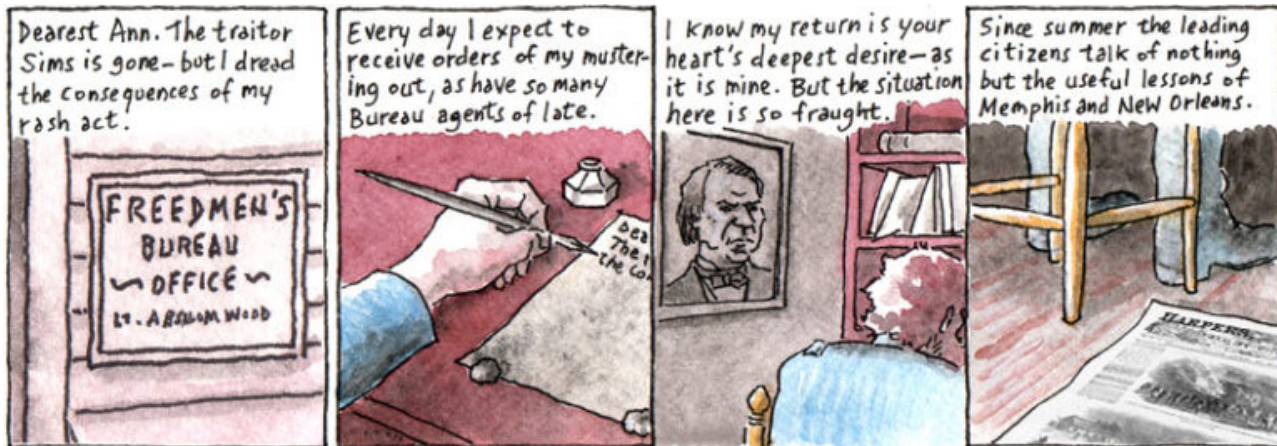


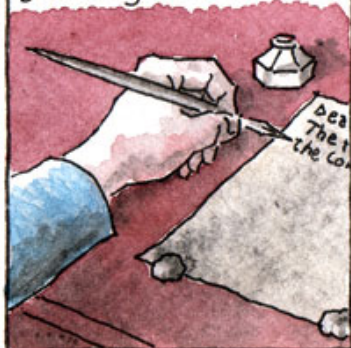
## Ithaca: Part Four



Dearest Ann. The traitor Sims is gone—but I dread the consequences of my rash act.



Every day I expect to receive orders of my mustering out, as have so many Bureau agents of late.



I know my return is your heart's deepest desire—as it is mine. But the situation here is so fraught.



Since summer the leading citizens talk of nothing but the useful lessons of Memphis and New Orleans.





And now this murder. Coupled with the freedmen's aspirations — I fear one small spark will ignite a terrible conflagration.



And I have one soldier.



There is the freedmen's ringleader: Bledsoe. The one they call "sheriff," in anticipation of a day they can elect him so.



He was a soldier... I wonder...

HOW MUCH LONGER,  
DAMN IT!



HOW MUCH LONGER  
MUST I SIT HERE  
WAITING FOR MY  
LAND?



I'VE RUN OUT  
OF PEOPLE I  
CAN APPEAL  
TO — OR  
THREATEN.





[Go To Ithaca: Part Three](#)

[Go To Ithaca: Part Five](#)