

Stonington Jan 15th 1852.

My dear Henry

Altho' but a brief space remains between this, and the time of the Mails' leaving, yet I will no longer wait for a more convenient season for I am aware that I have not been as prompt as I should like to be in regard to writing of late, for I have had very many little hindrances, one of which has been, the making of a little great Coat for Gwistore, and which is just completed.

I have not written to you I believe since your return from your Centre Village excursion. Your Father came in one afternoon, and says "I thought there would be something for me in the Boat this afternoon. Henry came down as far as Norwich to day, and here is a note from him - we all wished it had have been as far as Stonington - I was very glad you had such pleasant weather, and that your trip was on the whole, not an uncomfortable one.

The time draws near for Charlie to leave us again poor fellow, he has not had a very pleasant time, for during the first three weeks he suffered so much from tooth ache, and since that was contracted his difficulty in his throat - but however, he seems well satisfied that he is now quite well, and

ready to go back at the commencement of the term. he would have been delighted to have had you here - to have shown you off to his ~~Steam~~ boat last week. He seemed quite pleased with his visit every thing was new to him, he never saw the salt-water before - but would probably have enjoyed his visit better, in the summer, when he could have gone on the water.

I did long to have your Father start from Hartford this morning, it is so pleasant, but he said, it would just as likely as not, even before night.

Abby Amy has just come in and interrupted my writing for half an hour - but she told me some news, which I will hasten to communicate - That William Stanton (Venom) was last evening married to a Miss Berry, a milliner, of Westbury.

When your Father had his trunk put up for Hartford, weeks ago, I put up that sewing your Coat which you left to be repaired, and a shirt which Charles wore home. but I know not when you will get them. perhaps if Charles goes that way next week, but I rather think he will go by the way of New York, and not stop at Hartford. I have not a minute more - dear Henry, to write - so good bye all the family join me in love to you and James - from your affectionate Mother.

Jan 13: 1882
Hester
Mrs Henry C. Linnell

Hartford, Jan. 22^d 1852
Thursday Eve

My Dear Grandmother

Although it is after 10 o'clock in the evening and I am so very tired that I can not sit up late to night, yet I will at least commence a letter, which I ^{may} find time to finish to-morrow, in my usual hurried manner, so that another week may not pass leaving your last kind letter still unanswered.

The last time I wrote home was on Tuesday evening when I hurried off a scrawl just as I was leaving in the evening train for New Haven en route for Fairfield Co.

I gave the note, as the train started, to Mr. Ware (my friend the young Engineer who walks so fast) with a request that he would direct it to Charlie & send it the next day, which he informs me he did, and I hope that it was received in time for Father to meet Mr. Ashburner as I requested.

I reached the Stirling Hotel at Bridgeport on Tuesday night at 10 o'clock & passed the night there very quietly & with much more comfort than at the Central Village Hotel. On Wednesday morning I walked out to "Iranistan" (Barnum's villa) and saw that interesting specimen of architecture with its fancy Barns, green-houses, wash houses,

fountains, statues, ponds, swans, ducks, dogs, horses, hogs &c. for as the grounds are open to all I spent some time examining the premises. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 A.M. I took the train on the Grosvenor R.R. for Hawleyville and stopping there I found I must take an open sleigh to Danbury, via Bethel, about 7 miles distance. As the snow was falling very fast at that time & it was very cold, this ride did not prove especially pleasant, for having only left my office this winter, to go to and from the center of the city I am rather tender than otherwise.

