

Oedham, July 2<sup>d</sup>, 1847.

My Dear Caroline:

I do not think I can wait any longer for some intelligence as to how matters stand with you - whether the battle of the Life goes with you - whether you are likely to carry the Academy & trample your enemies under your feet, or whether you intend marching off the field with all the honours of war. I have been in hopes of hearing somewhat from you. To be sure, I owe you a letter a two, but what of that? Do you ~~to~~ not remember the catechism & abstract although it is "the chief end of man, to glorify God & enjoy his presence" - it is no less the chief end of woman to make herself as useful & agreeable as possible to man. Or as "our old friend in the Case, collar", as Mr. Pearch denominated Mr. John Milton, <sup>surely</sup> remarks

"God is thy Law, - thou maid; & know no more,

As woman's happiest knowledge, & her praise!"  
To be sure there were some gossip about him in his lifetime, such as that

"He was an odd man, a harsh divorce,

In the first Mr. Milton left his home!"

But that does not invalidate the truth of his great doctrine. And besides you must recollect that he was married three times, which must recommend him to your essential favour. However, as I know that there is a great deal of human nature in woman, as well as in man, & suppose that I must speak first, if I wish to be spoken to.

I was going to write to you yesterday; but just as I was getting down to the desk for that purpose, a corpulent roll of Mr. Campbell's eye, being the narrative of W. M. P. P. P., at he had left with me a fortnight ago to read over, previous to publication, "My wicked conscience visited me" that I had not looked

at it, I thought I would glance over a few pages to see what it was like. But it was so good that I could not lay it down until dinner-time. It is a terrible picture of Slavery, told with great simplicity, with the truthfulness which are quite De Loria's. His experience of Slavery was much more extensive than that of Douglass, in the same sort & from the view between these New Orleans, where he was for a year or two in the service of a great slave-trader. It seemed to me a much more striking story than Douglass's, as well told. There is no attempt at fine writing, but only a minute account of scenes & things he saw & suffered, told with a good deal of skill & great propriety & delicacy. It was lucky that I had spent the money as I did, for while at dinner I should arrive had Brown to see after his Prof. After dinner we sat down & prepared the first part for the press. He wrote the dedication to the first man who helped him after his escape, "Wells Brown, of Ohio, made me a true attachment & addition at my suggestion. I wrote a letter to him & he prepared to the book. The title-page was the hardest thing to hit. He wished to have something different from Douglass's, & yet to be simple & without affectation, we settled at last, subject to further advisement, on this: "Personal Narrative of William W. Brown, a Fugitive Slave." It is a long time since I have seen a man, white or black, that I have cottoned to so much. I have to Brown, as so short an acquaintance. He is an extraordinary fellow. I do not know that his intellectual power is equal to that of Douglass, but he is of a much higher cast of character. There seems to be no concealment, no littleness, no envy or suspiciousness about him. His mind seems to be singularly healthy & he never seems (as he says he never does) think uncomfortably about his being a black man. I'll understand everything about the cause, New Prof., Third Party for perpetuity, & has no twaddle about ~~them~~ him. He is the most valuable man we have got since Douglass - in many respects, he is more valuable than he.

You will be pleased to hear that my anxiety about a matter I spoke to you about when at N. B. is relieved. I have attained the height of my wishes, the crowning culminating point of my ambition. Greatness & glory have

nothing further in store for me. I am now the ac-  
-knowledged sub-editor of the Rev. Charles Shev's! I cannot  
that my spirit quailed at the idea of being placed in constant  
comparison with a man capable of writing an Epic Poem on  
the Incorporeality of the Deity, & who imitates the example  
of the principal English Authors in carrying his own works  
about for sale, & that "I could have got off from the bargain  
I should have gladly done so. There was for a time a prospect  
this happening. The Rev. Mr. Gay the Pres. of the Pusan's Friend  
appro: thought I asked too much - I not having asked anything  
at all, but only assented to their proposition made to me.  
The eminent W. Kay, also, suggested that it w<sup>d</sup> be well for me  
not to say much about Capital Punishment! As if one were  
to suspect to spy on so to condemn the Slave, or to say as little as  
possible about Slavery! Had all this, however, I only knew  
through Wendell who I was not supposed to know anything  
about it. Had anything of the sort been hinted explicitly, I  
should have withdrawn at once. But last Saturday I rec<sup>d</sup>. an  
official communication from W. Meriam simply closing the  
agreement & at. I had assented, if they were content. So I had  
nothing for it but "to expectorate & subvert at once." In the  
next "Friend", if you are so fortunate as to be able to secure  
the sight of one in New Bedford, you may see the effects of  
my mighty pen in this new direction. I did not tell W. S.  
of this matter until it was settled, fearing lest it might  
make her proud. And you know, "The says that's awful!"  
Being rather of a weak bodily condition I was afraid that it  
might overcome her. When it was arranged, I gradually broke  
it to her & she commended herself tolerably well. The matter  
to control her natural relation within moderate limits.

