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C002 Canadiana Collection

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51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

July 13th 1902

Dear Comrade

I received your name
as a comrade to write to, and
I hope that we shall exchange
experiences.

Over here everyone was terribly
disappointed because of the
postponement of the Coronation
I live quite near Hyde Park,
which I expect you have heard
of; an enormous number of Col-
onial and English troops were
camped out there. It looked
so funny, as it is most unusual
Do you go to School? I do, and

T. R. H. Prince & Princess of Wales
gave away our prizes last February
I had a Drawing Certificate.

Do you ride a horse or a ~~bicycle~~
bicycle?

I ride a horse sometimes, I am very
fond of it indeed.

Do you collect stamps or
postcards, or neither?

I collect pictorial postcards.

There are such a lot of strange
soldiers in London now. There
are some Fijians; their hair
is bleached, then dyed and
finally frizzed out all round
so that it looks like fur.

We have
country
we go to

I must
you will

I

Wales We have a little house in the
country, with a large garden;
February we go there in the holidays -
ate.

a ~~boy~~ I must end now, hoping that
you will write soon

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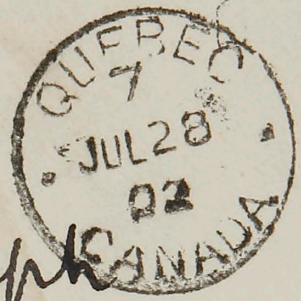
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yours sincerely
Lorna Dalziel



Miss Irene Joseph
~~113 Grande Allée~~

~~Quebec~~

Canada

H. Patrick
Lamsonate



PATRICK
JULY 23 1902



BEC
JULY 23 1902
CANADA

51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

17.11.02

Dear Irene Joseph

Thank you very much for your interesting letter and postcard. On November 7th we had our Prize-giving. Mrs Choate, the wife of the American Ambassador, gave away the prizes. I received an Honours Certificate for drawing. One of the girls in our class, received five prizes, a certificate for drawing, and a gymnasium medal. That was about the most anyone got that day. I had very enjoyable holidays

this summer, did you?

I went for a ride almost every day, on a brown horse, named Russet, belonging to Mother.

He is a lovely horse to ride, and when he is in a mischievous mood he is absolutely delightful.

His eyes show a great deal of white, particularly when he intends to behave badly.

Russet has got a most lovely coat in the summertime. It is dark brown, and like satin. His face is splashed with white and his nose, strange to say, is pink.

We have another horse called.

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Redvers, because he was bought a-
bout the time when Sir Redvers
Buller went to S. Africa. He is
a strawberry roan.

At the beginning of December, I am
going to Switzerland, with Mother
and we are going to stay at a
place, up the mountain, called
Caux, near Territet and Montreux.

When next I write to you, I ex-
pect that I shall be there, and
it will be interesting to you,
perhaps, to hear of my experiences
there.

I have a dear little tabby kitten
which I had given me when at
Danbury (the village where we stay).

His name is Tabby, and I taught
him to beg, which he does quite
nicely. He is marked very prettily

My brother Peter, who is younger than myself, is very fond of shooting, and shot some rabbits this summer.

I have a "Brownie" camera, and in the holidays I took a lot of snapshots.

Are you fond of drawing or painting?
I like drawing very much.

The village where we stay in the holidays, is very pretty and some of the views are very beautiful.

Danbury, its name, is a corruption of Danebury; it is called that because, I believe, the Danes had a camp there.

It is on one of the highest points of Essex, and is about five or six miles from Chelmsford the town. Although Danbury is

51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

quite a sleepy old village in the country, ~~it~~ Chelmsford is only forty-one minutes journey by the express from London. The church is very old indeed, and stands at the top of a very steep hill.

The steeple has twice been destroyed by lightning, and there are some quaint legends about the church. Inside there are three very old recumbent wooden figures of Crusaders.

Over a hundred(?) years ago someone was going to be buried there in the church and when the workmen were digging, they came

upon a leaden shell which when opened was found to contain a Crusader in excellent preservation, dressed in a laced shirt. It was buried again.

In the church is a "Leper's Squint" a sort of hole in the wall, where lepers, in the Middle Ages, could drive see through into the church during a service. Not far from Danbury, there used to be a hospital for them, hundreds of years ago.

The village inn "The Griffin" is four hundred years old and was mentioned by Sir Walter Scott.

Our own house is very old, part of it about two hundred years, I think. It is only a

when small house, but stands in
contain a fairly large garden.

preser- The house has bow windows
d Shirt in front, and an old wooden
portico, painted white

Squint" Roses grow on the front of the
where house. There is a gravelled
drive, could drive in the shape of a semi-
circular circle in front, and on the
other side are flower beds

Behind that is a big bed
stretching the whole length with
Portugal laurels, different

old-fashioned plants and shrubs
Facing the house; on the right
a little path leads to a big
lawn and beside it a small
wood, where many flowers
blossom in spring. On the

left side of the house the drive
branches off, and there are the

stables. Turning again to the left is the kitchen garden. The beds are edged with box plants clipped very stiffly.

There is a very big asparagus bed, which looks very beautiful when it goes to seed, tall feathery and green.

At the top of the kitchen garden is a wall and climbing up it are fruit trees, peaches, greengage and plum.

On ~~the~~^{two} sides of this garden run roads and on the other there is a large field.

If this is interesting to you, tell me, and I will write to you about the places near and the big commons, and will describe other things about Danbury.

I remain

yours sincerely

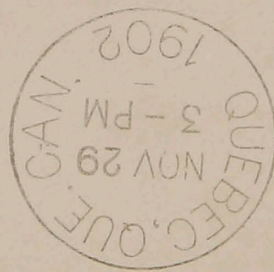
Lorna Dalziel

Miss Irene Joseph
113 Grande Allée
Quebec
Canada





2



Upon one of the hills, are the remains of an old Roman encampment. I think that we may walk there tomorrow perhaps.

Last Saturday we went to a town called Ludlow. In it there are several wonderful old houses. The Deathers Hotel where we lunched is perfectly charming. It was built during the reign of James I, I think and is adorned outside with quaint black carvings and beams.

Inside the old coffee room there is the most delightful carving on the walls, over the fireplace, and even on the ceiling which is ornamented with a design of Tudor roses, thistles, and pomegranates. The windows are also beautifully old fashioned.

Ludlow Castle consists of most

magnificent ruins, and excavations are going on now.

There are the walls of a fine circular Norman chapel.

There is a dried up moat, and the remains of several rooms. A fine keep still stands, and one may climb a winding stone staircase to the top of the tower from whence a splendid view may be obtained.

