

My dear Sir John

I wish you to have this on the 11th to express so far as words can an affectionate greeting on your birth day from an old friend, men in position and power have always a host of friends and followers. I hope you look on me as outside the crowd and remain assured of my warm and abiding personal regard. I think what first drew me to you so many years ago was you trusted me, and believed I was one who not given to talk when it was right to forget or be silent.

I have many acts of your thoughtful consideration to remember but I think you will acquit of ever soliciting anything for myself.

It is pleasant to think I can be separated in this way from many and that I can express to you a true and unsullied regard.

Seventy six on the 11th and yet, I earnestly hope much time for usefulness left you – You know my day dreams in which you were to be the actor the realisation may come and I may live to see you place the capstone on a great united British American people.

On the 22 of last month I completed my 75 year but notwithstanding some reminders I cannot realize fully I am an old man, and yet I have (corresponded?) with one who heard my great grandfather speak of his father who served in the army of Wm 3 and who was born in the year 1778. Do not say I am growing childish when I tell you that I amused myself on my return in June last (boroughing?) amongst family papers. I never had much inclination that way before, and in my early days...