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ALICARH,
UNITED PROVINCES.

March 10. 1903

My dear Miss Strachey,

Miss Gertrude Bell

has come & gone some time -

she reduced me in 10 minutes

to a state of dire humiliation

& in half an hour only a

kind of blind instinct kept me

from running away -

Theodor bore his shame

better but I think I observed

that even he did not sit

quite at his ease under so
much learning & information
(not to mention "nose", though you
did!) - later on we recovered
our nerve a little, faced the
situation & its needs, & sent
promptly for all the maubois
in the college. They too were
put to some shame but that
was easier for us to bear
& with lightened hearts we
waited while Arabic conversation
took place - I had some hopes
that on human affairs I
possibly in English novels
I might find my level
was - each of hers - a new
blow fell upon me in
consequence - She knew
everybody, sized them up
perfectly, and as for novels
she quoted them by pages!

An hour or two before she left I had "conquered" myself. (as I was always told to do when I was a very naughty child); I summoned to my aid all the virtuous feelings that had ever visited me - I hastily renewed acquaintances with modesty, magnanimity, & their like, and by your help peace entered for $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour into my heart!! You didn't waver me quite enough perhaps or remember that in little Aligarh we are not prepared to meet the active, earnest, eager, appallingly learned ladies that emanate from Edgbaston. Joking apart it was excellent

for us - & I'm quite better now from it - & ready for another -

I won't write about Delhi because you must have read even more than I have about it - The Viceroys sport it all by his personality -

We had a conference at Delhi (the Mahomada Educational Conference) which was a success & visited by Lord Kitchener & other notable people. Now we are back in Aligarh working pretty hard. Mr. Comack & Mr. Gardner Brown are off to England for their

fur long, which leaves a
good deal for us to do. The

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College is over - full; we have
nowhere to house the boys
& no money to build. The
old Nawab has started on a
begging tour however & we
have some hopes that the
Nawab of Dacca will be
generous. I give letter -
writing classes to some of
the BAs every week. They
are very lucky times
& I get to know more
of ~~the~~ ^{the students'} own home - thoughts
than I ever thought of

could - I wish you could
see some of the letters; they
are full of revelations -

Jones still lives - you
remember him? So does
the old Beloochi -

We are going to Sunda
in the vacation for Theodore
to write a book on Indian
economics, but we hope
it will be finished in time
for us to get a month in
or near Kulu - I shall

very much miss Mrs
Cotes in Sunda - She has
gone to England for a

few months. Mr. Tipping is to take Mr. Cotes' work in Simla so Mr. Tipping will be there too alas! I wonder if you will come across Mrs. Cotes. We have become more & more fond of her - you hope to get many of her humorous letters from London -

I hope very much that you ~~were~~ all well & only wish there were

a chance of seeing you soon -

Is there?

Will you, I wonder, one day go & see my people & my little girl?

It would be very nice of you -

And then you would send me one of your nice letters, wouldn't you, after letting it be a due length of time unprinted in your blotter!

We often talk of you -

Yours always,
Margaret Morrison



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