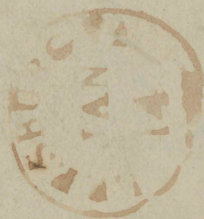


37 Susan  
1818

Thomas ed. Budd Esq  
Care Messrs W. & J. Loeber  
Philadelphia



Leesburg January 12<sup>th</sup> 1818—

I am almost ashamed to confess my dear Thomas that idleness has for a long time had so great an ascendancy over me that notwithstanding my wish to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter, and the real pleasure it occasioned, I could not burst the fetters with which I was bound, and even now I fear I have but half escaped for she still whispers to me that a letter written in this mood must necessarily be stupid and uninteresting, and will offer but poor encouragement to you to continue a correspondence so affectionately begun, but I will hazard even this, rather than you should suppose me wilfully negligent, or insensible to professions of regard which I know spring from the heart—the little intercourse I have had with the world has had a tendency to chill those warm affections which were once so natural to me, my heart no longer expands itself for the reception of new friendships, for experience has proven to me that I can but rarely meet with a return—this very circumstance however renders those whom I know to be my friends still dearer, the feelings which were for



=merly borne about as it were with every breeze, are now drawn into a smaller compass, judge then how very, very dear ~~are~~ the few who still share my esteem. I have no intimate associates in this place, and visit very little indeed; my only amusements are my piano, and the books which the town affords, the number of which you may suppose is not very large, but I believe tolerably well selected, they suit me very well, but would not be sufficient food for such a bookworm as yourself.

I have not heard any particulars respecting your Uncle Thomas and his late spouse since their return to Philad<sup>a</sup>. much as I desire it, I cannot flatter myself with the hope of their ever living happily together for any length of time, how heavily has misfortune pressed upon our family for the last few years. in almost every shape and with very little intermission. sometimes I am almost ready to believe that the cups of bitterness will soon pass away and that our happiness will be in proportion to our past and present sufferings, but melancholy has so long reigned triumphant, that she will not long suffer the delightful thought to exist, the indulgence of it is generally a prelude to greater depression and a deeper gloom. the greatest and only consolation we have is to believe that the events of this world are superintended by that Being who best knows what chastisements we merit, and what will eventually tend to the produce

-tion of our real and eternal felicity. Rebecca is well, and sends her love to you all, she has grown very much, and is entirely contented we all look forward to the time when Mary will again make one of the family, I wish I could as confidently expect to see some more of my friends next summer, you must all endeavour to visit Leesburg, for a long, long time will elapse before I shall see any of you in Philad<sup>a</sup>. Give my love most affectionately to your Father, Mother, Mr. Mary, William, Joseph, and every member of our family, from the eldest down to little Samuel and Charles, also to Mr. & Mrs. Latimer. I shall be glad to hear from you again very soon, Mr. Will. I am much indebted to him for the music he sent me. I intend writing very shortly to your Mother, and the three girls. Your affectionate Aunt Susan H. —

Thomas Allibone Budd

Mr H. desires to be affectionately remembered by you all —



Susan  
1818

1818

Mr Thomas C. B. B. B.  
Care of Mr C. B. B. B. B.  
Monmouth at Law  
Philadelphia



Leesburg June 26<sup>th</sup> 1818.

I am sorry my dear Thomas you are so very  
suspicious as to require letter for letter, I hoped Mary  
would have brought me one from you, which expectation  
indeed was one cause for my not writing before. I thank  
William and yourself for the book and geographical cards  
my time since their reception has been so much occupied that  
I have had no opportunity of examining them particularly,  
it would doubtless add very much to poor Mary's comfort  
if I would do so, for I believe I have quite wearied her with  
the number and repetition of my questions. almost every  
thing from Philad<sup>a</sup> is interesting to me, and although  
every communication occasions an increase of melancholy  
it does not deter me from persevering in my enquiries. I won-  
der when the distresses of our unfortunate family will have  
an end not (I sometimes think) until every member of it  
is slumbering quietly in the grave, there are few of us who have  
not our own private sufferings, to bear, as well as a participa-  
-tion in the general sorrow but my comfort is "each moment takes  
away a grain at least from the dead load that's on me  
And gives a nearer prospect of the grave



It is long since I have been convinced that earthly happiness is very imperfect and transitory, but I do not think there are many families whose every prospect of comfort has been so entirely blasted, as that of ours, death has not only deprived us of those whom we best loved, but poverty with all her train of woe, has, and does still, threaten some of us, and the misconduct of ~~some~~ one who promised better things (and who was once the pride of an affectionate Father's heart) has covered us all with the thick mantle of disgrace. I blush and, feel a keen sensation of shame whenever his name is mentioned, and very often think I should like to go to some foreign country where I could never again hear of his fatal infatuation. Drunkenness is a vice of all others the most hateful and disgusting to me, it is certainly the most pernicious in its effects, for to that may be traced almost every crime that stains the human character. I never yet saw an intoxicated man that I did not at the moment <sup>towards him</sup> feel a dislike almost bordering on hatred, a gambler in my estimation is an amiable being when compared with a drunkard.

Thomas has written to me several times, expressing a wish to hear from me, but how can I write to him, I have already said every thing in my power to induce him to correct his manners, a repetition is useless, and I can not long dwell on uninteresting subjects, therefore I fear a correspondence can not be supported, I will however write to him once more. You must excuse me this time for writing so short a letter, I am going a few miles in the country on horseback, and expect the mail will be closed before my return. Mary and Rebecca are well, and

unite with me in love to the family. Mary intends writing to you very soon. She is a sweet affectionate girl, her society has already been serviceable to me, in dispelling gloom &c.

