

My dear Friend,

I was very sorry to hear of
you having had a renewal of that crazy
rain on your own account and on our
own too for your absence was a great
disappointment. — Our Tree succeeded
admirably — every one was delighted, and
such fruit never did tree bear before.

The enclosed is a specimen which
I and myself hope you will accept as
a little token of the love and esteem we
feel for you. — If the face ache con-
tinues don't wait for it to get well for
perhaps my pillow will charm it
again. yours truly M. B. E.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 5. 25

The Negro

Scarred by the scourge of Slavery was he —
The Negro, — weary of his days of pain,
Yet ~~and~~ he cast his body to the main
Floats his proud death-song over the shark-bound sea.

The Ocean with thy deep monument —
My mother Mother take me to thy rest
God, my avenger, take me to thy rest
I sink below the wave for Liberty,
The caps & butts beneath the cloudless sky
~~Sharply~~ ~~the~~ ~~embase~~ ~~that~~ ~~wings~~ ~~her~~ ~~own~~ ~~way~~
The firm white shudders as she passes by
And over the ~~broken~~ ~~remains~~ ~~the~~ ~~glory~~
The wind & ocean roar, while ship & crew
As parts the negro's soul, sink from the

The Negro
of the The
The
The

Converse With the Soul.

Ms. A. 9. 2. 5. 25

Sonnet?

Sonnet.

Thy life's bright summer fun before the his
And horses & friends around thy path-way through
East and West thronous to thy name below
And thy young class children by thy strength the may use
to be what thou art - eloquent & strong -
Honored & loved, & foremost placed among
The world's gay messengers for its shining joys.
Perchance thee, Soul! wilt thou unname thy lot
Of Praise & joy, elegance & ease,
Let thy ~~the~~ game punch of the world forget,
Let life ~~fly~~ by thee as the winter breeze
Visits the lone lost battle field with ill
That so the stone at length be freed? - I will!