

Bowd. Coll. Oct. 12. 1823.

My Dear Sister,

More than a week has elapsed since I left you, but so insensibly has the time slipped away, that it seems but a day – an hour I had almost said. First the trouble and bustle of moving – next the fatigue of setting things in order again – then the difficulty of commencing new studies and the continual, uninterrupted succession of task after task have kept me so assiduously employed that the silent lapse of hours and days has been unnoticed, though of course not unknown. The return of another day of rest has given me leisure to communicate to you a few of my thoughts. The change of local situation as well as the classical advancement, which a few days have produced – the meeting of old friends and the formation of new acquaintances, you can easily suppose to be pleasant and satisfactory. The room we occupy at present, is situated in the North Eastern corner of the North College – but I forget myself! From such a description, you, who have never seen the colleges, can form no idea of its situation. And in fact I know not how to give you the location of it – this much, however, you can understand; - the bed-room window looks towards the village and Professor Cleaveland's, - the two other windows afford a delightful prospect, - no less so than the charm of an extensive woodland scenery of – pine trees, - groves, beautified by a great quantity of bushes cut during the Summer and left, dry, withered, and sere, to bea[u]tify and vary the Autumnal landscape – a fine view of the road to Harpswell and the College Wood Yard. But within! How shall I describe it! Yellow floor! Green fire-place. Mantel and window-seats, blueish white, - and three great doors, mahogany color. But jesting apart! – the room is a very good room, although more pleasant for Summer than Winter, as it is in back, not the front of the College, and on that account not so warm. You must not infer from what I have said that I dislike my room. No! far from that! I am very well pleased with it. I wish to be disposed to be pleased with every thing which must be mine or with which I must have dealings, that is, with every thing that cannot be bettered – to make the best of a bad bargain, - and content myself, that it is not, as it might have been, worse. This, you will say, is a sober – sentimental philosopher-like conclusion- (or more properly resolution) for so impatient a person as I am; but you know that

Experience keeps the very best of souls –
And keeps her rods on purpose to whip fools.

I feel far better contented here – far more happy, and far less inclined to be low-spirited, than has ever been the case at any former period. This may be ascribed to many causes. It may be the consequence of the change of situation and the novelty necessarily accompanying this change, or perhaps it may arise from the relaxation and exercise of a pleasant vacation – more probably from both of these causes combined. You must not be surprised when I tell you, I wish not to come home. No – not yet! – not for weeks – months! You will laugh and say this is strange and novel, as coming from me, who am always complaining! But recollect my determination – my resolution and marvel not that these things are so!

Give my love to all –

Your affectionate brother
Henry