

1848
D. D. Howard & Co. Oct 6th

Per J. H. [unclear]

Mr Rowland B. Howard
Readfield
Wesleyan Seminary

Bowdoin Coll. Oct 6th 1848

Dear Brother

I have returned to "Old Bowdoin" and am now seated to fulfill my promise to write my brother a letter. I liked the old gent - you board with - better the last time I was at Readfield than before, and moreover, I was pleased to find that you agreed with him in "Politics" so that there is no fear of your quarrelling with him on that "score". - Your Chas - appears to be a fine - good hearted fellow, resembling Perley somewhat, I think - But to begin from the time I left you to relate my doings - first as you know, we started in the rain. Well with some wet and a good deal of mud, we put up to Arza's house the first night, and the next day being fair, we proceeded as far as Col J. Gilmores where we made a long visit. They made me wash the carriage, which I can tell you was a "job" indeed. A day or two after that our folks resolved to have a pump and set me to work to dig a ditch extending from the well to bottom of the "Back won" floor - I accomplished that. I also mowed "Buck-Wheat" all one day.

I might tell you many other labors of mine,
but it would be tiresome to you to hear them.
There was a ride I must tell you about - I
started from home one morning to make my
friends a visit at Leeds Center - Uncle Ensign's
Aunt Amelia's were to be my destination - I
started and met Benjamin Turner going to Mr
Rawster's - well, I turned myself about and went with
him, for the sake of having his company - after taking
a few more such turns I arrived at Uncle's
about 11 o'clock - stayed till after dinner and
Lama Howard having begged Uncle's horse - we took
a ride to the north part of the town. We returned
and went to Aunt Amelia's to tea and Lama
said she must have another ride, accordingly
she got Everett's horse & Mr. Kusley's Wagon, &
taking me as teamster she went to Leeds Slab
City and spent the eve - at Mr. Penning's
About half past 9 o'clock we left for home - In the
first place it was so dark that we could hardly
tell ourselves from the horse - next the horse
was blind - We headed the way we thought
was home and brought up against the wall -
I got out and felt for the road and put my
best into it - again we drove & again we
we stopped at the wall - Well, what must be
done, my girl was frightened, my horse was
blind - & it was so dark I could not see -

she begged to go back and the more I amore
I would go ahead - I felt out the road again
and led my horse about - half a mile till we
came to where the road was hard - so that I
could tell by the sound of the wheels whether
we were in the proper place or not - I got in
again - It began to rain in torrents and I laid
on the whip careful when we got into the street
to get out again, but when we got up to the
utmost speed our rein broke - this time I said
nothing but leaped & caught my horse & brought
him to - My girl knew nothing of what had happened
- I tried the rein and we got home at last - badly
met - badly wounded - and exceedingly angry
our bad luck - but we possessed whole necks.
Let me try ever so much, I can never equal in words
that adventure, ^{which} when I think of it, requires
all my self command, ^{is required} to keep down my "risibles".
Especially considering the way we got out
of the wagon when we got home. We tumbled out
the ground from my thing else and hence rolled
over together in the mud & mud.

I have taken a school in Lincoln - a little
south of the Camp Grounds at \$14.00 per month
& board. Our folks were all well when I left
home. Write me soon and tell me how you
get along. I have some idea of sending a fellow
from college to teach our school - so that you can
study some Latin & Algebra - Some affectionate brother - W. H. W.

61 10/6/1848 *From:* O.O.H. [OO Howard] *To:* Mr. Rowland B. Howard

RBH-025

Bowdoin Coll.

Readfield
Wesleyan Seminary

Source: Bowdoin

Bowdoin Coll. October 6, 1848

Dear Brother

I have returned to "Old Bowdoin" and am now seated to fulfill my promise, to write my brother a letter. I liked the old gent you board with better the last time I was at Readfield than before, and moreover, I was pleased to find that you agreed with him in "Politics" so that there is no fear of your quarreling with him on that "score". Your Chum appears to be a fine-good hearted fellow, resembling Perley somewhat I think.

