

Article on Slaveholding
aristocracy

Poem of a slave's life
& love

Letter on Sentimental Slavery

George

Tougee & Kuhn. —

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Criticism of Slavery

There was in these states before the war a double aristocracy - an aristocracy of blood and an aristocracy of land, while some, familiarly known as F. H. V. s even aspired to an aristocracy of blood. The former aristocracy consisted in 1860 of 90,000 slave owners of whom 90,000 only owned more than 10 each. In round numbers there were belonging to the slave-aristocracy, or actually interested in the perpetuance of the institution about one million persons, old and young, male and female. These by their own estimate were the very cream of manhood, the crack specimens of the genus homo on the American continent. They were in fact the sovereigns and all the rest of the inhabitants of the continent were the poor servants of this chosen people. It was not the colored man only whom they oppressed but the poor of their own race as well. It was not the colored men who were alone their slaves, but the 7,000,000 of "poor white trash," who inhabited these states. They were deprived of their rights or rendered powerless for their exercise, deliberately, systematically and intentionally. One of the elements of power to this aristocracy was slavery and it has been called the Slave Oligarchy, but side by side with this was another and hardly inferior element of strength - land. Land owner and slave owner were almost interchangeable terms in the states of the South. The number of land owners who were not also slave owners, was very insignificant and it therefore suited the purposes of the aristocracy, in order

to avoid the approbrium, which the establishment of special privileges for class owners, would incur, and indeed had produced in some of the states, to entirely ignore this class in and to make the ownership of land the distinctive feature between the two classes of citizens, or at least allow that distinction inherited from aristocratic England to remain in our fundamental law. Hence it was that we had in these states two classes of men who were alike speciously termed "citizens," Freeholders and non-Freeholders, or as more than four fifths of the land owners were also slave owners, "Slave-Holders" and "non-Slave-holders." The former were the significant figures, the latter the cyphers of political arithmetic.

The freeholder only could be a legislator, or governor. Having thus the entire legislative power in their hands it was but an easy matter, in fact a natural consequence, that the laws should all be made in favor of this class. As the first result of this power we find that all judges, magistrates and officers for the administration of the law must be freeholders. It was not enough to have the making of the laws in their hands, but they must have the appointments of ^{all} the officers who were to execute these laws and nearly all who were to execute them and not only must the appointments of these be in their hands, but the individuals themselves must belong to the favored

class. But this was not enough. Let the legislators might be landowners and might deplore their lot by the enactment of unequal laws for rich and poor to the utmost limit of subserviency; the magistrates might all be Freeholders and fully understanding that the laws were made for a few and not for all, might freely and earnestly cooperate with the legislators in upholding and preserving the just and proper distinction between the landed slave owners and the poor white trash; the judge might be one of the good in whose privileged veins trickled the blood which coursed only the hearts of noble families of the ruling race, or should itself in the faded skin of some favorite "Cherryger's progeny";—and being a gentleman and a scholar as well as a Christian of the polygamous persuasion, perhaps he might fully appreciate the mighty difference between a "Gentleman" and a "poor white" he might charge lucidly and leisurely, that the latter had no rights which the former were bound to respect; yet what good would all this do if the "poor trash" themselves were allowed to sit on a jury? Evidently none! The jury then must be guarded. What business had a poor man on a jury? What did he know about right or justice? How could he decide fairly between a rich and a poor man? Was not a great propo-

tion of the cases which come before the Courts, questions between landowners, and non-landowners? Ought not these cases to be tried exclusively by land owners? How could the "poor white" know anything of the rights of the landowner? And were not his rights the ones that must be protected? As to the rights of the poor man - Bah! What rights could he have, which could come into collision with the wishes of the rich one? None evidently none! "The rights of property must be protected," and the jury must be composed of freeholders.

Lo! now the machine is complete! The laws are made by landowners; the magistrates and judges are appointed from the ranks of the landowners; the officers who execute the laws must be landowners; and the jury who decide upon the evidence are landowners. Great is land! And the lawless, three-furths, the poor devils of "white trash", the 700,000, who can neither go to the legislature and make laws, nor sit upon the judge's bench and condemn them, nor sit upon the jury box to decide between their fellow and their lords, - what of them? Why they can be tricked by the chaffy ^{out-}by-brains of election-

ering voters, be called "Free citizens" by condescending politicians and vote - for an aristocrat!

This was aristocracy, a political point of view. It gave the power to make ^{and execute} laws and to decide all questions of fact involving the property, liberty and life of every inhabitant of the state, entirely and unreservedly into the hands of less than one ^{whole} fifth of the ^{whole} inhabitants of voting age, and was founded on no regard for manhood, ability or integrity but simply and solely considered the interest of a class, and that class distinguished from other citizens simply by the possession of landed property. What ever right or privilege was granted to others was yielded only of force and prolonged struggle. The specious claim for all this usurpation, the plea which was urged in its defence, was the necessity of protection for property. The rights of person were as nothing when compared with those of Property. By this means the property rights of One Million of Slave-ocrats were made to overshadow the personal rights of ten Millions of their fellow "Property must be protected." The first Napoleon said well, "There used to be but one kind of real property - Land; now there are two land and labor." The property which is in labor, the ownership which man has in the results of

of hand-work and brain-work, was
 entirely ignored under the aristocrat-
 ic regime. Its very basis principle
 was that he who labored for his daily
 bread was of an inferior caste, unwor-
 thy to be considered protected or encourag-
 ed. Therefore, it was considered necessary
 in protecting property to oppress labor.
 Taxation was made as light as possi-
 ble upon property, especially real es-
 tate and as heavy as possibly could be
 borne. This is frequently denied and
 I am sometimes told that the Poll-tax
 in this state was no higher than in other
 states. This question we will not now

To pass the gate of Pearl, and enter on
 The richer life which there awaits, ^{God's}
 Oh! fearful thoughts! I whose ^{common} ^{wealth} ^{of} ^{gold}
 With visions such as these, I was forbid-
 To share one tittle of their joy - for I
 Was cursed, how fearfully, ⁱⁿ ^{countenance}
 Since such as have been ^{like} ^{despair} ^{with}
 I was the creature of another's will
 I should of all powers but to fulfill his wish
 Thought = shackled ^{of} ^{the} ^{future} ^{raft}
 And the poor present stripped of all its
 Thus wakened my soul to anguish throes ^{of} ^{anguish}
 Than those which reach the mother's frame, ^{and} ^{for}
 The child the man was born.

The young child
 Of four I was the darling of my mother's heart
 But she was gone - A hand when there was
 A stay, inflexible and grim had borne
 Her from our sight.

