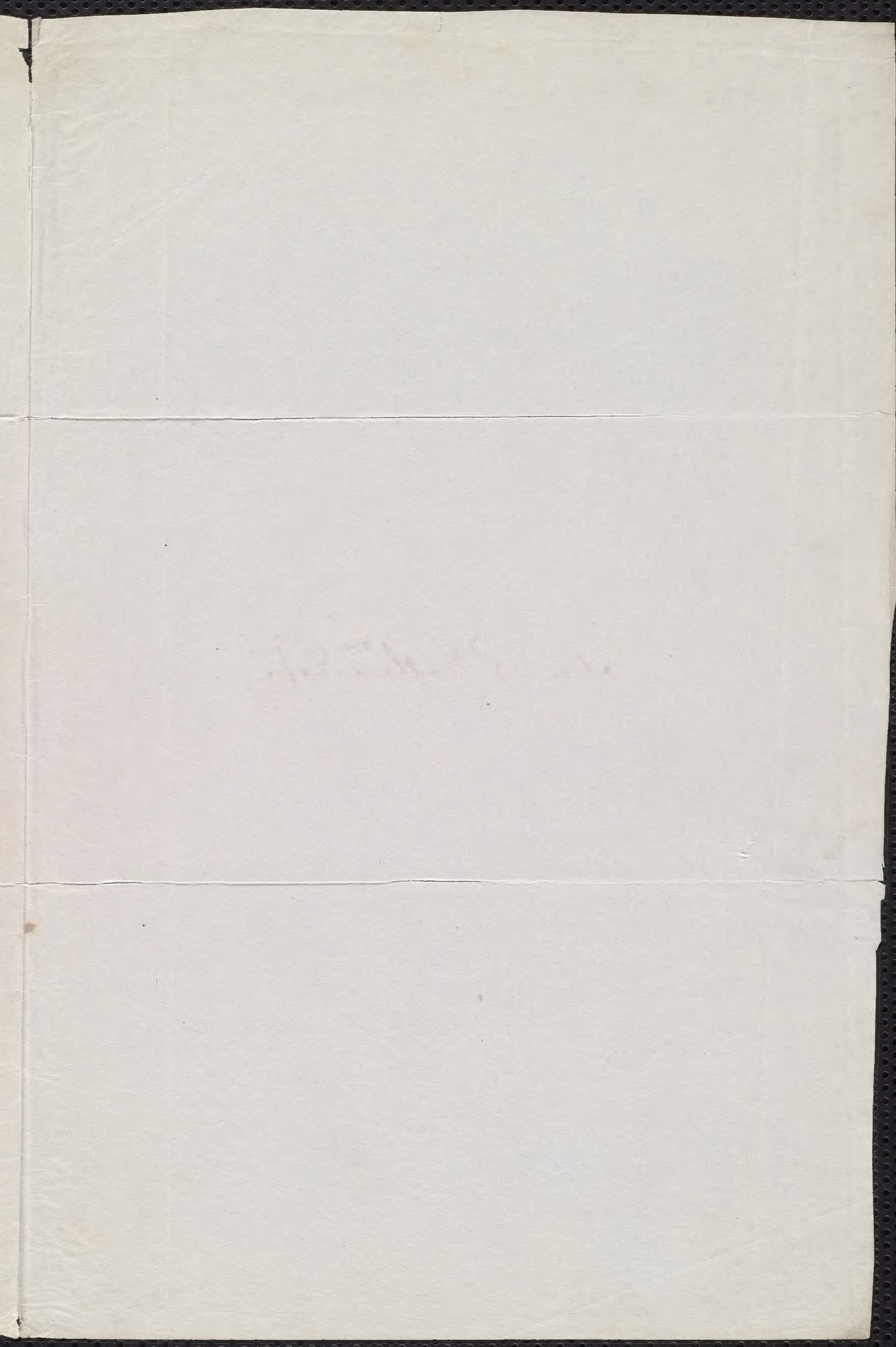


Boston, July 16, 1847.

My Dear Sir:

If you have utterly erased my name from the tablet of your memory, I can scarcely wonder at the act — so delinquent, on the score of epistolary attention, have I been to you, and the other dear friends at Bristol. I am mortified beyond measure to think that so much time has elapsed since my return home, without your receiving a single epistle from me. The truth is, I have purposed to do so much, from time to time, that I have done nothing. It has been in my heart to send you, the Misses Carpenter, &c., epistles formidable in length; and hurried and perplexed on the eve of the sailing of each steamer, I have shrunk from the task, and said — "Well, I must not, cannot send a few hasty lines, and therefore will wait till the next opportunity, when I will endeavour, without fail, to send something worthy of perusal." Alas! that I am now only able to make this explanation — to assure you, and, through you, the other beloved friends of your circle, that my gratitude and regard are strong and overflowing, and that I am,

Faithfully and admiringly yours,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.



John B. Elliott Esq.