Northampton Nov. 18th 1838

Dear Caroline.

Tell me I'm no judge of physiognomy! 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 tale". 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 to 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 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 hypocritical, 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 accomplish 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 exertion. He told of a most hospitable family in N. Orleans, a most excellent family in 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 results, and their discrimination 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, & introduced the Rev. Ralph Randolph Gurley, 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 Gurley. Now, as I am an abolitionist, I solemnly affirm that I no more thought it was Gurley 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 Mephistopheles.

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 Mephistopheles 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 lamp 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 forth in Amherst, Greenfield, and all the country round.

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 <u>was</u> sacred, what sacrilegious fellows they must be! My best love to Mrs. Chapman. What is she doing? Why do we never hear from her?

We are just now busy in the odious work of petitioning. Mr. Child is battling it in taverns & stores, evening after evening.

I hope you see my good Henrietta & Catherine often: Just take this letter with you when you go. If you knew how much good your letters did us, you would be encouraged to write, though I do send such trash in return.

Yrs affectionately

L. M. C.

Gurley's new black wig has changed him so, that nobody recognizes him. Bro. J. 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.