

Such James if he
has ever seen
anything about
the photos for the
War. It is time
you should
write to him.
I just wrote this
morning as I was
writing with
what I thought
would be a
little bit of
fun. I am
very
sorry
but I think it must be they cannot
receive one of my weekly drawings.
I came back from Key Bridge on Tues-
day. I found a splendid long letter from
James & another from Lizzie awaiting
me also a scrap from Val. James writes
lovely long letters & keeps me well posted up
in the news of what is going on in town &
country. Dear Buttons writes me nice
rambles about domestic affairs & Val & I
send me spasmodic efforts at dealing with
things in general & society in particular. Of
outside letters I am sorry to say I get very
few now. I suppose James will say so
owing to my own sins of omission.
Kitten & the baby came to stay thro' Easter
today. I was there last night. Went to dinner
& stayed the night coming home with Kitten
before lunch. Mr Marshall & his father have
gone away for a holiday. Last night they had
a whist party - Mr Marshall belongs to a
whist club that meets at different houses of the
members. Some of the people came early to din-

ner & they asked me to meet them - a married
sister of that Mr Bob Scincher who married
 Evelyn Agnew & a brother of his whom I had
not before. Kitten is going to sit for me ⁱⁿ while she is here. but I am afraid it will be
done in the face of great difficulties so that the
success is doubtful. We are quite a large
household here now with Kitten & the baby
(who is just beginning to toddle about in the
most charming way) there are also now 20 perma-
nent residents. Mr Mrs Calvert & the fellow-
student of Charlie's at Bart's & Mr Douching
from Melbourne. The latter seems a nice
young fellow but has the most dreadful colonial
accent & twang. I am afraid we shall all be
corrupted.

I had a very nice time at Keybridge with
Miss Poole. She was a fellow passenger I think
you will remember. She & her sister live
in apartments, they have let their own
house which is at Chertsey another village
some little way off. On Saturday after lunch
they took me to call on their tenants, a
Baron de Coseon & his wife. I enjoyed myself
immensely. It was a most delightful house
full of treasures from top to bottom and
most artistically arranged. The house itself
an old fashioned English house with a big
lawn & old trees about it, has classic associa-
tions for it is described by Dickens in Oliver

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Swiss. as the place where Oliver was put thro.
the window by the burglar. (Vide Oliver Twist.)
The drawing room the first room we went into
was full of the most interesting relics & pictures
engravings &c most charmingly arranged.
A frieze was formed of wooden beams
arranged something in
this sort of way if I remember.

On right with lovely large china
plaques standing on the ledges so formed.
Below was a very unobtrusive dado of very
fine sombre coloured matting but it is not
use my attempting to describe the room.
I should never make you realize its charm.
The Baroness had a most charming manner.
She is only partly foreign but has that
pleasant easy manner that is so seldom
met with in English people. We ~~there~~ spent
a long time there & nearly all the time
I was in the library looking at books & photo-
graphs of pictures with Baron de Cosson.
I think he must have photographs of nearly
all the old masters. He had portfolios &
portfolios of the different schools. He told
me a lot about them as we looked at them
in a way that did me a lot of good. He is an
ugly little red man with a painfully fierce
complexion but the Poles don't like him
much but he was very nice to me. he trotted

all over the house even into the bedrooms
showing me the most fascinatingly interesting
things. Imagine a virgin & child by Luca
della Robbia covered with the original white
enamel in which he used to work & another
virgin & child of the same period in terra
cotta a most choice bit of modelling fixed in
its old gilt-wooden frame over the dining
room door. Another very interesting thing
the Baron showed me was a reproduction
of Durer's famous "Knight & Death" with
drawings he had made showing how
the idea had come to him. Also he showed
me a lovely old edition of French books
that would have delighted James's heart.
Baron de Cosson was amused & interested
with the idea that I had never seen an
old master till I came to England. I don't
think I mentioned that the Baron is a great
authority on arms & armour & has some
magnificent suits of armour standing about.
He sent a large collection of arms & ar-
mour to the Victor Exhibition with in-
teresting descriptions in the catalogue.
Finally the Miss Poles carried me reluctantly
by away the Baron coming with down the
sunny garden & seeing us out on to the
road thro' the green gate in the brick wall.
The Miss Poles are two fine looking
women nearer 50 than forty. The older
one is a very hard some women of a

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most imposing presence & with such
a complexion as I suppose only an
English woman could have at her age -
like a girl & hardly a wrinkle or a grey
hair. My Miss Poole who is a little younger
shows more signs of care - she has been
five years in Queensland. They are full
of amusing stories & kept me amused
& they seemed pleased to find that
I enjoyed myself so much. They have
a large double sitting room & three
bedrooms. They have made me promise
to write & say any time I can go down
from Saturday to Monday. On Sunday
I went to the Church opposite - whose tall
spire rises opposite their windows & is
in the midst of a number of equally tall
poplars. They are great church people
rather high. On Sunday afternoon the
eldest Miss Poole went for a lovely walk
in a Scotch fir wood. It was a beautiful
spring day - early spring - tiny buds be-
ginning to swell on the dark tree stems,
& on all sides we heard "a thousand
blended notes". We walked as far as a
lovely big pond full of reflections of all
the beauties round it. And the deli-

cious scent of the pines added to the
beauty of everything. We had heard
that Mr Beadon was coming down to the
Coleridges & we saw them coming from
the train but they were so absorbed
in conversation that they never noticed
Miss Poole & me on the other side of the
road. There was some talk of their coming
in the evening but they didn't get back
from their walk in time. The next
day Mrs Coleridge came in to call on
me & later on Mr Coleridge came
in for her looking none of a succession
of diller's than ever, - so thin & beam-
ing them ever. Mr Beadon had been
coming down the Saxonian line.
I found to my disgust.

Good Friday. I got the most delightful
letters from James & Sarah this morning. I
can't answer them now. I am very
busy with Father's portrait & she is wait-
ing now. Mrs Beadon has been in &
they are all talking so it's impossible to write
collected by. Tell James I got the papers
all right & today Dr. Agnew's paper. I wrote
to Miss Blyth ages ago but have never
heard that she received it. I didn't
know her address & post. Mr. Thackeray
see if she got it.

receive one of my weekly demands.
I came back from my bridge on Tue-
day. I found a splendid long letter from
James & another from Dicky enclosing
me also a Derry from Val. James with
lovely long letters & perhaps one will post it up

Ask James if he
has ever seen
anything about
the photos for the
Burger. It is time
now they arrived.
I got a telegram
from Derry this
morning asking
what month
will go to them
in Holland.
Reached home
to you all
much to my
dear little self
they loving
Mary