

Dear ones,

1902

Edinburgh  
June 30<sup>th</sup> 1902

It seems a long time since I last wrote for we have seen so much Thursday about 12, we drove out to the beautiful place I spoke of before "The Inch" (supposed to mean Island, as Inch Keilto) there we had lunch, & I met Dr. Barbour, a rather singular looking man, with the inward, quiet manner of one who has acquired a perfect mastery over himself but who does not easily reveal his thoughts. We sat in the lovely gardens till the tea was brought - to us there, & one or two young men dropped in. Then Miss W. & a young Mr. McKeen went to see Craig Millar Castle, which also belongs to the Gilman Estate, we had a key & walked fully a mile along a kind of shrubbery unlocking gates every now & then, - across a high road & then through the loveliest woods with here & there some beautiful shrubs, & laburnums, or lilacs, planted on the edge of the forest trees. Finally to the Castle, part of which had been the resort of Queen Mary, the old hall with stone vaulted roof - was fine, & 3 recesses with windows & stone seats suggested some consideration for comfort & appreciation of the beautiful views to be seen - The broad-backed Pentlands Hills

on one side, & the grand, antique of Arthur  
seat on the other, while the broad truss  
land stretched towards them. The castle  
has been built at various times, & the  
outer parts are roofless, & more or less  
ruined, one little tower wd have amused  
the children a tree had grown up inside

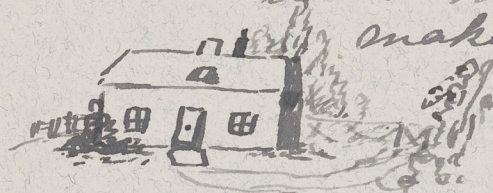


it, & waved violently in the wind  
as if it were trying to escape -

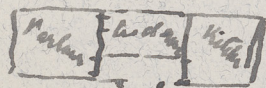
I slept in a room called King Charles's  
room & all the walls were covered  
with pictures of the said King thus I  
at all stages of ages. They were  
mostly engravings. & one frame had two  
pictures of two horses. In each the horse &  
attendant, & background were the same  
only the riders were different, one was Chast  
the other, Cromwell. Was it not an odd  
conceit? Miss W. was in Queen Mary's  
room, & it was hung with engravings of  
her. We went up stone stairs to our rooms  
& the nursery part of the house was quite  
a large wing - there were about 20 bedrooms  
in all. The children had whooping  
cough. so were only allowed in the nursery  
wing, & in the gardens.

On Friday morning we left the Ind. &  
went to the Station, & set off to the Highlands  
We saw Dumfermline Cathedral, The Castle  
Loch Leven where Queen Mary, was  
prisoned, & escaped, & the Berners <sup>Dumfriesshire</sup> woods  
mentioned in Macbeth -

arrived at Blair Athol, we got a vehicle,<sup>2</sup>  
a dog cart. I drove off to inspect the cottages  
Imp W. had selected as likely to suit, we  
had arranged to pass the night at one &  
there deposited our bag. The situation  
of this was low & not desirable but it



was most quaint. I can't quite  
make out now, how there were  
three rooms down stairs, a  
parlour to the left & kitchen to  
the right, & a bed room off the  
parlour at the back of the little entrance passage.



It must have been like this, & then  
upstairs two or three little rag rooms &  
one light cupboard in front - but all  
quite well furnished. We drove on through  
a most lovely country. Mountains on every  
hand on was Ben G. Gloc. another Tom O'Connell  
& so on - we drove past the battlefield of Killin  
crankie - (the only flat place, where a battle  
could be fought - far miles around) through  
the Pass, across the Garry Bridge, round  
a great mountain, called at another  
Cottage, which had visitors in it till  
August, but that had objections, on again  
through lovely scenery, & back to the hotel  
where we had tea & quite a substantial  
kind scones, beer, toast & jam - which is  
the Scottish idea of a 5<sup>g</sup> snack - after this  
little river fell under trees meeting overhead  
saw & secured a charming cottage, then on to  
a quaint old heaving ground, with a  
ruined roofless chapel, viz ground - the floor

the green sand, at one side a little chapel  
closed with an iron grating & a brass plate  
to tell that beneath its floor Claverham  
was buried, in the old vault of the earls of  
Athol - a quite late slab recorded the burying  
there lately of an Earl & Countess. It was a  
lovely, upland, spot, so quiet & high &  
looking over a wide world, & one could so  
readily picture, the battle, the vanquished  
plunging through the steep pass. The wild  
highlanders at their heels - the 200 who  
finally escaped scattered over the wide  
hills, making southward, & the highlanders  
retrocing their steps, & carrying their hero  
back the mile or two to the great house of  
his friends, & laying him in their old vault.  
& yet he was the cruel persecutor, of the cov-  
enanters: "old Inortality." brings him in, in  
his last light. The records of the Covenanters  
show him in an evil & lurid light. Many  
men in those days had two strangely opposite  
sides to them.

Saturday we again wandered off the  
beautiful Tilt, then took our train back  
to Killiecrankie & spent the afternoon  
there & at 5.30 back to Edinburgh. I think  
I almost like the highlanders better than Wales.

Since coming back I have again letters to  
thank you for, also have had one from  
my forward 12 days at sea but they  
had enjoyed them, & were delighted to be in  
England again. I have not heard a word from  
our boys as to what she has done out - not much.

Sunday June 29<sup>th</sup>

We went to St Giles' Cathedral this morning a beautiful old church, noble in proportions, & full of old memorials, of Kings & princes: Scotland's unfortunate Mary, & the grand Reformer John Knox. The walls have seen many strange changes from Popish days, to the simple but stately service now used - But through all the changes God has seen his people assembling there, to pray & praise, & it made me realize the communion of the sacents in all ages, as well as now in all the different forms of worship & varieties of language used - It occurred with this, that an invitation to "all who loved the Lord & wished to remember his death" was given - So Miss Wilson & I stayed to the end of the <sup>long</sup> delightful service same spirit & the same melodious.

Dr Cameron has preached a fine sermon, & he had a wonderful voice, which was heard throughout the great building, & above the whispering & mutterings of strange echoes which wandered about the pillars & archway old flags for which had been carried in India & Holland, & other wars draped overhead, reminding one of faithful service of Scottish soldiers.

In the evening we had a most interesting sermon from a Dr Mac Gregor, a fervid Kelt. If all the Gregors were as vigorous as he I am not surprised that they

were proscribed in the old troubled days

I thank Evee for her letter, she has read a good deal. I used to like "Little Women" & I hope she did. I may see a little book which seemed interesting for Sunday but is evidently written by a very high gentleman. However that makes him more in accord with the medicinal saints - though scarcely with the primitive ones.

Another beautiful day, but always the lovely haze -

Tell mother I went to see Mrs Crease, such a nice kind old lady very fresh & well preserved - with bright clear steady dark eyes - & I fear a wig. On the table were two cups exactly the same as g.m.'s blue ones without handles - the old ones - Miss P. said her mother got them in 1804 her marriage year. & she has the set - she sends all kind greetings to g.m. & looked me well over with much love.

Another

I hoped to write to father lately but fear I cannot manage -