

Wm. W.

Boston, Sept. 24, 1838.

Dear sister Sarah:

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I was rejoiced to learn from bro. George, that you had expressed a willingness to stay awhile with us, before your return to Brooklyn, provided we should succeed in procuring a house immediately. It happens, most fortunately for us, that bro. Phelps wishes to let the house now occupied by him, which he has on lease one year longer from the 1st of October ensuing. It is in a small court, (the only objection to which is a huge old house at the entrance,) and in a retired situation. There are five sleeping apartments, a sitting-room, parlor, &c. The house is completely furnished, from the kitchen to the attic - carpets, beds, bedding, curtains, chairs, ~~comfats~~, looking-glasses, in short, every article that we need; so that I shall not have to move any thing, or make any of those purchases which I had contemplated, in furnishing a house myself. The furniture is not owned by bro. Phelps, but by the owner of the house, who paid something like one thousand dollars for it. The court, though a very diminutive one, and therefore scarcely worthy of the name, is kept extremely neat. There is a very pretty yard directly opposite the house, attached to a humble dwelling, occupied, I believe, by an Englishman, who shows an Englishman's taste. Our back yard is small, but just the place for Geo. Thompson and Frederick to play together, as they cannot get out into the streets. There is an immense grape vine, covering a large part of the yard, on which there is now a great abundance of grapes, which bro. P. generously says we may have for our own use. He pays \$400 a year for the house and furniture, but says I may have it for \$300 - as he cannot do better, under present circumstances. If I were a "gentleman of property and standing," I would pay him the full amount he pays his landlord; but as I am a poor fanatic, my means will not allow me to pay more than \$300.

Helen wrote to me from Providence on Saturday. Ever since I left P., little Willie's gums have proved very troublesome to him, insomuch that Helen says she has scarcely been able to obtain any rest, except by administering to him an anodyne. She writes that Phebe Jackson's mother has been taken ill very suddenly, of an inflammation of the bowels, and continues to grow worse. There does not seem to be much hope of her recovery.

Helen seems desirous to return to Boston as soon as convenient. I have therefore written to her to come in the cars on Wednesday morning—perhaps she will stay till Thursday or Friday. Bro. Phelps says we may go into his house any day this week. My object, therefore, in writing to you, is to tell you how we are situated, and that we stand ready to give you a welcome reception to our new home. I do not wish you to abridge your visit in Scituate; for it is quite certain that it will be more agreeable to you than a visit to Boston; but we shall be glad to see you on Friday or Saturday next, or as soon as you can make it convenient after that time. Please write and let me know what day you will come, and by what conveyance—whether by steam-boat or stage-coach. If by the latter, you can tell the driver to leave you at No. 2, Nassau Court, Tremont-street. If by the former, I will be at the steam-boat landing on your arrival, to take you in a carriage to our house.

Since my arrival, I have been in a whirl of social, intellectual and moral excitement. My poor brain already reels under the pressure—though my heart is as tranquil as a summer's sea, and happier than any bird that ever warbled forth a song. I have had to perform considerable writing, and an immense amount of talking. As my head grows hot, my scrofulous complaint is excited to fresh malignity, and will probably give me much trouble the ensuing winter. Our Peace Convention, (of which bro. May has doubtless given you a full account,) reminded me of our early anti-slavery meetings. The discussions were free and animated, and marked by a spirit of independence. The deep solemnity of the occasion was somewhat disturbed by the broad and irresistible humor of William Ladd. He is a huge and strange compound of fat, good nature, and benevolence. He went with us nineteen-twentieths of the way, and said he expected to "go the whole" next year! Our proceedings cannot fail to excite great and prevalent excitement in this country and in Europe. I am myself astonished, and not less delighted, at the result. Great persecutions are to follow; but none shall be saved, except he endure unto the end. "The Lord is my light and salvation."

I have written to Brooklyn to have Cecelia come on immediately.

In peace or war, storm or sunshine, I remain,

Yours, most lovingly,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.