

Pine Bluff, Ark. June 5th 1893,
Dear Judge - your prediction comes
true but in an other way. If your memory
serves you correctly, you will remember
you wrote me at the time I made
an appeal to you for the four Negroes
that were hanged here in the Miss.
Valley - you then said that I would be
called on to deny all I had said and
be ordered to leave the State, It did
not come as you professed but it
came all the same. I am in this way
at a small village south of Pine
Bluff, is where they lynched 3
Colored men the other day some
four weeks ago, and it is in my
Revenue list and on my papers
I was caught at this place and
had to stop the over night and
this crowd of bandits watched me
and said I was a spy sent in there
by the Government to find out who
killed the "Niggers" and some
20 or 30 came on me at 12 O'clock
at night and ordered me to come
out. Of course I had to much of the
Anglo Sax on blood to obey and
they tried to force their entrance
into the house and they got what
they did not look for. And they
swear they will get me at all
hazards -

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I was well armed and used
my field piece for all it was
worth and Centrally at the point
at that, I have been informed
that six of them one seriously
shot and 3 fatal. Not a word
has been said by them or their
Papers, they have kept all to themselves
and not a word has been given
over, I have been looking for them
my rights with my Magazine at
my bedside ready to be off into ac-
tion or a moment's notice, But
up to date they have failed to pro-
vide an assurance, I have at
diverse places and sundries times
told the colored people to kill all
white caps that came to their house
as at night and I would have
been a coward if I had not de-
fended myself and I did so
with the great of a blue coat, But
it is only a question of time
when they will try to kill me
so I thought of you as my only
adviser and upon whom I
could rely, and it appeared to me
in my mind if I should write
you confidentially and privately you
would come to my relief

I thought you could in all probability
 get me employment some where
 in the West. Maybe in Chicago
 or some place so I could get
 out of the gun shot of these
 redmouthed devils. They are
 angry indeed mad, and would
 have made a raid on me long
 since but they well know it's
 death, either day or night when they
 come. Of all the negroes would
 stand up here in the South they could
 soon put down the nobles but they will
 dread by Stouder's notes on my duty as a citizen
 too long to run be cowards or be shot
 down like a dog. Judge! if you
 can, among some of our old true and
 tried friends, (abolitionists) in
 Chicago, St. Louis, Springfield or any
 place in the West get me an opening
 where I can make a living I will
 go to it. I am reliable honest and
 have capacity and energy. I don't want
 them to know why I came, because
 they might be afraid of me.
 I am a church man and a preacher
 but all that does not make me a
 coward. I am a freeman, made so
 by the Yankee gun powder and I shall
 die a freeman. No man shall
 ever mistreat me because I have

A little more branding my name,
 This is not the first time they
 have come on me and went
 away disappointed. Judge down-
 bred my letter with lightness -
 but think of personal and
 joyful G. Editor Wm. Penn. Nixon
 of the Chicago Inter Ocean would
 gladly help me if you should
 ask him or a dozen of your
 good old true and tried friends
 Jim Kears, or Quinsie.
 you think of it and don't answer me
 right off but take your time
 to think, I will go out of their
 way carefully until you
 can see, your humble servant
 A. M. Middlebrooks