

P. S. A telegram by the cable brings
the pleasing intelligence that John Bright has
you recovered, or to be able to take his seat in Par-
liament. "How his shadow never be less!"

Roxbury, March 2, 1873.

My Dear Friend:

Your welcome letter to Frank is
reminder to me, as well as to him, that
more than one epistle have long since been
your due; and as the only way, or at least
the best way, to atone for my silence is to
break it by sending you ~~my~~ ^{the} assurances of ^{my}
increasing affection and regard, and a re-
newed expression of my large indebtedness
to you, I will not allow another mail to de-
part without doing so. I am really mortified
to think that so many months have elapsed
since I last wrote to you; but I can heartily
reciprocate your own declaration, "If you had
heard from me as often as it was in my heart
to write, what a budget you would have had!"
To forget you could only be possible by the
loss of all memory. I live, in thought, a
good deal of the time on the other side of
the Atlantic; and there is no place that I

thus visit quite so often as I do beautiful and picturesque Edinburgh; and there are no friends to whom I am drawn more closely than to yourself and those other true-hearted coadjutors in your city, who used to send over such strengthening words of cheer and such noble testimonies during the Anti-Slavery conflict, and who gave me so warm and generous a reception during my last visit among them. How all the incidents of that visit revive in memory at the mere mention of it!

Your hospitable entertainment of me and my children, Fanny and Frank, at Huntly Lodge; the conversations we enjoyed, the rides we took, the visits we made, the friends we called upon together; the excursions to Holyrood Castle, Calton Hill, and Arthur's Seat, standing on the leonine head of the last, and enjoying one of the finest panoramic views in the world; the inspiring tea-meeting of the Ladies' Emancipation Society in the Bible Society's Rooms, St. Andrew's Square, with the hearty congratu-

lations and generous speeches of the occasion; the meeting of the Town Council, and conferring upon me the distinguished honor of the freedom of the city at the hands of the Lord Provost, whose introductory address was so creditable to his head and heart; the cordial greetings on the part of the magistrates and members of the Council present; the short but delightful interview we had with the charming author, the eminent physician, and the universally beloved citizen, Dr. John Brown; and, finally, our deeply regretful leave-taking at the railway station, as in all probability final on earth. Nor do I forget the pleasant interchange of thought and opinion we had with your brilliant son-in-law and his estimable wife at your residence, and of whose welfare I shall always be glad to hear. The absence from the city of dearly beloved Jane and Eliza Wigham was felt by me something like a personal bereavement. How I honor those excellent women for what they are, and

for what they have done in the service of
God and humanity!

Referring to them reminds me to say,
that I have recently become acquainted with
Mrs. M. Woods Lawrence, wife of Rev. Dr. Law-
rence, of Marblehead, and derived much plea-
sure from hearing her describe her visit to Ed-
inburgh last year; especially as she ex-
pressed herself so admiringly of Jane, Eliza,
and yourself. She is a lady of culture, with
rare conversational powers, excellent lite-
rary taste and ability, and animated by a
progressive spirit, notwithstanding she is a
daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Woods, the asso-
ciate of the late Professor Moses Stuart, in
the Theological Institution at Andover, both
of whom were extremely conservative, and
particularly hostile to our Anti-Slavery move-
ment. Her brother is yet more "old foggyish"
than was his father, and during the late re-
bellion in this country gave all his sympa-
thy and influence to the South. He hates

the very name of reform, and, of course, ridicules the woman's rights movement as almost beneath contempt, while his sister is growing more and more interested in it. He was formerly President of Bowdoin College, but his pro-Southern views resulted in sending him to "boventry," and he is now in obscure retirement.

A few weeks since, I received a printed note, announcing the decease of dear Mrs. Ritchie, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Ritchie, 19 Salisbury Road. I vividly remember how cordially she greeted me at the tea-meeting already referred to, and also when I called upon her. I sympathize with her children in their loss; but to her the translation has unquestionably been an unspeakable boon. Though not intimately acquainted with her, she impressed me as a thoroughly good woman, strong in her affection, tenacious in her convictions of duty, and enthusiastic in her support of the right. Blessed be her memory!

