

## Henry Braine's Letters to Rosaline Webster 1909-1910

### Introduction

In 1909 Henry Braine was 25 years old, Rosaline was 19, the couple married on the 5<sup>th</sup> January 1914. All the letters are handwritten. According to Henry's daughter, Barbara's, recollection "Gwladys" was Gwladys Headen (?spelling) who was a friend of Rosaline.

Tjeerd Poutsma commented that Ed. L. Van Neiroop was a Dutch name.

These letters were written in the era when Japan was known as "the Great Britain of the East". King Edward VII died 6<sup>th</sup> May 1910 and his funeral was held on the 20<sup>th</sup> May. This is presumably the mourning Henry refers to in his letter of June 6<sup>th</sup> 1910.

G T S R Y presumably refers in some way to the Trans Siberian Railway.

According to Michael Webster (son of Ernest) the family always referred to Bethnal Green as BG so presumable BGR and BGR<sup>u</sup> relate in some way to the family business in Bethnal Green.

Henry was thought to be a silk buyer at the time.



This photograph could be of the staff at the Ed. L. Van Neiroop & Co office where Henry Braine worked in Japan.

Henry Braine is the third from the left behind the boy.

The photograph is one of many that remain from this period of Henry Braine's life.

### Embossed letter Central Hotel Berlin

Berlin Sat

*Dear Rosaline*

*It was good for me to receive your letter! Thanks! I leave now for Hotel Metropole Moscow I have some thoughts for you So long*

*Braine*

**Letter head of Hotel Metropole Moscow**

Wed: June 30 1909  
Moscow

Dear Rosaline

*I write this ere I start on the last stage of my journey. I have some 7000 miles to travel before I am once more stationary. Russia, Siberia, Manchuria, China, & Japan.*

*Do you wonder that ny thoughts are hardly coherent London, Harwich, Amsterdam, Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow, from the start to finish a multitude of impressions & but one incident – your letter which reached me at Berlin.*

*It is good that you like Walt Whitman, I expect that you know by now that Gwladys has a copy. I thought its would be good for you & likewise good for her that you should have one each, & also that it might help the friendship a little. Again it commemorates an act of rebellion & that never to be forgotten night.*

*I again thank you for those lines, & the choice of them.*

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*“I am not to speak to you – I am to think of you when I sit alone, or wake at light alone,  
I am to wait ---I do not doubt I am to meed you again,  
I am to see to it that I do not loose you.*

---

*“To take your lovers on the road with you, for all that you leave them behind you,  
To know the universe itself as a road – as many roads – as roads for travelling souls*

---

*“What is it then, between us.  
Whatever it is awaits not – distance avails not & place avails not”*

---

*Tis only just over a week ago that I parted from you & Ashleigh----- I have seen many beauties for you, I give them to you all, of the sea, of the skies, of clouds, of strange cities, of flowers- mile after mile of forget-me-nots of strange peoples, & many thoughts I give them all to you & shall write to you of them. It makes me wish I had been more to my friends, - the thread of our friendship has to be stretched half round the world. It is a test.*

*“From the open Road”  
Braine*

PS.

*I have stood on the spot where Napoleon stood to look upon Moscow in 1810 [1812?]. It is a great sight.*

B.

**[Plain unlined paper]**

G T S R Y  
Friday evening  
July 2 . 09

Dear Rosaline

*I arrived at the date & day only after a long calculation. We are running due east, the sinking sun throws beams of radiant gold in all directions; we are being pulled by two enormous engines, such as one never sees in England.*

*A wayside station small & quaint with groups of peasants in every conceivable costume, Tartars, Russians, Serbs, Cossacks, Kurds, we pull up, a stroll up & down our bell sounds & the ascent at the Urals has commenced; the sky quickly changes, it is, now the glooming the sun has done down, & the*

clouds to the west have taken a coral pink tint, to the left the sky has an unmistakable subtle green colour, ahead are dark grey & indigo clouds made brilliant at short intervals by lightening. The train winds in & out amidst the hills, the track is so curved that one can usually see the engines from the end carriage. The swelling hills are covered with silver birches, as far as the eye can reach, the trunks of these are whiter, & of a more regular colour than in England & their foliage is denser. I sit at an open door & drink in the beauty. Wild flowers at every imaginable tint & shade in mad perfusion, Marquites, Canterbury bells,

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Meadow sweet, Sweet-peas (a beautiful cerise red & growing to a high of 4 to 5 feet twisted in & out amongst the shrubs & trailing along the ~~ground~~ ground) & many others, the background of the hills still birch clad, but now with a sprinkling of pine.

I am afraid my description is inadequate. The daylight fades away, we approach nearer to the storm, the scene becomes more wild, we pass through a cutting red granite on either side, & out & over a mountain stream, every-now & then the clouds are rent by a vivid flash of forked lightening, which lights up the surrounding country, the birch woods give place to pine (swaying in the wind) with just a solitary birch here & there which in some strange way has taken the character of the surrounding pines, tall straight stem with foliage not commencing until far up, the storms becomes yet fiercer, the scenery wilder, the undergrowth scrubby & the trees have that wierd [sic] look of icy winds & contending tempest, occasionally a gaunt jagged rock stands sharply outlined, we rattle over more mountain streams, & then drop down for a space to run along the side of a placid lake, in a sheltered valley, on the sloping banks of which we once more see birch woods, in & out & still upward the storm dies away the moon shines out dimly for a space, the hollows between the hills are

II [roman numerals]

July 2 09

Mist filled some of the tops of the mountains shrouded in the low lying clouds. I retire to rest for a space, mayhap to dream that I am at Ashleigh, nice for me eh!?

Saturday morning

3.30

The rising sun has dispelled the mist from the mountain top, but the valleys are still full, we are running high up in the heart of the Urals, scenery much as last night, but, now made glorious by the slanting beams sun, the early sun. A new opens before us, a broad river at one part extending into a wide lake on the sharply rising slopes is a

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Town its domes 9 spires glimmering in the sun shine, in & out for the next half hour catch momentary glimpses of the town & lake, we pass more streams sequestered ~~very~~ valley miniature lakes & still as far as the eye can reach in every direction pine – clad mountains.

It is now about 7 o'clock, we flash by an obelisk, & we are in Asia the pine now ~~finally~~ gives place to the birch, & finally we run out into the open plains speeding on toward the far distant east.

Saturday evening

All day we have been tearing through level country ~~over~~ the never ending birch trees

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of grain miles in extent, broad lakes, typical towns, & of course more than ever the open praries: Now the sun sinks in an absolutely cloudless sky, a ball of living gold, the horizon just tinged with a suspicion of pink.

