
228 11/27/1850 *From:* Rowland [Howard]

To: Cadet O O Howard

OOH-0220

Source: Bowdoin

[Nov 27, 1850 estimated]

Dear Brother

Take me when I'm well and in good spirits and it don't make a great deal of difference what kind of a pen I have but at present being somewhat cross and nervous, I won't write a letter with such an one as I have here. So you must wait for a day or two, and reflect that your brother is very particular on the subject of his penmanship. I am at present convalescent but not well. My legs are a little unsteady and my lungs quite irritable. I have written to you twice since I have recd any from you. I left Brunswick & Portland both too quick for the mail. I shall write you in a few days if I don't miss of it and remain as ever

Your affectionate
Rowland

Cadet O O Howard

229 12/1/1850 *From:* Rowland [Howard]

To: Brother [O O Howard]

OOH-0221

Leeds

Source: Bowdoin

Leeds Dec 1st 1850

Dear Brother

I arrived home on Wednesday last after the usual disasters of being left by the hack at Yarmouth and consequently missing the train, and the carriage at Green (what wretched ink) and riding home after dark in the rain for a dollar. But I got home safe and sound bag and baggage.

Our examination passed off well. Do you know <Oler> father Cummings. Well he was so deaf he did not hear a word of the Latin, and it was so late that Mr Robinson hurried us over the Greek after the manner of Ichabod Crane when going to a spree. The poor man asked our pardons less than a hundred times, that he could not 'bring out' the vast knowledge accumulated in a single term by his wonderful scholars. We told him we were very sorry, but at the same time could hardly avoid an inward chuckle that we got off so well. My class is very small consisting of but 6 all told, but these we have strenuously tried to convince people, made up in quality what we lacked in quantity. Why! If you will believe it, I think they would compare favorably with any 6 Sub's that ever graduated at Yarmouth, either intellectually or morally. (Now hear the bombast) I wish you would take us up on the Eclogues of Virgil. I think we should sail as beautifully <fior> (wait till next page for quotations, write down here to save marring it ahem!)

'Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
'Ite domum saturae, venit Hesperus, ite capella

(which (by the way (for we have to enlighten illiterate (is that spelt right) soldiers) is the last line of the X Eclogue, which is the last one) (ahem!)) (But to resume the figure) as a mud turtle among Junco limoso.

I don't know that there has been any drinking or playing cards in the Seminary this term, and you know that is wonderful for Yarmouth. I am going to read Cicero & the Aenead at the same time next term and am in hopes to make great proficiency in both. The rest of my class have read Cicero, so it will be review for them and advance for me.

Between you and I Otis should not you feel more contented if you could have a certain pair of eyes (black I believe they are) to gaze upon now and then, and if you could bear once in a while those silvery tones, whose loving cadences send such a thrill through your frame and would it not give you ecstatic delight to clasp that sylph like form, and drink from the overflowing fountain of your first affection, but I'm verging on the poetical, but if you did not write something like this in your last letter to L__ then I'm ___ mistaken. But courage, brother, one year is a long time but there's many a longer. I am glad to hear that you are raising your head among your classmates. "Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi " and hope and trust that you will be No. 1. Mother and I are coming within <10 cts> so I will stop here. Your Brother
Rowland

231 12/1/1850 *From:* Eliza Gilmore

To: O O Howard

OOH-0223

Leeds

Source: Bowdoin

Leeds Dec 1th 1850

My Dear Son,

Last evenings mail Brought to hand a letter from West Point, and with it, our usually happy feelings. You are a good boy to write. I should answer every letter if I could, but my family is large, and very little time to myself except when I am fatigued beyond the power of writing. Phebe is gone and in her place I have a niece Martha Ann Martin, 14 years old, who came to Hallowel with the expectation of living with her grandmother [Elizabeth Otis], and being disappointed there, she came out here. I pity her, for she knows nothing about work of any kind, and makes a great deal of work for somebody to do. I think she will, or does, dislike me very much.

I do not recollect the date of my last letter to you but, I know it is a long while since I have written. I have been to Hallowel, went soon after I mailed your last letter, went Monday P.M. and returned Wednesday P.M. Found Mother quietly settled with Mrs Talpy. Your Uncle John, H_ Strickland [Henry Strickland] and families boarding at the Hallowel House. Your Aunt Ann had not arrived from Boston. A letter from Sarah was brought in just as I was coming out. I read it. She had arrived in Cambridge the day before, after a hard voyage from Eastport, by water. It being rough, she was sick all the way and said her head was dizzy when she wrote. Ann has since come to H...I and is with Mother. Sarah had not come when I last heard. Mr Sargeant did not come by the way of Leeds. I can not give any reason unless it being late before he came he had not time to spare as he went all the way in the boat.

I thought your visit to Peekskill would be a short respite from toil. You ask me to tell you what I knew of your relatives in the state of New York. Your grandmother Howard [Desire Bailey] had one Brother Rowland Bailey, a Physician who went to that state and settled. Married his wife there. I do not recollect the name of the town, not far from Peekskill. I recollect the name of two of his sons Joseph and Benjamin. The latter was at the time of the death of your father a Physician, and Apothecary in the City of New York. The former I do not remember what his business was. Two of the daughters, Patience and Sarah, are names that I recollect. Patia as your father called her was married to a lawyer in the City and left a widow in affluent circumstances as much as 12 years ago. The Mrs Knox you saw is the same. Sarah about the same time, married and went out West to Texas, I think. The younger part of the family I do not remember enough about them to say any thing of them. It is so long since I have thought any thing on the subject and never saw them. Patience Bailey a younger sister of your grandmother married a gentleman by the name Phillips. They lived in Pokepsie. Mr P... and wife are dead. They left three daughters. They were well educated. Your Uncle P... failed in business, as much as 35 years ago or more, after that he gained a livelihood I think in the Book binding business. His daughters had a house Built for the double purpose of teaching and living in it and there your father found them, at the time he passed through New York, when you were two years and half old carrying on all branches of female accomplishments, taking young ladies and wholly educating them. The youngest of them is as much as fifty years old.

I have now in the house a great deal of Pamela's writings. I have never had any convenient opportunity of showing them to you, a long correspondence between your father and her for natural improvement and amusement. Aunt Philips has not been dead more than four or five years. This is an out line of what I know about your fathers relatives. In the state of New York.

Francis Lothrop arrived a little more than two weeks since. I received your letter from him and was quite as happy in reading it as ever. Francis has been with his mother and talked some of you, of West Point, and of Rowland, and California, but my family is so large I have but little opportunity to converse with company. I hope some day to have more time at my own disposal. Francis' wife and two little daughters are at Durham. He has been there a part of the time. Give my regards to Warren when you see him. Joshua Lothrop's funeral was attended about ten days since at the meeting house.

