Breslau Aug. 1, 81

My dear Earl Howard:

I must renew my

invitation for an evening

Aug. 25, 1881.

All the old

friends want to see

Earl Howard.

Will it reverse my

reluctant decision if

authority of a son?

you should come?

Cardially yours,

J. E. Inceetstein
Re-Union

of

Maine Veterans,

At Portland,

August 23, 24 and 25, 1881.
HEADQUARTERS
Association of Maine Soldiers and Sailors.

PORTLAND, July 5th, 1889.

DEAR Sir:---

A "Re-Union and Encampment" of the veterans of Maine, will be held in Portland, on
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 24 & 25.

under the auspices of the Association of Maine Soldiers and Sailors.

It is expected that there will be a large gathering of the survivors of the late war who served in the army and navy of the United States from the State of Maine, and distinguished military gentlemen from other sections of the country.

You are cordially invited to attend as the guest of this Association. An early reply is solicited.

Yours, very respectfully,

[Signature]

President.
83 CEDAR STREET.

New York, August 1st, 1881.

The undersigned have this day formed a partnership for the practice of law, under the firm name of ROOT & MARTIN.

Henry A. Root.

Newell Martin.
Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico
August 5th 1881

Most honored General!

A gentleman, who calls himself Col Reed, formerly of the U.S. army
and afterwards a soldier of fortune in Egypt & 
Italy reached Hermosillo a short time ago, engaged
as Field Engineer by a Mr. Braeman, who has
just and unjust claims against the Mexican Gov
and who received a grant of land near the Aljui
river in Sonora, but had to give up operations
there on account of the opposition shown by
the people of this State and the defiant attitude
of the Indians residing in the only rich valley of
this sunburnt and miserable spot of earth.
From this Mr. Reed (please do not blame him for it) I heard, that the government had made the wise choice of your esteemed person as Commander of West Point. I call this selection wise, because the future officers of our army, educated under your supervision, will be more gentlemanly, less inclined to drink, more enlightened in their religious views and more apt to keep the Sabbath holy.

General, as I took the great liberty to make you acquainted, some 18 mos ago, with part of my remnant hopes and dooms since the war of the Rebellion when I tried to do my duty as a Staff-officer in 11th and 20th Corps, and as I look on you, my former Commandery as one of the very few influential persons who would take a little interest in a poor orphan in a foreign land, a braveman and an honest and wellbehaving naturalized citizen, who is struggling hard to get forward enough to prove to Europeans, that not all Germans who originally belong to the nobility and who have
received as superior general, but not specific education, must go to ruin in America, while most all of the German, common emigrants prosper. I must respectfully address you once more and beg to read the few following lines, written while the thermometer is 107° in our office and flies and mosquitoes swarm around my bickleheated head and body, with patience, forgiving me the liberty I take in intruding upon your valuable time.

Referring to my above remarks, I will observe a curious incident in my life. Some 10 years ago I spent 1 year in Europe to gain new health & strength after a very busy season in Chicago and was admitted at Court and in high society everywhere I went. Once at a large reception at the English Embassy Prince Bismarck addressed me. I understand, that you have lived many years in America— it interests me to know, if what can a gentleman like you do in that country? I was just going to describe to him my own efforts there, when the honorable Mr. Bancroft, who stood near us observed: Prince there are just the kind of gentlemen we want in
in the States now, first your criminals fled to our shores than came the political fugitives, than an immense amount of your poor and dissatisfied people and most we want the sons of your best families with all their refinement, good manners and honorable actions. At this time we were interrupted and nothing more was said. I returned to America still meditating about this remark of the great philosopher and began at once to investigate the truth of it — alas — how mistaken he was! Who wants us here? Nobody!

From 600 young European noblemen I met in 20 years, not one ever succeeded well in America, on the contrary I know of 6, who committed suicide after having given up all hopes to make an honest living and not one, myself included, rose above most ordinary success. On the other hand, I saw prosperity among all our lower countrymen — in their saloons, on their farms, in their grocery store, as carpenters, blacksmiths, as brewers and as merchants, they all got rich.
It has been the study of my life to find the way for this. All I know now, is, that we, the sons of rich and proud notables, brought up in luxury and as gentlemen, accustomed to consider us a superior race, educated better than others, waited on from childhood up by body-servants and lackeys, treated with respect and deference, possess 3 grand faults and 200 small ones which hinder our success, even after we have convinced us in good republicans and have accepted ideas of equality etc. We are too honest for business, lacking all the qualities of a Jew.

We have too little regard of the value of money, having spent in former years only inherited sums. We possess too much false shame, trying to keep up appearances even if we are too poor to pay for a square meal.

Our papers in Europe generally mad and disgusted, that we emigrated leave us the first few years without any assistance and send us letters of doubtful recommendations to the Embassy, Consul Generals or some big man whom they entertained at dinner in Europe.
From these we get an invitation for one dinner and the counsel to return home—then comes misery in every form—dreadful letters are written home and finally the father gets moved and sends again 200 to 1000 Dollars a year in quarterly installments, thinking to do his son some good by it. As soon as the remittances arrive, a feeling overcomes this class of immigrants, that they are originally gentlemen—they pay off at once what little they owe; buy a new suit of clothes, invite a few decent friends to a good dinner, take a young lady in style to the Opera, buy a few things they do not want and the 3rd day they have not 1 Cent. (I am not that rigid now but was so). But the greatest reasons for our ill success lie in this: the German-Americans from that great hypocrit and demagogue Carl Schurz down to the Barkeepers and barbers feeling at the first intercourse with us the original, social difference on account of our manners, polite speech and refined language and recollecting the true and imaginary songs received from that class
in Europe, hate us at once, refuse to employ us, treat us with general contempt and low malice and force us to become aristocratic outcasts of their society.

