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881 2/5/1858      *From:* [RB Howard]

*To:* [OO Howard]

OOH-0822

Bangor

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Bangor Feb 5th, 1858

We are all feeling very anxious, my dear Brother, to hear from you, Lizzie & the little ones, as none of us have had a letter this long time. Mother feels especially so, as she wrote you a good long letter & she fancied it would call forth a speedy reply.

I went to Bath a week ago Sat. Ella & I visited Charles & his girl (!) At Brunswick. On my return I stopped & saw Dellie at Lewiston & spent one night with Mother & Father. I wanted to see "Aunt Sarah" at L. But as I only stopped over one train I did not have time to go over the river.

I found all of our friends well. Charles' school comes rather hard to him. He looks thin & is rather hoarse but seems to keep up good courage. Dellie will be only a week longer at Lewiston. He thinks of going to Farmington next Term (in about a fortnight). He will be at home a week. I never went home & found Mother seemingly so contented & happy. It is nothing more or less than the Love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.

Ella seems to be in the same state of mind. I think her overcoming her diffidence (a hard task) & taking part in public duties has poured a great blessing to her. We have long united our prayers for her dear Father & as we pray we hope & tho' her view of him is hardly as <vivid> as I could wish - yet - it is enough to soften the pillow & quiet the pain & rob death of its terrors.

The interest in religion is very general now & we hear of many Revivals all about - nothing very decided has appeared in Bangor yet, but I attended some very interesting meetings in my vacation. I will hold weekly meetings this Term at the School House where I have my Sunday School, & I hope you will pray for me that the Spirit may fill me & I may speak words of wisdom & of power, & that God may bring some poor Sinners home to Him.

Caleb R. Sumner died very suddenly - where is his immortal Soul?

I wish you could see the letter Lieut Lee wrote me just before I went home. He seems honestly seeking Religion. I wrote him as faithfully as I could.

[R.B.H.]

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883 2/15/1858 *From:* Silas [Lee]

*To:* My Dear Otis [OO  
Howard]

OOH-0823

Chicago

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Chicago February 15th 1858

My Dear Otis

Yours of the 13th ult was duly received, and I have twice written in reply but some how they did not please and each time I destroyed my letters. At best I am not a good correspondent, and now, when writing to you of a subject of which I am fully confident I know nothing, it requires more concentrativeness, and patience, than I possess.

You and I differ considerably in our views of, what comes after death, but I propose dropping that subject for the present, or until I am better prepared to [sustain?] my position or have found it untenable and can capitulate to you, or rather your cause. I think I shall study the Bible and sacred writings with more attention than formerly, not that I expect it will change my views, tho I am open to conviction when I find myself wrong. Candor and a straight-forward principle I esteem too much to lose sight of entirely.

I told you honestly what my convictions or belief is in my former letter. You consider me wrong. I shall make it my business to see for myself, and shall always be happy to receive any assistance from you or any suggestions with regard to a course of reading or any hints or propositions you may think proper to make.

I feel that you are conscientious in whatever you say, do, or profess, and know that you are earnest in all your endeavors, when searching for information & knowledge and therefore shall always consider well what you say in relation to spiritual affairs. Then too you are a man of too much understanding, and thought, not to realize the position I am in, when you reflect upon the experience of the last twelve years of my life.

