Memories over the water,
or, Stray thoughts on a long stroll

Maney Henry
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Author: Maney Henry

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MEMORIES

OVER THE WATER,

OR

STRAY THOUGHTS ON A LONG STROLL.

BY

HENRY MANEY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY

BY THE

HON. EDWIN H. EWING.

NASHVILLE:
TOON, NELSON & COMPANY.
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HAMMOND STREET.
DEDICATED

TO THE

MEMORY OF MISS P. W. S., OF MURFREESBOROUGH, N. C.

In the still, darkened home, time can never replace
Her fair winsome beauty, her gladness and grace;
So light was her footstep, so joyous her eye,
Who ever had thought that the dear one could die?
But make ye a chamber, for the fair one to rest,
Where the sun-light may fall from the amber-hued West,
For, as on at Machpelah, tho' beauteons and bright,
Was buried by sorrowing love out of sight,
So we, gentle friends, crave, in mem'ry, a place
To embalm this pure casket of beauty and grace.
She hath left us her virtues, as jewels to keep—
And so let the young and the beautiful sleep!

(iii)
PREFACE.

It has been said that when a man sits doggedly in his study, and says to himself, "I mean to write a good book," it is certain, from the necessity of the case, that the result will be a bad one. If the result of our book is a bad one it cannot be from this cause. For the succeeding sketches were loosely thrown together, and originally published, under the signature of "Quor Doxe," for the amusement of the readers of the "Nashville Gazette," without the remotest idea, at the time, of their ever coming before the public in the shape of a book. But by some singular chance—whether at the solicitation of numerous friends, or for the fulfillment of some enemy's prayer, we'll not stop to consider—they certainly have assumed that form. Written at an early age, when Fancy more than Fact was the bias of the mind, conscious of their defects, though confident of the reader's charity, the Author would even yet hesitate to put them before the public, did he not know that, with the Introductory of his friend and fellow-traveler, the Hon. Edwin H. Ewing, who has kindly consented thus to preface them, they cannot prove unwelcome. In giving them up to the world, he would only say, with the Bard,

"Ye who shall trace the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if on your memories dwell
A thought which once was his—if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell." (v)
Nashville, April 6th, 1854.

EDWIN H. EWING, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir,—As you are aware, some time after my return from Europe I commenced a series of Sketches, recounting incidents of travel, etc., under the nom de plume of Quoi Donc. These sketches, which were published in the Nashville Gazette, met with the kind approval of some of my friends; and when they were finished, the partial favor of these same friends induced them, perhaps, to request of me that the letters should be published in some more durable form. Having resolved to publish, I would fain find some ground upon which I may stand, in justification of my course, more reliable than friendly partiality. I knew something of the severity of your judgment, and therefore did not dare to submit to you, in the first instance, the question whether I should publish or not; but I know, also, something of the substantial kindness of your temper, and of your ingenuity even in "making the worst appear the better reason," where one is irretrievably committed. And so, now, I may venture to ask you—Have I done well, or have I done ill? If you should not choose to express an opinion upon this important question, still I should be glad that you would write something to me in return, as I feel that there is a peculiar propriety in connecting your name with my Travels. You were the first suggester of a foreign tour among us, and, te duce, much of my travel was performed, and many of my most important observations made.

Your friend,

HENRY MANEY.
INTRODUCTORY LETTER FROM HON. EDWIN H. EWING.

HENRY MANEY, ESQ.:

Nashville, April 8th, 1854.

My Dear Friend—As you have already determined to commit your barque to the waves of public opinion, you must, I suppose, abide their buffets; nor can I or any one else interpose a shield that will break their force. Happily, I think, you will not need such a shield.

Soon after my return from Europe, I found you in a course of publication in the Gazette, and naturally turned with interest to see how the sights and incidents that we had witnessed together would tell to me, who had been an actor, as well as to those who had remained at home not altogether uninterested inquirers after our wanderings. I turned too, with no incurious eye, to your Letters, to see what impression had been made upon one young, ardent and enthusiastic as yourself, by objects which I had also viewed with a mind worn, jaded, and then somewhat weary of the things of life. Romance, with me, was but a memory; with you it was the day-spring of life; History to you was a living picture; to me it was but a mouldering skeleton. To the one the Poetry, the Painting, the Music of by-gone times were wells of inspiration; while to the other, they were but the insipid waters of the stagnant reservoir. The reading of your letters was then to me not merely the renewal of faded memories—the repainting of scenes dimmed by time and distance—the replacing of forgotten inci-