

Roxbury, August 25, 1876.

My Dear Fanny:

You will recollect that a lady took a seat by my side on the stage-box as we drove from the Glen House yesterday morning. She knew me, and soon introduced herself as Mrs. Whipple, the widow of the brother of my old friend Charles K. Whipple. She was returning to her native place, Byfield, about five miles from Newburyport, at which station we parted company. I found her a very intelligent and agreeable companion, and the tediousness of the journey was almost wholly removed by the social talk that followed on a variety of topics.

I arrived at the house ten minutes before seven o'clock, but found no one at home, and every door locked. After trying several windows, I found one not fastened, and so got inside, being once more "master of the situation." Of course, no one ex-



pected me, and William and Frank were taking tea with the ducks at Belmont. Nellie came home soon after eight, and Frank a little before ten - both "taken all aback" at my materialized presence. I did not see William till this morning. This afternoon he goes down to Ostrerville, in company with "cousin Julia," who is coming from Providence to-day to meet him. He and Frank made many inquiries about you all - the former feeling much relieved in learning that Agnes is already better by proximity to the mountains.

Last night was a warm one, and to-day the weather is lovely and brilliant - the mercury ranging as high as 84. As soon as I finish this, I am to take Dick and drive to Riverside for Frank and his young friend and assistant Scudder, for a drive to Forest Hills Cemetery, at which Scudder has never been. He will, on returning, take tea and spend the night with us.



There is nothing new to communicate.

I suppose Lizzie and you are now on your way to Fabyar's. I shall call and see Mrs. Simmons this evening.

I am feeling better than I did at the Mountains.

If Mr and Mrs. Cobb are still at the Glen House, convey to them my kind regards. I shall expect to see them by Saturday night.

Whether Dr. Putnam is at home I do not know.

I have had a long call from Miss Chase at Worcester, who, with her sister Lucy, has spent five years in travelling on the other side of the Atlantic.

Don't stay longer than the last of the month. Love to Harry and all the dear children.

Your loving Father,

Ms. A. 1. 1 v. 9, p. 7A