

(Registered.)

Peacocks, R. I. January

1891

Dear Sir,

Your letter of 3<sup>d</sup> of November last, was duly received.

I acknowledged it on the 18<sup>th</sup> of November last, simply by sending a few newspapers to you that I thought might be acceptable to you, though some of them are of peculiar character that involve the subject of "Modern Spiritualism".

I am pained to hear of the late domestic affliction of which you speak.

These, come to us all. At 84 years of age, having outlived most of my near relatives, and also cotemporary friends, and being about as well <sup>now as I</sup> ~~as was~~ thirty years ago (old age excepted.) and always a bachelor, I may say my condition cannot be very encouraging, though I have never tasted spirituous liquor of any kind, (not even "Scotch Whiskey," that is so famous) though I am not a member of a Temperance Society, nor have been.

Perhaps you may remember I arrived, on foot, at your house at Cape Wrath, only an hour, or so, before "sundown" on the 10<sup>th</sup> of Sept, 1856, where I was most kindly entertained until the noon of the following day, and was asked to remain longer; an invitation I would have gladly accepted had time permitted. I was then making a pedestrian tour of

Scotland that involved a walk, on my part, of at least fifteen hundred miles.

During this trip, I followed the line of the coast of Scotland, and also crossed it ~~on foot~~ in all directions, so dear is the land of Port Robert Burns, to me.

I visited the Monument that is dedicated to his "Highland Mary". I also visited his two surviving sons, whom I found well cared for. Also, the premises of The Earl of Glencairn, whom Burns has immortalised in our line. "Nearer can I forget what thou hast done for me - Glencairn."

Possibly, you may remember that I arrived at your house at "Cape Wrath" on the 11th of Sept. 1856, and only a little while before the sunset of a very fine day.

Also, that I had <sup>climbed to the top of the East end of the</sup> heavy, and high and well capped stone wall that <sup>envelops</sup> the <sup>southern side of the six, or eight acre lot, upon which</sup> the Light house stands, and also, the large dwelling of the Family, and also, of those who have the charge and keeping of this Light House, the surroundings of which are so highly interesting, and also, Romantic.

My purpose in climbing this wall, was to enable me to attain a position from which I could see the heavy surf ~~that was~~ that was then swiftly rushing, ~~against the lofty~~

~~cliff~~ asping surf that was then expending its force against  
 the coast of the granite cliffs of this "iron" bound Coast, and  
 curling its spray high in the air, and in all directions

I had been seated on the top of this stone wall only a  
 few moments, when it suddenly occurred to me there might be  
 a dangerous Bull in the lot I was about to cross, although a  
 moment's reflection assured me that such apprehension in my part  
 convinced me that ~~apprehension~~ this idea was absolutely  
 absurd; that it must be one of the last of fields in which a  
 Bull would be kept, there not being a Farmstead, or even a  
 dwelling house within a mile or two of this Light house.

Nevertheless, ~~I~~ I descended from the wall and walked  
 to the dwelling house by way of the outside of the wall  
 that makes the southern boundary the lot of several acres of  
 land upon which the Light house stands, and also dwelling  
 in which the Keeper of the Light house lived, and also of the  
 several other persons who are requisite to this isolated  
 household,

This apprehension in my part, that ~~then~~ seemed to  
 me to be absurdly absurd, was in no degree, whatam, dissi-  
 pated, until I happened to mention the subject to the family at  
 Cape Cod, <sup>Cape Cod,</sup>  
 soon after we had taken our evening meal, at same time  
 apprehending I might render myself somewhat ridiculous,

upon doing so.

I had proceeded with my proposed narrative as far as my having gotten upon the top of the wall, and mentioning my apprehension of a Bull, when one of the family exclaimed, "There is a dangerous Bull there, did he run at you?"

That I escaped death by this Bull through intervention of a ~~spirit~~ of the spirit of a deceased person, and probably that of a deceased friend of mine, I entertain no doubt, whatever.

I presume you may have quite forgotten all of the incidents that occurred ~~during~~ that evening at your house at Cape Wrath; and quite a prospect of the care, of the responsibilities that must best a Light house Keeper - especially, that of Cape Wrath.

That I escaped death by this Bull at the time I was at Cape Wrath, through the intervention of the Spirit of a deceased ~~friend~~ of a human being, I have no doubt whatever; and also, ~~have~~ that I have very often been saved from trouble in the same manner, as in the case above mentioned, and I have no doubt that all Mankind have been similarly favored, however unenvious they may be, thereof.

I also well remember, as if it were only

Yesterday - that I was at your house at Cape Wrath, and the genial reception you gave me, and that yourself, and other members of your household, who remained in your parlour that evening, ~~that~~ and passed it in "pleasant chat" until after midnight.

I will remark that I have made the circuit of our Globe on one occasion, and ~~also~~ on other trips abroad, I have visited every quarter thereof, ~~and have found not only great enjoyment thereby, and kindness to the stranger, every where~~ including Iceland and various groups of Islands, and have found kindness - often great kindness, every where. I feel quite convinced that mankind are naturally kind, Scotland, comprising a comparatively limited area, I was enabled to see that country and its people more thoroughly than other foreign countries I have visited. I ~~have~~ repeated my visits to your country on several occasions but these were brief.

During my first to Scotland, having visited the Granite Pillar that is near the mouth of the River Clyde and is - if I remember correctly (in my 85th year) dedicated to "Highland Mary", I proceeded leisurely to "The Bridge of Doon", where I passed a few days (and which I visit, I always repeated when I revisited Europe) and from thence pro-

6 This is all right  
ceded on this journey, visiting every spot that Robert Burns had  
~~had sanctified by his presence,~~  
had been, and which (in my estimation) had been sancti-  
fied by his presence. I also visited a dwelling that  
had been charitably provided as a home for two sons of  
Robert Burns who were I found, in condition that only  
kind friends of theirs would be likely to ~~be so comfortable~~  
provide.

I also visited the Residence of the Earl of  
Glencairn, whose blessed memory is preserved in amber  
(as it were) when Burns said "A Mother may ~~possibly~~  
forget the Infant on her knee." ~~but can I forget such~~  
but never can I forget what thou hast done for me -  
Glencairn."

Having completed this journey in Scotland,  
I proceeded directly to London where I took lodgings at  
a private house in London, and had a large and ~~well~~  
~~lighted and by the sun sized~~ <sup>Porter</sup> ~~lodging room~~ that is in  
Pall Mall <sup>is on</sup>  
the second floor of the house that is well lighted during  
the day by the sun, and is also well ventilated. ~~By~~  
~~London~~. I had two rooms on the floor below, one  
of these being being my dining room, and the other  
my chamber; ~~all other rooms being lighted with~~  
~~and all of them lighted by gas.~~