matter over. Charles was well at last accounts. John Otis writes me from Lewiston where he is Register of Deeds. He thinks he is enjoying Olive Cum dignitate. I have no more time. So pray excuse inaccuracies and believe me

your very affectionate Brother

Rentard

Cadet O. O. Howard

Bowd. Coll. May 6. 1854

My dear Brother

I had a letter yesterday from home – Mother writes that they are all well – She is thinking considerably about you – You are an individual, in my opinion, in regard to whom all her forbodings are uncalled for. She risk you in the battle of life, if you Mother wont. I believe you have the stamina necessary to final success – Had I half as much confidence in regard to my own success as I have in yours, I should daily congratulate myself – I own candidly Otis (inter nos) that the only obstical of any importance in the way of your immediate advancement is this Women business, and yet your connection with Lizzie may all be for the best. A fellow with your passions, your energy, your proclivity to "the sex" would be in much danger, if he is ~~let~~ loose upon the world of female beauty & fascination – You are, by nature, by no means impervious to bright glances & bewitching smiles. It is very hard for you to withstand the influence of a sweet face & a tender word – You wouldn't deny this, for I know, "ex ita nunt" – I said above "let loose". I meant by this that you have been for four years allowed

to approach but the verge of Society — only to peep through the windows on that vain, gay, giddy crowd called the "World" — You have seen just enough of it to make you long for its pleasures and feel as if you could fully appreciate its good things and half forgive its follies — I say, had you not "this anchor cast within the vale," (I mean your attachment to Lizzie) — who cared foretell where you would turn after having once launched on this boiling, whirling sea? — Considering, then, the restraint which your love puts upon you in affairs of gallantry — the food that it furnishes to your wandering thoughts — the verity and consistency which it must give your intercourse with the world — we may, perhaps, conclude that these considerations counterballance the thousand inconveniences, to which a permanent arrangement (whether of engagement or marriage) must subject a young man, who has his own fortune to make by individual effort — After all, I say I, let me be free, unhampered, independent! But inasmuch as your head is in the noose, I.E., your affections are interested, why! We must make the best of it; thats all. The heart, they say, will not subject itself to the dictates of reason — and coldly rejects the maxims of prudence and makes its own decisions — "So mote it be" —

I think I hear you muttering, but whats all this to him? Oh! nothing! of course!! Only I happened to be thinking about these things in a sort of

wotherly way, and wrote "right on" — May - 9 -

After I wrote thus much the other day something called me away and you have not yet got your letter. This is a beautiful May morning, almost the only one we have had this Spring, which has been the most cold dismal and backward. What I shall do — Mother writes me that the drifts are still in the road and much of the frost in the ground in Leeds. I hope the roads will become settled before my Vacation, which comes a week from next Wednesday. Our Class have tomorrow to go after trees, we shall go about 7 miles and have a good time generally — After two weeks Vacation — the next Term will be 8 weeks to Commencement, before and at which time I shall expect to see you — As to my Nebraska ideas, they are clear and convincing to my own mind, and if I have failed to make them so to yours, it must be that I expressed myself too obscurely to be understood. I intended to meet the idea which you advanced, in regard to State Rights, and if I did not, the fault is not in the arguments themselves but in my manner of conveying them. Perhaps we shall have a chance this Summer to talk the

Albany 8th May 1854

O. O. Howard Esq

Dear Sir

In answer to your note of present date I would by this inform you that I have the diplomas ordered in your favour completed and intending to visit West Point this week I will have them with me. Your note required they should be done by 1st of June – I neglected answering your letter as I should have done to you thought he approved of it except –

In reply to the enquiry of indebtedness of the cadets for diplomas – I would say that the amount against it is $127 on my books that is including the present order –

Truly Yours &c

Geo. Lovell

No. Turner. Bridge. May 10th/54

Friend Otis:

You will no doubt be surpised by receiving these lines from one, whom you know no more about, than of me; but I have strong desires of becoming your friend, if I am worthy, and sincerely wish to be admitted into your friendship.

I have strong inclinations for securing a place for myself where I can turn my mind to study, and have no other employment but, as yet, I have not been favored with an opportunity, and in my opinion it is time I should be seeking out a place, for that purpose. It is for that I address these lines to you, I wish to know whether I am qualified

to enter at west-point (I am not much of a scholar, but am ashamed to confess it) do all who enter there have to be advanced to a certain degree, or can any entre who wish? if that be the case there will be some prospects of my entering, therefore if you think there is any chance for me to be admitted there, I would like for you to intercede for me if it would not be inconvenient, unless I could get in as well without aid as I am ignorant of the rules and regulations of West-point, so you must excuse me for this, and I will endeavor to see you when you return.

