

To W. L. Garrison.

1709 Green St. Phil^a

Jan. 13th 1860

My Very Dear Friend,

It is so long since I have received a letter from you, or written to you, that I am thirsty for such intercourse. Nothing but an uninterrupted pressure of business, & the frequent necessity of absolute rest, has prevented me from writing to you long since. The loss has been my own, for besides the pleasure of talking to you & Mr. Garrison, on paper, I have sorely missed your responses. I have a painful sense that I really know very little about you all, just now, and of what you are all doing. I have heard, quite recently, very sad reports of the state of Mr. Garrison's health, which I try not fully to believe, but I am anxious to learn, from you, how he really is. I cannot tell you

with what intense interest I read his retrospect of thirty years, looking back, as I could, over those thirty years, with him. Verily, he has fought a good fight. If his work were to be finished, now, it would seem complete; but we all pray that he may do a great deal more, yet. I know not how it is, unless it is because I am one of those abolitionists who, sometimes, are called by his name, but I feel as if I had a personal share in the blessedness of his thirty years of labor well done. Certainly, I have great joy in contemplating it, and thanking God for it.

What times you have had in Boston! Wendell Phillips writes me that the mob was not the murderous mob of 1835; but some of his friends thought he would not reach his home, alive, on Sunday, without the police. He seems to think that

he is safe, now, at least, for a while; but from other sources, I learn that some persons think quite otherwise. I am glad that he has a strong, brave, wife. I managed to take time to write to her after hearing of the peril Wendell was in. Have you seen her, lately? I feared that the excitement, & especially the reaction from it, might injure her health, seriously.

I will not waste my paper or your time in recounting all the occupations which have so absorbed me that I have neglected all my correspondents. In times like these, all earnest people know that other earnest people are busy. To my usual anti-slavery labors, I added, this winter, (I know not whether discreetly or not) an effort to obtain from our legislature a law to secure to married women their right to their earn-

ings, and to the equal guardianship, with the husband, of the children.

15th My letter was interrupted, as my letters usually are, now. I have some hope of getting the bill, of which I spoke, through our legislature. I have the promise of efficient help. I relied on more help, outside, than I have found. I do not feel at liberty, neither have I any inclination to neglect my anti-slavery work for this; but I thought I could put it in train, and get others to do the greater part of it. In this respect I have been disappointed, not from want of interest in the enterprise, on the part of those who might help, but from want of time or inclination to do the work needed. I shall do what I can, without neglecting other work, & the rest must be left undone, I suppose. Our hope of success wh. I entertain is based on the probability that if our legislature does anything very

mean & wicked relative to slavery, in order to pacify the South, ~~that~~ it will be glad to atone therefore by performing some act of justice in another direction, & so pacify the consciences of the members. A few weeks ago, I confidently expected that they would bow very low before the slave power, but the action of the Senate, during the last few days has surprised & delighted me. Our eyes are now upon the House, which now has the Senate resolutions under consideration. To be sure, ~~they~~ ^{the Senate has} ~~have~~ really done nothing great; - only refused to repeal our few statutes which partially defend freedom; - but this was more than I expected of Pennsylvania.

You have heard of the success of our Fair. Pecuniarily, it was of comparatively little importance in our eyes. The great point was, to hold it. We did so, in peace, to the end.

and thereby did our fellow-citizens
good service, in demonstrating that
those who will assert & exercise
their rights, in this city, will be pro-
tected by the Mayor & his police.
The reason why Mr. Curtis did not
lecture here was that the Com-
tee who had the course of lectures
in charge, & the proprietor of the
Hall, did not thus assert their
rights, but weakly yielded to mo-
tives of fear or policy. — The worst pol-
icy, always.

How do you feel about our country?
Through all the storm & strife, I think
I see, not very far distant, the salva-
tion of the slave. Surely, madness has
seized on his oppressors. Men actually
talk as if they thought that God would
abdicate His throne in favor of the
American Union. My trust, just now,
is in the South rather than the
North. I am not sure that the
North will not make disgraceful

concessions of principle, but I am tolerably confident that the South will not accept them. But the best trust is, that "a good God reigneth over all." In His own time He will deliver the oppressed; and it seems as if that time were nigh at hand. I trust that Mr. Garrison may see His full fruition of his labors, here, on earth.]

When I begin to write to you, I know not how to stop. But I must do so, for many other cares are demanding my attention. When my annual Report is written, & our legislature has adjourned, I shall have more leisure, & mean to draw a very long breath, and write to you again. In the meantime please write to me, and tell me about every one of your dear family; for each & all of whom I keep a very warm place in my heart. How swiftly the time passes! Here is Wendell in his last year at college. I shall want to see him graduate; but though

I may not have that pleasure I shall enjoy yours. Is Fanny still at school; & is Frank able to be at his studies, now? Please give my love to them all, and to Mr. Garrison.

Margaret is well; she is out this morning, or she would send messages of love to you both, I know; but I cannot wait for them, for I am in haste to post my letter; it is so long since I wrote to you, & heard from you.

Is not Seward's speech saddening? How I pity that poor, bound man!

Most lovingly yours,
Mary Grew.