The old walls are so pretty, the ivy covering them in parts, and yellow wallflower plants growing on the sides.

Ludlow Church is also interesting with the grotesque carvings on seats in the chancel.

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The old church in this place (Church
Stretton) is also very interesting
and there is some very fine
carving behind the altar.

In the church yard may be
found old gravestones with
very curious inscriptions and
verses on them.

I must apologise for my very
bad writing this time, but
the hotel pen, which I am using
is a remarkably bad one.

I hope to hear from you very
soon if you can spare time to
write to me as I do like to
receive your very interesting
letters.

Yours affectionately

Lorna Dalziel

P.S. I should like a very long
letter next time please.

TELEGRAMS:
"HYDRO. CHURCH STRETTON."

The Hydro-Hotel,
Church Stretton, Salop.

April 22nd 1904

Dear Irene

Many thanks for your ^{letter}, which
was very nice, but alas! too short.
I suppose you do not have much time
for writing letters, do you?

No, I did not receive your letter
from Montreal, but I got the pretty
little calendar, for which very many
thanks.

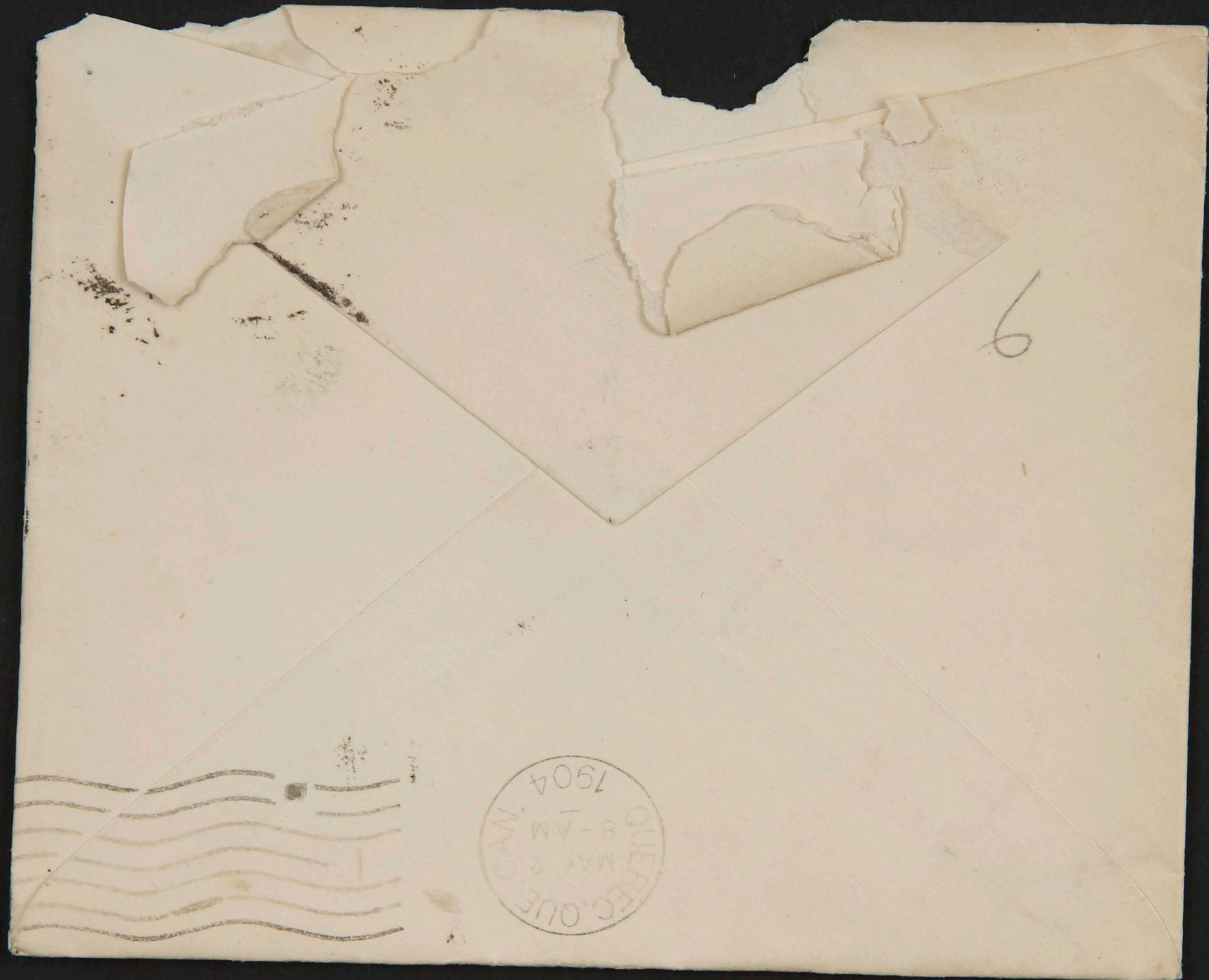
I am so very glad that you are
interested in the Tower of London, I
think it is such a beautiful old
place.

We are staying here for a few more
days. It is a charming district,
very hilly, and interesting for
many reasons.

The famous old Roman road, Wat-
ling Street, lies through part of it.



Miss Irene Joseph
113 Grande Allée
Quebec
Canada



TELEPHONE, 2149 PADDINGTON.

51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

May 22nd 1904

Dear Irene

Very many thanks for your nice letter, which I got a few days ago. As you were so kind as to write me a beautiful long letter like that, I will try to do the same. I was so glad that you answered quickly, I like receiving your letters often, it makes me forget, to a certain extent, the great distance which lies between us, and which one day I hope will be diminished.

I am very fond of reading
like you and I am parti-
cularly fond of Dickens' works.
Have you read any of them?

"Barnaby Rudge" is historical
and deals with the Gordon
Riots, I liked it very much.
And "The Old Curiosity Shop"
is charming, and rather sad.
"The Pickwick Papers" are so
funny, I dare say you have
read them.

The old Black Bull Inn in
the City, which was mentioned
in "Martin Chuzzlewit", was
pulled down a few weeks
ago, and I was sorry, as I

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of them?

historical
Gordon

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always am when old or interest-
ing buildings are pulled down
to make room for modern
erections.

So tell me in your next letter
whether you have read any
of Dickens' books and what
you think of them.

We are learning parts of Milton's
Comus at school now, and
it is very interesting to me
as, you know, it was first
performed at Ludlow Castle
that beautiful old place
which I wrote about in my
last letter.

