

10th/76.  
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and great  
pleasure to  
hear of the  
travelling  
party of  
the  
Fountain  
Jocelyn Lady

Alfred  
sailed for  
London  
with  
me  
in  
a  
hurry  
for  
the  
important

much concerned about the copy of the letter. I have been calculating the dates and looking back through my pocket book and I find that John and I posted the letter which succeeded the one in which I told you of Dr Palmer's death. It was the day our son died, I had not been well all day and in the evening we took a drive and posted the letter. I am hoping it may turn up next week. I am glad it was not one of our own servants who posted it, as we should have felt suspicious.

We are now in the thick of the cold weather entertainments. I will tell you our going on in this way just at present. Last Sunday our two regular old stages to dinner. Monday Mrs Roberts to dinner. Tuesday 6 people to play lawn tennis and afterwards to dinner. Wednesday dinner at Mrs Waterfield. Thursday luncheon at Mrs Waterfield. Friday to dinner at the camp. Friday invitation to military ball declined. Mrs Robinson, Mr Harrison to dinner. Saturday 2 invitations to dinner, General Maude and Mrs Turner, we go to Mrs Turner. Sunday Mrs Roberts, Dr Fry & Captain to dinner. Monday dine at Mrs Boutflom, three bedchamber parties during the week. Calls have to be received and made in between besides business connected with the children's Christmas treat and dothings. You may be sure I am tolerably tired, but I hope by the end of the month we may be just again happy, if the entertainments still go on. I shall beg to be excused, for it is a most un-

satisfactory state of ones strength. I hope we shall go to Benares to see Mrs Hall during the cold weather. That would be a great treat. We are losing some very kind friends here, in Mr & Mrs Knose who go back to their station next week. Mrs Hall has been staying with them for three months, and that is how we made her acquaintance. John knew Mrs Knose in Calcutta. Mrs Robinson, who entertained us at Birsa goes to England in March. I want to send Mrs Burt some seeds of creepers, we have a sort of vine done in the garden which is covered over with a creeper bearing the most lovely blue flowers, about the size of the largest convolvulus. It is a perfect delight to look at it. We have also another blue one, something like a large sweet pea. I have written to Clarence Smith to ask him to send you £10 for things I may want sending by post, as everything in the way of lace, net, ribbon &c, is so dear here. I wish you would let Aunt Susan to order for me in Birmingham and send by post Martineau's "Endeavour after the Christian life" 4th Edition. 7/6. Frymans. And will you get some little trifle and give it to Ann from me.

Friday, your letter and Delis have just come and I am very glad to find my missing one had turned up. It must have been some fault in the post, as we put it in ourselves. You may be quite sure in future, that if the letter does not arrive, it is not from me

failing to write, as we should never do that except under very strong circumstances. I have made an arrangement with Mr. B. for my 2 vol story, but I do not know when they will bring it out. We are very busy now, arranging for the clothing of the children belonging to the city school. There are 31 girls and about as many boys who receive clothes every Christmas. I have to make up boxes in the house and a dervise will come to cut the frocks out, after which they are distributed amongst the ladies of the station and made. Blankets and flannel are given to the old women and then there is a grand universal treat for them in the church compounded in Christmas week. So with this and the constant calling, dining and visiting which goes on at this season, we are busy enough. Mr. Waterfield sent me his little book of poems some months ago. It is a sort of "Lazarus" but only for the Sundays. He has written larger books of Indian poems and traditions, some of which are very beautiful. He is one of the ablest men I ever knew, will sit through a whole dinner at his own house without speaking a word. But when he does open out, his stores of information are almost infinite. His mother lives in the Westminster Cloister. Mrs. Waterfield would be a brilliant woman in society if she were not so delicate. She is nearly always suffering from asthma. They live next door to us, which means a drive of 500 yards, though a little path joins our compounds and we can cut across directly. They have asked

us to dine with them on Christmas Day.  
I see Smith & Elder are publishing a 3 vol  
novel for Emily Beart. Also Miss Smith, one  
of the Eastern Belgians with whom I dined last  
a novel advertised by H. & B. Claxton, "Effie Marshall".  
He had a romantic and mysterious visitor  
last Saturday, a beautiful young lady, representing  
herself as niece of Lord North, London, and saying  
that she had been for a year and a half with Lady  
Davies (late Miss Lauder). She said circumstances  
had made it impossible for her to remain any  
longer in the Peninsula, or to return to her friends  
at home, and she wished me to receive her as  
an inmate of our house. Of course I said I  
could do nothing without writing to Lady Davies,  
which I did that same day, but there has not  
yet been time for a reply. I was however much  
relieved by a letter from the young lady, to say  
that the confidential maid under whose care  
Lady Davies had placed her, would not stay at  
the hotel here without instructions from her  
mistress, and so they are going on to Bombay  
& to the next P & O. boat for Southampton,  
for considering very much what Lady Davies  
has said about it. The young lady appeared to  
throw such an air of mystery and romance  
about herself she certainly was very beautiful,  
about 20, and quite well bred. Hope she is  
safely on her way home now. It was a curious thing  
to thus witness upon strangers in that way, without  
introductions of any kind. Give my love to Mary  
Catherine, and to all remembering friends,  
John sends his, we are both tolerably well  
now, and the weather is delightfully cool.  
I am yours &c. to a friend at permanent home

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