Her husband possessed rare courage and independence for a D. D., being lifted above that "fear of man which bringeth a snare;" and by his example and testimony he did much toward ^{liberating} both the West Indian and the American bondman. I remember him with gratitude and profound respect; as I also do the late Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Glasgow, who labored so long and so earnestly to the same end, to say nothing of his Christian zeal and large-hearted philanthropy in other directions.

To enable you to form something like an adequate conception of the desolating fire which laid the fairest and costliest portion of Boston in ashes, last November, I forwarded a small number of stereoscopic views, (the whole number taken at different points by different photographers amounted to not less than one hundred and fifty!) which I am glad to know you received. As showing what fire can accomplish in a few hours, they will bear repeated examination.

To look at them through a good stereoscope is next to standing in the midst of the ruins. Of course, for the time being, it is a grievous visitation; but Boston energy, industry, enterprise and wealth will cover all those ruins with magnificent warehouses within the next four or five years, surpassing in all respects those that were burnt, and they were unequalled on this continent.

In point of severity of cold, and violence of weather, and quantity of snow, our winter has exceeded any one in my remembrance. It has, consequently, greatly retarded the work of clearing up the ruins caused by the fire; yet much has already been accomplished, and many edifices are in process of reconstruction. My two sons, George and William, were involved in the calamity; the former losing ^{all his} ~~the~~ hard earnings, and the latter a still larger amount, — not less than ten or twelve thousand dollars. But they have met their losses bravely.

We sympathize with George all the more deeply, as it will necessitate a postponement of his marriage, which, at his age, is particularly to be regretted.

Since my last letter, I have written occasionally for the New York Independent, some copies of which have been forwarded to you; but I have considered myself little better than "a cumberer of the ground," owing to a general bodily debility most unfavourable to an active use of the brain. I am still suffering from some of "the ills that flesh is heir to," and long for brighter skies and warmer days that I may get some outdoor recreation. My dear ^{wife} has been quite seriously indisposed for some time past, but is happily so much improved that we are looking for her complete restoration. Though she has never had the pleasure of seeing you, she appreciates your friendship in a high degree, and wishes to be most gratefully and affectionately remembered to you.

We get a letter every week from our beloved daughter Fanny, at Heidelberg. She has been fortunate on the score of health, and, excepting the drawback of her husband's indisposition, has had a very enjoyable time since she went to the Continent. She eulogizes her German-born baby as a none-such, of course; for, unless Bishop Berkeley is wrong,

"Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Knowing her high motherly appreciation of the other two children, Helen and Harold, she, by her superlatives about Oswald—for that is the name of the one who is trying to take pre-eminence—makes me quite impatient to see and embrace the little fellow. As to the case of Mr. Villard, I fear he is doomed for an indefinite period to suffer from those distracting noises in his head which ~~have~~ thus far defied all medical skill. It precludes all hope of our having ~~them~~ ^{the absent ones} with us this summer.

It is late, but not too late, to thank you for your kind and appreciative letter on receiving the volume printed at the Riverside press of the "Life and Writings of Mazzini." I fully participated ~~with~~ in the disgust and indignation felt by Madame Venturi at the monstrous attempt to petrify the dead body of that noble champion of liberty for all men and all nationalities, with a sensational design and for popular exhibition. But such is human folly!

I was much pleased with the meritorious volume you sent me, "Medical Women," by Miss Jex-Blake. She has my best wishes for her success in the medical profession, and my hearty thanks for her persevering efforts to see equal rights, ~~secured~~ for her sex in the medical colleges.

With many topics left untouched, and kind regards to Prof. Nichol and wife, and to Mrs. Jack, I remain, faithfully yours,
 Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mrs. E. P. Nichol