

Boston, June 22, 1832.

My dear Purvis:

The date of this letter signifies my arrival home. Much as I dislike to wield the pen, I readily seize it to hold correspondence with one to whom I am so deeply indebted, and whose friendship I prize at a high rate. The very generous and unremitting exertions made by yourself and your accomplished lady, to promote my happiness and comfort during my residence in Philadelphia, have left an indelible impression upon my memory, and opened in my breast a fountain of gratitude which only death can close. I know you do not need a profusion of thanks; but when the heart is full, the tongue must speak. May the choicest blessings of Heaven rest upon your heads! May your union be marred by no disappointment or sorrow! You seem formed for each other — happy couple!

Never could I have anticipated such a change as has taken place in my feelings. I have constantly said of Boston, until now, with regard to my affection for it, that every stone in its streets was a magnet of attraction. And now — will you credit the confession? I am — yes, sighing to return to the "city of brotherly love." Must another long, slow-wasting year pass away before I shall see those dear, confiding, generous friends, who made my recent visit, as it were, a river of delight, in which I daily bathed to the refreshment of body and soul? A year! what may not happen to



some of us in its changeful career? Amid the fearful vicissitudes of life, how painful is absence from those we love!

"Friend after friend departs:  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end!"

But my strain partakes of sadness. Let me change it to a sprightlier one.

The summer season has come in New-England, but it presents an aspect which, if not positively gloomy, is far from exciting pleasurable emotions. To the farmer is promised a blighted harvest — we have had but a few days of summer weather — there is a singular coldness in the atmosphere — the vegetable kingdom looks desolate — and the entire machinery of earth and sky seems to be out of order. There has been no season like this, since the memorable one of 1816. Peradventure we shall have a rapid change for the better; and, instead of sighing for the ardent influences of the sun, we shall cry, in melting accents:

O cooling breeze, from Greenland's frigid zone!  
O thunder-clouds, that black enshroud the sky!  
O winter, who to northern climes hast flown!  
O frost! O ice! whate'er the luxury  
Of cold can bring — come, and resume your reign,  
And never more we promise to complain!

I trust that neither you nor your brother will be deterred from visiting Boston by the description which I have given above. September will doubtless be the most charming month in which to travel. A New-England autumn is worth a voyage from London to witness, and, of course, worth a trip from Philadelphia.



[It is possible that I may succeed in making arrangements, by and by, to travel through the free States, for the purpose of vindicating the rights of the free people of color, and forming anti-slavery societies. I am persuaded that I can do more to advance the cause by this method in a few months, than by any other for a series of years. I suggested the enterprise to Arthur Tappan and the Rev. Peter Williams, of New-York city, and they highly approved of it. The only difficulty is, the procurement of means wherewith to defray my travelling expenses. Mr Williams said he would be responsible for \$100, and I presume Mr Tappan will be disposed to contribute for the same purpose. Mr Tappan thought I might do a great deal to promote education among colored children and youth, by addressing the people of color, giving them advice and encouragement, examining their schools and endeavoring to establish others, &c. &c. Should I go on such a mission, (and I earnestly desire to prosecute it,) I shall aim first at the great cities, and thus have the pleasure of seeing my Philadelphia friends in the course of a few months. I can leave the Liberator in excellent hands. I have just received a letter from Mr Tappan, in which he speaks flatteringly of my "Thoughts on Colonization," and orders one hundred copies for gratuitous distribution among clergymen, the colleges, &c. &c. This is a truly liberal subscription.]

You shall hear from me again shortly. Grant me, dear P., the favor of a reply. Salute your lady for me, as well as all inquiring friends. My compliments to your brother.

I remain, in weal or woe,

Your very sincere and much obliged friend,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.



N. B. My friend Cassey will explain to you the cause of the delay of my books on Colonization. I wish you would inform <sup>him</sup> that I have shipped another box of them, containing about 157 copies, (making, in all, about 400,) this day, on board of the brig Mohawk, Capt. Hawes, which sails this evening. I wrote him, two or three days ago, that I would send enough to allow him to put 200 copies into the hands of Evan Lewis; but as I have no more folded, as friend Lewis will probably find it difficult to dispose of

June 22 - 1852

Mr. Stephen Gordon Esq.  
Boston June 22 1852



Paid. - Single.

Mr Robert Purvis,

South Ninth Street,

Philadelphia,

Pa.

so large a number, Mr Cassey may let him have 100 copies, and if he should want more, I will forward them to him. Mr Cassey will let my friend Lydia White have some copies to keep for sale in her store; but for the six copies which I left in her possession, I do not wish him to receive any money. - Perhaps, through the agency of my friend Robert Henson, he may dispose of some copies in Trenton. Mr Shadd would also be glad to receive some in Wilmington.



<sup>b</sup>  
Copy.

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My dear Davis:

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