

"Sac."

by

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Author of etc.

57c 00 Orange,

That though the truth of it, stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Shuk.

"Pac" Synopsis of

This is a novel in blank verse.

Its purpose is,

1. To show the slave's idea of Slavery.

(a) That its hopelessness, barrenness, of manly possibility was its first and greatest evil.

(b) That the next in rank was its proscription of lawful issue and herited fame, wealth or power.

(c) That these overbore all the physical ills of the system.

2. To trace the slave's relation to the struggle ending in his freedom

(a) To show his idea of the North

(b) His discovery of the fact that absence of Slavery does not constitute liberty.

3. To show that Slavery brought certain compensations to the enslaved race.

- (a) The habit and copiousness ^{to} of labor
- (b) The recognition of law and legal rights
- (c) Christianity. In short the rudiments of civilization, religion, self government and made the difference between the negroes of the Congo Coast and the American freed

4. man of today. { That it warped moulded & dwarfed the dominant race.

5. How freedom - as we have had it - would affect an intelligent observer from this stand-point, - as shown by his experience after the war.

6. How alone the evils may be cured - perhaps.

This is new. No effort has been made heretofore to analyze such an experience from within, - only the externals have been given.

It has the hopelessness of the old Greek drama which has of late been almost abandoned as a means of producing artistic effect except in two forms: (a) The sensations of a disappointed lover and (b) the mental experience of a sinner when the devil is after him.

It traces the development (so to speak) of

1. An intelligent slave
2. A soldier fighting for his own and his race's enlargement
3. A colored teacher and
4. A philosophic freedman regarding

the future of his race from the standpoint of
to day.

The form of expression was not chosen
at all. I began to write it thirteen years ago
- with no idea of publishing - on the blank
leaves of an old account book. - just be-
cause, - because it pleased me so to do.

I have no defence for it, don't know
whether it is artistically or technically
correct or not and don't care. It is a
mere vehicle of thought. If it serves that
purpose and jams home the idea like a
wasp's tail I am satisfied. If it does
not I have missed. In other words if it
holds attention and will be read, that is all I
want. That I shall not know until it is published -
at least not conclusively.

Chapter I -

A simple story and soon told -
And yet I hardly dare -
A few short years of lonely life
O'er-full of woe and care.

My child-^{hood} life lasted eighteen years or more -
For I but roughly guess the seasons, which
Make up the number of my life. I know
That I awoke one morn in early fall,
And found myself full grown, a stalwart man,
To whom the past was but a dream, and who
Looked to the future with one only thought
And that was love. Its bliss was misery
Unknown before. Its halo only made

The darkness palpable and dread that lay
 Before, for hope there was none, save that he
 Who bared the quivering heart-strings to the flame
 Some potent, anesthetic thought ^{might} would give,
 Or make my nature dull and bestial, that
 Henceforth it should but know the throbbings of
 Desire and brutal sense alone. For all
 Was bitterness and woe. Ambition, Fame,
 The hope of comfort, the desire for gain,
 The aspirations which illumine the morn
 Of manhood, all were dead to me, for aye.
 This very thought was horror deep and wild!
 A man, yet without manhood! Animate,
 Yet dead! Full of the burning thirst which just

wrong account
for rhyme

3

And conscious power forever gives, to go
Into the midst of Life's great battle-field,
And from opposing champions wrest the mead
Of victory and claim honours untold;
To gather glory from the rugged front
Of the "So Come"; to build a sweet home-nest,
Wherein my idol-one might while away
The golden moments of a joyous life
And sorrow only when the summons came
To pass the gates of Pearl, and enter on
The richer life which there awaits. Yet I
Oh fearful thought! I whose wild fancy ^{turned}
With visions such as these, I was forbid
To share one tittle of this joy. — for I
Was cursed; how fearfully, no heart can know

Save such as have been wrong with like despair,

I was the creature of another's will:

Shred of all power but to fulfill his wish;

Thought-shackled, even of the future left,

And my poor present stripped of all its joys!

Thus woke my soul to anguish—thous more fierce

Than those which rack the mother's frame, and

The child, the man was born.

The youngest child

Of four, I was the darling of my mother's heart.

But she was gone. A hand, whom there was none

To stay, inflexible and grim, had borne

Her from our sight.

Till then, she had been one

Who served, within a princely mansion, where

The southern sun matures the down-filled boll
 And ripens in the dark-leaved pine-tree's heart
 The amber gum. 'Twas said, albeit she wore
 The turban of a servile race, that blood
 Of high nobility within her veins
 Was strangely mingled; that a race of kings
 Untamable and fierce, were 'mong her sires,
 (An Indian)
 (A noble) race, whose last great chief, bedecked
 With the white plumage of the ~~est~~ royal bird,
 In all the terrors of his savage wrath
 When but defeat had crowned his efforts brave
 To drive the pale-face from his hunting grounds,
 Within his nation's strongest citadel
 Had summoned all his braves to meet and die.
 And when the battle-tide poured o'er the rude

Redoubt, the few who lived applaud the knife
And tomahawk to stripling, babe and wife!
And when they recked, that all were dead who bore

The nation's name, pushed forth upon their foes!

And, last of all, when every brave had fallen,
The lion chief bowed 'neath the stroke of death.

Within the wigwam of the fallen King,
Clasped in its mother's arms, and smeared with blood
Which from her bosom flowed the savage thought

His stroke had slain mother and child at once,

The conquerors found, 'tis said, a young Papoose;

And after they had supped, in ghastly sport,

They brought it forth and set it in their midst,

And made of the unconscious life it bore,

A wager for their play; and he who won,

Filled with mistaken pity for the wail,
 Of copper-skinned humanity, which chance
 Had given to his care, forbore to slay,
 But took it home, and gave it to his dame:
 "A little red-skinned nig I've brought ye, Pess,
 And ye may have't for raising" quoth the man,
 "Mayhap 't will bring ye ^{something} worth the while
^{Our} Some day, a brae new gown or two, belike,
 From tother side the sea."

