

M. G. Cohen
Swanwick January 12th 1857
1857

I cannot tell you my dearest
What how thankful I feel to you
for your exertion in writing me,
as I entered the breakfast room this morn-
ing my eye caught your well lined
hand writing - oh! how much relieved
I felt to hear from your dear self the
best assurance that you are well,
& that Uncle Hyman's health is so
much improved as to give you the hope
that he will soon be restored. You have
been my last thought at night & first
thought in morning, & I have so longed
to hear from you, that I feel as if I had
almost had the happiness of seeing you
& hearing from your own sweet lips the
words conveyed in your letter. Dear Horace
has been very kind in writing to relieve
my anxiety, when his heart & hands
were full. I love him more tenderly
than ever, (if possible) for the good he

has been able to do in the service
of those I so much love & the comfort
he has been to you. I received a letter
from my dear Father yesterday telling
me that he had just parted with
Edmund, who was to sail for San Francisco.
It must be quite a trial for Papa to part
with him again. I hear constantly
from Papa, who always gives me accounts
of dear Becky & Sara. They are both
bad correspondents, at least they do not
write often enough to satisfy my
solicitude to hear about them &
their families. My husband is at my
side in his Philadelphia arm chair
which he finds very comfortable,
he is now suffering with a terrible
cold & has been more of an Invalid
this winter than I have ever known.

with my little Miriam. Sally Thays
with no doubt regret leaving Boston Town
which is associated with so many pleasant
memories & to leave you & the rest of her
dear neighbors. My children are all
in perfect health & looking more blooming
than usual this winter, from our
having quite an unusual share of
cold, bracing weather. My husband
bids me send his love to you &
unites with me in love to Uncle
Aunt Thays & Grace. Kiss dear Julia,
for me, & tell her how gladly I hail
her welcome presence near you,
& how much I regretted not seeing her
this Autumn. Good night dearest,
Aunt. May nothing shunbers be yours
is the wish of your own devoted

Miriam Stocken