It is Saturday & Billie's birthday, it is 8.20 here, & at Ashleigh about 4 o'clock, one has to put ~~the~~ ones watch on 40 mts per day here. The dying rays of the sun light up a small villiage [sic], on the banks of a lake, there is not a tree to be seen the open plain stretches to the horizon which as I write assumes a coppery tint, the sun having just dipped under leaving low down a streak of flame – like cloud & I am looking at it all 500 miles from Europe, & 2800 from England, & send you my message of the mountains lakes rivers & plains & you what think you of it all & of our friendship with the intervening distance? Please give to Gwladys & to Russell a message of comperioy vous? friendship from me,

quite a distinct message. ~~unif~~ We now pass a series of reed covered pools the skies reflected therein, a perfect afterglow; the time we have aft admired together, the coppery tint of the sky has brightened, silver birches scattered solitary, in clumps, & in the distance a dense forest soft glimmering pools & a low lying mist in parts,

III [roman numerals]

July 2 09

the latter calls to my mind a letter you wrote me in reply to one of mine from Roydon. Open country again, forests in the distance, a lovely fresh ~~with~~ coolness after an intensely hot day, in an open corner by a wood, a hut from which ascends a film of smoke. The train runs through a shallow cutting & the tops of which are fringed with tall grasses showing their ethereal graceful shape ~~again~~ against the coppery tint of the distant horizon, now bare plains; far distant so as to be hardly discernable

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the dim shape of a wood, a far away gleam of water, near at hand marsh – land, two horses each drawing a strange shaped farm cart, a deep well – like pool with a landing stage, another marsh with clumps of weeds & mosses showing dark against the mirroring water, over a river, & the gleam of water in many directions, the full moon has risen, one hears the harsh grating call of some waterfowl, the river winds in & out, we have crossed it twice, catch a glimpse of it frequently several lights on the horizon, a hut near at hand, a big lake with a solitary light at the far end we now run along an end and the end ??????

3

The train pulls up & I jump out, & down the embankment to pluck a handful of the grasses, a shriek from the engine & I am back again. I send you too the message of these grasses. Still another lake & the glow fades, objects gradually become dim & assume strange shapes, the church domes of a large town can be faintly observed in the distance, the glint of moonlight from the waters becomes more brilliant, many lights appear, we are there; I absolutely cannot describe the types of various nations on the platform, they must be seen. On again, it is now quite night, the birches with their white stems look almost spectral ~~in the~~ & the sky is such a color, that I have never before seen, horizon dull coppery green toning off to a light shade of greenish blue, & then becoming quite a deep clear blue green. The chief features of the night are the sky, many – waters, & moonlight amongst & on the graceful white stems of the birches, we now have a forest close at hand, the train pulls up with a jerk I jump out & pluck meadow-sweet, & think of the last time I plucked it in England. The last lookout a long sheet of water glistening in the moonlight & fleecy white clouds on a soft blue background. My first real letter is a message from Europe & Asia for you So long Briane

[Plain unlined paper]

Shore of Lake Baikal

Wednesday

July / 7 09

Dear Rosaline

Tis well that my journey was postponed, the three previous weeks trains have been held up, owing to the track slipping toward the lake, stones falling from the cliff here.

Irkurtsch is Baikal

We arrive in Irkurtsch early in the morning, I stay for ½ hour the longest stop since Moscow, so far time has been kept to the minute. Our way lies for about 2 hours along the bank of a superb, broad, swift flowing river; from the distant bank rise wooded hills, on the near side rising steeply from the track are slopes & rocks: The river varies from 1 to 3 miles in width & is mostly very shallow its endless changes are ~~very~~ extremely beautiful. The swirling waters in a shallow part catching and reflecting the sunlight; foam tossed where are some barely covered rocks, deep deep silently swiftly running to

*open out again onto the swirling glittering waters, with perhaps one or two green tree covered islets; now a cascade or perhaps some solitary rock jutting out foam encircled throughout all the water of crystal clearness, ever changing lines; deep mass, greenish white, light reseda, redish brown, as it runs over the multi-coloured rocks & weeds. The banks & slopes at the side are covered with flowers, the yellow lily perhaps predominating. Also there is a profusion of Ferns, a few boats dot the surface of the river, an occasional peasant fishing from the bank, the glitter of the sunlight on the waters, all go to make a scene of wondrous beauty. The hills become higher, the river wider & deeper, the train rounds a curve & we look out on Lake Baikal, on the far distant shore over 30 miles away, the outline of a range of mountains.*

*We run along the shore close to the water side, high above the cliff rises shear up; for a space we run through a cleft in the rocks, out & over a bridge, here four foaming mountain streams join together, behind open out a beautiful valley, to be mountains riverlets, foaming cascades behind giant boulders occasionally the cliffs give place to steeply wooded slopes. This goes on for hours, the rocks are of every description, & constantly varying; grey, red, & white granite, chalk & lime stone. At times the distant shore recedes from view, the water is frequently shallow & with a pebbly beach the colors of the bed & shapes of rocks are clearly discernable at times the rocks go sheer down into the water which here has a deep bottle green tint; we run out into a broad valley, the distant view shut out by snow-capped mountains, then perhaps fir covered hills, & again mountains, we cross several rapid broad rivers of tumbling, foaming water caused*

*II [roman numerals]*

*July 7 09*

*By the snow melting in the mountains thus 7 hours have passed, & we have only run round the southern end of this vast, unfathomable sheet of water; the last I see of Baikal is the sunlight on the water through the trees.*

*We now run through a lovely valley, & through a forest a space of perhaps 100 yds cleared on either side of the track, here are pale lemon gold poppies, deep red lilies masses of fern, red gold lilies, forget-me-nots, & heaps of others: Now over a bridge, to run along the bank of a turbulent river, studded with green islands, we leave it behind, now a far forest the trunks showing golden brown in the light of the slowly sinking sun.*

Over

*July 8<sup>th</sup>*

*Nearing Chinese Frontier. Wide valleys; rolling hills, grass covered, mostly treeless; for hundreds of miles but a few scattered huts, herds of horses, sheep, cattle, & camels, wild looking herdsmen mounted on camel or pony. Wild flowers are peonies, carnations, michaelmas daisy pinks, cloves, lilies & many strange ones, flowering and some have been seeding for a long time beside one of the numerous wide rivers, flowing this time to the China Sea. My last message was of vast treeless expansive rolling praries grass-covered, in far distance gently sloping hills. We pull up besides the inward international express for some reasons I should like to be on it.*