Fill then she had been
 Who perched
 Of these within a princely mansion, when
 The southern ^{sun} ^{orient} ^{the} ^{down} ^{filled} ^{tree}
 And rapins in the slender laurel pine-tree
 The amber gem, I was ^{to} ^{be} ^{the} ^{king}
 The ^{tribune} ^{of} ^a ^{serene} ^{room}, that ^{blood}
 Of high ^{reality}, ^{within} ^{his} ^{eyes}
 Was ^{mingled} ^{eternally} ^{with} ^{the} ^{rose}
^{mountain} ^{and} ^{fire} ^{and} ^{ice} ^{and} ^{sun}
 That the last ^{see} ^{of} ^{that} ^{royal} ^{see}
 A ^{regal} ^{see}, ^{wherein} ^{last} ^{great} ^{sheaf}
 With the white plumage of the ^{great} ^{bird}
 And ^{claim} ⁱⁿ ^{all} ^{the} ^{pointed} ^{torso} ^{of} ^{his} ^{king}
 When his ^{last} ^{defeat} ^{had} ^{been} ^{announced} ^{officially}
 To ^{claim} ^{the} ^{palace} ^{from} ^{his} ^{hereditary} ^{grands}
^{When} ^{the} ^{reign} ^{straggled} ^{ended}
 He ^{enumerated} ^{all} ^{his} ^{brave} ^{creations}
 And ^{when} ^{the} ^{little} ^{tide} ^{poured} ^{on} ^{the} ^{shore}
 Redoubt, the few who ^{lived} ^{off} ^{the} ^{land}
 And ^{when} ^{they} ^{realized} ^{that} ^{all} ^{were} ^{dead}
 The ^{reigning} ^{prince}, they ^{wept} ^{upon}
 And ^{last} ^{of} ^{all} ^{when} ^{every} ^{from} ^{land} ^{fallen}
 The ^{line} ^{which} ^{bound} ^{the} ^{stars} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{sky}

Within the vigour of the fallen king
 Clasp'd in its mother's arms, and nursed with blood
 Which from her bosom flowed - the evening thought
 His stroke had slain mother and child at once -
 They found a young pupoon and brought it forth
 And after they had suckled in ^{the} ^{spot}
 The brought it forth and set it in their midst
 And nurse of the unconscioning life it bore
 A wager for their play and be who won
 Filled with mistaken pity for the wretch
 Of copper-skinned humanity which chance
 Had given to his care, for born to die,
 But took it home and gave it to his dame
 A little red-skinned wig of caught ye Pige
 And eyes may have it for ^{reigning} ^{with} ^{them}
 Mayhap will bring yet something worth the while
 Some day, a brass sewn gown or something
 From 't'other side the sea."

Thus ran the tale

As I have heard my mother tell it oft
 Do brother Ralph and one while sitting by
 The river-side a hundred years, twice told
 From where our master dwells - the river runs
 A bend sheer to the North just here and there
 Leaving a hundred acres clear of bottom land
 Wherem the maize ^{stubble} ^{grows} like ^{mini} ^{tree}
 A cereal forest, year by year and never failed,
 And stretched across the channel just where change
 An strongest current, almost at full, among
 The chuffing rocks, the fish-trap lived toll
 Upon the finny travellers up and down
 Their wotery highway to the sea & in was
 The sturgeon's strength or swiftness of the pipe
 To scape its cunning, when they cleared the bait
 Above and felt the ruck of the mud
 Balked of its will.

Here stood the Indian from

Behind city of that nation from whose king
 She hunted the angle eye and frown
 Of inmate sovereignty and profane
 Wherby she assigned ^{curious} ^{eyes} ^{on} ^{everything}
 To the whom she ^{with} ^{the} ^{trunk} ^{and} ^{hand}

And as she told the tale, her eye would flash
 And her low voice would quiver as she cursed
 The river which brought death to our sires, to us
 A fate far worse, a hopeless ^{in hope} ^{curse}
 A lingering ^{in hope} ^{curse} ^{death} which hath not
 Of the hereafter, which doth but prepare
 For devil-service in the lowest depths.
 Then she would ^{she} ^{would} ^{place} ^{her} ^{hand}
 And gaze adown the stream as if her eyes
 Consumed space along the fertile ^{of} ^{the} ^{river}
 Where the sea ^{stall} ^{and} ^{over} ^{the} ^{valleys}
 The white winged messengers of ^{some} ^{trough}
 Could go ^{over} ^{the} ^{blue} ^{expanses} ^{and} ^{nothing}
 The ^{noisy} ^{port} ^{which} ^{marked} ^{our} ^{river} ^{joining}
 These fields are ^{our} ^{the} ^{valleys} ^{rich} ^{and} ^{wide}
 The ^{stagnant} ^{of} ^{the} ^{river} ^{where} ^{long}
^{er} ^{rich} ^{them} ^{is} ^{the} ^{river} ^{to} ^{the} ^{west}
^{to} ^{run} ^{down} ^{from} ^{the} ^{end} ^{of} ^{the} ^{river} ^{to} ^{the} ^{west}
 From ^{the} ^{river} ^{to} ^{the} ^{west} ^{to} ^{the} ^{west}
 And dashes down the rough ^{and} ^{rough} ^{current}
 To ^{be} ^{able} ^{to} ^{burst} ^{its} ^{way} ^{through}
 Of ^{firm} ^{and} ^{granite} ^{but} ^{retains} ^{its} ^{course}
 And just before the bridge ^{and} ^{is} ^{run} ^{to}
 It ^{turns} ^{on} ^{careful} ^{and} ^{grace}
 On through its verdant banks down to the sea
 This ^{is} ^{the} ^{river} ^{and} ^{you} ^{will} ^{find} ^{it} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
^{remains} ^{here} ^{and} ^{there} ^{is} ^{nothing} ^{of} ^{the} ^{same}
 Over ^{spread} ^{of} ^{the} ^{river} ^{and} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 Of those who rob the ^{river} ^{and} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 And ^{put} ^{it} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{river} ^{and} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 The ^{river} ^{and} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 The ^{river} ^{and} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 And ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 By ^{the} ^{river} ^{and} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 And ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 It ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 With ^{the} ^{river} ^{and} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 And ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
^{of} ^{the} ^{river} ^{and} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 From ^{the} ^{river} ^{and} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 Upon ^{the} ^{river} ^{and} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}
 Because ^{it} ^{is} ^{the} ^{same}

And him for whom 'twas framed; 'Till just enough
 Of richer blood is left us to preserve
 The fiction of a darker skin and ^{evil} race
 No, no! I cannot curse though every drop of ^{blood} ~~of~~
 Of orange 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
 Was justified because 'twas done on to
 Another race, is perpetrated now
 Upon a brother. What excuse? The race
 Cannot be evil since it is the cause
 As that which bears the master's whip.
 The God they blindly claim as theirs, our God
 Is writing out in his own living 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
 Alike the creatures of his hand and love
 All nations alike of earth, the sky
 The air the land the sea, the ^{land} ~~land~~
 Alike to all; and none may ^{gather} ~~gather~~
 His brother's share, and ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{unpunished} ~~unpunished~~ by
 The King of Kings. How first ^{any} ~~any ^{children} ~~children~~ ^{you}
 Are told, where with the Architect divine
 Will work his glorious purposes out. I know
 Not how, but they who claim our service, they
 Have taught me much, and I have dug
 An shame and degradation down into
 The hearts of that pure faith whose ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{name}
 Suffrants for salvation. I have found
 It ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{not} ~~not ^{enough} ~~enough~~ ^{for} ~~for~~ ^{all} ~~all~~, I know
^{of} ~~of~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{that} ~~that ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{doth} ~~doth~~ ^{not} ~~not ^{respect}
 Earth's proudest sons above his ^{lowly} ~~lowly~~
 As ^{low} ~~low~~ ^{as} ~~as ^{the} ~~the ^{lowly} ~~lowly~~ ^{man} ~~man~~
 It is his wish to work with out his will.
 Thus would our mother speak to light and me
 And Raphael would submerge to the winds
 With ^{his} ~~his ^{own} ~~own ^{words} ~~words ^{and} ~~and ^{me} ~~me~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

