



53. Twenty First Street
New York.

April 6. 1851

My Dear Friend,

The departure of my
friend Mr. Hovey for England
affords me so good an op-
portunity of writing you & of
checking this wicked nation of ours
of a little postage that I gladly
embrace it, although I
am in such a state of mind
that I am hardly fit to write
to any one, far less to you
who have very little in your
own nature that would enable
you to understand the state
of mine just at this present.

A fugitive Slave is arrested
in Boston & the probability
is that he will be sent back
to Savannah tomorrow. I do
not see any thing to prevent
unless the Lord should interfere
in some visible manner as
he did in old Testament times.

I learn by the papers that
the military are in readiness
to charge, the Court House
guarded, (where the man is
confined) with a large body of
police inside the building, so
that I can have very little
hope from any uprising of the
better sort of the people, many
of the Abolitionists too being Peace
men, & many more having those
peaceable habits that prevent
men from being very efficient

in a case ^{like this}, where force is to
decide a struggle.

Now all this fills me with
bitter & indignant emotion
that if I could see the waves
of the Red Sea roll over all
the United States officers, Boston
officials & armed troops together,
it would give me such intense
satisfaction that nothing but
my mortal incapacity would
prevent my laying hands on
a timber at once. But I
cannot deceive myself into
thinking this a Christian frame
& so I would fain be out of it.
Mind, I am not judging
saints & prophets of old or
reformers of the present time
if they choose to adopt the
emphatic language of scripture,

But I cannot in my own case
defend its use at this present
time, for tho' I know my
convictions arise from a love of
justice & truth in the first
place, yet I am afraid that
the manifestations to which
they would conduct me are
parts & parcel of the un-
regenerate human heart.

I will not write any more
about it. The whole case will
be settled before you receive
this. However, the Congress of the
U. S. is sending a national ship
for Russia & Mr Webster talk-
ing in a very spirited manner
to Austria. Can you wonder
that all the old oriental comparisons
"nations dashed in pieces like a
potter's vessel" "Babylon falling
like a millstone" come to my
mind?

But I will descend from
these altitudes & come to
more mundane matters. I
have remained longer in N.Y.
than I had expected to do.
My brother has been more
ill, or rather he has consented
to give up to his symptoms &
retire for a few months from
business. He has taken a house
at Staten Island, which
Island is about an hour's sail
from New York and will
move thither with his family
in a week or two. I wish
I myself would remain here
till the mother of my sister
in law arrives. My sister-in-
law expects her confinement
in June & this circumstance &
my brother's illness makes us

unwilling to leave them
alone. My brother's complaint
seems Neuralgia, General
debility & I know not what
else, but as we have induced
him to discontinue his Homeo-
pathic advisers, I am in a
hopeful state respecting him.

You may imagine our delight
at the idea of my sisters' return
to England. With Steamers flying
each week, it brings them
very near indeed. I hope too
they may find more leisure
for writing, for as the hour
of departure from France ap-
proaches, they are so busy that their
letters are unsatisfactorily short.
I have hitherto relied chiefly on
Caroline & Emma, but they are so
frantic, I shall to day address
my dispatches to Mrs. Chapman

hoping she may be less occupied.

Mr Thompson is having great success in Western New York as you will see by the newspapers. I wish he could take up his abode in this country for the labourers are very few & some of those few but poorly fitted for the work. I learn from the pro slavery papers that he is warmly welcomed at Toronto, but since entering Canada he has not written me. I hope to hear directly from him in a day or two & shall then know how reliable these Canadians are. I fear there may be a new organization & spirit among them, as Mr J. wrote me that a man by the name of Charles Sturtevant whom you may have heard of is one of the Toronto Society's Secretaries. Whether he is in

Toronto at present I don't know
He was a bitter Bowed Street man.
Mr Garrison has sent me Mr
Paton's letter to him about Edin-
burgh affairs. I am sorry
Jane & Eliza Wigham know
no better. They do not know
how to deal with the spirit of
new organization I fear, which
is full of all deviousness of
unrighteousness. The bigotry is the
best thing about it. The shocking
duplicity & false ness is what
renders it mischievous & hateful.
Did E. Wigham write the report
of the Female Society of Edin-
burgh? If so she was greatly
to blame; to endorse those
scams of a Pennington & to
relate them with details from
the Bazaar without comment
was what she should not have
done. If the Edinburgh Society
refuses to cooperate with us

I think ³the Wighams &
all who are right minded
should leave them & form a
new Society & leave them
people to their own devices.

W. W. Brown & the Crafts be
have foolishly, but we
cannot blame the Crafts,
poor people just out of sla-
very & necessarily very
ignorant of the relations of
things. I do blame Brown,
for the spirit of a letter ad-
dressed by him to Andrew
Paton was any but a becoming
one; after his knowledge of
Mr P's kindness & experience
in the cause, it was highly
improper. But the Edinburgh
papers are chiefly to be
39 blamed. As Mr Paton's letter

To Garrison was marked "Printed"
Of course you will govern your-
selves accordingly, tho' I presume
you are much better informed
about it all than we are
this side the water.

Pray write & tell me if you
are going to the Exposition, &
every thing else that you know
I would like to hear.

Give my kindest regards
to your Aunt Mrs. Mitchell
& to Mr. Estlin, & believe
me, Dear Mary very
truly & affectionately yrs
A. W. Weston.

How fortunate Mrs. Follen
was to see Joanne Baillie
as she did. She was a person
about whose writings I had
great enthusiasm.