

Stonington Feb. 26th 1851.

Dear Henry

I have been thinking whether you would get a letter this week, if mailed on Friday, and have concluded to try it. it will not make much difference I suppose - as I have no news to write. . . Here comes Gurdon Amy with the Boston paper, he brings it every evening when his father comes down from the depot. Caroline Amy is quite sick has not been able to sit up for three days. I suppose her father will not go to Hartford until she is better.

You mention in your letter some papers that were to be found in the parlour cupboard. I am sorry to tell you that we have not been able to find them, as soon as you left I gathered your papers together and took care of them as you requested, I have no recollection of seeing such a roll as you describe. Mary thinks she did some time or other but cannot recollect, when, or where. if it is found we will forward to you.

You remember the little girl that was at Mr Barre's last summer Sarah Barre Eleasers daughter. news was received of her death yesterday. she took cold in going home with her father. and had a fever and has never been well since, her Grandpa mourns her death very much, she was a very interesting child and they became much attached to her.

Your father has just stepped out (of his room) to tell

as that Edmund Stanton has arrived in New York in the Baltic - he must have surprised the folks very much, and Captain Cornstock has retrieved his credit having made an uncommon short passage.

Captain Nathaniel Palmer is still confined by sickness in New York. Betsey Williams has been very sick since she has been in New York with Presyclas - and Mary Williams has had a great deal of trouble with her throat this winter has had it lanced on the outside.

Gurdon Army beg me to request you to write an epitaph on "Folly" parrot. You have a great little friend in Gurdon. Mary wishes me to say that she has been requested by Mary Hile to procure an Autograph of Governor Seymour; and she wishes you to find such an one and send her any other that you may happen to find around the office, she says, that you think would be acceptable to George Hile, she wishes you would send her. She says the Governor promised her one for herself, which I suppose he will send some time. Have you called on Miss Astor yet, but stop, I believe she is not to be in Hartford until next week. when she does come you must see her if you are polite.

The weather has been very pleasant to day, and the singing of birds reminds us that spring is near at hand. I think from your letter that you must be enjoying yourself very much you have many advantages that you could not have here but if you are unwell 'come home

your bed is still in our room. (now occupied by
Charlie). How I should like to look in upon James
and you this evening and I very likely shall in
my dreams. Here comes mother with a bowl of
hulled corn - will you have ^{some} it is just boiled, and very
nice. We are delighted with the corn starch and
think it preferable to potatoe. — — —

Friday Morn. I have been the rounds again - among drawers, boxes,
trunks &c to try and find those private papers which by the way you
would not have been very likely to have left exposed to vulgar
eyes - they cannot be found - so far - . Edmund has arrived
home - your father saw coming from the boat this morning
said he seemed very sorry that you was absent didn't like it at
all. All the family join in love to James and yourself -
from your affectionate Mother

Feb. 20th 1851

H. C. Turnbull

...and you may happen to find ...
...think would be acceptable to ...
...you would visit her. She says ...
...her for herself, which I suppose ...
...some time. Have you called ...
...yet, but alas, I believe she is not ...
...until next week. when she does ...
...see her if you are polite.

The weather has been very pleasant ...
...the singing of birds reminds me that spring is ...
...near at hand. I think from your letter that ...
...you must be enjoying yourself very much ...
...you have many advantages that you could ...
...not have had but it soon will be some time

Wartford, Friday, Feb. 21st 1851

Dear Mother

I shall write you to day, not because I have anything to write, but because I promised to write again this week.

James and myself are getting along "first rate," in good order and as happy (I speak for myself, now) as a clam at high water." On Tuesday evening I heard the most splendid lecture I ever listened to in my life, from E. P. Whipple of Boston. He is a man about 4 feet high, very small, with a small round head, long brown hair, and a face that looks like that ~~like that~~ gulla-percha negro of ours, when squeezed into its worst shape, his eyes very large, round and projecting, his nose perfectly flat and his mouth, monstrous. He was very awkward, made no gestures, used no notes, folded his hands in front of his body, twirled his fingers and looked directly on the ground or else up in the air, never looking at his audience; but I tell you what it is, what he said went into the ears and hearts of his audience. I never heard anything to compare with it. It was indescribably beautiful. His subject was "The American Mind."