*So long Braine*

**[Ed. L. van Neiroop & Co's. Letterhead]**

Yokohama, Aug 30.09

Dear Ros

*I sat down to devote an hour or so to writing[to] you, but instead I spent it thinking of you, & Gwladys, of Ashleigh. I finally let my thoughts wander haphazard through the past; the forest, the fields, the ellay [?] on the high-road, the old lumbering bus, the lilac & spring-time, our walks together, and – Walt Whitman, you thanked me for the book but how could I be better thanked than by your letter. I take the book down & open it at random, it is page 345. “My songs cease [,] I abandon them; from behind the scene where I hid = I advance personally solely to you [from the poem “So Long!”]” I put down the book after reading awhile & take up the pencil, but for a moment only, outside it is moonlight & the lightning flickers, there is the strange noise of the insects, but my thoughts wander at will. I walk along the cliff in the varying sunshine, & rain at Gorleston [? Gorleston-on-sea, Norfolk, England], I look down on the whirling gulls at St Margarets [?St Margarets-at-Cliffe, Dover, Kent, England], I can smell the odour of blue-bells, & cowslips, & see the big violets which were enjoyed for but a short space, the red berries, the wet feet. I stroll out into the garden; directly below me is the bay, & in the distance the twinkling lights of the harbour but I am only just conscious of its beauty, I hear the lapping of the waves, but [!] am walking over heather and through beech trees at night time or rowing up the river [?Stort] at Roydon [Essex, UK], what a mess Ernest made of it, do you remember the bakers & the top-shop. I go to bed. The first violets in the garden at Ashleigh. [Note, there could be an arrow indicating this last phrase belonged elsewhere ] Next evening ~~the~~ The moon is full, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the sea in the distance is dull silver, & nearer there is a pathway of palest quivering amber, the summer lightening is reflected in the water to the west. T’is but a few lines & not an answer to yours, to let you know that your letters are appreciated and that the thoughts of you and England do not fade.*

So long. Braine.

Greetings to all my friends

[Ed. L. van Neiroop & Co’s. Letterhead]

Yokohama, October 13.09

Dear Rosaline

*Oh Fate, I follow thee! For would I not,  
‘Spite many a sigh, I must comply.”*

*I know not where the lines comes from, So, you write to tell me nothing, then tell me a lot & ask a question, & I wonder will you be in the mood for the answer when you get it? When you end up writing this is a moody letter your adjective was correct, in a sense you did not mean, i.e. it was a letter of a mood, & why should you read Ouida tis poor stuff at the best? You don’t know enough!? When we try to examine the mirror in itself we eventually detect nothing but the things reflected by it. When we wish to grasp the things reflected, we touch nothing but the mirror. This is the general history of knowledge. To fight it would not be necessarily to act, but yet I don’t say fight it, the mean I dislike, the selfish not at all & shallow? You neither really*

II [roman numerals] Oct 13.09

know what you mean by either, you seize on the moment, & pour out your mood & then almost ask me to be prig enough to preach. Really you ask to what Goal & why? Just be yourself & let the rest go hang, your quarrel is not with yourself, but with your environment. However much you may know of yourself it can but be an imperfect knowledge so don't seize on the superficial & forget the eternal  
I underneath I don't think Whitman taught you to look upon yourself as selfish or shallow

*"In this broad Earth of ours,  
Amid the measureless grossness & the slag,  
Enclosed & safe within its central haecart,  
Nestles the seed perfection*

*By every life a share more or less,  
None born but it is born – concealed or unconceal'd, the seed is  
Writing" \_\_\_\_\_*

*I think I have said enough to contradict myself 3 or 4 times so I will cease.*

*I have been living beside a tragedy here. Ugh! But I will not write to you of it, you so dislike the horrible, I wonder how long it will take to fade away. Many thanks for programme I return it*

III [roman numerals] Oct 13.09

*herewith. I see the 5<sup>th</sup> Symphony was on the following evening, but it is 10000 miles away, I suppose I have had my share. Do you remember "I'll sail upon the Dog-star & chase the dewy morn", & more recently "I want the morn to play avid" strangely enough I heard "Who is Sylvia" sung here the night before I received your letter, but it was abominably done. I have been thinking of the night at Ashleigh when I listened to the song of the nightingale until it faded away & gave place to the blithe songs of the morning; & watched & listened to the night & the awakening dawn, the first sign of the breeze, & the gently swaying poplars, but I am not allowed to write of it, do you remember I attempted to describe it to you? Rosaline you cant imagine what England look like from this far distant island.*

*I think I should like to song of the "Snowflake", I never did like Mrs H.W.*

*You must not forget to remember me to Mademoiselle, I wonder does she still feel chilly in England.*

*Yes I remember all your details of the Roydon trip also the eloquence of silence.*

*Your poscript was "To think this is going all those miles, its not worth it! I'm sorry!!"*

*No Gwladys had not told me, I am very pleased to hear it, she tells me you are both keeping a diary*

VI [roman numerals] Oct 13.09

*to be produced when you are in need of entertainment. I think they would be more entertaining to your friends! Am I not allowed to be entertained? I guess not, by the way Dairy sounds out of date not Memoirs? I have a lot to write of this Country to you, but do not feel like it. Please do not let me hear of any more moods as the last, not because you do not write of them, but because you do not feel them. It is an insult to your friends.*

*So long comrade*

*Braine*

*I have been here 3 months now, just fancy measuring time in months. I have looked upon myself in a new light, especially during the last tragic days, I know a little more of myself, of England, of my friends.*

*HE Braine*

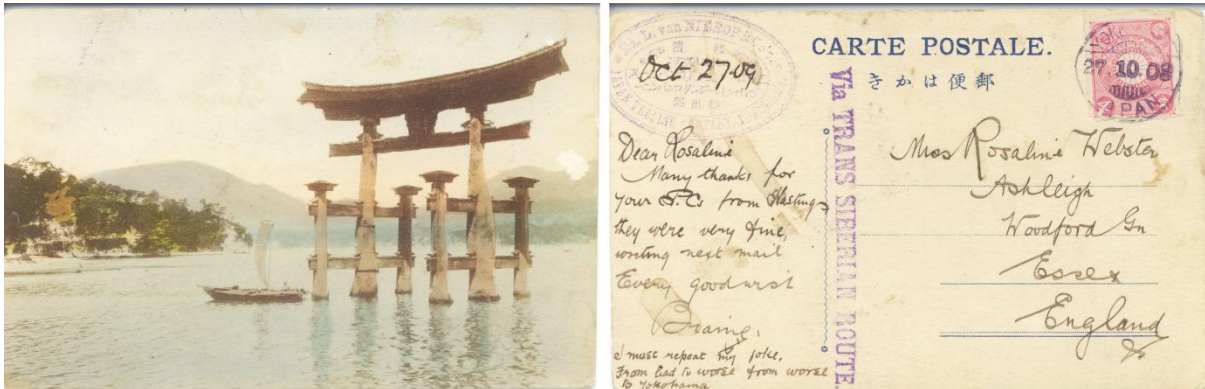
*Remember me to all friends*

*PS*

I have an astounding piece of news from the brother of mine you saw; he is engaged, the last person in the world I thought, I could not resist the temptation of writing on a P.C. the words "Fools step n where angels fear to treads," knowing me he will take it as heartiest congratulations. Softening of the Braine I call it.

