June 10th 188[illegible]

Dearest little Mother

I ~~have been~~ was most grieved to hear that thou ~~hast~~ hast been ill. I trust that by the time this reaches thee, Kangaroo Point will have made thee all right again — there is nothing like a change & plenty of fresh air.

Here at the Charles Bensons I get plenty. In this fine summer weather we spend almost all our time out of doors sitting about in the garden when we are not off on some expedition or going for a walk. This morning I am doing all my writing ~~sitting~~ here in the summer-house, which I have all to myself as the others are a little way off sitting out on the grass with books & sewing. The garden tho' not large is very pleasant with sunny corners & plenty of soft green turf — the house is made one with it by many entrances on every side — It is built of the yellow stone in which the neighbourhood abounds & which takes the loveliest colours with age. We drove up the Ham hill the other afternoon & saw the big quarries where they work this stone. It was wonderful to see how easily by the aid of machines they cut & handled immense blocks of stone. Etta & Ina & their Uncle Bernard & I went — we took our tea with us. Mercy the eldest girl is a good deal of an invalide & never goes out with us. This hill is an old Roman camp & there have been found on it lots of Roman & ancient Briton remains — We poked about & found some pieces of broken pottery. Here they have quite a little museum of some most interesting things they have found. Another day I saw two Roman barrows big ~~ba~~ mounds side by side like two huge graves which indeed they are said to be.

[cross-written:] ... from the two eldest are married. Charles lives not far off at Yeovil & he is getting on well as an architect; but he is [illegible] ... I am [illegible] ... every day [illegible] ... I think [illegible] ... it I think. I am [illegible] ... next [illegible] ... Farewell dearest Mother thy Loving Mary.

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being supposed to be the result of some big battle.

Yesterday Etta & Cousin Bernard & I drove over in the little poney carriage to Norton. The village is about 3 miles from Martock. It was there thou will remember that thy mother's brother John Benson lived & died. He was rector of the little church there. A charming old church it is from the outside but the inside is restored out of all interest. Great Uncle John's tomb lies in the peaceful little churchyard. He died in 1890. Etta & I climbed up the church tower where over the tops of the elms we had a lovely view over the surrounding country. The village is charming with its thatched gabbled houses & lies in the most charming surroundings of wood & meadow. In a little grey stone house with thatched roof & quaint gables used to live a first cousin of thine

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Sarah Whytall a daughter of thy mother's sister Mrs Whytall, otherwise Sarah Benson. She died in 1898. What is odd is that the two elder girls who often look at me with a view to finding a likeness say that I remind them of her a wee bit somewhere about the mouth. They say she was a tiny little woman — like thee dear! Next week I hope to send thee some photos. of Norton church also of Martock. I only got a glimpse of the Rectory which stands back from the road with some fine trees round it.

I like cousin Chas. Benson very much. With his ready smile & kindly ways he reminds me of Uncle Robert. They are all very nice to me & insist on my staying longer. I mean to go on to Pulverbatch next Tuesday & Mercy & Etta will go there with me. They are going to stay with their Aunt Charlotte Benson. While I stay at Richard Benson's. The three sons Charles, Arthur & Lockwood I am afraid I shall not see as they live

away. The two Eldest are
married. Charles lives
not far off at Geoville
where he is getting on well
as an architect, but he is
away with his wife &
family at the
sea side. I am
quite tired of
scribbling away
the girls will think
I have a great deal to
say about them I have
no doubt they think!
I am longing for next
mail to hear thou wet
bitter. Farewell dearest
Mother Thy loving
Mary.

Thanks to Mother, I have [illegible] most grieved
to hear that thou hast been ill. I trust
[illegible] His reaches thee.