Having completed my business in Danbury in a very short time I thought that if I could reach the N.Y. & N.H. R.R. at Norwalk by 5 o'clock I should be able to ~~return~~ to reach Hartford the same night in the express train that started at that time from Norwalk, so hiring a sleigh & driver I started for Norwalk, a distance of 22 miles. I had no comforter or scarf, no thick gloves & nothing on but what I wear every day to the office & back, and as the thermometer stood last evening in Hartford at 16° below zero you can imagine that this was anything but a pleasant ride, the more especially as the driver proved to be drunken & lost the road several times, wandered some distance from the direct course & after a ride of about 25 miles in an open sleigh I reached Norwalk about 6 o'clock, too late of course to reach Hartford that night. Finding an accommodation train about leaving for Bridgeport I took that train & spent last night also at the Sterling house, left this morning for N. Haven, was detained six hours at that place by a break down on the N.Y. & N.H. Road and to night I am here again in my room safe & I believe sound in body & limb. The breakfast that I obtained at Bridgeport

yesterday & this morning were the only two meals I took during my absence & until my return to supper at Mr. Risley's this evening.

But I am rather tired & sleepy so good night, and I will try to write more to morrow morning.

Friday morning.

My sleep of last night refreshed me very much and I am in as good order this morning as I have been this winter, and as Mr. Ashburner is still absent at Stonington I have a little more time in which to complete my letter. Mother spoke in one of her letters about my hand writing; I sincerely hope that none of you at home will take my letters as specimens of my penmanship for I write them always in such great haste as to make me run into that horrible unintelligible scrawling hand that my editorship of Stur Mundi led me into.

Sam Waring has just come into the office & as I can send this note by him one day in advance of mail I will send it unfinished as it is. With love to all I remain

Your affectionate grandson
Henry

Stonington, Feb. 1st, Sunday evening

Dear Hen.

As James is going up tomorrow morning, I thought I would write a few lines to let you know how I succeeded in doing your business. I inquired, on the morning you left, at Mr Hancock's about combs, but, as he had none of the black horn ones, I didn't get any thinking that you wouldn't want the other kind. As you say you want either kind, I now send you ~~the~~ the best one I could get.

I got ~~sent~~ the daguerotype from Amos without any trouble, and the letter I found in the 'upper cupboard', I have not mentioned it to James yet, but shall do so before he leaves.

I believe this was all you wished me to do, and if ever I can serve you in this manner again, I'll do it with great pleasure. Mother says my eyes look bad, and as I have got to write to Gordon tonight I will close,

remaining your affectionate brother
Tom.

My dear Sir
I have a great pleasure in writing to you
and in the hope that you will find it
interesting. I have been thinking of you
very much lately and wondering how
you are getting on. I hope you are
well and happy. I have been very
busy lately but I have managed to
find some time to write to you.
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Stonington Feb^y 2. 1852.

Dear Henry,

I cannot let James go without bearing some little words from me to you - We have had a very pleasant visit from James, and it was quite unexpected. I think I should be quite happy if we could have a weekly visit from one of our absent children, alternately, it would be delightful to have you together, but shall be satisfied if you come often separately.

You left us on Tuesday morning - in the afternoon Joseph Stoyes came in the little boat - we regretted that you were not here, to help make his visit pleasant, he left Wednesday morning. Your Father did not go to Providence as he intended but thought he would go to Hartford on Thursday, but when it came he did not feel like it - but on Friday he got all ready, had Jimmy come down and carry his trunk and Charles up Tommy walked up with your Father and Charles, it was a delightful morning - after half an hour Tommy came home, and said, they had concluded to wait until Monday, I felt really sorry - said I what is the matter, why did they not - he said they met your Uncle Frank - and he says you're not going to Hartford this morning - why Charles told me last evening you were going to day, and I told him you'd not go in three weeks at least - well Pa says, I don't feel much like going - and turning to Charles, says, which had you rather do - go - or wait 'till

monday; Charley felt a little blue after bidding us
good bye - and answered very readily, wait till monday
so back she came. When James popped in the afternoon
I saw, why they were not permitted to go.

The Boat has just left for New York, it is pleasant to
hear the sound of it again - we seem so cut off
from Mary, when the boats do not run. I had a
letter from Prime on Thursday, saying that Mary
was quite unwell, and he urged me to come down
and cheer her up. he seemed to feel quite anxious
about her. but I think she has taken cold. and hope
to hear tomorrow that she is better.

