Extract of letter from Wendell Phillips just a Month before his Death:

Jan. 3rd, 1884.

Dear Pillsbury,—Grover tells me you are not well, I am very sorry; but you must hasten to get well, for there are very few of the Apostles left, and we can't spare you yet from this scene.

I was reading your volume, and meaning to write you when I had finished—but rather now, to tell you how much gratified I have been with it. Old scenes freshened, and half forgotten points brought out and set in fitting light. That Beach matter is remarkably well told, and the attitude of the church thoroughly examined and arraigned.

Thanks. * * * * I hope you will take excellent care of yourself and give us another volume, carrying on and filling out the picture. With warmest regards to your wife and daughter.

Yours faithfully,

Wendell Phillips

At Concord, N. H.
10 May 1884.

Mr. & Mrs. Harriet—

My last forgotten friend. Our Male

Brother and Friend Brookmyre

has just sent me your address,

and desires me to write you on

the Act of the Anti-Slavery Apostles.

Of which he has purchased

two copies, and is leading

the work with great and

new satisfaction.

Only in Metaphorical Sense.

Perhaps you remember a beautiful

book by Lydia Maria Child, entitled

"Looking Towards Sunset."

It was written for aged people, and

in her sense, I was always looking

a good deal farther West than

Minnesota, or the Pacific coast.

I hope to make one more

Western tour, but probably not

one beyond Chicago.

I write some what for

the Press and lecture a little

when desired. Indeed, I do not decline an invitation.

Perhaps I will mail you

this letter a printed

discourse. Take no hand in

politics, any more than when my

war, No Union with Slaveholders.
Nor have my hearing pay the expense and have not in four years. And my book enterprise will fill the hundreds of dollars. You see our old friends were the best people in the world, but have almost all gone to their reward and rest.

Tell me a little about your own dear selves. How well I remember you our faithful brother Jerry and Mrs. Jerry!

I can write no more now, only that I am even as in days long since,

Your faithful friend and loving brother, Packed Pillebury.

To write it and oversee its printing was too much for my county first year. And almost consigned me to the house from whence no Traveller is presumed to return. I was confined through December and January and was hardly restored yet. Perhaps never shall be quite so well as before.

But what are you doing away in the West West? I do not remember ever to have seen the name of your town till yesterday. I hope and trust you have greatly improved in your worldly conditions by going so far. I have only been once into Minnesota and then no farther than St. Paul, Minneapolis and a few or three less important places in the immediate vicinity. And may never get so far towards the West again.