

Boston, Sept. 5, 1840.

My dear bro. May:

61 Your kind "Welcome home again!" comes joyously to my ears, among the thousand congratulations that have been given to me on my safe return from the old world. During my absence, I saw much that was magnificent, wonderful, curious, strange, pleasant, afflicting; but my mind is too much confused, by the multitudinous array of objects and incidents, to allow me to state any thing accurately. All that the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the British Museum, and many other famous places contain, I have seen, and gazed upon, till my eyes were weary of sight-seeing. England, in beauty, order, and cultivation of soil, is indisputably the Eden of the world; but, alas! the old serpent is in it, and as full of falsehood and mischief as ever. Oppression, degradation, vice, starvation are there, side by side with monarchy, royalty, aristocracy, monopoly. England is on a volcano, which, if ^{it} explode, will cover her with desolation. Should Victoria suddenly expire, in all probability there would be a revolution that would scatter to the four winds her present form of government, and establish a republican one in its place. But the people need more light as well as more bread, and they are determined to have both, or perish in the attempt. I could not enjoy the beautiful landscapes of England, because of the suffering and want staring me in the face, on the one hand, and the opulence and splendor dazzling my vision, on the other. O, to think that God—our kind, merciful, loving Creator—has filled this earth with abundance for all, and yet that nine-tenths of mankind are living in squalid poverty and abject servitude in order to sustain in idleness and profligacy the one-tenth!

I was much pleased with Scotland — better pleased than with England. Her scenery, indeed, is not so beautiful, but it is far more grand and sublime; and she has enough of beauty to atone for what is wild and rude in her formation. I like her people better than I do the people of England: they are more like New-Englanders in their appearance and manners. I was exceedingly pleased with the Irish friends I saw in Dublin, and received from them a welcome most cordial and ardent. But I must wait till I see you, and then you shall hear all about the "gipsying" of bro. Rogers and myself. I must contrive to come down and see ^{you} on some Saturday, and remain with you till Monday, lecturing on Sabbath evening, if agreeable. This I will try to do in the course of two or three weeks. [On Wednesday, I must go to Concord, N. H. to attend a State Convention, and help determine the question, whether bro. Rogers shall go to New-York to edit the Standard. I want him to go — and so do the anti-slavery friends generally; but he shrinks from the post, and his New-Hampshire friends very naturally desire him to remain in Concord. Many persons have subscribed for the Standard, solely on the supposition that he would be the editor of it; and it would go hard with the paper, I fear, if he should disappoint them. Besides, it would be very difficult for us to find an acceptable substitute. James C. Jackson, who has edited the Standard up to this time with so much ability, could not be prevailed upon to be the permanent editor; and we ought not to confine so able a lecturer to an editorial chair.]

[I am happy to find that, in refusing to connect myself with the London Convention, I have acted in accordance with the views and feelings of the friends of old organization, both white and colored. The Convention embodied a great amount of talent, re-

spectability and philanthropy, but it was entirely under the control of the London Committee, whose usurpation ought to have been resisted in the spirit of the Lord's freemen. They will be caught, however, in their own sectarian craftiness, and made to lament what they have done.

[The greatest honor I ever received in my life was conferred upon me by the colored citizens of Boston in the meeting called by them at the Marlboro' Chapel - the proceedings of which you have doubtless seen in the Liberator. Their reception of me was affectionate and cordial beyond my powers of description, and most deeply affecting to my heart. The colored people in Salem also gave me an elegant entertainment, and a very welcome reception. How faithful and true ought I to be to them! how ardent should be my zeal, how incessant my labors, in their behalf!]

I have been to Brooklyn since my return, with Helen and the babe, in order to bring little Georgie home. It was indescribably pleasant to see that dear spot again, around which cluster some of my fondest recollections. All the members of the household were well, but bro. George was absent during our stay. I lectured, on Sabbath evening, in Elder Coe's meeting-house, to a small audience, in reference to the London Convention.

Sister Anne and mother are still with us. The former had a severe fall upon the face from our door-steps a day or two since, knocked out a tooth, and bruised herself considerably. She is now better.

Henry G. Chapman is quite unwell, at present. He has had another attack of bleeding internally, and, what is worse, is in the hands of a regular physician. I do not know what any serious danger is apprehended, but I think I know what kind of treatment he needs. All the other Boston friends, I believe, are well, and in good spirits. My own health has been much improved by my visit abroad.

Are not Howitt's and O'Connell's letters, in reference
to the exclusion of our female delegates, excellent and important?

I take it for granted that you ^{will} be present at the Non-
Resistance anniversary. It will be a good one, I trust, and
blessed of the Lord.

Helen, mother and Anne desire to be cordially remembered
to Mrs. May and yourself. I long to see you both.

Ever lovingly yours,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single. - Paid.

PAID

Samuel J. May,

South Scituate,

Mass.

Wm Lloyd Garrison
Sept. 6, 1840