

**TRANSCRIPT OF LETTER FROM JANE PIERCE TO HER MOTHER, MRS.
APPLETON, WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 1(?), 1835**

I must write a few lines again to my dearest Mother, altho' I am too much in the habit of writing to my friends, without receiving any return. I do hope however that letters may be on the way for me, from some of my friends, for I am quite tired of hearing Pierces announcement every morning of "no letters for you Jeanie" – giving me at the same time half a dozen newspapers instead – with which I am obliged to content myself. I hear nothing from Boston accepting through these said papers and Mr. Sam Dinsmoor who passed a day or two there on his way to the South, and says he understood from Uncle Lawrence that our friends were all well. Mr. D. and Mr. Guy Hunter are spending some days in Washington. I was quite delighted to see Mr. Dinsmoor who came in upon me very unexpectedly the other evening and is agreeable and gentlemanly as ever. I attended the funeral of Mr. Davis* on Friday – and witnessed for the first time the imposing ceremonies attending the death of a member of Congress. The day was exceedingly unpleasant, and I did not ride to the burying ground and the circumstances which occurred just as the procession was starting prevented many others. You will have heard before this reaches you of the attempt to take the President's life – which was most happily frustrated. The man was seized in the Rotunda while I was in it. From all account, it seems to me that he must be deranged altho' it is not thought so by others. I saw the President this morning at Mr. Posts(?) church, where he appears very attentive and devout. On Friday after being out all the morning, I prepared my dress(?) to fulfil two engagements which had been previously made for spending the evening – although the rain came on violently with ...(?) and lightning when we went to Mr. Hills which was at some distance and rather out of the city and the road bad from the rain. We had nearly reached the house when in an unlucky turn we were overed(?) fairly and the carriage lay upon its side with the windows in a thousand pieces scattered all over us. Pierce was first to get out and took me as quickly as possible after him, but said(?) his side wrenched so badly that he could not sustain my weight from the carriage to the house and I walked in a dripping rain with thin shoes four or five rods to the house. Gentleman and servants came running with lanterns(?) and Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson+ were soon extricated and we received the most hospitable and kind attention ...(?) that we were all mercifully preserved without any material injury. Mr. Pierce's ear was cut, and side considerably strained and the rest of us feel our bruises a little, now that it is all over. But were well enough that evening to *right ourselves* and stay till 10 o'clock at Mr. Hill's where we met about 20 or 30 people consisting of our(?) family and a few other acquaintances. Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Pierce and myself left for a party at Mr. Blairs and reached home about 12 o'clock feeling as if we had done enough for one day. Our dresses were somewhat discomposed as you may believe and I felt anything but *nice* all the evening – as my cloak was torn off and I was obliged to stand a minute in the pouring rain for Mr. Pierce to get it on again. But we none of us took cold in the excitement and it now seems as a very good story. But I think I shall not go out on so dark and rainy an evening again – and indeed felt strongly disposed to stay at home as it was – but we were particularly obliged to go in both cases. I hear Mary Jane is now in Boston. Hope I shall soon have an account of the proceedings of the last two or three weeks, but I believe they are too busy to write to me – or even read my letters. I think I never have received as few letters from my friends before – and never have written so many – but I intend to stop now, until I know by their letters that they are glad to hear from me. I intend soon to write to my dear Grandmother and shall not feel slighted if she does not give me an answer, but only tells me, by some one else, that it gives her pleasure

to receive it. Hope she was able to read my last to you my dear Mother – as that was written in my *very plainest hand*. Give a great deal of love to her, to Uncle David, Aunt C and the children. I have been hoping to see a letter from Abby Spalding. Remember me very kindly to Aunt Betsy and to Lydia too. Pray write me very particularly how *all* my friends are. Mr. Pierce sent Mr. Adams' address thinking you and Grandmother might like to read it. I hope to go to Georgetown this week. The weather has been beautiful for sometime past, but is now growing unpleasant again. Mr. Pierce desires affectionate remembrance to yourself and dear Grandmother.

My dearest Mother your aff. – Jeanie

The letter is addressed to: Mrs. Appleton –
Care D.M.G. Means, Esq.
Amherst –
N Hamp –

The return address reads: Free
Fr. Pierce
M.C.

The post mark is: City of Washington
FEB
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The word "FREE" is stamped under the return address indicated the free franking privilege of a member of Congress.

*Warren R. Davis, a Jacksonian Democrat from North Carolina, died on January 29, 1835.

+Probably Rep. David W. Dickinson, a Jacksonian Democrat from Tennessee.