

July 30th [1900]

Bank House.

My Dear JP

Little [] here and outlook gloomy. But these things don't mend quickly. But yet there seems a way out - at least to quietness. But there's no good whining about things which I don't.

'Local colour' was quite privately printed chiefly to do good to a clever young Spaniard who is a friend of mine. And as part of my yarn also appeared in the Windsor magazine it has benefited him some already.

Yes, I dare say I should have sent you round the other way so far as the Newton Stewart and New Galloway [] was concerned. But though undoubtedly a genius I couldn't foresee the art o' the wind. I dare say you did curse a lot about the Clatteringshaws. Your letter with its breezy language did me heaps of guid. Yes the midges are A1 ers. I wish you had known that they won't touch me. This would have been a comforting thought indeed to you when being eaten alive. I wonder if the 'damning' affected your 'touch'. Your anathemas in the speech of the country were splendid, though the dialect was various a little.

'never saw the Beastly places mysel' did I no?

'born and bred in a Briar Patch'

Bien J, that's why the Moorland Skeeters won't touch me, being a Raider of their blood brother. But the skeeters make one think you must have had fairly fine weather, which is the main thing in such humpy places. Think we'll mak a fine bit buikie. I wish I was as far on with my part as you with yours.

Ever yours. SRC.

(There's a map with this)