

Ullacumbad August 27th

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My dear Maamma

I had your letter yesterday with one from Aunt Susan and the piece of music Miss Dickson sent me. It is one of the songs without words. The sketch of Mr. Knute is very good, the portrait is I think from the photo people which he sent me. I am quite surprised to hear of Clarence Smith's promotion to paternity. It seems such a little while since Mrs. Smith was giving me the particulars of his marriage. How thankful she must be that her husband's year of office is over. I hope he will go away somewhere and at a complete holiday. Aunt Susan seems to have got two nice little maidens. I hope they will stay long enough for me to have the benefit of their training, after she has taken all the trouble of it, but things do not always go in that way. Mr. Harrison is in bed now, with a touch of fever. It seems to be very prevalent as well as dysentery. Miss Biddulph is laid up with it. It can generally be traced to exposure to the sun, or a chill. Mrs. Dilligmore the Pres^{tn} Chaplain's wife has been out of sorts again. She came out in the same vessel with Lady Stuart and was married at Bombay about November. Her trouppan was in the Ocean, that vessel that broke down just about the time of the Krimer's visit, and she landed with nothing but a serge dress. She was obliged to be married the second day after, and a dressmaker promised to make her a plain white muslin and other belongings, in time, but it only arrived

five minutes before the time appointed for me
to be at the church, as there was a great surmorage.
That seemed to be the beginning of mischief.
Though I should think she is naturally strong
and soon recovers from anything, she has
had all sorts of things the matter with her since
she came - fever, dengue, ague and I don't
know what. She is a very sweet, ladylike woman,
the daughter of a Scottish druggist. I think
you would be surprised sometimes if you
knew what bustling days we have in the
midst of spells of quietness. Last Friday, for
instance, he rose up at half past 6, church
arrived that day at half past 7. Came to breakfast
at 9 "clinks" to write, at 10 Corrie the reader to
address the servants in the verandah. Before
he left at 11, Mr Robberds the Garrison chaplain
came. Then two people came to be helped on
their way to Calcutta, then Lady Street
came to say good bye before going to Newport.
Mr Robberds staid tiffin, at four Mrs
Narrison came in, Mr Robberds left. Then
out for a drive, dinner at seven, and then
off immediately to the Church Conference.
Home at 11. Next morning I was up at
5, and went to the City school, three miles off
to the women's singing meeting which begins
at half past 6. There were 30 women. Home
to breakfast at 9. Then came the cook, sending
his orders for the day, then the letter carrier in,
the English ones too, with them were from
Mrs Street, Sir Robert's sister in law, to
say that if convenient she would come in
the evening and spend Sunday with us,
as Lady Street would have left the station.

I had never seen her, but somehow I wrote
to say that we should be very happy; then the
doubt came into the thing from the work
(and you have no idea what a quantity of washing
there is every week) and the things which led
to us away had to be listed. It was perpetual
looking after something from five until 12,
when I felt regularly tired out. Fortunately there
came a note from Mrs Street, to say she was
not coming, and I lay down and rested all the
afternoon, and then had a drive in the cool of the
evening, but I should not like an evening such a day
in succession. The rains are very slight this year,
so that the heat sometimes is almost as great as
during the dry matter, but we can still keep our
doors open for most of the day, and the perfume
outside is very refreshing. People all say it is an
unusually trying season. John is making
great improvements in the garden. It will really
look very pretty by the time the cool weather comes.
They seem to get on so fast with it, too. The gar-
dener from the Alfred Park is very tired in getting
us large plants. That monkey who I told you
about, comes into the house every day now. It
is a comical looking little brute, with a bushy
tail quite as long as itself. I believe it comes
for the water in the fuyra bowls which are
generally standing on the sideboard. They are
such useful creatures that we don't like to have
them driven away, though I begin to fear for
the dogs. Major Oester, the commissariat officer
has promised us the loan of an elephant at
the next religious festival, so we shall do about
and see everything to great advantage. Both
he and his wife are very pleasant people.
There is some talk of John taking Mr Stewart's
work at Fyzabad for two Sundays, in which

case we should have a chance of seeing Benares, the most interesting city in India, but I don't know how it will turn out. Moving about here is attended with such a lot of trouble.

We see every week the accidents of the Bravo case. There was a portrait of her in the Illustrated yesterday. She must be a very handsome woman but what a miserable exposure of her life.

I think he must have been a wealth minded man. No little one would think, to see the beautiful house, standing in its "improvements", what sort of a life was lived there.

Next month we have to make dresses for all the servants about the house, they will have a sort of livery of dark blue cloth faced with crimson, and broad belts of twisted blue and crimson, and a band of the same in their white turbans. Everybody has to do this, or the men, if left to themselves, would probably come to suit upon us wrapped in old blankets. We only find coats, they have a curious loose drapery of white or salmon colour which serves as trousers. I wish you could have seen the man who came with Captain and Mrs Broadbent from the Fort, the other evening when they dined here. He could not have been less than six and a half feet high and straight as a palm tree. He wore a sort of loose blue military dress with scarlet sash, and a blue turban with a lofty crimson cap above it adding most needlessly to his height. He had a fierce mustache and fierce black eyes and just stood like a huge statue with folded arms behind his mistress's chair, quite too grand to serve or do anything. He was very imposing, much more so than his master who is a shy, quiet, clever little man.

Tuesday. A sad thing happened last Monday morning. Two young men officers in the regiment were sent out boating on the ponds and a sudden gust of wind caught the sail and overturned them. They were both very good swimmers, one got safe to shore, but the other O Palmer, was drawn down by an under current and carried away. His body has not been found yet. He was only twenty five, a clever promising young man. Only the night before, he was at church and sat next to me. He did not know him personally. This mail will carry out terrible news from Allahabad to the English homes.

We get no more rain. People seem to think it is really over now, but the country is still beautifully green. We have begun to subscribe to the Nation library, where they take most of the magazines, reviews & and some good books. This morning we have got Sara Colridge. We shall get the Spectator, Fortnightly and Contemp!

Cumbers are in season now, not so long and elegant as the English ones, but quite as good. They never slice them cold, but boil them whole and serve them with white sauce or a rich brown gravy thickened. We get them every day. Had half a dozen more fine apples yesterday. I must have had between 20 and 30 this year. At Bareilly they are sold for three shillings a dozen. Large fine ones. John sends his love to you and Mary Catherine, and with some love from your affectionate daughter Eliza.