And cheer the eye which bubbled from my lips
 With some slight word of calm reproach and cheer
 We sat alone beside the stream, or dug
 Into the dark rich sand for arrow-heads
 And died quaint of bygone days and kin
 He would not let me curse the proud bad man
 Whom we were doomed to serve but we said
 "He is our Feather Pole," and yet I knew
 He felt the curse that rent our own legs
 As bitterly as I, but he was gentle,
 And true to us, as if he were of nearer kin
 Than our mother's Indian ring than I
 Whose more mercurial temper seemed to come
 From the dark veins of Africa's favored child
 Who was our first ancestress's love, and thus
 Because our sire - Of him our mother spoke
 But once to us, - the night but once before
 She left our sight. She called us then within
 The hut ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{which} ~~which~~ ^{we} ~~we ^{dwell} ~~dwell, and by the light,
 Of dying embers flickering on the hearth,
 His story told.
 His name is not unknown
 His 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 ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{some} ~~some ^{name} ~~name~~
 Wild clam upon the Congo coast perchance
 But captive taken in some petty strife
 The Barracoon received him and the rest.
 So deeply was his King's curse entangled upon
 His nature, that even after he was bought
 And sold, and burdens laid upon his back
 And stripes, he still was known ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{same} ~~same ^{man} ~~man~~
 Who wrought with him and through the country round
 Led by his master's name - that hated brand
 Which every slave is forced to wear - Thus by
 The title proud which common suffrance gave
 "King's Man" He could not brook the name of slave,
 And hate for them whom he was forced to serve
 As when all other thoughts he sought to
 He thought of when he wrought his happy~~~~~~~~

Their race had reaped a bloody vengeance of
Its unjust wrongs, and slavery been no more,
From every fear.

Such was our negro side.
Our white ancestors — well the last would
Who slaves we were, the proud Goidang
Who had compelled our mother to unholy love.
They were the only ones with whom we might
Obtain kinship who were known or honored by
The great dull world, which in its blindness saw
Naught worth its praises save the gilded pomp
In which they lived. Yet then alone brought shame
To us. And all our pride was centered in
Our savage sins, and their alike.

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

To wield the battle we on bases
The cross

And which
The evil of ignorance and the mist of toil
Could never dim or dull. This
taught us

That the oppressors' hearts were gnawing
with the fear of old ^{time} ~~Pharaoh~~ ^{Pharaoh} ~~the Egyptian~~ ^{with the old}
That he who ^{Pharaoh} ~~smote the Egyptian~~ ^{with the old}

He would not let his people go, but held
Them still in bondage, ^{now} had His arms

Given our deliverance too — But in
what guise
We knew not. All eyes dark — until
at such

Light from the gloom with gradual footsteps
came
The holy vision of the new Messiah.

All giant-like in limb, imbued with
strength.
To do or suffer till his ends were
X wrought

In raiment and demeanor simple
like to him
Who taught in ^{make straight} ~~prophets~~ worldliness
The paths of God: "His dim-
linements

Like those which Nature carries with
storm and with wind
And all the fearful engineering at her
command

Out of the bleached and hardened
granite cliff
Which covers the mountain's brow
rugged and stern

Yet cursed with rains and furies, dark
as choir

The scath of earth, and fit him for the
crown

Of suffering ^{and} with eyes ~~cast~~ ^{cast} in
whom shaggy brows

Half hide their righteous ~~sternness~~ ^{sternness}
which yet bear

Gleam as tender as the holy words

His Sulliman prototype has sent

Adown the ages to our souls - And this

~~Quest~~ ^{mystic} Rude staking of the Greek ~~centenary~~ ^{centenary}

Sommed in our ignorance, with but
the light

Of faith ^{gained} and strengthened
by the prayers

Of millions sweating blood and crying
"Sord

See this cup pass from me!" This we
believe

To be the great forerunner ^{high Priest} and ~~forerunner~~

And shined him in the temple of our
hearts

And called his name John Brown

And like the band

Of true believers in Jerusalem ^{we} would
not believe

That he was slain, but even ^{afterward} ~~do we~~

We sang together as we wrought, that he

Was "marching on".

Souri

While others rest in shadow, it comes gay

The gleam and dread of that long starless
night

Which shrouds the sleep's rough pathing to the
tomb

The present murmuring of doubt and
afear

Soon all forgotten, for the remembrance gleams

Continually about my path, or slow

The dancing stars, twined in cool ~~air~~ ^{air}

So ^{measures} ~~measures~~ of delight before

My charmed happy eyes, while the great
moon

Like a kind mother in the fallow of her
her boundless love

Called forth for me a richer tide of
~~sun~~ light

The river's apple and the hush of air

The flush of morning and the dying glow

Of the red ^{ing} leaves upon the cliffs'
dark brow,

And every sight or sound of ~~delight~~ ^{delight}
in nature ^{freight}

With sharpness thrilled through my being
like an swift

As light and ^{filled} ~~filled~~ any soul with rest
they

They felt ^{downed} ~~downed~~ in the wings of toil and
in

The master's voice was music. My soul
heart

Thrilled ^{experiences} of joy, ^{mine} ~~mine~~ eyes
browned ^{on}

With ^{troubled} ~~troubled~~ and ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~

tongue was made
 fragments with bundles of unutterable
 forms
 I loved.

Strange that a poor slave, born to be bought and sold
 In market and like the shambled or should feel
 Such contents of love that one entertained deep
 Bearing a triple brand of shame, whose life
 was ~~comp~~ kept
 In misery, and whose soul was ~~was~~ ^{stranded}
~~was~~ ^{over} ~~was~~ ^{corrupt}
 E'en in the cradle, with the rayless pall
 of black despair
 Strange - passing strange - that such an one
 Should rise, Elijah-like unto the very gates
 of Heaven
 Upon the flaming chariot of an earthly
 love.

Yet so it was, although in earth, then such
 a much
 Is there to tell, a smiling girl who wrought
 With me, sister then to whom you
 mistook
 For Saxon when you met - eyes which
 changed
 Their gleam and hue like the deep river pool
 Beneath the Indian Summer sky - when
 steps
 Were music and her form - and
 laugh - and song -
 Oh! words mine! cold hard sunlight
 bying found
 All darkness was here and here
 I loved.

The maiden came among us, in
 the fresh spring days,
 The petted consort of our quarters
 petted child
 — Jones said that he had bought her on
 the block, ^{incredible}
 And paid a sum almost incredible
 Because his darling Ruth ^{had} desired
 beyond earth's tears
 To have her for a constant maid.
 By day
 And night my soul had fed
 on looks and tone;
 And yet I spoke and word of love
 My eyes
 Followed her footsteps as the hope
 of Heaven
 Hung on their swift pace, and
 In accustomed taste
 My heart forgot its cunning and I
 received
 Reproach and punishment because
 my soul
 Was wrapped in adoration of God's
 love
 Unaware, to me, in David's form
 I worshipped not afar nor yet in
 doubt
 I knew the golden felt the influence
 of my love
 With bold humility, my eyes at times
 Had captured hers and looking
 down
 Blessed trespassers through their
 brown depths
 Into the pure white soul that slept
 below

In heavenly freedom, ^{my love} there, had seen
 Its own twin, self-waiting

In that fair sanctuary its twin-
 self-
 waiting in trustful hope, to be called
 forth and claimed.