For the last two weeks I have been acting the part of friend and sympathizer, to a very dear lady friend, who is now suffering under the suspense of uncertainty, in regard to where or what has become of her husband. She has need of all her friends to support her in this awful situation. Mr Kellogg, left his home on Monday morning with the usual morning kiss from his wife and returned to dinner in his usual kind good humored manner, and when they had finished their dinner sat together a few moments & he started for his place of business with her kiss still lingering on his lips. At 4 o'ck he left his office, as he said, to do a little private business, and has not since been heard from. Tuesday morning I was sent for, but knew nothing of the reason for so urgent a call at so early an hour, and was of course entirely unprepared for the scene which awaited my arrival. I found the family in tears, and it was some time before any of them could sufficiently command themselves to tell me the cause of their grief, and when I heard all, strong man that I am, and accustomed to seeing grief, it was almost too much for me. I was obliged to stoop to keep from betraying my emotion, and before I could recover myself the family had surrounded me, and Mrs Kellogg had grasped my hand and in fearful suspense, yet, dreading to ask, if I knew anything that could throw any light on the subject <lest> their last hope be lost in my answer. Mrs Kellogg caught the expression of my countenance, and fainted in my arms, but when we succeeded in bringing her out of her swoon, she was calm, and prayed then and there, such a prayer, as I do not remember to have heard since childhood, and it was the first fervent and truly heart-full prayer I have heard since my last visit at home. She arose from her knees and laying her hand on my arm, exclaimed, "Silas, how I wish you were a Christian! that I might know that you would pray for, and with me." Those words touched me to the quick, and I trust there was no sacrilege when I kissed her and exclaimed, God protect and support you in this your great trial! I was sincere, and felt what I said, and received a glorious reward in the expression she gave me as I fixed her in a comfortable position on the sofa, and then too, how soon my thoughts reverted to the suffering of my own dear Mother, through her trials & troubles. Then the first time a realization of her grief burst upon me, and I <was> penitent, and hurrying from that house of grief, to my room I took my pen and asked my mother's forgiveness for the share I have taken in the causes of her many and great sorrows, and felt better. Since then, I find myself more competent to sympathise with and comfort my friends.

I told mother the whole, and asked her to pray for both husband and wife, and I know she will.

This is the most singular affair I have ever heard of. <Young> in the possession of a good business, a happy

home, a young, beautiful, and highly educated, and accomplished and pious wife, all left at a moment, without any apparent cause, and not a trace to be discovered. I have been both searching and enquiring, day and night, up to today, and when I make my daily visit, and am met in the hall by the wife, mother or sister of the absent one, with no news for them my heart nearly fails me, and I think, truly if my poor dear Mother's sufferings were like these, what a wretch have I been! and I know now that they must have been, tho I did not see it all, nor have I ever realized it till now.

I am not going to make any rash vows, to fetter my inclinations, but Otis, I am going to try to live so that I may become a blessing and comfort to her whom I have so outrageously wronged, and hope I may be able to give her some pleasure in me during the remaining years she is to be permitted to remain with us.

You I suppose will think this a queer letter, following so soon and so different from my last to you, but knowing that you are perfectly familiar with my past life, and of my many and repeated departures from the path of rectitude, of my Mothers trials &c and being convinced from your letters that you feel an interest in your wayward cousin, I have written more fully than perhaps I should under any other circumstances. Forgive me for thus wearying you with so much that cannot be of interest to you, but, I felt that I wanted to speak to somebody and give vent to what was pressing to get out.

Give my love to Lizzie, and if you do not consider it too foolish, kiss little "Grace" and "Guy", and believe me with all sincerity your affectionate cousin.

Silas

I yesterday received a good long letter from Mother. She was at Cambridge, was <well>. She spoke of you & your family. I am urging her to submit to an operation now, for the disease spreads and affects her system generally & hope she will see that I am right in my reasons, ie, should examination show that the knife is necessary the earlier it is used the less constitutional danger.

We are just beginning to get a bit of Winter; have had sleighing for three or four days and yesterday the mercury succeeded in getting down to a good old winter point (19° below 0). As I do not keep a horse and cannot afford to hire one, I am obliged to forego the pleasures of a sleigh ride. The only amusement I indulge in, is an evening at the house of some friend at Whist or a game of chess with Mrs Woodworth, on which occasions I not only enjoy the game, but Miss Woodworth usually takes those occasions to amuse herself at the Piano, and as she is a splendid musician & sings beautifully I cannot but be highly edified, and conclude that my enjoyments are quite as satisfactory, as any young man's of my acquaintance.