thine Braine

### From Postcard & Photograph Collection



Oct 27-09

Dear Rosaline

Many thanks for your P.C.s from Hastings they were very fine, writing next mail  
Every goodwish

Braine

I must repeat my joke, From bad to worse from worse to Yokohama

### Ed. L. van Neiroop & Co's. Letterhead

Yokohama, Oct 28 09

Dear Rosaline,

Well! has Hastings dispelled the madness? It is not strange that you should voice in an individual way, the feeling of the age, & if I mistake not you will yet ask yourself many questions, it will be the price you pay for the period you live in, a period of? Do you remember Whitmans "Norseless patient Spider" there is something of this in it all, perhaps without the "patient". I promised to write of another aspect of this country, "The Terrible", as distinct from & in contrast with The Beautiful. With Volcanos, Hot Springs Fuji, round the base a beautiful forest higher rank unearthly vegetation higher still cinders & lava rocks for thousands of feet, Frowning mountains misc-capped one almost expects Nature to be terrible ~~neverthe~~ never-the-less one cannot watch the walls of the house tremble & hear the groaning & straining of timbers & see the telegraph poles away in an earthquake without a feeling of awe, neither can one pass through a typhoon without a similar feeling; also to see the poor



old men & women toil worn, as one sees nowhere else to walk down a beautiful hill, as I frequently do just outside Yokohama on one side a cliff cupped with the beautiful Matsu pine, on the other the bay of Tokio, turning round the foot one see a group of lepers squatting on the ground, begging, made hideous by their disease; in this fair land diseases are numerous Plaque, (~~pest~~ Called Pest by Europeans) Asiatic Cholera, Small-Pox Dysentery, Typhoid, Typhus, & others beside diseases peculiar to the natives

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Oct 28. 09

Perhaps it is hardly necessary to write to you of these subjects, but they all go to make up my picture of The Beautiful & The Terrible.

Some days since I looked at a beautiful cloud effect & meant to write it down for you then, but did not. The first thing I noticed was the varied tones of blue & green, it seemed that every possible shade was there, the sun ~~was~~ was on the verge of the horizon setting in a purple grey cloud-bank, the remainder of the clouds on the background were from white through intervening tint of grey to amythiest [sic], but even as the blues & greens, with no degrees of regularity, ~~but~~ scattered every where these clouds were of all shapes, one white one looked like a mighty brush stroke right across the heavens wide to start with then a perfectly straight hand tapering down almost a point, to end looking like foaming billows surrounding a rock, the sea was an ~~in~~ indescribable subtle shade near at hand, seeming to suggest all the varying shades above, but farther out it appeared a deep bottle-green tint foam – capped and almost angry looking, the whole gave an impression of wind. On Sunday last I went down to the Pacific coast & loafed, I had intended to write but instead let my thoughts wander at will while I either laid on the sands, or bathed in the sea. The sky was cloudless all throughout & the day was quite hot, the sea was calm but the long rollers made a noise like thunder, as they rolled in, in their almost monotonous regularity to the left the sea was rock studded & here it was one ~~seething~~ seething mass of troubled watered, as the sun went to rest the blue of the heavens had pinkish tint, radiant [sic] with brilliancy, against this sku the fir clothed ~~mount~~ hills stood out the deep green

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Oct 28

Of the firs making a beautiful contrast where they fringed the hill tops & stood out on the background of blue; in the distance were mountains slightly indistinct the sea throughout giving back the blue of the sky combined with its own peculiar tints; As the sun sank & the full moon & stars came out all this changed in perfect harmony, the deep green of the firs & matsu became almost black & still more distinct against the background, the mountains in the distance became almost spectral, the sky deepened perceptibly & the sea somehow fitted in with it all, without altering very much & yet taking a tint more suggestive of night & the surrounding tones

Yours Braine

Nov 3 1909  
Hayama

Japan

Dear Rosaline

*In my earlier letters I wrote rather more because you desired it than because I felt it now I write because I wish to send you a message of beauty, far more superbly beautiful than anything I have ever seen, beauty, which I almost despair at describing. First the weather is beautiful roses & it is rose weather, & yet the foliage begins to take up its rich tints of autumn. The hills in some instances are a dream of soft tints light ~~spectral~~ green of the feathery foliage of the bamboo, the deep green & sycamore pine & fir with the changing tints of other trees mostly as yet soft golden tints, in other cases where the hills are completely pine or fir clothed the beautiful deep red of the maples which is reputed to be a sight of wondrous beauty. The spot I am at is 1000 feet up on a steeply rising hill behind the hill rising still higher & shut in by a circle of similar hills except where there is the wide sweep of the bay, are other hills all clothed in a brilliant deep green. Rosaline the scene I wish to describe I would you could see if you for a short hour as it beggars description. Far across the bay the glittering snow cap of Fugi is outlined against the sky, the sea is a beautiful deep blue, dotted with foam encircled rocks, in the distance a rocky islands, here & there sampans, the rythmatic motion of the bodies of the propellers can be distinctly observed in those near at hand, as the sun sinks Fugi becomes indistinct & the sea has a pearly tint. It is the gloaming that I actually wish to write of & I will endeavour to describe the changes as they occurred. As the gloaming approaches Fugi slowly becomes more distinct, behind it a bank of warm grey mist, shone behind the peak small fleecy deep crimson clouds*

II

*near at hand the sea is grey in the distance a pale lemon tint, the grey of the sea seems to be of a similar tint to Fugi & the rocks studding the ocean the same tint carried to its xxx xxx depth, one can just see the spaces between the mountain surrounding Fugi filled with a mist; ~~Fugi mount~~ the uppermost tips of the crimson clouds become tinged with grey & later the grey spreads until they are entirely so, the change goes on the mist against which Fugi is outlined with exception of its peak changes to a dullish brown & later to a dull yet radiant copper in the fleecy clouds, the grey line of the sea meanwhile advances toward Fugi & the lemon tinted post grows smaller & silverfish, below on a projecting point of land the twinkling lights of a village appear, the stars peep out & all that can be seen of the far away island is a dull glimmer of lights, the rocks with exception of the big ones become indiscernable [sic] with exception of a few big ones, the sampans are equally indiscernable [sic] except those near at hand, the mountain range to the right & left at Fugi ~~by its~~ have been swallowed up by the mist which has passed through various tints to a similar deep grey to that of Fugi itself ~~ed~~ which now with the exception of its cap which is still outlined looks a creature of the mist, as the full night comes on the sea is leaden tinted, Fugi becomes yet more spectral & ~~its~~ ~~bas~~ with its beautiful symmetrical lines softening down to rounded indistinctness, one can hear the sound of the waves on the beach below & a hawk flying across the sky as loss is the dull mass of Fugi becomes its background, it is grand superb silent beautiful. I leave it to pencil the message of its beauty to you*

Braine

*PS The blackness of night has swep [sic] down over the scene, it is magnificent solitude, with silence, tempered by the sound of the sea, this description is in wording etc rough but perhaps it will all the*

*more impress you, it is written ~~of~~ in solitude, of nature in it grandest mood, it is written as it is felt as a message from me to you.*

*Braine*



A photograph of Henry Braine dated "Nov 14 09" on the back.

