**Casement to Alice Stopford Green**

**NLI 10464**

**8 April 1911**

Exchange Station Hotel,

(Lanc & York Rly.)

Liverpool.

Saturday evg.

My dear Mrs. Green

I should like to report progress. I've had several buffets today. Hartley's Jams hit me in the eye first - at noon. I telephoned for Sir W. Hartley's address to his Jam factory at Walton acting on advice - They wouldn't give any reply, except to me in person. (I hate telephones!) So I went - and as I refused to state my business over the telephone to the Jam Manager we got no forwarder at all. They wound up the controversy by saying they did "no export trade to Brazil" (!) and I replied that I wasn't buying Jams but I thought Brazilian manners might be sweetened by Hartley's Marmalades. I'm told since this preliminary skirmish that Sir William Hartley gives £5000 a year in charity & is guarded heavily by a staff of expert charity managers - so that the unregenerate heathen (like you and me) shan't get at him.

Then I went for the Bishop - not at home, but he's all right. He's confirming at Wigan - to return tonight. Then to the Venr. Archdeacon Madden - a brother Irishman from the North, with a face like a jovial priest & he was more than a make up for the Hartley Marmalade magnates (I mean to flatten them yet!) and we discussed Morel & Congo for hours & had a jolly time & he is helpful. Then I went on to one Thomas Snape (it should be Snake) and tried to draw him. He was a parlous ruffian. He is organising the Peace or Arbitration Section of a Town's Meeting at Liverpool Town Hall on Monday next & I thought might be of service - as the O'Madden had given me his name. He sniffed - a preliminary sniff - & we nearly came to blows. He even sneered at Morel, and said "he is a young man and can earn his living" - I said -"He is not so young as when he began this unselfish fight - he has given up 9 years to a wholly humane cause - and His Hair is whiter than Yours!" He then thought to clinch matters by saying he presumed I wanted a subscription - that I was "leading up to that" - and I said no that I really didn't want his money (he hadn't the slightestintention of giving any), that several people in Liverpool had already given large individual sums: what I wanted was the advice & help of a prominent Liverpool man as to how to best organize a popular appeal to reach the people of Liverpool who had not yet been touched, but who certainly supported Mr. Morel's humanitarian fight. He began then to sing the praises of various L'pool citizens after premising his psalms with the remark that Mr. Morel was not a L'pool man (I said "obviously") and as he hung long on this note, sniffling and psalming I said I knew that some good men came out of L'pool - because I knew Mr. Morel & he was much the finest type of Liverpudlian I had met! Thereat we parted.

I then tried Sir Edward Russell, but he was away & I left word (without my name and calling!) that I'd call again. I've no belief in any of them except the Religious men - they may do something. The rest are Greed - potted Greed - poor imitations of Sir Alfred Jones of that pot. Anyhow I'll run this Hartley man to Earth. I'll waylay him at Southport - there is Lever too - & there are others - but if anything general and popular is to be done here it will be thro' the Churchmen & the tabernacles of the Lord. I see dear old Mr Holt tomorrow & Sir W. Crossley on Monday who has written me nicely & in the warmest way. I had a long talk with Harold Brabner who is a brick & he and old Archdeacon Madden are the only two, so far, I have cottoned to.

The place itself looks a dreary, desolate hole - I mean Liverpool. There is a spirit of dirt and dissolution about it - born I am sure of the innate greed and littleness of mind of the magnates - that strikes one after London - even after Dublin! It lacks the essentials of a large life - the lower or poor class are dirty and unkempt & there is a general air of mediocrity over the buildings & offices. Compared with Hamburg, Liverpool is a Portuguese town. I am now off to enquire after Hartley & his Jam.

Yours

Roger Casement