girl subjected to a fine of twenty dollars ~~and~~ costs. The latter item is not small I tell you. This was his sentence at his trial. In default of payment of the above the Maine Law takes him to jail. You get your Advertiser regularly. I suppose and hear all you wish to in regard to Maine elections and politics. It is the candid opinion of many Democrats as well as Whigs that the Whigs might carry Maine for Scott but at this time from Temperance and other causes there is a dearth of political feeling and excitement in both parties and therefore I think Maine will live up to its natural instincts which are of course Pro-Scott. They have a Scott Graham Club in this town but it is rather a lifeless and spiritless concern. All are perfectly agreed and therefore none have particular interest and this state is in much the same political condition that Leeds is. I saw John D. Allen yesterday at Lewiston. They as well as myself were on a visit to the Sunnyside Mirror which you saw in Portland. I took Della & Rose with me. They were much delighted with the painting and music. Aunt Lucretia's folks are well. All of

her family have left her Nelson & family. I Rodolphus left about a week since and Lucia has gone to Mr Burrows school. Yesterday the first passenger train was run on the new Rail Road. The train was for an excursion from visiting Lewiston. They ran from Norris Ferry in Livermore to the Junction. The passengers say the Road rides first rate. The Wide World as you say is a charming work and I am going to buy it for Mother the first time I have a chance. Do you read any now? If so, what? I have the two like now all of the time and night it is as Argus's teetings. Argus is comfortable but cannot help himself at all. He is hauled around the room on trucks. Della is engaged in a drive Apple speculation and I can hear that Cog Wheel Machine rattling in the other room. He thinks he is making a great deal of money. I hardly ever saw as many apples as there are this year. Laura has gone to Easton to visit her friends. She took the trip all alone. Healdah & George are about moving to Livermore Falls to live. I believe. George expects some employment about the Rail Road. I have not time to write more today and you must try to make this ill digested mass of stuff sufficient to believe me. Yours affly Rowland



Sunday. My monthly standing in this branch of  
mixed mathematics - will <sup>read</sup> Philosophy no such or such  
a one. Last Sunday Jerry Lathrop and Warren  
came up to see me. They remained with me at  
my room half an hour. I was on guard & could  
not be with them longer. Warren was dressed  
in Citizen's clothes as when you saw him.  
He ride every other day on the plain. with Lieut  
Sacket for an instructor - and now we have to  
ride. We wear a heavy Sabel slung from a  
leather belt around the waist and dress as I  
used to at home in my shell jacket. I generally  
get a fine horse - a different one every day -  
Sometimes I get a hard one, that taxes all my  
equanimity to keep me down on the saddle - but  
I am pretty well at home on a horse's back.  
Write me just as soon as you can - or let Rowland  
every week - if it is not three lines so that I  
may know how Charlie is. (Saturday afternoon)  
I received a second letter from Lizzie today - Her mother  
was much worse. - She thinks she will not get well.  
Does not say she wants me to come home, but I know  
she does, if I only could. I might perhaps if I would  
go & make a confidant of Mr Lee (Col Lee Lane)  
but I cannot - Give my love to all. I am hoping  
for the best. I have no doubt all the ways of  
Providence are right and we must try to  
think so - Given your affectionate son  
O. C. Howard

O. C. Howard  
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West Point N.Y. Oct 9th 1852.

My dear Mother

You may be wondering, why I  
wrote last evening and so late. My evening's lesson was very  
long and quite hard so that I could not finish it till  
"late." - I did not write you & Lizzie both last night.  
I could not get a letter off the post till Monday morning.  
so that as usual - you would not get your letter till Saturday  
nor Lizzie hers till Thursday - (perhaps Wednesday, I was  
too anxious to admit of this delay. A second perusal of  
your letters - and Little Cloason's persuasive sympathy - make  
me look upon Charles's sickness differently from my first  
impressions. I had waited so long for a letter - had feared you  
sick - father sick or Rowland sick - by turns till I was  
wholly unprepared to receive any bad news - The first  
words of your letter I read at dinner, when you said you  
would take your sheet & write by the side of my sick brother.  
quite unmanned me, I could not read any more - I had hard  
work to eat my dinner - and then when I came to my room  
and read Lizzie's letter - written in such a strain - as though  
she was trying to conceal from me a heart full of grief &  
foreboding; it made me long for my freedom to fly to her  
and to Charlie. I thought of getting a leave I planned it all  
out at the drawing Academy, where you will always find me  
from two till four. - But Little Cloason who had noticed my sadness  
at dinner, came to my room after drawing, advised me to give



up trying to get a leave till I had heard again. for should I try & fail I would feel worse about the matter than if I had not tried to get a leave. Then I did not know but you would blame me for doing it without your writing me to come.

