

Boston, Friday morning, 10, A. M.  
Dec. 11th, 1846.

Dear George:

<sup>47</sup> The Garrisonian ranks are filling up. This morning, dear Helen presented me with a new comer into this breathing world, — a daughter, — and the finest babe ever yet born in Boston! Both mother and child are doing well — as I trust you all are at home.

In haste, with loving remembrances,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

G. W. Benson.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



Paid.

PAID

George W. Benson,  
Northampton,  
Mass.

