

AUGUST 1894

During this time Crockett was hard at work on 'Men of the Moss Hags' which he would not finish until the late autumn. It came out in serial form at the beginning of January 1895 and in book form in September of that year. The other publication of 1895 was 'Bog Myrtle and Peat', a collection of stories, most of which had already been written. There was also the pirated 'A Galloway Herd' in America.

*Aug 3rd*

*Bank House*

*My dear Unwin,*

*Mr Dudgeon of Cargen has offered to do a similar glossary to the 'Lilac' and has set about it. I have sent him on a copy of the proof. He is coming here next week to talk the matter over. It would certainly be a great advantage to include it from the first, and I shall see that you get it in time*

*With kind regards*

*Faithfully yours*

*SRC*

*Last 5 sigs of Lilac to hand will soon send complete a friend is reading it along wit hme.*

*Could we not insert Stevenson's introductory poem (3 verses) in facsimile in The Stickit? What think you?*

On Friday August 3rd the Westminster Budget published an article titled 'In the Raiders Den - Mr S.R.Crockett at Home' in preparation for publication of 'Mad Sir Uchtred,' which they reviewed the following week. Here is the article:

'The Westminster Budget', August 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1894

'In The Raiders Den, Mr S.R.Crockett at Home.'

Surely this is popularity. An Edinburgh Free Church minister stuck to 'The Raiders' pleased and interested, until the stroke of twelve o'clock one Saturday night; a less scrupulous divine did not stop until he finished at 4am. There is a coach already named Silver Sand, the creation in that book, which runs from the Gall[o]way Arms, Newton Stewart, towards the scenes now becoming famous in Gall[o]way. As is the case with Barrie and Thrums, according to a local railway report there has been a sensible increase in passenger traffic since the issue of 'The Raiders' in certain railway districts. The largest church in Edinburgh was over-crowded, and many had to go away, when he discoursed the other Saturday night on James Renwick, the last Scottish martyr. 'If that is a sample of Mr Crockett's writing,' said a lady to us, regarding this lecture - and she had read nothing else of his - 'I hope he will go on for ever, to help to put a backbone into this degenerate generation, and brace it up with a breath of the spirit of our own heather hills.' No one has been more astonished than himself at the success (financial and otherwise) of 'The Stickit Minister,' a seventh edition of which is in the press. It goes as well as ever, and we are promised an illustrated edition de luxe in the autumn. Of The Raiders, 20,000 copies were sold in eight weeks and as large a number abroad. It was Robert Louis Stevenson, an infallible critic in literature of this kind, who helped to divert Mr Crockett from verse. 'The Stickit Minister' was naturally dedicated to him, with acknowledgements also to the late Rev. W.Howie Wylie, proprietor of the Christian Leader, where these waifs and strays first found a home. 'Write, my Timothy,' said Mr Stevenson, 'no longer verse but use good Gall[o]way Scots, for your stomach's sake - and mine. There be overby many at the old tooth-comb.' He added, 'If you do, I'll read it every word.' He seems to have done so, for amongst news from the other side of the world, the reading of the book gave him a gulp in the throat, he said. Barrie, he added, is within doors: Crockett out of doors and two of the sketches were 'drowned in Scotland,' Mr Crockett read to us the fine lines which Mr Stevenson has sent by way of introduction to the illustrated edition of 'the Stickit Minister', the refrain of which is taken from the Author's dedication to himself. Heart and heartiness, it seems to us, an openly wholesomeness, which brings blooming heather, rugged Galloway hills, the cry of the whaup, the spirit of the Covenanter, and the peace of the Scottish Sabbath before us, are the main elements of his strength and charm. His ancestors 'tak' the Buik,' sing Coleshill, and you have a picture such as Robert Burns saw in his fathers cottage. His writings as yet are reminiscent of Gall[o]way, there is a backward look in them, and we know he has read Barrie, Stevenson, and R.D. Blackmore to some purpose, but has a note of his own. He is at home in dealing with such a subject as 'Richard Jeffries'; the feeling for nature in himself there finds utterance. We believe there is much

of this sentiment and feeling for nature in his coming book 'The Lilac Sunbonnet.' He was the right man to propose the immortal memory of Burns, which he did with more originality and good sense than most, at the last Edinburgh Burns dinner. Already he has been secured for the winter course of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution.

