

Dublin November 17. 1846

Dear Friend

I this day received from Concord, N. H. by the Halifax mail, "The Herald of Freedom" of Friday, October 23, announcing the death of Nathaniel P. Rogers, and containing an obituary notice giving many deeply interesting particulars of the event. I am sorry for poor Rogers. I feel for his bereaved wife and the large family he loved so fondly. I feel for the aged mother he was accustomed to speak of so reverently and so affectionately in his letters to me. He was not of those men you meet with every day. He was an original, fearless thinker and a remarkably original writer. He was a master of language, and though he did not write in numbers he had ~~the~~ more of the soul of a poet than nine tenths of the poets in the English language. His were the gifts of art and genius in an eminent degree, and how keen was his appreciation of the power and (poet) of words to express most exactly whatever sentiment he wished to convey. His originality of style was divi generis - it was like Homer's so peculiar that his imitations generally failed and made them seem paltry and ridiculous in the comparison. They fall short of the soul that animates and lifts up the eccentricities of his peculiar and daring phraseology.

I first became acquainted with him in the year 1840, at the time of the "Walden Convention" in London which was several days in session when I learned that W. L. Garrison had arrived in London, and, in consequence of the course the Convention adopted towards the Lucretia Mott and other female delegates of the American Anti Slavery Society, had refused to enter Freemasons' Hall as one of its members. As a wish to see Garrison was one of my chief inducements to visit London at that time, I was not disposed to let him leave the city without making an effort for the purpose. Accordingly, one fine morning I set out early from our South Head quarters in Cecil Street, Strand, and walked to the

Boarding house in Queen Place, Southwark Bridge, where ⁽²⁾
a meeting of the Americans had congregated. The first person
I saw on entering the street - there were but few out at that
hour - were two ~~men~~ gentlemen returning from their morning
walk. One of them I immediately recognized, from the fan-
tastic features of his portrait - to be the man who had been
for some years ~~an object~~ for his work sake - an object of my
heart's respect and veneration. I did not know his ^{name}
name, but as I had not much time for parley, I ~~addressed~~ ^{addressed}
myself first to him, and said that I concluded ~~that~~ his
friend was Mr Lloyd Garrison, and asked to be introduced.
He very graciously complied with my abrupt request, &
was in turn introduced to me by Garrison as his travelling
companion and fellow delegate. This interview occupied
a very few minutes but before we parted they agreed to spend
the following evening with us here at our lodgings - and this
was the commencement of my intimacy with two of the
most remarkable, and highly gifted men with whom it has
been my lot to be personally acquainted. It is well
known that they were treated with coldness & suspicion, even
with secret hostility, by the members of the British & Foreign
Anti Slavery Society's Committee, and as their gaze was cast
to British Abolitionism at that time, Garrison & Rogers
were comparatively neglected in London during the session
of a World's Anti Slavery Convention! This fact alone was a
pretty good test of the value of the gathering. It was a repre-
sentation of the old joke of the Play of Hamlet being acted, with
the suspicion of the part of Hamlet by particular desire. ~~It~~
The old saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, ^{was verified in this instance}
accordingly "the sons of better men" who attended the convention
and who happened to have no respect for the conclusions of the
New Broad Street Committee had thus a much better chance of
becoming personally acquainted with Garrison & his friends, whom
^{popular hearts (especially among Americans) would probably have} been unable to approach unless at
awful distances if they had been patronized by the former.
Haley, Sturge, Foster, & so forth - for in our simplicity we had
calculated on seeing them surround him wherever he went,
as they gathered round Clarkson anxious to catch insipidities
of his good ~~deeds~~ deeds from the touch of his garments. For my
134th part I had no opportunity in becoming cultivating the acquaintance of

...the first part of the ...
...the second part of the ...
...the third part of the ...
...the fourth part of the ...
...the fifth part of the ...
...the sixth part of the ...
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...the twenty-fifth part of the ...
...the twenty-sixth part of the ...
...the twenty-seventh part of the ...
...the twenty-eighth part of the ...
...the twenty-ninth part of the ...
...the thirtieth part of the ...

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Garrison and Rogers, and I thought myself fortunate when I obtained their promise to pay in a visit in Dublin before their return to the United States. They kept their word - and the visit though short was extremely gratifying both to them and to us. They felt that their presence gave us great pleasure, and we exceedingly enjoyed the intimate opportunity of forming an intimacy with men of eminent social endowments who were not merely good company but were up and doing valiantly against fearful odds in behalf of outraged humanity. You will know how deeply from that time I became interested in the ~~anti~~ Anti Slavery cause, and how thoroughly I appreciate the great pleasure I have since enjoyed in the confidential correspondence and cordial friendship of many of the most distinguished and indefatigable abolitionists.

From that time W. C. Rogers became one of my most constant, most intimate & most valued correspondents. His letters were so sparkling, so original, hearty, and unreserved that the arrival of one from him was hailed in our Dublin circle as a parcel of school boys welcome the ~~most~~ advent of a holiday. They were generally long - yet we thought the longest too short. I retain them all and have treasured them carefully.

