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Bedford Hotel. London, Eng.
Monday, Nov 18th 1876.

Dear old pard:

Now, I must tell you before I say a word that the subscriber is cross, and half-disgusted, and its very doubtful if he can write a decent letter. But he will try! You asked me to write you from London, and we arrived here last Thursday. But to begin at the beginning: We had a splendid smooth, pleasant voyage across, just 10 days, and landed at Londonderry on Tuesday morning, Oct 17th I think. I immediately hit out for the Giants Causeway and Prof. went on about his business.

I spent 4 days in the vicinity of the Causeway, got some fine pillars, (700 lbs in all) 5 boxes, looked all along the coast there, bought a donkey and killed it for its skeleton, &c. Its a beautiful coast along there, and the Causeway is just wonderful. Then I went down to Belfast, over Sunday there, and on down south where a fellow had 4 other donkeys for me. He had them killed by the time I got there, and we fell to work roughing out their skeletons. But we had counted without our host, for we were in the land of the Wild Irishman. I had two butcher boys helping me, & we were making the meat fly in every direction when a crisis came. It was fourteen Irishmen with long-handled spades! They ordered us to dig out, and take everything with us. We started. My two boys took flight, and well they might - and ran like quarterhorses. One outran the crowd, & got clear out of the country. The other was overtaken, knocked down & beaten. It is announced that he was half killed, but I did not credit it. Well, it is against my principles to run, and so I stuck to the text, and stood by my bones, i.e. the Jack-aes bones, and then I was all alone.

"and then metthought a legion of foul fiends
environed me, and howled in mine ears."

You bet they did. I was struck once on the back with a spade, but not hurt at all. I have seen one man as furious as those fellows were, or perhaps two, but never have I seen a crowd of 15 or 18 men, and about 25 or 30 women & boys so furious and bloodthirsty as those. Especially the men. They were just panting for a chance to beat some one, and to my great joy they came near falling on their leader with their spades. Well, I was utterly powerless, as you can readily see. But I used my tongue to pretty good advantage. "What were they mad at me for?" "Why, we were cruel to kill the darkies, and besides didn't Jesus Christ once ride on a jackass? What more do you want?" N.B. They were all Catholics. Well, nothing but the utmost coolness & nerve saved me. If I had started the white feather once I would have got beaten soundly. But it's too long a story! Hear then the conclusion of the whole matter: I saved the 4 skeletons, but one was badly smashed. I saved myself entire. But the mob smashed the door & windows of the house I had been in mind you, only I wasn't there at the time. A respectable schoolmaster who befriended me was stabbed in the region of the heart with a spring knife that had been stolen from me. He lay some time in a critical condition but am happy to say he is now recovering. The man who brought & killed the darkies for me has been driven out of the country by the mob. Four of the d-d hounds are in jail awaiting trial. Another experience, don't it! And that was ye sweet-scented Irishman! Catholic too. If they had killed me the priests would have absolved them on the ground that they were doing God's service. But I am happy to say the rest of the people I met in Ireland were not like that mob. Indeed

wherever I went I was treated very kindly, and made many friends that it will always be a pleasure to me to remember. In fact, an old lady and her daughter living near where I was mobbed, took an interest in me, and I owe it to them that I got out of that neighborhood with whole bones and skin. Everyone assured me that I got into the very worst spot in Ireland. I leave several crumpled up pieces of comfort however. One is, that the two knives they stole from me that day ^{they} will use in stabbing each other, and will thus do good service. Another is, that they beat each other quite often, and sometimes part of their crowd is laid up for three months or more. But anyhow, I know now what it is to be in the hands of a mob. The papers had the account of it, but frightfully distorted and rather over-drawn.

Well, from Ireland I went to Glasgow, met Prof. there, I stayed 2 days and went up to Loch Lomond, the finest of all the Scottish lakes. Then to Edinburgh, where I found a letter from her, and of course I was from the first very favorably impressed with the city. It's a queer, funny old town, - the most intensely interesting of any town I was ever in I'm sure. Can't stop to describe it, and besides I don't want to spoil your visit there by anticipating. Visited Holyrood Palace ("Palace" - ye gods, what sarcasm!) the old home of Scottish Royalty, and of my adored Mary, Queen of Scots. Was all through Queen Mary's apartments, - her reception room, dressing-room, bed-chamber, supper room, &c. It was with a sort of melancholy pleasure that I looked at the very pillow on which ~~the impious~~ and stately Queen had laid her lovely and unfortunate head while she said "Now I lay me;" and at the fire irons & fender where she used to toast her royal little slippers when there was nobody looking to see the holes in her stockings; and to look in the little old

mirror and see my horridly red face reflected
precisely where the Queen used to be when she
took down her frizzles and arranged her new curly
before going to meet Lord What's-his-name. She must
have looked into that glass awfully hard, for it's dreadfully
worn. The glass shows it. The bed is there, but the cur-
tains & canopy, tapestry & hangings are painfully moth-
eaten. All that is left of the spread on the bed will
hardly patch the seat of a pair of pants. But the
"Palace" was well worth seeing. It costs 6d. and it is worth
it too, just about. In Edinburgh visited John Knox's
house, Burns Monument, Scott's ditto, the Castle, the
Museum of Science and Art, the University, and the
collections brought home by the "Challenger" expedition. I
tell you, old fellow, what wealth there is sealed up in
those jars. And such a lot of specimens, and so many
new ones, and so many rare ones. Such a magnificent
lot of invertebrates I had never hoped to see in one
place. Some of them dredged up in 2900 fathoms of
water, or nearly 3 miles. Take that and smoke it in your
pipe. But hang it, that expedition ought to have done
a great deal! There was 15 men, a steamer & steam
dredges, all expenses paid by Victoria, and they were
gone 3 years. And now think of one poor lone dev'�
going off to India, and around the world! It's a shame!

Well, I went to Abbotsford and Melrose Abbey. Ah, my
boy, that's the most charming place I ever struck. I
got into the Abbey alone at night, when there was a
full moon, and had it all to myself. In a half
hour there I lived just a year! You remember that Sir.
Walter Scott says, in the Day of the Last Minister,
"If thou wouldest view fair Melrose aright"
Go and put up at the Abbey Hotel,
Get into the abbey alone, after night
And then you'll enjoy the place very well,

It runs somehow that way. I've forgotten the exact text.
 I went to Sheffield, & had 2 dog knives made to order. At 1st
 class. Went to Manchester also. Thence to Liverpool, where
 we stopped 6 days, and Prof. kept me so constantly at-
 his master that I got just $\frac{2}{3}$ here to spend in that
 magnificent Museum, that deserves two days at least,
 to be seen at all. Liverpool is no place for a tourist to go to,
 and there's little to be seen that is new, save the docks.
 But I read there 2 letters from her, which helped the place
 wonderfully. We arrived here last Thursday night, all
 day Friday, Saturday and today (Monday) Prof. has kept
 me at his beck just for the sake of leaving me there I
 suppose, and to keep me out of mischief. I followed him
 & rode with him everywhere, waited on him for hours, and
 he has not needed me once, in the least. And next
 week & thereafter he is planning to keep me busy at
 making skeletons of hares, cats, pheasants, &c packing
 boxes, and so on. He calls it "seeing ^{the} rights" I suppose such
 as we have been at, but I don't "see" it. And he was going
 to have me spend a week in the British Museum, you
 know. I see where it's coming in, exactly. And he is so
 cross and disagreeable that its all I can do to keep
 within bounds at all. sometimes, in fact I guess I don't
 occasionally. A fellow may strain every nerve and study
 every point to forward what he wants done, and right in
 the midst of it he will fly at him and give him a going
 over, and sometimes in such instances he has made me
 so internally mad that I have had all I could do to
 keep from slinging labels, hanger ^m and everything to the
 winds and throwing up my hand. Nothing exasperates me
 so thoroughly as to have a man constantly watching for
 childish chances to find fault when I am doing my very
best to get the work along. If I think for myself and go
 ahead without telling its always "Why did you do this?"

and if I wait to be told its "Why did you do that?" But I learn slowly and surely, and think from this on we will get along famously. I have changed my tactics, and now wait to be told in detail about every-thing, and then do it exactly as he directs no matter how much he loses by it. I go ahead like an automaton and say nothing and do not think for myself. When I have ventured to suggest anything he has always taken it rather as an insult. By Jove, old fellow, if I was with you last winter as he is with me, I wish you had hit me over the head with the hatchet some time. I swear, its a good thing he is not going to be with me when I am collecting, or I should go crazy. Poor Lucas is catching the A-l now.

Now old fellow, of course you know all this is in the very strictest confidence. Not but that I would back up anything I have said, but I don't want anyone to know that I do not thoroughly enjoy the society of a great man. By Jove, old fellow, if it would be agreeable to you I would almost give my left hand to have you along. You see, I don't get to talk to anyone but a few words day in and day out, and I must get some of this bile off my stomach or I'll vomit it up right here, and there —.

Your kind letter was duly recd in N.Y. and thoroughly appreciated. It was a gem. Since arriving here, I have sent it to Josephine, at her request, but she will return it after reading. Old fellow, it was a hard & bitter thing to leave to leave that woman, and put so many terrible uncertainties, so many weary miles and wearier months between us. I thought, by heaven, my heart would smother me before we would get across the Atlantic. It was terrible, perhaps you know how it is yourself. Now she realized what it was before I started, but I didn't and couldn't until we were outside of Sandy Hook. But neither of us were a bit seasick, all the way. Well, I've rather got used to the idea now, that we are separated, and for a long time.

What splendid good letters she does write anymore. They are a great comfort to be sure. But I tell you, her new pictures make her out to be another woman entirely from the one you saw. And I am indeed glad of it too, for I never thought I could like a woman that was as hard as that picture looked. She's a jewel, as sure as you live. She says we must convince you in a few years how thoroughly mistaken you were last winter. But what grieves her is that she dares not even think I will come back for fear I don't. She considers all the chances are against us. I don't; I can go through a dozen Irish mobs and come out alive!

I also received "Getting On in the World"; for which you have my grateful thanks. It never occurred to me that that book would be good for the blues, but now that you mention it, I quite agree with you in thinking it will. You could not have done me a greater service than to give me an antidote for my most serious and powerful malady - the blues. Do you know, they have been my greatest dread on this trip. If my friends could only keep the blues away from me, what grand successes I would have in this world. But when I have no one to talk to for weeks, no news, no letters, nothing to read, and poor prospects ahead, I get despondent and feel like I had no a solitary friend anywhere. When I get blue I'll take one of those doses you proscribed, hoping it will cure.

I was in the British Museum for a half hour today, and was also in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Both are magnificent, of course. But "in my mind's eye, Horatio," in the distance, all the time I see the Iowa State Museum looming up grandly! I tell you old fellow it must loom sooner or later, anyhow before I die. Only let me live, and you shall see it.

I am studying plans & taking notes in every museum I come to with that are purpose in view. Oh! that I were collecting directly for it now, what a grand lot it would be! But hold on! Don't go too fast, all in good time young man.

I see I will have to write you again from London, after I have seen a few things. My journal is swelling up fearfully. I fear it will burst soon. I have written up a half of one of those journals like we had in a little over a month, and yet I am not happy. Oh! I'm taking "notes by the way" this time, & sketches too. I've got so that, on the right kind of paper & with good pencils I can sketch a little. But it's only for fun you know. I'm not going to be such a blanked fool this time as to write two column letters at \$5, each, and then not get my pay promptly. Now, old fellow I want you to do your duty like a man, and for the benefit of suffering humanity write to me, often. Until further notice direct to

Hotel des Mines

125 Boulevard

San Michel

Paris

France.

Now, I don't want anybody to know that I have been in a scrape in Ireland but you, unless it be Tom or Ben Barnes or Charley, I wouldn't have my folks, especially the women, know of it for a good deal I tell you. On the whole, hadn't you better burn this letter after you have read it? Look sharp out anyhow. Well, I must close. Write often.

Your old comrade in arms,

Hornaday.

Now, for my sake, don't wait for an answer to your letters every time, but write right along as I shall.

Grand Hôtel des Mées, Paris,
Friday. Dec 15th 1876

My dear old chum:

At last I have arrived
in the Paradise of Americans, the great
Vanity Fair of the World - Paris! I do it
just two hours ago, and before I had been
here twenty minutes the postman came with
letters for me - ~~and~~ ^{so} I received ~~one~~ ^{500 or 600} letters
splendid Thanksgiving day letters,
worth twice their weight in gold to ~~me~~,
envelopes and all. One was from Her, and
of course you will not think ~~heard~~ of me if
I put it No 1. But, the 2nd was from
Chet whose letters are second to none but
Hers, and that's the truth. The 3rd was from
Fred Lucas, and an exceptionally good one
too. What a happy coincidence that three of
my very best friends wrote me on the same
day! Three such splendid letters I never
received before at once. Yes, and there was
another too, from Her! I tell you. ~~Letters are~~ ^{Letters are}
I have a good mind to send you this ~~of~~ ^{one}
Thanksgiving letter of hers, it's so short, and
intelligent and characteristic of the girl, but
I would not dare to let her know it if I
should. It's only fair though for I have let
you read two of your letters. But I'll think
on it a day or two.

I fully intended to write you a second
letter from London, but somehow I didn't.
Well, I have nothing to tell of Paris yet,
and so London must suffer. I am taking
rather elaborate notes - after my style

you know - and have on book full
already. Paris begins Vol 2, I am
greatly flattered by the interest you man-
ifest in my note books, and so putting
you and Josephine together I have al-
most made up my mind to send back
my journals as far as completed by Prof.
when he returns to the U. S. Only I am
desperately afraid to leave them ever

in the world. You see for
one of the time & have no one to
ask to edit my journal, and it never
finds fault with what or how much
I say. But I think I will send my jour-
nal back by Prof. to forward to you and
Josephine. I feel all along in writing
to you that you will thoroughly appreciate
all the situations I will get into. for
were we not "Boys Together".

