

Roxbury, July 27, 1872.

My dear Wendell:

Yours of yesterday was received promptly this morning. Your reasons for going to Watch Hill before coming to us are conclusive. We are rejoiced to learn that we shall have a fortnight of your vacation. It would have added much to our pleasure if dear Mrs. McKim had been able to extend her journey from Watch Hill to Rock Ledge. May her visit to the former place have a tonic effect upon her health and spirits. She deserves and requires a long term for recreation; but the self-abnegation of her spirit is unlimited, the only person for whom she has no consideration being herself, where work is to be performed and good accomplished. She is a rare wife and mother, and as worthy to wear a crown of blessedness as any person living. At least, in my "household of saints" she stands among the foremost.

I have received a very appreciative letter from Mr. Quincy respecting the death of Mr. Webb. He modestly thinks I am the one to write something "In Memoriam" for The Independent, and that you are the person to write a paragraph on the same event for The Nation. You might state that, from 1840 (the time I made his acquaintance) to the day of his death, he not only warmly espoused the cause of the enslaved in our land, but took as deep an interest in our national welfare and advancement as any American "to the manner born." Though not a graduated scholar, he was, nevertheless, very broadly educated by his own industry and aptitude for the acquirement of general knowledge; and his reading was of the most varied and extensive character. His epistolary correspondence was far-reaching, and with some of the brightest and best men and women of the age. There will be very many, on both sides of the Atlantic, to honor his memory and regret his departure.

I wrote an article yesterday for The Independent in further criticism of Mr. Sumner's speech and course. His indictment of General Grant (enormously exaggerated and ridiculously amplified) would be wasted ammunition, were it not for the comfort and aid it gives to the rebels and copperheads, who are circulating it broadcast. It is sad, if not surprising, to see how weak is his present hold upon the State that has hitherto honored him with its utmost confidence and highest respect. It is not creditable to him to be sitting on the fence as he is doing. He cannot, with any consistency, be the partisan of Grant; and to espouse Greeley would bring him into such rebel fellowship (?) as would stain his career beyond eradicaton. But it is not manly for him to procrastinate in defining his position. Virtually, however, his influence (whatever it may be, but ^{it} is greatly lessened) is thrown into Greeley's scale, and the Tribune is giving him quid pro quo in the matter of panegyric.

Some days ago I wrote a hurried letter to Mr. May, in which I briefly but freely expressed my views of both Greeley and Sumner. Mr. May was so desirous of seeing them in print that he requested permission to publish them. Not hearing from me, he ventured to send them to the Worcester Spy, and they have been copied into the Daily papers here. I saw them in print a few minutes after I had sent my reply to Mr. May, stating that I could not recall a word that I wrote, and, on the whole, advising him not to print, as I was preparing an article for The Independent which would be quite as emphatic, and perhaps more carefully expressed. But I was just too late; but, as Toodle says, "it's of no consequence."

The death of Mariana Mott will carry sorrow to Auburn and Jefferson. A letter written to your mother ^{from} Ellie, yesterday, indicates that your telegram of the sad event had not then been received.

Your loving Father.