

Roxbury, Jan. 20, 1877.

My dear Wendell:

I have not yet been able to find the letter of my Lynn friend, William B. Oliver, containing the extract from Timothy Pickering's Life relating to my mother. Frank does not know what has become of it. It is only mislaid, however, and will doubtless come to light soon. If so, I will promptly forward it to you.

I regret to hear that your printing-establishment still gives you cause for anxiety how to run or dispose of it, without serious pecuniary loss. In various ways you have had severe drawbacks, though warranted in hoping for good results. I trust you need no assurance from me that, in any and every emergency, it will give me a fatherly pleasure to aid you "while there remains a shot in the locker." So, make use of me ad lib.

The three parties given last week—Frank's, Lizzie Simmons's, and William's—made a quick succession of very agreeable entertainments. I need not attempt to describe them, as William and Frank will give you the particulars. At William's the Oyster-villa guests were numerous, who would have been specially gratified if you and Lucy could have been present on the occasion.

To-day there is to be a meeting of citizens in Faneuil Hall to ratify the proposed compromise in Congress for the settlement (?) of the Presidential imbroglio. Like all antecedent compromises with the South and the Democratic party, I fear it will in the end prove mischievous, making, like jealousy, "the meat it feeds on." It means the election of Tilden. If such should be the decision of the referees, the Republican Senate and party will raise no factious opposition. Should it be for Hayes, the Democratic House of Representatives will assuredly refuse to be bound by it; and who can safely predict what will follow? There

fore with this liability staring them in the face, it is more than probable that the referees will be biased in their judgment, so as to elect Tilden, in order that there may be "peace, peace, when there is no peace." The old "Union saving" (Southern dominating) spirit is again prevalent at the North, just as blind to consequences as ever. I deem the bringing in of the judges of the U.S. Supreme Court into the political arena a dangerous precedent.

I see that the business men of the country generally seem to be eager for the compromise, because they want to see better times. So they have always been in the past - "penny wise and pound foolish" - ready to sacrifice the fundamental principles of right upon the altar of Mammon.

Under present circumstances the defeat of Senator Boutwell will operate as a stimulus to the Southern bull-dozers and the Northern wing of the Democratic party. These wanted him to be ousted, much to his credit. The backbone of the Republican party is visibly weakening.

It is true, in Mr. Hoar we have an able and upright Senator; but he has yet to bring down upon his head the vials of Southern wrath for exposing the atrocities perpetrated upon the helpless freedmen in that section. I trust he will not fail to do so.

Ellie talks of accompanying Mrs. Osborne to New York this week, stopping at the Westminster Hotel a day or two, - taking Agnes with her; then on to Philadelphia. I suppose she will try to give a day to Orange.

Our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Cobb, are soon going to Europe for a six months' tour. Rev. Dr. Putnam has been confined to his chamber for more than a fortnight by an attack of sciatic rheumatism and physical prostration. Mr. Cobb thinks his recuperative powers are ~~gradually~~ lessening.

Miss Southwick has had a heavy fall upon the ice, badly bruising her forehead and right eye.

Write only when convenient. Affectionate regards to the household.

Your loving Father.