



five parrots in the cage. There is so much human nature about them, especially in warning each other off with squeaks and dips of their little beaks, when one has found an especially good bit of mango. I think these five altogether are more amusing than only one talking bird. Then the hens have got into the habit of coming in front of the veranda now they have found out there is someone to thrust seed to them, and they are almost as amusing in their ways as the parrots. I am getting on with my writing now, though it is not very much work in the hot weather. However I hope to get a book down before the end of the year.

I am going to tell you another very good story which Dr. Spry told us about the Mutiny. His uncle had a very faithful old bearer who had been with him many years. When the alarm of mutiny was given, all the English residents here were sent at once to the fort, without losing any time in packing up their valuables. Mr. Spry told this old bearer to make up a bundle of such things as he could lay his hands upon, and come after them to the fort. He did so, and was going along with his burden when he was seized upon by the English soldiers, who imagined he was making

off with stolen booty. In vain the poor old man told them he was only taking things for his creature, the soldier laid hold of him and hurled him upon the nearest tree. If there is a heaven for anyone I think that old man ought to be in it. About half a mile from our house is an avenue of magnificent old trees leading down to the fort. Dr. Spry says at the time of the Mutiny, men were hanging by dozens on these trees; Lynch law was the rule and a native was hung upon the least suspicion. No wonder there is a bitter feeling yet towards the English. Yesterday John and I went to the Kuroo Bagh, the building of which I sent you a photograph. It stands in the midst of a garden which must be quite two miles round. The largest temple is surrounded by the most magnificent tamarind trees I ever saw, much larger than any English forest tree. Their foliage is exactly the same as the acacias we used to have in the drawing room, so you may imagine what the forest must be in such immense masses. They contrasted so curiously with the great heavy palm trees behind, and the domes and minarets of the temples rising above them completed the thoroughly Eastern effect. The strange shimmering twilight too gave a sort of mystery to everything. Another time we went to another

Last night it was too dark for anything but  
a general impression. Some night  
we mean to go by moonlight, when the  
whole will seem like a chapter in the  
Arabian nights. This breath of outdoor  
life is most refreshing after the seclusion  
of the last four months. I cannot manage  
getting up at half past four, and unless  
you can do that there is no enjoyment  
out of doors during the hot weather.

John remembers Mrs. Lumberidge.  
I suppose she is a relation of Mr. Sydney  
Smith's first wife. I wonder if she will  
come to Allahabad. You would have a  
very pleasant, literary little party  
at an Aunt Susan Miss Lumbard and  
Miss Frances met. I wish I could have  
been one of the number but my turn  
will come I hope by and by. If John is  
not able to get away from here whilst I  
am at home, I shall get Mrs. Dalby to  
come every day and manage the house-  
keeping, otherwise the cook will make  
a pretty penny out of his accords.  
Thank you for letting me see Philippe's  
letter. I hope she will be inclined to take  
a longer trip next time and come as  
far as here. I am sure she would lay up  
many pleasant memories during an  
Indian cool weather. I thought of Mr. & Mrs.  
Buck's birthday & of the