First your question about the Jackasses.
There's nothing peculiar about them
pard, but they are much desired in
Museums because they are very small
and can be mounted more easily and get
a some times perfectly represent the
entire Horse family. Horses are so
much larger you know and not a bit
better for science. But I have a good
laugh every time I think of those Wild
Drunkards, it was so infernally droll.
I havnt told Lucas a word of it, but
Prof. wrote it home and now Fred
writes wanting to know why in the
name of seven devils I didn't write
him all about it. I suppose I must now.

Well said. I was a month and four days in London, and saw it to my very hearts content, I believe I went everywhere almost that offered a new set of sights. I visited first & last the British Museum, and then the Zoological Gardens, the National Art Gallery, Kew Botanic Gardens, Crystal Palace, South Kensington Museum, Bethnal Green Museum, College of Surgeons Museum, and that of Practitioners in Surgery,minster Abbey (3 times), House of Parliament, Royal Aquarium, St Paul's Cathedral, and four of the typical theatres. Now you see at a Glance old fellow, that the very list of places tires you, and it would be madness to try to describe them to you.

But I enjoyed myself most in the British Museum, and spent several days together in it. Oh! my heart and soul! what a collection is there of Natural History, Books, and Antiquities! I believe, as much as I can at least, it to be everything in these that pertains to those three departments. Fortunately I was allowed through, cellars & all! where the public don't go, and saw it all. The basement is a place full ~~mid~~ of books, a labyrinth of printed volumes, hundreds upon hundreds of thousands! I never dreamed that such an immense collection of books existed.

Well, in antiquities they take especial pride, and I daresay there is much more to be seen here than ever in Egypt, Rome,

and Athens themselves. What an immense labor it has taken to transport and place here some of these immense specimens of solid granite, marble or limestone. The Ninged Bull for instance, two feet thick and as about 10 x 13 ft if not much more. I believe my soul the British Museum will leave the living and a small pyramid in its ~~no~~ ^{not} quiet some day.

Confound it, those Englishmen do everything just that way! There's the Zoological Gardens, and Kew Botanic Gardens, both the finest in the world, the British Museum has absolutely no equal, even in any branch, and the National Gallery has many of the most valuable paintings in existence, Sixteen Medallions, think of that! These Englishmen are as solid, and substantial, as stoddy, big or bungum ~~about~~ ^{down} they do it take expense and money into consideration when they go at a thing. Only wait a little while, and Woolwich Arsenal will conceive and bear a sont-of-a-gum that will weigh 360 tons at birth, and knock the Italian 100-ton gun into such pieces that it can't be sold for old iron. These English are sniveling and whining pitifully because poor

little insignificant Italy has a gun
that, at present, can knock the stuffing
out of any vessel or gun afloat on the
shortest notice. But I tell you now, look
out for Englaund's 160-ton gun, or it
may be 200-ton. It takes just two years
and a half for such infants to be con-
ceived and born.

Westminster Abbey is a delightful place
and no mistake! All Americans pitch
into it head first, because it's so deliciously
old you know. I did it thoroughly, at-
tended service in it one Sunday, which
was an atrocious sell. The architecture is
bewildering to a green'ur, and for my-
self I felt like I was in an enchanted
castle. Its full (all the walls are) of mar-
ble monuments and slabs and tablets
to dead heroes of all classes, some of which
are very fine indeed. But we don't leave
time to look at half of them scarcely. The
hoofs of the vulgar herd tread daily over
the remains of your Charles Dickens in
the middle of the floor in the "poets corner",
and even his name will soon be worn
off the slab. But you don't tread over the
kings, not much, nor ever see their
tombstones unless you happen to have a six-
pence about you. In the Chapels are the
tombs of defunct kings, queens, lords
~~and~~ ladies "and some are bastards, too!"

- that have flourished in England
during the last eight hundred years
or so. Some of the tombs are simply
magnificent, for instance that of my
old flame - Mary Queen of Scots. ~~her~~
poor lady, both her fore fingers and
both little fingers had been broken
short off by some sacrilegious ass, and
some day, some bipedal ass will come
who has brute force enough to
break off the other four fingers bodily,
for her hands are very prettily clasped
in prayer, i.e. what is left of them.
You see they put marble images lying
at full length on the tops of the tombs
representing the defunct below. Some
are very fine. And would you be-
lieve it, there are ambitious (?) fools in
the world who do not scruple to leave
their bastardly names in this Holy
of Holies, Westminster Abbey, cut with
Jack-knives in the seats in Henry VII's
Chapel, on the pillars, tombs and
wherever there was a chance, and the
Coronation Chair, a sacred thing,-
in which all England's Kings and
Queens during the last 500 years
have sat when being crowned in the
Abbey, is literally cut all over seat
back and arms with initials + names.
Some date back 200 years, which
proves that the same type of names-
cutting jackasses lived then as now.

I enjoyed myself pretty well in London, in spite of various and sundry annoyances. And right here let me explode a theory: English Hotels, - those on the European plan you know - are not cheap, nor very comfortable either. Of all the infernal, beggarly, scant and insipid meals I ever sat down to in my life, those in England were the worst. The Temperance Hotels are almost universally dirty, and some are absolutely mean when you get inside them. When you go to Glasgow, don't stop at the Waverley Temperance, nor at the Victoria in Liverpool. The European plan is a compounded humbug that's what it is, where you take a breakfast or a dinner in the hotel. By going out to a restaurant a fellow can do just fairly, but it isn't comfortable. And of, all stupid, blockheaded asinine waters I ever saw, the Germane in these hotels are the worst, especially the Victoria at Liverpool. I wish to God I had assassinated one of those wretches then! I shall regret it as long as I live that I did not.

The people in the English hotels, as far as I saw, have absolutely no idea of a good meal, or what good living is. They can't cook good to save their lives, and invariably

charge 2 shillings for a beef-steak,
Trinidad style. I am glad to
get to France where are the "bonne
cuisines," or good cooks. By Jove I
adore a good cook, no matter what
the color or caste be, but down
with the English cooks, and down
with the French cooking. Why old
fellow, up to leaving London I had
lost 14 lbs since leaving N.Y., and
been in health all the time. But
here old boy, good cooks reign, and
such chocolate, oh my soul!

The weather in London during the
last two weeks of my stay was sim-
ply abominable. We saw the sun
once in that time, but he looked
red, and flushed, and didn't shine
any. It was rainy, foggy, dark,
the coal smoke settled down in the
streets, and it was gloomy I tell you.
The whole of London is black and
grimey as a machine shop, and
looks desperately uninviting. I wouldn't
live in London under any consideration
with such weather. But then this
was unusually bad. Give me either
cold or hot in winter time, I don't
care which, but I want one or the other.
None of this hermaphrodite London weather,

I never heard anything of the chest. I went through Southampton on my way to France, but hadn't time to stop. Blank the chest anyhow. But I tell you old boy I've got one now that will stand the racket. Black walnut $\frac{3}{4}$ in, iron-bound and strapped, riveted all over, braced and hinged in a way that will hold together as long as it will do for kindling wood. I keep my eye on that, you know, cause my 2 guns are in it, a new \$80. breech-loader, No 10, (only it's 2nd hand to me.) Lucas made me a present of a beautiful Smith & Wesson Revolver, .32, complete nickel plated, ^{cost} price \$14.50. On the breech it reads, in the steel "F. A. L. to W. T. H." It's a beauty, and best of all it shoots where you hold it. Now I will make the Orangs howl! I gave my old revolver to Josephine when I went to visit her, as they had been visited by ~~bee-~~ glasses 4 different times, but luckily succeeded in driving or scaring them away by threats. So I took her my revolver, and one fine afternoon we got out in the yard and I taught her (delicious task!) the use of the instrument. She took to it like a young duck to water, and soon shot first-rate. In the end she mourned sadly,

because she couldn't hit quite as near the mark as I. This to an old fire-eater like me! I tell you we made that part of town ring for a couple of hours, and it got noised all about that a young fellow was at Dr Chamberlain's teaching Miss Josephine how to shoot a revolver, and it seemed to have a salutary effect, for the burglars came no more.

I get cheering news from the places I am going to visit, to wit: Out in New Guinea the natives have not only killed two American naturalists and one English, but also ate them, and that very recently. Verily out there "the proper diet of mankind is man." And in Germany Prof. saw a collector who had recently been collecting in Ceylon, who says the natives there were very mean and ungracious, and always trying to get him into a row of some kind. Prof. said from his description he fancied they must be very much like my "Be Jacsus bog-trotters" in the North of Ireland. Well now, I'm going to commence revolver practise and keep it up. If they will only call on me for a row when I have a revolver or a good knife handy they'll get it to their hearts content, & breathe content too.

I'm tired now of merely saving my precious carcass at the expense of my feelings. Great God! how I prayed for a revolver that time! But if I had had one, I'm sure I should not have got out of the scrape and the country quietly and successfully as I did. A trial would have been the result.

I am resolved, that in doubtful or strange localities to never be without my revolver, and then I shant be afraid of all the natives this side of perdition.

Just now, nothing can dash my spirits to any extent, everything is perfectly square and lovely at home, I am in a splendid fighting trim, and have untold happiness at the end of the struggle ready and waiting for me with open arms. Old fellow, I do wish you would fall dead in love with Miss _____. for you would immediately find yourself in another world entirely. There's absolutely nothing like it! For my part I feel a calm and happy tranquillity all the while, all tasks are play, and I seem to tread on air. Because I know she's true! Well, now, don't be afraid to love the girl for fear she can't be tassoed. My pard treats the very way to win her. My word for it, only love her enough and she's yours. Like begets like, and all

she won't capitulate without a siege,
just lay siege, and sooner or later
she must surrender. A siege will
in time reduce any fortress. Darn
my eyes, I believe I could win almost
any girl that I set my head to, not
on my merits I beg to assure you,
but by pure force of arms and un-
ceasing persistence. I have one sweet-
~~want~~ to win in just that way, viz -
The Iowa Museum, and its going to
take a devilish hard fight to get
\$50,000 out of the legislature for it,
but I will, you mind that, sooner or
later. By Jove I can hang on when
I can't do anything else, & I have al-
ways felt that untiring perseverance
would win anything, even heaven!

But its decidedly dangerous to ever
tell a fellow you wish he would marry
a certain girl, for as sure as you do so
he will go off and marry some other
girl, or else none at all. Such is human
nature! But pard, your years are ~~all~~
slipping by, and its time you had a
young one on your knee yelling for a
tiny whistle or a string off the
house. I don't want to see you an old
bachelor, for them baw in the old Harry
am I to bring my wife to see you?

My old bachelor guardian has

time and again so solemnly charged me not to do as he has done that I I have concluded there must be something in his experience worth minding. Now Chet, I am sure you esteem the Lark very highly, and if some other fellow was to come along to carry her off, you'd wake up as sharply as you did that time when the ant bit you in the night on the Taw! But then you're near the game, and can keep an eye on it. But I must say no more, since I really hope you will fall dead in love with her, and you are sure not to if I tell you you had better and hope you will. Henceforth I must hold my peace and await developments.

Chet, you have no idea what an immense amount of good your letters do me. "Read this over twice!" By Jove, as soon as I had finished the first reading I just turned over and read it right through again from the beginning, and old boy beats more than you ever did for one of my letters, I'll bet you the oranges! Yours are so jolly and original that they just set me up in a minute, and keep me up for days. Hang it, yours are not second to anybodys, and this is why:-

Josephines have the wealth of love,
and affection and tender solicitude
and sweet words from a sweet
heart, while yours overflow with
cherry bunter and fun, and rollicking
humor and hopefulness! Here tend
to ^{keep} ones love at white heat and to
strengthen him for sore temptations,
while yours make a fellow laugh at
the blues and keep his spirits up.

While her letters dwell anxiously on one
theme and tell the sweet old story
again and again, yours jump up
like a jack-in-a-box, stirring up
new channels and diverting ones
steady train of thought, that is why
letters are so necessary to a love fellow
away from home, to drive his thoughts
into new channels and afford variety
so that he won't get misanthropie.

I need not, therefore, assure you that
the merest line from you will always
be eagerly welcomed. Remember please
that I know all your friends quite well,
am interested in the rabbit hunts, and
the hot lemons, and the parties, and
so on. I shall write you as often
as I can, — you know about how I am
on the writing question, — it does me
good to write also, and when I get
started once there is no telling when

I will stop. But I will stop now
at anyrate for this time, and try to
write you again before leaving Paris.
We will stay here just a week more,
about, and then on to ROME. How
my heart thrills at the very sight of
the name! After receiving this, and
until further notice, please direct to
"Cairo. Egypt. Care of M. S. Consul,"

There, Prof is sound asleep, just as
you used to be when I was slinging ink
by the light of a tallow candle in
Trinidad & Ciudad Bolivar.

Good night, old fellow. Write whatever
and as much as you can, and believe
me

Your friend, as of old,
All the World round,
W. T. Hornaday,

P. S. Old fellow, you will have to
write me pretty soon after receiving
this in order for a letter to catch me
at Cairo and not have to be forwarded
on to Ceylon. "See to it"! It will be
a close race, but a letter can win.

Etawah, N. W. P. India.
April 12th 1877.

Dear old fellow;

Now I tell you I am glad that at last I have a good chance to take up a pen for you. It is 10 P.M. now and it will be perhaps 12 M before I am through with all I have to say; but you know how I am, under pressure. Perhaps you remember how I used to sit up o' nights scratching away when you were abroad & asleep as all honest men should have been.

