

Thursday afternoon. May 21. 1840

Dear bro. George:

48<sup>v</sup> Shakespeare somewhere says - "The rain, it raineth every day" - and, sure enough, it comes pattering down, drizzle, drizzle, drizzle - the wind (a strong northeaster) dead ahead since Tuesday at sunrise, and the sky all involved in melancholy. Hence, I am still occupying the "sky parlour" of our friend Van Ransalaer, where you and bro. Wright exhibit your professional skill upon each other as pugilists of the first order, and where so many beautiful compliments were bestowed by you upon each other and bro. Rogers. It is far better to be here, however, than to be just on the edge of the coast, contending with such a gale in hopeless strife. We shall be off to-morrow, if the wind changes, which will probably be the case. How happy should I have been, if I could have been permitted to spend a few days under the family roof at Brooklyn, before my departure! Tell dear Mary and Sarah, that they are by no means forgotten, and that they possess a large share of my affections. Sister Anne, I rejoice to hear, is now with dear Helen. W. M. Chace and J. C. Jackson arrived this morning; and by them I learn that brother James and my darling boy Georgie are both in Brooklyn. It seems as if I must go and see you all. Say to dear James, that I love him as I do my own soul; that I hope he will be careful of his health; that he has my prayers for the divine guidance and blessing; and that I hope to see him much improved in health on my return. I think he will soon feel perfectly at home with you. I need not ask you to keep an oversight of little Georgie - for I know you need no prompting on this point. Give him many kisses for my sake; and tell him father means to bring him something pretty from London in the big ship, if he is a good boy. Give my kind regards to Catherine, and my salutations on the cheek with the lips to each one of your precious babes - write to me at London, to the care of J. H. Foadgold, 27, New-Broad-street - and believe, <sup>me</sup> that no one loves you more than does

Your ultra, fanatical brother,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

A. B. Bro. Rogers sends his kind regards to you and  
bro. James. He has still a bad cold and cough, but will  
easily throw it off, I hope, at sea. Remember <sup>me</sup> to friend  
Scarborough and family, and all the Brooks's friends  
as one.

New York May 21 1840

My dear George.

Wm. Chace and myself are safely moored in Wall Street by the side of a certain gentleman known by the name of William Lloyd Garrison, who has not sailed yet for London because the wind has grown contrary of late and will not whistle to suit him. He will tell you a word of his when about on the inside - but to business.

We have secured the old depository for \$550, and shall induce - probably - Isaac T. Hopper as publishing agent. We have written to Boston and Phila - for books sufficient to open a depository -

2<sup>d</sup> We shall start a paper as large as the Emancipator and call it the American or National A. S. Standard! and shall have the execution polished and complete. It will shine nicely and you "Doubt of the farther Land" must come up to its support nobly.

3<sup>d</sup> We are all in good spirits and feel that God is on our side. We cannot but go forward the spirit of the age impels us and however strong Reaction may be or however powerful and undaunted its front may appear, we attend that death lies coiled around its vitals and the gran must be its resting place.

The world is progressing and that man only acts very unwisely who sides with the opponents of reform. Be assured it is a great lesson to learn but valuable when learned: to throw your energies always on the side of the elevation of the mass.

Garrison will write you a word. In much haste your friend and brother

J. Jackson

James B. Jackson

*Single.*  
George W. Benson,  
Brooklyn,  
Connecticut.

