



Beaumont Newhall

June 1, 1842

My dear George

95-

I was the other day - shall have
 an opportunity to be present, on the
 occasion of a valuable long one, and
 in all the time, this hasty epistle will prob-
 ably anticipate your arrival in Dublin,
 and so take you agreeably by surprise.
 Had it been my intention to send by you
 a bundle of letters, to my English, Scotch
 and Irish friends; but my anti-slavery
 engagements in a new Hampshire inter-
 val, and occupied precisely the time
 that I had intended to devote to letter-
 writing. I can imagine how you felt,
 under these circumstances; and can
 share equally in your regret. Rogers
 and Percival told me at Somersworth,
 and Bradford at Tarrant, that they
 had equipped you with letters to our be-
 loved friends abroad; and I suppose oth-
 ers have seized the opportunity to write
 to you. You will not stand in need
 of any special introduction from
 me to our household in the Emerald Isle.
 Indeed, you are always to welcome to our
 home, and to require an introduction
 as sure that you will be hospita-

as an us me that you will be

be and especially ~~seem~~ by them, as
 as that the sun is shining brightly
 this first day of October. How my heart
 leaps to think of your visit! O that
 I could be with you, to sympathize, to
 rejoice, to labor with you! But what
 do I say? How can I say, kindred spir-
 its never be separated! Are they not
 to affecter, ~~union~~, affixed? All that
 separates but matter. To the soul
 there is "no more sea," no geographical
 boundaries, no insurmountable barriers. You
 remember that I am separated from you
 only in body form; but as for my heart,
 with all its aspirations, hopes, good wish-
 es, and love without measure, it is with
 you. I know what is the heart of a
 stranger, in a strange land; how lac-
 erating it is to the feeling to be exiled
 from home, wife, children and friends -
 to have a mighty ocean heaving its bil-
 lows between one's own native land
 and the foreign soil on which it is his-
 lot to stand - to think of what may hap-
 pen in one's absence, by the vicissitudes
 of time, and the vicissitudes of death; but I
 know, too, by delightful experience, that
 by the trust in God, and those mercies
 and doings it is to do the will of his
 Father, all be sustained and
 every trial - will be richly compensated
 for whatever sacrifices he may make in
 the cause of blessing humanity - and will
 not lack any good thing.

My dear Mother, I have written to you
before about the subject - but in your mis-
sion to England, I have done what I
could to be sorry it has been so little)
to forward it. My own convictions still
remain strong, as they were at the begin-
ning, that the mission will be good to
yourself, and to the various great moral
and philanthropic enterprises of the age.
I should have been more sorry to part with
you, for a time, than myself; but my
belief is not altering that, by kindly
and free abroad, you will communicate
warth to us here at home. What
an ample field is before you! How
many eyes, both of affectionate friends
and bitter enemies, are fastened on you!
My prayer is, that you may be endowed
with grace and wisdom from on high,
and persevere in well-doing to the
end.

"A cloud of witnesses around
hold thee in full survey:
& the steps already trod,
shed onward e'er thy way!"

To my dear Dublin friends - the
Webbs, Collins, Haughtons, &c. &c. -
among the choicest expressions of my
personal regard and love. Seldom
do they come from me by letter, but they
are never absent from my remem-

to stay from me by letter, but may
 as never absent from my remem-
 brance. I cherish toward them pecu-
 liar feelings of friendship and admi-
 ration, and yearn in spirit for the
 time when I may behold their
 face to face.

To John Murray and Mil-
 lison Smead, of Portland, (in
 particular,) with my affectionate
 regards, and assure them of my un-
 changing esteem for them. Their kin-
 ness to me has been great and I
 long for the opportunity and ability
 to repay it.

To George Thompson and Eliza-
 beth Pease say, that, should I love
 them any more than I do, I would
 be guilty of the sin of idolatry. They
 are, indeed, very dear to me.

Three weeks ago, my dear He-
 len presented me with a fourth
 whose name we shall call Charles
 Follen. The mother and child are
 both doing remarkably well. Thus,
 it is undeniable that, in spite of all
 opposition, "Garrisonism" is on the in-
 crease!

I intended to write much more,
 but have been greatly hindered by company
 this morning - The mail is to close in a
 few moments. Adieu! Write soon -
 Heaven bless and prosper you!
 Yours, ever, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.



Henry C
Care of B
Printer
St

Wright,
hard B. Watt,
St
London



Oct. 1. 1842
Boston Mass
Wm Lloyd Garrison