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London
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My dear Mr. Dawson

I contemplated
a letter to you for some time past,
but having heard of the serious ill-
ness of your daughter, postponed
writing - but since by the window
sent me word that dear Anne was
considered convalescent, I can no longer
refrain from expressing the sympathy
- they are both felt for the latter winter
season, and the gratefulness that
God has so mercifully spared her
to us all - by this time we hope
that your dear daughter may have
the benefit of a little nursing &
relieve the strain and agitate
mentally and bodily, which you
give ~~undergone~~

It is almost five months since
I promised to write you, and
I hardly realize that so much time
has passed away - I was in
Austria I have felt to look upon
familiar faces, this England
seems to concentrate in itself all
that I love could wish to admire
I am fast losing all Canadian
prejudices - and would willingly
take up my residence here
I do not mean in the City of London
but those charming country places
set in wild when I could see the
pleasures of gardening! would
I not have lovely flowers?
I have seen almost all the
places of note in London and
have enjoyed the picture galleries
most - I have abstained from
society in a great degree - but
I'm feeling much disposed that
way

but we have had very pleasant visits
at Mr Craig Kayne's relatives - his
Cousin in Gloucestershire, has a most
delightful place - and such a
nice wife and family - he spent a
week with them, and saw a great
deal of the surrounding country
from our many walks & drives
This winter has been considered rather
exceptional from its mildness, the
first snow fell only this past week
and unfortunately very heavily
the day the Duke & Duchess entered
London - yesterday the thermometer
was over 50° before mid-day
We expect to go to Paris the end
of this month - I am afraid he
shall not be able to extend our
stay on the Continent - as he had
hoped - and family affairs will
hasten our return to Montreal -
Still Charles says I must see
a little of Scotland, as this
may be my only chance and indeed

Nothing would tempt me to wander
- for a sea-voyage the third time -
how often I thought of you. Dear Mrs
Stowson as I lay in my berth the
only stationary article, the little blue
dressing case fastened to the wall!
How very kind it was of you -
to think of anything I can bring out
for you - It is unnecessary to say how
willingly I should, and ^{in my shopping}
I offer my services - I do not hesitate
to ask - So pray say's his is my
Wife to your husband, so I
shall not spin this out longer
I do not expect you to answer this
epigram - I told you I would
not - only a little Memo in case
you want anything - do not write
with our halted regards to all
the circle

Believe me
Dear Mrs Stowson

Truly yours
Maria de S. S.