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Fanny Lida
June 9th 1848

"Come while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze,
Come, while the careless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure surbursts humble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts like sunbeams, birds unfolding,
Wake rich feelings in the careless breast,
While yet thy hand the spherical wreath is holding,
Come, and secure interminable rest!

Come while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
Ere the gay spells which earth is round thee thronging
Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky;
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray,
O, touch the scepter! win a hope in Heaven:
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away!

There will - the crosses of this brief existence
Seem any nothings to thine absent soul;
And shining brightly in the forward distance,
Wild of thy patient, waves appears the goal;
Gloom of the weary! where, in quiet repose,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though o'er its death the curtain'd grave is closing,
Who would not, early, choose a lot like this?"
The Far-away Friend

I would have sent this earlier but company prevented my finishing my letter. Have you seen 'Neal's Gazette' in which Raymond has written a piece inscribed to Miss Mary H. Edmondson of Pontiac? Would you believe it there are some who are suspicious of the author and some who are certain they know who Raymond is. I have been questioned on the subject but of course they know nothing of Raymond and have even gone as far as to imagine it was some of his literary young gentlemen of P. I hope it is no sin to say we imagine ~~nothing~~ is so when we know better. Please write my love to me. Well for I shall begin to believe you don't care anything about me. No I won't believe that but I shall feel hurt if you don't write often. Please do write every two weeks anyhow! You see well I thought of you on the third whether you did of me or not be sure to come!

Rev. Alfred W. Douglass,
Nashville,
Tenn.

Dr. J. C. Newman.

Pay Adm A. Anderson eighty
five dollars, with interest from 1843 till
paid. Now it amounts to \$105.40. and this shall
be your receipt for the same. This is the amt.
you owe me, as your security for the horse
you bought of Hornett January, 1. 1848.

J. N. Byler.

Carrutuck Feb. 16th 1848

Dear Brother

I rec^d yours of the 2nd ult. and am
pleased to hear from yours & Scurre's family & that
you were all enjoying the greatest earthly blessing health
my health continues good so are the health of your
friends & relatives; Times this & last year has been very
brisk had the great price of corn & shingles has affected
the price of sale & hire of negroes greatly there was a sale of a
bout 20 negroes 1st Jan. last at the Court, ^{house} in this County
& among them one boy about 20 year old sold for \$835
& common girls sold for \$500. to \$525 & more and
men hired from \$90. to \$115. I hired ten men only
common axmen & sawyers for \$111. each; plow boys hired
from \$60. to \$80 & girls from \$30. to \$45; so that
negroes would sell ^{or hire} better had that at Memphis; the four
girls as they were when they left this county if ~~you~~ ^{they} had
been sold last Jan. here, I believe would have
brought \$1900 or \$2000; when I let you have them
I expected they would be good for a hire at least as
girls hired for as much there as men did here I
thought I could do well to make the change but
I have had to pay high for men and as you only make
a support it will be poor business for me so that I
am not able to come to any conclusion what I am
willing to do & will let you know in the course of
this year Benjamin says he intend to visit you this
year I presume you have hired the negroes out I
wish you to see that they are well treated

corn is now flat in Norfolk 40 to 42 cent per bushel & prospects not to exceed 55 cts any time this year & uncertain to be that high.

I showed Benjamin your letter he observed that you owed him some \$100. or \$200. he is looking for a letter daily from you he speaks something of emigrating to your part of the Country.

I have just finished off one of the finest Schooners ever built in this part of the Country and sold 1/3 to the Captain. I have been at much expense & shall quit building & try to pay my debts. you will please to inform me the prospects of income from the hire of my negroes this year; and the amt if any during the time you have had them in the proportion as to our agreement.

Benjamin's wife ~~wife~~ has got another little Bray Lydia Bray is very much pleased with her buddy.

I think it is little strange that I never hear from Andrew you will inform me where to direct a letter to him as I do not know his post office.

