

Hartford, Oct. 9th 1851—

Dearest Mother

I gladly employ this evening (unexpectedly a leisure one, from a slight attack of the "malignants" which confined me to my bed yesterday afternoon and to my room to day and evening) in writing home, as I intend to do the latter part of every week, if I can find time to do so. James will write, as heretofore, on Sunday evening and I will write during the week at such time as I can snatch a few moments to do so in.

X I was very sorry to think that my last letter home, gave you the idea that I was overworked at the Rail Road Office. It is by no means so, nor did I intend for you to think so. I wrote as I did, to satisfy you and Father that I had enough to do to keep me out of mischief. I shall be employed steadily day and evening all the time, but I have no work that I cannot do easily and I am not hurried at all. I am delighted with my place and am far from regretting that I am confined to the office evenings. If I can only satisfy Mr. Bruce that I am worth my salary and can prove to him

that I am willing to work I ask nothing more. If I can deceive him into the belief that I love work I shall consider that I am doing well. He is the most particular man I ever saw in my life. I never saw any one that approached him in that respect. He gives me always very explicit directions as to how a thing is to be done, and I always do exactly as he tells me, but he generally finds that what he ordered done does not suit him as well as he thought it would and therefore he gives me directions to do it over in a different manner,

Thus I have done ^{hardly} ~~anything~~ since I have been in the office but what I have had to do over again at least twice and sometimes half a dozen times, without however any blame being attached to me, for I follow his directions exactly.

On Monday of this week I wrote 26 long letters for him between the hours of 8 in the morning and 9 in the evening besides doing my usual work with the ticket agents, conductors &c.

With the Ticket business fortunately he cannot meddle, for he knows nothing about it. I know already more about that than any one on the Road and I have things my own way and can do the work of that department in a very short time each day. Mr. Pounce goes ahead of Capt. Williams in questioning the clerks about small matters and in looking into every thing and overseeing every body from Superintendent to Brakemen.

The walk from the Hotel to the Depot which appeared to trouble you, is nothing at all, now that I am accustomed to it. I feel much better for it and I don't doubt that it will prove very beneficial to me. Mr. Godrich the Secretary of the Company whose immediate Clerk I am is a very pleasant man and one whom I like very much. The officers on the Road generally are a very pleasant set and I think that I could have found no place better suited than is this to my capabilities and to my comfort.

I was very, very sorry to hear that Father had been again sick with one of his vomiting turns. I hope that he may not be troubled with them anymore. By the way Father's portrait is being exhibited in the Fair and it has attracted a great deal of admiration as being by far the best piece of painting that Mr. Wright ever executed as well as being an excellent likeness. As I stood by it the other evening I heard H. Tudor Bromell (a son of the Bishop) remark, pointing to Father's portrait. "That is a most excellent likeness of Mr. Bromell, and it is the best piece of work Wright ever did." It is strange how differently that picture is viewed by different persons.

Hartford is crowded to day, hotels and every thing else are jammed full. "Election" or "general training" is nothing to it. The Court being in Session, the Fair and the Cattle Show

all continue to call in outsiders and the streets are crowded.

I have not been able to go to the Cattle Show which is only for to day, although I have walked down to the Hotel this afternoon. To morrow morning I shall go to work again. Indeed I should have been to work to day had not my excessive vomiting left me rather weak.

Mrs. W. W. Denlow, she who was Miss Evans (one of the "Conkey gals" as Father delighted to call them) is settled here in Hartford. Her husband has gone into partnership with J. J. Simock a druggist here, whom Father will know by name. She lives here in very good style, and is really the handsomest girl I ever saw in my life. Her husband is a very fine looking young man and bears a very good character here.

I received a letter from Charlie on Monday evening. He wrote in very good spirits and had apparently no thought of being homesick.

I am glad to learn that Tappan, Carpenter & Co. are to engrave our bills for the new Bank, and I doubt not that if Father arranged the patterns they will be very handsome and appropriate.

I suppose that you are not sorry to have Mary with you once more for a short time. We "young ones" are scattering so fast that you must be willing to have some of the absent ones visit you once in a while. I can hardly realize that I have left home for a permanent residence abroad, and that henceforth I shall be a visitor at our fireside. —

A Mr. John Trumbull of Manchester has some silk handkerchiefs on exhibition at the fair. The first ever made in this country. His grand father went from Stonington. He looks like our branch of the Trumbulls. —

Mary Ashton sent me a beautiful bouquet this morning, having heard that I was unwell. —

With love to all I remain as ever

Your affectionately son Henry

October 10th Friday Noon

I wrote last evening in rather poor spirits and I add this scrap this morning to assure you that I am again in good health and am at my work in the office again, and barring a little weakness I am in as good ^{order} as I ever was.