I am sorry to hear that one of your room mates possesses just such a disposition for I think it will require quite a tact, to manage him rightly, for it cannot be your duty to help any one in your present situation enduring privations for your own advancement and I hope you will think as I do about that. None but a mean selfish

person would ask it of you, and indeed in the end is no real help to him.

I am glad you have been invited out for I think it must be a great pleasure to you to change your stone flours and Iron bedstead furniture for a family circle. Every one thinks you are doing well and I hope so too. I desire to submit to our laws or the United States laws. I hope you will still maintain your integrity and keep cool.

I am sorry to hear that you find yourself excitable for it gives one unhappy feelings, and is an evidence of body and mind over done. I hope you don't find yourself so, very often, if so do try to find a remedy. There is one way that it can be done. Draw near to God and ask his guidance. How much I desire you might have a praying heart. We are so much better fitted to meet the disappointments in life that must more or less await us. There is a pleasure in well doing the evil heart cannot ever feel. I am sorry to hear you complain of your manner of recitation. I am afraid you have in some way created an undue anxiety. Keep steady and do not be over anxious about any thing. This Mr Abbot that is so near in competition with you, being so agreeable is, calculated to make you happier than if he were of a taunting disposition.

By the way, I must say something about Portland. Your father all at once was going to P...d and I wrote a few lines to Lizzy in haste as appropriate as I was capable. He presented it to her, and Mrs Waite was so polite to him he spent all his leisure time there and slept with Perley, and came home well pleased with his visit. Lizzy does not write yet. I suppose she can write easier to New York. Maria became acquainted Miss Waite at commencement and by the way I must tell you Maria came to Hallowel to see her father and attend Louisa Grant's wedding. She is Mrs Gilmore now. Although she bears the same name I do it does not raise my vanity. Perhaps you will see her Marriage in the news papers as the Honorable Mr Gilmore is a member of Congress from Pennsylvania about 33 years old and Miss L Grant and Mrs Gilmore will pass two winters in Washington.

Your Uncle John has been out to see the boys. He talked about you. He said he had expected you to have written ere this to him but had not received any letter. Maria wrote me a letter after the wedding and party. She was delighted with the party. There was two hundred at the party which took place one hour after the ceremony was performed. Maria did not attend at the marriage ceremony. Maria came into Portland and stopt all night with Lizzy Waite.

I must stop for want of room. So good night
Eliza Gilmore

O.O. Howard

230 12/1/1850 *From:* Oliver O Howard

To: Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

OOH-0222

West Point

Source: Bowdoin

West Point, Dec 1st 1850

Dear Mother,

Another Sabbath has opened upon us, and a delightful day it is, here in New York. The air is cool and bracing, but not too cold. We have not yet had any snow, nor any thing that would give the idea that winter was so near. Tomorrow is the day upon which many a poor school master will commence his labors. I can't help thinking how pleasant it would be to look in upon one of my old schools tomorrow, and view the many happy faces, upon which will appear that mingled expression of joy, expectation & respect, which almost makes you love the wearers & swells your own self-esteem.

No one writes to me. What can be the cause? Rowland always had been quick to reply to my letters; but for some reason or other I have not had a word from him for many weeks. Even Peleg, who is always ready to write has not answered my letter. I go to the Post Office every day. I am almost afraid to ask for a letter for fear I shall be disappointed, and when I do ask I am sure to be. No matter, what may happen, good or bad, do write, if you can, for suspense is the worst of torments.

I am prospering very well, taking about the third stand in my class. This rank I hope to maintain if I am not able to rise higher. I had no demerit recorded when I looked the other day. I expected, however, that I should have at least one or two marks. I suppose you receive an Account every month. I was mistaken when I told you that you would also receive the marks which show my rank in my class in studies. Only one month more must pass before the January examination, when those who are to stay will receive their "Warrants of Cadets". I sometimes envy those who are to go ("to be found" as we say), for they can go home. But you know, I promised myself to get a good start in some profitable business, before I saw Maine again. If I should be found deficient in my studies, at the January examination I did not believe that there would be any danger there. Now I am certain that 86 out of 90 will have to go if I do, unless sickness should come upon me. Even then, they would never "find" a man from the 1st section.

Warren came to see me last evening & stayed a few moments. He is in good health & spirits. Uncle Ward wrote me a letter the other day requesting me to visit him next Christmas (which is a holyday with us) if I could get permission. He is going to write to Capt Brewerton, Superintendent of the Post & ask his permission to let me visit him. I presume the stern old gentleman will not refuse.

When you write you must say as much as you know about Aunt Lucretia's family, Aunt Aurelia's & Uncle Stilman's &c &c, so that I may have something of interest to tell my Uncle & cousins on Christmas.

I have been thinking that I am accustomed to tell you my plans, without asking your opinion in the least. What do you think of my being here any way? How are you pleased with my condition & prospects in every point of view. An appointment to a Cadetship at West Point is something that is sighed after, & sought for in every way & by every means, from one extremity of the country to the other. A young man thinks "surely honor, happiness & knowledge are in store for me if I can once become a Cadet. The road is open & straight; the journey sure & easy." The poor fellow is very soon undeceived as soon as he is fairly esconsed among this honored Corps. As our Chaplain says, there is more prose than poetry in the beginning & throughout the whole course of a soldier's life.

There is no doubt after all, though, if I wish it, of my getting assigned to West Point as Teacher should I graduate high. But we will not anticipate. Suffice it to say that I have the advantage of the severest mental discipline, and this will fully compensate for all the little & foolish perplexities & <troubles> to which I am necessarily subjected. How foolish ever to complain! For there is no place in the wide world where a man cannot, if he chooses, be contented & comparatively cheerful, if he has the right spirit within him. On the contrary ambitious restlessness will make any man unhappy. Happiness is not inherent in the place, but in the man.

Give my love to father. How is his health, his spirits & his treasury department. Give my love to Charlie, Dellie,

&, in short, to all. I shall try to write to Laura Howard this afternoon. Make Rowland write to me as soon as he comes home. Tell me who is to teach in our Dist. Or let Charles & remember to write as often as you can to
Your affectionate Son
Oliver O. Howard

232 12/8/1850 *From:* O O Howard

To: Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

OOH-0224

West Point N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

West Point N.Y. Dec 8th 1850

Dear Mother

It gave me much pleasure to receive your double letter, especially after waiting so long after going to the Post Office day after day & meeting with that same ominous shake of the head from the young man who deals out the letters. I began to feel much anxiety to expect bad news. I thought some of the family might be sick & that you purposely kept it from me. And I was glad, indeed, to be disappointed in my surmises.

