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Boston, Feb. 27, 1842.

Dear Richard D. Webb:

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I cannot take my pen up to write merely a few lines to introduce a beloved friend to your acquaintance, without feeling my heart leap within me at the thought of you and yours. Am I not deserving of all praise for being so prompt and punctual in discharging my epistolary and other obligations to you and my other Dublin friends? Don't you and they feel ashamed at not having answered the "heap" of letters (which, sub rosa, I meant to have written, but have not, to be) forwarded to your beautiful city? Won't you all try to do better hereafter, if I will forgive you? O, but I am like the culprit, who, having been guilty of theft, in order to prevent being seized, lustily, cried out, "Stop thief!" Well, seize me, shake me, and doing any thing except execute me. If you kill me off, I shall never be able to make any amends for my past misdoings: so, be merciful.

Seriously, dear friend, you have ^{had} just cause to complain of me, and I dare say have marvelled greatly at my inattention. I should feel unhappy indeed, if I thought even a suspicion had passed through your mind, that my regard for you had somewhat lost its intensity, or that, being absorbed in the anti-slavery conflict at home, I had nearly forgotten those hospitable, kind-hearted, devoted friends in Dublin, who made the brief sojourn of dear Rogers and myself in your city an Eden-like residence.

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I have explained, in a hasty scrawl to our mutual friend, Richard Allen, the why and wherefore you have not often heard from me. I will therefore dismiss this topic, once for all, by assuring you that it will be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for Richard D. Webb to be forgotten or to go unappreciated by Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

The bearer of this is a dear and intimate friend of mine, (as well as a native of Ireland,) Thomas Davis, for many years a resident of Providence, in the State of Rhode-Island - about 40 miles from Boston. He came over to this country when quite young, and now visits his native land in quest of health. He will sail from New-York for Havre, from thence he will visit Paris, from thence to London, &c. &c. to Dublin - hoping to return in all the month of June. You will find him a modest, intelligent and amiable man, with the most liberal and catholic feelings, and with a heart as expansive as suffering humanity. He was among the earliest who rallied under the anti-slavery standard, and from that hour to the present has ^{been} more true and faithful than the needle to the pole - for that sometimes vibrates and wavers. He is personally acquainted with Rogers, Bradburn, Abby Kelley, M. W. Chapman, and all who are of any note in the anti-slavery cause in this region. He will be most happy to sit down with you in social converse, and tell you all about our movements, the present position and prospects of our great enterprise, and answer all your inquiries.

[Henry G. Chapman and his wife have just sailed for Hayti, on account of the feeble and very dangerous state of his health. We shall miss his wife until her return, as though a hundred of our best men were laid low. I fear that he may never come back.]

This letter (even if I had time to extend it) will be received by you at too late a period to give you any anti-slavery intelligence, - provided you receive the Liberator regularly. We have had a tremendous excitement in Congress, arising from the presentation of a petition for the peaceable dissolution of the American Union, by John D. Adams; but it has resulted in frightening the boastful South almost out of her wits, driving the slaveholding representatives to the wall, and in effecting a signal victory for the cause of liberty and its advocates.

Our meeting in Faneuil Hall, to unveil the Irish Address, with its sixty thousand signatures, was indescribably enthusiastic, and has produced a great impression on the public mind. I am sorry to add, and you will be not less ashamed to hear, that the two Irish papers in Boston sneer at the Address, and denounce it and the abolitionists in true pro-slavery style. I fear they will keep the great mass of your countrymen here from uniting with us.

I desire to be specially remembered to your accomplished wife, of whose genius, taste, talent and heart, I entertain an exalted opinion. Also to your worthy brothers, their families, and all the other friends.

I am with all my heart your friend,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Richard D. Webb,
Dublin.