You must write to me very soon, and if you and William could pay me a visit, I should be very much pleased, it will be beneficial to you both to take some such little excursions. —

Your affectionate aunt  
Susan

Tell Col. I shall be quite ~~glad~~ if he goes to Richmond without giving us a call —



1818  
Susan

Mr Thomas A Budd

Philadelphia

Mr Thompson

Leesburg October 11<sup>th</sup> 1818-

I thank you my dear Thomas for your second kind letter, its coming unanimously greatly increased the pleasure of its reception. your first was left unanswered much longer than I intended. part of the time I was very much engaged, but I will confess to you (in confidence) that my mind has been so occupied with painful reflections, and at times so possessed with that kind of listless indolence, the natural consequence and follower of highly excited feelings, that even writing which has hitherto been an interesting employment requires an exertion which I am scarcely able to make. sorrow has forever destroyed the little energy of character I might have had and has rendered me in the morning of my life insensible to the pleasures which many of my age so highly enjoy, all the gay, sanguine expectations of happiness which once so cheered and elevated my spirit have vanished and left in their place the gloomy certainty that by me they can never be realized. There is not now upon earth one point to which I can look with the faintest hope of enjoyment - but the period must



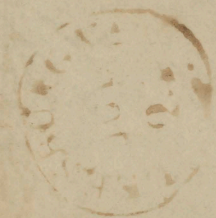
time and is perhaps not far distant when all these  
trials and difficulties will cease - in the grave the  
weary will have rest - I have not seen either of  
the books with which you were so much pleased. Rob Roy  
is I believe in town, and upon your recommendation I  
will read it - although I do not often indulge myself  
with the perusal of a novel, I have observed that they  
have a pernicious effect upon my mind, and have  
determined to read them but seldom. I think how-  
ever that any one who leads the retired life I do  
should have some such recreation - Mary and my-  
self have commenced Burns history of England which  
occupies every leisure moment - you must my dear  
Thomas excuse the <sup>apparent</sup> shortness of my letter, and attribute  
this and every other act of carelessness to any thing  
but the want of affection - My love to the family  
As ever your sincerely attached  
Susan H -



Susan  
1819

78 1/2

Mr Thomas & Bruce  
Care of Mr William & Bruce  
No 23 North Front St  
Philadelphia



15 JUL 1819

Sunday July - 1819

You will think me extremely ungrateful my dear Thomas for not answering immediately your last extorted letter, I have however for once a good excuse, in a very sore finger which rendered writing almost impossible - it is not yet quite well, so if "words are far apart," and thus but few, you must attribute it to this cause and not believe it inattention or indifference. I wrote to William last week, and the same day commenced a letter to you, but was under the necessity of leaving it unfinished since which time I have been a great deal with Mrs. Mines who has been apparently on the verge of the grave, she is still ill - but not considered in danger, Stanley requested me to tell you that she has written to Ann P. - and you may now come on with safety, she is willing to receive you from her recommendation - by the bye she is a sweet little girl, if I may judge from her appearance, my acquaintance with her is very slight, but my dear Thomas if you take my advice you will never come to Virginia for a wife, choose one whose



education and habits are similar to your own. I have  
seen too many ill arranged matches not to tremble at  
the idea of another of the family being connected  
with a stranger. I hope it may be the fate of Mary  
and Rebecca to be united to some worthy Philadelphia  
I have thought with some uneasiness of the probability of  
their being permanently established so far from the  
family, it is scarcely possible that I shall continue to  
drag on this kind of existence many years, and it  
would be a great source of pleasure to me if I  
could believe the balance of their days would be  
passed among friends who know and love them, but  
they are in the hands of him who has promised  
to be a father to the fatherless, and who knows best  
what will most conduce to their present and eternal  
welfare. I have myself been very home sick for  
several weeks past, there are but few objects here  
that interest my feelings in any way, reading, play-  
ing on the piano, and a solitary walk in the woods  
are my only amusements, I derive but little plea-  
sure from visiting, or receiving visits, the good people  
here are strongly influenced by the power and love  
of scandal, it is necessary in all companies to be exten-  
sively guarded in conversation, if one inadvertent expression  
drops from your lips, it directly assumes the size and  
shape of some terrible monster, I have ever from my  
heart despised ill nature, and envy, and how I shall

continue to avoid and hate it, I can not here as I was  
accustomed to do at home express the sentiments and  
feelings of my heart, reserve and cold caution now  
must mark my intercourse with society, if I escape the  
evil tongue of the slanderer, were it not for the few  
whom I still fondly love, I believe I should turn mis-  
anthrope, fly to the woods, and have nothing more  
to do with the world, but every year increases my  
regard for those whose friendship has stood the tests  
of time, absence, and adversity, and while they live  
my thoughts will have something pleasant to rest  
upon. I was greatly shocked and alarmed at the  
report that the yellow fever was in Philadelphia  
has since been contradicted, if it breaks out again  
I shall be miserable if I do not hear from some of  
you at least every week. I hope however you will  
all leave the city and as many of you as can, come  
to Leeburg. you have nothing to prevent your leaving  
home, and I will not hear that you do not intend  
paying us a visit this summer. Tell your dear Mother  
I wish she would write and let me know exactly  
when to expect her. Give my love to all our  
friends, and believe me as ever

Yours affectionately  
Susan H.

I am at a loss how to direct this, but shall I believe  
send it to William



Swamp  
1820

LEB 20  
AUG 20  
1820

18 1/2

Thomas A. Bruce Esq.

Attorney at Law

Philadelphia

Leesburg August - 1820.