I went to Boston to pay my respects to President Polk.  
I did not think his reception w<sup>d</sup> be perfect without my  
assistance. When I was asked, with some surprise, "whether  
I were going in to see Polk!" "To be sure, I am," said I.  
"I have a tooth on seeing great malfeasors. I went to Salem  
to see the Knobs & I went to Boston to see Lyell, - do you  
think I would not come in to see Polk?" I was surprised  
to see so little notice taken of the event. Actually fewer  
people came to town by the Seaboard Railway than on common

days, & the streets were by no means especially thronged  
except just at the time of the Procession, & then it was nothing  
inordinate. I saw it from Mr. Parker's windows in Beacon St.  
through the blinds. The whole front of the house was kept shut, on  
purpose. When some of her friends went to ask whether the house would  
be open for company, she replied that all the front blinds would  
be closed during the day; but that her friends were welcome to  
come & look through them! Polk is a very ill-favoured man - see  
care-worn & weary, with an alarmed sort of look of fear. Jackson  
I'll not with his hat off, bowing to everybody that will give him  
a chance, & crawling at the houses that will shut up. Buckingham  
says that the Beacon St. houses were open & full of ladies. This is  
certainly not true of the upper half of the street, for I did not  
see a single one, that was open. To be sure, many people are  
out of town. When he came opposite Nathan Appleton's house, he  
was shown to Mr. Nathan, who had given out that she did  
not mean to have her house open; but had to have one window  
just for the children, you know, & maternal affection obliged  
her to watch them, & so it came about. I afterwards saw it  
from my brother's office in State St. There was a packed crowd  
evidently about the Times office, from Mr. King a banner  
subscribed "Honor to James K. Polk, the Champion of the  
Country's Honor!" & there was the only tolerable cheering  
that I heard, & I did see one banquet projected at him  
however, a good deal of this chattering might be attributed  
to the rain which poured in torrents. The City Govt. gave him  
a Temperance Dinner at the Revue House - so that he  
did not have even a glass of wine to comfort him, unless  
he & continued to get a small horn in private. They  
were in some dubiety as to what to do about his entertainment,  
as they did not like to give him a dinner without wine,  
& yet could not give him any without a most ridiculous  
contradiction of their own action. My brother offered to give  
him a party at his house; but on the whole they arranged  
it as it took place.

What do they say in N. B. of the re-appearing of  
Anna Pottley to Alfred Rodman? I'll not been sitting  
about Dedham with her for some weeks past, & we  
were expecting it to happen. If he were a very deep



that if you read Lamb's Letter betwixt with this fact  
in your mind you will understand many things that  
now seem mysterious in them. I saw, in an English paper,  
the best stated that she was occasionally insane.

Brown told me that Fourpoint has been making  
a great fool of himself on sundry occasions. That at  
New Bedford (that they, I daresay, you know) he was  
greatly vexed because the Presb. C. Committee saw fit  
to do what they liked with the money that was raised  
at their meeting. He wanted to have the direction  
of it; which meant that he wanted to have more than  
he got. But I believe that he found his match in  
John Bailey. At Abington they raised \$24. and  
gave Hathaway, Remond & Brown each \$8. Remond  
was outrageous at their giving anything to Brown, because  
he was agent of the Prop. Society! That he got his <sup>share</sup> ~~money~~  
from them & ought not to have any of the money raised  
at meetings! Brown said that he rec<sup>d</sup>. it as agent of the  
Prop. Soc. accounted for it to them. & Remond then told  
Brown that if he touched that money he did it at the price  
of his friendship! And he refused to take his \$8 if they  
permitted in giving any to Brown. They told him that he  
might take it, or let it alone. Brown told the Abing-  
ton people that instead of paying the money to him they  
might send it directly to the Prop. Society, <sup>and</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~was~~  
as well ~~satisfy~~ which will be the same thing. How it will  
I don't he did not know. He is driving about a pair  
of horses that he has brought in from the West with him, on  
speculation. The Lord mercifully spare their lust!

