

November 27th 1806 - - -

How differently people are constituted; human nature dear Rebecca
varies strangely, no two exhibit exactly the same passions, I am more than ever
convinced we can learn the character of mankind best from their writings, tho the
sentimental pen of Sterne was false to its inspirer's feelings; you and I while
you were in Boston seem'd generally to think and talk alike, how happens it
that now we cannot understand each other, surely a few hundred miles yields
no oblivious draughts so mingled in the journey, that it bears from the memory the
friendship and kindness we impart to the objects beloved; were that the
case life would indeed be reduced to less than a dream, for that will leave
some faint recollections of its pleasures ^{behind}. Your letters are filled with doubts
and perplexity, and tho you mount it is but to fly from the sincerity of our assurances
of regard. I should have ~~as~~ much admired ^{to have} seen you when you received
the long letter from Catherine the day following the one you send your
last, the blush that mantled your cheek when you found the injustice
of your charges that we were 'most faithless Damsels,' ~~would~~, would have
reflected the glow of self satisfaction to mine, and with all my humility of
spirit I should have sung a triumphant March; really my Rebecca you will

be the complete destroyer of that meanness of disposition by which I have ever thought
myself the possessor, you question me most feelingly about my pride of heart, my
exultation of a free conscience with which my last letter so boldly swelled, I will
answer you candidly, it is now exercised in beholding a fallen boaster with
compassion, regret, and forgiveness; how bravely my sweet girl you wrote at
twelve o'clock one night, with what energy of thought, you portrayed the scene
that would overwhelm your Boston friends while perusing your injuries, & lamenting
they were the bestowers of them, fancy had dipped her pen in rain bow colours and you
had doubt dreamed of what we soon realized, all sublunary things are vain and you
must have proved it quite sufficiently when you discovered your error in
believing we had forgotten you -- My mother thanks for your kind enquiries is
as well as usual, and of course could ^{not} have proved an apology had we ceased to
write you, but so wicked am I ^{that} sometimes I feel tempted to be what you have
so often suspected me and were it not for your mild frown, gliding before my mind's eye,
with all its wonted gentleness and kindness I should resign the pleasure of writing
you entirely - and convince you: Leases wife is not to be suspected, Once more
then I pardon you but beware of the third time, for in spite of the sage
Dr Johnson or the exquisitely feeling Mr Lennie with which so much
judgement you quote, you will lose my entertaining letters -- but enough
of egotism - if you are not tired of me - I am completely so of myself - and will
of course commence some more interesting subject, your Sister Sarah I hope long

I could feelingly partake of your enjoyments - and laugh away all Day with you very happily -
my spirit are much better than they were while you were with us my feelings
are more equal - and I am more disposed for society my family are well and the
beloved friend of my heart is as contentedly fixed as my neighbor but I seem
to have new sources for pleasures that in a degree reconcile me more to life -
This Day is a Public Thanksgiving the bells have been sounding in my ear
for an hour, a call no doubt to the unconverted but I am incorrigible
and shall partake of the day no farther than by dining out and doing my utmost
towards eating and drinking, and as that is part of the orders of the day, I shall
faithfully fulfill my duty - - it is a day of general happiness and comfort and
as such I enjoy it. the rich are made gay by an increase of luxury and the
Poor by many indulgences they are unused to. and for the first time for
three days the sun begins to shew itself and he has so long withdrawn his
smiles from us that now the dark shadow is gradually disappearing - nature
seems to renovate and cheer all around. I wish you were here to partake
the day with me I would be just what you chose either grave or gay
for my feelings are particularly harmonized to day. and yet I know not
why they should be. as I have not received nor do I anticipate any
new happiness - Tell dear Rachel for me that I remember and love her
and my favorite Cousin Sol he must not forget us - you recollect my
mother once declared to his wife my esteem for him and having so

inclination to be untruthful and contradict parental authority I shall still as here
be her assurance. So dear Rebecca unfold to me in your next letter the
incomprehensible expressions in one of your former one for that you would believe us
sincere notwithstanding what you had heard. Catharine and myself have often
endeavored to develop those mysterious words, but the task was a vain one will
you fair Lady, deign to explain to your humble slaves what you mean.
The Family write in kind remembrances to you. my friend Christiana thanks you
for you ever welcome regards and returns you her own. Make my best
wishes to the circle around your fire side and believe me dear Rebecca
affection yours
Eloway.

P.S. It is one of my rules never to apologize for bad writing. she would say in
the language of Rachel this letter is written devilishly bad.

Sherry Hays
1881

Ms Rebecca Grubb
No 250 High Street

Philadelphia

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Ms Hays
No 250 High Street

