

Dublin, 2nd of Eighth Mo. 1842GARRISON
M.E.C.

Dear Friend

Maria W. Chapman

There is no engraving done in Dublin worth speaking of - not in Edinburgh - nor any where in the three Kingdoms except in London. I therefore wrote to our mutual friend Dr Madden who being an abolitionist, and known to them, and well versed by profession, and conversant with book sellers, was I thought the best person to apply to. The result then will see in the enclosed note which I thought it best to send as the whole note so far a single part of Boston. It seems odd enough but I fear there is not much chance of meeting the views even in London. The day of the master in both countries Liberty is much more talked of and bestowed in America than in these islands - and if you had skillful artists and designers I suppose all sorts of illustrations of the golden thread would swarm as thickly in a printed form as you see in the clothing of letter press. I don't even recollect any thing in our annuals & illustrations which likely to suit your views even if known of them, there were no difficulty in procuring them for you. The abolition struggle in America is full of incidents which the historical painter might see with great effect if he added a true sympathy with your glorious efforts to his artistic endowments. I think that in a general way poets, painters and the talents generally have fallen & expired sympathies. Command me in any way, and I will do my best. Portraits of Americans would be better with than any second hand English illustrations if you could get them. Put in a reduced portrait of Garrison like the published one - or if Wendell Phillips or John S. Whittier or some other name name amongst you. Good portraits are full of abiding human interest.

From sanctifying work I know he looks for the real Boston Bazaar - to that extent I am entirely unable to say more of colors now required unless I am written one to England & behind of your infidelity and infidel hints for the purpose of stopping the supplies. Any thing that comes from here is a mere nothing in itself - but it comes with sympathy and cheer you are in your efforts. A great part of the sympathy that we meet with in our efforts here in Dublin comes from across the Atlantic; we are so few and so small. The "deeds of Garrison" is a natural dead - all clergy and deacons and all the ~~other~~ ^{other} covers of Lord Selkirk patches largely of it. Ninety nine out of every hundred if fairly warmed dread Garrison - he will only allow them to think, but if they read him he offends their idols & makes them reflect.

Richard Allen had a letter a few days since from W.L.S. He bewails the falling away of the Irish. No wonder. They are there as here led by their priests and demagogues - and into hurra and applaud any thing that either say. I heard that

which Mr. Green, a friend from New Orleans, defended the slave system a few short time since in the Corn Exchange where O'Connell holds his usual meetings, that he was clapped and applauded throughout, not that the people love slavery, but he was a pious and a pious way pretty securely do and say what he pleases, provided it be well very decidedly opposed to the prejudices and wishes of the people. I also heard that when O'Connell in disputed words but ~~was~~ most decidedly protested against his conclusions and refuted his falsehoods, he trembled, shuddered from rage & fear I did not learn. It is but fair to say that many of the pious set (hardly any other, so to the Corn Exchange) were well pleased with the dressing Mr. Green got. The mass of the people here are desperately ignorant and pigstickered and it is ~~of~~ of this class that the greater numbers of your Irish are made up. They can be easily led to do any thing but those who have reason to their confidence - who can testify their insensibility is flatter their vanity or their ambition. The cry for the repeal of the union has no vitality in Ireland except among the mob in Dublin and a few enthusiasts throughout the country who encourage a ~~kind of~~ kind of national independence which there seems little chance of seeing realized - & I don't know how far it would be desirable that they should be. Politicians and political efforts and politicians are full of insincerity, and void of principle, and slaves of the Great Expediency.

In the last batch of Liberator that came over is an account of a London meeting at Lygon, by Rogers. It is amazingly calculated to irritate the self-love of all members of our party. I have seen very liberal people express themselves greatly scandalized by the conduct of Pillsbury - i.e. Foster &c. I confess that until people can be shown to see and act as we do, I don't see the use of breaking up meetings and affronting them in this manner. Friends are friends, indifferent both here and in America so are ~~the~~ the high professors every where and of every name. Point out their inconsistency but don't hunt round town if you can help it. Such conduct seems to me to be an unfair interference with personal liberty and the abolitionist who perpetuates it becomes a tyrant. Probably this can be seen the perfect propriety of what I condemn. If so, show me how far I am unwilling to differ from my dear & honored friend Rogers even in a matter of this kind. It is possible that they work on the disease on an inveterate one, requiring strong remedies. I can see the extent of the evil which ensues but I hate these intensely bitter doses. We have long been looking for H. C. Wright. By your last paper I perceive he is announced to sail from New York this month.

I had a pleasant letter from Elizabeth Poore a few days ago. She was reporting ours a letter she had just received of the wife of Lucretia Mott. Lucretia is she declares is very like. I expected some copies from Leach Pugh (who sent them to L.P.) but I am afraid they passed in your way so that I must make up my mind to wait. Isaac J. Koffler sent me lately a copy of Elias Hicks's Journal. I have been amused in looking over it by the extremely small shade of difference between the orthodox & heterodox Quakers. I could have read the greater portion of this book, if I had not known the author's name, without even suspecting that he was "one of those madmen who have made men mad of reason of sects and systems." A large majority of the theologians spend their time in hairsplitting or in the still more delirious operations of shifting rays of fancy.

obtain me by telling Edmund Quincy that I had worked with a
copy of his article in the "Poetry of Slavery" - my brother
I am sent him another copy from another quarter. I
intend to ply him still further with requests so that he
may sweeten up the influence of our engaged public
opinion. I think the most Christian public in mind of
the poets ~~and~~ way of thinking than of one mind with
the daring Philosophers of Dedham. There are few
things I read with more gusto than Quincy's articles in
the "Constitution"; they are dashing and true.

I have written some long letters to Garrison
of late which I thought admirable - but the drolful
neglect in which they have lain has brought me to
my senses and I am now one of the meekest &
humblest creatures any where.

I have lately had the pleasure of becoming ac-
quainted with Helen & Isabel Jennings of Cohasset
friends of Remond. They are very bright, cordial
& pleasant girls great admirers of Garrison &
indefatigable decurers of my store of American
letters. Remond himself has a very warm
course in their esteem.

I have been suffering recently all the while of
writing this letter from a very bad - per, which
is a poor spirited & insignificant apology for a
bad letter. I do enjoy Mrs. Brown, Hollins & re-
members them as distinctly as if I were looking at
them still. I wish them all sorts of health &
happiness.

Being in the dumps with Garrison
I shall say no more about him, except that he
is not there - literally out of hand for I have a new
model of Father Mather (whom God preserve) now
littered on the drawing room chimney piece. He
knows the place. As we Phil. parents say,
I have been for nine weeks "a widow," my wife &
family have been so long from home on the coast
of these - 150 miles away. But they will I hope
be all back again in a day or so. All accounts
of thy limbered health are received with deep interest
in our small circle.

AUG 4
1842

W

W



Henry S. Chapman

Boston

U. S. A.

For Mr. W. Chapman