Wakefield. June 16th. 53

Dear Brother.

I was exceedingly sorry to learn of your illness, but hoped that, as you would be, while convalescing, free from Office confinement, I should see you here upon Presentation Day. I was disappointed; but console myself with the anticipation of your presence upon a like occasion — a year hence — provided that I am presented at that time.

Do you remember when I came home last Thanksgiving & told you all about the "Statement of Facts" & how fine the speaking was &: & how ridiculous seemed the idea that you advanced of my striving for an election to it? Well! the election in the Brothers came off last evening. &, to my unutterable astonishment, the nomination was offered to me by A.Δ.Φ. & ΔΚΕ. men (to both of which Soc. I had refused invitations) & by neutrals, if I would

run against the regular Y.V. candidate, who was put by the Doc. because he wished to be, as a compliment, with not the least expectation of his being elected. Of course I made answer, that I could not consistently with my notions of propriety & honor suffer a single vote to be polled for me, & if it was attempted, should immediately resign in favor of Trumbly, our very unpopular candidate. A Majority is necessary & after three ballots with four candidates in the field, Harris the S.S. candidate ~~of~~ stepped into the middle of the Hall, & voluntarily offered to resign in favor of Mr Trumbull, provided Trumbly would do so. Of course he accepted the offer, & followed suit, for his chances were "growing small by degrees & beautifully less". & upon the next ballot out of Seventyeight polled votes I had Seventyfive. And then what a shouting there was among the Y.V. men that they had, contrary to

all expectation, was the election, & among the remaining votes it that "Charlie Trumbull" was "Senior Statement of Poets Dealer".

I was altogether taken aback by the proceeding, & had my arm half worn off by the consecutive congratulators, who crowded around me. Perhaps you think I am vain; but I have to let off now & then on somebody, & the people at home are as likely to be glad with me as anybody. I don't care for the honor, but I do feel very glad to be liked by those who know me: particularly as I have avoided rather than sought popularity since I left Wms. I wish it could have come off a week sooner, for I should then have been certainly invited to "Skull & Bones": but as I was but little known in that Class, & had not a single friend among them, I was not invited, simply because I had done nothing to attract attention. I am known to my Classmates, however, by my ordinary

with & conversation. & feel vastly more satisfaction in hearing such remarks as. "Well it can't be much hard to get to Senior Soc's if Trumbly & Tom Denny could get boosted in by their friends & Trumbull left out." & others of a like nature. & in seeing the men who have been chosen from our Class scowling because of some of the selections, & telling me that if I had entered Coll. six months sooner I could have done what I pleased. I was too late to do much here: my lessons kept me so close at first that for a time I knew nobody. & beside, all the prizes for proficiency in the Classics speaking: Writing: & Mathematics are given Sophomore & Freshman years.

I was invited by the other Senior Soc. "Scroll & Key" & offered the choice of three men from the Class to take in with me, if I would only come myself. The reason was that I happened to know Ben. Phelps, &

Charlie Thomas. two of their prominent men. I have greater reason to be well pleased for my ~~course~~ success & thus far, however, I have been all along agreably disappointed. & Senior year I shall show them that Fresh Juniors, if they did spent two years elsewhere than in Yale ~~could~~ can do something.

I have all vacation to get up a piece. & do not like the job very much either.

I must close ~~all~~ abruptly, as the Dinner-Bell has rung. & trust you'll pardon my egotism, in writing you so long an account of personal matters.

Good Bye

Charlie

I am out of vests. Just send me any old light vest. I forgot to put any in my trunk when I left, except a white one, & an old silk one.

June 16. 1853

Sabbath evening Jan. 29th, 54

Dear Brother

I should have answered your letter before had I not been sick, & half in doubt whether to come home or not. To answer your interrogatory concerning the book — I was under the impression that "Leigh Hunt's Imagination & Fancy" was at home lying upon the shelf in Father's Library. I do not know certainly about it.

