

*Robertson*  
(From Mary <sup>^</sup> to John C. Bullitt)

*OK #45*  
Warrenton Springs

*Langwier*, Va. Aug. 29th, 1844 -

*Verity* *OK*

Perhaps my dear friend you have wondered at my unusual silence the more so, since it was your request that I should write immediately on receipt of your last kind letter - And yet in a dense crowd of no less than eight hundred <sup>how</sup> can I collect my scattered thoughts sufficiently to write a readable epistle? In the first place, let me thank you sincerely for your very kind sympathies regarding my health; believe me I feel deeply grateful for your solicitude, & <sup>am</sup> happy to say that I am better now than I have been for some time - For nearly a year my health has been very precarious - & I have had no less than 13 serious attacks - for several weeks however I have been improving and have fattened - Whilst at old Point I was exceedingly ill but fortunately Dr. Jackson of Phila. was with me - and most devoted - You must not be uneasy about me again my dear Friend - I shall try to keep well not - at present <sup>am</sup> ~~am~~ an invalid from lameness - owing to the bite of a mosquito; from which I have suffered much - and today have not left my room - Enough of self - We arrived here a few days since - finding an immense crowd - but some acquaintances, and <sup>some</sup> choice people in it - The place is beautiful - but I am fast losing my taste (which I think was never exquisite) for society - I feel out of place in so large an assembly & so pleasure-seeking a one as this - Ball every night - fine band which plays almost constantly - But there is too much noise, bustle & confusion - & I do think, if I <sup>am</sup> ~~were~~ ever so fortunate as to have a quiet comfortable home of my own I shall never wish to leave it - what a domestic little wife I shall make, don't you think? I wish you were here. You would enjoy it much as you are fond of dancing and merriment - and I'm sure would feast on the sunny smiles & bright glances, in which one can bask. I have never seen so rare a collection of beauty & grace - which speaks well for the dear

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old Dominion - some of her daughters are certainly very beautiful  
 and none scarcely more so than your fair cousin, & my townswoman  
 Agnes Gaines - I wish much that you could see her - she is all  
 anxiety to see her Kentucky relatives - said she meant to have  
 you - I told her Agnes B. had a prior claim - but you had a brother  
 and many cousins whom I thought she might easily fancy - she is  
 however at present the engagee of <sup>Mr.</sup> ~~William~~ Little <sup>577</sup> a sensible agreeable  
 young lawyer of Fredericksburg - who is perfectly devoted - and  
 never leaves for an instant - in these uncertain times, when an en-  
 gagement is no sign of marriage, I would advise Mr. L. to be less  
 sanguine though just now all things seem in his favor - The lovely  
 Belle <sup>Stevenson</sup> ~~Thurston~~ of Fredericksburg has just left - such perfect  
regularity of feature, and grace of form I have never seen, -  
 but to me she lacks expression, & this constitutes beauty in my  
 opinion - she much resembles E. Shallcross - who by the way is  
<sup>ere</sup> married ~~is~~ this I presume - Bettie Robertson of Rich<sup>d</sup> is  
Ma Belle Petite - all peace and gentleness - Miss Calanite = Green =  
 Stuart = Christian & the fair but inanimate Edmonia <sup>ambler</sup> ~~Fuller~~ - [?]  
 I might name dozens more and wish I could select your badge from  
 this brilliant constellation. I think you have some confidence  
 in my taste and judgment in these matters - our quondam friend  
 Major Leach of whom you have doubtless heard is also here - and  
 is our nominal protector - Brother <sup>not</sup> ~~is~~ being able to remain so  
 long as we wished. <sup>A</sup> Yesterday a grand tournament came off - I  
 was disappointed - The age of chivalry has passed away never to  
 return, I fear - & I like not its wrecking. Nine true knights  
 entered the lists yesterday - some rode splendidly - the knight  
 of <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ Prescent Mr. Stockton of Phila. was victor, and crowned Miss  
 Forest of Washington as queen of ~~inexhaust~~ love & Beauty <sup>Q</sup>  
 last night - the coronation opened a Fancy Ball <sup>Several words</sup> ~~I am not~~ legible  
 the sight was most novel - I felt not well - or in spirits to enjoy  
 so gay a scene - I hear Stockton selected Miss B. Robertson as the  
 ladye of his love but she declined the honor - Our room is very near



the ball room & I can do nothing when I hear good music so you must pardon all incoherencies. We shall leave here next week to attend <sup>bridal</sup> the ~~trial~~ of my cousin Lucy Robertson who on the 10th will surrender all <sup>claims</sup> ~~the charms~~ to her sweet self and name - to a handsome and intelligent young M. D. whose love for her has "grown with his <sup>growth</sup> ~~power~~ and strengthened with his strength".- Had loved her for seven long years and surely deserves his Rachel without serving seven more - such constancy is so very rare that I feel much inclined to sanction and encourage it by my presence - & shall accordingly appear officially - I am to stand with an adopted brother of mine Dr. Hinton of Petersburg - who is the choicest fellow. We have always called each other Sister & Bro. so there is no danger of an exchange of hearts - There seemed to be a mania for matrimony in and about Petersburg just now but I think the fever must soon exhaust itself for lack of subjects - from all accounts it has opened in epidemic form in Louisville too - I will not believe the rumor concerning Josh & Cynthia until he confirms it - when you see my old school fellow and friend Minnie C. remember me most affectionately to her - I have always loved her dearly, tho' of late years we have seen but little of each other, & I thought she had forgotten her old friend, & old <sup>association</sup> ~~association~~. Tell her - I hear regularly from her little sweetheart (what used to be) Charley Melwaine - he often speaks of her - & doubtless will return to his old ~~allegiance~~ allegiance, if she do but give him some encouragement - and you do not instigate a suit Mon Ami - doubtless you have yielded to your inclinations, if a fair opportunity presented itself since the night you betrayed such self denial in that delightful moonlight walk. - It waxes late I must say goodnight and finish tomorrow.

Remember me affec'y to all around you & talk to Josh about me sometimes. I don't want to be forgotten. Let me hear very soon from you in as long a letter as this. When you see Bob Bell please give him my best love.

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Friday No. 81 Here we are in a palace ~~uncomfortably~~ comparatively having just moved down from the Realms on High. I think I shall be much better pleased now than at first. It is becoming quite cold, almost too much so for Watering Places. We have found some pleasant acquaintances in a party from Williamsburg - all old friends of the Judge Browne's family. Mrs. Saunders Miss Barbara Page & Judge Christian and Daughter. I wish you could see the latter a ~~most~~ sweet interesting girl and very pretty. Kindly invites me to visit her next winter. I should like to do so, as I have ever been anxious to go to Williamsburg - Indeed feel as though I know many people there - having heard so much of them from the Brownes. Do you often see them? Remember me affec'y to them & say how much we like ~~them~~ their friends from whom we ~~we~~ learned the ~~melancholy~~ <sup>intelligent</sup> of Dr. Norbounne Gill's sudden death, strange we had not heard of it before. On dit that Sallie Ward will marry John W. Shreve. Impossible that she could discard <sup>Tom Kane</sup> ~~from~~ ~~June~~, who is so infinitely his superior in all respects for him. What can she be thinking of - Sally is a splendid looking girl - fine manners, &c - but I always thought lacked that great essential - soul - I like & admire her vastly - but I think she is not altogether reliable. Matt has ten thousand times more heart, and sincerity I know - & is in fact a noble fellow - if he does not become spoiled - do you ever meet with him? Your little song Love's Banquet I often play, it is the still much admired - tho I ~~enjoy~~ sing several others - very much prettier - Who paid me the compliment you alluded to? No indeed I have not forgotten The Berkshi <sup>?</sup> ~~(Indecipherable)~~ - nor shall I ever. <sup>mach</sup> What's become of Dick Allison? Has ~~he~~ <sup>mach</sup> "killed him dead"? How & where is Ellen? I want to write to her but think she is at the north with Julia Bacon - Agnes is staying at ~~my~~ a very beautiful place in Clarke County - Carter Hall from which she writes most glowing accounts of her ~~enjoy~~ enjoyment - I shall <sup>deliver</sup> ~~make~~ your "Christening Kiss" when I see her. What a Politician you have become. I have great hopes of meeting you in Washington <sup>yet</sup> as a very distinguished friend from

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Ky."!! Don't you want to witness Mr. Clay's Inauguration on the memorable 4th? I shall ~~tax~~ hope to be among the countless thousands & should be pleased to meet you Mr. Bullitt - how strangely that name sounds - or rather looks when applied to you by me - I wonder if I must ever be so polite as to call you so - but what nonsense - and my paper is quite gone - for aught I know your patience - write soon - to Genito ~~Votre amie~~

Mary

Votre amie

Addressed:

Mr. John C. Bullitt,

Care Mr. Wm. C. Bullitt,

Louisville, Kentucky.

