John Kean to Susan Kean, April 20, 1788

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Sunday Morning Apr: 20: 88

Yesterday the wind was very perverse and did blow so hard that I could not possibly cross the river to get on to the island—this made me uneasy for fear Wilcox should be gone and not carry a letter to my love—but happily I have got here in time. I left my place at half past six & now it is about nine & I do not find myself much fatigued—but Wilcox will be the best evidence of the state of my health—

I shall advance Wilcox some money here about 200 dollars which he is to repay in New York in specie, this with what little I can bring along with me will be sufficient I hope for us until we get home—

I am very busy planting and have
as yet a tolerable prospect tho’ it is rather too dry — I have made terrible havoc among the retreats of the wood nymphs & dryads and deprived them of their umbrageous shade & driven them to seek an asylum in some more peaceful place — for where under the shelter of some lofty oak or laurel they whilst away in sportive play their time now grows the indigo or waves the pendant maize or the potatoe covers her the globe —

The last of your dear letters is the dearest you ever wrote me, it is the little one which you penned the day after you gave birth to our first born hope — I flatter myself he has all your good qualities — think how
anxious I must still be to know how you have got through that portion of time in which danger is the constant attendant on persons in your situation—when even your dearly loved cleanliness may be the cause of much evil—I hope our fortunes will never again inflict the severe punishment of absence upon us when you are in such situation—but we have this consolation that it proves the genuineness of our love for absence which to querulous passions is death (from whence arises the proverb that absence is the grave of Love) shows the strength of ours, for the longer we are separated the more ardent is our desire to be with each
other & this is now the only thing which my soul does desire with sincerity & fervour.

I begin to think what I shall do when I come to New York - I hate idleness you know and I do not see what else I shall have to do but to love you & your boy all day as well as all night - you must find some employment for me.

My love to your Father & all the family.

Kitty, Julia & the Boy & if he don't behave well flag him handsomely.

Tell my Susan.

May heaven shower its choicest blessings upon you pray your

Affectionate husband

John Kean