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Freedom's Cottage,

Roxbury, August 11, 1834. }

My dear George:

Here I am perched in my snug little cottage, all up in the woods, like a bird in its nest - whistling and singing to as bright and beautiful a day as ever smiled upon the earth. I should like now to take a ramble with you around these precincts for about twenty or thirty minutes, over hedge and field, just to give you a taste of the country. Awaunt, ye brick houses, and towering domes, and noisy populace, that crowd the neighboring city! Welcome, ye verdant hills, ye teeming fields, ye majestic trees! All that man achieves is petty - is laborious - is imitative - is worthless - i. e. all that pertains to his physical efforts. All that the great Creator executes is spontaneous - original - beautiful or grand - and incomparably excellent. Here is his handiwork before me, bathed in a flood of sun-light. Here is beauty in full perfection - here is arrangement in exquisite taste - here is magnificence in regal display - and here is sublimity in all its vastness. For wherever the heavens are seen, there is seen the best specimen of sublimity.

There is a small grove of trees close by me, and the birds, by the liquid torrents of melody which they are pouring forth, seem to be aware that I have an ear for music, and am one of their admirers. I'll give them a tune to balance accounts directly, and what is lacking in quality shall be made up in quantity. My voice is more sonorous than theirs, and yet any one of their number will make himself heard with his tiny pipe much farther than I can "at the top of my lungs." What a vile contest there is between man, bird and beast, to see who will make the most noise in the world! I have done with it. Henceforth you shall hear me "roar as gently as a nightingale."

Put a truce to romance. The balloon of my imagination is much nearer the stars than was Durant's the other day, and I must let out the gas, and throw out all the ballast, if I wish to attend ^{to} any matters concerning this little patty ball called earth. Here, then, I alight.

The three boxes transmitted by you came safely to hand. They are a presage of matrimony, most indisputably. The hour for perpetrating that deed is rushing on like a young hurricane. Ten chances to one, but I shall be run over by it, before the words "Jack Robinson" can escape from my lips. However, I hail its approach with unfeigned joy, and care not how fast it speeds. Nearly all things are in readiness in the cottage: the key-stone of the arch is a wife, and dear Helen will make a capital one.

I trust events will be so ordered as to enable you to be at the wedding. You know that I have long depended upon you as my "right-hand man"—forsake me not on that occasion.

The event (*Deo volente*) is to transpire on the morning of Thursday, September 4th. You can therefore (if pinched for time) take the stage for Brooklyn on Wednesday morning, and return on Thursday.

Make my compliments to your lady. Tell her I hope to get as good a wife as she is—a better one is out of the question. I despair of making half as good a husband as she has got—but I will imitate him as closely as possible. Rely upon it, I will not be naughty or forward, but very docile and obedient. So much for matrimony.

You will have seen by the Liberator, that a grand attack by all the combined forces of colonization and slavery has lately been made upon Boston, in relation to the Maryland scheme of expatriation. They have met with a Waterloo defeat, and yet they fought pugnis et calcibus — with tooth and nails, and even horns. The Messrs. Breckinridge complained piteously of their treatment in Providence. Not a meeting-house could they obtain in that city! — Alas, "there's none so poor would do them reverence." Even in this city, it was with the utmost difficulty they could find a place in which to exhibit those young humbugs, the two "Afri-con princes" and their emancipation scheme, which is the greatest humbug ^{of all!} They could get into no churches but the Methodist — not even into Park-Street! Now let them ask, with a sneer, what have abolitionists done?

I shall go to Brooklyn via Providence, accompanied by my aunt, and by friend Knapp and his sister. We shall start on Monday morning, Sept. 1, and tarry over night in P., and on Tuesday go to B.; returning via Worcester.

I am happy to learn that your venerable father has been to P. recently, and that his health was improved by the journey. Was any thing done to effect an anti-slavery union, according to friend Brown's desire?

Can you read this very flippant scrawl? If so, you are qualified to be an editor of a work on hieroglyphics. You know, very well, that I can write better — but that for you there can be no increase of affection on the part of

Your loving friend and brother,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. G. W. Benson.



Single. - Paid.

Mr. George W. Benson,
(Firm of Benson & Chace,)

Providence,

R. I.