I received your letters of Jan 5th & 21st a few days since, for which I thank the Lord, the mails, and Jackson. They had been forwarded three times, but came all right. The U.S. mail goes from N.Y. to Southampton, thence to London, and thence to Paris, by rail across France & Italy to Brindisi, where the India Steamers set them & go direct to Bombay or Ceylon. That is what is called the Overland Mail, and is very quick.

My letters to you travel over just the same route. If my letters do not reach you fully pre paid, it isn't my fault for I put on all the postage they tell me.

Well, old boy I swores (but don't tell Josephine) - I said words that I do not care to put down here. I was disgusted, disappointed, mad. Luckily I read your first letter first, which

was written after the proposal, and before the blow fell. I rejoiced with exceeding great joy; and you can imagine the eagerness with which I snatched the end off the second envelope & dived into the contents. It was not what I had expected to find. I saw instantly how it was, for you wrote too good & steady a hand for a man who had been accepted. The first letter looked like it was composed of chain lightning caught on the run; the last was neat, orderly, steady and quite respectable-looking, and I knew that the blow had fallen and you had calmed down.

Well, I've been thinking! And I can't say that I share your opinion of things. Of course I know almost nothing of things on her side of the house, but I don't consider the situation at all desperate. "Loves another" does she? Gawmon!

Goose-grease! "Another" be d-d!

That "other" is a humbug I consider, gotten up expressly for the occasion.

To the devil with "a plain, honest man!" That's not the kind of a man she will take to when she does give herself away. Of course he will be honest enough, but she won't look

for "a plain man" who has "no prospect of wealth." Not for Joseph! Old fellow, I think she must be trying to humbug you with that "plain man," and is playing a little game to see what stuff you are made of, and whether your metal has any ring to it. A woman with a mind like hers is not going to come trotting up at the first call of any man. You wouldn't like her half so well if she should, or rather had. And I am sure, that if she were not trying to play a little game with you she would not think of being so unkind as to imply (or say) that you had tried to gain her affections by designs, such as making presents.

I cannot think she would hint at such a thing if she were really in dead earnest, for she knows you would forever be above such ways. Old boy, you can have that woman if you stick to the text. Don't give up that slip, no matter how strong a head wind blows. Persistent, determined wooing has won thousands of such women and if you try hard enough this one will certainly give in in time. And what if there is "a plain, honest man" in the late case? Ride over him, Snow

him under, I don't look at the case as at all hopeless or even desperate, but I feel sure you can win that woman if you make a hard fight for it. You see I am thoroughly sincere in my opinion of this case, for I am giving it at this late day and it will reach you when the thing will be perhaps settled one way or the other. If I am wrong, then you will have a laugh at my expense.

But old lad, you go at it altogether differently from what I showed, or what I did you may say, and I think your plan was not wholly sound or advisable, if you will pardon me. Now I believe in first talking a girl up either by letter or word of mouth (letters are far the best) until you know to a certainty almost what she will say if you propose. If she will say "no", then don't give her a chance, and save yourself a pair of boots and a few nights of sleep that you would otherwise lose. I knew just as well that Josephine would say "yes" (bless her heart) as that we both lived. And she knew that I fairly worshipped her long, long before there was a word said of love or marriage. In fact, the proposal was a sort of after consideration,

and was deferred some time, though we both knew it would come in the natural order of things. But here you load up and fire your heaviest gun without sending out any skirmishers, or engaging the light artillery to wake up the enemy and find out their position & ranged I hold that with any woman but a confirmed coquette a fellow can if he tries, always discover beforehand whether she will say "yes" or "no". And I think I know of one little coquette, too, who would say "Yes" if given the chance. At all events I would not risk trying it for a thousand. Confound it, why didn't you tell me what you were going to do in time for me to stop you. You ~~would~~ ^{were} sling thunderbolts around at unsuspecting peoples heads & hearts like that. But seriously, I am very sorry indeed that things have turned out as badly as they have, at least up to the date of my information. But I hope you ~~were~~ ^{have} had a new count by this time, or have passed a compromise bill, and so elected Jackson. I am sorry it was not a success, for if it only had been I know you would now be the happiest man alive, — except myself of course. I won't discount

my happiness for anybodys just yet.
and I am only too sorry you cannot
experience the same. But it's only
a question of time & effort. Do your
best, and stick to the text! I
am glad you are not knocked down
by it, as weaker mortals are, but are
able to come up to the trouble for
your daily allowance. I have no fear
that a refusal will ever have a bad
effect on you as it does on so many
weaker vessels than yourself. But I
am sorry all the same, and hope
fervently for a better state of things
in your next. I trust you have written
me often of late, & given me all the
new phases of the affair.

You ask my opinion of your change
your business & going into Nat'l History.
I must tell you frankly that I would
not advise you to do it. It means
more than you imagine. You have a
good business, and one that brings in
more money than you spend. Nat'l
History don't do that. You say you
are dissatisfied. I never saw a pro-
fessional taxidermist who did not
hate his trade more or less. I have
long since made up my mind that
I will never try to make my living

by stuffing or mounting skeletons on a weekly salary. If you had a fortune already, and were living on an income, I would say ~~so~~ so in, and take up the Natl History business as a pastime & recreation. But to change your regular business for it at your time of life, never. Don't sell your share of the farm for Natl History, not on any account, Never. If you have a strong desire to take up N. H. why do this; let Charley run the farm, supply a man in your place to do your share as nearly as may be, and you go to Rochester, or go off on a big collecting trip as might be best.

~~But~~ mind that your share of the farm was right on, and you get the profits. For you will want all the loose money you can get in N. H. Then, if after a year or 2 or 3 years you tired of skins & bones & stuffed specimens, you would have the farm to fall gracefully back upon.

I would advise you to do that if anything, and think it might be an excellent thing for you. But don't sell the farm.

Prof. Ward has his eye on you, and has several times said that "if so and so and so - I may send Jackson around across the Pacific to find you and - Jackson & I may come across

and meet you in Borneo, or some
of the Malay Islands." &c. One day
he asked me if I thought you +
he could get along together collecting.
I at once told him no, that I was
of the opinion Jackson would not put
up with his ~~the~~ fault-finding and
exacting ways, nor take half from
him that all the rest of his employ-
ees did. "Why" said he "I wouldn't
give anything to have a man along
that I couldn't give a blowing up now
& then!" "Well" I said, "I don't think
you would blow Jackson up more than
once or twice, for he's not used to it,
and wouldn't stand it." I am not
going to be in the least surprised when
I hear that Prof. has proposed some
kind of a collecting expedition for you,
for as I said, he is keeping an eye on
you. (N. B. He likes men who are en-
thusiastic, crazy to travel + collect as
I was. That was how he came to
set me at it. I was bound to go
off collecting, either with his help or
without it, and so he pitched in
with me.)

My dear fellow, I have now been
running after Natl History, scientific
+ practical, for nearly six years,

and I feel that in about three years more I may venture to commence on the Dover State Museum plan. And the more I think of it, the more I see lacking that is absolutely necessary for me to know in order to work out my great plan. If you start out for a "State Museum of Wisconsin with C. E. Jackson at the helm, you have a deal of hard work ahead of you. For you must know all about Museums and museum building before you begin. It would be a magnificent object to work for, one that would sweeten your daily toil as it does mine, and soften many a hard bed. But go in, old chum! "Shall my influence help you?" Yes, by the gods, in whatever you undertake. You may count on me to the utmost of my ability & judgment & influence, whether it prove to be much or little. Just give the word, and I'm by your side &c. if you dare trust me. I am glad you are getting tired of setting out strawberry plants, and that you are getting ambitions! If you can't build a State Museum as quick as you would like to, just pitch in and build the Jackson Museum, all to suit & satisfy yourself.

Well, Clet - I've been having such a stunning time up here as you never hear a of, and it isn't over yet. First & foremost, I came up to the North of India to get a lot of Gavial skins & bones & skulls. I have just today left the river - the Jumna, - after a 20 days campaign in a big flat-bottomed boat, down as far as 25 miles below this city. Did I get any? Well, I reckon. Yesterday I killed my 26th Gavial, and called it a finish. I have 14 skins, 8 skeletons and 4 skulls. The largest was 12 feet exactly, 5 were between 11 & 12 ft (2 were 11 ft 8 in) and the rest were 10 ft, 9 ft and 8 ft, together with two or three 6 ft + under. Of course I shot them all myself, and it was very difficult shooting too. The most of them were killed at from 125 to 200 yds. Two were killed at 225.

How is that for high. Lord, how this little Maynard does shoot! I would not take a hundred dollars for it. I went at it in regular target style, using my peep-sight in all but just two instances. I was obliged to shoot & load with the greatest care, for

otherwise I should have got just nothing at all. You see the river is full of broad sand-bars on which the Gavial lie, and one must shoot from cover which you know is usually rather scanty on sand-bars. My two largest were killed clear across the river, dead in their tracks. I invariably shot for the vertebral column at the shoulder or else in the neck, for that is certainly the point of all others to kill a Saurian. The river was fearfully swift, & muddy & deep, and although I wounded many mortally, so that I almost laid hands upon them, I never got but one that got in the water to die. I shot with the understanding that if they were not stopped instantly in their tracks I should not get a single one. I wished for you to help me kill the brutes, for it was straining on a fellow's nerves to have to shoot so far, and yet it was fun!

and we got heaps of big birds, such as large Sarus Cranes, (got nine in all) big vultures, kites, geese, ducks, peacocks, spoon-bills, ibis, 1 Adjutant, &c. &c. of which we made skins & skeletons. I had just a closely packed cart-load of skins & skeletons to allow for my 20 days work. Yes, and we killed

2 Jackal and a wild cat. The weather was perfectly celestial. No rain, few clouds and a blue sky, little wind, no mosquitos, thank God, days were ~~warm~~ hot, but nights cool, just right. We were well fixed, lived and worked on the boat all the time, under a thatched roof to keep the sun off. And we had plenty to eat, I say we all along, which means my servant (native) and self. Had 5 native brothers at \$2, per month each, and they boarding themselves, not very nimous, that. Oh my soul how I did enjoy it! It was a perfect paradise to me, - except that I had to work like the very deuce all the time as you may guess.

I have had 7 days deer shooting with a friend, Capt Ross, at whose camp I put up during that time. He killed 15 altogether, of which I had the pleasure of killing ~~ten~~. I think I kept up the reputation of my country as riflemen, to a certain extent. Now it was sport, then you would have enjoyed it. Of course I got a jolly lot of skins, skeletons, & skulls. Tomorrow we go up the R.R. a little way for 2 or 3 days

shooting of another kind of deer, called "black buck". The former were "ravine deer" - about 26 inches high, beautiful to stalk, killed nearly all of mine at from 110 to 140 yds. I shot 3 in one forenoon. I tell you it was fine sport. And we will have some more after black buck too. They have splendid horns.

Check the Englishmen here are treating me as if I were a lord! I never was so well treated in any country among strangers. They overwhelm me with one kindness upon another. Between you & I, this Capt Ross and his brother, (both Captains) have taken quite a liking to me, and are just treating me as well as a man could be treated. The people here won't bear of my stopping at a sort of hotel, ~~the~~ only one in the place, but one young fellow has made me put up with him, for all the time I will stop here. By the Lord Harry, if all India turns out like this I will be happy for a long time to come, a month ago these people were all total strangers to me.

Well, I must close, now,

In a week more I shall leave this part of the country for Calcutta, where I will stop about 2 weeks & then go on either to Madras or Ceylon, and I really don't know which yet. Direct to Colombo, Ceylon as usual. My mail is all forwarded from there to wherever I am. And write often. Don't wait for me, for I am fearfully busy, as you may well imagine. Am trying to make as much as possible of my opportunity. So write often. Excuse long delays in me, for you know I am ever ready to write you whenever I can. Write me long letters, all about your prospects.

Very sincerely
Your old friend & comrade
in the struggle for
Truth in arms,

Sincerely yours T. H. Hopper

Please excuse errors. I have no time to read any of this over.

Congratulations & Good-bye.

July 1st 1877

My dear old John (Strawberry)

Now let me tell you before I begin
that my time is mighty limited just now,
so don't get scared if this is short, but I am
bound to write some if its only ten lines. You
last letter was sent on my return from a hunt
in a big forest 30 miles from Koty. But then
you don't know about Koty, but bad luck to
me I burnt the letter by me now, however
I remember it all. Oh thou devil, thou
double-headed monkey! You thought that
when you were lying on that log I was barking
at the Garials. That was 10 A.M. the 1st and
at that moment I was sound asleep and
had been so for hours. I was indeed on the
gunna there in my boat, but my time was
just about 10 hours faster than yours. And
I always went to my blanket early those days.

Well since writing you I have landed at
Madras - which city & people are alike without
even one redeeming trait between them that
I could discover - the Black-blanketed
means a place I ever struck - and in 3 days
after landing I struck for the Neil Ghaty -
Hills near the W. coast. Here I ascended
to the ridge of Cotacauvara, 7.200 ft above
the level of the sea, & cold enough that I
always had to sleep under 2 blankets,

Wasn't it delightful after the plains negotiated at 97° F. Well. I made a big trip from Ooty down into a great forest at the foot of the hills, was in camp 15 days. And there I killed the largest wild animal I ever shot - the Indian bison, or Gaur. It was a huge old bull, 5 ft 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in height at the shoulders. - a big brute you may believe. Horns measured 16 in. at the base. This bison corresponds to our Buffalo, but is smooth all over. I also shot an Indian Elk, & some smaller game. I brought the fever back with me, but drove it off in just 5 days time, with quinine. Now, I am quite well again. I have just left the Nilgerry hills, for good & all. My trip up there was a failure, i.e. it didn't pay. I got one thundering big full of specimens though - the bison skele. for one. besides I worked &c. I am now on my way to the great Anamalay Forest i.e. ("Elephant" forest) which is about 6 miles south of the Neilgherries... I am now 30 miles from it, & arrived here this P.M., by rail. And tomorrow I lay in a month's supplies, load them into a bullock cart & strike out for the Forest. I am going there on purpose to kill 2 Elephants for their skeletons.

