

Boston, May 20, 1834.

My sweet Friend:

I have been at home exactly six days, and yet — to say nothing of other labors — I have written seventeen letters since my return, several of them very long and elaborate, and am now commencing my eighteenth. Do you wonder that I grow weary of the pen? But I seize <sup>it</sup> with delight to write to one whom I esteem and admire <sup>so much</sup> as yourself. Indeed, your epistle, sent to me at New York, is so affectionate in its spirit, and so choice in its composition, that you deserve from me, in return, a whole ream of letters. These you should have, if my avocations would permit. It is with extreme difficulty I can send you even this hasty scrawl.

You tenderly allude to "the tie which in prospect is to unite us in a nearer connexion with each other." My dear Anna, I will not wait until Helen and myself shall have gone through the forms of law, to regard you as a sister. The weight of your friendship overpowers me. The language which you use is as sweet as the tones of a harp to my ears. I am glad that you can thus freely communicate the sentiments of your heart through an epistolary medium; and I hope, when I visit Brooklyn again, that you will entirely lose that diffidence of mind, which, in direct opposition to your feelings, has hitherto awed you into silence. You must recollect that I am, essentially, your affectionate brother. Talk to me, then, as freely as you do to Henry or Helen. Why should you shrink or hesitate? Is there — has there been, any thing bold or repulsive in my manner? I confess, your diffidence has made me somewhat diffident. Let us both endeavor to be more voluble at our next interview.

Pure, disinterested friendship, in this jarring world, is as rare as the gold of Ophir. Why is it so? The inimitable Young solves the enigma thus:

" ——— Pride repress! nor hope to find  
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee:  
All like the purchaser; few the price will pay;  
And this makes friends such miracles below."

My list of bosom friends is not a long one, but the names recorded upon it are very precious to my heart. The circle of friendship is necessarily a charmed one, within which none may hope to enter whose happiness is not enlarged by the happiness of others. There are few, indeed, with whom we may commune unreservedly; and wherever they are found, they are above all price.

But, alas! the ties which bind us together on earth are almost as frail as the flowers of the field. Alas, too, that every cup of human bliss has its alloy! My soul leaps at the prospect of its being ultimately released from its brittle tenement of clay, and the body itself contemplates its final dissolution with delight. I am willing patiently to wait "all the days of my appointed time," until my Master in heaven deem my services below no longer needed. Soul-entrancing is the thought of heaven! What peace, and joy, and safety, and love, reign there!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

x      x      x      x

He who holds a large share of my love stands before me — my noble, generous, gentle Samuel J. May! Pleasant is the sight of his countenance to my soul — charming the tones of his voice to my ear. He proffers me a letter from the beloved one — Helen, dear Helen; and in her name imprints upon my lips a tender kiss. Sadness has been resting like a cloud upon my spirits, ever since I left Brooklyn; but the sunshine of joy now bursts forth, and I am as happy as a freed bird. Say to my chosen one that her favor is a cordial to my heart; that my cold is almost wholly subdued; and that all she discloses in

regard to the pang of a separation has been keenly felt in my breast. She says — "It was not my intention to write you till next week Tuesday — but Anna said I must." Ten thousand thanks, dear friend, for urging her thus to send me an early epistle. Had I not received one at the hands of Mr. May, I should have been heart-sick. How could my precious Jo. think of delaying so long? And yet I am too unreasonable. It is only a week since I was in Brooklyn. Ah! there is nothing so impatient, nothing so craving, nothing so hard to control as love! And well may I yearn to be once more by the side of her who is so dear to my heart, and surrounded by those who, next to her, are uppermost in my affections. To leave you all was almost <sup>like</sup> tearing out the fibres of my soul. Many a sigh shall I heave until I stand again in your midst. When will that be? I hope sometime in June; and yet I fear I shall not be able to make my contemplated arrangement with Capt. Stuart. Should he visit Brooklyn, you will receive him as if he were myself; and urge him, I pray you, to take charge of the Liberator awhile, that I may visit you shortly, and make my tour to Philadelphia and other places.

I am sorry, dear Anna, that haste compels me to send you so dull and incoherent a letter; but it may prove acceptable, nevertheless. I am sure I shall do better on another occasion. Although I am now deeply in your debt, yet I should be extremely happy to receive another epistle from you. Beseech my esteemed friend Sarah to bestow a similar favor upon me.

In giving my high regards to your father and mother, use for me the most fervent language of a grateful heart. Henry shares largely in my remembrance. If Helen has my heart, what can I send to her? All that is precious in sacred friendship is transmitted for you by

Yours, affectionately, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

40 Miss Anna C. Benson.

Single. - Paid.



PAID

Miss Anna E. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.