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Brooklyn, Nov. 30, 1835.

My dear George:

Two bouncing hegs have been summarily lynched to-day, by Heens and another man, and to-night they are to be sent to Providence, to be sold to and eaten by the "wealthy and respectable" mobocrats, if any such are to be found in your city. Grahamites and Jews vote them an abomination.

The bundle I forwarded to you on Saturday by the driver, I presume arrived safely, although your letter of yesterday, which we have just received, makes no mention of it—and probably it had not then been put into your hands.

All that I have received from Boston since I left, have been two small packages of newspapers through the Post Office. Henry is absent; and brother Knapp, you know, resembles me very closely in his habits of procrastination.— Indeed, I think he is rather worse than I am, in this respect. Where is my box of books—where my carpet—what he was to forward to your care without delay? Echo answers—Where? I presume they are just where I left them—viz. at 23, Brighton-street, Boston.

To-day we have had a slight fall of snow, but the atmosphere looks heavy, as if it had some snow-drifts yet in reserve. Slights run easily—but there is not enough snow to authorize heavy teams to go upon runners. Although winter has begun somewhat early, I do not think we shall have so cold a one as we had last year.

The Liberator gets along tolerably well during my absence; but the proof-sheet is not read so critically as I could desire. Typographical blunders meet my eye rather too frequently. But it is a blundering world.

You see, some of us have got into a controversy about the conduct of the Boston Mayor, during the late riot by "men of property and standing from all parts of the city." That he erred, all agree; that he erred maliciously, I do not believe; that he erred through a lack of firmness, and a deference to the respectability of the mob, is evident. It is urged in his defence, that he was stripped of all power - that he could not have commanded any force, &c.; but this is a mere assumption. One thing is certain - he was bound to read the Riot Act, and to call for support, even if he could not obtain it - but he did not do it. However, I like to see this difference of sentiment respecting his conduct manfully expressed on the part of abolitionists, in a manner and with a freedom becoming independent men.

Accompanying this, is an excellently written epistle, both as to its composition and its penmanship, from Rachel Robinson, wife of Rowland T. Robinson of Ferrisburgh, Vt. Your father feels desirous that sister Mary and friend Brown, in particular, should peruse it. It is written in a delicate, tender, yet decisive spirit, and evinces a high degree of conscientiousness. Not a particle of the productions of slave labor, whether it be rice, sugar, coffee, cotton, molasses, tobacco or flour, ^{is used in her family,} and thus her practice corresponds admirably with her doctrine. But I cannot say that I have as yet arrived at clear satisfaction upon this point, so as to be able to meet the difficulties that cluster in our path.

Mr. Sabin has started the rumor that the Liberator is to be printed in this village! and considerable oppugnation has been manifested, it is said, on the part of the "friends of the Constitution." They will not have it here - not they! This is very amusing, and serves to lessen the amount of melancholy in our sombre world. Think, you, the dignity and self-importance of little villages are behind those of great cities? I tell you, nay. Did not Canterbury take the lead? And did not New-York, Philadelphia and Boston, obsequiously follow?

You must not calculate upon my being present at your State Convention in February. A crisis comes at or about that time to me and mine, which is of too much importance to allow me to be absent. It relates, you know, to a question of domestic emancipation - and let the south interfere, if it dares! Be busy, my friend, thus early, in securing good speakers at your meeting; and see to it that upon your committees are placed the most substantial men.

We are still blessed with health and happiness at home. O, that our gratitude may keep pace with the good gifts of our bountiful Benefactor! We deserve no favors at his hands, and yet we are crowned with them continually!

Give tokens of our love to your dear wife and little one. We are glad to hear of Anna's progress. She will soon be a woman, and we old men, almost before we can dream of a change. But, no matter - time in his progress shall but increase and strengthen the affectionate regard of

Your admiring brother,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

N. B. An engraving of my portrait, by Torrey, will be made as soon as he sees any chance of disposing of copies enough to warrant the expense. It will be skilfully done - price \$1 a copy to subscribers - \$1,50 to others. Would any of the friends in Providence like to procure it? It will be accompanied with certificates from May, Whittier, Knapp, &c. as to its accuracy.

George W. Gordon,

Providence,

P. S.