The location is given as Hyama.

Hayama seems to be an alternative spelling for Hyama.

**[Ed. L. van Neirop & Co's. Letterhead]**

Yokohama Dec 3 . 09

*Dear Rosaline*

*Ah Well: & are you too an exile from your native shore. I do not write to you this time, but just wish you all for Xmas & New Year.*

*I never could find the embroidery I wanted for your Shantung, so have sent you for a little present for Christmas, some embroidered Crepe, the embroidery is by no means extraordinary & is done by the peasants, men as well as women, there are in all 6 panels; as a rule they are used thuswise & you can not very well mistake them 1 for centre of skirt 4 for sides & back & one for bodice. Wishing you all*

*Braine*

**[Ed. L. van Neiroop & Co's. Letterhead]**

Yokohama, Dec 18. 09

*Dear Rosaline,*

*Its going to be a short letter this time, I am very busy & I have some weighty matters on my mind Well! fellow exile? is it so or not?, & parting from Gwladys & home, it must mean a lot more to you than to my leaving all behind, you will I expect it more & Rouen, I wonder how you will like it. I believe it is about 50 miles from the mouth of the Seine, is it not so? but I cannot write to you of it at the moment. I am not with nature & do not feel it, do you understand? Pagliacci Yes! I have seen it once or twice with Ernest I think, with Destinn in the leading role. So you will perhaps miss some of the Dances this year, I remember last year at one I nearly paid you what would usually be termed a compliment, nearly, but not quite. 19 Years! I hardly know what I meant myself now, I remember you after ending up one of your letters with a burst, of what to coin a word I might term ~~Juvenity~~ Juvenilty you underwrote the signature with the words "19 years old who could believe it" but really do not know what was in mind my when I repeated it.*

*I admire the character you give me & I may apply to you for one when I seek a new situation. I of course heard from Gwladys that you will not leave England until after Xmas & hope you had a good time, I can well remember the last Christmas both morning & evening the former I spent in London & the latter at Ashleigh. I have one night to write to you at which should go with my rough description of that beautiful day I wrote to you about. To commence with it is a dark night, but wait a moment. The sun has just sunk to the left of Fugi, across the bay from where I am; The whole western horizon has a band of radiant [sic] gold, the overhead clouds are pink, Fugi is that shade indescribable between violet & purple with a slightly dulled or smokey effect & gradually fades from view, the crest being observable long after the base has been submerged into the surrounding greyness, the night is dark with thousands of stars extremely brilliant & seeming far farther away than usual, the full moon rises & bathes the scene in shimmering silver to be almost immediately eclipsed, the eclipse passes slowly, the moon appears more brilliant than I have ever seen it hitherto, also it appears to be farther away & smaller, the brilliancy is such, that one can distinctly see the red of the maples a hundred yards away, & a big tree some considerable distance away which, in the day time was very pale yellow, now seems to be of a light golden tint. The wind strong, the sea indigo, the waves capped with snow white crests. I go to it & climb out onto some rocks over which the waves break continually to my right & left the long rollers roll in with their ceaseless regularity, & burst into foam as they thunder onto the beach, the rocks far out are on mass at foam, & beneath my feet & about the rocks the sea seems ~~the water~~ as if it is boiling, as though some might furnace were beneath the ocean bed, the Island of Enoschima is encircled with surf & stands out black, but the marvel of all, far*

*far away the white cap of Fugi stands out & the mountain grows out of the mist until the whole of it & its ~~snow- and~~ outlines can be faintly seen, but its base so so faint that its upper part gives the effect of some beautiful ethereal mirage, it is perhaps a first message to you in exile --Braine*

**[Plain unlined paper]**

142 Tamato

Yokohama

Thurs 27 Jan

1910

*Dear Rosaline,*

*Despite a feeling of delirious langour [sic] I feel impelled to write to you. I am lying by an open window looking over the bay, the day is like a mild English June one, there is a gentle breeze, I can feel its mild warm embrace as it enters the open French windows; the sea is deep blue almost calm, the white sailed, square rigged sampans, seem almost stationary, but actually pass slowly; and outward and homeward bound liner passes down the bay, leaving a long trail of smoke from its funnels which gradually disperse from its funnels; homeward bound!. Against the delicate blue sky, far overhead, the hawks seem to sway almost motionless, every now & then to swoop downwards and out of sight; one can hardly hear the gentle laving of the sea on the rocks, that too seems lazy, but to go back a day or two. Your last letter with photographs enclosed was sent up from the office on Tuesday, also a letter from Gwladys & a book from May [Rosaline's eldest sister was May Webster], they arrived most opportunely as I was in bed sick, please don't think I am a wan & wornout [sic] invalid, it is not so, I weigh something between 12 & 13 stone & am really quite well. Well! I suppose you want to know all about it, it is just an attack of dysentery [sic] short and sharp, at least its sharp & is also going to be short, about one week bed one week slops, another semi-slops & then careful dieting for a time. I intend to be back at the office on Monday. Speaking of slops I have a yarn to tell you which you must also tell to Gwladys; a short while ago I was at a small hotel in the country for Tiffin [light meal], the first course was chicken soup or chicken broth besides myself there were present two gentlemen from the land of the Screaming Eagle, after the first spoonful*

II [Roman Numerals]

Thursday Jan 27

*of the chicken ? No 1 remarked to No 2 in purest Yankee. Guess that darned chicken had rubbers on when it walked through this here water. The day on which I received your letter the snow was driving past the windows with a hurricane behind it, to-day – my description in the opening lines of this letter quite fails to describe it, I must leave it to your imagination, it is one of those days which one feels in the blood, an indescribable warm gentle caressing presence. Well Ros I feel just sort of lazy & it is not easy to write in bed, I am already so much better, shall get up to-morrow & on Saturday or Sunday shall go up to my favourite spot in the hills above the sea looking toward Fugi, until I breathe the odour of the pines and ozone.*

*So long.*

*thine Braine*

[continued on the same sheet]

Yokohama Feb 2 – 1910

*It seems that you were not to receive the foregoing , until I could tell that I was quite alright again, one connecting steamer inward, bringing your latest letter, or rather note, but cannot leave on the return journey as she tried conclusions with an ice-berg & seems to have come off second best, the two other steamers on the service are overdue, but there is a hurricane & snow storm raging on the N.E. coast, here clear skies wind almost a gale & bitterly cold. I am quite well now, on Saturday I went to my favourite spot, it was a beautiful afternoon & evening bright moon, dull silver sea, with odours of the pines & ozone very pronounced: throughout Sunday a storm raged, as the sun set a strip of blue sky appeared to the westward, & the sun sank red-gold behind the purple mountains, overhead were serried masses of storm cloud in continual motion in harmony*

