

Boston, July 28, 1854.

Dear Friend:

In reply to your favor of the 24th, my partner joins with me in consenting to print an edition of Miss Braddell's, as large as the one proposed by you, at our own risk. As to the profits that may arise from the sale of the pamphlet, we do not expect to make any: on the contrary, we shall probably suffer some loss, in consequence of the difficulty of disposing of any publication, however interesting or valuable in itself. But a trial so important as Miss B's - involving such momentous consequences to a large portion of our countrymen - implicating so deeply the character of this great nation - ought not to go unpublished, and shall not while we ^{have} the necessary materials for printing it. Ellsworth, it seems, has by his plea exalted his own reputation, but I fear he will not be able to redeem the reputation of Connecticut. The friends of the colored population - and the colored population themselves - are largely indebted to that fearless advocate of impartial liberty, for his manly efforts to rescue a feeble but deeply injured race from the fangs of prejudice and the jaws of oppression.

I regret to perceive by the newspapers, that Mr. Ellsworth is soon to retire from Congress. It is rather unfortunate, and somewhat remarkable, that the only man upon whom we could depend for any co-operation in overthrowing slavery in the District of Columbia, upon the floor of Congress, declines a re-election.

A correspondent of the New-York Journal of Commerce speaks in harsh some terms of the manner in which Messrs. Ellsworth and Goddard acquitted themselves.

Send me the report of the trial with all convenient despatch, and we will put it to press immediately.

Messrs. Robert J. Breckinridge, John Breckinridge, and Leonard Bacon, and Rev. Mr. McKenney, Agent of the ~~American~~ ^{Maryland} Colonization Society, are now in this city, with two African Princes. They have come en masse, to make a grand attack upon us, but will be defeated, according to present appearances. On Saturday, our city papers contained a bold and showy advertisement, stating that a meeting would be held by these gentlemen at the Bromfield-street (Methodist) Church on Sabbath evening, to urge the claims of the Maryland Colonization Society; and that other meetings for the same object would be held successively during the same week. Of course, this created much animation in our ranks. Brother Phelps was just on the eve of embarking for Portland, but concluded to tarry and encounter the shock of these potent antagonists. However, the evening papers of Saturday contained a notice, that the contemplated meetings would be postponed until further notice, which you may read, "postponed indefinitely." It is said that they received a visit from the Mayor, who urged them not to hold their meetings at this juncture - stating, among other things, that the mob would not be likely to discriminate between colonizationists and abolitionists, but would readily seize any pretext to create a disturbance. It is said, moreover, that the trustees of the church reconsidered their vote, granting these gentlemen the use of their house. Thus matters stand at present.

A rumor reaches us from Providence, that they attempted to get a hearing in that city, but could not succeed! - Truly, colonization seems to be poor stock in the market of humanity and morality in New-England.

On Friday evening, I called upon the Rev. John Breckinridge, in company with brother Phelps. The interview lasted till between 11 and 12 o'clock. The first half hour was spent in an amicable and argumentative discussion, respecting the duty of immediate emancipation.

Brother Phelps left me to manage the case, only now and then thrusting in a keen, pithy and pertinent remark. Mr. B., I am sorry to say, soon lost his temper, and overwhelmed us poor abolitionists, with a tempest of epithets. His nervous system is extremely sensitive, and when it is excited, he almost becomes frantic. His language towards me was really abusive, and unworthy of a christian minister. Notwithstanding the provocations which he gave me, I endeavored—and I trust not without success—to preserve my equanimity. I said to him—“Mr. Brackinridge, we are both aware that the best men in our land are divided on the question of African colonization, and they need and are calling for more light. They wish to hear both sides of the question. Will you discuss it with me before the citizens of Boston?” “No,” said he—“I do not consider you my equal. You are too debased and degraded in community for me—occupying the station that I do—to hold a controversy with you.” “This,” I replied, “is a convenient mode of escape. Will you encounter my brother Phelps?” “No.” “Will you discuss the subject with any abolitionist?” “No.” He was much excited when we separated, and intimated that he did not desire to have me call upon him again. I went home, lamenting that our interview had not been more placid, but feeling no unkindness, but rather much pity, toward him. I fell down on my knees, and besought the Lord to forgive him for all his accusations against me, to open his eyes if he were in error, and to grant that no ill-will should be left to rankle in our hearts. I also earnestly besought forgiveness for myself, if I had said or done aught amiss. My mind was very tranquil.

Say to my dear Helen, that I am anxious to comply with the spirit as well as the letter of your Connecticut marriage law; and therefore I wish you to give due notice to the community of Brooklyn, of our intended union. I leave the case with you and her. You shall have the necessary fees on my arrival in C. The were published in this city, on Thursday last, for the first time.

Make my compliments to your lady—kiss the babe for me—and believe me
Ever yours,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. Bacon wishes those numbers of the *Unionist* which are sent to the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, to be directed to him, and not to the Liberator office. Will you be kind enough to see that the alteration is made?

William L. Garrison
July 30. 1834



Rev. Samuel J. May,

Brooklyn,

W.L.G.