

Allahabad. August 6th /76.

My dear Maunna

5511

I have just come in from
church at half past eight and shall spend
the evening as I generallly do, in
writing my home letters. We got a very long
Sunday, from this time in the morning
to half past six when the evening service
begins. Yesterday Mrs. Colton the wife of one
of the army doctors, came for me to have a
walk with her upon the Mound, a great raised
embankment along the course of the river.
It is the first walk I have had since I came
to India and I enjoyed it very much. The
air was quite as cool as in a summer
evening in England, with a delicious
breeze. The landscape appeared as much
that it looks quite an inland lake, and
the reflection from the clouds upon the
water was very beautiful. There is a pretty
little temple upon a jutting piece of ground,
which forms an "object" in the picture.
Yesterday morning I had quite a bit of
housekeeping. Lady Stuart had sent me
some pineapples the evening before, and
Mrs. Dalry came in to help me to preserve
them. I tried to have them done in the
urghudali, instead of giving them to the
cook, and I find that by this plan the
sugar goes more than twice as far. The
cook was rather sulky about it, and I am
not surprised, as he must have made a
one little profit out of the sugar I gave

him for the steer preserves. His pieces of
caching has been a great success. The fine
apples look very nice indeed. They are cut
in thin slices, and used as a dessert fruit.
Whilst we were doing them, a quantity of
"garrans" dusters or house cloths of all
kinds, which I had ordered for me. The goods
came and it was a great business
counting them all out, six dozens of them
with different sorts of borders for the different
servants. About forty of these dusters are
used in the house every week. They have
already worn out seven dozens since we
began housekeeping. But as this is an
entirely new set, I mean to give the ser-
vants for every hole which I find in
them. They are dreadfully careless. We
had been up at five to go to the evening
party at Lady Stuart's, as you see I had
terribly busy morning.

John is going to Battelore next Saturday
until Monday. Mrs Knowlton lives at
Myree has very kindly asked me to go there
whilst he is away, so that it will be a plea-
sant change. It is within a drive, but the
air is much better than this. There is
some prospect of our going to Nazareth
for six weeks in September. John would
take the chaplain's duty, and a house is
provided, with travelling allowance, so that
the expense would not be great. The journey
is the worst part, as to be by rail, there

is ten hours travelling in what is equivalent
to an English cart. The place is 2000 miles
higher than this, and they say the country is very
pretty. You find that we have to take furniture
there. I don't think we shall go. In that case
John might perhaps go alone. He could
stay with someone. It is that the rains have
come I don't feel as if I wanted any change
for myself. Though it would be pleasant for
us to go together. There was a good series
in the Guardian of that volume of sermons
by Mosley. John must get it. All the contents
are equal to the abstract you sent it must
be a book well worth making one's use.
The July number of the Contemporary is
very interesting. Mr Harrison lends it to
us. I am busy writing now so I do not
get much reading done. I want to finish
the end of this sentence in case we should
decide to go away. I think when we finally
come home we shall have quite a pleasant
society of people we have known out here.

Mr Knowlton's service expires at the same time
as John's. He and his wife are very pleasant
people. His father is rector of Beddington, near
Croydon, I think, or of some of the villages
about there, and one of his brothers is a fellow
of Newton College. They seem a thoroughly
good, cultivated family. I like Dr Jameson
the Governor of Myree just very much too.
Though he does not belong to the regular
church coers. There is such a quantity of
strong common sense in him. On Thursday
night at Lady Stuart's I had the pleasure
of sitting at a table with the present

"Rover", and Registrar of this place. He is
cunning & shrewd, but I should think very
captivell. He had a great deal of talk, and I was
not at all afraid of contradicting him. He
is a barrister by profession. On Friday, when
John went to the Church Conference, I went
to an evening party at Mrs Sanderson's.
They tried that curious experiment of "milling"
which you remember reading about in the
papers a year or two ago. Mrs Sanderson went
out of the room and all the company fixed
upon something for her to do. In this case it
was for her to take up from the table a little
frame containing the portraits of her children
and carry it across the long room and place
it upon the piano. Well, she came in and was
blindfolded, and then Captain Sanderson
on one side and Chad on the other made their
hands meet round her neck. Every one in
the room was to yell as intensely as possible
that she should do the thing proposed. Peggy
and I she began to move slowly forward between
the two people until she reached the table. She
was for a long time taking up the different things
upon it, but at last she fixed upon the frame
which she carried across the room and put
on the piano. Then she said, "I have no notion
what to do next," whereupon she was told that
there was nothing more to do. She tried once
again but failed, and so did the other ladies
who tried, but it was very curious to see it
done at all. When she was in London last
year she says she often tried to do it. These
evening parties are very nice, better
than a stiff dinner. You will

mine until 11 or 12.

5511

I found such a lovely butterfly in the veranda the other day, a deep velvety black with three spots on each wing. In the garden I found another of the most delicate nature. One of our neighbours has just got a baby alligator for a pet. It is about five feet long. It was caught in the garden the other day, and he gave a few ounces for it. I hope they will not keep it too long.

Tuesday. The Alligator is dead, in which I am not sorry. Yesterday one of the hermits flew away, but was caught by the keeper after an excursion of about an hour. The little plover looked very well all the rest of the day. The washing last night went off very well. There was some very good music and a little farce afterward, which was not so good. The people seemed to enjoy Philip's reading. It was the Natural History of Virginia. You asked about his birthday. It is on the 7th of March. I don't fancy we shall coo away after all. It would be so much trouble carrying the things for such a short time.

With much love from my husband and myself, always your affectionate daughter Eliza.