


Greenwood Nov. 25th. 1840

Not having been in town for a week the contents of your last letter is still sealed from me, except the satisfaction of knowing they have heard from you & a most warm hearted epistle from Mr. Morrison, which your dear Mother mentioned in a hurried note she wrote me yesterday & a request that I would write to you. When I heard of your accident, it cost me a good cry, for beside all you suffered from pain, I knew well the deep disappointment of being so near sailing toward your dear home & in a moment to meet with such an accident, all your hopes and pleasing anticipations to be damped, but let not a murmur escape me, for it was a kind Providence that preserved your life, and raised up such kind friends, as to that noble young Dr. (Elisha's friend) how can we ever be grateful enough to him, and to the noble hearted being under whose roof you have found a home and such affectionate attentions; these acts, exalt human nature, they are bright green spots as we journey along this world and sweeten life of some of its bitterness, and yet my dear Thomas how much we have to be thankful for, and may you view the accident & its result in the right way; hard to bear my dear child (for my love is near a kin to a Mother's forgiveness) but may it have been a season of suitable reflection. Do you remember when you were sick in Virginia some of the most agreeable hours I spent ~~was~~ in reading & talking to you, how much information you could then give me, now when

you return, the first visit from home must be to us, and here ~~is~~
in the quiet of my cottage home how much you ^{will} have to tell
me of the wonders you have seen, it will be a treat to listen, and be
as good as a long voyage without any of the trouble & little annoyances,
for would you believe it dear Tom, your Aunt, who was such a
wanderer for years, has lost all inclination to go beyond a days
journey from home and even that causes me an exertion, the last
year has flown by on silken wings for it has been a happy year
to me, the comforts & pleasures of our home fill up my time with
out weariness; we see our friends, take pleasant rides, visit, Uncle G.
is anxious to have his farm in a high state of cultivation and
through the day much of his time is occupied in superintending
his improvements, this place now belongs to us, and he wishes
to have every thing in order, you know his industrious habits, so
that we may hope to have it done, and one of my pleasures is
to walk or ride with him to see all that is doing, Nothing de-
lights him more than for me to take an interest in his stock,
not bank stock for of that we have none to weigh upon our spirits,
but we have meadow bank that these uncommon tides brings
pretty low, some little trouble soon makes them firm & we do not
fear their running away; our other stock requires to be well ta-
ken care of and in return we reap the benefit, it is astonishing
how interested we become, your Uncle often laughs at me when I
am riding along the road if we see a fine animal, how quickly
I notice it & often break the 10. commandment in coveting my neigh-
bours goods. Our quiet neighbourhood has lately been disturbed by ha-
ving had a murder committed, as yet no discovery has ^{been} made of the

perpetrator, it has been a fruitful subject of conversation, the man
lived by himself and his character that of a Miser, since his death, the
story ^{is} that he was accumulating for the benefit of a Mother & Sister who
live in England, he came to this Country & commenced as a labourer,
he has gone on by little ^{at a time} until his property they say is worth \$10,000 but
what a life was his, he allowed himself no comforts, not even a bed, and
from all I can gather old Billy Hope, as he was called (though not old) has
left but the sordid character of a Miser behind him, and one
does not feel for such, the same (though it was a most cruel deed) as
when life is taken from a man who is of real use in society and
whose every day acts benefit others. How different in the case of
our ex- Friend Professor Davis, a man who was an ornament to
society and who his family could do little spare, taken in the
midst of usefulness & honour. What a blessing to be prepared as he was,
that his work of preparation had not been left for the few hours that
were allowed him, his peace was made, and his death was happy,
trusting and rejoicing in that Saviour, he once disowned as God equal
with Father, but in mercy his eyes were opened to the light, before it
was too late. How kind he was in his own house, his hospitality no
doubt has prevented his leaving his family very well off, but they will
not suffer they have the promise that the children of the righteous
will be taken care of & never suffer want. I must go now & get my
dear one's wrapper, slippers, and have them ready by the fire for it is
growing & he has been down to see the Bank I told you off & to see that
his stock is all safe, then we will have a comfortable supper and
these delightful long evenings afford us a fine time for reading, he
reads aloud & I take that opportunity to ply the needle for my ^{moments} amusement.

not having much sewing it amuses me to do some for those I love, and have just finished a set of collars & ruffles for my pet Bessie, she is going to dancing school & I have always noticed this makes little girls begin to think of dress. You will find her much grown, she will be tall & thin like your mother in person, now if she has as fine a mind and intellect, with her good sound judgement & correct feelings what a comfort she will be to us all, and she is a dear little pet more

Uncle George & sister Mrs. Cunningham

Mr. Tho: L. Kane

Care of Arch: Morrissey

of Calton Hall

near Norwich

Engl: &

For

paid by
E. Cunningham

To day Aunt E. & Uncle G. dined with us they expect to go to Baltimore on Saturday. To morrow we expect Uncle Sam. & family to spend the day. Did you hear that div stonp was preaching for them he appears to be much liked, but perhaps it would have been better if he had preached awhile before strangers. Last Sunday we were there & I felt for him your Father, Mother, Uncle W. George, myself and I must not forget Maria Withnell but she is so deep in love her criticism would go for nothing. His sermon was very well, with indeed it was far better than I expected, but it was too closely read, no doubt he was embarrassed, Maria W. being at Lapidea he was not so long in his study. He is very handsome with such an appearance & really good, if his delivery had a little more energy & eloquence, he would make a first rate preacher, these trifling faults he will correct. His conduct is most exemplary, lives at present with Uncle Sam. visits about among the people & is drawing many to the old churches. My paper is filled before I have finished, though I dare say you begin to think it is time for a finish from your attached Aunt & H. Thome