



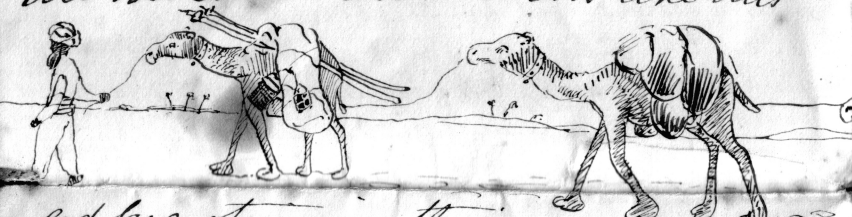
Meerut 6<sup>th</sup> June 1863 Saturday.  
My dearest little children.

A long time ago Uncle Jack who went to India, all among the Black people, sent you a letter telling you all about "who he saw and what he was doing." He is now going to tell you some more about himself. Well, a little time ago, he and a great many soldiers all jumped into a train. The whistle gave a loud blow, and the engine went Puff. Puff. Puff and away they all went to another place; when they got to this place, they had to walk more than a hundred miles, to get to their proper houses, called Barracks - so they went a little way every day for three weeks. You may want to know perhaps where they lived every day. I will tell you. They had houses made of cloth called tents, like this

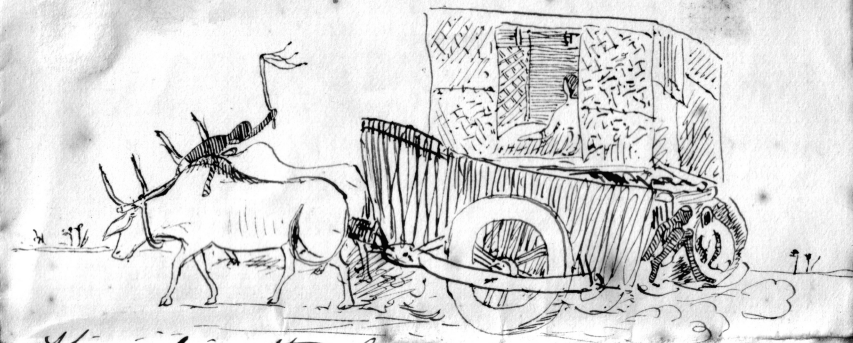
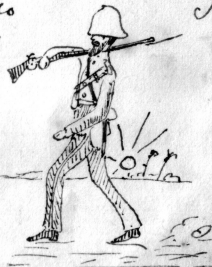


Tied down to little sticks, with long bits of rope. They could not carry their house on their backs like a snail; so when they

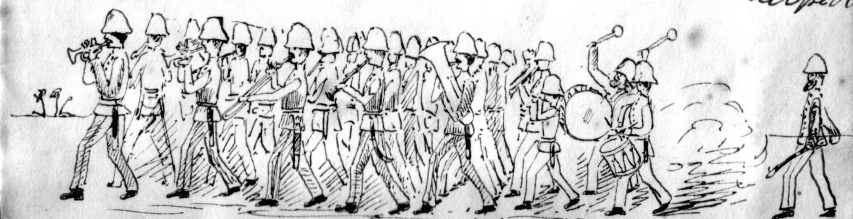
want to move on further they unite all these ropes, and the tent stumps up like an umbrella. Next they roll it up put it in a bag and tie it into a camel's back all the camels are in a row like this



led by a string in their nose: held by a Black Man. The large heavy animals have big feet, only, instead of being hard they are soft and rather like Mr. Morris' Penny Duns, so you can hardly hear them walk. What do you think the black people do; they tie a collar covered with bells on to their necks, so that every body may hear them coming and get out of the way. The first camel has a tent a "Seapot" is it not a famous big thing? it holds enough for 20 Men and a lantern. The 2<sup>nd</sup> camel has all these mess materials which they spread on the ground inside the tent, on the grass, or dust. The sun is so hot that it dries up the grass as quickly as it grows. This is a soldier who walks by the side of the camel and sees that they behave properly. He is walking very fast for he has a long way to go and the hot sun is just burning. He looks rather tired for that long thing on his shoulder is a very heavy gun.

