

The Close
Martock
Somerset

June 23rd 1892.

My dearest Mother.

Here I am at the
Cousin Charles Benson's.
I only arrived this after-
noon & find I can only be
sure of the mail that goes
out this evening reaching
London in time for the

Australian. I have it half
an hour to write-in! I
left London this morning
at 11 - Mr Bernard
Benson met me at Waterloo
& we came down together.
He is a good deal like his
brother William - very white
very quiet spoken - so
low & so quietly does he
speak that it is almost
imprimis. He lives here

with his brother Charles.
He is the one who has never
got over the death of his wife
if I remember rightly - I
didn't know a bit of whom
the family here consisted -
I find there are three daughters,
Mercy who is rather an
invalid, Etta, & Ina.
They are all three very fair
like the girls at Hereford.
& very nice & pleasant.
Quarford is a little old fashioned
place consisting of one long street

of old fashioned houses
of the better sort. Part of
the Close seems quite antique.
It has very nice points such
as deep windows & corner cup-
boards - & could be made very
picturesque if it had a little
money spent on the furnishing
of it. As it is it is very pleasant.
& the garden is nice. I have
been sitting out there listening
to the birds - hearing the
various songs of the Thrush.
Slept London this morning

Amid torrents of rain &
feeling very gloomy but
the beautiful evening & the
change has brightened me
up. I am always miserable
changing my place of abode.
I have too much of the cat's
dislike to moving to enjoy
travelling -

I saw dear old Mr. Bonwick
on Monday at the British
Museum - I went into the print
room & looked at a lot of
old prints of costume &

Ships of the beginning of
the century.

Etta says I must leave
off. Give thy loving
Mary -