

June 24 1848

My dear Lycurgus.

Yours of the 28<sup>th</sup> Inst came to hand to day by which I am not only sorry but grieved to the bottom of my heart to learn that you are displeas'd with your situation at Newark. I have been sick more than a week and <sup>could</sup> scarcely walk out to get my breakfast this morning when your letter came and so distressed me that I took my bed again and have not been up since till now - tis now ten o'clock at night. I have lived for my children, and have hoped with all the affection of a fond father to see you <sup>in</sup> as you advance to manhood a man growing up in knowledge & learning. Will do I remember how your departed Mother felt when I took you ~~from~~ a little hay grower tender care and placed you in Spencer Academy.

Now I am alone to weep and sorrow over my children, and ought not you to try to do some small share towards making me happy? You can do this

ly pursuing your studies and acting  
out a manly and noble part. You know  
very well my son I am very willing and  
more than willing to do any thing in  
my power for you, and if your choice  
is not a good one that I would do my  
best to better it - ~~and~~ it is only necessary  
for you to make your complaints  
to me and not to say if you don't do so  
and so for me, I will do some thing  
to disgrace myself. I do not believe,  
I do not believe it now that you would  
act disgracefully in order to compel  
me to do any thing. Remember I am  
your father and that you have a  
right to make known all your  
grievances to me, but when you make  
them don't think that they will not  
be heard or listened to and that you  
are obliged to say some thing pretty  
hard for me to act in your behalf.

I however forgive you for this  
and look upon it only as the language  
of inexperience. I will try my best to  
come out and see you by the

10<sup>th</sup> July. It is impossible for me to  
leave here before that time, though I  
am more than anxious to get out  
of the City - tis getting very sickly, and  
the heat is intollerable. I am without  
a dollar in my pocket and will not be  
able to get money to take me away before  
that time. I have recieved not a single  
letter <sup>from home</sup> since your Uncle Thomass last  
dated the 12<sup>th</sup> May. I wrote you all the  
news of which it contained. Hiram Pugh  
has been here - got his money and left. He  
says that he will never return <sup>to the nation</sup> till he  
has completed a Collegiate course. Hope  
he will do so. George Barkers left the 10<sup>th</sup>  
of this month and is probably now near  
home. He left in very bad health - came  
near dying before he left. I will write  
you on the 14<sup>th</sup> July and tell you  
of the doings here, also when I shall  
be out to see you - the tenth Hope  
at present in the mean time  
do well, which is all the constant  
desire of your affectionate father  
Washington 29. 1848. D. P. Pugh

P.S. Remember me affectionately to Ann  
Love D. S. Allen.

Georgus P. Stepleman  
Newark  
Delaware