I suppose you have learnt
a lot of Milton's ^{poetry}, do you like it?
I think it is difficult to learn

especially "Paradise Lost," than Shakespeare.

Last week I went down to the Ranelagh Club at Barnes, for the first time this season.

I wonder if I have told you about it yet. There are the most beautiful grounds round the club-house and courts for croquet and tennis. Golf is also played there. But the chief feature of the club is the polo, in which I am very interested. There is a little lake in among the gardens, with small boats and punts. There are three polo grounds

TELEPHONE, 2149 PADDINGTON.

51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

and matches take place nearly every day throughout the season.

Do you have polo in Quebec?
I suppose you do.

I think it must be the finest sport in the world, and think it is most unfortunate that women can't play.

But they can look on, and it is so exciting. The polo ponies are so handsome sometimes and so very keen. They get hit with the mallets sometimes, but they are so

game, they don't seem to
mind much.

This summer we shall either
go ^{for} a tour in North Wales,
or Exmoor, or perhaps in
Normandy or Brittany.

In either case I will
write and tell you about
it, but I hope to hear from
you before we go away
which would not be until
the end of July or August.
I went to the Academy last
week to see the pictures,
which are always sent in
fresh each year. The portraits
were good, but on the whole,

I think the landscapes were very inferior.

The Saturday before last I went to the Botanical Gardens which are very pretty. There are some large glasshouses there, and ~~they~~ there are often flower shows there.

The Saturday before that I took three other girls to the Zoological Gardens, where I have often been before.

We had the whole of one elephant to ourselves for a ride, and we enjoyed ourselves.

As you are fond of historical romances and are interested in ^{the} Tower of London, why don't you read Harrison and North

"The Tower of London". Perhaps you have done so, but if not you would find it extremely interesting. Also "Windsor Castle" and "Old St. Pauls" by the same author. Are you interested in pictures or museums or anything which you would particularly like me to describe in my next letter? If you are, will you tell me and I will be delighted to write about them.

Do you collect picture post-cards, if so, what sort, and are you particular about their having the proper postmarks? If you tell me I will send you some. Haven't I given you a lot of questions to answer!! Do write soon. I remain, yours affectionately Lorna Dalziel.

St Patrick
Co. Lemiscanata



Miss Irene Joseph
~~113 Grande alle~~
~~Quebec~~



Canada

Sadie



Bay Lodge
Sanbury
Essex

June 19th 1904

My dear Irene

I was simply delighted to get your letter last Thursday. It was so good of you to reply so soon. I think that it is so much nicer to get the answers to one's letters quickly.

I think that you have read more Dickens than I have, but I am extremely fond of his ~~works~~ books. I am glad that you like Shakespeare's works. You must have worked very hard to

learn such a lot of "Richard II".
"We read and learnt parts of
Julius Caesar" in one class at
school, and I liked it very
much.

I read a good many modern
novels, and among others "The
Virginian", that book that you
mentioned, ~~and~~ I read it
while I was in Switzerland
the winter before last, it being
one of the books that we took
out with us. I thought that
it was very nice.

Concerning the picture postcards,
I like all kinds except the
comic variety, and in the
case of views I like the
right postmarks.

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card II " I will send you some London
ones when I return, if I can.
I am staying here for a few days
with a friend. This is the same
village where we had our house.
I think that I told you we gave
it up last summer as it was too
small.
Yesterday we drove to Felstead
a distance of about 16 miles
where my brother is at school.
We all had a very nice time, and
had lunch and tea in a mea-
dow, as fortunately the sun was
shining, and although the clouds
looked very threatening it did
not rain.
The country is simply beauti-
ful here now. The birds
sing delightfully and the hedges

are covered in parts by the
fragrant pink and white wild
roses.

I am so fond of flowers, aren't
you? Have you a garden?

We have not got one in town
but when we had a country
house I had one of my own
which I carefully planted
with seeds every year.

How many postcards have you
now?

I have about five hundred,

think, but some of them are
unused. I have some Italian

cards, and among them a
very quaint one from Pompeii.

I do hope that you will come
to England soon as I do want
to see you and should so

enjoy showing you some of
the old buildings and places
of interest in London. I am
so fond of historical houses
and churches, etc. aren't you?
I ride nearly every Saturday
in town now, in the Round.
I look forward through
all the week to my Saturday
ride. Sometimes it is a brown
horse, which I have described
to you, and more often
a strawberry roan called
Redvers, while occasionally
we hire a high-stepping little
black pony called Toby.
At times I ride Russet, the brown
in Hyde Park by myself
and that is great fun

for he is delightfully mischievous
on some days.

Are you fond of pictures?

The Wallace Collection at Hert-
ford House is quite near us
in town, and I frequently
go there. Some of the pictures
are charming particularly
those by Greuze. If you
are fond of these I will
send some postcards of them
to you.

I am very fond of walking
but I have never done any
long distance, and certainly
never so much as $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles.
That was an immense distance

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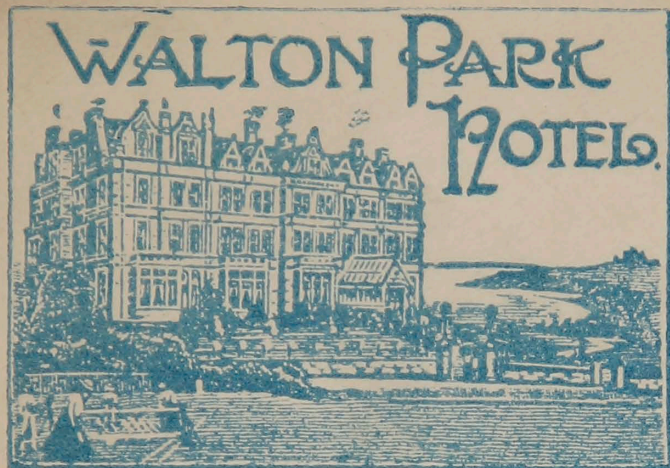
Have you read "Great Expectations" by Dickens? I have read some of it and I think it is very interesting indeed. If you have not read it, I do advise you to get it, it is so nice. Last Christmas I saw "The Cricket on the Hearth" from Dickens' "Christmas Books", performed. It made such a delightful piece. I suppose that you have a good many theatres in Quebec haven't you? I enjoy seeing plays very much, but there are so few good ones at present, ~~so~~ many of the theatres

have senseless musical comedies of which one gets so tired. I am afraid that this is rather an uninteresting letter this time, but if you will say what you are most interested in, I will try to write a better one next time.

Hoping very much to hear from you very soon

I remain

yours affectionately
Lorna Dalziel



Miss Irene Joseph
113 Grande Allee
Quebec
Canada

LTON PARK HOTEL,
CLEVEDON,
SOMERSET.

