

Brooklyn, Sept. 4, 1835.

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My dear George:

This is a joyful day to me - for it is the anniversary of my marriage. A year ago, this morning, witnessed a solemn union of hands on the part of your dear Helen and myself: our hearts had been previously united. That year has sped its flight like an arrow; but its rapidity has not exceeded its bliss. My anticipations have been fully realized, and I have nothing to regret but my own unworthiness. In Helen I have found a loving, attentive and obedient wife - a pleasant and desirable companion - and a most disinterested and pure-minded creature. I am happy in believing, that she is not dissatisfied with her choice; that the seasons have rolled away not less pleasantly to her than to myself; that she loves me as deeply as one human being ought to love another; that, come weal or woe, applause or condemnation, preferment or persecution, she is ready to take her lot cheerfully with mine; and that she finds a state of wedlock -

" ——— the highest bliss

Of Paradise, that has survived the fall."

I did not marry her, expecting that she would assume a prominent station in the anti-slavery cause, but for domestic quietude and happiness. So completely absorbed am I in that cause, that it was undoubtedly wise in me to select as a partner one who, while her benevolent feelings were in unison with mine, was less immediately and entirely connected with it. I knew she was naturally diffident, and distrustful of her own ability to do all that her ^{heart} might prompt. She is one of those who prefer to toil unseen - to give by stealth - and to sacrifice in seclusion. By her unwearied attentions to my wants, her sympathetic regards, her perfect equanimity of mind, and her sweet and endearing manners, she is no trifling support to abolitionism, inasmuch as she lightens my labors, and enables me to find exquisite delight in the family circle, as an offset to public adversity. Long may we travel the journey of life together! and may Heaven at last be our eternal dwelling-place!

These things it is proper I should say to you - especially after the experiment of a year. I am sure they will give you pleasure, although they cannot be unexpected to you; for you have known Helen from her infancy, and always duly estimated her worth. She too loves you, if possible, with a more than sisterly attachment.

How wise, how benevolent, how invaluable, is the institution of marriage! Nature rejoices in it; purity closely allies itself to it; innocence beautifies it; joy attends it; and love crowns it. Break it down by violence or corruption, and the nations will be come as Sodom and Gomorrah. It shuts the floodgates of pollution; it opens a fountain of virtue; it legitimates, preserves and dignifies its offspring. How endearing are its relations, how strong its ties, how sacred its obligations, how vast its responsibilities! What faithful husband can think, for one moment, of having the object of his love torn from his arms by the might of oppression, and not feel indignation and horror swelling like a swift inundation in his bosom? What affectionate wife can imagine the sale of her beloved partner at auction, as a beast is sold, without shuddering as if smitten by the icy hand of death? What obedient child can view a violent separation from his parents, - a separation as perpetual as it is violent, - without execrating the spoilers? In this mirror, my dear George, how is the terrific image of the monster Slavery reflected! Should we not hate him with a fierce and bitter hatred! Can we be too earnest for his destruction? Is he a docile creature, that we should cherish him? Oh, my Lord, I thank thee that I am called, by thy good spirit, to wage a war of extermination against the dragon! Inflammeth thou my zeal yet more intensely - nerve thou my arm with augmented vigor - exalt my courage still higher by the aid of thine omnipotence! Violated chastity calls to the rescue; insulted honor demands redress; bleeding humanity shrieks for deliverance; manacled innocence invokes retribution! A cry is out upon the winds - it comes from a heart-broken mother just robbed of her sucking babe! A groan disturbs my midnight repose - it is the dying appeal of a lacerated, guiltless brother! A clank of chains sounds in my ear - it comes from the dungeon of oppression erected on a free soil! A peal of thunder shakes the land - it is the voice of God, saying - "Vengeance is mine! I will repay!"

Your last letter - just received - is better than a lump of pure gold; it cheers and strengthens me, which gold can never do for its own sake. Tell my abolition brethren that I fully ~~propose~~ ^{intend} to return to Boston via Providence, for the purpose of communing with them. Their steadfastness is a proof that God is their hope and strength. There are many professed disciples of Christ, who, when zephyrs blow and the sun shines pleasantly, can boldly sing -

"Though earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd -
Still, I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world!"

But let the light of heaven be eclipsed however slightly - let the wind begin to blow and the storm to rage, and you will find them, instead of being willing to "face a frowning world," actually ~~afraid~~ to face a D. D., or even the most cowardly wretch that preys upon his fellow-man! How many there are, who mock God and deny Christ in this shameless manner! This storm of persecution will sift us all, and remove from our course the chaff that may have accumulated with the wheat. The fire which the emissaries and servants of the devil are kindling, will only consume the hay, wood and stubble - it cannot hurt that which is indestructible - thanks to the God of righteousness!

You are correct - those religious persons and papers that denounce our brother George Thompson as a foreigner, are virtually rebuking every foreign missionary who has been sent from our shores to evangelize a rebellious world; and they will find, ere long, that infidelity will meet and vanquish them with their own weapons. How evident it is that the love of God dwells not in their heart - that they do not really regard all mankind as their brethren - and that they belong in spirit to the ancient Pharisees!

I am not prepared fully to decide as to the expediency of calling a National Convention, but am rather inclined to think it inexpedient. Before the feverish excitement that now reigns in the public mind will have subsided, winter will be upon us. Such a Convention will not answer any good purpose now - and winter is too rugged a season in which to collect a large national meeting at any central point. Perhaps we had better work quietly, but industriously, until spring - but I am not sure.

To be often in your care, and the packages by private conveyance.

How imminent is the danger that hovers about the persons of our friends George Thompson and Arthur Tappan! Rewards for the seizure of the latter are multiplying - in one place they offer three thousand dollars for his ears - a purse has been made up, publicly, of \$20,000, in New-Orleans, for his person! - I, too, - I desire to bless God, - am involved in almost equal peril. I have just received a letter written evidently by a friendly hand, in which I am apprised that "my life is sought after, and a reward of \$20,000 has been offered for my head by six Mississippians." He says - "Beware of the assassin! May God protect you!" and signs himself "A Marylander, and a resident of Philadelphia."

Beverly Mass
Sept 5

Paul G

Mr. George W. Benson,

Trim of Benson & Coles,

Providence,

R. I.

I fear that the times are too stormy for the Warren Baptist Association to march boldly up to the line of duty.

Brother Stanton's success is animating information - and so is your proposal to organize a State Society in November.

Write as often as you can to father, for he watches the mail with astonishing interest, and is delighted to receive even but a hasty scrawl.

Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony, my dear friends the Chasas, Mr. Prentiss, &c.

Yours, in all truth and love, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.