

Boston, Dec. 3, 1836.

Dear brother Henry:

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What is "the conclusion of the whole matter" among you all, in Friendship's Vale, respecting the thankfulness and affection of the notorious editor of the *Liberator*? You have sent him blackberry jelly, a liberal supply of apples, "shag-barks," dough-nuts, &c.; but what have you received in return? It is doubtless fortunate for him, that he can plead absence from the city, in extenuation of his silence; so that on his return, he is enabled to prove an alibi, which, in law, is tantamount to a verdict of "not guilty."

My wife, I suppose, has written Anna an account of our trip to New-York - a city which she had long been wishing to see, not because five thousand gentlemen of property and standing, as in Boston, once turned out to mob her husband, (you remember the uproar in October, 1833,) - for she declares that she loves me dearly, and if you will not doubt her word, I will not, - but because it is the capital city of America, and swarming, of course, with all kinds of attractions. Little, however, did either of us dream, on leaving Boston, that she and our dear babe would ~~be~~ accompany me farther than Providence; but our warm-hearted friend Lewis Tappan, lay claim to us all in the car, and declared that, *volens volens*, to New-York we should all go - that he would pay our expenses in going and returning, entertain us comfortably at his house during our sojourn in the city, and allow us to remain as long or as short a period as we might choose. This was too generous an offer to be negatived; I therefore said, "Yes," and also easily persuaded Helen to reply in the affirmative. As for "Doddie Tompit," he seemed to be ready for any new adventure, and was full of fun and frolic all the way, both in the car and in the steam-boat. Soon after we left Providence, his mother began to feel sick and dizzy, on account of the motion of the boat. I went into the Ladies' cabin, and found her with her head reposing upon her pillow, and was rejoiced to observe little George, as I thought, asleep in her birth; but it turned out to be somebody's else babe. My attention was drawn to a lively little fellow crawling about the cabin with great glee, who seemed greatly to enjoy the rocking of the boat and the novelty of the scene around him. Many eyes were fastened upon him, but no one seemed to have charge of him. "Well," thought I, "you are a smart little shaver, truly; but I wonder your mother don't observe your movements more narrowly." In a moment, he had crawled to a pile of bowls, and was in the act of pulling it down, when, deeming <sup>it</sup> time for me to interfere if no body else would, I took hold of him, drew him back, and, lo! it was my own darling babe! - for Helen was too sick to attend to him, and he was revelling in unrestrained liberty. The trip did him much service, but dear Helen thinks she shall not trust herself again upon the watery deep very soon.

My own dilatory habits aside, you may be disposed to query, why I did not write to you in New-York. The truth is, I was too busily employed in convention, and out of it, even to bestow the least attention upon my wife - i. e. I did not walk out with her once - hence, you received no letter from me. Now, a word as to the convention.

[With the exception of the meeting which organized the New-England Anti-Slavery Society, and that which was held in Philadelphia in 1833, I regard this convention of Agents as of higher importance than any meeting or convocation which has been held to advance the anti-slavery cause. I am sure that its deliberations and proceedings have not been equalled in interest. About thirty of the fifty Agents, actually engaged, were present - all of them men of talents, and able in their manners, and religious in their professions: - Weld was the central luminary, around which they all revolved. Indeed, we must have been a very stupid body, if, among so many, and making common stock of all our minds, we could not make our sessions full of interest and pleasure. We held three meetings a day, scarcely allowing ourselves time to eat; and yet, when a fortnight had been thus incessantly occupied, it seemed as if we were but just entering upon the threshold of the great question of slavery - so exhaustless is the theme, so vast the relations involved in the well-being and freedom of man. Beriah Green, Weld and Stuart were the chief speakers, although every one present participated more or less in the discussions. I spoke repeatedly, but very briefly as I am wont to do. The questions discussed were manifold - such as, What is slavery? What is immediate emancipation? Why don't you go to the south? The slaves, if emancipated, would overrun the north. The consequences of emancipation to the south. Hebrew servitudes. Compensation. Colonization. Prejudice. Treatment and condition of our free colored population. Gradualism - &c. &c. All the prominent objections to our cause were ingeniously presented and as conclusively shown to be futile.

It was a wise stroke of policy in bringing the Agents together, that they might see and hear each other, understand each other's feelings and sentiments, cheer each other's heart, and form a personal friendship with each other. It was a happy circumstance, too, that I was present with them, and that they had an opportunity to become personally acquainted with me; for, as I am a great stumbling block in the way of the people, or, rather, of some people, it would be somewhat disastrous to our cause if any of our Agents, through the influence of popular sentiment, should be led to cherish prejudices against me. I was most kindly received by all, and treated as a brother beloved, notwithstanding the wide difference of opinion between us on some religious points, especially the Sabbath question. My friend Lewis Tappan had some conversation with me, respecting my religious views - but, though we could by no means agree, we harmoniously agreed to differ. [He did not show me his written creed, but I should have been gratified to see it.]

As to your health, dear Henry. It seems by your last letter, addressed conjointly to friend Knapp and the Doctor, that you were slowly improving, on the whole - but could not speak above whisper. This temporary loss of voice convinces me yet more strongly, that yours is not an affection of the lungs, but of the throat - but I may be mistaken. You have done bravely in riding so frequently, and I dare say have been benefited by it: but permanent relief will come slowly. How much resignation do you need, under such a long deprivation of health! Yet I trust you possess it. It is good for us to be afflicted; and in the sick-chamber, the soul is best instructed as to its wants, and the body as to its frailty.

Dr. Harrington left this city for Southbridge the day that your letter was received; consequently, as he did not see it, we have not been able to send you any medicine. He is to return to-day, and friend Knapp desires me to say, that a bundle or basket shall be forwarded to you by Monday night's stage. I shall seize that opportunity to write to father and Anna, or to one of the other dear sisters. Tell father that all his requests, respecting the Liberator, Spectator, &c. contained in his last affectionate letter, shall be attended to. He can never know how much I love, admire and venerate him. - The peace and joy of heaven be with him in his declining years. As the cold weather advances, I feel solicitous to learn how it affects his health, as last winter he was quite ill, in proportion to its severity. Say to mother that I cherish for her the affection, not merely of a son-in-law, but of a son indeed. She is one whose example is worthy of all praise and imitation. As for Mary, Sarah, and Anna, I sigh that I am not so situated as to be able to recompense them for their manifold kindnesses to me. I am almost ashamed to return nothing but thanks - for words are very cheap, and may be used as fluently by the ungrateful as the thankful. Yet they will not reckon me among those who profess much, while they feel none at all. The Lord bless and reward you all, in this life, and that which is to come! His benediction is heart-felt.

My own health has somewhat improved since my trip to New-York. The scrofula is not troublesome, except in my ears, and I suffer little or no pain, the swellings having disappeared. I am taking my third bottle of Swain's Panacea - it has probably helped me. Am thinking of trying one or two courses of the Thompsonian medicines.

Mary Parker is quite ill of a long fever. She was first attacked with an inflammation of the bowels, and is in a critical state. Her father has just had two shocks of the palsy, and will probably not survive long. "What shadows we are!"

Dear Helen enjoys excellent health - and as for Gen. Thompson, he is active, strong and fat, "in spite of his teeth," of which he has five. He is really number one. You shall hear from me on Tuesday. Yours, lovingly, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

PAID Single. Paid.



Mr. Henry C. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.