At our boarding house although we are in the city, we have some good "country fodder." On Saturday noon we have salt codfish (we have roast turkey also); on Saturday evening we have hasty pudding and milk; on Sunday morning, codfish balls, fried pudding and baked pork and beans, and we have rye bread all the time.

Mr. Mather is up here this week for the first time since I have been here; he is very witty, I do little else than laugh the whole day long at his and James' witty remarks. Tell father that I have not stopped writing poetry yet, I

enclose a copy of a Talestine that I wrote and sent this year?

James has just come into the office with your letter, which you may well believe we were glad to receive. If you all knew what a delight your letters occasioned you would write often. I am very sorry for the death of "Poor Poll," my conscience now smites me for the many times I have pinched her toes to make her cry, or given her hot potatoes, &c. Pray tell me in your next whether any one in Stonington has yet had the varioloid. Ask Tommy to find out how the room for the "S. L. of S. F." progresses. Is Emeline or Tessie Williams yet in Stonington?

I find that the mail is just closing so I must stop immediately with love from James & myself to all the family.

I remain

Yours affectionately

Henry

P. S. It was good news and strange to hear that you were all well, and I sincerely hope that you will remain so. —

James sends the enclosed autograph of Geo. Copway the distinguished Indian Missionary Chief. He obtained it for Mary at the Courant Office.

Valentine

Monday, Oct 21st 1851

We learn, beyond a doubt, from sacred lore,
That all the pious Jews, in days of yore,
Would visit, once in every year, the shrine
Built at Jerusalem by command Divine,
And sacrifice and praise would offer there
To Him who ever hears and answers prayer.

Thus publicly they praised but once a year,
Altho' we learn their God was not less dear
Nor less beloved by them on other days
Than those they consecrated all to praise.

Now, like the pious Jews of olden times,
Once in each year, I offer praise in rhymes
To the divinity whom I adore;
Yet at such times I cannot love thee more
Than in the hour when least I think of thee;
For I can never more devoted be
Than to be thine with heart and soul and will
And this I ever have been, and am still.

211/51

Hartford, Saturday, Feb. 22^d 1854

Dear Sister

Like the worthy "Mr. Micawber," when ever I am within reach of pen, ink and paper I have an irresistable desire to write a letter to somebody, more especially if, as in the present instance, there will be no postage to pay, and as I have written to Father and Mother so often heretofore that I fear they would read no more at present, I therefore write to you and, as it is my first letter to you, I hope it will merit, or rather receive, or rather I shall receive an answer from you.

I wrote yesterday, by the way of New York, to mother, but this letter will reach you before that, as you will receive that on Sunday morning.

Last Monday evening I called on Kate Patton, by James' consent, and met her sister Mary whom I had never seen before.

I send by James, a new kind of, "bantium" for Gordon, and, to save him any additional trouble in taking care of this one, I send along with it an old woman to feed and take care of it. She will ^{feed} it as long as it will eat.

I send a newspaper for Tom's scrapbook, and some ^{"cream"} chocolate for all of you to taste.

I wish that you would tell me, when you write, when Miss Ashton is coming to Hartford. I shall certainly call on her,

I also wish that if Emeline Williams is in town, you would, if possible, procure my sermon on "the evils of ~~late~~ early rising," which I lent her before ~~she~~ ^{she} was sick, and had no opportunity to reprocur from her, and send it on to me by James, on his return, as well as the papers which I requested you, in a previous letter, to send to me. If this is not perfectly convenient for you to do, trouble yourself not at all about it.

I really hope that Charlie will come through Hartford on his return to Williamstown, it will make but a few hours difference in his arrival there, and he had better come this way.

As the time approaches for James to leave I must close, with a promise to write again, to some of you, as soon as I can find another sheet of paper ~~or~~ a mail leaves for the Southward.

With love to all I remain your affectionately brother

Henry

Feb 22nd 1851.

Hartford, Friday noon, Feb. 28/51

Dear Mother

I have had to call into exercise all my firmness and forbearance to prevent writing to you every day this week altho' I have nothing at all to write about. My failing (a desiring to write to somebody) is growing upon me to an alarming extent.

Father and Charles are here yet. Charles thought of going up to Springfield last night but it storms here to-day and he will not leave until this evening. They are both well as also James and myself. Father thinks some of going to New York, to-morrow or Monday, and ^{if so} he will not be home before the middle of next week.