Silas

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884 2/18/1858 *From:* Rowland [B.  
Howard]

*To:* Dear Brother [OO  
Howard]

OOH-0824

Theol Sem Bangor Me

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Theol Sem Bangor Me Feb 18, 1858

Dear Brother

I received your affectionate very welcome letter at last but see no time to reply tonight.

We have a Day of fasting & prayer for Colleges & other literary institutions, in the Congregational & Presbyterian Churches - annually. It occurs next Thurs - 25th.

We write to some Christian Brother in the various institutions, for religious information & it is made known at our meeting & they are remembered in prayer.

Now what I want of you is, to sit down as soon as you receive this if you can, & give us some acct of the cause of Christ in the Mil. Acd. your views of the religious influences at work & the spirit & effect of your pastors preaching, the Bible Class, pious cadets & Officers &c.

This day has often been followed by the outpouring of God's Spirit on these institutions. They are the fountainhead of influence.

I have to write in a hurry for I wish this to go tonight & it was late before I thought of it, but after writing to Bowd, I thought I would write to you. I spoke to some of the Brethren about it & they were anxious that I should write. Even a few words would be acceptable.

Love to Lizzie & the children

Your aff Bro  
Rowland

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885 2/20/1858 *From:* S.G.Jones

*To:* My dear Lizzie [Lizzie Howard]

OOH-0825

Lewiston

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Lewiston Feb 20 1858

My dear Lizzie

The winter has nearly flown away upon the swift wings of time since I have heard from you and I feel I owe you an apology for not writing you before, but time has not only brought with it its changes, but also its cares. How little we know what a year or even a day will bring forth. When you left Auburn last fall I was in health (I called it) and the future before me looked bright, but sorrow came and blasted my prospects.

It has been four months to day since Everett left home. I at times feel a little discouraged. But my sorrows have not been with ought any joys. Myself and children have been blest with health. I have gained ten pounds of flesh this winter. Haven't I done well. <[torn page]> look healthy. I am in hopes you and your family look <[torn page]> the same. I often speak of you, and think of you oftener <> shall not soon forget, the happy hours I passed, when you and your dear babes was at Auburn. I hope you and your better half are enjoying a happy year, and if time has wrought as many changes with you during the <past [Torn left edge]> year as it has with me, I hope they have proved <[Torn left edge]> changes, though I am aware you have not been apart from sorrow, as a beloved mother has been borne from your sight and laid in the tomb. It has been truly said that death loves a shining mark for it often points its fatal arrow to those who are seemingly most needed on earth, but "our ways are not his ways," and it is well that a Being more wise than we, orders, and overrules all events. We know not how soon we shall be called away from lifes scenes, therefore it behooves us to be ready, so that when lifes star shall sink low in its bid, we may go to join that <innumerable> host who have gone before, and have had their robes washed, and made white and clean in the blood of the lamb.

