

December 28, 2008 (Tom Miller)

Notes on the book “Ham Chamberlayne—Virginian, Letters and Papers of an Artillery Officer in the War for Southern Independence, 1861-1865,” by his son, C. G. Chamberlayne (Dietz Printing Co., Richmond, 1932). [This was a special printing of 1000 numbered copies, many signed by the author. My copy is number 705, and isn’t signed.]

Ham Chamberlayne was John Hampden Chamberlayne (2 June 1838 – 18 February 1882), son of Dr. Lewis Webb Chamberlayne (9? January 1798 – 27 January 1854) and Martha Burwell Dabney (15 September 1802 – 19 March 1883). The book consists of family letters during the war period. Most are from JHC to his family and friends about details of battles in which he participated and comments on letters received from home.

It is interesting how upbeat he is about the war and the beatings that he perceives the federals are taking. Only near the very end (page 277) does one get hints of realization of the facts: his mother has asked about doing something with money, and he cautions her that he fears that Confederate bonds are a losing proposition, and he urges her to move to Alabama. In a section beginning on page 347, there are extensive notes on the people and places mentioned in the letters.

At the beginning of the book, there’s a list of “Subscribers,” presumably people who paid in advance for the book, with their addresses. Among them is Richard Heath Dabney and Letitia Dabney Miller, with her 1932 address given in Chicago (where she was probably living with her daughter Emily Danton). Other names I recognize are Mrs. F. W. Searby of San Francisco and Dr. S. L. Ware of Sewanee, TN.

The notes below focus on citations relevant to the Mississippi Dabneys, notably Martha’s brothers Thomas Smith Gregory Dabney of Burleigh Plantation and Philip Augustine Lee Dabney of Raymond, Mississippi, and their children. There is one letter reproduced below from PALD’s son Frederick Yeamans Dabney while a prisoner at Johnson’s Island prison for Confederate officers. Another letter of interest is from Martha Dabney Chamberlayne from Burleigh, where she went as Richmond was about to be taken by federal troops. Virginus Dabney, one of TSGD’s sons in the army, is mentioned so many times that I cannot list them all.

Page vii. There is mention of “Mary Macon (Mrs. Nelson then Mrs. Mutter)” as a half-sister of Martha’s. Apparently Martha’s mother, Sarah Smith, had at least one child after she married William H. Macon. Her first husband (Benjamin Dabney, father of Martha, Thomas, and Augustine) had died in 1806.

Page 5. Martha Chamberlayne was a volunteer nurse during the war.

Page 9. “Miss Nanny Robinson” is mentioned. PALD’s first wife was Ann Robinson; she died after a few years, childless. I wonder if this person is a relative? The Robinson family is mentioned elsewhere (see pages 269 and 289), including the killing of Carey

Robinson on the battlefield. The Marye's are mentioned on other pages.

Page 32 (facing). Photograph of Martha Burwell Dabney Chamberlayne (below).



MARTHA BURWELL (DABNEY) CHAMBERLAYNE
[Mrs. Lewis Webb Chamberlayne]
(Courtesy of Mrs. Henry Taylor, Jr., Richmond, Va.)

