

Allahabad. Nov 23rd /76

My dear Mamma

I shall begin my letter again in good time as I have a quiet evening, and they are not of frequent occurrence now. There is literally no end of the dinner parties now. On Monday we were at Government House and that finished me up, for next day I was in bed with a bad headache and had to excuse myself from going out to dinner in the evening. Next day I wrote to all the places we are engaged to, this week and said I could not go, and now I do not mean to go out again until all these repairs are done and we are comfortably in our home again. We have had invitations for dinner every night this week and for one evening there were three. An invitation came this morning for a dance at Government House, but we are not going. Sir George and Lady Louisa and their daughter are really very pleasant people. It must be very tiring with you to give so many entertainments to people in whom they have no interest. I pity the aides-de-camp most who have to receive the guests and march them up to Lady

louper and name them. Then, just
before dinner is announced, the Lieutenant
and Governor comes in, and the A. D. C.
sets to walk again, marching him round
the room and introducing him to each
person. When that is done the young
man begins again with each gentleman,
telling him what lady he is to take in to
dinner, then his duty is over until the
party breaks up, when he conducts each
lady to her carriage. There are two of these
dinners every week and two afternoon
receptions. There were thirty two last
Monday, when we went. They are going
to dine at Sir Robert Sturton's on Saturday
week, and John is going, but I have
bugged off, and shall go to lunch by myself
some day, which will be much pleasanter.
One sees a great display of dress at these
dinners. It seems to be necessary now
to have the fan of the same colour as
the trimmings of the dress. One lady, the
other evening, wore a cream silk dress,
turned back with crimson velvet.
Crimson roses in her hair and a
crimson fan. Another lady wore white
lounge with pink trimmings, and a pink
fan, another black net, with amber
trimmings and fan. At these dinners
it is impossible to talk to anyone but

the gentlemen on each side, and if they
do not happen to be very bright, it becomes
rather tedious before the hour and a half
is over. The ladies and gentlemen always
leave the room together. I have heard
no more from Mr and Mrs Hill, so I
suppose they will turn up at the end of the
week. Mr Lane rents his tent of that time
but I hope we shall have got the house into
sufficient order to sleep in it. All our meals
we can take in the verandah which has been
my dressing room for the last fortnight.
This morning I have had a great business
making ready all the netted curtains. They
are fastened to the red ones before being
run on the poles across the doors. I wish
you could see so nicely the dlobees
let them up. Mr Lane manages it I don't
know, for he has only a little table four feet
long in a house with a mud floor, and
the grass mat is all brass and dusty; yet
I have never had them done so well before.
You would be amazed to see him, he is so
wonderfully respectful. I dare say he thinks
himself a happy man in serving a lady.
No does not send him seven filled
petticoats in a week, which is the custom
of most. We are hoping to see Macaulay's
life soon, as they have it in the library
now. I have just finished Grant Duff's
notes of an Indian journey. I read it
before I came out, as it appeared in
the contemporary. It is curious to find

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so much at a matter of experience now,
 which was all wonder then. It is a year
 ago next Sunday, by the day of the year, since
 I left home; a year ago tonight, by the day of
 the week, since my last night at home.
 Mrs. well I remember it all, and what a
 year of new experiences it has been to me.
 I shall be glad all my life, to have seen
 this wonderful country, but I shall be
 very thankful now, whenever the time comes
 that we can settle in England. Life is
 altogether too much of a race in a great
 station like this, where everybody has to
 know everybody else. I enclose a note
 for Mrs. Leonard. I received her pretty
 little table cover on Wednesday. It is
 velvet with an unbleached damask
 of the kind so fashionable now. Captain
 Chambers is stationed at Fullender,
 seven or eight hundred miles away,
 from here, so I am afraid we are not
 likely to see much of him, but I have
 told him I hope he will visit our home
 his home whenever he comes through.
 The Mr. Mitchell who called upon you, is
 appointed military chaplain here, he
 comes to stay for a few days with us when
 he reaches Allahabad about Oct 10th so I
 shall hear his report of you. I called upon
 the railway chaplain's wife last week, she
 is very pleasant and ladylike, but we live too
 far away from each other to be intimate
 one to all friends. Always your affectionate daughter, Eliza