Last Monday I received a letter from Uncle Wm stating that my cousin from Chicago. Mrs Henry would be at Newburgh with her little family - and that he & the Misses Phillips seriously wished me to come up. asking it as an especial favor of the Superintendent that I might be permitted a leave of one day. I applied, not thinking that it would be granted; but Col Lee let me go. I spent a very pleasant day with my friends at Newburgh. Uncle took me all over Newburgh to show me the beauties of the village and the relics of the Revolution yet extant. His daughter has two children - one is a beautiful little boy of about four years I should think and the other a creeping baby boy. I got back in season this time and went on with my duties as if nothing had interrupted them. Never mind my first late - or the ten demerit. - Since I performed my punishment without a single murmur or bad feeling and am getting on admirably, you need not be unhappy about it. - You must recollect that there are more than ten thousand regulations of minor importance, which can be learned only from your own or somebody's else's experience which has come to your knowledge by the daily publication of delinquencies. It seems that, now, there cannot possibly be one of the whole system of reports, which I do not know. Since my misfortunes do not bring a reminder to

my forehead or a murmur into my heart. Why should you be unhappy for me. My liability to forget little things has been gradually lessening. Most spirit life is made up of little things, every half hour in the day has its peculiar duties. The mind must be constantly on the watch. Should I not be constantly careful about little things I would run up my maximum of demerit in a month. If I had been a fourth-classman this year, my excuses would have taken off every report I have had, but now they have to stick if I am so unfortunate as to get them. Since I have set foot on West Point <sup>this time</sup> I have been trying to do right. I have refected more - read my Bible more for I do not let a night pass without reading one or two chapters & pondering them in order to try to understand them and apply them. I have been cheerful all the time, taken things coolly & philosophically, and have not been impatient once. I do not say this to praise myself, but to show you that I have already begun to remedy those faults which are so annoying to one's self and to others. You need not strive to interest me when you write. Do you not know that you cannot write any thing uninteresting to me? Did it ever seem that you could? - When you can get time I am not too tired tell me all about Charlie, how he looks, what he says - Have Rowland read to him when he is able to hear it. - I wish I could be there I could do so much - and he would love to have me too. You wish to know what I do in daily - from 8 till 12 I read in Mechanics every day excepting



My room-mate & myself were absent - my writing  
desk opened & my money, what I had left - taken  
out & carried off. Many others have lost money  
just so of late. I never felt the sense of poverty so  
much in my life as when I discovered my  
loss. For I remembered that I had settled up  
with father - and I owed a dollar for some prices  
of music that I had bought - was just then going  
to get the money to pay for them - & lo! all was  
gone but twenty five cents - which I presume was  
left to console me. I am considerably out of debt  
on my check-book - having bought nothing except  
a few little necessities on that account since my return.  
I think at the end of this month, I will be \$28. dollars out of  
debt - and then my equipment fund up to this time  
amounts to \$48. Making \$76.00. Yet this does not take away  
my sense of poverty, for this money - never comes into  
your hand, in the shape of hard cash. Give my  
love to all - Tell mother she must not expect herself  
too much - Charlie must make haste & get well -  
Thank Delia for his letter. The last was decidedly  
the best he has written. The Advertiser does not  
say much about the Law - or about Maine affairs -  
now; but has enough to say about the Argus-  
Generals Scott & Pierce & the coming November  
Election. Again remember me to all