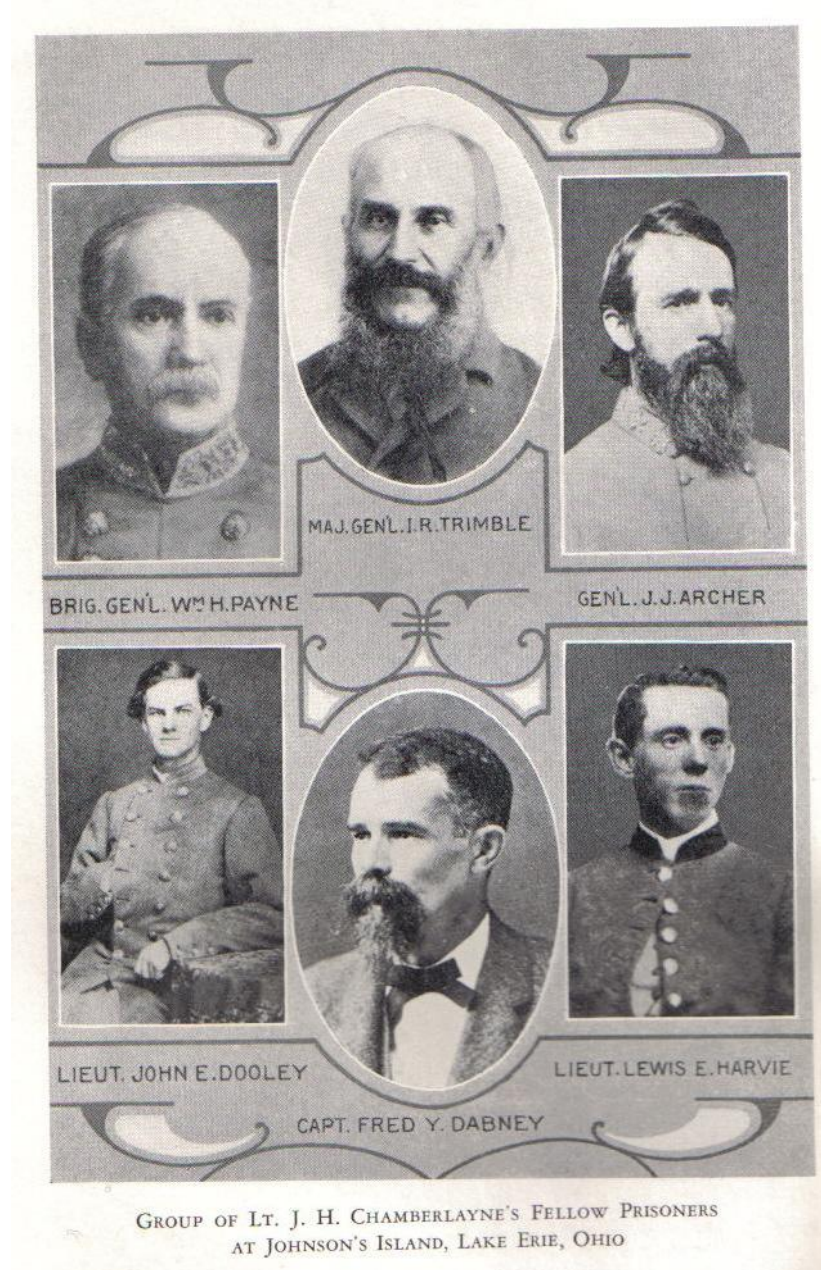
Page 73. PALD is referred to as “Uncle Gus.”

Page 188. JHC received a letter from “Uncle Augustine.”

Page 191. Chamberlayne captured on or near 31 July 1863 and sent to Johnson’s Island.

Page 203. Fred Dabney arrived at the prison camp “a week ago” (written 23 October 1863). JHC refers to “Uncle Augustine and Uncle Thomas.”

Page 203 (facing). Photos of prisoners at Johnson’s Island (below, including Fred Dabney).



Page 205. Fred asks JHC to get a message to the “Stansburys.” (I don’t know them.)

Page 206. Fred and Uncle Augustine are mentioned. JHC received a letter from Sarah Dabney Eggleston, daughter of TSGD in Mississippi.

Page 209-210. Fred and JHC received heavy flannels and blankets from Mary Smith.

Page 211. “Fred received Miss Letitia’s letter.” She is said to be Letitia Campbell of New York.

Page 213. “Fred says tell his people that he has written so often & heard nothing that he has given up in despair.”

Page 214. “Fred often shames me by his silence, of which I have only a flash.”

Page 217. JHC is exchanged, returns home, and then back to the army. [I find it curious that the exchange of prisoners was a routine practice during the Civil War, given the overwhelming abundance of federal troops.]