Thus ran the tale,
 As I have heard my mother tell it oft
 To brother Rafe and me, while sitting by
 The river side, a hundred yards, twice told
 From where our master dwelt. The river made
 A bend sheer to the North, just here, and shoaled,

2 syllable too many

8

Bearing a hundred acres clear, of bottom land,
Whereon the maize-stalks grew like mimic trees,
A cereal forest, year by year and never failed,
And stretched across the shoal, just where it swept
In strongest swirl, the fish-trap leaved toll
Upon the firm travellers up and down
This watery highway to the sea. **Vain** was
The sturgeon's strength, or swiftness of the pike
To 'scape its summons, when they cleared the point
Above and felt the rush of the mad ^{gushing} stream
Backed of its will.

Here stood the Indian town,
Chief city of that nation from whose king
She inherited the eagle eye, and from
Of innate majesty and purpose firm

Whereby she reigned, a crownless queen, among those
With whom she served, alike beloved and feared.
And, as she told the tale, her eye would flash
And her low voice would quiver while she cursed
The race which brought death to our sires, to us
A fate far worse, a hopeless servitude—
A lingering soul-death which hath not a hope
Of the hereafter, which doth but prepare
For devil-service in the lowest depths.
Then, she would place her hand thus—o'er her eyes,
And gaze adown the stream as if her orbs
Consumed the space along the fertile plains
Unto the sea itself, and saw the ships,
The white-winged messengers of commerce, come
And go over the blue expanse and throng

The noble port which marked our river's journey done

"These fields are ours, these valleys broad and fair
The heritage of those brave men whose bones
Enrich them now. The river too, which sweeps
So grandly down from the cool springs that burst
From gonder dim-seen mountain's rugged side
And dashes o'er the rough cascade, as if
It sought to burst its way through gonder wall
Of primal granite, but restrains its wrath,
And just before the ledges base is reached
Turns as in scornful dignity and goes
On through its fringed banks down to the sea,
This too is ours. And gonder verdant slope,
Crowned here and there with remnants of that shade

Once spread o'er all, ^{now} ~~and~~ studded with the homes,
 Of those who rob the red man and enslave the black
^{Over} And profane of Liberty and God! - Who mock
 The Omniscient they pretend to serve! Who slay
 Their sire upon his own hearthstone, enslave the child
 And strive to blast the memory of its high descent
 By base admixture with a servile race.
 And then, to crown the wrong, their own vile blood
 Is forced into the veins that only throb
 With hatred, till the cheek has palled grown
 And e'en the features of the curse's spawn
 Usurp the haughty lineaments which came
 From pure sires; till e'en the curse is lushed
 Upon the lips that ache to give it form,
 Because it falls alike on him that sends

And him for whom 't was framed; Kill just enough
Of richer blood is left us to preserve
The fiction of a darker skin and servile race!
No! No! I cannot curse, though every drop
Of savage blood within my veins is hot
As Hell's most fervent flames. I cannot curse
Myself and you, my children! It has ceased
To be race against race. Your brows are fair
Your eyes as near the azure of the sky
As if the proudest Mistress in the land
Had given you birth. What then! The wrong which ^{once}
Was justified because 't was done unto
Another race, is perpetrated now
Upon a brother. What excuse! The race
Cannot be servile, since it is the same

As that which bears the mastership.

The God they blindly claim as theirs, our God,
Is working out in His own way, the truth
Which stands almost the first, upon the page
That bears the record of His love to man,
That of one blood alone the nations all
Are made; kindred and equals all, and all
Alike the creatures of His Love and Grace,
All heirs alike of earthly good.

The sky, the air, the land, the sea belong
Alike to all; and none may gather to himself
His brother's share, and go unpunished
By the King of Kings. Have faith, my children, ye
Are tools, wherewith the Architect Divine
Will work His glorious purpose out. I know

Not know. But they who claim our service, they
 Have taught me much and I have digged
 In shame and degradation, down unto
 The roots of that pure faith, whose name they think
 Sufficient for salvation I have found
 It broad enough for all. I know that He
 (Who saith of old that) He doth not respect
 Earth's proudest sons above her lowliest born
 Is true as then. And through their blindness now,
 Doubt not, my children, wrytunder to fall,
 His wisdom worketh out His will.

18
Thus oft

To Brother Rafe and me, our Mother speaks

(Thus would our mother speak to Rafe and me;)

And Rafe would sit and listen to her words,

With earnest eye and melancholy look

And check the rage which bubbled from my lips

With some slight word of calm reproof. And when

He sat alone beside the stream, or dug

Into the dark rich sand for arrow-heads,

And relics quaint of bygone days and kin,

He would not let me curse the proud bad man

Whom we were doomed to serve, but even said

"He is our father, Pac." And yet, I knew,

He felt the curse that rested o'er our lives

As bitterly as I; but he was grave

And taciturn, as if he were of greater kin

Went to our mother's Indian sire than I,
 Whose more unmerciful temper seemed to come
 From the dark veins of Africa's favored child
 Who won our first ancestress' love, and thus
 Became our sire. Of him our mother spoke
 But once to us, the night but one before
 She left our sight. She called us then, within
 The hut in which we dwell, and, by the light
 Of dying embers, flickering on the hearth,
 His story told.

His name is not unknown
 In one which slaves were long forbid to speak,
 And to the latest hour, will bring a thrill
 Of deadly fear to him who claims the life
 And labor of a slave. He too had been

A prince before he was a slave, of some
Wild clan upon the African coast perchance:
By King of mountain Galoffs, wild and free,
But captive taken in some petty strife,

The barracoon received him, and the matter
So deep was Kingliness, enstamped upon
His nature, that, ~~even~~ after he was bound

And sold, and burdens laid upon his back
And stripes, he still was known among the slaves

With whom he wrought, and through the country round,
Deas, by his master's name, — that hated brand

Which every slave is forced to wear, — than by
^{the title proud, of high common difference gave —}
"King Nat." He could not brook the name of slave,

And hate for those whom he was forced to save
Overwhelmed all other thought. He sought revenge

And those with whom he wrought been half or less

Their race had reaped a bloody vengeance for
 For
 Its myriad wrongs, and Slavery been no more
 From very fear.

Such was our negro sire,
 Our white ancestor — well, the last was he
 Those slaves we were, the proud Mornay
 Who had compelled our mother to unholy love,
 They were the only ones with whom we might
 Claim kinship, who were known or honored by
 The great dull world which in its blindness saw
 Naught worth its praise except the gilded pomp
 In which they lived. Yet they alone brought
 To us, while all our pride was centered in
 Our savage sires, and these alike.

