

March 3rd. Boston 1836.

My Dear Leburn

I have got such an awful pen I am almost tempted not ~~to~~ write at all it is so bad. You recollect that Monday afternoon and evening was very rainy, and Aunt M's sickness and all together we gave up going to the Monthly Concert. Ann and Mary went and Wendell Phillips with them and Wendell made his "invited speech," it was I heard a very fine one. Stanton come in at the last of the meeting and gave Wendell a brotherly shake and they planned there, that Wendell should speak before the Legislature before Weld began his speech. Tuesday we sent out for Maria to come in, as Aunt M is no better. Wednesday Hildrett came and that the evening. Henry called, and said the box from the Society of Dartington had arrived and a letter of Thompson in it. Lucretia went to the Theatre. Thursday. There was a "mob in Boston," but not we that were mobbed but Graham, for lecturing.

to the Ladies alouse and not even their husbands admit-
ted!!!. There were about one thousand mobbers present
there is a report in circulation that Graham was
not there but he was and looked up in a little side
room. Henry went into some of the stores and
they said that the intention was to have killed
him. Mrs Lou think as you may suppose was
one the spot and addressed several of the men.
The mob was called by a piece in the Daily
Herald edited by little survey Herrington.
and handbills were put at the street corners.
The Hall was crowded and every lady that
came out was hissed. Harren came home and
said that one of the ladies hissed the mob
with all vengeance, but who it was no one
knows. In the evening Caroline and I went
over to the Smith school house to help teach
in the coloured school, and Caroline said
she never thought of being brought to low
a keeping school with Nat Boutwell as Harman
and we will him. do write to me the next
chance and I shall write more to you next
time I thought the bundle would not go before

Saturday. Aunt Mary send 'll be love to you and
is no way able to write. I had been reading the
Rich poor man poor Rich now it is a pretty
story enough. but I should like the goddess of
health pictured in some other way than
with a pair of flannel drawers in her hand
I like. I have nothing more to say. I could
though if I had time. Good luck to you
in reading this letter. for I want myself. Do write
by the next chance.

your aff sister L W.

Livia Weston
March 8th 1836

Miss Livia Weston

Chas. Bedford

Chas. B.

Solemnness of Miss Cogrod.