

Deville Hutton Esq Feb 20 72

From Albion Tourgee Dear
old friend You have no idea
how much comfort your letters
give us. I am a farmer and
among us your ideas are accord
to no ones. We are for Equal
Rights. If the war for Humanity
has to be fought over I for one
say let it be in my time. If
the sentiment of my people be
an index to the feeling of the great
mass of Republicans the awful
betrayal of our cause by the Senate
will be condemned by no an
Convention at Milwaukee.

Enclosed I send a few
lines. If you can use them you are
welcome to them. Had they any
crude and unfinished you can
easily discern. But they were
inspired by your grand bold
utterances and if they contain

anything of merit they only reflect
the light from your patriotic
writings

Yours with Respect
Budd Bell

Seville

Hutton Co

Illinois

Please find stamp for my
name and address B.B.

The Portent

The friends of God, The friends of Man
Are breathing words of fire again

They speak as in the days of Gore
A prelude to the battle's roar

God and the Rights of Man
We asked then that a race do not tread
Made Human by the hand of God
Should not in bondage be controlled
Should not be bartered bought and sold

Deny it all who can

That when we plead through burning tears
Our answer was but taunts and jeers

That when we for the Bondsman begged -

We were insulted rotten egged

And given coats of tar

But nothing daunted us the least

Through persecution we increased

And wrote upon our Banners then

"Free Press," "Free Speech," "Free Homes," "Free Men,"

And then you threatened war

And boasted that on land and sea
 Your daring hosts of Chivalry
 Would drive our emblem out of sight
 You'd rule by force you rule by might
 Such was your boasting then
 But you were met wh! grandly met
 And upon ground by blood made wet
 The point of glistening bayonet
 Taught you that which you can't forget
 While throttled in your den
 That he who aims to ruin all
 Oft times himself receives the fall
 That he who strikes to overthrow
 Oft times himself receives the blow
 And sinks beneath the wave
 Had we then groveled in the dust
 And not have answered thrust by thrust
 Where now would be the "mighty free"?
 Where now would be our Liberty?
 Asleep in freedom's grave

And Freedom still has glowing flame
 The friends of Man and God proclaim
That Right and Wrong are now divorced
Right can't be bought, will not be forced

For on our Northern shores
 The flag of Freedom flutters bright
 And every star sheds holy light
 And lightning's gleam and thunders voice
 That while 'tis yours to make the choice

Before the tempest roars
 Give us fair hearing at the Poles
 Before the cloud of war unrolls
 Or by the grass on Martyrs graves
 And by that flag that o'er us waves
 Secure from sea to sea

We'll meet you as in former years
 But this time with the Blacks your peers
 And ere by ever our wrongs efface
 And you shall see that dominion Race
 Grand and triumphant — Free

Wm. Bell
 Scilla Fulton Geo Illinois

Budd Bell - Dear Sir: Your
letter and poem gave me great
pleasure. With your permission, I
shall seek to use the latter in
some of our ~~letters~~ leaflets we
are preparing to send out
in the near future.

Accept my thanks for
kind words and wishes. I
think the friends of liberty are
waking up.

Sincerely yours
The W. H.

send pamphlet }