James got all ready to leave this morning, and
your Father told him if he would wait 'till tomorrow
he would go with him - but I hardly think he
will. James has gone to hear Dr Palmer

lecture this evening, Tommy has come in, and
thinks it was very good, at least, very laughable.
Here comes James and says, the Dr. died well this evening.

I must stop here so good night sleep Henry
from your affectionate

Mother.
B

Feb. 2. 1832

Hartford, Feb. 1st 1852
Sabbath Eve.

My Dear Mother

I have nothing in particular to communicate this evening, and as you have heard from me so many times this week past, I know of no reason why I should attempt to write at this time, unless it be that knowing you usually hear from James or myself every Tuesday morning I will not leave you to grim forebodings of the misery or sickness which would prevent my writing on Sabbath evening, even though you had heard by Capt. Williams of my good health up to yesterday noon.

But be the reason what it may I will say in the first place that I am "alive and kicking," am blessed with a good appetite and enjoy my rest at night (and morning also) very much indeed.

The fact of the Sound's being closed of course makes Hartford the only thoroughfare between Stonington, N. London, Norwich, and New York and I therefore see a great many acquaintances on their way to and from New York, and I shall feel sorry to hear that the boats again run regularly. "It is

an ill wind that blows no one any good."

I received a letter from Ed Stanton on Friday evening and he informs me that his parents had just returned from the West and were waiting for the Sound to open before they returned to Stonington.

Since my return from Stonington Mr. Ashburner has been more than ordinarily pleasant to me and has treated me in the kindest manner imaginable. I told him that Father was at the boat for two or three evenings in succession to invite him to stay at our house during his visit to Stonington. This appeared to please him very much and an offer that I made him to be at the service of his wife and family during his absence from home also had a good effect upon him and he is now as pleasant as I could ask or desire.

I was very much in hopes that Charlie would have come up last night and spent the Sabbath with me, as I could have seen more of him than on ordinary days. I shall expect however to see him to-morrow night.

So long as the Sound is closed I will send papers to Father by every convenient opportunity and I wish that Tommy or some of the family would be at the Boat (the Chelopee) when she arrives, to receive them.

Monday morn. The snow of yesterday & last night have again furnished good sleighing & to day is a delightful one for enjoyment of any kind.

Rev. Mr. Wells of Williamstown came up here

on Friday afternoon but he has been so much engaged in preaching every day since he has been here as to leave him no time to receive the attentions which I offered him. He came up here to help along a new Presbyterian Church just started in this City. He left for New York again this morn.

I saw Capt. Stone and his daughter this morning when the train came in from New Haven.

In great haste

I remain your affectionate son

Henry

Hartford, Feb. 17th 1852. Tuesday Eve.

My Dear Mother.

When I first came to Hartford I was accustomed, on account of my letter writing propensities, to compare myself to the illustrious Wilkins Micawber Esq^r. But I begin to think that I can find more fitting comparison to myself, as a correspondent, at the present time, in our quondam "help", Nancy, who, with a commendable punctuality, allowed only two years of "single blessedness" and eight of "commercial felicity", between the receipt of a letter and an answer to it, doubtless having been influenced to this course by hearing while at our house the oft quoted maxim of father's to "bide your time", which was frequently practically enforced in her case by father's positive injunctions that she should "bide her time" in her bed, during the entire day. But although I have not done quite as much business since my last letter to home, as Nancy boasted of in her letter, although I am still single and childless, and have no farm to take care of, I can assure you that I am not destitute of employment and you need have no fears as to my doing anything naughty, for if the Devil only, as the little hymn tells us, "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," he cannot have troubled himself to look up any "deviltry" for me during the past few weeks, for I have never been more closely confined in my life. Yesterday I worked in the Office all day long, without

being able to leave even for my dinner, and you know me well enough to know that I would not go without my dinner from preference or from any other cause than the direst kind of necessity.

