

Bank House.

June 28th 1895.

My Dear Foster.

What a beast you must think me, but not so at least not in this connexion. I only got back yesterday from three months of Italy and Switzerland. The latter stiff with bad tents and worse Americans. But in Italy we had a lovely time. Thanks for the birds - they are in great request, they have been set to adorn the walls of the 'children's drawing room' and even the youngest of our three knows them by heart The colour is, as you say, a little gay But it avoids the [] quality of the tent. He [] to taste too much. I am reasonably busy and shall be till the end of August. [] we are expecting you to come for a week or 10 days this autumn after our mixed pickles are off.

Give our united regards to your father and mother
and with ever good wish to yourself.

I am always your friend. SR Crockett.