

Birsa. Oct. 1st
Sunday 5518 /76.

My dear Mamma

He came here
last Tuesday and I intended
to return tomorrow, but Mrs
Robinson seemed to want me
to stay longer and Mr Robinson
is going to Belhi so I am to stay
until Saturday. John left last
Thursday, he will come over again
tomorrow for a day and then
come for me on Friday. It is
about twenty miles from Allahabad
and four from the station. We
do the four by a trolley along the
line, there are neither carriages
nor horses here. It is quite a
new life to me here. This is the
railway bungalows. There is no
other English house for many
miles. Mrs Robinson comes
down in the rains a cool
weather and being just what
furniture is wanted. It is
regular pie rice fashion

just a bit of matting on the
floors here and there, and all
the dressing-room things of rice.
The stoves, cooking, sitting are
made up by the pleasure-trip of
the prospect without. The Louisa,
a river about three as broad
as the Ouse at York, flows past
within a hundred yards of the
house; a little higher up there
is a beautiful railway bridge
~~above~~ it, which however rather
takes away from the rural-ity of
the landscape. I am rather
writing under disadvantages
just now. Mr Carter of the High
School is staying here and he
and Mrs and Mrs Robinson
have very beautiful ^{voices} as they
sit reading or writing or ~~sitting~~
they keep breaking out into
lovely bits of music in treble
tenor and bass. Looking out
past the verandah, there is
a clump of mango trees
under which six or eight of the

servants are preparing their
meal of rice and fish. They
make a fire of sticks on the
ground, mix the dough for
their flour cakes, cook the rice
in beautifully clean brass
"lotas" or round vessels and
then broil the fish. This makes
one realize better how the
disciples could have made
their fire and broiled the
fish on the shore. Indeed one
constantly sees here things
which illustrate things in the
Bible: the man treading out the
corn, the women grinding
at the mill, the shepherd leading
his flock.

He got up here at six, got a walk
for an hour or so, after tea and
toast; then settle down for the day
having early dinner at four
and then either boating on the
river, reading, cooking, or riding
up and down the rail on the

trolley. All the country around
here is "prairie" a term applied
to any uncultivated land, but
there are little clusters of native
huts scattered about, with fields
of rice, sugar cane and "budgera"
a splendid grass plant, ten or twelve
feet high, round them. In these
fields there are numbers of wild
pigs, which the gentlemen from
Allahabad come out to "stick".
The natives here will not go out
at night alone, in fear of the
wolves which will sometimes
attack them. Alligators are to be
seen on the banks of the river.
But I have not had the luck to
see one yet. Life here is very dif-
ferent from the city life. There
is a pleasant sort of freedom in
the intercourse with the servants,
little Maurice Robinson about
four years old, was a little Hindoo
boy of twelve, as bearer, called
Purshoon. His Purshoon plays
the funniest tricks sometimes.
He has a way of wrapping himself
in a blanket so as to look like an

alligator, the corners of the blanket
being folded to form the snout
of the creature. The humour he
managed to put into the actions
of the head was delightful. Last
night he and a little Mupeluan
boy made the most ridiculous
imitation of a buffalo. In the
twilight, it was almost impossible
to see the deception. The natives
have a great deal of fun in this
way. Yesterday morning we
rowed down the river to a pretty
bit of jungle and then walked
to a little native village. I could
scarcely have believed that human
beings could live in such a
condition as they were. They had
scarcely any clothing on, and
their huts were just mud heaps.
A year or two they would have
rushed screaming away if they
had caught sight of a European,
but now they are becoming ac-
customed to them. They all

followed us down the narrow
gully when we came back to the
boat. They formed a picture
which reminded me so of those
in the "Missionary Notices." One
woman holding a great earthen
saturpat on her head was very
peaceful. I did not think they
were at all more excited on the
shore, than the people who live in
the English dens which our modern
civilization has brought into
existence.

Friday. I have had quite a series
of afflictions since I left off.
When I wrote last Sunday. I had
a bad cold, which I never got
better much sooner than it
would in England and then
on Tuesday I took the fever
which ever you seem bound
to have here at the closing of the
season. It is a mild repetition
of what I had in Boston. The
fever itself is quite gone now
but I have not the least

appetite for anything, and cannot
touch solid food. Yesterday
my face began to swell up
most unaccountably, without
the least pain. One side is most
ridiculous now, the eye is al-
most blocked up. I have kept
in bed for the best three days,
though if I had been at home, I
should have got up and put
on my dressing gown, but in
bed I am kept quiet, and if
I got up here I should have to
talk. Mrs Robinson is kind
help itself and does everything
she can for me. John goes to-
morrow to Tuttleport one of
his out stations, and I stay
here until his return when
he will come for me. I have
written a note to Julie
in accordance with Aunt
Susan's suggestion. I ought
to write to Clarence Smith too

but I do not feel equal to any
more in the way of writing
just now. Will you kindly write
to him for me and tell him that
the money is to be paid to
F. C. Stephenson, the note to
ask what was to be done with
it. A. A. Stepler's Chambers
Telegraph St. London E. C.
John left on Wednesday. It
is possible he may come over
today again. With love to
yourself and Mr. Derrin
Your affectionate daughter Eliza