The Flowing and spading matches are to come off to day and the "Santa Anna" Guards are to appear out dressed in fantastical uniforms.

I however, being just out of the City shall miss these little sights although the loss will be trifling. —

I forgot to mention to you before that I lost my Panama hat overboard when I came to Hartford. I was with Dan^l Rodman & his wife on board of the Chicopee when it was blown off and it was therefore particularly fortunate that I bought that hat of Eliza Faxon, for otherwise I should have been forced to go to Hartford bareheaded. The weather during the whole of the past week has been delightful. Had it been "got up to order" for the Fair, it could not have been bettered.

In haste yours affectionately Henry —

Oct. 11 - 51

October 11th 1851

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well. I am also well and hope
this letter will find you the same. I have not much news
to write at present. I am still in the same place, and
continue to study and improve myself. I have not much
time to write at present, but I will write again soon.
I am, dear friend, very respectfully,
Your friend,
J. W. Foster.

Mrs. Gordon Trumbull

Stonington

Conn.

Copied

51



Monday Noon - Oct. 27th '57

I add a scrap this noon to mention that when I arose this morning I found that a heavy fall of snow had taken place during the night. It rained hard all day yesterday and again this morning and therefore I cannot tell how much snow has fallen, but the roofs are still covered with the snow and it is a cold, uncomfortable December like morning.

I also will add that I do not think I shall go home on Thanksgiving Day (The 27th of next month) as I had heretofore intended to, for I cannot be at home both then & on Christ-
mas, as less than a month intervenes between the two, and as James thinks he cannot go home thanksgiving, as Charlie can not be in Stonington, and as Thanksgiving day is the same in New York & Connecticut Mrs. Prime will want Mary & Will to be there on that day, I have thought it best that we should postpone our "roast turkey & fission" at home until Christmas day, when Charlie can be at home and all of us will be together, if alive & well. Do not you think this a good plan? —

I write this note in haste from my office desk, but as I am closing it, ^(the letter not the desk) the clouds are breaking away and it bids fair to be a pleasant afternoon. I hope that there will be no storm to prevent Father's visit.

I received my first letter from Ed Stanton on Friday, and was glad that it came at last although long delayed.
Love to all — From your affectionately son
Henry

Hartford, Tuesday noon
Oct. 28th 1851-

Dear Mother

I have barely time before the closing of the mail to inform you that Father arrived here last evening in good health, and he wishes me to say to you that it is very uncertain when he will return, probably not until Saturday night, although he may get through his business before. He and all the rest of us here are in good health and the weather is beautiful, so don't be uneasy about us.

Charlie's dressing gown was despatched this morning by Express.

In haste

I subscribe myself

Yours affectionately

Henry

Woolford, Tuesday noon
Oct. 28th 1851

My dear friend,
I have hardly time before this
morning to inform you that Mr. Miller
has been out morning in your health, and
I am sure to hope for you that it is very
soon. I am not sure of this, but unless
you are well, although he may get through
before long. I would all the rest
of the world be your health and the world
be well, but I am very about me.
I am sending you some information that
may be of use.

Yours affectionately

Henry



Stonington Nov. 12th 51.

My Dear Henry

Your Father tells me that Mr. Willey goes to Hartford tomorrow, and offers to take any message to you - I avail myself of the offer and will undertake to write a few lines - although I have nothing new to write and my hands are so stiff this evening having been passing quinces, taking care of dahlias and other rather hard work, that I shall not make much of a letter - We were very glad to receive James letter on Tuesday assuring us of the good health of you both -

I have a good account to give of our state of health at present all of us being quite well, I think your Fathers health is better than it has been for nearly a year, or since his first attack which you will recollect was on the tenth of December he has not used tobacco since a week ago Sunday, except a pipe occasionally, at first he seemed to feel very uncomfortable - out of sorts with every body and every thing which state continued about three days after which he gradually became reconciled to every body and every thing, now the work goes well with him - every thing

tastes good and he eats more in a day than he did in a week before. He has been hard at work for two or three days getting in winter stores. he has just gone up to the Depot to see to Tommy's putting a half barrel of Blue Fish on board the boat for Dr Prime they were the best I ever saw. - some brought especially for him - he wrote to Will saying that he promised Henry, that he would get and send to his Father, requesting his acceptance of them &c.