Q

Walton Park Hotel
Clevedon
Somerset.

August 8th 1904

My dear Irene

I was delighted to receive your interesting letter a few days ago. I got your postcard while I was in town, I think it is very pretty. I have sent you two postcards before writing this, the one of the old inn at Winsford shows you part of what is supposed to be the prettiest village in England.

This may or may not be true but it certainly is a very picturesque little place.

We have been staying for the past week or so at Durdentun and the other card shows you the kind of scenery which surrounded us.

A few miles from our hotel were the moors, and on one occasion I had a most delightful ride with my Father in that direction. We hired a couple of horses from the hotel and set out to find our way to the moor.

I was riding a very nice bay horse. We went through lovely shady lanes with high banks on either side, up steep hills and down into beautiful valleys. The trees in that district are simply beautiful. The hills rise steeply up on each side of the valley covered by trees of various kinds, principally oaks, with occasional groups of larches. When we drove to Winsford, we went first to see a curious old Celtic stone bridge which is built across a rather shallow

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stream. It is formed of slabs of
stone resting on the rocky bed of
the river. It is called Tarr's or Torr
Steps.

One day we drove to a town
called Tiverton to see the Horse
Show there.

It is there that John Ridd in
"Lorna Doone" went to School at
Blundell's. We saw the building.

Have you read "Lorna Doone"?
I like it so much. The scene of
the story lies round about
Exmoor quite near where we
were staying.

It was after that book, of course, that
I am named.

There were many nice horses in
Tiverton and the stag hounds
meet near there frequently. I great.

by regret that I did not have an opportunity of attending a meet while I was there, as I have never hunted, and should like to very much.

We had to come on to this place owing ^{to} my mother's health, Durdent being too damp for her.

Gloucester is by the sea on the Bristol Channel and is really almost a town. I do not think we shall stay here for long, as there seems very little to do.

We are going for a coach drive to Cheddar this morning.

It will be my first. I will write some more to you about that when I come back.

August 10th

We had a most delightful drive to Cheddar on the coach.

The last part of our road lay between the celebrated Cheddar cliffs which are of a reddish colour and tower up on either side of the way. In some parts they look like gigantic castles. Small green shrubs grow out of the very face of the cliff in others.

We descended a very steep hill, and approached the village which is quite spoilt in that part by the crowds of excursionists. I mean, of course from the picturesque point of view.

I have no doubt that the inhabitants profit greatly by the presence of these swarms of "trippers". After lunch we went over one of the groups of caves, called Gough's caves. These are the more recent-

- by discovered ones.

Last December they discovered the skull and other bones of a pre-historic man together with some arrow heads between two stalagmite floors. These bones are supposed to be between 40,000 & 80,000 years old, so that Egyptian mummies are quite modern compared with them. The bones having been inspected, we were taken through the caves by a guide. They were very interesting and some of the groups of stalagmites and stalactites were quite beautiful. They were mostly of a pink colour but some were white and greyish. In nearly every case the caves were exactly in the condition in which they were discovered, excepting of course, that artificial light had been installed and a fairly level footway made.

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The excavations are still going on,
we were informed, and ~~several~~ ^{a few}
miles of caves had been traversed.
Some grottoes will soon be open to
the public.

Cheddar itself is, I believe, very
interesting, but we had no time
to go over the town. The celebrated
Cheddar cheeses of course originated
here, and in driving through I
saw one shop full of them.
I expect that you are looking
forward with much pleasure to
the arrival of your ball dress,
I do hope that it will quite come
up to your expectations, and that
you will thoroughly
enjoy your first ball. I
suppose that you are about eighteen
now, when is your birthday?
My brother Peter returned from a

week under canvas at Aldershot
with the School cadet corps, on
Wednesday. He had a very
nice time, I believe, and took
part in some sham fights.

