

George Fearing Hollis Papers

1852 - 1903

MSS.471

Hart, Lizzie



Copyright: Public Domain

Use: This digital copy of the work is intended to support research, teaching, and private study.

Constraints: This work may be used without prior permission.

Note on digitized version: The original manuscripts for this collection are held by the University of California, San Diego Library. A microfilm copy of this collection is also held by UC San Diego. The digitized version presented here reflects the quality of the microfilm.

3
Dwitsman, Brooks Co, Georgia.

April 26th 1867.

Capt. Geo. F. Hollis

My dear Friend.

To my surprise
& infinite pleasure, yours of the 16th is received,
and I hasten to reply. Accept my warmest thanks
for your kind remembrance of me, & feel assured
it is highly appreciated. I cannot account for Dr.
Johnson's neglect; for I have not seen him for
two years. I will give you a history of my
fortunes & many misfortunes, since we parted,
but I'm fearful they will tire your patience.
Soon after your ship left, I returned to Liberty Co,
to my father & family, there I remained until the
19th June, I then went to Coffee Co, So. W. Ge., to teach
school, I remained there, during the summer, or
until my health failed. I went back to my father,
but poor old gentleman, he was in bed & had been
for three months. I was extremely ill with Typhoid
fever, from 1st October til' the 18th. I then took child
& Jerry, & they were my constant companions until
March of the ensuing year. We had so much sick-
ness in the family, we finally returned to our
dear old deserted home in Bryan. Two of our sis-
ters, then went to live with our brothers, one in

Arkansas, the other in Florida, I hated to see them go, but I knew but too well, it could not be helped, we had nothing, & father was not able to support them. My eldest sister & myself, then went again, into the cold uncharitable world to tick, & support my father, widowed sister, & infant-niece. Thanks to the Almighty we were able to find & clothe them with the common necessities, & have done so up to the present time. My father remained in Bryan, until Dec, 1866, when he succeeded in selling the Retreat, to one Maj. Geo. Gilson, Agent to the man's Bureau, he then bought a small farm, & log house, this place No. 16, A. & G. R. R. where we live at present, I & my sister left our schools to move out here, but our father's health being so feeble, we remain with him this year, & superintend the farming, & a garden, the taste of which, ^{we} attend ourselves, as we have tried, but one negro, Coa Anderson was married in June 1866, is now the mother of a fine little boy, about thirteen months old. She calls him Joe Anderson, after her father, who died soon after she was married. I cannot tell you of any thing from Bryan, for I have not been there to stay, but a few days for one whole year. Good many of the old citizens have ~~moved~~ ^{moved} away, their plantations being now occupied by Northern Gentlemen, & their families

My thoughts too often dwell upon the very
many happy days, I've spent at our dear old
homestead, & I am sad, but I console myself
with the idea, that at some future day, may
be, I will be able to live this again. I should
have written to you, soon after I left the 10th
if he would have given me your address, as
I asked him to do, & looked for letters from you
but received none, so I finally concluded
that you had entirely excluded me from your
memory, but I'm glad & happy, to know, that
you remembered me at last, and even
favoured me with a letter. Do write to me
again, & tell me something about yourself.

Dr. Kenney & Rev. Newway. What has become of
the cat I gave you, I'm so often thought
of him & wish to see him. My future prospects
for the future, I assure you, are very dull,
I only live in the present, & let the future take
care of itself. I cannot get over the harsh
treatment, we received during the Raid, but
remember, you are forgiven for your ill words,
& thanked for your goodness & kindness to me.
I must close, for I believe I've written everything
I can think of & I'm suffering with a headache.
Any time you write I shall take pleasure in replying -
I believe me ever to be your friend -
Lizzie Hart.

P.S.

Address.

Intimans No. 16. A. G. R. R.
Brooks Co.
Geo.

Quintana Roo Co. Mex.
June 5th / 887.

Capt. Gen. G. Hollis -

My dear Friend.

