

was so ill as to require unremitting care. Now that I can safely dismiss him from my mind for hours, my wings begin to flutter and I want to fly; but I cannot leave him, because nobody else can do anything with him; and when I am away, he trains in an extraordinary fashion.

The recent public events have also greatly discouraged me. To have labored so long against slavery, and yet to see it always triumphant! The outrage upon Charles Sumner made me literally ill for several days. It brought on nervous head-ache, and painful suffocations about the heart. If I could only have done something, it would have loosened that tight ligature that seemed to stop the flowing of my blood. But I never was one of those who knew how to serve the Lord by standing and waiting, and to stand and wait then! It almost drove me mad. And that miserable Faneuil Hall Meeting! The time-serving Geo. Hillard talking about his friend Sumner's being a man that "hit hard." Making the people laugh at his own witticisms, when a volcano was seething beneath their feet! Poisoning the well-spring of popular indignation, which was rising in its might! And then that miserable tool of a Governor Gardiner, proposing that the State should pay Mr. Sumner's board! God forgive me, that I wanted to take Boston by the throat, and stop the sluggish blood that feeds its servile life. I wish Mr. Russell was dictator, and hemp already risen in the market. Those Boston respectables, I tell you they are criminals. Greater criminals than

those who merely destroy physical life; for they systematically blind the minds of the people, and stagnate their moral energies. Mr. Apthorpe, on the eve of departing for Europe, wrote to me, "The North will not really do anything to maintain their own dignity. See if they do! I am willing to go abroad, to find some relief from the mental pain that the course of public affairs in this country, has for many years caused." But I am more hopeful. Such a man as Charles Sumner will not bleed and suffer in vain! Those noble martyrs of liberty in Kansas will prove missionary ghosts, walking through the land, rousing the nation from its guilty slumbers. Our hopes, like yours, rest on Fremont. I would almost lay down my life to have him elected. There never has been such a crisis since we were a nation. If the Slave-Power is checked now, it will never regain its strength. If it is not checked, civil war is inevitable; and, with all my horrors of bloodshed, I could be better resigned to that great calamity, than to endure the tyranny that has so long trampled on us. I do believe the North will not, this time, fall asleep again, after shaking her mane and growling a little. If Buchanan is elected, I believe there will be such an army of iron-sides in the field, as have not been seen since the days of Cromwell. The Puritan blood is like Lehigh coal, slow to be

I may as well stop first as last. for I could keep on writing all night. So with love to Frank, bid you an affectionate good bye. Yours loving and grateful Marie Child.