

1028/58/24

CVSH/58.24

G.R.O

(Lady Osler to Mrs. Revere)

Beaufort (Scotland)

Thursday Aug 17th (1905)

Dear Mother

I sent you a scrap from Inverness on Tuesday - telling you - so far so good. The Motor brought us out here very quickly the 13 miles. It is a lovely country and seems so cultivated and unusual after the railroad ride through the Highlands which is so mountainous & rugged. There is a great change in the family since we were here two years ago - one daughter married^{to} Bradley Martin - the other to Mr Guest & the oldest son married and living about 30 miles from here. Two younger sons here. The guests are Mr Havermeyer of N.Y. Mr Edward Atkinson (senior) of Boston - & young Williams with him - Ned I think his name is - A Miss Catlin & her brother of St Louis - the brother married Miss Hamlin not long ago. Mr Atkinson is an old friend of Mr Phipps and is on his way to Mr Carnegie's. Mr Williams is travelling with him and I think from the shakiness of Mr Atkinson that Williams may go home alone. He seems much astonished at discovering who I was and said - "Your mother was a pretty girl - lovely complexion & good figure - very stylish." Of course I beamed in an approving manner. Revere is tremendously impressed with the size of the house etc - He is fishing all the time and very happy -

This afternoon we are motoring 30 miles to spend the night at the son's house where Revere is promised good fishing tomorrow. W.O has gone to Inverness to see an American patient and will meet us at young Phipps this afternoon. Yesterday the men were shooting & we motored to meet them with the luncheon. The heather is not fully out yet - but the moors are always wonderful - It seems to me the laziest kind of sport. The Gillies do all the work except firing the gun. I have written Ned about the dreadful shooting here in July - when the boys shot their fisherman. The trial comes off on Aug 29th - I think they are all worried to death. The law against use of fire arm is so strict in Scotland there is every chance against these two men - Mrs Phipps is utterly wretched I can see. Her mother died the day after she reached here - (in Long Island) so she has had a worrying summer. I feel that we ought not to have come but perhaps it is better for them to have the occupation. One is left delightfully independent in a large house like this - as the hostess must have some time to herself. It is always so amusing to be doing the things exactly as one reads about them in English Novels. I shall take this along and finish it at the Jay Phipps tomorrow - Mrs J. P. was the niece of Grace the Mayor of N. York -

Glendae Friday 18th - 10.30 am

I never imagined anything so wonderful as this - I really feel I ought to cease telling of beautiful scenery. This is a shooting Lodge belonging to Lord Lovat who owns Beaufort - but the situation is far more beautiful - on the side of a mountain overlooking the Lake. Revere & I motored here with Mr Phipps. I confess it scares me nearly to death flying over the hills - but no one else seems to mind & I suppose I may as well get used to it. Revere & his Dad are off on the Loch fishing already and the men have gone in various directions. Yesterday afternoon they came in with forty grouse and two most exquisite little bucks - I think it is really cruel to kill these lovely little creatures and still worse to eat them - but the supply seems to equal the demand.

I hope you are having cool weather and are all well. I wonder if the little girls got the paper dolls I sent. Kisses for them

Always your

Grace -