

Allahabad. April 19<sup>th</sup> 1877.

My dear Mamma

The hot weather is  
 smothering up for having been so long  
 in coming, by getting in more quickly  
 than usual now that it has come. We  
 have the thermometer now at 86 or  
 90, which will be its average until the  
 rains begin in July. This is in the house  
 with punkahs working. I find the pun-  
 kahs very tiresome, the constant mo-  
 tion, with the draught, makes my eyes  
 water, so now I have the thermometers  
 in our rooms, which brings in a sup-  
 ply of cool air without the disagreeable  
 fidgeting of the punkah. We have it at  
 night too, now, instead of the punkah.  
 De farbo left us on Monday night. So  
 far as we know, he closes our list of  
 guests. I pity any one now, who has to  
 sleep in our spare room. It is a  
 regular den. I did not tell you in my  
 last letter of our going to see the Fort  
 chimney blown up, or rather down.  
 This chimney is a tumbled and twenty  
 feet high and forms part of a gun  
 carriage factory which was built a  
 few years ago at a cost of £70,000. £



the Public works Department. When done  
it was found to be so badly built that it  
could not be used and so ever since  
it has been a standing monument of  
Government inefficiency. Finally it was  
decided to blow up the whole block of  
buildings and we went to see the sight.  
Only the chimney was demolished the day  
we went. Fourteen charges of powder were  
placed round half the base of it. A party  
of the Royal Engineers lighted them and  
got off as fast as they could. The rest was  
standing at a safe distance to wait for  
the catastrophe. Ten of the charges ex-  
ploded, leaving great holes round the  
base before the chimney showed the least  
signs of being any worse. With the exception  
it gently bent over with great quietness  
and dignity and measured its length  
on the ground a low rumble being all  
the commotion that it made. I  
imagined fragments of brick and stone  
would be flying in all directions but  
there was nothing of the sort. It gave  
me a very curious feeling to see the  
great massive column slowly toppling  
over and falling to atoms. Having  
valuedly wasted pretty nearly a million  
of rupees in this factory which had to be  
blown up at last. Government is sweeping  
to the best of its ability in other ways.

plans for the improvement of schools,  
are being abolished, church allowances  
are being cut down all over the country  
and this morning we heard of a  
splendid achievement which the both  
East Provinces have hit upon. In future  
the Civil Chaplains are to take down and  
put up their own pulpits, instead of  
having them done by the Public Works.  
This will save them, so far as we are  
concerned at least two rupees a year  
so that the Indian Treasury has a chance  
of getting on well, if it wastes by millions  
and saves by units. What I see here is  
making me more of a radical than  
ever I was before.

I hope you will read "Ruler's babies".  
You will certainly get a good laugh  
out of it. See number of the Spectator  
which came just after your letter  
last week, so repeated what you had said  
about Harriet Martineau's Autobiography  
that I could have fancied you had  
written it. A very good story by Mrs  
Maywood is coming out in good  
forms. I am enjoying it very much,  
but perhaps that may be because it  
belongs to our own country of York.  
We have been having a run of dinner  
parties lately, the last week and four



this, but so far as I know there are no  
more looming in the distance. The  
new Commissioner and his wife  
Mr & Mrs Plender seem very plea-  
sant people. She is the only daughter  
of Bap, the Reser, and has 1800 a  
year of her own, a very pretty little  
property. It is a great acquisition  
to us having Mr and Mrs Knox  
so near to us. They are such thorough  
& good, refined people, and with  
no pretensions. They very kindly  
asked me to go and stay with them  
next Saturday whilst John goes to  
his out station for the Sunday, but  
I think it is better to stay quietly at  
home. However I shall go to them  
on Sunday for the evening. We are  
busy now making arrangements  
for getting Mrs Farrell's children  
away. I hope they will be able to sail  
early in May. 800 rupees have been  
raised for them already and I think  
we shall get more. I have just had  
such a nice letter from Mary Abbott.  
I mean to write to her by this mail.  
She seems very happily settled, and  
very contented in her new home.



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Tuesday. Yesterday I spent the day with Miss Spentie and enjoyed it very much. Mr Spentie told me how to make a most delicious mixture of tea, and I am going to get it at once. It is in equal parts of Assam Pekoe, Kurrason mixture, and Chinese black tea. The second kind is sometimes called Kapsouie mixture. The flavour is perfect. In the evening we went to meet Mr Perrin who is here now. I asked him to get me some pottery and he has brought the prettiest little tea set, and four goblets on plates. They are particularly well made, of the kind, but it is very to get such, as only one man makes it, and he is busy getting a quantity ready for the Paris Exhibition. Poor man, I should think he never heard of Paris before.



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Friday The dinner last night was pleasured than I expected. There were about 20 people, and some very good dishes. My black silk is a great stand by, for I feel it is "as good as good can be" and so I always feel comfortable in it. I mean to keep it as my company dress until I come home. I have made the skirt very tight round, with a long train, and scarves of the silk across the front fastened with bows. In the cold weather I wear with it the old black velvet jacket with silk elbow sleeves and Philippe's lace. In the hot weather I have a black net jacket that I made with puffed elbow sleeves and lace ruffles, and I drape the black lace scarf about the skirt, so that with the trailing reefers which I can always put out of the garden, it has quite a proper effect. During the rains one is never supposed to sleep in anything but cottons and muslins, as everything else gets spoiled. Yesterday I turned up all the photographs, well bound books, gloves, ribbons &c which got spoiled by the baking hot winds. I think when I come home next year, I shall pack up a good many of these things, and have them with you to take care of. The only one can keep one's home in India, the less trouble it is, and all my thoughts gather round the time when I shall be able



when I shall be able to make an English  
come look nice. I bought the little  
cases of foajerat with the other day.  
It is steel, with a most delicate inlaid  
pattern of gilt. No rain spoil it like.  
I am going to ask Mr. Kross to get me  
a few specimens of ivory with from  
Moorshedabad, and then I think I  
shall have a nice little collection. John  
sends his love to you both. He is very well  
but as busy as he can be, and must go  
every day to see a soldier who is to be executed  
for shooting a comrade.  
With love to you and May (attain) I am also  
your affectionate daughter Eliza

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