Elephants old man! Of the biggest, you you can find & capture. I am going to kill them with my No. 1 shotgun gun, & Scilled, & bison shots. I have a lot of hardened balls just which I propose to fetch down the belly plates. And it make fast blood run quick to think of shooting elephants at from 15 to 20 yards of distance. It am been eager for the frogs. Now, is my dream in my aircaste-covring to pass. Oh! when I wish I were here to take part in this game! I have a friend in this forest, in authority of whom who is going to arrest my name or less, & perhaps go hunting with me. He shall have a big gang of coolies to help me, and business will be done on the wholesale basis. I must have 2 skeletons. Expect to stay a month & work hard all the time. Of course I will collect all the smaller things &c. and valuable. The Anamalays is conceded by all to be the finest hunting ground in all Southern India. owing to its being a reserved forest, & never seldom disturbed by sportsmen. I expect to have a big time there & get lots of specimens, although we will be based on a great deal less. But I truly expect that, not much. If I only keep my health what a sweeping life we have for the next month.

Odd fellow. I think you are all wrong on that feminine matter. You are stirring twenty points off the course. "Keep her up! Keep 'er up!" Why my dear, no woman like that will never eat humble pie! She'd die first. She's not the kind that does that. Don't get put out, but go in, laudanum & strong, and don't wait for some other fellow to supplant you. She likes you, - loves you, Odie! a thousand dollars; but she's not going to be won easily by anybody. You are wrong sure you are waiting for her to make overtures to you. For shame, John! She might willingly acknowledge afterwards that she was wrong, but she will never come to you without any more effort on your part. A sage says "No woman bravely if you want to win her."

Well, I must close. Will write you again in about a month or 6 weeks, if I am successful. If not it will be longer. Confound this paper, don't you say so? I use it no more. Hope to be in Ceylon in 6 weeks more. Direct them as usual. & do write often. This is all the time I have. Wishing with all my soul that you were here for the next month always I remain

Your old comrade

W. J. Hornday,

Camp in the Forest, Anamallay Hills, S. India.
Wednesday, Sept 5th 1877.

Dear old pard:

In spite of this pen, ink + paper I'm going to try to write to you even now. I am in my lonely hut, away off in the heart of the forest with only my hunting gang and cook yesterday, and have gone ~~out~~ I have been in the hills just 12 months, yes in that time. Have had 4 ~~six~~ attacks of fever that kept me at camp for about 4 or 5 days + less at a tiger. But I haven't had any lately and now feel tip-top. What have I been shooting? Well, I've shot a bison, 4 Indian elk, 1 black bear, 6 Muntjac, or barking deer, about 15 Axis or spotted deer, and about 30 or 35 big black monkeys of a kind called the Nilgerry langur. ~~But~~ I have made up 20 perfect monkey skeletons and 5 skins of this one species. It is a little larger on the average than the old Howlers. I've got so I can hit these monkeys + nearly every crack so that they will come to me out of the highest trees. But old boy, give us your paw + well shake! By Jove I've had a piece of luck lately. If you don't believe it go and look out under that shed. Yes sir, TIGER! "Kill it myself?" Why of course I did, and with only 2 shots from my little Maynard at that. Isn't he an old "buster"? Read the papers + see. Ah! hit that was my biggest hunting exploit — ~~as~~ — ~~it~~ — And it always will be, seeing that the Bengal Tiger, when he feels well, is the greatest beast in the world to bring to bay. I had never dared hope for such glorious luck. and had long made up my mind that I must content myself without even a sight of a tiger in his native jungles. But my luck ordered otherwise. It was a week ago last Monday. The gang, and all hands, myself included, depend solely upon my rifle for meat, and that day there was no meat in camp. I had had a little fever the day before, ~~so again~~ — ~~to~~ ~~go~~ ~~on~~ ~~as~~ ~~usual~~ ~~now~~ ~~in~~ ~~camp~~ — my gang consists of 4 or 5 men + 1 ~~native~~ ~~man~~ ~~now~~ ~~in~~ ~~camp~~ hunting regularly — for one man who sick my "strikar" or "hunts" I had sent for a few days to another spot ~~on~~ ~~on~~ ~~as~~ ~~usual~~ ~~in~~ ~~camp~~, and one man I had kicked out of camp for disobeying orders. So I took my two men — good men they were, + sharp hunters, — and a boy who carried a No 16 gun ~~old~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ "battery," that Indian sportsmen ~~as~~ ~~they~~ talk about, which with the most of them consists of 2 or 3 ~~thundering~~ ^{double-barreled} rifles. — i.e. when they go tiger-hunting. Well, it was a ~~beautiful~~ ~~so~~ ~~beautiful~~ + sunny + the forest was lovely to go through! At 10 A.M. we had found no deer, but just then we came to a small creek almost dry, in which a little stream flowed over a broad, level bed of yellow sand. The banks were steep up to the level, about 15 ft or so. Here in the moist sand we saw the fresh spoor of a large tiger. How tracks were fully as large as scissars. Fancy a cat-track that size, + then the cat to make it. I weighed, + ~~old~~ I had old cues + the men if I would

~~we~~ ~~didn't~~ ~~see~~ ~~a~~ ~~tiger~~ ~~with~~ ~~that~~ ~~small~~ ~~single~~ ~~rifle~~, if we saw one. I said "Yes, certainly," & then wondered what the tickens I would do if we should really see a tiger; for I had no idea we ever would. Well, we went on down the bank of the little creek, and soon saw that the tiger had been loafing along down stream at his leisure. We had gone about a half mile or so from where we first saw the spoor, when suddenly the man ahead — (who has the keenest eyes I ever saw) gripped me hard by the arm, + pointed through a clump of bushes that we were standing near. I looked. Great Caesar's ghost! There in the middle of the creek, just 30 yds from me, standing broadside was Old Stripes himself in all his glory. The sun shone on him full, and he did look gorgeous, and he seemed as big as an ox. He walked slowly across the bed to the opposite bank, then turned and

paced back to the middle, where he stopped short raised his huge head and looked full in my direction. I was ready, and knew exactly what I wanted to do. As I took aim I thought "Now this shot may be the death of me, but I'm going to fire anyway." Taking a steady, careful aim for his left eye, I banged away. When I without stopping to look reloaded in an instant, I looked again the tiger was there in the same spot, slowly turning round & round in his tracks to the left. When his neck came round to me broadside I let drive at it, aiming to hit the neck-bone, and at that shot he instantly dropped. Reloading I went cautiously up toward him, keeping him well covered. The men were at my sides, they not having bolted as I fully expected they would at the very first. But old Stripes was hard hit and in three minutes was stone dead. Then I tried to realize that I had really killed a tiger. Wasn't he huge? He measured 9 ft 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches as he lay, & weighed 495 lbs. by the scales. Height at shoulders 3 ft 7 inches. Tigers rarely exceed 10 ft in length, - the average length being 8 ft 4 in so you see this is a tiger of the largest class. He was a male, in the prime of life, & very fat. My first ball took him bang in the left eye, merely nicking the lower lid, and the second was kind enough to hit the neck-bone as I had hoped it would. Don't you bet I've got a fine tiger-skin now, besides bones. But I have had an awful time with it on account of so much steady rain, & came near losing it in spite of all I could possibly do. But it's safe now, thank heaven.

Just a week before my old Stripes fell a tigress was found by the other end of the trail. He was a No. 12 bore in the level at the foot of the hill. He was a fine tiger, 100 lbs. He was a No. 12 bore double, breech-loading rifle, & hardened balls, and he fired ten shots into that tigress to kill her. You should have seen that skin afterwards. I skinned & skeletonized her, and found that no one ball hit a really vital spot but the brute was just hammered to death. He gave me the skin, all but the head, as I have a fine tiger skin and skeleton. Rich had told me that rifle was "too small to kill a tiger," and advised me never to hunt tiger with it. But I had studied & theorized on the thing, & had made up my mind that if I could ever get a fair shot at a tiger's eye, or neck I could kill him, for I can depend on that rifle to shoot straight when it is so highly necessary. Well, I got both those shots, and my theorizing proved to be correct. All honor to the Maynard.

I will, if I get it in time, enclose you a paragraph from the New York Mail, which may be of interest to you. You say you saw my name in Harper's Weekly. What's the name of Seven devils didn't you give me a chance to see it? Don't you suppose such things are of interest to me? A fellow who is trying to make a reputation generally likes to know what the world says about him. Don't you do so anymore. I am getting quite notorious out here, and see my name in the papers quite often. My movements are noted as if I were really somebody. Once there came out about half a column in the "Neilgerry Courier" on my trip and my doings & work. But it don't amount to a row of pins. Wish it did.

Your good long 16 page came to hand in due time, envelope

open at both ends, but tied with a string by the P.C. Dept.
That was a tearing good letter, and did me a world of good in
many ways. I can't tell you how often it was read & re-read. But
that which pleased me most, & sent a thrill of pleasure & pride all
through me was when you said "It's you the fellow ~~has~~ neglects
my heart." By Jove, old pard, you do me proud and make me feel
like a nice man. I tell you I value a good, true friend as
mighty few people do in this world, and when a fellow tells me
he thinks more of poor, ornery me than any other man, I could
die for him if necessary, I like by having friends, and I look
upon it as a great triumph of my good angels to have you
come out as you did. Well old fellow, I reciprocate your feelings
fully. I never thought of having anything to score up against you,
even if you did lock me out of my own house at bed-time. We
went through more with less differences, & less unpleasantness
than any two fellows I ever heard of. We got along awfully
well together, considering all that we went through. I am surprised
that we did so well, seeing that we had both always had our own
way all our lives. Old fellow, see to it, as I shall try to do, that no
one - I.e. - no other fellow - ever gets nearer your heart than I.
I want the front seat all to myself and won't let a danged
fellow else into it as long as I can help it.

Old man, go in. Go to Surinam on your own hook if Prof.
don't want to go in with you. Go for Mauratee only, and stay till
you get ten skins & skeletons anyhow. Don't set any time to come
home. So as I am now, stay as long as you can make it pay.
By hanging on here longer than I had planned I got a tiger
skin worth \$50. and a skull worth 30. You have money, so sail
out on your own hook. Mauratee skins & skulls are as gold as gold
old boy, sell like hot cakes. Go for them only, and pick
up just what else lies in your road to them. You would not
make its pay in S.A. on small things, for they are nowhere
thick enough. Never mind Tapir - they're not worth much,
only \$60 mounted skulls. But go for Mauratee, and save me the
skin & skull of the finest one for the Dover State Museum.
I would never go to S.A. for anything else but mauratee, if
I wanted to clear any more than my expenses. I tell you what
I. you ought to make one or two trips off collecting, and start a
collection of your own, which in after years would be known
to the public as the "Jackson Collection". That would keep you
west down for all time, adding to it.

It is a good thing you did not send the letter to her that
you enclosed to me. Don't bring your slips behind your back. There's no telling what may turn up in your favor. Good old
girl, you give that thing too much rest. Keep up the bombardment
until she capitulates from starvation if nothing else. But
I'm glad you didn't let the refusal settle on your stomach, as
some damned weak folks do. Tomorrow it will be just
a year since I asked her if she would be mine, but it
seems an age since then, so much has been crowded & jammed
into that year. I am as proud of her today as I was then, and
love her ten times as much, if such a thing were possible. She is
the jewel sure. - me an out of ten thousand. Her affection does
not decrease as the distance between us increases, but just the
reverse. She frets & fumes & chafes with impatience at this long
separation, while I work on like a very curst to make this thing
a success, and bring around the end. You bet, old fellow, I
have not gone back on my principles! I'd die first, right in
my tracks. It is impossible now that she is centering her
life's happiness in me. No sir, I shall go round the world un-
scathed. Like you I am hoisting the banner of C astily higher

every day. Remember that I am right with you all the time.

Today I killed 2 spotted deer. Come and have some nice trout river steaks for breakfast. How delicious eating these young deer are. The Muntjac gives the finest steaks I ever ate, owing to its peculiar flavor. I have not shot an elephant yet, sorry to say, L. L. brought one to bag, but my friend Theodore & I are just on the eve of a grand hunt in which one is sure to come down. Then I will need you terribly to help skeletonize the huge beast. There are the most delightful forests to hunt in I ever saw, sure; especially in fine weather. Then it makes me feel as if I could stay here always & be happy, like the Lotus eaters. But it rains a good deal, which makes it hard work to dry skins. I expect to leave the Hills just as soon as the Elephant is bagged & skeletonized, and I have quite a big lot of skins & skeletons already. Theodore, the Forest Ranger, is very kind & renders me much assistance. He talks strongly of taking 3 months leave & going to Borneo with me when I go, about next Jan. I am trying my best to persuade him to go, - his own expense you know - for he is a capital good fellow as you ever met. and it seems we have taken quite a liking for each other. He is 32, + unmarried, a good sportsman & quite a naturalist and taxidermist-guru.

Well, old boy, this pen + paper has tired me out, and the bugs bother me too. There are plenty of mosquitos here - six or seven species - but heaven be praised! None of them bite after night. Isn't it strange? I sleep with my weapons loaded & ready every night, for the Forest has tigers in it still, to my certain knowledge. Good how I wish you were here. I have been living in my own huts nearly all the time since coming to the Hills. Have changed quarters twice. Theodore lives in a good house at the settlement, ten miles away. He has been with me for the last 4 days & comes tomorrow for 4 days more. It's folly.

