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Roxbury, Feb. 14, 1877.

My dear Fanny:

Your letters to Ellie, George, Helen and myself have kept us well-informed as to how you have been getting along from day to day, especially dear, patient little Harold, whose convalescence seems to be advancing so favorably. Let him know that grandpa thinks of him a great deal, and hopes to see him here when he gets entirely well.

To-day is a lively one for all children who are hoping to receive valentines. Helen was made very glad when she came home from school this forenoon to find those sent to her by you and Bertha; also one from "uncle Frank," and one that she is quite certain came from her "dear grandpa," because it is the largest and handsomest of all! She has gone to deliver to Agnes those designated for the latter in the New York letters, as well as some others.

She is really very happy in being by my side again, and bestows upon me her fondest caresses. Miss Sprague readily received her, and she goes to school as cheerfully and punctually as she did last year. She not only gives us no trouble whatever, but is a positive contribution to our domestic enjoyment. She wishes me to thank you "very much" for the volentines, and also Martha, and sends her love to papa, Harold and Oswald.

William and Ellie will not return from Auburn until next Sunday. The death of Florence is a severe bereavement to her parents. Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Lord were present at the funeral. Ellie writes - "The house seems so lonely and desolate, and everybody looks so full of grief it is heartbreaking." The grave was lined and covered with evergreen, in the midst of which calla-lilies shone out. Florence looked very peaceful and lovely, and her robe was quite elegant and tasteful, giving her the appearance of a "sleeping bride."

Monday evening Frank and I consti-
tuted ^{two of} a large party at Mr. and Mrs. Swasey's,
the entertainment being handsomely gotten up.
George and Annie were also present. The latter
Mrs. S. had never seen before, and was quite
captivated with her fair countenance.

Yesterday George received your sis-
ter's letter, congratulating him on his 41st
birthday, and of course the perusal of it gave
him great pleasure. That I should have a
boy of that age is an "evolution" of time that
makes me rub my eyes.

There was a public hearing, yesterday,
in the Hall of the House of Representatives,
before the Joint Committee of the Legislature
on Woman Suffrage. There was a densely crowd-
ed audience, the floor and galleries presenting
an imposing spectacle, and the most cordial
manifestations accompanying the remarks of
the speakers. The Committee were ably addressed
by Wendell Phillips, William J. Bowditch, Rev.
Jesse H. Jones, and Miss Mary E. Beedy. The
most favorable impression was evidently made.

Mr. Wallcut made his regular fortnightly visit Sunday evening. My old anti-slavery friend, Joshua T. Everett of Princeton, spent the day and night with us.

Wendell, in a letter to Frank, asks how we should like to have Lucy accompany us across the Atlantic next May, she going to the Stillmans at the Isle of Wight. Of course, we should be delighted to have her companionship, if we should go ourselves; but, as I am at present feeling—i. e., good for nothing on account of my kidney trouble—and I cannot seriously entertain the thought of such a trip, though Frank is earnest for it, and somewhat imprudently writing to English friends that they may expect to see us next summer. But I must feel much stronger and better than I now do to believe it would be prudent or desirable to cross the Atlantic again, even as a matter of recreation.

Tell Harold^I I was highly pleased to get the letter he sent to me. Thanks to Harry for his. Your loving Father.