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Brooklyn, Oct. 26, 1835.

My dear brother-in-law:

Henry has just finished the perusal of your truly interesting letter of yesterday, giving all the information that we have yet received, respecting the tumultuous proceedings at Utica. I am ready to leap joyfully into the air, on learning that our abolition brethren in the State of New-York, to the number of four hundred, went with christian manliness to Utica, willing to encounter every peril rather than be driven from their high and holy purpose. What is the fear of man in competition with the fear of God? Yea, what is brute violence in opposition to the might and majesty of a regenerated soul? "Why do the heathen rage?" "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."

Accept a brother's gratitude for your consoling letter of Friday last, and for your swift visit to Boston, that you might minister to me in my necessities. Your disappointment in passing me on the road is the measure of my own; but perhaps it was better that you should miss me, seeing you was enabled to give some timely advice to our friends in Boston, and to make some important arrangements for the publication of the last Liberator. We arrived safely under the paternal roof in Brooklyn, and were received joyfully with tears by all the household. Helen is well and in good spirits; and as for myself, I am as sound in body, and as cheerful in mind, as at any time of my life.

It were needless for me to detail the dastardly and riotous proceedings of Wednesday afternoon last in Boston, because you undoubtedly ~~have~~ received correct information respecting them - not from the Boston papers, for they garble and embellish, but from our friends Burleigh, Whittier, and others. Suffice it to say, that my life was almost miraculously saved; that, imminent as I felt the peril to be, my mind was placid and undisturbed throughout the trying scene; that my faith in the promises of God was as steadfast as his throne; that the prospect of a violent and dreadful end failed to excite within me one emotion of fear; and that I reposed as calmly in my prison-cell as if no uproar had happened, excepting an occasional throbb of anxiety in regard to my dear wife.

Here I must abruptly stop - for Mr. Taylor is at the door. I have not had a syllable of intelligence from Boston. Adieu to-morrow.

Yours, with unquenchable love,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.



Isaac Fisk
South Situate
B.V.
came in the
name of A.M.
Robinson Fall
over