III [Roman numerals]

Feb 2 1910 Japan

*with tumbling masses of foam crested green waters, rocks & flying spray. What of your trip now? with Paris in ruins, have been wondering how Rouen was affected by the rise of the Seine, perhaps it is well you did not go before Xmas. You ask when I am returning. I will write more of this & other matters in the next, should you be in France or elsewhere will certainly come and see you, whichever way I return, a mere matter of a hundred miles or so will be of no account with an object in view. Many thanks for photo's; which you should have sent before. I like the one with the firs. I have two weeks work to do in one now. You ask if I think England will be pleasant when I return. Well! all my friends are there, do you remember that walk. Fields, Bluebells, Cowslips, Violets, River, one cannot compare Japan to England they are utterly different. Japan can produce nothing like that, can you imagine, what the memory of that is like to me here?*

So long

Braine

**[Plain, unlined paper]**

Yokohama

March 10 1910

Dear Rosaline

*At last I have a few moments to spare in which to write to you, for a considerable time past I have been dog tired, the few days I was away from business put me behind & almost immediately after my return I had to go up country on business, since then it has been one continual strain, the actual work to be accomplished is not of much moment, it has been a when everything to go wrong out of cussedness; for one week from the 7 to 14th of Feb I expected to be called back to London at any moment by cable, and had this occurred I should have been on you without a word of warning,*

however the crisis to have passed from London & and is now centred here & every day I seem to get more involved in matters, which demand my individual attention, the day of my return seems to recede into the distant future, although I write of the matter coolly & treated it at the time as though nothing outward was happening, you can well imagine that below the surface I was a good deal stirred up, the prospect of being with you in 17½ days might easily be termed an event

II [Roman numerals] Japan March 10 1910

I made every preparation to write to you last Saturday evening, but I was tired & got no farther than thinking about it. I was at my favourite spot, the sun had set in golden magnificence, in massive dark clouds; as the last rays lighted the trunks of the pines a golden brown, the sea seemed to be like a vast irregular bowl of molten – lead, its peculiarly dulled leaden surface [sic] had a hint of the glittering metal beneath, it was like this as I left it & it was then, that I intended to write to you, but instead of thought of you & what I intended to write & let my thoughts carry me wither they would, which throughout seemed to be somewhat like a breeze which stirs the surface of ~~of~~ one of this countries placid lakes, the surface rippled here & there to be again left calm, afterwards a good deal of this country entered into the medley of my thoughts, & it ended in my retiring to bed with nothing accomplished; at each of my visits to the spot of which I so frequently write to you some new beauty seems to unfold itself; although it is always the same spot, the combinations of sea & clouds sky & foliage seem ever changing, never-the-less I often wonder wether my descriptions to you have not an air of sameness, is it so?? On the morning which followed I lay awake & watched the birth of a new day, there

III [Roman numerals] Japan Mch 10 1910

Seems to be a calm majesty in the dawn of a day which the grandeur of the most beautiful sunset seems to lack, & I was contemplating this, as I watched the first faint indications steal over sky & mountains & sea, also I was thinking of another dawn at Ashleigh; the changing tones were somewhat as follows; a blue-grey tone steals over the hitherto colorless sky, the sea reflects the same with the blue intensified, the distant phone appears deep slate-colored & the snow on the far-distant mountains a soft dove-grey tint, thus all is grey & grey-blue & slowly, slowly, the tints seem to re-arrange themselves until they are almost reversed, the sky takes the intenser blue the distant mountains are deep bluish grey, the sea is softest silver fringed with soft grey rocks; Poseat hues – overhead the sky now becomes rose-flushed which deepens & lightens at intervals, the flush creeps downward until it reaches the horizon against which the mountain gradually assume definite lines, hitherto having been but creatures of the dawn, the upper fringe of the rose changes to a pale copperish tint, which again ~~er~~ changes to liquid white ere it is lost in the prevailing blue overhead; ~~the~~ The snow mantle of Fuqi is now coral-tinted by the rising sun, but the mere mention of a color fails to describe the beauty of Fuqi in the early rays of the sun, there is so much delicate life in the combinations which cannot be

IV [Roman numerals] Japan March 10

described; the change continues the nearer mountains assume tones of crimson, blue, & coral, the sea is grey green, changing it the palest tones near inshore where the water shallows, the rocks catch the first rays, also two square rigged sampans far out which previously were a colorless grey, now seem to have suddenly come to life, throughout all not a breath of air; near-at-hand the deep green

pinetrees stand motionless outlined ~~on~~ against the soft blue of the heavens, still closer, within a yard or two of myself is a giant plum-tree, the flowers a most delicate pink the odour of which permeates the atmosphere, ~~which~~ with an odour which in some subtle manner seems to symbolise the orient.

When I started this letter I intended to write to you of this great international port with its strange blending of East & West, & its leavening of every nationality, the worlds shipping, the ancient & modern the strange use also misuse of the English tongue, but I must leave all this to a subsequent letter, I will just touch lightly on your letter received this week & perhaps one or two of your previous ones, but before I go on with this subject I will just mention two of the strangest misuses of English here, both of which are in Tokio & one of which is quite renowned

V [Roman numerals] Japan Mch 10

They are both stop-signs, the first one I saw when in Tokio last week it read "Extract of Chicken", well! The contents of the shop ~~were~~ was eggs; the other I saw quite a while ago & it is very renowned, it reads "The biggest loafer in town" (a bakers shop)

Your letters – I have never replied to many of the letters received, but do not think any have gone astray, if one starts actually answering a letter, it seems to take such a while, that one has no time left to write of other things, so I usually start with the other things & then find I have no time for the answer, but you must not think that they do not interest me, neither must you think that because I have not previously thanked you for your kind wishes for Xmas & my birthday that I am not thankful. You ask me if I do not think that with all my love of England I shall find it grey & dull after Japan. Well! Mayhap, but still I think England beautiful, but I don't think I am actually in love with England & probably were it not for my friends I should never return. You ask me what sort of a house I live in & when I shall return, the first reply would take too long for

VI [Roman numerals]

The present letter, & I cannot reply to the second ? to-day, but may be able to do so by the end of the month. I am rather surprised you miss me at dances, anyhow it should be a good miss, its not my fort dancing. The play must have been very interesting also the recitation, but as to whether love-making can be muddled through I know not, you seem to ask me the question I should say it would be sheerly a matter of individuality. I should very much like to have heard your recitation. Well! I have touched on several of your past letters & now come to the present one which I will answer more in detail; in an old letter which I have previously mentioned in this you ask me how & where I live, you have perhaps ~~ask~~ give the reason why I do not write to you of these things in the opening lines of your present letter, you write of my letter describing the new year that you "lived in Japan" I am glad that the description pleased you, you must understand that I feel in those words & it is a mere matter of conveying the feelings to you, on the other hand I am uninterested & consequently do not write about it. – I can imagine how you feel without

VII [Roman numerals]

Japan March 10 – 1910

a maid I know so well that it is not the great events which count, but the multitude of trivialities, I am sorry for you, it must rob one of so much individuality, & leaves that tired feeling – ~~influenza~~ Influenza – it seems like a breath from the past, how could one have influenza here, with month after month of glorious sunshine & brisk winds, impossible I think.