'Twas Tuesday in the Christmas for the
 week

Bounded by Christmas and by New Year
 days

Which bring unto the place a glimpse of what
 he might have been

Had not the millstone bondage hung about
 his neck

When he was thrust into the sea of ^{life} being

As soon as to him the ^{infinite} general application
 we give

Wrote its primal day alone "The Grove"

Soon for the servants, was deserted gates,

For young and old, our betters all had gone

To seek their kin, but the old homestead
 waits away home place

And we were left alone the owner

Stood at the "Quarters" but the Grove
 was safe

From his intrusion, and the servants at
 the house

Were privileged by special leave to ^{hold} their

A ^{ball} ^{while} they ^{were} ^{none} at home

Whom their ^{plenary} ^{night} ^{per} ^{business} ^{offered}

The huts beside the silent occasion turned
 With joyful preparation, while it stood
 Silent and closed - to me was left its
 care

I passed from room to room when
 all had gone
 And things were put in order, saw that all
 was right
 Then closed and locked the ^{doors} ~~entrance~~ and
 and sought

With eager steps the presence of my love
 But she was not among the ^{to my} ~~pages~~
 bundle

Busy in preparation for the ~~page~~ joy
 The night's fatigues ^{then thought} would bring
 for her

I asked with ceaseless earnest
 for her
 But none had seen her since the
 early morn

I sought ~~in every~~ ^{where} ~~corner~~ which fancy
 could suggest
 I sought shelter of ~~and~~ ^{under} ~~the~~ ^{roof}

~~Under~~ the warm cushion of the calm
 midday, and the
~~and~~ the blue haze that rested on the hills
 and hid

The distant mountain-tops seemed to be
 fit
 October's golden morn and brought for
 me

The dreamy ^{blue} ~~hazy~~ of an Arabian
~~Commissioner's~~ ^{day}
 When ~~the~~ ^{life} ~~seems~~ ^{stifled} in soft
~~from~~

And ~~seems~~ ^{is} ~~cheated~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{world}

Upon the brown hill side ^{one finds} ~~besides~~ a
 Of down, ^{of blue and gold} ~~shrouded with blue~~
 With blue, ^{with golden pillars, curtopied} ~~which~~ royalty might ^{right} to press
 My search was vain, ^{but} ~~at length~~
 The noisy din and the ^{invidious} ~~joy~~
 I went into the ^{land} ~~house~~ from room
 To room
 With cypress steps ^{similar} ~~and~~ red
 Until at length I reached a ^{manicured} ~~work~~
 With which the builder who had made
 "The Grove"
 A monument of costly ^{artfulness} ~~and~~
 And vicious taste had ^{fitly} ~~erected~~ his
 work.
 Its winding stair was ^{surely} ~~found~~ seen
 when
 The owner's pride would spread at
 once before
 The stranger's eye, the thousand ^{eyes} ~~which~~
 Paid ^{gravel} ~~tribute~~ to the ^{affairs} ~~of~~ its lord,
 While he
 "Fiducial not and neither did he spin" but yet
~~Outshine the~~ ~~lilies~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
 lilies did
 From them the lilies, ^{Colossian} ~~Colossian~~
^{Antistrophe} ~~Antistrophe~~
 there ^{where} ~~where~~ by day, my ^{tuttle} ~~gnaw~~
 because I was ^{most} ~~first~~
 To ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{by} ~~by~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{eyes} ~~eyes~~
^{of} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{eyes} ~~eyes~~
 the ^{little} ~~little~~ ^{republic} ~~republic~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{eyes} ~~eyes~~

To-day there was another treasure than
 one I sought on the ~~side~~ ^{side} ~~of the~~ ^{of the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~mine~~ ^{mine}
 The object of a ~~lover's~~ ^{lover's} ~~heart~~ ^{heart} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~rest~~ ^{rest}
~~rest~~ ^{rest} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~rest~~ ^{rest}
 Her hands on one arm followed
 and the grace
 Which ~~hollows~~ ^{hollows} ~~greatest~~ ^{greatest} ~~plumbers~~ ^{plumbers} ~~touching~~ ^{touching}
 every line
 Of her fair form, — unconscious, peaceful
 Slept
 Slept my worshipped love — to ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~amount~~ ^{amount} ~~that~~ ^{that}
 I (stared and) gazed ~~at~~ ^{at}
 Upon her beauty, unforbid — ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~while~~ ^{while}
 I gazed the torrents of my love came
 surging through
 My waiting soul and swept at once
 away
 All other thought. A glow like the day
 Dawn-born, hazy round her presence ~~my~~ ^{my}
 form ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~felt~~ ^{felt}
 Like Simoni's prophet that the ground where
 he stood was holy — Every thought was pure
 As if God's winged angels brought it
 fresh
 and dripping with the pearl drops
 that ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~well~~ ^{well}
 The tide which flows from under earth
~~and~~ ^{and} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~thrown~~ ^{thrown}
 With trembling tenderness and eager care
 I bowed before her as she slept, and
 pressed
 My first slow kiss upon her dewy
 lips
 Her waking eyes betrayed no fear
 but spoke
 Recognition to my vision of trustful

As if her dreaming vision merged
 in fact
 Her harmonious and smooth as that
 the truth
 seemed but continuation of the dream

This reading, quick my arms clasped
 her form
 And linked in close embrace - my unchained
 tongue

Poured forth the love my overcharged heart
 had hid

And had I ^{in some} silence, through the golden mouth

Her presence had made bright. I know

Of ^{such what} mysterious words disdained, ~~of~~

through the ^{such words} the curse which shadowed over my life.

And ^{such} that ~~that~~ every my words
 were wild

It would not be strange. Oh you who find

Love's ^{blissful} ~~sweet~~ pleasure but a prelude
 sweet

To heavenly captured ecstasies to this your
 joy,

One instant's surcease, from the ^{fiery} ~~world~~

That ^{with business} ever ~~pushed~~ the human heart
 and guess

What agony of bliss was mine! World
 words!!

Wrecks words! for none ^{then we} could breathe a
 title,

A hint of what my soul that moment
 felt ~~of heaven~~

The riches of a peerless joy - the beauty
 of a

The mystery of a boundless new world!

Her heaving bosom, and her trem-
 bling lips
 When transient ecstasies ^{mine} ~~my~~ ^{unforbid}
~~devoiced~~
 With furnished greed, and the soft light
 which hid
~~From the brown depths of her peculiar eyes~~
 Within the liquid depths of her brown eyes
~~Perhaps a ^{fold of} response ^{to} ~~some~~ ^{words} ~~some~~~~
 and when at length
 The springing tapers flamed the burning
~~and~~
 And downy lids closed o'er them with their
 wreath of ~~shon~~ fringe
 Of ~~shon~~ fringe, beneath which ~~rolled~~
~~the tide~~
 Of happy tears, while the ~~loud~~ ^{soft} head
 upon my breast
 Crowned with a wreath of clustering curls
Her head
 In trustful love reposed, I knew that he
 Whose sweetish name is Lora, had made
 me twin
 Two spirit-ones the flame of stainless love
 Had fused our hearts, so that they could
 but know
 In all the ~~days~~ ^{days} our mutual thrills of joy or
 pain alike
 Through all the coming years, no earthly
 power
 Could put ~~between~~ ^{between} us whom God ~~had~~ ^{had} joined
~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~heart~~ ^{heart}
 Albeit our partial ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~blot~~ ^{blot} of the beams
 or ~~crowns~~ ^{crowns}
 With sacramental form our blended
 souls
 What wonder if in this ~~supremacy~~
~~ours~~
 In our ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~heart~~ ^{heart}

The image shows two pages of a notebook, numbered 228 and 229, with a grid of graph paper. The grid is divided into columns of varying widths. The left page (228) has a large column on the left, followed by several smaller columns. The right page (229) has a similar layout. The grid is mostly empty, with some faint markings and a dark smudge near the bottom right corner of page 229.