Within our veins three races met and that alone
Which claimed the kingship of the rest brought us
A heritage of shame, and made us hate
Ourselves

Three times upon the bottom land, the maize
Had ripened, and upon the hills the leaves
Of that strange plant, which in such varied forms
Administers to appetite, grown broad
And green beneath the fervid, summer sky,
Had gathered from the Autumn's honey-dews
And hazy light, the mottled hue which shows
It ready for the knife, and promise gives
Of that bright golden skew which so delights
The buyer's eye.

Half-planting and half-slave
I had served within "the House" from that day when
Our mother left us, thinking now and then
Of her strange words and of the wondrous path

By which she saw in the dim future, good
Come forth from the overshadowing evil which
Enveloped the present, to all other eyes,

9 [As she desired] we had seized every chance
Which slackened discipline and forgave

To gather something of the lore, of which
The masters boasted. For our mother thought

This stolen knowledge, growing ever more
From father unto son, would prove the ^{key} mystic

Which should unlock the prison door and let
Our captive race go free. All that she knew

With anxious care e'en in our tender years,
She had imparted unto us. The bank

Of the bright river was our college and

Its sandy beach, the tablet brave, whence

She traced our lessons, And the while she taught
We also learned, the great commandment first
Acquired, and last forgotten by the slave.

"All that thou knowest, see that thou dost conceal
So that thy knowledge be like buried wealth
Trampled as dust by men, and only gold
To thee." And so, with trembling stealthiness
And constantly assumed ignorance,
We carried on clandestine war upon
The treasures which adorned the study shelves
Of our own parent master.

Brother Pape,
Because of sturdier growth and riper years
Was sent into the fields, and wrought from sun
Till sun with others of our master's slaves,

And came at night all weary to the hut
Which we were still allowed to keep, outside
The quarters where the field hands lodged, and I
Was privileged to come and pass the night
With him. And so, although we served apart
We lived together, and our hearts kept trace
Each of the other's life. He seemed to have
A fierce desire to bear in his own form
The burden of our race's woe. He would ^{never}
Not shrink from aught of toil that made him
In suffering with the darkest one that served
Beside him. And his heart did not refuse
Its sympathy, nor hand its aid, whenever
I was sought by deeper woe. ^{young} So that, though
Respect was given him which is seldom shown

Except for heavy age. It was our wont
To gather fatty knots of the rich pine
And read by night the books I filched by day.
So well our tasks had been performed that no
Suspicion fell on us. And swift the months
Grew into years and still within the walls,
Mud-daubed and rude, we sought like alchemists
Among our borrowed scrolls for some dark lore
Deep-hidden, which could make the bondman free.
And even as we sought the darkness grew
Still more impenetrable o'er our path,
And the deep blackness of the slave's sad fate
Pierced on us still more hopelessly each hour.
No manhood, hope, ambition, chance for James
But our trust to serve and only be.

A thing - with every hope that maketh glad
The heart of man shed from our world, except
The thought that on the other side of Death's
Dark ^{river} ~~stream~~ ^{might be} there ~~was~~ somewhat of rest, and joy

One day there came into the quietude
Which brooded o'er "The Grove" a rumor dire,
Uncertain and yet fearful. Even the air
Seemed heavy with forebodings of some ill
Unspeakable and vast. The master's lips
Were sealed; the mistress' white ^{and all} with fear
Seemed struck with sudden apprehension of
Their slaves. The child was taken from the ^{arms}
Which from his birth had cradled him. The cook
Was made to taste the viands which she served

Before his letters dared. No one went forth
Unarmed. The house seemed like an arsenal
Well-stocked with weapons. All who came and went
Were also armed and inquisition strange
Was made of many slaves about some dark
Conspiracy. And some were lashed to force
Confession. Fortune wrong from some strange tale
Of midnight council and intended crime,
False-framed by fancy to escape the scourge.
Patrols were strengthened and new orders given
Then cruelty held carnival. The hissing lash
Grew heavy with the weight of blood it drank
Until its rigid strands were softened into mercy
While the master's heart grew hard.

Dark apprehension

Seemed to sit upon their brows, distress & fear,
But yet their lips were dumb

It seemed as if,
Some warfare dread, impended o'er the state.
But all was dark to us. With bated breath
When e'er we met and unobserved could ask,
We whispered to each other, What is it?
And none could answer make. One thing we knew
With that unerring instinct which each year
Of thralldom made more keen, and which
The veil of ignorance and rust of toil
Could never dim, or by that prescient thought
Which is akin to prophecy, but comes
From lonely meditation and the salt
Of countless tears. For taught by this we knew

The oppressor's hearts were quaking with the fear
 That He who Pharaoh smote of old, because
 He would not let His people go, but held
 them still in bondage, now had bared His arm
 For our deliverance too. Put in what guise
 We knew not, nor could guess, until at length
 Forth from the gloom, with gradual footsteps came
 The holy vision of our new Messiah.
 All giant-like in limb, imbued with strength
 To do or suffer till his ends were wrought,
 To wield the battle-axe or bear the cross
 In raiment and demeanor like to Him
 Who taught in Judea's wilderness "make straight
 The paths of God." His dim seen lineaments -
 Like those which Nature carves with storm & wind

And all the fearful enginery at his command
 Out of the bleached and hardened granite cliff
 Which crowns the mountain's brow - rugged & stern
 Jet lined with seams and furrows such as show
 The scath of earth, and fitness for the crown
 Of suffering; with eyes whose shaggy brows
 Half-hid their righteous sternness, which yet bore
 Glances as tender as the holy words.
 His Gallilean prototype has sent
 Adown the ages to our souls. And this
 Rude etching of the mystic Great Unknown
 Seemed in our ignorance, with but the light
 Of faith guided and strengthened by the prayers
 Of millions sweating blood and crying "Lord
 Let this cup pass from me!" To guide our thought

To be the great Forerunner and High Priest
Of our Deliverance; and undoubtingly
We shined him in the temple of our hearts,
And called his name John Brown!

So, like the band

Of true believers in Jerusalem, we would not admit
We never moved a foot that he was slain,
~~That he was slain, but ever afterward~~
But ever from that time our hearts beat high —
We deemed his spirit to be "marching on."

