

Ozarkoma, Mo.
Mar. 28, '98.

Abijon T. Longee,
Mayville N.Y.

Honored Sir;

The wishes of the dying are imperative with those who love them; this is my only apology for addressing one, the utterances of whose flesh, and therefore his time is so valuable as yours.

On the 27th of Jan. '98 while the nation was weeping over the passing of Blaine, the statesman, in a modest and quiet funeral, by the great world unknown and unheeded, bursting the matrix of clay that had bound and hindered it, a soul as royal, and perhaps grand because of greater unselfishness in the pursuit of lofty aims, entered into fullness of life, and now need say of Wm. C. "the Governor," "He is dead."

A pure and ardent patriot; he was twice a defender of the Republic; once on the Canadian frontier, and once when God's purifying fires burned away the bonds of the slave, and cleansed the Republic from the loathsome stench of human slavery.

He was 77 years old, and all those had been spent
in efforts to ameliorate and elevate the condition of down-
trodden humanity, and hence I pronounce that hour,
when step by step I went with him as far as deathless love
can go with those who pass the Shadow (Thank God it is only
a shadow - not the reality!) of Death, the profound experience
of my life, as from beautiful with the promise of in-
mortality and of hope; for there I saw the burdens of age,
and care, and pain, drop away from the aged pilgrim;
and, though I did not see it, I fell and knew that in
more than the beauty of his glowing, ardent youth, or the
glory of his manhood's prime he stepped forth into the
light of heaven, and, sustained by the sympathies of Him
who is our elder brother, and who like all others here ban-
dored for mankind had felt the smart ofunkeness
and the chill of ingratitude, he entered a broader and
higher field of usefulness without the hindrances which
check the soul's best endeavors here.

He never had much of what the world treasures most,
but in all the vicissitudes of a changeful life he kept with
exceeding care a little scrap of paper, yellow with time,
containing a poem, a tribute to his father's character as a
self-respecting and honest man, and citizen, and a true
Christian, valuing it above gold, or rank or fame; and
this is ~~the key to~~ the character of my grand, old father
2522 a few days before he died said, "I wish I could

wrote to Judge Congdon. But he was never able to do so.

Ever since his death I have wished to write you, but hesitated till to day, when reading "The Folio of a Bystander in the last Euler-Ocean" (we read, in this house, every word you write; with admiration for the exquisite phrasing and rhythmic beauty of expression, and with absolute sympathy ~~regarding~~ ^{regarding} the matter) it all flashed over me that I had heard my father say just those things, that it was just that he wished to say to you, and that such a man as you are, could not feel it an impertinence if I should write as I have done, telling you of my father's sympathy, admiration and love for you, whom he loved notwithstanding when measured by this high ideal of useful, courageous manhood.

My father was interested in the Equal Rights Association & was instrumental, I believe in organizing a branch and when I returned last June from Colo. He said "now you will help me in this matter", but I have been almost ever since an invalid, and was only convalescent to care for him when ~~he~~ and came, but if there is anything I can do to fill his place, or bring one while sooner that glad day of equality, justice and right to all, when "His Kingdom shall have come and His will shall be done" I shall be glad to do my

little best.

One more I may say that if ever you have been obliged to walk whilst ^{out} torn was practising vocal and instrumental exercises, with nothing but draperies separating the rooms you will overlook many inconveniences as well as inelegancies in this communication.

I am yours to command

Dr F. C. and L.

Helen M. Losick.

Over and over I heard my father say, after the defeat of the party he loved best - for, "I believe if they had come out ~~expressly~~ for equal rights they must have been successful; did - perhaps it is all for the best now as it is?" Womanlike, you see, I have been obliged to add a postscript -

H. M. L.