Aunt was up last Winter, and was very sick. I will not relate the particulars, for I suppose it would be no news to you, so I will close and haste to the office before the mail leaves.

Respectfully Yours Oscar V. Whitman

Mr Otis. O. Howard

N.B. please answer this if it is not beneath your notice.

This a rainy sabbath Dellie is sitting by me writing to some one perhaps to Otis, Lavernia was here yesterday she had not been here for nearly a year Arza is a cripple, and very low beside, Laura is a cripple, one legg is drawn up so she has no use of it and walks with crutches, it is a year since she was here she came to see Arza when he was here, they just both of them remain cripples the rest of their lives, let them be longer or shorter, Roland lives here just as he has since his return from California, George and Rhulebuck are at Livermore falls, Betsey remains at the old house always quarreling with somebody or about somebody generally hoping for a judgement to come so she can have everybody judged rightly, I don't know but I have mentioned in my letters that Charles Turner was married in California Mr Hains arrived from California last Thursday night at Mr James Wiggs where his wife has remained these two years, (you recollect Nancy perfectly I suppose) those who were present said she met him with a great deal of outward demonstrations of joy, I suppose now she will not remain a neighbor to us any longer as his home is farther east, I wish you in your next letter to tell me what are your calculations with regard to Lizzie, in your furlough I would like to know of course it will be in confidence between you and me, your father has been to Boston about ten days since and went out to Somerville and stopt at your aunt Lehennyes a few hours I should judge from what that Shenny is turning his talents to very different account from what he ever did before, he is one of the superintending committee in the town, and is giving all his attention to Freshies thieves, and is domestic entirely, I have nearly covered my sheet with one thing or another, and will close with subscribing myself your ever loving Mother

Oliver O. Howard says

Eliza Gilmore

Leeds, May 4th 1854,

My dear son,

this one week since I received your last letter and I did purpose writing on Monday, after Charles went away, but that was filled up, as usual, with household affairs and so on through the week until the sabbath is arrived, and I am writing it in writing to you, Charles walked home from Kent hill, the traveling being so bad we could not go for him, the heavy rains of late, together with the immence quantity of snow that has melted has swolen to such an extent, that it is difficult passing them, Charley crossed the dead river on the railroad bridge, your letter was dated the same day of the month, the 30, day of April, that your father died, fourteen years since, and buried the third day of May, that was the date of his burial, his remains were committed to the grave on the third day of May, how much I think of you at this season of the year, and trace back the time, when you were a little boy, fourteen years has made quite an impression on your mother in every respect, I do not look forward with that bright hope in the future as youth do, but all my ~~fears are~~ anticipations are more or less mixed with, fear, and dread, you have been along while under tutorship of some kind or other, about twenty three and a half, years almost one third of the time alloted to man, it must have become a second nature, how will you feel, when released from it, this last month, that you are at West Point, is one of great interest to you, and I hope you meet it, with that self possession and calmness, which is so necessary to every person in an interesting position what I desire in my son, is what I lack in myself

I had a letter from R.B.H. last night, he will be here the middle of the week, to stop two weeks, he has written me some very good letters since he returned to Brunswick the last time, he went into Portland on fast day and saw Lizzie, but I suppose I cannot tell you any news about Portland, I suppose you hear from Lizzie often, your father called at Mrs Waits' a little more than a week since, said their family were the same as usual Mr Pearley, Mr Waite, and Lizzie, and her Aunt Ellen he took dinner with them I ask him to call, as I was anxious to hear how they were, they were so unfortunate in their visit at Leeds last summer I fear they will never be willing to come again; I should be quite as happy to try the experiment as ever, and see if we could be more fortunate; I have thought all winter, I would write Lizzie a letter, but somehow a fear that an old woman's letter will not be acceptable to her, prevents me from doing it, I have no disposition to make any one any other than happy. tell her she must come with ~~her~~ you when you come home, one week has changed the face of ~~things~~ nature astonishingly, everything, (although backward,) look in a growing state, the farmers are planting potatoes, and sowing grain, and the fields of grass and changing their color, your father laughed at the idea, of hiring money for you he says you must write the exact sum you want, and the way you will have it conveighed, he says there is some risk in sending money by mail, and it will cost 25 cent, on a hundred to have a ~~draft on New York~~ draft on New York ~~one of the New York banks~~ and if you would like to have it sent in the form of a ~~check~~ draft let him know as soon as practicable to give him time to prepare to send it, be sure and have enough, so not to borrow untill you reach home your uncle Henry Strutland lives a few ¾ miles out of Boston in the town of Summerville, I received a good and long letter from Martha G. a week or two since, in which she invited us all to visit her she spoke of you, and your return in June and said she should expect you to visit her then she enquired after Lizzie and her ~~Mother~~ Father says she does not hear anything about them but would be glad to see them. this probably will be my last letter to you at West Point but perhaps not I am glad to hear you say that you enjoy yourself at West Point, for there is none in dragging a miserable life, because everything does not go right R.B.H. in one of his letters speaks as though this had been an uncommon pleasant ~~[illegible]~~ term with him, I hope he will do well, Leeds is a stale place for news, I believe I generally write the news of some person's dying in every letter, Joseph Turner, Jun, died yesterday in the forenoon about forty six years old Samuel Leadbetter's wife, and John Goulds wife died within a short time at north Leeds I call'd at your uncle Ensign's last week saw all of them, Sheldon and his two babies live at Ensign's since John got his office, one hence a new county, ~~of~~ the name is Androscoggin and John is register of deeds, it, he has let his farm, and his farm have gone to Ensigns, Laura is quite anxious to go to Philadelphia this season Thomas Brigham has let his farm and going to China to go into the Practice of law, Lloyd is sick and is ~~a~~ great deal of trouble his Mother takes care of him

