

My dear Sir,

I had the pleasure this day of seeing Mr. J. M. Leay the Naturalist, who has just arrived from Cuba on his way to England: he <sup>has</sup> ~~was~~ some years in N. S. Wales in <sup>Government</sup> ~~Government~~ employ, & has really been an important contributor to Science. He goes to Boston tomorrow, & returns next week, when I hope to introduce him to you; but ad interim, I want to furnish him with Letters to the men of Science in Boston; Will you therefore favour me with Letters for him to Dr. Jackson, Mr. Green & any other of the right sort you may know there: I shall want them by midday, & my Bro<sup>r</sup> will take charge of them for me. Yours

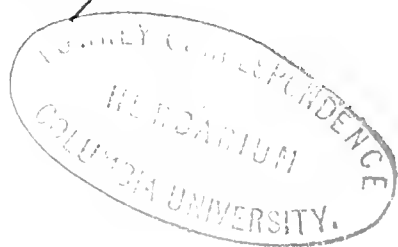
compliances with much obliged

Your sincere friend

J. W. H. H. H. H.

5 Mar.

{1836?}



Mr. McKay formerly wrote much on  
Zoology, but has lately attended to  
Entomology, & has indeed collected  
& described in most branches of Science.  
He wants to see the private collections  
in this country before he goes to  
Europe.

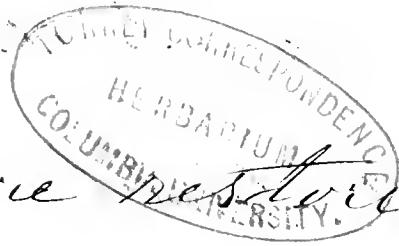


G. Torrey

East Chester 5 April 1852

My dear friend

Once more restored (though



as yet imperfectly) to the Use of the Pen, I have Pleasure in satisfying your kind Solicitude about me. I am now able to hobble about on Crutches, & suffer but little Pain from any of my Wounds, but my Progress now seems slow. There is no flexure of the new Cartilage of the broken Knee; nor any Return of nervous sensation about the Head except to the eye, which I can use for 2 or 3 Hours a day in reading: the Senses of Taste & Smell are still wanting, of the latter particularly I have not a trace. As I can as yet take little or no Exercise, my muscular Strength has returned very slightly. However I consider myself as one snatched from Death by the special Mercy of God, & I trust am resigned to his good Pleasure concerning me.

I think often of you all & wish you well  
through the Resettlement of your Lives &  
Peaces, a comfortless Task. We are all well  
here, but half blown away with Storms of  
Wind. I say nothing about a Visit from you  
till the Blossoms are about us, when I shall  
hope for a Visit from you if the dear Mama,  
to whom present my kind Regards.

Ever truly & affectionately

Your friend  
S. J. Carey

