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Roxbury, March 25, 1855.

My dear Wendell:

It is a long, long time since I attempted any thing in the way of rhyme. I now send you four Sonnets for the Nation. If, for any reason, (and none need be rendered to me,) they shall not be accepted, you may hand them to Tilton or Johnson, and see if they will "pass muster" for the Independent.

For a week past I have been hors
du combat, owing to another severe fall I have had, while violently running to catch the train at the Grantville depot for Boston. I tripped, and went headlong, precisely as I did some weeks ago in Charles Street — striking heavily on my right shoulder and arm, and also right collar bone, which have given me constant pain ever since. I have had no surgical examination, but may yet require it. I am pretty sure there is no dislocation, but there may be a fracture of the bone.

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Of course, all use of the pen is at present a painful effort.

I was out at Granville, making a call upon the Southwicks. Mr. S. is in a very enfeebled condition with dropsy of the heart, and cannot long survive.

I am still at a loss to know what to attempt in the way of steady employment. When doing nothing, my candle must necessarily burn at both ends, and in the middle, the price of family living is so enormous. The lecturing season is now over. My last lecture was given week before last at Rockville, a very picturesque manufacturing village in Connecticut, twenty-five miles from Hartford towards Providence. Previously, I had been to Auburn, Syracuse, and Oneida, — receiving in each place \$50, in all \$200, exclusive of travelling expenses. I have no engagement on hand, but think some of preparing a special lecture on President Johnson, to be delivered in the Tremont Temple or Melodeon, ^{on Fast Day evening, on my own hook,} but may not feel able to do it.

I have not yet seen or written to Mr. Fields about his proposition to me to write the history of the Anti-Slavery struggle. Fanny, in her letters, chides me sharply for my delay, and perhaps you will do the same. Be merciful! It is a matter requiring the gravest deliberation before I actually commit myself one way or another. I confess, I do not feel competent to the mighty task, and fear I shall make a failure of it if I try. To-morrow I shall aim to have an interview with Mr. Fields, and will report progress.

Aunt Charlotte and Julia Randall are with us from Providence. Sarah Fillinghust has also been with us. We are all in usual health. Fanny names the 15th of April as the time for getting home. William and Ellie expect to be back about the 4th of April. We envy you, at least your summer residence, in Llewellyn Park at Orange. With many kisses for dear Lucy, and a benediction upon you both, I remain, hostilely, (as Mrs. Dale has just come in,) Your loving Father.

Ms. A. 1. 1 v. 7, p. 10A