I shall have to tell you frankly, that I shall not stand at the head of my class, but you need not fear, that I shall not do my best. I have not done so well as I should have done had I retained at all times a little more self-possession. My want of coolness was not owing to want of health or to over anxiety, but in part to an excitable nature, & more to my being out of my sphere of action. No person can come here without feeling comparatively foolish and awkward for a while. A person who can stand No 1, must have talent, tack, ingenuity, coolness & a strong constitution. Could I have known as many in the first section did know, two years ago, that I were coming here, my mathematical education would have been different. But it is of no use to look back, but to take things as they are & make the best of them, is the right way to get along in this world.

I shall not fill my letters up hereafter with my temporary disappointments with my little ups & downs. You know that the man who forms the habit of complaining is always full of ailments. It is not that I do not have confidence in my mother, but that an affectionate parent always magnifies every little complaint of her son, especially if it written. To avoid giving an erroneous impression I always write when I feel in a mode. When I am irritable, it is sure to appear in the tone of my letters.

Neither you nor Rowland said anything about Charlie, or Rodelphus in your last letter. It seems a long, long time before I shall see either of my brothers again. And I cannot realize that I never shall be with them again any length of time. When this prospect ever presents itself to my mind I immediately bar myself against it. I do not allow myself to reflect upon the relation in which I stand to any of the friends that I have left, except with the pen in my hand. Were I to do so I should be homesick nearly all the time. I can tell you that it requires considerable resolution to voluntarily to deny oneself all the privileges & little kindnesses that are had at the hands of affection, for mere chimeras, for the mere shadows around which ambition throws a life like appearance.

After Uncle gave me the offer of an appointment to this delightful place, I sat down to think. I felt certain that by industry and frugality. I might gain a livelihood, or perchance by some good fortune become wealthy & live in comparative ease & affluence. But my ideas had become altogether too lofty to be satisfied with moderate things. So coming to the quick conclusion to be "something or nothing" to sacrifice ease to ambition I decided to accept the appointment. It remains yet to be determined whether I took the wisest course.

As I said it, however advantageous it may be in the end, it seems at least hard to be kept so entirely separated from my home & my brothers. Hence I wish you to write as often as you can, and keep me informed of every thing, of Charles, his progress & his intentions for the future, as he grows older & begins to think for himself. I expect to find him at the end of two years much changed, and as is natural, much improved. But above all things I hope he will strengthen his constitution. This educating the intellect at the expense of health & comfort is wretched policy. And Dellie too, I shall expect to find a bright, active intelligent boy, when I see him again. Tell him that he must strive to learn all he can, for the more knowledge he now gets, the more will he rejoice by & by. Tell Charlie, to describe his school to me, tell me who teaches it, what he is studying and what proficiency he is making &c &c.

The burning of the Insane Hospital presents a sad & gloomy picture. Though it may be a providential blessing to many an afflicted creature & a relief from suffering, yet nothing seems more horrid than the death that many of those poor wretches met. I have not seen a full account of it, yet I perceive, every time I get a glance at the papers that the fugitive slave law has kindled much excitement at the North. Abolitionism in whatever form it appears is decried hot & heavy by the New York papers. What is father's opinion on this all-engrossing

subject. No political excitement ever gets within this secluded prison. If you can I should like to have you send me a paper now & then.

[See note 1:] Got out of paper yesterday; so you must excuse this slip.

Give my love to all the family. My love to my cousin Martha Ann. I never saw her, but her sister Lydia & I were <best> cronies. Does she look like Lydia? You must try to make her contented with you, for the poor girl has no mother and I presume no home. Has any one heard from Addison of late?

Arza Gilmore, you wrote me, was sick <&> with you. Has he recovered? I am glad father stopped by Mrs Waites while in Portland, for it gives Mrs Waite much pleasure to have my friends call on her. As for Lizzie, perhaps she had as lief see me as my friends. <That> we will leave to her to say. I should like to see her at any rate.

Tell Rowland, that he hasn't got anything better to do than to write me letters this vacation. If he goes to Wayne he must give my respects to Mr Samson's little family & all my friends there. I went to make Warren a call yesterday, but found him gone to New York. <When I> <said> that I crossed over to Stony Point, I meant to Cold Springs, when I went to Peekskill. I expect now to be able to get leave of absence on next Christmas, and <> Uncle Ward, but it is uncertain whether Capt. <Brewerton>, the Superintendent of the Post, will grant it or not <>.

Yesterday we had a rain storm. In the night <> cleared away, and is now as cold as it well can be <> expect we shall suffer somewhat with the cold <> winter, especially those of us who cannot get a <> coat till January. Remember me to Uncle's little <>. I suppose they are now going to school. I wrote <> to Uncle & mailed it yesterday for Washington. You <> say that he had gone back to Congress, but <> that he had. Write as often as you can. Ask <Rowland> what has become of Mr Jewett, for I have not <> him for a long time. Probably he will spend <> vacation in Brunswick.

Good night, yr <affectionate son>
Oliver O. Howard

[Note 1: From here to the closure, this was attached to another partial letter beginning "Have you learned how Aunt Martha Jane...". The attachment was glued and made the seam unreadable.]

233 12/9/1850 *From:* R B Howard

To: Cadet O O Howard

OOH-0225

South Leeds Me

West Point New York

Source: Bowdoin

Leeds Dec 9th 1850

Dear Brother

This is about the coldest morning we have had this winter. Thermometer but 15 above zero. I suppose in New York it is as bland as an indian summer, which season by the way, has been uncommonly long, the last autumn.

Mother is watching Charles doing chores and the rest of the boys sliding down hill. We have had but about 3 inches of snow as yet but it has rained upon it and frozen so that it is excellent sleighing. I went to meeting yesterday, but found very few there on account of the stormy weather. Mr Barrows is as dull and prosy as usual and had I known that the chicken I was anticipating for dinner was an old hen, and tougher than tripe, I should have yielded to inclination and gone to sleep. As it was, I kept my eye on the ministers mouth and if you remember its form and contortions, you will have no doubt I was sufficiently interested to keep awake.

I saw Laura Unkle Ensign John &c which means Martha Martin who is boarding there. Father has got rid of her by hiring her board at Johns. I think that Mr Martin has developed new, and to those concerned, interesting phases in his character by the course he has pursued towards his children. He stands convicted in the minds of his relatives of being a miser, or an avaricious thief, but I am in hopes that the denoument will be more favorable to his character. As it is he seems to have exercised the greatest injustice towards his children by trying to appropriate their property.