Page 218. Letter from Fred to Martha from Johnson’s Island prison:

[Capt. Frederick Yeamans Dabney to Martha Burwell Chamberlayne]

Johnson's Island. Sandusky. Ohio, May 7th 1864.—

My Dear Aunt—I was much gratified at receiving your letter of Apr 5th & the two accompanying ones from home. I am also glad to know that Ham is at home & enjoying himself, notwithstanding I am not equally fortunate. Your accounts, as well as those contained in the other letters from home are very cheering to me, & nothing worries me now but my captivity, & the last I endeavor to bear with as much fortitude as I can command. I have given up all hope of an early exchange & quietly await the development of future events—And this is the general sentiment of officers here

I have neglected to write to you hitherto, simply because it was superfluous, while Ham was here & since his arrival in Richmond, he could tell you everything much more fully than I possibly could by letter. I wrote once to Parke, but it seems the letter failed to reach her. The failure of my letters to reach their destination has greatly discouraged my propensity for letter-writing. (I am interrupted by the arrival of the mail bringing me a letter from my little friend. Mary Mumford at the Spottswood Hotel—Her mother it seems has been banished from New Orleans—If either Parke or [yo]rself can find time to call upon her & give my love to Mary, you would confer a great favor.) Tell Ham that everything is going on pretty much as when he left—a considerable body of sick men having been shipped lately, being the only interruption of to our usual monotony. Among them is Lt Stork, whom he will probably see upon his arrival in Rd. His friends are generally well in Block 1. Gen1. Archer being a little unwell for several days past. I

took dinner with Genl Trimble yesterday. The old man is in good health & pretty fair spirits. I have written several letters home lately, but dont know whether there is mail communication to Raymond or not. When you write please mention the fact. I also wrote to Sue & never heard from the letter—You received, some time ago, a package of letters for me—among them one from Agatha—If you still have them, enclose me the latter—no matter if it is not limited to one page. I think it will be allowed to reach me. Enclosed you will find some postage stamps. Give my best love to Parke & to Emmy, if she has reached Rd— Write again—It is the only consolation I have

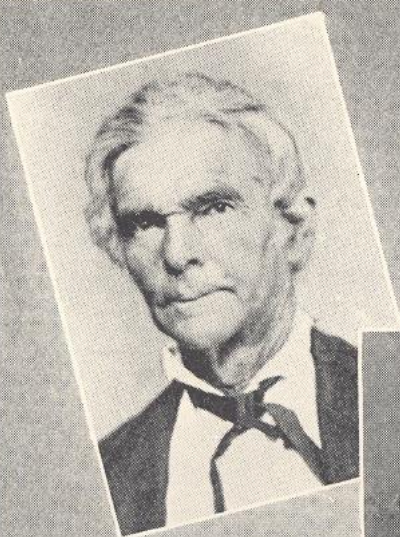
Your affec. nephew—

Fred. Y. Dabney

[Note.—Written in ink on one side of half of a double sheet of ruled, white letter paper. No envelope.]

Page 263-265. JHC says he will write to Fred, and that someone (Legh Page) is trying to help Fred, still in prison.

Page 264 (facing). Photograph of family members (below).



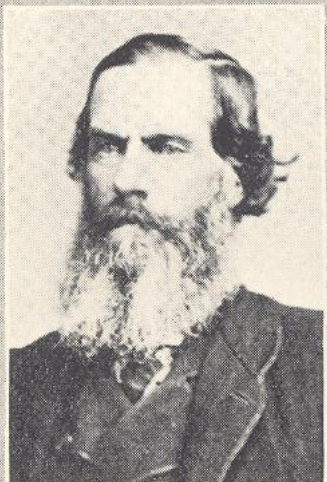
JUDGE -
PHILIP AUGUSTINE
LEE DABNEY



MARTHA BURWELL
DABNEY CHAMBERLAYNE



VIRGINIA BAGBY
LEWIS C. BAGBY
PARKE C. BAGBY



EDWARD PYE
CHAMBERLAYNE



VIRGINIUS DABNEY



RICHARD HEATH DABNEY

SOME MEMBERS OF CAPT. CHAMBERLAYNE'S IMMEDIATE FAMILY

Page 270. Letter (27 September 1864) from JHC to his sister asks about her note, "Fred has come." JHC says, "Fred Y. D.? I am almost afraid to believe it." Apparently Fred was exchanged or paroled.

Page 271. In earlier letters, JHC has urged his mother to go south as Richmond is threatened. In the letter below, she writes to her daughter Parke from Burleigh Plantation (outside Raymond, MS) about conditions there. The notes say that "Lettie" is Letitia Dabney, PALD's daughter. "Mary" is Mary Smith Dabney, another PALD daughter.

