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Letter to Cammie Williams

George H. Douglas

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Morgan City La. Sept. 8th '88

Dear Cammie,

I was not a little surprised at hearing from you, and pleased also, for I have often thought of you and wondered what time had done with you in these ten years which have passed since you and I explored the country alone to find a route between Dry Grove and that Station on the Narrow Gorge, what ever its name may be. How well I remember that trip, how deathly sick I was, the 'awful' chill I had on the road and how I flung up all the 'canned lobster' &c!!! No one would give us shelter, and the dogs even tried to eat us up. Will you ever forget it?

How does the World use you any how? Write and tell me all about yourself, and Old Dry Grove - even if it aint the

place it used to be. Tell me
who is left there now, that I
used to know, and how they
are getting on. And if it will
be of interest to you, I will
tell you all about Lower Louisiana.

The Acadians, The Creoles - The
Sugar Plantations, The Bayous, The
Cot Fish! and the whole business.

The storm did not hurt our
house much, We thought it was
gone though, it shook so that we
could scarcely walk the floor, every
thing was thrown down, and the
window glass blown in! My wife
was very sick (We had lost a little
baby boy only four days before, he had
lived only about ten hours, and
this was a very sad household)
I finally decided to leave the house
so I rapped her up in blankets
and took her out into the storm,
we took refuge in the fail, which
is a very strong building, and
there spent the rest of the night
listening to the wind blowing down
the other houses! My sister Annie
is here with us, she will be going to

Bayou Sara - via Napoleonville to
see Pennie - poor. Ethel is at
Bayou Sara with Papa and Aunt
Carrie. Lizzie is at Napoleonville,
and Taylor and his family live
at Natchitoches La. I have been
but fighting it out with Fate for
two years and a half. They say that
I have not changed a particle, either
in looks or disposition. That I am
the self same old fellow who used
to put on cow horns and scare
the life out of negroes, and kiss some
of the school girls!!!! I have been
through enough to settle any one
down to a sober disposition, but I
am not much settled yet.

What is your height and weight?
Did you grow up to be one of
those long lank legged things like
myself? Who is practicing medicine
in Dry Grove now? If there is any
skad. There, to be made, I would
almost feel like going back there.

I have been up four nights
already this week with different
bad cases and I am badly worn
out, and sick now, I am not any

strong, and can't stand much
our work. You must be sure to
write to me all about Dry Grove just
as soon as you can, and I will
answer, at my earliest leisure
moment. Good Bye for this time.

Give my regards to all your
folks I hope they keep in good
health. And please do remember
me to any of my old friends
you may happen to meet, and
Especially Jerry Anderson! if he
be yet alive pour him brim full
of my love! and if he be dead, and
one word and I shall order some
masses sung every day for his
soul for three weeks and his spirit
shall not stay in Purgatory!!

Again Good Bye Caroline

"May you live long and prosper"

Yours Truly
G. W. Douglas.