No gorgeous dwelling but a ^{small} ~~small~~ ^{humble} ~~humble~~ ^{dwelling}
 Undecked with ornament which ^{marks} ~~marks~~ ^{the cot}
 Wherein the humblest freeman dwells ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{awaits}
 A ^{cozy} ~~cozy~~ ^{homestead} ~~homestead~~ ^{nest} for his ^{new} ~~new~~ ^{found} ~~found~~ ^{bride}

EP

That thrall'dom vanished and there ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instead}
 Before my friend's ^{eyes} ~~eyes~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{glowing} ~~glowing ^{vision} ~~vision~~ ^{of} ~~of ^a ~~a ^{peaceful} ~~peaceful ^{home!}
 No gorgeous dwelling but a ^{small} ~~small~~ ^{dwelling}
 A ^{humble} ~~humble~~ ^{dwelling}
 Undecked with ornament, ^{which} ~~which~~ ^{marks}
 Wherein ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{cozy} ~~cozy~~ ^{homestead} ~~homestead~~ ^{awaits}
 For ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{humblest} ~~humblest~~ ^{freeman} ~~freeman~~ ^{dwells} ~~dwells~~ ^{and}
 A ^{cozy} ~~cozy~~ ^{homestead} ~~homestead~~ ^{nest} for his ^{new} ~~new~~ ^{found} ~~found~~ ^{bride!}
 Not such the sketch my fancy drew
 But ^{rough} ~~rough~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{gaily} ~~gaily~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{cloth} ~~as~~ ^{cloth}
 The ^{humblest} ~~humblest ^{dwelling}, not designed
 For ^{him} ~~him~~ ^{his} ~~his~~ ^{comfort} ~~comfort~~ ^{happiness} ~~happiness~~ ^{or} ~~or~~ ^{even} ~~even ^{but}
 The ^{rough} ~~rough ^{shuttles} ~~shuttles~~ ^{from} ~~from ^{the} ~~the ^{cold} ~~cold ^{and} ~~and ^{storm}
 So that he still ^{ought} ~~ought~~ ^{to} ~~to ^{see} ~~see~~ ^{but} ~~but~~ ^{even} ~~even~~ ^{this}
 Dark ^{aching} ~~aching~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{lot} ~~lot~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{future} ~~future~~ ^{had}
 For ^{his} ~~his~~ ^{main} ~~main ^{store} ~~store ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{glorified} ~~glorified ^{by} ~~by~~ ^{him}
 The ^{crystal} ~~crystal~~ ^{flaming} ~~flaming ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{heavenly} ~~heavenly~~ ^{gates}
 In ^{my} ~~my~~ ^{soft} ~~soft ^{eyes} ~~eyes ^{because} ~~because~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{hallow} ~~hallow ^{ing} ~~ing~~ ^{light}
 Of ^{love} ~~love~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{there} ~~there ^{Oh} ~~Oh~~ ^{blinded} ~~blinded ^{me!}
 How ^{weak} ~~weak~~ ^{that} ~~that ^{is}
 How ^{pitiful} ~~pitiful ^{it} ~~it ^{seems} ~~seems ^{that} ~~that ^I ~~I ^{should} ~~should ⁱⁿ
 I ^{was} ~~was~~ ^a ~~a ^{thrall!} ~~thrall! ^{Not} ~~Not ^{then} ~~then ^{but} ~~but~~ ^{the}
 Succeed ^{ing} ~~ing~~ ^{my} ~~my ^{friend's} ~~friend's ^{eyes} ~~eyes ^{as} ~~as ^{the} ~~the ^{rough}~~

Within my arms she lay, the light of love
 Illuminating her face, the glowing cheeks
 Begging a rosy outline quench my lips
 For ^{my} rapture on its fairy bound.

The burden of shame and suffering on
 my wish!
 Part from that hour, it ceased By night
 or day
 The shadow hung upon my soul, no breath
 was unwhispered by the consciousness
 of the allusion. From ^{with} ~~my~~ ^{my}
 poor soul
 One moment ^{when} ~~the~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{to}
 thought ~~was~~ ^{was}
 Or ~~conscious~~ ^{conscious} for an instant lay aside
 Its fearful burden till the grace shall
 bring
 oblivion of sin's wretchedness
 Meanwhile
 My huddled tongue had prattled on
 and clotted
 In words my ~~fantasy~~ ^{fantasy} picture ^{the} willing
 ear
 that listened to my foolish tale. All
 trusted
~~and~~ ^{powerful} ~~light~~ ^{light} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~love~~ ^{love}
~~Other~~ ^{Other} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{been}
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~forming~~ ^{forming} ~~check~~ ^{check}
~~From~~ ^{From} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~lips~~ ^{lips}
~~quench~~ ^{quench} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~rapture~~ ^{rapture}
~~Get~~ ^{Get} ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~a~~ ^a ~~deeper~~ ^{deeper} ~~truth~~ ^{truth}
 Did suddenly a deeper truth ^{flashed}
 air spread
 Her neck and brow, and starting
 up she gazed
 with looks of terror on my wailing
 eyes
 The curtain fell, swift, dark and
 left her still

As pulled as the ^{brno} ~~breath~~ of death, Her
 breath
 Came gaspingly, and ~~her hands were~~ ^{when}
~~her hands passed~~
 As if to strike her ~~heart~~ ^{the pulses}
 of her ~~stricken~~ heart.
 And as her heart ~~was~~
 her hands ~~passed~~
^{over} Her clasped ~~hands~~ as if to check
 some sudden pain.
 And as I started in affright, she stayed
 one spoke,
 Her lips all ~~so~~ white and ~~her face~~;
pinched and ~~was~~
 As in that moment, weary years of
^{was}
 Had left their impress there Her ~~eyes~~
 had lost.
 The ~~swell~~ ^{swell} of ~~maiden~~ ^{maiden} curls
 youth and now
 Thrilled with the ~~sturdy~~ ^{sturdy} clang which
^{bitter} ~~was~~
 Crushing the strong proud heart alone
^{can give}
 "Oh, God," she cried "it may not
 be.
 The ~~whole~~ ^{whole} ~~secret~~ ^{secret} dream must be ~~forgotten~~ ^{forgotten}. The tale
 Of love is turned to gall upon your lips!
 Oh, why did you surprise my too
 fond heart
 Into forgetfulness. Save you? Oh God!
 Could you but know the joy with
^{which my soul} ~~which~~ ^{its all to my} ~~my~~ ^{surrounding}
 Would yield ~~itself~~ ^{itself} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~keeping~~ ^{keeping}
^{up}
 All thought of self, knowing not
^{being} ~~being~~ ^{myself}
 But that ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~glow~~ ^{glow} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~lifted~~ ^{lifted}

Or by the form in darkness plunged for aye

Oh how! how have I longed to bear my
heart

into your gaze! I'm now surcharged

with searching ^{woe} ~~form~~, each agonizing
throb

I put a tribute into thee! My pain

was slight, this blanching fear
had never ~~thrust~~ ^{stung} me

The life-tide chill and dead back to my
heart

Had not my ^{prayer} ~~love~~, been strong and
deep

That it could overcome the fear of
death -

Or ~~my~~ life, more terrible, because
of thee!