My dear Thomas

I have been fretting and scolding at you all for the last month for not writing to me more frequently. if sickness or any other unavoidable circumstances prevents my answering your letters punctually, there is not one of my friends that will take the trouble of enquiring the cause of my silence, if any one of you knew my great anxiety to hear from Philad<sup>a</sup> and could intrude but once my regret and disappointment when told "there are no letters", compassion if nothing else would induce you to write, I have already said so much on this subject without effect, that I believe this shall be the last time, for surely absence has weakened the affection of my friends, or even a hint would be sufficient, my sources of enjoyment are few, my situation altogether one of the most painful that can be endured, and if my own relations and intimate friends refuse to give me the only consolation and pleasure they have in their power, I must endeavour to ~~withdraw~~ my



thoughts and regard from them as much as possible, do not suppose my dear Thomas I mean all these approaches for you, on the contrary I return you my thanks for the kindness and affection I have received from you there are others in the family however that I cannot but hear censuring, if I lived as I once did in the midst of attached friends, and any one for whom I felt an esteem were absent, distressed and desolate as I am, I should not refuse to write to that one, although a dozen of my letters remained unanswered, but enough, I must endeavour to bear this also with patience - it is breaking another link in the small chain that binds me to earth, and if it only enables me to fix my affections more entirely upon that world, where afflictions find no entrance happy indeed will it be for me - I sometimes think it is not intended I should continue much longer in this state of existence and that infinite wisdom, sees proper to convince me gradually, that there is not one source of real or long continued happiness, that I may resign every thing with joyfulness rather than regret, I have no expectation of seeing you all again very soon if ever, the same reasons which prevent my leaving this place now, will in all probability influence my actions as long

as I live - I have too a kind of hope that something will occur to enable me to spend part of the winter among you, if I did not think you would laugh at me I should call my hope a presentiment, for a strange kind of impression of a change is constantly upon my mind, but whether this change is to be productive of pleasure or not I can not tell, and it is doubtless only because my wishes point that way that I suppose it means that I am to visit my dear native home -

I wish you would enquire about Hannah Howell I have wondered, and grieved that she has not written and should believe her sick if I did not know this is the season in which she generally leaves town for a few weeks if she is in town and not sick, show her this and tell her to take part of the scolding - Give my love most affectionately to all my dear dear friends, tell them if we are fated never to meet again upon this earth I hope we shall all be among the number of the blessed hereafter, when parting and sorrow can never again wound our hearts - Let me know when you write (which I expect will be soon) how you and Thomas are - When you are distributing my love do not forget to give a good share to our friend Bob - and his wife if she will accept it - from a stranger - With warm affection Mrs Lee requested me to offer you his compliments and say if you will come here he will do all in his power to make your visit agreeable - Yours - Susan



185

Martinsburg Va  
May 21. 1824

Susan.

Thomas A. Budd Esq  
Attorney at Law  
Philadelphia

Adams Bower May 19<sup>th</sup>

My dear Thomas

Which is better, to repent of your sin at a late hour, and then make all the reparation in your power, or to continue in the same course of offensive conduct? - You will say it needs no reflection to determine this question. It can be done without a reference to either Judge, or Jury - But will a confession of guilt, and strong expressions of penitence save a culprit from the punishment of the law? No - Then I throw myself upon the mercy of the Court, and appoint Thomas A. Budd Esq - to plead my cause against himself, a certain Lady named Francisca Lowber, and two claustrals of the name of Abeline I believe, who all bring heavy charges against me, they accuse me of idleness, forgetfulness and the like knows what all, simply because I would pay my debts, and give them later for later, - what monstrous accusations!!! If you will only have them all convicted of slander, I mean if my lawyer Thomas A. Budd will do it, he shall have a fine fee as soon as - as - as - I come into possession of my immense fortune - By the by I must give you a word of caution respecting this said Thomas A. Budd, he is a very clever fellow in some respects, but he is a most uncivil extortioner



He has a poor little aunt, who lives away off some where in Virginia, from whom he demands line for line, notwithstanding he knows she has hardly time to make a pen - If it were not that I feel a little sort of regard for him, in spite of his misdeemeanors, I should not employ him in this business. Don't tell him this however, or perhaps he may not be so active, and eloquent, in the settlement of my quarrels as I wish -

You will wonder what has put me in such fine spirits just now - Is it wonderful think you that a prisoner should exult in the prospect of approaching liberty - or that a fair lady should smile when she puts on a becoming dress to pay a visit? In latter than situation is your sweet little aunt at this moment - no not exactly either for her travelling dress is not absolutely on her back, but it is in readiness, and she only waits a summons from Congress to be arrayed in all its charms - You have heard I suspect from Mary Stevenson, who is to have the high and mighty honour of escorting me - as the honourable gentleman is a stranger to me except from the representation of a friend he is little aware of the superlative felicity he will enjoy in my charming society - Travelling for three days and nights

without six hours rest, or sleep, will certainly brighten my wit, and give my colloquial powers fresh vigour - What a store of enjoyment is before the good man!!

Judge Barker from Mississippi is at present in this neighbourhood - If he return to that country before the honourable body thinks proper to rise from its seat, I will request his protection to Cincinnati - I have not yet seen him but shall I expect in a few days - His brother is a cousin of Mrs. Fancher's - I will write to your Mother as soon as I ascertain exactly the time of my departure - Don't let the Cincinnati folks know of my arrangements, I intended to surprise them -

Besides, my habits are now so active that it would confuse me somewhat, if my appearance should be greeted by the ringing of bells, firing of cannon &c - Give my love to all the good people that have the honour of being related to me - Also to my highly valued friends Mr and Mrs. Lathrop - Cal. North and family &c -

Don't write to me again until you hear of my being in Cincinnati - I shall certainly be off before a letter could reach me here -

Goodbye well - May the blessings of Heaven rest upon you all - Your affectionate Aunt  
Susan



Susan

Thomas St. Budd

Attorney at Law

Philadelphia

Nashville Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup>

My dear Thomas

It is a very long time since I addressed a letter to you, but the truth is I have felt myself so much neglected by my friends in Philad<sup>a</sup> that I have determined not to write again to any of you. I feel, and have long felt like a broken link in the great chain of creation, of consequence to no one, and but little attached to life myself. Many persons might suppose I have but little cause for sorrow, but they have never known the bitterness of a pruned heart in a situation like mine. I have no earthly hope, and I care not how soon the grave may terminate my cares. There is nothing before me but poverty, or dependance, from both of which I shrink with equal horror. I am willing and anxious to make some exertions for my own support, but every thing of the kind meets with so much opposition here, that I am like one walking through deep sands with heavy clogs to my feet, all draw me back, instead of helping me forward.