But to begin from the time I left you to relate my doings. First as you know, we started in the rain. Well with some wet and a good deal of mud, we put up to Arza's house the first night, and the next day being fair, we proceeded as far as Col. J Gilmore's where we made a long visit. They made me wash the carriage, which I can tell you was a "job" indeed. A day or two after that our folks resolved to have a pump and sent me to work to dig a ditch extending from the well to bottom of the "Back Room" floor. I accomplished that. I also mowed "Buck-Wheat" all one day. I might tell you many other labors of mine, but it would be tiresome to you to hear them.

There was a ride I must tell you about. I started from home one morning to make my friends a visit at Leeds Center. Uncle Ensign's and Aunt Aurelia's were to be my destination. I started and met Benjamin Turner going to Mr. Brewster's. Well, I turned myself about and went with him, for the sake of having his company after taking a few more such turns I arrived at Uncle's about 11 o'clock, stayed till after dinner and Laura Howard having begged Uncle's horse, we took a ride to the North part of the town. We returned and went to Aunt Aurelia's to tea and Laura said she must have another ride. Accordingly she got Everett's horse & Mr. Racle's wagon, & taking me as Teamster she went to "Leeds Slab City" and spent the eve at Mr. Pfenning's.

About half past nine o'clock we left for home. In the first place it was so dark that we could hardly tell ourselves from the horse. Next the horse was blind. We headed the way we thought was home and brought up against the wall. I got out and felt for the road and put my beasts into it. Again we drove and again we stopped at the wall. Well what must be done, my girl was frightened my horse was blind & it was so dark I could not see. She begged to go back and the more I swore I would go ahead. I felt the road again and led my horse about half a mile till we came to where the road was hard, so that I could tell by the sound of the wheels whether we were in the proper place or not. I got in again & it began to rain in torrents and I laid on the whip careful when we got into the ditch to get out again, but when we got up to the utmost speed our rein broke, this time I said nothing but leapt & caught my horse & brought him to. My girl knew nothing of what had happened. I tied the rein and we got home at last-badly wet, badly muddied, and excessively angry at our bad luck but we possessed whole necks. Let me try ever so much, I can never equal in words that adventure, when I think of it all myself command is required to keep down my "<risables>". Especially considering the way we got out of the wagon when we got home. We knew not the ground from anything else and hence rolled over together in the wet & mud.

I have taken a school in Livermore a little south of the Camp Grounds at \$18 .00 per month & boarded. Our folks were all well when I left home. Write me soon and tell me how you get along. I have some idea of sending a fellow from college to teach one school, so that you can study your Latin & algebra.

Your affectionate brother
O.O.H.

[Envelope]
Mr. Rowland B. Howard
Readfield
Wesleyan Seminary

Via Augusta

O. O. Howard Oct 31st
1848

R. B. Howard Esq. Hon.

Kents Hill Maine
Roxfield



1848

Bowd College Oct 31st 1848.

Dear Brother

You will be at home before me and, hence, I would like to have you come after me. I shall be obliged to carry home many things which I cannot put in very good shape to be conveyed in the stage: but I will write the particulars to mother and alas when I wish to go home. I am afraid you go to the extremes in your judgment of Gancello. Once you were loud in his praise, and now you attribute his conduct to selfish, if not mean motives. He is a good hearted fellow & surely would not injure any one for the sake of himself.

I think, myself, that a recommendation from Kents Hill Preceptor would not go very far in influencing the government of Bowd Coll. — But if a person is well prepared, it matters not whether he has studied at an Academy or not. But a recommendation from a preceptor, whom they can put confidence in, lightens the examination much. I would not have you go to N. Yarmouth. If you prepare yourself well, get a recommendation of good moral character, and come here, I will be responsible for your getting in.

