

~~Free Church Manse~~
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~~N.B.~~

24, Cotton Street
Castle Douglas
(Tempy. Address)

Dear Mr. Furniss,

My wife has sent on your most kind note. I really hardly expected an answer from you. I know your multifarious engagements. Your kind offer of the slides is really almost too good.

If you really can spare them about the end of April, I shall rejoice exceedingly. I send you our Syllabus of winter work, which you will see is pretty extensive. At the close, I have what is known in the North as a "Swarriee", and I meant to give a lecture on yourself, no less, but I knew I would not have time to transfer and work up the slides. If you will let me have them as you say, I shall be deeply grateful.

I have to use the middle of the week for lecturing engagements - as many as possible for I am a "colleague and successor" which being interpreted means that you get half pay and do double work. The gentleman who ropes in the cask I have never seen. He lives (and long life to him) in Elgin, I believe.

We are lonely here, but we have the prettiest babe in the world (barring possibilities at 8 Edmunds Terrace) and there are a number of old Oxford friends in Edinburgh not far off.

I am asking Mrs. Crockett, who is an English girl transplanted to these bleak northern wilds, to send you a copy of one of my little books, which I hope will be a small token of the utmost affection with which we regard you. It is a very slight thing but the feeling and experience are genuine - or rather were, for it seems rather a past issue in the face of two years work in a large poor parish.

The two drawings were given to me by a young fellow whom I got to come to Edinburgh to study art, and was two years ago took [sic] the first place in the Concour of the Antwerp School of Art.

The 'Lady Beatrice' was really very like my wife before her illness. She caught malaria in Italy just after our marriage and has been ill ever since. She is however coming back to us from the edge of the great dark, which was light to her. I am just ~~going~~-[sic] beginning to realise that we are to have her. She used to weary for your work in Italy. It amused her exceedingly, and the book of Photogravures made up to her for being too ill to go and see the real gallery.

It may interest you to know that my dear friend Robert Stevenson who is now in San Francisco has also a high appreciation of the delicatessen elan, verve of your work. One is driven to 'la belle langue' for expressions. When I was a young fool I used to write art criticisms and what is more, got them accepted as sapient. My experience tells me at least this - how well - how supremely well you draw them.

We have a portrait of your back but the thing won't turn round. Won't you send us a real Academical front view to put on my study mantle shelf between Professor Jowett and R.L. Stevenson. We want the Third Grace - which?

We hope if ever you come north, you will come and see them. We are only nine miles from Edinburgh. We will hope. Stranger things have happened. If you send us your - Portrait of a Man we will repay you two-fold.

With all good wishes and cordial thanks

from my wife and myself

I am, ever truly yours

S.R. Crockett

P.S. I don't mean to bore you with reading my book - look at it, and line the back of your shelves with it. I can't read it.

[*Written vertically in left margin:* "We will look for the intimation of your death which one of us saw in some local paper. 'the late Mr Furniss'. If found, we will send it.]