I am considerably under the weather just at present: in fact, I have not felt entirely well for four weeks, & ought not to have returned when I did. I have been in to the College Exercises as regularly as possible, however, & intend doing so; but I find it very difficult to get my lessons well, or recite decently. For three or four days past I have had a horrible pain stretching from the locality of the liver up well into the chest. & nights I have suffered most intensely for a few minutes at a time from very severe cramps in the calves of my legs, just below the knee. I would stretch down one leg, or the other, & be awakened by this agonizing <u>shaking</u> feeling in the muscle, & putting my hands down to rub it, find the leg apparently as hard as a bone; but in a little time I could rub it away. In addition to

this I have had a cough, resulting, I suppose, from a cold. I went last night to see Dr Moody, & after inquiring as to my symptoms he gave me a prescription, & directions; ordering me to take six blue-pills, one a day, & a tea-spoon-full of a diabolical mixture after each meal. The latter compound is made up of "Lavendar", "Carb. soda", "Gentian" & "Aloes". & the tastes it leaves in the mouth are somewhat as follows: first three minutes, "Saleratus"; next two - "White-varnish"; succeeding five - "Tobacco & "Choke-perrys" = indefinite period of duration - "Urine". Pleasant diet, is it it? I have to go in to the recitations, however, for we have them all to make up, if we do it, & that does not pay. I feel pretty weak & ~~can't~~ cannot draw a long breath, it hurts me so; therefore I stick to my room pretty much all the time. Do not you say any thing to the folks about this matter, for I do not wish to have to come home, or to stop attending the regular College duties. I am afraid Father & Mother would think me sicker than I am, if you were to tell them, & they would be uneasy about me. I shall be all right again soon, I hope. Ed Trumbull was here Thursday night; only staid a little while. He told me how you all looked at home.

Tell Tom I am much obliged

for his letter, I'll answer it soon.

Give my love to all the folk, for I must stop as I have a hard evening's work before me — two lessons to get.

Please write as often as you can. I want to hear from home more frequently, as it is so close by. I should think I ought.

Good Bye.

Your off'n Brother
Charlie

P.S. I am boarding at a Club this term, composed of picked men. It is a fine place, & the body who cooks for us, is the best cook in N. Haven.

It is necessary in advance, three dollars apeice. All that we pay now we shall not have to pay at the end of the term. Will you please ask Walter for it?

Warriner's Union House, Springfield
Wednesday A. M. May 24th 1854

My dear Mother

I have merely time to write a few words this morning to inform you of our safe arrival here and continued welfare.

The weather is delightful, Alice and myself are very well, every thing combines to make our jaunt a pleasant and profitable one to us both, and God is surely showering upon us the richest blessings He ever bestows upon His children in this world. —

Neither of us feel fatigued with our ride to Springfield or the exertions that preceded it. We are now intending to ride up to East Hampton, via North Hampton, this afternoon, and passing the night there, we expect to return here to-morrow, after which you may hear from us again.

A letter directed to the Revere House Boston, would probably reach us, if sent in time for us to receive it by Friday noon. — If we do not hear then we shall presume that all is well at home. —

With Alice's love[x], I remain as ever
Your affectionate son
Henry

[x] This is intended to be sent to you, I did not mean to brag, although the sentence reads so, as I perceive. —

May 24th/54

Hartford July 29th.

Tuesday —

My dear daughter Alice

Your brother Ed.

has just been in and announced the terrible news - the death of William Hyde - How will his poor father bear it, his only one, the child of his dear departed wife! - my heart aches for him I feel anxious to know of the particulars of his death, - and in particular those regarding his hope of a future, that is the great point. Tommy went down to the boat with him, when he left Stonington last Tuesday night - he said his father feared to have him go, said he did not appear well - but William promised to come on again in August and make a long visit, - are we not daily reminded that in the midst of life, we are in death. Tommy arrived home on Wednesday, sooner than we expected, but we were very glad to see him - Anna came from New Haven on

Thursday, looking very well, she enjoyed her visit much, after she got over her headache. and feels almost homesick to get back there or somewhere else, where she can have the sea air, she has had the headache most of the time since she came back. You have done well to be away from Hartford during this severely hot week, unprecidented, it is said, in sixty years. Thermometer at 99½ on Friday Saturday and Sunday - on Monday 96 and day only 88. and some prospect of rain.
I long to have you home again -. James and Sarah stayed until Tuesday with us - and they make frequent call since. Gurdie has been confined to his bed for a few days with a slight attack of Dysentery, but to day is sitting up some and is improving.
Edward partly promised me that he would bring your Mother up to pass the day with us tomorrow - I long to see her, but cannot well go out.
we received letters from Mary, the past week - they were in Switzerland and expected to take the Baltic, for home on the 6th of August. We were very glad to receive your letters yesterday -

and to hear particularly from
our friends at Westerly and
Stonington, and that you were
enjoying your visit. I hope before
long to be talking it over with you both -
Gurdie is getting lonely and I must
attend to him - with much love to
you both dear children I will
close Your affectionate
Mother
S. A. T.

July 29. 1856