

Preserve this.

~~Private~~

Memorandum.

Miss Abby Quincy Peabody, R. I. Feby. 1891.

My dear friends.

Your letter of ~~29th~~ ^{29th.} of January, ~~was duly received,~~

in which you ~~thoroughly~~ stated the names and address of members of the Quincy Family in Boston, ~~the~~ ^{as follows,} was duly received, and

"Miss Abby Quincy, either at Boston, or Wollaston, Mass."

"Edmund Quincy, No. 3, Beacon Street, Boston."

"Josiah P. Quincy, 82, Charles St. Boston."

"Josiah Quincy Jr. 82, Charles St, Boston."

"Henry P. Quincy, 452, Beacon St, Boston."

The Winter here - that has been so swartly cold and stormy, has collapsed - apparently - and left us, "fa good" - the Frost being out of the ground, and Blue birds are singing.

I hope your Winter is also subsiding.

I am glad to learn that you, also, enjoy a pleasing and healthful resource in feeding squinells and birds, and afford them protection.

I have ever been an ardent admirer of Walter Scott, and have enjoyed the privilege of walking in his extensive grounds, and also of his house, at "Abbotsford", and availed myself thereof during a week that I remained there. This was since his death.

How delightful to his companions - even more so than

to Sir Walter — (possibly) must have been the several weeks
walk he took in the Highlands of Scotland, every year, that
so abound in Historical interest, not only, but also in the
countless Legends there, that were familiar to Sir Walter.

What pleasant evenings of each of these days these parties
must have enjoyed! Sir Walter being familiar with all of
them and — no doubt — narrated them during these evenings —
“Caravans of Paradise” — as it were.

While at Abbotsford, I sent for Sir Walter's body servant,
and engaged him for a private seance in my room of the Hotel
at which I was stopping.

During the year 1856, I made a tour on foot of about 1500 miles,
besides using every mile of its Railways. On this Occasion I
followed Poet, Robert Burns, from his cradle to his grave —
as it were — and visited every spot he had ever visited, so far as I could learn.

I also visited the Residence of the Earl of Glencairn, whom
Burns has immortalized — as it were — in a single line — in which
he says, “I can never forget what thou hast done for me — Glencairn.”

Having completed this Tour in Scotland, I proceeded to
London, immediately, and there took private lodgings. Almost
immediately after I had retired — on the third night of my
occupation of these lodgings — and having turned the Gas
entirely down, I saw the Spirit of Robert Burns standing
in mid air, before me, with the sweetest possible smile

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beaming upon me.

At that time, I had an engraving of Poet Robert Burns during many years past. This engraving presents him in the usual "Scotch Bonnet." In this case - however - his spirit wore a stiff, hard, hard, black Broad brimmed woollen Hat, I was unable to account for this, but it did not, in the least degree produce in my mind concerning his identity.

Two days thereafter, Doctor John A. Ashburner, of Hyde Park, London, who was said to be the most distinguished and able Physician in the City of London, and whom I had then never heard of, called ~~at my~~ Lodgings, and having passed about half an hour with me, asked me to dine with him on the day following, and I did so.

During this dinner, I gave Doctor Ashburner an account of my having seen Poet Burns in my Chamber, and at same time, I described the strange hat Burns wore on that occasion.

In response to this, Doctor Ashburner informed me he had seen a Portrait of Poet Burns, in which he is presented in the same hat that I had described, and which I had seen him in my Chamber in London.

A few days thereafter, Doctor Ashburner again invited me to dine with him. I accepted this, of course.

On this occasion, Doctor Ashburner having found the

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Portrait of Burns above mentioned, he handed it to me, and I recognized the strange hat I had seen upon the head of the Spirit of Poet Burns, as being exactly like the one he wore at the time I lately saw him in my Chamber, at my "Lodgings" in London.

I had then - as now, felt fully assured that the Spirit of Robert Burns presented itself - himself - in my Chamber, with the strange hat (to me) he wore on that occasion, for reason that he knew that at that time, I had not seen this portrait of Burns, and therefore I would probably feel more thoroughly ~~of~~ assured that it was really himself I had seen at my Lodgings in London, than might be the case, if he had presented himself to me in a Portrait of himself, with which I was familiar.

When I was a young man and not abroad, I habitually visited the City of Philadelphia and there remained during the month of November and there remained until the end of April, and sometimes, later.

During this period, friends of mine in Philadelphia, introduced me to the Walnut Street Club that is a large and fine establishment of its kind and is situated at the corner of Walnut and 13th. Streets.

Mr. Henry Seybert, a resident of the City of