

Sunday evening.

I am carrying Miss Weston, to the Fair. That is, if wind and tide are not against me at the last minute. Every movement I make is in reference to it; almost every sweep I make round the kitchen, into the cellar, & ^{store-room,} garret, has something to do in making all right & tight against the time that I shall be away. This week I must look into my wardrobe & look after the stray aprons & pantaloons that are promised for the Fair. The things that I shall carry for my table, will be the real home spun, no gewgaws, and catchpennies, & such as are valuable only in fancy's realm, but the real substantial fabric, that will clothe the naked, and keep them warm too.

I shall be in Boston Monday morning, and accept your and your sisters, polite invitation to stop at No. 11 West St. I do it with much pleasure & some reluctance, for the place that you reserve for me, might be filled with a better man. I hope I shall find you soon after

I arrive, for your will must act in,
and through me, for I am sure I
shall have no will of my own, in such
a new scene.

I received Mrs. Chapman's and your
letter & the tickets Friday evening.
I am afraid you have sent them to a
poor market, but I will do what I can
with them. I had the headache yester-
day, & was not able to go out far. I went
into the Miss Thaxters, in the evening,
hoping I could dispose of one or more
there, but did not succeed. Miss Eliza is
going to the city to spend Christmas
week, & said that she should admire
to be at the soiree, but preferred
waiting till she arrived at her friends,
before she took a ticket. I shall put one
off upon Mr. Smith & Mary Barney, &
Miss Tidmarsh, I think. I have not
much hopes of any others. I think Mr.
Smith will be up on Christmas. Whether
he will send you some verses previous
to that, or whether he will carry them
& sing them at the soiree, or whether they
will remain unperformed and void, time

only will determine. He has dwelt
so much lately in the world of facts,
that I suspect the world of fancy
is shut entirely from his view.

I think it is a fine idea, this social gather-
ing in the evening. I hope you will
provide bountifully for the table, and
bountifully for the mind. That
there will be little eating, and much
talking, little drinking, and much
speechifying, so that the treasury
may be full, our minds invigorated,
and our bodies not weakened.

We have had no preaching at our church
to-day, except an extempore sermon
that Mr. Smith made in his old
coat, upon the spur of the moment.
Mr. Stearns went to Scituate yester-
day to exchange with Mr. Sewell,
but the storm, or some other reason,
prevented his coming, & when our
good folks had gotten together, there
was no one to dispense the word of
life; and they chose one from their own
number to say a few words to them as
in primitive times. Please tell Mr. Chapman
that I will do the best I can with the tickets.

As if I cannot dispose of nearly all, which
will probably be the case, I will send those
that remain up this week. Maria sends
her love to you, and says, that all her efforts
will be needed to make me ready, that
she cannot think of going to the Fair, or
even to the swan away, as Mr. Russell calls
it. Very affectionately your friend
Caroline St. L. Smith

Boston.

Mrs. Caroline Weston

Ms. A. 9. 2. 16. 75a