

Boston, Saturday, June 27, 1829.

My dear Jacob:



I am very reluctantly obliged to solicit a favor of you, which, if granted, shall be cancelled in a few weeks.

On Wednesday, the clerk of a militia company, (a poor, worthless scamp,) presented a bill of \$4, for failure of appearance on May muster, and at the choice of officers. The fact is, I had been in the city but a fortnight, from my Vermont residence, when the notification came; and, as I expected to leave in a very short time, I neglected to get a certificate of my incapacity, on account of short-sightedness. Moreover, though I have been repeatedly warned since I first came to the city in 1826, yet never, until now, have I been called upon to pay a fine, or to give any reasons for my non-appearance; and I therefore concluded that I should again be let alone.

I told the fellow the circumstances of the case - that I had never trained - that my sight had always excused me - and that, in fine, I should not pay his bill. He wished me a "good morning," and in the course of the day sent a writ by the hands of a constable, charging me to appear at the Police Court on the 4th of July, and shew cause why I refused to pay the fine! Of course, there is no alternative but to "shell out," or to fee a lawyer to get me clear, all would be no saving in expence.

The writ and fine will be \$5 or \$6. I have not a farthing by me, and I shall need a trifle for the 4th. Can you make it convenient to loan me \$8, for two or three weeks? I am pained to make this request, but my present dilemma is unpleasant.

My address, for the Fourth, is almost completed; and on the whole, I am tolerably well satisfied with the composi-

tion. The delivery will occupy me, probably, a little over an hour - too long, to be sure, for the patience of the audience, but not for the subject. I cannot condense it. Its complexion is sombre, and its animadversions severe. I think it will offend some, though not reasonably. The assembly bids fair to be overwhelming. My very knees knock together at the thought of speaking before so large a concourse. What, then, will be my feelings in the pulpit?

The public expectation, I find, is great. I am certain it will be disappointed; but I shall do my best. You shall know the result.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont honored me with a visit a few days since. He is an accomplished man, and his friendship worth cultivating. He has promised to give an original ode for that day; and says he shall take seat in some corner of Park-street Church to hear the address - a thing that he has not done for many years.

I expect to get a journeyman's berth immediately, after the 4th; but, if I do not, I shall take the stage for Newburyport, and dig on at the case for Mr. Allen. I am somewhat in a hobble, in a peculiar point of view, and must work like a tiger. My fingers have not lost their nimbleness, and so far as I have sent on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

By answering <sup>his</sup> on Tuesday, by the drive, you will confer another obligation on

Yours, with much affection,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

P.S. Direct to me at No. 30, Federal-st. Boston.



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