some very pleasant letters from her. I dropped
in at Mrs Noble's last evening & saw almost all
the family except Mrs Pheasants who is at West
point with her daughter Mrs Mendell, the wife
of an old friend of mine. The eldest boy resembles
Mr Noble somewhat but is tall & slender, the
third, only 16, wears spectacles & brushes his
hair up. The resemblance is comical & seeing
him in the dusk I took him for his father
to Mrs N's great amusement. I met Bob Emory
in the street before he left to join his regiment.
He looks very much crestfallen & feels awfully.
I shall write Alfred to day, so good bye
George