

See Kollies. July 2nd / 85.
5678

My dear Husband,

When I read this last

letter of yours I felt that I could say
of you, as the old Scotsman said
of his husband, "I age loved him
muchle, but never maier than noo"
so that you see I am not likely to do
any scolding or reproaching. Truly
we love both of us enough to bear
our, without making each other's
burdens heavier. Let her be as
she must settle for herself. Like
Kupia, she has trespassed upon my
frontier and we must make her
satisfactions, and for the future
keep her place. As for William thinking
that I wish to lessen his love for his
aunt, or damage his respect for her,
I can most honestly say that never
by spoken or written word have I
done anything of the sort. If William
could as honestly say the same,
our conscience would be cleared
than it is now. But of this no more.
I do not know what Mary Catherine
said to you, but I am sure she would

say no more than I felt to be true.
Of course as Elletta never wrote to
tell me of her arrangement, we
could only know what Elian told
us, that she came to Paris alone, and
that Hilda and Miriam followed by
a night train. Elletta has not taken
any notice of my letter, but you may
trust me that I shall defend my
frontier as you wish England to
defend hers against Prussia. I am
sure you would not wish me to be
less watchful as a mother, than you
wish England to be as a nation.

You have given me, in that political
page of your letter three weeks back,
essentially the ground which I shall
now act upon, namely "masterly
inactivity." I could say much, but
to what use are words. I can only
say that M. L. equally felt with me,
the great liberty which had been
taken, and I can quite imagine
that she would write very strongly
to you. He neither of us blame
Elian. He did the best he could,
you will before this have sent me

that letter from Elletta to me, which
I asked for, and which Elian had sent
to you. No. I am not going to write
a fourth about it. I will be Lord
Lawrence, though and though.
Can you desire more? Ah, my dear
husband you have been a good
man to me, and I willingly be-
lieve there are happy years for us
together yet, that is if I have any life
left to be happy with. Sometimes I
feel as if I could not go on much
longer, as if I should like to stretch
myself out and die, though why one
should prefer death by stretching
oneself out, I do not know. Fire does
seem as if it would go no further
than mine goes sometimes. And
then again, if I get as much as five
hours sleep, I feel a surprising
courage and vigour. But it has
been, and is, a trying time. Mamma
continues about the same. I do not
see that her strength fails, nor her mind,
except that her memory for names
and things, is no more. We are with
her always, one or other of us, and

Neil and I take turns in being in
our room at night. He is up twice
during the night to give us something,
and he rests well between times.

Yesterday I had the £30 from the India
Office. I am sure you need not send
more now, as before I have used what
I have in hand, the dividends will
begin to come in. Mabel and Noel
are all right, he I think is stronger
this summer than last, and very
deery over his work. It is pleasant
for Mabel, Miss Plumou being here,
she has someone to take good walks
with. I think it will do both the children
good to go to Alford, and Lilian and
I will have a quiet time together.
Then there is that society to meet.

I feel as if it would do me a world
of good. Mamma sends her love to
you and so does Mary Catherine, and
Mary Plumou asks if she may send
her kind regards. I am sure you will
like her. She is bright, unaffected, clever
and accomplished, a very finished
singer, was four years in London, at
school with Miss Daubney, who is a first
cousin of yours. Ever your loving Sp.