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8 West Randolph, W. Jan. 17, 1863.
Dear Mr. Garrison,

My husband says, don't wait any longer for me, but you just write a line this moment to Mr. Garrison and enclose the money for the Liberator. So you will find herein three dollars for the Liberator, and two dollars, which I suppose you will find it convenient to hand to Mrs. Garrison as a trifle towards the Subscription fund, still necessary to raise.

Though anti-slavery efforts must be continued; there is cheer in the fact that those efforts must be aided by the new order of things. the new position of our government. But peace is not yet - not yet are "Our bruised arms hung up for monuments". And until then, no doubt there will be work enough for anti-slavery people to do.

The New Year, here in our quiet country place was ushered in by no ringing of bells, or loud acclamations of joy; but such a mild, cloudless, sunny January 1st, the "oldest inhabitants" say they never before knew in Vermont.

Very pleasant to us is the remembrance of your, and Mr. Johnson's visit last Autumn; and we shall not be likely to forget it while we have little Willie to remind us of you. He often breaks out in the midst of his play, with, "Auntie, I want Mr. Garrison to come here again". And he is especially proud to have his picture beside of yours in my album. That you may see that we have placed you in good company I enclose you a copy of Willie's pictures. How much we hope to see you here again. But I will not longer intrude upon your time. With sincerest regards to yourself and family, I am, very truly,

Abby Hutchinson.