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Aug 19, 1854

Brooklyn, Aug. 19, 1854.  
Saturday, Morning.

Dear Aunt:

I should have written to you yesterday, but I waited to see Cate Benson, who was to pass the afternoon with us at Phillips Barberough's yesterday. She intends going to Nashua, thro' Worcester, and will probably not go to Boston till the latter part of next week. We intend now to go home by next week Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Dexter will go at that time.

I have been hoping, I should hear from Willie and Fanny, and hope to get a line to day. We are having a nice good time; the country looks beautiful now. We are to go to Mrs. Stetson's this afternoon, to meet old Mrs. Stetson, Sally Ann, and Cate. Cate has Mary Benson with her; she also goes to Nashua with her Mother.

We had quite a large company here yesterday, as many as 40 or - fifty of us, in all, I should think. I have not been to the village yet; husband says it looks just as it did years ago. This afternoon, I shall pass the old

home-stead, which will recall many  
eventful scenes.

I hope you will enjoy yourself,  
and not work all the time, but go about  
as much as you can. F. Cotton's  
daughter was living when Kate left, but very  
low indeed. Brother George had gone to  
Philadelphia on business: he was better.

Yours, with love,  
Helen

Give my love to George Thompson, and  
particulars to Eliza.

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Dear Aunt - We arrived at our friend Scarborough's, on Thursday  
evening, at half past 7 o'clock, precisely four hours from the time  
we left the depot in Boston. In my counting days, before an inch  
of railroad had been made, the same journey used to occupy some  
fifteen hours or more. Then, it was tedious beyond all expression -  
except as relieved by the loving expectation of seeing Helen on my  
arrival. Now, it was performed without any fatigue, and, what  
was better than formerly, I had Helen all the way with me.

It is fourteen years, I believe, since we were in  
Brooklyn, last. So little is the change that has taken place, that  
it seems as though time had not fled at all, and that, after  
all, it is a delusion to suppose that any change has taken  
place in ourselves, or that we are any older.

Rain is wanted here exceedingly, and perhaps we shall have some to-morrow when I lecture. Every thing, however, is looking finely, and we are enjoying ourselves very much. I could not long, however, be contented with the quietude of the country, unless I had withdrawn from public life.

Tell George he must rusticate a week at Hopedale, as I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Fish will be much pleased to have him with them, as he is a favorite of theirs. If he would like to go before my return, he can get two dollars from Mr. Wallcut to pay his expenses, on my account. He might drop a line at once to Mr. Fish, so as to make all sure, and ascertain what day to start. I really hope he will go. He ought to have some recreation as well as the rest of the boys.

I am to lecture twice, to-morrow, (Sunday) on slavery, in the Unitarian church — forenoon and afternoon — and also at a village, called Killingly, about six miles from here, on Thursday afternoon next. So I shall still be at work for the slave, but not very laboriously.

I hope every thing at home goes along safely and pleasantly. See that you get all the supplies needed. Remember me to Eliza and to Polly — and ask the latter whether she is as "pretty" as ever, and whether "Polly Hopkins" has yet told her how she does.

Yours, affectionately,

W. L. G.