Postmarked: 5

Warrenton Springs

Sep 1st

OK  
[R. T. Allison to John C. Bullitt, ~~Louisville, Ky.~~]

Lexington September 3.-1844

Dear John -

Do not judge from my delay in answering your letter, that I do not appreciate your kindness in writing me, nor think that my negligence - apparent only, - arose either from forgetfulness, or from a disinclination to continue a correspondence from which I derive so much pleasure. Your mother's positive injunction against writing by mail, has alone prevented my answering it, long since. That difficulty is at last happily obviated by a private conveyance afforded by the return of my father to Jefferson, after a sojourn of a few days which he has made with me on his return from Harrodsburg. - What can I write from Lexington that would interest you? ~~Nothing~~ I fear - for though it is as stirring as a boiling cauldron the actors are unknown to you - the chit-chat and scandal would be without point. ~~of~~ Lexington is certainly the gayest place that I ever visited, - being the rendezvous whence the "beauty & bravery" of this and the surrounding states, branch off to the various watering places. It has been for the last two months full of strangers whose only thought has been enjoyment. From this whirlpool I have kept aloof as much as possible, only occasionally diving in, on the arrival of some acquaintance, or for the purpose of gratifying the curiosity, or whiling away the tedium of my hours of relaxation - and, shall I confess it(?) sometimes merely for the purpose of enjoying a waltz for which, you know I have a decided "penchant". During the summer I have seen a great deal of beauty, elegance, refinement, intelligence & wealth, and a great many pretenders to each and all. ~~Several~~ of the beaux and belles of your good city have been here, & some ludicrous things could I tell, did they come within the compass of a letter. Among others Miss Ward is now "lionising it" - the observed of all observers. I am much more pleased with her than I ever thought I should be. She is a rare combination of beauty, fashion, wit, sarcasm, sprightli-

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ness - but wanting, I fear, soul, sensibility, heart - that modest retire (vid Shakespeare and Milton) that freshness of thought & of feeling which those hackneyed in the ways of the world, and of fashion cannot retain, - without which a woman excites in my bosom no other feeling than that which would arise from viewing an elegant piece of statuary - a beautiful wax-figure - or perhaps a charming danseuse. Her favorite themes, too, are her sincerity - her capability of loving - her disinterestedness - her wish for one constant devoted heart. Bah. She has offered to give me all her practice, if I will locate in Louisville !!!(?) Do you not think I should jump as the offer? Enough of such stuff - I have derived great benefit from my studies since I left Jefferson. Reading Selwyn and Chitty and following out their references - having the explanations of Madison Johnson who is esteemed one of the best lawyers in the state - bringing suits - writing declarations, bills in chancery &c I feel ten times more confidence in myself than when I left. Let me recommend Selwyn to your ~~personal~~. It is the best law book that I ever read. It is a most excellent preparation for the senior lectures - I trust that I shall see you here by the 1st of November & that we will mutually encourage and assist each other in acquiring a knowledge of our arduous profession. It will be no child's play next winter I think. It seems that every town, village & neighborhood intends sending its champion to contest the first honours. Well as Fitz James to Roderick Dhu I cry - "Come one - Come all".

So you are carrying on your old game. "Prenez <sup>ar</sup> ~~grade~~" - it is like walking amongst quick-sands - no telling at what moment you may be bogged. Your reply to the question was quite characteristic - I can almost see you making it. # Have you yet trained Miss Carmilite sufficiently to trust her on the track? Dont wager heavily on her - she carries too much weight to make a good race. Has Gus any notion of Miss Minnie - if so what progress does he make? By the bye I have heard that Mr. Smith had sold his place and intends going to Missouri. Give me the particulars. I am both pleased and sorry

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at what I hear from Josh - pleased at his successfull debut - sorry that he has entered upon the field of politics. However, I dont well see how he could withstand the temptation. Give him my respects and tell him that whether lawyer & politician or simply lawyer he has my best wishes for his success.

I see the "President" very often. He is in fine health and spirits. My father called on him a day or two since with some gentlemen from Tennessee. They were delighted with their visit. Everything here is in preparation to receive Gov Owsley to-morrow.

Yours truly -

R. T. Allison

10/5  
Addressed: John C. Bullett Esq Louisville Kentucky  
Lm

The Filson Historical Society

(John C. Bullitt to Miss Mary E. Robertson)

Oct 8th OxMoor

1844

Time & Woman wait for no man, I have always heard & so perhaps my Dear Friend, you will think when you have gotten through the chapter of gossip & chronicle of small beer, which I intend to inflict upon your reading patience.

But by way of beginning I will say that I recd your letter from Warrenton Springs & felt very much gratified, at the prospect of the recovery of your health - the more so as your constitution has been sufficiently tried, to prove its strength & elasticity.

I should have written to you sooner - but at that time I was very busy & continued so for two weeks, surveying a small tract of land, which Father has been adding on to his Lordly Domain of Ox Moor, & then in going over that of Ox Moor itself, with so much accuracy, as to present a perfect Map of all his possessions which to my Lazy fancy appeared immensely large. I then concluded to wait until the gaities of last week would give me ample compass for my sporting imagination & if I could <sup>go</sup> through, in this letter, all I did then, I think you would be amply compensated for the delay. The week began with the nuptials of Mrs. Thos. Kenneday & Miss Kate Anderson, at which the afsd Thos. appeared in attire equal to the "riggins of Billy Barlow", & at which, Mr. Sam Kenneday Mr. J.W. Shreeve & J.F. Bullitt officiated, with all the grace & elegance befitting their attendance upon the Prince of perfumes. Here I saw as strangers Miss Pope of Illinois who, one might almost think,



had been in the poet's eyewhen he said "she looks a goddess & she moves a queen" - At any rate as the saying is "She filled my eye" & my mind too for the evening - Miss Ward cant hold a candle to her, when you look at the divine essence that shines through every feature - Miss Wash of St. Louis - whose Italian half asleep beauty-affected air-trivial, but sprightly conversation & A'la' Ellsler waltzing contrasted not over well with the superior commanding excellencies of the former - & some two or three other Misses, all whose eulogies can be summed up in the short sentence - they were wall flowers. But I pass on to an occasion when I was a more conspicuous person two days afterward Miss Susan Thompson one of our County Belles found her Price (excuse a pun) & in a spirit like your own of encouragement to old things to become new-I consented to act as Groomesman on the occasion - the third time within nine months that I have done the like, which, say thewise, dooms me to be an Old Bachelor - & as the hitherto unfamiliar words in this part of the Country of - "With this ring I thee wed," were pronounced, I fancied I could trace the smile of reviving hope upon the countenances of many a fair one, who stood with arms folded & gazing with almost melancholy composure upon the interesting spectacle. There was one Miss Em. Price, whose native roseate hue would not indicate the ordinary use of cosmetics - but whose pouting lips, healthful ruddy cheek & stalwart arm would tell more strongly of "Bacon & Cabbage", (excuse me for if I remember aright they are favorites of yours) who caught my eye & fairly laughed outright at the goodly prospect. I know very little of what



passed afterwards. I had slept scarcely any for 48 hours, had acted as sargeant to a Militia company for several hours during the day, & to keep my eyes open & my usual flow of animal spirits, had taken my first glass of wine for nearly three years, & then another & another, until I could almost see two persons where there was only one. I do remember though that a Miss Brannin told me "she had always heard I was <sup>indecipherable word</sup> ~~ever~~ impudent & now she knew it" - It seems we were dancing a reel, she & I had been carrying on a sort of flirtation & when I offered to turn her, she very coquettishly folded her arms - this I interpreted as a hint, & accordingly seized her by the arms above the elbow, with no very fairy like grasp & swung her around fast enough to start a breeze in the room & make her stop to catch her breath. One thing I heard there too, it will not be flattery for me to say to you, with more pleasure than any thing of the sort has given for some time - 'twas Love's Banquet sung by a Mr. Spillman the only time I have heard it since you left. I wish you would stick somewhere in your next letter the last verse - it is - it will ever be my favorite - calling up its sweet associations & mellowing the past by their enchantments. But I pass on to the third frolic given at Aunt Martin's Place, Ridgeway, the evening after - where were concentrated all the wit and grace & love and beauty, that shown on the two previous bridal occasions for it was given to both. And there was jamming <sup>plc.</sup> squeezing & crowding & dress tearing & coffee spilling & laughing & ridiculing & ogling flirting coquetting & lovemaking & witmaking, while high above all & louder than all, might be heard the Boanerges notes of Sable Williams directing them

at this point  
a change in pen  
mark

how to thread the mazy dance. Here & there might be seen some happy wight, mucō <sup>fun</sup>, supporting the wall, whose liquid eye & crimson cheek bespoke full well the hearty part he had taken in the wassail. Towards the close of the evening it slid off into a romp in which Mr. Charlie Vernon & Miss Kate Ewing, whose sober eccentricities are as great as his drunken ones, (& he happened in that humour just then), wheeled & circled & capered in a figure, which Miss Ward had learnt him, when in a similar situation on a former occassion, to the inexpressible merriment of the company. ¶ Ellen G, while drawing her heels in an airy flight after lofty head, was so unsentimental as to fall flat on the floor. ¶ Oh ! how they laughed. I saw another of your old friends here, Mr. Bob Bell - 'tis said he is playing the devotee to Miss C. Throckmorton. ¶ Miss Cynthia Pope & Martha (if I do say it that should not) have come to the conclusion that they were the Belles - the former went with us & counts up about sixteen "devoted admirers" - to use her own expression - so you see, as usual, the family show good taste. ¶ One other piece of general news - there lately made their appearance in Louisville two Southern flowers Misses Elliott & Weeks, who have had a run of luck. The latter was reported to be "Weel featured, weel tocher'd, weel mounted & braw" - at once the fortune hunters were overwhelming her with devotion • Ham. Pope who is noted in that line seemed the favored one - when lo ! they & he <sup>all</sup> quit her as though she had the Small-Pox - from the charming southern beauty & the delicate proportions of 110, she increased to the unloveable size of 200" & was coarse, ugly & vulgar - some half dozen hitherto unheard of brothers & sisters had

very mysteriously made their appearance - & that which is generally considered the choicest boon of Heaven, proved her bane - for it was -

"Chiefly the siller, that gars them gang till her

The pennie's the jewell that beautifies a? - "

Miss Shallcross was married on Thursday but there were very few present - & very soon Misses Bucklin & Morton are to follow the delectable example • In truth as Leap year ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> approaching its end they do seem to be going off to the tune of "De'il take the hindmost". Only a few days since I was sent for to the Louisville Hotel to meet a very pretty ~~quondam~~ <sup>girl</sup> Cousin Edwards from ~~his~~ • I smacked my lips as I went up the steps with pure delight at the thought of a maiden kiss - when who should I find there but a little curly headed husband sitting in a corner - so I very quietly said nothing about the matter - for a husband's right & a husband's might sometimes make daylight shine through a gallant's body by way of returning such compliments • I suppose you have heard of the death of Mrs. Humphrey, which took place about 10 days since • She had a hard time of it - confined to her bed with intense suffering for five months - & one half of her palsied - her death was no doubt a relief to herself & friends, as it was sustained with all a Christian's hope - as her worth only developed itself in private, so it was never before duly appreciated & now society & her church equally join in regretting her loss.

