

Feb^{ry} 5th 1890

My dear Pippa

Since I last wrote I have travelled about 1700 miles that is to say to Bombay and back. I started on Thursday evening and went with Mr. Campbell (the agent) in his private house - I mean carriage, of 3 rooms (sitting room, bathroom and kitchen). It is a very luxurious way of travelling. Mr. Campbell is very large and big & also Scotch and goes in for being humorous - here is an incident that occurred to him. He was travelling

on the E.R. once when the ticket collector appeared for tickets. 'Tickets please' 'What?' 'Tickets!' 'Tickets? I haven't got one, I can't afford it,' said Mr C, whereupon the ticket collector goggled and ~~he~~ departed.

It is a great thing to know the manners & customs of the people.

We got to Bombay on Saturday morning and went to Watson's Hotel which is rather a hole. In the evening I went to the skating rink which is the great rage now in Bombay. It was a grand Carnival night, and most of the rinkers were in fancy dress. It was crowded with people who went round and round for hours at full speed for hours without stopping

except to fall down. There were several sailors from the men of war in the harbour who were very amusing to watch as they couldn't skate a bit and kept falling around in every direction with much joy. There were two dressed as Neptune and his Wife who carried tridents made of whale harpoons. It is a miracle that several people were not killed as every time the fell (which was not seldom) these harpoons went whizzing through the air and generally stuck in the floor some yards off.

After the rinking came dancing and then came the most lovely sight, the sailors dancing. They ~~also~~ all danced with each other and pranced around with such extraordinary steps that

I had to retire from the scene for fear of being seized by a fit. On Sunday morning the ship arrived & we went on board. I couldn't see them at first but suddenly a fearful wavery resounded through the air and looking round I saw Gen S. & Sir A. R. They were both in blooming health, though papa has got a little ~~unwell~~ ^{in the train} ~~in the train~~ in the train. We started back ^{in the train} the same night, each grandee in his own carriage and I in papa's. You will be disgusted to hear that papa left his thermometer in the ship, but his puggaree is safe and he looks most gorgeous beneath it. We had a triumphal progress across India

half the way in a special train and amid crowds of humble officials.

We got to Allahabad on Tuesday evening & Papa & I went to dinner to Arthur's. I stayed, but the other critics have gone on to Calcutta and I shall follow in a few days. Papa is going to stay with Sir Charles Elliott.

Sir A. did ask after his £25 and was rather disappointed that I had not bought a pony with it, but if I wait till the beginning of the hot weather I shall get a better one cheap.

Goodbye
your loving brother
Ralph.