

Muswell Hill,

34 near London, Sept. 17, 1846.

My Dear Wife:

I wrote you a few hurried lines from Sheffield, on Friday last, and sent them by the steamer Great Western, which sailed the next day for New-York, from Liverpool. I trust they will reach you in season for you to send me a reply by the Boston steamer of the 1st of Oct.; for I should be sadly disappointed not to hear from you again, before leaving for the United States.

The meeting held by Douglass and myself, on Friday evening, in Sheffield, in the Friends' meeting-house, (a spacious one) was attended by a dense throng of persons, and presented a brilliant appearance. Hundreds were unable to gain admission. Edward Smith, a leading member of the Society of Friends, presided. Among others who were present, was James Montgomery, the celebrated poet. He seemed to be deeply affected - his countenance continually changing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," as the horrors of slavery were revealed, and the absurdities of its apologists exposed. In the course of my speech, I alluded to him by name, and invoked him to let his muse record her execration against the slave system and all its abettors. He is now quite advanced in years, and in poor health; but I hope he will do what I suggested.

I shall have a great deal to say about the meeting when I return to Britain.

I remained at Sheffield until ~~Sat-~~  
Sunday morning, receiving visits and making  
others in return. The dear friends with whom  
I stopped, Mary and Rebecca Brady, did  
every thing in their power to aid me; and I  
shall ever remember their kind attentions  
with gratitude. They are admirable women  
— true reformers — whose acquaintance repays  
me for crossing the wide Atlantic.

On Saturday, I visited Mrs. Rawson,  
at her Eden-like abode at Wincobank, and  
was most cordially received, though I could  
stop only a few hours. It was at the house  
of this estimable lady, that I first met  
Montgomery, in 1840, George Thompson and  
Rogers then being with me. Although six years  
had elapsed since my former visit, every  
thing looked so natural that it seemed to  
me as if not an hour had intervened.  
Those years have made a slight impression  
upon the countenance of Mrs. Rawson, but  
the natural scenery (which is around her dwell-  
ing) remains unchanged; and its beauty  
is truly ravishing. I am constantly sighing,  
dear Helen, that you are not here by my  
side, for more than a thousand reasons — and  
among others, that you cannot see the enchant-  
ing landscape views which crowd upon my  
sight in all directions, as I travel through  
this wonderful land. I desire, moreover,  
to have you with me, that you may become per-  
sonally acquainted with some of the dearest  
persons in the world.

On Sunday, I returned to London, a long distance by rail-road, and very much fatigued by the ride. I do not feel able, for economy's sake, to ride in what are called the "first class" cars, which are exceedingly comfortable, though nothing remarkable, except for their high price. The second and third class are perfectly execrable, and look as if they were made for the transportation of convicts, than for the accommodation of the travelling public. They are like our "Jim Crow" cars, but a large portion of what are considered "respectable" people travel in them. As to the beauty and comfort of our steam-boats and rail-way cars, we in America far transcend those in England; but, in many other things, we come short.

On Monday, Thompson and myself busied ourselves in some little preparation for the Exeter Hall meeting, which we were to hold that evening, with special reference to the cause pursued by the Evangelical Alliance, on the subject of American slavery. Frederick joined us in the afternoon, having left Sheffield in the morning. Our meeting was a very triumphant one. The vast hall was densely crowded, and presented a brilliant spectacle. The interest and feeling manifested by the vast audience were of no ordinary character. Many of the friends, and some of the members of the Alliance were present, some of them in no very amicable state of

mind toward us. None of the American delegation showed their heads. I spoke first, after some excellent prefatory remarks from the chairman, the Rev. John Burnett, a very able and independent man. My speech was frequently interrupted by a certain portion of the audience, in a rowdyish manner, something after the pattern we occasionally exhibit in Boston and elsewhere. My remarks frequently stung to the quick, and the snakes hissed and twisted as though they felt that the hour of doom had come. Still, the applause overpowered all the opposition — but the interruption was very considerable, and made my speech less consecutive than it otherwise would have been. Knowing that Thompson and Douglass were to follow me, I had more to say about the sectarian character of the Alliance, than about its pro-slavery action; and this it was that called down upon my head the special "blessings" of the priests and their tools in the vast assembly. Thompson, though quite poorly all day, acquitted himself with more than ordinary ability, and made so powerful an impression that he swept away all symptoms of opposition; so that, when the resolutions were presented for adoption, only three or four hands were raised in opposition to them! Douglass followed in

a very effective speech, and was warmly applauded. We regard the result of the meeting as a great triumph, and as giving a staggering blow to the alliance at the very moment most opportune.