Politics still holds its own among the exciting topics of the day & the November elections are looked forward to with fear by many & with anxiety by all • The Democrats are now in better spirits than they have been & their leaders,

She died Sept  
28. 1844

the Guthrie Clique, are pursuing a most villianous & dangerous course, inflaming the fury of the mob (of which the party mainly consists) by the most infamous falsehoods & the vilest appeals to their passions & prejudices • The indignation of the community exhibited itself in August against them, when Major Throckmorton at the head of about 50 whigs routed them "horse, foot & dragoon" & Mr. Guthrie himself was hardly saved from merited punishment by the interposition of several of the most prominent whigs of the City • If they attempt to bully in November, a bloody scene must be the consequence. Although not the politician you would seem to think, yet it appears to me to be decidedly more profitable as well as more in the spirit of the age to break a lance in the political tournament, than in the mere mockery of that which has been dead for centuries. "Distinguished friend from Ky." is certainly a very choice morsel, for the bounding fancy of an aspiring youth to feed upon • But at present my "summum bonum" is eminence in my profession accompanied with wealth • If I can attain to this, I shall at least feel that I have not mistaken my calling • Josh is gradually gaining a character - which I hope he may maintain. Dick Allison has been a sort of "bird of Passage" of late & is now in Lexington, I believe, so that I cant tell you whether he is dead or alive • Mr. Robt Smith has sold his farm broken up his school & is on the eve of going to Missouri - & a Brother of Mr. Humphrey, who is now a tutor in the family of Mr. Carter of yr. own State, is about to come on to take his school • If you should see him, it would be a fine opportunity for sending on those Mt. Vernon

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relics which I want so much<sup>^</sup> for I fear the fates are against my visit to the Old Dominion. I will go to Lexington to attend the Lectures the 1st of Nov. & will board with a Lady noted for the elegance of her manners, & tell your Ma that when we meet again, while my brass may be somewhat furbished, I hope she may also find my tongue rather more oily & my manners more Chesterfield like - native simplicity is but a rough customer at best. I have not seen Mat Ward for several months but believe he is either at Harvard or Yale. Csn. Ellen G. has been<sup>ee</sup> nursing her wrath to keep it "warm" against you for your neglect of her & she abused you like a pickpocket until I sided with her & then womanlike<sup>turned</sup> she/around praised you & abused me for merely agreeing with her. I have found a fine plan for curbing her fire & restraining her waspish fingers by giving her a very gentle choke. Ask her about it when you write. The better I know her the more I love her.

Remember me to yr Ma Aunts &c & believe yours as ever sincerely

Jno. C. Bullitt

Direct your next letter to me at Lexington & if you will put spurs to your pen & write without as much delay as usual, I shall be in proportion obliged & will give you in return a budget of something new. Dont "Mister" me for Heavens sake.

yrs Jno.C.Bullitt

10/pt Addressed:

Miss Mary E. Robertson, Genito Post Office,  
Powhatan County, Va.

Postmarked: - None



OK  
 [Jas. S. Jackson to Mr. J. C. Bullitt]

Fort Spring, Oct 9th 44

"A Bachelor of Arts" sends greeting to his brother - is he sound in mind with healthful morals? has he been well fed? or have the gnawings of an ungratified appetite lessened his capacity and thence his dignity? -

The post mark of this will tell you we are at home - there are few places more attractive to me than this, indeed what can man desire that he finds not here! the best and kindest friends - all wants anticipated - all luxuries afforded - at least that a reasonable mortal can desire. You know these things as they are and in view of them would you call me happy? Would you believe me contented? You say "yes" and the inference is legitimate from facts given, and yet it is far from the truth. There is an aching void within - ungratified desires, a continual looking forward for an ideal something - its undefined - there is connected with it a foreboding - I would fain dash on - tear away the veil and snatch a golden fire or reap the reward of temerity - damnation to all expectations - The wish of a wiser and baser man than myself is mine "To be known". He meant much when his venomous soul made that wish - he cared not whether he lived famously or infamously - whether he was cursed or blessed by mankind - only "to be known".

Now, John, I candidly believe that something more than common is in store for me or that there is a mental deficiency <sup>for</sup> the hopes for greatness are founded on the prayers of the righteous, which have been sent up and are now on record - You are sufficiently skilled in theology to know that human power can do nothing without divine aid, and that God almighty can do nothing without mans assistance, <sup>or</sup> which is exactly the same thing wont do it - And on the other hand, the belief in mental deficiency (or rather derangement) (which are the same since the latter arises from a want of anchor) arises from a knowledge of self - from a looking through all the parts of the mind -

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Now is it not plain that a mind which can be seen through is transparent and consequently not solid? or it must be shallow, not allowing space for the packing of one thing above another - no cells - no second stories - nothing but one floor which neither has room for entertainment nor comfort. \* *e*

Several days have passed since this was begun - Some message through Mr Allison has reached me - he has not shown his face but left a few broken expressions which he expected would be brought to me - Yesterday Aunt Hamilton arrived from Louisville and told me of a letter you had written which contained an invitation to your <sup>house</sup> home - I am sorry it did not come - However circumstances prevented my answering your letter dated in August which was highly acceptable. \* There was one thing mentioned which under the circumstances was calculated to wound me deeply. \* My impression was and is still that you had been informed of my intention to marry a lady of whom you spoke slightly. \* I love her, by heavens, as deeply as man is capable - Can you doubt my capacity to love or hate ? You have seen them exerted - "An amour is dangerous" you say, admit the fact for it can have no bearing in the present case, - but that this remark should be made concerning a woman as pure as chastity - I wish you could see her and observe her simplicity her freeness from that disgusting, sickly, nonsensical whimpering and affectation which many young ladies possess in lieu of a solid education and good sound sense - If you knew her well you would say (save her beauty) that she was the woman of all others who suited your friend - You speak of the partnership which has been entered into and congratulate me upon it. I fear you were hasty, or spoke with too little knowledge of my partners character \* ~~she~~ she is a very devil.

As it regards rooming together our views coincide fully and if my inclinations had alone to be consulted we would be together, but I am so situated that it cannot be proposed by myself and they have not taken the hint though various and sundry insinuations have been cast out - things may take a favourable turn - There is at present a

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strong probability of my being at your house the middle or last of next week - However you had better answer this the day you get it and tell me how soon you are coming up and whether you wish me to engage a room for you in case I cannot arrange for us to be together during the winter

Remember me to your friends and don't forget that - no matter

Give my love to Logan and tell him the "Old man" is dead but has left dreadful ravages Ask Josh if he believes a "man of genius" has any business studying law? does it not better suit plodders?

Where is Billy Short and what is he doing? and the Breckenridge where is he? sane yet? I hope so - he beats all philosophers in discovery

Your friend

J S. Jackson

Mr J. C. Bullitt

Oct 15th 44

Addressed: →

Mr. J. C. Bullitt, ←

Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Casseday ←

If you come up before the lectures commence be sure and come here



OK  
T. Allison to John C. Bullitt

Lexington October 1844

Dear John

Your friend Mr. Jackson affords me an opportunity of answering your last kind favour - an opportunity that I take advantage of with no small degree of pleasure. The receipt of your letters form eras in my Lexington existence. They are looked for with anxiety - impatience, and read with an interest and delight upon which the only drawbacks are that they are not more frequent, and that I am not allowed to render them so, by answering them by mail, immediately upon their receipt. If you are ever situated as I am, you will then and not till then, appreciate my feelings.

Everything here looks gloomy and drear. Autumn, more than any other season I think, inclines us to draw more closely the links that bind us to our friends, and causes us to feel more acutely the pain of separation from them. I feel as if I were a prisoner here - I count the days as in passing they bring my release nearer - I "chide the tardy hours that they fly not faster". The approach of winter seems to have frozen up all sociability - all gaiety, and it is only by a great exertion of my resolution that I can repel the attacks of an old enemy of mine - "the Blues" - whom I thought conquered, but who, it seems, has only been lying in wait, gathering his energies and resources, ready to take advantage of the first opportunity favorable to the renewal of the contest. Of politics, that all absorbing theme, I am heartily sick and tired, yet here it is the only topic of conversation - business - pleasure everything yields to it. The ladies are marrying off by dozens, and having those most abominable of all abominable things, private weddings. Medical and academical students, those worst of nuisances, are coming in by scores, strutting,

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blustering, looking dignified and important, showing off their new clothes and extra finery, ogling the women, and crowding the side walks. Law students, too, come flocking to this modern Athens, with their conceit, their modest assurance, their pretended moderate estimate of their own worth, importance, & powers through which, illy concealed peep conceit, arrogance, and self-esteem—each one thinking himself an embryo Eldon or Mansfield - dreaming of the hon<sup>ors</sup>, which will be found next spring, clustering round his head. *Q* Such is the mess of Black spirits & white - Blue spirits & gray - Mingle, mingle mingle - Who that mingle may. - In fine I am in a bad humour. I have not had a letter from Jefferson for three weeks & the worst of it is, that I have been to the post office every day for a week confidently expecting one. Are you all so taken up with the weddings and the gayety as to think of nothing else? Write me an account of them - give me a list of the attendants—*p* tell me how they looked & acted. You had better come up as soon as you can. The best boarding houses - and they are very scarce - are being filled up rapidly. I have not yet been able to secure a room for the winter. Mr. Berkley's neice will occupy my last winter's room. I shall probably board at Judge Robertson's. Do not however neglect to write on account of coming so soon - write immediately. It is needless to tell you to whom to give my love - all and each. I should enclose in this an answer to the postscripts contained in yours, had I not some doubts of its reaching you. Tell Sue that she does not keep her promises. She will understand.

