



Paid

Chas. B. Moods

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*Mr. William B. Moods
Newark
Ohio*

U. S. Military Academy
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Dear Brother

I was examined in Ethics to day and did splendidly. I had a subject in Logic. I did not make a single mistake in my demonstration, or miss a single question, but I did some very tall guessing. The last question that was asked me was put in such a way that either the word quantity or quality would answer it, but I had not the slightest conception which would be right. But I thought on the question just long enough to be convinced that I did not know, and then assumed a very wise look and made a guess, which happened to be right.

You will probably be very much gratified to hear that I graduated thirteen in Engineering. I was myself, for I did not expect to come out so high.

We rode last evening in the riding Hall before the Board of visitors. The Hall was perfectly crowded with spectators, the greater part being Ladies. The ride passed off without anything tragical taking place, although there was some very reckless riding.

I rode my horse Cyclaid, and we attracted a great deal of attention. One of the Board was perfectly carried

away with the way I sat and managed my horse. and
once when I hit three heads on the ground whilst popping
down the hall at a dashing rate, he became so much
excited that he ~~hollered~~ clapped his hands and hollered as
loud as he could, "Go it Woods go it Cyclops". (He had
misunderstood my horses name.) I was very much
amused. a few days ^{ago} at one of my clapsmates, who I
got to ride my horse on the plain, he got along very
well until we got to charging during the latter part of
the drill, and when Cyclops got started he would not
stop, but went tearing around the plain as hard as he
could go, whilst his rider nearly pulled his arm out
of joint trying to stop him, but to no effect; he
ran until he got tired and then ran into the squad and
stopped of his own accord. He ~~tries~~ tries to run off with
me every time I ride him but I catch him up standing
before he goes a great way.

Give my love to all our family. and
write soon

very truly your brother

Chas. M. Woods