

Boston, July 23, 1834.

Beloved Friend:

A young man, such as you need at Brooklyn to take charge of the Unionist, cannot easily be found. — Journeymen printers are generally of little worth, and those who aspire to be editors are commonly but little better. I shall be sorry — very sorry, to see the Unionist go down — for many reasons, but especially, on account of its unwavering adherence to our most unpopular cause, and of its advocacy of the burlesque school. It will be a fresh scandal to Connecticut to let such a paper die, and such a vile sheet as the Advertiser live. Should such a catastrophe happen, a general shout from the base slaves of the devil may be expected as far as they shall gain information of the fact. The editor of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser will throw a Stone; the republication of the Courier and Enquirer will weave a new Webb; and a Holbrook of pollution will sweep over you in Brooklyn. If you hate pens and pensters as heartily as did Dr. Johnson, you will give no quarter to me or mine. But pray excuse me. The names of this infamous trio seemed to be so expressive in this connexion, that I could not refrain from using them up.

I will make further inquiry, and if I can find a suitable printer for your manuscript, you shall be informed of the fact without delay.

So, it seems, you are almost vexed with me for putting in that advertisement for a colored wife. Young Dr. Atter, of Philadelphia, has sent me a chiding letter on this point. There is also much flattering among abolitionists generally. The enemy, of course, is largely commenting upon the advertisement. O, impudent Mr. Garrison! obstinate Mr. Garrison! in view of these things, art thou not sorry for what thou hast done? Alas, in these things, art thou not sorry. I weighed the matter deliberately before I advertised, and see no cause now to regret the decision which I made. We will canvass the subject at large when we meet again.

"When are you going to be married?" is your inquiry. If Providence permit, and it be agreeable to Helen, I propose to make the following arrangements. On Monday morning, September 1, I shall start from Boston in a barouche, accompanied by my Aunt and friend Knapp, and go to Providence that day. On Tuesday, 2d, I shall endeavour to reach Brooklyn in the afternoon. On Wednesday, 3d, arrangements may be made for the wedding. On Thursday morning, 4th, you will be called upon to tie the nuptial knot, and make Helen and myself no more twain, but one. As soon as the ceremony is over, we shall take our departure with all decent despatch, and calculate to reach Worcester on Thursday evening. On Friday afternoon, I hope we shall be in our cottage in Roxbury; so that on Saturday, all household affairs, as far as practicable, may be "put to rights." And then, you know, follows a day of rest.

If any alteration be made in these arrangements, you shall be informed thereof without delay. Every thing is so unstable in this fleeting world, that it seems almost like presumption or mockery to make any calculations for the future.

I am anxious to learn whether you have come to a fixed determination as to an agency for the American Anti-Slavery Society. You know that, independent of our most holy cause, I do not consider Brooklyn a suitable place for a mind, and talents, like yours. I say to Mrs. May that "there's no place like — Roxbury." If she will come and occupy a part of our cottage, and thus be a companion for dear Helen, she shall be accommodated in the most ample manner. She can have a parlour, a kitchen, chambers, &c. — i. e. provided I succeed (as I expect to) in getting the one I have in view; which is the same, materially enlarged and improved, as I occupied as a boarder last winter. It is about three miles from Boston; but as our omnibuses are running constantly to and from Roxbury, every few minutes, the distance is almost annihilated.

What tidings have been received from New York since we parted!— Our country is in an awful condition. There is cause for alarm and lamentation, not that our cause is really in danger, (for it towers up more majestically and strongly than ever,) but on account of the general disposition in community, on the part of many who call themselves honorable men, patriots and christians, to excuse the outrages committed by the mob, and besting the character of such men as Arthur Tappan, Dr. Cox, and other devoted philanthropists. Stone I have long since branded as "a murderous hypocrite," and few will now hesitate to say that the description is unjust. Had it not been for his paper, there is no probability that the mob would have taken place. If any man ever deserved to be sent to the Penitentiary or State Prison for life, Stone is that man. Webb has not been less active and venomous; but every body knows that he is a ruffian who glories in his shame, and makes no pretensions to virtue and religion.

At this great crisis it behoves all abolitionists to be "watchful and sober," and to put unlimited confidence in the Lord of hosts. We shall be called, my brother, to pass through many perils; but if the love of God reigns supremely in our hearts, we shall encounter them victoriously.

Do you intend to observe the 1st of August in Brooklyn? David L. Child, Esq. will deliver an address on that day in South Reading. Our Board of Managers deem it unwise to hold a public meeting in this city, in the present inflammable state of the public mind; but we shall convene a special private meeting at our anti-slavery rooms, and commemorate the day with religious services.

See that Helen behaves like a good girl till I come—and give my respects to your estimable lady, and as many kisses to your dear children for me as a fond parent can bestow. I am neither a husband nor a father, but

Your much attached and admiring friend,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.  
Rev. S. J. May.

Wm L. Garrison  
July 23. 1834



Single... Paid.



Rev. Samuel J. May,

Brooklyn,

Ch. 30