

Anti-Slavery Office,

New York, 31 Aug., 1859.

Dear Mrs. Chapman,

The enclosed notes from Mrs. Martineau have just come from the post office. I have read them, as she ~~has~~ requested, and am glad to be thus informed of the step she has felt it incumbent on her to take - a step, the wisdom of which must be apparent to every one ~~who is~~ acquainted with the circumstances. I take it for granted that the Committee cannot be so unwise as to discontinue her correspondence

just at the moment when we are  
about  
~~soon ready~~ to reap its fruits.

I have a petty letter from  
Howland, for this week's paper.  
My first impulse was to throw  
it into the waste-basket as  
unfit unworthy to occupy precious  
room; but it seemed best, on re-  
flection, to let him show himself once  
more. He misrepresents me as  
only a small man would, but I shall  
have no controversy with him.

I am more and more  
impressed that Wendell Phillips,  
in his chivalrous zeal to cover  
what he must see to be the follies  
of Pillsbury and Foster, has com-  
mitted a great mistake, and,

if he has made peace for the present (of which I am not sure), <sup>by</sup> ~~he~~ has laid the foundation for future trouble.

Foster, you observed from his note in last Standard, sought to gain from me either an invitation open proper of the Standard's columns for the defence of his absurdities, or a tacit admission that he was "excluded." I don't think he ~~gave~~ took much by his motions. If I had been silent, the Am. Society would doubtless have been told, on the first opportunity, that its editor had denied him the right of free discussion. In ~~stopping~~ <sup>blocking</sup> that game, it seemed to me best to throw the responsibility of writing or not writing entirely

upon him, and to tell him plainly  
that his associates generally regarded  
the whole matter as a bore. If he  
chooses to write after this (as very  
likely he may), I suppose I must  
publish.

I must thank you for Mrs.  
Brooks's poem. It was exquisite.  
I only wish you had given the exact  
title of the book as a guide to readers  
wishing to procure it. Send me such  
gens. I pray you, whenever you can. The  
English papers are now so full of war &  
politics, that they have less room than usual  
for literary matter of the sort required for  
the Standard.

With kind remembrances for  
your sister,

I am, as ever,

Yours, faithfully,

Oliver Johnson