

Quitsman, (Brooks Co, Georgia)

April 26<sup>th</sup> 1867.

Capt. Geo. F. Hollis

My dear Friend.

To my surprise  
& infinite pleasure, yours of the 16<sup>th</sup> 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  
19<sup>th</sup> June, I then went to Coffee Co, So. W. Geo, 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 1<sup>st</sup> October til' the 18<sup>th</sup>. I then took child  
& fever, & 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 feed & clothe them with the harmonious  
messengers, & 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  
Raj. Geo. Gilson, Agent to the American 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, & superintending the farming  
& a garden, the latter of which <sup>we</sup> attend ourselves,  
as we have lived, but one negro, Eva 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 his 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~~ <sup>moved</sup> away, this plantation being now oc-  
cupied 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 Is.  
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  
favored me with a letter. Do write to me  
again, & tell me something about yourself.

Dr. Kenney & Rev. Kenway. What has become of  
the cat I gave you, I've so often thought  
of him & wish to see him. My future prospect  
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 -  
& believe me ever to be your friend -  
Lizzie Hart.

P.S.

Address.

Intimano No. 16. A. G. R. R.  
Brooks Co.  
Wis.



Leicester and Brooks Co. Geo.  
June 5<sup>th</sup> / 88.

Capt. Geo. G. Hollis -

My dear Friend.

This morning's mail brought me your very welcome, & highly appreciated letter, of July 29<sup>th</sup>. I am always so happy to hear from you. I was with my elbow 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 well 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 to. That I do hear from you, if I was a whole soul Reb.

Our friendship, I do not think can ever be forgotten, I'm certain I shall never forget you. We (Eva & 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 amusement 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 pictures to see. What have  
you named him? Do tell me in your next.

I think you were treated shabbily, by that  
broker, 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 will  
remember Dr. Kenny telling me of the death of  
his wife & I believed, for you told me so, but  
the horrid idea of his doubting him, never once  
crossed my brain. Be it - so horrid, 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  
never can be comprehending, 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  
in any how. I have no more to write you,  
so please, this short <sup>excuse</sup> interesting 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 from. 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  
your L.



My House, Dickinson, Brooks, Co.  
Aug. 18<sup>th</sup> / 57.

My dear & highly esteemed friend.

Your kind letter dated 7<sup>th</sup> came to hand on the 11<sup>th</sup>. It came through in quite a short time, but not the 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 over 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 restlessness, 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 acquired 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 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 loan from high Heaven, & return it to  
you as early as possible. I may be presum-  
ing too much, if so, I encare 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 I should be the instrument through which, your  
feeling would be wounded, because you are  
a friend 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 periwinkle -  
Yours &c,  
— 11 —



**George Fearing Hollis Papers**

**1852 - 1903**

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**CIVIL WAR - Correspondence - Letters  
from Lizzie Hart to George F. Hollis, 1867**



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