

New Albany Ind.
March 31st, 1878.

Dear Cousin Mary,

Though I have no late evidence that it will be pleasing or propitious I shall indulge my inclination to realize my Sunday leisure in a letter to you.

I was sorry that Duncan departed during my absence. I expected him to be with us for some time longer and wished to send by him some things, which, like "those nuts" (that you were afraid to deliver when you got the chance), needed a known and instructed bearer. — These may, however, serve for future "auxiliaries".

As far as two Harts were mutually and exclusively concerned, my visit to Saint Louis was very pleasant. I found

her, — the other Bert — far less imperious
and even more affectionate than Mary
Gowan at Frankfort. She did not exclude
my speech with the old habitual toss of
her bony head; she did not (often) drown
my soberer words with the volume of her
flippancy; we stood on a stone door-step,
till next day and she caught cold; we
proved the mystic influences of moonlight,
in long strolls together; she was hoarse
and obliged to talk close to my ear, so
realizing, approximately, an old dream of
mine, in which

Her face lay on my shoulder

And her breath played on my cheek.

We sat on a fallen tombstone in a dilapi-
dated cemetery, interchanging reminiscences
of our Frankfort days; we went to see
Sothern — she did so, I suppose — and I
saw her; she was said to be the most
beautiful woman in Saint Louis (I cannot
say. I did not study her comparatively.);

and I was verily

By an old spell, sweet renewal deeply stirred

— When Daniel shall have changed
the vocative in his chronic, "I want 'ou,
Mamma! Mamma, I want 'ou!"; when
the woman shall have overcome the coquette
in Fiddie May; when Fiddie shall have
learned that a personal acquaintance with
the Devil is possible ante mortem; in all
likelihood, I will be still an enamored and
unsatisfied pursuer of the lovely phantom
who thrived the years before me. Now
lured by a winsome smile on shapely lips;
now thrall'd by a spell of tender tones in
some sweet voice; now maddened by a
glimpse of some perfect profile in a throng;
now chasing a gleam of beautiful hair
— the light of memory — toward disillusion;
now resting, blissful in

The deep enchantment of great shadowy eyes;
I shall still ever and again seem to have
found her, momentarily and still, perhaps,
ever relapse from disappointment to the

one old conviction that she is Hart Cowan.

There seems to be a sudden and mutual attraction between New Albany society and myself. The chief beauty of the city, - with whom I have not been on speaking terms for nine years, - requested a few evenings since, that I be introduced to her, and then treated me with such marked graciousness, that - well, I guess we will make up for lost time.

Isn't it "some time soon" yet? You wrote to Mother, I believe, that you would manufacture a letter for me at the above season. Send it immediately.

With love for all, as ever

Truly Yours,
Hart Pounce.