

1. Warrington Street. Throgmorton St.
London. 20. Nov. 1865

My dear Doctor

It is an ungrateful thing to omit writing to you & a piece of Correspondence amongst other accomplishments, especially as I have always something or other to say to you: but I know you are buried away in the interior and my letter will have to wait a weary time till you get it and so I put it off and off. But it is too bad and in the parlance of the immortal Young here goes for a yarn.

My last 5 months nearly have been passed amongst magnificent Institutions Sir, in a free country Sir - this I was perpetually reminded of ~~us~~ sure, in a word I have been to America and Canada, enjoyed myself immensely and returned safely I am thankful to say, well and hearty with some money (not much) in my pocket, no bowie knife in my ribs, and just the finishing touch put on my manners.

It is a very fine Country if you could clear most of the Yankees off, drown the Fenians, and send the blacks back to Africa. These last as an Anthropological fact are much more degraded in form and feature than any black people we have seen in Africa itself. The climate and servitude up to the fourth or fifth generation has played mischief with them. A black Munro doctrine is the thing. Africa for the Africans. I went as far N. W.!

As Minnesota which I think has by far the
finest climate I ever was in: the winter is sharp
but so dry they send all the consumption patients
there now from the Eastern States. Niagara of
course is beyond description even to one who has
discovered a fall to whip it. The Yankee girls
are lovely up to 20 after which they are
old women, but their language!! Fancy
hearing a great beauty say to a man coming
down the staircase at the Opera house,
"Gues my mouth feels lonesome now,
lets go and get some oysters. I saw Mr.
Charles Livingston at Boston and heard from
her and from Mr. Archibald our Consul at
New York. Your brother is trying hard for a
remove from Fernando so which seems to
be a bad climate. One of your little nieces
say about 9 years old is such a brick
of a child. So run things off the reel as
they come into my head, I was met on my
return by an appeal from Stewart at
Glasgow to go to his wedding at Dundee
and as a true Lamberian of course had to

turn ahead full speed, and go down. He has
married a charming little body, a Miss Stephen
daughter of a big ^(professionally) shipbuilder at Broughty Ferry.
I met your daughter Agnes there and Tom, and
as sugar to your "Sima" let me tell you ^{Miss Henry} she
has most wonderfully improved at all points.
There now, of course you will shy in the voice
of the stern parent you did not imagine
there was room for it - nor did I but so it
is and I am not saying half as much in
his praise as I might and as others have. Tom
seems to be weathering his accident nicely
is growing and I think looks much stronger
than when I saw him last. I hear Sir Sam
Baker is anything but satisfied with his laurels
and Grant C.B. or whatever they have made
him simply looks on them as weeds, so the
Queen can't please them it seems and when
she makes you a peer it doesn't yet appear
what they will do with themselves for Charles
I hear Sir Roderick spoke of you warmly in
the opening address, so he ought. Mr. Arthur
Bardon your wife regret to hear has had
a paralytic stroke and is in a bad state.
The Mission does not yet on with Lloyd's

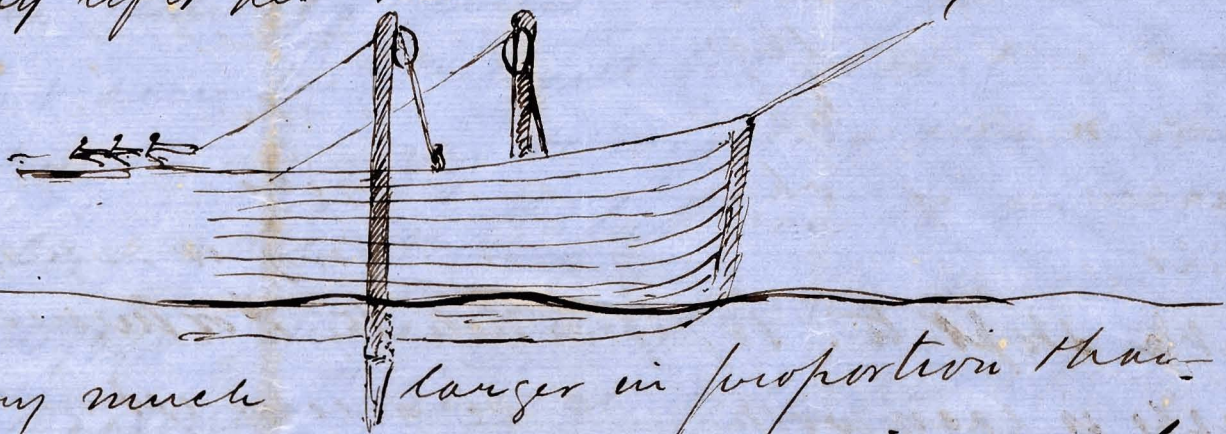
on his way home very ill they say and his
sister is also coming over and disgusted with
Lanzibar Oh! these missionary ladies!