The Insane Hospital <(what a looking I that is)> was burned to the ground on Tuesday night, or rather on Wednesday morning. I suppose the account of the fire has reached you through the papers. It is certainly the greatest loss of property that the state ever experienced. The cost of the building alone was \$250,000. But this is not the worst of it. About 23 miserable wretches perished in the flames. It was a horrid night. The patients refused to leave burning pile, and the only way they were saved was by their keepers, rushing in and dragging them out. Those that came out <'sun spoute'> were naked howling about the streets or rolling in the cold snow. There are about 40 missing quite a number are now confined in jail. I believe there was but one sane man that perished, a keeper, by the name of Jones. He entered the burning building once to much, for he was never seen afterwards. So much for the Insane Hospital.

I am glad that you are going to spend Christmas with Unkle Wards family. A hope you will have a good time. I saw Seth Howard at meeting yesterday. His folks are well except Mary who has been sick so long she is very low. I saw Aunt Aurelia the other day. She was well and was blessed with another granddaughter. I have not seen Aunt Lucretia or her family since I have been at home, but presume if they were not prospering I should have heard of it. Mother will write again as soon as she can.

As I return to Yarmouth on Wednesday, you will direct your next letter there. I have had quite a pleasant vacation, although, like some of yours, rather dull. It has been so poor traveling that I have not been away from home much. I believe the Androscoggin Railroad Company prospers very well (except on paper). The track is to be laid by next September. The iron is already shipped from England. I am at present writing in the railroad office (our parlor) on the railroad desk (our table) by the side of the treasurer (our father) within a short distance of the treasury (his pocket). And yet strange as it may seem I am not overcome by this August presence, but you know I am naturally bold.

Give my respects to Unkle Ward folks, tell them I am rather a smart boy was 16 in October tremendous lazy, going to college next fall if I can get in (rather doubtful) and that I sympathize with my <young> brother. Write me at Yarmouth.

Your Brother
R.B. Howard
South Leeds Maine

Cadet O O Howard

West Point New York

234 12/10/1850 *From:* Uncle Ensign Otis

To: O.O. Howard, Cadet

OOH-0226

Leeds

West Point N. York

Source: Bowdoin

Leeds Decm 10th 1850

Dear Nephew

Laury is too much engaged with her needle to write to you this evening. I very cheerfully accepted the proposal from her seconded by your aunt to write. A letter by me is soon dispatched unless on important business or for sage advise to change the purpose or guard some friend against danger from some habit, passion or predisposition. You will perceive that this is not of that character.

I can conceive of the difference between your mode of enjoyments and ours, of your duties, & privations & ours. You are I trust training yourself for more extended influence & usefulness. To attain it you must be in advance of those with whom you are associated in business both in moral, intellectual & often in physical attainments. You may find many who excel in one but few who are above mediocrity in all.

The first so to speak is a domestic or at home exercise, yet if deep & as we say well founded it will be discovered in all the developments of intellect and all men of whatever grade pay it a secret homage wherever intellectual acquirements are applauded & physical admired but when united with superior moral attainments the individual is respected & praised without an if or a but, or any disjunctive word or phrase. The coming age will make it their idol as intellect is in the present & physical was in the past. God has given us a standard of probability every age determines the standard of mental & physical acquirements but to develop them we must be familiar with all the mediums & acquire a habit of use.

In reading your letter I was led to inquire have you a reading room? Do you get the common news of the day? Do you get papers from Maine? If yea you have sympathized with us in the loss of the Insane Hospital. The loss of so many lives & the miserable conditions of many others who cannot be made comfortable.

This winter, altho 10 days of winter has past, it was but yesterday it put on its dress. & that rather peculiar a mixture of snow, hail & rain. To day all horses & sleighs are in motion & their movements are unusually rapid. Our ponds & rivers look like summer & the ground scarcely frozen. Apples &c have not yet been transferred to the cellar. Governor Hubbard seemed to anticipate the season by appointing thanksgiving the 19th, not connecting it closely with Christmas & New Years. J.H. & Helen are planing to spend next week at China & if good sleighing remains. J.H. has been absent mostly for two or more months on the R. Road survey. The last month between Jay & Farmington they are now making estimates. We expect to get out a report in a few weeks. I will send you one which will give all the information about our R Road affairs. It has required some effort to keep our people up to this work but it was necessary for their good.

Elder Barrows presides in the school house where you led them last winter. Dr. Lord left since to spend the winter at Philidelphia. Thomas B. is away, two of our often callers & I fear Laury will be a little lonesome.

Altho we paid R.Road Company in abundance our <> is much longer than last winter. <> at Farmington, &c &c are looking into offering, <> some from Boston & N. York.

Roland B. is at home will return to N Yarmouth in a few days. Vaughan goes with him.

I was at Hallowell a few days before your uncle John left for Washington. I suppose your uncle Henry and family are now in Portland. Mother & Ann were pleasantly situated &c even this I suppose Sarah Lee is with them. Your father's business is rapidly increasing. He may be compelled to employ a clerk next season. Should I get this R Road business off of my hands in good I hope and my health and vigour be continued to me. I now think I shall see West Point, Peekskill and other places in that vicinity. The scenery in & about the highlands once interested me much. Many men and families I have ever since remembered with great satisfaction. I hope and trust they will become interestng to you and as they were to me, places for retirement meditation and relaxation, or change from the closer and more arduous and even tedious duty.

We are spending the time somewhat as we did last winter. Laury laughs quite as harty although she has

recently mourned ye a grieved for the death of her uncle at Philadelphia. Helen sings quite as much & little Oliver has greatly improved. He is now as inquisitive & listens with as much interest as any child I ever saw. He gets more than an hour each day of his <grandsing> time and talk. Since last evening have twice had to give him an account of you. We shall suppose you with your uncle Ward Christmas eve. We all enjoy excellent health & relish a good dinner of beef steak L. white chickens or John's turkey. No sickness or accidents among our friends or acquaintances that I now recall it. I spent Saturday at your house. They are <>. Roland Alger home <>. Mrs. Lothrop and family well said <> at meeting Sunday.

Your Aunt Lucretia & Family Will Clark left last week for Mass. Everett B's wife [Everett & Sally Bridgham] has favored him with a little addition to his family. Roland B has called two or three times since he returned, is getting quite tall, a little stooping & <suithed> getting on a little reserve a sort of melancholy pensive look & a little of the bilious. Charley is as demure as ever & grows finely. All now seems fair and pleasant but sudden squalls & even storms in our social & temporal affairs are as common as in the atmosphere but he that has the grace of faith will have that of resignation & be greatly protected from the affects.