I am Your affectionate brother

O. C. Howard

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O. C. Howard  
Nov. 17 1852

Tell him that my friends, Clouston & Chapman,  
as we could not  
they two brought  
from their cages  
full. They picked  
them up & huddled  
them - while I  
being a Yankee  
clined the spec.  
The Chestnuts are  
surrounded by a  
thick misty  
covering - or shell -  
thin or from encased  
in each shell.  
I really think it has come  
I really think it has come  
it is usually intended for all. Still I know there is  
a particular pleasure in receiving a letter directed to  
yourself in person, saving this, that the letter is a good one.  
Without making this reservation, however, a letter from a  
brother is always more than acceptable, whether it  
be a good one or not: if it turns out to be full of unusually  
interesting matter I count this as clear gain. Since  
you have written me you probably have received two letters  
from me at home and know of Mrs Waite's sickness. The  
manner in which Lizzie wrote her first letter informing me  
of her mother's sickness frightened me somewhat. But she has kept  
me informed of every change for better or for worse. Her  
disease was a species of Cholera and was very rapid in its  
progress. She is much better now. She has been out of her  
head a great deal & very nervous, allowing scarcely anybody  
to do anything for her except her daughter. Therefore Lizzie  
has worn herself almost out in watchings, sitting up nights,  
troubled with her anxieties. Now I feel more anxious for  
Charlie - for his constitution is so slender, that I dread much the  
state in which his fever will leave him. Mother says he bears  
his sickness very manfully. I am glad for this - since a want of  
good courage will do him much harm. I hope to hear soon that he



is able to sit up & talk about. Tell him it is a great blessing if one must be sick to be sick at home, when you have every care tended through love & sympathy, when every want is supplied even before it is asked. I would like much to see him & talk with him, and be with him while he is sick. But circumstances render it impracticable, unless he is sicker than I hope from the bottom of my heart he is, or will be. I presume you have my standing for the month of September before this. You will perceive that I took quite a start in drawing. I had last week the tenth week in the class in drawing. So you see that one need not give up, because one year's trial fails to exhibit any marked superiority in his capacity for the fine arts. "Labor vincit omnia" as usual. By it I graduated first in Mathematics. By it I ~~overcame~~ overcame the seemingly insurmountable barrier that certain individuals - I mean a great number, entertained for me here. And under the action of the same force, I have started up in drawing. Yet I fear I cannot stay up. The only society in this institution is the Dialectic. I have lately joined it, and enjoy its discussions very much. It meets Saturday evenings, and those who belong to it are permitted to be absent from Quarters the whole evening. Our debate last night was upon the question: Is a Congress of Nations desirable? And upon this question which I had not heard of till I got to the debating room I made my maiden speech; and got considerable credit for the manner in which I handled the Affirmative. The society is composed of picked

men, selected from each class. I was happily disappointed in it. The southerners are full of good, seldom ever speak to the point, but have a great flow of language. You asked me what I have been reading. My leisure time has been spent for the most part in writing letters; but I have found time to read the Wide World & Quenchy by Miss Warner, who lives on the Island between this & Cold Springs. She, by the way was here at Church to day. She is tall and very ordinary in her appearance generally. Her father, who comes with her to Church, is quite an old gentleman, & personates well I should think old Mr. Kingham, Ned's grandfather. I have read the Reveries of a Bachelor. 'Dream Life' and a part of Longwell, by A. K. Marvel. The latter you may not yet have met with. It is a satire upon the various characters that aspire to respectability in City life. All of this writer's works are well worth the reading. He, too, was here last summer, while I was at home. I want you to write me often to tell me how Charlie is getting on, if nothing more. How is mother? Is her health ~~still~~ still good, with all her cares and watchings? She need have not the least anxiety for me, since I am getting on admirably with nothing to trouble but this bad news from home & from Lizzie. I have experienced one inconvenience - My room was entered some day last week while



Leeds Oct 19<sup>th</sup> 1882

Dear Brother

Mother says that she has entirely filled her sheet and if I write any I must take another. I am going to Ruffield this morning and have only time to say a few words. Charles is getting along a great deal better than I expected and as well as any of us could hope for. He is sleeping himself this morning and sits up most all of the time. I wrote to Lizzie last night. I wish that she had written me about her mother's illness. I am now quite anxious to hear from them. I think Mrs W must be better or we should have heard something from her before now. I am glad that you had a day at Newbury and glad that you enjoyed it. May you have as many such occasions as your discipline will allow. We are all well. Charles and his love. Nellie is picking potatoes — Love By

Rough



Greene,  
Oct 20

Robert Smith & Son  
West Point  
N.Y.