My manner of expressing my thoughts and feelings is somewhat novel, and not always palatable, in this country, on account of its plainness and directness; but it will do more good, in the end, than a smoother mode. At least, I think so, and will "bide my time." I am led to be more plain-spoken, because almost every one here deals in circumlocution, and to offend nobody seems to be the aim of the speaker. If I chose, I could be as smooth and politic as any one; but I do not so choose, and much prefer nature to art.

On Tuesday evening, I went with Mrs. Thompson, Douglass, and J. B. Daily of Philadelphia, to the Vauxhall gardens, where I saw the most brilliant exhibition of lamps and fireworks, as well as extraordinary feats in horsemanship and manual dexterity. I shall have a variety of novels to tell to the dear boys, on my return; for I have not time now to go into particulars. There is no end to sight-seeing in London, but I am too busy to go round much for that purpose.

Yesterday, till 4 o'clock, I busied myself about sundry matters, when I came out here to this delightful spot, (of which you have frequently heard me speak in terms of admiration,) accompanied by Thompson and his wife, and J. R. Daily. Our friends, the Ashursts, received us with open arms; and a cheery time of it we had till after midnight - Thompson being in his pleasantest humor, and I feeling in a very happy mood. I have risen early this morning, (though I did not retire to rest till ~~afternoon~~ <sup>evening</sup>), to write you this hasty scrawl, as it is the only proof of my love that I <sup>can</sup> show you on this side of the Atlantic. The morning is beautiful indeed. All nature looks as if no curse had ever been inflicted upon it. It is not God, but man, who has brought woe into the world. For the past six weeks, the weather has been uncommonly fine - indeed, for England, quite extraordinary. At neither of my former visits has it ever been so warm and so settled. There has scarcely been a shower. When I was here in 1840, not a day elapsed for two months, that we had not at least a sprinkling of rain. My health continues very good, notwithstanding the great fatigues of visiting, holding public meetings, being at social circles, answering correspondence, through which I have to pass. I have done with very little sleep since I left home, and must continue to do without it until my return.

I was slightly disappointed that I got no letter from you by the last Boston steamer, though as you wrote but a few days previous by the Great Western, I will not complain. The only epistle I received was from Edmund Quincy, who gives me, in his humorous way, a good scolding for not writing more for the Liberator. I assure you, and him, and all the other friends, that I have had my hands full here, both day and night. The penny post system, in this country, induces almost every body to write, and every day there are many notes to be answered, which is no small task. If I have not sent much original matter for the Liberator, I certainly have not failed to send more printed matter, respecting my proceedings, than the Liberator will be able to publish for some time. It is not of much consequence as to my writing letters for the Liberator; but the manner in which I am doing up my work here is of no small importance; and, that I have not been idle a moment, but have been sorely pressed by a multiplicity of engagements, George Thompson will testify. The truth is, I ought to have come over at least two or three months earlier than I did, though I shall do a great deal for our cause, even in the limited time which my visit must occupy. But this is crowding things together too hastily for comfort.

My excellent and devoted friend Quincy is really putting his soul into the Liberator, and by his industry and ability is making it a very nice sheet. It will appear very dull after my return.

Quincy sends me a letter from Henry Clapp, which appeared in the Lynn Pioneer of the 27th ultimo, written from this city. It exhibits folly and knowing, affected magnanimity and riperous malice, in about equal proportions. It was written from this city. He seems to be comforted with the belief, that nobody knows there is such a person as William Lloyd Garrison in England! "So far," he says, "in this country, I haven't met a dozen persons who knew Mr. Garrison by name." Well, a man's notoriety is limited, to be sure — much more than he is apt to imagine — but this declaration of Clapp only shows that the corruption which he has kept has been of a very equivocal character, to say the least, both as to intelligence and virtue. If I am so little known here, how ludicrous is the outcry that he and Rogers have made, about my blasting C's character in a foreign land!! But even Clapp must now confess that as many as two dozen persons have heard of me being in England, of the vast multitudes who have heard my name, and cheered it



9  
loudly, (through George Thompson's public labors,) and of the numerous meetings I have already held in various parts of the kingdom, it must be very galling to the spirit and painful to the eyes of Mr. Clapp to see my portrait in the People's Journal staring him in the face in every corner in London, and handbills daily distributed to the passing multitude, reading thus - "A Portrait, by H. Anelay, and a Memoir, by Mary Howitt, of William Lloyd Garrison, is contained in No. 37 of the People's Journal." I saw placards posted about the streets in Leeds, when I was there a few days ago, making the same announcement, but in a more conspicuous manner. So much for not being known!