Hoping to hear from you very
soon

I remain, with love,

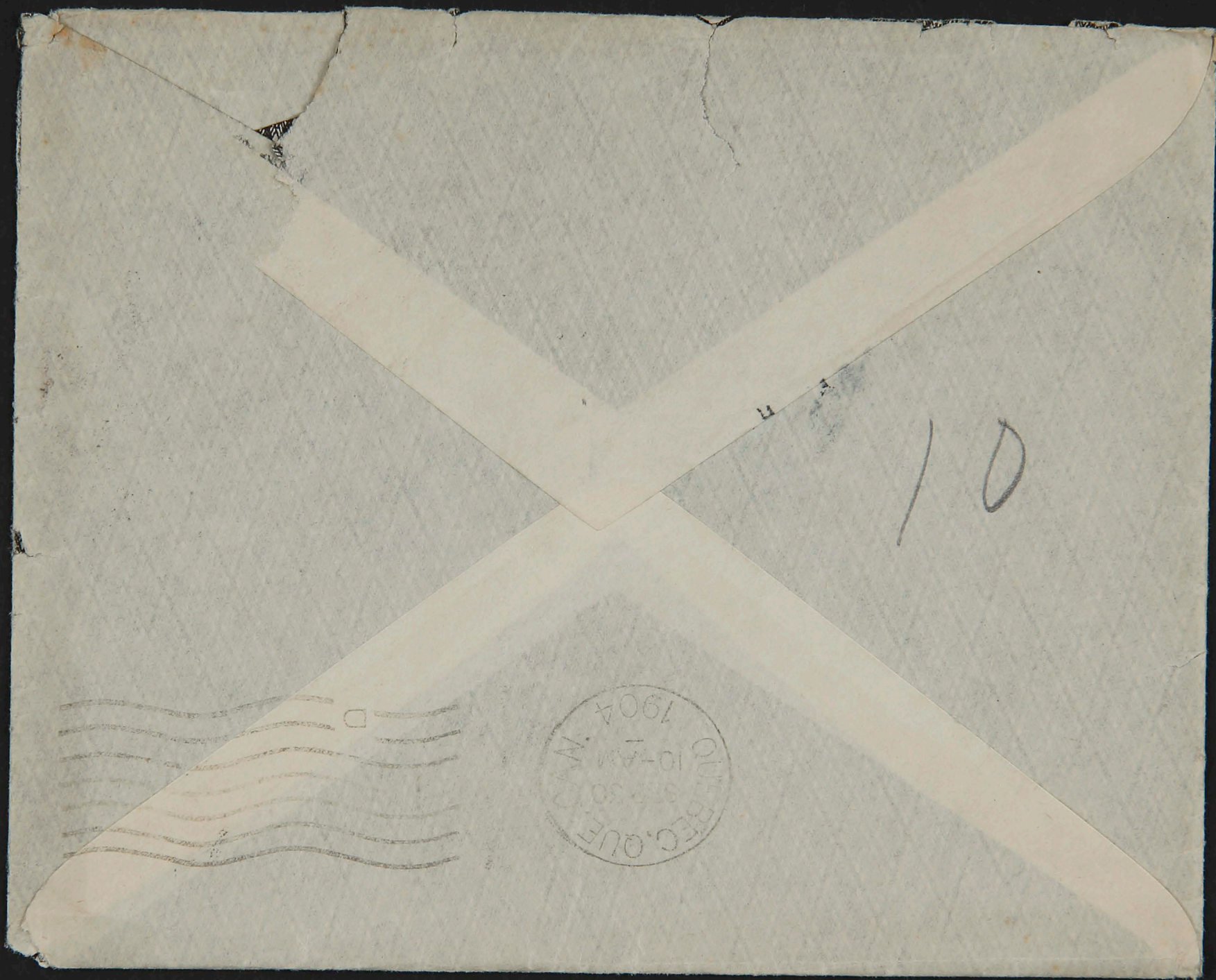
yours affectionately

Lorna Dalziel



Miss Irene Joseph
113 Grande Allée
Quebec

Canada



51 Seymour Street

London. W.

Sept. 20th 1904

My dear Irene.

This is to wish you very many happy returns of your birthday, which I hope will be a particularly nice one. I am trying to send this off so as to arrive in Quebec on the 7th. I hope it will.

Very many thanks for your nice long letter which I found extremely interesting. I do like receiving your letters and only wish that they came oftener.

To answer your questions: Yes, I am very fond of needlework, but am not at all clever at it. I do not have much time during the school term to sew, unfortunately, but do some in the holidays.

In answer to your second question, I am sixteen, and will be seventeen in January.

We came back to London about a fortnight

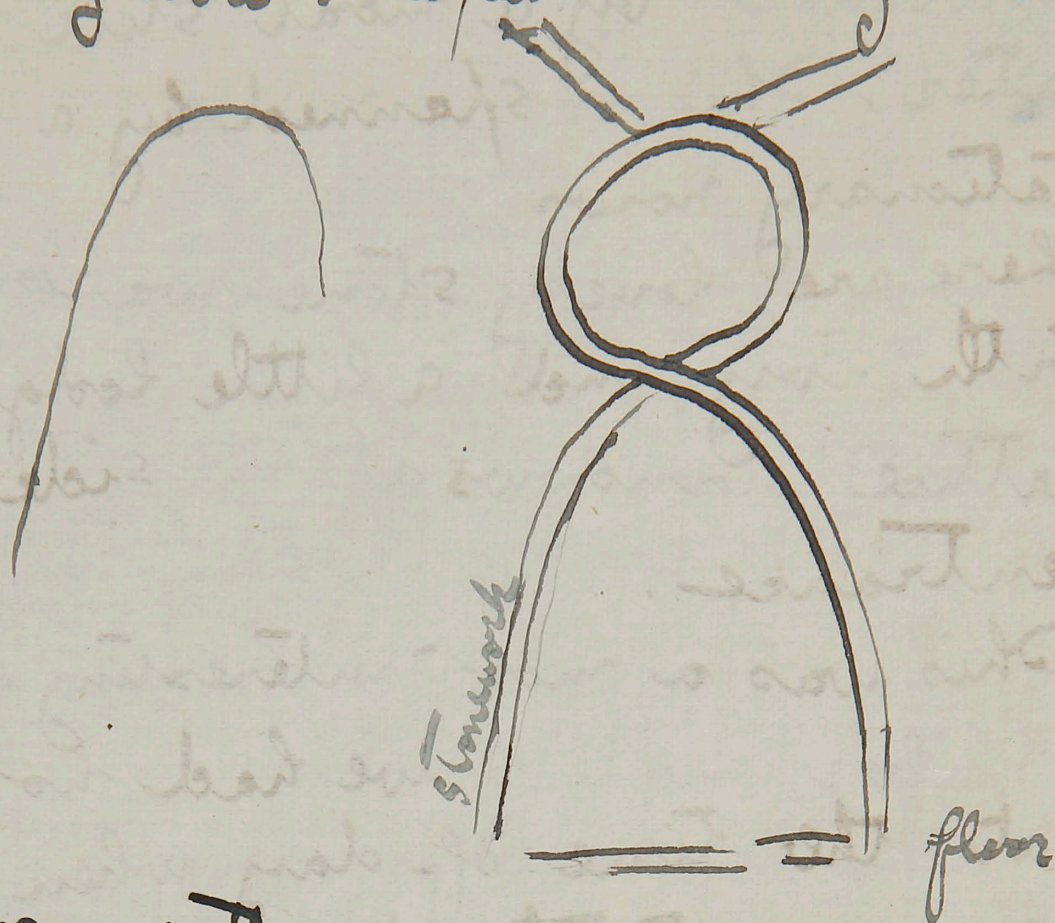
ago, after a most enjoyable holiday.
In my last letter to you I think I
described the Cheddar cliffs as being
of a red-brown colour. It is not correct,
they are grey, I had forgotten.

At a little while after that drive we
went to Wells by coach. It was a
long drive and we had the coach to
ourselves. We passed through part
of Cheddar and also through a
most quaint old town called Ax-
bridge, which had some very
pretty overhanging houses.

At Wells we went over the cathedral,
the smallest in England, it is said,
but ~~most~~ extremely pretty. The
west front is ornamented by numerous
old figures in stone which at one time
were decorated in colours, but now
are, of course, grey.

The interior is very beautiful, and
graceful arches support the roof.
A rather curious feature, and one
which I do not remember ever seeing
before was the design of some of the

arches. They were shaped something like this!



Please excuse the scrawl on left.
In this cathedral is a very old clock,
brought from Glastonbury. It has two
or three numbered dials and on the
top are some carved wooden mounted
figures which run round when the
hour is struck. Near this clock a
quaint wooden figure is fixed on
the wall and strikes a bell at the
quarters.

The cloisters are most beautiful, and
enclose a small graveyard in the centre
of which stands a large yew tree.
The stone carving outside the cloisters is
most lovely.

Close to this building is the Bishop's Palace

surrounded by a moat still filled with water. This is spanned by a drawbridge, stationary now.

There are lovely stone walls hung with ivy and a little lodge with lattice windows at the side of the entrance.

This was a most interesting place but unfortunately we had not come at the time of day when it was on view to the public.

