

To Mr. Garrison.

Boston, Jan. 8, 1861

Dear Sir:-

3
Mr. ^{Haywood} Hayward, a gentleman connected with the Liberator I believe, was at my house this morning; and I gave him permission to publish me, among the speakers at the Convention some time this month. Since then I have taken conjugal advice, (regarding woman's rights) and have decided that my permission to Mr. Hayward ought to be recalled. You will agree with me, I think, when you know the circumstances. I am not unfriendly to the convention; on the contrary, I shall be in full sympathy with its op-

position to slavery. - In explaining, I
am obliged to speak of family
matters, - wh I may do safely, in
your private ear. Charleston, S. C.,
was, till recently, my wife's home;
'tis her native place; there most of
her relatives - a very large circle - now
reside. You may remember Hugh S.
Legare, who ~~had~~ died at Mr. Picknor's
some years ago - that is the family. They
are very proud, wealthy, and ardent seces-
sionists - some of them holding hundreds
of slaves. My wife's immediate family
sympathised with the Grimké's, in
their abhorrence of slavery; and have
come North, at great sacrifice of all
the good things of this life, to escape the
hated system. The youngest son has
had not yet completed his studies at
College, but is hoping to graduate next
Summer. 'Tis on his account that I

feel embarrassed. He has recently gone back to Charleston, under medical advice, to escape our Northern Winter, — having thrown his first vote for liberty. He fears that he may be disturbed, (not by our friends, but by the mad populace) should it be known there that I had spoken at a meeting of Garrisonians. [It undoubtedly would be known, owing to our circumstances, should I thus speak.] — It would take me a long time, my dear Sir, to tell you what I know of the inside of American Slavery. My acquaintance with it is very intimate, and has often been very painful. 'Tis not knowledge, but ignorance or brutishness, that makes Northerners apologize for it. I have seen wives, and sisters, and daughters of slaveholders, weeping hot tears over

their unspoken consciousness of degradation, — at the same time thanking God for the anti-slavery movement, and praying for a speedy deliverance from wags who they cannot name.

Will you please see that Mr. Hayward attends to my request.

Great God, what a country! — that I cannot speak for liberty without perilling the life of my brother!

Very truly yours

J. M. Manning