

Anti-Slavery Office,

New York, 14 March, 1862.

My Dear Garrison,

I am glad you returned Mr. Rice's heterogeneous collection of portraits. It was a piece of impertinence in him, I think, to send it you ~~with~~ with a demand for pay. If I had known what sort of job he had in view, I certainly should not have sat for my own picture, <sup>nor</sup> ~~or~~ lent my card photographs of you and Mr. Phillips. He's a well-meaning, but weak brother. Such a collection! It

is distasteful to me in every respect, and I, too, declined to purchase the copy urged upon me; and ~~so~~ I hope ~~side~~ Mr. Phillips will follow our example.

There may seem to casual readers to be a serious difference of opinion between the Liberator and the Standard in respect to the President's message; but the difference is only in this, that you have criticised that message in the light of absolute justice, dwelling exclusively upon those features of it which I see <sup>a lament</sup> in common with you; while I have

deemed it better to look at it in comparison with the dark past, and found it to be a step in advance by an Administration from which we had begun to despair of anything good. It is impossible, of course, to answer your argument; but I confess I think Phillips's view of the matter the wiser.

I am sorry, very sorry, that you are for any reason constrained to decline the invitation to Washington. If ~~your~~ <sup>the</sup> state of your health forbids you to speak in public, of course you ought to say no; but if

unless that or some other equally imperative reason forbids, I certainly think you ought not leave such an opportunity unimproved. You thought it would not be safe for Mr. Phillips to go to Washington, and perhaps you may have similar apprehensions in regard to yourself. In this I think you greatly misjudge. Indeed, I believe <sup>that</sup> either you or he would be quite as safe in Washington, or any place this side, as in Boston. The

moral effect of a speech delivered at the Capital by you would be grand. Do not decline, I pray you, unless constrained by ill-health.

With ever growing love,

Yours for breaking every chain,  
Oliver Johnson