Watervliet Arsenal N. Y.

May 22nd 1854 452

Dear Howard.

No offence is meant I assure you, in thus serving up a few thoughts on so scanty an allowance of paper (I mean of paper) - My stock is low, and my epistolary debts are many - I want to discharge them if possible to day - The gratification you afforded me by your late letter, was not small - You talk of my severity as if friendship could only deal in honeyed phrases, - but you must feel better for knowing one's true mind, even at the risk of personal discomfort - You understand me too well, to dread my severe (as you term it) wordiness. Homer first introduced the fanciful idea of the ἔπεα πτερόεντα - How many of those feathered messengers, are like the arrow, barbed? - Not many I trow - So I cuddle myself in all the plenitude of dogmatism, and the full sense of unsparing hardness, that a deeply grounded sentiment of friendship, is proof against the most violent attacks of rude uncourtly breezes - What is swept away in their fury had better be replaced by something fairer & stronger - The gossip of the Point is like all gossip good or bad, relished with a gusto - What a taste; the old Athenian infirmity is transmitted through all the centuries since Paul, and our curiosity will ever be morbid - Seeking & telling of new things - Such lightsome talk unsubstantial & inconstant as the wind forms the sauce and a piquant sauce too, to the weightier dish of the soul - You tell me of your rise in rank as an officer. I congratulate you on your advance to so easy a post as Armor. With Cadets it is a sinecure - You will in the army find it very different, and you suppose there is but little if any leisure, to a man like Maj. Swords at New-York - Why does not that old fellow Chapman obtain some comfortable position as an officer - I shall begin to distrust his qualifications and advise his application for promotion to be laid on or under the table, until he shows indirectly his fitness for the gentle & genial art

chap. is decidedly unfit for the command of armies. Tell him to go home to Alabama and join the Militia. Become Captain of the Wiggin-ville rangers. whose weapons are single barreled coonskins and summer uniform, an airy shirt and pair of specs on the naked heels. Perhaps the last article was a part of defensive armor. The Wigginville rangers are fierce Achilles' with vulner-able heels. = Yours formerly of my corps, but now of the Top. Eng. and recently of Whipple's Pacific railroad survey, has just arrived from California and bestowed on his friends here, a visit of a week. Happy man to have acquired so durable a ~~stock~~ stock of interesting conversational materials, over his shoes, I would preserve the same with a crusader's attachment to ~~the~~ saintly relics. Top. Engineering is a working, such as amounts in the end to a positive tax of incalculable amount. Boggs has been at work over since graduation. So have not I. At present, I have got something on hand in a professional way viz. the proving of two or three thousand barrels of Powder. I find it monotonous but not laborious. What a world of happiness is before you in the coming months. I envy you, the time to live the sweetest hour. If there is aught in this world that ever comes up to the brimful cup of a graduating man, that has not yet come to my experience since last June. Certainly a year ago, time was soaring before me on light-feathered wings. "Oft in my waking dreams. Do I live over that happy hour." West Point will be a picture of ever varying shades in the sunlight of memory. but sweetest and fairest in the golden noon-tide of graduating June. Revel while you may in the blissful emotions of homeward yearnings. anticipated welcomings. greetings of the loving observers at home. who watch your course with intense sympathy. and the treasures of that affection bestowed by the "fayre ladye" enshrined in love's innermost recesses appropriate thankfully. such as love is a sentiment honorable and chastening. has been to many a young man a shield and a safe-guard from the throng of impure visions who constantly besiege the heart. = By the death of Capt. Ringold my brevet comes off. Shunk is now the only Brevet in my Corps. I shall expect you. Chap. & Closser without fail next June. between which period you can write me of your movement.

Write soon. Give my love to Chief. & Clemens. Yours truly