



an of Mr. L. C. Fulton
& always next your letter with

Oberlin, March 28, '81.

Pepl,

Your letters
containing the informa-
tion that those, Mary,
hadst been suffering
from a cold and other
indisposition, having been
received and read and
making a des and fur
an ^{arrangement} - hereby are
replied to. I did not
write Sunday, for the
good and sufficient, the
substantial and satisfactory
reason ^{that} I was far
away from those scenes,
I was at Nelson, Ohio,
I was bold enough to speak

extempore in the evening.
I had a better flow of
ideas and language than
I had anticipated and
on the whole pleased my-
self better than I have
ever done speaking entirely
without anything to read.
I had not a scrap ^{of paper}. So
far as I observed I had
the attention of all. One
can easily feel when all
are listening and following
his thought. When I was
at Garrison  the place
where I got  to care
to ride by buggy to Nel-
son, there came up a
magnificent shower. The
thunder thumped off on
Hiram Ridge, the clouds
guttered black in the West,
blue-black, knotted, massed,
metallic and wild, out of

which lightning dripped. Some
low scud clouds, with
their sides arched from the
light of the S. E. sky,
dove rapidly in front of
the storm mass; curled,
rolling over and over.
The scud clouds soon shut
out the light from the
Eastern heaven, the thunder
rattled overhead, frogs sang
in the meadows. Some
little cold drops of rain
fell viciously. Then hail
began to thump on the
roofs; largest I ever saw,
half as big as eggs, some
of it; hail masses, diamond-
shape, frozen together. They
fell slanting slantingly
directed by the wind, and
bounced as they struck the
ground. No great quantity
fell. A sheet of rain

turn to shreds by the wind,
then wrapped all the loads
scope, while the steamer
creaked along. Rain slacks,
turns into a weak drizzle,
storm drives on like blue,
amid the clanking of steam-
ing wheels. The West lights
up. Peace: the rain and
the ice and walls of fire
one part. There is blue
in the N.W. The fog
rings again, and storm-stayed
men hitch up and drive
on off.

I weigh ~~139~~ 139,
I went down to the
train the other day, to see
it come and go, and
watch the people and more,
and while thus pensively
engaged, a form stood be-
fore me, one whom I had
known of old: James T.