

July 30<sup>th</sup> 1847 Dedham

We had a Board Meeting today. Address  
Dunster is getting up a quarrel with us. He was not satisfied  
with the agency we gave him in the Spring, why to be a <sup>to him</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> eternity; but wants to know whether we mean to employ  
him next Autumn; - intimating that it is his opinion that  
now we are in a condition to pay agents better than of old,  
(why he thinks so, God knows!) we are inclined to throw him  
overboard. I am afraid we shall have trouble about  
Douglas's compensation. I suppose he thinks that his  
services are worth more than any mis-else job he  
has ever paid. This is probably true enough, in a sense,  
& yet to pay him more than others would set all the  
flats in a flame - & at least, all the wool or Woolen  
Trade. But, perhaps, Fenison can make him reasonable.  
Linn May seems full of business & works well.

Tomorrow we go to Lenox from, in the P.M.  
I shall go with Linn May to Leicester to send the organs  
& next day to Worcester to attend the Fair of Aug. Meeting  
there. I like May. Though Sammy, he is not  
Sammy! Lee is to read the Exchange during my absence  
royally over the Lib. I saw Maria Lowell for a  
passing moment at Nahant. I hear that she is "wearing  
away of the Land of the Dead!" She looked beautifully, but ill.  
Fairwell! When you are established at Weymouth I shall  
come down & spend a long day with you, you can tell what that  
day will be worth! Love to Deborah. Your ever, Edward Quincy.

Her husband, who  
as are not often seen in  
Flee is a Unitarian minister, whose ~~allusion~~  
as a preacher silenced him years ago; but a  
very good scholar & the translator of *Andine*  
& author of some <sup>minor</sup> "Romances"; w<sup>h</sup> some people  
think very absurd (I never read them) & others  
admire excessively, I have procured for him  
several enthusiastic friends. Flee & his wife  
live by themselves, having no children, & spend  
their time in reading & writing, & are the happiest  
of mortals, with no earthly things to do. She is  
one of the first persons I recollect, & her  
voice still recals my childhood more than  
any person's I know. Flee's manners are of  
the most punctiliously courteous of <sup>the</sup> old school,  
& she has all the enthusiasm of a girl at  
seventy years of age. She is at least ten years  
older than her husband. But she does not