

glory is not tarnished. Decatur has conducted bravely, nobly; becoming the dignity of a patriotic American; yet all this will not compensate for our loss, and it has afforded me the highest gratification to learn that she was lost in the storm, and that the English will never have the satisfaction, of bringing her forward, to act against her native Country. we have been successful thus far at New Orleans, and the inhabitants there, entertain the most sanguine expectations of victory. the French and Spaniards, are assisting and aiding us, with great fervour, and although the English are superior in numbers, we have already experienced the truth, of this assertion, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." I think sometimes, my dear Mother, that you must smile, at my warmth in politics, but when the interests of our Country are at stake, I feel too warmly concerned, to stand as silent spectators of the scene, and I generally write, what is uppermost in my thoughts.

I wish you would let me hear from you, more frequently, and tell what you are doing, and how you spend your time. Now Johnson has an idea, that Sister informs me of all the passing events, in Africa, but he is mistaken; she very seldom mentions any thing that is going forward. and I think the most interesting letters, we can receive from friends, at a distance, are those which inform us, of what they are doing, and of events that mostly concern themselves. Grand mother has been very sick, the last fortnight, she is still confined up stairs, and her absence, makes everything appear dull. I long to see her, once more in the parlour, diffusing happiness around her. we should really be very stupid, of an evening, were it not for our good friend Henry Marston, he comes, to see us twice a week, and brings us all the news from the great City. his Father, also constantly passes Sunday evening, with us, and makes many enquiries, respecting you, and Abby. Aunt Martha left us, yesterday for Bristol we shall feel her loss as she often visits us.

The weather has been intirely cold this week, on Tuesday last, the Thermometer, was 20 degrees below zero, the coldest day, we have had for thirty five years, so the old people say. I hope it has been more moderate with you. George Beale, and his wife, have just come in, Mrs B. desires me to send her very best love to you, and Mr B. desires to be remembered. Pray my dearest Mother, write to me soon, and remember me with the sincerest love, to all our friends.

I am respectfully and affectionately  
your Daughter Susan Oldams.