

Boston April 5th

Your pardon Dear Rebecca was accorded you even before
you prayed it. I could not in justice accuse you of a fault I had so grossly
and so recently committed myself. all I fear is that the 'foul fiend', which
pursued you was neither procrastination or idleness - but a sort of ceremonious
punishment to me for my past omissions - no delusion of your senses would
ever lead you to deprive a friend of the smallest particle of happiness -
much more withhold from me so delightful a source of pleasure as your
letters ever afford - if I thought any thing but the solemn line of justice
actuated you in your last proceedings with me - I should be tempted to retaliate
and make you feel the shaft of neglect for many a month - for tho' every
inch a woman, I have determined never to bear - and therefore feel not
the necessity of learning to forbear, and should let you soon discover
what an unforgiving heart I conceal in this little body of mine -
I have not the least objection Dear Rebecca to your loving brevity
but intreat it may be laid aside when you are writing me for
believe me I am not willing to relinquish a gratification I have once
possessed, and tho' I admire Mr Shakespeare when reading him and
can most feelingly follow Mad Broom through the sharp Hawthorn - yet
when I receive a letter from you I am better pleased to meet it all
that belongs to you than a world of quotations from any of our
best authors - those I can peruse when I ~~glance~~ ⁱⁿ when listening to you
it is your heart and mind I seek for - therefore put me not off -

with your quaint Maxims - for unless your own they will find no welcome with me - I did not know my last letter would prove so very unintelligible to you but as I have entirely forgotten its contents I must pray you to excuse my helping you to develop it, pass it off as an emblem of the mind which dictated it, made up of inconsistency - Nature in her frolicsome mood seems to have cast me in a strange mould without the power of unfolding myself and I must depend upon the superior penetration of my friend to put me so together as to be enabled to decipher me -
- thing as many proverbs as you please to satisfy your own hearts but spare me the trouble of reading them, for not even Solomon himself would engage my attention long should he take for his only subject myself - you need not fear subduing me by your wit for the very vulnerable sometimes get never to unjust satire or vile accusations. I felt not your attack upon my last poor letter, because I knew it deserved all your severity from its overflow of nonsense. I thank you much for your gift of Moore - but what my dear am I to do with him. I can never feel his 'harmony' because I know it proceeds from deception - his early labors are obscured by their own offensive immorality, his lineation is lost in its own voluptuousness and even his Mary must rush in Heaven to escape the unquenchable desire he has of rendering every beauty obscure by his loose imagination, Nature and sensibility I will endeavor to cherish but will never seek for it in the muse of the ungrateful Moore my powers faded with my resentment and discarding your little Poet from my memory I forgot my threat till roused to recollection by your last letter - all criticism slumbers in the

L Hayes April 5 1807

Rebecca Leatz

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Dr. Adelphi