In that bright dawn he heralded, whose light
Should usher in that greater one before

Whose (brighter fame) his own must pale; whose feet
Shod with all righteousness should tread the ways
Of truth, unheedful of the blood-red wines
Which dyed his sandals;

This was all we knew,

* A man had sought to lift an armed hand
Against Oppression; failed, 'twas said, and fall'ing,
And we believed, that if one dared to die
In hopeless crusade for the right, there must
Be more brave hearts whom his spilled blood would touch
Before it sunk into the ground and fill
With like redeeming zeal. But we did not
Believe him dead because the terror of
His name ceased not to blanch th' oppressor's cheek

And so we looked towards the North ^{by night} and prayed,
For that way were we taught by dim and vague
Tradition, that our help must come. Unlike
All other peoples, light for us came not
From that fierce orb, which rules the garish day

King of the summer solstice, monarch perched
Of tropic life! For bondage had craved
From off the tablets of our souls all hint
Of that Obeah which abjured the shade,
Hated the darkness as an evil thing,
And sought the sunshine as the source of health
And strength and power. Our fetish had been shown
Of all allusion to the sun-God's power,
And in his stead the night reigned potent in
Our charms, the chill pale moon, and that ^{far} dim orb
Scarcely noted even with the "Pointer's" aid,
Whose potency keeps e'en the sun in check
And holds the world in even balance through
Its orbit's course. The yellow sun had naught

Of magic power save but to breed foul life,
 Loathsome contagion, or some fell disease,
 Which gathered nations to its maw and raged
 Unsatisfied, until the Frost King set
 His icy signet in its reeking way
 And bade it cease from slaughter. So we knew
 That, in the North, the citadel of power
 Has reared and from its chilly strength our help
 Must come. And we had learned that here ^{dwell} ~~there~~ ^{some}
 A people, like our masters and unlike
 Them too — of the same stock yet e'er at odds
 With every thought the Southron cherished with
 Distinctive pride. We know that Freedom had
 Set up an altar somewhere, lined about
 With hoar-frost whose alchemic power dissolved

The fetters of the slave who dared to face
The terrors of the way and worship there
And dimly we had learned that twixt these two
The people of the Northland dear and those
Who held us bondsmen in the sunny realm
Of overflowing life, impended ever
A conflict unrepresible and fierce
Hidden 'tis true by fair pretence and claim
Of inextinguishable love and more
Than confraternal kindness. We knew
Their falsity on one side and believed
The other likewise false. We thought the time
Would come when this their veil of subtlety
Would be uplifted and the conflict rage
So hot that every bondman's fetters should

Refused to naught and falling quite away
 Leave only on each wrist the blistering sign
 Of what had been. Redemption through the shack
 Of war alone we looked for, since we knew
 How strong the fetters by which slavery held,
 Not him alone who served, but him who bore
 Dominion also.

There were some who shared
 The thought ~~the~~ Brother Raper espoused so strongly
 Naught from our mother's teaching, — that no hope
 There was until the slave had hardly gained
 The rudiments of knowledge wrested from
 The master-race and thereby grown to man's
 Full stature, should deliverance for itself
 Achieve. And there were those among our old

And wise, who thought they saw with prophetic ken
Because they stood beside the grave and caught
The gleam of light beyond, who felt the weight
Of human weakness in themselves, — they were
Of those who taught that we must only wait
And pray until the Lord at length should send
A Moses who should lead us out unscathed
By Pharaoh's hate, unsprinkled by the tide
Which should overwhelm his power. But all alike
Looked to the North, the mystic, great, unknown
Unmeasured power — antagonistic with
The one's breath which we writhed. And so we built
Each for himself within the sole domain
Wherein the slave may rear aught for himself
— Fair fancy's field — an image of the North

Towards which we prayed. Thus it was a land
Full of all rightness, where giants dwell
Tender and brave, whose pity e'er outran
The steps of suffering in its race for aid.
Who hated wrong and loved the weak because
Of his misfortune. All our wonder was
That it forebore to smite.

It was purchase
A foolish thought, but how should ignorance
In darkness close, down-chained know how to ^{trace}
Aright the sun-lit face of Liberty?

While others, sat in shadow, I was gay
The gloom and dread of that long, starless night
Which shrouds the slave's rough pathway to the tomb
The present murmurings of doubt and fear
Were all forgotten, for the sunshine gleamed
Continually about my path, or else
At night the glimmering stars twinkled in and out
In mystic dances of delight before
My charmed happy eyes: while the great moon
Like a kind mother in her boundless love
Rolled forth for me a richer tide of light.
The river's ripple and the hush of eve
The flush of morning and the dying glow,
Of ~~the~~ ^{old leafed ivy on} ~~ivy leaves~~ upon the cliff's dark brow
And every sight and sound in nature's freight

With cheerfulness thrilled through my being swift
 As light and filled my soul with ecstasy
 My feet danced in the ways of toil and even
 The master's voice was music. My fond heart
 Throbb'd symphonies of joy, mine eyes ^{o'er} brimmed
 With thankfulness and my poor tongue was mute
 With burdens of unutterable praise!
 I loved!

Strange that a slave, ^{doomed} ~~born~~ to be bought & sold
 In market over like the ox should feel
 Such ecstasies of love; that one contemned,
 Bearing a triple brand of shame, whose life
 Was lapped in sorrow and whose soul was ^{wrapt}
 Even in the cradle with the rayless spell
 Of black despair — strange passing change that ^{such}

Elijah = like, should soar to Heaven upon
 The flaming chariot of an earthly love.
 Yet so it was, although, in sooth not much
 Is there to tell. A serving girl who wrought
 With me. Lighter than I, whom you ^{all mistake} mistook
 For Saxon ^{at the first, with} ~~dark~~ eyes which changed
 Their gleam and hue like the deep river pool
 Beneath the Indian-summer sky. Her steps
 Were music and her form, - and laugh and ^{song}
 Oh! words away! unsatisfying forms!
 Cold, harsh and weak are ye to tell her charms!
 And was I loved!

