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Letter and poetry to Miss Hattie, 1887

May 16

William Baker Bennet

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Quincy, May 16th 1887

Miss Hattie

I take the liberty of sending you the enclosed verses, containing the thoughts that haunted my mind on last Friday night after I returned home & which I hastily penciled down. I hope they will not be offensive to you & I hardly know why I send them unless it be because it afforded me some relief in my sleepless hours to write them. I do not claim for them any poetic merit but the fact that they truthfully portrayed my feelings may commend them to your generous consideration. The requests made in verses 6, 7, & 8 are not made as a matter of form but I most earnestly desire what I have asked.

I propose with your consent to make you a "friendly" visit some time this week if circumstances will permit, on the terms agreed upon between us. I may want to talk a few minutes only of the past by way of explanation but shall keep my contract not to harass you by urging again upon your consideration

a question you have already decided & decided too, after kindly giving me full opportunity to express my sentiments. And painful as was that decision, I frankly admit that with the feelings you entertain for me I do not see how you could have done otherwise. I grant that it was harder to bear than I had expected but I must candidly say that in all our interviews there was nothing for which I could reproach you, nay rather I should thank you for your candor & gentle forbearance. And now I ask that you receive me as "a friend only" & treat me with that cordiality due to long & true friendship. Don't think it necessary to be cold & distant lest I should take advantage of your kindness to bring up that subject which we both have agreed to consider "contraband" for I assure you, it is my honest purpose never to trouble you with it again, lest perchance time shall so change feelings & circumstances (which I do not expect) that you yourself shall willingly consent to a re-hearing of the question.

As ever your sincere friend
W. B. Beuret

To Miss N. L. S.

Thoughts on returning from
a visit to her on Friday night May 13, 1887.

By her "friends" W. B. B.

- 1st The night was dark, but darker still,
The gloom, that settled 'round my heart,
Oh! can I bring my stubborn will,
To 'accept thy verdict, "we must part."
- 2 Lady; I know that thou art kind,
And would to none, give grief or pain,
But Oh! the anguish of the vain,
To love, and not be loved again.
- 3 How cruel fate has been to me;
In manner, person, mind and heart,
Nothing attractive, thou could'st see,
Nothing, to woo, or win thy heart.
- 4 Friendship! how cold, when love is sought,
And words of "high esteem", how vain,
To one, whose every wish, and thought,
Thy pure affections, 'twas to gain.

5- O'erb; Lady fair, I will not chide
I know that thou art just, and free;
If weal, or woe, shall me betide,
Say; will you kindly, think of me?

6 And when on beaded knee, in prayer,
Thy aspirations shall ascend,
To the Great God, who'll always hear,
Will thou remember them, "thy friend"?

7 Pray that his will, so hard to bend,
May be, by love divine subdued,
~~Will he'll accept, what he may send,~~
With humble trust, and gratitude.

8 Pray, that in all his journey through,
Thiss this world of trouble, toil, and strife,
He may by grace, be ever true,
And meekly bear, the ills of life.

9 And when "life's fitful dream" is o'er,
And the last summons, shall be given,
Oh! may we meet, on that bliss shore,
To spend eternity in heaven.

W 13 B