Your Uncle Ensign Otis

[Envelope]

Leeds Dec 10

O.O. Howard, Cadet

West Point N. York

235 12/12/1850 *From:* John Otis

To: Cadet Oliver Otis Howard

OOH-0227

Washington

West Point

Source: Bowdoin

Washington Dec 12 1850

My dear Nephew

I was glad to hear from you by your letter, and to learn that you are getting along in your new position with credit to yourself. You possess advantages in having had a previous liberal education, and habits of mental discipline however imperfect that I presume few in your class have. This advantage I trust you will use to the best advantage.

Otis only in high advancement and high standing that an education at West Point is so very desirable. A mediocrity only gives him an appointment in one of the Infantry Regiments. Then to wait for the regular promotion by the service of years or by the accidental death of those preceding him. & every new class will make the advance more slow till it will take a long life time to get promoted to the second or third place in a Regiment.

I heard from you by Mr Sawtell who was at West Point to see his son. He said the adjutant, Mr Williams, who is from Augusta, & the son of Judge Williams, a friend of mine, informed him that you stood high in the class. As one from Maine he will be disposed to be friendly to you & will feel proud in your obtaining a high standing.

I looked over the return of conduct & found you were amongst nine who had no black mark against your name. This is well, very well. The return of the standing of the class will not be made till the first of January, & then I shall hope to see your name amongst the five first in the class.

I received a line from Rowland Bailey this morning. Vaughan is going with him to N. Yarmouth to school. I will when I think of it send you some newspapers. It will give me pleasure to hear from you.

Very sincerely your friend
John Otis

Cadet Oliver Otis Howard
West Point

236 12/13/1850 *From:* J. N. Jewett

To: Friend [O.O.] Howard

OOH-0228

Yarmouth

Source: Bowdoin

Yarmouth Dec. 13. 1850

Friend Howard

I must up to some diltoriness in answering your last letter which I received since 3 or 4 weeks ago. But in the mean time I have been very busy, I assure you. It was near the close of my fall term which you know is always a busy season with Teachers. Especially when they have an examination as we did from which we wished to derive some credit to ourselves. Then after that was over vacation came on of course & what a vacation is for letter writing you are well aware. A fellow feels just as though he "didn't care whether school kept or not", at least so I felt and acted - for I was lazy enough. I went down to Pittston to see "old Jack" & gave an address before his school which was something, for I had to write a part of it after I left Yarmouth. This & reading a little in Shakespeare was the account of my labor for two weeks in the Daytime. How I set up "o' nights" & studied & talked & read & planned is known to but few & it is hardly worth while that even I should make it a matter of boasting. I was always diffident upon such points.

Well vacation is now over & I am beginning to settle down into the realities of things again. The <facing> region in which I have been living is vanishing & will soon live only in the remembrance of the past though the beings that peopled it I hope will still continue to grace this terrestrial globe for long years to come. In fact, Howard, I have had a first rate time during my vacation & this makes the confinement of the school room & the Commons rather borous. But such are the charms & changes of fortune. To day we are reclining on beds of roses, snuffing the fragrance, distilled from the first flowers of fancy, tomorrow thrust out upon the wide & cheerless world, obliged to buffet the opposition of winds & waves with scarce a friend to encourage or support us.

But enough of <moralizing>. The "<>" of the world I know how to appreciate or if I did not I should soon learn. Some run to look out for them. I'll join my view to the universal discard, though not, I hope, to increase it, when the proper opportunity is presented.

Jackson has been getting along very well this fall & winter he had a school of about 80 scholars & continues at East Pittston during the winter & probably during the year. Adams is in Brunswick, working at his trade. He is attempting to tend <School> but has not done much at it yet. Everett was away & I did not see him. Perley you have perhaps heard from since I have. His school closes next Wednesday I think. Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Dec 19. I shall probably see him then. Townsend wrote me a few weeks since. He was about as usual "fine & lazy" as ever. The world will go well with him whichever side is <[hole]>. And now I have told you of all the classmates I have heard from & how are you flourishing? Really I would like to give you a call & think I may next fall on my way out west if nothing special prevents. How I would enjoy a call from you & time to talk over old Times. But it cannot be at present.

Your brother R.B. & cousin B. V. Otis are here this Term. They are well & doing well. R. is a smart scholar I assure you. We have but just commenced yet & have at present only 26 scholars. This number we hope & expect to increase to 40 or 50.

And now here's wishing you prosperity & happiness during the winter campaign & a pleasant service through your course. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient.

Truly yr Friend &c
J. N. Jewett

237 12/17/1850 *From:* Eliza Gilmore

To: O.O. Howard

OOH-0229

Leeds

Source: Bowdoin

Leeds, Dec 17th 1850

My dear Son,

Yours of the 8th came to hand Sat eve--g (as always is the case) was read with great pleasure. I shall not attempt to answer it, but try to give you some idea what has passed with us in one week. Last Wednesday R.B.H. left home for his school at Yarmouth taking Vaughn with him. Your father went to Green with him. Your Mother who had managed to leave every work undone to fit up R's and V's little affairs Set herself to regulating her house in washing, baking &c (her only help being Nancy <Manwel> Phebe's sister, who is feeble. She washes dishes, sets the table, mends clothes and makes some &c) in that way got nicely clean'd up by Saturday morn.

One fact I have left out in this eventful week. We received a letter from Addison Martin telling us Rowland A Gilmore was on the way home, and we saw by Tuesday evening's paper that the steamer had arrived in New York city Saturday about eleven in the morning. Who should come in but Rowland A Gilmore looking just as he always did when he lived at home and came into the house. You cannot think what impulsive feelings it gave me. Arza was in New York when Rowland came in. He came in the Georgia saturday morn_g.

Arza left Wayne Wednesday quite comfortable but the journey was to much for him. He returned in a worse state than when he came home before. Arza has not stopt with us but very little this fall. Only to rest on the way from Green to Wayne. He was in a bad state all the time he was in the city. He was not able to go to the boat, when it came in and those who came to the house where he was knew nothing of Roland and R was in the city until Monday morn--g before he saw Arza and then by accidend. Roland with one of his companions in toil and hardship, were going the depot to go to Philidelphia to carry their chest when he saw Arza walking on before him. He hailed him in one of his old Phrases, "hold on there". Arza knew his voice.

We sent for Lavernia who was at her fathers Saturday evening. She came with a little babe six weeks old [Arza Gilmore Jr, b Jan 22, 1850]. A son she has never brought him here before. Arza suffered beyond accountable here. Yesterday his father and Roland conveyed him and his wife and child to Wayne again. Rowland A is very free to converse on what he has pass'd through and seen, his hair breadth escapes. He regrets very much he did not go to West Point, but says Arza did not tell him you was at W.P. until after he left the City, say Arza did not know anything accept Rhumatism and bees. He waited in the City two days for Arza in which time he could have visited you with less expence than staying there.