As to Perley's imaginings respecting the letter I wrote him from Greenwich, I have but little to say. I do not think I would have used him as he used me. I had been some time with him, felt some confidence (in a private way) in him, had been fully divulged to him my purposes & thoughts, & in short had been more intimately & sincerely attached to him than to any other person for at least the last 3 years of my residence in Maine. I had been to Portland frequently (generally continuing to do a little business at the same time) especially almost to see him (whom I was always very kindly entertained at Mrs. White's, for which I was very sincere thanks) & he never came from Portland to Greenwich (though repeatedly urged to do so) to see me. He called a few times only on his way home or back, & even then it frequently happened that I could not persuade him to stop longer than our own train of cars. Considering these circumstances, I apprehended nothing else than that he would spend at least one day & perhaps 2 or 3 with me at the close of his school last summer so he was aware that I was about leaving the country with my present prospect of returning my son. I was disappointed & pained when he called on Monday morning & said he was going on in the afternoon train. I said very little to detain him after I found he was determined to do so - and as I knew that he had no good excuse for being in such haste - I came very naturally to the conclusion that he esteemed me less than I did him, for under such circumstances I would have yielded to his expressed wishes if my own accord - I always endeavor to forget them I am forgotten & Perley has not yet written me reply to my letter (which was I admit rather a repudiation of his friendship) in order to remove any false imputation which I may have put upon him. Perchance he may not think it of sufficient importance to do so & I would be the last to urge it upon him - tho' I would have done it long ago, had I been in his place & he in mine. I did regard Perley as my very best & friend but feelings change I know, & often words are empty sounds - Thus particularly him I have to state my relation to him - I regret it exceedingly but it does not belong to me to correct the misunderstanding of friends that is all there is of it - I shall hear from you with pleasure, at your convenience - Yours truly J. N. Swett

Madison Wis. Oct. 30<sup>th</sup> 1832

Friend Howard

I have been in the receipt of your last letter for a few days & take the present opportunity of replying to it. I can in some measure appreciate your feelings whilst laboring under the doubt & suspense of hopes & fears relation to the health of your friends & relations. I was ~~once~~ similarly circumstanced myself and thought the stroke of Providence then fell upon me very heavily. Now I am happy to hear it probably <sup>will</sup> upon you & yours - still the uncertainty of a few days seemed very intensely painful. Now the doubt ceases, as I said I am happy to learn that your friends are becoming & presume that, before this they are restored to their accustomed health.

You ask me for a description of my journey to the West - there is very little of it to tell. I came so rapidly that I seemed hardly to have started before I was set down in this very same quiet little town of Madison.



You must know that I started on Thursday  
on Tuesday next following I was here - only six  
days & I stopped one day & two nights out of  
that time. Soon we shall be able to reach the  
city of New York from this region in about  
two days. Then at longest Railroads are  
already within about 40 miles of us in our direct  
time & so in another month we are pushing on  
towards our home. There is "a good time coming"  
for us I hope. It is at no great distance.  
But this is aside from my travels.

My journey from Portland to Boston was by car of  
course. At New Brunswick Uphaus (who was in college during  
our senior year) came on board but left at Lawrence. This was  
the only acquaintance I met on the route. I left Boston  
at 3 o'clock same evening for Fall River where I took the  
boat for New York arriving there in the morning at about 7.  
I immediately rented a hack to drive to the depot of  
the New York & Erie Railroad. The length of this road is,  
as near as I can remember, about 468 miles. I rode  
about 280 & stopped for the night at Elmira. Then I  
left my umbrella. If you will please yourself of it, it shall  
be yours - ~~a liberal offer truly~~ - I again took a seat in the  
cars on Saturday morning at 6 o'clock & reached Dunkirk on  
Lake Erie at about 12. From this place I Detroit, Mich.  
I proceeded by Steamboat & arrived in the little town on  
Sunday morning. I remained there till 5 o'clock P.M.  
I took the cars for Chicago riding all night. In the

morning early I was in the Antisepsis of the West.  
But I did not make a long stay. At 8 o'clock I  
took the Steamboat for Milwaukee - and got there  
safely towards evening. Here I stopped & call upon  
some old acquaintances from the East & the West.  
Next morning again took the cars for a short ride of about  
40 miles from there the stage for Madison. There  
I arrived at about 9 o'clock in the evening. On Wednesday  
morning I went out home - I took them a little by  
surprise for they were not expecting me quite as soon.  
However they seemed very willing to excuse the intrusion  
& to make the very best of my unexpected arrival  
that they could. I presume they have long ago pardoned  
me for coming sooner than they expected.

I have been in the office when I am now sitting just  
8 weeks. Every myself as well as circumstances will  
allow, which by the way is pretty well, I am getting to be  
quite a Surgeon. I am not positive yet that I shall  
locate myself in this vicinity. I have written Dr. Bell  
of the City of '38 - and shall put a letter in P.O. tonight  
for Jennings in Arkansas and one also for a review  
in Chicago. Nothing requires respecting the prospects  
in those several regions for young Attorneys. I have also  
an eye out for any good opportunity never known.  
Next summer I shall make a pitch down here. And if  
course would like to do so under as favorable auspices  
as possible. "Where there is a will there is a way" is  
the old saying. I have the will. I hope to find the way.



