Stonington (Ceb.)
March. 9th. 52

My dear Henry

Though my thoughts are so much with you of late - yet I have not written you as often perhaps as formerly - you know I am one of the Marthas, careful, and troubled, about much serving, we had a good deal of company last week, Mr Cliff called early on monday morning with a cousin of Mrs Cliffs - a Miss Hatch from Burlington your Father seemed to take quite a fancy to her, she looked so much like her Aunt, Mrs Dr. Peters. so he invited them to come and take tea with us some time in the course of the week they came on Friday with Mr. Cliff. On Thursday Eliza Tucker and Sarah Dixon dined with us, On Sunday morning Mr. Kime and Mary came on - they left last evening. This afternoon I have been out to the Maternal Association - there were several mothers present whose children (or some of them) had recently entertained a hope that they were born again - Mrs Amy, three daughter - Mrs Rodmans daughter, Mrs Reuben Hancox two daughters - and I trust that two of my dear children were of the number. the meeting was at Mrs Stiles Stantons, and there were thirteen present - and we feel greatly encouraged. Mrs Stanton remarked, that she

had read of an observation of some man of piety, that if we heard of the conversion of a soul, for whom we had ever offered one prayer, we should take courage, and be grateful. ——

I suppose James is full of business and anxiety now a days, which will not be likely to lessen for some weeks to come. I think of him a great deal - it must be hard work to be held up for office - particularly when the chances are against his success. give my love to him - dear Henry and accept for yourself a great share from your affectionate

Mother.

Hartford March 11th 1852

My Dear Mother

My letter to Grandmother sent in such great haste by Uncle Frank this morning, requires an apology. —

Having received great benefit from Dr. Hawes' remarks on Saturday evening last, and also from Mr. Finney's sermon on Sabbath evening, I determined to write to Tommy, giving him an abstract of the remarks of both Clergymen, and therefore after my return from the Sabbath evening service I commenced a letter, but having covered four pages I found I had hardly touched upon what I had intended saying and I therefore put the letter in my pocket thinking that I would not send it to Tommy, as it was but the commencement of a letter and would neither prove useful nor interesting to him. — Yesterday afternoon having a little leisure time I commenced a letter to Grandma, intending to finish it leisurely and write all the items of interest concerning James and myself, but having written two or three pages I was forced to lay it one side and this morning just

before the train started for Willimantic, upon returning to the Depot (from some errands up town) I found Uncle Frank just about starting for Stonington. Thinking that you would be glad to hear from me at any rate, I hastily concluded the letter to Grandma and taking the rejected letter to Tommy from my pocket I sent them both along by him.

I thought that the manner and matter of those letters might appear strange to all of you and therefore I now write this apology. — I have less leisure time now than I have ever had before and you must take letters from me when and as you can get them.

Last Monday the pews in Dr. Hawes church were rented for the ensuing year and as Mr. Bunce is going to the Pearl St. Church I was forced to make a new arrangement to secure a seat.

I was unable to find any one who wished to purchase part of a pew and as the pillars that support the ceiling divide some of the pews so as to leave a very long one on one side and a short one on the other, I hired one of the short ones (that seats only two persons) in a very pleasant part of the house, for $15 a year. The pew is an excellent one in the most desirable part of the church and the match pew (or ½ pew) on the other side of the church, being of the same size and relative position, rented for $24 — The pews in this church rented very high and it was difficult to procure a good seat at a moderate price.

Dr. Tucker preached for Dr. Hawes on Tuesday evening of this week and I understand that his sermon gave great satisfaction although I was not able to go and hear him. —

I received your letter this morn and was very glad to hear from you. I had wondered why I had not heard from home, since you and Grandmother wrote together, a week ago last Monday. I had hoped to hear again from Father in answer to my last letter to him.

I am most happy to hear of the conversion of Harriet Amy and her sister. — I long to be in Stonington and converse with all my old acquaintances who have been brought from darkness into light, for I can now talk with them in a far different strain from what we have been wont to converse in. I want to repeat to them the words of advice and encouragement that have kept me from stumbling, or rather, that have, by the grace of God, enabled me to rise again after my frequent stumblings in my Christian walk. I cannot think that any pastor can talk to his flock as does the excellent Dr. Hawes, and whenever I hear him, I feel anxious that Tommy and all the young converts at Stonington should also receive the encouragement he extends to the members of his fold. —

I shall send a few copies of Mr. Brace's "Lectures to Young Converts" to some of my acquaintances, for

it is a most excellent work. — —

James, as you imagined, is busy with politics. His letter to the Temperance Committee has made him many enemies and he will lose many votes in Hartford. His old friend Watson Beach, who boards at Mr. Risley's, says he will not vote for him, although he is a Whig. —

Mr. L. B. Hanks (John Hyde's son in law) advertised his house, this morning, as for sale. This is the house that Father looked at when here.

