

New Bedford. June 16. 1836.

My Dear Debra, I did up my package on Saturday night & gave
 to Mr Bent, so that I might not be obliged to get up early as he
 was going to stout before breakfast in order to get to Taunton to
 preach. I dived early to go to church and then went to Charlotte
 to leave George's letter. I found Charlotte looking like a beauty, despite
 like a Quaker bride, and you may imagine how nice that
 is, wishing for me to come in, so she had heard that a coloured
 minister from Baltimore was going to preach at the African
 Church & she wanted me to go with her. I agreed & off we started
 with Charlotte's coloured woman by our sides. We could not talk
 much on the way as Charlotte was particularly taken up with
 seeing that our coloured sister did not get on with behind us
 when we reached the church we found we were a little too
 early. Charlotte there fore turned into the house of one of our col-
 oured friends. The house was very neat & even prettily furnished
 much more so than any other coloured house I was ever in since
 York, the waiter; Sylvia's friend. It had a carpet on the floor &
 a work table and nice chairs and shells on the mantle piece &
 a profile of the man of the house hanging up and the Liberator on
 the table. The woman was delighted to see Charlotte & received
 me with great cordiality. Several coloured people came in, hear-
 ing Charlotte was there. They all appeared very well, and in
 talking with her about their coloured school they manifested great
 willingness to encounter any pecuniary sacrifice. When we
 went away, they asked me to come and see them very kindly
 & I thanked them with much sincerity. The church is a nice
 neat little building, but I was very sorry to see so few
 present. There were not more than 25 in all. Mr Perry the minis-
 ter is much inferior to Brother Snowden in gifts, but his manner
 is quite as good. In his prayer he alluded to after mentioning the
 slaves to the Abolitionists as "in some measure bound with them"
 and then desired that "a similar charge might be given to their
 opposers as had been given by the Lord in another case, touch not
 mine Anointed neither do my prophets any harm". We were
 disappointed after all in hearing any Baltimore minister; for

he was not to preach ~~the~~ after noon. In the after noon I went with
the Bents to their church. Mr Hazard of Trenton preached an indiffer-
ly good sermon. He is a very & unoffensive sort of a man, very well bred
& kind in his feelings. I talked to him a little about Abolition. He
seemed perfectly pleased & happy enough to hear me, but had no
intention of committing himself one way or the other. He inquired
after Amos A Phelps, who had been a class mate of his, & I think
ing that a suitable opportunity presented him with one of the
Emancipators, I urged him to read it thoroughly which he prom-
ised to do. In the evening ^{June 6th 1836} ^{part of} ^{the} ^{evening} Mr Northam, two Mr Macomber &
Mr Lee called. The three first were the most indifferent young
creatures that you ever looked upon, & I should not have gone
down, only they inquired who the lady was in the Bent pew
which Mrs Bent thought tantamount to asking for me. Preside
Abby was gone & I felt, in duty bound to help Mrs Bent who was
as much loved as ever Aunt Mary & I have been by Abraham
& his wife. Mr Lee did not come till late & as he is an Abolitionist
he could not be quite so indifferent as the rest. He came to
see Mr Hazard, having a speaking motion after one of Marcus
Norton's daughters, who is a parishioner of Mr H's. Mr H seemed to
think it great presumption in him to so far lift up his eyes
but he was still more confounded when in the morning the
young man brought up a little package for Mr H's tablet
her. Mr Lee told him it was an abolition publication but
I told Mr Hazard, I knew of none that came in that size & from
It was too big for a slave's friend & not big enough for a friend
Monday night Abby's good spent most of the evening here. She
is very glad indeed to see me. Her boarding place, I know, is
noting to her. Mr & Mrs Stoddard are both very reserved people.
She told me she suffered for sympathy. I gave her as much as I
could spare, invited her to come often and sent her off with Mrs
Child's Appeal & "Night & Wrong" for no person could know less about
things. This was Monday and I can hardly tell you, my dear how
I suffered that day with my cold. I coughed, or was rather
attempting to cough all the time. Speaking grew a great trouble