I went to Cincinnati with the intention of establishing myself in a small, genteel house, and



receiving about 8 gentlemen as permanent boarders, and  
in this I am sure I should have succeeded, if the  
family there had been disposed to interest themselves in  
my favour. Hetty I believe would have done so, but  
Mr Jones, was very much against it. His objections are  
entirely selfish, he says "what will the world think if  
Mr Watson and myself with our means do not support him  
ourselves," and yet I have never received even the most trifling  
present from him, nor do I desire it, I would rather starve  
than receive favours of a pecuniary nature from any  
one. Hetty occasionally sends me some articles of dress  
but it is always done with strict injunctions not to  
let Mr Jones know it, such gifts it is degrading to me to  
receive, and nothing but my dislike to wound her feelings  
induces me to do it. Mr Watson is a different kind of being  
he is willing to advance what money it would be  
necessary for me to have to open the kind of establishment  
I wish, but she advises me not to undertake it, and  
indeed I am afraid to do so with borrowed money, for I  
should be miserable if I did not return it, and that  
too in a short time. I have written this long preamble  
not to excite your pity, nor for the pleasure of complaining  
but merely with a hope that it may stimulate you  
to make some exertions to save, or recover the balance

of my father's estate, if it be but a little it will be of  
consequence to Sarah and myself. Mr Brown appears to  
give it a little of his attention that I as one of the  
heirs request you to take it out of his hands, and  
give it to a younger, and more attentive lawyer. If  
you have any wish that I should be benefitted by it  
do not delay, for I am, and am ever fast destroying  
a constitution never very robust, and if it come not  
soon, in all probability it will never come to me.

I wish you to write me an exact statement of  
the present situation of the estate, or whether there be  
any life. I wish you to be very particular  
with this letter, if Mr Jones were to learn in what  
manner I speak, and think of him, it would make  
him my bitter enemy. Prune it therefore without delay.

I wish you would offer an apology for me  
to Mary Buddle for my having sent her the kind  
of money I did in the spring. It was done without  
reflection for I know, Nashville paper will not pass  
there without discount. I will send her better by  
the first opportunity. My love to all our  
friends.

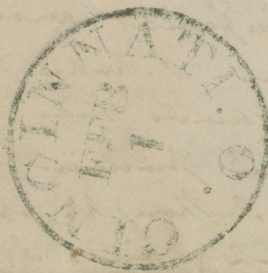
Yours affectionately  
Susan



dear Thomas but I have no room on my paper, and I fear you will  
be glad of it - Give my love to your mother, wife, and our other  
friends - Kiss your dear little boy 50 times for me, and teach  
him the name of his aunt Susan - Tell him he has  
several sweet little buck-eye cousins who would be delighted  
to see him this side of the mountain - I wish you and William  
would come, I need not I suppose even hope for your mother or  
any of the woman-kind until the rail road is done - Don't forget to give  
my love to your aunt Sarah and the girls - May God bless you all -  
S. Mayhead -

Q

Thomas ed. Buelor  
Attorney at Law.  
Philadelphia



Jan 30  
1835

Cincinnati Jan. 30<sup>th</sup> 1835

My dear Thomas

I have several times since the reception  
of your last letter almost determined that I would  
not answer it, lest you should begin to think that  
nothing but my wish for cash can draw a line from  
me, and that when any such prospect is before me  
I am ready enough to write. But then again I have  
thought it would be an ungrateful return for the interest  
you manifest for me to take no notice of it, and  
have resolved to write immediately. The latter which  
has the ascendancy to night, and here comes the result -

The bump which denotes the love of accumulating,  
(I forget what Phrenologists call it) has not grown larger  
since you knew me a gay, thoughtless girl, and yet it  
would give me sincere pleasure to know that something  
could be recovered from the wreck of my father's  
estate - I desire it especially for the sake of Sarah  
and Eliza who might be made much more comfort-  
able by it than they are at present. I desire it for my  
own sake, and has I happen to be in a confessional  
mood you shall know the why, and wherefore,  
though in telling it to you I know I betray one of  
the weak points in my character - From the time I  
first knew, and most deeply felt a reverse of fortune  
and the stings of dependence, I have ardently longed



for some resource in the money way that I could feel was independently my own - It is galling to me to receive my necessary supplies from any one, no matter how I may be related, or how willingly it may be offered - This I know to be unjustifiable, as it is, most troublesome pride but I cannot get rid of it - Do not suppose from this that Dr. Mershead is parsimonious towards me, for I assure you it is not the fact, as far as his means go he very cheerfully gratifies my wants, and wishes, and this kind of feeling (or pride) cancelled in my breast long before I was acquainted with him, the first time I knew it formed a part of my character was when a gift was offered to my necessities for the first time and by a — sister — Never shall I forget the tumult that gift caused in my breast, most ungraciously did I receive it, and oh! how bitter was the conflict with myself on every such occasion — I felt then that it was wrong, I feel still that it is wrong, but I cannot root it out — I feel it now though not so acutely even in the relation in which I am placed with Dr. M — you have now my dear Thomas the secret which prompted all my letters respecting my father's estate, it is not avarice, but pride that makes me so anxious for cash — By the bye Mr Jones told me that William was a little hurt by the enquiries I had made of you, believing it proceeded from want of confidence in him — I beg he will dismiss all such thoughts now, and forever — I had been in the habit of writing more frequently to you than to him, and I supposed he was not in the city, I have always felt a warm affection for him, and never even dreamed

of his acting unfaithfully, or with bad management in the business — I do not understand what you mean by the doubt upon my claim, unless it be one which originated I think with your unfortunate uncle William when he paid for a set of plate, and advanced some money for furnishing a house — At the time it was named I think it was agreed by the other heirs that as the same had been done for the elder branches of the family previously to my father's death, that it was proper it should be done for me — I remember distinctly that I was charged with a pair of plate left to me by my mother, and given to her as a keepsake by her brother — and with my piano bought and paid for by my father himself — Is this what you allude to?

