

[Ask friend Wallcut to send the Liberator to John G. Hoyt, Battle Creek, Michigan, and enclose a receipt for six mos. - \$1,25 - and charge the same to me.]

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Battle Creek, Oct. 15, 1853.

My Dear Wife:

Up to this hour, I have not had a word of intelligence from home since I left Boston. Possibly you may have written to me at Adrian, and that a letter is waiting for me at that place. If so, I shall not be able to get it till a week hence. It is not my habit to cherish any feelings of uneasiness about you and the children while I am absent; but I begin to be somewhat restless in mind on that point. I wrote to you from Cleveland and Adrian, and presume the letters came safely to hand.

On Tuesday last, I spent the day (with Mr. Robinson of the Bugles, Sallie Holley and Caroline Putnam,) at Thomas Chandler's, the brother of the lamented Elizabeth M. Chandler, whose memory deserves to be held in lasting remembrance for her early and heroic espousal of the anti-slavery cause. The farm consists of 160 acres, and is beautifully situated - about five miles from Adrian. T. C.'s wife is a very amiable woman, and the daughter of Joseph and Phebes Merritt, of this place, with whom I am now abiding. I spent an hour alone at the grave of Elizabeth, (the remains of her aunt lying beside those of her own,) and pencilled a Sonnet on the post of the railing erected around the deceased, expressive of my estimate of her virtues, and the feelings of my heart. - Sallie Holley had previously paid a brief tribute with her pencil to the exalted worth of the departed. There was nothing else to identify the persons whose remains were lying beneath the soil. They are buried on a rising elevation in a large wheat field, which is seen conspicuously at a considerable distance - half a dozen young and thrifty oak trees standing in a

I shall not be at home probably till the middle of November, or near that time. I wish to speak at Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, and Albany, if I can.

row on one side of the enclosures. To me it was hallowed ground, and while standing there, I renewed my pledge of fidelity to the causes of the enslaved while life continues. Thomas reminds me somewhat of dear brother George. His heart was well-nigh buried in Elizabeth's grave, and his reverence for her memory carries an air of solemnity about it, as though she had been an angelic visitant from another sphere. He has an estimable friend and neighbor in Jacob Walton, like himself a "birth right" Friend, and, like him, free from every outward sectarian trammel. I was sorry to leave so consecrated a spot.

On Wednesday morning, I left Adrian in the cars for Jonesville, (~~34 miles,~~) in company with Miss Holley and Miss Putnam, who were going still further to a place called Coldwater. ^{Miss H. had been lecturing in various parts of the State with great success.} At Jonesville, I took the stage (a long-bodied wagon) for Marshall, (~~28 miles,~~) and had a fine opportunity, by the side of the driver, to see the face of the country. The "lay of the land" in Michigan, as far as I ~~have seen it,~~ ^{saw it,} ~~is~~ ^{was} extremely beautiful; ~~it is generally of a rolling character, but without any hills.~~ ^{both level and undulating, but without any hills.} Immense fields of wheat and corn ~~are~~ ^{were} to be seen in every direction. The soil is light, ~~and sandy,~~ yet easily cultivated, and very productive. The road between Jonesville and Marshall was so sandy as to remind me of Cape Cod. ^{a long protracted drought making it extremely dusty.} Some of the land was as thickly covered with stones as any part of Massachusetts, but they ~~are~~ ^{were} generally of a small size, hardly suitable for stone-walls.

