

Weymouth. Thursday Feb 8.  
1853

Dear Deborah,

As I have not written  
to you since you went away  
I have a sense of duty that  
prompts me to write. As obli-  
gation to our parents involves all  
other duties even to the 4<sup>th</sup> gen-  
eration, I begin to be afraid  
my days won't be long in the  
land unless I do. I have no  
very enlightening particulars to  
communicate, for I have had one  
uninterrupted day since you took  
your departure. First the Boston  
Report kept me at it all day &  
every day for a week, poor thing  
down all the time & putting her-  
self back as I believe by copying  
it for Sydney. I just got it off  
in time to get a little leaded  
up for the Annual Meeting. I  
was able to mend the most pro-  
nounced holes. I got through part  
of my work the first two days

I had some enjoyment in the  
meetings; then whether it was  
putting on my black silk gown  
to dine with two female friends  
of Misses Slaughtons to whom Mary  
gave a dinner, (Miss Belauk & his  
interpreter) or whether it was the  
pleasant Melodrama & then going  
nowhere one on a very cold  
night, but the truth was I  
was seized with sudden chills on  
Friday morning, took sight to  
my bed & had every prospect  
of a fever. My pulse was at 125  
& I could not sleep a wink. You  
may imagine I was pretty much  
amused at the idea of being  
sick at C. Plain as you may sup-  
pose. I was not in the least ner-  
vous or fainting, but in a suffering  
state. I suppose now that it was  
almost a particular occasion & a  
violent cold intervened for I had  
no throb but head a little sore throat  
& this terrible warmth. In the  
night, my nurse fled & that  
seemed to help me. I rose about  
11, looking as if I had been thronging.

the wars and managed to appear  
smart enough to go to my work.  
Mary said every thing proper  
& indeed did every thing that  
could be done. I went the night  
before, hoping to be able to go sent  
out word by Maria Coving that  
Kerney was to be at the station  
with a chair. He had gone out  
the first day of the meeting to  
take care of Lucia. I was yet  
home, did not have much of a  
night, but the next day was  
better, & have been growing better  
ever since, tho I have not yet  
been out. I am now just begin-  
ning to write my letters for the  
Box. In the midst of all my  
scuffle of writing the B. G. I had  
to go in town to get off Mrs. Sturges'  
statuette. You saw her card, in  
the Liberator, copied from the Com-  
monwealth. I was filled with  
indignation & contempt at the  
sight of it, but being sure she did  
not answer the police himself  
letter that I sent her with the  
statuette accompanied by a Bell

for that I could in a measure  
have compensated to her ignorance  
of worldly business, but he said  
she, in the end, signed the  
Abolitionists all together. When I  
got in town I found the Abolition-  
ists in such a rage that I had  
to apply myself to quieting them.  
By the Abolitionists I mean the  
A. S. Office. I told them that  
she certainly seemed as hard to be  
it to be known who the donors might  
be but nothing would be worse  
than any unpleasant feeling  
excited about a gift. So I shush  
them. Last night I got a letter  
from Mary in which he seemed  
quite delighted. Mr Beecher  
Stowe as he called her, had  
been to the office, bringing a  
nice bundle for Mr Chapman and  
that he wished them to forward.  
It was a Daguerreotype of herself  
and a preface for the French  
edition of her book for Madame  
Galloway. Mr S. told them this so  
as it was merely done up in a  
paper, they (Mary Garrison &  
Wallcut) opened it & finally lev

the unsealed letter. This I thought  
well. May after words she read it  
to Mary Chapman and Newey & gave  
all their accounts, for all parties  
write to me to advise that the  
letter began "dear friend" & ended  
you appear true ally & said she  
was coming over to Paris to see  
her & that she was going away about  
the 20<sup>th</sup> of March. My opinion is  
that Mrs. S. as she frequently comes  
to our office, is quite willing to  
get all she can out of us, but  
means to be very careful here  
she mixes up herself with the  
Old org. However of all this I  
shall say absolutely nothing  
except to very intimate friends, as  
first it may not be so, tho' it  
seems so, & secondly Mrs. Chap  
man cannot fail to make  
her useful. At any rate, she  
can't play mischief into the hands  
of the 2 Mrs., while in contact  
with Maria. — The Annual  
Meeting went off very well. It  
was not large at first but  
grew so & there was very excellent  
speaking by Pillsbury, Wendell

emphatic to get an opinion

I the best evening Parker, old  
Dr Beecher was there the two  
last evenings Wendell stood to  
Mary & the Fosters, P. E. George  
& Jennie, the Crows & others or cousin  
drank tea there. Mary & I looked  
over the letter (the same paper which  
she once tried to open with fear)  
& I told her many things - but  
cannot even write these to you  
writing. I only saw Gay on my  
way to Weymouth when I was  
almost too sick to speak. Of course  
I could not go to the Board Meeting  
or worry out much that I should  
have liked to have done. We could  
not ask him to go to Weymouth  
as I rather thought I was going  
home to be sick & desire was  
the chamber. Yesterday I wrote  
him a long letter, giving him  
my news. Perhaps he may show  
to you, tho' you need say nothing  
about it if he does. I was very  
sorry not to have him as to  
it was one of the wise. Desire  
is slowly getting better but she  
travels a hard time of it. She  
went down stairs & the disorder see  
more in her limb, her left her