

Roxbury, Feb. 26, 1874.

My dear Fanny:

You are indeed having a severe trial in the illness of your darling children, whose suffering condition awakens our deepest commiseration. It is, indeed, inscrutable that, with all your motherly care and watchfulness, they should have been thus simultaneously attacked, while other children, wholly neglected and poverty-stricken, have escaped with impunity. May your next letter bring assurance of a rapid convalescence! Fortunate it will be if you are not crushed by such a weight of anxiety and care.

I went into the city this forenoon, and going down Winter Street, slipped down on the ice, and so sprained my ^{right} hand and wrist as to make it very painful for me to hold the pen.

The German head-rest for your mother, which Harry so thoughtfully sent, is very handsome, and out of it she will extract any amount of comfort. Many thanks for the same.

It seems, now, that in all probability Harry will not take you to Oregon. We do not like to have you so far away, and therefore hope that when you all come to us in early summer, something may be found in the way of business that will induce ^{Harry} you to remain in Boston.

I enclose some well-deserved strictures by Gen. Butler upon the sensational newspapers in our midst, which explain why it is we seem to be so bad in our manners and morals to European lookers-on.

I am still a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism.

Yours, lovingly.