Direct to Ceylon as usual & don't be afraid. I can in a poor way for writing here in the jungle, and you must excuse me for not writing often. I have written anyone scarcely save her & Prof. Write often and believe me

Your old friend + pard

W. T. Hornaday,

P.S. Don't think of publishing any of this.

I will be glad to receive your comments with interest, but will show it to you as well as I can. I do not write often as I have but little time. But it turns out now, however, that most of the time I have is spent in writing, not in traveling, and that is the real truth. And that is why I have so little time left for traveling, but that is the truth.

~~Very sorry you are now summer
over & night & heat & & of course go away
but we enjoyed you & had us & I~~
Paulghat, Malabar Dist., S.I.
Oct 17th 1877.

Dear old boy:

It's about time I was after writing you a letter, don't it. Well, I'll try now, but I tell you it's pretty hot here, and getting no cooler very fast. First I must remark that I have had the good luck to receive two jolly old epistles from you since I last wrote, and am still hungry for more. You have surely rec'd. two from me since your last was written, or at all events you showed have. I need not say that I was very glad to hear from you, for that's words thrown away. You know that already. But, I was really very sorry, and am now for that matter, that my thoughtless quotation to Prof. should cause you to feel uncomfortable in your relations with him. If I could undo it, I would instantly for your sake, not that I can attach the least importance to it practically, but to set your mind at rest. But as I can't undo it, it only remains for me to go down on my marrow-bones, and cry pardon.

But seriously, old fellow, I think, and have from the very first, that you attach too much importance to the effect those few careless words will have on Prof. I feel sure that you are worrying yourself in secret over it, matter, when in reality there is no matter at all. Now you see I am a third

party, as it were, and can look at it coolly.
In the first place, you spoke only naked
truth, which Prof. himself cannot gainsay.
And he is so sharp a man to fail to see
that you had exactly as much interest in my
working hard as he, and did not "work against"
his interests "a bit more than your own." If
he had been getting all that I collected person-
ally, then he would have a case against you,
but as it was there is none. Why what was it
after all? "You try to do too much. Ward
will never thank you for it!" Gospel truth. He
never thanks anyone, or praises or compliments
me in the least, and I am told others under
him fare exactly the same. Why, he says right
out, that every improvement he makes in my
character is "so much money in his pocket,"
and it is to his interest "to try & make something
out of me. He told me that himself. Besides,
you didn't work against his interests at all.
Wasn't it to his interest that I should not get
sick of overwork and too much fretting?
And lastly, Prof. is too sensible a man to
"feel cool" toward you on account of such
a little thing. I know him better. His
friendship stands a good many hard knocks
before he becomes offended. Just see how we
have gone for each other in the last year.

Why, he used to give me the very d-l in
London & Egypt, and I didn't take it quietly (?)
either, as you may guess. But after all I
like him immensely still, and believe he
will stand by me to the last. He has not
found a single fault with my doings
so far, and seems to trust me implicitly.

and I tell thee, old lad, I have done
 more to set thee right than I have
 to set you wrong in his estimation. Just
 after you and he had held the division of
 of the spoils at the shops, he mentioned to
 me that he could not help feeling a little
 hurt at your seeming to be so suspicious
 of him in the division, and afraid he was
 taking advantages of your ignorance all
 along. He really did take it to heart, for he
 prides himself on doing the very fairest
 thing in dealing with persons without any
 knowledge of the business, and when too, they
trust to him. Well, I instantly put my own
 into the troubled waters, and began by re-
 minded him that you were more than half
 sick at the time, and went through the
 business by sheer force of will to get it off
 his hands at once, - told him how your
 head was aching like blazes, and you were
 not Jackson at all, and that I knew he
 (Prof.) was mistaken, as you told me going
 home that you considered him "very fair," - as
 you remember you did. Well, what I said
 relieved Prof's mind very much, and he said
 so, - that he was glad to find he was mistaken.
 & I told him that in business you were
just like himself, - close but square. I
 made that all right then, so don't think
 of mentioning it to him now. I said just
 what you would have said, I think.

I don't believe Prof. would ever have given
 a second thought to that quoted sentence.

if you had not mentioned it to him.
The "cold postab" was a mere coincidence
brought about by the missing letter. In
reply to all that I wrote on that subject
that time he merely said "You go off at
half cock on what I wrote in my Stuttgart
letter. I said all that I thought, therefore
~~had~~ kept nothing back. I thought you
strictly honest when in Europe; but at the
same time you could, if you had tried, been
of much more assistance to me. But let all
that pass now!"

I am sure Prof. don't send you to S. A. sim-
ply because he can't on account of hard times.
I know he wants those Manatee, every one
of them. Go on your own hook, and then sell
them to him. He has just got £100. to me,
but I fear I will be recalled after doing
Ceylon, on account of the "hard times" Prof
complains of. I am heartily ashamed of the
two agents I got for Prof - old Wild Boar and
Paulie. Prof. sent old W. about \$60. for
Pentacrinis a year ago, and not a blessed
specimen or word since, only a letter acknowl-
edging the receipt of the money. And Col.
Fitzelmesey, Demerara, has returned Prof's
\$100. saying Paulie failed to get anything.
Damn those 2 frauds anyhow. But I knew
I could trust Col. F. with the money, any-
how.

Well, do you know yet that the "Hornaday
expedition" has bagged an Elephant. Well,
it her, a fine old tusker, 8 ft 4 in. with
the skin on. It's stale to me now, and I
think Prof. must have sent you my
letters that tell all about it. If not, just

ask him to. With 5 native men - my famous hunting gang - to help me we waltzed out of the woods with that skeleton nicely cleaned, scraped, and tied up into bundles in just 15 hours. How is that for high! But I tell you we worked like fiends. Don't think I ever did such a hard days work before. The tusks are 3 ft 6 in long & beautifully shaped. They alone are worth at least \$100, anywhere.

As I told Prof. that was a very peculiar elephant, and I had to work those bones very carefully to keep us all from coming to grief. But it came out successfully, & I have the skel & all my other specimens now here at the R.R. and all boxed up in 7 big & heavy boxes, ready to start home.

I've a notion to box myself up in an 8th big box, fever & all, & go home right off.

The fever clings to me, and gives me a banging every 2 or 3 weeks. But it can't knock me down even if can knock me down. Prof. wants more elephants & tigers, - skins and skeletons, and orders me to stay in these parts & get them. So I must do it.

I am going to prepare one elephant skin for him, or bust, since he wants one so much. Am going right back to the Hills as soon as I get these boxes off, and go for the elephants again, better equipped & better fixed for living than ever before. Hope I may meet another tiger, & by Jove! The Govt & authorities have just

given me 100 Rupees Cash (\$50.00) as a reward for slaying so big a tiger. Don't you wish you was me! The reward given to natives and poor white trash for killing a tiger is only 35 Rupees, and then you it keeps the skin at that! But you see, my dignity, my whisquers, my very small rifle and my valor commanded a higher rate and I got a cool hundred. Lets all go and take a drink. Then lets kill some more tigers.

Miss Chamberlain is the dearest of all earthly things; but she hasn't been very well during the past summer. She writes me she has bought herself rich in a stock of cotton goods for "Our Home". Don't you suppose it makes a fellow feel good all over all day when she writes of the pretty towels with H in the centre, that she has just bought! "Be still my heart!" But the danged foolish heart won't be still. Oh! I tell you Josephine is buisness, and the longer I think of it the better I am satisfied with my Western "Bonanza". That mine grows richer every day, and thank heaven, I hold all the shares, save a few that I have given to my best friends. Will you have one? Of course you will by and by. I sent a letter a week night alone, and they are good. I wish you knew her already. She would be delighted with your originality & wit and off-hand ways, and I am sure you would not find her very slow. But you will meet her pretty soon after I get

I have carried my Journal through to the latter end of a whole year without missing a day, but I tell you it takes a heroic & manly fortitude to do it. As a boy, I could never do it. You shall have these little volumes in good time; but I'm afraid to send them away from me, for no insurance could cover their loss, by fire, flood, sea, the act of God, the Queen's enemies, &c. &c. They are the only reward I have of my doings, and my notes are mostly embodied in the journal. I have four volumes completed now. No sir, the journal & notes go on!

Well, I must stop for this time. It is hard work to write letters now, the weather is so warm. Don't let up in your letters a bit. They are awfully welcome. Your letters are fragrant with the freshness of green corn, strawberries, melon-vines, potato-bugs and onions. It makes me wish I were with you awhile. Write often and a good deal. and believe me
Your old friend

Hornaday.

P. S. When I get home I am going to write a "treatise" on Collecting, by all the gods, Don't you forget it, but don't tell it.

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P. S. You pay too much postage on your letters. It's only 10cts per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz to Ceylon. Save your stamps hereafter, only send letters that require double postage.

Colombo. Ceylon.

Feb 10th 1870.

Dear old fellow:

It must tell you that I'm not in a very gushing humor just now, and I have have to take a rest before I can finish a whole letter to you. (N.B. I constantly think of even attempting a letter to anyone else at all, seeing that I have just written the express.)

Of late I have had several things to annoy me, one of which is the naked fact that I havn't a single Rupee to bless myself with, and my board is due tonight. And what is more, the good Lord only knows when I will get any money, though I stand a chance of getting a remittance in tomorrow's mail. I can but wait & hope.

You see old fellow, this darned Govt charged me Rs. 6. (only \$3.00) per gallon duty on 36 gallons of Methylated Spirits Prof. sent from London here for me, and $36 \times 6 = 216$, = about \$100. as near as may be. Of course I paid it, - I had to, for it was cleared before I knew it by our agents, & the duty paid by them for me. Oh! wasn't I disgusted! But my "friends" in Council advised me that, by a proper representation of the facts in the case to Govt they would no doubt allow me a draw-back of the duty paid. I made the application, visited various Officials & explained fully, & waited for a reply. It came! I took it immediately to my best friend in the Island,

Mr Ferguson, editor of the leading paper, the Ceylon Observer, & without a word showed it to him. He said "Now what a shame!" & asked me to leave the document with him, and also to furnish him one or two others. I did so. Quietly he prepared a thunderbolt, and in last

night's issue launched it full at the heads
of the Governor, the Colonial Secretary and the
Collector of Customs, in particular, & the Govt
in general. Ye gods & little fishes, but you ought
to have seen 'em scatter! I hasten to enclose
the extract, - a closely printed column -, and
I need not tell you how I fairly achie to have
you here & to put it into your hands at once &
listen to your comments! It is worth the 216
Rupees they did me out of. Read for yourself &
see how Ferguson slashes them first over the
legs, then over the back & finally over the head.

Gad, but he isn't afraid of them. This
afternoon the editor of the opposition paper, the
Times, semi-official organ, came round to
see me, & said that ~~said~~ before noon today
he rec'd three letters on the subject, taking up
the opposite side, & wanting to know this &
that. He said that one or two of the letters were
too violent to print, which shows how in-
formally mad the Govt authorities are. It
does my sick liver good to think they are in
such a rage, they wouldn't care a straw if they
did not see clearly what a blunder they have
made, & how it looks by the side of Madras.

The Editor came to ask me for information
as to the state of the case, which I gave him
very fully, and assured him that while I had
no hand in the Observer article I was ready to
stand by it in every letter and that "these my
sentiments." The editor was really a very nice
fellow, though of course he will take up the
opposite side. He told me I might expect an
article in ~~to~~ support of the Govt in his next
issue, and that if I wished to reply to him

I could have the liberty of his columns to any extent. He said there would be nothing to hurt my feelings, & was ~~un~~truly very kind, though of course his opinion is that the Govt did right. We had a long & animated argument on the merits of the case, and I am satisfied that in spite of his nimble journalistic tongue I modified his opinions a good deal. I held up the action of little Venezuela as a case in point, where you know they let us in without even so much as opening our baggage because we were naturalists. I shall make Capital of that yet.

I shall not enter the lists in defense of myself you may depend, but will quietly lie back and let Ferguson slash them. He is aroused, and in a controversy he will make it still hotter for them than it is now. I once overheard the Times Editor remark that "F." had established a perfect reign of terror by the way he pitched into everybody that he thought deserved it. Well then the King of Terrors is on my side in this matter. But it makes me laugh all over to think certain of the Govt officials are so mad they can't write decently! For the last two weeks I have been mad. but now it is the most fun I have had for weeks & weeks. Confound them, the spirits only cost 3 shillings per gal in London, and here they charge a duty of \$3.00. I am going to send marked copies of this paper to the N.Y. Herald, Rochester papers, or rather Prof. will attend to them, - to Chicago & Iowa & Boston papers, and you might have it copied in your Racine Journal, the editor explaining to his readers that you & I made a trip together

To S. A. &c, (Private memo.) It is, you see, a good chance for me to get a little acquaintance with the public, or rather them with me, and to carry out my plans it is essential that I should have a little notoriety. Do you twig?

