

Naini Tal. Oct 8th Monday.

My dear Mamma

5562

I came up here to Mrs Atherton's on Saturday. She is kind and itself to me, and I am very comfortably settled, though I was sorry to leave Mrs Wall, with whom I had spent such a pleasant month. I should have stayed all the time with her, only Mr Wall comes today and the house would not accommodate us all. Last Thursday the long wished for rain began. We have had none since that day in August, which we thought was to do so much for us. It did nothing at all, as the poor people only had the trouble of putting their seed into the ground, and the succeeding drought killed it. But now we have had four days of steady, continuous, heavy rain and no one can tell what misery it will save the N. W. Provinces from. The people were already beginning to sell

their children, in expectation of the
famine which everyone thought
must surely come. Mr Atherton
was telling me on Saturday that
children were selling at 4 annas for
1 year old, & for 2 years old and so on.
Goodness knows what they are sold to,
then they get into the hands of the natives,
but the different missions in Madras
and elsewhere have bought hundreds
of them and are laving them com-
fortably and decently, brought up in
orphansages. Mr Atherton is account-
ant general and through his hands
all Government funds pass for relief
works he says he cannot express his
thankfulness for this rain, it has saved
the country untold misery, and the
magistrates and commissioners, un-
told anxiety. We shall still have our
famine tax, but it will probably be
only half an anna in the rupee. $\frac{3}{2}$
instead of $\frac{5}{2}$ of our income.

Personally of course it is very uncom-
fortable having four days' uninterrup-
ted rain. We are shut up in the house
under a cap of cloud and we have to
have great wood fires in every room

to keep out the damp. This house
is 400 feet higher than Mrs Wall's
and the view of the lake and the hills
beyond is lovely. This morning the
clouds lifted for a few minutes and
I saw the wide stretch of plains beyond
the hills most clearly, in the foreground
I could trace the roads and fields
and forests and then it melted into
a dark blue expanse like the sea.
But it is all shut up again now. When
this rain does clear up the view
will be magnificent, the air will
be washed clean and we shall see
the whole eight hundred miles of
mountain range without a break.
We hope, if the weather changes, to go to
Kranibet on Wednesday, but it all
depends. I leave here for Bareilly on
the 19th. stay Sunday there with the
chaplain, and leave for Delhi on the
22nd meeting John I hope, at Ally-
pore. If he finds it impossible to get
away, I shall go on to Delhi alone,
and he will join me at Agra, but I
hope very much we shall go to Delhi
together. It would be so much plea-
surer in every way.

I am pained to hear about poor Miss
continued ill health I hope she will
get better again before she has to leave
Malvern. The cold damp English
summer of this year must have
been very much against her. She
will be glad to get away from it. Give
my love to her and Mrs Langford. I
wish Mrs Langford would come
and live at Malvern. That would
be delightful. I must get the address
of the Simons' agents at Bombay, and
then I can write to them at any time,
but I have been wondering lately,
whether it will not be wiser for me to
come in 1879 for a couple of years, than
next year for only 6 months. I have
not had the chance of talking to John
about it yet, so I don't know what he
will say, but it seems such an asset
for 6 months when if I waited a year
longer I could really settle down in
England for a time. However I shall see
it more clearly by and by. I have been
reading a very clever book called The
New Republic. There is no lack of books
here. I have been knitting and patching
during the wet days. It is rather trying to think
that lovely scenery there is close to me, if only the
rain would let us see it. You affect dear Miss

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