

My dear Sir Confidential
I would have shown this letter,
if you can. I would
not write it, except to
a big man, with a
big heart.

If I am not mis-
taken, I have been
the most severely pun-
ished victim of a
personal & political
conspiracy - planned &
inflicted by a combina-
tion of ingrates, and
sanctioned by a
people, whose, for
almost a lifetime, I
had served with the
fidelity of a dog and
the labor & self-sacrifice
of a galley-slave.
I have been accused of charges
which were as true &

well known, five years
^{or more} (many of them) by the ac-
 cusers; every one of whom
 had solicited and accepted
 favours at my hands,
 either personal, pecuniary
 official, or Matronic du-
 ring all this time. As
 at the time they were
 trumped up and for-
 mulated, the whole thing
 seems, more or less,
 a mystery. Thompson,
 Rogers, Howle, Joe Dan-
 iels, Spier Whitaker, Al-
 fred Maddell and a goodly
 number of the Editorial
 staff, (some of whom
 committed perjury &
 others subscription of
 perjury) had eaten bread
 from my hands. This
 talk seems strong & tinged

with egotism. But I could
show you that it is as
true as Holy Writ. Now
will you tell me what
it all meant? No: I have
no right to impose or ask
this of you. I wish I had.

But what opportunities
can never be regained in
this life.

Perhaps after all I merited
some punishment for sins
either of Commission or
omission. Now, after
it is too late, I have learned
that moral cowardice
never pays. It would
have given me less to
regret if I had carried my
political actions to the
parallel of my political
conscience. If you answer
don't omit a comment
here. Candor, from any

one, can never again offend me.

If I had been told in advance that I would have submitted to & survived such a crisis, I would have believed my informant disloyal to truth. - But no man, with any of the Compos- sitions of fidelity in his character, knows what he may submit to, after he has given "hostages to fortune."

Stronger men than I might quail before in- ~~ve~~ agination looking into hungry & defence- less eyes of those very love.

Without stopping for emotion to subside I must finish my letter with tears instead of ink

Not Content with their
 victory, (I do not mean
 that I was not acquitted
 even by a Board unanimous-
 ly Democratic)
 such of the Conspirators
 as God allowed to rejoice,
 still pursue me.!!!
 H. Frank & D. Rogers you
 know are wearing their
 Crowns in a better world.

The Chronicle, Evening Times,
 News-Observers &c have re-
 cently published that I have
 been committed to an
 Insane Asylum in Den-
 ver. Are bloodhounds
 never satiated & learn they
 find no fields bearing
 other than Crops of false-
 hood in which to lay their
 victims at the distance of
 2500 miles

But, my dear Judge, if my son
 sees this, the longest letter of my
 life, he will ^{unknowingly} thank me
 for committing it to the flames

Now, one more
 annoyance I will avoid by
 silence. What would you
 think of a little fiction found-
 ed on fact - such as you
 could so easily formulate -
 I do mean for notoriety
 for or to me - but so that
 the actors in Mc could
 apply, by a very slight
 stretch of the imagination
 & that the public would
 read as a general matter -
 one of Judge Lounge's new
 books.

Please be kind enough
 to attribute this suggestion
 & inquiry rather to a wish
 for an honorable revenge -

though ignoble notoriety -
for the latter would
ruin rather than
add

Now this is bald
in me or rather ^{my} dignified
assumption. But we
are friends and the
flames & forgetfulness
would speedily chase
the folly (if you so think),
of one who is

How A. M. Furgle

Yours always
Eugene Fission

P.S. Since seeing you I have
formed an alliance with
one of the most popular & suc-
cessful physicians in Denver.
I will send a card soon