Thorpfield is doing very well, and probably he does not care much for one or two scholars. Be careful and not judge too harshly for you

would wrong a good hearted friend.

I did receive your catalogue, but, as we did not get out one this term, I thought I would not send an old one. I don't know but I shall be obliged to stop writing to my friends if they cannot read their own letters. Perchance I might write something which ought to be kept silent. I grant - I am not much of a poet - but I like to read some poetry very much. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village", I think, is the prettiest poem I ever read. You will like Shakespeare better one of these days, after you have studied a little more. I have read considerable prose writings this term. nearly all Irving's works. Scott's novels on the Crusades - &c. I am now reading the history of England. You spoke of some of your young gent's speaking original pieces, thinking they would surpass our Junior fellows. If they can I wish I had them here to get our mathematics. We ^{shall} begin tomorrow, a book, which is said to comprize the hardest Mathematics in existence. I cannot tell whether Mr. Townsend understands your manner of teaching by analysis or not. But I guess he can analyze... so as to make the common branches sufficiently simple. I rather think he will be contented at Leeds.

I thought when I saw Francis Turner, that he looked very "poor" and thin. Don't you think that Lockhart

had ~~stopped~~^{stopped} his growth? Between us (entre nous) I do not think that he is capable of studying too hard. He might not take exercise enough, with woods & very probable.) - Does he learn Latin easy?

Our Junior parts came out - not long since (I don't know, but I wrote you about them) and for some time there were long faces and deplorable visages. There were only four this fall & we expect five more next Spring. I expect there will be more unhappy ones than now. Altho' those who do not get one there will lose all hope upon which fickle deity a great many now rely. I suppose you have made great advancement - this fall in your studies. Just if I were you, I would not get any Latin or ~~Greek~~ Greek "out of" the course of study necessary for a preparation for College, after you read the reader; that is... if you ever intend to enter College.

Give my respects to your Chum & J. H. Turner. Tell Mother I am perfectly well, when you go home, and if she does not believe it, she will when she sees me w^hat as a fig. -

From your Affectionate Brother

O. Howard

I shall not make any excuses for bad writing for I always do things in a hurry and never do them well. So I should have to excuse myself all the time.

62 10/31/1848 *From:* O.O. Howard

To: R. B. Howard Esq.

RBH-026

Bowd. Coll.

Kents Hill
Readfield Maine

Source: Bowdoin

Bowd. Coll. Oct. 31, 1848

Dear Brother

You will be at home before me and hence, I would like to have you come after me. I shall be obliged to carry home many things which I cannot put in very good shape to be conveyed in the stage. But I will write the particulars to mother and also when I wish to go home. I'm afraid you go to the extremes in your judgment of Gancello. Once you were loud in his praise, and now you attribute his conduct to selfish, if not mean, motives. He is a good hearted fellow & surely would not injure anyone for the sake of himself.

I think, myself, that a recommendation from Kents Hill Preceptor would not go very far in influencing the government of Bowd Coll. But if a person is well prepared, it matters not whether he has studied at an Academy or not. But a recommendation from a preceptor, whom they can put confidence in, lightens the examination much. I would not have you go to N Yarmouth. If you prepare yourself well, get a recommendation of good moral character, and come here, I will be responsible for your getting in.

Stinchfield is doing very well and probably he does not care much for one or two scholars. Be careful and not judge too harshly for you might wrong a good hearted friend.

I did receive your catalog, but, as we did not get out one this term, I thought I would not send an old one. I don't know but I shall be obliged to stop writing to my friends if they cannot read their own letters. Perchance I might write something which ought to be kept silent. I grant I am not much of a poet, but I like to read some poetry very much. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village", I think, is the prettiest poem I ever read. You will like Shakespeare better one of these days, after you have studied a little more. I have read considerable prose writings this term, nearly all Irvings works, Scott's novels on the Crusades, &c. I am now reading the history of England. You spoke of some of your young gent's speaking original pieces, thinking they would surpass our junior fellows. If they can I wish I had them here to get our mathematics. We shall begin tomorrow, a book which is said to comprise the hardest mathematics in existence I cannot tell whether Mr. Townsend understands your manner of teaching by analysis or not. But I guess he can analyze, so as to make the common branches sufficiently simple. I rather think he will be contented at Leeds.

