

W. B. Henry sends in a telegram nearly  
every day. He is now at St. Louis, on his way  
to Kansas City. Jay Smith is busy at work at  
Boston, and has no chance in coming to  
New York. He will not come up till Wednesday P. M.

Tarrytown, July 27, 1878.

My dear Frank:

The mail this forenoon brings a letter from George, and another from William, for Fanny, and yours to me, enclosing a note from Mr. Clark, and the cards from Bella Mack in regard to her father's death and burial. I particularly regret not being able to attend the funeral, not only on account of the esteem in which I held Mr. Mack, but because my presence must have been confidently relied upon by the family (they not knowing my absence from home), and because the last time I saw Bella she said, in view of this event, that they knew not whom satisfactorily to call upon to perform the services - i. e., in the clerical line. If William Gannett had been in Boston, he would have been very acceptable to them all, especially to her father, who had formed a strong personal liking for him. Well is it that the



painful struggle is ended, and the sufferer at rest. How evident it is that death is an open door of deliverance mercifully ordained for all, and in its reliefs and possibilities as to a future state of existence an immense boon to mankind! Of course, I shall send a sympathizing letter to the bereaved ones.

Mr. Clark's note is so hearty in its tone and so emphatic in its regrets that he cannot make his contemplated visit to Rockledge, that we can only reciprocate its spirit, and reassure him of our own regrets, though not wishing him to alter any of his arrangements on our account.

Mrs. McKim arrived here at 6 o'clock last evening, looking very thin indeed in the face, yet seeming as well as usual. All the six grandchildren are greatly enjoying themselves in various ways, and there is no discordance of spirit among them. Croquet is their favorite amusement. Yesterday afternoon all the boys went to the river to bathe, in the care of Hunter, and returned reporting that they had had a first-rate time.



Another wearisome and sleepless night, my spinal difficulty causing me exquisite pain, though somewhat lessening in severity. It is still my intention, if I can, to leave for home in the 11 o'clock <sup>train</sup> on Monday; and it will then be quite problematical whether it will be prudent for me to think of going to Mount Desert, for it would give me little or no pleasure to be there, if at all in my present condition. With this impending uncertainty, if you should receive this letter to-morrow, and should feel it expedient to abandon the Maine excursion, and inclined to come here and make such jaunts together as we can (long or short according to my strength), by immediately telegraphing me (the better and surer direction will be to Henry Villard) to that effect, I will waive going home on Monday, and gladly (as will Fanny and all the rest) await your coming. Yet, if I go home, and should hardly feel strong enough to go to M. D., I may be able to accompany you to Winnepesaukee Lake, or some other place, where we might pleasantly recreate ourselves for a time. I regret



to be given up.

③ Mind your business, it will be an agreeable to me to  
make excursions from home as you have, in case Mr. D. is

all this dubiety, growing out of a lack of back-  
bone; and whatever conclusion you may arrive  
at will meet my approval. Should I receive no  
telegram from you to-morrow (and it will not be ne-  
cessary for you to send one, unless you conclude to  
come here), you may expect to see <sup>me</sup> at the W. and A.  
depot on Monday, at 6.10 P. M., unless you get a  
telegram from me to the contrary.

I see that Mr. Clark expresses the hope  
that he may meet us here on the 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> of  
August. Should you come, I trust you will  
carry out your plan of spending a night at Brook-  
lyn with the Parsons.

The only steam-boat conveyance from  
New York to Tarrytown is at 3.30 in the after-  
noon, from Pier 35, at the foot of Franklin  
St. The cars run as often as every hour from the  
Central Depot, occupying an hour - the boat two hours.

All the thronging household send their love  
to you, and George, and William, and all the other  
dear ones. The boys have caught five turtles!

Your loving Father.