

I will see that you have
a lot and comfortable - It is un-
likely gratifying to hear of your
kind improvement. - Affectionate re-
gards and best wishes to Harry.

Roxbury, Nov. 9, 1876.

My dear Fanny:

Your welcome letter of the 7th was delivered yesterday afternoon. Before it came to hand, a telegram was received from Harry, indicating that you had left your quarters at the New York Hotel, and gone to the Westminster; probably because you were disappointed as to your accommodations at the former. Miss Southwick says the latter is an excellent hotel, she having stopped there repeatedly. For another reason I am not sorry for the transfer; for if the New York Hotel was the rendezvous of the Southerners before and during the rebellion, it will doubtless continue to be so now that Tilden, their united choice, is to be the next President of the United States. [You see that all my fears and predictions as to the result

of the election have been fulfilled.] It is not desirable to be in such company, even hotel-wise.

How lucky you were as to the day you all took for reaching New York! Ever since then, up to the present hour, the weather has been wet, gloomy, and exceedingly depressing, as though symbolizing the unsettled and dreary state of things involved in the triumph of Rebel-Democracy. Election day it rained steadily all day, making the travelling very disagreeable, and placing an embargo upon all outward bound vessels by an impenetrable fog. But everywhere in New England a "water famine" has begun to be felt, so that every drop that has fallen is needed, and very large additions besides.

The dear children must have been greatly interested in looking at the new Aquarium. How many wonders are reserved for the eyes of childhood, especially in such a city as New York!

In the absence of you all, our house seems almost "as still as the grave." Singularly enough, no visitor has called since you left. Sarah is habitually quiet, and I fear she will feel it to be somewhat solitary and dull when I am absent. How much social intercourse has to do with life's enjoyments—yes, and sometimes with its drawbacks! For myself, I rather count seclusion, though always enjoying the company of my friends.

Dr. Lucy Sewall has invited Sarah, Frank and myself to dine at her house this evening at six o'clock, as to-day completes the 76th birthday of her estimable father, who, with his wife, will be present. We have accepted the invitation.

Speaking of birth days, I have just written to Wendell in regard to an indisputable proof that lies before me, that I am really one year younger than I supposed myself to be—the town records of Newburyport "to the contrary notwithstanding." I

discovered, among other things, on opening the little box made of the wood of Pennsylvania Hall, a letter from my father to his parents, dated Granville, April 4th, 1805, saying, "I am about to remove to Newburyport, in the United States," and bidding them an affectionate adieu. It follows, therefore, that as I was indisputably born in Newburyport, and as I could not have been born there before my parents had come to the place, I shall be 71 instead of 72 years old next month. This accords with what my aunt Catherine (my mother's oldest sister) told me in 1835 or '6, at Deer Island, Me. Hereafter let my age be so reckoned.

I did not see George yesterday; but the day before he told me that his little girl was having only a very light attack of scarlet fever. But their cook and chambermaid have taken French leave!

Helen, Harold, Oswald, darlings all,
you are not forgotten by your grandpapa!
Your loving Father.