

Unionville Lake Co. Ohio Nov. 29, 182.

Miss Weston

The time for the Boston street  
right and I think of the laborers who are toiling  
to make ready for the festival, how industrious and  
persevering they must be, to decorate the room, arrange  
the articles for sale, and to gather in from city and  
country the supplies for the tables, and I am reminded  
that you will need means to accomplish all this.

If it were not a plain wish, I could wish that I  
were near enough to contribute something of our coun-  
try produce, for your refreshment table, or that I might  
give something of personal labor toward the enterprise,  
and I should love to enjoy the privilege of listening  
to the words of truth and love which will be spoken  
on the occasion, and be strengthened and stimulated  
by intercourse with those whose energies are consecrated  
to the noble work of breaking the shackles of every  
bondman. But as I can do neither of these I have  
decided to do what I can, send you a little money.  
Wish I was able to send more. But the affliction and  
expenses which have occurred to me, curtail my  
means for the present. After a long illness my husband

resorted to a journey for the recovery of his health; I ac-  
companied him  
he has attacked mild dysentery, and since from home  
among strangers. I returned alone, but home it is not for  
me longer. We had no facility, and "four square walls"  
and a place to stay do not constitute home.

I had purposed to send you five letters annually;  
and should have been glad to obtain the Liberty Bell  
when published. I am thankful for the Liberator and  
shall be glad to have it continued as heretofore. It has  
been delayed in its arrival here once or twice since I  
came back. I almost trembled for I dread the pain of  
losing dear friends whose intercourse will drop off in  
consequence of the death of my precious husband. As  
the Liberator was first sent I suppose on his account.  
It seems when it did not arrive in season, that as he had  
left me, the Liberator also might have gone. I should  
feel reluctant to do without it. It is a sort of medium  
through which I make the acquaintance of noble souls  
who are struggling to bring the world up to the Christian  
standards of doing to others as they would others should  
do to them. I cannot afford to relinquish this acquain-  
tance. I meet the intence in themselves, as I am deprived  
of that of my husband whose sympathies they shared.  
Sincerity and rectitude will adhere to me, but the Liberator  
beguiles as it entices a soul home. It leads me abas

from myself to look out upon the world, to feel that  
there are still, living, warm hearts, and that that there  
are those in suffering who need our aid.

I enclose two dollars for the Bazaar. May  
the Lord give you all, strength and wisdom,  
and inspire the lips of those who shall speak  
on the occasion, that they may speak according  
to his will.

Affectionately yours,

Clarissa G. Alden.

Ms. A.9.2.26.73B