

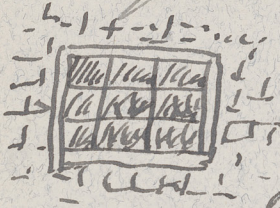
Edinburgh
Jan 19th 1902

Cannons -
I can't go on for
ever - but here
must stay with
down much for
all
Mother

Family, The one thing that I require
is an improvement of the atmosphere,
the soft-blue haze was lovely at Holyhead
& as we hauled through Wales, but here
it seems to be badly-colour. Clare will
understand when I tell her that the
Carstarphynel hills are invisible from
my W. window - yesterday, was actually
rushing in the A.M. so we wandered
through the Prince's St. gardens & up a
steep path to a gate into the Castle, through
the locked bars of which we regarded the
Castle yard, where two detachments of the
"Black Watch" were drilling: soon an old
pensioner appeared, & the punny, induced
him to open to us the gate, where we in-
spected the soldiers such as they were,
but so entirely of a superior make to the boys
I saw drilling in the Chester Castle yard.
Then we went down Margaret's chapel
wh. Sir D. Wilson rescued from being a show-
air magazine & had layers of pencil & white
wash removed from a fine arch in it -
it is a show place - then into the old banquetting
hall & the covert room & the parlour with
cell where Argyle slept his last sleep, & will
remember the fine picture of it, by.

the damp mustiness of the

dungeon, the little grated window, the curved stone stair leading up from it, the antique lantern hanging over the outer door, that must have given a glimmer of dusky light in the old stone corner, then the steep long flight - also of stone stairs that led down to the castle yard where the block awaited the hawed head - & one wonders if the safety & security of modern life may not breed a small & selfish attitude & make us forget that the character is needful to cherish & the great cause must be upheld, joyfully, at the cost of life itself - I acutely Africa has



Just the Regalia of Scotland - The first real crown I have seen, with great jewels set around two circles, with a edge of four de lys & crosses fleuries. & two arches on the top added by James V. Four huge beautiful pearl ornaments are fastened in the velvet cap beneath the crown - then there is the sword of state presented by Pope Julius II to Jas IV - the ring, two jewelled orders, & the sceptre with a large clear white ball near the top - called a globe & a smaller gold one tipped with a huge pearl - A mace of office, also with a clear crystal knob. These stones were considered amulets & their use is believed to have gone back to the time of the Druids. The crown & others symbols



³ were laid in an old chest for over a hundred years till people doubted their existence, & a commission, one of whom was Sir W. Scott searched for them - keys of old chest lost, but on breaking it open, there they ^{regalia} lay, intact.

This crown was also hurried under a stone in Keimiff church in 1659 - after being smuggled out of the Castle of Dunottar, by two women, when the surrender of the castle was inevitable -

Mrs Demitain who is one of Miss W.'s admirers, came far as yesterday I drove us around Arthur's Seat - the Queen's obelisk - such a bare strange fine hills, with a little loch at the foot - St. Catherine's - and St. Anthony's chapel above - Then half way another little loch, & as we rounded the hill a fine view of Dudlington loch & town, & the country receding back to low hills - There are so many hills, but I am trying to place them -

The Braids low & behind the Pentlands then Blackfoot - & so on -

The Colton hill is fine - & you can see the Berwick Low, a steep conical hill with a witch, or witches, was or were, buried - & even the gravel 'Bass' Rock -

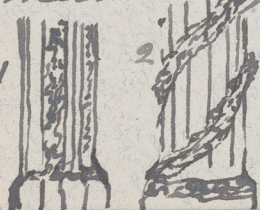
I cannot help feeling how much easier it must be for children to learn & realize history, in this country, but wherever you go you hardly want some clue to the past of the countries you see - of course within us we are only making the history, except

4 for the Aborigines, I live or three centuries
of preliminary settlement. The sun
shines out. I can only stay to finish
yesterday, when Miss C. Nelson, Mrs. Syme
& her daughter came in to tea & Mrs. Green-
field to dinner, she has 9 children, the
eldest girl is studying medicine with
intent to go to India as a missionary, one
son is going to be a minister & one a doctor
the girl who is a mel. stu. has had this
clearly in mind since she was 7. I
wish my children had these strong
vocations, without wavering. This lady
lives in a large house but it is now too
strait for the family, so she has just rented
a flat across the corner & her husband
& daughter have studios & work rooms
there, & the student son, has apartments near
the stable. This opens to me quite a new
view of life. This morning I saw a
number of little girls getting off to school
all so rosy, & dressed so well & solidly in
jackets & skirts, & so often I see 3 or four
all dressed alike. I wonder how Laos & Eng-
we like that. I do so long to have all the
children see & hear what I see, it seems
quite a pity for me to have these visions
that cannot interest me much more because
I am already so interested. This afternoon
we are going out to The Inch to see Mrs.
Barbour.

Saturday

The Inch is a fine old house belonging to a fine old family called Gilman - Little, & rented by Dr. Barbaux. It was charming to see the inside of the house, so full of pictures & curious relics - two old stones from a castle built into the wall of the hall - a sword of Cromwell's & traces of ancestors, & of fanatical horses, which in the extensive gardens we noticed several tombs to well-loved dogs - The grounds were fine & as quiet & calm as if 100 miles from any city - while a superb view of Arthur's Seat gleamed through the trees, & the ruins of Craig-Muller castle stand in the Inch grounds - Next week we are to dine there & stay the night - & I hope to see more of the ruins & view

yesterday still grey & lowering, in drove out to Naslyn - I sh^d think it must have been 6 or 8 miles & we would have had fine views of the hills, but for the ever present mist, or whatever it is, also it was very cold. We passed Bridy village (Bardney, so called from a French colony located there by some of Queen Mary's followers) Lan-hed - town & then Naslyn - The chapel is wonderful Carvings of every variety conceivable. & 2. The prentice pillar & the Master's pillar different from & more ornate than the others. The story was that every workman was encouraged by design & plan ornaments, & submitted them to the St. Clair who was erecting the chapel, & the Master builder had



gone to Rome to study & design a record/julian
on his return he found the wonderful
unearthed Julian executed by his apprentice
& filled with envy & rage struck him, a blow
which killed him. Two time worn heads
in obscure corners on with a wound on
the forehead, are said to record the faces of
Master & Man = I think this story is in the
Sunday Stories of Gaho - I rather can tell
you all about Braslyn - The Castle
interested me more - On the side of the
Braslyn Glen, he built up high, high till a
dramularidge connected the upper court
with the country above. I did not see
it from below which I regretted, but
the remains of crumbling walls, & steep
minstrels an old yew tree said to be
800 years old. & the gloomy vaults
where soldiers lay to watch & ferret their
arracons each chamber having a window
of this gloomy & damp nature, & the
dungeon for prisoners was scarcely
worse, though a well hollow cut
in the solid rock of the floor & passing
under the barred door, was horribly
suggestive of the sanitary notions of the
day - The lards of Braslyn however had
their bright ideas, witness the fittings of
speaking tube from the hall two floors
down to the kitchen, & also the square holes
where a lift was hauled & lifted by cords,
The battery above was done by Cromwell