South Lakes Oct 30<sup>th</sup> 1852

Dear Brother

As Charley was going write  
I thought that I would write to you. Charley has got most <sup>(well)</sup>  
he has got so that he <sup>eats</sup> most any thing he walked up to Mr B's  
last week. Elizabeth Manwell is to work she came here last Friday  
and Aurilla Barrow came down here with Elizabeth. Last Friday  
evening we had a kind of a party. And Lucie Leadbeter and  
Mary J. Leathrop and a Horse Girl that works at Mr Leathrop's  
and Aurilla played on the Solian and sang and so did R B Charley  
Elizabeth and Mary Leathrop. Aunt Martha Jane and Mrs.  
Haines. Cecy Haines' wife came here last Thursday ~~the~~ morning  
Mother and Aunt Martha Mrs Haines went up to  
Uncle Consignis. After dinner R B went up to Uncle Consignis  
at night. Mother staid at the Band meeting and R B at  
the club. When R B and Mother came home, Rowland had the  
little colt. and the little colt run as hard as he could  
and R B ~~it~~ could not hold him in. then she run away  
again and R B <sup>then</sup> fitted the bridle so that she could not  
run. Mother and R B staid at Mr Merrill. Just then  
Henry Brewster came along and Mother got in with him  
when Mother got home she asked Silas to go and meet R B  
Mother was afraid for she thought that R was ~~not~~ when Silas  
met R B he had dot to over long Barn down to the  
other other house when R B got home he found that the little



fred coll had broken the fender of the Carriage or the other  
before the seat and we shall be obliged to get it mended.  
Friday morning Aunt Martha and Mrs. ~~Wines~~ <sup>Wines</sup> came  
down here and staid untill Saturday noon. <sup>carried</sup> ~~carried~~ them  
down to the depot R.R. then came back and carried Abner  
home. M received a letter from Lizzie last night she said that her  
was better. P. B. <sup>has</sup> ~~is~~ greatly <sup>now</sup> engaged in a politics  
lately I suppose you <sup>know</sup> that to Morrow or next day  
that the Election is of the President.

I believe this letter is  
the longest letter I ever wrote. but I must not forget  
to tell you what a great meeting we had it was a great Whig  
meeting. Mr. Gardard <sup>spoke</sup> and Hon. S. P. Benson  
spoke Mr. Gardard <sup>gave</sup> the history of Gen Scott  
they expected that the new Engine <sup>and bring the</sup> would come but it  
did not come untill eight in the ~~evening~~ <sup>morning</sup>. her name  
is Leeds she weighs 15 Tons father says she went  
from the junction to North Leeds in 15 minutes the distance of  
17 Miles and the road is not level the folks say that  
the road is up and down all the way. I went to <sup>meet</sup>  
to day <sup>on the ridge</sup> and there was not only 14 there. I went into  
the new school house it is done almost. the seats are new and  
most ~~any~~ thing it is painted new the color is yellow.

I have wrote all I can think of.

from your affectionate Brother R. H. Gilmore.

C. O. Howard,



is of no avail to be a professing Christian - it will not make this life easy, I full of happiness, I can give no possible security for a future world; I really believe if a person is unhappy under the little trials he may be called to undergo, he is not a true Christian. I have respect for sacred things, but I am as far from being such a Christian as the simple doctrine of our Saviour requires "as the lust is from the meat" as Professor Sproule says. I have hatred, jealousies, vanity, ambition & pride mixed up in my composition; I cannot bend my knee before my Father above, with a humble, trusting believing heart. I look about me & acknowledge intellectually that God is, that he is the maker & ruler of the universe - that all the blessings that I enjoy & have enjoyed since I first drew breath come from Him. Yet it is all an intellectual conclusion, there is no love - no hearty appreciation of all this. I cannot do good for the sake of doing good. I expect a reward. And as an instance of the vanity that comes up my heart, I keep thinking I am pretty good. Keep justifying myself in every fault I commit. These are thoughts that pass through my examination in my reflective <sup>mood</sup>. I am not unhappy, because I have no appreciation of guiltiness. Tell me, my dear Mother, your thoughts upon such things. It may be a pleasant task to you, because you fancy me careful of all things else, but not of those things which you consider of the most importance. If I do not speak of what you tell me now, the time may come when I will. The feeling often passes through my heart, that I was placed here in this world for something - and that something is not to lead a foolish, useless, selfish existence. Tell me of Charlie. Providence is kind to let him stay with us. Give my love to Rowland, Father & all.

