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Title: Letter from James Buchanan to Eliza Watterston

Date: December 28, 1855

Location: MC 1998.10, B3, F20

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Legation of The United States.

London 28 December 1855.

My dear Miss Watterston,

I was

gratified to receive your letter

of the 5th Instant by the last

steamer; because it assures me that

I shall live in the regard of a

lady whom I highly esteem. I

trust that we shall ~~meet~~ again

before the opening of the Spring.

The death of M^{rs} Baker whom

I tenderly loved was a sudden &

severe blow to me. I have lived

long enough to have lost many

dear relatives ~~most~~ of them younger

than myself; but yet age has not

rendered my heart callous. I
sincerely sympathized with you
in the loss of your excellent
father whom I highly esteemed.

But is it possible that a
Lady of your cultivation &
accomplishments can believe in
dreams? Can believe that the
all-wise ruler of the Universe
would adopt this mode of fore-
-shadowing events, in a dim,
obscure & uncertain ^{manner} ~~method~~, to
his intelligent creatures. In the
whole course of my life, I have
never had a dream which, in the
slightest degree, foreshadowed a
future event. I pray you abandon

this delusion, because it will
only tend to render you unhappy.

I am now, by every steamer,
expecting to hear of the appoint-
-ment of my successor & thus to
me will be joyful news. I
cannot complain of the treatment
which I have received in England.
Were I to do so, I should be
ungrateful. And yet a Court
life is not so agreeable to a
man at 64, as it would have
been twenty years ago. I long to
return to my own country which
is the happiest land beneath
the sun. Properly to appreciate

the blessings we enjoy above
all other nations, it is only necessary
to travel into foreign countries.

Would that our people were
more sensible of their privileges!

If they were so, we should experience
fewer violent political contests.

But storms may be necessary to
purify the political atmosphere.

I hope once more & that ere
long to enjoy the pleasure of meeting
you in your own snug house on
the hill, again to hear some of
your music which always charmed
me & to be gratified by your
straight & intelligent conversation.

With my kindest regards to your
mother, I remain always, sincerely
& respectfully yr. friend

James Buchanan
Miss Eliza Wallerston.

Legation of the United States.
London 28 December 1855.

My dear Miss Watterston/

I was gratified to receive your letter of the 5th. Instant by the last steamer; because it assures me that I shall live in the regard of a lady whom I highly esteem. I trust that we shall meet again before the opening of the Spring.

The death of Mrs. Baker whom I tenderly loved was a sudden & severe blow to me. I have lived long enough to have lost many dear relatives most of them younger than myself; but yet age has not

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rendered my heart callous. I sincerely sympathised with you in the loss of your excellent father whom I highly esteemed.

But is it possible that a lady of your cultivation & accomplishments can believe in dreams? Can believe that the all-wise rules of the Universe would adopt this mode of foreshadowing events, in a dim, obscure & uncertain ~~method~~ manner, to his intelligent creatures. In the whole course of my life, I have never had a dream which, in the slightest degree, foreshadowed a future event. I pray you abandon

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this delusion, because it will only tend to render you unhappy.

I run now, by every steamer, expecting to hear of the appointment of my successor & this to me will be joyful news. I cannot complain of the treatment which I have received in England. Were I to do so, I should be ungrateful. And yet a Court life is not so agreeable to a man at 64, as it would have been twenty years ago. I long to return to my own country which is the happiest land beneath the sun Properly to appreciate

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the blessings we enjoy above all other nations, it is only necessary to travel into foreign countries. Would that our people were more sensible of their privileges! If they were so, we should experience fewer violent political contests. But storms may be necessary to purify the political atmosphere.

I hope once more & that 'ere long to enjoy the pleasure of meeting you in your own snug house on the hill, again to hear some of your music which always charmed me & to be gratified by your sprightly & intelligent conversation.

Wish my kindest regards to your mother, I remain, always, sincerely

& respectfully yr. friend
James Buchanan

Miss Eliza Watterston