
367 3/7/1852 *From:* O. O. Howard

To: Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

OOH-0347

West Point N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

West Point N.Y. Mar 7th 1852

Dear Mother,

After spending the sabbath in our usual occupations, that is in those occupations which we usually engage in on the sabbath, I find myself in my room, sitting at my table thinking about furlough, about my home & my friends in the distance. As I told you I have made up my mind not to study any more Sundays & Sunday evenings. I find it rather hard to abstain, when I know that I have'nt got a word of my lessons for the morrow, but a resolution is of course, good for nothing unless persevered in, so to preclude all inclinations of <coning> my text books this evening I have undertaken the very excusable labor of writing to my mother.

Since I have spoken of it, you may be a little curious & inquire how I manage Monday mornings, not having got my lessons the night before. Why I do as you do, washing mornings. I get up betimes & go at it, regulating the precise time of rising according to the length & difficulties of my respective lessons - sometimes at 1/2 past 3, sometimes at 4, and oftener at five. You ask, is there no danger of being reported! No, in the winter season I never knew an officer to get up before 6 o'clock nor would I, if I were in their places. I do hate to turn out so early, but I will not let laziness make me do poorly.

How do you all do. The invalids or as the frenchman says, 'les Malades'! How do they do - the two Rolands? You see by coupling their names I cannot do justice to the respective orthography of each. But seriously is not Rowland Bailey getting better? Are his lungs affected? I cannot seem to make much out of him. He says he looks well so much so that I would not believe him sick & still he is not well. Has he a bad cough like the one I carried to Brunswick a few years ago? Tell him I cured myself with Ayers Cherry Pectoral. This remedy might be efficient with him. But he must mind & not drink it by the gill as I did, for he might not have my strength of chest to bear it.

I presume you would be a little surprised & not a little disappointed if I should write you that I could not leave West Point this summer, and yet such might seem to be the case from a letter of the Secretary of War to a young man who formerly belonged to our class, but was found deficient & turned back last June. Mr Black (that is the young man's name) wrote to the Secretary of War, to see if he could not get a furlough with our class. The Secretary of War replied that he could not allow him one, for according to the regulations no young man could have a furlough till he had been here two entire encampments. He came in September with me. So if on that ground he is deprived of a furlough this year, on the same my prospect of a furlough is rather dim. Yet you need not be afraid, for I will go any how. They do things often in the Army without stickling at small things.

Capt Brewerton could not put on the face to tell me I could not go on furlough with my class, although he can tell those young men who have been 'found deficient' & turned back flatly that they cannot go till their present class does. But putting the worst construction we can upon the matter: supposing he would say, Mr Howard, I am sorry to tell you that you cannot go away this summer, but must stay & keep our pleasant company. I shall reply without hesitation. Capt Brewerton, I have not seen my home for two long years. My class is about to leave, & it is palpable injustice to keep me here. Give me my leave, or I tender my warrant as Cadet. Yes I shall certainly heave up my situation before I give up my furlough; unless I merit this as a punishment for some crime not yet committed.

This I believe is the meanest place on earth; just think of it here is Warren L, my friend & so near & I cannot ever see him without infringing the most stringent of our regulations. When I write I am ashamed to say to you that I don't know how he is & what he is doing? He took notice of me when I was sick, he came to me. When I heard that he was sick I could not get near him. You must not say any of you at home believe this to be pride. For it is no such thing - it is absolute necessity. When I was a plebe, I could go with comparatively little danger down to his barracks, but now every officer on the post will recognize me at any distance. I saw him pass the other day. He looked well at a little distance. I was marching my section. He did not see me.

Has Roland A recovered entirely from his fever? I was thinking about him this morning, when I saw a young man who resembled him a little I fancied.

My pen is very treacherous, tell father. In fact it is one that I gave up as good for nothing a month ago but I could not raise a better this evening. Perhaps I might write better with a stick. I do really long to see your faces once more, & time begins to drag because of my impatience. But 'drills' '<Ruon> Jones' will soon cool my impatience. Saturday evening I walked my first extra tour of guard duty. The first punishment baiting demerit, that I have received since I have been here. We had some very hard problems one night. Just before I went on Post as Sentinel, I had been studying them, but had not succeeded in solving a single one. So, I thought, there would be no danger in talking at the door of a room with a classmate who roomed on my Post about the said problems. Well, a military little Cadet Captain Mullan being officer of the day, came round to inspect for lazy sentinels, opened the door of the entry in which I was or rather ought to have been walking & asked 'all right'. I hastened into a proper place & answered 'all right', but 'twas no go! He did not see me in the door of a room, but suspected that that was the case & reported me accordingly. I knew I was guilty & did not say much about it, but felt rather mean walking extras for it.