I sent you, or rather directed, to Charles, a paper, the first of this week, containing a piece of poetry on the "Spiritual Knockings," which are all the rage here just now. James was at first displeased with my sending it to the Courant, altho' they did not know who wrote it, but he was better satisfied when Mr. Brace, ^{the editor,} asked him who he supposed wrote it, and praised it very much. Do not however mention in your letters, that I said anything of James' displeasure.

I am exceedingly desirous of seeing Ed. Stanton and hope that he will come up here.

We are all exceedingly delighted at the recent nominations for Member of Congress, in our District (New London & Windham

counties), viz: Chauncey F. Cleveland by the Democrats, and John C. Ames by the Whigs. Mr. Ames is my favorite, who was in the State Senate when I was there, two years ago. He is the man that I met in Burton's theater at the time I was there with Prime.

Henry C. Trumbull Senior got hold of one of my letters, this week from Ed Piles, commencing inside with all my titles as an officer of the "U. S. of A." I rather think that he was puzzled to know what it all meant. I also got one of his from the office and opened it.

I have written a little epitaph on "Polly," for Gordon Army, which Mary must read to him and then give to him.

I wrote it hastily last Monday afternoon. Show Gordon also the "Spiritual Knocking's" article in the Courant.

As the time draws near for the closing of the mail I must close and you must rest satisfied for the remainder of this week with this apology for a letter.

I want you to understand that I am now well and happy.
With love to all I remain

Your affectionate son
Henry.

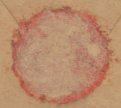
P.S. - 2 o'clock P.M. The weather is very pleasant now, it has stopped raining & is clear and warm. James, Charles & Father unite in sending love to all.
H.


Mrs. Gurdon Trumbull

Stonington

Conn^t.

Dec-28-54



Stonington 5th March 1851

Dear Charlie,

Your address to your Ma, altho purporting to have been written on Sunday Evening, appeared to have been mailed on Wednesday and reached us on Thursday at noon. I was somewhat disappointed in the non receipt of intelligence of your arrival at Williamstown for so long a period. But perhaps suspense gave increased importance to your short missive and made it more welcome. We were gratified to learn that you had arrived "in good order" and that you was greeted with a welcome reception by your friends. But the state of things which you describe or rather allude to, as prevailing among your fellow students, is yet more a matter of gratulation, and you have strong reasons for gratitude, as certainly we have, that your health should be restored to you so as you might return to Wm's at so interesting a season. — a season of peculiar interest to young men who are in the process of forming character and habits which will distinguish them in after life and may determine their destiny not only for all time but for eternity. It is truly a time of refreshing from the Lord, when the sceptic, the careless votary of amusement and the almost Christian are simultaneously aroused to enquiry and action in the great matter of Salvation.

It appears in the divine economy, to be a season when the way is rendered peculiarly plain and easy, that ^{will} leads us from worldliness to piety, from selfishness to "good will to all", from indifference or distrust to peace of believing and a hope sure and steadfast. Yet it is a season that may not be suffered to pass, unimproved with impunity, for ^{although} ~~those~~ such blessed seasons may again visit us, we may expect to find ourselves ^{then left prepared} to profit by them and life inclined to yield to their influences — new obstructions will seem to obstruct our path, — the "fatal precedent will plead" yet more forcibly for delay. — It is indeed

"a tide in the affairs of men" that should be "taken at the flood" even if we have not all the confidence in our own strength or attainments, that might be ^{coverted} suggested by our proud hearts, to justify our throwing ourselves into the current that is setting so rapidly past us.

A consciousness of our unfitness for the Christian course is, ^{indeed} a painful consideration and should teach us humility and solicitude for growth in grace and knowledge, but I seriously doubt ^{whether} ~~that~~ such consciousness can be satisfactorily urged as a reason why we should decline the ~~free~~ offer of free pardon and justification on the simple condition of "if you believe", or if encouraged to hope that our sins are forgiven, to decline a public avowal of our faith because we cannot comprehend the infinite benevolence of the Deity, that He should ^{embrace} ~~comprehend~~ us with all our remaining impotence, unbelief, pride of heart and stubbornness of spirit of which we are conscious. He may ^{have} ~~have~~ a work for us to do for which He will qualify us. It may be the pressure of such consciousness that will lead us to despair of our own strength, indeed of all "but Christ" and force us to the conclusion that if saved, it must be "not of ourselves" but by free grace.