Clapp was at our Exeter Hall meeting on Monday evening last, and sat directly in front of the platform, looking in a sinister and trembled manner. What he is doing here, or with whom he is associating, I cannot find out. Once or twice, he has been accidentally encountered by some one of my friends, when he has taken the opportunity to whine about my unjust treatment of him, and to express the admiration which he still entertains for me! There is in him such a mixture of folly and knavery, that it gives rise to feelings equally ludicrous and disgusting. Of course, it will be his business, while he remains in this country, to do me all the injury in his power, as secretly as possible; but his mischief will react upon himself.

Henry C. Wright will probably return with me, though it is not certain, as many here are extremely anxious, in view of the peculiar state of our cause, to have him remain awhile longer; but, though I am sure his labors here would be of immense service, we need him so much on our side of the water, I shall not tolerate his remaining behind. Frederick Douglass will not return till next May, in season for our New-England Convention. This I have strongly advised, for many important reasons. If he and H. C. W. were both to return home now, in the present embryo state of the "Anti-Slavery League," we should lose a great deal of what otherwise will be permanently secured to us. He is really doing a great work, and the people are every where desiring his presence. The poor fellow is — naturally enough — dying to see his wife and children, but he is satisfied that it will enhance his personal safety, and be the better for them in the end, to remain here until spring. In a pecuniary point of view, he is doing very well, as he sells his Narrative very readily, and receives aid in donations and presents, to some extent. He has done with the Joseph Sturge party entirely, and will be careful how he is caught again with chaff.

I have not asked for any pecuniary assistance here, and have received nothing, even incidentally, to the amount of a farthing. The truth is, those who feel

a special movement in our cause are generally far from being wealthy, and they are more or less taxed to carry on the various reformatory movements in England. It costs a good deal to get up public meetings, and report the proceedings, and buy copies of the papers containing those proceedings, for gratuitous distribution, at home and abroad. Our Exeter Hall meeting cost nearly two hundred and fifty dollars, merely for the building, advertisements, placards, &c.; to say nothing about the expense of reporting, as we were anxious to have a full report; and this you will find in the London Patriot of this week. You and the dear friends in Boston will read that report with great satisfaction, I am sure. I wish you all could have heard George Thompson deliver his speech. We have bought three hundred copies of the Patriot for circulation in America and England.

I endeavor to husband my pecuniary means as carefully as possible — with more parsimony than as if the money were my own; but the living in this country, in connexion with so much travelling, is very expensive, and money melts away very easily. To the end, I mean to save to the cause every farthing in my power; even often to my discomfort. In London, I have been residing with dear Thompson; and though he lovingly delights to entertain me, yet I shall not feel as if it were right to tax his hospitality for so many weeks, without making some remuneration; for his family is a large and expensive one, and it costs him a large sum to meet his

necessary expenses. Of course, he will not be willing to receive a quid pro quo, in form, but I shall make presents to all the children, and to Mrs. Thompson, enough to satisfy my conscience, that I have not too seriously burdened this dearly beloved and generous friend.

I will now give the particulars of my future route until the 19th of Oct., when I hope to embark for home. To-morrow, I go direct to Glasgow, expecting to arrive on Saturday evening, where I shall remain until the 23d inst.; thence to Edinburgh, and remaining till the 28th; thence to Dundee; thence to Belfast, Oct. 1st; thence to Dublin, 3d; thence to Cork, 5th; thence to Liverpool, (via Dublin,) 8th; thence to Wrexham, Manchester and Rochester, (to hold public meetings <sup>in</sup> all ~~in~~ these places,) 9th to 14th; thence to Danington, to see Elizabeth Pease, until the 17th; thence to Liverpool, to leave on Monday, the 19th. There - talk of a man's writing letters for the public's eye, or to particular friends, under such circumstances! It is too much for body and mind - but I must try to accomplish it all. George Thompson will not be able to go with me to Scotland, but his company is not important, as he has so recently been there.

I can write no more. Dearest ones, I love you better than I do my life. Be careful of your health, and say a thousand things to the dear children in advance for me. I hope they will try to be good, that they may deserve the presents which I intend to bring to them. With special remembrances to Mrs. Prideaux & Helen, and all the beloved friends as one,  
Yours, most lovingly, W. L. Garrison.