~~At 5 o'clock, P. M., I arrived at Marshall, stopping~~ ^{at the hotel till 10 o'clock.} ~~at the hotel till 10 o'clock.~~ ^{Marshall is a village of about} The place has about 3000 inhabitants, and, like Jonesville, presents a very attractive appearance. Its streets are ~~narrowly~~ ^{very} wide, and laid out at right angles, and its plank side-walks extend for miles; ^{I could} ~~making a most~~ ^{pleasant} ~~delightful~~ ^{hear of} promenades. There are no abolitionists in the place. At 10 o'clock, P. M., I went to the

I was detained there from 5 o'clock, P. M. till midnight, waiting for the train that went to Battle Creek; ~~depot to wait for the train for this place,~~ a distance of only thirteen miles, but I had to wait till after 12 o'clock, (my usual luck,) before the train came along, so that it was after 1 o'clock in the morning, ^{A. M.} when I arrived at the latter place. ^{Can the venerable Joseph Merritt, an orthodox minister in the Society of Friends,} At the depot, I was met by my young friend Richard Merritt, whom I saw at the Women's Rights Meeting in New York, and who had just returned home only a few hours before my arrival. I was sorry to have given him all this trouble, but the arrangement was made without my knowledge, as I designed to go to a hotel. Richard conveyed me to his father's residence, ^{a beautiful location,} where every kindness was extended to me while I remained in the place. I was warmly welcomed by his parents, and his young sister Phoebe, who came on with me from Cleveland to Adrian. Battle Creek is extremely beautiful ^{pleasant to the view,} in every direction. It has a population equal to Marshall, but is a more enterprising place. The buildings are neat, and the streets spacious, though not so regular as at Marshall, and every thing is attractive to the eye. There has been considerable anti-slavery work done here by Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, James W. Walker, and other efficient laborers; ^{lecturers} but not much impression has been made upon the place, owing to the strength of religious bigotry, all the meeting-houses being closed against the slave's advocates - except the Methodist's, which, a short time ^{before, had been} since, was opened ^{through} to Miss Holley, but I ^{was} could not get admission into it; being ^{a distinction between the parties} ~~being~~ ^{without} ~~regarded~~ at the West as an infidel of the most dangerous stamp.

In the evening, I addressed a crowded and attentive audience in the Friends' meeting-houses, ^{not a large building.} as very small ones, and succeeded in reversing their preconceived opinions of my person and principles to a very satisfactory extent. Many expressed their surprise that they had ^{been} so grossly deceived in regard to ^{my sentiments,} myself, and a strong reaction ^{favorable} in my favor was the consequence.

Yesterday, I spent the ^{rest} forenoon and dined with Henry Willis, ^{at the residence of} and his wife, in company with a few friends. It was a very ^{agreeable} pleasant interview. Mrs. Willis is a sister of the late Abigail Mott, ^{of Albany,} who died in this place, and "of whom the world ^{was} not worthy." Mr. Willis is a rough, energetic, enterprising farmer, going extensively into the nursery business; but his wife has once separated from him, on account of his ungovernable temper. He is an outspoken abolitionist, but a man without any influence, and one of those injudicious friends who do a great deal more harm than good to any cause they are so unlucky as to espouse. Still, he has many good traits, and only needs more restraint upon his feelings.

DEPT. OF JUSTICE
MAY 10 1840

Mrs. Helen Eliza Garrison,
Anti-Slavery Office,
24 Cornhill,
Boston, Mass.

My health is "with notes," except that I have a slight attack of fever throat. Even since I have come into Michigan, the weather has been clear and beautiful, with ravishing moonlight evenings. It is a very dry season, but extremely healthy.

In the ^{last} evening, I again lectured in the Friends' meeting-house, to a crowded audience, and was listened to with profound attention for two hours. ^{I was assured that a} A very favorable impression appears ^{to have} been made. This afternoon, I leave for Detroit, where I am to speak to-morrow afternoon and evening. There is a good ^{deal} of excitement in that place, caused by the recent meetings held there by S. J. and Abby K. Foster. The Detroit papers are full of pro-slavery slanders, especially the Free Soil paper, which has assailed our friends after the style of Bennett's Herald. I expect to be slandered, caricatured and assailed, in the worst manner; but no matter. One of the Detroit papers asserts that my nose was pulled at Cleveland! - From Detroit I go to Ypsilanti and Adam Asher, then back to Adrian on Friday next, to attend a ^{young, lovingly,} Mrs. Liza Garrison.