Addison's letter I shall enclose to you. The part he wrote of it, which he wrote me, Martha his sister is boarding at John Otis' attends that school. Elder Barrows teaches in that district. I wish to be kind to her but she trys my patience beyond account. She is a great heedless girl. I wish she was better off than with me. I hope I shall feel different towards her from what I did when she went away. To see such a great lump of laziness before me and knowing it to be my duty to make an effort to benefit her almost crazy'd me. She will not exert herself any but keep telling her wants. I am wholly incapable of doing justice to her.

I have no news to write in particular. Charley and Dellie and John attend school, we have a good school Benson Caswell teaches. I hope you get along well. I shall write again soon. When I hear R. relate his sufferings I think of you. I hope you will not suffer with the cold. Wear all the drawers and under shirts you can get. Have your shoes large and were two pairs of stockings. O! How much your good is at my heart, but you must act from your own judgment.

In haste your mother
Eliza Gilmore.

O.O. Howard

238 12/20/1850 *From:* Oliver O Howard

To: Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

OOH-0230

West Point N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

West Point N.Y. Dec 20. 1850

Dear Mother

I have just this moment received your letter and am happy to find that Roland has really arrived alive, safe & sound. The name of Gilmore was among the names of those who came in the Steamer I saw by the papers. I presumed that it was he as the name of Capt. Bodfish (I believe) was in the same list. I regret very much that Arza should have been so forgetful. I presume that the pleasure of seeing his brother, coupled with his painful emotions rather perplexed him at the time. Nothing indeed, could have given me more joy than to have had Roland come to see me & spend a few hours with me. I wished at least to scold him for not answering those long letters I wrote him while he was gone. I am glad he has got home. I would shake him quite to pieces if I could get hold of him. I am sorry that you did not write any thing of Elias Lothrop, for Warren is very anxious on his account since Francis left him in such a low state of health.

My health is good excepting a horrid toothache. I cannot well make up my mind to loose another of my double teeth, but I presume I shall be obliged to sacrifice either my tooth or my comfort.

I applied to Capt Brewerton the other day for leave of absence for Christmas. He made no objections & therefore I presume he will let me go. Uncle Ward wrote him a note requesting that I might visit himself and his sick son. I anticipate much pleasure & recreation on Christmas, for one day's freedom is to be regarded as of some amount in this place. I am now doing very well in my studies - am obliged to study a little harder as we approach coming January examination. This season like every other will soon be over.

Uncle John Otis wrote me a letter that I rec'd the other day. He said that everything depended upon my standing high, that I had no demerit recorded against me, that the adjutant here, Brevet Capt. Williams of Augusta (Judge Williams son) said that I was doing well. I had seen this Capt. Williams, but was not aware that he was from Maine, or that he knew anything of me. I expect to stand amongst the first five in my class. If I find that I cannot: then, certainly, West Point will not keep me many years.

Uncle Ensign too has written me a good long epistle, for which I feel really grateful to him. Mr. Jewett informed me in his letter that Vaughan and Rowland were at Yarmouth. I want to hear how Roland Alger liked the far famed land of California. How cheerful home must seem to him. Ask him how soon he will be willing to leave it again to go in search of gold? Not very soon methinks. We had our first snow storm yesterday. This makes it look very much like winter. But all the beauty of the winter is lost to one who cannot take a single sleigh ride. I have heard one (pair) or set (string is better) of bells and seen one sleigh. This was enough to revive in my memory many old ties of "rides, tipovers, and breakdowns", enough of which it was always my good fortune to enjoy. Perhaps Laura can tell better than I of our mutual accidents, of the "futility" that seemed to attend every ride we took in company.

Warren Lothrop said that he saw Arza in N. York when he was there last. I hope really Arza is not going to lose his health entirely. He is perhaps over anxious about his business; I should suppose that he had been engaged long enough with Gid Lane, to be able by this time to put best face upon every thing. I go regularly every Saturday afternoon and make Warren a call. His Barracks are about a half mile from mine. Where he lives is off limits, but there is scarcely ever an officer there, I can go Saturday afternoons with perfect impunity. You perhaps know that we cannot visit officers or soldiers quarters or any public or private house on the Point without especial permission from the Superintendent. Among the Cadets it is thought almost degrading to speak to an enlisted man much more to be intimate with him. This is the foolish pride of rank. This universal spirit has some influence upon me, as ridicule always cuts me with a keen edge. But I always laugh at rank. I visit Warren and he comes to see me. Some fools stare and whisper, but "its all right". They say his Captain likes him much. You can't imagine how much I sometimes long to be at home. Generally, however, as soon as I find I am growing homesick I plunge more deeply into my studies, or commence writing letters. Two years will very soon pass away & again, if I am alive & well, the home which is now so familiar to my conceptions will again find me its inmate. Next June will come soonest, when I shall expect to see you here. I have written this letter much after the fashion of a child, who has just gone from home for the first time. But as my thoughts have

become crowded and disconnected, so is my letter. You need not fear for my comfort, for Uncle Sam is a very fair provider. He thinks of giving me a great coat as soon as I am fairly out of debt. I believe I am out of debt already. My uniform, bedding & furniture involved me somewhat at first.

You can't think how prudent we all are for the sake of having plenty of money in the pocket on furlow. Some Cadets save over 100.00 dollars & spend it all on furlow. All I wish is enough to go home with & get back with.

The next letter I write I shall give you a history of my Christmas adventures. They have queer times here on that day. I suppose Rowland Bailey did not see Roland when on his way home(?) Tell the latter he must either write me himself or tell you some of his long stories which you can transfer to me.

I study till ½ past 9 in the evening and get up at five in the morning & review my lesson again before "reveillee", which is now at 6. Breakfast is at seven.

Give my love to all and write as soon as you can. I see that Addison knew of my appointment. When I can get time I shall write him a letter. I should judge from the tone of Addison's letter that he intends to make California his permanent home.

I don't think, mother, more than you, that it is your duty to take & befriend all your lazy relatives. If Martha Ann was a bright, smart, girl she would be a companion for you as well as a great help to you. But as she does not appear to have the proper disposition, she would be but a burden.

[See Note 1]

Have you learned how Aunt Martha Jane is suited with city-life? I wrote Uncle Henry a letter the other day in compliance with Aunt Martha's request, which she made of me when I was at Hallowell. I have not heard from Peleg lately; perhaps it is his vacation.

