

Boston, Feb. 10, 1839.

Dear Mary:

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"Out of sight, out of mind," is a time-worn adage; but, ancient and popular as it is, true affection scouts it as false and calumnious. It may be, that, to the gross and vulgar, the bodily presence of an individual is essential to preserve his remembrance; but, to loving souls, there is a oneness and an omnipresence, which no distance can separate, no barrier obstruct. So great is the triumph of spirit over matter! Nay, Love, <sup>does</sup> not need, absolutely, any visual organ, in order to its creation or preservation. "No man hath seen God at any time" — yet what multitudes love and adore him! The apostle Peter, in addressing the early disciples respecting Christ, says, "Whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

I am not arguing that it is of no consequence, whether you are here or in Providence. Your company, as an affectionate sister and an intelligent associate, is always desirable. I trust it will yet be so arranged, that you, and Sarah, and Anne, as well as mother, will dwell with us under the same roof; or, at least, that a very short distance, <sup>only</sup> will separate us. Our sojourn on earth must necessarily be so brief, that, to me, (shall I not say, to us all?) it is very desirable we should be so situated as to be able to see each other daily. But let every thing be cheerfully submitted to the ordering of a wise and beneficent Providence.

Your recent visit to Boston was not made under the most favorable circumstances. The inclemency of the season forbade your going out freely; and I was so absorbed in my editorial details, and in preparing for the annual meeting, that I could give you very little ~~of~~ personal attention. You must come again, when the skies are fairer, and the earth is robed in green, and all things wear a sunny aspect.

March 3, 1839.

It is three weeks ago since I wrote the first page of this letter! Here is evidence of despatch and punctuality! I think I see a smile spreading over your countenance, at my procrastination. There are others who would scold not a little, were they in your place; but they do not possess your kind and sisterly spirit. My only regret is, that Helen should have given you, by virtue of her oneness with myself, a semi-official, premature notice, that this epistle was forthcoming without delay. For almost a month, therefore, your expectation must have been daily disappointed. The blame does not all belong to me, nor to her, but we must share it between us.

It may be, that you are no longer in Providence; but I shall take it for granted, that you are still enjoying the hospitality of one who serves greatly to exalt her sex, by her many virtues and her active philanthropy; and who, instead of being corrupted by affluence, or led astray by fashion, is consecrating her time, her talents, and her means, to the service of her divine Lord and Master. Such fidelity to principle, such perseverance in well-doing, such moral courage, such clearness of vision, as characterise her life, are as rare in our degenerate world as they are worthy of all praise. I need not write her name. What with apathy on the one hand, and opposition on the other, how much she has to try her spirit, I can form some estimate; but, believing that she esteems the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, and that she will endure to the end as seeing Him who is invisible, I can rejoice while I sympathize <sup>with</sup> her.

[Doubtless, you wish to be informed as to the complexion of things in Boston. I can only say, that, so far as the anti-slavery cause is concerned, we are (O sorrowful fact!) a divided house. That sweet fellowship which formerly prevailed in our ranks is gone, and I fear irrecoverably. Phelps has been confined to the house till within a week, since the annual meeting; but, though ill, he has been very busy with his pen against the

On account of its harmfulness, you will see the propriety of destroying this letter.

Liberator, and in support of the new paper. How he feels toward me, the articles from his pen in the Liberator painfully manifest. As for Stanton, he appears to be completely alienated. We merely interchange civilities as we meet. Jealousy, envy, and ambition, I fear, have taken possession of his breast. He told friend Knapp, the other day, that if I had declared at the annual meeting that there was no God, by merely lifting my finger I could have carried multitudes with me! What a state of heart does this evince! How false, how foolish, how cruel is such an assertion! St. Clair and Wise have resigned their agencies, and are laboring with great zeal in behalf of the "Abolitionist." I suppose they will be appointed agents of the American A. S. Society. You will see by the last Liberator, that a collision has taken place between the New-York Executive Committee and our Board. How it will terminate, I know not. This is a sad spectacle, to present to the enemies of our holy cause; but be the responsibility upon the heads of those who are attempting to load it over the consciences of non-resisting abolitionists. Our friends abroad, who, not being on the ground, are ignorant of what is said and done here in private, naturally feel distressed to see brethren fall out by the way; and, truly, I am filled with as much grief as any of them. They seem to think that I am opposed to the new paper, partly on selfish grounds (some of them, I mean)—as if my whole life does not prove that I have trodden under foot, with holy scorn, all considerations of self-interest! They also suppose that the originators of the new paper movement are very friendly to the Liberator, and would do nothing, designedly, to injure its circulation. How great is their error! I cannot be mistaken. I know what is the spirit that is at work, and that, under the plausible guise of friendship for the abolition cause, the design is, if possible, to subvert the Liberator, and drive me from the ranks. The Lord will make all things manifest in due time.

On account of its personal allusions, you will see the propriety of destroying this leaf of the letter or some of it.

Lucinda Otis called to see Helen yesterday - the first time since you left; said she had been very busy respecting the new free church, and had concluded to attend Colver's meeting. (By the way, he is coarse in his language, and bitter in his feelings, against non-resistance, and says he is ready to shoulder a musket any day: he hates the pacific character of the Son of God most cordially, and sneers like an infidel at the doctrine of holiness.) I did not see Lucinda, and of course had no opportunity to converse with her.

Mrs. Chapman is writing a letter to Henry Clay, in reply to his speech, for publication. It will be keen and pointed, I doubt not.

Single. - Paid.

Mary Benson,

PAID

STON  
BANK

Care of Gen. W. Jackson,

Providence, R. I.



MS. A. 1. 1. 3. 29

Oliver Johnson is expected home from Vermont on Tuesday. If I can arrange matters with him, I shall go to Providence soon, and also to other places, for the purpose of lecturing, &c. Hope to see you before you go to Brooklyn.

Mother, Helen, and all the household, are in good health. George is a very good boy now, and improves daily - says he wants to see and kiss Aunt Mary, and also to write to her and little Anne. Dear Willie is a noble little fellow - the paragon of babes. Helen has weaned him within a week, with less trouble than we anticipated. He is very hearty, and full of life and spirit. We all send the most affectionate remembrances to sister Charlotte and family, to the Olives, to Phoebe and mother, to Dr. Flagg and wife, &c.

Your loving brother,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.