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 23 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 June 3/52

My Dear Mother

Having a few leisure moments this morning I very gladly employ them in writing home, although I have nothing in particular to say to any of you, but I may not have another spare half hour during the week and I will therefore write one or two pages of letter against a time of need.

I was in hopes of seeing Charlie here on Monday night, as per agreement, the more especially as I expected to be obliged to leave for New York on Tuesday noon, but as he did not come I managed to delay my trip until the evening train instead of going at noon. Thus I was enabled to see Charlie on his arrival,

go with him to supper and put him in possession of my room and then I started for New York which I reached at midnight. Ed Niles having been made aware of my intended trip was waiting for me at the Depot and I passed the night with him at his room. In the morning I went to Williamsburg (before the family at Dr. Prime's were out of their beds) took breakfast with them, spent the morning there, then went to New York and performed work which I thought would take at least two days, saw Ed Stanton, took dinner with him and Ed Niles, loafed up and down Broadway for half the day and left for Hartford in the train at ½ past 3 o'clock reaching here at 8 o'clock P. M. just 24 hours and 28 minutes after I had left my office to go to New York on the night before.—A good days work!

I was very much surprised at finding Charlie at my room when I returned to it in the evening, but it seems that his friend Perkins told him that he could reach Williamstown the same day by leaving here in the mid day train and he therefore waited for that instead of taking the morning train, but he found at the R. R. Office that he had been misinformed by Perkins and he therefore

waited until this morning when he took the train at ½ past 9 o'clock. I was very glad to see Charlie last night and as it only delayed him 24 hours you must not find fault with him for waiting here over one day. He heard Ole Bull on the night of his arrival here, and he was duly astonished and delighted.

I was very much delighted with the kind letters from yourself and Grandmother that I received by Charlie and as Grandma remarks one letter from me must do for all the family, as I have so little leisure time, and therefore she must accept this as an acknowledgement at least of her kind and truly valuable letter. — —

Your reasons for not coming up here to pass the next Sabbath are perfectly satisfactory and I shall not murmur that you do not come. —

You speak of my religion as being of a "cheerful nature", but it seems to me that religion can only make any person cheerful and happy — No matter how dispositions may differ or what variety there may be in temperment and feelings, religion must make all contented and cheerful and it is only when we forget our religion or doubt the precious promises of our kind Father in heaven

June 5th/52

that the present or the future can look to us other than bright and pleasant. The contemplation of what is ours and of all that is in store for us can only cause our hearts to swell with gratitude to the God who has done and promised so much for us, and not unless we forget these things shall we ever doubt or be sad.

It seems to me that if all only understood what it is to be a christian and how pleasant it is in this life (even were there no future to hope for) there would be no unbelievers, none impenitent or unforgiven.

Dr. Hawes has several meetings this week especially for those who are about to unite with the church but I shall not be able to attend more than one of them if I do that. We are very busy at the office now even though my finding time to write this letter may not make it so appear to you.

I have changed my room at the boarding house and am now settled down quiet and contented in my single room.

Hartford does look beautiful at this season of the year and I love it more every day I am here.

With love to all I remain

Your affectionate son

Henry

Stonington June 7th – 52
Tuesday evening.

My Dear Henry

I will write a few lines this evening – hoping that they may reach you tomorrow, as there is to be an excursion tomorrow, and the boat leaves at seven, James thought of going, but has given it up, as he is engaged in doing some writing which he wished to finish before he left, and could not accomplish it.

I was very glad to get your letter on saturday, as I felt anxious about your health, and should have felt more uneasy, had I have known of your flying trip to New York, while you were scarcely recovered from your ill turn –. I was surprised to hear of Charley's long stay in Hartford – as it was so. I have no doubt you were both pleased to have an opportunity of being being together, and it will make but little difference in his studies. Tomorrow is your birth day dear Henry – and with what different feeling do you enter upon it, from what you ever have, one, before. O my son, are we sufficiently thankful that you have been brought from darkness, to light; that you have found Christ precious to your soul – on him you may now lean, for he is an ever present

help in time of need. I trust you may go on your way rejoicing. I have longed to be with you the week past, and help you about commencing housekeeping on a new plan. James thinks you will like your new room.

I think James enjoyed his visit to New-York very much, the Dean Allens arrived while he was there, he thinks Lucy has improved much in her appearance.

