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Boston, May 1, 1858.

My dear Johnson:

Your letter, containing a check for \$15, to pay for the bust, and its transportation to New York; was received yesterday; and it gave me real pleasure to be able to put the money into the hands of Mr. Jackson, the artist,

because I know how straitened he is in his pecuniary affairs, having received no encouragement at all proportionate to his merits—confirming the old declaration, "A prophet hath no honor in

his own country," he being
a Boston mechanic, orig-
inally, and so the
aristocracy are bound to
ignore his claims. He
is trying to get to Rome
and Florence, where he
ought to be, and where
he moved unquestionably
will be known as a sculptor.

It was wholly for his
sake that I ventured (though
with great reluctance, and
only because I was sure
you would appreciate the
motives) to make the sugges-
tion to you about the bust;
for the bust being a personal
matter, I cannot properly do
anything about it - whereas,
in the case of Wendell Phillips,

I could readily exert myself both to procure the means to have his bust put into marble, and to multiply copies of the plaster cast.

The bust will be sent to you in all next week, only the original cast having yet been taken, it being necessary that the mould should be first thoroughly dried before taking additional copies. How it will strike you as a likeness, remains to be seen; but there are very conflicting opinions about it among the friends here, as usual in regard to such matter. It is astonishing how differently the same object strikes different persons, who

are equally well acquainted
with the original, of which
that is intended to be a
similitude. Thus, friend
Wallcut thinks he should
hardly recognize the bust, in
a promiscuous group; while
Henry C. Wright pronounces it
to be admirable in all respects
— the best likeness that has
ever been taken of me, or
probably ever will be. On
the whole, the friends generally
are very well satisfied with
it. Helen likes it much
better than she anticipated,
and I think well of it,
as far as I can judge of my
own face. One thing is certain,
for some reason or other,
I have one of the most difficult
faces in the world to take,

(owing, probably, to its Changeableness of expression,) all artists, ~~all artists~~, at home and abroad, having failed to get a likeness generally satisfactory to my personal friends.

Out of a hundred daguerrestypes that have been taken of me, not one is worth looking at a second time. The failure is absolute, whether it be Brady, in your City, or Southwick or Whipple, here. Jackson acknowledges that he has never had one sit to him, whose living expression it has been so difficult to catch, as in my own case; nor has he ever had one sit to him so many times, or for whom he has exerted himself

so laboriously to achieve
success. Besides, there is
an inherent difficulty with
which he has had to contend,
and which it is not possible
for even genius to surmount,
in making a bust of me.

My spectacles are a part
of my face - few even see
me for a moment without
them - and they greatly modify
the appearance of my eyes,
and my general expression
of countenance. In fact,
when I lay them aside, I
am almost another man.

Now, no bust is ever provided
with spectacles; consequently,
whoever looks at mine will
see me under conditions
perhaps never before contemplated,

and so will naturally fail to see a striking likeness, as in the case of Phillips, which I think can never be excelled.

Jackson has seen me long, and scanned my face more minutely, without my glasses, than any other person, except my own wife; and if, after all, he has not achieved what my friends have so long desired to see, I am satisfied that none will ever be able to get a striking and satisfactory likeness of me while in the body.

The front view of a bust is generally the least satisfactory - (as it is in Phillips's.) A profile or two-thirds view is best. Mine, all concede,

is much the best as seen
standing on the right side
of it, a little distance off;
and if you can place it
in the office in that position
on a bracket, it will be
the best disposal you can
make of it. But please
critically examine, and judge
for yourself; and if you
can say anything about
it, that may encourage the
artist, (you remember his
masterly likeness of Dr. Beecher
Blagden, &c., and he has since
taken a capital one of
Longfellow,) I shall be
glad, and will copy it into
the Liberator for his benefit.

Pardon me for dwelling
so minutely on this matter,

for you know it is not often
I "get upon a bust."

I heartily thank you for
your characteristic kindness
in procuring the means to
purchase, for the office,
a copy of the bust, and
also everyone who contributed
to make up the fifteen
dollars. It may be an
object of curiosity to strangers
to look at it, even though
the "horns" are missing.

I am very sorry to hear
of the illness of Victoria
Knight, and trust it
will not be "unto death".

Mitchell Springton has
just lost, by measles and
scarlatina, a fine little
boy, three and a half years

old, who is to be buried
this day. It is a sad
affliction.

I am glad to learn
that Theodore Parker is to
be with you at your
next Progressive Friends'
meeting. Certainly, if he
wishes me to speak in
Music Hall, during his
absence, I will cheerfully
do so. But, as yet, he
has said nothing to me on
the subject.

Are we to have a social
meeting on Monday evening,
prior to the anniversary, at
your office? If so, I will
go down to it, before going
to my friend, John Hopper's,

where I am to make my
headquarters, as usual —
through the Mills, from
Belfast, have kindly invited
me to stay with them.
After the Woman's Rights
meeting, I may go to Staten
Island, and accept a renewed
invitation from Mrs. Shaw,
and remain over Sunday.

Parker Pillsbury's daughter
has been fearfully ill, but
I believe she is now out
of danger.

My own health is
better, but I am daily
affected by my spinal
difficulty. Helen and
the children are well.

We all send loving regards
to Mary Ann and yourself
Every yours,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.