The summer days had passed
 And autumn with its wealth of mellow light
 And varied hues had merged insensibly

As is its wont beneath our southern sky
 Into the grey of winter time and brought
 The season of the Christmas round, which bears
 To hearts in Christian lands its message
 Of brotherhood and love akin to that
 Which seraph voices hymned to shepherd ears
 A mockery of freedom to the slave!
 Of saturnalian seeming, yet no more
 To be compared with Rome's quaint holiday
 Than could the pagan's slavery pretend
 To rival that which Christian power had nursed
 To foul maturity within the heart
 Of that fair Western land which boasted most
 Of Anglo-Saxon liberty and light
 The holiday of millions though it bore

The guise of mirth to us, was but a gleam
Of sunshine thrown across the slave's rough path
Which only served to make the gloom that hung
O'er all the rest more horrible.

Ever since

In first Spring days fairer than they, she came
Pet ^{treacherous} servant of our master's petted child
— 'Twas said, that he had bought her on the block
And paid a sum almost incredible
Because his darling Kate had begged with tears
To have her for a waiting ^{girl.} maid — by day
And night any soul had fed on look and tone
Yet I had spoke no word of love. My eyes
Followed her footsteps as the hopes of Heaven
Hung on their swiftness. In accustomed task

My hand forgot its cunning and I earned
 Reproach and punishment because my soul
 Was wrapped in adoration of God's love
 Incarnated to me in her sweet form.
 I worshipped not afar nor yet in doubt
 I knew her heart responsive throbb'd to mine
 With bold humility, my eyes at times
 Had captured hers, and looking down ^{depths,}
 Blessed trespassers indeed - through their ^{depths,} brown
 Into the pure white soul that slept below
 In heavenly freedom, there my soul had seen
 In that fair sanctuary shined. - its twin
 Waiting in hope to be called forth and claimed.

'Twas Tuesday in the Christmas - for the week

Pounded by Christmas and by New Years day—
 Which brought the slave a glimpse of what he might
 Perchance have been, had fate, in spite, not hung
 A millstone round his feeble neck, when first
 He was thrust forth into the sea of life—
 Bears unto him the sacred name ere't giv'n
 Unto its formal day alone.

The Grove,

Save for the servants, was deserted quite;
 For young and old, our betters, all had gone
 To meet their kinfolk at the old home place
 And we were left alone. The overseer
 Reigned at the "Quarters" but the "Grove" ^{safe} was
 From his intrusion. And the slaves, who ^{serv'd}
 therein, were privileged, by special grace

To hold a Christmas feast while none were there
 Whom their rude pleasures might offend. So true
 The huts beside the mansion ^{lordly} ^{teemed}
 With joyful preparation, while it stood
 Silent and closed. To me was left its care
 I passed from room to room when all was ^{gone}
 Saw things in order ^{set}, closed the great door
 Then turned away with throbbing heart and ^{sought}
 With eager steps the presence of my love
 In vain. She was not among the noisy band
 Busy in preparation for the joys
 The night's festivities, it was hoped, would bring
 I asked for her with carelessness assumed.
 But none had seen her since the early ^{mom}
 I sought wherever fancy could suggest

In sheltered glen and sunny nook, for the
 Warm sunshine of the calm midday and the
 Blue haze that rested on the hills and hid
 The distant mountain-tops, seemed to be fit
 October's golden mean and brought perfume
 The dreamy bliss of Indian summer's day
 When life seems to be steeped in soft repose
 And sense is cheated till beneath the pines,
 Upon the brown hillside one finds a couch
 Of down, with golden pillars, canopied
 With blue, which royalty might sigh to miss.
 My search was vain. Heavied at length to ^{escape}
 The noisy din and the unwelcome joy,
 I went into the house. From room to room
 With restless steps, and sad I passed,

Until at length I reached a nameless nook,
With which the builder who had made "The Grove"
Announcement of costly awkwardness,
And vicious taste, had fitly crowned his work.
Its winding stair was rarely pressed, save when
The owner's pride would spread at once before
The stranger's eye, the thousand acres which
Paid yearly tribute to its lord. While he
"Toiled not and neither did he spin," but got
More than the lilies, Solomon outshone.
Here when my task gave leisure, I was wont
To read some volume from the master filched
And in the cupboard 'neath the window hid.

To-day there was another treasure there
The one I sought! On the rude seat reclined
Her head on one arm pillowed and the grace
Which haloes slumber touching every lip
Of her fair form - unconscious, peaceful
My worshipped love. A moment mute I gazed
Upon her beauty unforbid - the while
The torrent of my love came surging through
My waiting soul and swept at once away
All other thought. A glory like the day
New-born, hung round her presence and I felt
Like Sinai's prophet that the ground whereon
I stood was holy. Every thought was pure
As if God's winged angel brought it fresh
And dripping with the pearly drops which ^{well}

Keats' Eve of St Agnes! 12
58

The tide that flows from underneath His throne
With trembling tenderness and eager care
I bowed before her as she slept and pressed
My first love-kiss upon her dewy lips.
Her waking eyes betrayed no fear but spoke
Responsive to my own of trustful love.
As if her slumbering vision merged in fact
Harmoniously and smooth so that the truth
Seemed but continuation of the dream.
This reading, quick, my arm enclasped her form
And linked in close embrace - my unchained ^{tongue}
Poured forth the love, my surcharged heart had hid
In irksome silence, through the golden mouth
Her presence had made bright I know not what
Of rapturous hope my words disclosed. If I

Forgot the curse which shadowed o'er my life
 And in that ecstasy my words were wild
 Would not be strange. Oh you who fondly think
 Love's blissfulness is but a prelude sweet
 To heavenly rapture, add to this, your joy,
 One instant's surcease from the fiercest pain
 That ever wronged the human heart, and guess
 What agony of bliss was mine! Wild words,
 Weak words! for none there are could breathe a
 Hint of what my soul that moment knew
 The riches of a priceless joy obtained!
 The mercy of a boundless woe forgot!
 Her heaving bosom and her trembling lips
 Whose treasured sweets mine ^{unprofitable} ~~own~~ devoured
 With famished greed, and the soft light which her

Within the liquid depths of her brown eyes,
Fold of responsive bliss, and when at length
The springing teardrops filmed the beaming^{orbs}
And downy lids closed o'er them with their wealth
Of ebon fringe, beneath which welled the tide
Of happy tears, the while upon my breast
Her head, crowned with a wealth of clustering^{curls}
In trustful love reposed. I knew that He
Whose sweetest name is Love, had made us^{twain}
In spirit one. The flame of stainless love
Had fused our hearts, so that they could but know
One mutual throbb of pain or joy alike
Through all the coming years. No earthly power
Could put asunder us whom God had joined
Albeit no priest had blest the bands or crowned