Your friends here are all well, I paid a visit to Sarah & Eliza in Oct. The latter with her husband and three children returned with me, and staid two weeks.

Dear Rebecca like yourself has had the great affliction of losing a lovely child, nothing but the firm belief that he who sends us sorrows is infinitely wise, and good can in any way reconcile us to them — I hope this affliction has been a support to you both — Friends may sympathize, but they cannot relieve the anguish of mind produced by such causes.

Most tenderly, and sadly here I thought of you both — Your poor arm too has given you great pain — I thank God you were not killed — William is a sufferer in this ever changing world, poor fellow his loss is great indeed — Give my warm love to him, and tell him I still love, and often think of him.

Oh! when I think of you all, and your dear mother I feel as if I could not stay from you any longer, I would give almost any thing to be with you again in the little chamber, and perhaps the day may yet come when we shall all meet there — If not there is another and a better world where I pray to God ~~we~~ may all be assembled to part no more — I could write a long time to you my



to be about 1 o'clock for luncheon and return to our lodgings for dinner at 6 o'clock - I go to bed every night weary from excitement - I shall write a letter every night until I have my package ready for the next steam ship. If you my dear sister are not pleased with this postscript I will write to you separately next time - With much love to Ann Eliza, William, Mr. Lovell, Mary and all my other friends I am most affectionately your sister, and aunt - Susan -

The Doctor's brother Sam has just arrived here for the purpose of escorting us to Ireland. It is I assure you a great pleasure to see the face of a friend in this land of strangers. I have not forgotten your kindness dear Thomas in

to be forwarded from Boston  
by Cunard's line of  
Steam Packets -

Thomas C. Brudenell Esq.  
Attorney at Law  
Philadelphia  
United States

coming to N. York to see us off. how wonderful I felt when you left us - I shall expect a long letter from you and sister Fanny very soon - direct to me at Croughmachers - Newbliss - Ireland - The first is the name of the Dr's place - does it not sound Irish? - I scarcely know how to close my letter. I have so much to say, but I shall write again from Ireland - Ever more farewell, May God be with you all -  
Put on the left hand corner of your letter.  
Under forwarded from Boston  
by Cunard's line of  
Steam Packets -

Susan

You must pay the postage  
to Boston or your letters will not  
be forwarded.

London August 24<sup>th</sup> 1840

My dear Thomas

As your mother is so faithless a correspondent - but I have devised a scheme by which I hope and expect to have a regular reply to my letters, which scheme is, to make you a partner with her in all future letters, and I shall trust to you to see that she performs her part of the duty.

Our gallant vessel (thanks to the protecting care of almighty God) brought us here in safety in thirteen and a half days after we left N. York. If we had chosen our own weather it could not have been more favourable, for more than a week we had bright sunshine, and a perfectly calm sea, after that we had higher winds, but always in the right direction for us. The last few days were so cold that every body was glad to wrap up in the warmest cloaks, but we had nothing even approaching to a storm during the whole passage. Mr. Dr. Martin and I were compelled to keep our berths from sea sickness about two days, after that I was the only complaining one, Mat soon got her sea legs as the phrase is, and could run about like an old sailor. I was not so fortunate, without being ill I was most uncomfortable all the time, and was truly rejoiced and I hope thankful when we reached the shore. Most of the passengers left the vessel at Portsmouth but as we wished to have a good view of the Thames we continued in it to this port, and we were



amply compensated for so doing, by the beauty and variety of the scene, there is none of the grand majesty of nature such as we see at home, but it is a fine bold shore with beautiful hills rising from the sea all in the highest state of cultivation down to the very edge of the water, but I was particularly delighted with the antique appearance of the buildings, so entirely unlike anything I ever saw before, one or two old castles, with their iron crenellated towers, and several old churches also literally and truly partly covered with ivy adorned the landscape. One or two English men on board were continually calling my attention to the number of ships that were sailing round us in every direction, and it was truly wonderful, but I have no taste for ships, and in spite of their importunities I would look at the shore, I believe they thought me something more than half a fool, for not admiring more that of which they are so proud.

I will not undertake to tell you the appearance of Blackwall at which place we landed, the narrow dirty street, and the crowd of people of the lowest rank that beset us almost fighting for our baggage and ourselves was any thing but agreeable. In the midst of it however I was much interested by the sight of some lascars from India in their native costume, they were dark as our negro but with very different features, one or two had fine noble faces. We were fortunate in making an acquaintance in the vessel with an English officer and his wife, who brought us to the house in which they and we are now lodging, without

some such assistance a stranger would scarcely know what to do, or where to go. London is a world in itself. Thousands and thousands of human beings are constantly rushing through the streets in every direction. The eye becomes weary of looking at the moving mass. It is really a relief to turn to the old, antiquated block looking buildings. These I can not as yet undertake to describe, nor can I express to you the deep interest they excite.

I have been to Westminster Abbey - and for a wonder it far surpasses all previous expectation. It inspires a feeling of awe and veneration that a person must experience before they can understand. Even little Mat was so impressed by it that she scarcely spoke above a whisper during the hours we passed there.

For myself the excitement and fatigue made me absolutely sick. I was obliged to go to bed the instant I reached home. I try to give you a better account of it when I see you again. The effect was so overpowering that I am not able to speak very accurately on the subject. We spent about 4½ hours to day at St. Pauls. It is a magnificent building but I was not half so much impressed by it as with the Abbey, just as we were descending from the cupola (more than 6 hundred steps) we heard the sound of the organ and proceeding to the chapel remained during the service which is performed I believe twice a day, 8 little boys dressed in white robes chanted the service most beautifully, and such an organ I never before heard, but the prayers were not read with the solemnity, and simplicity I have been accustomed to at home, and did not so well suit my ideas of religious worship.