Feb 28. I hear of reformations all through the united <states [Torn right edge]>. One has been converted we little thought of, that was William H. Timberlake, brother Henry brought the news to me. I told him it was the best news I had heard for a long time. <> it had been poor Everett wondered it been happy news <> me and my children. I received a letter from him last night, stating there was a great reformation among the <boys> in Belvedere Village Ill, where he now is a shoemaking. His brother & wife are seven miles from that village, have been there two years. They have known <8> proceedings this winter. I wrote them the way he <managed>. When he left home, he went to Janesville Wis, there stopped four months. He then went to Belvedere where he now is, wants me and <the[Torn right edge of paper]> children to go there. Perhaps, he begins to feel the want <[Torn right edge of paper]> if he is tired of leading the life he has led this winter, <[Torn right edge of paper]> not him, as I know how he has lived this winter, all though write ten or twelve letters to me this winter, I did not put any confidence in what he wrote. But I have a letter from Mr Benton a lawyer of Janesville written to Orson Sawtell. I wrote him for information. He was an acquaintance of his. Mr. B wrote him the 4 of Feb, the letter reads this the Gentleman & Lady you were seeking information about, we here I have seen her this afternoon. He is work for Gros a shoe manufactor (Everett had writen me he was at work for that man) he is known here by the name Howard. He has been living under the Methodist Chappell, but is now boarding up the river in the first ward. He and his lady went to board or <better> they paid one dollar per week for the privalege of house room cooking untentials and keeping their own board, but the woman of the house mistrusted something wrong, she found that the lady was taking medicine. She accused her of it. They then moved their quarters, she weres her glasses <yacht>. I have know doubt that there is positive proof that they lodge together. I dare not investigate the subject any farther untill I hear from you again. I had to impart the secret to one individual, where they were stoping. That is the way Mr Bentons letter read, what I had writen me it <conveyed> well. The next week after he left home he wrote me he was a boarding him self. He paid the woman one dollar per week for a straw bed and not cloths enough on the bed to keep him warm. He bought bakers victuals. It seems he got in with a respectall family. The man has been a teaching school this winter has a wife & two children. It seems she went by her own name. Grant Everetts Sister Noice, wrote him this winter in one of her letters requesting him to tell her if Laice Grant was there with him. He wrote a reply, she was not, much as he wanted to do to surprise his own family he was to stingy to suport other people, it reeding in that way. He has sent the children ten dollars this winter, that is all he has sent home.

Do Lizzie pardon me for trouble you with such stuff. It is trouble to me. Do not let it trouble you. Why I

mentioned it to you, for you & Otis address what to do. Let times it seems more than I can bare. But when I keep my thoughts on good things, as I ought He who has ordered all things well, I get along very well, every Chapter I read it speaks comfort to my soul. Last night I opened to Psalms 71st, To <> Prov 14, how could I lived this four months past had it not been for my bible. I have been over to the shop a helping Nowak a good part of the winter. Chester helping Oren. I can say I am glad the winter is past. Every body is kind to me. N is in her way, she says many things to me I do not want to hear about Everett. Eva has had many a cry what she & Rosie has said to us. I overlook it for they little no how to pity us. Betsey was over here last week and spent they day. She said to me how do you live to hear so much complaining. She told me to see Dr Oaks and ask him if <> would be a benefit to her. I had better not say any more. I have been deprived of my meeting since the 21 of Oct after E went away I wrote Mr Rock a line that I would give up my pew. He came immediately to see me, told me I should have the same pew. Did not wish me to pay any thing. I told him to rent it for I did not think I should be able to go to church this winter. He said he wanted the <children> to go there for he thought Eva was the best girl he knew of and she was called so, he wanted her singing in church. He said if I needed any thing they would all be willing to assist me. I did not feel right for them to give me rent as I was not a member of Mr Dremment church. I think I shall be before long. Eva has done well in her studies this winter & her music. She is called a good player. She is a good girl. I pray she will always remain so. Next week Eva commences another quarter of music. The first lesson, is Oh come this way my father. Mrs Chase says it is a splendid piece. She says Eva voice is the best of any of her schollars. She has a great number. Mrs Dr Wiggin is one of her schollars.

I have filled my sheet. I have not wrot half I want to, if you can read it. I have not time to read it over. I want to see you very much indeed. Like to be situated so I could stop in occasionally and chat a while you and babys but that cannot be, so I must be content with writing. If I could see you I could tell you many things it might interest you, would not be profitable to write. It is bed time.

Please write soon. Yours in love  
S.G.Jones

<> She can sing well with Eva when she plays. Crestes is well. What a comfort my children <>

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886 2/23/1858 *From:* Uncle E. Waite

*To:* Lieut O. O. Howard

OOH-0826

Portland

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Portland Feby 23d 1858

Lieut O. O. Howard

Dear Sir

I have none of your late favors to reply to. We should be very glad to hear from you and your dear Wife and the little ones - is it well with you all. We are all in usual good health and hope you and your little Family are enjoying the same blessing. The winter here has been unusually mild & pleasant & there has recently been quite an interest manifested in our neighbourhood on the Subject of Religion. We have erected a new Meeting House on our St, commenced in September last and finished in Jan'y. The house was dedicated 15th Jan'y, since which time we have held meetings every Sabbath and also two and three times a week in the Evenings. Last Friday afternoon 19th inst we called an Ecclesiastical Council who met at our Meeting House and organized a New Congregational Church composed of Members from different Churches, among our Number is Mr. R. E. Whitman & Wife from the Church in Turner. Our Church now numbers 22 Members, and is called the St Lawrence Street Congregational Church. We hope that ere long others may be added to our Church. We feel that our Heavenly Father has smiled upon our efforts thus far.

