

Boston, May 31, 1834.

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Dear beloved Sir:

If my admiration of your benevolent labors, and esteem for your character, were exalted before that relation was formed which now so closely unites me to you and yours; certainly, I cannot feel less respect and attachment since I gave my affections to one of your amiable children, and received hers in return. Were it not for the multitude of my engagements, nothing would delight me more than to send you an epistle as often at least as once a week; - you will not, therefore, construe my silences into indifference or neglect.

Never shall I forget the emotions which arose in my bosom, on bidding you farewell at the close of my visit in March last. Your house was then thronged with colored pupils from Miss Brandall's school, who were summoned as witnesses at Mr. Olney's trial, and who had no other place in Brooklyn "where to lay their heads," than your hospitable dwelling. They were kindly received by you all; and although in number sufficient to overwhelm a quiet family like yours, yet your dear wife and daughters were as composed as if not one of them had been present. Some families, under such circumstances, would have been thrown into utter confusion - and bustle, bustle, nothing but bustle, and running to and fro, would have been the consequence. I was forcibly struck by the quietude of spirit manifested by you all, and by that domestic order which reigned paramount; but more especially by that benevolent condescension, which is as rare as it is godlike, and that disinterested philanthropy which led you cheerfully to entertain and accommodate so many of those who

are generally treated in society as the offscouring of the earth. In riding to Providence, my thoughts constantly reverted back to the scene which I had just left, and my heart grew liquid as water. "Heavenly Father!" I inwardly ejaculated, "let thy choicest blessings fall upon the head of that very dear and venerable philanthropist, and upon his dear wife, and all their children, for thus compassionating the condition of an injured and helpless race."

I can scarcely dare hope that this letter will find you in vigorous health; but I trust it will not find you ill. My constant prayer is, that you may be spared to the cause of bleeding humanity many years to come; for an example like yours is trumpet-tongued, and pleads with the oppressors of the human race like an angel. But He whose wisdom and goodness are infinite - who has "beautifully mingled life and death" - who sees the end from the beginning - will decide as to the best period for the termination of your earthly pilgrimage. Who would live always in this miserable, sin-polluted world? O, the thought must be agony to the soul which longs to lose its earthly clogs, and be with Christ, "which is far better." I presume the grave presents no terrors to you. What is the grave? Is it the depository of the soul - the despoiler of the inward man? If so - if it annihilates that which gives motion, feeling, action to the body - then we may dread the grave. But it has no power over the soul - blessed be God that it has not! - It only receives a body of dust - a tenement of clay. In the language of an eloquent writer - "Man does not die, though the forms of popular speech thus announce his exit. He does not die. We bury, not our friend, but only the form, the vehicle, in which, for a time, our friend lived. It is the dust

only that descends to dust. The grave! - let us break its awful spell, its dread dominion. It is the place where man lays down his weakness, his infirmity, his diseases and sorrows, that he may rise up to a new and glorious life. It is the place where man ceases - in all that is frail and decaying - ceases to be man, that he may be, in glory and blessedness, an angel of light! Say, ye aged and infirm, is it the greatest of evils to die? Say, ye children of care and toil! say, afflicted and tempted! is it the greatest of evils to die?

Oh! no! Come the last hour, in God's own time! and a good life and a glorious hope shall make it welcome. Come the hour of release! - and affliction shall make it welcome. Come the hour of re-union with the loved and lost on earth! - and the passionate yearnings of affection, and the strong aspirations of faith, shall bear us to their blessed land. Come death to this body - this burdened, tempted, frail, failing, dying body! - and to the soul, come freedom, light and joy unceasing! come the immortal life! - "He that liveth," - saith the conqueror over the Devil, - "he that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

"Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft."

Henry will tell you many cheering things in regard to our great Anti Slavery Convention in this city, which has just terminated. Could you have been present, gladness would have possessed your soul. There is now hope for the poor slaves - hope for the free men of color - hope for our whole country - hope for the world.

I hope this letter will be handed to you by my much respected friend Mr. James G. Barbadoes, who is a delegate to the General Colored Convention in New York.

In great haste I remain,

Yours, with ^{much} affection and respect,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Please remember me affectionately to Mrs.
Benson and all the members of your family.

George Benson, Esq.
Brooklyn,
Connecticut.
Children of Mr. Jas. S. Barber.