[Martha Burwell Chamberlayne to Lucy Parke (Chamberlayne) Bagby]

Burleigh. Oct 4th. /64

Dear Parke

If my letters written on the way have had safe passage, you have all heard from me before this; after a journey of 14 days, we reached this place on Sunday, the second inst. yesterday I was too tired to write, and indeed, it would have been useless, as there was no way to send a letter. tomorrow my bro. Aug. goes to Raymond, and will take this, & I cannot help hoping will bring some on his return, Col. D. having taken measures to have forwarded any which may have come there (to Macon) for us.

We had many detentions, and some narrow escapes on the road, the journey was tedious, but less fatiguing than I expected, travelling in box cars, with plenty of room, and places to lie down, is a luxury, compared with sitting up in the crowded passenger cars. The family express much relief at getting under the home roof again, tho. with a scant supply of furniture, & no stock, or poultry of their own, nothing but a reduced number of hogs, partly bro. Aug.'s. They expect to see the Yankees wherever they may be, & prefer facing them at home; I don't pretend to judge which is best, they will certainly be visited by raiders I suppose, how they will be treated remains to be seen; the girls who have been here ever since the others left, have no fears; they are the merriest people I know. Nannie is in rather delicate health, her mother just recovered from a long spell, Marye at home on sick leave, my brother more broke than any one I have seen since the war, I would have passed him in the street without recognizing him I think, brother Thos. looks younger by many years; it grieves my heart to see such a wreck, of one whose youth is associated in my memory by so many tender recollections, he is kept up however by his cheerful family circle; Lizzie & Martha look better, and prettier than ever before—Lettie is very pretty and interesting. They all send you a quantity of love, from the mother down, so many messages I can't remember them all; sister Lizzie says she wants to see you and the baby so much, and you must write her "all the baby says"—she knows the child is beginning to say little words, because Fred, did at 4 months! which she could prove if her witnesses could be called upon. Lizzie says you must write, and tell her all about your housekeeping &c. she will be interested in everything: Martin says, you have not answered her letter, but she will be good, and write again, she wants to see Dr Bagby, being sure she will admire him much—she is full of wit, & fun as ever. They all send immense love to Ham too, & Hart—are delighted at Ham's promotion &c. and wish Hart to come out here where they are persuaded he could do much better—

Being detained in Jackson a day & night, we had Mary with us several hours, as long as she could leave her husband; his condition is still very critical, she said he was

weaker than when brought from Verona, & quite unequal to a journey to this place. The physicians report favourably of his case, but she is extremely uneasy—she was very attentive, & affectionate, & pressed upon me an invitation from Mrs Martin, her husband's cousin with whom they are staying, to return with her & spend all the time I had to stay, I declined of course, but would have gone there to see her husband if I had not been out of costume for the street. Col. D. sent all the baggage on, you know how he manages in travelling, and we wanted an entire change to make us presentable, notwithstanding all however, he made us accept an invitation, of a friend of his to spend the night, it was just across the street to be sure, but not one of us ought to have been seen in a ladies parlour. You may imagine how agreeable it was to me. I delivered your messages to Mary, who sent many kind ones in return. I have requested Hart in each letter to let you hear. I wish you would let him hear of this. I am knitting his socks; this house is a bee hive of industry, a loom in one room, a wheel in another. Martha wove the pants her Father has on—and made the hat he wears. As to Lizzie, there is no telling all she does, and yet they look more refined and elegant than ever. Their Father expects to get a place near Cam Smith belonging to Dr. Moncure, it will be 1st of Jan^{ry} when the present tenant vacates—meantime it is one united, harmonious family, pleasant to look upon.

I am feeling the blank in my existence for want of more frequent communication with home, it is unavoidable & I must bear it. This is as much of home as any can be not my own. I intended writing to Ham by this opportunity, but feel tired, and would like him to see this, if you will be kind enough to take the trouble to send it to him, for which I send a stamp. I wrote to him from Meridian, to Hart from Montgomery & Jackson; it is unpleasant to think that possibly those letters may miscarry—I hope Ham got his shirts & socks, & they fitted him. I will be very glad to hear from my friends as well as my family. You know who they are—give them much love for me, I think much of Georgy. I wish Clara would write to me. send my love to Hallie & the Haxalls— I am anxious about Virginius—my love to George, & many kisses to the baby. Tell me how many teeth she has. I hope she continues well

Your ever affecte mother

M. B. C.

I wish you would send the old cover that belonged to the large chair to Mrs Fairfax for the purpose of mending the covers of the tete a tetes & chairs, it was of the same calico & faded to match—those covers wanted mending when I left but I did not think of the large chair cover

Aggie Moncure desires her "best love."