May more, because of thee, ~~become~~

~~And~~ ~~each~~ ~~and~~ ~~to~~

liniment and gale that
thou hast

As fraught with sanctity to me; because

I could not live and see the skin ^{which} ^{thou}

I bore, ~~and~~ defiled, ~~the~~ ~~hair~~ ~~sworn~~
chaffed that I could say

Our blisful dream ^{was} ^{not} ⁱⁿ ^a
dream. a dream can only be

the future ^{with} ^{no} ^{magic} ^{power} ^{to} ^{fix}
~~no~~ ~~more~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~future~~
may fix

In fabled colors the bright forms which
thou

The vision of today. All tints must

fade ^{and} ^{be} ^{lost} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{future}
The ~~hazy~~ ~~glow~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~vision~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~future~~
stare ~~and~~ ~~be~~ ~~lost~~

then ~~must~~ ~~and~~ ~~be~~ ~~lost~~

Oh how can we

Good creatures of another will, be left
 Of all that makes existence dear - the
^{power}
 Aught worthy of the world and brain
 which God
 For some mysterious purpose yet
 hath shrined
 Within our forms, sentient and external
^{yet strict}
 Of all that gives the thinking being
^{joy}
 And only rich in all that form wings
 the heart
 Worth aye, How shall we speak of love?
 How shall our damped and crippled
 souls know aught
 Of that true marriage which sub-
 sists alone
 When ~~stewards~~^{frustration} and casts out fear?
^{To us}
 The thought is sacrilege. The bond itself
 A mockery - a jest - by ^a suffering
 made.
 Bond from the jest and only given the
 name
 To hide from prying eyes and tender
 Our ~~throatless~~^{poor} brutishness! ^{but a}
~~the mark of our bondage!~~ ^{devil's trick}
 To hide his ~~poor~~ nakedness from
 Christian sight.
^{our very} ^{our very} ^{attract}
 Eyes even ~~our~~ ~~our~~ ~~our~~ ~~our~~ ~~our~~ ~~our~~ ~~our~~ ~~our~~
 of our nothingness!
 More bonds our masters choose to
^{where with}
 bid ~~to~~ to make ~~us~~ ~~us~~ ~~us~~ ~~us~~ ~~us~~ ~~us~~ ~~us~~ ~~us~~
 than human cattle - ^{us} ^{us} ^{us} ^{us} ^{us} ^{us} ^{us} ^{us} ^{us}
^{word}
 To ~~make~~ ~~decent~~ ~~and~~ ~~fruitful~~, ~~us~~

Ruma to be the name of that new life
My aunts mother bore to him because
The aunts Rachel wish that I was born

A heritage of pride or ^{but} ~~love~~ ^{which} ~~is~~ ^{is} a crowd
For meaning ~~ludicrous~~ ^{ludicrous} procedure
Of scandalous drunkenness, like that
My own ^{parental} ~~parental~~ master to declare
That ~~the~~ ~~word~~ ~~impudence~~ should
Be the name
Of ~~curious~~ ~~any~~ ~~another~~ ~~love~~ ~~train~~
That they who follow us must bear
for eyes
But in this desolation shall we not
Such joy 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 we
Not know the sunshine of your smile
and have
The solace of your love, because forsooth
The sin which rears upon our lives
hath crushed
all other pleasure to the dust? Because
We are bereft of every ^{other} ~~source~~ source
Of happiness, save only, for and its
besides, shall we with spiteful candour
Refuse and spurn
The only joy we brought
Which fate in mercy gave our lips to
drink?
Will you life ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~bright~~ ~~of~~ ~~you~~
The ~~line~~ ~~is~~ ~~your~~ ~~substance~~

Or some because its sun has set
 in gloom?
 Shall night blot out the ^{quaintly} ~~sun~~ because
 The King's orb anuses not her hours?
 Oh love!
 Can't not away the only bliss our ^{of the} ~~world~~ ^{can}
 Hath left our stricken hearts, but 'tis
 share
 Our burning war and make it less
 thence.
 Your love shall be to me ^{more} ~~freedom~~
 than ^{any} ~~earth~~ can give beside
 And heavenly joys ^{to any soul} ~~would~~ ^{be}
 But dreary darkness did they love
 Not give it light?

"Oh dearest love"

She cried -
 That that No envious spirit comes
 in to stir
 The blessed pool of love when my
 poor soul
 Would fain be healed. It is ^{as though}
 of self
 That bids me put away the bliss
 ful draught -
 The only one that life ^{will} ~~offer~~ ^{to} ~~me~~
 parched lips
 Oh I could bear, all that life ^{hides} ~~possesses~~
 of ill;
~~that~~ ^{The gods would be to me}
 a crown of joy
 The degradation but a badge of sin
 than mortal glory could ^{only} ~~be~~
~~more~~

my love had ^{but} ~~that~~ I could lighten ^{one} ~~my~~ ^{burden} ~~my~~ ^{of} ~~me~~.
~~Oh~~

Oh is that. Can you such guess? Oh Son

Turn from my face ^{thine} ~~my~~ ^{eye} and in
~~my~~ ^{thine} ~~eye~~ ^{ear}

Beh me a whisper breathe - How could I ~~be~~
 bear"

She asked while close her flaming face
 was hid

Upon my breast - "How could I bear
 Oh Son

Thine words, akin it to thine ear, whom
 should brood ~~with~~

The dull dark fate which ~~broods~~
 our lives?"

^{At once}
 The ^{darkening} ~~gulf~~ ^{that} ~~lay~~ ^{began} ~~seemed~~ ^{ga-}
~~ping~~ ^{ping} 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

and turned to face a joyless life.
 Think not,

Oh, untried soul, that we were faint and
 weak!

To stay my steps she sprang, and
 at my feet

Fell down:

"Oh Pao" she cried with
 clasped hands

In prayerfulness reproached -

"Oh Pao, forgive!
 I did not mean to throw away thy love
 or cast an added gloom ~~on~~ ^{upon} thy
 life.

But could I see thy image bound

Our love was but a heritage of
 shame
 And love to ~~those~~ ^{those} who from its
 warmth might spring!
 Who looking back ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~past~~ ^{past} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~seeing~~ ^{seeing} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same}

Why should we curse with life those we
 must love?

When every moment of existence gives
 us but a pang of bitterness? Oh Dad
 How close a kin to love is hate! The love
 which gives life is given to every soul
 That bears the yoke of bondage and but
 brings
 Curses instead of blessings! Hated names
 Are those which speak the tie of parental
 age!

See ~~John~~ ~~curse~~ ~~not~~

The son who curses not his sire or
 she

Who bears the form of woman and
 does not

Daily and hourly curse with bitterest
 flesh

The motherhood which gave her form
 to answer her

With her restless life our souls is
 all too dull

Love to desire on life - Yours - Mine
 Ah ours!

Could given be such - Do they should
 live to thrill

And given with such agony as ours -
 Their hands - are they - Oh listen love
 and know

How deep the anguish which doth
 prompt me now

The precious ^{price} ~~treasure~~ of thy love to
 cost

As it forever - than white hands
 should shut

The children ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same}

draw one breath
 of glory's air through Heaven's high
 gates should close
^{Plentifully}
 with ~~undulating~~ themselves on their
 souls within
 And I without! They should be free!
 no slave

Shall kiss the mother crime & me!
 Oh Pae

Thou wouldst not evil - my soul
 with crime because
 My poor weak heart yearns for thy
 love!"

Oh God
 How glorious was her heavenly 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 sunk
 upon my knees before her there and
 prayed -

Oh God forgive! that we might love
 indeed
 with ever growing strength, but that
 our lives

might never mingle in another
 life!

Ah me! The faithless prayer was heard!
 /

There came a hum of preparation. Over
 Grim-visaged terrible and stern stalked
 forth -

Arrayed in cruelty, thirsting for blood
 And mocking at the woes which ^{swelled} framed
 his train

He swept through all the land
 and claimed to do

The work which noble-eged Peasants had
 left undone

Through all the years of fruitless
 growth ~~which~~ before.

Grim engine of Omnipotence! Last resort
 of

Of Justice long delayed! Final ap-
 peal

Of Liberty! Right's last analysis!

