

Boston, Sept. 15, 1841.

My very dear friend:

77 Perhaps, on looking at my signature, you will remember that I was in England last year, in company with a friend named Rogers, of New-Hampshire, and received many kindnesses at your hands; that I first met you in London, and afterward at Manchester and Liverpool; and that I have some acquaintance with George Thompson. Under these circumstances, you will excuse the liberty I take in writing a hasty scrawl to you, (for the steamer is to leave almost immediately,) without a better acquaintance.

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Seriously, my esteemed friend, I have allowed so many steamers to return to England, without forwarding a single letter to you, that I feel as though I ought to have a fresh introduction to you, to recall myself to your remembrance. If you judge of my friendship, my gratitude, by the number of my epistles, you will be constrained to entertain a very poor opinion of me — and so will all my other dear friends, (whose worth and kindness are forever graven on my heart,) on the other side of the Atlantic. But I am neither ungrateful nor forgetful. In imagination, I am with you all continually; for I hail you as kindred spirits, and shall ever feel specially grateful to Heaven for have been permitted to commune with you, face to face. So much by way of apology and explanation.

Tell dear Thompson, that I fling the arms of my affection around his neck, and press him more closely than ever to my bosom, for his manly, fearless and eloquent defence of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends, at the last meeting of the Glasgow Emancipation Society. He has "defined his position" in the most satisfactory manner; and though, in so doing, he may, and doubtless will, lose the friendship of some on both sides of the Atlantic — yet, let him be assured, he has done a good work for his own soul, strengthened and enlarged his reputation as a reformer for all time, and won for himself the confidence and love of those, "of whom the world is not worthy." My prayer for him is, that he may be faithful in all things unto the end, that he may at last receive the crown of life.

Tell those faithful brethren, William Lomeal and John Murray, that the course pursued by them, and the noble Society with which they are connected, and of which they are the soul, is mightily encouraging to the true-hearted abolitionists in America; that, though it is seldom they hear from us personally by letter, our eyes are continually upon them, and our ears ever open to hear their cheering words; and that they are not laboring in vain, nor spending their strength in vain. O no! The same message may be conveyed to our dear Irish friends in Dublin, — the Wabbs, the Allens, the Haughtons, — whose names I never mention but with deep emotion, often to the suffusion of my eyes with tears. You have all stolen my heart — and what can I say more?

[Our anti-slavery struggle is constantly increasing in vigor and potency; and never were our spirits better, or our blows more effective, or our prospects more encouraging, than at present. Our fall and winter campaign will be carried on with unwonted energy. The return of our friends Phillips, Chapman, and Collins, infuses new life into the general mass. The people are every where eager to hear. I am covered all over with applications to lecture in all parts of the free States. The many base attempts that have been made to cripple my influence, and to render me odious in the eyes of the people, have only served to awaken sympathy, excite curiosity, and to open a wide door for usefulness. Thus has the Lord taken the cunning in their own craftiness, and carried the counsels of the froward headlong.]

The holy cause of non-resistance is also making our progress, and conviction has seized upon many minds. It is destined to bless and save the world; for, in essence, it is the consummation of the gospel of Christ. Next week we are to hold, in this city, the annual meeting of the New-England Non-Resistance Society, at which we expect to see our beloved friend Secretia Mott, as well as many other eminent friends of bleeding humanity. If I were rich, what would I not give, if you could be present with us also? You must certainly make a trip to our shores, ere long. Will you not do so?

A most frightful riot has occurred in Cincinnati, Ohio, the particulars of which you will see in the Liberator. The types and press of the Philanthropist have been for the third or fourth time destroyed - the dwellings of several abolitionists, and colored persons sacked - several lives have been lost, and persons badly wounded - &c. &c. The cause of the riot was a quarrel between some white "rowdies" and two or three colored persons - the former having been the assailants. The course pursued by the city authorities of Cincinnati has been most criminal. They were virtually at the head of the mob! The result of all this, painful and humiliating as it is, will, I am sure, the furtherance of the anti-slavery enterprise. "The Lord maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder he restraineth."

I have recently taken a jaunt, with dear N. P. Rogers, to the White Mountains in New Hampshire, and must say that the scenery of the Granite State is, in some respects, superior to that of Scotland. But the mail closes in a few moments, and here I must abruptly terminate this almost illegible scrawl.

My family are all well. My wife admires and loves you, and desires to be remembered to you in the bonds of a pure friendship. Please give my choicest remembrances to your father and mother, and to all inquiring friends. Let me hear from you soon - and believe me to be,

Ever your faithful friend,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Elizabeth Pease.



Single.

Elizabeth Pease,
Darlington,
England.

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