

I am writing to Aunt Susan and will
return P's letter Allahabad Sept 17th /76.

My dear Mamma

5516

I had quite a generous
supply by this mail for besides your
letter with Aunt Susan's and Phil-
lip's enclosures I had letters from
Alettee and Mrs Greenwood. Mrs
Greenwood's with its references to the
old times made me quite look forward
to seeing her again and talking over
them. We go on here much as usual,
bearing the steamy heat as well as we
can though it really is very trying.
September is generally considered the
most month of the year both for health
and comfort. In the evening it is quite
cool but a damp coolness. By October we
shall have it dry and pleasant again. I
knocked myself up last Tuesday by going
to Mrs Williamsons in the middle of the
day and when I got back from Mr Dodd's
badminton, I had such a headache that
I was obliged to go to bed and leave John
to entertain our three dinner guests him-
self. I have got pretty well right again
now, but he feels this weather a good
deal. I think we must continue to go
somewhere for a few days. The country
still looks very pretty, but the damp brings
the mosquitoes out dreadfully. We have
seen some beautiful peyloppers in

the hour lately. One came down with a flop
on the dinner table the other evening, a
most lovely green, and quite a couple of
inches long. Yesterday Mrs Harrison sent
me a snake to look at which had just
been killed in the Muir college compound
about half a mile away. It was a cobra,
four feet six inches long with a fine hood.
Their poison is very deadly. I am thankful
to say I have not seen a living snake, nor
nor a scorpion, nor centipede. The only
thing we are really incumbered by are the
common little black ants, which really
are a great pest. Our sideboard has the
feet set in little pots of water but somehow
they manage to find their way into it, though
not in very great numbers. If you left
your sugar basin standing out all night
there would be thousands of them in it
next morning. Sometimes, for an experiment
I throw a bit of cake into the verandah, and
in half an hour it is just nothing but
a black mass of ants. It is very amusing
to watch them carrying off anything. They
seem to have such a regular plan about
it. We are fortunate in having no white
ants here. They are great pests, eating wood-
work, clothes and books. I have the pro-
mise of a most charming little dog from
Mrs Williamson a terrier puppy. It is
full of intelligence and mischief and
as I hope it will develop into something

interesting. The mongoose, or another
just like it, has found its way back again.
We are anxiously waiting now for the
last part of Deronda. The book is immensely
dear but I think a great part of it will
be skipped by most readers. We have been
reading "The Clarendons of Budgeton" by a
gentleman ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ⁱⁿ ~~Newspire~~. It
pretends to be a picture of administration
here before the Mutiny, and I did not
think it possible that such red tapeism
could exist now, but from what Mr Knox
was telling me of things that had come under
his own observations, it seems to be pretty
much the same. He told me one very rich
anecdote of how the Government is sometimes
bamboozled. The late Lieutenant Governor
took great interest in education and used
to make a round of visits amongst the pro-
minent native schools. In one part of the
proceedings Mr Knox had to accompany him
or be present at the examinations which
were always remarkably satisfactory. After
visiting three or four schools in the same
district, Mr Knox thought he recognised some
of the boys' faces, and on searching into the
matter found that a few clever ones had
been picked out and carted on in ad-
vance, from one district to another, to
make their appearance at some fine school,
as the scholars belonging to those schools!
The masters are expected to make returns
of the attendance of the pupils. Mr Knox found

that one master had his pupils' attendance
merely totalled up for two months in advance
I suppose, however, after all, the country is
better for English rule though there is a
great deal of smothering things look smooth
on the outside. Have you seen Loren
Coleridge's letters. It is a very interesting
book. He see the Spectator, Contem^{pt} Fortnightly
and most of the magazines, from the Bell
four's library to which we have begun to
subscribe. I am sorry to hear about Miss
Udal being so stout. It cannot be good for
her. She and I ought to be slaten up together.
Although my life work, as regards physical
 exertion, is inactive enough, I cannot
succeed in getting fat, though I do think
I am a little better than when I came here.
It is now nearly ten months since I left
home. I hope nothing will prevent my
coming the year after next. John says he
should like very much to come just for
three months, to see about the children
and then return here leaving me for the
other three. That would be very pleasant,
much better than setting off myself,
but we cannot tell what things will
turn out. If he does not get leave to go home,
he will apply for six months at a hill
station, as he will have been working in
the plains for more than ten years then.
With love from us both to you and Miss
I am always your affectionate daughter Ed.