

[March 1890] Journal

4385

Wednesday 5th Digha, where there is a ferry across the Ganges. In the morning we crossed the river in the steamer. While crossing back we were given a sumptuous breakfast in the middle of which the captain's hat blew off into the water, whereupon one of the sailors (a native) sprang after it & we left him to swim about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile & painfully with one hand, holding the hat in the other as he did not dare to put it on.

We got to Allahabad in the evening & Papa & I went to dinner to Arthur's.

Thursday. Went on to Cawnpore where papa had to talk to the Chamber of Commerce & tell them what idiots they all are. While he was engaged in this pleasing task I took a cab and went to see Theodore. He is a barrister & getting on v. well. Clive is also at Cawnpore & is in the Police but was in camp so I didn't see him.

Sir Alexander, Papa, & I went on to Lucknow where we arrived about seven & drove to Sir Auckland Colvin's, who is Lt. Gov. of the N.W.P. We were received by Jack who I suppose you know is Sir Auckland's secretary. Sir Alexander felt rather

tired so went to bed; which everyone else was longing to do likewise as the night before they had had a big dance & kept it up till about six o'clock.

Friday. After leading Sir Auckland into the right path about the E.I.R. we went off to Agra leaving Sir Alexander behind to recruit. Theodore came to the station at Cawnpore to see papa as we passed through and was much touched to see his Shepton Mallet billycock.

We rashed round to see the sights of Agra and after dinner drove off and saw the Taj by moonlight - This was real strawberry jam. Slept in the carriage & was partly eaten by mosquitoes.

Saturday. On to Delhi stopping on the way at Aligarh where there is a Mahommedan college got up by Sir Syed Ahmed and Uncle Ishak. We were shown round by one of the masters called Morrison who said he ~~had met~~ Dorsetty at the Chamberlains. We went

to a hotel at Delhi. There was a large fair going on & we were so lucky as to get the only unhired

carriage in Delhi (the hotel keepers) to go for a drive in. It was a very fine & large victoria drawn by a well matched pair of thoroughbreds.

Sunday. Went in a truck up a new line that is being made. There was a little excitement in shooting off cows that thought it would be fun to charge the engine. Dinner with the engineer of the line who told exciting tales of his adventures in Burmah.

Monday. Papa & I ~~got~~ went to see the fort & before breakfast. In the afternoon had a final meeting & gave them all his blessing & went off for Bombay ~~afterwards~~ directly afterwards. Sir Alexander arrived in the morning greatly rehabilitated. Papa was very well & I expect ^{he} you will be flourishing when you meet him at huyles.

Tuesday. Drove to the Kutab which is a tall tower about 11 miles from Delhi with Campbell (the son of the Agent of the E.I.R.) who was a friend of Harri's at Glasgow. At the Kutab is

the well where people jump from
a height of 60 feet into the water. We
saw this weird spectacle & about five
hundred million tombs in white marble.
When we had seen enough tombs we
went back to the station and shortly
started ~~on~~ the return journey, for
Allahabad where we arrived on
Wednesday morning.

End of Tour.

4385 Allahabad
12th March 1890

My dear Pippa

You will see that I am back at Allahabad again by the address and I will further inform you that I am again seated in Arthur's house. At last a chance of a chummary has arisen in fact two. The first is with Pearce, a railway cutter, and the second with Oldfield barrister, & Garsten, Police man I think it will probably be the latter as there are rumours that Pearce has a previous engagement. If so the idea is to hire the house (of a man who is going away to Calcutta) furnished for 6 months anyhow and perhaps more. I haven't yet seen any of the parties & so am rather vague about details. When I saw Jack at Lucknow I asked him to look out for a pony for me as he is ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ reported to be able to distinguish between a horse & a cow which is more than I am. Sir A. says it is to be called Laura after a bridge his father built. It is pronounced like aisle. I was

much amused at Miss Vicquerat's letter
& shall shortly answer her in the
same style. I can't think of any
more news, & at any rate you will
get it first hand from Papa who
is acting as postman -

Goodbye

yr loving brother

Ralph Sturkey