Cousin John D. Cook is about to leave for Hind's County Mississippi for his future residence, will leave the last of march & give my respect to your wife & accept the same yourself.

yours most affectionately
M. W. Cook

paid
1/10

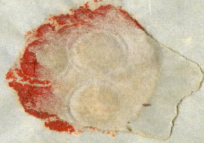
Carrollton, G. H. M.
March 8

1/10

C

Mr Edmund Bray

Memphis
Tennessee



June 26th 1848

Sumner C. House
North Carolina

Dear Brother

I have received your letter of May last, ^{with} Mark Etheridge's deed to me which I think I shall make 200\$ on it I think it very doubtful John Etheridge Sr will sell me his right as William Snowden has wrote him what it sold for but if you can buy his right I will give you 50\$ and he had better take that than come after his money it will cost him nearly all I shall make on it, as to John Etheridge Junr's right you cannot buy because no Person can make a good right to it there will have to be a guardian in this State to his Children and if you will find out their names I'll get some Person to become guardian and not to forget to inquire of Mark what their names are and let me know immediately

If I can arrange my business this fall I shall go and see you and Andrew and look all about as I think I can do much better there than here it is my intention as soon as negroes gets very low to lay out all of my means in them and move in about two years after I come and look, if I should be satisfied, time is becoming very tight money scarce and corn low negroes falling, write me in short about Nov. 8, so right so I may know what to do my health is good and all my family. Wallis health is better than it has been for many years give my respects to your wife and except the same your self
your affectionate Brother
Benjamin M. May



Sumner, N. H.
June 30

A W

Edmund D. Pray Esq.
Memphis
Tennessee

Mississippi. The first difficulty that arose, was
to the disputed delegates from New York
sets appearing and claiming seats. The
et known in the political world as the Old
ers and the other as the Barnburners. In
to decide upon the claims of the rival dele-
a Committee on Credentials was appointed,
osed of a delegate from each State, New York
excepted. It is generally understood here,
ne Committee met last night, and after much
station, came to the conclusion to report un-
bly to the claims of the Barnburner dele-

the Convention was permanently organized this
ing by the appointment of the Hon. Andrew
nson, of Virginia, as President. Twenty-
Vice Presidents were likewise appointed, and
Secretaries—a Vice President selected from
legation of each state.

The whole of this forenoon was taken up in dis-
g the expediency of adopting the "two-third
to govern the business of the Convention.
ing the discussion, some sounds were heard
ting that the galleries of the church, which
literally crammed with spectators, were
g way! A scene of terrific confusion ensued,
baffles all description. Some attempted to
themselves from the window, while the
or the stairways was so great, that several
trampled under foot. Amid yells and shrieks,
ion to adjourn for half an hour prevailed
at the formality of putting it to vote. As
as the members and spectators left the build-
was found that the galleries had given way
veral places. Had the pressure continued
longer, many lives undoubtedly would have
ost. As it was, several persons were se-
although not seriously injured.

The Convention will meet again in a few
tes; but it is not likely that the balloting
ake place until to-morrow. As matters now
it is im-possible to hazard a conjecture, with
egree of confidence, as to who will be the
ates of the Convention for the Presidency
ice Presidency.

Nothing new stirring in the city. The Seguin
e are playing, or rather singing, to excellent
s at the Holliday street. The General As-
y of the Presbyterian Church is still in ses-
O. P. Q.

Distinguished Deaths.

Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of
venerable ASHBEL GREEN, the oldest Presby-
terian minister living in the United States, and the
of the founders of the church to which he was
ned in this country. He expired at his resi-
e in this city on the morning of the 19th in-
in the 84th year of his age. Dr. Green was
rst Chaplain elected by Congress, and the
Moderator of the General Assembly of the
yterian Church. He was also the first Pro-
fessor of Princeton College. His death was im-
vately announced in the General Assembly of
Presbyterian Church, now sitting in Balti-
more, and his character, life and services to the
church made the subject of an eloquent eulogium.

Rev. Robert Emory.

The Rev. ROBERT EMORY, D. D., President of
Washington College, Carlisle, Pa., died in Baltimore
on the 18th inst., in the 34th year of his age. He
was the son of the lamented Bishop Emory, for-
merly of Baltimore, and was admitted on trial in
the Baltimore Annual Conference, in 1839, since
which time he has filled a number of appoint-
ments of trust and confidence, in the conference of
which he was a member. He was subsequently
elected to preside over the interests of one of the
most flourishing institutions of learning in this
country: and in which he had previously acted as
Professor.

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Original Poetry.

Written for Neal's Saturday Gazette.

THE LYRE'S FAREWELL.

Inscribed to M. H. E., of Pontotoc, Miss.

BY RAYMOND.

