Roxbury, Feb. 1, 1867.

My dear Fanny:

Our latest intelligence from Munich is your letter, dated Jan. 2. You will see, therefore, that no letter has since been received from Frank, though one was due several days ago, and in all probability will be received to-morrow, as there is a Liverpool steamer now on her passage from Halifax to Boston. Of home matters and incidents, (nothing new or specially interesting, however,) I suppose your mother has fully treated in her letter; for what she writes to you, from week to week, she is not willing that I should read, (so sensitive is she in the matter of composition,) while she is eager to read every word I write. That is hardly fair; but, if at any time I happen to repeat what she has already reported, you will by this be able to understand how it comes to pass.

I have, at last, had my arm and shoulder examined by Dr. Bigelow, the most eminent sur-

geon in Boston. He finds no dislocation or fracture, and confirms what Dr. Cotting originally said, that recovery is mainly a matter of time. He prescribes certain local applications, which I am now trying — the shoulder still being very painful. I am a good deal relieved in mind to have his decided ~~appearance~~ opinion that I shall not be permanently crippled.

I write an article every other week for the New York Independent; and that is all that I accomplish. I have not ventured yet to deliver a lecture, and had to get George Thompson to supply my place last week before the Lyceum at Worcester. Next Friday evening, I am booked for a lecture at Woonsocket, but shall probably have to let Mr. Thompson speak in my stead. I am also down for a lecture in the Academy of Music at Brooklyn, N.Y., on the 20th inst., and trust I shall be able by that time to deliver it. It was in that building, a year ago, that I gave my last public address. How much pain and misery I have since been called to endure!

The Annual Subscription Anniversary for the benefit of the Anti-Slavery Standard was held last week at the Music Hall, but the attendance was thin, and the receipts probably small. Phillips was the only speaker on the occasion. The next day, the annual meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society was held at the Mercantile Hall in Summer street. It had three sessions, at all of which I was assailed and held up as recreant to the cause by S. S. Foster and Dr. Knox, and defended by James N. Buffum, J. T. Everett, Mrs. F. [illegible]per, &c. J. T. Sargent spoke of my sword as being sheathed, but exulted that the "blogety scimetar" of Wendell Phillips was wielded with such effect as to make any remembrance of me almost obsolete! Phillips heard all these attacks, and received all this adulation, without saying a word. How altered!

At last, the Court has decided upon the points raised in regard to the legality of Francis Jackson's will — affirming the anti-slavery bequest, but disallowing what was given to the woman's rights cause. We, the Trustees, had a meeting at Edmund Jackson's on Monday preceeding, to

see how far we could agree as to the disposal of the bequest, provided the Court should see fit to accept our decision. The whole amount coming to us is $9,200. It was finally compromised so as to propose giving to the American A. S. Society $4,200, and $5,000 to the Freedman's Education Society. I hope the Court will decide to give the much larger portion of it to the latter object.

New Year's day, I sent "The Wounded Scout," with a handsome bracket, (costing $25 in all,) to J. B. Smith, as a token of our esteem, and our appreciation of his kindness and generosity in making such a handsome entertainment at your wedding for nothing.

William has made some sales in wool since my last, but business continues dull. If the tariff bill should pass, (and this seems doubtful,) things may take a turn for the better.

I have just received a pleasant letter, giving the particulars of Wendell's attempt to keep "bachelor's hall" while she and her father and mother made a visit to Philadelphia. She found everything at the Point in prime order.

Ellie was going to the Concert this afternoon, but has a severe neuralgic attack in the head, (after the manner of Harry,) and feels miserably; otherwise, she desires me to say, she should have written to you by this conveyance. She sends her loving regards to you all.

I met Mr. Frank Sanborn in Boston this forenoon. He gave me sad intelligence — namely, that our esteemed friend, Miss Anna Whitney, was lying at the point of death [illegible] ovarian tumor, with dropsy, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Barker. We shall deplore her loss.

We have had a very severe January, with a vast amount of snow. To-day it is thawing like Spring — yesterday the mercury was below zero!

With all conceivable love to you, and Harry, and Frank, and regards to all the relatives, I remain, in galloping haste, as the mail closes directly,

Your ever adoring Father.