

Brooklyn, July 14, 1835.

Dear Henry—

Remember them that are sick, as sick with them. I suppose, nay, I feel, that this is sometimes, if not habitually, a duty. Ever since my return from Fall River, I have been ailing with a kind of slow fever, induced by a superabundant quantum of bile upon the stomach. So "out of sorts" have I been, that you will see no editorial of mine in the next Liberator—not a line. Dr. Spalding thinks my liver is affected. On Tuesday, he gave me four pills to take at a single dose, which produced (abolition like) much internal agitation, bringing up a large quantity of bilious matter. Every morning, I take two large pills, which are producing their legitimate effect. At present, I feel weak, but somewhat better. My cutwork is better, and nose quite well, comparatively, though I have done nothing for either for some time past.

So, you see, I can feelingly sympathize with you in your sickness. What, when diseased, a helpless creature is man—and yet, ordinarily, how proud! The loss of health is very humbling to him, for then he is not only powerless, but absolutely dependant upon all around him. A sick-bed is a capital instructor. We must be incorrigible pupils not to get knowledge under its tuition. Bodily affliction is often needed to prevent our going astray. We are too apt to forget that we are creatures of dust, soon to be scattered to the winds of heaven. Nothing is more certain than our own mortality—and yet, with strange infatuation,

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."

It is certainly of very little consequence, in the sum total of time, and as it respects the space we fill in the world, whether we perish in early youth or at the age of three-score years and ten, except as we are busy in "doing good," in imitation of our Redeemer. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

A letter from father on Monday, and another from George yesterday, give us the pleasing information that you are getting better of your recent attack, daily, for which we desire to be thankful. We have at home felt much solitudes on your account, although we have from the first cherished the belief, that the eruptions on your body would ultimately prove beneficial — this was Dr. Spalding's opinion, decidedly. What a cordial to you must be the visit of your dear parents, especially because it was altogether unexpected! In this instance, our loss is your gain — for we miss them continually. Tell them that the whole household is safe and well, except the little ail which has affected W. L. G. Yesterday, little George was five months old, and weighed 16 lbs. and a half. His gums begin to trouble him, and Dr. S. opines that he may have teeth ere long. Eunice has just been informed that her two sons have eloped, nobody knows where — probably to some of the larger cities. Foolish boys! Great is their liability to be kidnaped — but they know it not.

Mr. May visited us last evening. He is to exchange with Mr. Farley on the Sabbath preceding the 1st of August. He has come to the conclusion not to stay in Brooklyn longer than the first of ^{September} August — his congregation will probably go to pieces, not being able to support a minister. I hope he will be brought into the anti-slavery field once, ^{more} promptly, either by the National Society or by our own. His heart is in the work, and therefore he is the more needed. He has several good calls to be settled elsewhere, and perhaps, on account of his family, he will feel it to be his duty to accept of one of them. I am sorry that he came back to Brooklyn, because it has been a serious interruption to his labors, of considerable expense to him, and only tantalizing to his feelings. How little is the reward that he reaps on earth for all his self-sacrificing, benevolent exertions! May it be great in heaven!

The friends at Fall River have written to me, saying that my visit has done great good — that they intend to observe the 1st of August, and desire Stanton, May, and myself to address them on that day. Stanton is ⁱⁿ New-York State, May is to be at Providence, and I do not dare, at present, to pledge that I will comply with their request.


Only think of it! Do you wonder that I cannot make
(editorial) bricks without straw? I have not received any news-
papers, letters, or a line of intelligence from Knapp, for the space of
three weeks! Is not such delinquency a little too bad? Do you mar-
vel that I have so much bile upon my stomach? Does he mean to
force me to return to Boston? What, upon "compulsion"? — But I
mean to return, if all is well, in all the month of August.

Wishing you perfect health of body and of soul, and de-
siring to be affectionately remembered to father and mother, and all the
dear friends, I remain,

Exhaustedly but fondly yours,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. H. E. Benson.



Single. Paid.
Henry) Paid C
C. Benson,
son & Chace,
Providence,
R. I.