

Allahabad. Sept. 9th /16.

My dear Mamma,

5515

He is on very quietness, nearly everyone being out of the station. I have been busy most of the week looking over the linen he, the durrje finished his work of mending yesterday, having been at it just a week, and a famous pile of things to be disposed of. Tomorrow he begins mending instead of mending. I am getting a piece of Turkey red for him to cover half a dozen chairs, we shall want them when people come to Badminton, then he is to mend winter shirts for John and a set of new mosquito curtains. I shall have him altogether a month, and for this I pay 7 rupees or fourteen shillings. He comes at 7, sits down in the orandaah close to my door and the first day he never stirred from his place until five in the evening, his time for going away. He never eats during the day. I suppose he gets a great meal before he comes and another when he goes away. I told Mrs Dalby I did not feel comfortable for him to do in that way, but she says it is their custom. However I told him he might always go away for half an hour at noon, and I dare say he enjoys the breath. Of course he would not eat anything

I gave him, for that would break his contract. I gave a man working in that way in England fourteen shillings a month, no food, and ten hours a day. It is a comfortable living for them here. Of course I do not leave him on Sunday, but I dare say he goes somewhere else. Everybody says about a trying season this is, no rain, I expect the wind is our real enemy, fully a month sooner than usual. But I am thankful to say that he keeps pretty well, he has never had a touch of fever yet, which is the thing to be feared here, as it is so sneaking and is scarcely ever got rid of without a regular change of air.

As I write the prettiest little grey and white squirrel is sitting under the ledge outside the veranda. Sometimes they come quite in, but it seems impossible to tame them. They are not nearly so large as the English squirrels. One of our parrots has flown away since before, it has done the same thing and been caught but this time we have quite lost it. The flocks of wild green parrots here are very beautiful. Sometimes as they rise in snatches from the ground, you catch the sunlight on their wings making them look like a cloud of golden spears. Though we have had no rain for so long, the heavy dew keeps the grass from being dried up but the roads are very dusty, and I am afraid we shall soon be pestered up again.

People say I never that as we have had so little rain this season, we shall most likely get some at Christmas, which will be a great boon. I saw by a paper yesterday that the thermometer had risen at Birmingham to 138 in the sun. You must have had a bad time of it but it would only be short with you. We have to make up our minds to four months of it without a break. Even now in what we call comparatively cool weather, we seldom get below 84. after tea in the evening. I am glad you have got to Birmingham again. When you can make up your mind to go away the change always does you good. I hope Mrs. Rowland won't let the house at Malvern stop empty all the time. I am sure a week there would do him good. Mrs. Pitt it must be with both Philippe and Norfolk away. After letting her stay a whole winter at Dresden, it will not seem such a long parting to let her come to me. I am very sorry to hear of her leaving her such an attack again. I am sure she does not wear clothing enough and she gets cold in that way. I am going to write to Aunt Susan by this mail, and shall enclose a letter for her. I had one from Fannie with yours. She does not speak at all hopefully of her health. Mrs. Pitt I shall be to see her again when I come home. She says Fannie Tomlin is leaving. It is just a year since, or a little more, since she went, and then everything appeared so promising. Mrs. Robinson will be interested to know that in our daily paper about a week ago, there was a long account of Fanny's Corset, where I think her father was

binar. It gives a most delightful account
of the place, so much so that I hope to make
its acquaintance myself some day. The
winter was spending a Sunday in it, on his
way to Lonsall. I hope Mr B and Miss Hamont
are having pleasant weather on the moors.
At Mufordine where Lady Stuart is now, it is
so cold that they have fires regularly every
evening. I had a letter from her yesterday
Sir Robert has been ^{ill} all the time since they
went. I am afraid his health is breaking
up. If they so come the year after next, I do
not much think they will return. I can
see much difference in him even since
he came here. He has rather tried him
fearfully. Lady Stuart does devote herself
so entirely to him. He had quite a large
meeting of the women at the City school yester-
day. He shall come to make some rules and
and be a little more strict as to the quality
of the sewing. As they get the things for almost
nothing, they want to scumble through the
work and take it away as fast as possible.
East Indian character is very discouraging.
There is so little truth and honour and
self help about the people. They will tell
any quantity of stories for the sake of a rubee
or a jetticoat. They seem to get the worst
of both races mixed up in their
John sends much love to you. I don't
think to bear this weather so well as I do, but I
got my share of misery in the last. Ben Eff. 21/12