
St. Louis Mo.

Sep. 10. 1874

Miss Gex,

You're very kind response to my "saucy" letter came duly. I suppose it must have come on the wings of the morning or in some other delightfully rapid way. It was postmarked 2nd September and reached me early on the morning of the 4th. Didn't you bribe the postmaster to hurry it forward? Indeed, remembering the old adage about "ill news traveling rapidly" I was in no special haste to break the seal. Why didn't you anticipate my nervous trepidation and inscribe at the head of your letter the reassuring legend "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to one people." Or better still, if you had drawn the figure of a carrier dove bearing a scroll on which this beautiful salutation were written, and placed it on the back of the envelope, my fainting spirits would have immediately revived at the welcome sight.

Indeed, it would take the courage of the historic animal which followed Mary around to meet unflinchingly the satirical darts which are fashioned by your cynical pen and which doubtless deal death and destruction to many masculine hearts. Jest aside, my good friend, your letters are charming; only they are like a single strain of the most bewitching melody, which having heard, you wish for more. But, let me see! (said the blind man) how a young lady's theory and practice agree. She asserts that she cannot return the interest of a young man's letters. He writes, numbered 1 - 3 pages. She replies in 1 1/2 pages. He writes no. 2 - 5 pages she replies in 3 pages. I'm afraid that "actions speak louder than words." The young man does not wish to bankrupt her stock of stationary nor to deplete the celebrated postmaster at Ghent of postage stamps, but thinks he could a slight increase in the size and weight of the aforesaid. Now don't throw a ream of paper at my unlucky head and put out my life forever not all at once. I mean.

I was very glad to hear that your father was better and I trust soon to hear, that his wanted health and vigor, are entirely restored. Please convey to him, and to your good mother my kind regards. I learned thro Mrs. Alvord - who has returned to the city - that your younger brother had gone away to school, and that your mother missed his propensity for whistling, and had given you carte blanche in regard to singing and making a noise. These latter will doubtless cease, since objections have been removed; such is the perversity of human nature – especially maiden nature. The Liederkrawg promenade and social concert which was made very delightful by the fine music and the agreeable company - occupied one evening last week. It was my expectation to have seen Mark Saith in some of his splendid representations of sterling old English Comedy – which I have enjoyed frequently in the past – but the fine old actor and the genial gentleman, whom I had the pleasure of knowing personally – has bidden adieu not only to the mimic stage

of the play house, but to that greatest stage of life, on which we all have parts to perform, however humble some of our parts may be.

And it seems to me, that in this great drama of life which is played upon the world's stage few of us rightly understand ourselves or each other. The ancient Greek injunction to know thyself is as little practiced and as much needed today as it was two or three thousand years ago. How often have we been amazed at the actions of our well known as we supposed acquaintances and friends. I believe it to be true, that those persons with whom we are most intimate, are often those of whom we have the least accurate knowledge. Of such persons, usually, we have made up our minds, in regard to their mental caliber, their moral nature, their disposition, habits etc etc. Consequently, looking upon them from this point of view, all their words and actions are colored by our previous impressions. It is not infrequently true, also that our opinions of persons, are largely influenced by what has been told us concerning them by parties whom we supposed knew them better - since they had known them longer - forgetting that we do not know the circumstances of their acquaintance and being ignorant of their motives - if they have any. But aren't you tired of this prosiness?

I was glad to hear so good an account of my namesake. If he could only respond to the echo as he sings "Come Birdie Come" etc how nice it would be. But I must bring this long letter to a close. Your friends here Mrs. Tutt - Miss Laura - John and Mrs. Alvord all seem to be well and happy - "Cousin Laura" as you would say- often tries to tease me about you, and to find out, if I am corresponding with you but she has not succeeded in either. I enclose 2 slips cut from newspapers - "Remember Lot's Wife" and Turner's orchard. Deacon Jone's experience has been illustrated. If a copy can be procured I will send it to you. Hoping to hear from you soon. I have the honor and pleasure of remaining Your friend.

Geo. R. Yost

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