

Ullakabed. Sept 25th 176

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Write you
Post this
to Cambridge
and enclose
Phillips to
Aunt Susan
Allen or Dr or
mitige to Dr

I did not get my usual
quiet morning yesterday for writing to you,
for I saw Mr Hill at church, he comes in from
a place ten miles away, and the friends who
usually entertain him are away, so I asked
him to come and spend the day with us,
which he was very glad to do. Church saw me
at half past eight, and he spent all the day
with us until ten in the evening. He is
one of the most thoughtful young men I
have seen here, his father was a clergyman,
his brother is a tutor of St. John's Cambridge.
He has to do with Indian planting here, and
there is no other English family on the Station,
so it is a treat to him to see a little company.
In the evening Dr Spry and Mr Robbards came
as usual. After I had gone to bed came a
note from Mrs Robinson, who is staying
at Berpsa, a place on the other side the river,
about twenty miles away, asking us to go
and visit her for a week, and as this horrible
stormy weather has made us eager to "grab"
anything in the way of ~~peace~~ we at once ar-
ranged to do so. He starts at seven tomorrow
morning. John will stay for a three days,
come back for Sunday, and then bring
me home. You may imagine we are very
busy today making all arrangements.
For one cannot get away so easily here, as at
home. Berpsa stands on higher ground
than this place, and is much cooler. It
is quite "in the purple" as they say, nothing

but the one house, and that four miles from
the station. People often go and live in tents
there for the sake of the shooting. He says to have
come to Mysore tonight, but I shall stop at
Lorne now, to get ready for tomorrow.

I cannot make out what the little matter
is which was proposed to be transferred,
however Clarence Smith will see about it.
I am writing to him by this mail to ask
him to take up whatever shares may be
allotted to me in the water works. They say
so well that it is a pity to let them pass. I
am glad the railway dividends are no worse
for things have been so bad in that direction
lately. I suppose this war will not do us
any good. There is great indignation here
about the way Lord Lytton has behaved in
that matter of the eye. He had scarcely
been long enough in the country to know
better than the judges of the High Court what
ought to be done. I daresay by the time he
has been three years here, he will give a dif-
ferent judgment. But nobody expects Mr
Fuller of blame, and I think the whole affair
will do good, in making lasty masters
more careful how they strike their servants.
Mr Hill told me yesterday that a friend of
his who has the best and most faithful
servants in the place, beats them frequently,
but I don't believe in that sort of thing.
They certainly do want perni-
cious and are always better for them, but so far

as our experience goes, they do very well without
beating. In many things I like them far
better than English servants. They are so
watchful and attentive.

Mr Hill would enjoy the trees and
flowers here. When first I saw the tamarinds,
I thought they were acacias. There are several
kinds of splendid trees here with that sort of
foliage, but I am afraid a tamarind in a
hot-house will give you a very feeble idea of
the magnificence of the real thing. I have
seen no tree to compare with it, and Mr
Hill says there are some here are dwarfs, com-
pared with some at Benares. The gatherings
of people at Benares must be something
wonderful. The eclipses are religious festivals
there. On one occasion he had to drive in to
Benares at night just before an eclipse of the
sun. The road he came along was lined on
both sides for twelve miles with densely packed
rows of white robed natives lying sleeping, ready
to take the rest of their journey in the morning.
This was only one of many roads leading into
the city, all of which would be as thickly filled.
He said it was the most weird spectacle he
had ever seen. I am rather sorry that we shall
be away next Thursday which is the great
day of the Goddess Durga's festival. There is
nothing religious about it now. It is only
a great fair, but I like very much to see the
masses of people holiday making, and they are
all so well behaved too. You see nothing of the
"roughs" of our English road. They are very
like children in their amusements. He went

carrying about little palaces and towers, and riding in merry, so-called, just like boys and girls at an English fair. Then the brilliant sunshine and the wide expanse of country, with palm trees and temples rising in the distance, give such a charm to the picture. I took Mr Hill to see the Fort yesterday and we went on the ramparts which overlook the junction of the river and ganges. What a magnificent stretch of water it is. Just where the fort overhangs the river, is part of the Hall built by Akbar some hundreds of years ago, a few slender columns. It was one of the most beautiful pieces of Mussulman architecture in the country, but the English have quite destroyed it. There is also a very ancient column, dating from long before the Christian era. It stands alone, in the midst of an open green space. What stories it could tell of all that it has looked upon. It is a monolith, covered with inscriptions, and there used to be a ringed lion at the top, but that is gone long ago. I am returning very much on seeing Benares sometime, the city of temples and palaces. I don't care for soon to settle in England, for one can never really have the feeling of home in India. Here is Mr Harrison coming, so I must finish. I shall not have time to put any more to this as there is so much to do today. I shall give it to Mr Harrison to post for me. John sends love to you and Mary. Lettardine and with mine. Your affectionate daughter.