James wrote that he was going to pass a day with Cousin Eliza Tucker. I am delighted that he came so near it. it shows that he felt in a good natural sociable way - but I'll bet a cookie that he did not go. I long to get another letter telling me about it, if he did go it must have been on Mary Anns account. I am glad to think he is coming home to spend Thanksgiving with us, I had thought from your letter, that we should have a dull Thanksgiving with none of you here. I wish you could all be here, but never mind Christmas will soon follow - and if you are well, we shall have much to be thankful for.

Tommy went out, to his traps this morning and took his gun with, he saw a rabbit running from his trap and shot it, he is

much pleased with it, having shot it flying as he says, here he comes from the Post Office - and no letter from Christie this week. I wrote him last week to write no more letter after twelve o'clock at night - but if he could find time before nine o'clock to say - "I am well - or sick as the case might be" I would be better pleased than with a long letter written at that unreasonable hour. I fear he has too much company in his room since he went into West College to ~~room~~. His term is drawing to a close or two thirds of it is gone and. I shall be glad to have him home for six weeks. I hope you will be home often while he is here.

But sit by me copying music from his Sabbath school book. it is done very well I think he will make a good penman. but if he can learn to spell. I shall be thankful for he has yet made no progress in that. He wrote to Mary this afternoon - a very pretty letter for a child of his age, but he could not spell a syllable of it without help. I hope for a letter from you soon - all the family join me in love to James and yourself.

Yours affectionate
M. Stuart

Nov. 12. 51

Mr. Henry C. Turnbull

Hartford

Postoffice Recd. Mr. Wiley

Conn



Copied

Hartford, Nov. 16th 1851

My Dear Sister

I believe that I have never yet addressed a letter to "Mrs. W. C. Prime", but my conscience (?) being pricked by your note to James, via Miss Ashton, I am tempted to write to you, if it is but to see how your present name will appear, in my hand writing, on the back of a brown envelope, although, let me remark, that the aforementioned conscience does not reproach me for having, among other sins of omission, failed to answer all the letters I have received from the aforementioned "Mrs. W. C. Prime". But as we have proved ourselves heretofore so destitute of "natural affection" so "unreceptive to the influence of the finer feelings &c. &c.", I, being single (which according to Matth. 6th 22^d causes my "whole body" to be "full of light") am determined to enlighten my married sister as to the duty she owes to her "brethren according to the flesh", and to set a good example to her by writing a brotherly and affectionate epistle.

As a matter of course you will hardly expect that

I shall find a more fruitful topic of epistolary "gab" than my own humble self; and I shall therefore have great pleasure in first giving you a couple of pages of interesting matter concerning my present condition and my future prospects.

X You would hardly recognize your brother, the "Hen Trumbull" & 'beau general' of Stonington, the foppishly particular young 'devotee of fashion', the zealous worshipper of new cravats and tight boots, the admirer of every pretty female face & the leader of the Stonington Band of Loafers, in the plodding & industrious clerk in the office of the Hartford & Willimantic R. Road Company, who, with soiled linen, carelessly tied cravat, thick boots & a suit of clothes that were long since renounced as unfit for further wear in Stonington, quietly walks down a back street to the R. R. Office at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 o'clock each morning and there scratches away, copying unintelligible and unmeaning legal scrawls or 'foots up' column after column of tedious figures, until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 in the evening, with the exception of $\frac{1}{2}$ half hour each at dinner and supper, who declines all invitations to parties, sewing societies or 'sociables', who cannot find time to attend concerts, lectures or places of amusement, who has called on but one young lady and on her but once since his arrival in Hartford to enter upon his new duties, whose only reading consists of "Day Books" "Cash Books" and "Letter Books" and whose only comfort is in writing home once a week in hearing from Mother as often and in occasionally meeting a Stonington acquaintance upon the arrival of the Eastern train.

