

Forsyth Place,
Savannah.

My dear Mr. Clay:

I hasten to express, as well as I can, the pleasure so peculiar in its being heavily touched by sadness - which you have given me in the "memento" of the dear friend of my youth. It is in truth a memento. Time had simply deepened the expression of the boy's face. The face, like the spirit, of the boy was always manly. I recognize the steady, earnest, yet kindly look which gave assurance of the tender &