[Note.—Written in ink on the two sides of a long single sheet of ruled white paper. No envelope.]

Page 275. Letter from Ham Chamberlayne to Martha, written from the Richmond area, says “Fred and Emmy left here saturday the 1st, ...” Ham could not leave his Battery to see them because he had lost most of his officers. “Fred I particularly wished to see, after his long imprisonment. Congratulate them on his return. I can imagine you all petting him & his half rejecting, half accepting your attentions, & how Uncle Gus will walk up & down & look at him & say very little-- And how Agatha – no I can’t imagine how Agatha will do; but I know very well what I would do were I Fred. As for you, you must think Fred is I & pet him extra.” Near the end of the letter, he adds, “Love again to all—

Tell Agatha if Fred dont kiss her on sight in spite of smiling whites & grinning blacks I will hold him no true man but a recreant knight unworthy of her favors.”

Page 281. Once again, Ham Chamberlayne mentions “Uncle Thomas & Uncle Gus.”

Page 290. Ham Chamberlayne again laments not having seen Fred in Richmond. “Very sorry I did not see Fred. He must see things thro’ that veil of despondency which sickness & long residency at “the Island” of delight are well calculated to produce. When will he be married.”

Page 292. Ham Chamberlayne mentions Jack Eggleston again.

Page 322. 12 April 1865. In a letter to his brother and sister, Ham Chamberlayne says the war is over, and he chooses to go to exile in Texas. “McIntosh and myself with several others refused to attend the funeral at Appomatox C. H. & as soon as the surrender was certain we cut or crept our way out, thro’ adventures many & perilous wh. I cannot tell now”. “All letters to me to be addressed to Dry Grove. I am going to Johnson’s Army, & if they can do nothing there, I am off to Raymond & thence to Texas—I will do what I can for Mother, but I will have to correspond with you—I will never see you again.” “I am not conquered by any means & shall not be while alive—My life is of no further value—Farewell to my beloved Virginia”.

Page 326. Eventually (see letter below), Ham Chamberlayne is given a pass to proceed through Federal lines to report to Montgomery or Mobile, AL, to be paroled.

Page 327. His parole is dated 12 May 1865, given at Atlanta, GA.

Page 329. Ham Chamberlayne writes from Augustine Dabney’s home.

[John Hampden Chamberlayne to Dr. George W. Bagby]
at Judge A. L. Dabney's Hinds Co. Miss.

Dr G W Bagby

20th June 1865

Dear George—

I have written to you & Sister from here, and also wrote several times when on the route, for fear of miscarriage, however, I will repeat to some extent— After leaving Mr Chalmers', about 14th Apl—was not it?, I rode straight to Gen. Jos— E. Johnston's Camp, Hd. Qrs.; found him at Haw River, 20 ms N. of Greensboro' N. C, he was very polite to me, I may say, even cordial, my intimacy with Archer Anderson A. A. G. & acquaintance with Mason & Harvie, A. I— Gs, introducing me at once. Upon my reporting to him for duty, he answered there would nothing be done, that I would do best to go on if I had whither to go—I spent 24 hrs. with him and came on—After swapping horses four times, I finally reached here, still well mounted, on 30th May—having travelled leisurely all but the last 180 ms— which I did at 40 ms pr day—Found all here well and Mother anxious to hear of me & of all of us—I am merely awaiting developments, don't know at all what to do, but am more than half way determined to find or make a way out of the Country—This, however, cannot be done till I know how

stand Mother's affairs & till I do all I can for her, if that turns out to be anything—In this neighbourhood we are remote from news, as from all interruption, so I know scarcely anything of what has happened anywhere—more especially of Virginian matters I am ignorant to a painful degree—an ignorance of which I grow vastly impatient; but, you know, here is my only home, the only place where I can claim bed & board, without being a burden—To shoot a few squirrels; to talk with my friends and kinsfolk; & studiously to avoid thought on the past, the present, or the future, of my Country; behold my life. Here, at Burleigh, Dr M's, Dr—C. S's, Dr— Sts—, I am among friends & of course meet with kindness and affection, but, oh me—the exile—Except in the fewest, I cannot but miss the tones, the air, the voice, the sentiment, of Virginia Outside of this house, I miss it all the time—

