

My very warmest wishes to Henry on his safe  
return.  
I shall be met with at the concert. Give  
day. That was a splendid night for you and  
I. Thanks for your letter of yesterday.

Roxbury, Nov. 26, 1876.

Dear Fanny:

Once more at my desk at home.  
I recognized no one in the cars from New  
York to Boston, and so had the time to my-  
self in reading the Times, Herald, and other  
papers. Our train arrived exactly at the  
minute due - 6.10 - accomplishing the dis-  
tance from Worcester to Boston, 44 miles  
in 58 minutes. My ever most filial  
and attentive son Frank met me at the  
crossing, and accompanied me to Rock-  
ledge, abandoning his purpose to hear  
Ole Bull at the Music Hall that even-  
ing. Sarah had everything in readiness for  
me, and the little pet kitten was prompt to  
put in an appearance, greeting me as af-  
fectionately as though I had not been absent  
an hour.

Wrote to Mr. Jenkins  
I have no objection to your  
copying this letter for the  
purpose of sending it to me at  
your convenience.

Yesterday, at 1 o'clock, P. M., I attended the funeral of Mrs. Jenkins, at Chester Square, with William and Ellie. There was a large attendance, Rev. William P. Fildes conducting the services in a very sympathetic and acceptable manner. I followed him in a few remarks, it being the wish of Mr. Jenkins. I remarked upon the sad coincidence that, like himself, Mrs. Fildes and myself had experienced a similar bereavement, all within the present year, and therefore could enter <sup>into</sup> the deepest sympathy with him. We went to the Forest Hill Cemetery, where the interment took place. Some sixteen carriages were in the procession. Poor Mr. Jenkins! how solitary he must now feel, not having a child left to comfort him! As his health is much broken, it is not unlikely that he may, ere long, be united with the loved one gone before. His wife was a strong staff to him, and the blow is a staggering one.

13 The other evening a long letter into  
Missor Coffin's house, and steps three hundred  
down the street. The house is in  
the corner of the street.

Mrs. Dall's father is dead. He was at one time very wealthy, but lost a great deal in a bad railroad investment; and whether he has been able or disposed to leave her anything, I do not know.

My old anti-slavery friend and neighbor, Joseph Ricketson, residing in Marcella Street (formerly of New Bedford), died and was buried during my absence. He was a classmate of Judge Hoar, who attended his funeral. It is only a short time since he called to see me.

Frank Godwin (son-in-law of Charles K. Whipple), after a brief marriage, has lost his young wife.

Dr. Putnam occupied his pulpit this forenoon. Charlotte Coffin was in attendance, and after the services came and dined with us. She reports all well at home, and desires to be affectionately remembered to you and the children. We have invited her to be with us Thanksgiving.

I have a letter addressed to Henry,  
care from Washington, for Miss. George  
& Frederick. I shall I presume it to him.

Last evening we all went, with Wil-  
liam, Ellie, and Lizzie Simmons, to Dr.  
Zack's Saturday night sociable in Cedar  
Street, and had a pleasant time, with many  
others.

This forenoon Frank took young  
Lizzie on a pedestrian excursion to  
Corey's Hill; after which they went to  
hear Mr. Vincent's friend, Rev. Reuel  
Thomas, preach, near by. The discourse  
was extremely orthodox.

Frank has just gone to make a  
call upon Caroline Thayer.

I have taken a little cold, and  
have a touch of sore throat, and a feel-  
ing of soreness in my right breast - my  
vulnerable point.

Love to all the darlings - Helen,  
Harold, and Oswald. Sarah sends kind  
regards to you all. Your loving Father.