

Leatham July 27<sup>th</sup> 1845

My Dear Caroline

Your two long & excellent communications were  
rec<sup>d</sup>. on the rather sad on the same day last week. On  
Friday I went out town on Sunday affairs & there of course  
I saw the Countess. She informed me that she had just sent off  
a parcel for me by express, containing the letter for from  
Addy: - saying nothing at all about yours. When I got home  
I found heaps of letters - one from Janism in reply to one from me  
urging his attendance at our Meeting. & also urging him to say  
nothing more about Rogers; & both w<sup>h</sup> he accepted. He said  
that he had ceased to feel any interest in what P. says and  
did not take the pains to borrow his paper very long. Another  
letter was from Sydney informing me of his return home on account  
of illness & inviting me to come over & see him. Ady's letter I  
thought might as well wait till the next day. So I did not  
open it till next morning, when to my astonishment I  
found your journal. On going to the P.O. I found your letter  
so I was well fed for that day. I enjoyed your journal very  
much & you were quite right in supposing that I could read  
it, better than you could yourself. There was but one word  
I could not make out, & that I would apply the Queen of Scots  
himself to decipher. It was something apropos to Henry's  
descriptions about the Decimus School Hall, but as I sent the  
journal to Weymouth I cannot particularise further. But your  
accounts of people & things are very amusing to me who like to know  
the private history of every body. You have all of us materially  
enriched for five hundred words, as good as Pitt Rivers, all  
about us, if we only had the gift to make use of them. Your  
excursion to the Beach must have been delightful. That was  
a pleasant day we had together at Weymouth last year! We  
little thought then of all that has happened since. I have you

ever read the Suspicion de Profundis, now publishing in the Blackwood  
written by Dr Quincey & being the sequel to the Confessions of an Opium  
Opium Eater? There have been three papers. The first & last are  
very interesting, touching & beautifully written. The second is  
rather hard to understand. He speaks in the last paper of the  
sensation we have in placing ourselves <sup>in unadvised</sup> after a misfortune, a painful  
series of circumstances, at some point of time anterior to its occur-  
-ence. You are familiar with the Opium Eater, I presume. It is  
a very curious work & mainly so because it is an exact  
account of real facts, told by a man of talents. My eldest  
sister not long since commenced a correspondence with  
him & see whether he could throw any light upon the his-  
-tory of our family previous to the emigration in 1833.  
She wrote to Thomas De Quincey, whose name she had  
seen as the author of the Logic of Political Economy.  
In her letter she alluded to the Confessions, which  
have always been said to be written by Edmund De  
Quincey, & said that she supposed it was a collection  
of his. An answer was rec<sup>d</sup> from his daughter Mary Ann  
saying that her father could not answer her letter himself,  
he being very ill in consequence of attempting to leave off  
opium. She also said that her father was the original  
Opium Eater, that Edmund De Q. was only a novel  
Opium Eater, because being a young man he feared his  
prospects in life might be injured by it. My sister  
answered this letter & a reply came from Florence  
De Quincey, another daughter, of the most friendly  
character. They seem to be much pleased at finding  
that they have relations in America of good stand-  
-ing & to desire intercourse. W. D. Q. begged for a

copy of my father's life of his father, & promised to send  
in return a copy of his Ladmiria when finished & collected.  
That we find that they know very little of the family  
history, & expect to receive rather than to communicate  
information. They live at an estate called Laford near  
Edinburgh & are evidently people of high cultivation & of  
many sorrows. All this I rather think I have told you  
before; but whether a not, it is in strict confidence,  
for you know the ridicule which might be easily made  
to attach to such a proceeding. It is rather a curious history,  
is it not?

Only think of Laford's being dead! I am more  
sorry to lose him than ~~any~~ almost any body of my former  
acquaintance. But dead he is & all his plumes of merri-  
-ment extinguished forever. His name was the Rev.  
R. Harris Barham, Rector of St. Andrew, a metropoli-  
-tan parish & a minor canon of St. Pauls. Alas! poor good  
The last Legend he wrote (a published) was in the Time  
No. of the new monthly, & was the dead food of July. Perhaps  
it smacked of the apoplexy, like the Archbishop's sermon.  
The story was that there were two brothers one a pious  
monk Robt. de Birchington & the other a wicked knight Sir  
Robt. de B. The Devil looking over his shoulder sees  
a terrible balance in his favor against R. de B.  
& despatches Levy (Levy is a famous Jew bailiff  
in London) to arrest him giving him the description  
which applies equally well to both brothers. The Devil  
bailiff makes a mistake & carries off the monk. Sir  
Thomas de Beckett interposes, summons Satan to his  
presence & demands satisfaction. The Devil is much

abashed & produces his man.

