

Boston, Dec. 24, 1836.

Dear Mother:

48
Probably, for the first time in your life, you have known what it is to feel solitary - alone - since your bereavement, even though surrounded by children and friends. If, by the marriage union, two indeed become one, that is, in spirit and affection, how trying must be the hour when death comes to annul that union, and by a separation to make, as it were, the one become two! The continual care, which, for so many years, the infirmities of father required and received at your hands, must make his loss more deeply felt by you, than if it had been otherwise. However, we have scarcely time to lament at the loss of deceased relatives and friends, ~~but~~ ^{before} the summons are sent to us to follow them through the dark valley of the shadow of death. There seems to be no space between time and eternity. Let us not mourn, but rejoice, even with joy unspeakable, that we are mortal - that we are permitted to die, to throw off this cumbrous load of clay, and (if reconciled to God) to be inhabitants of heaven. Jesus Christ has triumphed over death and hell, and so may we by putting him on, and walking in newness of life. It comforts me to believe, that your hope and consolation are in God. Though afflicted, you know how to be resigned; though bereaved, to be a gainer through the hopes of the gospel.

A week ago, to-day, I wrote a letter to bro. Henry; but no intelligence has been received from him, or from bro. George, or from any of you, since we left Brooklyn. That we are uneasy, on this account, you may suppose. The trust nothing adverse has taken place, though we know not how to account for the silence. As the mail leaves Brooklyn to-day, I shall expect to receive a letter to-morrow.

With us in Boston, nothing particular has occurred since I wrote bro. Henry. Helen and the babe are in good health, and I am also somewhat improved, as to my cold. I am still trying Swain's Panacea for my scrofula - this being my fourth bottle. My complaint does not trouble me, except in my ears, which still continue to discharge matter, and are internally quite sore. I shall wait till after our annual meeting in January, before I try the Thompsonian remedy. Hope bro. Henry will not wait half as long.

[The ladies of the Anti-Slavery Society held their annual fair on Thursday last, and in one day realized the handsome sum of five hundred and forty-two dollars! - Now that money is so scarce, this is almost equal to a thousand dollars in ordinary times.] The wife of Chief Justice Shaw attended, and bought a variety of articles. True, she is no better than any other woman; but then her attendance shows that our cause is by no means so odious as it once was. Every thing was conducted "decently and in order" - and no higher eulogy need be paid. The articles were various, beautiful, and useful: many of them were left unsold. Little George was presented with a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, a pair of mittens, and a very beautiful gown. Pretty well, for the young fanatic! There is really a great deal of interest felt in his welfare among anti-slavery folks of both sexes. Perhaps bro. Henry would like to know what ladies superintended the tables at the Fair. I can specify only the following: - Mrs. Child, Mrs. Chapman, Caroline and Anna Weston, Anna G. Chapman, Miss Targeant, Miss Susan Paul, Miss Winslow from Portland, the Misses Cummings, Mrs. Loring, &c.

[At the last New-England Anti-Slavery Convention, the Boston Female Society nobly agreed to raise one thousand dollars for the Massachusetts Society within a year. They have already redeemed their pledge!]

What spring-like weather we have had up to the present time! Our streets have been free of ice, and snow till last night, when it snowed one or two inches deep. To-day, it has been bright and warm, the snow has about disappeared, and the evening is mild and beautiful.

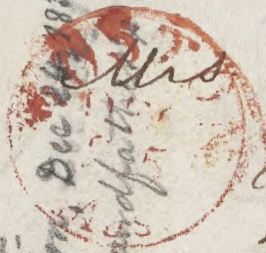
I wish Mr. Lyran, to be informed, that his letter was promptly put into the hands of Frederick, the morning after my arrival, by myself.

I intended to fill out this sheet, but as the mail closes immediately, I must close rather abruptly. Will write again soon. Dear Helen joins with me in sending much love to all as one, and to yourself in particular.

Yours, dutifully,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Waltham
Boston Dec 21 1866
On Grandfather's death.



PAID

Single Paid.

Mrs Sarah J. Benson,
Brooklyn,
Connecticut.

