

Same date as Emma's
I am for past dates.

Dear Anne,

I enclose here -
with an article, of which
I must give you the history.
It was published this Spring, in
the Edinburgh Review, and the
Author, Nassau Senior Esq. is
a political economist & jurist
of the highest distinction, having
been professor of Political Economy
at the University of Oxford.
Since my return from England,
he came up to me at Madame
Archie's, & said, what did you
think of my article which I
sent you in the ^{some time since} proof sheets?
I was thunderstruck - never

Having received it, nor know-
ing that such an article had
been in existence. "Have
you never received it? - I
sent to you by madame
Arhol." He then went directly
to her, & she promised to hunt
it up & send me it. Half a
dozen times after, every time
we met, he would enquire, &
I he obliged to repeat madame
Arhol's forgetfulness. Finally I
said, "I shall go to Jolegnani's
& try to get it." all this time
he had not mentioned the subject.
But he said, - "no - wait till tomorrow.
I have sent to England for it."
At length, the next Wednesday
night, he was at our house,
& came sailing up to me

& slid it out of his pocket,
in a parchment form. It
seems that when English
Reviews mutilate an article,
they are obliged by law to
issue it in a separate form
& in the original words:

So he ^{had} sent for this republication
for me. Some Aohle meanwhile,
who had had no more idea
that there was any import-
ance in that article, any more
than in any other, in
his eyes or mind, had tucked
it out of sight, & forgot where
she put it. Some days after,
becoming aware by the "damned
just generally" going on, though
every body should perhaps
that the article must be found,
she continued to find it. Some

had wanted, I suppose, my
observations before it appeared
It was his way of coming
up to the Cassin's office I
sitting. I think he will
hereafter be a valuable
helper. I desire that he
may have the Standard
Sunshine. His address is
Nassau Senior Esq.
Hyde park G.

London.

I say G. for I forget whether it is
It seems to me that this ar-
ticle would have a decided
value, as having touched
the spot where all our Plans
effort is baffled — the influence
of the ^{pre-arranged} general spirit, on the

gate or garden

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and Slavery being of the
 States: also as showing the
 opinion of hard-headed &
 soft-hearted leading men
 in Europe; & how America
 looks to them. So I asked
 him to allow it to be
 published in the Am. Soc's
 tract-series. He cheerfully
 consented, writing a statement
 that it was reprinted & restored
 from the Edinburgh review.

I asked him if he had
 any objections to ~~publishing~~
 Journal & paper, for I could
 not answer for the style
 it might appear in, or to
 a second title-page, such as

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"How do the United States
look in the eyes of Europe! -"

or
"What does the rest of the
world think of us?"

Then the inner late page
should be.

Uncle Tom.

Reports from the Edinburgh
Review &c. &c. the
Sentence, I forget exactly.
What it is, that he has written
for the first page. If you
do it, send him a parcel
of the truth, through the

American Minister in
London. This is his suggestion
as there is a tax on
American reprints coming
in through ordinary
channels. The utmost
exactitude is indispensable in
the reprint. You see he
makes more account of
Mrs Stowe's influence than
we should, but that is exactly
how it looks to a stranger.

I told him that he overlooked
one element of its success.
He had noticed that it owed Amer-
ican success to its being a politi-
cal pamphlet - but what had
put politics in that position?

He explained to me his views
of our diplomatic agents &
public men, & asked me if
I thought we were correct. of course
I did. I agree with whatever
says, that we could hardly
find milder dogs, & therefore
the downward course must
necessarily be arrested. We
can't go lower. I think it
will do immense good in
England, to have Mr Senior's
name in the series of
tracts. They are name-
led - & I am willing to
"parger gli oli del vaso"
if people can but be made
to drink. If Edmund
sees any thing to say to the

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English public mind, thus
that would afford the text.
It expresses exactly how we
look, to English politicians &
Men of thought & Science,
& if they have taken any
mistaken views, it affords
exactly the opportunity for an
article of correction. Madame
Cecile, a ^{kind of} Cousin of the
Emperor was present at one
of our conversations. She is
of republican sentiments & does
not love her Cousin. She
took the proofs in her hand
& glancing to the last page
said to Senor "you take a
very discouraging view of
Madame's Enterprise (looking
at me.) He did not speak

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and I said "he will
not ^{continue} do so to so great a
degree, now he has taken
stock in it. He looked
pleased, but said nothing.
He felt, however, as if he had
done something, for he told Lizzy
how long he was I had not
got it sooner, & that he supposed
he should be mobbed at the South.