You say that some are "wavering between Christianity and Infidelity" that they require to be convinced that God has dictated what is received as ^{his} revelation (the Bible) as a condition precedent to an assent to its requirements.

I have thought that it was the absence of this pride of intellect and deference to the power of reason and argument, that gives the Sandwich Islander so great an advantage over us, in the initiatary work of a Christian course. We are discouraged by the simplicity of the gospel terms of salvation, we will not without a struggle (often painfully protracted) be urged back to the confiding, trusting and submissive disposition of "little children", while ^{they} ~~they~~ not having learned to argue, or the process of logical or philosophical deduction, are prepared to hail with joy the good news of salvation and to believe the Gospel, when it is preached unto them.

Ten Years before I made a public profession of religion, in a time of
anxious enquiry in our vicinity, my attention was drawn to this subject.
My duty was clearly apparant. I wondered that I had so long been indif-
ferent to my highest duty and neglectful of the best interests of myself and
of those about me, or rather within the sphere of my influence. I was led
to resolve to repent of my sins, to accept the offers of mercy, to reform my life
and to this end to study the Bible and to adopt as a rule of faith and
practice. I took it up for this object and although I had never ^{before} entertained
any doubts of its authenticity and had cherished a speculative belief
of its contents generally. The question now presented itself. How shall I
know that this is indeed the word of God, or was written as men were in-
spired by Him? This I determined to solve, preliminary to further reference
to its pages. I expressed my doubts to Mr. W. (our then Pastor) He injudiciously
as I think, supplied me with two or three large Octavos of an eminent
English Theologian, in support of the authenticity of the Word of God. —
I commenced their perusal without delay. But some how or other I found
more material for caviling or skepticism, than convincing proofs of the
divine origin of the Bible and before I had read one fourth of the first
volume, I was discouraged in the pursuit and was forced to the conviction
that I ought "to believe" independantly of human testimony. The truths of
which the Bible treated were chiefly supernatural and if the Book was inspired.
I was convinced I must look solely to its Author to help me to believe and to
comprehend so much of its contents, as were necessary for my present guidance.
I felt myself called to action to which I was encouraged by the assurance
that if I would do the things that I was commanded to do, I should
know of the doctrine &c. I then read the Bible with a patient, confi-
ding diligence, waiting upon God, for so much light as he might in His
wisdom, deem needful for my present duties, and insisting on no more. I trust
that I then succeeded in finding the Bible to be what it purports to be to the believer.

It may however be proper for me to confess, that after all the mercies that were
manifest in God's dealings ^{with me}, I was forgetful of them, and ungrateful. True, I
felt encouraged to hope that my sins were forgiven and determined to
commence a Christian life, but for myself and by myself to prosecute it
until my attainments would justify the acknowledgement of my obli-
gations to my Saviour, before the world. For ten years I went on this way.
The world set me down as on their side and when I was again aroused to
a serious examination in the premises, I could hardly persuade myself
that the world had not judged right. I was now advanced to a period
of life, when decision appeared to be imperiously demanded. Yet
instead of having attained to the full stature of a Christian, I found
that I had fallen off from in every qualification for Christian duty and
usefulness, as well as ⁱⁿ capacity for the consolations of Religion.
Fearful of the consequences of further delay, I solicited a ^{recognition in the} ~~place in the~~
Lord's House, with all my accumulated imperfections, deeply humbled
by a sense of my disqualifications and by the conviction that I ^{had} ~~was~~ worse than
wasted the Season for improvement, ^{which} ~~that~~ had been manifestly indicated,
by a continued postponement of action in the Christian's work, and that
willing to occupy a very low place if indeed I might ~~a~~ rightfully assume
a seat at the Lord's table.

You are aware, my son, that I am not in the habit of
lecturing much on this subject. It is true, that I have responsibilities
as a Parent and as the head of a Family. They are to be discharged however
by deportment and example rather than by formal exhortation. I have
much reason to regret, that I have not better acquitted myself in all
such duties. But I am consoled by the reflection that our children
are intelligent and well instructed and of course conscious that a
great responsibility rests upon them individually. In this most important
concern of human life, they must choose and must act for themselves.

