

Bank House
Penicuik
Midlothian
13th May 1897

My dear Lord Rosebery,

A thousand thanks with an extra one for doing me the kindness at such a time. Well do I ken the dreich dreary irk of the 300 letters lying in piles on one's return.

The deil's ain bairns they are.

I've been labouring in [] rather long and am just going off for a run round Provence - walking and driving - and no letters for a month. Then Gehenna! Of course you have more and bigger axes of other peoples to grind. But then you've not so many d--d Yanks!

I always remember how quickly you caught my glance about your dinner table to see if any of the guests looked as if they were capable of speaking in the great American language - when I was on the point of launching forth upon pirates and other trans-pond-ine products. More rest to your soul and more power to your elbow. All truly sensible men (of whom of course I am one) look to you for any good unshrieking[?] advance in the future. But Lord, how dull home politics are just now!

My thanks again & over & over.

Faithfully ever yours

S.R. Crockett

[Gehenna is a New Testament Greek word usually translated as 'Hell']