You & Sister may like to have the items of family news; Mary is away with her husband Mr Ware at his plantation, or the one which was his, in Holmes Co., on Yazoo River, Lizzie went with them— Fred is billing & cooing with Agatha, his wife, at Dr M's, married 25th ult.; Jack & Sarah are in Holmes Co.; Sophy at Burleigh; Wm Th— has established a school at Dry Grove, a make shift—Martin is as smart & entertaining as ever; Eddy is managing the plantation; Sue keeps house—Ida is a young lady—Letty is the prettiest and altogether far the most remarkable girl of her age that I've ever seen, 13 to 14 years, Madonna face with pale yellow hair—

The chief feeling of impatience I have is about you and Sister & bro. Ed., and, next to that, about the state in which are my friends in Va & specially in Rd I hope both you and Sister & Ed bro. Ed— will write to me as fully as may be, first about Mother's affairs and your own, & then concerning our friends—If I can be of any good, by going on to Va, let me know, & I will make shift to get there somehow—But I do not see what I can do as yet, and by remaining here I am avoid being so great a burden as I would be there to any. Let me know what your idea is of the future, both generally & in particular—what resources you have—what you will do and where I have written both to Sister & bro Ed. & have requested the latter to act as agt. for Mother—If he succeeds twill be a support for the time—The Maryland matter must be adroitly managed, skilful conduct of the agent and honesty on West's part would be a God-send to Mother & so to all—In coming here determining to come here I was guided by what I thought duty—After the sudden collapse which so soon followed my short interview with you I gave up, & only at the last moment, the primary Ideas I had at that interview and had to look to the future as a civil state if not a peaceful. I wrote to Sister about certain letters which I hoped she might procure & wh. might be of great value to me in one career—the one I most incline to, as suiting best a brokendown soldier, but Mother dissuades, and, in truth, the age of the sword of fortune is gone by. I have many visionary ideas, any of which could be plans if I could only get the right information—; each of them, but this one of the sword, embraces us all finally—What do you think of a Hegira to regions where the Great Bear is no longer seen & men walk on their heads? Virginia is dead, my very heart weeps for her, she that was—with her that is what have we to do?

Mother & myself talk & think much and anxiously of you all—I would freely give my horse, & that is my all everything I have, for 24 hours talk with you all—Now Please write as fully as you can— Tell me of your selves & then of friends—Love to Gordon McCabe— Tell him I am still of the Jonathan & David mind. I write to V. today. Love to him. Love to Mrs H. Heth, should you see her— Daniels—Haxalls—Sue—

Grattans—Legh R— P., Ruffins—Pegram— to all & every—

Little Virginia, I hope, flourishes, spite of civil convulsion—Mother sends much love to her & to you & Sister & bro Ed.—We want long letters from you, & egotistick Give me V's address & Gordon's and I wish Sister wd get from Miss Mary P. the address of Col. Gordon, with the red beard, British Lion Gordon—address & name in full. I would write to Sue—But what can a broken & landless man say? Give my love to her— On my way here I saw Aunt Betsey at Athens Ga—sent love to you all—Saw Bishop Wilmer at Greensboro, Ala— Spent a delightful evening with him—He & all his, specially Minny, sent all manner of love to Sister & greeting to Virginia they told me twas as if a relation came, to see any one from the beloved Country. The children are fine chaps—If bro. Ed can make use of anything in my trunk, I hope he will do so—and the same to you & Sister— Write—write—write—My love to Archer Anderson & to Genl. Harry H— & to Archers father. Did not John M. die in good time? Mother says she wishes to send special greeting to Sue W. & Bev (as I also) to Emily Hall, Kennons— Please also give our love to Cousin Lucy & her people & to Mrs Byrd & Frank & Harvie & their people— to Mrs Grundy & Mrs Munford. Hart is in good health & is happier than I've ever seen him—

Address (under cover to Lazarus Lindsay Vicksbg— Miss) to J. H. C. care Judge A. L. Dabney, Dry Grove Hinds Co Va Miss.

