

Near the Strand Barks, }
June 4th - noon - 1846. }

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Dear bro. James:

The sun shines brightly to-day, and, favored by a tolerably fair wind, our ship is gallantly going ahead at the rate of 8 or 9 knots. Our progress, however, since we left New-York, (as the date of this letter sufficiently shows,) has been very slow and tedious. - For the first eight days, we had a succession of head winds, so that we were not more than two days' ordinary sailing from the place of our departure! This day completes our thirteenth day - and yet not one third of our passage is made! This is quite remarkable at this season of the year, when westerly winds are found usually to prevail. You must not infer, that our ship (the Columbus) is a dull sailer: on the contrary, she has never been beaten since she was launched upon the deep. We have already overtaken and passed quite a number of vessels - and hence, therefore, the consolation of knowing, that we are getting along as fast as any other vessel, except a steam-packet, could be under similar circumstances. Capt. Cropper says he has never had such luck before. His longest voyage from New-York to Liverpool has never exceeded twenty-two days - his last occupied but sixteen: unless we have uncommon good luck the remainder of our trip, we shall be at least one month between the two ports. Hence, it is highly probable that the World's Convention will have nearly closed its session by the time that we arrive in London. If so, my trip will have been almost in vain, and I shall retrace my steps homewards without much delay - probably by the first of August. I have come hither against my own inclinations, from the first; and now, with such a prospect before me, I sigh to think where I am, and that it is too late to heat a retreat.

Nothing has occurred, of special moment, since we left. We have seen a fair proportion of whales, porpoises, dolphins, &c. but not the sea-serpents. Mother Carey's chickens have followed in their wake on tireless wing. In one day, one of our passengers (a Fr.) ensnared eleven, and stuffed them for preservation. We have had one or two smart gales, but nothing very serious. The Columbus is a tight sea-boat, of about 560 tons burthen, and throws aside the highest waves with all possible ease. In our cabin we have about thirty passengers—very few Americans—mostly English and Scotch. I can almost imagine that I am in the Cave of the Forty Thieves. A more uncongenial set I never was doomed to associate with—and grateful shall I be to see the day that will rid me of their company. Card-playing, gambling, drinking, swearing, and boisterous merriment, constitute the order of the day. It is horrid to my spirit, as well as to dear Rogers'—but in vain do we enter our protest against it. I am sorry to say, that the Captain rather encourages them from upon these proceedings.

I seal this letter hastily, as a storm is approaching, by which I hope to send this letter to you. God bless you! Love to all the dear household at Brooklyne!

Ever your loving brother,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

P.S. The vessel proves to be an English brig, called the Emma, of Newport, bound to Portsmouth, N. H. Her captain treated us very shabbily—came within hailing distance, desired to be reported, but asked us no questions, though from the manner in which he came down to us, we supposed he was in distress, and we accordingly altered our course and took in some of our sail, in order to give him all needed aid. He has hoaxed us completely: consequently, passengers very cross.

June 11 - Lat. 48, 48 - Long. 25, 04.

Since I penned the foregoing pages, we have been favored with favorable winds, and have come with much speed - some of the time, at from 12 to 13 knots an hour. To-day we are averaging 10, or 11, with a quiet sea and a bright sky. The prospect now is that, in four or five days more, we shall be in Liverpool. This makes our twentieth day since we left, but it has seemed to me longer than six months at home. It is quite clear that I was not born to be any thing better than a land-lubber. I don't doubt, or I shall ever be tempted to cross the Atlantic again, if I shall be spared to reach my native land in safety. Commend me to dry land.

I have thought much about you, dear James, since I left. I am anxious to hear how you are in body, and in mind, and how you like Booklyn, and farming, and the quietude of nature, and every thing that appertains to a country life. O, how I long to see you not only restored to sound health, but reconciled to God in your spirit! I want to sing praises with you through all eternity, in company with dear mother, and our departed sisters, and with an innumerable host of the wise and good in all ages, now redeemed from sin and the power of the devil. When I consider how mercifully, almost miraculously, God has preserved your life to the present time, I cannot abandon the hope that he will yet pluck you as a brand from the burning, and make you an heir of glory. If we have sinned, and are willing to confess and forsake our sins, he is ready to forgive us. Let his goodness lead us to repentance. His name is Love, and his forbearance, long-suffering and mercy are infinite. Let us not distrust him - despair is suicidal - it is but to follow Christ, to ^{imitate} follow his example, to receive him in faith, and pardon will be vouchsafed to us, and heaven will be our portion. Why should we be friends, if we may become angels?

