

New York, Sept. 5, 1853.

Dear Wife:

You see, by the blot I have made, that I supposed ~~that~~ I was in Boston, instead of New York; which is another proof that I always endeavor to make myself at home. And it may seem to you, by not getting a letter from me, on Saturday, (as I intended you should,) that I have indeed forgotten that I have a very pleasant residence in Boston, with a very dear wife and well-beloved children. But, with the hurry and confusion of such a city as this to distract one's mind — with the numerous meetings I have had to attend and address — with the multitude of friends, from various parts of the country, who have desired to see and converse with me — my time has been thoroughly "used up." Each night, (to use a Hibernian form of expression,) I have not retired to rest till

morning. The weather has been oppressively sultry, without any change or mitigation.

I write now in haste, as in a few minutes I am going to Gay's, at Staten Island, to see Mr. Ashurst, where he has been staying for a few days past. He still continues in feeble health, and is to sail for home on Wednesday, from this city. It is a prudent step, and I am glad he has engaged his passage. I have had no chance to talk with H. C. W., - only to take him by the hand in a public meeting last evening.

Let me begin with the beginning. I arrived here on Thursday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, thoroughly fatigued and overcome by the ride, as it was a very warm day, and the dust, and coal smoke, and cinders, were almost suffocating. In the evening, I attended the Temperance Convention, and at the close was kindly invited to make my abode under the roof of James S. Gibbons, more than two miles "up town." I have been there ever since, and had a very delightful visit.

The Temperance Convention was held Thursday and Friday, and was well attended, although very few clergymen and no dignitaries were present. The women took a prominent part in it - Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Nichol, Miss Clark, &c. I only spoke once, and only for fifteen minutes; of course, I made no speech. The Convention, as a whole, exceeded my anticipations.

On Saturday, I spent several hours in the Crystal Palace, with Joseph A. Dugdale and wife, Mary Ann Johnson, Miss Cannon, and a large number of other friends. In the evening, I went to see Uncle Tom's Cabin played at the National Theatre. It was pretty well done, but, in some respects, I like the Boston performance better.

Sunday forenoon, I went to the Metropolitan Hall, to hear Antoinette Brown preach a regular sermon. Nearly four thousand persons were present. She acquitted herself very acceptably.

In the afternoon, we had an anti-slavery meeting in the

same hall; 12 1/2 cts. admission.
About 1200 people present. The
speakers were C. C. Burleigh, So-
journer Truth, and myself.

In the evening, we had another
meeting in the same hall — two thou-
sand persons present, including a
large number of Southerners, evidently
bent on a disturbance. The meeting
was addressed by Oliver Johnson,
Lucretia Mott, and Lucy Stone,
who were more or less interrupted as
they proceeded. At half past 9,
we adjourned, as the rowdies were de-
termined that no other person should
be heard. It was an effective
meeting, and Lucy never acquitted her-
self better. We are all in fine spir-
its.

This evening, the women are to
have a temperance meeting at the Broad-
way Tabernacle. To-morrow and
next day are to be devoted to the Wo-
men's Rights Convention. On Thurs-
day night, I shall try to be in Bos-
ton; so "look out when the bell rings."

I suppose all the children are
now at home. A father's love to them
all. Last evening, I took tea with George
& Catharine, Dr. Boston and Anna. George
is better. Good bye! W. L. Garrison.