

New York, May 9, 1849.

Dear Helen:

94 I did not arrive in this city at so early an hour on Monday afternoon as I anticipated, in consequence of an accident which happened to our train about ten miles from the city. Owing to a switch not being properly adjusted, our engine, tender and baggage cars were thrown off the track; but, fortunately, on so level a piece of ground that no one was injured, and the shock was not violent. The engine made so deep and long a furrow as to be partially buried in the earth. After a detention of two hours, another train from the city came to our relief, during which time a portion of our passengers sought recreation and refreshment at a little shanty kept by a man who glories in the name of Oliver Cromwell, and who was quite willing to help "keep their spirits up, by pouring spirits down," at so much a glass. This occurrence will serve to make me distinctly remember my first trip from Boston to New York by rail-way. Dear Wendell, S. May, Jr., and Samuel Brooke, were with me. Brooke thinks he has derived considerable benefit to his health at the Water Cure, and will return to Northampton for a short time longer after our anniversary meetings are over.



I found them all well at friend Hooper's, and the venerable old gentleman was as full of his interesting narrations as ever.

Yesterday morning, and all day, was very dismal indeed; but our meetings were never before so well attended, and I think never was a deeper impression been made. Wendell has, if possible, surpassed himself—he is so ready, so eloquent, so morally true, so sublimely great, that I know not what we should do without him. He is really one of the best and noblest specimens of humanity in this world. Our choicest friends and advocates (many of them) are here, men and women, in strong array and with a serene front, Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, A. K. Foster, among the women.

We have had nothing but rainy weather, since we have been here. I dislike New York in the brightest weather. I cannot tell <sup>you</sup> what I think of it in this.

Friend Jackson goes home this afternoon,  
evening.  
You may expect me on Friday  
In railway haste,  
Lovingly yours,  
W. L. Garrison.



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Handwritten notes in a cursive script, possibly a list or a set of instructions, located in the center of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher.







Helen Eliza Garrison,  
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