

and take heartfull - from you can devote Miriam
My husband
is still absent.

My
Mrs Savannah Tuesday May 7th

I am ever with you in
spirit dearest Aunt, could
I go to you. I would even
have, these terrible times, for
when you are in sorrow,
I feel that my place is at
your side, to weep with
you. I cannot yet realize,
that dear Julia is no longer
a being of this earth, she always
seemed so well, & so exempt
from the disease of her
mother's family, that I never
apprehended a fatal termi-
nation of her painful attack
of Rheumatism. From which
so many of the members of our
own family have suffered &
recovered. How blest she was

in having the same devoted,
watchful care, that tended
her Mother's dying bed. The
same loved & loving hand
to close her eyes — "Then
such friends part, 'tis
the survivor dies." I know
dearest Aunt that no one
can ever be to you, what
Julia has been, so congenial
in all her feelings & tastes,
yet I cannot bear to think
of your being so lonely when
dear Horace is away at his
business. Were it not for the
present terrible warfire, I would
gladly send my daughter
to you, but that now is im-
possible. Oh that some

the Union must be preserved -
How can that which is severed
be made whole again? -
God knows how dearly I love
both North & South, & how
many tears this war-
ing of my countrymen has caused
me, & how fervently do I pray
that bloodshed may be
arrested, for the "voice of a
brother's blood will cry from
the ground" in either case.
I did not intend to intrude my
own feelings on you my dearest
Aunt, but rather to sympathize
with you upon the loss of one
we so much love. It is a
mournful yet pleasing consolation
to contemplate such a character,
to think of Julia as she was in every
thing, just what a woman should be
& yet I know of none like her. Give
my warm love to dear Bruce



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