

M. L. Cohen

Savannah December 31st 1854

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On this, the last day of this old year, dearest Mary, I look back with a grateful heart for all the blessings it has been permitted me to enjoy when so many around us have been sadly & surely tried through the various ills that have stalked thro' the land. Our little city, which is generally so gay at this season is now clothed in mourning for many families who were unscathed by the Pestilence have been visited by death in other forms. so that strangers coming to Savannah this winter will find it very different from past seasons in regard to gaiety or entertainments. I have no doubt that Young Mrs. Thrane has found it very

This dear little Mary for me & the children
wrote of her very often

dull. He gave her a supper party
about a fortnight since, which she seemed
to enjoy very much, and last week
we gave our Fanny Cohen a ball which
was quite a brilliant affair. There were
about sixty young girls ^{& boys} in their teens,
collected, & they danced until past
twelve o'clock, to a fine band of music.
Mrs Mrs Florence, Corinna, & a few
other of our friends, were invited to look
on & after the young folks had supped
we had the tables replenished & the
"old folks" took comfortable seats, & ate
their supper at their ease. Miss Van
Cenpester has been with us for the last
ten days, & I shall feel quite sorry to
part with her, tomorrow is the day fixed
for her departure. She seems to be so
little calculated for the career she has
chosen that I fear she will find it a
very hard task to get on. I try to encour

ing her. yet it makes me feel sad
to think of the trial that awaits my little
pet. I never saw such a devoted attachment
between child & nurse as subsists between
little Miriam & her "Myci." I was very
much pleased to hear of the improvement
in Isabella's health & in the state of affairs
altogether. It is so much wiser & happier
for relatives to dwell together in unity, that
it often surprises me to see how much
trouble people take in making themselves
uncomfortable, by little trifles, which in
fact are nothing until they become at last
the stumbling blocks in our pathway to
happiness. I cannot tell you how I
regret not seeing dear Uncle Ben & not
introducing my husband to him for I so
much want them to know & like each
other. Do give my love to him when you write.
My husband writes with me in love
to you & Uncle & Horace. Kiss Julia
for me & carry our love to Aunt Mary
& Isabella when you go to see them. I believe
Grady, Ben & Miriam love as ever & think you
and you love & thanks for their "salt bread" Miriam.