

Charles Robinson to Sara Robinson

A letter written by Charles Robinson, from Boston, Massachusetts, to his wife, Sara Tappan Doolittle Robinson. He writes about attending Octoroon, a play about slavery, and his feelings for the "infernal institution of slavery." Robinson thinks the play conveys a true picture of conditions in the South. A searchable, full-text version of this letter is available by clicking "Text Version" below.

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My dear good wife

I have found your two

letters of 14 & 18th & they have made me very happy. Now I wish I could be at home with you - I think of you a large portion of the time & think how happy I ought to be with such a good wife to love me. (I have determined to think that you are good & do love me all the time) Last night I went to see the play of the Octoroon illustrating Louisiana life, slavery &c. &c. When the beautiful Octoroon, daughter of her dead master & beloved by his nephew as well as by the widows of her father, & every body else, was found to be by law a slave, & had to be sold for debt, & a vile overseer bid her off for the vilest of purposes &c. &c. I thought I had not fully appreciated the blessings I enjoyed or the enormities of that infernal institution, slavery.

It is awful to think that this is but a true picture of life in a portion of the States of this Union. I hope I may never forget how much more I have to be grateful for than so many others all over the country & world. I don't know but I am desisting too much time to my own happiness & too little to my race.

I am now in Simpson's office & am waiting for some bank men to come in, but thought I would improve the time while waiting to write you a word. I go to New Bedford this P.M. to see Capt. Webb. Nothing new in business matters yet. I think I shall do something before leaving but don't know what. Good bye! Dear S. Yours and C.