The Gall[oway] of 'The Raiders' is that district between Dee and Cree, which, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts, the Stewartry or Kirkcudbright, Wigtownshire and Balmaghie. This last is Mr Crockett's own division; his own district, which he knows best; a central parish, which used to be full of prejudice, a sanctuary for reivers before the Reformation, of Covenanters under the late Stewarts, and altogether a place to set law courts and Church courts at defiance. To these folks an Ayrshireman was accursed. The feeling peeps out in this story. Tam Rabinson of Wigton, found a mushroom, and was bearing it home, when he was met by Cochrane, an Ayrshire drover. 'Hullo, Tammock, what did you pay for the new bonnet?' 'The same price that the Ayrshire man paid for the coo,' says Tam. 'An' what did he pay for the coo?' says Tam. 'Oh, naething,' says Tam, 'he juist fand it in a pork.' Mr Crockett would not allow that Scott knew Gall[oway] in 'Guy Mannering' and 'Redgauntlet.' He was more indebted to Joseph Train the Exciseman, than actual observation, and the green-breasted swell of the hills like the Eildons and Tinto are not the genuine article.

There are many literary associations surrounding the North Esk, which Mr Crockett is helping to perpetuate from his pleasant home of East Bank, on Sir George Clark's estate at Penicuik. Scott had his early home at Lasswade; De Quincey resided at Polton; while we have Hawthornden associated with Drummond; and on the higher reaches of the Esk Allan Ramsay lays the scene of his 'Gentle Shepherd.' Mr Crockett received us with great frankness and heartiness in his pleasant study the other evening; and once could see at once that our newest Scottish writer, in point of health and physique, was far ahead of either Barrie or Stevenson. He has what Mr Holland, founder of Scribner's Magazine, desiderated in the man who should edify him in the pulpit - weight and inches; and Coleridge's remark that there is something feminine - not effeminate - discoverable in the countenances of men of genius is pertinent to him. The soft air of countenance and delicate shape of temples he found in Dampier you have in Mr Crockett. The ruddy cheek, and blue eye, and soft wavy hair parted in the middle, bespeak the poet and lover of nature, and the man who has found this world not an unkindly place.

Mr Crockett was naturally full of his new Covenanting story, which is to run in Good Words next year, having just returned from a three weeks' run over the south-west of Scotland, and a visit to Muirkirk, Airdsmoss, Ayr, Wigton, Newton-Stewart, and Glen Head. Like the late James Dodds, of the 'Fifty Years Struggle,' he prepares with careful accuracy, gets his mind full of his subject, and thus, writing from a full heart and mind, the matter flows

easily. His library of between 8,— and 9,000 volumes is rich in books that are helpful to him, including Wodrow's 'Analects,' and biographies, Kirkton's 'Church of Scotland,' the publications of Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs, local histories and biographies &c, innumerable. When at St Andrews the other day he talked with Mr Hay Fleming on the subject, and he has drawn an amusing and friendly abusive letter from Andrew Lang for his 'James Renwick.' His two hundred volumes of extracts are also useful; these are neatly bound in half morocco, and there are seven volumes alone of matter on Carlyle. 'Mad Sir Ughtred,' one of the new 'Autonyms,' which will be ready in a few weeks, is also a study from Covenanting times, but Mr Fisher Unwin's bill for the series, by Aubrey Beardsley, has caused much consternation in the Free Kirk mans; Mr Crockett thinks it will cause alarm if seen in Penicuik.

Mr Crockett laughed when we asked how many copies were sold of his first volume, 'Dulce Cor,' by Ford Bereton (Kegan Paul, 1886). He would rather not say, but it gained him the friendship of Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom he has corresponded ever since, and he sends him all his new books as published. 'Do you expect the new Stevenson in twenty volumes?' 'We will see,' said Mr Crockett. 'The Lady Beatrice,' by MacGeorge, forming the frontispiece to this book, was meant for Miss Milner, daughter of George Milner, of Manchester, author of 'Country Pleasures' and now his wife. Being a man of care and method, Mr Crockett binds up his M.S. along with proofs, and has both for ready reference.

