

Allahabad. July 23rd /77.

My dear mamma

The mail was early this week, and your letter arrived this morning. We are hoping to read C. Kingsley's life for ourselves before long. I have seen so many reviews of it but that is not like being able to judge of it for oneself. Mrs Hall only left us yesterday. He staid a day longer to keep me company, as on Tuesday night John was telegraphed for to Jabulpore, to buy the wife of the chaplain there. He travelled all Tuesday night, spent Wednesday there, and then travelled all Wednesday night again, reaching home at eight on Thursday morning. He is no worse for it however. Mrs Hall's visit was a bustling time as we had so many visitors to meet her, and though I enjoyed it very much, I am thankful to be quiet again. Messrs Perry and Mr Nicoll have been so shall settle down for our hot weather seclusion. Even now one can no longer talk of "delicious coolness". Since I wrote last week there is a decided change, and I suppose in another week it will be too hot even to drive out in the middle of the day. We have got the proof of the photograph, but he cannot print one in time to send it by this mail. I hope to post it next week. I may as well describe it now from the proof which we have already. Beginning at the ^{right} hand of the picture, the large tree is a peepul, the sacred tree of the Hindoos, the leaves of it are always brought with their offerings to the gods, and they have

objection to cutting it down or damaging it in any way. John and I are under this tree. Next to John is Mrs Hall, and next to her Mrs. Holt wife of one of the officers in the 34th also was spending the day with us. Behind Mrs Newbolt a little in the distance is the phaeton, with the coachman on the box. Next comes the ayah in her white chuddah, and then the bearer. Next standing under the porch in the background is the dhobie. The stumpy dark figure standing by the tall tree, is the bheestie, or water carrier. The tree is the cissoo, very like an English birch in appearance. The neat figure, with his arms folded, is the Kamsama, or lead table servant. The shrub between him and the bheestie is an oleander. Next and last comes the mole, or gardener, stooping down with his tools. In the foreground is the lawn tennis ground. Towards the left hand, you can discern on the grass the chalk line used for marking out the courts. The walk between this and the ledge is where I always take my morning exercise. The big tree next the mole is a neem. Its leaves are used by the Hindoos in their burial ceremonies. Now for the house. Beginning at the left hand of the picture, the little dark doorway with the Elizabethan cornice over it, is John's dressing room door. The tree behind it is a cissoo, a large beautiful tree of the acacia tribe. It shades the whole north end of the house and screens it from the cook house, above dark roof, with a little white cable, you can see beneath it. The door next to the dressing room, is John's bath room door. The three archways following, one with a "chick" partly over it, are the arches

of the verandah into which John's study and one bedroom open. This verandah is nicely matted and we have flowers in it, and I sit in it, or at my open door leading to it most of the day. This is really the home side of the house. The tiled verandah which comes so low down next, surrounds my dressing room, next to it behind the bheestie, is another, and then comes the principal entrance to the house, with a large porch for the carriages to wait under. Verandahs of the same kind stretch round the other side of the house, but we never use them as they are so hot. The little openings above the verandahs are ventilators to the different rooms. Will you send the duplicate to Aletta, with our love to Mr. John also send to Mary Lattin a view of Benares, which will give some idea of the beauty of the place, and the style of the architecture. You can see in it the great ghats or stairs down which the people come to bathe at the religious festivals. There are dozens of these ghats all along the river front. That Mrs Davis, of whom Mrs Amber speaks, is the wife of the Church missionary here. She is a nice little woman, but I have not seen much of her, as she has a large family, and she went home about three months after we came here. He often preaches for John. Major and Mrs Bailes, who came out a year and a half ago to visit their daughter here, are going home in a month. They live somewhere near Sedbury at a place called Nesent, I think and Mrs Bailes said she should like to come and see you some time. You will find her very pleasant, we have seen a good deal of them. Lady Stuart has given me such a nice recipe for making coffee. You

take a pound of freshly roasted and ground coffee
pour three large tumblers of cold water upon it
let it stand for twenty four hours, then strain
through flannel and bottle it. You put about
a single pass of it into a breakfast cup, cold, and
fill up with boiling milk. I have got a good
recipe too for a palsy for pills or steers, one table
spoonful each of Worcester sauce, vinegar and
sherry, a little butter, half teaspoonful mustard
and salt to taste. I find it very useful. I
wish I could send to you some of the vegetables
we get every day. The Lieutenant Governor is
away now, and the mule brings us a great basket
every morning. Every alternate morning Mr
Harrison sends me one too, peas, beans, cabbage,
lettuce, celery, cauliflower, tomatoes &c, but
these only last through the cool months. The
wots have a way of boiling about half a dozen
sorts of vegetables together and chopping them
up. I have a tail at work now covering the
frontal ropes with Turkey red. That is con-
sidered the proper thing to do. I have been very
busy making myself a lot of pretty little caps,
and now I have taken to patchwork. Several
ladies have been very kind in giving me bits
of silk. I made a cushion for Lady Stuart
and one for Mrs Hall, and another for Mrs
Robinson. I keep some on hand for "dine
party work", but I don't think I shall do
much in the hot weather except sit still and
write. John sends his love to you and Mary
Catherine. We both of us keep well. Thank you
so much for his letter. Tomorrow is Mr Dawson's
birthday. Remember me to Mr and Mrs
Nutton and Miss Peaves, and tell Ann
I do not forget her. No surprised she would
be at the new summer lounge about this
work. Love your affectionate daughter &c