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P.S. I have received letters from home regularly every week. Everything is going on well, and the health of my dear wife continues steadily to improve, so that her complete restoration in the use of her limbs seems not far off.

22 Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

October 12, 1867.

My very dear Friend:

I am truly glad to be able to announce to you my arrival in London, en route from the Continent for "home, sweet home," on the 25th inst.; first attending a series of meetings, a programme of which I have just sent to dear Eliza Wigham, and which she will doubtless communicate to you: so I need not repeat it here. Frank, my beloved son, (who has been everything to me in my travels, especially as a mouth-piece, and looking carefully after all my wants,) is now by my side, writing his weekly letter to his mother. Fanny and her husband are at Munich, and will not be able to return with us. Mr. Villard's father died at M. on the 3d of September. He was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Bavaria. At Constance, where I parted from Mr. V. and Fanny, I was within a few hours' ride of Munich, by railroad at the end of the Lake; but, for lack of time, I was compelled to leave it unvisited.

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I wish it were in my power to describe to you how much I have crowded into the short space of two months, of continental sight-seeing. I expected much of Switzerland, in the matter of the sublime and the picturesque, but my most sanguine expectations were more than realized. It is indeed a wonderful region; and I should like to renew my visit to it again and again. Alas for me that it is not on the other side of the Atlantic, as I have probably seen it for the first and the last time. Yet thankful am I to have had this single opportunity, in company with my darling daughter and beloved son. I know not whether it has also been your good fortune to see Mont Blanc, and the snowy Alpine range extending for hundreds of miles; but if not, I trust it will be before you are called to see the last of earth. I did a good deal of mountain climbing, but got my feet somewhat crippled in doing so. In every other respect I stood it almost like a veteran mountaineer. We stopped at Interlaken and Lucerne for nearly four weeks. Charming places!

Our route lay from Lucerne to Constance; from Constance to Stuttgart, Heidelberg, Frankfurt on the Main, down the Rhine from Mainz to Cologne; from Cologne by railroad to Brussels; thence to London via Calais and Dover. Brussels ranks next to Paris in attractiveness. Stuttgart is also a very fine city; but Frankfurt seemed more American, in the general appearance of the people and in some of its residences, than any other place we visited. While there, we went to the famous neighboring watering-place Homburg, a few miles off, and there saw the gambling operations which are there carried on, to a fearful extent, under the auspices of the Government. Hundreds of fastidious men and women were at the various tables, running their chances on a large or small scale according to their means or inclination, spell-bound, and greedy of gain. It was to me an astounding spectacle, and most instructive and admonitory to watch the changing countenances of the players. It is among the most terrible of all the human passions.

If it were practicable, I would again visit Edinburgh, even if only for a very short time; but it is not. It pains me to think that I shall not see you again; but the remembrance of your kindness to me and mine, while under your hospitable roof, and of other acts of kindness at other times and in divers ways, will be ever very gratefully cherished. I almost take it for granted that (Deo volente) you will ^{be able to} see your way clear to come to the United States next May or June, and ^{thus} enable me and mine, and many warm and admiring friends, to show you something of hospitality, and at least a portion of our great and growing country. I trust to receive a line from you before my departure, announcing that you are in good health, and giving me some ground to hope that you will yet see Boston, and our quiet home at Rockledge. With affectionate remembrances to all the dear circle of Anti-Slavery friends as one, I remain,
Yours, without variation,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

E. P. Nichol.

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