I think that he has determined to sell immediately from the fact that it is said that Saml. Colt and Woodruff & Beach are about to remove their immense establishments to New York and if this is the case, real estate and rents in this City will fall astonishingly in value. — This report has made quite a panic in real estate holders and it seems to me that it will now be a good time to purchase. — The weather here has got to be quite Spring like; so much so that we have to keep our windows open and walk out without overcoats. —

Write to me when you can and please return the note of Kate Goodrich's which I sent to you last week. — Love to all the family and for the present good night.

I am, as ever, your affectionate Son

Henry —

Friday noon. — James & myself are both well to day. —

Tell Hatty Amy why I send her Mr. Brace's Lectures (which I shall do this noon) — They were delivered originally to young ladies and as I have been much encouraged by reading them, I doubt not they will prove of assistance to her. They are selling here now in large numbers. Most all the Young converts read them and are delighted with them.

Yours as ever

Henry —

Mrs. Gurdon Trumbull
Stonington
Connt.

Paid 3

Munich 11th

1/52

Hartford, April 2d. 1852

My Dear Mother

I have barely time to write a few hasty lines before the mail closes, but I cannot resist the temptation of communicating to you the news of an increase of my salary from $400 per annum to $600. — Father may have told you that he spoke to Mr. Bunce upon this subject, without my knowledge, and you may therefore be prepared for this news.

Although Mr. Bunce was in the Office with me all day yesterday, he said nothing upon this subject, but last evening, as I was going home to tea, I met him in Asylum Street and he stopped me to make a remark about the monthly pay roll for the Engineers, which I make out and have charge of; at the conclusion of those remarks he added, "And when you make out your own bill, from the 1st of April, call it at $50. per month, if it is agreeable to you, and so on every month for the future." He then passed on without waiting for a word of thanks from me or a word of explanation to me. ~~to passed on~~.

This is just Mr. Bunce's way of doing business, so as to appear not to be conferring an obligation upon any one.

You may well imagine that I am gratified at this increase of my "income," and that I am grateful to Father for his kindness in procuring it for me.

Had I known that Father intended speaking to Mr. Bunce I should have requested him not to, but the sequel shows that my "earthly parents know how to give good gifts unto their children" and I am grateful, I trust, to my Heavenly Father that it is so. I have been most abundantly blessed of late with temporal blessings, and I pray to my Heavenly Father that He will not bless me temporally to the exclusion of spiritual blessings; and that my prosperity may not lead me to forget the "Giver of every good and perfect gift."

I was delighted as well as surprised at receipt of the new shirts in James' trunk, ~~for~~ as I only wrote the letter, asking for them, at noon, and in the evening I received the shirts, carefully and neatly made and fitting nicely. The Ladies Sewing Society can evidently do rapid as well as nice work. If you can have the sleeves of the shirts which are being made for me, a little longer from the shoulder to the wristband, I should prefer it, altho' if they are already cut out, it is no matter.

Your dough nuts and cake were also very acceptable as also your letter of apologies for having nothing to send to us.

Thanks to Grandmother for her socks, which were particularly acceptable to me just at this time.

I probably shall not be able to write home again before the latter part of next week.

In haste with love to all

Your aff. son Hown

Hartford, May 6th 1852

My Dear Father

I have barely time to enclose in a wrapper the Governor's Message and some other papers & send them by Mr. Rodman who is just leaving for Stonington.

I am well & have just heard from James, who is also well.

I saw Mr. Willey here yesterday, en route for Ellington. — Frank Phelps & Denison Mrs arrived here last evening, on their way to Granby, and finding that the stage does not leave until to morrow morning they are waiting over here to-day.

I attended a very pleasant gathering last evening at Miss Robinson's. Charlie's friend Perkins was there, and also Representatives from Brown's University Trinity & Yale Colleges. I passed a very pleasant evening indeed.

The weather here is most beautiful, but I am very busy and have no more time for writing.

So with Love to all Good Bye.

Your affectionate son

Henry

May 6th /55

Stonington May 17th. — 52.

Dear Henry

I had intended writing to you to day, but hearing Mother say that she intended doing so, I will postpone, writing any thing more than a note... I want to apologise to you about your shirts. I have felt badly about them, I know you must have needed them very much. In the first place, those that I sent you were not made for you which was the cause of the sleeves being too short. The ladies sewing society, undertook to make a dozen shirts size for James and size for you - I gave them a measure or pattern for each - they finished James's and were so long about it - that I marked half of them for you - and if they are not worn out, (it is so long) if you will bring them down I will lengthen the sleeves or put longer ones in. I hope while, I live, you will never be so short of shirts again or have shirts with sleeves so short. I have this afternoon got two more, home with a promise of another tomorrow, I venture to send them dirty, as

we should not have time to get them dry in the morning before the boat goes.

