

New-York, May 6, 1837.

My dear Wife:

Not the less dear because I am in the great American Babylon, and you, <sup>are</sup> in the Literary Emporium. But I cannot love you in one place better than <sup>any</sup> other - nor dislike you any where, unless, indeed, you become a very different woman from what you now are.

Well - we left No. 5, Hayward Place, in a great hurry, you know - not sure that we should arrive in season at the Depot, but we did. Waited 10 minutes, before starting, and had time to eat two oranges which I bought for you, and two cakes which I intended for Dordie Tappy - that was my dinner, and, so far as the oranges appertained, to it, you will admit was a very good one. Felt perfectly satisfied myself. Found several abolition friends, in the car - among them, Amasa Walker, and two female delegates from Salem, and one from Roxbury. Took Julia Williams in with us as a matter of course, but expected she would be ordered out, as some of the passengers and bystanders cast certain significant glances at each other. On the whole, they probably supposed, or at least were willing to think, that she was our servant. Arrived in Providence at half past 3. Undered the ladies, Miss Julia included, into the Ladies' Cabin, and secured their beds. We afterward managed it very well. Had Miss Williams gone down to tea last evening, onto breakfast this morning, no doubt a great commotion would have been stirred up - to prevent which, and to keep the secret to ourselves, we had tea and breakfast brought up to her,

and Mary took hers in the same manner. We had rather a rough passage, and the ladies were all more or less sick - Mary very slightly, however. In the night, the weather was very thick - we had much thunder and lightning, and some rain. The boat was struck by a squall, and laid over on her side, (and I believe slightly struck the shore,) so as to alarm some who were awake; but I was asleep, and knew nothing of the affair. We arrived safely, however, this morning, at 8 o'clock - baggage all safe. Took a carriage, and drove to the Anti-Slavery Rooms, to know what to do with my female friends. Saw bro. Stanton, Gould, Grodelle, &c. &c.; but no provision had been made for any body. Knew not what to do, nor where to drive to. Finally, drove to the Grand Union boarding-house, - full, - could not accommodate even one of us. Drove to another house in John-street, where I succeeded in leaving Miss Pope. Then drove to Read-st. to bro. Phelps, and left Mary, to be accommodated somehow and any how. Then drove to a colored boarding-house in Second-st. and left Miss Williams. Then had myself driven (not in a slaveholding sense, but "with my own consent,") to Dr. Cox's, in Prince-st. Saw the Dr., but not Mrs. G. He inquired particularly about little George's case - does not believe it is the scrofula - and thinks it ought not to have been lancealed. Hopes I will get some skilful surgeon to look at it - &c.