Almost every day some young man, who expects to be "found deficient" the coming January, comes to <me> for "citizens clothes". I have'nt yet parted with the < right edge covered up> suit, that I wore when I came on; & shall not unless I <> get a pretty good price. I undertook once to <> my under shirt; but this made my uniform coat <> so tight, that I was colder than before. I am <> well versed in cold weather as you very well <know>.

My uniform coat is lined but not wadded. It <> very good service as it buttons up so snug. I wear <> vest. I would give more for a good solid pair of boots <> than for any other article of protection.

Uncle Ensign said that Rowland B was growing <tall> and that he stooped a little. I am sorry for the <latter> for there is nothing that injures the appearance of a <> man & nothing worse for his constitution than this <>ing the lungs into a small compass by not keeping <> the shoulders in their proper place. Tell Charlie <> keep up straight. How is Charles getting along with <> his studies - the best scholar in his school? And <> wide awake little man Dellie - is not he too to be <> good scholar? When I graduate from this place Charles <> will be a young man. It does not take long for a little boy to become a man, in stature; but much time & much experience are required to mature the mind. I have been industrious, but I am yet but a child in intellect. Of what avail do you suppose all my studying is to be? Could I acquire all the knowledge of a Macaulay it would not add one tittle to my happiness. But such is man. Just let ambition once enter his heart & take up its abode, and his life will be a restless strife after something he can hardly tell what. So far, however, as Ambition leads him to develop the powers of intellect, which the God of nature has given him for cultivation, so far it leads in the right track. With me the eye of hope penetrates the distant future, and marks in fancy, a happy quiet place, where I can enjoy domestic ease & prosperity & where, surrounded with warm friends, I can live a contented life. How foolish such dreams, when a man has once launched his bark upon the sea of ambition, he will never rest till disappointed hopes have driven him, broken & shattered, into a quiet harbor. His happiness must consist in reaping the fruits of his ambitious efforts.

Mother, I have been talking as though to myself. What I should have said & that briefly is that I might in the end have been as contented & happy as an industrious farmer; but that the channel of my life is now turned in another direction & that quiet & retirement could not now afford that contentment.

Remember me again to all. Don't puzzle yourself too much with the half-mysterious nonsense that you may now & then find in my letters. Good night.

Your affectionate Son
Otis

[Note 1: May 1851 was written in pencil at the top of the partial letter that started here and went to the closing. But this is probably the missing page at the end of 12/20/1850]

239 12/23/1850 *From:* F T Sargent

To: Oliver O Howard Esq
Cadet

OOH-0232

39 South St.
New York

West Point

Source: Bowdoin

New York Dec 23 1850

Dear Otis

Are you still in the land of the living or have you long since taken your departure for another and brighter world where you are so happy that you have forgotten all that you ever knew of us poor mortals, or is your time so much employed that you cannot devote a few minutes to any save one? If this last be so, then I forgive you this long silence, for there is a pleasure in such correspondence that seldom attaches itself to any other, but seriously my dear fellow why have you not written to me? Did you not receive my letter written a few days after I receive your kind one? Or was it not worth replying to? I recollect now that it was written in great haste, and when my thoughts were confused, for I I was then very much engaged but I cannot attribute it to anything of this kind, and am quite at a loss, but think I shall know soon.

Months have passed since you were here, yet I have but few changes to note or few complaints to make. A kind providence has watched over me and mine and blessed us with comparative health, and we have no cause to complain. Epes & Silas [Epes Sargent & Silas Lee] are about the Same as when you left them, pretty steady for boys of their ages, but I am afraid they don't spend their time as profitably as they might. They will be <> if they live to grow older. They are still boarding at the Pearl Street House.

In October I made my visit East, and of course enjoyed it exceedingly. I found Sarah [Lee] in Hallowell, remained there three or four days and then we started again for Boston on our way to Machias where we went to visit my brothers. We remained in Boston two to three days, heard that sweet songstress "Jenny Lind", and then took the boat for Eastport. Sarah was quite sick but soon got over it after she landed. We went to Machias and there remained for two weeks. Had a happy time and enjoyed it much. We came from there back to Boston or rather to Portland and took the cars from there to Boston. Sarah was very sick returning, which is the reason we did not keep on in the Boat. If we had had time it would have given us much pleasure to wait upon Miss Waite, but as my furlough was fully up I was obliged to keep on and only remained with Sarah two hours in Boston. I was very sorry to leave her, but could not avoid it.

There is no use for me to attempt to tell you what a delightful time I had of it, but you can easily imagine, for you have been just as happy no doubt, as I was. My stay at Hallowell, though short was very pleasant, and I much regretted that I could not go out and see your mother and the rest of Sarah's friends in that vicinity. I stopped with Mr Strickland, and was very kindly treated by them all. Mrs L is a charming woman, your Grandmother seemed as smart as when I was there three years ago. I saw Henry Wingate & his wife. She had an infant of a few weeks, - spent one evening with Mary Richardson. She seems about the same as when I first knew her. She's very pleasant. I don't know that I can tell you anything more of Hallowell that will interest you. Henry Strickland has moved to Portland and commenced business there. They board for the present at the US Hotel. When do you expect to see your friends from Portland? I am sure you must want to, and I wish for your sake that it might be very soon, but presume not before next Summer. 'Tis hard to separate ourselves so long from those we love, but there is a great deal of pleasure in receiving a nice long letter every little while, and nearly as much in writing. I enjoy both.

How (to change the subject) do you get along with your studies. Is it cold work drilling this weather with white cotton gloves on or don't you have much of that to do now?

I wish you a merry christmas, and if I were not engaged to go a little beyond your place to Chemung I would come and see you. Do the cars stop on their way down? I shall return Thursday [27th] in the morning train and should be glad to see you and William Webb at the cars.

How cold it has been here today, and how the wind did blow yesterday & last night. Why! It was almost dangerous for a man to venture out when the wind could get a fair swipe at him. We have had no snow here yet. Ergo, no sleighing, but what if we had? Where is the pleasure in sleigh riding when there is nobody near that you care to take as a companion? I always found a pleasant female companion a large contributor to a

pleasant ride. This reminds me of the many grand times I have had in this way. I could say "come again bright day", but when will it come? Here I am pent up within the walls of a great city, the same river greets my eyes from day to day, the same buzy hum, and deafning roar of business greets my ear, but the pure sweet air of heaven gets contaminated e'er it reaches us. I would much rather live in the country on many accounts than in the city, but I am very well situated here, and hardly think I shall leave for any consideration at present.

