I declared were reflected in those of her niece. Fortunately she ~~has~~ emigrated early enough to lose both the native brogue and the conventional spirit of law giving, & only looks back on Boston with a sort of hazy delight - an Indian summer kind of remembrance.

What the devil set me up to writing all this nonsense, I dont know - It is still within office hours & I have lots of neglected work - Cushing - whose name is Caleb, is lying on the old horse hair sofa that you perhaps remember, near the front window, with one castor off, as all sofas