

Brooklyn, April 23, 1834.

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My dear George:

You see, by the date of my letter, where I am — in the place which is now the dearest spot to me on earth. But, here at the outset, let me caution you not to expect a regular epistle. I have seized my pen merely to send you a little token of my good will and friendship; for necessity compels me to be brief, inasmuch as the bearer of this, (our good friend Rev. Thomas Williams,) leaves here immediately for Providence, via Pomfret.

This, you are aware, is "Friendship's Valley" to our excellent friend Prudence Crandall; but I need a deeper appellation — not that I esteem friendship less, but love more. Here centre all the affections of my heart; here is the object, who, of all others on the face of the earth, is the chief and the most precious to me; and here I am received in a manner too kind, and too indulgent, for one so unworthy as myself. Of course — aside from the painful consciousness that I do not deserve half of the kindnesses I am receiving — I am exquisitely happy. Dear Helen is in excellent health and spirits, and manifests a truly tender and sincere attachment for me; and the more I see and associate with her, the more closely does she entwine herself around my heart. I trust that the ardor of my affection for her is not less sincere and apparent. My pleasure is so delightful, that I am almost afraid to move, lest, perchance, I awake, and find that it is merely the illusion of a dream.

To-morrow, I shall go away sighing—probably to Norwich and Essex Ferry, from thence to New-York, and then to Philadelphia, in which city I shall tarry till a day or two before the national meeting in New-York. My anticipations are highly raised in regard to that meeting—but I know not whether I shall be able to prepare a speech for the occasion. I believe it is expected that Judge Fay, Pres. Green, Rev. Mr. Phelps, and Rev. Mr. May, will then deliver addresses. These are all strong men—good speakers—and truly respectable citizens.

I have just received my portrait as engraved by my dear friend Jocelyn, and am sorry to say that all who have seen it agree with me in the opinion that it is a total failure. I am truly surprised, that, familiar as he is with my features, he has erred so widely in his attempt to delineate them. On his own account, too, I am sorry—for he will fail to make such a sale of the picture as will remunerate him for his labor—at least, I presume this will be the fact.

— But here I must stop—abruptly.
Helen and the rest of the family send their love to you.
Your true friend and devoted brother,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.
Mr. G. W. Benson.





Mr. George W. Benson,
Providence,
R.I.