My health is good. I am doing middling well in my studies. Let me hear from you often if it be not letter. There is a good place, though it may be for the interest of the young men to learn it. He looks back upon it as a sort of an ~~old~~ year. From your affectionate son  
A. L. Newman

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Give my love to Charlie & tell him to write me as soon as he is able. My love to Belle. & tell him he must write again.  
West Point N. H. Oct 21<sup>st</sup> 1852

My dear Mother,

I fear you will imagine because there is more than the usual interval between my letters, between this & my last, that something unusual may have happened. Last Sunday I did not write, because I thought it too bad that my letter should be a whole week on the way; I knew that I might find time during the week to write you, & then my letter would seem fresher. But procrastination deprived you of a letter. And two things, out of the line of invariable monotony that prevails here, was the cause. 1<sup>st</sup> The two hours & a half that I have had heretofore to myself every other day - that is, Wednesdays & Saturdays in the forenoon, are now entirely consumed in riding. One half of our Class have been joined to the first class, and together we form a Squadron: So we ride double the time we did before that is all the time that both rode when we rode separately. 2<sup>d</sup> The first of the past week, the president of the Dialectic Society came to me & said that this association was to have a public meeting - and wished me to make a speech upon the question under debate. To this I consented, and have spent all the leisure moments I could find in preparing myself for the occasion. The meeting came off last night. All the officers <sup>(creeds)</sup> & many ladies of the past



were present. Little Closson was my opponent on the question, "Is the influx of foreign ~~immigrants~~ <sup>population</sup> for the best interest of our country." Little Closson is very eccentric and very smart; and though he did not have much argument, he got a great deal of applause. He kept the house in a roar of laughter. I should have done you good as it did me to hear him talk. He has always been my best friend & I liked to see him do so well. My speech came after his, was pretty strong, & to the point - some of it extemporaneous. I exerted myself to my utmost. & I worked them up. I saw that the Officers were surprised to see that I could do so well. Col Lu was present & took a great deal of interest in the debate. A finer looking man you never met with. He is a little above the medium height; His hair is just turning grey and he has a very clear dark eye that seems to take in everything at a glance. I do not wonder, he is considered a superior man. His son resembles him much. This debating Society has done me much good. It enables me to take my proper stand here. I always wish to be estimated fairly. At least to have the esteem that I fancy my desert; hence I am glad of the opportunity to show that I have got some sense over & above the mere capacity of study. Your last letter did me much good.

But it troubles me that you let things wear upon you so; because, to speak as I think, there is no need. The soul is capable of rising above petty grievances, and even real calamities. And if the matter of worldly goods, of property which experience has taught you is such a real convenience, should disappoint you; if it should fly from you & deprive you

of the mother's privilege of contributing to the worldly comfort of your three boys. Why, you should remember that the basis of their happiness is not wealth. you may remember that you have striven to inculcate into their minds principles, that will be of more real value, & encouraged habits that will ever promote their welfare, and render them one of these days if not now, very grateful - more grateful to you, than if it had been in your power to cradle them in luxury & thus foster their inclinations to idleness & ease. You speak of religion. Once I gave away to idle speculations, but I have discovered the futility, and unsatisfactory states of mind which such speculations carry with them; I have found that it is no mark of a mean mind to take for granted many things which my present understanding cannot reach. It is enough & more than enough for an intellectual being to exercise his reason upon those things which he can understand. I wish a clear head & a simple heart. You speak of grace - Grace is never exercised towards the unwilling & rebellious heart. But it is a hard thing to be what one knows the Christian ought to be. It is hard for a selfish nature to become unselfish. Harder for one who hates, to love the object of his hatred. It seems almost impossible, for the proud heart, to imitate contrition for the man who has been vain his life long, vain of his talents, vain on account of his position, vain on account of the applause he receives - to lay it aside, and give credit where credit is due to the Giver of all things. And yet all this must be accomplished, before faith can come to the soul - before Grace, though it may be extended freely all the time, can be at all appreciated. I consider it a glorious thing to be a Christian, but it