

M. G. Cohen
Savannah December 2nd 1855

Dearest Aunt

Does cluster so thickly around us, that one feels one stricken as if the Angel of Death were ever hovering around these we live. Dear Aunt Hays' precious life has been spared to mourn again, & again her beloved ones, & my aged Mother, in law whose feeble health & failing strength have made us tremble lest the attenuated end would each moment give way, still lingers to weep over the departure of another grand child, the first born Grandson, who was in the fulness of manly beauty & strength when he bade her farewell a few short weeks ago! I was screaming for my dearly beloved Ellen, & my sister was sitting with me, telling me, how lucky she had shone forth during her sad trials last summer, when the dread Despatch came, to turn her sympathy for dear Aunt Hays' bereavement, to the agonizing reality that the same doom awaited her, for

It told that the Doctor was dying! and
another received a few hours after, said that
he was dead! Oh what a stunning blow this
has been to the devoted Parents, & they are
crushed to the very earth. He was apparently
the most healthy & the strongest of all their
children & he was the very idol of his fond
Mother's heart. Cut off in the prime of life
leaving six children the eldest of whom is
just at the age most to feel a Father's loss.
My heart bleeds for his poor wife, for she was
truly devoted, I never saw one more so, & she is
singing strangers! — My thoughts are turning
continually from one to another of my loved
ones, poor dear Aunt Hays. how can even her
meek pious spirit bear up under such sore trials,
God alone has power to support & comfort her,
& as His Almighty will has restored her from
such repeated attacks of illness may He spare
her to your dearest Aunt for I know full well
how you cling to her, poor bereaved Josephine
how I pity & sympathize, her, none has ever
been to her or can ever be to her what her
devoting devoted Mother was, & then my tender

precarious state. I offer my most
sympathizing love to all the dear mourners -
& dearest Aunt whenever you can make
the effort do notes to me. for I shall not
feel easy about you until I hear from
you. My darling Bell has returned home
much improved by her light trip. she was
complaining & looked thin & pale without
having any particular ailment. her Father
thought she would be benefitted by the change
so he took her to Millidgeville with him.
Philip's little Theodore is a sweet gentle
boy, he spends much of his time with
my children. & sleeps with Grady now.
What it is so sad wth his Grandmother. My
husband writes with me in love to all.
& for your ^{dearest} Aunt accept the warm affection
of your nephew & his Miss M. B. Cohen.

Please let Cecilia know that all are
well in health at home - you feel her young
days have been clouded with sorrow! again I am well!