While we were at Blevedon we went over the grounds of Blevedon Court. I believe that I sent you a postcard of the beautiful building, the interior of which is not shown.

This place has most delightful gardens and a series of fine turf terraces rise from the courtyard with its fountain up to the edge of a wood. Most beautiful flowers are planted on long beds on these terraces and walls grown with creepers divide some of them.

This place is the original of "Castlewood" in "Esmond" by Thackeray. The terraces are described in it.

On a hill near our hotel were the ruins of Walton castle which though only three or four hundred years old, are picturesque, and occupy the site of a Roman camp.

After nearly three weeks at Clevedon we went to Great Malvern in Worcestershire. This is a big town and its abbey or Priory Church as some call it dates from 1080 and contains some Norman pillars, and a fine old stained glass window. Among the minor curiosities, a stand with two old books chained to it, and some very curious clappers taken from bells used there. One was dated 13 something.

Malvern, as doubtless you saw from the card I sent, is a very hilly place, and there are many delightful rides and drives round about it. On one occasion we

drove to the British Camp, a steep hill on which the old entrenchments can easily be traced.

Near this spot is the house which Jenny Lind, the singer, occupied during part of her life, and she is buried in the neighbourhood.

My brother and I had some splendid gallops on the golf links, on horses we hired in Malvern.

We also made two amusing ascents of the hills on donkeys.

From Malvern we went by train to Worcester one day. We went over the Royal porcelain works, and saw the china in the various processes.

The materials used were interesting. Stone, glass, and for the less expensive ware, ox bones, were among them.

These materials are ground to an exceedingly fine powder and are mixed.

We saw cups being formed on the potter's wheels out of this strange puttylike substance.

Handles are cast in moulds of

plaster.

Worcester china figures are made in numerous pieces, afterwards stuck together. We saw an oven being packed with earthenware pots of clay cups, dishes etc and we saw one oven which had been cooling for about two days.

Another room was the drying room, and in another the things were given their ~~first~~ glaze.

The painting and gilding rooms were very interesting, and I saw some perfectly lovely things there. Some vases and ornaments that would cost pounds when completed.

Among the commoner ware we were shown some of a set of cups for an hotel in Montreal, which were being made to order with a crest on it.

Then.

In the burnishing room girls were rubbing up the gilded ornaments with agate polishers.

After seeing the workshops we went into the museum which has specimens of the china produced since the found-

ation of the works.

We went into Worcester Cathedral, but I did not like it so much as Wells. A day or two after this expedition we drove to Tewkesbury. The town is most quaint with its old black and white houses, some of them being remarkably beautiful.

We had lunch at an old inn, whose black timbered front was a picture. It is depicted in "John Halifax, Gentleman" as the house of Abel Fletcher.

There is a very old bowling green there which is ^{very} green and level.

Unfortunately it rained all the afternoon so that we could not

explore the town, but we went over the abbey which contains some very fine ~~old~~ stone tombs with graceful carved stone canopies. Many of these tombs are very old, and nearly all

are beautiful, and some are curious.
Since we have been back here, we have
got a lovely horse up from Taunton.
I have ridden it twice, and love
it already.

On the 15th, being the day before my
brother returned to school, we all
went to see a performance of the
"Tempest" which was produced
the day before. It was most
interesting and amusing, and
was mounted elaborately.

Hoping I have not wearied you
too much, I will end with best
wishes for your birthday,
with love from,

your affectionate
Lorna.

P. S. Please write soon

Caux-Palace-Hôtel

et le Grand Hôtel de Caux

sur Territet-Montreux (Suisse)

Altitude 1100 m.

TELEGR. ADR: PALACE CAUX.



Caux, le March 3rd

Dear Irene Joseph

Many thanks for your interesting letter, and the nice little snow-shoes.

We are staying at the larger of the two hotels in the picture. From the view you might imagine that Caux is on the level of the lake, but it is not so. Caux is situated up on the mountain side, and the lake below is the Lake of Geneva.

When there is snow here, and for about

two months there is a great deal, they have lugeing, which is rather like your tobogganning, I should say. Some people have what they call Canadian Toboggans here and use them instead of the ordinary luge, which is very lightly made, and you sit on them and guide with your feet. There is a course which is kept flat, and which is carefully looked after, and there is the road to Glien, about three miles long. When this road is in good condition, one may start from Caux and luge all the way to Glien in about twelve minutes, but as it is the road used for ordinary traffic it is naturally not so smooth as the run, or course. Special trains run from Glien to

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cause in the lugging season, and you
can take a ticket for the day and go
up by train instead of walking.
When the road gets hard and icy
it is very fast going, and sometimes
rather dangerous as the road has
many sharp bends and two of
these bends have stone walls, against
which it is not pleasant to run,
also the peasants have a habit of
putting down flints at these and
other corners, and when the snow
gets thin you have to be very careful.
Sometimes about six or more people
make a train, that is, they fasten
their luges together one behind the
other, or sometimes only hold each
other's legs, and go down like that.
The combined weight makes them
go very rapidly, and bad accidents

were not uncommon in the season. They have big luges for taking wood and hay down from the mountain and some are pulled by men and some by bullocks. In the very snowy weather the carriages have runners instead of wheels. In the place of snow-shoeing, they have ski-ing, but the things they use are not at all like your snow-shoes, they have long pieces of wood, the width of the foot, and turned up in front, while a pole is used for balancing and guiding. There is a small open skating rink but the skating is not good on the whole, I think.

I do not think that there will be any more good lugging. There is snow on the ground now but it is

Caux-Palace-Hôtel

et le Grand Hôtel de Caux

sur Territet-Montreux (Suisse)

Altitude 1100 m.
TELEGR. ADR: PALACE CAUX.



Caux, le

melting, and all to day it has been snowing and raining.

Last week I walked down to the Gorge of the Chauderon and in the woods there were a lot of flowers already, primroses and hyacinths, and in the fields I have picked cowslips and dog violets, and in different places I have found scented violets and white and purple crocus.

The highest mountain peak above the hotel

is the Rochers de Naye. About Christmas time, Father went up with a party of ladies and gentlemen. They walked up. There is a hotel up there which is open in the summertime.

We are going to stay here for about ten days or a fortnight more, and then we shall go home, staying a few days at Berne, probably, and possibly at Zurich, and we will stay a week or so at Paris, I think, before reaching England at the end of March.

On clear days we can always see the lake from here and the country round it, but often our view is obstructed by a billowy mass of clouds which, in the twilight looks almost like a stormy sea.