Adieu! sweet star of deep, yet hopeless love,
And vain, yet fond devotion! If to thee
The night's faint whispers breathe a thought of
me

In those bright isles where thou art gone to rove,
And wake each reed note in its tuneful grove—

'Tis but the cadence of my dying sigh!
And if the lone sea's murmurs send a tone
Of plaintive melody, 'tis but the moan

A crushed heart's wild despair invokes to lie
Upon its waves forever! Never more,

Fairest and dearest, shall my wailing numbers
Steal o'er thee in thy soft and rosy slumbers

With depth of tenderness. The dream is o'er,
Whose light and music gone, nought ever shall
restore!

Thus to a radiant form, as fair
As ever fanned the perfumed air,
With plume of snow and silver wing,
That seem a sudden glow to fling
Amid the vine leaves' summer green,
In some far Southern land of flowers,

Like quiet starlight's fairy sheen

Upon the scented orange bowers,
My lyre was breathing its last farewell

In the breeze
That swept its chords with a mournful swell,
And added its wail, as it rose and fell
In the rustling linden trees.

Forsaken one! and could'st thou deem
That passionate love would ever seem

As aught but sparkling of a stream
To that gay spirit of the wind,

As changeful as the vernal hour?
The low tones in a lute enshrined—

A rainbow hue—a pale Spring flow—
A snow-flake falling in the sea,

Are emblems of her constancy!

Knowest not, that one whose home is high
With the viewless things of the upper sky,

Would scorn to dwell 'mid the shades and gleams,
The sunshine and sadness of earthly dreams,

Sorrow and gladness, that come and go
In change unchanging to all below?

I've heard the wild bird's notes afar,
In sweetness on the midnight given,

What time the pensile evening star
Sailed in her pale and pearly car

Serenely thro' the azure heaven.
But did she pause to hear that lay

Which in sweet echoes died away?
And could'st thou trust that she, whose throne

Is on the winds of Spring-time borne,
Whose minstrel is the restless moan

Within the slumbering sea-shell born—
Whose kingdom is of the leaves and flowers,

And buds, and odors of summer hours,
The wavelets kissing the sunny strand,

And the potent dwellers in fairy-land,
Would stoop to hear love-words of thine,

The full, rich homage of the heart?
Or ever reckon, if thou should'st pine

When hope's last beams in gloom depart?
Go! learn in silence to forget

Its fair illusions, lingering yet
Around the memories of the past—

Visions which were too bright to last!

Time sped. Yet never has my lyre

Flung o'er sweet strains its wonted fire,
Since on my dreaming ear there fell

The murmurs of that fond farewell!
Still comes up a tone, like a passing knell,

Of suffering wild and strong!
And madly though mirth its chords be sweeping,

Each silvery laugh is changed to weeping,
And hushed each festal song—

When sweetly melts along
A strain that whispers of sweet hopes blighted—

Affection scorned—and love unrequited.

Tennessee.

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details to brought,
s us stiff paragraphs and sentences, to of
our the taste, and to puzzle over and sift
their meaning, no page after page of
june and insipid stuff; but every thing
takes of the light and hue of the
through which it passes, and you are
along by harmonious and easy senten
nice discriminations, beautiful and ay
lustrations, and unsophisticated truth
Even mathematical science, in their ha
loses its dry and abtruse character,
puts on an attractive and inviting gar
The reading and study of female writ
will afford great assistance to those
wish to acquire a good and pleasing
in writing and speaking; who would
criminate nicely as well as judge wi
and who would combine the greatest
gance with the greatest strength; and
much the same effect in that respec
their conversation has upon the othe
in improving and perfecting their
quial powers. To sum up, in a sent
the excellence of female writings; w
have generally clearer and quicker
ceptions than men, a more delicate
of propriety, and can tell what they
better and more pleasingly.

TO MY HARP.

BY HULALIE.

Dear Harp! tho' I left thee, and vowed that
forsaken,
Forever in silence, thy strains should be hush-
ed,

Once more as I strike thee thy sad chords awak-
en

The tones which "lang syne" from thy wild
spirit gush'd.

No more gentle Harp, shall re-echo the glad-
ness

Which flashed as a halo around thy first song;
Yet notes of high triumph shall breathe this
thy sadness,

'Till hearts slumbering coldly, beat proudly and
strong.

