

New Bedford. April 19th.

My dear Debra.

It made me very
happy ^{to hear} from you in your good long
letter, and I have been wishing
to write to you ever since, but have
had no time. Miss Brastow is going
home to-morrow morning, and I can-
not let her go without some kind
of a scrawl to you. I have just
come from school, and am going
to Mrs Joseph Pote's to tea, and I
must carry this down to Miss Brastow
in two or three minutes, so you can
imagine my haste. I ask no excuse,
because we never have to make
apologies to each other. I must write
you a long letter before I come
home, because I have had ever

So much to tell you, and can hardly begin in this note - Miss B. will tell you all the news of the town. I have been gadding more lately, made some social visits and attended some parties, and owe lots of calls. I saw Aunt Sally at a party at Mrs Andrew Robeson's, Tuesday evening, and had a talk with her about you, whom she loves as dearly as ever. The people here are making a great many parties for Mr & Mrs Peabody, who are now the lions of the town. Mr Angier has been in town and preached one Sunday, & Mrs Angier is still here, waiting till their house is finished. Emily is still away, & Elizabeth Doubleday has recovered from her cold. Mr Emerson's school-house is being rapidly transformed into a dwelling house, and Grace is quilting with all her might.

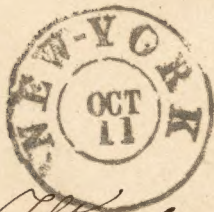
Betty sends her love to you and says she was very sorry indeed

she was not at home when you called. Betty is a dear child, and so is little Livvy Horton - She speaks of you with the greatest affection, and desires me to send her love. Ellen Horton has left school and is soon going away to Leicester to a Quaker Boarding school -

I am coming to Boston three weeks from Saturday morning, and shall go to Nashua, to Samuel's ordination, which, fortunately for me, happens the 16th of May. I may possibly return here with him to Mr Peabody's installation. In that case, I fear I shall not see you much, but hope you will soon make a visit here - The family send love. The Beents of course, theirs, and I, you only know how much I send. I have not a minute longer, but must run - Oh don't forget to tell me where you all are, and how you are, &c, and write soon, dearest Deborah,
to your ever loving friend, Abby -

Ms. A. 9. 2. 5. 50

Miss Debora Weston.
Boston.



Miss D. Weston.

Weymouth.
Mass.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 5. 52