To-morrow we expect to go to the tower. Our practice is to breakfast about nine o'clock, go out immediately after, stop wherever we may chance



high with any body here - one as far as I can learn does not escape, though some  
of the very party pretend to believe their statements of us - I have not yet had  
an opportunity to see many of the great folks, they do not generally come to  
town until the meeting of Parliament - when they do come I shall only look at  
them at a distance, for between the high nobility, and the rest of Adam's race there  
is a great gulph which cannot be passed - We have letters to some in the higher  
classes but the doctor will not deliver them - not even the one he has to our minister.

By the Royal Mail Packet  
Via Boston  
PAID  
JAN 2  
Thomas C. Brainerd  
Philadelphia  
United States

done of the building here are magnificent, and some even of the  
antiquity, look gloriously enough - The Duke of Devonshire has been looking at the  
one still in progress - I think Mr. B. you will not say this letter is the worst.  
I hope my letter to John Quincy Adams (who is to have half of this letter, though  
the work is almost entirely finished) will be the same, and see that you know I  
wrote none of it last term - If I have in time of Mr. Forsyth give my letter  
to him - And now dear Thomas I must bid you adieu - I am much love  
Mr. B. and Mrs. B. and much love

London December 30<sup>th</sup> 1840

My dear Thomas

Your kind, and prompt answer to my letter deserves  
a better return than I have given, but you know me to be a most  
miserable correspondent, and will therefore the more readily pardon  
my transgressions, especially as you also know how many letters I write  
home - If my friends lived in one place I should send off a regular  
journal by every mail packet, which would serve for all who feel enough  
interest in me to read my letters, but unfortunately you are all so far  
apart that this cannot be done, and I must either write one thing several  
times, or only give each a detached part of our adventures, which I am  
conscious is not very satisfactory - I have reserved one interesting event  
for you, and your mama, she used to have a spice of poetry in her  
compositions, and you have it still, enough at least to be gratified with  
a description of my new acquaintance Thomas Campbell - I have always  
been a great admirer of his writings, that I believe if I had been told  
when I came here that I should form but one acquaintance, and the choice  
of that one been left to me, he would have been the one selected, for  
independent of his talents, there is a something connected with his name  
that carries me back to other days.

It has so happened that a very old friend of the  
doctor's, who once lived here, returned on a visit this winter from Spain  
his present residence. He is a warm hearted, agreeable man, and has been  
exceedingly kind, and attentive to us. When I told him how much I  
wished to see Mr. Campbell, (with whom he was acquainted) he called on him  
and invited him to meet us at his lodgings at dinner - Mr. C. was sick  
and could not go, but being informed by Dr. Gorman of my wish, he  
immediately took down my address, and said he would call to see  
me, which he did the very next day - I was just recovering from the effect  
of one of my head aches, and with my pillow, and books, was luxuriating on  
the sofa, when Mr. Campbell sent up his name - My first impulse was to  
not see him, as I was of course rather in dishabille, but I obeyed the



second, and desired him to be shewn up stairs to our parlour. I felt that his prompt, and unceremonious visit deserved a ready, and ardent reception, and such he received. When he entered the room all my youthful admiration of his talents was so present with me, that self was forgotten. I rose from my pillow, and met him with all the warmth of old acquaintance. He sat with us more than an hour, and said he should call very often, he has been several times since, and dined with us twice. Mr. Campbell is a small man with rather delicate features, his eyes are light coloured and rather dull when he is not speaking, but in conversation they frequently brighten up, and beam with something of the poet's fire. He is social, and agreeable, with the manners of a gentleman, entirely unpretending and unaffected. He has just enough of the Scotch accent to be very pleasant. I love to hear him speak, especially when he praises America, which he often does. I told him how great a favourite he was with Americans, and thanked him for the interest he had given to a part of my native state by making it the scene of one of his poems. One day he brought me a copy of some of his verses in his own hand writing, and desired me to write them off for him in return, which I did, and my dear Son what will you think of me when I tell you that I handed them to him with some of my own rhymes on the same sheet. I absolutely blush when I think of it, it was one of my sudden impulses, and certainly a silly one, but the deed is done, and cannot be recalled. As I gave them to him, I will copy them for you, for I know you will be anxious to see the full proof of my folly, but mind me - nobody else is to know anything about it.

If from thy Genius I could steal,  
One ray of light divine;  
My pen should speak the thanks I feel,  
For this sweet gift of thine -  
From early youth my soul hath hung,  
In rapture o'er thy lays,  
Each muse thy magic muse hath sung,  
I loved in other days -  
And this, thy gift, sweet Bard shall be,  
With my choice treasures placed.  
That future years, and friends may see,  
The lines that Campbell traced -

What think you of your poor old Aunt now? That she is in her dotage I fear - I know in one thing you will agree with me, and that is, that the society of such a man is worth more than a year's income with a hundred every day kind of people. You would laugh I am sure, to see me hunting out the old houses, where the

distinguished men of other days lived, just that I may have a peep at the poor old walls, farther than that I cannot go, for most of them are now occupied by a very different race. One of the wonders of London is, that you may often turn out of the most noisy, crowded streets, into some little court, and in an instant find yourself in perfect quiet, and retirement, the effect is almost like magic. The house in which Dr. Johnson lived, for some years, and where he still stands in one of these courts off Fleet St.

I am waiting for a fine day to visit the chapel in which Mr. Wesley preaches. It is close to the burial ground, where Dr. Hae, Bunyan, and some other celebrated men are lying. I have more pleasure in hunting up such spots, than in seeing the grandeur of the present day, but I look at that too I assure you whenever I have a chance. The weather has been such almost ever since our return here that we have been obliged to stay at home rather more than I like. You have heard of London fogs, but you need not desire to see them. We are sometimes obliged to light our lamps at midday. The Spring is the time to visit England, if we all live until the return of that season I expect to be very busy sight seeing. I have not yet been to Windsor, or Twickenham.