Wednesday Morning 25th. I do not leave this morning as I intended to, for Chemung as I understand last night that the Rail Road was out of order, and concluded not to go. I shall remain at home all day, and do nothing particular more than on other days, although it is quite a hollyday.

Shall be glad to hear from you when you can find time to write and am

Very truly
Your friend
F T Sargent
39 South St.

Oliver O Howard Esq
Cadet
West Point

240 12/29/1850 *From:* Charles [Howard]

To: O. O. Howard

OOH-0233a

S. Leeds

Source: Bowdoin

S Leeds Dec 29 1850

O. O. Howard

Dear Brother Otis

I will try to answer to your request for me to write you, but I do not boast that it will be done very elegantly. You wished for me to tell you concerning our school. We have a good school it is taught by one of the most popular men we have in the town. He is one of the select men and our representative to the legislature. His name is Benson Caswell. My studies are Geography, Grammar & Arithmetic. I study two arithmetics, Greenliefs and Colburns. I suppose you are acquainted with the latter as it is your old one that I am studying. Why I studied it was because would give me a better idea of fractions.

I see by your letter, that you are glad as well as all of the rest of us that Roland has got home. He is the same old fellow that he was when he went away, only a little more gentlemanly. He don't seem to be afraid of any body now, but he is Roland after all.

We had a very severe storm here last Monday & Tuesday that filled the roads all up and the wind blew the snow up on great drifts before the doors. We just got them shoveled away when another great northeaster came upon us, for when we arose this morning the wind was blowing from the northeast and it was snowing very fast. The sun has come out though now.

It is now two o'clock A.M. and mother is a getting dinner. You know we always have a late dinner Sunday. Nancy Manwell lives here. She is a helping mother get it. Father and Roland are talking of California and things of California. I can't tell what Johny and Dellie are doing and saying, for they are doing and saing everything. They both go to school and I guess they will learn. Rodelphus' studies are Peter Parley's Geography and Smith's Arithmetic. He has just come in to the room, wishes me to send his love to you. We are all in good health here at home. I have just been to dinner and had some thing that I guess you don't have very often for dinner. It was some fousls. I have asked Roland if he should write to you. He said he didn't know. I think likely that he will. Mother will write some to you to send with this.

I wish you a good by. From your affectionate Brother
Charles

241 12/29/1850 *From:* Eliza Gilmore

To: O. O. Howard

OOH-0233b

S Leeds

Source: Bowdoin

[Continuation of the previous letter from Charles]

My Dear Son

We received your very kind and seasonable letter last eve—g and one from R.B. at the same time, the first we have had since he went to Yarmouth. He expressed some concern because you had not written of late to him, thought you might be punishing him for some of his fancy jokes, but you probably have written ere this. Rowland is rather careless about his person in every respect, for which I am not only sorry, but disappointed. But I am in hopes he will yet do different. He has a chum this term, who is not agreeable to him. He says he is not getting on in his studies as well as last term on account of his chum. But the weather has been extremely cold all the time since he went back and studying in a room alone had become a habit with him, of which he will get the better of. Your last letter seemed more cheerful than they had done, and I hope your situation is not calculated to make you unhappy. When hear R.A.G. relate what he has past through and what he has seen others suffer I think your lot is comparitively easy. Altho, my heart has ached for you when I have thought of your disipline. I am sure it is a place I should never chosen for you but you accepted it and I hope it is for your future benefit. You are in a place where I do not trust my thoughts to look into the future, only in the thought of beholding you whenever I can. I hope you will always retain your integrity and cultivate a stock of useful virtues. I desire very much you should enjoy yourself as you go along. If you can do it in well doing don't think to much of perplexing circumstances that are unavoidable.

I now return to my writing after leaving at twilight. I have been listening to R. relating some of his narrow escapes. It is astonishing how much men will venture for gold. Roland has brought home nothing more than a fair compensation with all adventures. Roland brough from California a letter for Warren Lothrop from Elias, and gave it to Mr Leonard at the road the same time he gave him mine that contained Addison's. Had he been at the office when you wrote. Elias health was improving when Rowland left him. Roland thinks E will return soon. R feels bad when he says anything about E.s being still in California. It is an awful undertaking to come from California to New York City. A great many have died on the way and many have died immediately on arrival. Rowland intends stoping at home through the winter.

I have heard that sister M.J. Strictland is in Portland and that is all. She was making preperation to appear very Smart in P— when I saw her. Sister Ann is at Mothers and Sarah with her. The winter has been very close so far. I hope Jan. will be more mild.

Christmas with you is past. Just before Christmas we had a tremendous storm which prevented us from attending a donation at Mr B's our minister's. The roads were so blocked they could not be made ready in time for us to go. The donation is still on hand. I thought of new years, but a storm to day prevented an appointment. We shall have rather stiller times in Leeds than common this winter.

The Miers's and Sherril are gone and doct Lord &c. Jane Bates was here one day full of her lousy, uncivil talk as ever. She says we have seven Widowers in Town. That is enough to keep all the old maids on the watch.

I saw your Aunt Lucretia at meeting the last Sabbath and talked with her. She sent her love to you and said tell Otis to persevere all will prove right by and by. She said Laura had a son, several weeks old. Roland says he did not receive but one letter from you, and that one Mr Curry carried out in December. Your father mailed a Kennebec Journal date 26 of December.

Leeds January 5th 1851

My dear son. I did not think this letter would lay here over two mails when I laid down my pen last sabbath but it has been an uncommon busy week with us and very cold. The thermometer has ranged very low this morning, ten below zero after a severe blow and the roads blocked so much. We did attempt going to church. I suppose your class examination has commenced ere this. You have your mothers interest in this, as in all other situations, but she cannot be any benefit to you. You must stand for yourself. Divine wisdom has so fixed his laws that every Creature must give an account singly to him and in all things it is well for us to stand for

ourselves. But still we are very dependant on each other for comforts.

Rodelphus seems to come forward in stature and intellect but is uncommonly coarse in every respect. He gets whipt at school a great deal. Sometimes I feel almost overcome to think how much he is thrashed in school. He has never mentioned it to me but Charles is almost out of patience at seeing him a mark for a malicious temper. I shall be glad when the school is done as I do not wish to make any noise about it on many accounts. My first and greatest reason is the fear of injuring Rodelphus. How much we have to encounter, and how much wisdom we need to help us along. I seem to be carried along on the wheels of time for some reason or other.

Your Uncle John when he was here said William had taken a school in New Portland but I have not anything more about him since. Your Uncle Ensign has been gone to Farmington the past week to try to get up an interest there in his rail road. Your father spent the day at Mrs Lothrop's yesterday. They are all well.

Your affectionate
Eliza Gilmore