

1. “‘Listen, men,’ [Dr. Miller said]. “ ‘We would only be throwing our lives away. Suppose we made a determined stand and won a temporary victory. By morning every train, every boat, every road leading into Wellington, would be crowded with white men, -as they probably will be any way, - with arms in their hands, curses on their lips, and vengeance in their hearts. In the minds of those who make and administer the laws, we have no standing in the court of conscience. They would kill us in the fight, or they would hang us afterwards, -one way or another, we should be doomed. I should like to lead you; I should like to arm every colored man in this town, and have them stand firmly in line, not for attack, but for defense; but if I attempted it, and they should stand be my, which is questionable, -for I have met them fleeing from the town, -my life would pay the forfeit. Alive, I may be of some use to you, and you are welcome to my life in that way, -I am giving it freely. Dead, I should be a mere lump of carrion. Who remembers even the names of those who have been done to death in the Southern States for the past twenty years?
‘I ‘members de name er one of ‘em,’ said Josh, ‘an’ I ‘members de name er de man dat killt ‘im, an’ I s’pec’ his time is mighty nigh come,’
My advice is not heroic, but I think it is wise. In this riot we are placed as we should be in a war: we have no territory, no base of supplies, no organization, no outside sympathy, -we stand in the position of a race, in a case like this, without money and without friends. Our time will come, -the time when we can command respect for our rights; but it is not yet in sight. Give it up, boys, and wait. Good may come of this, after all.’
‘I reckon that’s all so, doctuh,’ returned Josh, ‘an’, de way you put it, I don’ blame you ner Mr. Watson; but all dem reasons ain’ got no weight wid me. I’m gwine in dat down, an’ ef any w’ite man ‘sturbs me, dere’ll be trouble, -dere’ll be double trouble, - I feels it in my bones! [...] Now we’re gwine out ter de cotton compress, an’ git a lot er colored men tergether, an’ ef de w’ite folks ‘sturbs me, I should n’t be s’prise’ ef dere’d be a mix-upl – an’ ef dere is, me an’ *one* w’ite man’ll stan’ befo’ de judgment th’one er God dis say; an’ it won’t be me w’at’ll be ‘feared er de judgment. Come along, boys! Dese gentlemen may have somethin’ ter live fer; but ez fer my pa’t, I’d ruther be a dead nigger any day dan a live dog!’”
(183-44)
2. “ ‘Stay – do not go yet!’ commanded Janet imperiously, her prised still keeping back her tears. ‘I have not done. I throw you back your father’s name, your father’s wealth, your sisterly recognition. I want none of them, -they are bought too dear! Ah, God, they are bought too dear! But that you may know that a woman may be foully wronged, and yet may have a heard to feel, even for one who has injured her, you may have your child’s life, if my husband can save it! Will,’ she said, throwing open the door into the next room, go with her!’” (212)