

150
Sunday Morning, April 9, 1865.

My Dear Wife:

Yesterday, at 12 o'clock, M., the Arago slowly and majestically left the pier on ^{her} way down the ^{harbor} for Charleston; with a fair wind, a bright sky, and a slight undulation of the waves. There was nothing to be desired in the matter of favorable omens. Up to this hour, every thing has gone with us as though we had ~~every~~ ^{the elements} ~~thing~~ under our own control - a splendid sunset last evening - a night so brilliant and entrancing that I did not turn into my berth till a late hour - this day the air is warmer, and as beautiful as it can be - and we have come with so little motion that scarcely any have been sea-sick, and, for a wonder, I have experienced no trouble whatever on that score. I have been to the table promptly at every meal, and partaken of a variety of dishes with a good relish, and no subsequent disturbance of the stomach. Every thing has been provided on a liberal scale, and we are living as though we were ~~being~~ at a first class hotel. When we go round Cape Hatteras, we shall probably be put to a much severer test. We have about eighty invited guests on board, bound to see the play raised at Sumter. Among these are Judge Swain, of the U.S. Supreme Court; Judge Kelley, of Philadelphia; Lieut. Governor Anderson, (brother of the General,) of Ohio; General Anderson and a portion of his family; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, with his wife and children; Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, who is to perform the religious services this forenoon;

Professor Davies, of West Point, and other Professors;
Rev. Mr. Scovell, son-in-law of Mr. Beecher with his
wife; ^{Senator Wilson; General Dix, and Gen. Doubleday;} several merchants; and others whom I am unable
to identify by name or profession. All on board have
been very courteous and attentive to George Thompson
and myself, and they are manifestly pleased that we
are on board. I have had several talks with Gen. An-
derson, and he is particularly gratified that we are of
the company. He is a very amiable and modest man,
and looks and reminds me more of John Brown than
any one I have seen. He seems to be quite religious
in his spirit, and reverently recognizes the hand of God
in all the wonderful events which have taken place.

The New York Times, Tribune and Herald
have their reporters on board. Mr. Smith, editor of
the Chicago Tribune, is his own reporter.

There is no stiffness of manners. Every
one is ready for conversational interchange; and
though we are heterogeneous in the professions and
pursuits of life, yet there is entire harmony on the
slavery question. Secretary Stanton has evidently
made his selections with care.

Sunday, 6 P. M.

We have passed Cape Henry, and going up to
Fortress Monroe, where we shall arrive in the
course of another hour. How long we shall re-
main there, we cannot tell; probably not more

than an hour or two. Several additional guests are to come on board, among them Secretary Stanton, if he can leave his post.

It is now somewhat cloudy, and looks like rain.

Dear Thompson and I have a state-room together. He is very kind and attentive to me, bringing me my coffee before I leave my berth in the morning, as he rises earlier, and assiduous to do all in his power to make the jaunt pleasant to me.

As all has gone well with us thus far, I trust it will to the end. But my thoughts are more with you and the dear ones at home than at Fort Sumter, soving that the prospect of our seeing George brings him before me continually. Will it not be a joyful surprise to him to meet me and Mr. Thompson?

How long we shall be gone is uncertain. Nobody seems to know. Something will depend upon the instructions given by Secretary Stanton.

All the love that our hearts can hold divide among William and Ellie, Fanny and Frank, taking for your share at least as much as language can express. Kind remembrances to Mary.

Your loving husband,
W. L. G.

On board the "Arago"
on his way to
Fort Sumter,
April 9th, 1865.

Box 583