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**Letters from Rebecca P. Pickering Walker  
at Greenbank, Massachusetts, to John  
Grimes Walker, 1865 June 15-1865 July 14**

Item Type	Letters;Text
Authors	Walker, Rebecca P. Pickering, correspondent
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Download date	2026-05-17 23:55:28
Link to Item	<a href="https://hdl.handle.net/10057/38646">https://hdl.handle.net/10057/38646</a>

wished she had told you how much she liked you and that she was willing to trust men to your care, and I hope you would not have objected to hearing that. She sends her love to you.

I wish indeed that I might go to Europe in the fall, but it is so magnificent a castle in the air that I am almost afraid to build it;—which is rather a Hibernian way of expressing my idea, I mean it would be magnificent if it were built. It would be so delightful to be together in Italy that I cannot imagine it possible and will not trust myself to think about it. The Shawmut is to go into commission tomorrow and you will be off in a week—how the time flies! I hope that meanwhile the picture is progressing. What a dreadful beggar I am! But I should be so disappointed not to have a good one. It would be a pity if I should forget how you looked and not know you when you came back.