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Philadelphia, June 9, 1862.

Dear Wife:

Here I am in the Anti-Slavery Office, just arrived from the Longwood meetings; and though a little worn by having so much public and private speaking to do for the last four days, — for there was no intermission of a day, — still in very good trim. We have had a "right royal time of it," and a thorough baptism into oneness of spirit and unity of purpose. The attendance was not half as large as usual, owing to a powerful rain-storm and terribly miry roads for a portion of the time; but there were more assembled than could be crowded into the meeting-house, and all of the best stamp. The usual unbounded hospitality was extended to all comers, and the houses of the Coxes, the Mendenhalls, the Barnards, the Darlington, &c., &c., were thronged with persons to eat and sleep, to an extent that would

appal and swamp our New England homes. But packing and feeding have been reduced to a science by our Quaker friends, and there seems to be no end either to their hospitality, or to their contrivances to accommodate an invading host. I staid a part of the time at the Coxes, and the other part at the Mendenhalls, where Mary Ann Johnson has been rusticated for a few weeks, to the improvement of her health. Seven meetings were held consecutively. It devolved upon me to draw up the Testimonies adopted by the Society—among them, a memorial to President Lincoln, imploring ^{him} to abolish slavery and proclaim the jubilee. A deputation was appointed to go to Washington to present it in person to the President—consisting of Thomas Garrett, Alice P. Hambleton, and Oliver Johnson. The labor of speaking fell chiefly upon Theodore Tilton and myself—he occupying much the larger portion of the time, in a very creditable and universally acceptable manner.

Though the weather for the first two days was quite stormy, we have had splendid weather ever since.

This morning, we (Oliver and Mary Ann, Tiller and his wife, Alfred H. Love and mother, and a number of the Philadelphia and New Jersey friends) all took a reluctant leave of our Longwood friends, overflowing with grateful feelings for the kindness so generously meted out to us.

It was my intention to spend the night here in this city, in order to have an opportunity to see some of our friends; but I find my beloved friend, Robert Purvis, is at the office, expecting (through a misunderstanding) that I will accompany him to Byberry this afternoon; and as he has made all his arrangements to receive me, and invited a number of persons to see me at his house this evening, I must go with him. I shall probably be able to call upon Mary Grew. Sarah Pugh I left at Longwood. Miller McKim and his daughter sailed last week from New York, in the steamer Arago, for

Port Royal, to be gone several weeks. His place at the office is supplied by my old friend, Benjamin C. Bacon, who used to be an office agent in Boston more than twenty-five years ago. It is very pleasant to see his face, recalling as it does so many incidents of the past.

There have been numerous inquiries made after you by the friends, and they fully expected to see you with me, and were much disappointed. I gave away three or four of your carte ^{de} visite, which they were highly gratified to receive.

Just as I am closing, a letter from Wendell is put into my hands, announcing ^{all} that ^{is} well at home, and relieving my mind in regard to William's ulcerated throat. I trust he will have no relapse. I wish you and all the dear household were with me; but, as that is impracticable, I must hasten to you, where I had rather be than any where else beneath the stars. Expect me by Saturday night. Love to all.

Ever yours,
W. L. G.

Office June 9 1862