

Freedom's Cottage,  
Roxbury, Sept. 12, 1834. } 34

My dear George:

A year ago, I was just about half way across the Atlantic, between England and the United States, as little dreaming that I should be a married man within twelve months, as that I should occupy the chair of his holiness the Pope. At that time I knew nothing of <sup>Freedom's</sup> ~~Marshall's~~ cottage, and my acquaintance with Helen was too slight to authorize me to hope that a union for life might take place between us. [It has been the most eventful year in my history. I have been the occasion of many uproars, and a continual disturber of the public peace. As soon as I landed, I turned the city of New-York upside down. Five thousand people turned out to see me tarred and feathered, but were disappointed. There was also a small hubbub in Boston on my arrival. The excitement passed away, but invective and calumny still followed me. By dint of some industry and much persuasion, I succeeded in inducing the abolitionists in New-York to join our little band in Boston, in calling a National Convention at Philadelphia. We met - and such a body of men, for zeal, firmness, integrity, benevolence and moral greatness, the world has rarely seen in a single assembly. Inscribed upon a Declaration which it was my exalted privilege to write, their names can perish only with the knowledge of the history of our times. A National Anti-Slavery was formed, which astonished the country, by its novelty, and awed, <sup>it</sup> by its boldness. In five months its first annual meeting was held in the identical city, in which, only seven antecedent months, abolitionists were in peril of their lives! - In ability, interest and solemnity, it took precedence of all the great religious celebrations which took place at the same time. During the same month, a New-England Anti-Slavery Convention was held in Boston, and so judicious were its measures, so eloquent its appeals,

So unequivocal its resolutions, that it at once gave shape and character to the anti-slavery cause in this section of the Union. ] In the midst of all these mighty movements, I have wooed "a fair lady," and won her—have thrown aside celibacy, and jumped, body and soul, into matrimony—have sunk the character of bachelor in that of husband—have settled down into domestic quietude, and repudiated all my roving desires—and have found that which I have long been yearning to find, a home, a wife, and a beautiful retreat from a turbulent city.

Here, then, conveniently remote and protectively obscure from the great capital of our State, I am located in a cottage which I have long since ventured to designate by Freedom's appellation; for within its walls I have written much in defence of human liberty, and hope to write more. If my health should be mercifully preserved, and no unforeseen obstacles prevent, I hope to make the ensuing winter memorable for the aid I shall give to the anti-slavery cause; so that it shall be seen that matrimony, instead of hindering, rather advances my labors.

But a word as to our wedding. We did not give up the hope of seeing you present, until the last moment of delay. We knew how anxiously you desired to be there, to witness the surrendering of a beloved sister to the object of her choice; and though we yearned to see you, yet we rather commended the earnest solicitude and attentive watchfulness that kept you away. Less than an hour transpired from the assembling to the dispersing of the company—from the tying of the sacred knot to our departure from the valley. There was no precipitancy—no haste—no confusion. The dear minister's heart was deeply affected, and almost too full for clear, unembarrassed utterance. His expressions of friendship for us both were ardent and tender—his parental and social admonitions valuable and timely—his wishes for our happiness

large and multifarious. Rev. Mr. Frost was providentially with us, and manifested a lively interest in the solemn, yet joyous proceedings.

Having given our last reluctant adieu, we got into our carry-all as early as nine o'clock, and was soon out of the precincts of Brooklyn. An immense curtain of gloom for a time shrouded the sun from our view, but was soon drawn aside to usher in one of the brightest and loveliest days attendant upon the season. The ride from Brooklyn to Worcester, for wildness, beauty and splendour of scenery, was rapturous and romantic in the extreme. We reached the latter place about half past 6 o'clock in the evening. Soon after tea, my aunt and Eliza were seized with vomiting, and were quite ill during the night. In the morning, the former was nearly well, and the latter better. It began to rain as soon as we started, and it rained without abatement up to the moment of our arrival at the cottage, which was a little before dusk. Poor Eliza grew worse, and the next day required a physician, who attended her twice a day until Tuesday. She is now well, and says she loves cold water better than ever. Such a ride, at such a time, under such afflicting circumstances, was somewhat dispiriting — but being only a matrimonial episode, we all bore it very cheerfully, and looked forward to a brighter course and a fairer day.

Helen seems to be quite at home, and makes me happy with her love. She commends my taste in selecting the cottage for our residence, and so do Eliza and Abigail. We are now prepared to see our abolition friends, especially those from Providence and Brooklyn. We are anxious to hear of the safe delivery of your lady, that we may congratulate you as a father, and her as a mother, and that we may cherish <sup>the hope</sup> of seeing you shortly under our roof. Come and visit us as soon as practicable.

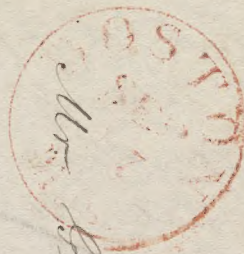
Accept my thanks for your hint respecting my trial in January, in your acceptable letter to Helen and myself. Let us make our epistolary interchanges regular and frequent. Express to your lady my lively solicitude for her safety, and believe me to be  
Ever affectionately yours,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Dear George.

Mather told me she purchased when in Providence a set of noble mats. But they were not sent on with the rest of the articles nor do I see them on the bill. I thought I would not procure another set if they <sup>were</sup> bought & left in Providence.

Will you be kind enough to ascertain for me what has become of them. I am well and perfectly happy, and remain your affectionate Sister Helen.

Eliza is very well - goes in Boston frequently. Love to sister Charlotte and Catharine.



Mr. George W. Benson  
Single - 05

PAID

Friend of Benson & Co.

Providence,

P. S.

We are anticipating much pleasure from Mr. and Mrs. May's visit next week. Henry designs to be present at public anti-slavery meeting on the last Monday evening of the present month: - hope it will be convenient for you to attend. Perhaps we shall be interrupted in our meeting, and mobbed. I choose rather to be tarred and feathered than gagged, and mean, therefore, to lift up my voice on that occasion. The sooner the question is settled, whether we are slaves or freemen, - the better. "Give me liberty, or give me death."