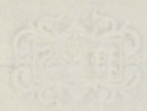
5 May 1857

They have a better and a more safe example of holy living in the history of the founder of our Religion than they ^{can} hope to find in their most valued ^{or venerated} relatives and friends. On the receipt of your letter to day, I was prompted to make it the subject of a communication to you. I have written off hand and to an extent that I did not contemplate when I took ^{my pen} up. If by referring to my own experience as well as study in this matter I should suggest any idea ^{from} that shall ^{be} ^{perceptible} to yourself or in your intercourse with your young friends I shall answer the object I have in view, summing up all I have written in the advice to you, to act, rather than to cogitate upon ^{present} impressions, so far as they would direct you to call you to action on the Lord's side, ^{and} to assure you that no labor in his service will pass unrequited, — that the support and consolations of religion and the Peace of believing, is secured by the active disciple whose "cases and joys" extends beyond himself, while those fruits of the spirit are withheld from those who would predicate their hope ^{only} upon past and almost forgotten evidence or those who will stipulate for new ^{inspiration} evidence as a condition of more perfect obedience.

You have a Father ever near you with whom you have long as I trust been accustomed to hold converse and been assured of his readiness to hear. May you now seek counsel from him, and trust yourself to his grace and guidance while you labor on all proper occasions to guide others into the ark of safety. To this end I trust that you will ^{ever} have our prayers ^{for your success} while we shall be encouraged to hope that though we have been unprofitable servants, the world may be blessed in our posterity.

With love from Ma & all

I am affectionately y^r Father
Gordon Sumner



ms.

Williamstown

Williams College

Mr Charles E. Sumner



Williamstown March 14th 1857.

Dear Brother

I received your kind letter on Tuesday, & need not say that I was very glad to hear from you, for I had expected you would write soon after I left, for the good reason, that you did not seem to have anything else to do, although you may be busy all the time.

I received a letter from Father to day, he & all the rest are well at present. & of course I was very glad to have him write, it was the second good long letter I have received from him this week as he did n't write once last term except a little bit of a note on some business.

I wrote about the revival of religion here, & perhaps that induced him to write. — — —

I was woken off last night by the Chapel Bell, after writing a few minutes writing, & I fear you will find my letters are not written very connectedly, for I keep on lying on my table most all the time & write a few lines whenever I get a minute's slack.

There has been going on for some weeks a great
Revival of Religion here, we have more or less
meetings to attend every day, which with my
very hard lessons, take up most of my time,
at nearly every meeting, some new ones get up,
at a meeting yesterday noon, a Servant who
has been an infidel for a long time, a very talented
fellow too, got up yesterday & requested the prayers
of Christians, Pagans, Jewit, Churn, French, &
a great many others of all classes here been converted.
It is a very solemn time, to say the least.

Evening— It is late & I take my pen, to bid
you good night, it is a splendid evening, I never
saw a more beautiful one, the air is balmy & mild
as in June, the moon shines brightly, & every
thing seems pleasant, & as it is near Eleven the
bed seems particularly so, Good Night

Sun^d— I have written a letter home to day,
& as I have two or three minutes to spare
I'll proceed a little further in this letter.
I promised you know to write home every
Sunday & as you gave me leave to pay
as little attention as I please to your letters,
I laid yours by to write that.

I hope your health is better than it was
when I left you or I should advise you
to go home, but it is coming pleasant weather
soon & I hope you will improve it, there

so many beautiful walks about Hartford
that I don't see how you can keep still
in pleasant weather. It is pretty cold here
most of the time but yesterday I took
a splendid ride with Roger, at his expense,
it was the pleasantest day we have had
& we improved it, they ask more for horses
hire here, than at home or I should learn
to ride.

I am glad to hear that your mouth is un-
closed at length & you have entered the
lists against White, Beech & the rest of
them, I have no doubt you will carry
you and easily enough, if you only think so.
Remember that you are a Sturtington Man,
& as such, support the honor of the place.

Morning, - I went to bed last night some time
after eleven & got up at about four this morn-
ing, & so far about three lines more.

You ought to give me credit for half a dozen
letters in each one, for I have about twenty
spells of writing on each one.

I wish you would tell Samy that the
fellows are trying to borrow the cravat, he
gave me, all the time, it is a very common thing
here, to lend & borrow clothing of all sorts.

I have been trying for some days to get a few
minutes to spare, that I might call on Miss

Barrett; a friend of mine, who sent me both & letters when I was sick, to see a Miss Balow, or something of that sort, who was Eliza Drumbull's room mate at New Haven.

She is quite pretty, & the fellows tell me that she has my cousin's daguerreotype - I shall try to go & see her a few minutes after church to night, although I have very little time for visiting.