19
5-3

With sacramental ^{rite} form our blended souls;
What wonder ^{tho'.} in this supremest hour
For one brief moment we forgot the chain;
That thrall-dom vanished and there rose instead
The glowing vision of a peaceful home!
No gorgeous dwelling but a mud-daubed hut
Wandeked with ornament which marks the cot
Wherein the humblest freeman dwells and makes
A cosy home-nest for his new found bride
Not such the sketch my fancy drew e'er then
But rough and rude as rather doth befit
The bond-man's dwelling, - not designed for him
His comfort, happiness or ease, but just to shield
The master's chattel from the cold and storm
So that he still may serve. But even this

1654

Dark etching of the lot the future had
For us in store, was glorified beyond
The crystal gleaming of the heavenly gates
To my rapt soul, because the hallowing light
Of love was there. Oh blinded mole! How weak
How pitiful it seems, that I forgot
I was a slave! Not then had the harsh yoke
Galled my young neck, or the rough fetter scarred
Its brand of shame and suffering on my wrist!
But from that hour it ceased. By night or day
The shadow hung upon my soul. No breath
Was unembittered by the consciousness
Of thralldom. Never more may my poor soul
One moment's refuge from its torture win
Or memory for an instant lay aside.

Its fearful burden till the grave shall bring
Oblivion of Times wretchedness.

Meantime

My heedless tongue had prattled on and clothed
In words my picture for the willing ear
That listened to my foolish tale. All hushed
Within my arms she lay, the light of love
Illumining her face the glowing cheek
Bearing a rosy witness 'gainst my lips
For froward trespass on its fairy bound
Till suddenly a deeper flush overspread
Her neck and brow and starting up she
With looks of terror in my wondering eyes!
The crimson tide swept back and left her
As pallid as the brow of death. Her breath

1856

Came gaspingly and o'er her heart her hands
Were clasped as if to check some sudden pain
And as I started in affright she spoke
Her lips all white and pinched and wan, her face
As in that moment weary years of care
Had left their impress there. Her voice had lost
The mellowness of careless youth and now
Shrilled with the steel clang which bitter woe
Crushing the strong proud heart alone can give
"Oh Pa", she cried, "it may not must not be
The wild sweet dream must be forgot! The tale
Of love is turned to gall upon your lips!
Oh why did you surprise my too fond heart
Into forgetfulness? Love you? Oh God!
Could you but know the joy with which my soul

Would yield its all to thee, surrendering up
 All thought of self knowing and being naught
 But thee - a glow-worm lighted by thy smile
 Or by thy frown in darkness plunged for aye!
 Oh love! how have I longed to ~~love~~ ^{love} my heart
 Vents your gaze, E'en now surcharged as 'tis
 With scorching woe, each agonizing throbe
 I put a tribute unto thee! My pain
 Thine slight, this blanching fear had never sent
 The life-tide chill, and dead back to my heart
 Had not my passion been so strong ^{and} deep
 That it could overbear the fear of death
 Or life, more terrible because of thee!
 Nay more because of thee, because each tone
 And lineament and gesture that thou hast

2058

It fraught with sanctity to me, because
I could not live and see the shrine at which
I bowed defiled, it is that I can say
Our blissful dream a dream can only be
The future hath no magic power to paint
In fadeless colors the bright forms which through
The vision of to day. Its tints must fade
Like those which instant light the storm clouds ^{break}
Then vanish mid its gloom.

Oh how can we
Poor creatures of another's will, bereft
Of all that makes existence dear, the power
Aught worthy of the soul and brain, which God
For some mysterious purpose yet hath shrined
Within our forms. Sentient and warm, yet stripped

Of all that gives the thinking being joy
And only rich in all that wrings the heart
With agony. How shall we speak of love?
How shall our dwarfed and crippled souls ^{ought} know
Of that true marriage which subsists alone
Where freedom dwells and casts out fear. For us
The thought is sacrilege. The bond itself
A mockery — a jest — by suffrance made
Void from the first and only given the name
To hide from prying eyes and tender souls
Our thralldom's brutishness! A Devil's trick
To hide his nakedness from Christian sight
Our very names attest our nothingness!
These brands our master's choice wherewith to mark
This human cattle — No ancestral word.

To show descent and family, to bear
A heritage of pride, but just a word
Unmeaning, ludicrous purchase, the whim
Of maudlin drunkenness, like that which led
My own paternal master to declare
Rama, to be the name of that new life
My servant mother bore to him, because
The servile Rachel wept that I was born.
Then I spoke.

"But in this desolation shall we not
Such joys as fate hath left us seize and deck
Our gloomy lives with such sweet flowers of love
As our poor fettered hands may reach? Shall
Not know the sunshine of your smile and have
The solace of your love, because forsooth

The curse which rests upon our lives hath,^{crushed}
All other pleasure to the dust? Because
We are bereft of every other source
Of happiness, save only love and its
Delights, shall we with spiteful madness even
Refuse and spurn the only joyous draught
Which fate in mercy gives our life to drain?
Will your life brighter be that love is quenched
Or mine because its sun is set in gloom?
Shall night blot out the quivering moon, because
The kinglier orb marks not her hours? Oh love
Least not away the only bliss our fate lends
Our stricken hearts, but let us share
Our burdening woe and make it less thereby,
For love shall be to me name, freedom, fame.

Fear, more than all that earth can give beside
 And heavenly glory to my soul would be
 But winter's dreary darkness, did thy love
 Not give it light!"

"Oh! dearest love!" she cried.