Lizzie wrote me that she saw Aunt Ann in Portland at Uncle Henry's at whose house she attended quite a large family party. Do you know whether she has heard from Perry lately? What has become of the poor boy?

Give my love to Grandmother. Tell her she must keep smart if possible till I get home. Ask her if she cannot tell you something to write me. Give my love to Charlie & Dellie, ask them what kind of a looking being they imagine their cadet brother to be. Tell them I will pay them for all the letters they will write me, by coming to see them next June. Rowland Bailey must get well as soon as he can. I cant endure the thought of his staying, at home half well, half sick. Tell him I am ashamed of writing so few & so short letters as I have been obliged to of late, but I will try & repay him one of these days. How is father's health? Does he grow old? And in spite of the liquor law does he keep 'apple juice' in his cellar? Good night! I have filled my sheet, if you can read it you can do better than I could a fortnight hence. Tell me of your own welfare & remember that I am.

Your affectionate Son
O. O. Howard

368 3/14/1852 *From:* Charles [H Howard]

To: O. O. Howard

OOH-0348a

Leeds

West Point
N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

Leeds, March 14th 1852

Dear brother

I have just eaten my dinner at home; a privelidge which you do not injoy. I did expect to be at Kents Hill before this. The reason why I did not go before was because Roland A was so sick, for he has been very sick. I believe Mother wrote to you in her last letter that he was sick with a fever. He had mostly recovered from that when he was taken down again by the Erysipelas which he had in his head. He was very sick but about all that Mother did for him was to put on Rum. She kept cloths wet with it all of the time on his face. The Doct burnt his forehead and neck so he kept it out of his hair & did not have his hair all come out as you did. And another thing he had his friends to take care of him.

There has been a great deal of sickness in this town this spring. Three little children have died here in this neighborhood lately, Jimie Gilbert, Henry's son died last night at about 10 oclock. He was about six years old. About two weeks ago Orman Wing's oldest and youngest children died with the same disease which was the Canker Rash. Ormans children were both of them little girls, one was about 3 and the other 6 or 7 years of age. His wife and his little boy had it at the same time. Henry Brewster has had it too, and his sister Martha.

Before Roland was taken sick he and father had got up about 17 cords of wood. Rodelphus, and I, & Rowland Baily have cut some of it up. RB cuts some and in a while, father has split most all that we have cut. Father has done more work this winter and spring than he has before for a long time. He cut almost all of the wood and Roland drove team. Now Roland is sick and he helps me do the chores. He cleans out the largest cistern most of the time. Dellie helps me some about my chores.

Would you like to know about the things out to the barn? I think you would. We have got two horses, one Rowland used to call his colt and the other is my little red colt. He will be 3 years old this summer. He is about as large as the other. Rowland has harnessed him two or three times. He goes well. We have taught him to back some. There is ten head of cattle now, four oxen & two cows. One of our cows died the other night. We have about seventy sheep. We did not have so much hay last year as common. The hay is rather low in both the sheep & the other barn.

It is growing dark so that I cannot see the line and I must stop writing. Mother & RB have gone down to Mr Gilbert. We rec a letter from you last night and a paper from Warren L. I have been reading the Hist of Eng by Hume this spring. I have read two Vol. I want to go to school this spring. I know that I shall learn.

Yours &c
Charles

P.S. I must go to doing my chores. Good bye.

[Envelope]
O. O. Howard
West Point
N.Y.

[Continued on the next letter from Rowland.]

369 3/14/1852 *From:* Rowland [B Howard] *To:* O. O. Howard

OOH-0348b

Leeds

West Point
N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

[Continuation of the previous letter from Charles written on March 14th 1852]

Dear Brother

I came in here and found Charles scribbling away and thought I would squeeze in a word, always having my pen ready. With no objections to writing except the mechanical part, i.e. in my way. Our snow is gradually melting away and sleighing is decidedly a bore. I had to lead the colt yesterday from Mr Bates with mother in the sleigh. Slump! Slump, all the way. Roland is rapidly recovering. He is thought by some to have been dangerously sick. I will write you a letter in a few days. Till then farewell.

