

Allahabad June 18th / 76.

My dear Maunee

5504

I have just come in from the garden where I have been watching the finest rainbow I ever saw, the first in India too. It is Sunday evening and church time, but I did not feel as if I could bear the heat of the church and so I sat out doors instead. It is generally quite hot at this time from half past six to seven but tonight the rain even in the distance seems to have cooled the air, so that it has quite the feeling of an English summer night. I wish some of my English friends could have been sitting with me. Everything was so peaceful and quiet. We are so close to the church though hidden from it by the trees that I could hear the psalms and hymns quite distinctly. One does not often see such a sky in India as I have been watching tonight. The sunset was not so remarkable but the rainbows and the hints in the eastern sky were most beautiful. Such deep intense blue I have never seen before, contrasted with the heavy cloud which the rainbow was spanning. I staid out until it was twilight and the birds came to roost in the trees. One pretty little thing not bigger than a humming bird, with a most pretty tail consisting of two long feathers, came and sang its evening hymn in a rose bush close to me, before flying off to bed. So ends the day.

Indians, there was a winged creature creeping about in the garden. This is an animal something like a squirrel but much larger which kills the snakes. I am glad to say we have not seen a snake yet. I have been writing all my letters for the mail today, for one degree less heat has made me feel quite lively, and I thought I had better take advantage of the occasion. I have written a long letter to Aunt Susan, enclosing one for Philippe.

I am glad the vase has arrived. I hope the stopper came all right with it. I was obliged to take it out as it made the vase too long for the box. They are not put to any use here. I generally see them set on brackets with a background of cloth or velvet. I believe John has Mr Robinson's address. I will send it, if he has. He was the recipient of Mrs Barnby at the concert in the Oakland mail, which Lady Stuart sends us. I am sure he richly deserves all the honours that can be given him. There is a very pleasant gentlemanly company here a Mr Michael, who was a member of his choir both at St Ann's and the Albert Hall. He sings in the choir here now. He had quite a bustling afternoon the day I wrote to you last. As Mr Knight called he is the Executive engineer here a very clever intelligent man, though not what is called "in society". He staid a long time. Then the bearer came to say that his wife and children would be glad to meet this

salaam to me. So I said they could come and he brought them, looking very proud of his belongings. There is the wife, the wife's mother (the Hindoo, here always, take care both of their own and their wife's relations) and a boy and girl. The grandmother carried the little boy, also in about a year and a half old, a comical little brown fellow dressed in a white net shirt, which showed his skin through very effectively. The girl is five years old. She wore a green petticoat and scarlet sarree, and a nose ring and bangles. She was quite ready to snuggle with me. The wife is a very peaceful looking woman. She was evidently very carefully dressed for the occasion in a clean white muslin sarree bound with scarlet, and so picturesquely draped. I thought how well she would have contrasted with the flimsy tawdriness of our working men's wives. After this "reception" was over Dr Spry called, whilst he was here Lady Stuart and Captain Broadbent came, and almost as soon as they left Mr Montgomery and Mr James came to dinner. I felt quite tired out then I went to bed. Last night Dr Spry and Mr Knight dined with us. Tonight we dine with Dr Jameson the Governor of the jail, Fournier, he, and the friends also are visiting him come to us, and on Wednesday Mr Heyl and Mr Byers of the American Mission dine here. Dr Hurstley

John dines with the Garrison Chaplain
at the mess, and I have Miss Biddulph
to take a pint cup of tea with me. On Friday
I go at eight in the morning and spend
all the day until six with Lady Stuart.
He cannot create it any later on account
of the heat. Last night she sent John a very
valuable book, a commentary on the
Hacbars.

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I think there must be some mistake about
Mrs Acton I remember before we left John,
she told me she was eighty. There is some-
thing very sad in the passing away of these
friends who live so with the old times,
and Mrs Acton was so very near to us
in all our joys and sorrows. Last night
we were hearing some very interesting
particulars of the emiting from Dr Spry
and Mr Knight who were both here at
the time. Dr Spry was in charge of the women
and children at the fort, in some place whose
name I forget. A detachment was seen
coming in the distance and of course they
could not tell whether they were friends or
mutineers. The women and children were all
pattered hastily into a room next to the gun-
powder stores and Dr Spry was ready there to
set fire to the stores and blow everyone up in
care the detachment proved to be mutineers
it never they were friends instead of foes, so
it was all right. Dr Spry's wife was civil
captain of Allahabad during the emiting and
his wife died in consequence of the emiting and
suffered at the time. I must tell you the rest
next time. Always your affectionate daughter, Eliza