Yet Mary notwithstanding that there is such a change in my situation and habits since my arrival in Hartford two months since, will you believe it, I am as happy as a "clam" is generally supposed to be when a high tide and a full sea protect it from all dangers of holes and rapacious bait seeking ravishers. To be sure my enjoyment is of rather a different nature than it has been heretofore and for a short time my employment ~~was~~ extremely irksome to me and I was blessed with exceeding low spirits & with anything but good health, but I cannot be uncomfortable for any length of time, I soon adapt myself to circumstances and already I have come to look at my close confinement and constant employment as a matter of course. Already have I forgotten all the pleasures of social life, lost all relish for the society of young ladies, & given up all little ambitious aspirations I might once have indulged, and have determined ^{to} find enjoyment and satisfaction in devoting myself constantly to my employment and forgetting all pleasures I have heretofore enjoyed. You may possibly doubt this, but it is really so. I find that it is impossible for me to make any calls or accept of any invitations consistently with my duty to my employers & I have therefore determined to renounce these follies (!!) and I have enough work to prevent my thinking much of such things & on the whole I consider myself quite happy.

I do not intend to go home on Thanksgiving day, but I should like to know whether you & Anne intend doing so as it might induce

151

me to change my mind if I knew you were both to be there.
Please tell me, when you write, what you intend doing on that day.

Cousin Eliza Tucker has invited me to dinner on that day
and if I do not go home I think I shall accept the invitation.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Willey came to the door of
my office bringing me a letter from Mother, which had been sent
by Mr. Willey but he stopping in New London she had brought it
the remainder of the distance, as she was going to her Father's at
Warehouse Point, about 12 miles above Hartford. As it was very
dark and she had a small child with her, I volunteered to go
home with her, which offer appeared to delight her very much as she
was somewhat tired & had a long distance to walk after she reached
the stopping place at the Depot at Windsor Locks. Accordingly I
left in the train at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 P.M., rode to Windsor Locks, walked
to the Ferry, crossed the Connecticut River in a small open skiff
to Warehouse Point & then walked to her Father's house, where I found
her sister (Miss Barber, who has spent a considerable time at Stonington)
& her brother Wm or 'Bill' Barber, who spent all last summer at Mr.
Willey's. After spending a very pleasant half hour at the house I returned
to Hartford in the 10 o'clock ^{P.M.} train. As I returned just as I started
in the skiff to recross the River the moon arose & the scene was most
beautiful indeed. Will could have made a pretty letter out of that trip
across the Connecticut but I dare not attempt to describe it, but can only
say that I carried the baby all the way in going to W.H. Pt. & thereby
greatly relieved Mrs. Willey, I presume.

Miss Mary Ann Pendleton returned to Stonington from a visit
to Wethersfield on Thursday & I enjoyed an hour's chat with her in
the Depot very much. I got all the Home Missionary Society's budget of
Stonington gossip from her, & its recital interested me more than it did
in former times — Uncle Simon Carew & his wife are here on a
visit & I see more or less Stonington people most every day.

You are doubtless frequently at Stonington & I can therefore give
you no news from there & as I think these 4 pages will do for a commence-
ment of correspondence, which I trust will not close with this page, I will
close by informing you that James as well as myself is well & happy and with
my best love to Will I subscribe myself your affectionate brother Hen —

Hartford Thursday Nov 20/51

My Dear Mary

Your short note with Will's fraction of another were received this noon and I hasten to reply to them thus soon, not to prove myself a prompt correspondent, but to urge you to reconsider your determination of being absent from Stonington on Thanksgiving Day; for since writing to you on Sunday last I have received letters from Mother & Grandmother and now Father is here himself, all of them urging me to spend Thanksgiving at home and assuring me that you & Prime will be with them on that day.

I have therefore determined to go home on Wednesday next and James will go with me, and as neither of ^{us} can be at home both then and at the holidays, you must, with Prime, meet us in Stonington next Thursday.

This must be done; it is useless to say no to me. We must all be at home to hear Mr. Clift's great Sermon & to devour the tough old gobblers that Mrs Baldwin has been toughening for the last three years. Why Mary if it was known in Stonington

that we were not^{to} be at home on Thanksgiving day, Poultry would decrease so rapidly in price that the Farmers would be ruined & would call for vengeance upon our devoted heads, while pumpkins would be a worthless article in market, the ingredients for mince pies would go begging and even your favorite dish, boiled onions, would be forced to "waste their fragrance on the desert air."

You & Prime must postpone your intended visit from Saturday to Wednesday night next. Don't talk about "other engagements to dinner," & all that nonsense. Don't tell me that any one (except us at home) will regret that you fail to take the "best cut" from their Turkey or leave untouched for their own private benefit their best baked mince or pumpkin pies.