Your Brother
Rowland

Mch 15th

Charles has not filled up his sheet and I will occupy some of the spare cover. I have not studied any since last November. I left College two weeks before the end of the term and of course have all of the review to make up, which after laying three months is harder than it otherwise would be. Then I have to this or some future time the studies of this Term of which the Greek will be very hard for me. When at Brunswick last Fall, I had as much as I could do to keep up with the class and then ranked among the last in it. I have not a taste for study. I cannot learn as easy as I could three years ago. My health certainly will not permit harder study than I pursued last fall. I have a cough mornings and cannot bear any weight on my chest. The slightest cold gives a weeks soreness that I feel at almost every breath. My room is cold and uncomfortable. In consideration of these things is it a wonder that I do not know what to do about returning to College. My forte is in declamation and debate in which I can bring to bear my extensive but desultory readings but in recitation of Latin & Greek I fail, totally fail. Then you will say that fact should incite you to increased exertion. Those are my sentiments,

[See Note 1]

But there's the rub. I cannot over task my health. As I said before, it is hard for me, very hard, to prepare a lesson in the Languages, and after it is prepared to be among the poorest!

It is more than I can well bear. You will say this is false pride. Perhaps so, but I can't feel hardly to look a classmate in the face after 'failure'. When I went to Brunswick, for reasons not worth while to mention, I was particularly courted by individuals of my own and other classes and by Societies. During the Term these things remained the same, or nearly so. But making no better recitations than I did and no better than I expect to do if I return. You will see immediately that my situation will be, to a person of my temperament, disagreeable. So much so that to tell the truth, I look forward to four years at B as an unpleasant season. Things at College, they tell me, are different from what they were when you was there. A scramble for popularity has been succeeded by a scramble for rank and there are estimated by their standing upon the Proffs books. In English studies I hope, I trust I shall succeed better, and was I in a place where I could pursue those in accordance with my taste, I should enjoy myself much better. Unkle Ensign suggests that I remain 'out' till next Fall and then enter some other College. That is the course I would like to pursue, following in the mean time some active employment untill I fortified myself in a measure for sedentary pursuits.

My inclination points to Brown Univ, but if I should go so far from home I should not be worth a cent at the end of my course, and even your \$400 is better than nothing. This is the state of things and so you wonder that I don't know what to do. I want you to write me your disinterested opinion. What is the best course for me to steer. Judge me not by yourself but my myself as I have written to you. I do not wish to incur the charge of egotism by filling my sheet with my own concerns, but hope you will excuse me.

I have taken 3 bottles of that Pectoral you spoke of without receiving material benefit. Grandmother wishes to be remembered to you. She says next summer you must come and see her and bring Lizzie and make her a long visit. A project the continuation of which I suppose would put you almost in ecstasies at the present time. In regard to your getting caught off guard. It is nothing more than I expected if you tried that experiment. You know you was always caught when up to anything particular.

[The above was written on the Envelope]

O. O. Howard

West Point

N.Y.

[Note 1: The 2 page fragment from here to the end was attached to the letter of June 3, 1854 (453). It was written by Rowland to Otis while he was sick in the winter of 1851/1852. Otis' letter of March 21, 1852 is making reference to Rowland's suggestion in the fragment of attending Brown, and so it must be after this fragment. The words "But there's" were at the end of the first part of the letter and fits well with "the rub" from the fragment.]

370 3/14/1852 *From:* J. N. Jewett

To: Friend [O. O. Howard]

OOH-0349

Yarmouth

Source: Bowdoin

Yarmouth March 14 1852

Friend Howard

Yours of the 22d ult was duly received & will be very cheerfully acknowledged. Of this I do not need to assure you. But how are you on Intervention & the next Presidential Election? Things which are at present agitating "the country & the Whole country". What is your own opinion of Kossuth, or do you have so much mathematics &c &c to attend to, that you are unable to give even a passing attention to the great Maggor & the cause for which is so indefatigably laboring? If I recollect rightly such things did not much concern us when in College & it may be that they are alike foreign to the business & thoughts of Cadets. But be this as it may. I have my own notions of the matter & I presume you have. Townsend & I agree perfectly here. Now I go in for checking the Russian Bear on his predatory incursion, south of his hereditary limits. He is of a disposition & motive altogether too fierce & overbearing for milder regions, though in his own arctic home he may be a pretty good Bear & nothing more. He has not yet learned how to put up his thick & heavy Furs & function in unison that they are as appropriate & necessary in the temperate & even torrid as they are in the Frigid Zone. He should in this respect be taught a lesson of wisdom by experience & be made to feel the suffocation, which is dear to his temerity & presumption in trespassing upon the enclosures of his more impassioned & liberal neighbors.

