

New-York, May 11, 1835. 61

My dear Wife -

Well - after all, we had a pleasant, safe and speedy passage to this city. There were so many abolitionists on board of the steam-boat, from various quarters, that we bore down all opposition, and not a single antagonist ventured to mutter, although a few had the curiosity to peep. We arrived in the morning as early as 3 o'clock, but did not land until about half past ⁵, being determined to tarry the whole night comfortably in the land of Nod. One of our brethren, Rev. Mr. Adams of Brunswick, Me., one waking up, found himself in as uncomfortable a predicament as I did a few weeks since at Norwich. On looking for his trunk, lo, it had been carefully removed, whether no one could tell, but in all probability to Philadelphia. There is every reason to believe it was stolen, and therefore there is little hope of its recovery. Being a good man, he bears his loss quite philosophically; but, to be deprived of all clothing at this time, in the midst of so many anniversaries, when one must have more regard than usual to external appearances, is a severe trial of patience and resignation.

I am stopping at a fine hotel, (on the English plan,) directly opposite the Park, in the very heart of the city. Every steam-boat, whether it comes from the east, or west, or north, or south, is freighted with "fanaticism" and "treason." The tide of holy sympathy and love is rolling in like an ocean, and a thousand hearts are leaping for joy as they are borne along upon the "sweet deluge," as Watts would call it. It will unquestionably be the strongest array of intellectual vigor and moral strength ever brought together in this country. The spirit of God seems to dwell richly with abolitionists.

Mr. Birney, the emancipated and emancipator, beloved and cherished so extensively, is here, "the observed of all observers." I have already had considerable conversation with him, and am well pleased with his spirit and intelligence. He means to visit Providence and Boston - so, my dear, I hope you will have the pleasure of an introduction to him, and of hearing him plead the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

Every thing here is remarkably quiet - that is to say, there is no sign or token of opposition to our cause. The newspapers are dumb - and when "no voice or hideous hum" comes forth from these oracles, it is difficult to get up an excitement. This state of things is marvellously different from that which presented itself a few months ago in this city.

Yesterday, Mr. Thompson preached before a colored congregation - Mr. Birney being present. In the evening, Beniah Green preached at the same place with great acceptance, from the text, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

Henry looks well and happy. He has had a pleasant journey up the North River, and is very much pleased with Albany. He hopes soon to be in Brooklyn and Providence, but whether he will be able to return with me is uncertain - probably he will not. He has not yet fully determined about locating himself in Boston.

The colonizationists are to have a public meeting on Wednesday evening, when there will be plenty of hot shot thrown at us, as I understand they are preparing to give us a whole broadside. As we are immortal and invulnerable, they can neither kill nor wound us.

You may well suppose that my soul is full of joy and peace at this juncture. It is affecting and renovating to the mind, to see so much disinterestedness, so much well-tempered zeal, so much holy courage, so much attachment for truth, so much undissembled piety, and so much brotherly kindness and charity. — God is honored supremely in all our hearts — the spirit of prayer is poured out from ^{our} inmost souls — the poor, the despised and the down-trodden are remembered and defended — and every thing is sanctified and made precious.

With so many high responsibilities resting upon us — exerting so powerful an influence as we do upon this nation — and about planning and devising ways and means for the speedy redemption of a great multitude of captives — we need the wisdom that is from above — to examine carefully the motives that actuate us — to have a clear moral vision — to have believing and prayerful spirits — and to be strengthened and proffered by the petitions to heaven of those who are connected with us. Remember me in your private supplications, and remember us all.

I hope to be with you by Saturday evening. I feel anxious to learn your state of health, as I left you somewhat enfeebled in body. Professors of my love are needless. "Actions speak louder than words," and these, I trust, have never been equivocal or cold. — We bear resignedly a brief separation here, if we can hope to be eternally together in bliss hereafter.

Proffer all the respect, veneration and affection of my soul to father and mother, and much love to dear Mary, Anne and Sarah, and esteem to all the rest of the household. In good health I remain,

Yours, indissolubly and happily,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

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Single. — Paid.

Mrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.