Yours truly R. T. Allison

Addressed:

John C. Bullitt Esq, Louisville, Kentucky *er* (Mr Jackson)

Postmarked:

Lexington, Ky. Oct 17

*OK*

*Josh had left  
father's study Oct 13*

[Sus<sup>an</sup> Bullitt to Mr. John C. Bullitt]

Ox Moor, October 13th 1844

My dear brother

✓ You know mother never writes, and sister is finishing your gown • I broke my needle and as father has gone to bed, I can not get another., You ought to thank her very much give me what gratitude you have left, and I will be satisfied - for she has done a great deal more than I have. I, however, will do my share in a much more agreeable way than by sewing - more so to me at least - if not to you - writing to you. Sister is so hard at work on your dressing gown she can say "nothing at all." She would have written today, but she expected a letter from you. Miss Cooke's wedding came off last night - Father and sister went. The principal - indeed only beaux were Mr Page, Mr. Hugh Brent, and General Mercer - the last of whom sister found very charming because he reminded her of grandfather. A great compliment to a beau, wasn't it? I suppose you have heard the news - the Whigs are in high spirits again - New York has gone for us by 6000 majority.

Lizzie Smith was here last week - do., John Aldrich do., Mr Fleming. Brother Josh is more in love if possible than ever. John Aldrich is more easily laughed at before his face than any one I ever saw, Jerry Caldwell not excepted sister says. Mr Fleming, cousin Willis' intimate, has less manners than John Carter even. I dont think either of them are equal to Cass in politeness and gentility. You dont how sorry Cass was when you went away. He would'nt laugh all day. Cousin Willis and cousin Louisa leave us tomorrow, but Bettie Atwood will be here the last

13 Oct 1844

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- 2 -

of this week from Harrodsburgh to pay us a long visit, I hope to spend the winter.

I don't like cousin Willis Edwards half as well as I did last winter. Those red whiskers are so horribly ugly - they make him look like one of the robbers of the Rhine we used to read of in fairy tale and legend wild. ---

It would be hardly worth while to ask mother about B.G.'s, in future - I know so well what she would say. I shall however send a paper with this as mother does not forbid that... I will follow the advise that I believe I once quoted for you in the fulness of my generosity, "Never begin till ye have something to say, and stop as soon as ye have done".

So goodbye, your affectionate sister

Sue →

Henry is entirely well. Fanny died the day after you started. Lydia much better. All else about the same-

Sister has had the blues so dreadfully since you went away she has not had the courage to write a letter. She will write in a day or two. Oh! you dont know how we all miss you! -----

10pt ( Addressed:

John C. Bullitt, Esq., Lexington, Ky.

/Postmarked: none



(William Logan McKnight to John C. Bullitt)

Fall 1844\*

[Undated: probably, ]

My dear John

The words of parting have not passed us - They would be on my part too cold to be truthful and too warm to be manly - So I am glad of it -

An epoch is at hand with both you and myself. You will soon be on the world and I am so, already - I cannot leave my home without thinking of many of those things in which we alone have concern - I cannot go without bringing back the sad but pleasant memories of by - past times • They wed me to my friends with still finner ties. They link me still nearer and closer to him • They make his fortunes my care - his joys mine and his sorrows mine • Could I leave him without bidding him God-Speed - I think not • May God in his infinite <sup>le</sup> Mercy bless you, guide <sup>your</sup> and protect you - May your joys be many, troubles be blessed to you.

My best, my firmest, my truest friend

Forever  
From yours

William Logan McKnight

Address

John C. Bullitt

Louisville

Kenty

\* The last previous letter was ; and as McKnight graduated from Centre College at Danville, and both he and John Bullitt were living near Louisville, there was not much need for correspondence until McKnight left for business life in New Orleans, and John Bullitt was about to go to Lexington to study law.

OK

Mary E. Robertson

487

Miss Mary E. Robertson from John C. Bullitt

John C. Bullitt to

Oct 29 1844

Earlier than

Possibly not sent;  
of a return  
draft, I feel  
sent.

OK

My Dear Friend

Your letter has relieved much of the anxiety

I felt upon your account. Rumour with her usual ~~fit~~  
<sup>fit</sup>fulness has conveyed frequent tidings of your ill health  
& you may well imagine that kind friends are not lacking  
to tell me all they know of you & often more besides. But  
your letter has smiled the clouds away & made me feel an  
assurance that we would yet meet & be happy <sup>at</sup> least for  
the short fleeting season during which we ever again can  
be together.

You say that my letter was sealless & dateless -  
perhaps if you had added senseless too - you would not  
have been far from the truth - for when I think of the  
letters you have received from me during the last two or  
three years, they appear but one tissue of follies & incon-  
sistencies <sup>fit</sup> they are the struggle of romantic feeling with  
what little judgment I possess - dictated by the heart not  
by the head • <sup>fit</sup> I may have conveyed a wrong impression to  
you in what I said concerning Josh - You are not "a forbidden  
theme" to him peculiarly nor with him to any one else at  
all - he speaks of you to others often very often & in such  
terms as prove that you are almost his prime favorite -  
if there be fault it is mine & since you demand the reason -  
I will say that it is long long since - I have intentionally  
introduced you as a subject of conversation with any one -  
not one even of my own family ever knows of my either writing  
to or receiving letter from you • It may seem to be affecta-  
tion - but it is rather what Mr. Thruston would call my

idiosyncrasy - that I love to enjoy thoughts that are pleasing in silence. ~~Many~~ Many an idle word has escaped me in jest to avoid the expression of feelings which I knew others would not appreciate. But why need I say any thing further about it. I only wish to prove to you that Josh is still one of your very best friends & that you are fondly remembered by many who knew you here. [ & I think you would aid in the restoration of your health greatly to return among your friends in the west again ] Theodore Brown has asked me several times after listening to some of our belle's songs if that was equal to you. But I do not wish to increase your excessive vanity & would gladly pull it down if I was near enough to put you in a good humour again - especially as I am in so good a one myself. Since the present political contest began we have never been lower than fever heat & it is rising higher every day & true bright eyed whig as you are, I know you will rejoice to hear that Old Kenty is doing her duty - today two weeks will show her white plume in the van, cheering on her sister states in a most important struggle, the excitement is intense - this is truly the battle ground. Whig pride in & loco foco hatred against her gallant son are grappling as though it were in the last gasp. In the villages at all points of the public road - upon almost every corner in Louisville you may see the beautiful tricoloured starspangled banner, bearing Clay & Franklinhuysen to the breezes or the no less striking blood red piratical one of Polk, Dallas & Texas. 'Tis the only theme & runs through all the ramifications of society. Both parties have their processions &c. I

Procketed  
words stricken  
out by pen.

blue

attended the last one of the whigs - several hundred of us rode into the City in double file about sunset - the various wards met us with music - transparencies & caricatures of all kinds. We formed upon Jefferson Street & then traversed every portion of the City. Every where we were welcomed by lighted windows, flowered arches, wreaths, waving handkerchiefs & Whigs' songs. While moving along Jefferson, far down Main Street I distinguished a mellow light tinging the vaulted skies. I asked what was the cause & was told 'twas only a part of us - & still they come - they come -

*Said* (Like the winds when forests are rended  
Like the waves when vessels are stranded, *l*

Oh! that you had been there to have added one more to the joyous faces, that beamed with heavenly smiles upon us. There were the sons of '76 & the Fathers of '44 with us too, whose wrinkled fronts & hoary heads gave the whole a cast of solemnity, while the rosy hues of youth gave us life & activity. Drunk, frenzied with the dazzling splendour of the scene, we all were in a state of delirium. In the midst of it all, when reckless thousands were riving the air with their shouts Count Vernon called a negro to hold his horse while he too sent up a yell, some are so uncharitable as to insinuate that he did so because he was afraid. But it is too great a slur upon the gallant Kentuckian to suppose such a thing for an instant. Walnut Street was one series of brilliant illumination, Your former residence was behind none of them. There was something rejuvenating about it that made even Father Day



29 Oct 1844

aside his dignity, shout three cheers for the Ladies until he was <sup>as</sup> hoarse & dirty as the youngest of us. But this is not all. Political barbecues & gatherings are things of every day occurrence. At a very large one of these held at the mouth of Harrods Creek last week, Josh made his debut & with some eclat too - When he first rose he went off with about two sentences very well - but they were as much as he had well fixed in his mind - & then he was taken with a most unaccountable thirst - without water he could not speak - this was difficult to get & it gave him time to collect his embarrassed thoughts - when the water came he drank & began again - this time he went through - his audience increasing in number & interest & he sat down in the midst of loud & repeated cheers. Our opponents circulate the story that we consumed <sup>30</sup> barrels of whiskey - that is untrue - but the number of happy men & good whigs made by it prove that whig barbecues have their effect. A complete division is made in every class save one - The Loco Ladies find their beaux among the whigs. Misses Frank Smith, Ward, Pope & McCrum <sup>I</sup> form exceptions to the rule that the ladies are all whigs & they say that distance lends enchantment to their view of the unwashed democracy. These lilies seem naturally to have but little affinity for the unseemly & unsavoury "Polk stalks" - & one would think the Manna had been kept over a day to see them turn up their noses. But you must have had enough of politics where you are. You ask about Jennie & her little <sup>Ben</sup> Bear - well it looks queer enough & no less interesting to see that little boy in her arms & she really seems to think there never was

a boy before nor a husband either. It would be difficult for a stranger to tell to whom he belonged for Misses Mary & Sally seem wrapped up in him. The Dr. has taken a house in Bainbridge<sup>3</sup> Row & the rest of them are living with him. The Judge speaks of going south as business is very dull here now. Poor prospect for striplings. You ask me something of my future movements. I shall go to the Law School at Lexington in November & hope by next spring to cut my cables & launch out on my Sheep skin vessel — whether for weal or for woe. with you I agree that "to be great is to be good" & that "moral beauty of character" is far preferable to eminence attained by ignoble means.