Or come to the plain matter of fact, I believe that the Russian Government, is the embodiment of every thing hostile to the spread or even the existence of liberal principles. It is the essence of concentrated Despotism in Europe & as such sits like an incubus upon the neck of Freedom, political & religions in the Eastern Continent. It is the leading antagonist of the very principles in which our government is based & as such it is & must be impossible for us to remain friends for any great length of time. The development of liberal Institutions in Europe demands our sympathy & assistance which cannot be rendered without virtually entering our protest most emphatically against Russian interference. I don't conceive that we are in any danger of causing ruin speedily to a rupture with that center of Despotism by a firm but respectful protest against its unjust & illegal assumptions, than we are by granting our encouragement & sympathy to those who are struggling for an Independent political existence. In the one case as well as in the other we openly avow our disapproval of the position which the Russian government has unwarrantably assumed.

I must confess that I am surprised at the quibbling and disputations that our Legislators are indulging in upon this question. Are we a free people having a free government or are we also tributary to the great stream of Tyranny & Slavishness, which pours its muddy waters of Adulation & Intrusion into the lap of semi civilized Russia? Are we or are we not what the world has been pleased hitherto to regard as "The home of the Free & the Brave". It seems to me that upon this question, the shortest possible amount of Time to decide is necessary - of what importance is the friendship of Russia to us. Let them shut their Ports to our commerce, & refuse to send us her Iron &c. So far as her Iron & her other Products are concerned I wish not only she but other European nations would refuse them to us. then should we develop our own native resources & grow great on the products of our own Industry. Confound this fawning to Russia & Austria too, I say. I grow impatient & sick as I contemplate the endless discussion, which the question of Intervention or nonintervention, of tradition and exigency & expediency, has already given rise to in our Congress with as little prospect of settlement as ever. Why not decide in one way or another & that too speedily.

But this is a question too "big" for a single sheet & I will therefore leave it. I would be content to leave it to the judgement & patriotism of our statesmen, if they would only decide sooner or later & stop their confounding clamors. But yet I cannot & do not entirely uphold Kossuth in his plan of operations. His appeal from Congress to the people, I do not exactly like the appearance of. I think it has a tendency to stir up the people against the government, & this is certainly very undesirable as it might endanger our own internal peace & serenity much more than Russian despotism can. That he is a true patriot & a sincere lover of civil liberty I do not question. I hardly think however that I shall preach a crusade against either <> or Kossuth though I should like most mightily to see them both put in to their proper positions. It is humiliating to intelligence & civilization that a semi-barbarous Autocrat should be allowed to reduce the character & Institutions of enlightened nations to his own servile standard. But hold up my pen.

I haven't said a word about the women yet. Well they do not disturb me at all now-a-days. & I give my thoughts to other & gamier subjects. & yet I can't tell how soon I shall be again entangled, though I see no possible chance now. I spent my last vacation or the most of it, in Portland with Perley, not having any woman to go to see. I now am busy in the Day-time & amuse myself evenings by reading Law &c. When is your vacation. I expect a visit from you then you know. Just give us a little information.

Truly Yr Friend
J. N. Jewett

371 3/21/1852 *From:* O. O. Howard

To: Mother [Eliza Gilmore]

OOH-0346

West Point N.Y.

Source: Bowdoin

West Point N.Y. March 21st 52

My dear Mother.

I presume you begin to think it is time you received a letter from the only son who is now absent from you. I have written two letters to Rowland, so near together that he will probably get them both by the same mail. I find that the letters that I write on Sunday never reach you till the next Saturday. I know that I could remedy this by writing in the middle of the week, but when I do this, I write so slowly that I hardly ever finish them till after taps, and it is poor policy for me to take the time out of my sleep. I always feel less clear headed the next day, and if I practice sitting up it would in time abate the vigor & energy that I am obliged at all times to display in order to preserve the confidence of my instructors & maintain my position.