Well old man, I am making a fine collection here, and no mistake. Here is what I got together in good shape during the last 15 day of January, exclusive of "Miscellaneous" Specimens:

5	Species of Mammals.	15 Specimens.	Just compare that summary with what we got in the W. J. and S. A. This is indeed a rich col- lecting field, &
10	" Reptiles,	83 "	
34	" Fishes,	129 "	
18	" Crustaceans,	192 "	
128	" Shells,	Hundreds of "	
2	" Echinoderms,	56 "	

I promise you that I will send from this a large varied & valuable collection. The natives work well for me, & I have got them so that they bring me good things. Such a variety of fishes, & such preposterous, outlandish forms I never met elsewhere. Oh! but the fishes, sharks, rays, &c., are positively beautiful. Lord how I wish you were here to help me. Why one day, i.e. two hours in the evening I got 39 fish in the market. & on going over them found I had 25 species, all curious & interesting forms, and such a variety of sharks & rays & skates I never dreamed existed in any one place. My alcohololic specimens are simply in beautiful condition, not one being spoiled. I am making some careful experiments with specimens in spirits, using a good hydrometer that I understand this time. The results will, I trust, be worth something. All for the "treatise." It shall unabridged, the most complete work ever published on the subject, to help me John. Nothing but a trip like this and

the two others, & two years in the Museum shops could ever produce the work I mean to write. I shall leave no stone unturned to make it correct, complete, and as perfect as possible, & propose to completely sweep under all other works on that subject. But don't mention it to Prof. just yet. I can never publish such a thing without his sanction you know, and if he hears of it beforehand he would veto the effort. But once in MSS. complete his consent would be easier to gain, I think, I shall try to write just such a book on Collecting, & as I needed when I first set out, & was not to be found in the world.

There! I have talked long enough about myself. A few days ago my drooping spirits were raised to about 40° above Proof by the arrival of your glorious letter of Thanksgiving. It was more savoury than the customary turkey or platterie goose; as refreshing ^{as} a glass of cool lager on a hot day; exhilarating as champagne and fried oysters drank to all the girls health; it was as jolly as a nigger minstrel show, and as truly tender & sympathetic as a benediction.

Old fellow, that was a letter and no mistake, and it hit me & lodged right in my tenderest spot. By Jove, I need letters as you seem to know & appreciate.

Sunday Morning. The London & Brindisi mail is in, and not a blessed pen scratch or paper from anyone in America. Nor was there in the last mail. — — — ! — — — — —

— ! Supply the blanks as you please. Tomorrow I shall telegraph to Prof's agents in Liverpool. This is too infernally disgusting for any one. Now my only capital is Cheek, and I must try & borrow money and it tomorrow.

There! Just as I had written so far
after my return from the P.O. along
came the postman with your letter of
Dec 20th and two letters from Prof. of
Jan 1st & 4th but not a drop of money,
nor does he even promise or mention any.

I have just made out a telegram to
send to Liverpool tomorrow, and another
to Madras to borrow of a friend for 20
days. I see that it is perhaps my own
fault that Prof. is unaware of my present
needs, for I wrote him in Nov. that I thought
I should get to Ceylon with 500 or 600 Rs.
And yet I need be all right, but for that
cursed 216 Rs. duty. I know Prof. has a
hard time of it to keep me in the field. +
really, I ought to be more patient + charitable
in that matter.

Am awfully glad of this last letter of yours
so soon after the other. You do well by me,
old pard, and I shall not forget it. Ye,
you shall have the Bug, and it shall be a
nipper, I promise you. Just give me about
a fortnight to catch + care him, Hanah
for your bug-huntress! I will, for your sake
try to remember her often in a buggy
way, even though I am not much of a bug-
ger myself, i.e. not a big-bugger. How old
fellow, that is an invitation after my own
heart! Ye gods, but it suggests a whole
string of prognostications + suspicions in
my mind. She certainly must like you

more than ordinary, or else she is very much given to gushing. Such an invitation as that to me would knock my pins clean from under me and fetch me to grass instanter.

"As soon as convenient for you, and as often as agreeable." Ye gods, My little man, I have faith in you to believe that you will "improve each shining hour." Tell me some more about her. & all about your visits &c And do you mean to say that the Miss Beebe's, who tendered me a standing invitation to call on her, is really gone to Ollis? Then damn the luck.

I am awfully sorry that you did not get the Consulship at Surinam, for it would have been a genuine beginning for you, a good starting of the wedge, a place to stand on while you climbed higher. You see my expeditions after specimens are doing that for me, and when a fellow once gets started he can suck things in like a whirlpool. I once feared I should never be able to get a foot-hold, not to even get at the ladder so many are fighting & shoving & scrambling for: but now I feel that small as it is I have got my feet on the bottom round, and my grip fast to the ones above, and now let 'em clear the track! Confound it old fellow, let the Consulate go to blazes for the present. You have plenty of funds to carry out a six months expedition down there, so go ahead on your own hook, and just plunder Dutch Guiana, Go especially for Manatees! Don't wait for Prof. to help you, for while he

has all faith in you and would, I believe,
gladly help you off, the poor man simply
caut. mainly I think on account of the great
expenses he has to bear of this Expedition. On
fact I live in daily fear of some infernal
thing happening in his business that will
put an extinguisher on this trip of mine, right
in the midst of the most glorious success. I
know that if Prof. calls me home before my
trip is ended it will be only because he is
forced to from lack of money to sustain it. I
am perfectly confident he will in the end be
satisfied with my collections, even though he
~~was~~
a good deal put out lately by things that
I had not done, owing to certain reasons. I
know he is satisfied with my field work, though
he blames me a good deal for bad management.
As to that I hope he will think differently
when he knows all the circumstances. He
gave me an awful raking, a regular broadside
of grape & canister calculated to sweep my
decks clean, over my failure to ship his last
of boxes as soon as I once expected to. But
~~on~~ on my soul & conscience I declare that
had I persisted in getting off his boxes at
all hazards I could not have possibly got
for Elephant No. 2. He does not think of that.

Cla by, I like your fire & ambition. It
is just after my own heart! That just how
it once was with me, but I have regulated
the pressure as they do steam in a boiler, &
now it has settled into a quiet, unyielding
determination. Prof says, "you are crazy to
go off on a collecting trip." Good! I'm glad

To hear it. It means something; for a fellow stirred up ~~so~~ never gets any rest until off he goes. But old pard, you must not think of staying longer than 4 years in Surinam under any consideration, for it would be almost equal to burying yourself for that length of time. In fact I would regret your having to stay even that long. Don't let them stick you into some little dead hole of a place.

Old chap, I never thought to ask you what you wanted me to bring you from this distant land. Pray tell me what you would most like. A pair of ebony elephants, they? or a little pair of ivory elephants? or a fine set of chess-men (though I believe you don't play chess, do you?). ~~.....~~
 Had not treated you so cussedly I would tomorrow buy a fine set of ivory, Chinese carved chess-men for you to give to her, price only \$7.50. Had I the funds sufficient how I would go in for nice things, ye gods. Ceylon is full of the most beautiful things. Such as elephants of ebony, & ivory; ivory boxes, card-cases, chess-men &c; tortoise shell jewelery of all kinds; work boxes, writing desks & jewel-cases of polished ebony, ivory, satin-wood, cocoa-nut, &c. I have got a jewel-case for the express jewel, but alas! poor me, it is a cheap one comparatively. Oh yes. I must tell you. On Madras I had two of my old tiger's largest claws mounted in 22 k. gold as a wedding-present to her. It is stunning, I tell you. It is a brooch I should have said, and mounted in this form; It is an awfully bad outline, & no mistake, all out of proportion, and the claws you must remember are huge & polished until they look like ivory. They mounting & gold cost



50 Rupees. and of course I perished the claws
15-Rupess more. The work is all native, and
in the centre is a chased figure of a Hindu God.
I also got Her a fine locket of pure gold, ~~the~~
native workmanship, which is very curious &
attractive. I wish I could show them to you
now. If you ever want any tiger-claw Jewelry,
or such lockets, just tell me and I will send to
Madras & get exactly what I want in a short time.
I know you would be taken with them.

It is such a pleasure to select pretty things
for that dear girl at home who longs for my
coming. My trophies I will lay at her feet
in whatever field they may be won. I would
feel lost without her to worship from afar
and to sustain me by her tender sympathy &
unwearying devotion. Dear heart, she last year
had a fine portrait of my precious Mother
that is dead and gone, painted & framed and
made ready to send me as a Christmas present,
but when the time came to send it, my
little Sister Mary and Miss Co. Mother protested
against her sending such a sacred & valuable
gift so far for fear it would be lost & fall into
sorcerous hands. So She reluctantly decided to
keep it until I return. They were right. The
chances of its getting lost were many, and if
it had been sent & lost it would have driven
me wild to think of my dear Mothers picture,
a present from Her, being put up at a public
auction, & sold for the frame. Now of all the
girls & women I ever saw, not one I am sure
would have thought or cared to go to the
trouble of getting up such an appropriate
present & send 10,000 miles to me. Do you

wonder that I fairly worship her?

Well old fellow I must stop. I am truly sorry I have not been able to write you long ago. But you know by my work how busy I have been - often working on alcoholic specimens until 9 and 10 o'clock at night, and then too I am obliged to devote a good deal of time to my faithful Journal, in which I never miss a day, or an important or noteworthy event in my ^{daily} experience.

Hence my letters are necessarily fewer and at longer intervals than I wish they were, I am obliged to write Prof. by nearly every mail, and you know I could not if I tried neglect her for anything. So you see I really have scanty time for correspondence. But you are generous and I am glad to know you do not stop to count letters with me. When you get restless & uneasy like a caged bear, just sit down & blow off steam via peninkpaper and send it to me.

But whether you hear from me often or not, be my letters long or short, remember old fellow, that Jackson has a season ticket in the inner circle of my affections, and that through thick & thin I remain as ever

Your old friend & comrade in arms,

W^m J. Hornaday.

Direct your next letters to "Poste Restante,
Singapore, Straits Settlements, via
England & Brindisi." Will tell you where
to direct otherwise.

On board the ~~Go~~ Galt & Co's
Off N-E Coast of Ceylon. March 6th 1878.

My dear old pard:

I'm going to write you now out of pure spite, for I've exhausted my profane vocabulary on these native sailors, and am now going to calm myself by swearing at you. Oh ye tranquil gods! would that you were with me now! If this wouldn't upset your tranquillity I don't know what would. But listen and I will unfold my tail! You see I started the other day, so long ago I forgot all about it almost, from the very northern point of Ceylon, - Point Pedro - to sail down on a native craft to a place called, Mullition, 70 miles down the coast S-S, where I hear crocodiles are thicker than tarts around a country school-house. To begin with, I had to drag the captain & crew aboard by the hair of their heads to get off at all, and so far we've had head winds all the time. This is near the latter end of the fourth day, and we are still about 15 miles from Mullition, such an old tub as this is! Such a captain! Such a crew! such et cetera! So far we have been rushing along at about $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 knot an hour, though if we had averaged 1 mile an hour since starting we would have been there by this time. I do not grumble at a constant head wind, for that comes in the natural course of things: but I do swear at a an old log of a ship that never sails as fast as a man can walk. Actually, a fair swimmer would beat her all hollow at the best speed I have seen her make. I don't grumble

at cockroaches, for I expected them as a matter of course; but I do swear at a captain who calmly furls the sails & comes to anchor because the wind is nearly dead ahead. That's what he did yesterday, actually anchored with a good breeze blowing & waited for the wind to shift. Didn't I go for him though! These fellows have no idea of sailing a ship. They hold her so close into the wind that she makes no headway at all. Just fancy, four days, 96 hours, & to go 70 miles and good breezes blowing all the time. But such is the native idea of progress, - anchor and wait for the wind to change. Lord, how I have wished for a Whitbread to speak yesterday and today. Baalam did not work for a sword half so fervently! If I had one I swear I would blow this old tub into the air & take my chances of getting ashore. Their small boat, lying here on the deck is completely encrusted with barnacles on the bottom, some of which look as though they had been there for ages. I occasionally point to the barnacles and tell the Captain what a fine sailor he is - in a horn. The bottom of the ~~steamer~~ brigantine is no better, but that is a little more excusable. And mind ye right on the top of this I am to pay 20 Rupees for my passage, & grub myself, which is more than 1st Cabin rates on a steamer.

would be. ~~I must leave~~ I must leave Mullition
for Jaffra by the 17th or 18th in order to
catch the steamer to Colombo on the 23.rd

of course every day on this accursed craft
is just one day less at the crocodiles.

Oh, it's fun! Especially when I think of the
expense I have been & already in getting
to crocodile land. This is ~~the~~ the other side
of collecting, and is what makes a fellow
look old. I have felt too much out of
sorts and half-sick to do anything to the
purpose since we started. - Haven't even written
up my journal yet. Have spent the time in
sleeping as much as possible, skinning
over English paper, trying to read French,
and in swearing. It's no use, I shall
never succeed in doing anything like work
anything to the purpose while on a voyage.
I can't study, can't compose, nor even write
a narrative, can't draw, nor can I read any-
thing heavy. I consider it a great misfortune
for really my mind is good. To improve such
opportunities of self-improvement to the
utmost. But my inner man always goes
back on me and I am no asceticist
I get on board again, there stand I from
under. But I believe you must know how
it is yourself.

Oh bhet! Oh Jxn! Oh Strawberry John, how
I wish to heaven you were with me now
to help me rush through that crocodile hunt
at Mullition! I know exactly how the land
& water lies, and how the crocks lie and
where they lie thickest, and I will leave the

all handy. When I land I shall just
get out my rusty - no rusty I mean
- rifle (Hurrah! My boy says "Sir, they
just now see Mullition!" So they do, it
is a long ways off.) and strike off at
once for a certain spot on the lagoon, just
1 mile from the Rest House, where I will
find them roosting on the low bushes that
overhang the edge of the water. There is
no place for them to lie on, and I will
be apt to have a hard time to get them.
But then nothing that I have to do
is ever easy. Did you ever know of anything
that was easy falling to my lot? But
Jove, I work hard for the most of what
I enjoy anyhow. Everybody, I daresay,
has the idea that I have an awfully
jolly time of it from one month's end to
another, seeing new sights & strange things,
etc., etc., but they forget that with me it is
only business and a steady strain to
make this thing a grand success. Prof
says there are hundreds of fellows who
would gladly step into my shoes
without a cent of salary! So the night
for three or four months or so, and even
for that time I'll bet the most of them
would spend more time in seeing the
sights than I do. Why darn it man, I
can never find time to go and see a
thing for the mere sake of seeing it.
In Ceylon & Southern India I have never
once gone to a place merely to see it. I
don't have time for old temples and caves.

and forts. I have seen just three sights in India that I want to see, and to which I had no business, - yes, four, viz; the Elephanta Caves at Bombay (a rock temple), the Taj Mahal at Agra, the Monkey Temple at Benares, and the great Banyan tree in the Botanical Gardens, Calcutta.

