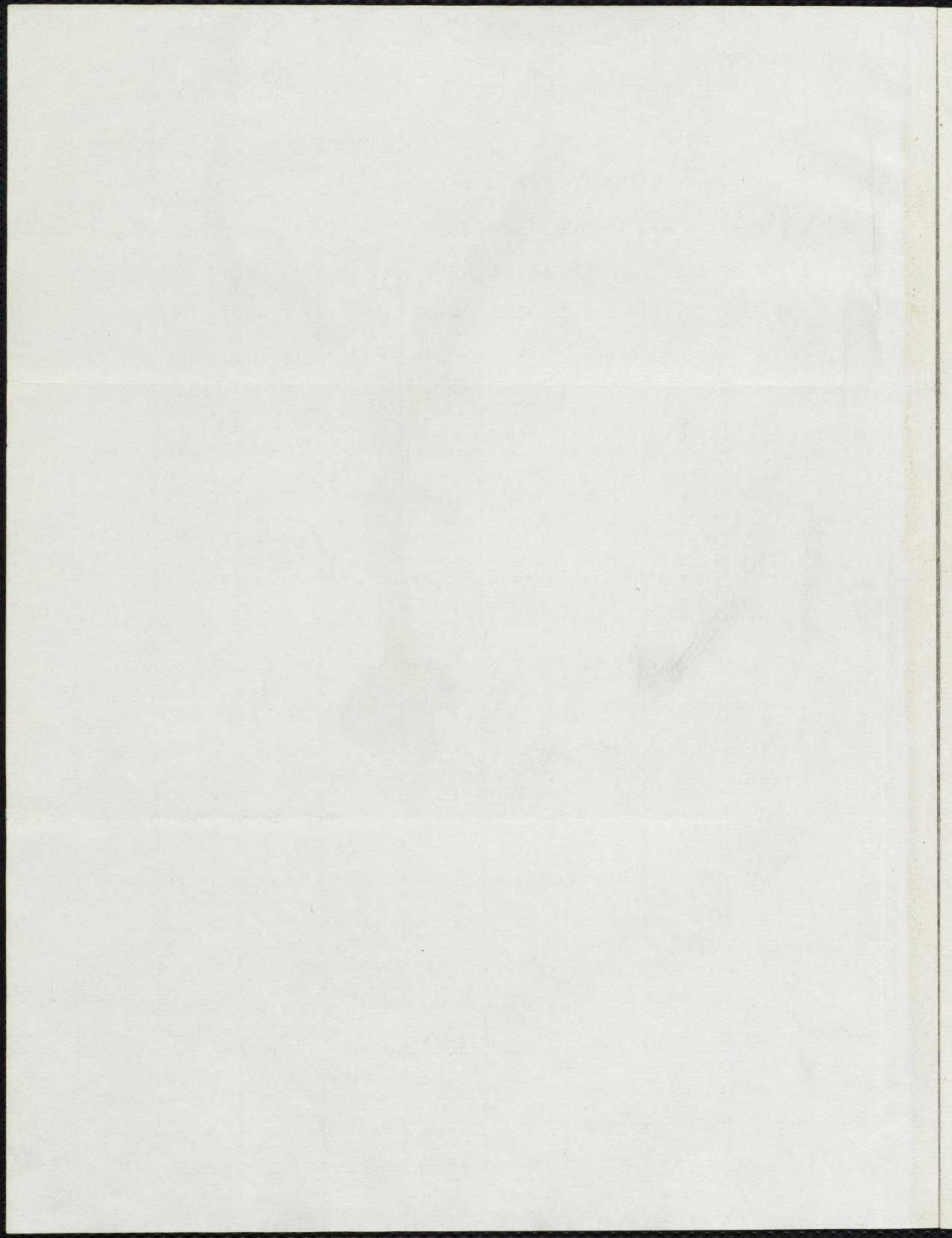


Boston, Jan. 1, 1866.

My dear Winchell:

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A happy new year ~~year~~ to you, your dear wife, and beloved children! In your welfare, collectively, I shall always feel a deep interest. Your home is a happy one, and may none of its ties be severed for many a year to come!

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The publication of the Liberator ended, the printing relation which has so long existed between us necessarily terminates. It has brought us into the closest intimacy, and served to ripen our friendship for each other. I have known you ever since you were a little boy; and in all the wide range of my acquaintance, there is no one I more highly respect and esteem. Your character has been faultless, your disposition most amiable; your example bright and pure; and your aim in life elevated and noble. Whatever you undertake, you do it with a completeness not to be surpassed. The best phonographic reporter in this country, you have held an important relation to those grand reformatory changes which have taken place within the last quarter of a century. But for your marvellous skill, where would have been the eloquent speeches of Phillips and others but in the dim remembrance of those who listened to them? And your heart has been in the work. In many ways, and on an extended scale, you have been a public benefactor, and a most efficient instrument in disseminating light and knowledge--"thoughts that breathe and



words that burn."

How I shall miss the old printing-office and your pleasant companionship! Many have been the kindnesses you have done to me and mine, and these I shall ever gratefully remember. If in any way, in the future, I can be of any service to you, let me have the satisfaction of rendering it. Be ^s assured of my constant remembrance of your worth and kindness.

It causes me the greatest regret that I am not able to proffer you some costly and substantial token of my regard. Take the accompanying volume to your loving and beloved wife as a slight token of the esteem which I cherish for her. I send a benediction for all your children. We shall still continue to meet frequently, I trust. Under my household roof, you and yours will always be warmly welcomed.

Your attached, grateful and admiring friend,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

To J. M. W. Yerrinton.

P. S. If it be possible for you and your wife, be with us at Fanny's wedding on Wednesday, 3d inst, at 12 o'clock, noon.

I am feeling quite unwell, and for the last twenty-four hours have been mostly confined to my bed. Hence the feebleness and brevity of this letter.

(The volume was Sam's "Household Book of Poetry.")

Jan. 1, 1866.

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To Winchell.