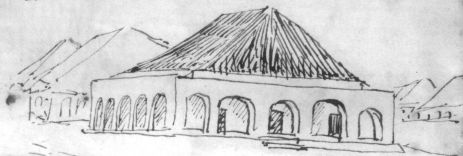


This is how the ladies (Soldiers wives) travel. A square box of lattice work, of wood with a door on either side is covered over with bits of cloth a straw matting and tied into a cart called by Hackery <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~ drawn by two four, or six bullocks. The sides of the cart are only string. The native beating the bullocks always sits looking the wrong way (with his back to the horses). A loud scream out and speaks to the oxen, in such a funny way you would laugh to hear him. You could not understand him for he cannot speak English and him. On we all went soldiers and Camels and carts, and every thing, to the tune of "Willie we have missed you" and lots of other tunes played on a large band which helped



us on so quickly that we soon got  
to our proper houses at a place called  
Meeunt where Uncle Jack is now living.

And all the soldiers  
are in comfortable  
houses like this.



Jack will now  
tell you all that

he has seen here. The other day all my  
servants, came running to me and said



Oh! Master plenty of crabs coming.  
I ran out and I saw numbers and num-  
bers of very large Grasshoppers like this



It is not a  
horrid looking  
animal they  
jump a long

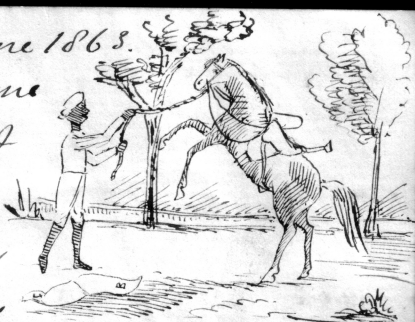
way one put his pucker leg into eye  
was that not kind of him? Well  
there were so many of these that  
they looked like brown clouds.  
They did not come onto the ground  
but if they had they would have  
eaten up all my Cucumbers  
Beans Corn, all the leaves of my  
trees, for they are such hungry animals.



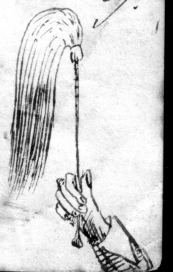
Merut 6<sup>th</sup> June 1868.

My horse is some

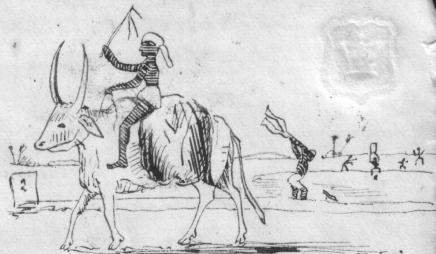
times very naughty I  
tried to beat him  
the other day for he  
stood up on his hind  
legs and knocked  
down the poor black man who was holding  
him and hurt his thumb. After he had  
knocked down the groom he wanted  
to run away, and was just turning  
round to gallop off when he caught his  
leg in the rope and tumbled over on his  
side. Uncle Jack ran up and caught  
hold of him he got into the saddle &  
made the naughty horse gallop about  
till he was quite tired. He has got pruned  
for when he tumbled over, the iron bit in  
his mouth cut a hole in his cheek and  
all the nasty flies bite it. There are so  
many flies in India they are quite  
the same and buzz in your ears and face.  
When you want to keep them from biting  
your horse you tie a lot of hairs from  
a horse tail onto a piece of stick and  
make a little brush to whip them away.



