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Buffalo, N.Y.  
May 28th 1892.

Dear Judge Tourgee:

I cannot begin my day better than by thanking you for your letter, which I have just read in the "Express." Do not forget that millions of our brethren, in the South, feel as you do, and regret the degradation of the white race which is demonstrated by every lawless and act, impatient of restraint, no matter

The last stanza of that  
Ode is worthy of Whittier.  
In a country that calls  
Walt Whitman a poet, perhaps  
it may not be appreciated;  
but ask dear old Whittier,  
whether he would be ashamed  
of it. —

One stanza has a bad  
rhyme: "pain" does not rhyme  
with same & home yet, due  
to alliteration, something like  
what a false bed may  
give a hint to the poetess:  
she will amend it to suit  
herself.

"Lamb, where the greed of gain  
brought us from over the main  
Lamb of out toil & pain."