

128 East Twelfth St.,
New York, May 12, 1872.

My Dear Garrison,

24 Though disappointed in not seeing you at the Woman's Suffrage anniversary, I am not, on the whole, sorry that you spared yourself the labor of coming. The meeting was quite small, and there was no great need of your presence. The fact is that the follies of Mrs. Stanton, Susan Anthony, Mrs. Hooper, and others, first in connection with George Francis Train, and next with Mrs. Woodhull, have ~~had~~ had the effect of making even zealous and earnest friends of the cause in this city

cautious about showing themselves in meetings where they ~~were~~^{are} likely to be mixed up with such follies by the press even while protesting against them. Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. Stanton have at last parted company with Mrs. Woodhull, though still hugging her delusion of suffrage through the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. The nominal ground of division is, that Mrs. Woodhull is in favor of a political alliance with the Internationals, Labor Reformers and Spiritualists, in a new political party, with herself as a candidate for President; while Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. Stanton are for a Suffrage political party without candidates, at present. Thus, the two parties, meeting together at first, went

rounders, Mrs. Woodhull taking the largest number with her to Apollo Hall on Friday and Saturday, and the other party, Mrs. Stanton in the chair, remaining through Friday in Remond Hall, with an audience of from 50 to 100 persons. It was a dreary affair, I assure you, and the leaders looked exceedingly crest fallen. Mrs. Hooker, whom I never had heard before, talked like one let loose from an insane asylum. The nominal, I believe, is not the real cause of the division. The truth is that Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. Stanton have at length come to the conclusion that Mrs. Woodhull is a load too heavy to carry, and that they must either shake her off, or go with her to the wall. Our party

suffer from that follies, for in the public mind the cause is identified with them. This is the case especially in New York, and hence our meeting, though larger than either of the others, was yet small. One of these days, let us hope, the cause will be delivered from this incubus.

Mrs. Woodhull's Convention looked and acted like a body of lunatics. A small collection of no-bodies, without sense or reason, they talked as if the whole people were at their back and ready to ratify their platform and candidates. Of course, Frederick Douglass will take the earliest opportunity to disclaim all connection with such a body, the proceedings of which were utterly beneath contempt.

So much, my dear Garrison, about
 the Conventions, because I thought you
 would like the information; and
 now I wish I could give you good
 news of my dear wife's condition.
 But, alas! she is no better. The disease
 appears to be slowly and surely doing
 its work. Now and then she has a
 comparatively easy day, when we
 begin to hope that she will mend;
 and then the symptoms return, some-
 times with greater force and power,
 leaving us to despair not only of ^a per-
 manent recovery, but even of a
 temporary improvement. Today (Sunday)
 the Doctor tells me that he sees no
 reason to think that she can ever be
 any better. She may live on for weeks,
 possibly for months, and she is liable

to sink away at almost any time into the
arms of death. She is perfectly aware
of her condition, and ready to go
whenever the Dear Father shall call
for her. He suffers at times intensely,
and then, though calm at bottom,
is like a body on the surface. In
spite of all appearances to the con-
trary, I keep alive in my heart the
hope that she will mend. But, my
dear Garrison, if she is called away,
I want you to come to me at once.
It is your voice of sympathy and con-
solation that I would hear in such
an hour of grief and sorrow. Of
course my desire in this respect is not to
be urged against other claims upon
your time, nor, especially, in ^{disregard of} ~~opposition to~~
your health; but if you can come, I
know you will.

In these circumstances, it is by no means certain that I can attend the next Yearly Meeting at Longwood. Of course, I shall make all the arrangements for it as usual, and go if I can. I hope you will plan to go, whether I do or not, for you will be needed. We want to begin on the second Thursday in June, but may have to change to the first to secure the presence of Mrs. Livermore. The matter will be settled in a few days.

Mary Anne sends ^{and yours} you ^{from} her bed of sickness a message of love. She often speaks of you all, and of your kindness to her in the years that are past, and, if she ^{should} never again see your faces in this world, she is sure of meeting you in the spirit world, and of loving you with a new ten-

tenderness and devotion. Oh, how
beautiful, how consoling is this
faith in the immortal life.

With warm love for Helen,
and all the members of your family
circle, I am, my dear Garrison,
Yours, to the end,

Oliver Johnson.