

92 Charlemont-Terrace
Ranelagh Road

Feb 25th 1879-

Dublin

My own dearest-Anna

Your long letter carried me home
just- into your very midst- and
to see you and the sweet-children
"You & your babies" - it was such a
happy, calm, picture just- an ideal
of Motherhood - You speak of my
health - I am sorry to say I am far
from well & the doctor says my state
of body is the reason I have no little
child of my own - I have all sorts of
complicated symptoms but the
most- distressing thing is that- it
makes me look so horrid- & makes episto

come on my face, however if
Charlie takes this place in
Colorado that is offered him you
may see me out in Montreal
and I may sit well out there.
I have been to a very good Doctor
here, and he says I am not strong
but if I had a baby of my own
I should be all right - so that
for many seasons I could wish
I were like You -

I cannot tell you dear how
lovely it was to see Papa - get -
a man is not the same, they don't
give one half of an idea of the
hundred ins and outs that I was
pining to hear about - Nellie

sent me a pretty lossy, scarlet
with a wreath of ivy leaves in black
velvet & embroidered in glass silk
and Lilla sent me such a nice
picture of herself & baby - and George
he (Baby) I mean, looks a sweet-
little laddy with such a bright-
& happy smile - and such a gentle
little face, Lilla seems to love him
above all she has had - and seems
to cling to him as a comfort - she
of course feels her Father's marriage
as a "dreadful trial and indeed
she seems a horrid thing - and
when a man has as many children
grown up it is not nice - fancy

grand children - older than his
own - & I believe she is in the
expectation of one shortly.

I hope to be in London soon
as Papa is anxious to have me
see Doctors there - & Donald would
have me go to Exeter to stay with
him but - I can't ^{do that} as Charlie
misses me so, am I gone any time
from him - Mrs Power leaves Dublin this
week for good so dearest - & must wait
for a letter now for a while but I will
write you a long long epistle from
London & I trust in God's Grace the days
are ~~sent~~ set - when I shall see you
again
Good night Beloved
Your fond & true
Nina