Mr Crockett finds the morning hours, from 5am till breakfast, at half-past eight, best for working, and when fine there are two spots in his own pleasant policies of five acres where he writes out of doors. He can compose on the typewriter even during a railway journey. Saturday he takes as his holiday. He pointed out the spot for his new observatory, as, like every healthy minded man, he has his hobbies. In his student days it was natural history, shells and botany, and Dresser's 'Birds' and Sowerby's 'Botany' show the student and enthusiast. Books are still wandering over the house, and have scarcely found a room since his removal from a main street in Penicuik. We have no space for personal history, save to say that Mr Crockett was born at the upland farm of Little Duchrae, parish of Balmaghie, near New Galloway Station, in 1859. He walked, when quite a little fellow, to the Free Church School, three miles away, at Lauriston. One can follow his career in his books, for the old Galloway life comes freshly up in his sketches today. Mr Cooper of Castle Douglas, under whom he was a pupil-teacher, and who grounded him in classics, influenced him a good deal. Then came Edinburgh University (1876), a travelling tutorship, and study for the ministry of the Free Church. Always fond of books from earliest years, he had the usual scholar's passion for Ruskin, Tennyson, and Carlyle in succession. Then the poets, including Spenser, had him. But one can see that Galloway traditions, Nicolson's 'Galloway Legends,' the 'Castle Douglas Miscellany,' love of man

and nature, 'The Sheep that is among the Lonely Hills,' have all entered into his being, and we have no doubt that the rich mine into which he has already sunk a shaft will be worked by him to some purpose in the years to come.

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The note at the top of Crockett's next letter to Unwin marks the start of a big stooshie about plagiarism that would play out for the next few months:

*Bank House*

*Aug 3rd*

*The Daily News man was quite wrong in the 'impossibilities I took it from a book of the period and shall get somebody to say so. SRC.*

With his first edition copy in hand, Crockett noted some typos which he hoped to have corrected...

*Dear Unwin,*

*Going over 'Sir U' I note one or two slips which cd be set right. These are all on a page I must have overlooked.*

*P85 line 8 for 'Whap' read 'whup'*

*P87 line 3 for 'mankin' read 'maukin'*

*P87 line 15 for the breathe read to breathe*

*These might be noted for the second edition.*

*I see the reviews of various kinds, are beginning to come in. The Daily News one was just one tenth as long as the little book itself - so it would seem as if it were to make some stir.*

*Kind regards*

*As ever*

*SRC*

*Am glad to note in the Westminster G your advt of the 7th Raiders and the 6th Raiders*

The 'advert' of the 7th Raiders (he may mean Stickit) and 6th Raiders, shows that the wheels of commerce were well oiled as the new story came out.

He was certainly right that Sir U would 'cause a stir'. There were good and bad reviews (I've still not managed to hunt them all down).

Note that The Athenaeum review of 18th August 'picked up' on the errors - but that Crockett had pointed them out to Unwin in advance of this!

*Bank House*

*Aug 4th*

*My Dear Unwin,*

*I knew Sir U would meet with adverse criticism. Literary sympathy is almost wholly cavalier and that naturally. It is easy to speak of 'psalm singing prayer-mongering Covenanters' but I am going to show the other side.*

*Besides they neutralise one another. The Daily News thought the lovemaking admirable. The Chronicle 'unconvincing'. 'Her loyalty never in doubt' Of course not, I meant it so.*

*I fancy what Lang says is true that after two rapidly successful books - with the third, it suddenly strikes the reviewers that this fellow is going too fast and that it is time to put a spoke in his wheel. He says I am lucky to have the operation over on a short book. I myself think Mad Sir U the most original conception I have ever worked out, and in a year or two people will see that too.*

*It would not escape Mr Lawrie that the last para of the D.N review was admirable for quotation - so was that of the Chronicle. But they all want to say something which will not smell of log-rolling. The D.N. calmly avowed the intention of slating all it could - for which I am grateful. It is not often that a short book receives so much notice.*

