

39. Summer St.

Saturday night Sept 9. 1843. Dear Caroline & Deborah,
This morning in great confusion, for Maria, Lucretia &
Abby Kelley were discussing all the metaphysics of
the cause, I sealed my letter to you. After that I
had a note from Mr. Robbins, saying she had ex-
pected us all the week & was very anxious to know
when we were coming. The night before she had had a
beautiful musical party where Miss Costello sang. Ann
& Wendell were there. Just before dinner I chance'd to go
into the back drawing room & found your package on
the table. Mary had been in & talked about the
patterns, but in her way to get them she left the
package with that amiable Charley who of course
concentrated herself with sliding in to the back drawing
room & quietly taking it down. I thought you had
asked Mary about some patterns before you left
town. I am sure you must have had the arrival of
the package acknowledged. I wrote a few lines to
Weymouth appointing E. to go to Milton Monday, a
few lines to Sarah by Warren, & a few lines to Mary
Robbins. Hervey sent Aunt Phoebe a very pretty dark
coloured Calico. (Edmund & Abby were asked to come
to dinner but E. did not go. Abby did. Dr Palmer, his wife
& Maria were there. We had a most sumptuous dinner
with chickens, pease pudding etc. I read your letter, to
Edmund who was here when they arrived. Of course I
left out & uttered a little but otherwise it was all
well enough for him. Then we all went to the Board
Meeting and had a very interesting time. The meeting was held
at Thanksgiving. There was a good full talk & I think it ended
in Abby Kelley's being assigned as to Child and being convinced
it was her duty to attend Detroit, partly *vi et armis*. Thankful
as usual behaved like a true hero, but every body else,
& Bronckitch included, did well. Maria talked a good deal &
appeared to be the pit & patron of the Board. When she finished

her long, and I most effusive speech Edmund cried "Amen. Glory to God." I walked part way to the depot with Edmund. He left me to take to Milton a slip Burne, that has not been remembered here. We left Abby, at Mr. Southwick's. The rest of us took tea at Chauncy Pl., where I read all the "Green" through Mr. C. Trumpel. After we came home Henry Bowditch called to show a beautiful painting called "Christian Convulsion". It is to be some how made into a transparency for Christmas Evening. Addis I on Tues. A. K. had a short but good letter from Garrison, stating the am. Poor G. I dare wonder he could.

Sunday 10. A very quiet day, save that Abby Kelley was here for two hours this afternoon. Last night we left her all comfortable & apparently her mind made up. To day she was in the depths of despair - the fact is she is almost carried away by Liberty party. They have used her faith fully, tho' against her will, & she has, as far as patience gives consent, conspired at Liberty party & now can't bear to go back & allow her whole course, & her friends into pos. She was engaged to Dr. Bowditch to be but comes here tomorrow & perhaps some engagement may be made, by which she can confer with Wendell which she is very anxious to do. I called at G. Pl. to night & then is talk of our coming to N. B. a week from Friday.

Monday 11. Maria resolved this morning to carry Abby Kelley & me out to Wendell's; then on our way back I could be left at Milton. So I ran down to Abby's & warned her. She was very glad to go. She was some what relieved in her mind. Henry Bowditch was full of a plan of independent nomination & had inspired her. Then I dined home, repacked my trunk & called at G. Place. Henry drove us out to Wendell's in a carry all. We found them well, but Wendell was suffering under some misall received the night before when he declined a first night ^{since} Stevens the Methodist minister had asked leave to speak. W. consented & finally Stevens had managed it to give a lecture the next Sunday night in which he attacked W. After Mr. Stevens had done, Wendell rose to speak, & by some ingenious use of a man moving that the meeting now adjourn, the house was cleared before Wendell could do away with the attack. After Abby had had some talk, Mary Proctor & Mary Davis drove up to the door. They at once arranged to take me back & then save Maria the trouble of going to Brook Hill. I went up stairs with Ann & read her your letter. Then I came away, begging Abby to walk with fear & trembling. We reached Brook Hill

