

Brooklyn, April 10, 1836.

My dear George:

11 As the travelling seems to be considerably improved, I shall probably make my contemplated visit to Providence on Tuesday next — i. e. if I find that I shall be able to arrive before bed-time. Shall I go to sister Charlotte's, or tarry with you? Which is your preference? If decision be made in your favor, let me know by Monday's mail the number of your residence, name of the street, &c. But let me not be a burden to you in your new quarters. If business will require your absence, I can postpone my visit one week, without any inconvenience.

Bro. Henry still continues ill, although he is somewhat better to-day. He has scarcely any appetite, has frequently a severe pain in the breast, is troubled with a hard cough, suffers from urinary secretions, and has lost much flesh. His medicines do not seem to produce their legitimate effect. On the whole, he is in a precarious state of health, but we still hope for the best. It was a fortunate circumstance that I went to Boston, and succeeded in persuading him to return with me to Brooklyn. Here he has no lack of attention, and is surrounded by those who are dearest to him of all the world beside. Dr. Whitcomb, I believe, does not consider his situation as very dangerous.

Mother's health is somewhat improved, although she is still feeble, and will do what she ought not to do in household affairs. The girls are somewhat "tired out" with toil, and hope you will soon be successful in your inquiries after "help."

Charles Burleigh made me a visit a few days since. He has been lecturing somewhat industriously, having had a sufficient amount of opposition and disturbance to prove the universality of the pro-slavery spirit, and the genuineness of his abolitionism. He left us to deliver a lecture in Elder Bullard's meeting-house in Hampton, and has several invitations elsewhere. The soil of Connecticut is somewhat rocky, but when it is once broken up, and the seed well sown, a good harvest is generally the reward.

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The box of goods which you forwarded has just been received and opened. Helen and myself feel under great obligations to you and sister Charlotte for your prompt and kind attentions. Little George shall thank you when he is big enough. He is "doing finely." Is that the opposite of doing coarsely?

In your note to Henry, you express a hope that I will postpone my visit to P. until week after next, so that I may address the ladies' meeting. Pray, excuse me, and look up some other orator. I am as barren of ideas as the trees are of fruit. You know that I always speak in public with reluctance, especially if my remarks be ^{not} written down — and to read is a slavish mode of speaking, if speaking it can be called. It is so long since I made an address, that I have quite forgotten how. Where is the meeting to be held? I am rather desirous to make my visit on Tuesday next, as I shall probably start the last of this month for Philadelphia, and I wish to have a little interim in Brooklyn between the two visits. I hope to hear from you by Monday's mail.

Henry desires me to give his love to you and Catharina, and to say, that he keeps to his bed 16 hours out of the 24, that he is getting no better fast, that a large plaster which is on his breast is beginning to bite him like a mad horse, but he does not think it will end in hydrophobia, &c. &c.

Political abolitionists are now placed in an awkward predicament. What an outrageous letter Martin Van Buren has written to certain political rascals in North Carolina, respecting slavery in the District of Columbia! No consistent abolitionist can now vote for him. It seems that our alternative must now be between Webster or Harrison. I should prefer the former. Van Buren, you will observe, covers the Society of Friends with the slime of his panegyric, and draws a broad line of distinction between them and the abolitionists. Why? Simply, because the Friends in North Carolina are numerous, and their votes are wanted to turn the scales in favor of the magician.

You will see by my paging, that my head is all confusion — and yet you want me to address the ladies!

Mr. Carter burnt over a small portion of the meadow, i. e. all the brush, yesterday. It is not dry enough yet for a general conflagration. To-day the weather had a rainy aspect.

We have already procured between 30 and 40 names to the Call for the N. E. Convention, in this village. I hope pains will be taken in R. I. to procure a large number of signers.

Yesterday I sent a letter to A. T. Judson, enclosing a petition from this town, praying for the abolition of slavery in the D. of C. It had 45 signatures.

Rev. Mr. Tillotson gave a pretty good anti-slavery discourse to his people on Fast Day.

Upwards of 40 heads of families have joined the Willimantic A. S. Society. So much for mobbing bro. Phelps.

Edward Spalding's wife has been delivered of a ~~boy~~ boy. Nothing but boys now-a-days!

Holbrook gives notice in the Aurora, that Mr. Garrison has a son, whom he calls George Thompson. He advises Mr. G. to call his next son Benedict Arnold. Burleigh remarked upon reading this suggestion, that, to reach the climax of infamy, Holbrook ought to have said — "call his name James Holbrook."

Yours, ever,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. G. W. Benson.

Brooklyn Ct
April 9

Single. — Paid. 6

Mr. George W. Benson,

Providence,

R. I.