If I graduate ahead in Mathematics as I expect to, if I choose, I can return to West Point as an instructor in that branch. The pay of an assistant professor is nearly one hundred dollars a month. This you see for a young man who needs a competency is worth striving for. But I dislike the idea of involving myself heart & soul in mathematics. I covet a field where other powers of the mind are called into exercise. Yet there are many advantages in a station at West Point. It gives a person in a measure, a permanent home. He is not subject to be sent hither & thither according to the exigencies of the moment. A wild life full of chance & change, is not repugnant to my enthusiastic nature, but if I should see fit to get married I would be indisposed to lead such a harum-scarum existence as the most of young officers are obliged to lead. As long as I remain in the army there is not the least danger of a want of a competency but seldom is an army officer rich.

I presume you often puzzle yourself over my views & leading principles, and wonder that war is not repugnant to every principle of my nature. Our good Christian people who reverence Washington and are willing to sustain & support in every respect the solid principles that he promulgated, that he sacrificed ease and pleasure to introduce, are apt to forget the basis of our government. They talk non-resistance, like Quakers, under any & all circumstances. Our Government is essentially mild & pacific, is ever ready to substitute intelligence & diplomacy for brute bravery & force, but still in the present state of the world our good & far famed government would very soon dwindle into insignificance if not be blotted from existence, if it proclaimed itself to the world a perfectly non-resistant; if it threw aside every means of defence; theologians & moralists may talk; fancy may depict a world of peace, amity & good will; but the most devoted Christian, who becomes a statesman, who opens his eyes & looks abroad without prejudice, & dogmatism sees at once that these model non-resistant states are but the airy creations of enthusiasts, who see evil in society & wish to experiment and through a desire of ameliorating man, propose measures which at present would be a curse rather than a blessing.

Others care not for expediency. They extend to nations at once the rules which our savior promulgated for the regeneration of the individual. In theory it is fine. But we know that a man must have a single heart before he can & will carry out our Savior's principles & precepts. Nations are composed of many & conflicting elements - it is impossible for them to act as an individual in individual cases. The Christian who is wronged, can heap his enemy with shame by forgiving him freely. Between heart & heart this influence is direct and all powerful. But the soul of an ambitious State is not so easily reached & tamed. If the individual in his humility & through a Christian spirit literally opens his vesture & bares his bosom to the knife of a heartless assassin; if he spare him 'tis well; if he slay him, the victim is a martyr to the cause & the principles he maintains; he will be the gainer since he goes to a better world. But let a nation like ours publish such, as an actuating principle, how soon would the beautiful fabric of our free republican government, be the object of the rapacity & avarice of foreign powers. How soon would our free institutions, disappear before the tread of Ambition & anarchy? Would it be right; would it promote the cause of Christianity, of general peace & universal love, to remain quiet, passive, & become extinct, I think not?

What then is the duty of the young man, who has been born in this free & favored land? His country has given him birth, afforded him every opportunity of culture extended to him a protecting arm - at the same time permitting him free thought & free action? It is right, it is his duty to defend her. Our fathers have bequeathed us a rich treasure and we their sons must guard it; we must give to the millions that come after us, the same rights that we enjoy.

"How then does this apply to you my son?" There in short is the sum token. I believe a defensive war is right, as the father would believe it right to slay the assassin, who was about to murder his wife & children, as the brother would believe it right to raise his arm against the villain who would seduce his sister & strip from her all that she possessed worth living for her character. Believing so I could conscientiously take the sword. But there may never be the necessity, perhaps reflection may tell me that I can do more in civil life.

My heart would incline me to do good, for a pleasure to take the position where I could benefit others the most, but my head gets filled with ambition, vanity & self love have good, deep root and will not easily be rooted out. It will not do to be governed by small narrow contracted views. It is wrong to pitch upon some ideas, the offspring perchance of a timid shrinking heart, and fashion it into a principle, to pitch upon some dogma & make every thing else conform thereto.

My mother need not tremble for me - a courageous soul is the ground work of all true greatness. I feel conscious, excepting at times when I have been acting the fool, that I am made for something, and therefore feel a dignity & a pleasure in pressing onward.