I thought when I saw Frances Turner, that he looked very "poor" and thin. Don't you think that sickness has stopped his growth? Between us (*entré-nous*) I do not think that he is capable of studying too hard. He might not take exercise enough (which would be very probable). Does he learn Latin easy?

Our Junior parts came out not long since (I don't know, but I wrote you about them) and for some time there were long faces and deplorable visages. There were only four this fall & we expect five more next spring. I expect there will be more unhappy ones then than now, as those who do not get one then will lose all hope upon which fickle deity a great many now rely. I suppose you have made great advancement this fall in your studies, but if I were you, I would not get any Latin or Greek "out of" the course of study necessary for a preparation for college, after you read the reader. That is, if you ever intend to enter college.

Give my respects to your Chum & TF Turner. Tell mother I am perfectly well, when you go home, and if she does not believe it, she will when she sees me as fat as a pig.

From your affectionate brother
O.O. Howard

I shall not make any excuses for bad writing for I always do things in a hurry and never do them well. So I should have to excuse myself all the time.

[Envelope]
R. B. Howard Esq.
Kents Hill

Readfield Maine

O O Howard Mar 18th
1849

Paid 5



C. Mr. Rowland B. Howard,

Frank Hill
[Please Clg. No. 30]
[all]

Bowdoin College Mar 17 '49

Dear Brother

I was glad to hear from you this morning, and learn that you were prospering so well. My health is pretty good, but I must say that I never have known what studying was before. Not a moment can be spent in idleness. We have three long and hard lessons every day and in addition a Spanish Lesson twice a week. Themes or Compositions require much attention. To prepare ourselves to write the most of them we are obliged to read "all creation." We also attend Cleaveland's lectures on Chemistry, which are about of one hour in length. These are very interesting, accompanied as they are by experiments. There are about one hundred medical students who attend these Lectures; the Senior & Junior classes also. Yesterday they rushed "en masse" for the door from different parts of the room, and their meeting a reaction was produced and sundry medicines lost their hats,

a few their equilibrium and consequently were overturned. Old Cleveland jumped upon a high seat as fierce as a tiger and ordered them out. He said "the like" had never been known for thirty years. I went back (after I got out) for my hat, and I must say I never saw such a looking man as Old Cleveland at that time. His features looked hideous. His brows were contracted and his eyes glared upon one as if a demon directed them. Such is the old gentleman in anger, but he is very pleasant and kind when unprovoked. For Latin we are reading Tacitus, truly the most difficult to translate of any Latin extant. It is so concise that one half of the sense must be supplied. Tell Francis after he gets a little accustomed to the style of Sallust, it will be as easy as any author which is read in the preparatory course.

Some polite individual has had the extreme kindness to "hook" my German Undine. And what I shall do I do not know. I do not like to beg another as I still have a slight hope that my old one will return.

Spanish is one of the prettiest studies which I have attended to since I have been in College. We began to translate the very first lesson. Probably it comes easier from our having studied so many other Languages.

You spoke of Roland. I have thought much of him since he went away, and hope he will do well. But I fear that he will see many hard times ere his return. He has been very little accustomed to the world and its ways. Every one however must live and learn for themselves. Tell Thomas F. your "Chum" that I believe he is already indebted to me for a letter. I will write him, however, as soon as I can. When you write to me do not fear for my interest. Write on whatever suggests itself first. No matter if you do write about Strangers, my curiosity will lead me to take interest in those with whom you associate.

