

I am to be in Syracuse, on the 25th — in Albany, on
the 26th — in Springfield, on the 27th — in Northampton, on the
28th, on my way to Cummington.

Cleveland, Oct. 20, 1858.

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Dear Wife:

I left Salem yesterday at noon, and arrived
here at 4 o'clock, where I am enjoying the hospitality of
my friend William F. Parker, who used to be an active
member of the Northampton "Community," and who has a
promising son bearing my name, 17 years of age, and
a fine family consisting of six children. Special in-
quiries were made after you and the children. Mr. P's
mother is living with them. He is about the only abo-
litionist in all Cleveland.

An anniversary at Salem closed on Mon-
day afternoon, at 4 o'clock, the day having been spent
in short, telling speeches, chiefly in reference to the ques-
tion of funds; and, though the company present was not
large, and the financial state of things is at the low-
est point, and the abolitionists very much straitened
in special, between five and six hundred dollars
were obtained in money and pledges. How

for the latter may be redeemed remains to be seen. But the prevailing spirit was excellent, and every body seemed to be filled with gladness.

Monday ^{evening,} a very large and choice company of anti-slavery friends assembled in the spacious parlors of our friends Benjamin and J. Elizabeth Jones, for social interchange of thought and feeling; and a very pleasant time we had of it. To enjoy the friendship of such souls would repay a century of popular odium and proscription.

At the request of my friend Joseph Heaton, I sat for my photograph before ~~Leary~~; but, though the artist was skilful at his business, and tried three or four times, he was as unsuccessful as all others invariably are. I am satisfied that, from some unexplainable cause, a good likeness of me cannot be procured by the daguerreotype and photographic process. I am glad that you have a portrait of me, (by Wilson,) which is satisfactory to your mind.

Last evening, some of Mr. Parker's neighbors, with their wives, (one of them with a sweet, bright little babe, a year old,) came in to see me, and we had a pleasant conversational time of it. This evening I am to lecture in Chapin Hall, but expect to have a very small audience, as Cleveland has almost as little anti-slavery feeling as a grave-yard. I intend to find my old friends, Mr. Jones and family, (at whose house I was so dangerously ill,) and shall probably take tea with them.

I have just received a letter from Susan B. Anthony, saying that it would be useless for me to attempt to lecture in Rochester on Friday evening, as on that day Ira Stout is to be hung, and a tremendous excitement is prevailing in the place. You saw Aaron M. Powell's letter in the Liberator, in regard to the mobocratic tumult growing out of this case, at a meeting called in R. in opposition to capital punishment. I want rest, and am very glad I am not to lecture in Rochester.

On arriving here, Mr. Parker put a letter from you and Fanny, into my hands, much to my comfort, the contents of which were eagerly perused. Tell Fanny, I have given her daguerreotype an additional kiss for her note, and Franky one more also for his remembrances of father. I deeply regret to hear that Mr. Hovey continues so afflicted with his rheumatism, and ~~begs~~ to be remembered to him in a most sympathizing spirit. I wonder whether he has tried the medicine I bought for him; if not, I wish he would consent to make the experiment. I am also very sorry to hear that our dear friend Mrs. Phillips is still so unwell, both for her sake and Wendell's. Remember me to them most lovingly. Also to dear friend Wallcut and family, the Yerritons, Mr. Whipple, Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, &c. &c.

I am glad to hear that Fanny is advancing in her musical studies, and long to be in the parlor, listening to her new performances. I am enjoying myself very much, but "there is no place like home." Regards to May Ann. Am glad to hear from the cat.
Ever yours,
W. L. G.