"This! This! cried the Saint in a startling tone  
Do you call this Sir Rich? All these chapters?"

The Devil apologized & crapes out the account, <sup>and</sup> ~~then~~  
brings the monk to life again. Then Sir Rich? appearing  
he seizes upon him as his lawful prey; but the Saint  
again interposes & tells him that he can't dine on a cancelled  
account & kindly him out of the presence. The monk returns  
to his convent & but has a mortal aversion to heat  
& the smell of burning all the rest of his life. The  
knave repents; turns monk & dies in the odor of sanctity.

On Monday, also, I called on W. Isaac P. Davis,  
and thought that few had a sight of complexion of colour  
-this in her presence. In her house is living her only  
surviving son, my poor friend & classmate Tom Davis,  
an incurable lunatic. He is harmless & manageable.  
He seldom leaves his room except for meals & never  
utter more than a monosyllable. He was several years  
at Cheltenham, but came home, as it was thought he was  
as well off there, as any where. She had two sons,  
George, the younger, who was her darling & who stood  
& her in the relation of a daughter as well as son. He  
died of yellow fever in his first voyage as a sailor-  
-corp, what he undertook under the most promising  
auspices. He would undoubtedly have made his fortune  
by that time. This almost killed her. Then Tom,  
who was her pride & hope, & who had fratched her  
to the highest rank at school & college, fratched  
developes that treacherous disease, what was once  
in for years under her eye. And now he is forever

July 27, 45

a living death before her eyes. Many of the calamities  
of many kinds has she experienced. She always puts me in  
minds of one of the heroes of the old Greek tragedy - the victim  
of an inexorable Fate. Yet still she commands herself, and  
in mixed company is as cheerful as ever she was. That when  
alone with a sympathizing friend, she ~~uttered~~ <sup>breathed</sup> her suspiria  
de profundis - the groanings that cannot be uttered!

On Thursday I went down to Hinham to see Lady Lucy.  
I had a most delightful trip down of course. As I was going  
to the town I met Lady Lucy coming to the Boat, intending  
to go up. That he turned back & I had a very pleasant  
stay with him. He was quite recovered. He looked as  
well as usual, but said he still felt weak. She called on  
poor Miss Sidmouth. She seemed very miserably poor thing; and  
her case is not thought safe yet. It is not yet certain that  
she may not have to lose her limb or her life. Her prospects,  
all her flesh & looks more dead than alive. Her prospects,  
however, are thought to be better now than at any previous  
time; - so we will hope for the best. We had a very merry  
dinner & afternoon at Mr. Fay's. She was in excellent spirits  
& seemed better than I have seen her for years. Mr. J. Fay  
& her sister, Miss Allen, were there too, & two Charities, <sup>they</sup> ~~they~~  
went. As we went to the Boat we stopped at the <sup>last</sup> Boat  
house to see the tapestried chamber. The most curious  
thing I saw was old M<sup>rs</sup> L., who is absolutely the best  
preserved old person I ever saw. She is 82 & with scarcely  
a sign of age - no wrinkles or dills. With a little making  
up she would look like a well looking woman of fifty.  
On board the Boat I found Mr. J. P. Davis & Dr. Robbins.  
They said they had been at Marshfield, helping Mr.  
Webster get in his hay! I paid Maria a cursory visit  
on my way to the cars, but heard no news.

I hope you have seen & admired my letter to Rogers  
which he printed in <sup>the</sup> last "Free" but me. I admire it  
exceedingly. I had no idea it was so excellent an epistle.  
I marvel at the folly of the man in publishing it. Please  
Johnson writes me - "How feels you for naked soul in view  
of the developments made by the pub<sup>l</sup> of that dreadful, plotting,  
& "anatomical" letter of yours to Rogers? Alas! that Garrison should  
have been pious & such an awful conspiracy! But you've  
found out, - there's comfort in that. Now repent & save  
yourself from utter annihilation!" But the fun is that I never  
was pious to it! No human ever saw the letter before it was  
sent. That was a lie out of the whole cloth. I shipped him,  
however, not to notice it nor contradict it, as I should have  
shown it to him, if I had had a chance, & he would have dis-  
proved it. I exhorted him never to mention P.'s name again.  
Garrison tells me that W<sup>m</sup> Wallace & Peleg Clarke have stopped  
their liberators in consequence of the Rogers matter! I quite  
agree with Anne that "dutiful peace inclination" is the true  
conscience." I am satisfied silent contempt is the true  
treatment of such a case - after enough has been said.