My health is now very good. My cough has almost left me. Mother was very anxious, but she must have received a letter from me, before this, which will or has let her know that I am yet "up & sound". Give my respects to all my friends, whom you may meet and none other. Don't let your "Chum" criticize my hand for my pen catches "low".
From your affectionate brother, 1841.

63 3/17/1849 *From:* O.O.H. [OO Howard] *To:* Mr. Rowland B. Howard

RBH-027

Bowdoin College

Kents Hill Me

Source: Bowdoin

Bowdoin College Mar 17 '49

Dear Brother

I was glad to hear from you this morning and learned that you were prospering so well. My health is pretty good, but I must say that I never have known what studying was before. Not a moment can be spent in idleness. We have three long and hard lessons every day and in addition a Spanish Lesson twice a week. Themes or Compositions require much attention. To prepare ourselves to write the most of them we are obliged to read "all creation".

We also attend Cleaveland's lectures on Chemistry which are about one hour in length. These are very interesting, accompanied as they are by experiments. There are about 100 medical students who attend these Lectures, the Senior & Junior Classes also. Yesterday they rushed "en masse" for the door from different parts of the room, and there meeting a reaction was produced and sundry medics lost their hats, a few their equilibrium and consequently were overturned. Old Cleaveland jumped upon a high seat as fierce as a tiger and ordered them out. He said "the like" had never been known for thirty years. I went back (after I got out) for my hat, and I must say I never saw such a looking man as old Cleaveland at that time. His features looked hideous. His brows were contracted and his eyes glared upon one as if a demon directed them. Such is the old gentleman in anger, but he is very pleasant and kind when unprovoked.

In Latin we are reading Tacitus, truly the most difficult to translate of any Latin extant. It is so concise that one half of the sense must be supplied. Tell Frances after he gets a little accustomed to the style of Sallust it will be as easy as any author which is read in the preparatory course.

Some polite individual has had the extreme kindness to "hook" my German Undine. And what I shall do I do not know. I do not like to buy another, as I still have a slight hope that my old one will return.

Spanish is one of the prettiest studies which I have attended to since I have been in College. We began to translate the very first lesson. Probably it comes easier from our having studied so many other Languages.

You spoke of Roland. I have thought much of him since he went away, and hope he will do well. But I fear that he will see many hard times ere his return. He has been very little accustomed to the world and its ways. Everyone however must live and learn for themselves.

Tell Thomas F your "Chum" that I believe he is already indebted to me for a letter. I will write him, however, as soon as I can. When you write to me do not fear for my interest. Write on whatever suggests itself first. No matter if you do write about strangers, my curiosity will lead me to take interest in those with whom you associate.

My health is now very good. My cough has almost left me. Mother was very anxious, but she must have received a letter from me before this, which will or has let her know that I am yet "up and sound." Give my respects to all my friends whom you may meet and none others. Don't let your "chum" criticize my hand for my pen catches "loud".

From your affectionate brother
O.O.H.

[Envelope]
Mr. Rowland B. Howard
Kents Hill Me
(Pleas ch'g No.30) (O.O.H.)
[Postmark] BRUNSWICK ME MAR 18 Paid 5

W Howard Apr 10th
1849

Thomas H Cheney



Mr. W. Howard

Read field
Pleasant Hill
me

1849

Bowd' College Apr 9th '49

Dear Brother

I seat myself later than usual after the reception of your letter to write you a reply. I have been to Portland since I received your letter, and on returning found a letter from home. Mother said you appeared to enjoy yourself very much in your present situation. Our class had no recitation from fast-day morning till today. The most of us got leave of absence and went away. I went to Portland, in the little steamer, called the *Brushing* on Wednesday and returned Saturday after-noon. I had an excellent visit. Perhaps you will ask me where I went. I should not dare to tell you, suffice it to say, I found friends and had a splendid good time. On Thursday night - between the hours of twelve & one, I was awakened by the ringing of bells, & the cry of fire. I got up and looked out of the window, and the fire appearing so near induced me to dress me & venture out. I went but a short distance, before I saw four or five buildings all on fire. The blaze poured out from the windows and curling around the roof.