*I have written to Mr Dudgeon, but fear he won't have the glossary for the 1st Edition.*

*I enclose Stevenson's poem for facsimile in the Illustrated Edition of the Stickit. You will of course take great care of it.*

*My 5 dozen bound copies and the 1 vellum have not yet come to hand*

*Very truly yours*

*SRC*

It was a rocky ride. We see Crockett trying to remain positive, but the plagiarism accusations must have hurt. He had enemies already (as we saw in Henley's letter to Stevenson). And he was, with articles like that in 'The Westminster Budget', quickly becoming public property and 'flavour of the month' which meant he was in the spotlight, and firing line in equal measure.

The following week there was at least some good news:

*Aug 6th Telegram*

*Please forward my Uchtreds per goods train. Good notice Scotsman.*

And he wrote to his friends John and Marion Macmillan at Glenhead. The letter shows he is well into writing 'Men of the Moss Hags'

*Bank House*

*August 6<sup>th</sup> 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, an 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 milkhouse 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*

*SRC*

This is a great letter, which (at least to me) seems to put Crockett into a really human context. Amidst all the unpleasantness of the literary press, he was able to relax (and write Scots) to his rural friends. It shows (to me at least) that he was managing to keep a sense of proportion about things. We also see his weariness, both in terms of his job and in terms of the criticism he's receiving. The plan to go to Glenhead for the month of September was, fortunately, followed through.

Back to business, as he writes to Unwin:

*Aug 8 Postcard*

*I should like much to see revise of first sheet of Lilac with Title page etc. Rest could pass SRC*

And then...



*Bank House*

*9th Aug*

*Dear Unwin,*

*I am beginning to receive the proofs of the Illustrated 'Stickit' As I am going off for my holidays soon, I should prefer to return it a hundred pages at a time. I don't expect there are many corrections to make. I have not seen any yet.*

*I have written to Dudgeon to ask him to do the glossary as soon as possible. If he cannot get it done, of course it will go in whichever edition is then preparing. I am exceedingly glad to hear that Sir Uchtred is doing so well. As you say the controversy with the Daily News has done the book good. It is no use saying more about the 'book of the period' as Lang has put the whole thing into his article in the Daily News. As I think I wrote you yesterday, I should like to have a revise of the title and first sheet of the 'Lilac.*

*Faithfully yours*

*SRC*

On August 10th the Westminster Budget put out a review of Mad Sir Uchtred (which I have not been able to find.) Crockett was still exorcised by the plagiarism accusations.

Bank House

*Aug 10th*

*Dear Unwin*

*Thanks for your kind note. There is I think nothing to bother you about at present. 'The Play Actress' is in J.M.Barrie's hands who is acting (for) [ ] with the assistance of his wife. They are at Pontresina in the Eugadine but as soon as he sends it back, I shall go over it. I am great at going over. We must have 'half' brother' out in Sir U. I suppose I meant 'younger!' I shall send a note to the Llandidno loon. I have an average of about fifty letters a day .I can't answer them all. I have one from old Professor Masson this morning about Sir U. Which I wish we could quote. It is worth all the paper criticisms*

*in the world. You will see from the Globe and other papers that Sir U rather puzzles the Junior Reporter who 'does 'the 'Minor Feature' He can't make it out why, having a comfortable home, Sir U should 'act so.'*

*By the way c/o Dr Alexander Whyte, Inverdrue, Aviemore NB will find me during my holidays.*

*When you come back I shall be sending you 'Sweetheart Travellers' for next year if you care for it. I shall also do a third story about PlayActress length and pershaps by and by we might issue Sir U, the Playactress and that in a uniform 6 shilling vol like the others. That, at least, is an idea.*

*The Barries are coming to us in the end of Sept for a week or two, Lang also. Could you not look in if in the north?*

*Ever yours*

*SRC*

*Bank House*

*11th Aug*

*Dear Unwin,*

*As you say our letters cross. I am glad to hear about the new edition of 'Sir Uchtred.' The Scotch provincial mind is much exercised about it. One paper firmly says that I must be mad. However, I think there is a method in it, and for the sake of my family I hope there is. I shall correct the Illustrated 'Stickit' in batches, and send them to you. I had at Dudgeon yesterday. He turns out to be a very distinguished old chap, and extensive land owner. He is very philological and antiquarian and knows Galloway thoroughly.*