"But if they are particularly anxious that their Thanksgiving edibles should be well divoored on that particular day, do you & Prime furnish two substitutes, Advertise in the morning papers for "two able bodied Protestants, with good appetites & characters to do extra duty at a Thanksgiving dinner." - I'll be bound that you'll have no difficulty in procuring substitutes who will fill your places & their own stomachs to the satisfaction of every one in general & themselves in particular.

Tell your friends that if they will release you & Will from that dinner, I will come & board with them for a fortnight and bring $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen friends if necessary, so that they need have no fears of a superabundance of provisions at the close of the month.

I tell you that you can excuse yourself from that dinner without the least difficulty, & you must

do so. If you do not, you will not see James & myself for many a month again and there is no telling when so large a portion of our family can be together again.

Make up your mind to ^{go to Stonington} come and then beg Prince to go also. I cannot give up the idea that you will be there.

But if you cannot be at Stonington on Thanksgiving day, (but you can), then postpone your visit of this week until Friday or Saturday morning of next week, as I shall probably stay in Stonington until Monday morning & possibly James also will stay until that day, ~~but if~~

If you cannot get through with your dinner until too late to leave for Stonington on Thursday night, then leave on Friday night, but you had better again repeat leave on Wednesday night & reach Stonington on Thursday morning, where you will find James the turkey & myself ready to welcome you with smiles, cranberry sauce & kind words.

Come for the sake of Turkey, if you have no regard for the feelings of your more immediate connexions. Tell Will that he should remember what a good action has recently been performed by Turkey in restoring Rossuth to freedom. Tell him that by all his love for the glorious principles of liberty & by all his sympathies for an oppressed and down trodden people and by his admiration for Rossuth & his companions

I beseech him to rush with open mouth & you
in his arm to the rescue of Turkey, in Stonington,
on Thursday next.

You must come, James says so,
Father says so, Mother, Grandmother & those at
home say so, and I say so.

Lend your regrets to your friends to
whom you have promised assistance on that
day & rush to the brown of your family & the
breast of the Turkey. Tell Prime that we will
have the old carving knife sharpened up and
he may carve, while each of us will echo as of yore,
"a little piece of the breast, if you please".

I write between daylight and dark and
in great haste as you can perceive by this scrawl
but I must send this letter by this evening's
mail.

Remember that if you cannot be home on
Thursday you must be there on Friday or Saturday.
Do not go home on Saturday of this week.

Write immediately & inform me of your decision.

Yours affectionately but in a terrible hurry

Wm.

Wm. L. James

Wm. L. James

Nov 18/51

Hartford, Tuesday Dec 31/51

Dear Mother

As I am just starting for Plainfield, via Norwich, to pay off an Engineering party there, and may be gone a day or two and thereby missing Father if he comes up to day, I will write a few lines in haste to inform you of my whereabouts, for I may meet some one in the cars, bound to Stonington, by whom I may send a note. If Father has not left Stonington when this letter reaches you I wish that you would send by him the little "Sewing beak" that I sent to Grandmother. Or if he has left and any one else from Stonington should be coming this way within a week I wish you would send it to me.

James & myself are in good order and the weather continues delightful.

In haste I remain

Your affectionate son
Henry

Dec 30th / 51

Hartford, Dec.

Dearest Mother

The only "real comfort" that I take in my present state of being is either occasioned by a looking forward to a visit home or by a looking back to my last visit there, and now although the shortness of my absence from the office causes my pleasant Sabbath at home to seem almost a dream, yet it is one of these delightful ones from which we dread to awake and find its joys and pleasures to have flown with the break of the day as mine departed this morning as I was hurried off from my happy home. I must I fear plead guilty to a constant bondage under that merciless tyrant homesickness, and although a visit home once in a month or two will almost furnish me pleasure enough to repay for a long absence from there yet if I could have you all here in Hartford, then and only then could I be contented here and be willing to call Hartford my home.

