

Northampton Nov 16th 1838

Dear Caroline,

Tell me that I'm no judge of physiog-
 -my! I should like to see the person, forsooth, that I could
 not look right through and through in a minute!
 In order to explain these exclamations, I will tell you "a
 merry toy." Little more than a fortnight ago, I went to
 Springfield to visit Bro. John Child's family, who were
 sad under recent affliction. On Sunday, I expressed a
 wish to hear Dr. Osgood, who up in this region is called
 mad, fanatical and reckless, putting back the cause of
 abolition by his imprudent zeal, &c. Brother agreed to
 go in the afternoon, if I would hear Mr. Peabody in the
 forenoon. Mr. Peabody was in his own pulpit, and a
 stranger with him. As soon as I looked at the countenance
 of the latter, I took a deep dislike of the man. When he
 spread out the palms of his hands in prayer, with a
 sort of theatrical gracefulness, my aversion increased;
 insomuch that I resolved not to look at him again.
 His sermon was to prove that religion improved the
 social affections - that it made us more cheerful, more
 kindly, more philanthropic. Clarkson was a Christian,
 Wilberforce was a Christian, Mrs. Fry was a Christian,
 and so was that noble philanthropist, who carried civilization

My dear husband writes with me in an especially kind remembrance to your sisters
 and the families in West St. & Chauncy Place.

I am sorry to hear of your
 in which he says I was invited last
 to Mr. Jonathan Dwight of Springfield.
 to Henry G. Chapman's office & found
 myself in a quart of blue-duck-eggs &
 on the table of a woman's abject.

-tion to the barbarous shores of Africa, the only white man
on that benighted continent. On our way home,
brother wanted to know how I liked the minister. "Not
at all," said I. "His countenance is sensual and hypocrit-
-ical, and his manner that of one with whom preaching is
a trade." John was surprised at this; for though he did
not like his countenance, he thought I should be pleased
with him, because he said so much in praise of reformers.
"But did you not observe they were all past reforms, which
the world long since agreed to praise?" said I. "I did not
think of that," replied he. There was great inquiry who the
minister might be; but no one could "heave any light" on
the subject.

In the afternoon went to hear Dr.
Osgood; and to my dismay the same countenance rose up
in the pulpit. His prayer here was very Calvinistic - a great
deal about eternal perdition, merits of atoning blood &c;
whereas in the forenoon it had been "Oh no we never mention
these - insomuch that he passed muster for a Unitarian.

This little trait of character, joined to his mention of the
philanthropist on the barbarous shores of Africa, did "heave
some light." I whispered to my brother, "This man is a
Colonization agent." His sermon was an exhortation to
do with all our might whatsoever our hands found to
do. The magnitude of a benevolent enterprise should
not discourage us - no matter if it took ages to ac-
-complish it - no matter if our children's children
did not live to see the blessed results. The brevity of
human life furnished one powerful motive to strenuous

If you know how much good your letters did me you would be encouraged to write.
Though I do send such trash in return. Mrs. Osgood writes by, Dr. M. E.

Gusley's new black wig has changed him so, that nobody recognizes him. B. 109. Did not know him though he had many interviews with him at Washington about a donation of arms ammunition &c for the Liberians to fight the natives. John was then in U.S. army.

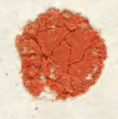
exertion. He told of a most hospitable family in N. Orleans, a most excellent family in at Athens, Georgia, and a most pious family in Louisville, with whom he had lived the past year, and since he parted from them, each had lost some beloved member, who had gone to receive in heaven the reward of good works on earth. At each of these anecdotes, my brother and I exchanged smiles; and still more expressively when the Rev. speaker said "it was time the children of light learned something of the wisdom of the children of this world - something of their activity in advancing their own interests, something of their adaptation to circumstances, -

their skill in calculating ^{discriminating} results, and their ~~skill~~

in judging of the passions and prejudices of those with whom they had to deal." When the farce was all over, up rose Dr. Osgood, and introduced the Rev. Ralph Randolph

Gusley, who would deliver a lecture on Colonization that evening! Years ago, you insisted that I should not have thought that mouth insidious, if I had not known it to belong to Gusley. Now, as I am an abolitionist, I solemnly affirm that I no more thought it was Gusley whom I saw in the Unitarian pulpit, than I thought of one of the pious Thugs of India; yet his countenance troubled me, like the prints of Mephistophiles. What do you say now?

Next Sunday, My husband and I were just seated in our pew at Mr. Stearns's, when who should walk up the broad aisle but Mephisto-



tophiles again! In the afternoon he preached for Mr. Mitchell, and in the evening delivered a lecture on Colonization at Mr. Wiley's. The colony at Liberia was the "germ of a great republic," "the Plymouth of Africa," a Missionary camp sending out its rays over benighted Africa," &c. &c. Not a peep about slavery. The collection he took up was so very small, that I understood he regretted having made the attempt, yet many seemed carried away by him. He is holding meetings in Amherst, Greenfield, and all the country round.

L. M. Child St.
Nov 18, 1838 West St.
Boston

Miss Caroline Weston

Care of G. G. Chapman.

I have taken up so much with this unprofitable theme, as to leave little room to thank you so cordially as I wish for your letter full of news. You don't know how I hanker for gossip about what is going on in the abolition camp. I am so all alone here! The Colonization papers are crowing about our political action. They say it destroys all the "sacredness of the cause." If it ever was sacred, what sacrilegious fellows they must be! My best, best love to Mrs. Chapman. What is she doing? Why do we never hear from her?

of Garrison's camp. on the 12th waiting it in
forenoon & after evening after evening.

Gatherings often, great take this letter
with you when you