*[On the back of the above resigned draft or copy is the following, also in John C. Bullett's handwriting]*

My Dear Cousin with that old familiar face

My Dear Cousin

Your letter with that old familiar face at its head is by no means the least welcome visitor I have had lately. Fond as I am of the animals independent of any political connexions they may have, the knowing dignified look of a 'Coon has always attracted my admiration & now that he is the leader under whose auspices we have and are still to conquer, he seems to demand almost admiration. If among the fatalities, Mr Amos Kendall has raked up & pronounced as the inflictions of a just vengeance by an angered God, he reckoned the death of all the Coons in the country, he & his party would have rejoiced more perhaps than they have done in the riddance of so many great & good men, who have gone off the stage action within the last three years.

*My Dear Cousin*

*Your letter with that old*

Addressed: Miss Mary E. Robertson, Genito P. Office,  
Powhatan County, Virginia

Postmarked: None

(Mrs Wm.C.Bullitt to Mr. John C. Bullitt)

Nov. 18 [1844]

My Dear John

The girls made your gown, which with the gloves knit by Miss W, I delivered to Josh yesterday; also a bag for your dirty clothes, & a *fixment* with needles, thread, pins, & buttons; all will prove useful, I hope, & serve to remind you of us.

We are for the first time alone since you left us. Mrs. Edwards was here nearly a week. Louisa, & Willis took their final leave of Oxmoor yesterday. We parted with mutual regret. They leave for Owensborough on Monday. Willis left Lydia with strong hopes of her recovery. Henry has had no back set since you left, & is now so fat you would scarcely know him, unless it were by the tricks you learned him. He certainly is the most mischievous little fellow in the world.

David looks wretchedly, & suffers very much. The balance of our invalids are just so. We have had company all the time till now, but we have missed you quite as much as we anticipated. Cass was the most miserable dog you ever saw. He took possession of your room & bed. I do really think he wept. He has been well cared for, I have never given him a blow, notwithstanding the many threats I made. Your father & the children are all kind to him, Martha in particular. Mar will finish this letter & tell you how the whigs look blue & all the news.

I am very much gratified to hear of any one's extending kindness to you on my account. Please give my love to all my friends & your friends. Tell Charlotte I have a new dress making, & Mar has a new bonnet & cloak, & if I only

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could raise the wind we could flourish a while in Lexington this winter. <sup>#</sup>Remember me kindly to Dick & tell him Mrs. Taylor dined here last week & said she would write to him in a day or two & I sent him a message by her, which he will receive if he has not already. I wish you could only sleep at home.

I've had your old room cleaned & you would hardly know it. The next time I write it shall be in the day when I can see, & will not be sleepy. Good night my son, & may you be all that a fond mother would have you is the prayer of your affectionate

Mother

~~Some of the following~~  
 [On the same sheet immediately below is this]:  
 [Martha Bullitt to John C Bullitt]

My Dear Brother

[Nov 18. 1844]

I have for the last hour been sitting by the dining room fire and thinking how much I miss you; we are all alone now for the first time since you left us, and were it not for Henry's mischievous pranks I do not believe we would be able to raise a laugh from morning till night. He has entirely changed his character since he was sick; he has learnt to say two or three words, and has improved I think on the mode of fighting which you taught him; instead of using his fists, he generally has recourse to a stool, chair, or broomstick, which ever happens to be nearest him, and with these formidable weapons he generally routs very soon all the opposing forces. Since you left us Lizzie Smith has spent a week with us, Brother Josh was out several times, more in love than ever, at least so Sue and myself think: she made herself very agreeable during her whole visit; did not have any of those strange ways of which I com-



- 3 -

plained so much last Summer; she is a girl of charming manners; I don't know how any one can help falling in love with her. She has given up nearly all idea of going to Arkansas this winter.

I had a letter from Bettie Atwood a few days ago; she is coming to spend the winter with us (she says) and I suspect is in Louisville now; I have not been in the city for several days and really I dread to go for mother who was there the other day says she never saw such a gloomy, wretched looking set in her life as the Whigs all are. Mr. Prentiss wants to know if they are going to make General Pilcher Attorney-General, Ben Harrison, Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Guthrie one of the Cabinet? But I must stop for I have taken a vow never to speak of think of politics again. The days of Chivalry are past, and I believe the ladies are a decided disadvantage to any cause which they espouse. How does Mr. Clay bear his defeat? it was rumoured here the very day the decisive bad news was received that he was very ill with scarlet fever. But I am in hopes that is a mistake. I suppose Sue told you in her letter of Miss Cooke's wedding; it was a very rainy disagreeable evening, and in consequence there were not more than a dozen guests besides ourselves (father escorted me, was I not honored) he has half promised to raise a pair of whiskers for my benefit, as I told him they were indispensable to the character of a beau which he has undertaken to supply this winter to Sue and myself. But I was telling you of the wedding; well, the bride looked as all brides look, rather interesting and as pretty as she could look; the groom is rather a common looking man, and

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*Blue*

I should judge, suited her exactly. I had the honor of being introduced to General Charles Fenton Mercer; and really he is a charming old gentleman; no one would ever guess from his looks that he was a great man, but his manners have all the elegance and dignity of an old Virginia gentleman, with the sprightliness and ease of a later age; In his appearance he reminds me very much of Grandfather; both in form and face - There were no other distinguished guests there, but Father declared he had spent a delightful evening, and that alone would make me enjoy myself. Your old friend Miss Morton was married the next morning to Mr. Munn<sup>E? J</sup> and started off immediately on a tour - through the state.

Did Sue tell you what a good joke we had on Cousin Willis Edwards; This Miss Forward to whom he has been paying such desperate attention proves to be a married woman; she was married about two months ago to a Mr. Kemble of Pittsburgh, and about a week ago the gentleman made his appearance and claimed his bride, much to the chagrin of Messrs. Edwards, Dorsey &c., who I believe were strongly inclined to think him very impertinent; the gentleman was a widower and had addressed her before he was ever married. There seems to be some mystery about it, for her friends never made the slightest opposition, and there was no apparent reason for her marrying him clandestinely. There is no end to the wonders in this world. I have just finished making a dress which Sue and myself cut and made, just as well as the mantuamaker could have done; so at least,

more impartial judges than ourselves tell us; father says it fits as well as hands could make it - and he you know is a competent judge of all such matters. You dont know how proud I am of it. I have got a beautiful new bonnet, and cleak, and am very much in hopes I will be able to display them to your "admiring gaze" before the winter is over. To which of the fair ladies of Lexington have uou entrusted your heart till Spring ? How do they compare with the Louisville ladies. Have you claimed your relationship with Misses Combs? I wish you would write to me and tell me all the news. It would do us all so much good. The only tbing which varies the monotony of our life is, occasionally a fuss with the negroes or something equally interesting. Father sent Harry Ballard down the river about a week ago, and today Caroline has absconded. I hope most sincerely she will be caught and sent there too, for I dont know what she might do, she seemed perfectly desperate they say.

Mrs Robertson and Mary are expected home soon; they will spend the winter in the south on account of Mary's health.