Now if The Hutchinsons
can have a hundred dollars
to please Sydney, I should
think I might meet the
expenditure of another
hundred, ^{in this republication} I shall send as
I meet to the fair thus

year as last & would like
to have a 100' of it go so.

You will have heard
of poor dear 'pa Estlin's
departure. I am glad to
have seen him so lately.

He was quit to the heart
bone, & had the same
consolation in his views
that Harriet Martineau has
in hers. Which gives me to
know that people are as
they are & not as they be-
lieve. I am consoled by the
idea that what I can't bear,
'aint no matter 'bout. Eter-
nity & infinity come in like
a flood of consolation for
any thing, whenever I open

the fates, although God &
immortally never were kind
to me, — or rather I don't
desecrate, nor having
really, selfishness enough
to enable me to draw my
lines distinctly in those
regions. But I do esteem
believed in, ^{a future stage of} rewards & pun-
ishments & in the Christ-
ian revelation generally,
though he didn't in the
least suffer from the
trickery of other noble
Mary, it is to be feared,
is more heretical.
She is favoured to please
Harriet in the expression

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of her opinions. You will
like to send as to send me
Harriet's letters? I am
sorry to find you so much
troubled. All England is in a
hurry about Harriet's opin-
ions. You would really think
people here crazy. Some
dread to have her time come
"because the newspapers will
all burst out so" (such are the
Luptons, now here) — Some
long to have you sit down &
give them a whole volume
of exposition of how she feels
& thinks to an argument —
aye even to an epigram,
"because, Mrs. Chapman
this, now, really interests me!"
(Such are Lord & Lady Elgin

just gone to England.)

I have got between 8 & 9 hundred francs to spend for the Fair. I dare say it will be a thousand. Pa & Mother has left £100. one hundred pounds to the Am. Soc. Many feel much as I do, in presence of death. While life holds out, I am afflicted. When it ceases, I am consoled. It comes to me so - and I take myself as I am without more ado. I am rejoiced to think of Mary & James's arrival. It was a great

^{in old times}
Jury, to Mary, that
I should have what seemed
to her so very like Christian
Consolations in affliction,
though she could not make
it out that I was a x^m
at all. "How does it feel
to thee," said Mrs Philbrick
when Ann Chapman
died. - "I always ask - because
there are two ways." This
was in the Middle of Washing-
ton Street, & the trucks. It
was a real touch of nature,
& I answered from the
same depths, - below
education, tradition or
authority: - "it feels as if

her life had been poured
out into the summer air.

This seemed satisfactory.

The Quakers, ^{other} have an
odd streak of the actual
unadulterated human within
in them. There's Andrew
Proherson, for example. They
don't talk about it but
they are glad when another
expression "meets their inner
witness." I send Lewish
a Medallion that Florest
Secombe sent an artist
to me to do. I have not a dent
cap yet, but otherwise the
tell me it is well, though

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less delicate than my friends
flatter me my features see.
Do you think it would
do well for the Fair? —
I suppose Slovek had that
in view. I send herewith
translations of all the French
pieces I have for the bell.
The originals have gone to
Nelson Armistead, to be lithographed
into his book. I trust all
will come safe, by Sarah
Shaw's servant, who starts
to-morrow for N.Y. by Name.
Put what titles you please
to them. The names are good,
& the pieces short, which is an
advantage. I am sorry I
had no time to write them more

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leisure, but the opportunity
came suddenly. We sent —
(or rather Lizzy did — I
should not have done it —
^{with her hands}
a box of old letters, with a
cap for Ma Weston by Marcus
Spring. Did you get it?
It had a sealed letter from me
or from her, I forget which,
in it among the rest ~~unsealed~~.

I shall try to write some-
thing myself, though
I feel that writing is
hardly my function.

Love to Mary. I

meant to have written
Love to Eliza — I meant

do. Love to Batty. Her
brother's plaster casts are
making & drying at this
moment, & she will
hear from me soon.

Louisa is finally, & I hope
to come this fall, yet.

Narrate the same - a
little worse probably. Less
intervals of comfort, she says.
But the same ^{"fine"} old + "heart"
as you would call it. Her
sympathy & intense interest
in every thing & body, but
herself. - She don't seem to
care for herself as much as could
be wished. She was written
three letters to Mary Estlin

Since 'Pa's' death - with which
Mary is in ecstasies. Mary
will probably write a life of
her father, by & by. He has
left at least a thousand little
volumes of diary. I sent to
Wendell for you ^{at home} by John
Lakes, - the Roman spirit.
John is all rife for the
cause. I shouldn't wonder
if he should turn out a
bright abolitionist. Cherish
him with a notice of the
fair.

I am so sure
aff of yours & all' -
M. A.