

June 22. Weymouth.
Friday evening.

Dear Deborah,

I do not precisely know how you will receive this, but I shall depend upon hearing from you tomorrow some how. Do not dare to fail me for I wait most anxiously to hear. We are all pretty well, though I believe I took cold the first of the week & have not yet recovered it. At least, I have some thing of my old trouble but do not make much fuss about it. Aunt Priscilla remains much as when I wrote last. I trust they will have the Dr tomorrow, for I think its high time to do something. Grandma is but poorly, though there is no special difference. - I called with Mrs Field at the Perkins' last night & had the most stupid call possible. Mr P. was & we conversed with his family about the hot weather, dreadful accidents, sudden deaths &c. Mrs Kirkby is thought to be failing. The cause was not mentioned & they never alluded to the fact of my having been from Boston at all. They inquired very kindly for Maria; I suppose the poor possums are scared to death. I ran in to Jerry's Post, the end of Lucille's experience. I am afraid Henry O. Longfellow would have deemed me a dreadful person, for my first feeling was that it was the best place for her. Considering the impermanent behavior of the Court & their gratuitous expressions concerning the Abolitionists, I do not think it would be amiss for a plain statement of the case to be put into the Liberator. If you have not written to Mrs Robeson about Lucille you had better write for I wish to know the truth. I have ascertained that Henry will bring these things. Mind & write by him & send the things I sent for if possible. Ma will come in town a week from tomorrow if nothing occurs to prevent. I will

Bring Wasser out. Give him his things. Write about
every thing. yes even Anne.

When my Book
comes from London
send it out to
Meymount.

Miss Debora Weston.

West St.
Boston

Mr Cowing.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 5. 20