

Ms. A. 1. 1 v. 7, p. 19A

Yesterday, I mailed to my son Wendell the correspondence which has taken place between
 me and myself in relation to our meeting of trustees, &c. I wish you to read it.

Several days ago, her ungratefully been forgotten or left
 out of it. Please drop me a line, or let Mr. F. send
 me the info, by return mail if possible, giving the address
 information. Mr. Kendrick is "front-rock" company.

(Private.) Roxbury, April 6, 1858.

Dear Johnson:

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Your letter, with its enclosed check, is received, for which all thanks. As yet, what I get through writing for the Independent is all that I earn to "keep the pot boiling," and, consequently, my family expenses are rapidly using up my other means. That with my travels abroad, with Harry and Frank, and constant treatment for poor dear wife, and the high prices for everything pertaining to household wants, &c., the last year has been to me a very ^{heavy} load pecuniarily to carry. Aside from the remuneration I get for my articles in the Independent, I deem it a great privilege to be permitted to address such a large number of readers. If I send you an article every other week, I do so only with the wish to be indulged according to your room, and as my contributions may seem to be of service. No doubt you are often greatly perplexed

to know what to print, and what to postpone. What to reject may not be a difficult task. I am rejoiced that the Independent has so much matter that is practical, relating to our own day and generation, and so little of the pious platitudes of F. L. Cuyler - (I mean little besides his own) - for how cheap and how indefinite is the old hum-drum talk of coming to Jesus, and sinners repenting of their sins in the abstract, &c., &c. A cart-load of such writing is not worth the measuring. Still, you have a class of readers who will relish it with an unctious, and their tastes and needs require to be consulted.

For a month past, I have been suffering from an attack of old-fashioned influenza, superadded to my chronic catarrh, which is steadily gaining upon me, and unfitting me for mental activity. Do you know anything of W. R. Prince, the botanist, of Long Island, who advertises a cure for catarrh in the Tribune, and traces the disease to scrofula in the system, (that is my trouble, I am inclined

to think,) and declares all other treatment ~~of~~ ^{disposed} but his own to be quackery? I am ~~inclined~~ ^{disposed} to give his preparations (botanical) a trial.

What say you and Mary Ann about it? I must get some relief, or in due time succumb to the disease. Frank has the same trouble, to an extreme degree for his years, and it threatens an early consumption in his case. I am a good deal worried about him.

All afloat as to what I shall do, and having been so much "under the weather" since my return home from Europe, I trust that with the upspringing of the grass, and the return of the birds, I shall be in better trim, so as to be able to give myself to writing my contemplated Anti-Slavery History. I am about to rent a room for that purpose in Boston, and to "break ground" accordingly.

The health of my dear wife continues to give me no little uneasiness; for though she is looking pretty well, there are occasionally symptoms which are not favorable. This morning, for instance, while sitting at the breakfast-

