

128 E. 12th St.,
New York, June 24, 1892.

My Dear Garrison,

37 I have not until now found time to write you even a line since my return from Longwood, so many have been my cares; and even now I can only write briefly and hurriedly.

The services preceding the burial of my dear wife's body at Longwood were very tender and comforting. Aaron Mendel all read your address, and dear Lydia H. Price, who knew Mary Ann well and loved her truly, made ^{some} very appropriate remarks. A good audience was gathered on the occasion, the day being very fine.

The labor and excitement of the Yearly Meeting were a positive relief to me, and the meeting itself was one of the best we ever held. Mrs. Livesmore more than justified all your predictions.

What a grand woman and grand
talker she is. She is as fine, moreover, in
private as in public. Everybody liked her,
and many said she was the best
speaker they had ever heard. Besides her
we had the Rev. Mr. Camp of Brooklyn,
the Rev. Mr. Chute of Vineland, and the
Rev. Mr. Hinckley of Washington—all
capital men. The bores of the occasion
were two—Williamus Moore, garrulous and
incoherent, but of an excellent temper, and
Samuel De Moore from Michigan, a
concocted ass, always ready to jump for
the floor, and invariably ignorant
and tedious. But we got along with
both of them with less trouble than
might have been anticipated. The
attendance was large, the domi-
nant spirit ^{broad} ~~large~~ and charitable.
I missed you very much, for nobody
ever fills your place in helping to keep
the meeting steady to its purpose; but
my chief regret, my dear Garrison, was
and is for your bodily ailments, which
seem to have a pretty firm grip upon

you. I trust you are better ere this,
and that you have enjoyed the
great Jubilee.

I am so lonely, as I sit now in
the room where my dear wife breathed
her last, and where every object reminds
me of my loss! Every day something happens
that ~~excites~~ prompts the thought, "I must
tell Mary Anne," and then comes the
sharp, quick consciousness that I have
no longer the friend and confidant of
40 years, with whom to share what I
know and feel, and to give me the
benefit of her ^{clear} judgment and sound ad-
vice. And yet I would not call
her back, but endeavor to learn the lesson
which my bereavement was meant to
teach. The funeral services were very
rational and comforting. In a few
days I hope to have the report in
print, when I will send you a
copy.

I should like to go to Boston,
to the great Jubilee, but my duties will
keep me at home. My short vacation,

when it comes, I must give to my
brother in Peacham.

Mrs. Savin joins me in kind
remembrances for Helen and yourself,
while I am, my dear Garrison, at
all times.

Your grateful, affectionate friend,

Oliver Johnson.