Rowland wrote me somewhat about Brown University. Tell him to inform me more about the course of study pursued there. I begin to agree with him that if he dislikes Latin & Greek & has no peculiar love for mathematics, to continue his course at Bowdoin might be an injury to him intellectually. But I feel that he ought to systematize his acquirements. If he could be made to believe it he is far in advance of what I was when I entered college. I was then but a child and far from being a thorough scholar. The best way after all is said & done is for him to take his own course. Then he will feel an interest in what he undertakes and we will not fear a failure. He must take exercise this spring & summer, not too much, but work moderately with father & Roland A.

Tell Charlie that I would put in, with this, a half sheet to him, but I am out of paper & dislike to borrow. I am making some preparations for furlough, and occasionally laying some projects. But I neither want nor expect any exciting pleasures. I shall return quietly, placing my enjoyment in prospective, in the welcome that I shall receive from you all, the happiness that I shall feel in being with Lizzie, & my mother, with my brothers & my old friends. I shall wear uniform, because I do not feel able in addition to provide myself with a citizen suit. But I am not going to be vain about it. If I thought I should become vain through attention or flattery, I would return with as simple a suit as possible, but the pride that I have, is deeper than vanity arising from dress.

Uncle Ward insists upon my stopping with him a few days before I leave for Maine. Little Classon wants me to go with him to N. York City, so that he & I together may support each other against the temptations that our classmates will throw around us. He & I braved ridicule & went to the Bible class & he wishes to show others that we can visit the city of N. York and enjoy ourselves properly, which the Cadet on furlough seldom does.

If possible, I would like to gain a little knowledge of the Great City, get a little accustomed to civilized society, before I start for Maine, therefore I may stop a couple of days in N. York. If we get away Friday afternoon or Saturday I shall stop in N. York till Monday. I think, though I know that I would feel impatient to be with you. Older Cadets say, it is best not to be in too much haste, if we would enjoy furlough. If Uncle resolves to go on with me I shall have to stop with him instead of going to the City for a day or two, but I don't much think he will. I am of the opinion that Uncle Ward is rather poor, though he always puts the bright side out.

In my studies I continue to do very well. My standing in French for last month is no test, for I got one or two low marks through accident having one or two French letters to write which I had not been able to prepare. The main object is to graduate high.

Give my love to Grandmother. Tell her I do not need an invitation to decide me to make her a visit, and if she would be happy to have Lizzie accompany me, she shall go too. Lizzie & her mother were at Auburn while Peleg was at home during his vacation. Wanted to make you a visit but thought she would wait till I came.

It will take you a week to read this now, so I will stop. Give my love to all. As ever I remain your affectionate son.

O. O. Howard

372 3/28/1852 *From:* Eliza Gilmore

To: O O Howard

OOH-0350

Leeds

Source: Bowdoin

Leeds March 28th 1852

My dear Son,

Tis a long time since I have written a letter. It is now five weeks since I wrote you. I have thought I had something of importance to say to you but I fear I shall not get it into my letter. You say my Mother need not trouble for me. My nature must be changed before I can become callous to the welfare of my children. Your Uncle Ward is a pleasant Gentleman, and if he comes on with you I should be exceedingly happy to treat him as a brother and his friends would be glad to see him no doubt. Your uncle Franklin's wife died this morning at 4 o'clock (I understand.) She became the mother of a young child a few weeks since, who lived two days. She has since sunk away in a quick consumption.

I hope you and Lizzie will be able to spend a good share of your time with me. My son I know it is impossible for you at your age to form any idea of the strong desires and intense feelings of your mother left as you were at your tender age to the sole care of an inexperienced mother, and full of plans to have you respectably rear'd. Do you think one day, or one hour can pass while I have my senses, without a glance of my imagination for all of my charge, I am always anxious about your <purse> because a small independence is so comfortable, I am always anxious for your prosperity in your undertakings, in every respect. You cannot imagine how much I am washed to and fro, by the tone of your letters.

I had an idea while at West Point last summer, that our visit in one way or other was increasing your perplexities. I do not yet understand what the use of your deposit was that you made, when you arrived. Nor can I conceive how you could buy whole dinners at Joes and not be reported for it. I recollect you said in your first letter that Mr Ally saved 100\$ while he was there and made no deposit. Now you have been there only one year and half and made 25 dollars deposit, and had 10 dollars since, beside other small helps, and still ask for 50 more to bring you home on furlough, and what have you done with your sittäzens dress that you wore there. I recollect you said once in your letter you had had some applications for that suit but should not part with it easily.

