

Boston, July 22, 1852.

My Dear Friend:

Friend Wallcut meant, without fail, to send you Twitchell's agreement and arrangement with us, yesterday, but did not succeed. Accompanying this is a copy of this week's Liberator, in which you will find what you desire, as expressed in Twitchell's own language.

John Pierpont has written a scathing song or hymn, on Slave Hunting, which will be among the number to be sung at the Grove. To-morrow I shall put the whole series into the hands of Mr. Prentiss, and will endeavor to send copies to Hopedale on Saturday.

I hope you will persuade Higginson to attend our celebration, and speak. As the 1st of August comes on Sunday, why can he not prepare a discourse suitable for the occasion, to be delivered to his people, and re-delivered at Framingham?

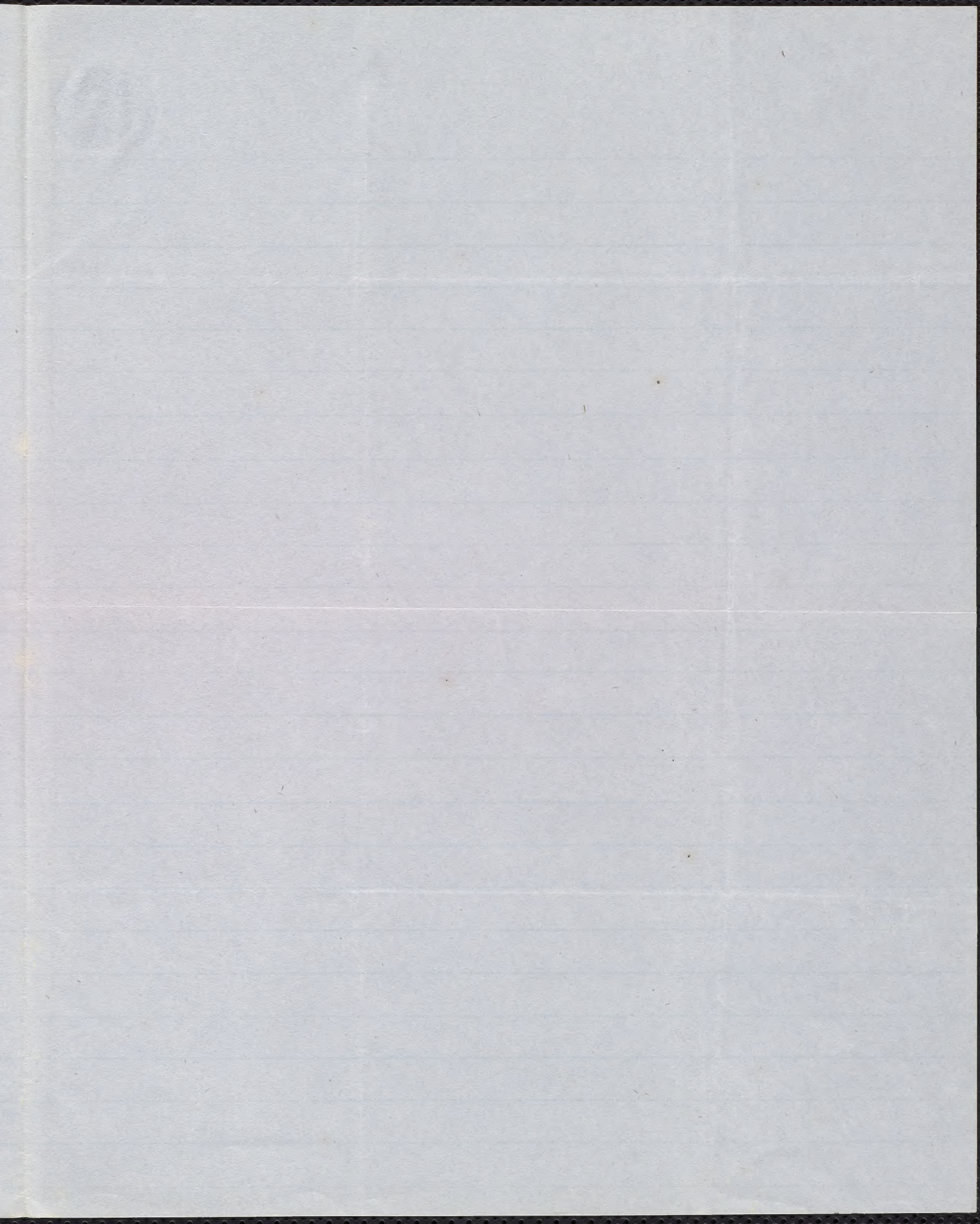
My head is better, but not as I desire it to be.

My regards to Mrs. May.

Yours, truly,

Wm Lloyd Garrison.

Saml. May, Jr.



Rev. Samuel May, Jr.
Leicester,
Mass.