It was that the sweet, sad
faced, invalid wife of an
old navy friend of mine,
whom also I vis it occasion
ally - the more particularly
because she has a very pretty
niece - one of your prim,
precise little pieces of Presby-
terian puritanism - who
by the way she told me she
did not intend should marry
for some years to come - I
say that this lady, graceful
and still pretty though she
cant want more than a
year or two of my age, which
the family bible will inform
you is several older than
yours & D'Oremieulx swears

is a month more antiquated
than his own - that this same
lady was the beautiful —
whom I and other students
at Cambridge used to admire
& worship at a fearful dis-
tance - before whose windows
we walked up and down when
we went into Boston on Satur
day afternoons, and who ac-
tually exercised over us the
magic influence of church
going on Sundays - I was
awkward enough one evening
to blurt out the confession
that I hadn't known it before,
but she forgave me in consid-
eration that I remembered
her ancient charms, which