The remedy which Barbarism gives
 Against the ills which grow and fester
 on

The body politic! The amate right
 Which bursts the bands of fraud by
 eyes blinded

Through guile and greed with many
 a specious lie

About the feeble limbs! The protest fire
 Of righteousness against the forms of Law

Which nurse Oppression! Years of ~~long~~
 age brought

At least the words of retribution

Thundered in our ears
 and the
 The notes of warning, threat and boast
 Alike chimerical filled every mouth
 From childhood up to hoary age. Then

came
 The shock of battle and the rapturous
 thrill

Of unexpected victory! - And then

The dull dark month when hope
 stood dumb and fell

From every bondman's heart, But
 could it all
 My brother Rags did ^{not} ~~more~~ ^{for an}
 instant fail
 In faith and trust. No mounted triumph
 Of the oppressors, ^{arms his faith could}
~~could his faith a~~
~~daunt~~
 Or cloud the ^{holy} ~~same~~ brightness which
 he saw
 Inhaloming the future even when
 'I was said that they for whom we ^{truly}
 prayed
 Had pledged themselves to leave untouch-
 ed the crime
 Which had provoked the strife and
 even used
 Their power to render to the ^{master}
 back
 His trust, slave - even then he did
 not lose
 His trust -
 I marvel at his sweet faith
 and modest
 His crush with scorn, until one night
 - Ah me!
 How clear the memory comes through
 all the days
 Which since have fled - The night
 was Saturday
 When his of strictness made the discipline
 Which binds the slave

Starry
 Oh banner fluttering early
 Banner swooping low
 Why were ye not ^{your people} more faithful
 While the Autumn breeze blow?

Has some mighty power wrought
 From thy field a gleaming star
 Has some mighty conqueror
 Has some fortune ^{been} wrought
 From thy ^{own} field a star?
 Or some ^{of} ^{our} ^{people} ^{have} ^{been} ^{slain}
 Carved ⁱⁿ ^{stone} ^{by} ^{some} ^{detested}
 Shred or eiled a single bar

Mourne ye for some brave defender
 Stricken in the shock of war
 Or for one who gave the splendor
 Of the conqueror's triumph car?

Tell me starry banner trailing
 For the untell plain below

Tell me banner wreathed in glory
 Starry banner trailing low
 Is the burden of thy story
 Fallen friend or accursed foe?

While I questioned thus within me
 From the flag above the door
 In a edid ^{and} ^{travelling} ^{whisper}
 Words of ^{passion} ^{seemed} ^{to} ^{come}

My Banner
 In ^{its} ^{drooping} ^{its} ^{true} ^{and} ^{that} ^{with}
 Once ^{was} ^{put} ^{at} ^{half} ^{and} ^{to} ^{its} ^{honour} ^{to}
 A child of my loins, a favorite ^{and} ^{my} ^{own}
 Who under ^{my} ^{shadow} ^{brave} ^{honour}
 Who ^{received} ^{from} ^{his} ^{father} ^{along} ^{with} ^{the} ^{name}
 A heritage priceless of valor and fame
 Took it into his hand with some other ^{kind}
 That I ^{it} ^{is} ^{too} ^{many} ^{slurs} ^{and} ^{that} ^{is} ^{made}
 So they gathered a host from far and near
 And battled against me for years

Banner of my certain glory
 Guide-star of the true and free
 Tell me what the wonderful story -

my folly - ^{frustrated}
 No national sorrow has ^{been} ^{defined}
 With a burden of grief which depresses
 No patriot has in ^{his} ^{gown}
 Felt the ^{un} ^{of} ^a ^{people's} ^{distress}

And the blood of my trust like water ^{shall} ^{run}
 And we like a garment about ^{us} ^{run}

A In addition to these I would refer to my Academic instructor Prof. C. W. Hayward of Cleveland Ohio -; to the President of the University at which I was educated, Dr. M. B. Anderson & Dr. Lewis of Rochester, Rochester N.Y., Rev. E. J. S. Baker Erie Pa - formerly Pastor of the Church of which I was a member -

These parties are all of them fully aware of every important event of my life previous to my removal to this State -

I invite the most searching investigation

man
and wife

man
man
man

man
man
man
man
man

To whom it May Concern:-

The Raleigh Sentinel of the 12th instant published an extract from the Cincinnati Enquirer, to the effect that "a certain Carpet-bug Judge of North Carolina had been for one and a half years in the Ohio State Prison for burglary" and the editor of the Sentinel by an unmistakable insinuation intimates that I am the person referred to in said extract - As I am the only "Judge" in the State, who has to my knowledge been designated a "Carpet-bug", there can be no doubt that I am the individual intended by to be to be stigmatized by this publication -

An indefinite charge of a similar nature, has heretofore been repeatedly insinuated by the Sentinel and by other journals of the state and has been industriously circulated both in public and private by numerous vulgar maligners - It was stated in

Hitherto ~~the~~ ^{the} charge has been simply the vague report that I had served a term in some penitentiary - In this form it was given in at least one public speech by Gabriel B. Vance and has been lately repeated upon the floor of the Senate -

When it first came to my ears, I denounced it in a public speech in the Court House at Greensboro as utterly false and calumnious and have repeated this ^{denial} upon one or two other ^{public} occasions -

For the first time this report has now come to me in a definite and tangible form as alleged

1 - That I was confined in the

Ohio State Prison

2 - For the term of four years ^{or on half}

3 - For the crime of burglary -

Every one of these statements is absolutely and unequivocally false and slanderous - On the contrary, I have never been in the State Prison of Ohio or any other State ^{not even as a visitor} except upon one occasion when I went as a visitor and for the purpose of relieving a Confederate officer from whom I had received kindly treatment and favors when previously held as a prisoner and who has never at any other time been inside of any penal institution except some of the jails of this ^{the} State since I have been Judge of the same -

I have never been tried, convicted or sentenced for any crime whatever, nor to my knowledge, have I ever been suspected of one -

I do not know that before this charge I had even been suspected of an immoral act -

I challenge my calumniators to the proof, a life of but thirty years and easily be investigated - If my statements are false the records of the Ohio State Prison, of the indictment, the trial and the sentence can be easily produced and my statements asserted and refuted - And if there are any persons who remember these facts -

I am happy to say that from the county in which I was born and reared I have abundant testimony from the purest and most prominent citizens who have known me from infancy -

Should any one feel inclined to investigate the truth of the statements I would refer them to any one of the following gentlemen of character and position who have known me intimately from boyhood

- Hon. Norman S. Chaffer Judge of the Dist. of Ohio - Jefferson Ohio -
- " Laban S. Sherman, Ashtabula Co. (My law tutor) -
- " B. J. Cushing Probate Judge Ashtabula County, Jefferson Ohio -
- W. B. Howland Esq. Pros. Atty. of Ashtabula Co., Jefferson O.
- C. D. Rockwell Esq. Atty. at Law Kingsville O.
- Maj. M. W. Wright - Kingsville O.
- J. H. Kinnear Postmaster, Kingsville O.
- Dr. E. J. Webster Kingsville O.
- E. D. Nettleton Ground Pa
- Northam Parrish Kingsville O.
- S. Oliver Barrett " "
- Sydney Webster " "
- Amos Linn " "

These men have all known me since the age of two years, they are of both political parties of all sects, and not one of them has any relationship to me, or any knowledge of my having referred to him at all - They are men of prominence, integrity and character - There has never been a year of my life until my removal to North Carolina, which has not been passed and in their certificate and attestation

Republican Meeting at Greensboro.

