

Allahabad. April 13th 77.

My dear Mamma

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We can no longer con-

gratulate ourselves on our beautifully cool weather for at last the heat has set in and now the punctas and tertiantidots are in full swing. He only began right punctas last night however, nearly a month past the time he began them last year and that fact speaks for itself. At 10 in the morning the punctas sting both and the bearer had to be roused up to put it right, for as soon as the current of air ceased, the mosquitoes were round us in swarms. It is a great relief to get the mosquito holes and curtains down, they make the room both so ugly. I live entirely in my bedroom now, for it is so much cooler than the rest of the house. Poor little Nelly begins to feel the heat very much and goes about all day smelling for a cool place. She is a most sensitive little person, and turns the changes in a voice as well as anyone. I am trying to teach her that she is not to go outside in the heat of the day and she understood at once from the way I spoke, that it was a wrong thing to do. So now when she has got tired of sitting in the room or thinks that a cooler place may be found somewhere else, she goes to the door and then turns round and looks at me, as much as to ask if she may be allowed to go. I don't think that we should do without Nelly now. I had your letter this morning when I had one from Aletta but it was very short, and she did not mention their removal, or that Charles had bought the house. I suppose they will alter it and then go back to it. Though living is now so dreadfully expensive there. It would indeed be a revival of old times to have the telescope out again. I remember the last

time it was used one evening at Herwood.
I should not think from my recollection of
Nedret Martineau's personal appearance that
she would be a very pleasant person to sit on
with. It is years and years ago that we saw her in
a sort of canal gondola at Birmingham when
we were going somewhere with Mrs Williams.
She led a very forbidding expression. I wrote
to Miss Peaves' nephew more than a fortnight
ago, addressing it Ludlow Lane East - 109 West
Dinapore, but I have had no reply. Perhaps
Miss Peaves will be able to tell me if that is
the right address. A Captain Ramme here got
it for me. The subscription list is going
round now for Mrs Fardell's children. I
think quite enough money will be raised
to get them home. Probably they will be sent
from Calcutta to London and thence by
steamship to Bremen where their aunt will
meet them and in that case I thought of
writing to Mr Esen and sending money
for him to take their baggage and put
them on board a Bremen boat, but we
shall trust in a week or two what is to
be done. I have got all their things made
by different ladies here. Our stream of
visitors has not yet ceased. Or Jacob is
going tomorrow to spend Sunday with
me on his way home. I do hope he will be
the last. Yesterday Archdeacon Baly came
to lunch. I liked him exceedingly, and I
think he is a man I should get on very well
with, if I saw more of him. He also is going
home with his wife.

Dinners are getting in again too, so I have
been out twice this week and shall be again
next week too. One of those next week will
be a "big dinner" so that it is not a pleasant
prospect. Evening. I have just been to Lady
Stuart's to call upon Mrs Baly who is not at all
well. I hope we shall see them again when
they come back in the cool weather. When I
came back we had once or two people to call, namely
and Mrs Knorr and Mrs Williamson called,
they have come now and I am waiting for dinner
to be announced after which I shall go
with Mr Harrison to his Church conference
and I shall betake myself to bed, an ending
of the day for which I am always quite glad.
It is such a relief to feel that calls and visits
and all other demands upon one's attention
are at an end for a time. Really there is no end
to the notes which have to be answered. The
merest little question which in England a
servant or child could take, has to be sent by
note here and answered in the same way,
as the natives have no idea of taking a message.
You would be surprised at the packets and
packets of note paper I get through. Mr
Perrin of Benares has very kindly been
getting me some of that Azim's black ware
which I told you about. I should like to bring
a quantity of it home for it is so very nature looking
but the worst of it is it is so brittle. They tell me
I shall never be able to get it to England. I
mean to try however. They make such quaint
little trinkets of it, for the people. Since I wrote
to you last, we have had such a hail storm
I only heard it and the noise was such that
I quite expected we should find our day

doors all broken in the morning. They were not
but the great windows of the Freemason's hall
which has no remainder to protect it, was
riddled to pieces. Many of the hailstones, Mr
Knox told me, were almost as large as tennis
balls, and tennis balls are an inch and a
half across. The lightning too, was terrific
and such claps of thunder I never heard
in my life. But next morning the air was so
cool and fresh and continued so until the
day ago, when I think we may say the hot
weather fairly set in. We have had no less than
three such kind letters from Mr Peterson
within the last ten days, begging me to go up
to them for the hot weather but as this involves
an absence of fine months, I do not like to
think about much as I should rejoice to
escape the dreadful heat of the plains. I
do hope however, we shall both yet have
during the rains and go to them for a
month. I can never forget how kind they
have been. Every one says this hot weather
will not be so trying at least at any rate we
cannot have so much of it. The Public works
department has sanctioned the improvements
in our house, and I imagine they will begin
at once. We shall not have any benefit of it
this hot weather but I hope it will be all
right next year and then will be con-
fidently settled down in it before I go home.

Saturday. Last night Mr Harrison came
in to dinner and this morning Mr Knight
has been to talk over the alterations. They will
all be on the side of the house which cannot
be seen from the picture, so that is as good

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Tuesday, I returned from Krua yesterday morning, and very glad I was to be at home again. In the afternoon I went for a drive to the Noosrubagh, and finding it I say there was little time over two of the tombs which are very interesting. There is one to the Sultan one to his mother and another to his wife. Each of them is about the size of the Chapter House of York Minster, though the actual chamber is not much more than the third the size so much space being used up in surrounding platforms. There is no light except what comes through pierced work of stone. Every Thursday and Saturday they place flowers upon the tomb. The carving all about is exquisite, but of course all in the Moorish style. The gardens are very beautiful now. I never saw anything like the great Camerinal trees. In the evening I went to meet John. He was both very glad to see me and settled down again. Today I have had a regular diet of business, giving out warrants or ductors, taking accounts, writing out things, for the women's meeting, which I have to look after while at Lady Street is away. This afternoon there is the paying of wages, always a complicated business. I think we beat your account after all, though I have seen some

very fine ones at Malvern. But the whole
sky here is so lovely. Will you send the en-
closed to Julie. With love to you and
Mabel. I am always your affectionate daughter
Elvira

John sends his love to you. I think he is better
in his little trip. I send you a parrot's feather
which I picked up. If you turn it in
different directions you will see the
most lovely colours upon it. In one direction
the light blue turns to a brilliant green. You
can detect that it is very brilliant. When the bird
is on the ring it is like a mass of pearls.
Thermometer at 90. today.

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