

London, July 3, 1840.

My dear Love:

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Yesterday morning, I was joyfully electrified by the receipt of a letter from bro. Johnson, giving me the intelligence of your safe delivery of a fine boy on the 21st ult. Every thing appears to have transpired in the best possible manner. The relief which has been given to my anxious mind is more than words can express. Most sincere and heart-felt is my gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. James and Lucretia Mott, Isaac Winslow and company, and many other friends, both English and American, are pouring in their congratulations. What name shall be given to our new-come? is the question. I will not attempt to decide, until my return. Elizabeth Neal says, call him Charles Follen Garrison. Lucretia Mott and bro. Rogers think the same should be Edmund Quincy Garrison. There are many dear friends, and very good names, from which to make a selection. The lock of hair, forwarded by bro. J., is pronounced by all to be very beautiful, and I gaze upon it with rapturous delight. The babe is a boy - ah! you are disappointed, and so am I; for we had both fondly hoped that it might prove to be a girl. But the gift is none the less precious, and I am thankful, very thankful for it. Bro. J. intimates that the lad has uncommonly good lungs, and thinks he may be heard almost across the Atlantic. He begins early to make a noise in the world. O that I had him in my arms to smother him (not quite) with kisses! What sort of features has the dear little fellow? I can hardly think that he will be a match for Willie or George; but perhaps the last may be first. So! I am now the father of three boys! Why, it was only the other day that I was a babe myself! How all these things come to pass, I cannot tell: it must be that I am growing old: and yet how imperceptibly one glides away on the stream of time! Well, if all the rest of the world are moving forward, why should we remain behind? The reign of time is impartial.

I had made up my mind to return to-morrow in the steamer Britannia, which sails ~~to-morrow~~ from Liverpool for Boston; but, at the solicitation of the British friends, and especially to gratify dear Rogers, who wishes to see Scotland before his return, I have concluded to stay another month, and (I see volente) shall sail from Liverpool for Boston in the steamer Acadia, on the 6th of August; so that I shall hope to embrace you by the 20th of next month. After the receipt of this, therefore, it will be useless to send me any letters or papers, as I shall have left for home before their arrival. Along with Bro. J.'s letter came a Liberator of June 12th, which was a real treat. I have also received a copy of the Anti-Slavery Reporter, and of the Emancipator of 12th ult. [Bro. Rogers is exceedingly anxious to hear from his wife, and to get hold hold of a copy of the Herald of Freedom. The intelligence of the victory over "new organization" in New-England makes him feel twenty years younger. I do not believe he can be induced to leave his Granite Hills, and take charge of the Anti-Slavery Standard. He shrinks from the post, on account of its vast responsibility, but especially because of his strong attachment for his native State. Our friends will do well to have some other person in view, in case he cannot be induced to leave his little haven. I shall do what I can to locate him in New-York.]

Nearly all our party are stopping at the same house. We have more invitations than we can meet, and can find no time either to read or write, - scarcely any to sleep. I am completely worn out. The hospitality of our English friends is unbounded. Several splendid entertainments have been given to us - one, by the celebrated Mrs. Opie, and another by the rich Quaker banker, Samuel Gurney. He sent seven barouches to convey us to his residence, (one of the most beautiful in the world,) a few miles from the city; and a great sensation did we produce as we paraded through the streets of London. The dinner was magnificent, and all the arrangements on the most liberal and elegant scale. After the banquet was over, we had several speeches - one from Buxton, another from Pricey, another

from myself, &c. The Duchess of Sutherland, (who ranks next to the Queen, and is celebrated for her beauty,) accompanied by her daughter, an interesting young lady, and Lord Morpeth, honored us with their presence. The Duchess came in a splendid barouche, drawn by four fine horses, with postillions, &c. She behaved very graciously, and, on parting, shook me cordially by the hand. She has given £20 to aid the fugitive slaves in Upper Canada. Her husband is the richest man in the kingdom, and she is noted for her liberality. She has since expressed a wish to have an interview with me; but I think it doubtful whether I shall find time to call. Baydon, the celebrated artist, is now engaged in making a painting of the Convention, 10 feet by 7, in which he will group the most distinguished personages who were present, nearly as they sat in that body. His portraits will be from life. He has already taken a large number, and has succeeded admirably. I shall sit to him to-morrow for my likeness - a copy of which has been spoken for by the Duchess of Sutherland.

[Don't you be jealous!] I have seen lady Byron repeatedly, and the day before yesterday ~~took~~ dinner and tea with her at the house of Mrs. Reed, an excellent Unitarian lady. I would just add, that our colored friend Amos invariably accompanies us, and is a great favorite in every circle. Surely, if dukes, lords, duchesses, and the like, are not ashamed to eat, sit, walk and talk with colored Americans, the democrats of our country need not deem it a vulgar or degrading thing to do likewise. Charles made a short, but good speech in Exeter Hall the other day. The Duchess of Sutherland has signified her wish to see him also at her palace. You see how abolitionism is rising in the world! Lucretia Mott is winning "golden opinions" on all sides, in spite of the ceaseless efforts of the Orthodox quakers to obstruct her course, because she is a Hicksite. She has spoken once in public, and is to speak again shortly. On Monday, there is to be a meeting at Faneuil Hall, on the subject of India, at which O'Connell, Bowring, Thompson, myself, and others, are expected to speak. On the evening of the same day, there is to be a

a temperance meeting in Exeter Hall - Rogers is to be among the speakers. Perhaps I may say something on the occasion. On Tuesday, I shall go with Rogers down to Ipswich, (70 or 80 miles,) to see Blackmore, and get him to come out with a letter against the Colonization Society, if I can. He says Crasson deceived him. I shall return on Wednesday or Thursday, and shall probably leave ~~the~~ London with Geo. Thompson and Rogers, on Friday, for Scotland, - going first to Tyneworth near Newcastle, to spend a day with Harriet Martineau. I shall try to send you a letter by the Great Western, on the 25th inst. Mrs. Thompson is near her confinement. He is in Edinburgh, with her children. There is to be a great meeting in Glasgow on the 1st of August; which I shall probably attend. I shall also go to Ireland.

Mrs. Wm Lloyd Garrison,
25, Cornhill,
Boston, (Mass.)

(By the Govt steamer)
Britannia U.S.

Bro. Johnson must not publish the gossip contained in this letter, as it would ^{only} like vanity on our part; but he can allude to the fact, that we have been hospitably entertained by eminent friends of the anti-slavery cause, &c. I long to get back, dearest, and mingle in the glorious conflict which is going on in our country. Tell bro. J. to bear an open front and a serene countenance, and fear nothing; for, in due time, we shall reap, if we fruit not. [I have just seen the first number of the Anti-Slavery Standard. It is a beautifully printed sheet, and makes a fine appearance. I am afraid, however, that it will cripple the circulation of the Liberator, by being put at so low a rate.] Remember me affectionately to mother, sister Ann, bro. J. and wife, &c. &c. Also give my special regards to Caroline. With an overflowing heart, I remain,
Your faithful and loving husband,
Wm Lloyd Garrison.