It has just occurred to me what bug I shall get for your girl, and how I shall get it, so rest easy until it comes to hand, which may not be for some time after this reaches you. I'll send you a bug that will make you open your eyes old man. Akropos of that, a lady in Colombo (of course the handsomest lady I have seen in Ceylon so far) lately made me a present of two cases of butterflies & moths (about 150 specimens in all) all caught and mounted by her own dainty hands. Some of the butterflies are very handsome; and since insects are not in Prof's line I am going to ask him to give you & me if he don't care for 'em. The lady aforesaid gave 'em to me in preference to the Museum and took a deal of trouble to do it too. So its a sort of "affair of the heart" ye know. I would like to have them to ornament my parlor, ye know. Howsoever, business is business, and at present the bugs belong to Prof!

Just fancy; I can't possibly get any mail from home before I return to Jaffra, Mar 22nd. which leaves me without a pen-scribster

from anybody from Feb 10th to Mar 22nd.
It's a little rough on me, but it can't be
helped.

Lord, how the Govt is getting it over
the duty on the "Spirits". There was a
long letter in the "Observer" about it since
I left Colombo which just sent the
Colonial Secretary to grase — every sentence.
When I read it I had to yell "Let 'em
on the other alley, pard! All down but nine!"

I know just how you will enjoy it,
and I shall send you the paper containing
the letter as soon as I get back to Colombo.
I wrote the editor to save all his extra
copies for me. One good mind now
to sue the blasted Govt for the whole
amount. What a lark it would be if
I could get judgement against them.
Wouldn't it be capital! But One got capital
enough as is it is to make this Govt look
perdennably small & shrivelled up when
my turn comes. I havn't said a word
about the matter in the papers yet, &
don't intend to, but my friends, some of
whom I don't even know, are rolling the
ball for me. I'm very glad the matter
has been taken up by others, for it
would not have looked nearly so well
had I been obliged to air my own grievances.
But you shall see what fits the Govt
is getting. Curse the Govt anyway! I
am just studying up the most sarcastic
& invective expressions I can find

"to use when I write up the matter in
"the Book". (Boon! There goes the anchor
again. A dead Calm, Let us pray! No
hope of reaching Mutton today. Such
is life.)

Oh I forgot to tell you long ago, Prof.
changed his opinion a long time since
about my Journal & Note books, and really
acknowledged in so many words that he
"had discouraged them kindly." It eased
up matters a good deal I tell, for though
I had from the first been keeping up
any journals & notes with the cursed obsti-
nacy for which I have always been noted,
still it wasn't pleasant to think while doing
so that Prof. was so down upon it. Of I had
given in to his ideas which he set forth
when he gave me his parting blessing (?)
as the Red Sea, and if I had let my Journal
go, the dogs, I should have regretted it for
the rest of my life. For I hold that no
narrative of travel, no impressions
that a man can write, are so thoroughly
reliable & true to life as those he jots down
in his daily Journal. I am often greatly
surprised in comparing my Memory with
my Journal. But now Prof. urges me
to "Keep up your Journall fully and
let all miscellaneoue correspondence go
by the board. Well, that's just what I'm
doing, only I must shy in a letter now
& then to Strawberry Jones, for I often
have things to tell him that I can't

tee to anyone else.

By Jove, it's just as I expected for all the world! the natural course of things. Letters from my friends & relatives come fewer and fewer, the intervals become longer & longer, and I know for a fact that, as a natural result, the most of them are losing interest in me & my doings that they used to feel.

It perfectly natural, time & distance make memories grow dim. In another year I daresay I will not have more than three correspondents left, and by the time I get home I will be only dimly remembered by the most of them. I'll bet a hundred dollars not more than ten persons in Rochester will recognize me when I get home again & ~~no~~ matter! For every correspondence I lose at home I get two out here, and so the balance is kept up.

Well, I must close about now. The family are all well except the baby which has worms - ring-worms. Write often old man, and believe me always.

Yours to the bitter end,
Wornaday.

Aboard S. S. "Yengtse," Indian Ocean.
Wednesday night. May 15th 1878.

My dear old chum:

Well this is "aboard ship" this is; now leaving far forward on my elbows, now far backward. It's raining on deck, but I can't truthfully say

"It is midnight on the ocean

and a storm is on the deep!"

for all that, and a' that. But anyhow it's raining calamely &
nearly; the rest of the "passagers" both "1^{re}" and "2^{me} classe"
are huddled up behind the mizzen battines and the after
bob-stays sheltering from the rain: the signal halliards have
been clewed up, the main-top-gallant backstays have been
double reefed, ~~and~~ the port yards have been unbent and
stowed below & everything made snug for the night. (N.B. I
will not vouch for the strict accuracy of the above infor-
mation, but as it is customary for me who writes a letter
aboard ship to sling nautical terms about as lamely as
possible, I have inserted the above in self defense, and to
supply a peculiar coloring for the technical.) (By Jove, this
coat must come off, afterwards or no stewardess!) Well, old
bird, at last we're off for Singapore, and mighty glad of it
too. Ceylon is a thing of the past, and it is not such a very
pleasant memory either. Now had I landed in Ceylon fresh
from America I would have gone into endless ecstasies at
once, and would have sworn it the most beautiful spot in
the world. But I've got over being dazzled by everything that
is new, and now I can look at a new spot just as it is, &
without being carried away at all. Hereafter I shall know
just how much to discount the ecstasies of travellers fresh
from home, and to look on them with a pitying, patron-
izing smile of perfect self-assurance & superiority! All
old travellers are that way, are they not? They think they
know it all, and even more.

On the whole Ceylon was a grand success, and the Ceylon
Collection comprises the greatest variety of any collection I
ever made. To give you an idea of the work I did in my
4 months in Ceylon I will give you the summary of

The Collection:

20	Species Mammals.	104 specimens.	{ nothing to say of elephant skulls, & bones by the box- full, rocks, minerals, coral, etc. &c. I slipped 12 big cases & 1 cask of specimens in all, & sold one fine shark skin
10	Birds.	20	
8	Eggs.	153	
27	Reptiles.	124	
68	Fishes.	180	
120	Shells.	1434	
3	Radiates	65	

150 Rupees (\$75.00) surely clearing the Govt out of about \$25.00 which is a great source of comfort to me. But I may get another chance at them before I die.

I did not enjoy myself much in Ceylon, except in my work. The people (I speak of Europeans, only) are decidedly unsociable, & not inclined to anything like hospitality. I met one hospitable man in Ceylon, but alas! he ~~died~~ (of sunstroke) soon after we met. Of course they all wish you "every success" very profusely when you meet them in business. But that is all not, perfect not. They wish, & wish, and leave you to work out your own plans & amuse yourself if you can, and find a friend to talk to occasionally if you can. But they are wholly without anything like hospitality. There is no Capt Ross, or Theobald in Ceylon. Some of the Englishmen I met are too cursed selfish to be endured at all, perfectly obnoxious in fact. But anyhow, I got almost every mortal thing I was sent after, everything except a lot of elephant tails, of sizes, which Prof. had made up his mind I would pick up without any difficulty. I am quite satisfied with my Ceylon Campaign, and think it will compare favorably with any previous months.

Well, old boy, it seems the Fates have decided to let us carry out the entire programme of the N. Expedition. Two days ago came the cheering news that Prof. had sent me a large shipment of money to Singapore, just the sum that I had longed for & but had not dared to expect. He sent me a cable message, which seemed to me to have come direct from the gods. It was mighty thoughtful of him, & well planned too. And it proved to be worth to the expedition more money than it

could have cast him. I've had some hard ~~firing~~ fighting to keep from being up utterly swamped, but daylight has broken at last.

In five or six days I shall land in Singapore, and soon set out for Borneo, probably. The papers now are full of reports of fighting between the Dutch & the Dyaks in Borneo, and the reappearance of Malay pirates around the coast of Borneo & Celebes. Sumatra is in a terrible state in the Northern parts. The Acheneese are waging a constant war with the Dutch authorities and the European settlers. Not long since I met a man from those parts, who had been a planter there. He showed me a great slash across his ~~hands~~ breast from one armpit to the other, done with a cutlass, another on his neck, and a third round his jaw which was still running & sore & gave him great trouble. He had been for weeks in the Calcutta Hospital. He said they that in Achean (Sumatra) they never clared over the yard to the W. C. without a body guard. I shouldn't wonder if I should fall into some unpleasant scrape or other in spite of all my caution. But you bet old boy I'm not going where there is decided danger even for orang utans.

Well, I daresay your lot has been cast before this time for either Bathurst or Bavia. Bathurst must be the most outlandish place of the two, but I think you will be likely to get far the most big game there. But of course Prof. ought to know as to that. At all events I should prefer Bathurst for myself. By getting there you will be close to the Gaboon, and might easily make a trip down there some time, - on Don't business. But old fellow, whichever you get, I know you will not fail to leave no stone unturned to establish all possible commercial relations with the U. S. and to plant there a thorough respect & admiration for the dignity & greatness of the Great Republic. Lord, our consuls all need waking up! Many of them only serve to bring the nation into disrepute, & don't you do it, old fellow? And shet, if you get a Consul ship,

remember that it is a direct stepping stone to greatness. How many thousands of famous English & French Statesmen have begun their political career as simply Consuls. Old boy, distinguish yourself as a foreign Consul, call public attention to your merits by your record, and the next step is Foreign Minister, or at the least, Secretary of Legation. Learn every mortal thing about the country you are sent to, the language, its every resource both commercial & scientific, and know every other foreign representative completely under. But you will have to work to improve your opportunities. Lord! how I would like to be Consul to Ceylon, to enable me to study its natural history completely & exhaustively.

I believe I will send you in this a scrap or two from the Jewels last letters, inasmuch as she speaks of you in it. Of course I can fully rely upon your honor as an old tried & true friend & comrade not to let anyone else see it, for you know I run the risk of incurring the Empress displeasure even as it is. So far not a living soul has ever seen any portion of any letter she has written me since we parted last. But I wish you knew how she writes.

Well old fellow, this is aboard ship, and you can easily understand that we are not exactly in a mood for writing, & it costs an effort. So I'll lay this by for the present. Am liable you know, to add more before we get to Singapore. This is a French Steamer I'm "2^e me classe", and it is grand, "Wine included". I would I had energy enough to tell you something about the passengers, as I know it wouldn't interest you. We left Point de Galle at 1 P.M. today, and saw the last of Ceylon at 5. P.M. As I took my last looking look I involuntarily exclaimed "Adios, carajo!" I rec'd a letter from you not long ago, thou are telling about Don Alfredo Dally Costa. Give him my kindest regards when you write again. I must write him soon. Write often old fellow, & believe me, Yours clear round the world
Hornaday.

Singapore, Straits Settlements.
May 2nd 1878.

My dear old chum:

You may be surprised at this letter following my last so closely as to tread upon its heels, but I'm hanged if I care, do you? I want to write you now, and by Jove I will: so that's the end of the argument. The fact is, yours of March 27 arrived two hours ago, and after a third reading I move to lay it upon the table & write to you at once, your last gives me just the same comfort, the same cheer, the same merriment, the same incentives to greater efforts as all your previous ones, only more so. It has some like about it, some vigor, get-up-and-go, fire, enthusiasm, ^{your} nervous chain-lightning and general electricity, and puts some ^{more} ~~into~~ its into a bellow. There are times when a little praise goes ^{at} long ~~before~~ ways whether deserved or not, and when a fellow is ~~deserted~~ with all the news of his headquarters and is made to ^a lie ⁱⁿ that he does ~~that~~ little wrong, and is bound to either make or break his employer. That he is a boy in every sense of the word & does things as all boys do, that his collections are half worthless, his elephants all young & under-sized, &c &c &c the why by Jove it a comfort to know that there are those who consider this boy is doing as well as he can under the circumstances & not so badly as some others might do. Prof's last letter but one threw me a little out of tune in spite of myself, for I am sure he wrote several things on purpose to aggravate me. I know that he knows better than to call an elephant that is 9 ft high at the shoulder "a young one", and to say that he had been promising his clients a full-grown Indian elephant, but now he has all that to take back! He knows my elephants are both full-grown! and I know that he knows it. Now some of the specimens I sent him were spoiled. I am positive some of the boxes got wet through & through either in going through the surf at Madras, or being rained on somewhere else. Anyhow several skins spoiled. Prof. has a handle now for patching into me permanency, and for constant reference, and I know that I shall never hear

the last of those spoiled skins. And he says, "the skeletons are a fine lot!" - sarcastically, of course, for he never says anything like that in earnest. He never speaks of anything I have done, but always what I didn't do. He has talked more about some shell marble that I didn't get in Allababad than of the whole Northern India collection put together, I think. And he is always talking about rocks, rocks, when he never taught me a single thing about rocks & rock collections except a few hints by letter. In Italy when I said "What is alabaster?" he lucidly replied "Alabaster is alabaster!" instead of telling me something about alabaster & marbles generally. And now he says "Why did you not buy me an Idol in Madras to break up into specimens of "crystalline limestone?" ⁱⁿ ~~that~~ it was marble all along. The thing is, and you ^{will} find it so someday, that Prof goes for a fellow ~~new~~ ^{new} boy, and riles him all up for nothing at all. That's what ^{is} I am jawing about. I will accept just criticisms no other how severe, in all meekness, from my employer, but the thing is he seems to take delight in teasing a fellow. ~~that's~~ the ~~lady~~ lady, teasing, badgering!

