

FREE FISHING.

Telegraphic Address:  
HOTEL, DRUMNADROCHIT.  
NO CHARGE.



D. D. MACDONALD, PROPRIETOR.

BOATING POSTING

Landing Stage:  
TEMPLE PIER,  
LOCHNESS.

Drumnadrochit, 16 July 1903

(LOCHNESS).

Dear Walter: Yours from  
Shelburne came safely: sorry  
to think of your feelings  
when that Camera went  
over, we appreciated it  
for we have been in  
Thurso Caithness, the  
extreme North  $58^{\circ} 40'$   
of Scotland when the  
wind blew all the trees  
into the sea long ago,  
and yet keeps on blowing,  
so that they have had to  
put up gravestones for  
fences, — and those they  
don't bury  $\frac{2}{3}$  of their  
length in the ground, they  
tie together with iron

ribbon so the wind may  
not up root & bear away  
all their boundaries: in  
other words there being absolute  
no wood but plenty of  
fine slate ledges & quarries  
along these shores they  
have made fences of  
slate slabs which in  
other countries would  
have "graves" uses &  
really tie them together  
at the top with iron bands.  
The wind did blow but  
held up on the second day  
while we drove to Dunnet  
Head light further north  
than John O'Groats house.  
The light was fine, but  
when the keeper took us  
to a projecting point we  
all looked down 350ft  
to the sea & saw the side  
shelves of the ledge filled  
with nesting sea birds  
you can imagine our  
delighted amazement.  
There were many sorts of  
gulls, & blackish cormorants  
& red footed puffins

and others I know not what  
all flying, sitting or moving  
about high above the  
rolling ocean. & as safe  
as anything can be in  
this ruined and sterile.  
I took a photo of the scene  
which you shall have  
if it only proves good.  
How interested you would  
have been in the moorland,  
beautiful *Eriophorum*  
*polystachyon* covering enormous  
areas and the  
pink of the *Erica Tetralix*  
just beginning to show,  
while the red little  
*Hyacinus Serpyllum* often  
deceived me into thinking  
it a full flowered patch  
of heather. How I wanted  
to linger on Dunnet Lands  
where indeed I found  
the rare *Primula Scotica*  
& beautiful yellow Iris  
and *Habenaria viridis*  
and very curious *Cypripedium*  
*cristatum* & our old friends  
*Carex Goodenovii* & *flava*.

I have had snatches of botany,  
but these moors attract me  
very much. & now we have  
come from Inverness to the  
Highland Glen: the first  
place I have seen *Epilobium*  
*angustifolium* & the brilliant  
yellow *Chrysanthemum*  
*segetum*, or Corn Marigold.  
I mailed you fr. Inverness  
a copy of a small Stratford  
on Avon pamphlet on  
Shakespeare's Garden &  
enclosed a bit of Rue  
for the garden. Something  
is due to sentiment when  
one is over here in a  
romantic land  
"Land where my fathers died"  
some of them I hope not  
ingloriously —  
We are all well & hope same  
for you. always cold  
here, woolens in day time  
& blankets & eider down  
puffs on beds at night, &  
with window of bedroom open  
its delicious sleep.

Yrs G.G.K.



Kennedy, George G. 1903. "Kennedy, George Golding Jul. 16, 1903." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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