This morning's mail brought me your very welcome, & highly appreciated letter, of July 29th. I am always so happy to hear from you. I was with my sleeve up above my elbow, & my hands into a large tub of Black-berry wine, when your letter was handed me, & I immediately put everything down to pursue it. Do not grieve yourself, with thoughts of my many misfortunes, for they have become my constant-companions. Misfortunes never come single, & I've taught myself to know that they are best for me, though hard to bear.

I too will remember that happy night, & the sad hour of our parting, I felt as if I was indeed losing in you, a sincere friend, & only consoled myself with the hope, that we would meet again, & thus I hoped too, that I'd hear from you, if I was a whole good Red.

Our friendships, I do not think can ever be forgotten, I'm certain I shall never forget you. We (Cora & I) stood near the the creek landing a long time, the morning your ship sailed, & watched you mooring away. I felt as if my

heart, was going too. I cannot describe to you
my little display. Eva & I staid at the Doctors
only a few days after you left. For I could
not live where I had been so happy, & to
know so well, that it all was over. We had
much uneasiness for you, but had no
idea, that the measles & tides were so severe
I am glad it was not more serious.

What a cruel fate, for my poor pet Cat.
I gave it to you, but would not have par-
tike with him to any one else, but I know you
would prize it for my sake, I have often thought
of it & wonder if you still had it. His mate,
or rather bird brother, are still here. To lose
your puppies too, I declare was too bad.

Eva received a letter from Mrs. Murray, his
photograph, also a beautiful ring, with her
name engraved inside. I believe Murray loved
Eva. but her heart, was another, but poor child
she leads a very unhapp life, for her husband
is very dissipated. She & I, were to have been
married the same time, but my heart, did not
exactly behave to please me, & I discharged him.
It is well for me that I did, for since he has
proved himself unworthy of any ladies affections
though, now married to a lady of Savannah.
I've met him several times lately, but I do not
even recognize him. Should you meet with a
nice young man, that would like a poor wife
& one that can work, send him on to me.
Your dear little boy, I wish I could see him

Kiss him for your friend Lizzie & please send
me his & his mother's picture to see. What have
you named him? Do tell me in your next.

I think you were treated shabbily, by that
brother, he might have spared you a little
more. How I do wish you could have been
the purchaser of our dear old Retreat,
thus, perhaps I could see it, once in a
great while. Oh! Capt. I do pine yet, for the
dear old place. I shall never cease to love it
or to think of it - as my home. I write to Gen.
Willard some times, to learn how he get along.
& he is so much pleased, I believe. I well
remember Dr. Kenny telling me of the death of
his wife & I believed, for you told me so, but
the horrid idea of her doubting him, never once
crossed my brain. Be it - so however, I do not
much care. I hope he will do better with
a second wife. Do not say, you cannot
forgive yourself, for acting as you did, while
in our Country, for I feel assured, you did only
as your conscience prompted, though I must
add, that - it - was sadly led astray. Prejudice
I think, had much to do with it, & had you
only thought - for a single moment, out of pure
sympathy for me, you would not now, have
a single regret. Let us forget the past, & live
in the present. I have forgiven you for every
thing, & I am glad, for you love me for it. I
wonder how Dr. Johnson, why, Dr. Johnson
did not write to you, but he is not worth.

mentioning, & instance of having harsh feelings
against you, should love you, for, once
you were a great blessing to him. I think
so any how. I have no news to write you,
so please, ^{excuse} this short uninteresting letter. If I
ever get rich enough to travel, I intend go-
ing North, as I have a brother married in
New York City, I would like to visit you,
would I be a welcome visitor. Would you be
ashamed, to claim a poor Southern girl as
a friend? How happy would I be to be
with you again, just to hear your voice,
& see your pleasant smile. But enough,
I hear you say - I must close. I must thank
you a thousand times, for your photograph
How original it is, Oh! I shall appreciate so
much & keep it forever. Enclosed is a very
small picture of myself, taken, last fall
in a little Country Village, & after a severe
fit of illness. You must not show it to any one,
though it looks like me yet it is not a
pretty picture by any means. When I have
an opportunity I shall have a larger one
taken, & send to you, if you want it. Do
write to me as often as you can, I shall take
pleasure in replying. It remains as
ever your fond friend

L. H. art.

Direct as before
yours L.

