My Dear Bushey:

One of the queerest things in the world, is that I had not heard of your sickness. I was west at the time and must have missed the I.O. of that date and somehow or other wife did not see any notice of it. If I had known you were sick I should certainly have opened a correspondence with Mrs. Bushey to have found out how you were. And would certainly have come out to again. I am afraid you are not in see you during the three or four hours I passed in very good condition. You have been Chicago, ~~and~~ about the 20 of Dec. You have had sinning as we all do by overwork I suppose and are now paying the penalty. I do hope you will be very careful. I am in good condition to caution you for my old wound — on the irritation that comes from it — has tied me to the bed, the chair, the lounge and the house for nigh a month. I can't do much beyond searing myself and family which I do in the most approved style and with the very

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highest success — keeping myself in a constant fever of anxiety lest I will may not get better and ~~that~~ family in a continual ~~[illegible]~~ apprehension from fear ~~I~~ that I ~~will~~ ~~may~~

Of course, I knew there was some good reason why I did not hear from you but somehow never thought you might be sick. I did not "fash" myself as the Scotch say for I knew that you would say as good a thing as your conscience would let you about the book and if it would not let you say anything good I was quite willing you should keep silence. But when it did come it was so much better than I had any reason to expect better I am sure than I on the book deserve — that taken with the surprise of your illness, it quite broke me down.

I have not much to say of per=

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sonal work. In the N.Y. Weekly Tribune of the 13th and 20th Feby I have two elaborate articles of 10.000 words on the race-problem. You know what they are, of course, though I had never put them together so fully before.

In the Forum for March I shall have an article entitled The Constitutional "Right to Vote." which I am afraid will make trouble. The truth is, I could not stand the sham exultation which we have indulged so long over Sumner's ~~inheritance~~ bequest of absurdly insufficient reconstructionary amendments. He could not write or think as a lawyer and would rather fight for to have a thing as he wanted it than have another shape it so as to secure the purpose he desired. So he has left us a lot of trash which is like the witches' prophesy to Macbeth in its results.

Also, "Pactolus Prime" a story you

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. . He is also inspired by the hope that future legislation intended for the benefit of this race may be subjected to the test of common-sense as to its effects and the closest scrutiny of the terms employed as to legal intendment.

Know nothing about, I believe, and which has grown into something very impressive to me at least will be out in a few days. It is a laughable illustration of your idea of my great society of stage-machinery, in that it has, to my knowledge, no sort of foundation in anybody's work. That is the only funny thing about it, however, and I am almost sorry I wrote it. I will have advance sheets sent to you personally as soon as it is ready. Do you

amuse you to look it over and see what an infernal fool I can not help making myself.

Now my dear friend I wish you would just send me a line — only a word — now and then to let me know how you are getting along — as I shall be very anxious about you.

It seems to me that in all I have written I have not thanked you for the article you wrote. Perhaps the very fact that I did not is the highest possible evidence that I appreciate your kindly friendship. You know there are some people one never thinks of thanking for the best things they do for us and they are always the ones one most highly prize.

Sincerely Yours

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DICTATED.

Mayville,N.Y.
Feb.8th 1890.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of H.B. 725.

I think you are mistaken in supposing that I ever saw it before,--certainly I never approved it. It has not,so far as I can see any single feature of the plan I proposed,and not any material improvement on the Blair Bill.

The following are the differences between it and the plan I proposed.

YOUR BILL.	MY NOTION.
1--To pay the money in a lump to the State Treasurer.	1--To pay it to Township Trustees or other school officers in
2--To pay it before the schools are held.	2--To pay it after schools have been kept open.
3--To require State officers to do what there is no means of compelling them to do.	3--To require Township officers to show that they have done what ought to be done.
4--To make a partisan Board with a deal of frippery and [illegible] to decide questions of statal neglect.	4--My plan leaves nothing to be decided except whether the schools have been held and whether the Trustees have been duly appointed and authorizes the Commissioner of Education to do that.

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favor of the servant who had been "faithful over a few things," un-
to whom had become many, who had gone to rich and deserved reward.
The mourners were a strangely incongruous group. The heiress, the
lawyer, the doctor, the assistant and a stranger whom no one seemed
to know. But then they were of little interest except the heiress,
whose pale face was hidden by her mourning veil. It was very proper
and very becoming that she should mourn one who had been so faith-
ful to his trust!

The thin lips seemed to smile mockingly as if the eyes which
the accustomed glasses saw those who paused in reverence by and
gazed kindly down upon his face, and knew that they would have spat
upon his bier had they known that his loving sacrifice had been for
his own! As if they saw, too, the country's officials doing reverence
to the servant of an enemy, who would have jeered as the hearse pass-
ed by, if they had known that the maimed body had once fought for
Liberty and Union, and had won its scath simply because the owner
had not ceased to love liberty, when her enemies ceased to exist
her openly.

It was indeed a notable burial. Worthy of the followers of the
white Christ who delight to honor the faithful servant despite his
color. Hundreds attended the obsequies to show their appreciation
of this "most admirable quality of an inferior race,"--some few to
testify their respect for his ability and worth as a man, and many
of his own race from pride in his character and achievement. A min-
ister of dusky hue was even invited to assist in the obsequies.
Even yet the Capital of the Republic recalls with pride the honor
a Christain people conferred upon the faithful servant of an unknown
master for his devotion to that master's orphan child. A shaft of

Patrick Prime, had a notable funeral. The Index told with exquisite pathos the story of his life and death. The devoted servant of an indulgent master who had perished in the long struggle for home and native land, who had been wounded in seeking his young master on the battlefield, had taken charge of his master's orphaned daughter, had reared her gently, educated her thoroughly, invested for her benefit the remnants of her fathers fortune, adding to it his own earnings in order that she might take all by inheritance, until upon the morning of the very day of his death he had conveyed it all to her making her one of the richest beiresses of the National Capital. This was the story told with many embellishments by the reporter who had half was assigned to write up the dead boots black learned and half guessed at [illegible] of the Best House. Somehow a little of the truth had wrote. The lawyer had refused to enlighten him leaked out and the reporter found it easy to supply as to his the truth of what he wrote but had in the rest. Mr. Phelps did not deny that Patrick Prime formed him that there was no obligation to his and P. P. Smith were identical. As to the latter he making any in regard to his client though Mr. Stearns had used the name of P. P. Smith in various was not the man assigned to write real estate transactions. That he had lately deeded nearly all his realty to Miss Eva Collins Smith, who

had formerly been known as Miss Ed. Collins, whose he had asserted to be the daughter of his old master. There was no one in the city who was disposed to add to this story and with the aid of a little imagination it made a very attractive romance.

Very many were acquainted with the striking figure of the boat blank and not a few esteemed him for his own sake. After the perusal of this story, the request that he be buried from one of the most popular white churches of the city was acceded to with the utmost readiness. As the dark slender hands with the white hard nails, lay crossed upon the narrow chest while the eloquent pastor discoured with rapturous fervor of the faithful servant who had been faithful over a few things until they became [illegible] many. The mourners were strangely incongruous group. But sorrow excuses incongruity. The heiness the lawyers, the doctor, the assistant and a