Letter, August 19, 1838, from Thomas Green Clemson to Anna Calhoun

Thomas Green Clemson

Follow this and additional works at: https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/tgc

Materials in this collection may be protected by copyright law (Title 17, U.S. code). Use of these materials beyond the exceptions provided for in the Fair Use and Educational Use clauses of the U.S. Copyright Law may violate federal law.

For additional rights information, please contact Kirstin O'Keefe (kokeefe [at] clemson [dot] edu)

For additional information about the collections, please contact the Special Collections and Archives by phone at 864.656.3031 or via email at cuscl [at] clemson [dot] edu

Recommended Citation
https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/tgc/124

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Manuscript Collections at TigerPrints. It has been accepted for inclusion in Thomas Green Clemson Papers, Mss 2 by an authorized administrator of TigerPrints. For more information, please contact kokeefe@clemson.edu.
Philadelphia, August 20th, 1833

My very much beloved dear Anna.

Six long weeks have passed since we parted—up to the present moment I have not received the shadow of one word of information from yourself. The largest portion of a dozenepistles have been written and dispatched to your address by myself—no answer has reached me—Not one word of voluntary communication in my favour has come to hand—Not a word from a friend saying your Anna lives, your Anna's sick—your Anna's well—your Anna's dead—

No clue has been given where any, a quickened imagination could construct a base whereupon to rest until the promises of hope should be substantiated—I have been left to wander through space with a lingering, weary step, under a load of expectant suspense and accumulating anxiety.

I have hoped and hoped again and still hoped and hoped beyond the end of hope—but it is all hope deferred and now sickly at the idea of further delay—Imaginations consolation have been exhausted—My mind is become a chaos and to what ever side I turn I am met with images of harassing perplexities—wretched by day and agitated at night.

The load is becoming monstrous, and already torments me to craziness.

All of which could be dispelled like darkness before the offset end of the sun by one line from my own dear girl. My life—My Anna—My Anna—May time mine own the distance which now separates us would soon be made short. But duty keeps me here and will
continue to do so yet awhile longer — I write hoping the last will be more
fortunate than the predecessors and that I may be helped with an
answer for I can not imagine the destiny of those already written you.
They were indeed under cover to your father at Pendleton S. Carolina —
and was repeating — why is it that I am deprived the receipt of a letter from
Anna? It was doing you a palpable injustice to suppose for an instant
that you were in fault by having pursued any course of conduct which could
possibly wound the feelings of one who feels, acts and lives only through
yourself — My dear Anna — my situation is a hard one — I have
done all that is in the power of mortal to do — I pray the Almighty
that you have been free from all of those awful sensations which
have so harassed me — I know not what to say the matter is
to be explained — imagine yourself for one moment in my pos-
ition — I live through you — you are more dear than life — your
happiness is my only desire — you are the first and the last — the
dearest idol of my life — then what a miserable existence to lead —
If there was a guileless spirit in silence — and silence professed the pow-
er of experiencing other woe I should soon be in the light of truth and
all that regards my all — My dear Anna —

Miss Anna Calhoun —

Thos. C. Clemson
Philadelphia August 19th, 1838.

My very much beloved dear Anna -

Six long weeks have passed since we parted - Up to the present moment I have not received the shadow of one word's information from yourself. The larger portion of a dozen epistles have been written and despatched to your address by myself. No answer has reached me -- Not one word of voluntary contribution in my favor has come to hand ------ Not a word from a friend saying your Anna lives, your Anna's sick -- your Anna's well --- your Anna's dead-------

No clue has been given wherewith a quickened imagination could construct a base whereupon to rest until the promises of hope should be substantiated ---- I have been left to worry through space with a lingering weary step, under a load of excruciating suspense and accumulating anxiety.

I have hoped and hoped again, and still hoped and hoped beyond the end of hope - but it is all hope deferred and now sicken at the idea of further delay -- Imaginations, consolations have been exhausted --- My mind is become a chaos and to what ever side I turn I am met with maze of harassing perplexities - wretched by day and agitated at night. The load is becoming monstrous, and already torments me to craziness.

All of which would be dissipated like darkness before the
effulgence of the sun by one line from my own dear girl, my
life -- My Anna.

Was time mine own the distance which now separates us
would soon be made short. But duty keeps me here and will
continue to do so yet awhile longer. I write hoping the last
will be more fortunate than the predecessors and that I may
be blessed with an answer - for I can not imagine the destiny
of those already written you.

They were inclosed under cover to your father at Pendleton
S. Carolina. I am ever repeating why is it that I am deprived the
receipt of a letter from Anna? It were doing you a culpable
injustice to suppose for one instant that you were in fault by
having pursued any course of conduct which could possibly wound
the feelings of one who feels, acts and lives only through
yourself. My dear Anna my situation is a hard one. I have
done all that is in the power of mortal to do. I pray the
Almighty that you have been free from all of those awful
sensations which have so harrassed me. I know not what to say the
matter is to be explained. --- Imagine yourself for one moment
in my position --- I live through you - you are more dear than
life - your happiness is my only desire - you are the first and the
last - the blessed idol of my life. Then what a miserable existence
to lead.

If there was a quiescent spirit in Silence -- and Silence
possessed the powers of experiencing others woes I should soon be
in the light of truth and all that regards my all My dear Anna.
Miss Anna Calhoun---

Farewell,

Thos. G. Clemson.