

Letter from W. L. G. to

Mr. Ebenezer Dole, Hallowell, Maine.

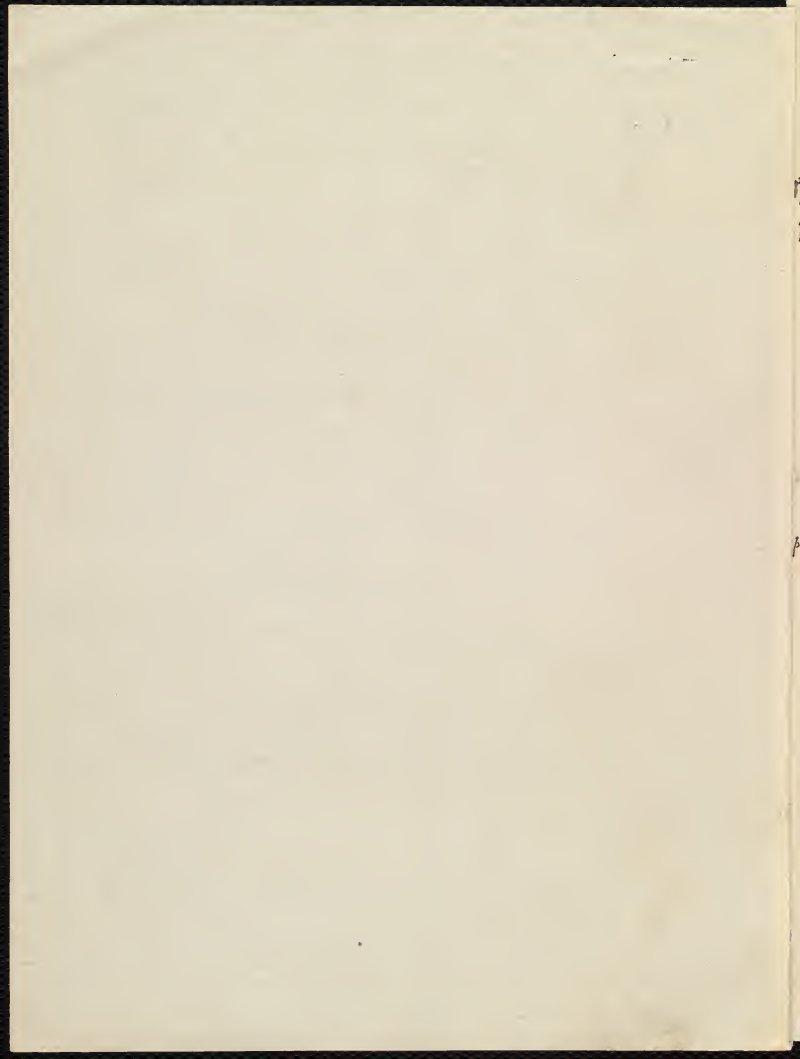


Boston, July 11, 1831.

Respected Friend:

On my return from Philadelphia, my disappointment was excessive on learning that you had just left our goodly city. To tell you how happy your presence would have made me, requires a higher language than the English tongue. As it is, I can only seize this opportunity to write a few poor, unsatisfactory words on paper, by which to express the hope that I may be enabled to see you in Hallowell, in the course of the ensuing autumn.

My worthy partner, Mr. Knapp, gives me a most exhilarating account of the intensity of your feelings, in regard to the awful condition of the poor slaves. Torn as is your feeling heart by a distant contemplation of their sufferings, how dreadful would be its agony, if you were an eye witness to the horrid scenes which are constantly occurring at the South? The infernal engine of African oppression is in perpetual motion — it has no weekly Sabbath; — and every day, hundreds of new-born victims are thrown under its wheels, and crushed. At times, I dare not gauge its atrocities, nor meditate upon its wickedness. The brain becomes heated with an intense fire, and the heart liquid as water. Yet there are those who can look upon this bloody system with "philosophic composure"! and even professing Christians can coldly talk of its gradual abolition! ay, and many of them are busy in denouncing me as a madman and fanatic, because I demand an immediate compliance with the requisitions of justice, and the precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ! —