Your Aunt Lucinda, with her Tuesday morn. Children Frances Sweat, Louise Sadeller and Samuel Turnbull arrived here on Friday last. Your Aunt is has been very sick most of the winter - she is now quite feeble, and keps her room, but is not confined to the bed - her phisicians recommended her coming to her native air - I fear she will never be quite well again. Samuel and Louise have gone back but Frances will probably remain here through the summer. Your Uncle has a child quite sick, with scarlet fever, little Arthur - they feel very anxious about him, as they have lost three Children with that terrible disease.

Poor Jenny Powers is gone - he died on friday - he was at work for Capt. Smith - and carried his dinner in a tin kettle - which he dropped in a well, and in his efforts to get it - became chilly and unable to get out of the well - he was taken out, and carried home - but died about two oclock the next morning.

Martha Phelps has heard from Mason, whom she had supposed dead, not having heard from him before since last August.

The United States arrived on Saturday from the Shetlands you will recollect that Governor Tinker went out in her - She has made an excellent voyage - and will probably clear for your Uncle Frank thirty or forty thousand dollars - he seems well satisfied with it, perhaps I have estimated rather high - Tom says I have - but I got it from your Father.

It is washing day - and I ought not to be writing -

Good Morning - from your affectionate

Mother -

June 7-52.

Mr. H. Clay Trumbull
Hartford
Conn.

Great Writer
Author

STONINGTON
JUN 3
CONN.

Hartford, June 12th. 1852

My Dear Father

Mr. Willey having kindly offered to take a letter for me to any one at home, at ¼ before 3 o'clock this afternoon I hasten to write half a dozen lines to you, hoping that you will receive it before bed time. —

In the first place I am well, in good health and spirits and feel really better than I have for a fortnight past.

The Insurance Agents of whom I have written before are still here and they are very anxious to see James for two hours before they leave Hartford. They will leave here on Tuesday next, or intend doing so. They are anxious to have your name on their list of references for Conn.t and they wish to know by the mail of Monday from Torrington, which reaches here on Tuesday morning, if you will consent to their use of your name merely as a reference. James I believe knows something about the Company and Prime is anxious that we should assist them as we can. — They have already secured the names of D. H. Robinson, Elisha Colt, D. W. Clark, Wm. Kellogg, Saml. W. Collins of Collinsville, John A. Rockwell of Norwich, Judge Backus of Windham Co. Mayor Peck, Punderford & others of New Haven and they are anxious now to secure your name. — Will

you not write on Monday and answer them definitely?

I have no time for writing more but with love to all must close

From Your affectionate Son

Henry

P. S. I hope that James will be up here on Monday if he can conveniently —

Rev. Walter Clark & R. E. Hale have just withdrawn from Hartford Co. Association of ministers on account of Dr. Bushnell's views. It makes some sport here on account of the combination.

Yours &c.

H. C. T.

-25/

Stonington June 23. 1852.

My dearly beloved son

I was disappointed this morning, when Tommy returned from the Post Office, saying "no letters from the boys" When James received the bundle yesterday by the boat, we hauled over the contents very quickly, expecting to find a letter from you – but – says James – I'll tell you how it is – Henry has written by the mail and we shall get it by tomorrow morning. This morning your Father, and James, went down to Providence to get some paper for the dining room, they are having a fine cool day for shopping.

I am almost afraid that James will wish himself back to Hartford again, for we have been in confusion ever since he came – he has his writing materials, up stairs in his own room – and sits there alone – last week while he was gone, we took up the carpet in the parlor and made ready for the painter – he promised to come on Wednesday but did not get here until Saturday, on Friday morning Prime and Mary came down and staid 'till monday evening, they had got so tired of the excessive warm weather, they came for cool air, they were both sick when they came, but went away much improved. Mary is coming on again to spend next week in having her dresses made up for the summer – as she cannot get them done there, she says, and she has fretted so much about them, I am very glad to have her come – poor child, she is wholly taken up with the vanities of this world – and I

fear she thinks little of a future - her health is miserable I fear she will never enjoy good health.
I have not heard from Charley this week, but hope to this evening. Mr Clift and family left last Wednesday to be absent two or three weeks - in visiting their friends in Burlington Vermont, Mrs Peters and Mary were to join them in New York & travel with them.
There were six persons proposended for admission into the Church, last Sabbath - Mrs. Ellen Hyde two of Mr Haleys daughters two of Deacon Butlers daughters and Maria Ball. - Charles Allen has arrived from California - sick he is at E. Fascons. I know not whether he has made a fortune - to compensate for a broken constitution, but the probability is that he has not.
Cortlandt Palmer came on this week to engage rooms at the Wadawannock for his family and the Sydams and Mr Grants family - but he could not get them - Mr. Coleman promised to get the house that Elder Palmer lived in, for them and Mr Palmer thought it would be very pleasant as the three family could fill the house, and be separate from the general boarders.-
Have you begun to hurrah for Scott yet - or have you neither time or inclination to interest yourself about who shall be president.
It is nearly time for Pa and James to come and I must go down and spread the tea table in the