The doctor is buried in books, and scientific lectures. Sister Mat is also very busy, with her governess who attends her every morning. She is in fine health. You will learn from Hannah Howel that I did not like Ireland, or I will say no more about it. Dublin is the dirtiest place I ever saw, and the number of beggars is truly frightful.

They are also very numerous here, I am not I suppose a competent judge of those things, but I must think notwithstanding, that their poor laws are very defective, and that the vast sums of money collected for the poor are not judiciously applied, or there could not be so much suffering as I see on every side. The longer I am on this side of the Atlantic the more firmly, and warmly I am an American, before I came here I was but half a republican, now I am wholly, and decidedly one. Oh if I had but the pen of Mrs. Colclough how I could lash John Bull - yet it would be wrong to do so, for there is much, very much to admire and revere in him. I never heard any American censure the ill natured remarks of some English writers more severely than Mr. Campbell does. Miss Martineau he absolutely hates. by the bye I don't think she stands very



I could not accomplish, as it is occupied by another family - I cannot express the deep interest I feel when I chance to be on the very spot celebrated for some event in history - you would share with me in such <sup>as it is called</sup> enthusiasm, I know, and I wish you could have an opportunity to do so - Before this you will have heard that all hope for the safety of the splendid vessel the President is at an end. It must be lost, but no one knows how. I have seldom heard any thing that affected me so deeply, indeed it has created a universal sensation every where - The unfortunate Capt. was commander of the British Queen when we came over - He changed his post but a short time since - It is thought in England that large steam vessels will not answer, and a similar fate is predicted for the British Queen. May the Almighty avert so great a disaster - We were all sorry, but not surprised to learn the death of Genl. Harrison - His weak frame could not endure the excitement he had been in during the elections - I trust the change is a happy one for him -

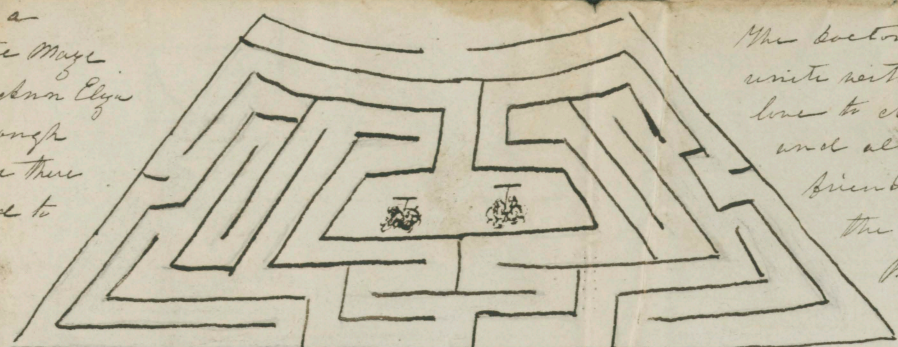
Anaghmakere April - 1841

My dear Thomas

It is so long since I received a letter from you (indeed I have had but one) that I begin to think you intend to behave as shabbily towards me as some of my other correspondents, but as there is a possibility that you may have written, and your letter miscarried I will not give you up on suspicion. It is yours, and your partner's turn to have a few lines from me, and I am determined to perform my part of the engagement faithfully, until I have positive proof of your negligence and then, I shall not promise that I will not retort - We left London very much to my regret about two weeks ago, and after staying a few days in Dublin came on here, where we occupy a large half furnished house quite in a retired part of the country - The change is great, but I shall defer all remarks on Ireland for another time, at present I want to tell you more of England - A short time before we left that emporium of the world, London we visited Richmond Hill, Twickenham, Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, Virginia Water &c -

Richmond is you know celebrated for the beauty of its scenery. The English speak of it in raptures, and it is pretty, very pretty, but not to be compared with a thousand views we have at home - When you reach the top of the hill you see a beautiful, and highly cultivated valley on one side, quiet, and sweetly peaceful looking, but not even bordering on the sublime, or grand - at least so I thought, and I believe any American accustomed to our magnificent scenery would agree with me - Though I should not dare to say so in England - I was exceedingly disappointed when we reached Twickenham to find that Peepo Hill had been destroyed

By the Royal Mail Packet  
to Boston  
Thomas Ed. Butler Esq.  
attorney at Law  
Fourth new Walnut St.  
Philadelphia  
United States -  
1841  
D. W. M.



I have given you a rough sketch of the maze - tell me if you, and Ann Eliza found your way through it very easily - I hear there is another boy added to your establishment. accept my affectionate congratulations -

Mr. Docton and Martha write with me in much love to Ann Eliza, William and all our other dear friends - I will write to the girls by the next packet - May God be with you all - Susan -

The Maze -



Lady Howe the present owner of the premises had it pulled down that she might build a larger one for herself on the site - The 6th, if I had my way she should never have a better dwelling than a cabin - By dint of determined perseverance I gained admission to his quarters which for a wonder still remain pretty much as he left it - You remember what a hobby it was with him. The place where he used to sit and write was pointed out to us, it was near a window level with the ground, fronting the Thames - the roof, and sides were covered in the usual way with stones, and shells, one of these had dropped from its place on the floor, and I most honestly very quietly picked it up, and put it in my bag - Several busts, one of himself occupied the niches. The root of the old willow tree had been placed in it, a small piece of which I procured for a letter case, (the Englishman's God) - You know the history of this tree, therefore I need not trouble you with it - Hampton Court was, you know erected by Cardinal Wolsey for his own residence but finding it excited the jealousy of his master Henry 8<sup>th</sup> he like a wily courtier as he was presented it to his majesty pretending that it had been built for that purpose - You may judge of its extent when I tell you that the 26 large rooms shewn to strangers form but a very small part of the whole - The walls are hung with pictures, many of them portraits of the old Kings and queens - The beds of the late queen Charlotte, William & Mary, and Anne are still standing as they left them, when they were removed to their last resting place, the cold, and silent grave - That of queen Charlotte was in good preservation, the curtains, and spread were of delicate blue satin richly embroidered the cornice sumptuously gilded - the others were of crimson velvet a good deal tattered, and the worse for wear as might be expected from their age - The grounds are extensive, and handsomely improved - In one part is a labyrinth, or maze, which affords visitors much amusement. The object is to get to the trees in the centre, but it is so arranged that

although it covers but one quarter of an acre of ground a stranger might wander in it for hours without reaching them - I will copy it for you in one corner of my paper - shrubs five or six feet high are planted on each side of a narrow walk, according to the drawing I shall give you - A person stands on an elevation at the entrance from which he directs you which path to pursue if you drive it, some choose to puzzle it out themselves - Martha was the first of our party to gain the trees, and I assure you she was not a little elated -