You told me in one of your letters I could ask you any questions that your letter suggested, and as these are some of them, I would like to have them answered. Every month we have a report from the war department, giving your standing &c, and always attended with a strict charge not to provide cadets with money, as their provision was ample, and therefore parents or guardians were doing them an injury by so doing. You are twenty one and now in law have a right to act for yourself but that does not lessen your mothers interest in your welfare any. I do not feel as though your manner of life, had in any way been calculated to increase your habits of money making or saving only as years mature your judgement in every respect.

Your father settled with the juge of probate in January as the three years came round what you had left was 500.\$ I had hoped this sum might remain whole for future use, but if you say so, you shall have the fifty dollars you mentioned before your return on furlow. It is one of your mothers ambitions to see you independent not because your Uncle Stillman prophesied all your father had would be spent before you were twenty one if I married Mr G.

I have always desired you to be independent at one time as well as another, some times with money, a man can have great advantage which would alter the case very much without and I expect if you live you will some day have a part to act among men. If you remain there, at West Point and graduate and should have a lucrative employment and desired to get married you would find your five hundred dollars quite convenient. I do not suggest these things to you expecting you to be guided by them, but they are merely suggestions of a dear Mother to a son. I know you are young and full of hope and expectations and have a world before you, where there are chances in abundance nor do I wish to cool that ardor in your youthful breast. I hope your aims are high in merit, but as I have suggested my reflections to you, you will have a plenty of time to talk to me between now June.

You said something about my being jealous of your writing more letters to R.B.H. I take almost as much

pleasure in reading his letters as my own. Your Mother does not deny the pleasure she feels in seeing her name pened in the handwriting of a dearly beloved son.

I do not wish you to feel under any moneyed obligation to any of your fathers relatives. For you are not I could convince you of it at once. From your birth I have been your guardian and guide with the help of my heavenly master to whom I desire to give all gratitude. I desire to treat them with politeness but our <power> they have nothing to do with. What your father left he and I saved by prudence and care, and hard labor, and you are under no obligations to any of his family for they got all out of him they could at all times. These words are not pened in bitterness of feeling, for I feel none. At one time your father with me was reconing over what he had, and among the rest he had Wards due bill for one hundred dollars. I saw and read it. He in the way of his dealings needed the money and wrote him for it. He did not send it and after some years he came to Maine, and sometime after he had gone, I asked him if Ward paid him over the money he owed him. He said no he had brought on a note he said he had paid a note of his in New York city to the same amount. It was all a mistery to your father, and this was what he said to me. That while he was in trade sometime he had sent money by his Brother to take up a note and had neglected to ask his Brother for it. The money for which he took the due bill he counted out to him from his pocket Book at a later time thinking he should have it any time on asking for it. And when he left New York and went to Virginia, he gave up all the papers to Ward to settle. And somewhere Ward had found this old note. I will stop with one suggestion that your father always thought that his brother collected more than he paid over. There was one stage company in particular that failed, which he supplied with grain that owed him 600 dollars which was recovered, &c and the debts in the city that never were paid. He had letters asking for pay of him from the city after I was his companion which was seven years after he left Peekskill.

Perhaps Otis will suggest to himself why does Mother trouble me with these old things. Not because I wish to do it, but since you have become acquainted with your uncle and Peekskill, West Point &c and so harasing as I know it was to your father to be in debt. (But he was independent in this state, after a struggle of a number of years.) That I almost shudder that you should ever be so situated.

You spoke of Rowland B having to many advisers. Not so, for I think he holds every one at such a distance they would not be likely to offer him much advice. I have watched him as close as a mother could and am the most afraid of his nervous sistem of anything. This is what he is the most afraid of. I have noticed, when I am attracted to him that way he immediately laughs hearty. He need not <fear> me. I should be the last person to wound his pride, or approach such a subject. I know it has been painful to him to think, but am in hopes that state of feeling is wearing off. He did not come home any to soon. No one could know how he was. He has never been out in the evening but once. If he is not capable of pursuing a litturary course we must abide it.

Have just received a letter from Charles. He likes his situation but I have but little hope of his staying long. He carried away a pint bottle full of cyrup. He says it is half gone, and what he is to do when it is gone he don't know. He was so anxious to go that consented if you lived with him you would feel bad to see him try to hide his cough.

[missing closing]