



pear to have given me an Irish hoist, "a peg lower." Indeed, the last evening they lectured here, they were enabled to get into the City Hall, only by some persons breaking the lock, and taking possession of it without leave - a measure I would not have sanctioned. The notices of their meetings and persons, by the Detroit papers, (especially the Free Soil organ,) were abusive, untruthful and scurrilous, to the last degree. Every where the press in this country is as foul as the gutter, and as unprincipled as the father of lies. Most of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> proprietors and editors more richly deserve a place in the penitentiary than many of its inmates: for they sin as with "a cart-rope," and on the largest and most comprehensive scale. It is a terrible sign of general corruption.

Well, no one met us at the depot to welcome us, or to proffer us a particle of hospitality. Marius was as much a stranger in Detroit as myself. Neither of us knew a single person in the city. We drove to "Finney's Temperance Hotel," on "Woodward Avenue," where we are still stopping - a house very well conducted, though not of the first class.

On Sunday morning, Mr. Osborne (who married the amiable and gifted poetess, Lucy A. Colby, of Danvers, Mass., recently deceased,) called upon us, and gave us the first intimation we had received as to the impossibility of procuring a hall for me. He is a very gentlemanly man, and belongs to Salem, but has resided in this city seventeen years. Had he not broken up housekeeping, in consequence of the death of his beloved wife, we should have been kindly welcomed to his home. Opposite Detroit, (a magnificent river, three quarters of a mile wide, separating our national boundary from that of Canada,) resides

Henry Bibb, in a rude and impoverished village called Windsor, where he prints "The Voice of the Fugitive"; but, unfortunately, on Wednesday night last, his office was entirely destroyed by fire—press, types, every thing, though I am glad to hear they were insured. The fire is supposed to have been an incendiary act on the part of some of his enemies. Having nothing better to do, we all went over to Windsor, and called at Bibb's residence, a very poor and inferior building, but he was <sup>not</sup> at home, having come over to the city an hour or two before. We spent half an hour with his wife, whom Samuel J. May helped to educate. She is ladylike and accomplished in her manners, and devotes a portion of her time to teaching. We then walked to Sandwich, (also on the Canada side,) about two miles below, where there is a colored settlement, as also one at Windsor, composed almost wholly of fugitive slaves, though we had no opportunity to converse with any of them. At Sandwich, we saw the barracks (formerly occupied by British soldiers,) which, winter before last, were opened to shelter the crowd of fugitive slaves then hastening to that spot, to prevent them from perishing. It is an old, dilapidated, forsaken building, yet it served a very useful purpose in sheltering the hunted fugitives. We returned to our hotel about 2 o'clock, pretty thoroughly tired by our long jaunt. I forgot to say, in its place, that Sandwich is a small village, a little more civilized in its appearance than Windsor. The inhabitants are chiefly composed of French Canadians, having a large infusion of colored blood in their veins. They are ignorant, poor, and without enterprise. They have a large and modern built Catholic Church, and as it was service time, we had an opportunity to see a large crowd of them, and their appearance was quite unique, with their Canadian

ponies, and vehicles of the oddest and queerest shape imaginable; "speaks they growed," like Topsy. Near the new structure was an old church, long since abandoned, huge and unshapely, and propped up by long pieces of timber, to prevent its tumbling to the ground.

There are several hundred <sup>colored</sup> persons in Detroit, who have three places of worship. In the course of the afternoon, I was invited to address them in the Methodist Church in the evening, and did so for an hour and a half, the house being filled with a sprinkling of whites. They responded to all I said with great enthusiasm, and voted me their thanks by acclamation.

Mrs. Helen Eliza Garrison  
Anti-Slavery Office,  
21 Cornhill,  
Boston, Mass.

MS A.1.1 vol. 4 P 128

Today, strenuous efforts are making to procure a hall for me this evening. Should this fresh attempt fail, (as it probably will,) I shall again speak in the same church to such as may come to hear me, and leave in the morning train (just, shaking off the dust from my feet, and there is nothing but dust here, the drought being excessive) for Ann Arbor, 40 miles distant, on my way to the Convention at Adrian on Saturday and Sunday next, where I hope to receive tidings from home. No letter from Boston has yet reached me. I trust all is well at home. My love to all the children, and fatherly benediction.

Ever yours,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.