

Boston October 19th 1866 -

My dear Rebecca,

Perhaps were I to believe you sincere in the assertion that you thought me desirous of retreating from a promise voluntarily, or even involuntarily made, pride or whatever else you chose to term it would prevent my engaging in a correspondence. I feel I will much increase my little sum of happiness, a thing I am too much a bankrupt in not to draw it from so sweet a source as your friendship, when in my power. I should certainly return your resentment for your suspicions were I not a little of a coxcomb. And fine forgiveness and affection mingle with all my remembrance of you. And teaches me the sufferings would be alone my own and I attempt relinquishing an Epistolary intercourse with you.

Human nature abounds with follies and errors, and as one of the creatures of this Terrestrial globe, I must move with all its imperfections about me. But its Vices I trust in Heaven I may escape partaking of, and as deception is the first and of course the most difficult step I shall ever avoid it. My proud heart swells absolutely with exultation, and a very unchristian like spirit possesses me when I think how completely I can prove to you - necessity not choice has prevented my hitherto writing you; Rebecca I wish you may

once feel the triumph, but not over me - I did when reading your last letter, it was delightful because not a particle of illnature or malice adhered to it and my ^{heart} kept whispering me I could explain every thing to my own, and I trust to your satisfaction, and to begin my little history, the friend of my heart, the companion of all my infantine sports and cares - was about changing a life of girlish indifference - for the more active and dignified one of Matron - my Christina engaged in so important period of her existence was the object my thoughts for any length of time could ^{alone} rest upon. I felt she was more precious to me than ever, and employed myself in being with her; attending to her wishes and evincing by my action how much her happiness was essential to forming my own - The day is past that united her to Mr Sargent, but not exactly the one Mr Parish seems to think it was - the mistake however was not an uncommon ^{one} Sunday instead of Thursday - Monday afternoon we began a little excursion to even Port and returned home Friday before sunset, the ride was a delightful one - the weather extremely fine - and I had the sacred satisfaction of weeping over the hallowed turf that covers the loved remains of an adored father and sister to me the sweetest, and most painful tears - sorrow has yet made me shed the reflections that tho' the cold marble conceals their last and even in the decay of death and cold forms, mingled with the belief they were with their God, enshined by glory and happiness chained my lingering steps, to

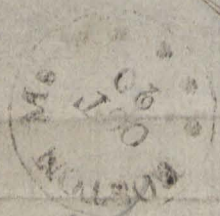
present ourselves in Philadelphia - I am commissioned by the individuals of our domestic
circle to offer you their remembrance and love. My Catherine with myself shall
impatiently expect to hear from you. With sincerity yours
Eloway -

S. Kays #
Dec 19. 1800

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Miss Rebecca Gutz
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Philadelphia



1801
S. Kays