They had a meeting the other day at which
Lincoln very unfairly indeed quoted one
of your letters. I send you a report. Had I
been there I should have gone at him shot
shell and canister, as it is if I published
another of yours on the subject of the
desertions I should explode him, at the
least sink his "hang garment" but I know
you don't like going into print. Rowley's
itching fingers have at last written a
book, very readable but he spoils it all with
the savour of that social - evil - sort - of
spirit which once led him to launch a
pamphlet on Society Concerning that very
uncomfortable phase of life. He puts in things
about the natives I never saw nor heard and
seems ever to be on the look out for something
naughty to turn up the whites of virtuous eyes
on - Other eyes less industrious keep clear
of facts (?) not at all prominent

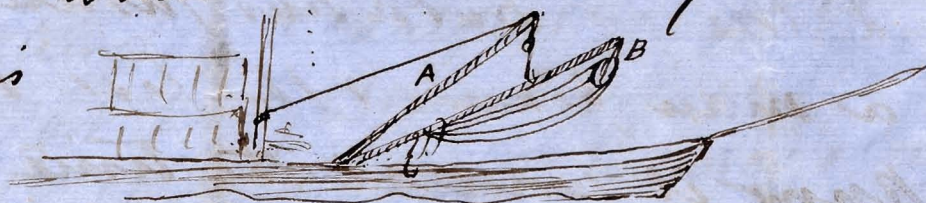
2/ The "Saturday Review" has been at his book
I haven't seen the Critique but hear it is favourable
speaking of our going to war they attach the
French verdict on Balaklava to it "C'est
magnifique mais c'est pas la guerre."
As I was once "général" of course I feel
"magnificent", no doubt you do also because
the Saturday Scavenger says so. I hear Kirk
is well at Langitas. Playfair is so ill he
vows he shall die and won't go out any more,
then his wife says he will, so no one knows.
In the mean time it makes it awkward for
^{Kirk} ~~him~~, at least the uncertainty. Miss Cooke to
whom he is engaged (a charming girl) is,
poor thing at her wit's end for an escort to
Seychelles. It will end in her going alone I am
afraid. I wish I could get out to Africa again
but things seem all to say no. My mother's
health has broken down very much and I
cannot find it in my heart to go as she is.
Besides Kirk advises me strongly not to have
anything to do with those slave trading or
rather slave working vagabonds at Langitas
who under the Union Jack make the English

name a reproach. No finer work can be done
for Africa now than the thorough expose' of what
goes on there. Whether such an abomination is
carried on at Iohanna or Zanzibar as long as
right is right and wrong is wrong it ought to be
put a stop to. To pitch into the Portuguese and
Arabs is easy work and one doesn't get hit in
return but to break up this iniquity would be
a good deed done for truth and justice and
will bring a man peace at the last tho' I
very well know it won't at the time. I hope
Mikotani and Chuma are faithful and good to
you, give them my best love poor lads. Tell them
Stewart has gone to the Cape and will see Chirson
and all the others. They were very well when Clark
wrote to me last. Chinwala is with Blair at hotel
and very happy and good. If we had our time to come
over again I would get the Pioneer off a sandbank
in a jiffy for you by a Yankee dodge used on
the Mississippi. They have large spars, one on each
side near the bows which are stowed in board
whilst not in use but when they get a ground
these are put over the side, a huge block sent
to each spar head, a tackle rope and a hook
which catches hold of the gunwale and

bodily lifts her head like this only the shears



are very much larger in proportion than this and the men too, but you will see what I mean. When not used they rest inboard like this



A is a stationary spar which helps to hoist B over the ship's side. In this way they lift bodily the immense steamers out there. In the absence of all news of you since May I can but conjecture your exploits. Well do I know your spirit will not give in and no difficulty will turn you. May God be with you as He ever has been to aid you by His strength and to guard you with it. Clear all the earthly vapours away get above them as you did when the bright star led us to cut the slave strips and take what came, sure I am that none but the purest and clearest motives, the child's mind for love where an oppressed creature is by, the brave man's hand to work with it - these and these alone can bear one up in the terrible moments of sickness and solitude. Again and again God bless and preserve you dear Doctor is the prayer of yours ever faithfully
Morace Walter