

Commercial Insurance Company,  
11 Commercial Place,  
New Orleans, Oct. 9, 1866

My dear General,

“The music of Caryl,” says Ossian, “like the memory of joys that are past, is sweet but mournful to the soul.” The kindly tones of your letter too, my dear General, have touched chords of friendship in my own hearth that cannot fail to send back an echoing strain. I am delighted to hear from you again. The ills endured by our poor country are enough to weigh down the most exuberant spirits, and I am not astonished they should have touched a nature, at once so sensitive and so generous as yours. I feel acutely our unhappy condition, and it requires all the philosophy of my nature to view with complacency the existing evils by which we are surrounded, and those which the future portends. I see little that is bright in the near future. Clouds envelope the political horizon, and the mutterings of a new storm are heard throughout the agitated north. The wheels of revolution still move forward, crushing all conservatism in their juggernaut march. It seems to me, that our country is in the midst of those political convulsions which history teaches us usually precede a term of anarchy, and which are followed by a disproportion in some one of its numerous forms. It is the sorry Parliament before the steady hand of Cromwell held the reins of government; or it is the Roman mob whose noisy edicts were shouted from the Campus Martius before Caesar controlled it; or rather it is the upheaving of the Mountain of Jacobins in the Revolutionary Convention which inaugurated the bloody period of Marat, of Robespierre, and of Danton, before the power of the first consul was born to control the elements of the revolution. So you perceive my view of the future is not cheerful. But I cannot discover the political elements set at work to induce me to expect anything more bright. Personally, I have succeeded beyond my expectations. I recommenced life on a capital of fifteen cents in good money. I took up my pen, in the columns of the N.O. Crescent and wrote for my bread. I afterwards accepted an offer of co-partnership in a commercial house which has done a fair business. Two months ago I was chosen president Com. Jus. Col. with a salary of \$7,500. I still continue “to run” all these machines. I am therefore constantly occupied. I have not much time fortunately to dwell upon the disease which Mrs. Anderson so graphically characterizes as “the surrenders.” Our friends here are generally well and most of them are doing a successful business. Longstreet and Hood have been absent most of the summer. Genl. Gibson often speaks of you in terms of warm affection. He is now out of town. The charter, etc. of our association, which will define its objects: I hope I may hear from you occasionally. With my compliments to Mrs. Anderson, believe me dear, my dear General,

Sincerely your friend,  
S.B. Buckner

To:  
Genl. J. Patton Anderson  
Monticello

Transcribed by Christopher A. Baker, University of Florida, 2008.