May Heavens Blessings be with you and your dear Family. We all send much Love to your Dear good Wife.

From Your Affectionate  
Uncle E. Waite

P.S.

The dividend on Lizzies Rail Road Stock is now due. I will collect it and remit to you if you wish, together with the dividend on Bank Stock which was due Last October.

E.W.

Oh, I like to have forgot a very important item of news. Tell your dear Wife, that our Lizzie has a fine little girl, four months old, and which we all think a great deal of. Capt Garcelon is now on his way from N. Orleans bound to Boston in the Bark Jacob Prentiss. Lizzie talks of going to Europe with him next Summer.

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887 2/25/1858 *From:* H[enry] Carter

*To:* Dear Sir [OO Howard]

OOH-0827

Haverhill, Mass

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Haverhill, Mass

Feb 25, 1858

Dear Sir:-

Your very kind letter has been received, and I improve the opportunity it affords me to thank you, not only for your thoughtfulness in writing, but also for your uniform kindness to my Son in all your intercourse with him, both officially and personally. He has been in the habit of writing to us every week, and there have been but few of his letters in which you or your wife have not been spoken of, in connection with the pleasant calls he has made at your house. I have esteemed it very fortunate for him that he had found such friends to call on, as supplying or remedying a deficiency which many cadets feel very sensibly, in being deprived almost entirely of social intercourse. He has enjoyed his visits very much, and I have no doubt they have been of great benefit to him in various ways. I know it would have been a pleasant factor in my West Point life, if I could have had a similar privilege.

If I had known when I wrote you, that Eugene would have been in your section I should have felt some delicacy in writing to you as I did, although I am sure that you could not have suffered for a moment that I could have expected or denied any partiality in his favor in your official intercourse. I took occasion, as soon as I knew the fact, to write him on the subject, and to make it an additional incentive for him to so acquit himself as to make it easy for you to do well by him, and to warn him of the embarrassment it might bring upon you if he should do badly. I can only say that he was always not only entirely satisfied, but felt sure of your friendly feeling. I remember that he wrote me in one letter, that he knew it pleased you to have him do well, as on one occasion when another Professor visited their section and questioned him closely, your countenance indicated pleasure at his correct answers.

I sympathize with my son in this "pull back" which he has met with more than I can express, for I know from experience what it is. At my first January examination I went from the second section to the first in Math. Not long after I was taken sick and was at the Hospital about a fortnight. When I came back, it was thought that the easiest way for me would be to go back into the second section, and even then I found it very hard. It was a severe blow to my courage and ambition, for while I was in the first section I thought very seriously of trying hard for some of the first files, but after that bad luck I felt that there was but a poor chance for it. I hope the Professor to whom Eugene now recites will be considerate of his misfortune, and make it as easy for him as possible to recover from this disadvantage. Eugene is somewhat mercurial in his temperament, and is affected very much by the treatment of those who have power over him. I wish to save him from any feeling of discouragement. If he should see that his professor is considerate of him, and is disposed to make it as easy as possible to "study up," he will take courage and I have no doubt will retrieve his loss. But a different treatment might discourage him so as to do him great harm. I feel encouraged to hope for the best, in as much as Eugene has spoken of his present Professor in Math in favorable terms, as he has indeed of all. He was not well fitted for the school, having grown exceedingly rusty in all his studies. His two younger brothers would have gone ahead of him in "Eng." as they were fresh while he had been engaged in the Advertiser office, mailing the papers for several years. He studied Algebra a little after he got his appointment but on the whole, was very rusty, and his mind is anything but a scholarly condition. I feel encouraged therefore, to hope that after he gets into good times, he will find it easier than he has thus far to maintain a fair stand in his class. My wife joins me in sending our best and united regards to your wife and yourself, and we hope sometime to have the pleasure of seeing you and if we have an opportunity of reciprocating your kindness to our son, to thank you in person. With my best love to my son, hoping that he will not be discouraged, but be of good cheer.

