

Boston, Sept. 17, 1840.

My dear George:

63 I am in a hurry, and must write a very short letter. The long and the short of it shall be, that you must be at our non-resistance meeting next week. Let nothing, I pray you, that is surmountable, keep you away. Remember how important is the meeting, and how necessary it is that every one of us should be found in his place on that occasion. Remember, too, that I have not seen you since I crossed the Big Lake, - visited the great English Babel, London, - ascended the highlands of Scotland, - sailed across Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, - saw Rob Roy's cave where he used to hide from his pursuers, - went into Holyrood Palace, where the unfortunate Queen Mary used to reside, and where her favourite Secretary David Rizzio was murdered almost before her own eyes - &c. &c. O, but I must see you - so, come along, and bring as many non-resistants along with you as possible.

I have written a few lines to bro. James. If he can make up his mind to stay in Brooklyn during the winter, I shall be glad. His health is, probably, not sufficiently restored to make it safe for him, at present, to try a voyage at sea. He could not be in Boston, or Cambridgeport, without being in the way of strong temptation, which it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to resist. This is now not to be regarded in him as a fault, but as a misfortune. I am quite sure that James wishes to lead a virtuous and sober life; but, if he would succeed in his purpose, he must

remain awhile longer in the country. I have told him that you would counsel him as a brother, and that your interest in his welfare is equal to my own. I have told him, further, that, whatever clothing or other necessaries he might need, you and I would freely supply him with them. He told me that he wanted to be where he could be earning something, and not to feel dependant. I assured him that there was no dependance about it, and that we should not regard him as laboring under special obligation to either of us. Pray try to satisfy him on this point.

But I must stop. Let me see you next Wednesday. Love to Catharine, sisters Mary and Sarah, and kind remembrances to the Scarboroughs.

Yours, ever,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.



George W. Benson,
Brooklyn,
Conn.