enveloped it in a sheet of flame. It ~~was~~ was
a beautiful sight - to look upon, almost
compensating the loss of property. I staid
about an hour & returned to find a good fire
built, which I could approach without
burning me. I also found two beautiful girls
sitting by the stove. They had been frightened
from their sweet-dreams by the cry of fire, and
sat trembling for fear, the fire would come
creaser, but it did not - and at two o'clock
I retired. The day I came away, there was
quite a strong specimen of female heroism.
A man had been for a long time wont
to desert his better-half and seek friends
at a rum shop, as many the foolish men
sometimes do. Well; the rum-seller sold him
intoxicating drinks, he took the beverage.
And when he was a little tipsy, his implacable
wife made her appearance, and wielding
a huge club broke canisters and bottles,
windows & glasses of all descriptions, and then
escaping those attempting to lay hands on
her, she triumphantly led away her silly
husband. If all wives who have
drunken husbands would do like-
wise, we certainly should have less
trafficking in poison, for men would
flee the moral suasion of woman's
anger.

Mother says Roland Alger has not
written since he left, although he must
have stopped in N. Bedford two or three
weeks. I fear it will be hard for him
to begin to write letters. Our family were
all well. Mother said Charles could
sing correctly more than forty tunes.
I wrote home yesterday, a long letter of
three & a half pages. Give my respect to
Thomas Jr. and tell him, that he will
have to write me the first letter, for
I have written so many that I cannot
find any thing to write about.
If you can study out this hastily
written trash, write me an answer, if you
cannot, write and ask me, and I will
write plainer. Peleg & Gouvenor
send their respects to you. Study ped-
eriously and you will one day be glad.
Be idle & you will soon regret it. Write
me when you are intending to go home.
I must get my mathematical lesson.

Yours Both & friend
O. Howard.

64 4/9/1849

From: OO Howard

To: Mr. Rowland B. Howard

RBH-028

Bowd. College

Readfield
Kents Hill Me

Source: Bowdoin

Bowd. College Apr 9 '49

Dear Brother

I seat myself later than usual after the reception of your letter to write you a reply. I have been to Portland since I received your letter, and on returning found a letter from home. Mother said you appeared to enjoy yourself very much in your present situation. Our class had no recitation from fast-day morning till to day. The most of us got leave of absence and went away. I went to Portland, in the little steamer, called the Flushing on Wednesday and returned Saturday after-noon. I had an excellent visit. Perhaps you will ask me where I went. I should not dare to tell you. Suffice it to say, I found friends and had a splendid good time.

On Thursday night between the hours of 12 & one, I was awakened by the ringing of bells, & the cry of fire. I got up and looked out of the window, and the fire appearing so near induced me to dress me & venture out. I went but a short distance, before I saw four or five buildings all on fire. The blaze poured out from the windows and ceiling around the roof, enveloped it in a sheet of flame. It was a beautiful sight to look upon, almost compensating the loss of property. I staid about an hour & returned to find a good fire built, which I could approach without burning me. I also found two beautiful girls sitting by the stove. They had been frightened from their sweet dreams by the cry of fire, and sat trembling for fear, the fire would come nearer, but it did not and at two o'clock I retired.

The day I came away, there was quite a strong specimen of female heroism. A man had been for a long time wont to desert his better-half and seek friends at a rum shop, as many other foolish men sometimes do. Well, the rum seller sold him intoxicating drinks-he took the beverage. And when he was a little tipsy, his implacable wife made her appearance, and wielding a huge club broke canisters and bottles, Windows & glasses of all descriptions. And then escaping those attempting to lay hands on her, she triumphantly led away her silly husband. If all wives who have drunken husbands would do likewise we certainly should have less trafficking in poison, for men would flee the moral suasion of woman's anger.