*He will send you the entire Lilac Glossary next week, which I hope will not be too late. Thereafter he proceeds at once with the glossary for the Stickit. I answered that fool in Llandudno. I hope you have a good holiday.*

*With kind regards*

*Faithfully yours*

*SrC*

And then,

*Aug 14*

*Mem*

*You said you would send me a copy with some suggestions. It has not arrived so I send mind with my corrections SRC*

*Bank House*

*Aug 14*

*Dear Unwin,*

*The Stevenson is capital. I hardly knew (as you say) one from t'other. It is A1. The idea about the glossaries is first-rate.*

*There is as you see plenty of time before us to see how books go, before speaking of others, but in these days I have to look so blessedly far ahead.*

*Barrie is in Switzerland (at Pontresina) and you might see him. I wish you had come to Scotland, and come out for a few days to Penicuik. However again!*

*Playactreess as soon as Barrie brings it home. All right! Llandudno man was no fool. Only a critic!*

*Ever yours*

*SRC*

*A good time to you! I go off to the North next Monday address Inverddruie House, Aviemore NB Monday 20th till further notice.*

The next letter was written to the Macmillans, firming up on their intention to visit Glenhead in September.

*Bank House*

*August 14<sup>th</sup>.*

*Dear Friends of ours,*

*We look forward greatly to the day of our coming. We go to Dr Whytes at Aviemore on the 20<sup>th</sup> next Monday, and if you can take us on Saturday Sep 1<sup>st</sup> we can be with you. We leave A on the 28<sup>th</sup> and will meander about a little till the Saturday when we shall if it be convenient for you, make our way up the Glen. If not, let us know; Ruth has to be back sooner in September than I, so if you can 'be doin' wid me' as MacCormick the tramp used to say, and if you have 'a cowld praitie or anything' then I shall bide a little longer. I have to go down to stay a day or two with Sir Herbert; but one day of Glenhead and the parritch an' milk thereof is worth all the [ ] in the world. But I suppose I'll hae to gang an' see the body!*

*John's banes are sair are they? Woman, I believe ye hae been doin' your duty at last. Lang hae I telled ye. At him again wi' the besom shank. I'll help ye when I come. Ever yours*

*SRC*

*I shall write again a day or two before we come.*

Then back to Unwin:

*Aug 15<sup>th</sup>*

*I sent corrected Sir U yesterday. Some noble reviews in today.*

*SRC*

*Mem Please note to send me a copy or two for my own use as soon as the book is bound if before Aug 27<sup>th</sup> to SRC Inverdrue House, Aviemore NB. If after Aug 27<sup>th</sup> to Glenhead of Trool, Bargrennan, Newton Stewart NB*

*Bank House*

*Aug 18*

*My Dear Unwin,*

*Here is the first instalment of the glossary for the Lilac. Kindly send me proof as well as Dudgeon. His address is Cargen House, Dumfries. Mine will be from the 20th to 27th Aug, Inverdrue, Aviemore (care of Dr Whyte) thereafter Glenhead of Trool, Bargrennan, Newton Stewart*

*Faithfully yours*

*SRC*

And on August 18<sup>th</sup> a further review of 'Mad Sir Uchtred' came out in

The Publishers' Circular:

'Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills' by S.R.Crockett. Readers of Mr Crockett's story 'The Raiders', who pick up this small book, the second volume of the 'Autonym Liibrary,' with any high expectations will, it is feared, be disappointed. The book is in no way remarkable, except perhaps for its wild improbability. Sir Uchtred, in the act of turning a nonconforming parson out of his church and confiscating his goods, is smitten with madness - apparently in accordance with the minister's curse. Sir Uchtred runs over the country and long behaves like a beast-man; endowed with terrific strength, he hurls things around and runs over sharp rocks, leaps down precipices, and otherwise behaves as though he was endowed with powers superhuman. Meanwhile his wife and children away his return at Garthland Castle, and his brother Randolph seeks entirely to take his place. Randolph at length hunts his brother with bloodhounds, but the beast-man kills the dogs and at length has his traitor brother at his mercy. Instead of killing Randolph, Uchtred succours him, and this is the beginning of the lifting of the curse. Not only is Mr Crockett's story wildly improbably, but, fatal objection, it lacks interest.