I have written you a real News letter; such an one as Logan M'Knight says you might get out of the Journal any time, but I hope you will answer this soon and give me an opportunity of doing better next time - Give my love to all inquiring friends and believe me ever

your affectionate sister Mar

10 pt  
Addressed: Mr. John C. Bullitt, Lexington, Kentucky  
Postmarked: Louisville, Ky. Nov 18



OK

*E. Robertson*  
(From [Mary to ~~Mr.~~ John C. Bullitt])

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Bellevue, Nov. 24th, '44

How shall I make good my excuses to my dear friend for having thus seemingly neglected his last kind letter? Between us I think there surely should be no ceremony - we are too well opinioned of the regard of which each bears the other, to feel ourselves forgotten or neglected. I have been staying from home some and when at home have been much occupied. But to the entire exclusion of yourself from my thoughts however for believe me my heart and sympathies have been with you in this great national calamity which has come on us. How bear you the defeat of the <sup>Y</sup> great <sup>ai</sup> chieftan? I am mortified beyond measure at the ~~d~~ispicable part which Virginia has played against himself and his country. Proud as I have heretofore been of the state of my nativity I shall no longer own it but with shame and depression of spirit. With a friend of mine I will say of him whose contemptibility has elevated him, assisted by fraud & falsehood on a most stupendous scale, I will say nothing. This friend is a lady and is more wrathful about the election than anyone I know. The fool Whigs about here seem to say little for in their secret souls they feel too <sup>sorely</sup> ~~sorely~~ to express themselves. At first the shock was too terrible to be fully realized. On the whole I believe I rather glory in the defeat for in truth there would be little satisfaction and less honor in being Chief Magistrate of such an people as they have proven themselves. How euphonic to foreign ears will sound "Jimmie Polk of Duck Creek, Tenn. Pres. of U. S. "But a truce ~~in the~~ <sup>Ere now</sup> you are beyond all doubt & safely ensconced in winter quarters which I trust are comfortable - Have you been in Lex. long enough to ~~xxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ say how ~~pleasantxxxxxxx~~ you are pleased. A sweet and pleasant place it is I think. I've passed very many happy hours there and in its vicinity - do you ever see the dear old "Theo Sem" and the windows which do open into "La Chanille d'esprit" - If you do, I know you think sometimes of <sup>226</sup> Ellen and Mary - It seems to have



been an hundred years since those old times. And now that I'm so quietly situated in the country far away from those scenes I have little to disturb its wonted calmness - I wonder if those who mingled in my joys or sorrows then remember me now <sup>and</sup> - if on their minds is so vividly impressed each little event, as on my own - or if by the waves of Lethe ~~those~~ "those darkness of the past" all has been washed away and the mind ~~is~~ only occupied with things present and to come - To me there is much pleasure yet great sadness in the recollection of "By gone <sup>hours</sup> time". <sup>Few</sup> ~~Two~~ of my sex who have not attained to greater years have been witness to

~~or a actor~~ ~~in the same scenes.~~ It makes me feel old John - yes older than I have a right to feel - and grave too.

I become ~~was~~ when thoughts of the past rush thick and fast upon my soul - don't laugh and think with a gentleman who yesterday was abusing me for "settling into a confirmed stupidity" - but let's chance the theme - Have I read Canning? Yes and agree with you in your opinion of its unusual merit. ~~Have you read~~ D'Israeli is a favorite <sup>writer</sup> ~~uncle~~ of mine. Have you read Ann by

James. If not let me advise your doing it - It is better than most of his late works have been - for I think by his too rapid writing he has well nigh "spun out his imagination to a mere cobweb". I have been reading much trash lately <sup>- and yet</sup> there has been some leven in the Lamp [?], in the good and pleasant effusions of Mrs. Ellis - whom I admire much - Did you ever read her "Wars of England" and "Women of England"? But these are for Ladies' perusal - men do not so well like female virtues - you have asked the words of Love's <sup>an</sup> ~~Banquet~~ and "I have come from a Happy Land".

Sorrow on thy soul?

Is trouble on thy youthful brow  
Oh! heed them not who for thee now  
Breathe the midnight soul  
Thence thoult seek in vain  
For a balm to vanish pain  
Naught thy lip can train  
Can grief control  
But the touch of a gentle hand  
Trouble can remove  
And pain will cease when lightly fanned  
By the breath of love - haste, haste, fly with me ~~at~~

It is written very badly but perhaps you can read it - I've learnt

~~many~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~several songs~~ very much prettier than that ~~when~~ I'll sing for you should we meet again <sup>soon</sup> -

~~guess soon~~ - Mary of Argyle - Slowly wears the ~~day~~ Love - Blind Boy - "The ~~wind~~ and the ~~beam~~ loved the ~~Rose~~" &c - ~~The~~ first and last are greatly admired - the last is the song of ~~Hydia~~, the

<sup>B</sup>lind girl and the last days of Pompeii. If you ever hear them you must think ~~of~~ me - I am lazy and don't practice much - Who

is the lady with whom you board and who is to polish your manners so much. I advise that you improve the golden opportunity - where

is your friend Jackson? I have not heard of him for a long time.

Well I'm being left alone - in the "Temple of Single Blessedness"

Kate and Lou Thompson are married - and <sup>[I can?]</sup> Jim Shallcross ~~is lost~~ <sup>to</sup> Scott after all (I thought his case was a hopeless one - I wonder if

Ellen <sup>'s</sup> received my letter. I wrote her a long one before I received

yours. I have few friends whom I value more than E. and should

grieve to relinquish her regard. She <sup>'s</sup> an agreeable correspondent very - ~~and~~ I love her letters. I hope to hear from

her soon. I've a plan in my head about that St. Louis trip of

hers? which I will tell you of if it succeeds - if not I'll say

nothing. Do you and she write to each other? If so, do give her

my sincere love. Have you become acquainted with ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

any of the Lexington ladies - If you ever meet with Louise Johnson and

Betty Adams ~~xxxx~~ cultivate their acquaintance. They are old friends

of mine and both very sweet girls - as also Maria Hawkins, Amanda

Brien and many others - They may all be married. I've not heard

from them for a long time - Agnes is well and belle<sup>'s</sup>ing at a great

rate. She sends her love or did when she wrote - says you must

not forget her - she has acquired some of her cousin's impudence -

sending all sorts of messages to strange gentlemen - though she

feels thoroughly acquainted with you and do believe you would

know each other were you to meet. I've not seen her for some time

but am told that she is looking unusually pretty - Who is attending to Ellen? Why don't you make love to ~~you~~ her yourself? Or perhaps you may have already done so. Do you think if I were to return that my liege subjects would return to their old allegiance? I much fear ~~that~~ me the result so I had better not do so. — [?] playing the devotee to Cary I wish them all success - ~~I wish them all success~~ They are both generous and noble - I hope if you ever have the opportunity you would remember me kindly to Robert Few Know and appreciate him as does his friend Mary. Do you really think Josh pleased with Cynthia? How is he succeeding with his suits both in love and Law. Well I hope ~~he~~ <sup>she</sup> is often inquired after by his friend Travis Ross <sup>of Peters</sup> ~~of Peters~~ I much regret to hear of Mr. Humphrey's death. Who has her children? How the Rev. Sir will be sought after when "the time of his mourning is over". I have often heard of the St. Louis and Illinois belles Misses Nash & Pope and I have felt some little anxiety to see them.

Well I don't think I could have given you a much longer or meaner letter than this, is, but you will please receive it in all faith of my good intentions and sincere friendship and believe me,

Yours,

Mary.

Addressed:

Mr. John C. Bullitt,  
Lexington, Ky.

Postmarked:

Genito Va Nov 30



[From Wm. Logan McKnight to John C. Bullitt]

501  
see  
1844-1845  
1844?

New Orleans, Nov. 30

My dear John:

The promise made to you has not been forgotten. With alacrity I hasten to fulfil it. By this time you are deep into the Lectures and I hope my letter may afford you some little variety to Robertson's Poems as Ben Hardin was <sup>went</sup> ~~most~~ facetiously to call his Law. Your time I know must be happily spent not only because you can be contented almost anywhere but because of the pleasures which study - social study - of so noble a science as law, must ever afford. Oh! that I might bring myself in some of my long & lonely nights to the midst of your little circles.

But I sat down to tell you of New Orleans & its strange sights. I hardly know how to begin. It is a strange - nay as the Germans have it - "A many-sided" city - Here then is a motley crowd gathered from every nation and from every sea. The elements of the Society - nay its vast and growing trades are nothing but extremes - wealth & poverty, Avarice & Extravagance - Virtue & Vice - Starvation & Gluttony - Abstinence and Drunkenness - Prudism and Libert-  
<sup>inism</sup> ~~inism~~ - white & black - Creole and Quadroon<sup>n</sup> - French, English, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, Mexican, Indian, Italian, Swiss, Negroes, Irish and Yankees are all jumbled up - mixed in - and jostled up one with another - until it seems "confusion worse confounded".

Still it is a great city - A stirring city. You go along a narrow street and unawares you stumble into the most magnificent rotunda, ~~associated~~ with beautiful marble, ornamented with French statuary, painting and frescoes, splendid columns support it. A gentle breeze is continually wafted through it - Silent as the <sup>grave</sup> ~~grave~~ this is the St. Louis Exchange.

A little farther down the old Cathedral its walls covered with moss - blackened with age. As you go up the city the St. Charles Hotel meets you, - I have no doubt the most magnificent hotel in the world - Charges are \$2.50 per day - so you may judge of its

splendor - and then a little farther canals filled with schooners stumbles your path. And then the Levee - which is a wharf perfectly level raised above the level of the river and made of plank. More business is done on this levee than in any other city I was ever in. Immense lines of ships and steamboats string along the quay and human nature in every hue, of every grade portrays itself. Of the climate you may have some idea - this is the eve of December and mosquitoes are buzzing about my ears and I have my door open and my coat off it is so warm.

And now you ask me if I am pleased with my life - strange to me - I am. I am very actively engaged during most of the day, my health, my strength is improving. At night I have a quiet room and my books all to myself. I am living in a french family and have made some progress in the language. We have a delightful company - a sea captain from Virginia - two gentlemen from England - one or two Frenchmen and a German. One sees the world daily - I may almost say - of ladies I see none. The French are seldom - I mean young ladies, seen on the street - Except gaming no vice is carried on very openly. Of that you can judge from this. Not two minutes before I sat down to write I passed some half dozen salons de Billiard - ~~in~~ <sup>are</sup> the parlor of my boarding house now a Boston party ~~is~~ in full play - It seems to be the failing of the French. Common prostitution is not so common I think for population as in Louisville or Lexington. Men that indulge ~~them~~ <sup>themselves</sup> pay dearly for their pleasure as they have to keep in style of splendor, their mistresses dress is extravagant here.