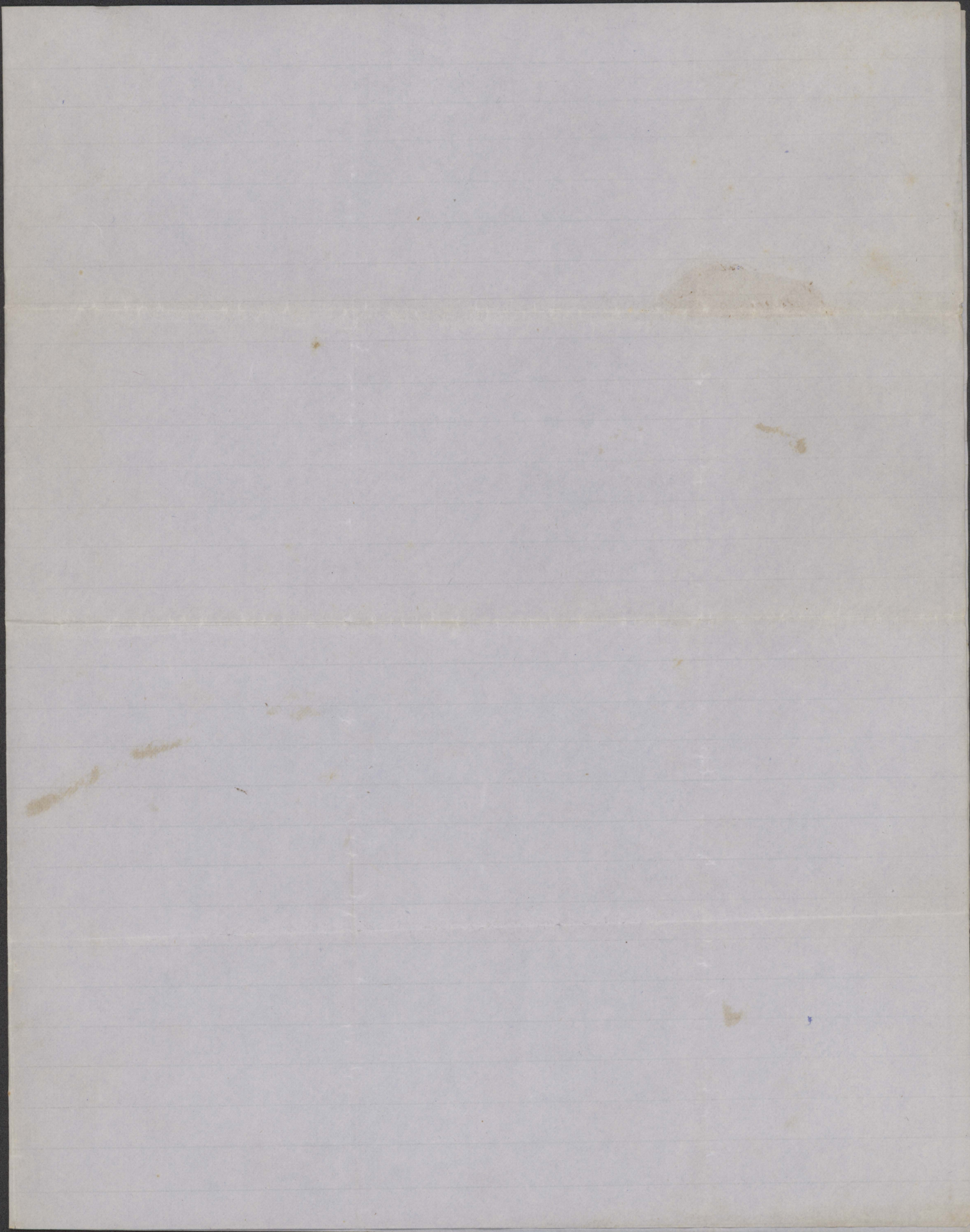
I felt very bad about leaving home contrary to the wishes and advice of Father & yourself, although I am still confident as I then felt that it would have been very wrong for me to have remained in Stonington until too late to reach the early train from New London, and since

I have been here and found how much there was for me to do I have been thankful that I was enabled to resist so great temptation as was placed before me. James instantly assured me, when I mentioned the subject to him this morning, that it would not have been right for me to have remained in Stonington until the 10 o'clock boat.

I write again so soon after my last letter to see if I cannot secure the company of Charlie with me on Christmas and for a few days thereafter. Father has been in the habit of making each of us a Christmas present and I wish that for my present he would this year give me Charlie's company and as I have been in the habit of making Christmas presents I will make one to Charles this year by paying all his expenses to and from & at Hartford so that Father can have no compunctions or qualms about the expense for it will not cost me but very little and him not a cent. While I shall be delighted and made happy at a very little expense and Charlie will be kept out of mischief and prevented from going ducking or gunning.

I hope that Father will not refuse me this request but that Charlie will be forthcoming to-morrow if he have not already left Stonington on his way here.

Unfinished in great haste
H.C.T.



Dec- 1851.

Instructions of
Resisting Complotus

A sermon on
Flourishing when
and a H.

Copied