The Americans on the other hand receive us generally with suspicion, unable to understand why we crossed the Ocean, and mostly excluding honorable reasons, and even if they employ us or invite us to their houses, they somehow or other consider us only Dutchmen anyhow. So we stand on American soil without family, hated or curbed by our Countrymen and snubbed by the decent class of Americans keeping as much as possible away from common Americans, the lowest people on earth.

Now, General, I fought since 1857, 24 years, against ardent difficulties—I was never idle, gained at an average 1800 Dollars a year as Professor of German, French and Spanish as Bookkeeper, Cashier, Agent or Clerk. I always behaved well and have a record clean enough to mix in politics, but now was able to work my way up—
and I want to die as expected and well to do
man. To attain this, I must be able to
stick to one thing, to one occupation.
After I lost my mother’s inheritance, as
a Real Estate Dealer in Chicago, by the
dishonesty of some well known gentlemen
there, by lack of patronage from my countrymen
and by too scrupulous honesty, I went West
may God forgive me. Greeley his counsel to all
unfortunates to go West and I must say I
had a pretty hard time of it—still I always
made my living. In my last letter to you,
I stated, that I was travelling for the Chico
way Pianos $1500 a year and expenses
This lasted 13 mos than I shipped Wheat
for Wm. D. Coleman & Co. When the wheat
season was over they wanted me to sell
Whiskey’s & Beer—being a temperance
man, I refused and had to leave. Then
hearing that Wm. R. Morley had been
appointed Chief Engineer for the Union
Railway I applied to him and was at
once employed, being bailed by Col. Dimond
of Williams. Dimond of San F. etc
Already on March 30th, 1880 I sailed in the little schooner 'Celtie' for Guaymas on the Gulf of California and am connected with the road now. Guaymas and the country toward Hermosillo are terrible—no water, no vegetation, miserable food, an all-burning sun.

What I have suffered these 17 months no pen can describe. Heat, sickness, jealously, low intercourse, crying injustice, contemptible meanness, hard work, poor pay and lack of communication with the civilized world almost crushed me in utter despair I prayed to God once on my knees to let me die. Morley himself a very rough western man imported as whole outfit overland from Las Vegas they came one mo after I had landed with some 5 others and the first supplied Three Railroadmen, a set of the wildest, roughest and meanest fellows I ever knew had been with Morley for years in Colorado and New Mexico and they received all the good positions. I had to work under
Some teamsters, who in time had learned to run a transit or level, than keep books for a drunken and terribly profane supply agent, who could scarcely spell his name and was subjected to all kinds of insults and bad treatment, for no other reason than that I was a gentleman, did not swear now a white shirt and shaved competently. I drove the first pocks for the road, staked out the bridge standing in the water up to neck for hours with sharks all around me and the tropical sun burning on my head—than I was made accountant because none of the boys could attend to this and now I am office engineer. But I am not satisfied and have to study hard to keep a position for which I am not adapted, having forgotten much since I graduated in military school and the management of the Road is very unfavorable for me. First we had Morley alone than came a third gardiner. He was soon intrigued out and now the Boston Millionaires lend us a Mr.
Robinson as General Manager. This gentleman brought with him a whole outfit from New Orleans, filled all paying positions with his friends and left us brave Pioneers in the Gold. For we cared no more, therefore Mule looked at us with contempt and although he is an old Comrade of mine, having been Major during the War, he has not one kind word for me.

Under these circumstances of course a change would be most desirable for me and I am trying hard to get on one of the new roads in Mexico under better conditions, as Supply Agent, Material Agent, Accountant etc., but it takes influence to get such a place.

I beg to state to you, that I speak the Spanish language fluently, that I am acclimated and that I know how to treat this stupid, proud, half-chivalrous and lazy people of Mexico. There are 3 good points as all Americans, who come here, lack them.
Now, if you have friends in one of the Companies—please recommend me.

General Grant, whose devoted servant I was in all political Campaigns, knows me not, as I kept out of papers, even when I commanded a by me equipped battalion of farmers in Chicago and when I acted as Chief aid at his reception in San Francisco last year. (I always keep away from the bustle, afraid to array them) might do something for me. I only asked them once for a Consulship, backed by all the Senators of Illinois, and did not even get a reply. I will hold out here until I find a better place and try to become a first class Railroad man in Mexico, although the position as Consul at Guaymas would suit me better. The Consul there is too mexicanised and should be relieved.

But now, farewell, beloved General, excuse the long letter and remember me kindly.

Very respectfully

Yours,

most obedient servant

T. O. von Fritsche
P.S.

Our mail is very unsafe to this place and the ignorance of Mexican Postmasters so great, that should you write me with a reply, I beg to have it addressed in Spanish:

Señor Don F. O. de Fritsch
Yo oficina del Ferro-Carril
Hermosillo.
Sonora.
Mexico.
Via Tucson-Arizona.

Very respectfully,
Fritsch O.
Mobile, Ala., August 2nd, 1881.

Gent. O. O. Howard,
West Point, N. Y.

Gent.

I avail myself of the casual introduction by my friend and classmate, Prof. H. E. Kendrick, to introduce to you Judge P. Williams Jr., an intelligent and influential citizen of this State.

Judge Williams will inform you of his wishes, and I am persuaded you will cheerfully attend to him and his affairs as you may control, and can with propriety grant.

Dear Sir,

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. W. Withers,