

W 9/31/29 1063

Sand send

Mr. Whitty

July 22nd 1892

My dearest little Mother

Met our Cousins at Pulver.

back last Wednesday & came on here. It took me from half past 10 till about 9 to get here & I was so tired with traveling that I arrived with one of my sick headaches. I hadn't meant to stay so long at the Bensons but I didn't hear from the Backhouses as I had expected, & so had to wait. I was with them all fortnight. Unfortunately the weather most of the time was cold & wet so that I couldn't sit out of doors sketching. I did a small pastel of Maria & a wife Lizzy who is rather pretty of a quaint old fashioned type with Auburn hair & brown eyes. They were all extremely pleased with it saying it was the best likeness they had had

of her. I shall make a pastel of Alice when I get back. I think they would just suit thee. I am longing to practice once more on the family. Cousin Charlotte Benson lives about half a mile from the Cottage. it is called Pulverbach as the other is called Churton or Church Pulverbach. Mary Benson from Westport lives with her. Mary is the artist - she has had several pictures in the Academy but her health broke down & she hardly touches a brush now. Mercy & Alice who came up from Marlton with me, are also staying there at present. I used often to go up of an afternoon to tea & I fancy I made them a good deal with my cooys which were strange to them. Cousin Charlotte is a very nice not easily shocked old lady - I should not call her an old lady however I should think she was between fifty & fifty-five but very lively & active. She reminded me greatly of thee - particularly about the eyes &

temples tho' her eyes are blue not brown. There was some-
thing too in the quality or texture of the skin that reminded me of
Helen. By the way she says that in the old rectory at Norton they
had a stool covered with needlework which was done by Sarah
Walker. Could it have been thee? She thought so but I said it was in-
possible that perhaps it was thy mother & there had been some
conjunction in the names. They have promised me photographs
for thee. Frank Benson was there lately & took very nice ones
of them all. When I get them I will send them out straightaway.

I did a very stupid thing in missing the mail this week. I
was dreadfully annoyed. I did just as happened once before
when I was in Brittany - made a mistake in the day of the
week & so just missed the last post. I was all Wednesday
travelling to Whitby & then I quite forgot that the next day was
the last day I could post in that out of the way spot.

Sandsend is a little ^{3 or 4 square} village on the shore between in a little
cleft of the hills. The little red tiled houses cluster in sloping rows
on either side of the little valley down which a small stream runs.
At the head of the valley are the fine grave woods which belong to
the Marquis of Northampton. He was a clergyman but left the Church
on coming to the title. In front stretches the North Sea & away
to the right about 3 miles along the Sands are the piers
of Whitby with its two lighthouses & the long promontory
with the ruins of the Abbey of St. Hilda against the sky.
The railway runs along the shore from Whitby & greatly
spoils Sandsend with its ugly iron bridge cutting thro'
it. We are in the tangle of cottages & Mrs. Backhouse &
some think it is most terrible 'roughing' it but of course
I enjoy it. It is the first time I have been to the sea in

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England. Louie has her two great
dogs with her both pure Newfound-
lands. They keep us all well employed
taking them out & keeping them from
rushing on inoffensive strangers.
We made quite a feature of the place
I am sure going about with those
huge black creatures. Bruce the bigger
his back is on a level with an
ordinary dining room table - is quite
a zoomy dog & very lively & demon-
strative. He is not the curly black
& white Landseer Newfoundland,
but a quite black & silky & more the
character of a Setter in his appearance.

Loie is smaller but what she wants
in height she makes up in breadth.
She is a very thick set & very fat -
she is built for swimming & has
a very broad chest & heavy front
legs. People remark on her more than
Bruce & say how like a bear she is.
She does walk just like one & really

but for her tail & this might easily
be mistaken for one. The other after-
noon Louie & I walked
over to Whitley with
them & we had a most
exciting & amusing time.
There is a sketch of



Loie having have a drink in the
waiting room of the
railway station

& another of us
coming home in triumph
in a cab to the great
delight & amusement of the populace
Sketching in a hurry & more not attended
to detail or I should have shown how
we were both obliged to hold on to their
collars the whole time, but I think I
have shown how little room they gave
us.



West. Brompton York. Thursday July 28th
He left Samels end the day before yesterday

We stop at Whitby & had tea & visited a family of Friends
there named Scivell. In order to show me the country
they decided to go by way of Whitby & Malton instead
of Scarborough. It was a most charming route following the
road from Whitby from to its source in the moors. We passed
the watershed near Southwell & then followed the Derwent
downwards. We didn't get to York till after 9. Leaving Whitby
at 4. It is very nice being here at West Bank it is a
most charming place. The grounds are simply lovely.
Just down from the house is a little miniature garden
designed by James Backhouse with lovely groups of trees
& firs clustered round. Louie is going to give some photos.
Mrs Backhouse is one of the sweetest of women & Louie
is extremely too. James the son is married at
Barrow & he married a daughter of Walter Robson -
but the office of the Mercers is quite close & he comes
in always to dinner. Mary Anne Williams came to tea
yesterday. Of course we talk constantly of James & Mrs Back-
house how full of prayers he was when he stayed with
them after they were married. I must write to James next
mail & tell him all they say of him & the people I see &c.
Tomorrow I am going with the Rev. Mr. Chad who is invited to
the Richardson's who live at Lickstall. On the moors
a great many friends will be there. There are to be special
carriages. I am very disappointed that I have not yet
got my letters. By hard luck Mrs Man posted them to
Gainsend five minutes or so before she got my telegram.

to send them here.

My mind is full of my return home I can hardly think of anything else. How lovely it is to think I shall be with thee soon - not another I was away! I shall start as soon I can go thro' the Red Sea. I suppose I must wait till after August - but I am anxious to see what the letters this week say. Now I am in a worry to think of all the things I ought to get done before I leave & the things I want to take out - the best way to spend the little money I have. I have such a sense of responsibility on me & no one to advise. I do wish the letters came quicker! I long now

to be in Hobart with you all round me & the anxieties of getting there over. I must not write more now. the letters must go for the post. I shall stay here till Saturday or Monday. I have no more time. I send love to thee. My sweet little Mother take care of thyself & get well by the time I get back, which will not be long now!

Thy loving daughter
Mary.