kitchen for them, as that is the only place left us where we may not interfere with paint. Mr. W. Ward is our painter. When James came and told us that you came part of the way with him, I could not help wishing that you had have come along with him. I felt for a day or two that you were close by – I hope when we get the house clean that you will take a vacation and spend a week with us – how is Mrs Risley – and Mr. Burdick has he got out yet. Grandma Tenney and Anna send their love —

Your aff't Mother

HARTFORD CITY PASSENGER RAILROAD STATION. ASYLUM STREET.

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Hartford, June 25th 1852

My Dear Mother

If I do not write this noon you will not hear from me again this week, and therefore I will employ the few moments, that will elapse before I go to my dinner, in talking with the loved ones at home.

You have probably heard from Mary that I went to New York on Monday night and returned from there on Tuesday evening, and she may have mentioned that I was not quite well while there. When I returned to Hartford I found that both Mr. Bunce and Mr. Ashburner were to be absent from the City for several days and that I could therefore have

time to be sick, and as I have been out of health for a month past, and have never taken any remedies, I concluded to take this leisure time to be cured in.

Therefore on Wednesday I sent for Dr. Hunt, told him just how I felt, how I had been, what was my constitution and what were my habits and asked him what was the matter with me and what I should do. He, after questioning me, feeling my pulse &c. told me that the difficulty was in my liver and that a good "scouring out" of my insides would relieve my head ache and benefit me permanently. He then gave me some active physic (a compound cathartic pill) and told me to lay abed for a day or two and live on tea and toast. I have done as the Dr. told me to, his medicines operated just as he wished them to, he came and saw me again yesterday and told me that I might get up this morning if I chose, but not to do much work for a few days, and therefore this morning I am up for the first time feeling quite comfortable, altho' rather weak from the effects of my medicine and from my abstinence.

The Dr. wished me to call and see him at his office and talk over with him concerning some course of gentle medicines, diet &c, to be adopted, to prevent a recurrence of ~~my~~ these attacks, and I now think that I shall be much better for having been under his hands. Mr. Bunce & Mr. Ashburner

have not yet returned and I have lost no time from my office that would have been valuable to me or to my employers.

During my confinement to my room the young men of my acquaintance called upon me very frequently and in abundance, and the young ladies sent messages of condolence to me.

This morning I received a beautiful pyramid boquet from ~~the~~ Ted Gallaudet's sisters, with a card, on which was written; "With the compliments of the young ladies of 16 Buckingham Street" and soon after I received another fine boquet from Kate Goodrich.

The one from the Gallaudet family was really magnificent and it will "pay" to be sick if I receive such testimonials of friendship.

This morning Sam Goodrich called with his horse & carriage & took me to ride, and I am now at the R. R. Office, altho' I am going home to take care of myself for the rest of the day.

My hand trembles so that I cannot write intelligibly but it is only from weakness & I hope to be strong again before I write next.

With love to all I remain as ever

Your affectionate son

Henry

June 25th

1852

Office Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad,

Hartford, June 26th 1852

My Dear Mother

As Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Bunce intend leaving for Stonington, early on Monday morning, to attend a meeting of the Stockholders of this Road, I will endeavor to write a few lines in the course of to day without being as much hurried as I have been when writing to you for the last two months.

I really feel very much better in health than I have for a long time past. Dr. Hunt is a very fine man apparently, as well as a good physician. He gave me very particular directions about my diet and gave me some vegetable pills to take one of, every night. They are a gentle cathartic, and will keep my bowels in a healthy state. He advised me not to eat wheat bread, when I could get rye, indian or graham, – to eat as many vegetables as I chose, – not to eat fish or poultry when I could have juicy meats, – to eat as much as I wanted, but to eat very slow, and to avoid farinaceous foods, flour puddings &c. &c. – The Dr. does not give much medicine but gives good & wholesome advice. He inquired after James and said he was very sorry to have him leave Hartford. He spoke of Father and of his excellent qualities as a physician, mentioned James' sickness and of the course that Father adopted for his cure and concluded by saying "I dont think that your brother could have been in hardly any other, – no, I dont believe he could have been any where else in the world where he could have had as good management or

where he could have been permanently cured." —

I have really enjoyed my sickness very much, for, laying upon my back, without any pain, I could read and converse with friends who came to see me, and I could surely ask for nothing more or better than I had to make me happy. After writing to you yesterday noon I again went to the house and spent most of the afternoon and all the evening in my room and as several of my friends called into see me I passed a very pleasant day.