Talking of <sup>unconscionable</sup> ~~reasonable~~ niggers, I wrote to Douglass  
just as I was leaving New Bedford, to ask him what  
he sh<sup>d</sup>. consider a fair compensation for the letters

which we had supposed he sh<sup>d</sup> write for the Standard.  
In due time I rec<sup>d</sup> an answer, saying that he sh<sup>d</sup> think  
two dollars a half about right! I consulted Wendell about  
it & he thought that we had better not beat him down, but tell  
him that \$100. was as much as we could afford to pay  
him for the year, & that we would take that amount of the  
article - say two letters every three weeks. This wd be quite  
often enough - but it is paying too high a price for them. That  
is, he ought to ask less - though I suppose they might get us a  
hundred subscribers. I suggested this idea to him & have  
no doubt that he will be glad enough of it, though he rather  
humbled & ha'd about it - on the ground that it might injure  
the sale of a book or Ess<sup>y</sup> that he means to write. I told him that  
I thought it would help his book; but that was a question for him  
to decide. It was left that I should consult the other members  
of the Committee & let him know their decision. There niggers,  
like kniffs, are "kettle cattle to shal behind", & I suppose it is  
better worth while to pay him \$20 or \$30 more than his  
letters are worth than to put him into a luff, & per-  
haps sell them to the Era or the Chromotype.

I am anxious to hear how your affairs go on,  
what you are doing with the Academicians & what you hear  
from your rebellious boy. I told Andrew what you said I might  
& he seemed hurt & shocked at Atkinson's misrepresentation about  
your ~~school~~ <sup>washing</sup> him the Principal &c. He ~~replied~~ <sup>said</sup> however, that though  
your girls' school was as successful as possible, they considered  
the boys' school as a failure, and attributed it to the unwill-  
-ingness of boys to go to a school of which a woman was the head!  
I rather cringed at this; but he said the boys said that was their  
objection. And he was in hopes, supposing you & A. to have entire  
understanding with each other, that this arrangement wd satisfy the  
boys, while ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> fact matters wd remain substantially as they were  
before. I could not say much on this head, lest in ~~participating~~ <sup>flourishing</sup> the  
idea that this was the real reason I might suggest the idea that  
you ought to have provided a better teacher. All I said was  
that you furnished a man whom you had reason to believe competent,  
but that you did not expect to enjoy that the boys should come to  
be taught. But the trustees have, shall their own mouths or the  
suppl<sup>y</sup> of Atkinson's sufficiency, ~~but~~ <sup>by</sup> their appointing him Principal  
themselves; & thus silenced themselves on the only point on which they

<sup>seem to</sup> have any <sup>convinced</sup> reason to find fault with you. I am curious  
 to know how it will all end. I wish you could have a school  
 if you must keep one, in Boston. I don't believe but what  
 you might get me there now, Abolition notwithstanding. Mr. Taylor  
 has broken up her establishment which was very large & prosperous,  
 & is going to Baltimore, on account of the health of one of the Miss  
 Mauleods, who is forbidden to live at the North in winter.  
 There must be a large quantity of floating scholars at the  
 beginning of the next school year, from this breaking up. And

May you have as many scholars as you can  
 care for. May you suffer not to be kind to your  
 counsel! I shall see to my deliverance, I trust,  
 I am, as ever, your faithful friend,  
 Edw. W. Loring.

(Post.)

New Bedford.

Care of Joseph Richardson, Esq.

Miss Caroline Weston.

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July 2nd 1847.  
 about 9 o'clock  
 Post

If New Bedford is better than Boston, why is not Boston better than  
 either, inasmuch as there is more money & more children. But it is  
 altogether probable that "I don't know anything" &c. You are enjoying  
 this beautiful summer highly. Briggs wakes in stature & in power  
 with Cooman - at least with men. Norton seems to be rather more  
 in favor with the Devil, judging from the tricks he plays. "All the  
 rest of the bandits" are in striking condition. Wendell was going to  
 Boston last Tuesday; but I presume the rain deterred it. I hope to see  
 some of the Weymouthians at Waltham next Monday. I shall,  
 probably, go overland with Bob. I must now humbly take my  
 leave hoping your short stay will now respond that you have been shown