

Roxbury, Dec. 9, 1875.

My Dear Wendell:

Thanks for your letter of the 28th ult.

As to my sudden leave-taking of the Park, you must have been indeed surprised to find that, at ~~the~~^{the} very hour you had returned home to greet me, in all probability I was not very far from my own!

You well may say that my sudden resolution seemed almost determined by a premonition that I would be wanted at home.

You had been gone scarcely fifteen minutes before I felt strongly impressed to take the next train, and then on to Boston, though at breakfast I announced my intention to remain over until the next morning. When I got to the Westminster Hotel, and was told by Fanny of the death of Mrs.

Jenkins, and that a telegram had been received from Boston requesting my attendance at the funeral at noon the next day, it seemed to me as though your thoughtful and watchful mother - somehow made aware of the event - had exerted her influence upon my mind to hurry me homeward. Of course, I had no time to get down to your office to explain matters. When you saw Fanny on Saturday, no doubt she gave you all the particulars. I am glad you went with her to witness the marvellous playing of Madame Essipoff upon the piano, and I wish dear Lucy could have been with you.

In the first time for a series of years there was no family reunion here yesterday, at our Thanksgiving family board. The sickness of Mrs. Anthony (she is confined to her bed) and the danger of any exposure of George's little girl prevented any and all of them from coming. Dr.

Drew and his wife, with their two children, having ^{been} invited by William and Ellie to spend Thanksgiving with them, only Miss Southwick, ~~and~~ Mr. Gissing, Frank and myself sat down at our table, and it seemed, therefore, rather like commemorating a bereavement rather than a festival. ~~After dinner~~ ^{In the forenoon} Frank and Gissing took a stroll to Allendale hill, a distance of at least six miles, going and coming. After dinner Frank and I went out to Newton, to see Mrs. Edmund Jackson, who is reported as visibly failing, but we found no one at home. In the evening we went to William's, and had a very enjoyable time.

To-day the mercury ranges lower (16 deg. below freezing) than it has any day since last winter.

I will send you a copy of my father's letter, and also Mr. Oliver's letter, by another post.

I will also write to Samuel
Haskins concerning the births of his
mother's children.

Miss Southwick warmly recipi-
rocates your kind remembrances.

I have been troubled somewhat
a catarrhal attack since my
return home, but am now partially
relieved. My kidney trouble causes
considerable debility. What a
happy deliverance it will be finally
from "all the ills that flesh is
heir to!" Every day brings it
nearer, as I

"— nightly pitch my tent,
A day's march nearer home."

My affectionate regards to the
household. Your loving Father