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 BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

Beacon Street.

Boston Courier - May 24th 1830

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William L. Garrison. It is generally known that

this young gentleman has been recently convicted of a libel in Baltimore City Court, and fined fifty dollars, for the non-payment of which he is now in prison in a gaol of that city. Mr Garrison is a powerful writer, and has gained considerable celebrity as the editor, first of a weekly political journal at Newburyport, afterwards as the editor of the National Philanthropist, in Boston, - then of the Journal of the Times at Bennington - and lastly from his connexion with the Genius of Universal Emancipation at Baltimore. Whatever the calculating and cold-hearted may think of his prudence as exhibited in his efforts in the cause of Temperance and the abolition of Slavery, we think that even they will give him credit for high and honorable motives, and feel a touch of sympathy for his fate. A day or two since we received a letter from Mr Garrison, enclosing the annexed Card, with a request that it might be inserted in the Courier, and the Sonnet which follows, with its prefatory remarks. We take the liberty of prefixing two paragraphs from his private letter, which show, even more happily than the other, the complacency and ^{serenity} ~~modesty~~ of his mind, and will teach his opponents a good lesson in the art of enduring misfortune.

Baltimore, May 12, 1830

Dear Sir, I salute you from the walls of my prison!

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so weak is poor human nature, that, commonly, the larger the building it occupies, the more it is puffed up with inordinate pride. I assure you, that, notwithstanding the massive dimensions of this superstructure - its imperishable strength, its redundant passages, its multitudinous apartments, - I am as humble as any occupant of a ten-foot building in our great Babel; - which frame of mind, my friends must acknowledge, is very commendable. It is true, I am not the owner of this huge pile, nor the grave lord-keeper of it; but then, I pay no rent, - am bound to make no repairs - and enjoy the luxury of independence divested of its cares. xxxxx

Now, don't look amazed, because I am in confinement. I have neither broken any man's head nor picked any man's pocket, neither committed highway robbery, nor fired any part of the city. Yet, true it is, I am in prison, as snug as a robin in his cage; but I sing as often, and quite as well, as I did before my wings were clipped. To change the figure; here I strut, the lion of the day; and, of course, attract a great number of visitors, as the exhibition is gratuitous - so that between the conversation of my friends, the labors of my brain, and the ever-changing curiosities of this huge menagerie, time flies ^{astonishingly} ~~astonishingly~~ swift. Moreover, this is a capital place to sketch the lights and shadows of human nature; Every day, in the gallery of my imaginations, I hang up a fresh picture. I shall have a rare collection at the expiration of my visit.

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A Card.

[For the Courier.]

To Mr Francis Todd, Merchant, of Newburyport. (Mass.)

Sir, As a New-England man, and a fellow-townsmen, I am ashamed of your conduct. How could you suffer your noble ship to be freighted with the wretched victims of slavery? Is not this horrible traffic offensive to God, and revolting to humanity? You have a wife - do you love her? You have children - if one merchant should kidnap, another sell, and a third transport them to a foreign market, how would you bear this bereavement? What language would be strong enough to denounce the abettor? You would rend the heavens with your lamentations! There is no sacrifice so painful to parents as the loss of their offspring. So cries the voice of nature!

Take another case. Suppose you and your family were seized on execution, and sold at public auction: a New-Orleans planter buys your children - a Georgian, your wife - a South-Carolinian, yourself: would one of your townsmen (believing the job to be a profitable one) be blameless for transporting you all thither, though familiar with all these afflicting circumstances?

Sir, I owe you no ill-will. My soul weeps over your error. I denounced your conduct in strong language - but did not you deserve it? Consult your bible and your heart. I am in prison for denouncing slavery in a free country! You, who have assisted in oppressing your fellow-creatures, are permitted to go at large, and to enjoy the fruits of your crime! Cui prodest scelus, is fecit.

You shall hear from me again. In the meantime, with mingled emotions, &c. William Lloyd Garrison.
Baltimore Jail, May 13, 1830.

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Mr Editor, — at the request of the State of Maryland, (through the medium of Judge Nicholas Brice,) I have removed from my residence in Baltimore Street, to a less central but more imposing tenement. My windows are grat. — probably to exclude nocturnal visitants, and to show the singular estimation in which my person is held. The cause of this preference arises from my opposition to slavery.

I send you a Sonnet which I pencilled upon the wall of my room, the morning after my incarceration. It is a little bulletin showing in what manner I rested during the preceding night.

Sonnet to Sleep.

Thou art no fawning sycophant, sweet Sleep!

That turn'st away when fortune 'gins to frown,
Leaving the stricken wretch alone to weep,

And curse his former opulent renown:

O no! but here — even to this desolate place —

Thou com'st, as 'twere a palace trimm'd with gold,
Its architecture of Corinthian grace,

Its gorgeous pageants daz'ling to behold: —

No prison walls nor bolts can thee affright —

Where dwelleth innocence, there thou art found!

How pleasant, how sincere wast thou last night!

What blissful dreams my morning slumber crown'd!

Health-giving Sleep! than mine a nobler verse

Must to the world thy matchless worth rehearse.

Baltimore Jail, May 13. 1830.

W. L. G.