

9<sup>th</sup> Charlmonst Terrace  
Bancroft Road

Dec 12<sup>th</sup> 1878 - Dublin

My dear Lou

I was so glad to get your note written  
when Baby girl was two weeks old -  
I am sure <sup>was</sup> pretty - and you were  
more than glad to tell me all about her  
so fully and clearly - I can quite picture  
you both together and I am sure Eric  
would say he had rather a little sister  
& so well you by and by dearest - Even  
if you do not say so already which I  
fancy you do. I think Eric's hair as pretty  
it is quite as light as little Mung's which  
Nellie sent me a pretty bit lock of &  
quite a goldeny - he must be real boy  
and such a real sun-beam in the  
house to you all - it makes a picture  
the pretty fellow with his merry face  
throwing pillows at his father now  
proud B must be of his son - and  
how fond and tender over his little  
maiden - Old Mamma White

is tormenting me, fussing in &  
out of the room & bothering my  
life out - but I am determined I  
will have a nice chat with you in  
spite of her - for Charlie comes home  
from Niagara tomorrow and I have  
only today clear for myself - & you -  
I think you are sure that on the  
whole married life is a great deal  
nicer even with an Irish man  
than single blessedness you never  
feel a real woman till you are  
married and there is a wonderful  
mystic link that makes your  
husband great all the world to  
you, even if he has faults - now  
my old boy is very dear even  
when I blame him - and I feel  
nearer to you married for ever  
the sea - than I would be unmarried  
at home by your side for that  
strange restless feeling is gone  
& I feel one with all the misery  
& joys - and mysteries of life -

one with all the world as if I  
understand it now as I never did -  
and perhaps some day God  
may give me a little belly for  
myself tell thee darling & I am  
more of those whose whole we treasure  
I love instinctively - I always understand  
a Mother more than a wife - and  
I am learning to be wife not Mother  
and Charlie with his strange excitable  
nature his chingy ways - his  
variable temper his moods & his  
manners - needs all my time & study  
& all women with one spark of  
true womanhood - Husband means  
so much - I to the one sacred bond  
she would battle for with her  
life - I hope Georganna Campbell  
may be happy - I have written  
to Frank & I beg you will give  
him the letter, and the card  
to your dear Mother with Anna's  
reetings from me - I have also

Sent Eva some pictures I thought  
she might like for her scrap-book  
if she has not finished it yet.  
I have also written to A.H. addressing  
it 83 Durocher Street where she  
now? - Mr Power has come in, and  
is talking - I have to go to town to  
lay in stores for tomorrow so I will  
close for just now my dear One.

Darling I was out all day busy in  
the beautiful snow - which lay crisp  
and sharp under my feet - and how  
letic home it seemed I could almost  
have thought - the town on the street -  
would have shown me some dear  
familiar and little College - and  
all the time I was thinking of you  
thoughts partly connected with your  
letter, seeing the drops so full of faces  
things I fancied your Day lies for  
G Campbell - and how they would  
look & seeing the Faces cards this  
year Canadian designs I wonder  
they are not called some cards -  
Maema sent me papers full of

all the days in <sup>1785</sup> her honor and  
I wondered what your people  
thought of all the bustle and fuss  
and whether they liked it -

I wish I had as interesting a  
subject to write on as you have  
the Baby and the Boy - such an  
unfading source of interest -  
I hope my little girl for a while seems  
nearer home than Eric - more mine  
& more like her Mother is well -  
Oh what would I give for a kiss  
on her sweet lips - I am so so glad  
I know every turn of your house  
just the rooms I see in and  
out of - just the ways of turns - and  
I fancy you with the <sup>new</sup> burden in  
soft long white garments - & see Eric  
in bright new dresses - by your  
side going about - looking just as  
I remember you - by the by tell me how  
your hair grows ??? - and I long to  
see & kiss you & snatch the Baby  
& hold her all day & all week  
& eat over - I miss so much

that outlet of my nature  
that went off in Baby dressing  
& petting - Mamma writes  
that she puts May to sleep every  
day with my Photo - if I were Nell  
I could not let my feet go to  
anyone - but - she loves Alfred  
more than baby - I should love  
a child above head and ears  
other than as perhaps I can  
be without one for I would  
make Charlie as practically  
jealous - Tell me of May - little  
May - Eric's little May - and tell  
me of yourself & Baby - and  
love me very much for I  
love you -

Your Mother -