*In regard to my return I don't think there is any favour about it, of course I will do what you wish, I won't call it silly, just a whimsicality, its funny how near your dreams came to being a possible truth you perhaps remember saying that you had dreamt that I had returned? I believe that it is not the first time that you have dreamed things about me which have not yet happened, but this is under the belt from 10 thousand miles away. My mood seems to be changing from one at least half contemplative to one wholly facetious, a sign that it is about time to draw to a conclusion I suppose, but back to the serious again, the postscript, as you say it is the most important, when I heard of those floods I of course thought of you, but somehow throughout I was quite I was quite sure*

VII (Roman numerals)

Japan March 10 1910

*That you were not there, why I cannot say.*

*I have oft times wished to write to you of my friendship but to avoid on one hand the cold formality of stock phrases, & on the other the unnaturalness of extravagant languages, seems almost impossible with such a medium as the English language, somehow to me the subject calls for such a delicacy of expression, that perhaps it were well not to attempt to write of it – but yet, perhaps it is because I almost make an ideal of it, because I think it a great responsibility, because I consider that at its grandest it should stop nowhere, perhaps its very unconsciousness has something to do with it its as well not to write of it, it is as subtle as the odour of the first violet of spring.*

*In England it will soon be the time for the cowslips & bluebells & the first violets in the far corner of the garden.*

*So long*

*Braine*

*P.S. but not the most important*

*My brother is now married & lives at St Ives. Hunts. I should very much like to know what the wife is like, from an outside point of view, would you care to visit them with Russell, if I write & arrange it.*

[Joseph Harvey Brain married Evelyn May Leslie McCarthy on 1<sup>st</sup> March 1910. Russell Webster was one of Rosaline's elder brothers]

*P.S.S. [sic]*

*I am sending to Russell a packet to BGR<sup>u</sup> Best regards to all. B.*

**From Postcard & Photograph Collection – “From a Painting by Hôitsu of the Kôrin School” Printed from wooden blocks by the Shimbi Shoin, Tokyo, Japan**



Mch 30

Dear Ros

*I am sending you by printed matter post a copy of a Japanese print, which please either keep or give away as you please I send it because I thought it might be of passing interest to either yourself or Gwladys & I want to point out that it is not a genuine original print, but only a copy what would cost about 3/- to 4/- Yours Braine.*

**Ed. L. Van NEIPOP & Co's letterhead paper**

Yokohama, April 8<sup>th</sup> 1910

Dear Rosaline,

*I have played my last card; win or lose I shall be with you by the end of July. I expect to return via New York; odds are about 3 to 2 against me, good enough. This is sufficient news for one letter*

*looking towards you*

*Braine*

*X*

P S

*I am busier than the proverbial bee.*

HEB

Second P.S.

*As I do not remain here long I sent you a few days ago a parcel Via Canada, containing a birthday present for you, it will reach you some time too early, but what matters that (the small packet enclosed please give to Lily) HEB*

**Plain, lined paper**

Japan June 2<sup>nd</sup>/4<sup>th</sup> 1910

Dear Rosaline

*It is jus blazing hot, one gets warm trying to keep cool, almost everyone one meets both European & native is armed with a fan. The temperature in our office 82%.*

*I expect this to be the last letter of any length that I shall write to you from this country, as I leave on the 28<sup>th</sup> for Sanfrancisco [sic] via Honolulu per SS "Asia" & hope to be in London August 5th/10th. I shall not know by what boat I will travel from New-York until I reach that city, even when I know I do not expect to be able to tell you the exact time at which I shall arrive at Liverpool St or elsewhere in London; I will however write you from N.Y. so that the letter reaches you some days before my arrival, giving you as near as possible the time & day, also should ~~the~~ my boat touch at Queenstown (Ireland) I will wire you from there to the Poste Restanté General Post Office London & you could arrange to call for it (that is if it fits in with your plans); I will write you more explicitly from the States.*

*The week-end was wet: the hill tops were lost in the clouds; the wind was terrific, I expected to have the roof torn from above my head, the direction of the gale was off land, seaward it was a mass of flying spray & restless giant waves, the view was limited with but occasional glimpses of the far away headlands through spray and gloom, toward nightfall the clouds commenced to clear from the westward; Fugi [?sic] showed first surrounded by brilliant white clouds & after as the clearance became general on primrose ground, which again changed to a ~~nu~~ neutral tint with a faint yellow rim, here and there were a few narrow jagged strips of black cloud; the beauty of the scene was in wonderful clearness of the atmosphere which caused the headlands with their deep green foliage to stand out with remarkable boldness, & earlier the occasional ray of sunshine lighting up a snow capped wave, or enlivening the dank foliage of the distant hills.*

*Many thanks for your letter, you speak of 3 months as though it were a lifetime, or longer, but I must admit know I know, the days drag somewhat; everyone seems very anxious to see me. ~~I am~~ ~~wondering~~ I am glad you like the dress length, but please don't ask me how you are to have it made up, that is outside my province.*

*I hope after all you did not ~~go~~ go to the B.G.R. for the month. I don't like the idea; it's ugly: why do you say "perhaps force me in the end"?; why admit the possibility of defeat?*

*I suppose you are using the garden next door as an extra piece of Ashleigh, have got enough pales down yet to get from one to the other with ease?*

*You don't write anymore of your trouble, how is it? has [sic] B.G.R. overshadowed it for the moment or are things smoother?*

*II [Roman numerals]*

*June 2 1910*

*Japan*

*"3 whole months" do you wish to surprise people so very much.*

*You are not correct in terming your letters weird, I think you tell me much more of yourself & feelings than I tell you of myself; your letters have an air of naturalness & home about them. I am sorry to hear that Gwladys is off tone, & I hope that with the exams behind she will quickly be alright again,*

*you must get her over to Ashleigh as much as possible, I think I would be ill if I lived at Forest Gate, how ugly it is.*