Mother says Roland Alger has not written since he left, although he must have stopped in N. Bedford two or three weeks. I fear it will be hard for him to begin to write letters. Our family were all well. Mother said Charles could sing correctly more than 40 tunes. I rode home, yesterday, a long letter of three & a half pages. Give my respect to Thomas F and tell him, that he will have to write me the first letter, for I have written so many that I cannot find anything to write about.

If you can study out this hastily written trash, write me an answer. If you cannot, write and ask me, and I will write plainer. Peleg & Townsend send their respects to you. Study perseveringly and you will one day be glad. Be idle & you will soon regret it. Write me when you are intending to Go home.

I must get my mathematical lesson.

From your brother & friend
OO Howard

[Envelope]

Mr. Rowland B. Howard

Readfield

Kents Hill Me

[Postmark] BRUNSWICK ME APR 10

W. O. Howard April 16th
1849

Rowland B. Howard
Monticello
Hendricks - m



W. O. Howard

1849

Brunswick April 15th '49

Dear Brother

I have felt some crim-
inations of conscience, since I mailed
my last letter to you. And I now begin
to fear, that I shall not get an answer
from it, for it might take you many
years to "make it out." However that may
be, I will give you another trial in a
plainer hand - perchance, though probably
more nonsensical than any, preceding.
For I am not one of those scrupulous
individuals, who always wait a reply even
from a friend. I believe "amor fratrum"
exists between us, hence there is no need
of ceremony in our relations or correspondence.
I am half resolved, to tell you a secret. I
will if you will promise yourself instead
of me not to reveal it. I think it would
contribute more to our mutual happiness,
orphan brothers as we are, to be confiding with
each other, and make our joys & sorrows known
to each other, that we may enjoy the sympathy
of brotherly affection. In some "after day", we
shall look back with pleasure to times when
harmony existed between us. It seems strange to
me, that I ever could be unkind to my brother,
and nothing pains me more, than to see brother

ers quarrel. But to my secret. Do not laugh at me. I cannot tell you better than to copy a portion of my "Journal."

April 10th. Time flies, only its rapid vision, but the mind employed counts not the passing moments. Study seems to keep the mind from reflection, yet our thoughts while pouring over Text and Lexicon are busily at work. Some passage some sentiment, calls forth a comparison of our own ideas with those expressed. How pleased are we, often, when we meet in another a thought which we believed had originated in our own breast! How often, when we love an object, are we reminded of that object by some circumstance which apparently has no connection with it. The power of association will constantly present us with things which, we thought, were forgotten. The image which resides in our hearts is reflected from all that surrounds us.

I seem to have a beautiful image, ever present with me. (When I think, "she" is ever present in my thoughts. When I reflect upon the past the past is full of "L—". When I permit myself to plan the distant future, her interest connects itself closely with mine. Why may I not dwell on so fair an object? It is the ideal embodied in the real. Her dark eyes, revealing in their depths, a feeling innocent soul, seems ever to rest upon me speaking the language of adoration. Her sincerity seems ever to plead with me, and say, you

must not deceive & break the trusting heart. Her purity makes me ashamed of my vices. When with her, a sweet, hallowed influence hovers around my soul, and when we are parted, the spell is not broken. I now seem to have something to live for—something to strive for. True, my ambition has ever been aspiring and grasping after something still higher. But to feel that you are not laboring for self alone—to feel that a dear, cherished object hangs upon the strength of your arm for support, gives a new vigor to your soul, a new impetus to your action."— &c

Perhaps somewhat of the above will take you by ~~surprise~~ surprise, but I intended that my eye should see it, and hence wrote what I felt. That is not so much to the point as some other passages, but it will give you an idea. I usually lock such thoughts & such feelings in my own breast or entrust them to my Journal. But I thought I would share them with a brother, who would respect & enjoy my confidence. Her name is "Liza"— does not live ^{with} you or about the environs of Bonnwick.

