

Will you enclose the letters any time when you
are writing.

5351

Allahabad. June 16th/77.

My dear Mamma See first and only
thing to write about seems the heat
which has really been more intense the
last few days than anything we had last
year. Yesterday afternoon the thermometer
in John's study at the cool corner of the
house was 95. In my room, with the
thermometer, it was 90. We hear that
the monsoon has broken at Calcutta
now, and if that is so we shall have
the rains in ten days. They will be a
great relief. There has been a great deal
of sickness here amongst the poor English
and East Indians. John had three funerals
also within the week. One of a woman
who had died of sunstroke. She had only
been out from six to seven in the morning
and the heat even then proved enough
to kill her. John sits on a wonderfully well
he does not feel the heat so much as the
dumps during the drying up of the rains.
He has nearly double work to do now, as
Mr Eddy is still away. I have been very
much knocked up for the last week, and
yesterday I had to send for Dr Koe. It is
nothing but the exhaustion produced
by the heat and I cannot sleep well
at night. However I have no doubt

his tonic will soon help me on again.
Several of our friends here have been very
good in asking us to go and stay with
them, their houses being cooler than ours,
but we both of us think it will be better
to stay at home, where we can make our
selves as comfortable as we like. As
soon as the rains break I think John
will go away for a Sunday somewhere
and then I shall go to one or other of the
friends who have asked us. I have been
two or three times lately to spend the whole
day with Mrs. Plenden, but though their
house is beautifully cool and luxurious,
I find it more fatiguing to go for the day
than to stay quietly at home. Poor Mr.
Robert Stuart feels the heat dreadfully. It
takes all Lady Stuart's brightness to keep him
up. I hope Mr. Harcourt's little visit to you
would do him good. I am very glad to
hear that Joe keeps his shy undemonstrative
ways. One gets so tired of pomp men with
nothing coming to the top, that
it is a treat to find one who keeps the best
part in reserve. I shall think of Aunt
Buck on the 20th. Aunt Susan tells me
they hope to be there then with Julie. I
am very glad too, to hear that Julie
is looking so well, though still I think
she will soon get tired of hotel life. I
am quite beginning now to make my
plans and arrangements for coming

home next year. I hope John will make
up his mind to take his three months'
privilege leave, and leave here during
the rains. He could then just have a
month in England, and we should re-
turn together, ready for the work of the
cold weather here. I think for many things
connected with his own affairs and the
children, it would be well for him to
come home. Mr. Harcourt would enjoy
making Mr. Nutton's acquaintance. I
am very glad to hear they are back at
Melbourn. I hope Mrs. Nutton comes in to
see you sometimes, as you cannot go out
to her. We do not see the "Nineteenth Century"
here yet, though it is to be taken in our
library, but I see large notices of it in the
different papers. There is an amusing
chapter in Blackwood for May, on the
Anglo-Indian tongue. It gives an
amusing idea of the sort of lingo which
the English people here put into the way of
speaking amongst themselves. I imagine
the difficulty must be to drop it when one
gets home. I am not learning the language
grammatically at all, but I have picked up
enough of it to serve me for daily use. I
think when I get amongst English servants
again I shall not easily fall into the way
of speaking to them in their own tongue.
Mr. Robinson has sent me several of his
wife's letters to read (I told you she had been home)

She seems almost wild with delight at being
in England again, and I do not wonder
at it. I think she has settled with her child-
ren near Castle Brossierel Fawcett Library
27 Wilfred Street
London S.W.1. 8073
Nelly's appetite is rather troublesome, the other
day she salted off with a saddle of mutton
out of which only two slices had been cut
and she managed to put it all out of eight
souls. You must not suppose though,
that an Indian saddle is half the size of an
English one. The mutton here is miserably
small. The little puppies have been sent over
to Mr. Dally for their education, we have no
difficulty in getting situations for them, as
several people have asked to have them.
They got very funny though they had scarcely
arrived at the troublesome stage. Their
great amusement was biting the housewife's
bare toes whilst she was sitting at meals,
or getting hold of any dress and slating it
vigorously. It was very pretty to see them all
tumbling about together. Nelly seems quite
glad to be rid of them. I am having quite
a quantity of warm undereclothing made of
soft American drill or trilled calico. When
I come home I shall bring out with me
a web or two of good calico and have it
made up in readiness for years to come.
Labour is so cheap here, you get things
made for half what they would cost at
home. John sends his love to you and
Mary Catherine. I hope he will still be able to come
home next year. Your affect. daughter Eliza