The sunsets here are glorious sometimes

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Sometimes

and the colours are wonderful.
The town below us, on the edge of
the lake, is a very nice one. Montreux
and Territet adjoin and there are
some good shops in the first.
There is a tramway, and you
may go to Vevey on it one way,
and as far as Chillon, in the
other direction. The old castle,
which is really in the lake, being
built on the natural rock, is very
interesting indeed. We went over
it one day, and were shown the
dungeon where the Prisoner of Chillon,
Bonivard, was shut up for, I think,
seven years, and the pillar to which
he was chained. On one of the pillars
Byron had cut his name when
he visited the castle.
I saw the condemned cell, and the

rocky bed in which the prisoners passed the night before execution.

The Knight's Hall and the Kitchen were very interesting with the quaint old fire-places.

The lake outside one part of the castle is said to be 300 ft in depth.

I have not got a photograph I can send you, here, but I will see if I can get an amateur one when I reach England, and will send it if I can.

I suppose that I shall be in England when I hear from you. Will you let me know what you want to know about, London, country or more of my experiences abroad.

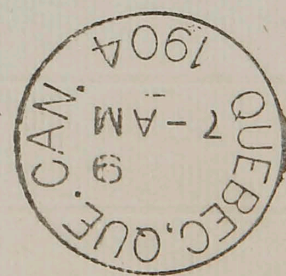
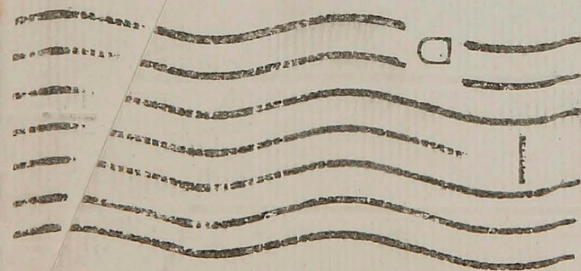
I must finish now, asking you to write soon.

yours sincerely

Lorna Dalziel.



Miss Irene Joseph
113 Grande Allée
Quebec
Canada



TELEPHONE, 2149 PADDINGTON.

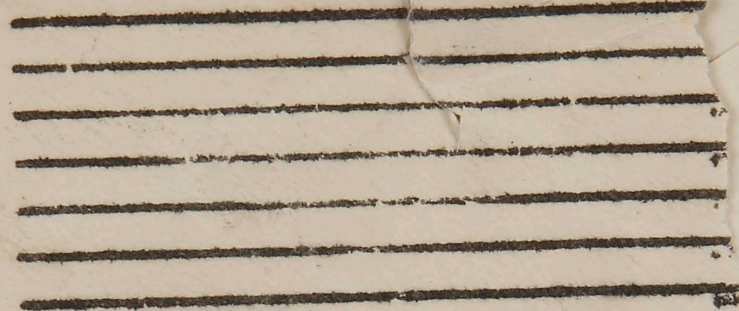
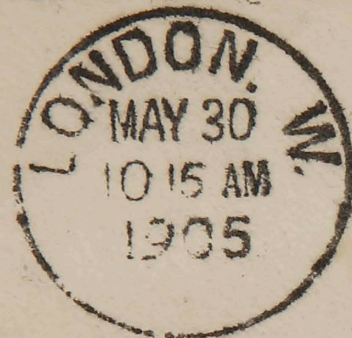
51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

May 30th 1905

My dear Irene

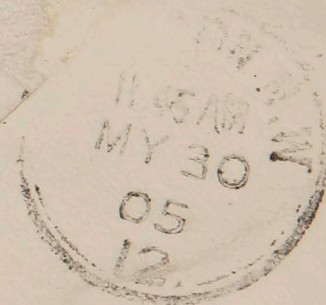
I returned home last night and found your two letters. I am very sorry that I could not answer them before, but as they were not forwarded I knew nothing about them. Thank you very much for the invitation to the "At Home" which I hope was a great success. Could you come to tea with me on Tuesday next, and go to the Wallace collection as we arranged before?

With love from
your affectionate
Lorna



Miss Irene Joseph
c/o J de Sola Pinto Esq ✓
"Heathcroft"
8 Heath Drive

Hampstead
W W



TELEPHONE, 2149 PADDINGTON.

51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

April 9th 1905

My dear Irene

Thank you very, very much for your photograph which I was delighted to receive, and also for the newspaper giving an account of your successful entertainment.

I hope that you do not think I had forgotten to write to you sooner, on the contrary I have been anxious to write to you for some time, only I have been so busy.

At the last half term holiday I went down to Danbury to stay

with my friend. I had a very
enjoyable time there.

I am looking forward to seeing
you over here in England in
May. When do you leave Canada?

We have got a new pair of horses,
chestnuts and very young. One
of them is inclined to buck,
which is amusing for everyone
except the rider.

My brother came home from school
last Thursday. My school does

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not break up until about the 19th
A few weeks ago I had to play in
a small concert at school which
I found rather an ordeal.

This term I have been to three
Shaksperian performances, "Macbeth",
"Henry V", and "Much Ado About Nothing".
I enjoyed them all very much
I think we are going to see "Hamlet"
this week or next. I saw it
once about two or three years ago
but am very pleased at the prospect
of seeing it again.

I fear this is a terribly uninteresting

letter, but I have so little of interest
to tell you.

We are going away very soon, and
then I will write again.

I must now end, with love,

your affectionate

Lorna

TELEPHONE, 2149 PADDINGTON.

51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

Dec 29th

Dear Irene

Thank you very much for the pretty little box you sent me, and which I found awaiting me on my return from Folkestone this afternoon. We stayed for a week there, and enjoyed ourselves very much.

One day we went to Hythe, an interesting old town near

Folkestone. We saw the old church there, and the crypt which contains a large quantity of whitened human bones, grim relics of a great battle between the Saxons whose invasion was repulsed by the Britons led by Vortigern. The bones had been collected together, and stacked up in the crypt of the church, and the skulls were mostly arranged on shelves

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My brother and I are going
to a little dance next week,
and to a progressive whist
party the week after. Do you
ever have progressive card
parties in Quebec. They are
very amusing, I think.
I hope to take part in a little
entertainment to be given
by a society in connection with
my school on Jan 11th. This
society has been recently
revived, and I have become
a member. It provides little
concerts and entertainments
for workhouses and other

such institutions.

Hoping you have had a very
enjoyable Christmas,

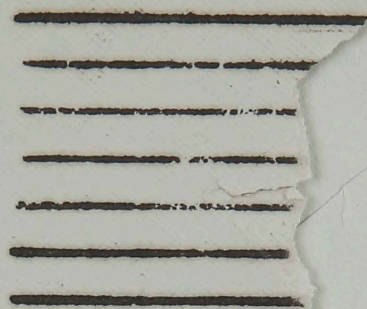
I remain

yours affectionately

Lorna Sabziel.

