

Roxbury, Jan. 23, 1877.

My dear Fanny:

Your letter, just received, mentions your disappointment at not getting one from Frank yesterday. Nevertheless, with his characteristic brotherly attention, he wrote a descriptive epistle (with reference to the parties, &c.) on Sunday, intending you should have it on Monday. In the afternoon we went in to the city, and made a call upon Mr. Phillips, taking the letter for you along with us to drop into the letter-box; both of us, however, forgetting to do so! We had a pleasant interview with Mr. P., and met his brother George there at the same time. W. P. said he was going to Toronto the next day, and some other places in that direction, to lecture. I did not see Anne, as she was being rubbed for her neuralgic pains by a woman possessing a good deal of magnetism.

I have no faults in the Congressional compromise. It will elect Tilden.

of You and Henry must both be careful about any needless exposure that might result. I am glad to learn that Helen's cough is better. "Vegetine" I think would help her general system. I can arrange to let Helen have it.

We afterward called to see Miss Burnham, of Philadelphia, who, with her younger sister, has been visiting a family by the name of Howe in Chester Square. She is a very delicate, gentle, modest, intelligent and cultured young lady, Swedenborgian in her religious faith, whom Frank met at the mountains in New Hampshire with Miss Lewis. She returns home this week.

I will not attempt to give you any account of William's birthday party, because Frank has already done so, and doubtless William or Ellie will give you further particulars. There were not less than fifty invited guests present, and an elegant entertainment was served on the occasion. The poems prepared ~~for the occasion~~ by William and others, with reference to the pleasant time enjoyed by them at Asterville last summer, were quite "clever" and witty. Several drawings of the bathing scenes, by one of the young ladies, were capitally done, and excited great merriment.

William, Ellie, Mrs. Osborne and I spent last evening at the Lewises. Ellie told me she should probably accompany Eliza to New York (thence to Orange and Philadelphia) on Friday, taking Agnes with her, and stopping en route at the Westminster Hotel, if rooms could be obtained. I think she said that she had already written or telegraphed to you on the subject.

Miss Southwick had a severe fall near our piazza steps Sunday evening, slipping on the ice, and ^{striking} falling with great force upon her forehead, the result being a badly swollen and discolored right eye which greatly alters her looks. She must have come pretty near fracturing her skull. The number of similar accidents in Boston and other places, this winter, is legion - in some cases fatal. Now that we are having melting weather, the walking everywhere is peculiarly slippery and dangerous. But what a shocking condition the streets of New York are presenting!

Sunday noon Mr. Cobb made us a call, and stated that Dr. Putnam had been confined to his chamber, and most of the time to his bed, since the first week in January, by physical prostration and an attack of sciatic rheumatism. He is somewhat better, but Mr. Cobb thinks he shows signs of a general weakening of his system, which is very likely to increase till the last great change is consummated. None of us knew that he was in this condition, though we had for some time missed seeing him in the street. This afternoon I am going to call upon him, and shall feel not a little embarrassed that I have been so unneighborly.

Miss Southwick wrote to you on Sunday an account of William's party; but her letter, like Frank's, was forgotten by us to be put into the letter-box Sunday evening.

Ellie expects to be gone from home about a week. In the meantime Mary Randall will look after the children.

Your loving Father.

15, I have no fault in the Congressional compromise. It will elect Fillmore.