I am very truly your friend

H Carter [Henry Carter, entered USMA in 1836]



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888 2/25/1858 *From:* D.B. Lyne

*To:* bro [OO] Howard

OOH-0828

Brunswick Ga

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Brunswick Ga Feb 25/58

Dear bro Howard

I am anxious you should hear from me as well as to hear from you. I know not whether you have answered my letter, or not. Left Tampa pleasantly in November with good will of the people in the shape of good collections.

Had many pleasant meetings & incidents of travel during some two months, till I reached this appointment, too tedious to name. Wanted to transfer to La Conf, but Bishop Early & others prevailed on me not to do so. Did not like my appointment to this place at first but find it is the very place. We have a pleasant revival going on here at this time and the Church is greatly refreshed & encouraged. I am delighted with the scenery and the facility with which I can make my way off to Savannah, Charleston & all parts of Ga, or any other place. Several most excellent persons have united with the Church since we arrived here and some of the best of the Citizens have been converted hapily.

I enjoyed my time traveling in the winter very much indeed, and gained my usual strength & weight. Oh! how I long to hear from you and yours, want to know all about your religious state and privileges, & prospects for usefulness. Please write soon as I must in course of next month go out to obtain means to build a house of worship here and I want to hear from you before I leave.

You may have written to Jacksonville as I requested in my last but conference was not held there owing to the epidemic & I missed it. I will write to the post office to inquire.

My health is good indeed and my religious enjoyment good indeed. I am more completely lost in the will of God than ever in life before.

My faith is stronger than ever and my entire dependence is on the blood of Jesus, for personal comfort protection and power to become useful. God bless you & yours my very dear bro. You have often comforted me much in your kindness and labours. Yours in Christian love

D.B. Lyne

P.S. Send me anything in the P.O. directed to me. DBL

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889 2/28/1858 *From:* Silas [Lee]

*To:* Otis [OO Howard]

OOH-0829

Chicago

*Source:* Bowdoin

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Chicago Sunday Eve  
Febry 28th 1858,

My Dear Otis,

Your much appreciated letter of the 18th inst I received yesterday morning. I thank you for it.

I have thought that, perhaps a sketch of my social relations and intercourse might not be uninteresting to you, and will try to give you such an one as I can.

It is now nearly a year since I left Buffalo, and I have been here most of the time, some little time was spent among my friends in Canada, and some time was spent in traveling. I visited Kansas, saw a little of Nebraska and passed almost directly through Minnesota, and finally came to a stand here, where I was so lucky as to find quite a number of persons whom I had known in Canada and Buffalo, and concluded to stay a short time, at all events, among the friends I found here, are Mr Earll, Mrs Woodworth & daughter and Mr and Mrs Kellogg, all of whom have done all in their power to make me happy, and now I hardly know where I am most at home at Mr Earll's or at Kelloggs, tho I enjoy myself rather better at the latter place, where I always find the happiest home I ever visited.

