

Boston, Jan. 9, 1842.
Sabbath Evening.

My dear bro. George:

80 I can find it in my heart to wish you and yours, a happy new year - meaning by that term, a year without an end - that is, perpetual felicity. But we live in a perishing world, where every thing but hope in God is evanescent; the dearest ties of life are continually sundering; we know not what a day may bring forth; and we can be happy only on condition that our entire being is swallowed up in the will of God.

I write to you now for a special and somewhat urgent purpose. Dear sister Mary lies in a condition too critical to render it justifiable to keep you in ignorance of it. Three weeks ago, this evening, she was taken with violent spasms in the stomach, from which, after trying various remedies, she could obtain no relief, except by swallowing a mixture of spirits of hartshorn and laudanum. I felt very reluctant to her using this narcotic mixture; but, as she was in great agony - as she could get relief in no other way - and as she had before tried ^{it} with great success - we could not refuse it. It soon gave her temporary relief - after which, she had a violent attack of the cholera morbus, which reduced her very low, and which was with difficulty removed. Next, she was attacked with a very hard cough, attended with loss of appetite, and

the return of her spasms. Mother and the rest of the household did all ^{that} could be done without medical aid, under such circumstances; but she grew no better. Mary did not appear to have strength or inclination to try the Thompsonian treatment, as she formerly made a pretty thorough trial of it, to no good effect. She had no desire to call in a "regular" calomel physician; and, of course, we had none. But she had, for some time, felt a growing interest in the homoeopathic mode of treatment (in which interest I also shared, to some extent) — and we all concluded to send for a homoeopathic physician, not daring any longer to assume the responsibility of the case ourselves. We therefore called in Dr. Wesselhoeft, the German doctor who is our near neighbor, — the friend and companion of Dr. Follen in Germany, — who is a most amiable and excellent man, and doubtless well understands his profession. He has been assiduous in his attentions for several days past, calling frequently by day and by night, and studying Mary's case with great vigilance and solicitude; but, up to the present hour, he has not been able to alter the aspect of her case. Some of her symptoms are better, some worse; but, on the whole, I am apprehensive that this is her last sickness, and that she is gradually wasting away. Certain it is, unless sudden and unexpected relief be obtained for her, she cannot survive much longer. Her cough, at times, is dreadful; and she has a permanent inflammation in the diaphragm which causes her great

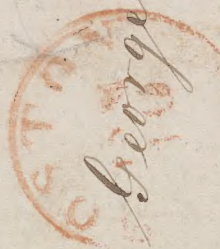
distress. Although her form is greatly emaciated, her face is swollen — probably from local nervous irritability. — She endures every thing as patiently as a lamb, although a great sufferer. I know not how this letter may find you at home; but, if it be in your power to come to Cambridgeport, let me urge you to do so without delay. It is impossible to foresee events, or accurately, to calculate chances; but I am painfully impressed with the conviction, that Mary cannot continue ^{many} days, unless something remarkable takes place in her case. All the family enter into these apprehensions, and therefore wish to see you immediately, if practicable. Perhaps if you were here, some other treatment might be given, that would have a better effect. At any rate, it will be a great consolation to Mary to see you, especially if this shall prove her last sickness. You will need no more on this point.

Sarah and Anna are both in delicate health, and have been afflicted with severe colds. Mother is pretty well, considering how much she ^{has} had thrown upon her. I have just recovered from a most violent attack of influenza, which confined me to ^{my} room for days. I took two full Thompsonian courses. Helen is in as good health, as usual — and also the children. The health of poor James does not improve, and sometimes he is very low in spirits. He would undoubtedly be speedily better, if he had some kind of employment. How is it with you and your dear family? Sending to them the affectionate regards of all at home, and hoping to see you here in a few days, I remain, as ever,

Your loving brother,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

A. B. Wendell Phillips gave a lecture on
slavery in this place, this evening, in the Town Hall,
to a crowded auditory. It was eloquently delivered
and well received. He has also just recovered
from a severe attack of the prevailing influenza.

Single. - Paid.



George W. Benson,

Northampton,

Mass.

Do not fail to give my warmest regards
to these talented and estimable friends, D. L. Child
and William Adam.

The first number of "Knapp's Liberator"
was issued yesterday. Bates, Bishop, and J. Cutts
Smith, are the principal writers. The articles are
so low and scurrilous, and exhibit so much venom,
that I shall probably take no notice of the paper
in the Liberator.