

Bank House

August 6th 1894

My Dear Friends at the Bonegill, I have been wearying to hear from you. We are still at home and have been ever since I saw you. I am about half through with the big Covenanting book, and have to work hard at it in order to get the matter in to Good Words in time, but I am not going to do much when I come to you... but lie on my back in the sun and kick my heels in the air. Sometimes I shall arise for the purpose of following the Mistress to the milk house on the lookout for buttermilk – like a suckle calf. Sometimes I shall take the hill with the guidman, and sometimes I shall bide at home and read the papers... all according to the freedom of my own will as the Quastion Buik says. I never put in as muckle hard work in my life as I hae dune thae last months an' I am gye weel sure that I deserve a holiday...

Dear sirce, but I'm wearyen' to speak a word or twa or the rale Gallowa' that I get nae bit sae weel as at Glenhead. But I gie the Guidman (falsely so called for he was a Badman that day whatever) fair warnin' that gin he gies me siccan a travel as I got gaun to Cove MacKitterick, I'll e'en gar him gang screevin' hame 'without the breeks' like Gibbie Macallister o' the Langbarns in the tale o' Mad Sir Uchtred.

I am sendin' ye that same wi' this post, an I howp that ye'll like it. Ye'll hae to let the travellers see whaur Sir Uchtred made the puir bit whutterick play whush ower the Clints o' Clashdaan.

There'll be a man up wi' yin o' thae nasty photographin' things, sae see that ye hae a' the lees ready for him. It's no the truth they're seekin' onyway.

There was a callant her the ither day wi' sicklike, an' I tried to tell him the truth as best I could, though I am a minister. An' haith, but the body just gaed awa' an pat doon a pack o' lees. So I hae done wi' the truth noo. Yer minister loon wrate to me to want me till preach, but when I come away, fegs, but I'll neyther preach nor pray for six weeks!

Dear sirce me... Glenhead, I wunner to hear ye, you for you wi' your crappen fu' o guid meal, to misoaa' a puir man for talkin' balderdash! It's juist afore supper-time, an' wha can talk sense when they are bein' keepit waitin' for their parritch?

The wife sends her guid w ull, an' ye maun tell us gin it is per-pately convenient to hae us on the first o' September

Wi' a' guidwull frae maysel'

Yer freend

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