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Boston, Dec. 30, 1835.

My dearest:

You see I commence another hasty letter to you; for, the fact is, when I was here before, you know I established the precedent (a most extraordinary one for me) of sending you something in the shape of an epistle by every mail. May it not seem an abatement of affection or interest, if I should now infract upon this rule? It is too late to repent.

My excitement from Boston, I find, has not weakened the attachment of my abolition brethren for me. Wherever I move, whatever faces I see among them, all is welcome — all is delight. "How do you do?" "Welcome back again!" "Where and how is your lady?" These and a hundred other things are said or asked continually. Great interest is felt in your welfare.

To-day has been the day for the Ladies' Fair — but not so bright and fair out of doors, as within doors. The Fair was held at the house of Mr. Chapman's father, in Chauncey Place, in two large rooms. Perhaps there were not quite so many things prepared as last year, but the arrangement was nevertheless various. There were several tables, as usual, which were under the superintendance of the Misses Westons, the Misses Ammidon, Miss Paul, Miss Chapman, Mrs. Sargeant, (who, by the way, spoke in the kindest manner of you,) and one or two other persons whom I did not know. I bought a few things, and had one or two presents for Mrs. Garrison. The fair will be continued to-morrow, but I do not think the proceeds will equal the sales of last year. Every thing has been conducted in a pleasing manner. Friend Whittier's and Thompson's portraits were hung up to observation — mine has gone on to Philadelphia to be engraved.

Henry, Knapp and myself sleep (all in a row) in the office, in good style and fine fellowship — one of us upon a sofa-bedstead, and two upon settees, which are not quite so soft, to be sure, as ours at Brooklyn. I have had invitations to stay with friends Fuller, Southwick and Shattuck, and at Miss Parker's, but prefer to be independent.

The arrangements for the Liberator are not yet definitely made, but I think all past affairs will soon be settled.

Our friend Sewall's "intended," Miss Winslow, is now in the city, and was at the fair to-day, with two sparkling eyes and a pleasant countenance. How soon the marriage knot is to be tied, I cannot find out. Don't you think they are unwise not to hasten matters?

I have not yet seen Christiana, or Mr. Gray — this confession is to my condemnation; but to-morrow, if I am spared, I will visit both. The Westons like her very much — but not the cat.

This evening I took tea at Mr. Loring's. He has been somewhat ill, but is now better, though still feeble. His amiable wife was at the fair, selling and buying, and giving away, with her characteristic assiduity and liberality. Both of them were very kind in their inquiries after my wife.

This forenoon, bro. May and myself, by express invitation, visited Miss Martineau, at Mr. Gannett's house. The interview was very agreeable and satisfactory to me. She is a fine woman.

All are regretting that I cannot prolong my
visit until after the 26th of January, so that I
might be present at the annual meeting of our
Society - but I tell them I cannot, for many rea-
sons too numerous to particularize.

I shall despatch matters as fast as
possible, so as to make my absence compen-
sating. In the mean time, I remain, with in-
creasing love for you and the dear family,

Your devoted husband,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single

Ms. Helen C. Garrison,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.