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Boston, Aug. 21, 1834.

My dear George:

It is midnight. The two last days have been stormy, so that the Genius of Heat has gone to other climes, and ~~that~~ that arch destroyer Cold has taken his place. To-day, Mr. Durant was to have made his second ascension, but the rain said, "Stay," and the clouds looked glum; and the excursion was postponed to Monday. It is thus that the weather keeps down body and soul. Very well: he who never ascends, will never break his neck by a fall. Besides, you know what the poet says—

"Ah! who can think how hard it is to climb?"

The battlements of the sky are not so easily scaled. To get over them, it is clear that a man must be blown up "sky high"—i. e. by gas. Having built no castles in the air,—not even a cottage,—you will not catch me rambling in the fields of Space, at the risk of being necessitated to sleep upon nothing at all. In olden times,—the good old days of witchcraft,—they used to hang people for riding in the air upon broomsticks. Ought we not to hang Durant? To be sure, a balloon is a more respectable mode of conveyance than a broomstick—but it is no worse to ride in a wagon than in a coach. Every one to his taste.

But a better object bursts at this moment upon my sight. The moon is looking down upon me with a full and fair countenance from her throne of light, and challenges my admiration, as a beautiful woman always does. I like her car infinitely better than Durant's. She will descend towards daylight, and then her husband the Sun will take a trip.

I began this, not as a letter but as a note, to be handed to you by my esteemed friend, the Rev. Mr. Frost of Oneida Institute, with whom, I presume, you are slightly acquainted. He has done our cause some service within the last two months by his lectures, and therefore deserves good treatment at the hands of abolitionists. Through his influence, many colonizationists have been sadly Frost bitten, and nothing but an abolition poultice could cure them.

In a fortnight from to-day, comes the consummation of my desires. I shall no longer herd with bachelors. A single ^{life} is indisputably an odd life; and, therefore, by taking one unto myself, I make things even. In this, I but imitate your example.

Hoyden has substituted Mrs. Phyllis for Prudence Brandall. What do you think of the transformation?

But here, dear George, I must pause —

"Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed —

The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;"

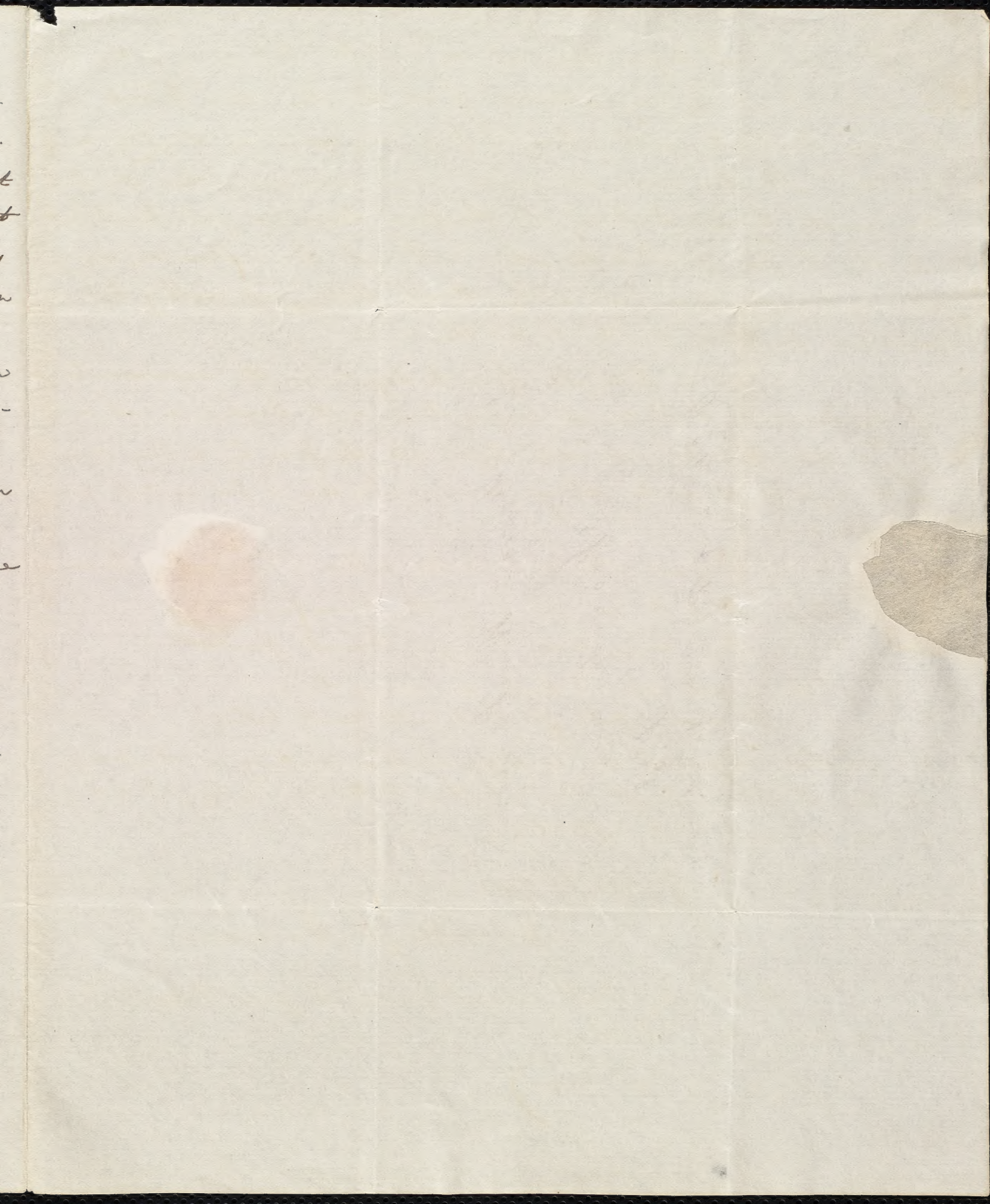
but whether vigorous or weary, whether waking or sleeping, whether standing or prone, whether late or early, I am, in all sincerity and affection,


Yours, ever,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

P. S. My best remembrances to your lady, and to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony.

Mr. G. W. Benson.





Mr. George W. Benson,

Providence,

R. I.

Politeness of Rev. John Frost.

