

"Hedgecote"  
Glea Road,  
Jamaica Plain (Boston)  
Dec. 22, 1889.

My Dear Judge Turgée,

An avaricious mother-in-law, anxious for all the best reading and incontinently seizing "With Guage and Swallow", with her practical solution of her wants, has prevented me from finishing the book myself tho I began it the day it came. They all like it very much and I for my part can say it begins with the utmost promise. It was very kind of you to send it to me and I shall prize the volume highly. I hope that it will prove abundantly successful.

Yours sincerely  
John Sherrill

apply your trenchant pen to  
Boston Nationalism. I think  
the young men connected with  
the movement are for the most  
part in earnest and I believe  
that their efforts will at  
least cause discussion: I believe  
in their principles but their  
methods:—there may be madness  
in methods as well as method  
in madness. I met Kellany  
Friday: an admiring group of  
female "delegates" formed a  
circle around him and  
I could almost see a halo  
over his head. Probably if I  
had been an esoteric Buddhist  
I should have seen it. How  
terrible to the common place

and would detect Rales. But they are an  
interesting study — you both Rales and Boston  
alike. Some of an interesting one seems  
connected with them: at least he acts as  
wider as their great meeting has lasted. He is  
either an American or a Russian Count. He  
passes for the latter and is as clear as  
the former: they say a few weeks ago  
a Christian and a Turk will elect a few  
but an American will handle a Turk.  
There is a delightful mystery about him  
and if he is an adventurer he is the ugliest  
Kosovitch — Kosovitch — and Kosovitch

need one that can live. He has the manners  
of a reigning prince. Oh if you only lived  
in Boston! They are trying just now to make  
us believe that the Gulf stream has been  
shunted off on a side track and will hence  
forth run on a steady line a degree nearer our  
Cape Cod, thus changing our climate. I know  
only that we are half parboiled with  
dampness, and never have two consecutive  
days of delight.

Yours Cordially

Nathan Noakell Dole