

Copy
L.L.

To Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring.

Boston, May 23, 1840.

Dear Mrs. Loring,

Next Tuesday, after the morning session of the N. E. Convention, there is to be a meeting of a few moments of our ^{Boston} B. F. A. S. S. ^{Meeting} ~~See~~ for the purpose of raising money to start the National A. S. Organ at N. York. If all the members are present, or a goodly number of them, (especially those who can subscribe say \$15. or so,) it will greatly help the generality of them to contribute from ²to ⁵. If we, being 150, in number can raise on an average \$5. each, it will be \$750. But fifty at least of our number are unable to pay anything. So we can stretch but to \$500. I have been talking with Mrs. Southwick, Mary Chapman and such others as I have seen, and they agree with me in thinking that such a list now, will be better than a somewhat larger sum hereafter. These sort of fountains get choked up if they are not kept in continual flow. And we shall not have much less at the fair, for raising \$500 now. I have put aside a small sum (^{15.}) for a capital to trade upon for the fair, but I feel as if it would be better to give it outright now. "How does it feel to thee"? as the Grimké's (peace to their memories) used to say. Do be with us at ~~the~~ time. I remember how much you helped one of these raisings at "46" long ago. Ann Chapman was there then. It was "Before these waves of bitterness that now so loudly roar Till heavy ~~er~~ grows the pilot's heart to view the rocky shore".

However I do believe we have taken a gale off shore

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again, and shall arrive at the haven where we would be, if we lend the ship assistance enough. "Talk of fast sailers"—said old Capt. Field—(as long ago as I can remember anybody I recollect a quizzical old sea-captain of that name) "talk of fast sailers!—I never saw a vessel that would sail without a great deal of assistance." From my childhood till now, I have been all the better for that insight into the nature of vessels. Now is the time I think to stretch every "rag of canvass," and I only wish we had wherewithal^h to spread sky-scrapers-moon-rakers-top-gallant-sails and studding-sails of conceivable every description. (See what a good thing it is to have been at ~~sea~~ sea—a traveller! It helps one to be unintelligible, which quality, next to clearness and comprehensiveness is, I suppose, found most valuable.)

Do be at the meeting. It will probably be but half an hour or so, from 12 or half past, to 1 or half past. And then we can hope you will dine with us. I should not dare to ask anyone else, not knowing "what a day may bring forth," though I have no reason to think that day will be a more than ordinary^{productive} one to me. If it will bring \$500, I shall be content to wait till the middle of June for any further developments. I am sorry I cannot find H. Martineau's letter to send you again, but I suppose, as Caroline took it from Robert at the door, that she has it with her out of town. Does it not convey to your mind the idea that she is very ill?—fataally so?

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We are not necessarily made miserable by the loss of friends—
 to think so were an impeachment of the divine goodness. But
 those to whom bereavement comes least painfully cannot but
 intensely feel, though they may not intensely suffer.

"Still they know, wheræ'er they go,
 That there hath passed a glory from the earth."

The brightness of their life has passed, and they ac-
 quiesce in it, concentrating themselves upon its duties.

I am interrupted by an opportunity to send you this, and
 fortunately at the same time comes Caroline with H. M.'s letter.

Yours affectionately in great haste,

Maria W. Chapman.

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