

LETTER ADDRESSED TO JOHN K. KANE, ESQUIRE
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A. "BY THE BRITISH QUEEN."
(A mail ship)

Eaton Hall, near Norwich
27th October, 1840.

I do not, my dear Cousin, sit with the intention of giving a letter of sentiment, but to talk with you in the language of familiar relationship, to one whose blood mingles with mine. Your Son has told me so much of you that I take to you with kindness. When he returns to his home he will tell I take a warm interest in the welfare of all my American relatives.

I will now thank you for making me personally acquainted with your Son. And such a Son. What a prodigy of talent. A mind so sparkling, a heart so full of kindness. The society of my neighbors are delighted to converse with him, and the Ladies charmed with his address.

His letters will have told you he is under my roof, but perhaps from feelings of tenderness to his Mother he may not have told of the accident he had met with when near to Havre by the wheel of a Dilligence having hurt his foot, about the great toe which rendered it not advisable for his going on board of ship at that moment, and as I had urged him when at Paris to come and pass the winter with me, he took that occasion of coming here. I will be strictly honest with you. The wound has been severe. I will tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You and my cousin your wife may rest perfectly at ease respecting him. His foot is doing well perfectly to the satisfaction of his surgeon. It is healing steadily and with a healthy appearance. In other respects he is quite well.

Once more I entreat you will be perfectly at ease about him. I disguise no one thing. He is attended by an able and experienced Surgeon, one who has had me under his care in an affliction of a dangerous nature. He is under a roof where kindness will be his companion. Where he shall experience a Father's affection and a Mother's tenderness.

Dear fellow how I love him! Yesterday evening after taking our plate of soup and a piece of roast-beef, we were placed near to a warm friend (a good fire) and both being in a happy frame of mind, he recounted to me the names, the personal appearance, the residence, and situation in life of most of the younger branches of my American relatives. I in turn told the history of the Kanes, the Grants, the Cullens, the Kents, the Mayments, and of my own family. Most probably he will when seated by your side, sometimes make you smile by relating these little remembrances of my early life.

I am still journeying on in good health, cultivating the kind charities of life and blessed with comforts to the extent of my wishes. Adieu, dear Cousin, but remember to offer to my Cousin your wife my best wishes for her happiness, and teach your Children to know the name of Archibald Morrison. And now for the present I will take my leave, soliciting you will let my friendship have a place in your "Heart of hearts" and keep it there to the end of our lives.

Permit me to request you will offer to my cousin Mrs. Wetherill my kind regards. I had a warm friendship for her father Dr. Lawrence, and I loved her mother. To Cousin Sally Morris be pleased to say she has in me a relative who wishes her every good. It is long since I wrote the name of Sally. I had a sister Sally Morrison who I loved with tenderness and was the darling of her parents. She died at seventeen on Long Island. She had a fine mind and a frame so lovely as to make her the admiration of those who saw her.

I have just room to give you an extract from a letter to me dated Paris. -- "I presume not to ask you to write to me again but, my dear Sir, in ^{John K. Kane}..... you may find a correspondent, a friend worthy of you. A more elegant gentleman, a truer friend, a more honourable man is not to be found in America." And who do you think wrote this? YOUR SON, God bless him.