

Orms June 29 1858

Friend Parker -

Pardon me for this intrusion on your time and patience. - Here am I pursuing a line to you with one hand, and holding up Callen Bryant's papers in the other and dividing my time between you. -

193 "Sabrepoint" - in the State & is oppressive. I have this day written 3 stanzas of a new poem and as the saying is, I am used up. Ideas all gone - totally. -

I wrote a couple of articles for the Mechanic & Success this week. They are horridly butchered by the printers. - They are full of typographical errors - They only aggravate. - I murder my work bad enough without having a couple dozen put on by others. Look at them. Read the 6<sup>th</sup> line of 2<sup>d</sup> stanza of the first piece

"When sleeping in their infant bed -"

"Ellen Moore" too - "What think you of that piece eh? - Rather short - but spirited is my opinion. Overlook the 4<sup>th</sup> & 5<sup>th</sup> lines -"

To day I am all up in a heap - can't write nor nothing. - Look up my pen and aimed at you - but can't effect any thing - Do you ever get so? -

David will die if he don't leave off one of the filthy habits a man ever was addicted to - Solitary vice - He told me it was become confirmed - Poor fellow! -

Write me to-morrow and believe me truly yours *Wm. Lloyd Garrison*