I saw much in England that I thought very splendid, and beautiful but all the palaces, and their rich decorations were thrown in the shade by Windsor Castle - It is in truth a princely establishment, but I must reserve a description of it for my next letter - Amongst other places of interest that I hunted out in London I may number the chapel in which Mr. Wesley used to preach - The services were similar to the Episcopalian, and not like those of the Methodists in our country - I went to his grave which is near the church, Adam Clark reposes by his side, immediately across the road is Bunhill grave yard, there I saw the graves of Bunyan & Dr. Watts - Dr. H. and Richard Cromwell are also buried there but I could not find the spot - I gathered some leaves from each of these which I have carefully preserved.

The preacher we heard at the Chapel was very different from the good old founder of it - Every time I looked towards the pulpit, I pictured to myself the venerable form that once officiated there, and could not but contrast him with the piece of affectation that then filled his place - The house that Mr. Wesley lived in stands ~~very~~ near the church it is the same I believe about which there were so many strange stories -

I waited until every body had left the building, and then I beset the pro-secutor with questions, he answered them all very civilly, and shewed me the window of the room in which <sup>Mr. Wesley</sup> ~~he~~ died - I should have been glad to have got inside of it, but that, with all my lately acquired impudence



the English, whom I cannot endure - By the bye the doctor  
and I differ in our politics, he is something of a radical  
and thinks much better of the punks than I do -

If Mrs Parker be with you  
give my love to her, she is to me like a sister of by gone days -

Anaghmore Feb 26<sup>th</sup> 1844

My dear Thomas

By the packet which will carry this  
you will receive some letters addressed to & Mr. who  
expects to be in Philad<sup>a</sup> about the time of their arrival  
and desired me to send them to your care - Pray take  
notice of your title on the back, I give it to you without  
knowing whether there is any difference between that, and  
attorney in America, but here it is much more honourable  
so much so, that two brothers, the one a Counselor, and  
the other attorney more in different spheres of life - The  
one can visit at the Vice Regal Court, the other would  
not be received - What think you of or vice a distinc-  
tion? - To me it seems perfectly ridiculous -

If you take any interest in the affairs of this  
ill fated country, you know that it has appeared to be on  
the very verge of a revolution for some months past.

Early in the winter, there was great excitement, and many  
serious apprehensions, especially in the South, but the ferment  
has greatly subsided, and order is in a great measure restored

How all will eventually end, no one can say, the  
Catholic party are generally in favour of a Repeal of the  
Union - Their leader (Colonel) has been tried before the

Thomas St. Butler Esq  
Counselor at Law  
Philadelphia  
United States

By the Royal Mail  
Steam Packet

1844

ONE  
FEB 25  
1844

7500  
500  
250  
7750

Give my love most affectionately to your mother, and Mrs. Allen  
the latter I am still doing with the carriage work, and  
have nearly finished the whole furniture of a room - Give my  
love also to the children, I shall visit them soon - What is  
William doing? Give my love to him, and all the young  
folks - I shall expect a long letter in return for this second  
card you are kind of me and it - God bless you all -



the court, and found guilty of many charges, the principle of which is conspiracy against the government - sentence is not to be pronounced until the next term which will be early in April. In the mean time he has gone to England to take his seat in the House of Commons, where no doubt another flame will be kindled - It is very natural that the Catholics should wish for a parliament in Dublin, and in that wish no doubt every protestant would unite with them, but for the dread of its ending in papal supremacy, which certainly is the greatest curse that can be inflicted on any land - Bitter animosities have always existed between the two parties in this country, nor will it ever cease.

The whigs say, "give them more power, and they will be at peace"; the tories on the other hand think nothing will satisfy them but the utter extirpation of the protestant church, and that if they rise, the other must fall.

The Irish priests of the present day, are generally ignorant, vulgar men, from the lowest rank of life. partially educated in the hot bed of all abominations (Maynooth) and ready to promote the interests of "Mother Church," by any means, or in any way - The unfortunate people (as in all Catholic countries) are entirely under their influence. Sinning against God is a venial crime, but not to obey the priest is to doom themselves to purgatory, or a worse

place - So thinking, they are but machines, moved about at the will of a set of wily jesuits. At this time O'Connell is the idol of the people, and well it is for them that he is not a priest, for he has other objects of interest besides the promotion of papal power, which they have not, and to do him justice, although he has been the cause of all the present excitement, he does every thing that man can do to prevent an outbreak, and bloodshed. Were he of a different temperament a civil war would now be raging through the country - O'Connell, and the people will endure his punishment (if punished he be) is only known above - [redacted] will open a new page in the history of Ireland if it is submitted to quietly - You will think that I should become a great politician, the truth is, no one can be here long without becoming a little tinctured, and this winter nothing else has been thought of - During O'Connell's trial, you would have laughed to see Martha, her governess and I, at the news-papers. We denounced them. Even Martha would go through every speech, and some of them were long enough. But perhaps the most amusing part to you would have been our comments. Martha, and her governess were for having poor Dan hanged without judge, or jury, but I (though the doctor says I am a "sane body") was more merciful, and vented some of my fury upon