

Allahabad Jan 31st / 77

My dear Mamma

5534

I have been immersed
in the cares of hospitality lately. Last Saturday
quite early in the morning, Mr and Mrs Know
the baby (2 months old) Bertie (3 years) two bears
and two wyes arrived quite unexpectedly.
I had not looked for them until 7 in the evening
so that when they came at 9 in the morning, it
made rather a muddle. So letter Mrs Know
had sent to see the cause of their arrival had
misarrived and did not turn up until
next morning. However we got things straight
and at eleven I started for the rooms, using
day, three miles away. On Sunday Mr Hill
came to stay all day with us. On Monday
at eight in the morning, the little baby was baptised
behaving most beautifully. Mr Harrison, and
Mr & Mrs Williamson (Presbyterian chaplain)
were present, and came to breakfast afterwards,
making with ourselves, a party of seven. They
staid till 12. Then Mrs Know and I went out
for calls and shopping coming back in time
for lunch. At four Mr Harrison, Mr and Miss
Biddulph and Mr and Mrs Baxter came
to play lawn tennis, and all stayed for tea,
leaving about half past 6. Then came dinner
and you may be sure I was quite ready to go
to bed. Next day at 10. Mrs Watkins, the other
chaplain's wife, came to spend the day with me,
her husband being out. I had a continual
stream of callers during the whole of calling
time, then lawn tennis and afternoon tea,
and then two chance gentlemen to dinner.
Next day it was pretty much the same, so you

see how my time goes on. Mr Knox left yesterday but Mrs Knox and the children and servants stay until tomorrow. He is so nice and good and ladylike that I quite enjoy having her, and the children are very well beloved too. As for the four servants, they live and sleep in the verandah, so I see little of them. You may have heard of other people's servants here in India and know nothing about it.

I got your letter on Tuesday, just as the first caller had come, and for an hour and a half there was no cessation in their coming, so that I could not so much as open the envelope. I have never been so hindered before. There was also a long letter from Miss Elderson, with the little assurance. I am very pained to hear about poor Mrs Winslow's accident. How wonderful it seems that she should have survived it at all. I do hope she will recover though one can scarcely hope that she will ever be able to get about again as she used to do. Give my love to her, and say I hope we shall both live to meet again. I am quite disappointed that Mr Harcourt is not coming to live at Malvern. I had quite made up my mind that he would do so, because the air suits him so well.

There is a portrait of Mr Dawson in the paper but no better than the one in the Illustrated. Mrs and Miss Innes and Mr Harcourt are gone away. Birmingham will be only a name to us. Things seem to be whirling on as rapidly as ever here. I expect we shall not get quiet time until people are weary of the hills, and the hot weather consigns us to

our annual imprisonment. The cold is continuing unusually late this year, which is a great blessing, and the rains, which have been unusually plentiful, have made everything look so beautiful. Now I wish you could see the house and garden now, everything is quite neat and pretty. I went out yesterday to see about the photographer so I hope in due time we shall get a picture to send you. I mean to have the whole house cold assembled in the group. We got some pretty brass things at Benares, which I shall bring when I come home, and I am getting quite a collection of Ajimphur pottery, which is very pretty, though you would be astonished to know how little it costs here. It is black, polished, with what looks like a silver design burnt into it. I want to get a nice set for the dining room chimney piece, and they make very pretty tea sets of it too. If they were made at Worcester after the pattern of something dug up at Pompeii, I dare say they would fetch great prices, but they seem to be looked down upon here. I think they are very artistic and pretty. I have got some lace things from Delhi too, which will come in useful, all made by hand, and I have bought some feather (peacock) trimming at about a third the price they charge in London. It seems to be very fashionable here. But I am particularly pleased with the Ajimphur things. Mrs James, wife of a civilian here, has promised to get me a quantity more. I think we are going to have more rain, which is a

most wonderful thing, as much as such
in September would be at home. They say if
it really does come, there will be blight upon
the crops, resulting in a famine, so I hope
it will keep off. Though for myself, I like the
subdued light of a cloudy day very much.
Rain is looked for here from the 25th December
to the end of the month, but people who have
been in the country all their lives, do not
remember it coming so late as this. I
am thankful to say we both keep very well
though we both of us sometimes feel rather
wearied in mind by the incessant press of
occupation. However we shall get rest of
mind at any rate in the hot weather.

John thanks you very much for the book
which when it arrives, I shall take possession
of, until his birthday, on the 7th March.
Thank you for your good birthday wishes
to me. This will be coming about the
time of your birthday, when I shall think
much of you. On your birthday next year,
if we are both spared, we shall be thinking
of the time of our meeting, which I hope
will be drawing very near then. I hope
nothing will happen to put it aside. John
sends his love to you and Ned. Tell me
Mrs. Mrs. Dinsmore is going on, five miles
to Aunt Susan and all at Long Road.
I have got a box of linen from Benares, not
more than the size of a good big salient, with
fourteen others inside it. Benares is a great
place for toys. Always your affectionate daughter
Eliza