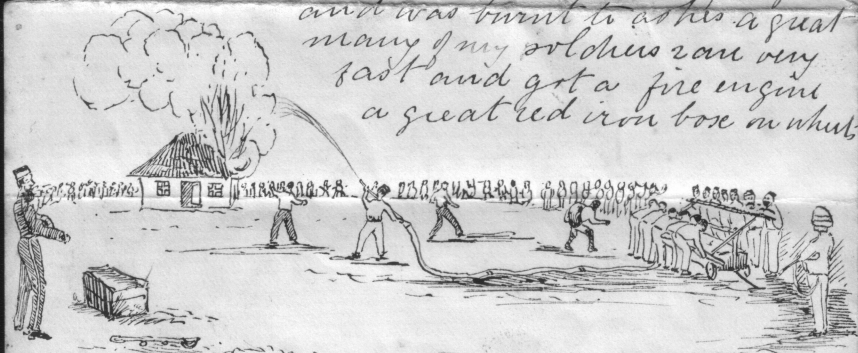
Are not these curious  
birds? they run about  
my garden and play  
with one another when  
they hold up their heads  
they are as big as I am  
nearly. They eat Barley.



Men wash all the  
dirty clothes out in  
India, they beat  
them on a board &  
then iron them &  
dry them, put them  
into a large bag wh  
they fasten onto the  
back of a quiet old



cow and ride home, as proud as a king.  
The other day a poor soldier's house caught fire  
and was burnt to ashes a great  
many of my soldiers ran very  
fast and got a fire engine  
a great red iron box on wheels

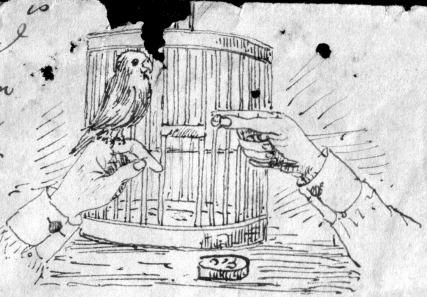


They tied a long leather tube to it, and pump-  
-ped water through this pipe onto the fire to  
put it out. The black man is running along  
to fill the engine with water, wh he is carrying  
in a goats skin on his back. Oh there was  
such a blaze, it was so hot Uncle Jack could  
hardly go near the little house, all the things  
in it were burnt, except an Iron Sword &  
a box. The water fizzed away but did not put  
out the fire, so in a very little while the roof  
tumbled in, and only the walls remained.

I gave one of my big birds a  
little sparrow yesterday  
he eat it up, in a minute  
and seemed to enjoy it very much.



so young that I  
have to feed it up  
bread & milk and  
put the food into  
its mouth with my  
own fingers.



If it lives I am  
going to teach it to say lots of things  
A few days ago I  
went out shooting  
and saw a turtle  
walking along.



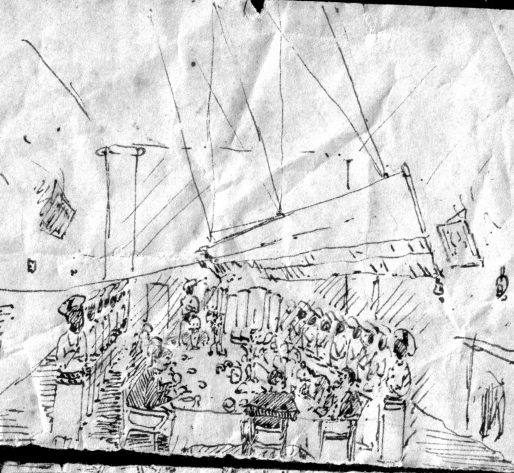
went up to it and picked it up and gave  
it to my black servant who carried it home.  
When I put it in the garden, a little  
sparrow came & looked at it. It could  
not make out what it was. A Turtle  
lives on land or in the water. It eats  
mud. This morning it has buried itself  
in the mud and is lying quite covered  
up with a little hole in the mud

through which it puts its head when  
it wants to look about. A man with a  
performing goat & monkey came my



house last week and made them do  
their tricks. The monkey sat down  
on a little stool and beat a drum  
and danced about. The goat stood  
upon the top of a pillar, of four  
wooden stings like empty reels of  
cotton. When it had balanced itself  
on the reels for some time, the man  
hit them with his stick and down  
came the goat on his legs quite happy.  
The monkey was a big savage fellow  
and had nearly all his front teeth  
pulled out to keep him from biting.  
They are sometimes very fierce. Mr. Jackson  
made horrible faces at me when I went to see  
them.