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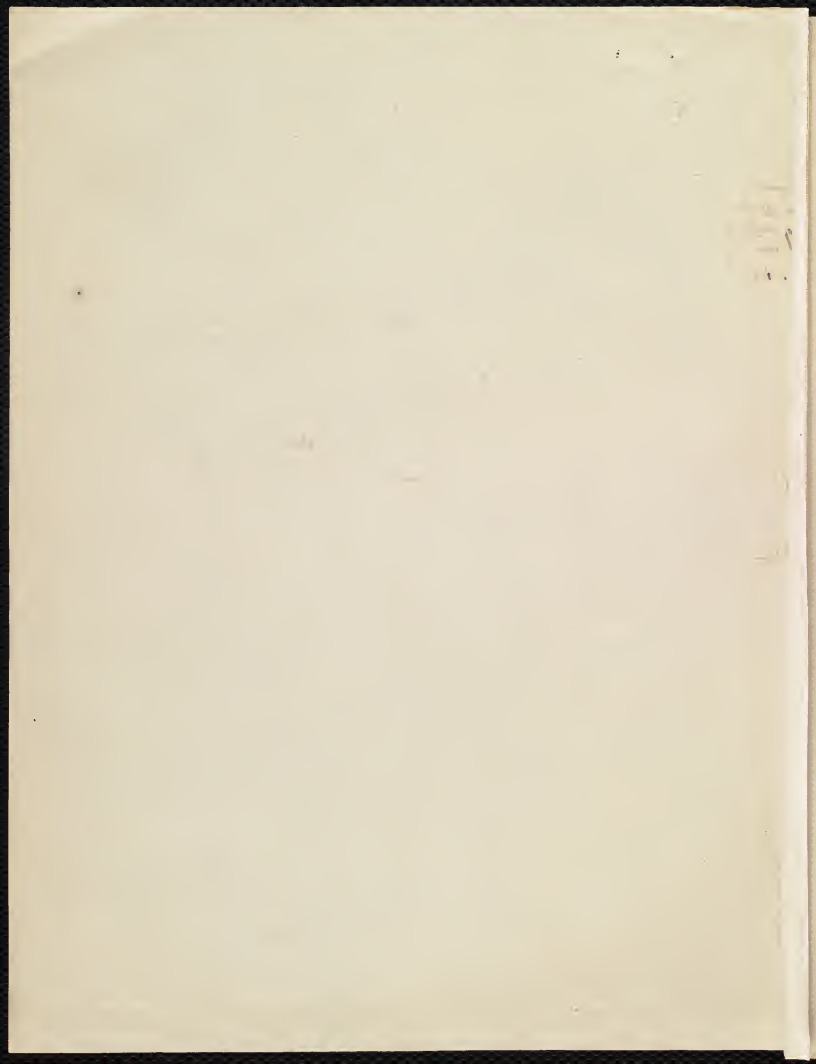
Yet, (to adopt the words of another) the thing I say is true. I speak the truth, though it is most lamentable. I dare not hide it, I dare not palliate it—else the horror with which it covereth me would make me do so. Woe unto such a system! Woe unto the men of this land who have been brought under its operation! It is not felt to be evil, it is not acknowledged to be evil, it is not preached against as evil; and therefore it is only the more inveterate and fearful an evil. It hath become constitutional. It is fed from the stream of our life, and it will grow more and more excessive, until it can no longer be endured by God, nor borne with by man.

But, dreadful as is the aspect of slavery in its cruelty to the outward man, it is heightened when we look at its effects upon the inward man. It is the ruin of souls which is the most afflictive. The system is one not only of robbery, but of heathenism; for it is full of darkness, ignorance and wo .

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[I am truly rejoiced to learn that you are no colonizationist. I say rejoiced—because, after the most candid and prayerful investigation, I am persuaded the Colonization Society is based upon wrong principles; and, as for its leading doctrines, my judgment tells me they are abhorrent. Like many other good people, I was, myself, for a time deceived with regard to its character and tendency. I took the scheme upon trust; but my eyes are now open. I find, wherever I go, that thorough-going abolitionists do not support the Society. Great changes are taking place on this subject. The Society is fast losing many of its most worthy supporters; and by and by, I trust, none but slave owners will be found in its support. Among those who have left it, is Arthur Tappan, who is a host in himself.]

The contemplated College for colored students, at New Haven, will doubtless receive your approbation. Such an institution, once fairly in op-



eration, will work wonders.

[You will be pleased to learn, that an American Anti-Slavery Society is in embryo at Philadelphia. Its objects will be various and energetic.]

I find you have laid me under fresh obligations. I stagger beneath the weight of so much kindness, but hope I may be able to square the account.

I take the liberty of sending you two copies of my address, delivered in various cities before the free people of color. May it be productive of good.

Probably, ere this, the Pennsylvania Society has transmitted to you copies of the tract which took your \$50 premium. It was written by Evan Lewis, a member of the Society of Friends. It is a very good production, but has not scriptural pungency enough. There were only four competitors for the prize. I was not able to be one of them, contrary to my intentions. Perhaps I may write a tract on this subject, as soon as leisure will permit.

I remain, your fellow laborer and debtor,

Wm Lloyd Garrison.

