

Howard University

## Digital Howard @ Howard University

---

Correspondence

Oliver Otis Howard Collection

---

1-14-1855

### Howard, Roland (brother), 1/14/1855

O.O. Howard Collection

Follow this and additional works at: [https://dh.howard.edu/ooh\\_corr](https://dh.howard.edu/ooh_corr)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Collection, O.O. Howard, "Howard, Roland (brother), 1/14/1855" (1855). *Correspondence*. 28.  
[https://dh.howard.edu/ooh\\_corr/28](https://dh.howard.edu/ooh_corr/28)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Oliver Otis Howard Collection at Digital Howard @ Howard University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Digital Howard @ Howard University. For more information, please contact [digitalservices@howard.edu](mailto:digitalservices@howard.edu).

Give my love to Uncle Emory & Aunt Martha - paper  
I suffered most with the least risk. My love to  
all at home

Natalie's Arsenal  
Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> 1855

Dear brother

According to  
my date it is a little more than a  
year since I wrote my last letter.  
I will try hard to write 1855 -

These two young men Bogg & and  
Chunk are making so much disturbance  
that it is almost impossible to  
keep my ideas collected, but it is  
fortunate for it gives me a fine  
excuse for dulness. You may see by my  
letter to mother that I arrived safely  
and in season at Natalies. In Charles  
letter I gave an explicit account of  
my journey and of the various characters  
that I studied. This last week I have  
ventured into society: made some dozen  
calls, went to one large military ball and  
to a dancing party the next night.

A company called the Continentals gave  
a ball. Sent us invitations, and as we  
were acquainted with the Captain I  
could not well excuse ourselves Mr Bogg

and myself camp à mililaine, and went  
at about 9 o'clock on Wednesday night.  
We entered first a large hall, crowded with  
people of ~~about~~ the middling class, <sup>of downwards</sup> in ~~way~~ -  
The Hall was capacious, but filled. The seats  
surrounding the entire room were occupied by  
the females, crowded together. Squeezed in fact -  
with the superfluous ones sitting in the laps  
of those on the seats. Several companies were  
represented in full uniform - and all the Continen-  
tals. Swept as you may fancy those old  
retirans were whose names they bear. The  
Apoaches, buff-coats - and those comers that, such  
as we have seen in the band of General  
Washington at the head of his war-house in  
Hutels, Fur-rooms & Gray-shops: for you must  
know that the old General has to preside  
over every sort of Entertainment, establishment,  
that boasts of liberty and good or bad Signor.  
There were some 15 or 20 sets of Quadrilles  
on the floor all over, when we entered. The  
room was swept up in a splendid manner -  
Fur-mackets in racks, flanking the music  
flaps. The stars & stripes, hung about the  
walls, and a few in the creeps of Les petites  
filles. Mr. <sup>16</sup> Buggs & myself, stood for a time, lonely

in a big crowd. Soon however the Captain  
came to us, and gave us a welcome. He next  
formed his company in two ranks, brought  
them to an open order, and received a company  
of Troy, which marched entirely around his in  
two ranks & formed in front and facing the  
first. The Capt. introduced them. his Comp.  
gave a salute with the hand &c. and the  
show was over. Next came our turn. we  
went below, where we found some citizen  
soldiers from Albany. Here after a grave  
discussion about the manner of marching  
and forming. Buggs & myself silent in the mean-  
time, they got ready - asked us to take the  
lead we did so, went up to the Hall and  
were received by the Captain & his company  
as we had seen the first company. Now  
the dancing was resumed. Buggs & I separa-  
ted to receive introductions. I picked for the  
prettiest & most respectably looking partners in  
the room. Buggs I believe took the contrary  
course - as we soon seemed to be the leaders  
of very different evolutions. I knew a portrait  
painter of Troy, a good honest man, who with  
his wife, niece & two pretty daughters, had  
come out to see the Grand Ball. I made for

him as soon as I could. got acquainted with  
his daughters through him. danced with  
them alternately I took them both to supper.  
I danced every other dance till after four -  
I was taken twice to see the elephant, took  
cold water of course both times - poured Bagg's  
last glass, which he did not care should  
go down his throat into the spittoon after  
having made an exchange with him. giving  
him my glass of water. We left about 4 1/2  
O'clock. Bagg & myself, led home the  
Majors of West Troy one on each side of him.  
He was jolly as you please, but slipped  
up once or twice, and would have fallen  
but for his support. I had much sport,  
and looked deeper into human nature than  
I had had the opportunity for a long while.

The next night I went to a party of an  
entirely different character, of the aristocracy  
of Troy. Here I was not so free & easy, but  
I got amused & disgusted quite often. I danced  
with the pretty ones, talked sense with the  
brones, and laughed at the insipidity of the  
insipid; and came home to believe that there  
was little difference in the men of different spheres  
and less in women, except in the money that  
appeared in the one case more than in the other. My further