When we  
 him every  
 evening  
 each have  
 our own  
 servant to  
 wait upon  
 us. My  
 own  
 his arms  
 and stands  
 behind me  
 I see with



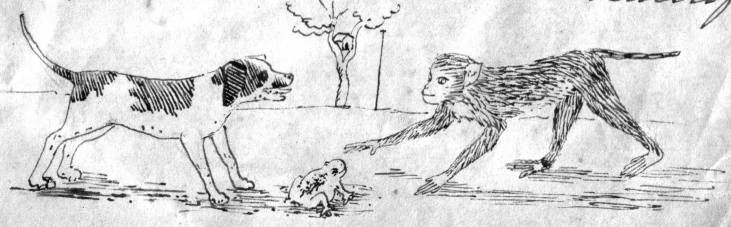
see two  
 rows of  
 them  
 men.  
 It is so  
 not now  
 that we  
 have  
 a big  
 brand  
 hanging  
 from  
 the

ropes, pulled backwards and  
 ards bow and heads to make the wind  
 cool. - A shepherd was feeding his <sup>SHEEP</sup> goats  
 at the story told to me by my



shepherd of Thana-ka. - I saw the <sup>shepherd</sup> in the  
 out in the fields the other day, and had  
 a little child with him, presently up  
 came a hungry wolf seized hold of the  
 poor little child and ran off. The poor  
 black man did not notice the wolf till  
 he heard the child cry, he then ran  
 after it with a big stick, and hit it on the  
 head, it dropped the child, and bit  
 the poor man so dreadfully that he  
 died. The child was saved, and is alive  
 & well! - Good bye dear little boys & girls  
 Mr. Giffet Welch - D. P. Poikau.

... much. When  
 find in a ... give it to a Black  
 man, who runs along with it to the  
 steamer, it then goes over the sea  
 to England, when it gets to England  
 it is sent to Mr. Simmon who gives it  
 to the housemaid, she then gives it  
 to the Boys & Girls to read. I have got  
 such a funny little monkey, I call it  
 "Jimney" it follows me about, in a  
 lake about for a walk just like a dog,  
 without any chain on. As I was talking  
 it was often jumps onto my head pulls  
 my hair, plays all manner of tricks.  
 I had a bad tooth so I pulled it out the  
 other day. I take it to a pond every day  
 and give it a swim. It dives beautifully



This soldier is Sergeant  
Major Gibbs, he has  
been in a great many  
battles, and a great  
many years a soldier.  
Some of those round things  
on his coat they are  
called medals, were  
given to him for fighting  
bravely. This morning  
he had one given to  
him for good conduct.

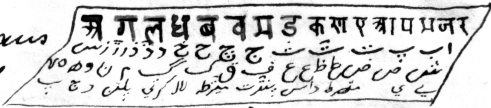
They are as big as half  
a crown, and made of  
silver, and have a very  
pretty piece of ribbon  
fastened to them.  
He is dressed in white  
clothes because it is so  
hot. His Uncle Jack  
learns his



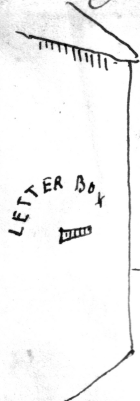


A.B.C. not like these letters but

the Black man  
 Language all  
 funny letters like this, written with a  
 wooden pen. The man with a rope in his  
 hand is pulling a big fan called a  
 pankah to blow about the wind and  
 make the room cool.



This is another dog and Monkey they are  
 much great friends. The dog is begging for  
 some of Master Jack's rice. Now  
 Uncle Jack has us more to tell the  
 boys & girls, so he sends his best love  
 and kiss, and hopes that they are  
 dear good children, and are getting  
 very clever. Good. Bye! till another  
 day. D. B. Boileau, Uncle Jack.



Mr. Simmons

Mr. Blackman.