Last Monday I had to speak in Chapel daily before all the college - I spouted my lesson & when I finished, the Pres said, I had spoken well & might take my seat; he had no correcting to make - there have only two or three out of all the classes, who have done it, since I have been here.

But I am afraid I shan't stand as well in recitations as I did last term, for I last five weeks, when it was very important that I should be here, & I have n't got Pastor Coburn to mark me this term.

Remember me to James & all inquiring friends, especially among the Ladies.

I believe me your affectionate Brother

Charlie

P.S. - I forgot in my hurry to speak of the coat of arms, which you so fortunately discovered in your antiquarian researches - its well to have something of the sort, & I don't think it could be improved - I hope as Rogers will probably spend some time with me in May that we,

With Belly.
mine, "With Belly."
initiate mine, "With Belly."
you are willing, can.

Williamstown. Wednesday July 30th 1857

Dear Brother

You have promised to write me once in a while, whether I answer or not, & I hope I am sure that you will do so, & if you don't receive letters from me, you will think that I don't answer because I have not time, & not because I don't wish to.

I have never been so busy it seems to me as I have for the last fortnight, since the examinations have begun to come on, I have hardly time to breathe, & writing, ^{letters} or reading was entirely out of the question, & in addition to these duties, I was appointed Censor in the Pecknican, (Literary Society) & had to write two pages of foolscap full of loggish ryme.

I was broken off from writing day before yesterday & I'll just finish this in the few minutes I have to day & send it along; for "half a loaf is better than no bread." I received a very acceptable epistle from you last evening, also one from home, telling me that Anne & Mary would be along next week & perhaps Father with

Mother & the children, & also some news
which was not so acceptable, that is, that
Father has had another vomiting attack
last Saturday, I wish I was home,
for they said he intended to start for
Wartford soon, & I am afraid he'll be
sick in the cars, he should not be
allowed to travel a mile without some
one to assist him if he should be sick,
if he comes to Hartford, you or James
had best accompany him home,

I am sure I sympathise heartily with
you shut up in Hartford, while there
so much to attract you at home &
I suppose it is harder to stay within
a few hours of home than to be away
up here in the mountains.

I am expecting to go into the Tutor's
room to-morrow morning while he's at
breakfast, in the manner in which the
House Breaking Villians entered the
establishment occupied by Misses Tyler
& Wood. I want to get the passages
on which he enters & call us up on
at examination, he has them all
marked off I suppose by this time.

the Sappers have done it once, & most
all hands sailed X's, if we succeed
we have to grub up only about one
tenth or less of living, instead of
all we read of it, which of course is a
great ~~saving~~ saving of labour & time.

I suppose I shall have to write him to ~~tell~~
another, that there is a case of small pox
about half a mile out of town, only
one & probably there won't be any more,
the fellow who has it was never vaccina-
ted, & was exposed while making a visit
over the mountain. there have been several
cases before one case & no more,
the air is so healthy & fresh that
it seems impossible that any contagion
could remain when the cool mountain
breezes sweep without restraint, & I sup-
pose there is really nothing which ought
to affect their apinposes, but I think
they might be vexed if I did not let
them know about it.

I am writing this letter as I usually
write, by short scraps, a line or two
at a time, & although I told you this
afternoon I was about to finish the letter

I was called away & its now late in the evening,
I have been to see the Charming Miss
Peggy this evening, also some Misses
Waterbury who are stopping at the
Mansion, & spent a very pleasant half
hour. I had not been to see any ladies
for nearly a fortnight, & I had hard work
to do for about a week, & had not taken
any exercise for three or four weeks, & I
had about run down, & was blue as
a Jay, & had about as lief live as die
for a few days, but I got an old basket
to go shooting Wednesday & although it
would not go off still I had a good
walk, & had to run about half a mile
in a very short space of period, & get
back to Chapel its the next day I went
riding & got shaken up pretty well, &
to night I have been to see the girls, &
I feel about right, this confinement
dont agree with a fellow in warm weather
by any means.

I told O'Brien this morning & fixed his
gun & I hope he will for we have two or
three days leave before commencement.

Its late & I have six pages of Latin to read,
besides having to take this was done & O'Brien, Charles

Mar 14. 1851

Mr H. C. Summell

Care of D. Hammond Summell

Hartford
Conn