I went tonight to a French court - An ordinary speech from a Creole was made - in English. The Judge delivered the charge in French. I cannot say that New Orleans is a good place for a lawyer to open - a man with great patience and gizzard heart I have no doubt can succeed here - But John I do not wish you to try it. Living is awfully high. I pay myself \$30 a month for boarding and lodging alone - It would cost a man some \$600 per annum to live in any sort

of ~~case~~<sup>ease</sup> and keep an office. But this (Law & Lawyers) is a matter I can not judge of. There are at the bar here many distinguished men. R. H. Wilde, formerly of Georgia - ~~Edmond~~<sup>Edmond</sup> H. Randolph - Bailie Peyton - Benjamin and Soulet. Young Kane of Louisville is doing very well indeed - I may say excellently. He is said to have made the best political speech during the late canvass. You must let me know John what is your plans as to location - If you would like to come to New Orleans to live I understand the best plan is to go into the office of a good lawyer as partially a student - and in that manner a year will insure one some [torn]. But away with this - How is Jim and everybody that I take an interest in - Let your letter be full crammed with news. Tell [torn] the little on dits. Saturday night [torn] upon me those ~~quick~~<sup>quiet</sup> thoughts of home [torn] and somehow so sad to harbor. As the quiet of the Sabbath seems appropriate to him who [torn] it so the hours of Saturday night? *I think [Insert from following page]*

Well I have a terrible long letter here - And yet I have not told you <sup>I</sup>all I wished by far - indeed I have not written as I wished. The multitude overwhelmed me - How do you & Miss Cynthia come on - Just tell me everything. I am <sup>as</sup> ~~so~~ full of curiosity and anxiety for these little things about our friends as a little child.

I am living with R. H. & G. M. Bayly - originally from Virginia. But here I must stop. Now you must be sure and write me soon - and remember me as ever yours affectionately. God bless you.

Wm. Logan McKnight.

I think if <sup>Am</sup>~~Sue~~ Barbor had been dropped into N. Orleans out of Danville he would have gone "clean daft" so strange would have been the scene to him.

I must tell you of the gray<sup>E</sup> yard - By far the most singular sight to me. It is a city of the Dead - with its beautiful streets paved with grass and shells & flowers - its buildings beautiful - fair to look upon but <sup>within</sup> ~~in time~~ full of dead men's bones and all uncleanliness.



30 NOV 1844

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moments

~~I think~~ honesty for thought of friends "avia".  
I always think of Burns Colter's Saturday night. When the week has  
past and the quiet and rest draw near. The pleasant and the sad  
are then so sweetly blended as to give a pleasure to the whole and  
I feel thankful, most thankful, when all these memories make  
me a pure and better being. But anon I cannot write across.

10pt  
Addressed:  
John C. Bullitt, Esq.  
Lexington,  
Kentucky.

Postmarked:  
New Orleans  
Dec. 4

The Filson Historical Society

Insert in breeding  
pool

(Mr. John C. Bullitt to Mrs. Wm. C. Bullitt)

Lexington Decr 5th '44

Dr Mother

I just met Mr McKnight & as he is going down tomorrow I thought it a good opportunity of sending you a letter without it's costing any thing - & like many other men, who pretend economy of breath, when barrenness of thought is the real cause of their taciturnity, I shall be very brief because I have not time to write you a long letter. Even if I were in ever so good a plight for writing, the odious & detestable hum-drum of a company of vagabonds & ragamuffins, called the hickory artillery is grating on my ears so much just now, that my pen would almost involuntarily turn to writing curses. But there is no use in grieving over spilt milk - they have good cause for crowing & let them enjoy it. I have made an engagement with Miss Combs to go out to Ashland day after tomorrow evening. Going with her I will not be considered one of those prying creatures called "lion hunters" & I do want to have it to say hereafter that I have stood face to face with & shaken the hand of the Embodiment.

Tis a strange feeling to be in the neighborhood of a man, about whom so much fuss is made & that too when you know that the tribute paid him is out of respect for his intellect & not for the mere pageantry of place & office. But if I do I will write you an account of my visit - I have fallen in love - now don't be startled astonished or scared - it has been done with due consideration of the Pros & Cons - & when I explain to you the circumstances & the advantages of it I am sure you will not disapprove of my conduct. I feel myself under obligations to inform you of all such things, beside it being a matter of conscience I would tell you as a matter of confidence - you know when any of us have any thing upon our minds of great consequence & interest to ourselves - we must have some one to help us to keep it - the load is burthensome. But to cut a long story short - I am in love with - now don't laugh nor turn pale - with Lexington & its suburbs. There are more pretty views - more pretty residences & more pretty walks with fewer pretty ladies than I have ever

5 Dec 1844

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seen before • But I hope you & Max will come up Christmas (some then if at all) - for though some of us are very much opposed to it yet I suppose, there are enough in the class to overrule us & take holiday then & Mrs. Bush says she would like for you to come then • If the weather should be good you will have it in your power to see every body & thing • This I can insure on account of my intimate acquaintance with one Chief Justice Geo. M. Robertson/• Through me - by him - you can have access to the dignitaries & it will afford me the greatest pleasure to extend to you any kindness or civility within my power. If here now you might enjoy the drama - but I suppose they will have murdered <sup>all</sup> Shake- spears heros by Christmas - they certainly will - if they go on at the rate they did a few nights since the only time I've been there. The scenes - actors & audience were all adapted to each other - such a motley group of negros - boys & medical students would have been fit material for the children of the witch of Eudor • My sympathies were very much enlisted for Miss Drake - you know how tender hearted I am - she looks like a modest, artless unassuming girl - & is a very ordinary actress & to see her thrown into the very arms of vice so young - I felt like assuming the character of Rhodolph & trying to redeem or save her • But she has been raised to it & perhaps does not feel the degradation as much as others do for her. We talk of getting up private theatricals • I am to act the part of Beaw & if you were to see my Luxenburg now, you would think me well fitted personally for the character • I sport a cloak too & a little cloth cap - the first I traded my blanket for • But don't think I have turned fool - on the contrary I am doing my best to get some sense into my head and try to be just as retiring & plain as I know how • I find that my time spent in reading some of the old books under Father's direction, has given me the advantage of some legal know- ledge, that is not very common with the students here • Judge Woolley makes every thing very plain & very interesting, even the dryest & most technical details & out of class is one of the most <sup>jolly</sup> <sup>[?]</sup> jocose & polished men I ever met with - the others are rather insipid - though



[5 Dec 1844]

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they will make us all good Lawyers if we study hard. But I must quit as I will not have another chance of seeing Mr. McKnight. Tell Miss Williamson there is a young man here of very bright prospects who wishes to offer himself by proxy. My love to all. Tell Sue I will write to her in a few days. Billy Atwood is sitting & sends respects love &c to all & Miss Bettie. Dick does the same - he has rec'd no letter from his Aunt yet I believe - he is looking very well & in very good spirits. Write to me soon for goodness sake if not for mine & I shall be as ever your affectionate dutiful obedient & humble come trouble son

John C Bullitt

We are to have the whole electoral college here to supper how we apples do swim -

Jno

Addressed:

Mrs. Wm C Bullitt, Louisville, Ky. (favor of Mr McKnight)

*OK*  
[Brannon & Gordon to Mr. John Bullitt]

*6*  
A  
Louisville Dec. 12 1844

Mr. John Bullitt  
Lexington

Dr. Sir,

Having no Correspondent in Lexington we take the liberty to trouble you with a commission for us • Herewith you have enclosed an order by W. L. Griffing on Mr. Robt. Marshall for any amt. Mr. Marshall may have in his hands. Mr. G. Supposes he will have 150 or 200\$ for him. Will you have the goodness to present this order and invest any amt. he may pay you in a Bank Check on Phila or Louisville, and remit to us by mail - You may incur some expense in this business which you will deduct from the amt. see?

We are sorry to trouble you with this but know of no other means of having it attended to -

Very Respectfully

Brannon & Gordon →

P. S. Mr. Marshall is a Coal merchant at Lexington.

Bob.

*10pt*  
Addressed;


Mr. John C. Bullitt

Lexington

Ky

Postmarked: Louisville Ky Dec 13



 ~~Miss~~ Martha B. Bullitt to ~~Mr.~~ John C. Bullitt

Louisville December 14th 1844

My Dear Brother

I hope the time has seemed very long since you received a letter from any of us. I have really had very good reasons to prevent me from writing, and I could fill a whole letter with them, but I know you would prefer hearing something more interesting from home. Since I received your letter I have been spending two weeks in the city at Aunt Martins'. Bettie Atwood is going to spend the winter with us, as I suppose you heard from William. I have been visiting about a great deal since I have been in town; I do not think either you or mother could complain of my staying in the house too much. I have been to see everybody I know; Miss Fannie Smith and all. Every once in a while I hear from you, of your being in love with somebody; the last accounts say you are very much in love with Miss Jackson. John Breckinridge told me that. I have become acquainted with him and a good many other gentlemen since I have been in town. # Charlotte is beginning to be quite a belle; they are finding out she is rich. You would be amused to see what a difference it makes in her temper. She has not been mad since I have been staying here. Dr Elston is very devoted at her shrine just now; Cousin Henry told him she was rich and recommended him to court her, and I think he is trying to find out whether she will have him, before he courts her. I think she encourages him, but she will never marry him, unless all other chances fail. Aunt Martin of course is pleased that her house is once more beginning to be resorted to by the beaux. We had a little party yesterday evening. Lizzie Smith was decidedly the star of the evening. Mr. Baird was so much struck with her that he could not keep his eyes from her. As soon as she came in, he exclaimed he knew she was a woman of genius. Do you <sup>not</sup> think Brother Joshua has a dangerous rival. She is beginning to be appreciated by the beaux too. A good many of them have called to see her lately: Some from curiosity to see Brother Joshua's choice - as it is