I wish that I could tell you all the little incidents concerning our Sabbath School, for I know that they would interest you. Last Sabbath evening at the 6 o'clock meeting which is holden, in connection with our school, for the parents of our scholars, and for older persons, I made some remarks upon the importance of the work in which we are engaged, and upon the wonderful success that has met us in our efforts thus far, few and feeble as they have been, and I spoke of the magnitude and importance of the work of saving one soul and thereby causing all heaven to rejoice over one repenting sinner, and I then appealed to the teachers and our co-workers, to know if they would consider their time misspent or their labor lost, if, after striving in our good work for years, we should be instrumental in God's hands of saving one soul, and I asked them to remember that if we were that night summoned to meet our God we should be held accountable not only for our own souls but for the manner in which we had discharged our duty to those whom God had placed under our charge, and for the faithful manner in which we had striven with our scholars to lead them to our Savior and on in the path toward heaven. — At the close of the meeting a

lady who keeps a boarding house near our school room, whose name is Mrs. Steel and who has been of great assistance to us in our Mission work, came up to me and inquiring, as she does each Sabbath, in a motherly manner after my health, telling me that I did not look well & strong &c., she asked me if I would not endeavor to call at her house during the next week as she wished to converse with me. I promised to do so, and ~~last~~ yesterday afternoon being at leisure, I went to fulfill my promise. She is a sincere and devoted Christian and a very kind hearted lady.— She told me that one of her daughters, who is a teacher in our Sabbath School, (a Mrs Penfield) had been married 5 years (although only 22 years old) to a young shoe maker, who though a kind husband and a moral man would never go to church and ridiculed his wife for interesting herself about "nigger children", and that both himself and wife being absent from Mrs. Steel's house, living in another part of the City had paid little or no attention even to the Sabbath until this Sabbath School was started, when Mrs. Penfield (his wife) had interested herself in that because she found young people there whom she found pleasure in meeting and now, said Mrs. Steel, "Last Saturday evening my daughter came to me in the deepest distress and said to me 'Mother, with all the meetings that I have ever been to I never thought that I had a soul to save until I heard what I have in that Sabbath school and in those evening Prayer Meetings'." Mrs. Steel then told me that her daughter although she commenced going to the school only because it was a pleasant place at which to see young people, had become so much interested and awakened by what she heard there,

that she was now anxiously inquiring what she should do to be saved. She was meeting only ridicule from her husband, and no one encouraged her and her mother had sent for me to request me to converse with her. She said that she was assured it would gratify her daughter to have me converse with her and it might be productive of a great deal of good. She also wished me, if possible, to talk with Mrs. Renfield's husband and try to induce him to attend church or at least to permit his wife to do so unmolested.

You may be assured that I was somewhat surprised at these revelations, surprised to find that our efforts for the instruction of heathen children were producing an impression upon the hearts of unconverted teachers. I felt that we had renewed cause for Gratitude to God for His rich blessings on all our labors and I promised Mrs. Steel to do what I could for her daughter & husband by my exertions and by my prayers. —

There are many such incidents as this connected with our Mission labors that I have not time to tell you of ~~and~~ which cheer & encourage us to labor, but which make us feel that it is not child's play or a small matter in which we are engaged. —

Sam Goodrich is in very low spirits. His sister sent him to my Office this morning with a note saying that she wrote to me only for the sake of getting him to come & see me, for he would not leave ~~me~~ home unless she sent him for a specific object, and she wanted him to be cheered up by me. He stayed with me ½ or ¾ of an hour and I got him into a cheerful strain,

Office Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad,

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by telling him some laughable incidents concerning our Sabbath School & some of the difficulties amongst the Teachers, and before he left me he told me that he wanted to have a "real hard laugh" about what I had told him.

Tom Palmer came to my room this morning while I was dressing to inform me that he was bound to Stonington, in the boat down the River, at 8 o'clock. He booked me up with regard to Stonington gossip very much to my satisfaction.