Mary came up from New York on Thursday morning last and remained at Kate Goodrich's until this morning, but I was unable to find time to call there while she was here. I met her at Miss Robinson's for a few moments on Friday evening and on Sunday morn she stopped into our room on her way home from church, but that is all I saw of her of her while there except at the cars to-day and when she arrived. James, I think, enjoyed her visit very much and Mary enjoyed it herself, and as I had something else to occupy my mind I have not been much troubled with my inability to visit her more. She will doubtless tell you, in her next letter, of what a wonderful "Lion" she was, and how much every body in Hartford admired her, and of how proud James & Henry was of her, and of how "sweet" some of her new acquaintances are, and of all the other facts connected with her visit to Hartford, therefore it will be useless for me to enlarge upon these several topics. and I will only say that I was delighted to have Mary here and I hope she enjoyed herself sufficiently to induce her to try and visit us again before long.

Wednesday noon

I commenced this letter on Monday morning, although I did not date it until ~~this~~ last evening, but I have employed all my spare time this week ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ the completion of these two pages, and I fear that if I wait until I have time to cover the sheet with my detached scrawlings you would not hear from me this week, I will, ^{therefore} add a few hasty lines & despatch the letter by to day's mail, —

I was very much surprised to see Father here last night, and was sorry that Mary had left ~~here~~ yesterday noon,

But, altho he had promised to go to New York with her from here, none of us expected him here this week. I slept with Father last night at the Hotel but he appeared perfectly well and left for New York this morn in good health & spirits.

He says that he shall return from New York this way so he will not be at home before Saturday night & perhaps not until Monday.

I heard from Charlie last week & wrote to him on Sunday evening.

Mr. Ashturner & Mr. Bruce have just gone to Providence & both of them intend being absent the rest of the week and after I have done up the little work they have left for me to do, I ~~will~~ shall have a little more time.

In great haste

I am as ever

Your affectionate son
Henry.

P.S. I have just telegraphed to Will that Father was on his way to New York so he will probably meet him at the cars & take him directly to Williamsburg.

Many thanks for your long & kind letter which I received on Monday, and thank Tommy also for his letter.

Love to all - Good bye -

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is arranged in approximately 20 horizontal lines across the page.]

Hartford. Thursday Noon —
Feb. 19th 1852.

My Dear Father

I intended to have asked you, while in Hartford, to buy a new hat for yourself, at Genin's, but having forgotten to mention it to you I now write for that purpose. Your best hat at present is a "shocking" poor one, and as the Spring style of hat came out last week and you can buy a hat cheaper and better at Genin's than any where else I hope you will not fail to purchase one while in New York. I imagine that you would hardly know whether your own hat was good or bad looking and I therefore volunteer this information on that topic.

I hope to see you in Hartford again to morrow evening as the "Black swan" gives her concert here at that time, and you will particularly need a new hat to swing in applauding.

I remain your affectionate son

H. F. Trumbull.

A. B. Should you purchase a "Roseuth hat" for yourself you had better not get but one feather as not more than that are usually worn

H. C. T.

[Faint, illegible handwriting throughout the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

caput

Williamstown Feb 26th 1852

Dear Brother,

I received a letter from you last night containing intelligence more interesting, & by far, more welcome than I before it had ever received from you. I cannot tell how great was my joy, when I learned that you had begun to awaken from the slothful stupidity which had so long enthralled you, & to realize your dangerous condition as of Christ; yet I was grieved at the same time, when I remembered, that, while those upon whom you had no strong claims were feeling a deep solicitude in regard to your eternal wellbeing, I, whose duty it was to have urged this allimportant subject upon your attention, should have been so long silent.

