

New York ~~Nov~~ Dec. 1st

Dear Friend,

At last, I send the article for the Liberty Bell, the thoughts of which has been the torment of my life for the last 3 months. You and Caroline will laugh at it heartily, and even little Anne will give it a patte de velours; but the young and romantic will like it. It sounds, in sooth, more like a girl of sixteen, than a woman of forty; and I can give no rational account how I happened to fall into such a strain.

The fact is, I was plagued to death for a subject, and happened to hit upon one that involved much love-making. Be careful in reading the proofs, for I had not time to copy my blotted M. S.

You don't know how I am plagued with the Third Party. From all

quarters come requests to explain what the
old organization are to do about politics—
the opposition seek by all subtle and well
~~contrived~~ schemes, to get me editorially
committed on non-resistance; James C. Jackson
is coaxing all he can to stop the Standard, (at
least, I think so) and Garrison is helping him
with puffs innumerable. The Liberator bands
the Liberty Party, and inserts its notices;
Francis Jackson and Wendell Phillips,
(I would have coined my blood for gold, rather
than he should have done it) are flourished
forth on the Liberty ticket; and I expect
daily to see Garrison put up for governor,
and Edmund Quincy for congress.

Am I to hold up the Standard of
moral influence all alone? Or does nobody
care whether it is held up or not? I can
assure you my position is a puzzling and
discouraging one. The Penn Freeman

is seeking a union with the Standard, but
wants mightily to sift in something in favor
of what they call concentration, though not
Liberty Party. What they mean, the Lord
may know, though "his servant doth not."

It looks to me like a cat from the meal
tub, and I'm shy of it. Those Penn. abolitionists
are everlasting betwixtities.

It is late at night, and I have proof
to read. So, with the most affectionate remem-
-brance to your good husband, and his
parents, and Mary, and love to your
sunny tribe of sisters, especially my dear
Lucia, I will bid you a hurried
farewell. Yours truly,
L. M. Child.

I rejoice that you approve my editing.
I thought I was too cautious to please you;
but I can tell you, my caution plagues New-
Org. worse than anything.

Why don't you write ~~or~~ a description of
articles for the Fair, and send it to me?
My coming to Boston is out of the question.

My business at this present time is to write up the
Standard, in spite of 3^d Party, or the _____
and I will put my whole strength into it.

Maria Weston Chapman,

Boston.

Mr. Green
Boston?

Ms. A. 9. 2. 17. 129