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generally reported they are engaged. If the report is not verified in six months, I do not think it will be his fault. The town is not very gay just now. A good many happenings or small parties, but no very large parties; the young gentlemen give a party this evening at the Louisville hotel; but I do not think I will grace it with my presence, though I have the offer of a beau to go with me. Mary Paine and Jed Johnson are to be married next Tuesday. Minnie Clendenin and Miss Bartlett-(Cousin Willis's flame) are to wait on her - Garvin Page and Hamilton Pope on him. Miss Ward has gone south, but Mrs. Ward intends giving them a fancy ball, it is said. I would not be compelled to live in Louisville and hear all the scandal and gossip which is afloat here continually, for any consideration. Louisville has the character of being less given to such things than Lexington, or almost any city in the west; if Lexington is any worse, I think you must be in hot water all the time. From my speaking with so much bitterness, I suspect you will imagine I have lately suffered from the "many-tongued monster" myself. I have not, but some of my friends have - I could fill up my whole sheet with the various items I have gathered during my sojourn here, but I know you dislike such things as much as I do, and I have vanity enough to think that my letter may be made more interesting even if (for want of better matter) I make myself the principal subject. Yesterday evening I received a letter from Robert Smith; he says they are all well and happy; very much pleased with the country. You asked me to tell you about the departure of the Smiths, &c. The girls were all very much affected I understand, although Gus was so hard-hearted as to take the brushes without the wife. I believe he is beginning to repent his <sup>obduracy</sup> ~~obstinacy~~, for he sent his particular love to Miss Minnie and the other young ladies. Bob does not mention having seen any young ladies; so I suppose his "sense of the beautiful" has not been gratified since he left old Kentucky. He says Hugh spent the first week after their arrival with them, he says he would rather live in Missouri than in any part of Kentucky, except about Louisville

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or Lexington. <sup>TP</sup> Have you made up your mind to settle in Hannibal? Cousin Willis Green has returned very much dissatisfied with Owensboro, and has determined to settle within four or five miles of this place: a queer notion - is it not? Cousin Mary Green has just left the neighborhood. She and Fry came out on business. She looks very well; she says she lives in a good deal of style and moves in the most fashionable circles in Pittsburgh. She sent you a great deal of love - to do what you please with. She invited all of us, to come and make her a visit; she says her house has thirteen rooms in it.

Mary Grinnell spent the evening here yesterday; she is looking very pretty; but will not agree that she is turned out. I think the young ladies ought to form a combination and drive the widows from society; they have so many attractions the young girls are thrown altogether in the background. Mrs. Pope is decidedly the greatest belle in town; she has Mr. Ripley, Mr. Baird and others too numerous to mention. Cynthia Pope is in town, flourishing with Miss McCrum; she becomes prettier every day. I went to a concert the other night, where I saw all the fashionables of the City. Mr and Mrs Scott have returned from their Eastern tour. She was Miss Shalcro<sup>ss</sup> you know; I went to see her the other day; she is as pretty as ever. They talk of settling in Kentucky. Have you heard that Colonel Taylor is ordered to Detroit next April. Mrs. Taylor sent<sup>s</sup> you her love, and says you must study very hard &c, and you must come home early enough in the Spring to have a real "jollification" before she leaves. The Colonel and Beck both asked to be remembered to you. I have seen very little of Minnie Clendenin or Lizzie Williamson since you went away. Lizzie has been in very bad health, at one time they were seriously apprehensive about her life; but she has gotten much better. Doctors Gross and Moore attended her for some time. Have you ever seen Sue Thompson or any of the Nicholasville folks. I suppose Mr McKnight told you father had deposited seventy-five dollars for you in the Lexington Branch of the Bank of Kentucky. Every body at home wants to see you very much. How do expect to spend your Christmas. I wish you would come home.



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You have no idea how much we miss you. I hope you will remember the good old maxim, "Return good for evil", and answer this letter very soon. I am so often interrupted whilst writing, that I have not time to write a long letter. Tom is going to school to a Mr Atkinson who is teaching where Mr Smith used to. His opinion is that Mr A. is rather a better teacher than Mr. S. Helen will live at Cousin William Fry's and go to school to Miss Mary Browne. A much better arrangement than living at Judge Browne's: ~~He~~ she still talks of going to Jackson this winter. I spent the day there, a short time ago, and Virginia told me to tell you, Ben was almost ready for you. She says he can talk and do various smart things too numerous to mention. Bettie Atwood sends you a great deal of love; Mrs. Hughes and Miss Rosanna Bailey also. Indeed all your acquaintances send you some message, or their love - Do write soon to

Your affectionate Sister

Martha

Addressed:

~~Miss Martha B. Bullitt~~~~Mr. John C. Bullitt~~~~Lexington~~~~Ky.~~

Postmarked:

Louisville, Ky. Dec 15

John C Bullitt has written the name  
"Miss Martha B Bullitt"  
across the face  
of the envelope

*Susan P. Bullitt*  
[ ~~Sister Sue~~ to John C. Bullitt, ~~Lexington Ky.~~ ]

Oxmoor Dec 21st 1844

*209*  
*Done*

You must not imagine, my dear brother - because I begin my letter in the old way-telling you "I received your favour on Saturday last, and would have answered it But for work, company, & lack of something to day &c" - that I could invent no newer mode. But I believe you like old friends: You like novelty too, and I will give you a piece of news that will perhaps astonish you as well as one of our friends. A lady showed sister a letter the other day from a lady in Lexington, & she mentioned Mr. Bullitt and Mr. Allison as the two most talented students in the Law-class. Am I right? Does it surprise you or did you know it before? I am almost sorry I have given such an impulse to your vanity. Beck Taylor and brother Josh are in the other room, carrying on a flirtation. Beck send her best love to you - she is spending her holidays here - and says she misses you very much - as indeed we all do. Cass a much as any of us. I must tell you what word ~~Samuel~~<sup>S</sup> sends you - "his best love and services, and his dogs hunt as well as ever, and he is very well himself except that Mr. Canady's son what's name Jim took him for a baboon the other day when he went to sleep in the hollow tree while twas raining, and shot at him - it just grazed his cheek, and did not hurt him at all!" A good joke-I would have said, <sup>but</sup> a long prayer from Ma<sup>r</sup> Page, and a scarce less painful kneel on the cellar floor has put all joke out of my head. Brother Josh went to sleep, and we could only wake him by telling him we would go for Lizzy Smith tomorrow. I think loving her has become quite a fixed idea in his mind or his heart. <sup>P</sup>Mr. Jacob has not been here for two months, and John *aldrick* is to be married to a blacksmith's daughter - so *ends* his love for Lizzy, which I suppose you have heard of.

Mary Payne and Mr. Johnson were married last Tuesday evening. Minnie C. was one of the bridesmaids. The whole bridal party will attend



St. Paul's church tomorrow and I suppose the whole world will go to stare at them. Mrs. Ward gave a large party to them last night and Miss Mal, received the company, as her <sup>her</sup>sister left for New Orleans some days ago - to recruit her health. Mrs Ward says. Brother Josh will write to you in a few days and give you a full account of it as he was there. <sup>TP</sup> No news from abroad. At home the servants are all richer <sup>sicker?</sup> than when you left. Lydia is dead, and mother has given Mary up. The consumptive Bettie Atwood went to Ohio to-day to visit her cousin. She regretted leaving us and we regretted her going just as much. We have just read your <sup>last</sup> letter for the dozenth time - to brother Josh this time. You do not know how much we all miss you now that the holidays are here. Brother Josh says "Lizzie's eyes are not blue though!" I never saw a man more in love in my life. He intends to rejoice Cass's heart by a hunt on Christmas day. I am glad to hear you are so well pleased with Lexington and its ladies. <sup>TP</sup> We all regret very much that we were prevented by previous engagement from accepting your <sup>[invitation]</sup> to the theatricals. If you go over to Danville, give my love to cousin Jane and cousin Cary, and ask them both to write to me very soon. Smith and Minnie are all off if they ever were engaged. Cythia blushes about Mr. Lancaster who is very attentive - a good proof of something between them, I think. Mother and sister are very anxious to go to Danville and Lexington - but I do not know when they can go. We will have our own bed to make and room to clean in the morning - a bad state of affairs, you may know. Sister says if she can summon the courage, she will write to Ellen Gwathmey in a few days - she is at Fort Leavenworth, Missouri. What message will you send? Is Mr. Tandy really going to Paris to study medicine? a wild scheme if it be true. +

Henry is as <sup>more</sup> mischievous than ever - has forgotten none of the badness you learnt him - says 'dog gone you' - 'you vile beast' - 'hush' - 'hurrah for Clay' and a good many other things when he gets excited - he never talks else. Helen will go to school to Miss Mary Browne in two weeks and Tom to Mr. Atkinson.

21 Dec 1844

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LWC  
Page 3

We have heard from the Smiths, who are quite pleased, though it was very cold. If this letter is not worth reading, you must lay the blame on my correspondents, who have not written to me for so long. I have ~~forgotten~~ gotten out of the habit of writing. Tell Cousin Jane so. We will be so glad when spring comes, and you all come back to us. I have counted the weeks, and we will expect you down nine weeks from next Friday. Ah! would it were here now! You must give my love to Mr. Allison, and tell him I have a question to ask him when I see him - of great importance too. Mother says I really have forgotten what-some compliment to herself though as usual. All send their love, and *twish* too. It is very late and I must tell you goodbye till I see you again in the shape of another letter. Goodbye Your most affect. sister - Sue

That does not stand for affected.

10 pt Addressed

Mr Jno. C Bullitt, Lexington Ky

Postmarked

Louisville Ky  
Dec 24