As to the Frost of August at G. B. I think you need  
not apprehend any appearance from the younger Trejato.  
He will, doubtless, be engaged at Maltravers & will  
think nothing could be done without him. As to our  
meeting here we intend to try to make it as good as  
we can. Garrison we shall have. Theodore Parker  
also; but what help he will be is doubtful. The  
worth of Dr. Walker's proffered \$25 & expenses  
if he would come. He is advertised to be at Maltravers,  
but Maria wrote me that he was at the moment of  
writing in her drawing room & assured her he would  
be with us! How he will manage I don't know;  
unless, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, he can be

in two places at once. Perhaps he intends to divide  
the day between the two places. At any rate, I felt my-  
self authorized in adding to the handsomely - "Capt. Don-  
Walker, the Hero of Pensacola, will attend & accept his  
franked Land as a testimony against American Slavery!"  
- Rather fine that, I think! "Keep it so!" I think it will  
do. We intend having a new plate in our procession.  
Our Pic Nic band had raised their prices. They asked two  
dollars a piece, a \$20 in all, for their services. This we  
thought rather more than we could afford. So Mr. Fuller  
at once decided to dispense with music, & that the procession  
should move through the streets singing A. I. songs! This  
she said, was the custom in Germany, & that the effect  
is very fine. So we shall do as we are bid in the  
hymn, & "as we journey, sweetly sing!" At first, it struck  
me rather ludicrously, but on consideration I thought  
it might do very well; - the main object of a procession  
being to excite attention in the town & induce people to  
go. This will, perhaps, do better than music as it is more  
-thing new. Mr. F. is drilling a band of singers to serve  
as leaders, & the rest can join in very well. The  
Committee is to be here, as I suppose you know; & of course,  
the Weymouths. I wish you could be; but you do  
not seem to go to Fall River. You had better see whether  
something cannot be done among the women there for  
the Fair. Most of them go with Rogers - but there is a  
remnant left, which is probably, with all the rest, if  
you can only get hold of it. I hope to see Liberty here  
also.

Abby is exceedingly severe on George Thompson in  
his letter to Maria, for consenting to the fellowshipping  
of Mr. Duppin & Bulhorn by the League & various little matters

Journal to himself. It is still my opinion that Ferris  
knows himself too well ever to come to this country again.

I have a notion that there is not much in this letter.  
I never mind, it is two large sheets full. I was never before  
in such a state of mind as I am now. I am, of course, very  
happy, that things are going on so well; but I have the  
most insupportable unwillingness to make any mental exer-  
-tion. It requires a good deal of whiffling up every unit  
an ordinary letter. All my habits of application and  
study are gone. I dawdle away a whole day with  
the most entire satisfaction. The manner in which  
I "wrote God's truth" should be a caution to all. I  
suppose it is a natural reaction after a long period  
of painful anxiety, & a necessary effect of long attention  
to one absorbing subject. But I declare that I shall  
come bracing out of this state of mind in due time.  
Indeed, I feel better tonight (Monday 27<sup>th</sup>) in con-  
-sequence of my being obliged to go into town to hunt up  
a chambermaid. After coming home I prepared and  
forwarded my notice of the meeting, - which I had before  
felt an insuperable reluctance to do.

Miss Rogers, the young lady who is to take charge of Johnny  
is with us now, & we like her extremely. She will take  
him away the last of this week. We shall miss him more  
than any one of the children; but we are satisfied that  
it is for the best.

I trust I shall soon have the satisfaction of seeing  
you. Shall you not pay Mr. Lumsden a visit before going  
to Penn<sup>a</sup>? If so, Mr. Quincy will be able to see you. The health  
of most of his friends now by degrees is improving, though not so  
fast as I could wish. Little Anton is a towardy child & more  
duly in stature than will be shown. Love to Deborah  
& Lorie. Ever affectionately yours Edmund Quincy.