safely. Aunt Mary, Lucia & Emma came out to meet us. They had arrived in Mary's absence. They had had a hard time with luggage, as the chaise jugged down dreadfully upon her. Dr Palmer told me that this was the thought one reason of her falling with us. We had an excellent dinner & after dinner strolled round a little. I read Mary parts of your letters, & then Lucia took them with her to her mouth. While we were at tea in Wicked Wendell. He said that after I left, Lucia & Hervey returned to town & it was agreed he should drive Abby over to Edmund's. He did so, & after a call at Edmund's took her to the cars. It is settled that a Board Meeting shall be held tomorrow in town & Ann & Wendell are to go in. The Lord guide them. Abby is at her wits end. Whether she will get any light I can't see. We have every prospect of a good one here.

Tuesday 12. We rose this morning at a reasonable hour, say at 1/2 past 7. We had the best of breakfasts & then sat down to read & sew. Then Mary insisted that Emma & I should go to walk with her. I could have spared this, but Mary insisted & so we went & were out the whole morning "by wild Depanset's side". I can't tell you the places we passed over. But on the whole we had a pleasant time & got back in time to arrange ourselves for dinner. Deborah would have pestered at the wine sauce but it seemed to do me good. Then Margaret Harris carried in to ride in the carriage. We had some business - namely, that of distributions notices than were to this effect - "Anti Slavery ^{by Wendell Phillips} Evening" "A Lecture will be delivered on Sunday next at 7 o'clock at the Town Hall where he will make the explanation, in which he was so unaccountably interrupted last Sabbath." We left them at Judy Swift's & other places. Judy hires part of the Post office for a Millinery, but she has ^{Post} her side of the building & the Post Master says she shall not put up a Notice & that Post. She has consulted a lawyer & he says the Post is hers & one of the postmen here says she shall go & put up the notice & then sit in her carriage & watch it. We called at the Post office, the Bakers & at the door of one or two sisters. The A. S. elements are in a very singular state. There are no dividing lines, old orgs & new orgs, & pro slavery people are all in one Society. I do please the President of the Soc. is entirely liberty party thinking of nothing but over. This is

owing to Whittier with whom she is carrying on a desperate flirtation. She has just sent "Nina" to him. We called at the Beets on Abby was out, ^{she was} at the Metcalfs. They are all stirring up again. Wendell, that is Abby is not as I know of, but Susan & Ellen Adams are. We reached home safely & found Edmund here. He rejoiced to see us and we had a very good time. He merely told us about Abby's visit a little, & said he poured cold water on her plan of independent administrations. He brought Ellen Quincy's love & apologies for not coming, & an invitation for us all to come some day this week & take tea, & we named Thursday. He said to tea & then went away to get back to a deacon's meeting. They are going to sign a memorial for the pardon. To night Emma has read "Beauty & the Beast" ~~attached~~ aloud. Ellen Quincy's second daughter Catherine, a girl of 18 is engaged to John Forbes partner, a man of 35 said to be worth 200,000. She is going to be married & go to China -

Wednesday 13th Has any body made Caroline any present. I betthink me it is her birth day. This morning as soon as we had discussed the most excellent breakfast of hash fish, mat lovely Indian cakes, toast coffee & what not, we prepared our selves to go to ride, Miss R. Emma & I, we went in the carry all & had a fine time. We rode first to Ida Russell's Mary asked her to go to the Railway with us, & while she was preparing, we were asked to go in & look at the pictures. The house is a most singular place. The front door opens into a large room, furnished like a parlour hung with pictures entirely hardly an inch of the wall to be seen. There stood the piano. A little parlour opens at each side from this great room. In these were harps, books, statues, curtains, & a little of every thing. It seemed like a museum. I took up a book. It was "The Star of Emancipation." I felt sick at my stomach for in it was written "Ida Russell was the friend M. B. Bar." We all got into the carry all, but I could not talk with her after that. We reached the Railway house, but found that Wendell & Ann were still in town. I left a note pinned to the pillow of their bed & came home off. Mary asked Ida & Mr. Angier to tea. We stopped at Judy's for a little more

Ms. A. 9. 2. 19. 34