

Leaham Nov. 27. 1842

Dear Friend:

Although I am going to town
tomorrow afternoon I think I may as
well send in these two articles for
the Liberator in the morning that
you may see about how much matter
there will be provided. I shall bring
in another article, not as long as
either of these on Mr. Graham's book,
with me in apt^{ts} - and that ~~will~~ ^{will}
be all you must expect from me
this week. I do not like to add to the
confusion which prevails in King
Agnew's Cant, of which Caroline
gave me a graphic sketch when
she was here, but I don't know what
else to do. I trust you have been
trapping up some nice little dishes
to serve as entremets, as well as more
substantial dishes - for I can't for the
life of me provide anything so heavy
than a substantial service

Ms. A. 9. 2. 17. 119

You need not be ~~surprised~~ ^{astonished} should
you see an ill-looking chap walk
into 39 Summer St. about tea-time
tomorrow afternoon & go loafing into
the bread & butter - but still, as Dr.
Dorsey says "all things are doubtful".

After I left you I went to Wendell's
& found sure enough that the man
was sick in bed. I then went to
Mr. Lathrop's to see whether Saturday
could be had for Dedham this evening -
but found it impossible. Our first plan
was to pine up the meeting till Monday
could come - but our sober second thought
induced us to hold it notwithstanding
& do as well as we could - & then
perhaps adjourn for a week or yet w.
then if possible. I have been writing
resolutions for it this afternoon which
if perfect without much alteration
I trust will adorn the paper, the
next Liberator. You shall

have an account of the same
tomorrow. Collins is to be here
this day week. I forgot to tell you
last Friday that Waterston assured
me that Longfellow has a volume
of Anti-Slavery Poems in the Press.
I am forming sundry desperate sen-
-timents touching my article for the
Bell - & trust that they may
lead to some desperate act.

Adieu well. No more at
present (except the love
which W. Knibbly well says
nobody ever remembers)

from your loving friend,

Edmund Quincy.

P. Lacey
1842

Maria W. Chapman.