I hope dear Henry, that you will be able to come down when James does or before, we have expected you every saturday, for weeks. I long to see you. All accounts from you agree that you are working to hard and since James came home and spoke of your having had a horn of nose bleeding - I feel very anxious about you. But I try to trust you to a kind Providence - who has been ever watchful of you, and has so often manifested himself to you in a striking manner, and in a way that we did not expect.

I think James looks miserably - I hope he will recruit soon - but he works almost as hard, I expect, as he did when at Hartford. The clock strikes eleven and I must bid you good night my dear Henry

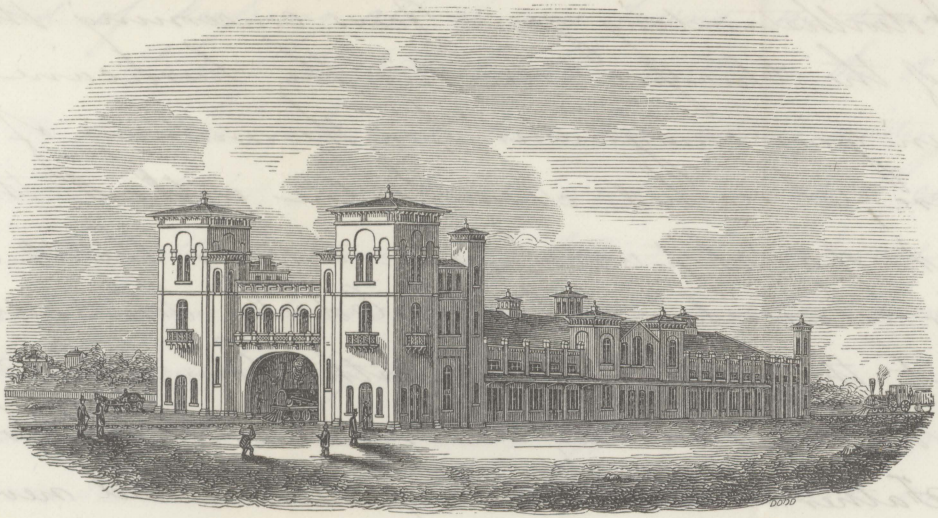
from your affectionate

Mother.

May 17 - 1852 -

mother

He working too hard



HARTFORD CITY PASSENGER RAILROAD STATION. ASYLUM STREET.

Built of Portland Free-stone, at an expense of $60,000. Length from South to North 300 feet — width 94 feet — large towers 28 feet square and 76 feet high — the arches over the tracks are 25 feet 5 inches, and height from the track 20 feet.

Hartford, Thursday May 27/52

Really, my dear Mother, I have forgotten how to write a letter, and instead of scrawling over this sheet with the telegraphic rapidity I was wont to exercise in the good old days when I had time and inclination to write half a dozen letters in a week, I have actually been deliberating for full two minutes as to how I should commence a letter or what I should say first.

But time is too precious to be wasted in such unprofitable cogitations and I will therefore inform you immediately of that about which you are probably most anxious to learn, namely, my well being and happiness.

Notwithstanding your fears concerning the safety of the Chicopee during the hurricane that existed, in your imagination, on the morning of my departure, I reached New London without the excitement of a ship wreck, and taking the 12 o'clock train for Norwich I found Edwin Trumbull waiting for me at the Depot and with him, after a dinner at his boarding house, I rode around Norwich, visited Father's old homestead, which I had never seen before and passed a very pleasant day, or that portion of it which I spent in Norwich. When I reached here in the evening I could not but feel that I was once more at home, from which I had been absent for a season. It was with a heart sickness that I acknowledged this to be the truth but yet there was some pleasure in the rest of my regular routine of business, which had been interrupted by the change and the excitement during my visit to Stonington.

I shall miss James very, very much, for he has been more than a brother to me, here in Hartford, and I now feel more than ever that I am away from home. I am just now busied with changing my quarters at my boarding house and I find it to be considerable of a job to move all of my traps, and still more of a job to find a place for all my things in one room, for you know that I was never particularly gifted in the line of economizing

room, and of keeping all of my "fixins" in small compass.

Part of this letter has been written in the R. R. Office, & part at the printers', where I have been sitting waiting for a proof of some work for Mr. Bruce, and now as I cannot find any ink wherewith to finish my letter I am forced to use a pencil, as I am determined to write a letter home this week if I can possibly do so.

