

Allahabad. Oct 17th /26.

5521

My dear Mamma It is quite a relief to sit down to write, as I am doing this afternoon, with even the probability of being let alone for an hour or two. We had never quite such a busy day as on last Thursday Friday, the day of the prize giving at the City Free School, which is under John's management. The Lieutenant Governor and Lady Louper had very kindly promised to give the prizes, and the room had to be all decorated for such great company. Late on Thursday the private secretary sent to say that if Sir G. Louper was to say anything, he must have a general account of the history and working of the school, in fact a complete report, sent to him before the meeting. Such a solemnity, with regard to the poor little school which so few people cared for, had never been known before, so John had to set to work on Friday morning, only a few hours before the meeting, to collect information, and prepare a proper official document. It was the morning too, for paying all the accounts, always a great business, and settling bills with the New Daily, with whom I have a running account for all sorts of things. Then she wanted information about the children's treat, and the giving of the plaques to the poor people, and chits kept coming in constantly to be answered and the report had to be copied out for "His Honour", and at half past two we started for the prize giving. Harriet Woodcock it was very successful. The upper end of the room being full of the aristocracy of Allahabad, she seemed wonderfully pleased with the proceedings. Our money chest and savings bank came in

for its share of notice. Lady Louisa promised
special prizes next year to the children
Suzanne plus a degree for 150 rupees for the
school, and Colonel Fraser gave another
25, saying he would repeat it next year. In
about a fortnight is the children's treat. I
have to buy dolls and toys for them and
Mrs Dally looks after the eating. That free
school is one of the best things, I think, that is
done in connection with the church here.
This week all the great people go to Belchi for
the Proclamations. Allahabad is full of
Rajahs and princes on their way, but I have
not had the good fortune to see any of them.
Mr Harrison's College building, one taken for
the Nizam of Hyderabad and his numerous
ladies, who will stay here four days. The ver-
andas have all been filled with temporary
lattice work, to protect these ladies from the
vulgar gaze, and the compound (where our
poor eye's wife died) is dotted over with the
white tents of the followers. I wish I could
see the proclamation without all the toil
and dust and worry which will be inevitable.
Lady Stuart says she shall be heartily glad to get
back, and yet, as they go with the Lieutenant
Governor, she will be in closer all the time.
We are having such delightful weather now,
though sometimes, at nights, we can scarcely
keep ourselves warm. I walk in the garden
between 8 and 9 in the morning and the air
feels as clear and fresh as that of the sea. I
have certainly never been better within
the last three or four years than I am now,
though perhaps that is not saying much.

Saturday. I have not had the opportunity
of putting any more to my letter since last
Sunday, when I began it and note the en-
closed for Mrs Burt.
Afternoon. Your letters have just come, eight
one from Philipper, and one from Aunt
Susan containing news which I can
scarcely yet realize, the death of our dear
friend and teacher Mr Dawson. I do not
feel able, in the whirl and confusion
which this busy week brings us, to think
of all that such a death means, and what
devotion to those who loved him. Aunt
Susan has sent me no particulars yet, but
I shall wait anxiously to hear next week. It
must have been very, very sudden. I had
just come across from the church, where
they are busy decorating, to get the English
letters and was going back as soon as I
had posted this to you but I shall not do
so now. I must write to Aunt Susan. No
much is gone from them. Her death
makes me feel the distance between us
very much. I can always infinitely thank
you when I see your handwriting on the
envelope, and know that so far all is well.
We are both of us now as busy as we can
possibly be, plus getting ready and sending
off reports of the school, and I making arrange-
ments for the Christmas decorations and
the children's treat which is in about ten
days. 100 little presents have to be got ready
in the shape of dolls, sweetmeat bags, marble
tops &c. When that is over I think we shall
be able to take breath a little. Here, as
nothing here can be done by message, one
is constantly called away to write notes.

When I have time again, I shall have to
arrange my wardrobe for the hot weather.
One has so little energy for work then, that
all must be done in advance.

Bro Philipps will be very pained to hear of
Mr Casson's death. What a blank it will
make in Birmingham, for there seemed
to be no one at all fitted to take his place.
The notes I have of his sermons will less
be doubly precious to me. I ~~shall~~
have plenty of books now, but no time
for reading, except the merest dash through
some of the papers. I could not have thought
people could have such multitudes of things
to attend to, but the woe matter brings
such an accession of energy, that one seems
capable of anything for the time being.
It is no very great a anxious work, but
such a variety of small things. Often, from
morning to night, I cannot sit quiet
with my own thoughts for half an hour,
and then almost every day I have to go
out and make calls. It would be pleasant
seeing Mrs Burt and Carrie, and being
able to talk over old times. I enclose a little
Christmas card which Mr Biddulph sent
me. It is the representative of a Christmas
landmark with all my English friends.
I hope this will be a pleasant and quiet
time with you. My last Christmas was on
board ship, I hope I shall never have such
a one again. John sends his love to you and
Mary Catharine, and with mine too, and
all loving smiles for Christmas, and New
Year, from your affectionate daughter Eliza.