Joy House, Dickinson, Brooks, Co.,
Aug. 17th 1857.

My dear & highly esteemed friend,

Your kind letter dated 7th came to hand on the 11th. It came through in quite a short time, but not tho less appreciated, & though it is quite late Saturday night, I intend to try to answer it. You have told me to write you confidentially, all I do & suffer, it would nearly kill almost to death. My trials & suffering, would fill volumes were I to enumerate them all, but I am determined to open my heart to you, in regard to one thing, which has long been put up, & is now almost ready to burst. ~~It~~ Do not think me presumptuous, or too bold, but my wretchedness, must find an outlet, or I die. You must know that I am so truly unhappy, I never have one single pleasure, nor one moment's peace. I work like a galley slave from Monday morning, until Saturday night, & thro' my work is not here complete, still it is "work" sometimes, I am fit to cry out, in the anguish of my soul, "Oh! unhappy mortal, would that I could die." My father is old, & childish and after every attack of illness, he is so peevish & cross, we can do nothing with him, It makes me miserable. He declares, he will give us nothing, & has kept his word, we ask no favors, & of course receive none. The simplest requests or pleasures, are denied us, & tell me, my dearest

friend, who can live always under such harsh
treatment? I cannot, it has already crushed the
bouncancy of spirit, & faded the bloom from my
cheek. It is a living death. Do you wonder then
why is she so unhappy? Let me tell you one
simple circumstance & let leave you to decide
for yourself. A week ago, I requested a pair of
shoes, of the cheapest kind, I met with a severe
uproar & denial, a few words followed, mine
was, Oh! that I could do my duty - always! but
since, though I am sadly in want of the shoes,
I do do without - entirely, before I shall say another
word about them. One thing is left for me to do
& I am resolved upon, I am going to quit the
place, & seek a home & employment elsewhere,
& dear friend I want you to assist me, in
carrying out my resolution, I can get a school
in Bulloch County, about fifty miles above
Savannah, & my only obstacle, is money to
get there. I have to be dependent upon any body,
but this time, I will have to make this simple
request of you. Can you let me have a little
money - about twenty-five dollars (\$25) I will receive
it, as a boon from high Heaven, & return it to
you as early as possible. I may be presum-
ing too much, if so, I crave forgiveness upon
my knees, grant it, & receive me in your favor
& esteem once more. Goodnight. I'll finish tomorrow
Sunday. Again. I try to write, but my pen re-
fuses, almost to make a single line. I don't

know why, I am so opposed in spirit, What would
become of me now, if I were deprived of the
privilege of writing to you, I would indeed be
miserable, but I am fearful of being denied
that pleasure. My father cannot overcome his
hatred for "Yankees," as he calls people North,
I have never tried to hide it from him, but
your last letter, he brought from the mail himself,
& it astonished him to know, that we corre-
sponded, & now wishes me to write you a
letter, after his dictation, which does not suit
my fancy, & I will not write it, I would not
for God's sake, be the instrument through which, your
feeling would be wounded, because you are
as kind to me, & I love you as such.

This letter, now, I'm writing you, & he does
not know it. I shall mail it in the morning
& after while I shall expect an answer. I must
close, for I'm half sick & weary, having already
written two other letters, & still have another to
write. Hoping this will meet with your approval,
& I will soon be favored with an answer, I
will ever remain your fond friend
L.

Kind regards to your lady & boy - the latter kiss for
me, & forgive the sad tenor of this perisole -
yours &c.