

Messrs. Erwin S. H. H. H.
 218-11 Mulcahy Hall,
 1875
 By the power of my broken
 seal, I will wait till this is
 opened by the receiver.



Below, is a sonnet and a crostic; which I wrote
it is fit to be printed. Mr. G. may revise it thoroughly,
of the poetical column, or some other obscure corner
not without. I am aware that 'good sense' is the body
motion, its life, and imagination, its soul; but do
specimen of the materials of poetry; it is a true crostic,
its being a sonnet, perhaps it has no other claim, than that it consists of four-
teen lines.

Sonnet and Crostic.

Tell me, true friend of Freedom, who dost fly
O'er earth, men's tears to wipe, assuage their groans—
Tell me, thou that our nation's sin bemoans—

Have sable 'countrymen' began a cry
Entailed with direful woe and cruelty?

Let joy your heart persuade, while mine you hear.

Indeed their cry ascends,—they live in fear,

But shall not long; list! winds waft Liberty!

Emblem of Peace! make Freedom's waves, on land
Roll o'er, and waft with speed before unknown,
A truth that makes Oppression sigh and groan—

That 'countrymen' their peace shall understand.

Open thine heart of stone, Freedom's foe, and give
Repentance room, stern Justice place, and live.

ms. 11. 32

Including the above, I have written about 150 lines of stuff, which I
have called poetry; 90 of which are crostics, — 1 Rondeau, — 1 Eclogue, &c. &c.
If they possessed merit I should probably send them to you for revision; but
as I think they do not, they are retained. — Wishing that your enterprise
may be crowned with success, I subscribe myself

Your sincere friend,
Gester Anson Miller

To Mr. Wm. L. Garrison,
Boston.

P.S. If it is not pressing too hard, I would again ask Mr. G. if he will not write by Major Cotton? I
should consider it a great favor to receive a letter, as also, an honor. — In reading my letter, I find that the term you
have used rather than Mr. G. was my mate; I do not wish to be disrespectful, and therefore beg pardon. I present
to you my best wishes for his prosperity, I do not wish to be considered inquisitive, so that Mr.
G. will not just as he pleases. Does Mr. G. think the hope that the flower of Paradise is planted
in his bosom?

and freedom? When the sun of that day shall
in glory, throwing its beams amid the dark recesses of
out the abodes of cruelty and misery, placing the degraded
on the bright side of their existence;— then we shall
Christianity waving over a happy land, and scattering
his sweet dews among the dwellers on earth. There "wars, and rumors of wars,"
will be heard no more, and Justice, Mercy and Peace, will take up their residence
among mankind, and all will dwell in safety. Forward, is your motto, &
God send thee in a course of promoting peace and good will among mankind.

I intend to exert myself more than I have, in endeavoring to obtain
subscribers for your valuable Liberator. Though I have distributed a number
of them, together with those addresses which you very kindly proffered me; yet I
confess, "with shame and confusion of face", that none have been procured. Sev-
eral persons have nearly concluded to take them, and I shall endeavor to have them
yet subscribe. Singular as it may appear, yet so it is, there is a most unaccount-
able stupidity here in regard to the subject of Slavery. Some seem to care for none
else if they are not divested of their ^{own} comforts and enjoyments. Others, if they lift
their voice in opposition to it, are styled 'fanatics' and 'enthusiasts', and what not.
Even to me, a person who has done nothing, comparatively, to mitigate the suffer-
ing of humanity, the term of 'enthusiast' has been applied, with— 'I guess
you won't feel so long'— Do you now that you have many friends, and many
enemies; and who would not wish to be so, rather than lukewarm?

While conversing with Mr. Wm. Master, the other day, he observed
to me that he believed the negroes were an inferior race of beings, and that they
ought to be kept in subjection. I cannot express my indignation at such
a remark from a New Englander, in language too reprehensible. I thought to
myself— I wish Mr. Garrison was present, to hear this fine observation. Just
as if the negroes had no soul to be saved! Just as if they were as insensible to
the whip as are the brutes of the field! And just as if Mr. Master was an
ungrateful being, and cared for his own good exclusively! This Mr. M. is the
same person who called yourself a fanatic, as short time ago, in the Observer; and who,
by the way, endeavored to convince, or rather show me, that the negroes were
inferior to the whites, by the formation of the head, &c. &c. &c. Enough!

Mr. Garrison, I should be very much gratified to have you write
and send by Messrs. Colton, an answer to this letter, acknowledging the receipt
of the money also. He may be found at 23 Ann Street, during the week
which he is to remain in Boston.

Woods Hole, 16th

My dear Garrison & Knapp,

Two dollars are in
years subscription to the Liberator, and if it is
vanced according to the terms, satisfaction will be made to you by Maj. Colton,
by whose kindness this letter is presented. — I have delayed paying, in order
to transmit the money by private conveyance; and now ask your forgiveness
for my seeming negligence to you, who have been so regardful of me.

This money is for the 11th volume of the Liberator, which you will
please to continue sending, being sure to direct them to Vermont, as many
of them have been mispent to Connecticut. — If you have No. 6, vol 11,
you will much oblige me by sending it, as I have not received it. — Should my
residence be removed, in the course of the year, of course I shall inform you, and
have the papers sent accordingly.

Yours sincerely,

Lester Anson Miller.

My dear S. & K.

Boston, Mass.

Mr. Garrison,

Wednesday eve, 15th July, 1832.

I have not time to write much, as Maj. Colton starts
for Boston early to-morrow-morning. Being an Assistant in the P.C. in the absence
of the P.V., with poor health, and pursuing studies, I cannot write an epistle on
the all-engrossing topic of the day, if indeed I was competent.

With delight, I say that the perusal of the Liberator has been a source
to me of unmingled interest and pleasure. Interest, — when reading of the
portentous cloud now hovering over our land, (and considering what it con-
tains, and what its final outbreathing will terminate in; — and pleasure, — when
listening to the breezes now wafting Liberty through our land, betokening that
brighter days are in embryo for the unhappy, and cruelly oppressed slaves. —
Yes, — it affords me much joy to contemplate the approach and dawn of
that peace-full day, whose sun will soon rise in glory, and cast its
beams of Peace and Liberty on those whose cry reaches Heavens ears, telling of
oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in de-
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