Mr Kellog is a man only three years older than myself, a graduate of "Yale" and a man of a good deal of talent. He is connected with the "Tribune" a "Republican" daily, (I don't like his politics) was formerly proprietor of the "Buffalo Republic" and afterwards one of the editors of the Buffalo "Commercial Advertiser" - one of the most influential papers in Western New York - and the leading "Know-Nothing" Journal when that party was in existence. Of Mrs Kellogg, I don't know that I can better describe her than that she is an elegant person, an affectionate, pure, pious and confiding wife. She has been my "Father Confessor" almost since I first became acquainted with her, and has exerted a greater and better influence over me than any other friend I have ever found. She and I were talking only a few days ago of what I was, when she first knew me and what I am now. During the conversation she had been watching me pretty closely for some minutes. (I think mothers last letter was spoken of) and she said, "Silas, I wonder that you are not a Christian, with such a mother, and you tell me that nearly all your relatives are christians, but," she continued, "I have great hopes of you, you are not near as bad as when I first knew you." She and I frequently talk upon those subjects but yet I do not agree with her, her views are the same as yours.

Mrs Woodworth (the mother of Mrs Kellogg) is a very superior person of about forty-five. She is truly a beautiful woman both physically and intellectually. She is by profession a "Unitarian." She is a person for whom I have great respect, and with whom I play at Chess quite frequently. She plays very well, and being very fond of the game, almost always challenges me, tho I always beat her. She has a younger daughter, Miss Fanny, a young lady of twenty, beautiful and accomplished, rather witty & vivacious, and a splendid musician, sings, and plays on the Piano quite as well as any performer I ever heard, any female performer at any rate, - but she is one of the wildest and most hard-hearted flirts I ever knew, - and altogether one of the most bewitching creatures I have seen. (I often wonder that that soft spot in my very susceptible heart has not been touched, long since). We are confidential friends, and more like brother and sister than anything else. She usually of an evening, while her mother & I are at Chess, plays and sings. I never have been able to ascertain whether for our amusement, or because we always chance to begin to play chess just as she feels like practicing. The picture is, myself and Mrs Woodworth, with the chess table between, Fanny at the Piano, and Mrs Kellogg looking over my shoulder watching my play and waiting for her husband's coming home (or reading.)

Our pleasant little "tableaux" were sadly changed at the disappearance of Mr Kellogg, but he is at home again, and we have again got back into old ways, & Mrs Kellogg is the same "happy little wife."

Mr Kellogg has been home a little more than a week. He had been at St Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati, but as he went away while under the influence of Opium, and was quite oblivious nearly all the time he was away, does not know where he was, or rather where he was not. He has been a great lover of DeQuincey's writings, and tells us that sometime last summer he conceived the idea, that he would like to experience some of the

effects that he describes in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," and that he had continued its use till sometime during his absence, and when it left him he found himself at Cincinnati, from whence he came home, after a wandering of about three weeks. He assures me that for several weeks prior to going away, he has no distinct recollection of anything; tho he attended to his duties as usual, and his appearance was not changed sufficiently to be noted either by myself or the members of his family. He has now discontinued its use, and has substituted Valerian and Quinine to "taper off" with, and has already begun to diminish the quantities and their frequency, and has quite recovered his control over all his faculties. The first thing after he made his appearance Mrs K sent for me, and I think I never saw a better illustration of happiness than I found on arriving at their house. It was beautiful, calm and seemed to be fully realized by all. I was the first, to whom they had made known their grief; and had been called upon to assist them during its continuance; and I should be first to know their joy, so they all said, and I did know it, and feel it too, and I hope I may never forget its effect upon me. It has done me good!

My last letter from Mother, is dated the 13th inst., from Cambridge. She was quite as well as when at West Point. She speaks of you, & of your wife & children most affectionately, and picturing to me a home of such happiness, comfort and love, that it almost makes me envious.

May-be I may some day have a "home" of my own. When I do, I hope when my friends come to see me, they can go away & exclaim, "there's a happy home," but that time is some time into the future yet.

With much love to Lizzie & the little ones I am as ever

Your affectionate cousin  
Silas

Thursday Eve, March 4th. I mislaid this letter and until now thought it had been mailed. I am quite as careless as of old in all my habits - hope I may overcome it by & by, but at present I have so much study & other to keep the "Upper story" balanced - have to read a good deal.

I saw Benj V Page yesterday - some of Simon our old Sunday School Supt. - He is here in business. He gave me a little news about Hallowell people.

Yours, Silas