Tell me of your plans & what people generally plan & think—I shall write to Sister again soon—But you know this letter like Capt. Cuttle's old silver watch is to be made over "jointly."

Farewell farewell

J. H. C.

I write by this mail to Frank G. R., to V., Gordon M. & others all of whom I request to tell you that I write. Please tell the above— Let me know, if you can, of if Wm H. Payne formerly Col & Brig. Genl. Cavy is in prison or at large. Also of Frank Huger formerly Col. Arty, & of Jos. McGraw, Maj. Arty. Love to Tom Dudley his wife & little ones. Mother's love to you all & she will write shortly. I have addressed to your care a letter to Randolph Talcott, please contrive it to him

[Note.—Written in ink on the six pages 'of one double sheet and one half of a double sheet of large, blue, ruled letter paper. No envelope.]

Page 332. A letter written from Augustine Dabney's home.

[John Hampden Chamberlayne to Sally Grattan]

(at) Judge A. L. Dabney's

Aug. 1st 1865

My dear Mrs H.

How I was delighted to see your hand writing again I will not try to tell you, lest you think me extravagant, which would be absurd, seeing we have nothing left to throw away—Your letter was just worth its weight in gold—It came the day before yesterday, and after one glance at the "image and superscription" I arranged my smoking apparatus (you know you don't object to smoking) eyeing it greedily as a child devours his cake beforehand, went into a back porch for an undisturbed interview, & sat down to enjoy your society as it deserves.

I could see you as I read—more especially when you made the X X describe the quality of the love you sent.

To pay you for such a letter I do not know what I shall find, & must throw myself on on your kindness—— Probably you know from Sister the outline of my adventures since 2nd April, if to beg one's way on horseback across half a continent may be called an adventure—I found "folks" in So. Ca., a few in Ala—, & Miss., three in Ga., one in N. Ca.; for the rest I met with three women on the route who were handsome and ladies, a few women who did not, multitudes who did, dip snuff, and I was always recognised as a Virginian; how, is not known unless it were, as was expressed by an old creature of genus (probably) man, species Georgian, variety Cracker, "by the *discourse*." I swapped horses four times, rode sometimes five miles, sometimes forty, per day, always with sword & pistol, and being somewhat grim and dirty, doubtless appeared less like a humble suppliant than one of those whom the old law calls "vagrom bodies, sturdy beggars" In this wise I crossed many & many a stream, toiled up many a hill to go down it again, thro' many a town & hamlet and saw some twelve or thirteen hundred miles of country with such satisfaction that, if it be heaven's will, I will be am cheerfully content never to see a foot of it again.

Here, I am in a perfect nest of relations; two uncles, and cousins by the score— among them so many girls as painfully to recall the fact that "men are scarce"—They dont seem to reflect duly on this great fact however, but are as merry as griggs—so great is the levity of the female mind.

I need not tell you, who know me so well, that I am delighted at my situation, and the complete, one might almost say, the enforced idleness. I enjoy it to that extent that I can hardly say know I exist, for I dont cogito, a bit.

You know, without being told, how I feel concerning the national situation and its misery, or rather the situation of Virginia, for the rest, with an exception or two, were the weights that dragged her down

The war and its objects, its causes, & the causes of its failure, are not subjects of thought with me as are other things, but are become thought itself, parts of my mind, burned into my heart as with a branding iron—The failure is such, that not one of the huge losses in its prosecution ever appeals to me; they are but parts of the whole— And that whole, I hope and trust, will be too hard for us to bear, & will not be borne. And besides every drop of blood of ours that was spilled is, I believe, as a seed in the ground, whence will spring wrath and armed men. So I live in hopes of the fullness of that time— If it come not, so that these eyes see it, at worst, I believe, that if I live to the age of men, from my grave can will the Land of promise be visible; To move the make the march toward it one hour shorter, is a noble object for life—

