

Rebecca Gratz to Maria Feno Hoffman

January 24, 1818

Saturday Night 24th. Jan'y 1818

I am sorry my dear Maria you have heard such exaggerated accounts of me _ or have felt the least anxiety on my account I assure you I am by no means worthy of such care. and tho far less happy than you have known me _ am still too sensible of the blessings I possess. to mourn with an undue sensibility for the losses I have sustained. It is true my friend, that every day is now freighted with fatal remembrancers of the last season. and that I am more than usually depressed in retracing the anniversary of days that so materially affected my happiness. I have [so] many piercing records of memory that I cannot efface, because some local circumstance or other has fixed them particularly. but I assure you I do not reject consolations such as you my pious friend would suggest _ and am even cheerful sometimes _ and always resigned _ It is not so easy when the elasticity of youth is gone. to change impressions _ I have been miserable and happy in former years. in half the time it now takes to become reconciled to a misfortune _ Yet My Beloved Maria, I do not believe, at [...] [period of] my life, I could have parted with the companion & darling of my infant years the sharer of every after scene of my life. and the faithful sympathizer of all my cares. with greater fortitude than I have done now _ when you recollect how we have lived together _ that for some years her state of health made her

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so entirely the object of my thoughts _ that sleeping or waking we were never parted _ and that now every object recalls to me all she suffered _ and presents to me [her] empty place _ you will not wonder that the impression may sometimes be perceived on my countenance _ Yet again I assure you I exert all my reason and all the strength of my mind to resist depression _

I walk out almost every day when the weather will permit, and always employ myself when at home _ you would not wish me to go into company with every feeling adverse to society _ except indeed, to that of my friends but in our large family I am seldom left alone _ and when it does so happen I always read or write in order to lose the solitary feeling which by contrast immediately would recall the past. I am ashamed to have written so much about