On the same date, The Atheneum also reviewed it:

Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills, By S.R.Crockett

Mr Crockett's last excursion into Galloway to the 'hoary side of Clashdaan, whence all the Dungeon of Buchan is seen to swim beneath like a blue cauldron, shot with the silver threads of still and sleeping waters,'

Is marked by that local unity of which Sir Walter was the great exemplar, and by a manner of delivery which impresses its theme. And the fate of the Cavalier persecutor of the 'killing time; (not an historical Macdowall, as the writer is careful to tell us in a quaintly framed 'advertisement'), who is placed under a curse by the pious preacher Renfield (Renwick?), and wood back to sanity by the courage and wifely devotion of the lady of Garthland, is just such a subject as will appeal to the humaner reader who prefers a breath from the simple airs of the old world to the noisome exhalations of modern realism. Very life-like is the scene in the old church of Kirkchrist, when the hardy intruder is thwarted, and the pulpit door mysteriously 'steekit' by the Cameronian divine. Wonderful it is to see the grace of suffering constancy; the same divines in their previous time of triumph, say at Philiphaugh and elsewhere, set the bloody example they disrelished in its application to themselves. But no priests have ever had a more commanding familiarity with the Providence, and the passage is quite in the style of Wodrow and the other martyrologists. Grim and realistic are the episodes of Sir Uchtred's three years' madness on the hills. Pathetic is the narrative of Philippa's affectionate enterprise to win the maniac back, and her perilous slumber on the mountain, where his ring with the white heather betokens it is he who has protected her, though she knew not of his presence through the night.

'Philippa was glad when she saw her husband's ring. She took that which he had brought her as a love-token. She ate the berries slowly, lifting them one by one to her mouth so that any at a distance might see her, and after than she drank the water to the last drop, ere she rose to go. The morning was clear and bright - a morning without clouds - and Clashdaan was not a silent place any more. For the lark sang in the lift, and in the heart also of Philippa a little silvery pearl of joy bells rang.'

Next to Philippa, with her loyal Scotch heart, we like the children, and most the little man of five years.

'A' course he loves our father,' said Pierce, indigantly, 'Our Father is Sir Uchtred of Garthland. A' course God loves him.'

It will be seen Mr Crockett has lost none of his fluency. The printer is probably responsible for 'mankin' instead of 'maukin' and 'approbium' for 'opprobium. But 'reliable' is certainly no better Scotch than English, and the reference to 'swearing in Flanders' is an anachronism, if we rightly conjecture the date assumed for the narrative. 'Alexander Paton and Robina his wife' at

any rate could never have heard of it. 'Gaucie' as applied to attire is unfamiliar to us. It usually means stately in personal appearance:

Peggy Coutts is a vera bonnie bride,  
And Drum is big and gaucie.

But such small slips may be forgiven in the gracious presence of the lady of Garthland.

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There will be more reviews next month, but perhaps the best advice is to read it for oneself and make up one's own mind. The reviewers, after all, have their own angle and often their own axes to grind.

The Crocketts were staying in Aviemore for the last week of August, with Dr Alexander Whyte. He was a friend and also a lifelong friend of Barrie's elder brother Alexander. Crockett wrote from here to Unwin:

*C/o Dr Whyte*

*Inverdrue*

*Aviemore*

*NB*

*22nd Aug*

*Dear Unwin*

*Here are the last sheets of Lilac Glossary I hope in time - duplicate proofs to Dudgeon and myself please.*

*Ever (hastily)*

*SRC*

After the holiday with Whyte, Crockett set off for his month in Galloway. Note above that he is still keen to have sight of proofs (he is not entirely comfortable with his work being typeset by English printers who may not know the Scottish dialect well enough - as has already been seen.)