

Omaha Neb Mar 26, 1892

Judge Albion M. Torgler,

Dear sir I hope you will excuse me but I have such an interest for my race I feel like running to and fro for help when I read how they are being murdered, I am a woman without sufficient education to carry my aims out and from the reading of your writing in print I trust you are a friend to my people and I wish to ask your advice about a letter I will send to all if you think it worthy of being sent to the president, or can you correct all incorrect writing and spelling and send it to me, I shall thank you in deed and pay you for your trouble if you do not think it can be fixed so it will

Benotised if you compose it all over  
with the same meaning it will be  
better we have got to do something  
and if that does no effect I must try  
something else I here send stamps  
to send the letter back with,

From one that has took you for a friend  
to all of gods people

address Mrs. H. Davis

2517 parker st - Omaha Neb

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Omaha Neb Mar 17 1892

President B Harrison

Mr president excuse me  
for taking liberty to write to you  
but duty demands it - We must  
speak and it must be to the pres-  
ident of the united states. We have  
fathers mothers and children with  
lives souls and bodies just as it pleases  
god to give us it did not please god  
to make us all white but all one  
blood some think we are cursed  
because we are black and they believe  
this curse comes from god but god  
does not curse his people for their  
color that he has give them it is  
your president is the cruel hearted south-  
roner that hat has cursed my  
people they are murdering them  
every day without giving them  
hearing or trial for the least offence

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They are shot down as animals  
of the lowest grade, they burned  
some alive confessing innocence  
in the burning flames others are  
draged some are hung and some are  
beat and stoned to death their cry  
for mercy is laughed to scorn oh is  
there any mercy in that southern  
Brest. Where is the party that we  
gave our lifes blood to help gain their  
victory When the rebels rebelled & gai  
nst them Where are they I say mr  
president do we as they dare call on  
them to help us in our troubles of  
Torture and distress Will you help  
us cant you help us mr president  
in gods name in the south we dare  
not own our rights as human beings  
we are cursed mr president by a  
cruel hand we gave the north our  
life I say ah and more we gave our

our blood our sympathy and our  
 strength in time of their battles  
 now where is our offer to help my  
 people they have gained the victory  
 with our strength then set us out  
 empty handed naked with out  
 money with out protection at the  
 southroners door there to be robbed  
 killed swindled out of all <sup>th</sup> could gather  
 to live on the north has robbed us of  
 our honor for helping them in their  
 battles and then taking all the honor  
 to they own glory god sees all, the  
 southron cruel has robbed us of our  
 Labor education and lives this does  
 not satisfy the cruel thirst they for  
 fear we gain the least footing have  
 disfranchised all uneducated and  
 these that can vote the vote is often  
 destroyed and the voter killed be cos  
 it does not suit them

and now I call on you mr president  
in gods name to help us it lays  
in the hands of this government to  
protect all citizens of the united states  
in the south it is war then heathen-  
ry in the wilds of the earth where  
they have not the bible make the  
old republican what <sup>it is</sup> do not let  
it be misrepresented we gave our  
life to help make it what has been  
we expect protection under that  
same flag will you help my people  
Mrs H Davis 2617 Parker st