You could not help saying "she is beautiful. I am so enamored, blinded admired, but love a worthy object— one that can feel & return my affection. You must not ridicule me, even if you think me foolish, for there is much I could tell you and should not if you disappointed me. Our family were all well ~~when~~ ~~all~~ ~~well~~, when mother wrote.

Believe me your affectionate Brother A. H. H.

65 4/15/1849 *From:* O. O. H. [OO
Howard]

To: Rowland B. Howard

RBH-029

Brunswick

Kents Hill
Readfield Me

Source: Bowdoin

Brunswick April 15 '49

Dear brother

I have felt some criminations of conscience since I mailed my last letter to you. And I now begin to fear that I shall not get an answer from it, for it might take you many years to "make it out." However that may be I will give you another trial in a plainer hand perchance, though probably more nonsensical than any preceding. For I am not one of those scrupulous individuals, who always wait a reply even from a friend. I believe "amor fratrum" exists between us, hence there is no need of ceremony in our relations or correspondence.

I am half resolved to tell you a secret. I will if you will promise yourself instead of me not to reveal it. I think it would contribute more to our mutual happiness, orphaned brothers as we are, to be confiding with each other, and make our joys & sorrows known to each other, that we may enjoy the sympathy of brotherly affection. In some "after day", we shall look back with pleasure to times when harmony existed between us. It seems strange to me, that I ever could be unkind to my brother, and nothing pains me more than to see brothers quarrel. But to my secret. Do not laugh at me. I cannot tell you better than to copy a portion of my "Journal."

April 10. Time flies on its rapid pinion, but the mind employed counts not the passing moments. Study seems to keep the mind from reflection, yet our thoughts while pouring over Text and Lexicon are busily at work. Some passage, some sentiment, calls forth a comparison of our own ideas with those expressed. How pleased are we, often, when we meet in another a thought which we believe had originated in our own breast! How often, when we love an object are we reminded of that object by some circumstance which apparently has no connection with it. The power of Association will constantly present us with things which we thought were forgotten. The image which resides in our hearts is reflected from all that surrounds us.

I seem to have a beautiful image ever present with me, when I think, "she" is ever present in my thoughts. When I reflect upon the past the past is full of "L___". When I permit myself to plan the distant future, her interest connects itself closely with mine. Why may I not dwell on so fair an object? It is the ideal embodied in the real. Her dark eyes, revealing in their depths a feeling innocent soul, seems ever to rest upon me speaking the language of devotion. Her sincerity seems ever to plead with me, and say, you must not deceive & break the trusting heart. Her purity makes me ashamed of my vices.

When with her, a sweet hallowed influence hovers around my soul, and when we are parted, the spell is not broken. I now seem to have something to live for - something to strive for. True, my ambition has ever been aspiring and grasping after something still higher. But to feel that you are not laboring for self alone - to feel that a dear, cherished object hangs upon the strength of your arm for support, gives a new vigor to your soul, a new impetus to your action." -&c-

Perhaps somewhat of the above will take you by surprise, but I intended that no eye should see it, and hence wrote what I felt. That is not so much to the point as some other passages, but it will give you an idea. I usually lock such thoughts & such feelings in my own breast or entrust them to my Journal. But I thought I would share them with a brother, so he would respect & enjoy my confidence. Her name is "Liza"- does not live within or about the environs of Brunswick. You could not help saying "she is beautiful." I am no enamored, blinded admirer, but love a worthy object, one that can feel & return my affection. You must not ridicule me, even if you think me foolish, for there is much I could tell you and I should not if you disappointed me. Our family were all well when mother wrote.

Believe me you are affectionate Brother
O. O. H.

[Envelope]
Rowland B. Howard
Kents Hill

Readfield Me (via Augusta)