

baby, also is buried here. Your affectionate daughter Elizabeth

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Allahabad. March 2nd / 77.

My dear Mamma I am beginning this on your birthday, and we both wish you many happy returns of the day. I hope next year at this time, I shall be on my way home, or very near starting. I wish I could have been at home on the day, but that would be rather too early to be landing in England. Here we are still have pleasant mornings, and evenings, but the middle of the day is very hot, and the glare of the sun so strong that we have given up making calls in the middle of the day. Yesterday I got out all the puntah fulls, ready to be starched and ironed, dreadful forerunners of the hot weather. Heat such the bus bus tatters will be not ready. I think now I have really done all that has to be done in the house by way of preparations for our six months' absence. Now there is nothing left but to "pin and bear it." This has been quite a week of domestic avocations, getting all the bedsteads &c. oiled and cleaned, covers made for the beds, thin calico sheets hemmed, and this morning the dining room has been cleared. I shall have to wait my time until John goes to his outstation, Cuttapore, and then get the study cleared, which collects more dirt than any other room in the house. You would be sadly tried with the servants, like when any clearing is going on. I find there is nothing for it but to seat myself in the middle of the room and stay there until everything is done. By this means I have got the dining room nicely done, but it was a great trial of patience. To add to the difficulty the bearer is banished for a week in consequence of having presented himself

on Wednesday quite drunk. It was a Hindoo festival, the most of all the year, not connected with their religion at all, but just a merry making and the chief purpose of it seems to be drinking, and throwing red water at each other. You scarcely a man in the bazaar who has not his turban and white calico coat spattered over with red. This bazaar had broken two of these of the lamps, before we saw him and found that a state he was in. I have been paying my monthly account too, this morning, which is always a great performance, as the work does not understand me, and I don't understand him. I am sure you would think I had developed a wonderful talent for bookkeeping if you could see my big book. I keep all my accounts now in one book and it lies constantly on my table, so that when the servants come for anything, I enter it at once. It is divided into separate parts. 1st book monthly account. 2nd book daily bazaar account. 3rd daily incidental expenses. 4th bazaar account for horse, carriage & 5th washing. 6th separate columns for monthly bread, milk, rice. 7th houseman's daily bread account & tradesman's bills. 8th list of calls. 10 pages. In this way I have everything under my hand, and it saves me end of trouble in enquiring with the servants. I make them all come to me to ask for things, or bring accounts, during the hour of the breakfast, and if they come at any other time I send them away, or I should be troubled the whole day with one small thing or another.

I posted the photographs via Southampton yesterday, but found to my disappointment, that having to go by the parcel post they will not reach you until a fortnight after this. Now you open the roll, cut it carefully through one

thickness only of the paper, in a line from end to end. If you cut along in a line which goes straight through the road England in the address, it will open all right. See photograph we not rolled separately on the sticks but spread upon the paper and all rolled together, so that the paper wants opening very carefully. I have sent two others for Mary Catherine, Miss of Cashmere and Delhi and two for you, of Lucknow and Simla. You can take which you like of the house and send the other to Aletta. I forgot to say that the bat's ringneck has been immortalized in the group. Mrs. Birch will recognize it. With a pass you may make out Nellie's little head on my arm, and I am holding your letter which had just come in when the picture was being taken.

I don't suppose my book will be published until April or May, so you will not be likely to see anything of it yet. I saw in the list last November that during the season they would publish a book by the author of "A Slave". I want to see "Maude Maxgard" & our old acquaintance Miss Peart. It is published by Smith & Elder, and there are good extracts of notices in the advertisements of it. He shall begin now to have more time for reading. He had such nice letters the other day from both Mr and Mrs Peterson, wanting me to go to them at Mahabaleswar (near Poona) for the hot weather, but I think I shall manage to get through it tolerably well, and then if John can get his two months' leave in the rains, say September & October we might go down together and have the change before encountering the prof. of earth which comes with the cool weather. Though Poona is 800 miles from here, it is practically nearer than the Himalayan hill stations, because there is a good line of rail all the way. In going to Kufpore you have thirteen consecutive hours of travel in a dark place,

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compared with ^{Swect} ^{Oran} ^{Amber} ^{London S.W. 1} which a London omnibus
is very comfortable and along dead-end rough
roads too. Plus miles very much that I should
go for the sake of the hot weather to Mrs Peterson
but it would be a dreadful expense, and alto-
gether I should be better satisfied at home. If
we can sit two months together with them, I shall
greatly enjoy it. Your letter arrived this morning.
How very cool of Miss Amy to let someone else do
the sewing for her. If you could see the work done
by the girls of the high school here, you would not
say the art of needlework had gone out of date, in
India at any rate. Such stitching and hemming
I never saw anywhere. It almost needs to be
looked at through a microscope. Such extreme
fineness seems to me almost a waste of time,
but my own errors in sewing have chiefly been on
the other side. My machine continues to work beau-
tifully. It has got through such a quantity of stitching
during the last week. The apple often turns it for side,
but it cannot work it at all. The dhotie came
a few days ago, when I was using it, and was greatly
interested in watching the performance. I hope
Mrs Hinson will get back her strength during
the summer. How we have to look to the cool
weather to give us back what we have lost during
the baking heat. Give my love to her and to Miss
Hinson and remember me to all my friends
at Malvern. Hope Miss Lambert will come
back before long. I like to think of you as sitting
each of each other. Must Susan will be looking
forward now to Phillip's return. He must
have been away now nearly a year. He will
bring back a wonderful store of memories.
John sends his love to you and Mary Catherine.
He had a pleasant letter by this mail from Dr Joseph
Fayer about to times in Calcutta. He had been getting a
photograph taken for them, of the scene of their little