

Allahabad. July 23rd 176

My dear Mamma

I wish you could be here
 now to see how beautiful the station looks
 now that the rains have really set in. It is
 to the one part with the magnificent avenue
 of trees in every direction, and such trees.
 The place has now a much more English look
 you might fancy you were taking a drive
 through some very well kept estate at home
 except for the little bits of native village which
 you come across every now and then and
 the very few English Bengaloos. I never saw
 anything so fine as some of the avenues of
 trees. The weather is delightfully cool even
 the thermometer at 77 & 80. The rains so far
 are not so incessant as we sometimes have
 them in England, though occasionally they
 do come down in bucketsful. There has been
 a gentle steady rain today since six and it
 is now about ten in the evening. As I sit
 here at the open door of my bedroom where
 I spend most of my time, as it looks out
 upon the prettiest part of the garden, I could
 quite fancy myself in England. The room
 opens upon a flagged verandah about
 seven yards long with three arches in
 front, leading down four steps to a gravel
 walk; beyond this is a low green hedge with
 a row of trees on either side.

Malvern garden covered with creepers and leading into the flower garden about as large as that at the Linden. This is bounded by shrubs and tall pampas grass and beyond is a row of little cottages of which we can only see the red tiled roofs some of them very brown and mossy, looking just like one story high English cottages, except that they have no chimneys. Beyond these again is the splendid avenue of mirror trees which leads to Mr. Harrison's house. In the verandah, we have a few plants and five parrots, whose measures are very amusing. John's study too, opens upon this verandah. In the evening we see scores of green parrots flying about, and black myzomelas and sometimes a great kite with ruffed brown wings. We have some lovely flowers in the garden viz. tuberoses in the clauder, a curious kind of white lily that I have never seen before, white and purple creepers and numbers of things whose names I have not learned yet, but which I have seen in botanics at home. I am thankful to say that as far as we have had no disagreeable insects in the house. I think we are remarkably fortunate in that respect. Our tiled roof, though it gathers heat in the hot weather, keeps us from the centipedes, scorpions and other things which hide about in the usual thatched roofs.

I find myself much better since the cool weather began. I don't think we would have borne much more of that dreadful heat. John is getting rid of the boil now, but he has had a dreadful troublesome time with it for a fortnight. On Tuesday Dr. Jones had to come and open it. He has had a great report in our domestic affairs. Last Tuesday when the washerman was taking me out to find someone to supply John's place at the Wednesday evening wine, I discovered that both he and the eye, or groom, were tipsy. Next morning they were both dismissed and since then they have both been coming with uplifted hands, begging and praying to be taken back. On Friday the Hindoo servants came in a body to intercede for them. I hope John will take them back at the end of the month, as we have never had any reason to complain of them before. It has made us feel quite foolish that

That reason India will always be a sort of
exile to me, and I shall never feel really
at home but in England. But for people
who have their parents and friends and here
as many have, I think it is a pleasant
enough place. But it is foolish to talk of
the "luxuries of life" here. A carriage here is
as much a "necessity" as an umbrella or a
pair of gloves in England. And as for the
luxury of being waited upon, land and foot,
one would much rather have the energy and
freedom which enable you to do without
such constant attendance. The only "luxury"
I enjoy here, is that of sending an entire dollar
to the doctor as soon I like, without paying
anything for them. He sees the English papers
with the accounts of the Balkan affair.
Things begin to look rather dark against the
Pravda. I did not know she had ever had
any connection with Malvern. What
a very pleasant little afternoon you must
have had with Miss Linnont and Miss Jones

Do you know "Looli beer". Our good friend
Mr Harrison sent me half a dozen bottles
of it the other day and I find it a most
inspiring drink. There is a delicate and
undescribable flavour about it, quite dif-
ferent to the ordinary beer. I don't know
what we should do without Mr Harrison,
it is always such a welcome guest.
He was going to dine with us, three last
week, but John was not well enough. There
it was arranged for us to go next Saturday,
but he finds he has to go to Trittepoore to take
the Sunday services there. So I shall be left to
my own devices for two days. Give my love to
Aunt Susan. Hope she is considering my
proposal about Philippe. Tonight we have
our usual Sunday visitors Dr & Mrs. Tomorrow
we have a curious specimen of a "Church of
England" Father to show courtesy must
be paid, and a Mr and Mrs Bouthfleur,
 lately married, and a Mr Holdreiff, a very
clever young man, are to visit him. I wish
it was over. On Tuesday John dines with the
"Father" at Mr Harrison's. On Wednesday we
dine with a Dr Walter. Mr Bouthfleur is
son of one of the English Seams, I don't know
which. I will leave this in a regular
mail day.
Wednesday, the weather is still delicious, we
can go out at almost any time of the day,
the perfume of everything is indescribable.
So far, I like the rains better than the
cool weather, but people say that after
they have lasted a couple of months,

they become very trying. The bride, Mrs
Boutflower who came on Monday, is a pretty
little creature and very intelligent too. She
does not cost more than 17. Mrs Pegg did
not come. John met her last night
at New Barrington. With love from us
both to you and Mary Catherine. I am
always your affectionate daughter Elizabeth
Send a note to Miss Holmes, my name
when you are writing.

Pawcett Library
87 Wilfred Street
London S.W.1.

8031