

December 14th 1808

My dear Rebecca

Your definition of some part of my letter like
yourself was clear comprehensive, and feeling; but as I trust we are neither
or as the friend studious of change, we require no great indulgence, from the
whimsicalness of nature and pass her off as she deserves with perfect
quietness of spirit, free of all shocks, and astonishments. One mistake of yours
I must beg to remove, and intreat you to believe that I never can be so
much my own enemy as to cease wishing to acknowledge you as one of
my very good friends. Your little narrative of your feelings while in Boston
reminded me of past pleasure, and instead of reconciling me, to the changes
of life made me lament present deprivations; it was not necessary for you to
make use of the witchery of your pen to make me remember that smile of yours
which ever went warm to my heart and diffused through it a glowing
satisfaction. I take no credit to myself for then thinking and talking as
you did, for ever persuaded of the correctness of your sentiments. I was
merely the echo of what I admired to imitate in you - and perhaps
could you still extend the magic of your conversation to me - under
its influence I might become a more reasonable being, and better

comprehend human nature.

I should much have enjoyed the blush that adorned
your cheek at the receipt of Catharine's ^{letter} and insist believe me do you endeavor
to reconcile to yourself the one written ^{by yourself} so unjust to my feelings, for in spite of
the happy manner in which you seem to think part of your spleen
was well directed, I can remove the shadow of doubt in which you wished to
conceal the innate gentleness of your heart, and if the colour on your
face did not belong to me, I dare to oust the sigh from your bosom
breathed regret and forgiveness, the first from a consciousness, you had trifled
with my friendship, and the last for all supposed neglect, but now as all
things are happily arranged, and you believe me the meek and quiet being
I would fain insist I am, the hand you extend in kindness I cheerfully meet
and bow over it the cordial salute of sincerity and pardon.

I am much gratified at your sister's flattering reception of my little message
and assure her she cannot too soon for our wishes meet us in Boston.
The idea of becoming one of you in Philadelphia is too romantic for
my humble mind to indulge, and indeed so long have I clung to my
own home, that I may reasonably suppose myself a fixture for life - and
begin to knit my warm stockings, and lay up for an old age of comfort
a little while longer I shall venture among the gay fashionists of the day.

for yourself and friends, and believe me sincerely yours.
Stowey

S Hays
Decth 14-1888

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Gratz

Philadelphia

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Miss Rebecca
Stowey

