

C1815, May 147

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Dear Sir,



The freedom I take in addressing this letter upon you, is an apology. I hope a sufficient one will be found in the following statement.

Doctor Buchanan, a native of this state - a gentleman of unusual talents - for several years past, distinguished as a metaphysician - and now the Editor, of a patriotic Newspaper, in Frankfort, called the "Palladium" - is engaged in collecting materials for a Biographical work, to be confined in its selections to the Western States. He has expressed a wish to include my Father - and requests my aid in procuring matter. I have written to several of the early friends and associates of my Father, from whom I expect to obtain ^{such} information, touching the earlier incidents of his life, as is required for the satisfactory execution of the undertaking. But it will probably be on that portion of the narrative which includes his political exertions, that the writer will bestow most attention, and towards which the public curiosity will

Breckinridge, Jos. Cabell. Lexington. May 14. 15.
recd June 6.

be most eagerly directed. — Have the feelings of a fond son carried me too far in my solicitude for the memory of a beloved Father, in the appeal I am about to make? Who could know him better, than the man he respected most? Who better decide on the merits of his acts, than the great projector of that republican system of policy, which it was his unceasing aim to condemn? — Tho' lost to his country, his family, and his friends, — cut off from usefulness and increasing fame, there are those whose ^{can add a precious} approbation, consolation to the bereaved, and an earnest to posterity of that excellence which on untimely death obscured! Relying, then on the benevolent kindness of that disposition, which it was among the first lessons of my childhood to revere, I ask from you a communication on the subject of this memoir — Your compliance with this request will draw largely on the gratitude, but can add nothing to the respect of your Son and Friend.

Joseph Cabell Breckinridge