P.S. I had a "muffin worry" the
other day, like the one you came
to only we had different com-
petitions. We had.

1. Guessing names of advertisements from
the well known pictures advertising
certain goods.
2. Guessing the weights of books etc.
3. Pinning a ^{blindfolded} tail on to a picture of a pig.
4. Racing with counters.
5. Guessing the names of people by their hands.
6. Building card houses.



Miss Irene Josephine
c/o - Pinto Esq
68 Oxford Gardens
North Kensington
✓

PADDINGTON W

3 00 - AM

JUN 8 '05



TELEPHONE, 2149 PADDINGTON.

51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

My dear Irene

Very many thanks for your letter
and kind invitation which I regret
I am unable to accept as I have
got a cold, so may not go out at
night at present.

I am exceedingly sorry that you

cannot come here on Tuesday.
Please let me know if Wednesday,
Thursday, or Saturday of next week
would suit you. On Friday
I have a cleaning room in the afternoon
but taking the other three days, would
you come to tea at 4-20 then.
With love your affectionate
dona

TELEPHONE, 2149 PADDINGTON.

51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

March 10th

Dear Irene

Thank you very much
for your letter, you have indeed
been having a gay time.

It was quieter in London than
usual this Christmas, at least
for ourselves and most of
our friends, no one seemed to
be giving dances at all.

My brother came over from
Switzerland for a little while,
and we were very busy taking
him about to theatres and
various amusements. We expect
him home for good at Eastertide.
It will be a great change to
have him at home with us
always.

I have been riding a good deal

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lately, and have enjoyed
it very much indeed.

I have been out for one or
two very amusing evenings
with the "X" Society which
is a branch of the "old girls"
club of my school. The Society
gets up entertainments to
amuse the poor people at
mothers' meetings, and school
children's treats, etc. I have
helped once or twice by

acting in little duologues, and
have enjoyed it very much.

I have been to the opera twice
this year, I saw "Lohengrin"
which was magnificent.

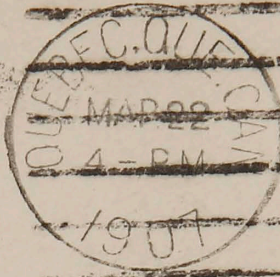
Hoping you are still having
a jolly time,

Yours affectionately
Lorna.

LONDON.W

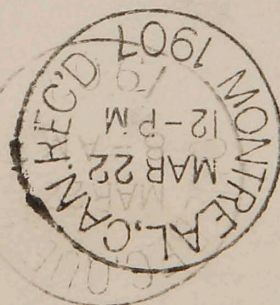
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MAR 11 07



Miss Irene Joseph

~~113 Grande Allée~~ 109 Presbyt St
Quebec
Montreal
Canada



TELEPHONE, 2149 PADDINGTON.

51, Seymour Street,
Portman Square. W.

November 27th 1904

My dear Irene

I thank you very much for your nice long letter and the interesting postcards which I was delighted to receive. I am so glad that you had such a good time at your "coming-out". The competitions that you had at your party interested me very much. I very often have tea parties for my school friends and I generally get up competitions for them. I am in a different form at school now, but like the work very much better. We read Shakespeare's plays

and have lessons on early English literature as well.

Two of the new girls who joined our school this term are Americans named Ross. They came from a school in Canada, in Nova Scotia, I believe.

A few weeks ago a number of girls from our school went over the Houses of Parliament, and I went with them. The father of one of the girls, a member, took us over. I had been once before, but found it very interesting to go round with one who belonged. The statues and pictures are

very fine
very beautiful
the Terrace
at the
The library
rooms
very high
For me
down
bury.
myself
would
could
things
way
I had
number

very fine indeed, and the galleries
very beautiful. We went out on to
the Terrace, and looked down
at the grey Thames below.

The libraries, and dining- & smoking
rooms for the use of members are
very handsomely decorated.

For my half-term holiday, I went
down into the country, to Dan-
bury. I went down by train by
myself, and I think that you
would have laughed if you
could have seen the number of
things I had to have in the rail-
way carriage with me.
I had a kit bag, a handbox, an
umbrella, an empty eggbox (destined

to be filled in the country), a parcel,
a large framed photograph (a suc-
cessful enlargement from a Brownie
negative) and my side-saddle
which is, naturally, large. Fortunately,
a comparatively empty carriage
was secured, so I travelled down
in peace. Not so on the return
journey, however, for the com-
partment was full, and I
had to sit clutching my saddle.
On my way down to the country
it was very nice to watch the houses
becoming fewer, till at last the
fields and woods, beautiful
in their autumn colouring,
stretched on both sides.

The trees, some entirely bereft of leaves, others beautiful in yellowy brown. The leafless hedges had ruddy patches of crimson berries. Before my journey had ended the sun had set and a new moon showed pale in the sky.

My friend met me at the station and then began a most delightful drive through the darkness.

She drove a light two wheeled cart, and we went smoothly along the country road.

Suddenly a bright light appeared before us, and a bicycle glided noiselessly by. Then at a bend in ~~the~~ road we saw what looked like a pair of glowing red eyes.

We soon reached them, and they

proved to be the lamps of a waggon
going slowly homewards.

At last the ascent of the steep hill
leading into the village, began.

On our right lay a fine old park
and beyond the end of this, we
soon saw the red blaze of the
village blacksmith's forge.

A little further, and we reached
the one important shop of the
little village, dignified by the
title of the "Danbury Stores".

From the window, the light
of some oil lamps, showed
cheerfully between the erections
of tinned goods, and behind
one could distinguish the forms
of the proprietress and her

assistant
road st
and be
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Then we
other side
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village
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round
from the
then two
showed
turned
and sto
The door
hall u

assistants. On the other side of the road stood the tiny saddler's shop, and beyond that, high up on the hill stood the old grey church. Then we descended the hill on the other side, swung up another incline to the right, past the village pond reflecting the lights from the cottages, down past the rival shop of the village, round the corner, and away from the village. A brief darkness, then two white posts plainly showed the gateway, and we turned in up the gravel drive and stopped before the house. The door opened, and in a bright hall we saw each other plainly.

I hope that I have not bored you
too much, but I have very little
news this time, as school is occupy-
ing ^{most of} my days now.

Hoping to hear from you very
soon

I remain,

yours affectionately,

Lorna Dalziel.