3-23-1787

John Kean to Susan Kean, March 23, 1787

John Kean

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different appearance of things here with those on York Island the last time I took an airing, there the ground all white with snow, the Trees bearing nothing but icicles nor one small green spot to glad the eye — here nature putting on her gaudiest dress of various greens, intermingled with flowers and blossoms of every hue that the imagination can paint which shed their odours all around, while the glad inmate of the grove hopped from spray to spray and carolled with his mate, paying his tune of gratitude for the blessings he possessed. But why should I envy thee thy happiness — is it not for my good that I am now separated from my mate — is it not that I may long, long enjoy the felicity of her society — yes it is and I will not repine — as I do this for thee my Susan take care of thy precious health for myself — remember you live not for yourself alone, but for me also neither grieve nor fret but make yourself happy.
My good Landlady and old friend 
Mrs. Boddie is very kind to me and nurses me up with great care & attention—she takes particular care that I shall not go any length of time without sustenance—a bowl of nice chicken broth or good corn gruel always comes in to fill up the space between breakfast and dinner and in lieu of tea a bowl of milk with stewed prunes is substituted, all which is highly beneficial but more especially the latter article which I devour in great quantity. I eat meat but once in twenty four hours (my supper consisting of gruel) but then I eat very heartily & with a good relish—Mrs. B. says I am now worth her attention as she sees an alteration in me for the better—John joins her in opinion & I conceive myself much stronger—John sleeps in the same room with me so we have an opportunity of judging of each other—he is considerably mended I think—I hear no more of his little
hacking cough—which is a certain sign that either he or I are a great deal better—for if he does cough I sleep so soundly that I do not hear him—which may very well be the case as I seldom know any thing that is going forwards from ten at night until five the next morning—when I turn to your side, stretch out my arms, am disappointed I sleep no more—I make John rise at six.

Having nobody to make the bed comfortable I get up myself at seven—John says pray sir if you are writing to mistreps present my humble respects—I wish mistreps could but see you sir, this is ejaculated when the Fripsur has just finished my hour, for in his opinion he dresses me amazingly well.

For pity this fellow is so stupid.

My hand still continues weak and now and then gives me a twitch, if I can get a small jot of the gout in about three weeks or a month I shall think myself fortunate, it was lucky it got so well the day after I
Pray ask Lawrence & Mary to look after the large ship which I sent over, it was protested and they paid on my account & send it me by first good opportunity.

Perhaps Mrs. Wiley may come to inquire about her husband, who may not have it in his power to write her, being in the country, he was very well, went up to look at the place – he left this on the 16th.

Considering my hand is weak and writing not very good for me, I think you will excuse me for saying no more than requesting you to present my love to all the family, respects to all my friends and compliments to all my acquaintances and to be assured my dear Susan that

I am

Most affectionately,

Your

John Kean

Charleston
March 23rd, 1787.