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The Hollies. Dec. 10<sup>th</sup>/87.

My dear Husband,

We have just had our little Kristian meeting, fourteen of us. He read through one of his lectures on the political economy of art. That title does not at all, however, express what it really was. In most of it came down very practically to one's own personal life. He is a wise man, even if one cannot follow all he says. I feel one anticipated writing about this Marlboro's nomination, but to no purpose. Yesterday I ventured to write to Sir Joseph Fyler, enclosing the list of life donors, and asking if I might see his name in writing to any of them who were known to him. I ought to hear from him tomorrow. I think my only way will be to take the list and write to everyone, with or without introduction, and then I shall have done all I can do in the matter. Adian and Noel certainly set a noble example in the matter of industry. I read your letter about

to them, at least that part about your  
rounds amongst the tea planters.  
Now I should have enjoyed that grand  
scenery. I have not yet finally let go  
the thought of seeing India again,  
even if I have to go by myself. I seem  
sometimes to have almost a super-  
natural desiring to Darjeeling and  
that sunny range. But no "parish" and  
any more for me in India, no, a  
thousand times, no. Lady Stuart  
and Allahabad. I would not go through  
that again to be an Archbishop's wife.  
No, I have not yet had £20 from the India  
Office yet. It is generally done two or three  
weeks after your letter about it comes  
in that way. I hope it will be here in time  
for Noel's school bill and the house rent.  
I have not money for either of them now.  
What you had better ask Clarence Smith  
to send me the dividends, or most of  
them, and then you can lay up for  
your home coming. Suppose you  
missed the four months, April, May,  
June, July, that would be £120. and  
I would take from the dividends to  
that amount, but you had better resist

to me in the early part of the year as  
Mr Smith will not have much money  
in his hands until the end of March  
or middle of April. March is the month  
when most of our dividends come in.  
I hope Mr Gummie will not forget the  
eggs and firs. The children are delighted  
about the former and I about the latter.  
I have been much plagued with head-  
ache lately, almost as much as I  
was in Darjeeling. Within the last fort-  
night I have at three separate times  
had to spend all the day in bed and then  
next day I feel worn out and good for  
nothing. I suppose it was the cold setting  
in suddenly. I ate a glass of port wine  
now and a cup of soup in the middle  
of the morning. Your son is developing  
classical tastes. He came to me the other  
day with the most perfect boyish simplicity  
saying, "Mother, don't you admire  
Latin verse? The hexameters are  
so stately." and then he began a pro-  
tation from Ovid's Festus and pointed  
out the balance and rhythm. It was  
all done so simply and yet with a  
certain critical faculty. I think his  
taste in most things will be very pure.

and correct. I am not at all sure that  
a public school course is the best for a  
boy of his make and character. Home  
influence is more valuable to him than  
to most. But we shall see.

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Your A. B. C. D. story is very entertaining.  
Some time I will tell you it from my  
point of view, which is quite as effective.  
Indeed I think an impartial jury would  
give me a verdict. I perfectly well  
remember the circumstances and  
my own pent up indignation, which  
still seems to me righteous. But I think  
my better story would be of that last morning  
at Luddidipho, when I, who had been left  
in the bungalow all the previous day (and  
only day) with a horrible headache, whilst you  
and Scotland Merce' roamed about and  
enjoyed the prospect led to spend the  
last previous two hours of our stay in  
packing, whilst you, who had led all the  
previous day, again sallied forth to enjoy  
the prospect, though you knew that most  
likely I should never see India again,  
and you would have many another  
dance. There's for you Sir, a story as  
good as your own. But yes, we do love  
each other, so there's an end. And so I  
send you my kiss, too and am heartily  
and notwithstanding ever your own Sp.  
Mamma sends me love.