

To Miss Julia Grandy.
Dear Julia I hope Mrs Sumner and you
will excuse my writing but one letter
in answer to the number I have received
from you both. writing is and employment
which suits me not at present it was
pleasing to me formerly, and therefore
by recalling the idea of circumstances and
events which frequently occupied my pen
in happier days, it now gives me pain,
yet I have just written a long consolatory
letter to Mrs Richman. she has buried her
babe - her little Harriet, of whom she was
dotingly fond. it was a custom with some
of the ancients, we are told, to weep at the
birth of their children, after should we
be impelled to a compliance with this custom
could we foresee the future incidents of
their conduct and condition in more
advanced age may reconcile us to their
removal to a happier state before they are
capable of tasting the bitterness of woe

Happy the babe.

Happy the babe who privileged by fate
to shorter labors and a lighter weight,
received but yesterday the gift of breath,
ordered to morrow to return to death

Our domestic affairs are much as when you left
us. nothing remarkable has occurred in the
neighborhood worth communicating. the company
and amusements of the town are as usual.
I supposed frequent neither of them having
incurred so much censure by the indulgence
of a gay disposition. I am now trying what a seclude
and solitary mode of life will produce. you
will call me spleetic. I own it. I am pleased
with nobody; still less with myself. I look
around for happiness, and find it not. the world
is to me a desert. if I indulge myself in
temporary enjoyment. the consciousness
or apprehension of doing amiss destroys my
peace of mind. and when I have recourse to
books, if I read those of serious descriptions,
they remind me of an awfull future.
for which I am unprepared; if history it
discloses facts in which I have no interest;
if novels, they exhibit scenes of pleasure
which I have no prospect of ever realizing.
My mamma is solicitously attentive to my happiness
and though she fails of promoting it,
yet I endeavor to save her the pangs of disappointment
by appearing what she wishes.

I anticipate, and yet I dread your return,
a paradox this, which time alone can solve.
Continue writing to me, and entreat Mrs
Sumner, in my name, to do likewise.
your benevolence must be your reward

Eliza Wharton