Not that. No envious pride comes in to stir
 The blessed pool of love, when my poor soul
 Would fain be healed. It is no thought of self
 That bids one put away the blissful draught
 — The only one life gives my parched lips, —
 Oh I could bear, all that life hides of ill
 The yoke would be to me a crown of joy,
 The degradation but a badge of more
 Than mortal glory could I only share
 The burden and the shame with you and know

My love had lightened but one pang of woe.
It is not that. Can you not guess? Oh Love,
Turn from my face thine eyes and in thine ear
Let me a whisper breathe. How could I bear
She asked while close her flaming face was laid
Upon my breast. "How could I bear, oh! Love,
Thine soul, akin to thine, o'er whom should brood
The dull dark fate which shrouds our lives." At
The darkling gulf seemed gaping at my feet.
All that her words conveyed I felt and fired
By that same sacrificial flame which glowed
Within her heart I bowed unto the ^{truth} ~~stars~~.
And turned to face a joyless life. Think, not
Oh, pentriced souls, that we were faint ^{and} weak
To stay my steps she sprang and at my feet

26/64

Fell down.

"Oh Paë," she cried with clasped hands
In prayerfulness upraised,

"Oh Paë" forgive!

I did not mean to throw away thy love
Or cast one added ^{gloom} pang upon thy life —
But could I see thine image bound, or know
Our love was but a heritage of shame

And woe to those who from its warmth had sprung
Why should we curse with life those we must love
When every moment of existence given

Is but a pang of bitterness! Oh God
How close akin to love is hate! The love
That giveth life is gulf to every soul
That bears the yoke of bondage and but bring

Curses instead of Blessings! Hated names,
 Are those which speak the tie of parentage!
 The son who curses, not his sire or she
 Who bears the form of woman and does not
 Daily and hourly curse with bitterest zest
 The motherhood which gave her power to ban
 With rayless life new souls, is all too dull
 Love to deserve or life - Yours - Mine. ^{Oh ours!} ~~Oh ours!~~
 Could n'er be such! Ere they should live to thrill
 And quiver with such agony as ours
 These hands - eye these - oh listen ^{I know} ~~Love and~~
 How deep the anguish which doth ^{one now} ~~prompt~~
 The priceless jewel of thy love to cast
 Aside forever - these white hands should shed
 Thy children's blood, ere they should draw ^{breath} ~~one~~

Of Slavery's air, though Heaven's high gates ^{should close}
 Relentless on their baby souls within
 And ^{me} without, ^{slave} They should be free! No
 Shall I slip the mother name to me! Oh Pae
 Thou wouldst not soil my soul with crime be-
 My poor weak heart yearns for thy love!"

Oh! God

How glorious was her beaming form and bright
 Impassioned face as thus she spoke! Before
 I had but loved I worshipped now. No more
 Had passion power within my breast. I sank
 Upon my knees before her throne and prayed —
 Oh God forgive! — that we might love indeed
 With ever-growing strength but that our lives
 Might never mingle in another life!

29/6/7

Oh me! The faithless prayer was heard!

67 4/14

and success, you will give hopes
and prayers and if need be blood
and tears, for the sake of that fair
land, whose watchful care has
made you free in mind and the
conscripted ministers, of liberty and life to
hungry hearts and unperished souls

"Pac!" - There was a mixture of impatience and command in the tone. The speaker glanced toward the opening of the Cibley in which he sat as if expecting the appearance of some one. None came however and with a muttered exclamation of disappointment, his gaze sank again upon the glowing campstone before him. He seemed to return to some train of thought which had for a moment been interrupted, for very soon he became utterly oblivious to all around, as was evident from the manner in which he handled the extrick cigar which he still held. Let us look at him more narrowly for he is worthy of study. An almost gigantic form which seems by far too great a burden for the slender camp stool, draped in the uniform of the line, the solid dress coat buttoned to the chin and the shoulder bearing the double-bars which mark the grade of Captain united to a face whose massive proportions, as seen in the evening twilight, seemed to harmonize finely with his frame, constituted the exterior of Capt. Ephraim Kief of the 1st Regt. - as marked by a drop J. ocil.

0.5 3/4
0.5 2
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0.5 0

in his mind - His hands shut convulsively, the blood mounted into his ~~cheek~~ cheek until it glowed even through the frown which sun and field had left upon it. The great veins upon his forehead swelled and throbb'd - ^{and} his eyes flushed under the drooping lids as in a low firm voice he said -

"All that I was, all that I had and all that I hoped, I gave to this cause, - to the cause of right and freedom. Shall I then give my strength to promote a double slavery? Shall the Saxon who fights for liberty be as much a slave as the black whom Mammon has fettered? Shall I even aid to make his fetters stronger? No by Heaven! It may not be military but it is right!"

"De good God 'bress you for dem words, sah. He knows dey two

"He help his chillen in den grief

"He send 'em from de flood,

"His spirit bring de slave relief

"In tears an' stripes and blood"

4
Commander Thos

Jan. 5th 1863

~~Gen. D. Patch~~

The Captain rose from his camp - stood turned his back to the storm and with folded arms stood gazing at the speaker - The sitting camp shone through the opening of the tent and threw into strong relief the figures within - From without came the bustle of the busy camp - campfires as they prepared their evening meal and arranged the hasty bivouac after a long and fatiguing march. Neither of those of whom we have spoken paid the least attention to it - neither knew it - Thought was busy in each heart - Fear was even throbbing in each mind - And so they stood gazing upon each other - The Ooran before a stalwart negro whose frame though a few inches shorter was no wise inferior in strength and endurance to his own - The countenance of that peculiar type which always marks the tenton of African blood, but yet a look of firmness and intelligence superior to most of that down-trodden race - Manhood was stamped on every lineament - his dark eye scanned the honest face of the Capt - there there was nothing like shrinking in his look as his dark eye met the earnest gaze of the Captain - Gradually his beam grew brighter - The muscles around his mouth grew taut - The huge nostrils swelled and quivered - The broad breast heaved - The strong

That dark spirit was in travail - In those moments
 was born the mightiest of thoughts in that dark bosom -
 These were the throes of Liberty - A slave had entered the
 tent but a freeman stood there now - Pae Through
 the chamber of his spirit pury the unmeasured and in-
 every the mighty truth

"We live right - Slaves today the
 lord's free men" His soul threw off its fetters
 and cried "My God" - The law of property, for the
 first time stood forth confessed, unto his mind -
 Each muscle quivered with the new life which the spirit
 had received - The tongue did not cry out for "a
 file to loose the collar from a freeman's neck" but
 the brined hand was raised and the folded arms were
 clasped higher and more firmly across the broad dark
 breast. The sweat drops of the conflict stood upon his brow
 but now it was calm and open - Lowly but firmly the
 lips spoke the words from the thick lips and the words
"My God," and yet more strongly "My God" - It was
 Heaven's own sign of submission - Those lips
 were never submissive "Pae's" again - The signet of
 The God of Liberty has sealed them unto freedom -
"Pae" - The word fell unheeded on the black man's
 ear - The Daxon had been watching him, and with the
 surring instinct of the activated mind had penetrated to
 the very heart of his dusky fellow - There had been a
 struggle in his mind too - Born where the chill free breezes
 of Lake Erie fanned his brow, mumbering among the

