

New London May 15 1832

Dearest and kindest of friends

I am sensible my dear friend that I have made one promise that will be very difficult to perform and think I have undertaken more than I shall be able to accomplish for my feelings toward you Carter are such as no pen or long days can describe and therefore actions alone must speak the true sentiments of Catharine's heart. That you are as dear to me as life itself you cannot for a moment ^{doubt} and that to make you happy in this life and to see you prepared for that hour that is fast and rapidly approaching which will tear us from each others embrace or carry us both to the silent tomb I say that this is all that your Catharine desires and that on this her whole happiness depends you do already know or if you do not permit your dearest friend to once more assure you this is and I trust ever will be the true sentiments of my heart. Dear ^{in fact} know dearest An Pennington you ^{when} while you ^{would} were at school truth of what I have told you in absent delighted me no company could of a moment succeed in banishing from my mind the image of Carter but of course was ever present when we were so happy in each others company and knew so little of the troubles of this world and trifling world then dear Carter then we were happy and my feelings here I strive to conceal mine tho' I believe I done it very imperfectly. Oh Carter what were my feelings when I returned from Pennington then I would have given worlds like this had I possessed them to have known that your mind corresponded with mine but I thought that perhaps Carter by their dear time

had lost his first love and that ^{most} likely another ~~friend~~
occupied my place or at least the place in your
affection that I once hoped I retained ^{in the} bosom of Carter,
^{and that it} was now filled by a more worthy object, but dear friend
I hope I shall never again experience the unhappy feelings that
were then rankling in my heart, and destroying all my com-
fort. As dear Carter believe me when I tell you that you
and Catharine were free from trouble from the time
we took the parting hand at my Father's, until I knew
your mind remained the same as in Childhood; when we were
free from all artfulness and deceit would open our whole hearts
to each other and promise in a frank and open manner
to be true till death and never, never, dearest Carter, will
those scenes be forgotten. Oh, they were too dear for time or
distance to efface from the memory of Catharine, just they
are stamped there in indelible characters, that will grow brighter
and brighter while life or reason remains, and should you turn
at last to be my enemy it would not in the least alter my
affection for you, but in breaking the strong and endearing
ties that bind us in bonds of love and friendship, it would let out
existence drop by drops, and Catharine, your once happy Catharine
would shortly sink broken hearted to the grave, with no earthly
friend to console her or give her one cheering or comforting word,
and I should in my last moments pray that my dear Carter
might be prepared to meet me in ^{Heaven} where I should hope we yet might
be happy. — Pardon the weak and feeble manner in which
I have expressed my feelings when I tell you that, what I have
written this morning I have heard Ann saying in my arms,
Alas, dearest Carter may the lowest and best of Heaven's
blessings rest upon you and may you at last with your
unusually friend be sweet in the kingdom our Redeemer
Carter Pierce
Yours till Death
Catharine

Dear Sister show a mantle of charity over this
and remember it is from your bosom friend
and she do not criticize it but praise it
with a ^{and} of friendship and accept of the
undivided of your ever faithful and constant

Catharine

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