Oh Mother, dear Mother, what cause have I for thankfulness and gratitude to our kind & indulgent Heavenly Father for making me to lie down in such green pastures and leading me beside such still waters as are here in Hartford, this home of my adoption, this my second and glorious birth place. Truly the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and as I look back and remember my disputes and differences with Father, with regard to the essentials for worldly happiness, as I remember how I differed with him regarding, aims, pursuits & associates, I wonder that I could ever have thought as I did, and then I wonder still more that, obstinate and wicked as I was, and earnestly & violently as I struggled against all things that would tend to promote my welfare or happiness, - God should ever have consented to bless me, against my own prayers and desires, and save me against my own purposes

I wishes. Why am I so happy when I have been so wicked? Why have I all the worldly happiness of Dives in this life, and then am granted the hope of the future of Lazarus?

You cannot, I think, feel offended when I say that Stonington has now no charms for me. I do not desire to be there either for a few days at a time or for life for a permanent residence. I long to see all of the family & converse with them, but Stonington, the place of my early sinning, the scene of my follies & my crimes, the spot where I so long struggled against good influences, and of which I can only have sad, sinful memories, you cannot expect me to love it, You could not wonder if I loathed it. — But Hartford, Oh it is a pleasant place, pleasant in its natural attractions, pleasant in its associations, pleasant in its society, in the friends that I have made here, and pleasant in every way.

I feel already that I belong to Hartford, that I am interested in its prosperity & blessed when it is blessed. I feel that I have friends here who are interested in me, friends who have done & are willing to do much for me, and I cannot help loving it. —

Among my friends here of whom I have not written or spoken particularly to you, I value none higher than the Gallaudet family, of whom I have spoken casually in one or two of my last letters. — Mr. Gallaudet was, as you may remember, the first author with whom I became acquainted. — James procured for me his "Child's Picture Defining and Reading Book" and from it taught me to read. I then read his "Child's Book on the Soul" which was just then published and I looked up to the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet as the writer of the English

language. I first became acquainted with his son Edward in the 9 o'clock evening prayer meeting being introduced by Sam Goodrich, and he is now my most intimate friend in Hartford.

He is a perfect prodigy, — a wonderful boy. He is but a child in years but he has all the good sense, all the acuteness and apparently all the experience of one 30 years of age. He is a handsome boy, quiet, modest & unassuming, never venturing an opinion unless it is asked and then, although unobtrusively, he gives it clearly, shrewdly and wisely. He is my Assistant in the management of the Sabbath School and I look up to him as my earthly adviser in every emergency & in every doubt and I find that my confidence in his judgement has never been misplaced. He is a good boy, actuated by firm & high Christian principles, and I really love him with all the passionate attachment I could ~~have~~ have for any young lady. I am with him a great deal of the time and through him I have become acquainted with his family whom I find to be equally loveable and whose friendship I feel myself greatly blessed in securing.

His Father the Rev. J. H. Gallaudet, entered the Sophmore year at Yale College when but 15 years of age and his son Edward is fully his Father's equal in ability & mental attainments.

Miss Kate Gallaudet, his elder sister, came in the train from Bristol this morning, and I escorted her to the carriage. She is beautiful and a very agreeable young lady. She asked me if I had been to their house during her absence of some 10 days, and when I replied in the negative she scolded me for not being neighborly, and urged me to call there frequently and spend much of my time at the house. — Thus you see, Mother, that according to Mary's standard of perfection, she must be a

The Gallaudets

June/52

"sweet girl" for she spoke to me & complimented me.

I do not want you to think that my friends are considered valuable by me only because they make my time pass pleasantly & my life & home a happy one. For there are many true Christians & worthy friends among my acquaintances and I only tell you of the favors shown to me, to prove to you that I have cause for gratitude, and to satisfy you that, though away from you and the loved ones at home, I am not alone nor friendless. —

Monday Morning —

Mr. Bunce advised me to accompany him to Stonington this morning for the benefit of the sea breeze &c., but as I am feeling pretty well, with the exception of a head ache, & that would not be benefitted by a ~~ride~~ ride in the cars, & as there is "lots of work" for me to do in Hartford, I have concluded not to leave.

I wish that you would let me know when you will get through house cleaning, painting &c. as I have no desires to visit you while in that awful state of commotion ~~from~~ in which I have heard of you for a fortnight past. —

I have, this morning, in addition to my other little ailments, a badly swollen face which I fear will result in an ulceration that will require to be lanced as in times gone by.

In haste I am your affectionate son

Henry —

P. S. — I will send Father some papers if I can get them.

Mother, I am short of cotton drawers, & when you have time I suppose you will be pleased to furnish me with some. Mine are most all of them ragged & worn.

H. G. G.