

What a crowd ^{there} is passing! I would not be
 If I could. May my Father accept my heart's prayer,
 For my own beloved Country - and grant that this change
 May produce such rich blessing, 'twild even seem strange.
 I wish no harm to Grover - but whisper to thee,
 In his coarse looking features no beauty I see.
 And while his Successor relies on the Lord,
 For the help, and the strength, He alone can afford,
 He'll be handsome enough for the people, and me,
 And in this my dear Cousin will surely agree.
 Now Grover go back to New York as before; -
 It is 1. by the Clock - and the pageant is over.
 And Frances, do n't look back - and make a long
 "Remember Lot's wife" - and the pillar of salt.
 Now tell me to stop - and I will, if thou please -
 For why think of talking to great folks like these?
 Our Country is great - and our Rulers if true,
 Are great - greater - greatest, most certainly too.
 But when they are not - why, I do think that then,
 They are ugly, and mean, just like other bad men.
 But where am I wandering? My thoughts what are ^{they}
 To others? Ant-tired? I'll stop right away. -

Farewell my beloved One. May comfort & peace,
 Be thine through life's journey, extend & increase,
 Until done with this world! And in heaven above,
 May we meet, to rejoice in the fullness of Love.
 Kate, Lizzie, and Phil. in remembrance most kind,
 Send a greeting - and mingle a farewell with mine.
 And as ever, my Cousin I'm lovingly thine.
 NB.
 Rachel H. Hopkins.
 Love to Jane, and to Maggie, & Bette, be sure,
 And good, faithful Mantha, we will not look ^{at}
 While soon. For long silence I can't well ^{endure}.