Last Sabbath, 46 persons were propounded for admission to Dr. Hawes church on the 1st Sabbath in June, and several others were propounded for admission by letter. It will be a solemn time for us who are to act so prominent a part in that scene, in the presence, of, not only those on earth who see us take this step, but also, of God our Father & His Son our Savior, and of all the angels of the Most High, with the countless host of the redeemed & happy Saints. I wish that you and Father would come up here at that time and be with me on that day. — Why can you not? — You & Father would both go to Williamstown to see Charlie graduate from his college and to hear him pronounce a Valedictory, and now why will you not come and see me close my connection with the world, the flesh and sin? Why not come & hear me pronounce a Valedictory to all things that would separate me from Heaven and from God? — Do come, dear Mother. — Father does not love to travel when every one else is traveling and now is much the pleasantest season of the year for even a pleasure jaunt. It is neither too hot nor too cold and you can leave Stonington on Saturday morning of next week, pass the Sabbath here and

return again on Monday. I am very anxious that you & Father should consider of this matter and decide that it is best for you to come.

Sunday Noon —

I have no time to say anything more to day but must close this letter & hurry to the Post Office. —

Tell James that Ole Bull gives a concert here on Tuesday night next and he had better come up. I hope also to see Charlie here the first of next week. —

With Love to all I remain

Your affectionate son

Henry

Hartford, Sabbath Eve
May 30th 1852

My Dear Father

I suppose that you and mother will be somewhat frightened at my note by proxy, for a proxy, hastily despatched yesterday afternoon, but under the circumstances I could not well avoid doing just as I did, and I now hasten to satisfy you that I am yet "alive and kicking" notwithstanding the many sad prophecies that mother has doubtless uttered concerning me, since the receipt of my note per Mr. Ware.

On Wednesday night last, Mrs. Burdick having requested Mr. Ware or myself to watch with her husband, we agreed to divide the night so that each of us might have some sleep. Accordingly I sat up until ½ past 3 o'clock & then slept until ½ past 7, and arose refreshed and strong, feeling no unpleasant effects from my "long evening" passed in Mr. Burdick's room. — On Friday night it being again our turn to watch, Mr. Ware sat up until 4 o'clock, before he called me, and I then rose to take my turn in the sick room.

Now you know that I can sit up until towards morning without experiencing any unpleasant effects from it, but I have always found it irksome to rise early in the morning unless I could eat my breakfast very soon after I was out of bed.

Therefore I soon found myself very sick at my stomach & had to leave the sick room and get back again to bed where I commenced vomiting, but instead of throwing off from my stomach a quantity of undigested food as I usually do at such times, I threw up nothing but clear, green bile.

I suffered through yesterday with an intense head ache, a constant nausea (with but little vomiting) and some pain in my bowels. Awakening about noon yesterday, I remembered that I had promised Mr. Bunce that I would send for that power of attorney by yesterday's mail, and as only 15 minutes would elapse before the closing of the mail, I had no time for reflection but asked Mr. Ware to hasten & write the note for me, which was accordingly sent altho' I feared that it would make you uneasy.

I have been gradually gaining strength since this morning, and this noon I ventured out to my Sabbath School altho' I knew that it was perhaps a little

imprudent. I have lain quiet however most of it to day, have eaten little or nothing since Friday, and Mr. Bunce, who has been in to see me since I commenced this letter, says that I look better than I have for a week past.

It seems that all Hartford is aware of my sickness, and I have been delighted to see so many friends as have called to inquire after my health, and I have reason to be very, very grateful to my Heavenly Father not only for restoring me to health, but for making my sickness so pleasant to me, and of bringing to my bedside so many kind & sympathizing friends, and of making my path in life so pleasant and so easy. Each day do I have renewed cause for gratitude to Him for giving me some new inducement to a life of holiness, and for holding out to me some fresh incentive to continuing in the narrow path that leads to life, and to pressing forward yet more earnestly to obtain the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus.

Thus, as you will readily believe, it was only Christian friends that came to my bedside, it was to them I was indebted for kindness & sympathy and I had the pleasure of knowing that more than one heart was lifted up to God in prayer for

my recovery. Oh where are the crosses I was told I must expect in my endeavors to serve God? where is the yoke & the burden which I was told that I would be obliged to bear?

From the moment that I first determined to give my heart to God, every step that I have taken in the path of duty & of right has been a step in the path of pleasure, and oh if all the wandering, prodigal children knew of the delights they would experience in their journey homeward, in company with their loving, merciful, tho' long neglected Father (who will gladly meet them "while yet afar off" from their home & final resting place) how few would longer suffer in the service of a hard & cruel master, vainly endeavoring to satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit with the husks & the scanty nourishment which this world & sin affords.—

I cannot write more to night but I will try and add somewhat to morrow and I trust that I shall then be able to say that I am well and at my work again.

Of one thing you may rest assured and that is, that I shall not attempt to watch again very soon, and I will try & take better care of myself. —

Copied