

Freedom's Cottage,  
Roxbury, Sept. 7, 1834. }

Dear Anna:

But two days have passed since our return to the cottage, and yet we are settled down with as much quietude and intimacy, as if this had always been "home, sweet home," to us.

Our journey was made up of incidents, both bright and sombre, amusing and grave, accidental and natural. From Brooklyn to Worcester, we were blessed with as beautiful weather as man ever enjoys. The monarch of Day threw aside his unbecomingly robes of mist at an early hour, and put on a regal vestment becoming one whose sway is universal. Scenes of exquisite beauty, far surpassing all that we have in Roxbury, constantly burst upon our view, ~~and~~ presenting and blending the wildly grand and softly picturesque. It was a time of high romance to Nature and to us. Could we be otherwise than happy? At least, what emotions but these of joy and rapture could find a place in my bosom? She, for whose society I had so long sighed, with whom I had so long wished to be united, and upon whom my affections had so long rested, was by my side, not as a promised bride but as a wife indeed! We were journeying to a place and residence where we should see each other's person, and hear each other's voice, from earliest dawn to deepest night, from week to week, and from month to month, as long as a kind Providence should permit us to be together.

We arrived at Worcester about 6 o'clock in the evening. Aunt Charlotte was taken sick, with vomiting, soon after, but recovered during the night. Our dear friend Eliza was seized in a similar manner, but more violently. We were enabled to start for Boston in the morning, Eliza still continuing ill, but wishing not to tarry by the way. It rained steadily throughout the day, and we all got more or less wet, to the injury of some of our clothes, and not at all to the advancement of our health. Between Oxford and Worcester, I lost a bundle containing my coat, pantalions and vest, with sundry manuscripts, and shall probably

not recover it again. At Worcester, I left the whip that Henry gave to me — that I shall recover. One of our horses lost a shoe, and injured his foot, and both of them were much affected by the journey. Nevertheless, in despite of the difficulties and discouragements that attended us, arising from the storm, bad roads, lazy horses, &c. &c. we arrived in Roxbury on Friday evening, at half past 6 o'clock. Every thing was gloomy enough; but we had so much to attend to within doors, that we took little notice of what was transacting without. Yesterday, however, was a most brilliant day, and every thing looked charmingly. Dear Helen is much pleased with the cottage, and seems perfectly happy — that is to say, as happy as I am at this moment. Eliza has been attended by Dr. Winsor, and is now doing well.

Yesterday, Mr. Gray and Mrs. Cady called to see us in our little retreat — but they will go you the particulars of their visit.

I meant to have sent you a long epistle, but am obliged to close, abruptly and unexpectedly. You shall hear from us regularly. Come and see us soon. My best love to those whom I may now call father, mother, brother, and sisters — not forgetting Mary Burnett and Eunice, Mr. and Mrs. May.

In the midst of much happiness, I remain,  
as ever,  
Your loving brother,

Miss Anna E. Benson.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

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Miss Anna C. Benson,  
Brooklyn, Ct.

Care of Mr. J. Gray, No. 2, Cam-  
bridge St.