I beg you to forgive my culpable negligence, & be assured, it arose from a debility (false, it is true) in speaking to you in regard to it, for I have always felt a lively interest in your condition, & since I've been in College, & long before, I have never allowed

a day, that I ~~cannot~~ remember, to pass
without interceding for you at the throne
of grace,

I wish I knew what to say to you, but
I really know not what you need; you
have been brought up by Christian parents,
& have a good understanding of the vital
truths of the word of God, you have not
been an abandoned, dissipated scoffer, or a
doubting skeptic, but have maintained
always a good moral character, & have seemed
like the young man who came to Jesus, &
be not far from the Kingdom of Heaven,
& yet lacked ^{one} thing, & ^{neither} I, nor
any one else can assist you to obtain that,
but him who gave himself to death that all
of us might enjoy the precious blessing; & to him
alone do I direct you for he is able not
only to counsel wisely & lead you, by the
glorious influences of his Holy Spirit, in
the right path, but he can also impart
the consolation you need & speak peace to
the troubled heart,

You speak of not feeling strong & deep
conviction of sin; but you have conviction

enough to realise that for twenty years you
have been living in contempt of the God
who gave you being, & who is able to con-
demn his enemies to eternal punishment,
& give to those who love him, endless happiness,
you know well enough that you have never
surrendered to him the affections of heart
which are justly his due; & common sense
teaches you that for this you deserve all
the punishments he may inflict; you
need not wait for conviction of sin or for
anything else, God has made the line, &
when you come up to that he will meet
you, he has said "Son give me thine heart"
& that is all he requires, he has said nothing
of experiencing deep distress, & agonizing
fear, & remorse, "straight is the gate," though
the way is very narrow, yet it is so plainly
marked out that "the wayfaring man, though
a fool, need not err therein", revolve in
your mind the great question "what shall
a man gain if he gain the whole world
& lose his own soul," think well of it,
& remember you are deciding for eternity,
don't put off any longer, but make up

your mind finally now, for you'll probably never again be placed in circumstances so favourable as at present, & if you harden your heart now, God knows whether it may be the last time, You know I do not think of the unpardonable sins many do, but if you do not accept the offers of salvation when offered to you with ^{such} strong inducements, & close with them, what hope is there for the future?

Think then whether you are willing to give up every thing for Christ, for with nothing less will he be satisfied, bring up before your mind every sin, every wrong desire, every pleasure, every long cherished plan, & see if you are willing to give them up for him who gave himself for you,

Remember also the duties you may be called upon to perform, the temptations to be resisted, the self denial to be endured, the sacrifices to be made, & all the struggles with remaining sin, for the Christian's life is at best a warfare, & it is best to start aright, Only be willing to lose life if necessary in his cause, & throw yourself into his arms,

& believe that he is more willing to save
you than you are to be saved, & trust your
eternal welfare in his hands,

I dare not attempt to advise you,
for I have need of instruction myself,
& I fear I shall say something wrong,
but I fear not to point to the Saviour,
& direct you to the throne of grace,
"If any man lack wisdom, let him
ask of God who giveth to all men
liberally & upbraideth not," Go to him
& lay your case before him, & if you
are not willing to surrender all to him,
or do not feel exactly right, tell him
so, & pray for help & assistance, call
mightily upon the name of the Lord,
& meet with him in prayer as dear
Gabriel of old for a blessing, & he will
never refuse to listen to the prayer of faith,

But do not, as you value your hopes
of salvation, or you dread the torments
of Hell, as you regard the earnest wishes
of your friends, & the approving smile of

your Creator, delay any longer,

I wish I could write these simple truths, ineffaceably upon your heart, but friends can do nothing but pray for you; the matter rests with you alone; it is for you to decide & you alone must bear the consequences,

I trust this letter may find you enjoying peace in believing, but I thought it best to answer your last immediately, considering ~~yourself~~ in the same state,

Mother will be rejoiced to hear of your feelings, & she can give you good advice, for she lives near God,

I fear I shall be late for the mail unless I close,

Good night,

Mrs. Fanny Boyes

Honington

Politeness

Sam Waring Esq^r

Conn^t.

Opened

Jan. 22/52 -

a large bag of wool
for the R.R.