

Allahabad. July 3rd /76.

My dear Mamma

5506

"His dreadful heat" is
now the only thing we talk about. The
rains are now a fortnight behind their
time, and we do not know when they will
come. It takes all one's strength and pa-
tience to bear up even until the ordinary
end of the dry season about the middle
of June, but every day after that seems
like a personal injury. People comfort
us by saying it is best to get the worst at
the beginning and such a long hot weather
as this, has not been known in some years.
Today we have an east wind, which may
do something towards bringing the rain.
The thermometer has been at 82 in some
days. I dare say if you could see us now
you would think we were very washed out
looking creatures, but sometimes we manage
to rub along, hoping for better days soon.
On Tuesday we are going to dine quietly
with Mr. Sparshie, one of the High Court
judges. We were invited to a great dinner
at General Maudslayi on Thursday, but we
have declined, on account of being in
mourning. I was not sorry to escape
it, for it will be quite a state affair. Our
good friend Mr. Harrison has come back
and dined with us on Friday with Mr.
and Miss Biddulph. He has only been
five weeks at the hill station, but he

looks like a new creature, and his spirits seem out of all bounds. He quite puts to shame us dwellers in the plains, but it is some consolation to know that he will soon become like one of us again. It is very refreshing to have him back again, John is one of our pleasantest friends. I had a letter yesterday from my cabin companion, Mrs. Young. She seems very happy and comfortable. She thinks it not unlikely that she may be coming home at the same time as I do for a visit. The thought of seeing England again in 178 will help me wonderfully through the next hot weather. I must take the children for a month to the sea side, and you must come with us. John is all right again now, he was very much out of sorts for nearly a week. Mrs. Dinsmore must feel very much relieved now that the wedding is over. It would be a pretty sight, but I think it is a great shame those young people should have given so much trouble. They must have thought their rooms were paid for. I went to the city school yesterday, to see the clothes which we had made, given away. The children will all be able to come to school neat and tidy now. They are chiefly East Indians or half caste, a mixture of English and native blood, and apparently inheriting the most qualities of both races. One sees the

most lamentable cases of laziness and misery and depravity amongst these East Indians, and the utter want of conscience in some of them is really curious. One very decent, deaf and respectable looking man came to John a few weeks ago asking for help, saying that his wife, a native woman, was lying dead in the house and that he had no sons. The Scripture reader went to see him and found his two children, girls of eight and nine, without a scrap of clothing, so we supplied them both with things from the working party at Lady Stuart's. Last week the man came again to the city school for relief at the weekly service but John had discovered in the meantime that he was an opium eater, so he would not give him any money but directed the Scripture reader to give him food from time to time, and he said too, that the little girls were to come to the school yesterday in order that we might see the clothes were really used, and not made away with for more opium. However when we went yesterday, the children were not there, but instead the reader told us that their father had given them over to a native woman of the vilest character with whom he is himself living and that this woman had sold the clothes, and refused to let the children come to the school. John is now getting an order from the magistrate for the girls to be removed, and so shall

to find some decent woman to take
care of them. Such a case of utter depravity
I never came across, yet the man has the
impudence still to come and ask for
money. To give an almost ludicrous
side to his wickedness, he said last week
at the school when begging for money
that the Methodist missionary had offered
to take his little girls and place them in
a Home, but as he was of strict Protestant
principles himself, his conscience would
not let him accept the offer!! So instead
he lands them over to the native prostitute
with whom he is living. This is the sort of
population which English residence
has called into existence in India.

As Hindoo would be ashamed to do such
things as these East Indians do some of
them. The Englishmen of lower class, soldiers
railway men he also come out here must
marry natives or East Indians if they
marry at all, because there are no English
women of their own class, and they seem to
think nothing of deserting their wives and
families for six months at a time and
leaving them to be supported by the dif-
ferent churches. I have seen more
here to make me ashamed of my country
than ever I saw before, no wonder
Christianity makes so little progress.
English rule in India would make a
black boot if one could see all that has

arisen out of it.

I am very sorry to hear of Mr Smith's illness. It is the worst of things that he will not soon get rid of. I should think he has been travelling about far too much lately. Mrs Smith has had many anxieties during the year of her husband's illness. Mary Catherine seems to be having a very time in London, but I have not heard from her about it. Miss Landon said in her letter she was going to travel with Miss Roberts and go to some meeting. Joseph Barnby must have got to the summit of his greatness now, and he has shown himself truly great in the simplicity with which he takes it all.

I wonder what Aunt Susan will say to my proposal for Philippa to take a trip out here. It seems a very common thing now for ladies to come out to their friends for a few months, and really in the cold weather it is very pleasant. I hope the former pastor's report will not make any difference to Philippa and Carrie. Wexford is not such a very free country if things like that can be carried on.

I have been trying a little singing lately, but this very hot weather has put a stop to it. However I hope to get something done before the end of the year. One ought to have something to sing for eight hours of quiet every day, through four months. Our readers has been very frank with a

boil just above his ankle and for the last
three or four days, has scarcely been able to
come into the house at all. He miss him
very much for he is the head of everything.
John is quite at a loss without him. He has
the top of all his clothes, hats &c and
keeps all the things in order. He is a
bill man, so I dare say he finds the heat
here very oppressive. He has a good
thoughtful face and a great deal of
character. There was quite a lively dis-
cussion on Friday when the servants
assembled in the verandah to hear
the Scripture reader. They are always
encouraged to say what they think, and
the Kansaiah stood up bravely for
Mehomet. The teacher has asked for a
Bible. He is of course a Hindoo. I like
to watch them listening. When the weather
is cooler so that I can sit in the verandah
I mean to be one of the congregation, ^{John}
is always there. I think as I look at them
how strange it would be to us, if someone
rare to come and attempt to sweep away
our religion with another as strange as
ours must seem to them. Yet they always
listen very respectfully, and cover their
eyes during prayer, as they see the English
people do. I hope we shall be able to
live such a life before them, as not to
give them any need to call in question
Christianity from the caricature and

view of it. As regards their making a
profit out of us, there is only that English
people do with those who have enormous
incomes, and of course our incomes, though
little enough, seem enormous to these
natives who are rich upon a couple of pounds
a month. John laughs at me for arguing
with the cook about his daily prices, but I
told him I hate to be cheated about anything.
The other day the cook brought a tin dish for
which he wanted six annas. I just looked at
him and said nothing; five annas then,
I only looked and said nothing; four,
I said no, then he said the Mems Sahib
shall have it for three. This is just a
specimen of how they do. I believe the cook
just charges us double what he gives for any-
thing, but if we went to the bazaar and
bought it ourselves, we should be overcharged
in just the same way. The poor old agent is
the only person who gets nothing out of me,
because she has no "account" to bring. She
is a faithful old thing, and seems very
sorry when she sees me suffering from the
heat. "Bahut puran, Mem Sahib," she says,
which means, very hot. I have quite got
out of the way of mopping up any of my own
things, she does it so much more carefully
than I should do. He talks about in such
a leisurely fashion too. No one thinks of
"Ajith step" in this weather.
Love from us both to you and Mary Catherine.
Always your affectionate daughter Eliza.

P.S.

Rains have set in at last. Disagreeable enough in themselves, it is like new life just now & we are thankful

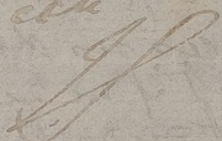
Elyia has battled bravely & is quite bright & vigorous to day:

but methinks I hope she may never have to encounter

again. 1/4 part of Denver

Writing - Science & Chari Prac
tise have detained me.

Yr affectly



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