

See Hollis. Jan. 29<sup>th</sup> /85.

My dear Husband,

It was very pleasant to have a letter from you yesterday, for I was quite prepared not to receive one this mail, as you would be wandering about. I wonder where you are now, perhaps a Dublin perhaps. I wish I could be there too, I do not think I should mind even that pathic journey. You will be glad to know that Noel has won the first prize for the holiday task. The task was to cut up half of the "Greek Antiquities" literature primer. Mr Douglas says his answers were remarkably good. I am the more glad he should have succeeded, as I did not once remind him of the work. I left it entirely to himself, and all the talk I gave was that during the last week of the holidays he brought the book to me for me to ask him questions upon the different divisions into which he had marked it. The prize is a beautifully bound copy of the life of J. Edwards, the Scottish Naturalist. We had the choice between that

and Tordson's Poems. Miss Andrew  
sure needed a holiday task too, which, I  
can vouch to say, was not so carefully  
attended to. She scarcely looked at it until  
the last two days of the holidays, when she had  
to stick to it from morning to night,  
and in consequence did not know  
much about it. I have now come to the  
conclusion that Mabel will not, at  
present, do any good at school, and I  
have therefore told her people that when  
Lilian joins up with Miss Andrew on  
April 28<sup>th</sup>, Mabel will join up too. Her  
total want of interest and industry is  
very discouraging, and so is her pret-  
tfulness in the few trifling duties which  
are entrusted to her. In this she is a  
very striking contrast to Lilian. It is  
really not worth while, now, spending  
more money over her school lessons.  
I shall arrange with Miss Andrew to  
come here for one afternoon in a week  
to carry over her French, French and  
music, and during the morning she  
must employ herself in some useful  
reading, and writing an abstract of it.  
She must also take up house duties and  
attend to them, as she does not seem to

want for spending the time in mental  
work. There is great exertion and trouble  
neph about her, but this slothfulness, for  
it is really coming to that now, is very  
trying. I hope I shall be able to meet with  
arrangements for Lilian to go to Paris in  
May. Lilian has pleased me very much  
lately, by her cheerful, conscientious, af-  
fectionate activity, and I think she is  
very happy in her own mind. What do  
you think of my proposal to come to  
India for a month and bring her  
with me. I am sure it would be a good  
thing for her, and as for myself, I must  
then I can take a long rest somewhere.  
Five weeks on board ship, with no one  
who would care for me as I am sure  
Lilian would, would give me new life.  
Mamma continues the same. I  
think this milder matter which  
we have had for the last two or three days,  
has revived her, for she is brighter  
and more cheerful; still her strength  
is gradually failing. I find I can  
manage the night very well now, so  
Mr C. does not come in. I received  
the £30 last Saturday from the India  
office, and very thankful I was for  
it, as I had had to borrow money. The

expenses at the end of the year are always  
heavy, school bills, rent &c. By the begin-  
ning of March I can get my dividend  
from Clarence Smith and then I  
shall have enough. How do you really  
expect to get away from Calcutta. I hope  
you will not stay in those low rooms  
after the rains have made it unsafe.  
Do not think about a few rupees where  
your health is at stake. Please remember  
me very kindly to Mr and Mrs Nichol.  
I wish them all happiness. Your account  
of that journey, with the coolies and your  
own stores of soup, bread &c is quite de-  
lightful. I am sure I should have  
enjoyed it. I do hope some day I may  
see India again, with no Lady Stuart  
or any other female pope, to dictate  
to me what I am to do. You will think  
I have got Lady Stuart on the brain. I am  
sure I had at one time, for no one knew  
what she made me suffer. That misery  
can never come over again.

The children are taking dancing lessons  
again. This term ought to finish them  
in that department. When you come  
home, you must look after reading lessons  
for them. I cannot undertake that.  
Mamma sends her love to you. Call and  
attend you. Ever your loving  
8180  
37 Wilford Street  
London S.W.1.