

Office of E. C. Steedman,
Broker.

No. 66 Broadway,
New York, Aug. 10th 1891

Ther. 90° rising

My dear Marguerite,

Your hospitable & laudatory letter
I found in my office by this Monday a.m.,
- a late arrival which shows that a good deal
of Circumlocution still retards the Bernacle
mail. I suppose you were waiting
for the telegram "this never came", and
for the guest who never came - I.

In the first place, none of your
harney! Your letter is as full of
it as a humming bee is of honey. Be
off with ye! 'Tis a cattering tongue ye

and did not know there was another B. Thayer. But now my father can & Mrs. C. Q. J. - and you need not know this either. Spectator.

Dear.

Secondly = I couldn't have gone, any more.

Thirdly = I have been shocked by the Ward pictures of the lady-batters at Harrington.

Fourth = The very first Sunday that I have met all of you to enjoy. I shall make a bet for West Castle, you may depend on it, & see my virtuous Laura. He is looking the best like a man, but her epithet wails are divine.

If the distinctive and altogether divine cousin of yours are at Harndale, pray give them my warmest remembrances. Did you see Stoddard's review of the "Angel" book? I met some people the other day who told me they had seen a Bethesda cottage at the River. I can't think who they were,