

Boston, Feb. 14, 1831.

Beloved Friend:

If the most unremitting labor had not occupied my time since your departure, I should feel very culpable for my long silence. Without means, and determined to ask the assistance of no individual, - and, indeed, not knowing where to look for it, so unpopular was the cause, - you may suppose that I have been obliged to make severe personal exertions for the establishment of the Liberator. I am ashamed of the meagre aspect which the paper presents in its editorial department; because the public imagine that I have six days each week to cater for it, when, in fact, scarcely six hours are allotted to me, and these at midnight. My worthy partner and I complete the mechanical part; that is to say, we compose and distribute, on every number, one hundred thousand types, besides performing the press-work, mailing the papers to subscribers, &c. &c. In addition to this, a variety of letters, relative to the paper, are constantly accumulating, which require prompt answers. We have just taken a colored apprentice, however, who will shortly be able to alleviate our toil.]

I cannot give you a better apprehension of the arduousness of my labors than by stating, that it is more than six weeks since I visited Mr Coffin - perhaps more properly the Misses Coffin; for, certainly, there is no place in Boston I am disposed to visit so often as in Atkinson-street.

[By the editorial fraternity throughout the country, with hardly an exception, the Liberator has been received with acclamation; by the public - the white portion of it - with suspicion or apathy. Upon the colored population in the free states, it has operated like a trumpet-call. They have risen in their hopes and feelings to the perfect stature of men: in this city, every one of them is as tall as a giant. About ninety have subscribed for the paper in Philadelphia, and upwards of thirty in New-York, which, ^{numbers,} I am assured, will swell to at least one hundred in a few weeks. This, then, is my consolation: if I cannot do much, in this quarter, toward abolishing slavery, I may be able to elevate our free colored population in the scale of society.

For the success of my exertions, I rely exclusively on the blessing of God. Unless His spirit quicken and sanctify, no eloquence, no argument, that I can use, will be productive. I know that mine is a righteous ^{cause} ~~one~~; and, if so, it must ultimately triumph. I am sure that man cannot be the property of man; and, therefore, that every slave has a right to his freedom. Why, then, should I shrink from the contest, or be embarrassed by doubt? I do not shrink - I cherish no doubt. I counted the cost before I went to the battle. I foresaw all that has happened. I knew that my motives would be impeached, my sanity doubted, my warnings mocked; but the clankings of chains broke upon my ear, - I looked up to Heaven for support, - and my resolution was taken.] * * *

I have a huge volume of matters to write, but neither time nor room. This, you see, is but an apology for a reply. Next time, and very shortly too, I will do better. Our mutual friend Mr Sewell continues to increase in feeling on the subject of slavery. He is a man full of estimable qualities.

Give my affectionate and respectful remembrances to Mrs. May, and kiss your dear little boy for me, again and again.

You have forwarded \$2 for the Liberator, but I intended to make you a present of the paper. The business shall be regulated when we meet.

Your first letter was duly received. I shall not be able to visit you in March; but no matter. Your address to the public would be worth a thousand of mine. Let them have it first, and then send it on to me for publication.

Your friend and brother,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Wm. L. Garrison
Feb. 14. 1831

single.

Rev. Samuel J. May,
Brooklyn,
(Et.)

paid

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N. B. I beseech you, most earnestly, to occupy the columns of the Liberator with your essays, on any subject, as often as possible.
The noble philanthropist, Ladd, called to see me a few days ago. He spoke of you in exalted terms.