The colored Republicans of Greensboro and vicinity, a meeting held at the African Church on Tuesday night Nov. 2nd 1867 resolved to invite their colored brethren ^{throughout the country} and all ^{other} friends who are in favor of a government ^{which shall} ^{protect} equal rights to all citizens to ^{with} ^{no} ^{restriction} ^{to} ^{color}, ^{and} ^{afford} ^{them} ⁱⁿ ^a ^{grand} ^{Republican} ^{Party} ^{meeting} ^{on} ^{the} ^{16th} ^{inst.} at ^{Greensboro}, ^{N.C.} ^{at} ⁷ ^{o'clock} ^{P.M.} ^{and} ^{invite} ^{all} ^{the} ^{colored} ^{brethren} ^{present} ^{on} ^{that} ^{day}. It is time brethren, that we speak boldly and clearly for our rights (This meeting is over and for us). We are citizens let us claim our privileges as we have been given its rights. Come your self and bring your friends come alone and in company but by all means come - Every one on coming should report to the Committee of arrangements at the African Church.

- Exercises will begin at 10th o'clock to wit -
- A number of speakers both colored and white have been invited to address the meeting
 - Mr. Harman
 - Mr. ...
 - James M. ...
 - Orphus ...
 - John ...
 - Leah ...
 - Leeman ...
 - Zepto ...

Amos Linn
James M. ...

Or that I was ever an inmate of any prison whatever except the Confederate Military Prisons of Atlanta, Millen, Salisbury and Libbie Prison at Richmond Va - on the rolls of which pleasant institutions my name undoubtedly does appear - A fact which it will be some time before I hesitate to acknowledge -

Any impecunious legislator who can furnish evidence of such fact can thereby supply a deficiency in his exchequer without danger of receiving any such honorable combrignets as "XX" therefrom -

To these I will add the body of citizens of Ashtabula County, Ohio and also the Rev. M. B. Anderson D. D. Poet of the University of Rochester, and Rochester N.Y. -

This institution, I may remark is my Alma Mater and marked its appreciation of my character by conferring on me at its last Commencement an honorary degree -

A note addressed to any of the parties named above will undoubtedly meet with a prompt response, and anyone may satisfy their curiosity and verify or disprove my statements thereby -

After furnishing them ample opportunities for investigation of the facts, I offer One Thousand Dollars reward to any one who will furnish or procure any evidence of any having been ever tried, convicted or punished in any manner for any crime -

Ed Salegram: Sir: I am informed that Mr Robbins of Rowan attacked me in his usual Orlando Furioso style, upon the floor of the Senate some few nights since, repeating the statement which professional liars and traducers have industriously circulated throughout the state - viz: That I am "believed to have been an escaped convict from some Northern penitentiary".

This atrocious slander has in some form or other been a favorite tit-bit with my enemies for a year or two - I have never ^{before} noticed it publicly because I thought a slander unsupported by a particle of evidence, or a presumption of truth was best left to die of its own rottenness - The wishes of friends and the place where this statement was uttered have led me to adopt a different course at this time - I have only to say that

this slanderous report was known to be absolutely false by every one who has repeated it who is not an utter idiot -

If there had been a ~~word~~ shadow of truth in it, it would long ago have been substantiated by positive proof.

It is no difficult matter to prove that a person has been convicted of crime and punished by imprisonment. Records and witnesses do not

disappear in a moment - I happen to know too that the strict inquiries have been instituted in my native country as to the matter but the parties making those inquiries have not had the manliness to state the facts -

~~With regard to my life before becoming a citizen of North~~
unfortunately for their purposes they found, not only that I had never been an inmate of any such institution, but unlike themselves had never deserved to be -

Still however there should be one honest man who might believe that so great a lie could not be set on foot by the devil himself without some basis of truth, I desire to refer to a few men who have known me from boyhood until I became a citizen of this state -

Jacob C. Kinnean P. M. Kingsville O.

Dr. Elisha Webster " "

C. D. Rookwell, Atty at Law " "

Rev. Mr. Palmer " "

Hon. W. S. Chaffee, Judge & Jud. Dist. Jefferson, Ohio

" S. S. Sherman - " "

" B. J. Crosby, Probate Judge, Ashtabula Ohio

Rev. Joseph Maltby, Ashtabula, Jefferson O.

Prof. Supt. Smith Esq. - Merchant, Conneaut

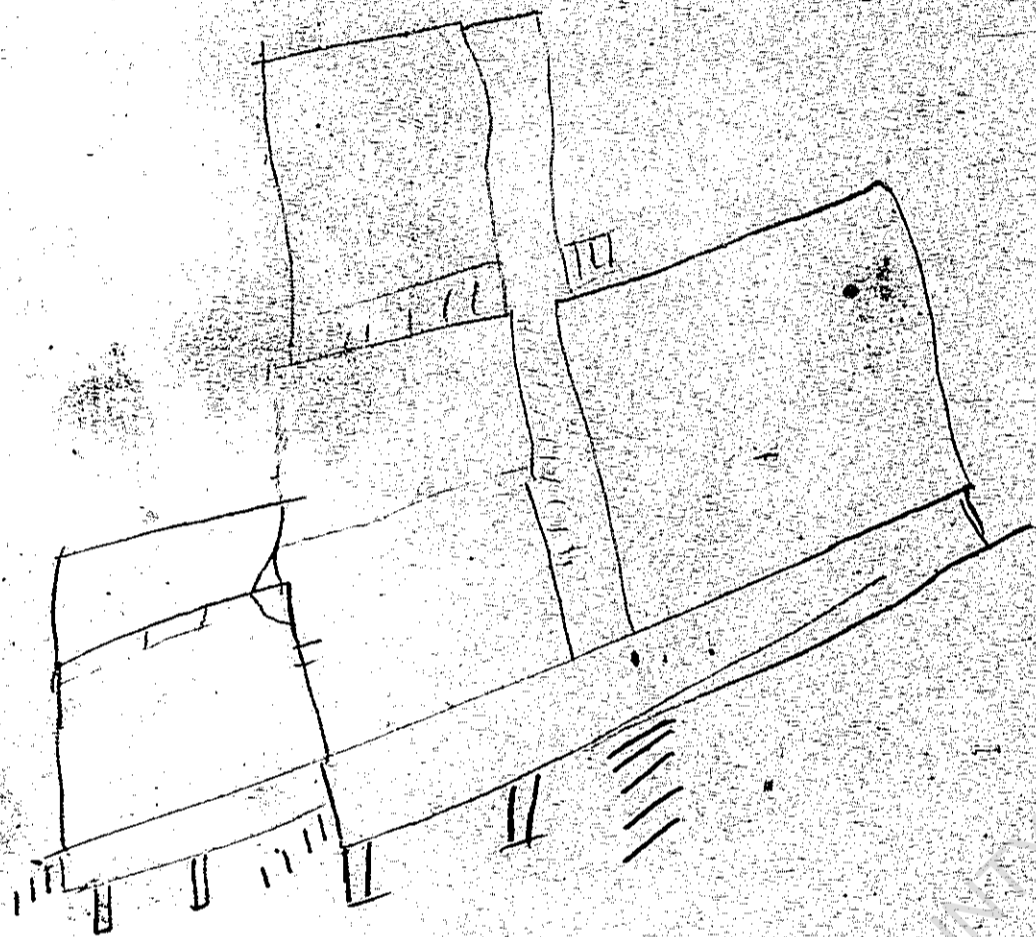
Dr. E. J. Merriman " "

Rev. E. J. S. Barber Erie Pa

Hon. James Gunnison " "

7.15
 8.63
 .10
 2.00
 .35
 .50
 .75
 15.48

1155



Prof. C. W. Heywood Cleveland O

All of the above have known me all
 most from infancy - They include prom-
 inent citizens of the principal towns of
 my native county and where my res-
 idence has always been from boyhood
 until my removal
 to this state, - the Judge of ~~the~~ the District
 including that county, the Probate of
 Judge of the county, ministers lawyers
 and farmers, merchants
 without respect to politics or

Deborah

De