Even if I was in the blackness of thick darkness which oppresses some, like you still I should find, as you do, that nature is too strong for circumstance, and, even in the death throe see material for a jest. So I still chirp here as you there, and tho' the country is for a time enslaved, tho friends are dead & exiled, and no man has a home, & tho I have not a dollar in the world, nor any property but one pair of top boots (with spurs attached), still I can laugh— But indeed the boots are remarkable; the prototype & original of all top boots; I wish you could see them, Salyah, for they were taken, with a laugh, from the Colonel of the 5th Maine Cav-y in Sept of 1862; what time we set ourselves against them in the passes of the mountains; in the way as you go to the Land of Mary; and we arrayed

ourselves, & went forth and pitched in the vallies nigh unto the Heights called Bolivar; and the battle was set about eventide, & we strove with them until night; and we girded our loins in the night season; and we wrestled mightily with them about the rising of the sun, and the noise thereof was as the noise of a mighty nation; and we smote them for about the space of two hours, and prevailed against them exceedingly, and took them captive; and took their food, & their raiment, and their horses, and cattle, yea and their creeping things, for a spoil, & for a prey; And all this was done on the Hills which look toward the sunset, even the Hills which overlook the waters, the meeting of the great waters, where the mountain with its mountain rocks is cleft, and the waters become one river—even the Ferry place which is called the Ferry of Harper—Precious nonsense, Sairey?

I believe you, my dear—but—such as I have give I to thee. Tho' it is a little strange that even such boots should walk into the our "Confab" of their own accord. Your letter calls up many a pleasant memory—Few dearer to me than those Cousin Emma's name always beings—I hope very much she, and you all with her, have exaggerated her illness: Be sure to give all manner of love to her for me—Tell her I wrote to her several times prior to April 9th, & had two letters from her, one just after she reached England, one from Paris—I have not been able to write since—not knowing her address—Tell her I shall be aggrieved if she changes the original agreement, which was for Mr. James to leave this watery vale, and for me to succeed him.

Heaps of love to all my friends—and draw a broad black mark thro Lewis Blackford's name. I hope I may see him one more time, *Tune dimittis*—Who is that Leopold chap? Not Charley's? Love to him—also particularly to Mann—To Mag, and Charlotte—Lizzy—Gussy & Pussy—Trav., Jimmy, Phil—why make a list? It stirs me up like a trumpet to hear the names of any of my old friends, of our people I have no plans, but I think of returning to Va soon, at least for a little while, and I shall certainly live there, and in Rd, if in this country at all.

We should all hold together—now. Tell me about Mrs. Rawlings & Sue M. Mother sends great love to you and Lizzie and your mother, and says, please let her know about Mrs Blair, what burnt &c, & please tell Miss Josephine to write. I got a letter recently from Sister, of 27th June, & answered it, also one from Gordon M. of same date, to whom I have written. I am terribly hungry for letters—Tell Con. to write—I envy the talks you all have—But I beat you on the fruit question—Give my love to your Mother. You say nothing of Mrs. Lucy—I tried to see her when in Georgia, but t'was too far out of my way, and, to tell the truth, I was too dirty, else I would have gone, say, fifty miles. Tell Con. to give my love to the Osbornes—When will it be, or goes he to Brazil first? Oh me! why don't you all write to me? It don't take long, & 'twould be charity.

Moses

Love to George B., if he is about. Now, my dear friend, you see how well pleased I am to talk with you—Better, most like than you— But, you know, I always greatly exercised in you that singular Christian virtue of patience—so that were I but with you enough, you would rival gris Grisel of yore.

But you are better as you are, Sarah Jane

When my pen gets to galloping this way, 'tis hard to stop—but even wars do end—how shall not we this peaceful palaver?

Needless, but pleasant, to say how that I am

Absolutely and without comparison
Your friend

J. H. C.

Love to J. J.

Mother is never done talking about your letter and the pleasantness of it, she has read it several times

Poetick extract
from unpublished vol. P 300

"If she is not bewitched
Then I'll be switched"
The Authour

[Note.—Written in ink on the nine pages of two double sheets and one half of a double sheet of unruled, white note paper. No envelope.]

Page. 336. On this and the final page of the text, there is a letter from Martha to her daughter, written from Locksley (previously said to be Augustine Dabney's home at the time). But the letter is focused on Virginia matters, so I won't copy it.