

Allahabad. June 24<sup>th</sup> /77.

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My dear Mamma

The rains are still hanging off, and so we are in consequence suffering very much from the heat. I don't think that it is more intense than last year, but everyone says that each succeeding season one feels it more. In another week's time it is hoped the rains will have come and we shall then get relief. Really now the days are simply a matter of endurance. We have been helped through this week by Harriet Martineau's Autobiography which has interested us very much. We had read so much about it in the different reviews and magazines that we seemed already to know most of the incidents. Mrs. Com-pletely she seems to have enjoyed sitting down at her bedside and in small volumes were, judging from one of her beautiful sheets given. I was very much interested in all that she says about her method of composition, and the progress of her different books, but I do not

care so much for our notices of London Society, she is too sharp and bitter about nearly everybody. She was very nice to go and line quietly out of the way of it all. Your letter came in company with a very long one from Mrs Lennard, telling me all about what has happened to them during the last year. They seem to have gone through a great deal of trouble. Louise must be pushing an uncommonly clever and cultivated girl, quite the pillar of the family. I always liked her the best. - Here John called me to see a little lizard on the outside of his parlour door making ineffectual darts at a wasp on the inside. It was most amusing. See how lizard could not at all understand why it did not hit the wasp. I saw for the first time the wonderful mechanism of their feet, which look almost more like hands. The side of the palm is lined with the most delicate little ducts, and they have long nails with hairy fringe too, so that on either a rough or smooth surface, they can run about, back

and forward, like flies. There are two or three baby ones not more than an inch and a half long in our room. They seem to attach themselves to one place and remain there through the season. He see the chameleon too here. There was one running about on the verandah since the other day, much to the excitement of Nelly, who made frantic jumps at it. I have one of the juppies over every day, it is most amusing now to see Nelly playing with it. They have not the fun of hitters, this idea seems to be grasping and stealing anything to pieces. It is delightful to see the puppy with an old slipper, shaking it about and tumbling over it. Mrs Borden has two very valuable dogs, one of them a little German hound, of the kind lately stretched in Munich, as "bought by the yard", a curious little creature, but with the finest head I ever saw. With St. Martinian came Miss Broughton's "pan". I wonder the two did not quarrel on the road. It is a clever, but very unsatisfactory book, and though you are obliged to finish it, you feel it is a great

waste of time. The dogs are the most  
natural people in it.

I have been comparing accounts  
with Mrs Bethune, who came out in  
the Mongolia (P. & O.) last year, and I  
think of all accounts my ship the  
Linnor was the more comfortable  
of the two, besides the saving of nearly  
£20 in fare. If the Linnor is making  
the return voyage next spring at  
a time that suits me, I will certainly  
take my passage in it, on the principle  
of enduring ills I know, rather than  
giving to others that I know not of.  
If as I hope he will, John does come  
home for three months, we shall  
have to return by P. & O. for the sake of  
saving time. I shall not again  
try to spend too much fine hot weather  
in the plains, though I am not sorry  
to have done it now. But perhaps  
we may get to a better station after  
this. I think we could not get to a  
worse, as regards climate. Still, we  
have both of us much to be thankful  
for in having had no serious illness  
all the time we have been here. I  
hope John will get well through the

rains which are his trying time.  
 It would be a nice little change for you  
 having Aunt Susan and Carrie. I  
 wish I could have made one of the  
 party, but my town will come in  
 due time. When has just you over  
 to church. I am feeling so done with  
 the heat that I must stop at home.  
 I wonder what you would think if  
 you could be here for 24 hours, just  
 to feel that it really is life. You can  
 have no idea from any description.  
 Everybody is complaining, but of  
 course that only makes matters worse.  
 Mr Harrison comes down from the  
 hills next week. We shall be  
 to see him back. He is a host in him-  
 self in the matter of friends. I hope  
 he will have a pleasant visit in  
 Jordan and be more fortunate in  
 the weather than she was on the snow.  
 If it is not tolerably pleasant in  
 June, it is not likely to be so at any  
 other time. I am very glad to hear  
 of Julie being so much better. Aunt  
 Susan says Mrs Langford enjoys the  
 freedom from housekeeping cares. I  
 often wonder what she would do with  
 Indian servants. They would soon  
 drive her out of her senses. Dear affectionate daughter  
 E.

Tuesday. Rains come at last,  
That a blessing.

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