Under these circumstances it is almost needless to say that I was greatly grieved by the first indications of that alienation in my friend Rogers' mind towards his Boston friends, which took place two or three years ago. I first observed ~~that~~ in the pages of the Herald of Freedom, & ~~it~~ they then referred I think solely to the views expressed by some of them (and coincided in by them all) as to the rightful ownership of that paper. I was obliged by a sense of justice to come to the same conclusion that they did, and I found my opinion quite independently, from the statements which appeared in his own papers. I thought the Herald of Freedom the unalienated property of the New Hampshire Anti Slavery Society - and I was unable to see how the admitted talents of the editor or the devoted energy of the printers could warrant either in assuming the possession of property which did not belong to them, unless they had previously obtained possession by the deliberate act of the rightful owners. I received no information from Boston in reference to this matter until after I had made up my mind as to the merits of the question - and indeed it would not have been worth any body's while to make the

attempt. It is stated in John R. French's notice of his deceased
friend that I was amongst Mr. Roger's choicest and dearest
friends, and that knowing his affection for me his friends associated
and aimed to estrange us from each other and succeeded in
doing so. He then goes on to say, "weeks before a public
word was uttered by the Boston clique against Mr. Roger, when
in the full possession of their friendship, Maria Chapman
wrote letters to Richard Webb filled with cunningly devised
falseness, in order to prepare his mind for the after attempt
that was to be made to wear his confidence from Mr. R.
and to turn his love into hatred." Now it is only just
~~that I should say that I~~ declare that if ever you wrote me
such letters as these, John R. French must know more
of our correspondence than I do, for I never received them.
The letters you did write to me were of a totally different
character, they were full of expressions of kindness towards
our friend, and ~~entirely~~ full of hope that he would see
his error in the affair of the Herald, and that all would
come right at last. I thought that the case of my Boston
friends towards their gifted fellow laborer in love and
~~long as the difference~~ before the ~~the~~ difference came
to an open breach of friendship between them - was eminently
distinguished by courtesy and by a ~~strong~~ ^{thorough} appreciation of his
genius and other fine qualities. Far removed from the
scene of this difference towards & amazingly attached
to both parties, I thought myself an impartial witness in
the matter. For if there was a man in America that I loved
and admired I was W. P. Roger. I hurt my self-esteem to have
to think him in the wrong - I hated to have ~~to~~ differ with
him. But I could not then - and now that he is dead &
buried, ~~condemned~~ the regret I feel for me I was so sincerely
attached to, I cannot condemn the view I then took of the
affair of the Herald of Freedom. My love for W. P. Roger was
never turned into hatred nor into any feeling akin to it, or
any emotions bitterer than regret. I never hated him - I could
not if I tried. I was sorry for him and I still regret that he
errored in his estimate of the claims of meanness and treachery
in a plain matter of business. I cannot think that they
were his best friends who urged him on to hostility against
his fellow laborer in the moral warfare because they
could not collectively adopt his views.

I do not believe that his ideas respecting organization had any thing to do with promoting an extravagant mob towards him on behalf of his Pentecost friends. I have never been able to see, as has been indicated that his liberty was limited by them or that or any other subject - or that they endeavored to restrain him from expressing himself according to his conscientious convictions - until he thought it right to attack themselves and impugn their motives.

The last letter that passed between H. P. Rogers and myself was written about a year ago. I always expressed my views to him frankly but I trust kindly & respectfully. I felt nothing but kindness towards him, & all who know me know how I honored his genius and admired his writings. Often when I undressed in day dream of a visit to the United States how I pictured to myself that one of my earliest calls would be upon him in his beloved home in Concord - I thought that I would be received so cordially by him & his family - that we should have a delightful time together - that in his company I would enjoy ^{the} delightful excursions he had promised me to the White Mountains, the Franconia Notch, the scenery around Plymouth, & the beautiful lakes he so glowingly described in his editorials. His private letters - and then I perhaps the regret I should feel in parting from him when about to part to meet no more on earth. How the meeting can never take place. It is many years since a death has occurred that has touched me so closely. Far removed as we were, ~~from~~ from each other, I grieved as our intercourse has been for some years past, his death has made a sensible gap in the circle of my intimate friends.

On reading the account of the death of this remarkable & gifted man I thought it but 'due to you to send ~~the first offer~~ let not a day pass without protesting against the insinuations against you which have been needlessly introduced into the letters that suggested this long letter. I know them to be as far as possible from the truth. An attack so utterly unfounded and so personal would be considered on this side of the Atlantic, the very extremity

of his taste especially upon such an occasion. How (6
can the writer think that it will soothe the sleep of the
deceitful calm the sorrows of the sorrower to arm our his
grace the poisoned ~~self~~ shaft of calumny against one
of his ablest and most ~~full~~ self denying fellow laborers in
the cause of the Slave?

I remain ever very respectfully

And Shabb

of the state especially after dark in the
can the water be made to rise in the
holes in the bottom of the reservoir to
give the pressure ~~the~~ effect of a
the effect of the water?

I have been very much

Wm. B. Smith