I deemed that the sunlight of soul and of feel-
ing,

Would stir holy founts in the world-frozen
breast;

Yet, day after day is too truly revealing

That love in this desert finds never its rest—

And I turn from the scenes and the coldness that
meet me,

And sigh for the dream-world of passion and
power;

For there gentle eyes and dear forms ever greet
me,

And voices I love haunt each shadowy bower.

Sweet Harp! bring the tones of the parted
around me,

That thrilled me with rapture in days that are
gone—

1848

1848

Pensions

Mr. Henry S. Anderson

At Capt. A. J. Anderson's

Near [unclear]



To My Harp.

* ~ * ~ *

Inscribed to ^{* * *} Me. H. E.

Dear Harp! tho' I left thee, and vowed that forsaken
Forever in silence thy strains should be hushed,
Once more as I strike thee, the sad chords awaken
Those tones that 'lang syne' from thy wild spirit gushed!
No more, gentle Harp! shall re-echo the gladness
Which flashed as a halo around thy first song;
Yet notes of high triumph shall breathe thro' thy sadness,
Till hearts slumbering coldly, beat proudly and strong!

I deemed that the sunlight of soul and of feeling
Would stir holy founts in the world's frozen breast; -
Yet day after day is too truly revealing
That Love in this desert finds never its rest.
And I turn from the sneers and the coldness that meet me,
And sigh for the dream-world of passion and power,
For there gentle eyes and dear forms ever greet me,
And voices I love haunt each shadowy bower.

Sweet Harp! bring the tones of the parted around me,
That thrilled me with rapture in days that are gone;
And weave yet again the bright spell that once bound me,
Ere Youth's ardent glow from my spirit had flown! -
I come from the world with a heart that is yearning
For one gentle bosom in which it may rest! -
Oh! softly returning, let bright thoughts and burnings
Flow forth with thy music to ^{Her} Her I love best!

- * - * - *

Raymond.

Fancies!

∴ ∴ ∴

I.

How sweet to dream
Of that far time
When young Love's beam
Rose o'er Life's stream,
And silvery chime
Of faint, sweet bells
And wind-harps clear
From flowery dells
With fitful swells
Stole on the ear,
And blent with rustling low
Of leaves swayed to and fro
By odor-freighted breeze of even;
And sweet stars lone
Looked smiling from the azure heaven
In every tone
Of one loved voice!
All these did meet in unison,
And each soft word of that dear One
Flowed thro' the soul
In melody,
And 'neath its strange control
The heart, once free
As wild bird's wing,
Now learned to be
A fettered thing;

And in the gush of sweet emotion,
Hope, rapture, fear -
Its utter depths of wild devotion
So wondrous did appear
As scarce to tell
Which most were well -
To weep sweet tears, or to rejoice!

II II.

How best to dream
Of that bright hour
When Life's dim stream
Shall catch the gleam
Of stars that shower
Unfading bloom
From skies of Heaven!
And from the tomb
The mortal gloom
Afar be driven,
And Love's great central sun,
Eternal, glorious, one,
Rise o'er the crystal flowing river,
And smile benign
Upon its silver wave forever!
In that divine
And peaceful land,
They who have suffered here together
In this dark world of 'wintry weather,'
And still loved on
In faith and hope,
Forgetting shadows gone,

No more shall grope
In tearful night!
Bright flowers shall open
Their eyes of light,
Where clasping hand in hand they wander
Over purple hills,
Heath skies far purer, deeper, grander,
While perfect rapture fills
Two in - one soul,
Like waves that roll
Soft morning music to the strand!

* * *

Sonnet. To one far away!

MOLL!

I hear the voice of Spring! - and soon will be
In the deep wild-wood, by the laughing stream,
Bright flowers, that in most beautiful wreaths shone
Amid thy rich, dark tresses! Could I see
How my sweet Love will look some spring, when we
: Shall roam the voiceful groves, and whispered words
: Thrill each glad heart far more than song of birds!
Then while I twine rare garlands, hours may flee! -
Upon the verdant, mossy turf reclined,
Softly upon my bosom she shall find
Light, happy, fitful slumbers, while I kiss -
Kiss - kiss her precious lips, and brow, and eyes!
Oh! such deep prayer from my fond heart shall rise,
No words can ever speak for my sweet Rose of bliss!

* * *

Raymond.

Alas! 'tis but a Dream!