

New York, May 7, 1850.

Tuesday Morning.

My Dear Wife:

101 I arrived here safely yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, in company with Phillips, Francis and Edmund Jackson, Mr. May and his mother, Mr. Hovey, and other dear anti-slavery friends. The rain, which was pouring down so copiously when we left Boston, accompanied us nearly all the distance, an immense quantity having fallen over a wide tract of country.

At Springfield, I was happy to see Mr. McKimley, who had just returned from Northampton, and was on his way to this city. He greatly relieved my mind by informing me that brother George had not been ill, though he gave no reason why he had not written or visited Boston; and I did not care to press him on business matters. Some of the family had been vaccinated, and accordingly a little unwell. He said that George intended to see you in the course of two or three days, and perhaps would be in New York before the termination of our anniversary meetings.

In the course of another hour, I shall be on my way to our meeting at the Tabernacle, "bound in the spirit," as Paul said of old, "not knowing the things that shall befall me there," saying that "bonds and afflictions abide with me, in every city"; though "none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me," in comparison with the sacred cause to which I have so long been consecrated. That our meeting will be a stormy one, I have very little

doubt — perhaps brutal and riotous in the extreme; — for Bennett, in each number of his infamous Herald, for a week, has been publishing the most atrocious and inflammatory articles respecting us, avowedly to have us put down by mobocratic violence; and it will be strange indeed, if, with his almost ^{omnipotent} influence over all the mobocratic elements in this city, we are permitted to meet without imminent personal peril. Bennett has aimed to hold me up as a special object of vengeance; and thus I am doomed to go, under circumstances of peculiar trial and danger. It is evident that, as long as our meetings are held, he is determined to set the mob upon us; with what temporary success, will soon appear. As to the final result of all this, there can be no doubt. It is the prerogative of the God whom we seem to cause the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath to restrain.

Here I must pause. We are all in the hands of a good Father, for time and eternity.

mm

2 o'clock, P. M.

Well, we have had our meeting, and, thus far, thank God, all goes well, even triumphantly with us, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of the New York papers to get up a ferocious mob against us. Not that we have not had a very tumultuous, nay, even stormy time; the ocean of feeling has been lashed into a ~~tumult~~ ^{hurricane}, but the proud waves were stayed, and a song of deliverance

is in our mouths. I have not time, of course, to give you
the particulars. The Tabernacle was crowded beyond all pre-
cedent. Every thing proceeded, for a time, very peaceably. I
read a portion of the Scriptures - prayer was offered by Henry
- and I proceeded to make my speech about the re-
ligion of the country; when, at last, the pent up feelings of
the mobocrats broke out, and with the notorious Capt. Ryan
at their head, they came rushing on to the plat-
form, yelling, cheering, swearing, &c. &c. But, after much
tumult, and many interruptions, I got through with my
speech - then Mr. Furness made a capital speech -
then an opponent spoke - then Douglass & Saml. Ward -
and we wound up with electrical effect. Wendell
had no time to speak. But the mail will close
instantly. No part of this for the press. The N. Y. pa-
pers will tell the story to-morrow.

Lovingly yours,
W. L. G.

Ms. A. 1.1 v. 9 p. 121

Ms. Helen E. Garrison,
Anti-Slavery Office,
21 Cornhill,
Boston, Mas.