6
friends of his childhood met a few of those noble spirits
who for the last decade had waged with tongue and pen
the glorious contest of Liberty and Truth against Slavery
and Wrong. He had just received his education and pursued
his early vocation - where only the Ohio forms the silver line which
marks the boundary of Freedom. When every southern breeze
bore to his nostrils the foul contagion of Border Neutrality
where a few our-stokers would ^{split him up} plant him on soil where the
position of the black was even more dubious and pitiable than
in the hopeless thralldom of the far South. The advent of
Paul marvellously increased the craftsman's love for Diana.
He remembered a fair maiden who proudly claimed descent from the
proudest of Kentucky sires - whose broad domain was tilled by many
a dusky laborer whose hand palm never thrilled beneath the touch of
sweat earned gold. He remembered, as he stood there, how one night
leaning on his breast, she had owned her love for him and promised
to give to him the holiest ^{gift} ~~place~~ that of earth - the chiefest place in
her heart. And then he remembered the half-perceptible curl of
her proud lip, the just noticeable change of tone, which marked her
cultivated scorn and contempt of "niggers". The spell of her
beauty thrilled him and he wished that he might hate
the race as heartily as she did. He did not look at the
dark form before him then. He remembered too - and he almost
routed himself for thinking of it then, how she had slapped the face
of the pretty quadrillion girl who waited on her, for awkward
ness in serving her. He remembered too how his blood boiled
once and how he almost hated her - for striking the fine
young boy who tended her horses. The riding whip left a horrid

De Gov' stem' by your Cup' if you
stick to ~~the~~ ^{your} ~~cross~~. ~~the~~
gush across his ^{chuck} face - He looked up and saw
the workings of the black face before him. His ^{soul} ~~mind~~ re-
belled against the ~~stagnant~~ ^{gradual} thought. He saw ~~manhood~~
stamped on those black features. He stepped forward and
held out his hand - Justice and Liberty triumphed in his heart.
He too had been emancipated - The shackles of custom had been
knocked off - The ^{blinding} ~~curse~~ of ~~black~~ prejudice had fallen from his
eyes and his thoughts were free - "Pac!" The black raised his
eye - ~~He~~ saw the outstretched open hand - Half inquiringly
he looked into the ^{other's} eyes of the other. Then laid his dark broad
palm up on the open white one - and the bronzed fingers of
the soldier closed tightly over the dusky hand - "Pac; I will stand
by you!" -

Sept 20th 1866 20th Dec.

20th Sept 1866

Shot over the house of great stores from the dusty bivouac we resumed the dusty march. The lurid sun over head, the heated pike beneath and all signs of moisture banished from the earth through an ever rising cloud of dust. We marched on toward our friends and away from our foes. The caustic particles which rose from the limestone pike crept into mouths and nose and eyes, loaded brows and lashes, and hung upon the moustache. The streaming perspiration left furrows upon the grimy cheeks and the Federal Blue became hardly distinguishable from rebel gray. Water, ^{was} sent in ⁱⁿ advance. ⁱⁿ themselves at length in the hot dust to catch a moment's rest.

It was the first day of September 1862
The sun rose hot and lurid. The red light came
like a scorching fire over the blue grass plains of
Eastern Kentucky. The devoted earth seemed to shrink
from the fierce glance of day. The cattle sought their accustomed
cool pools and found them dry - and with a thirsty low
turned from them and sought the shade. The sculptured
face of the great Kentucky statesman looked fiercely down
on the red light. A morning ⁱⁿ the ~~whole~~ border of gray clad
veterans who, foot sore and weary, covered with the dust
of many a weary mile and the blood and grime of Rich-
mond, poured that morning along the streets of Lexington.
Their cavalry had come the night before and had followed our
retreating force on toward Versailles. There only twelve
miles from their pursuers was the rear guard of our
army. And as the day advanced the two ~~armies~~ armies
halted for a few moments of repose. The sidewalks
doorways and streets of Lexington were grey with slum-
bering rebels. Even the hope of plunder was not suffi-
cient to drive away slumber. Thrilled with expectancy
but too weary for pursuit they slept. Their fiery leader
pured and swore, threatened and exhortated, but a yet
more imperious master demanded obedience and they slept.
Twelve miles beyond the videttes sat brooding on
their saddles, while just beyond clutching their arms
with nervous energy slumbered our soldiers. A few days before

They were poor devils - Three weeks before, they were
laboring - almost to an man in the harvest fields
of the north. Three days before they had left their
quiet camps at Lexington, hurried along the dusty pikes
for many a weary hour, and then hurled without a moment's
rest against the old and hardened legions of Kirby Smith.
It was our courage against tried and practiced valor.
The hurricane of battle was short but fierce and bloody.
Shattered, decimated and dismayed our own forces fled in
confusion toward Lexington - On, on through its streets,
they swept and just as the clock in the church spire tolled
the hour of nine on the evening of the third - our rear-
guard left the suburbs, and slowly followed our army.
What a terrible night! - Three days of toil and heat and danger -
Three days which are seared into memory of every one who
endured them, by the hot intensity of suffering they brought, and
culminated in the smothering heat of those long weary ^{night hours} hours.
On, on - tramp, tramp - horse and foot - man and beast - with
bowed heads, protruding tongue and lurid swollen eye - With
bleeding, blistering feet that shrink from the hard ^{hot} pike - with nostrils
dlogged and choked with the thick living dust which hung like
a pall over our columns, with tongues parched as by the
blast of Hell - praying for water, for hay, for rest, curs-
ing our enemies, our evil fortune, and our very lives, we hur-
ried on as if fleeing from the bosom of eternal wrath -
Now and then the lurid gleam that burst from some blazing
house or well-stored barn which the hand of some struggler
had lighted, pierced ^{the} dense dust-clouds, and showed