*Last nights [sic] sunset for sheer beauty of cloud effect was the most beautiful I have ever seen. A background of purest turquoise, deepening overhead to deep ciel, veiled with a gauze like tissue of softest gold, from which long rays spread over the sky like giant ~~softened~~ soft-toned search-lights, the whole western horizon is a blotch of smoky fiery red, everywhere are criss-cross brush strokes of every tone from palest primrose to deep gold & tiny fleecy clouds of varying brilliancy, full of life: as it was a relief to turn for a moment to the sobly swelling hills clothed with their deep green verdure; the changes are rapid & continuous, the wide overhead rays are now coral pink with the brush like clouds a deep rose, some almost crimson, to westward it is a mass of crimson & purple, the background verging on light green, the mountains are showing with increasing boldness, deep prune in shade; due west it becomes still brighter; overhead red slashed with blue grey; the light is dyeing out, the green is turning to a lifeless pale yellow very faint, the red & grey tones are merging & darkening, the general tone is now a dull darkening, the general tone is now merging & darkening, the general tone is now a dull mauve, the finale is a copperish horizon & deep deep purple mountains with faint violet grey clouds.*

*A few days since I sent you a book "The Fisher Lass" [probably the book written by Bjørnson, Bjørnstjerne, 1832-1910] as I thought it might interest you; also I sent ~~one~~ another to Gwladys, so you might change over when you have both finished.*

*So long Braine  
until I follow my thoughts.*

#### **Plain lined paper**

*June 7 1910*

*Dear Rosaline*

*Here also the day of the funeral was one of National mourning, all shops were closed, the flags on public buildings hung at half-mast, the front of almost every house both at Yokohama & Tokio were decorated with half-furled, craped [sic], entwined Flags of England, Japan. The dull boom of minute guns & salutes shook the air, from the warships parties were landed & a funeral service held, one could see crape bedecked flags even in the small country villages, such as Hayama.*

*May 20<sup>th</sup> why the sudden burst of exuberant happiness, your letter fairly made me gash, keep it up. The sound of the mowing machine – canot [sic] call to mind the sound of a distant reaping machine, the music of nature & the odour of a perfect harvest day?; I'll be in England ere then that suggestion to visit my brother was made when I knew not wether I should be detained here another year or more; strangely enough I have just received a letter from him is which he writes "I should have liked I have to invite Russell Webster to visit us & would be pleased to entertain him, but hardly know him well enough". But evidently has not forgotten Russell & the visit to Ashleigh; he also writes that he has temporarily settled down, & will move into his permanent residence when repair etc have been completed, which are expected to take 6 months or so; furthermore he adds to quote his own words Looking ahead the exigencies of political life are such that wether it be a seat in the house (Commons) & a house in Park Lane, or a seat in another Kind of house & Hyde Park or the Embankment for a town residence, only time can decide" Well although I don't agree with all the views, we are friends, he has worked like a Trojan & deserves all he gets. But all this will not interest you, I have only written these few lines because your happiness seemed to call for an immediate acknowledgement, I repeat Keep it up*

So long (thinking)  
Braine

PS

[3 lines crossed out]

Part of it is ..... which I think was 8 days after the day of your letter

The Nara Hotel, Nara letterhead

Nara June 24 1910

Dear Rosaline

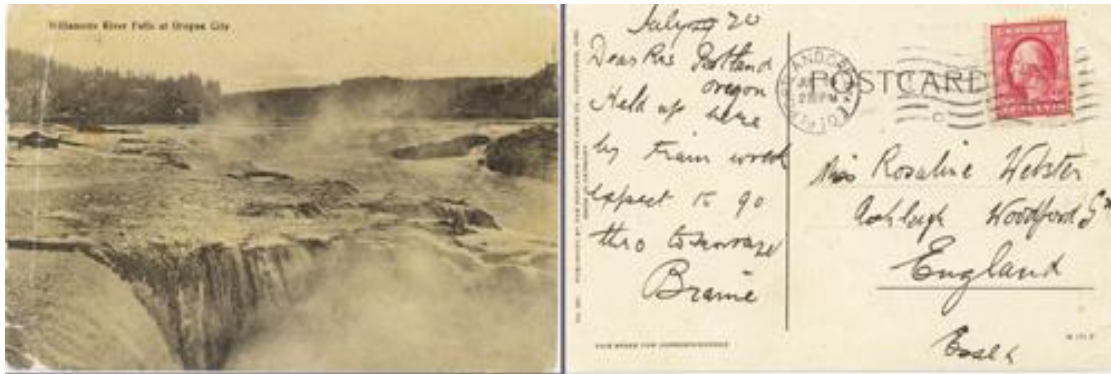
*I hardly expected to have a spare moment during these last days in Japan, but I am making one & instead of taking a well earned rest I am writing to you, so please consider yourself mightily honoured; don't swish by the way do you still swish at people? I sent you a p.c. from Kyoto last night & in some respects Nara & Kyoto are similar, both were at different periods capitals in Ancient Times, both have beautiful temples, shrines, & pagodas dating back to 700 AD, the gardens ~~surro~~ surrounding the temples are in both places beautiful beyond description, Kyoto is in a valley surrounded by mountains, so too is Nara, the environs of which are even more beautiful. The sky is beautiful with the evening tones between two mountains a splash of gold, elsewhere all is delicate turquoise ciel [?] rose grey mauve; a deep toned temple bell irregularly punctuates the myriad mind sounds of nature and the East. how I would like you & Gwladys to visit this land & how you would read in it, it would saturate you with the mystery of the East; these evenings give one beyond all the impressions of perfect repose the delicate sky tones the restful shades of the foliage the glimmer of moonshine on rippling waters & much much more where words fail the land of the Lotus. My last letter to you was of a sunset & ere [?] I left the Eastern shores I noted two others for you which for color [sic] effect were even beyond the one I attempted to describe in fact for a period of some weeks, the evening skies were a riot of color [sic]. I find my notes are in Yokohama or lost & I won't apologize. At this period of the year the most pleasant time is morning & evening, at Hayanna I used to lie awake oftimes & watch the night give way to the dawn, first all indistinct then the shadow like lines of the distant mountains, their pale greyness matching perfectly the first tone of the heavens, Fugi creeping slowly more apparent as the mists roll back from sea & land overhead the sky changes from pearl grey to softest ciel [sic], the mountain tops are touched with gold the billowing white mists in the hollows feel the sun & vanish slowly the sea is no longer toneless, but a soft green, the headlands stand out, the trunks of the matsus show golden brown, in short a day is born. The flowers of the uplands --- everywhere the many colored [sic] Iris, Sweet Flags, ePeony, Lilies (Arium Tiger & one that is more profuse than any which seems to grow over the whole of the country, white petals centered [sic] with gold & splashed with deep red, pale green stamens & pistils tipped with terracotta flowers measuring from lip to lip 8 to 10 inches across) Lotus & many which we know not in England: but I must close, once more so-long my friend my next letter to you will I think be written on the Pacific Ocean*

Thine Braine

PS

*I am past dog tired & hardly know what I have written, tomorrow Kobe next-day Yokohama about 20 hours of it. HEB*

**Postcard depicting Willamette Falls, Oregon City USA**



July 1920 [1910 from postmark] Portland Oregon

Dear Ros

Held up here by train wreck expect to go thro tomorrow

Braine