There now, having got rid of so much spleen at your expense I can go on to pleasanter topics. First of all, I sent this letter off in a hurry in order to urge you to go and see Miss C - at all hazards. I know she would be perfectly delighted to see you, and she is not one who stands in ceremony about getting acquainted, as you perhaps know, hah? eh? In fact I wonder she has not written you long ago. She is indeed anxious to know you, as you will learn from a small portion of one of her letters to me enclosed in my previous letter to you. Mind to visit her on Saturday & Sunday if possible, she being a school-mam, and drop her a line to tell her you are coming so that she can have time to sweep down the cob-webs and dust the piano and scour the knives & forks. By the way, her Mother is away now in Kansas & she & her children (niece & nephews) are taking their grub in a College Boarding Club. P.S. When you are with her see if you can manage to set her to sit on the sofa, ask her to do so in a manner

of-course way. & if she declines ask her why. Thereby hangs a little task. The fact is simply this: She has religiously abstained from sitting on ~~that~~ little sofa, since we sat there together you know, & she actually looks it sacredly vacant as far as she is concerned until we can occupy it together again. Isn't she a queer one? Old fellow, you must visit her anyhow whether you go to N.Y. or not. It would be next to visiting me, and I can assure you, you will have a nightly cordial welcome. Of course I will write her you are coming. You will perhaps be surprised to find her a woman instead of a girl, and I believe you know she is not what the world calls pretty or handsome. But of her intellect & culture you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself. It pleases me highly to think you will see her, its next to seeing her myself infact. If you have not visited her yet by the time this reaches you, write her at once, and get acquainted! Josie E.C. - (Battle Creek.) before you go.

N.B. On matters of marriage she will advise you like a mother! By June 1st 25 a pity you couldn't manage to like Miss P. a little more. Perhaps you will in time. She ~~is~~ ^{will be} a rare woman from your description. I am glad Elizabeth does not trouble your mind any more than she seems to. If I am not mistaken, she will live to see her mistated. Anyhow you must strive to make it a mistake on her part. I hope she will live to regret the day she ~~was~~ considered herself insulted by the offer of an honest man's love. Hang it, old fellow, don't go on & marry Miss P. even though she is two or three years older than you. Then we would be in the same little boat together. I'm sorry my girl is older than I; but if she were younger she wouldn't have enough common sense & womanly dignity & judgment for me to respect her, so I must have a woman who is older than I in order that I may be able to look up to her, & respect her judgment. The young ones are too silly as a rule. By-the-way, you will be able to tell her all about Miss Banta, only when you set about it be careful, for she is truly a Miss B., & liable to scalp you at the bare mention of her name. If she teases you, you can tease her about Miss B.

What you say about my style of writing has put a new idea into my head, or rather confirmed an old one.

Since you, and others, are so much in favor of the off-hand, informal style of what I have written I think I will write the book in much the same style, only not ~~too~~ informal. I think I shall make it kinder chatty like, and a trifle free & easy, & familiar with the reader, as friend to friend, in a long letter. But still there are many points concerning the style which puzzle me greatly. In fact there is where I am stuck; I don't know precisely, what style I can succeed best in. My own perhaps, - "outlandish" style. I would call it. I am hammering away on the Book of Collecting & Taxidermy, but I get almost no leisure time to even think of that subject, so that it gets on slowly, very slowly. Had I leisure I would rush it through carefully. But even if I did, I have no idea Prof. would let me publish it. By Jove, it has just occurred to me to make Collecting my special province as a Naturalist at home as well as abroad, and to help matters along, why should I not, after my two books are foisted upon a long suffering public, write a lecture on Collecting, call it "the Life of a Collecting Naturalist" or something of the sort, and proceed to cram myself down the public throat, willy nilly, and lecture now & then to empty benches. By Jove, there's nothing like chalk, pure & simple, & I believe there may be something in the lecture idea worth thinking of. I'll think of it, but there is no hurry, fine enough when I get my wedge driven a little more past the point.

Old pard, there is something I must tell you now, and urge its importance upon you. You must pay more attention to your talent for writing, and cultivate it. Excuse me if I offer you a little advice in all kindness, in literary matters, for though you are much older than I it may be that I have had opportunity & occasion, yea necessity, to study the principles of Rhetoric & Criticism, - of writing & speaking, somewhat more than yourself. It has been more in my line as it were. Well, I have noticed ever since I

first knew you ^{or rather} that you have a remarkable talent for
comparisons ⁱⁿ for originating ludicrous things, and that
your sense of the ludicrous is very keen. What you wrote me
just now ^{as} your mule made me roar & laugh as much
anything I ever read of Artemus Ward's, or Mark Twain's. It
was awfully ludicrous! Your style of humor is exactly between
that of Ward and Twain. Your sketch on Ben Bones was very
good, only it needed a little polishing up. The ideas were capital
but too loosely & carelessly expressed. I know you could have
made it much better had you taken pains with it. You know
that people with refined taste, who read and pay for all
such as Twain's, & Bret Harte's have very refined taste, and
anything like slang or looseness in an author himself kills him
dead. His character may say "what they damn please" and
it does not matter, but the author himself is always closely
scrutinized. By Jove! but the English reviewers are strict &
critical! Now, you describe things easily & well, and in a very
entertaining way, and you must turn all these faculties to
account. I protest that you must go to work to study style
and begin to write soberly, and to some definite purpose.
You did not take any pains with your Correspondence to the
Racine Journal from S. A., and you remember that you told
me yourself you were not satisfied with it when you saw it on
your return. Now you can if you are anxious make a great deal
out of your peculiar genius for writing & talking, and I tell
you, you must set about it seriously. I don't know of course
just what you will be able to write best, but you will find
that out in good time. Get Kerl's Composition & Rhetoric &
study it closely all through, get it by heart, and then get
Kane's Elements of Criticism. By Jove, that latter work
will delight you, it is so beautiful & teaches one's taste so
much, teaches him to know & appreciate the beautiful &
the refined in art, nature & mankind. I assure you that
I think you have decided literary talents, and I urge
that you ought to utilize it as fast as possible.

If I only had your knack of ridicule, expression & I'd have no fears for the success of my book. But I am too dry & pedantic, naturally so of course, and so I dare not attempt a false style. Old partner, you will make a great man if you try, and if I do succeed in rousing your ambition it will be so much set down to my credit on my account with Humanity & Co. Let us work our way up together old man, helping bolster & boast each other up as often & as much as possible & so get ahead of others who have to go it alone. By Jove, if you'll boost me up until I reach the next round of the ladder above me every time, I'll stop & pull you up as soon as I get there! Or I'll boost you and you pull me, whichever is best. I hope you will get a good post as consul, for it will be a big start for you. Many men don't make a thing out of a consulship, but you will not be one of those. Will it not be an easy matter to get to the State Senate or House, after you have served your time as Consul? I should think so. But in any case it is absolutely necessary that you should be a fluent talker, that you should be able to make little introductory & after-dinner speeches gracefully & more effectively than anyone else, and be the most "popular American" wherever you are. But now that your ambition is fairly stirred up I have not much fear for the rest.

As for myself, you know I have plans ahead for some years, a steady programme to carry out, from which I shall not deviate very much I think. I fear I have perhaps overestimated my own strength, but I trust I shall be equal to the tasks I have set myself. I only ask health now. Thank God and Prof. Maud that there is enough money in the world to allow me to go on gloriously clean round the world as planned. It would have been a bitter disappointment had it been necessary for me to have returned home from Ceylon.

Confound it, or rather me confound, I am an ungrateful, unthankful brute to ever find fault with Prof. when he is doing so much for me, & investing so much in me, and giving me a chance to make something of myself. What a golden opportunity he is affording me, such as ~~has~~ not fallen to the lot of any young (or old) Naturalist since the world began, so far as I know. By Jove, am I not wonderfully lucky! I am fair enough to admit that it is my good luck. Just as I should contend it was my bad luck if I should fail now. I have never done anything to deserve such an opportunity as this. I have one great consolation now however. So far the enterprise has been successful, and I have now reached a point where it will be possible for me to reimburse Prof. should the rest of the trip prove to be a financial failure. And I will do it as sure as the world if Prof comes out a loser in the end. I can command the funds for the rest of the trip myself if it should become necessary. But it is not going to fail. Hang it didn't I buy a lot of coral today that will sell for fully ten times its cost in America, if not 15, 20 or even 25 times in some cases? No sir, this is as rich a field as any, and I am just raking things in. Look out for a splendid collection from Singapore and another from Java. Next Friday I go to Malacca for birds, snakes & crocodiles, two weeks later to Borneo, where I expect to stay at least 2 months. The orangs must come if I go. I shall also go to Sumatra for a few days, then to Java, Celebes & Amboyna, and after slipping a collection from Batavia, on to Australia. I must get off into the jungles, for I am spending too much money here. Old fellow, you shall have "something pretty" from Singapore, for there are hosts of pretty things here. I will take more pleasure in selecting a fine set of chessmen & poking over the dollars & carrying or sending them to you ~~there~~ I daresay you will be receiving them. I have seen no chessmen since coming here, but they are here somewhere sure, and I will find them, you just depend.

You will get a description of Singapore in some of my future letters to Prof, so I will not attempt anything of the kind to you now. I am getting tired of descriptions, aren't you?

Oh Lord! how I long to see a face that is not strange! a face that is not unsympathetic & cold; a face that smiles on me when we meet. How I long to hear a familiar voice, and to have a woman's kiss once more. Of course I have not kissed a blessed girl or woman (or un-blessed either!) since I parted from Her in N. Y. that sad, sad day, and it is not been because I couldn't either, mind you! I am sure women snug and safe at home leave no idea of the temptations that beset a young man with plenty of money. My God! I believe I would rather lose my left arm ^{I again} than go through the fire I have had to go through since leaving home. And yet I am only half through the struggle. If I come out alive I shall do well. I am beginning to doubt if I am doing wisely. In fact I have made up my mind that were it not for Her, and Her alone, I would give up the struggle entirely and at least have some peace of mind. Now I am in a constant state of hell! All the temptations come in my way. They grow more & more attractive all the time. But for her sake I will be true to her though it should kill me. But pity poor me! Is it wisely done or not? Often I am tempted to think not. What do you think? Put yourself in my place, old fellow. I'm in a state of hell all the time mentally. My thoughts curse me, and I can't help it. It's awful; killing.

Well, I must close. Write often as possible, and believe me

Your faithful friend
Komaday.

S. S. "Rajah Brooke,"

August 4th 1878.

My dear old friend:

We are bound to Borneo at last, and may the gods give us joy, - and plenty of Orange. My prospects ahead are simply glorious, and my over-heated boiler seeks to find a safety valve in writing my faithful old strawberry John. But

its all about yourself that I'm going to talk this time old fellow, for I received your June 2nd letter yesterday after coming aboard, and I would fain offer you my paw this morning across 12,000 miles of sea and land and say "Shake!!" Yes by Jove, here is my ~~ship~~ and as D.

Webster remarked "my whole heart is in it!" I look upon it as the breaking of the ice, the stepping onto the ladder, the beginning of great things. In a letter previous to this last you asked me to pass judgment upon your capabilities, and not to over or under draw it. Well since you ask me I will, and if it does you any good I shall be glad, that's all.

In my opinion you have done well in accepting a Consulate, even though it be Antigua. I am glad that you fell into this line, and I believe you can make more out of it in the long run than you could out of building a Museum. Now I tell you frankly that I have always had my doubts about the building of a big Muse-

un being the right thing for you to undertake, for several reasons. The first is, it would take you years of study & work before you could begin. It necessitates such a training as Lucas has had, (and as I have not had I'm sorry to say). There is a deal of hard, slavish routine work about it that would kill a man who has always been as free from it as you have. You simply couldn't stand it to pore over books all day, and study minute little points with uttering patience. You can collect and make a success of that, certainly, and you might have the patience to stuff animals & birds, but I seriously doubt it. Of all the soul-wrapping & temper-killing work I ever did, stuffing animals is the worst. I am bound never to make my living by taxidermy. I'm sure you would soon say the same, for I don't believe you have any more patience for such things than I. Now, it resolves itself into simply this: 1st Unless you can study and write unlimitedly & without tiring, you could not hope to build a great museum. 2nd If you could not have patience to stuff bad skins of all kinds without their worrying the life out of you, then you could hardly make a professional taxidermist. Having it, you don't want to be a taxidermist except for the sake of knowing the art. There is something higher for us than a taxidermist bench! Now I don't ^{think} you could fill the conditions required above, and for that reason I doubt if you would realize your ambition in the Museum business. Now I have thought this all along, but I wasn't going

To breathe a word of it until your ambition
in that line led you into something for
which you would be better suited. And now
that has come, and I am glad of it. I had
been thinking of a number of things ^{into} which it
might lead you, but I am convinced the
Consulate business is the best thing you
could fall into. Darn it, you have had a
great deal of experience with men, you are
quick sighted & have good judgment, and
you are just the man to deal with men
rather than stuffed monkeys, and snakes
in alcohol. You have a knack of making
people like you which will be worth a
thousand a year to you in a diplomatic
position. You are calculated to shine among
men rather than animal skins & skeletons.
You take kindly to politics, and that is
all that's necessary. (I don't, I hate politics,
and I prefer the company of the skins and
skeletons.) Yes sir, you are calculated to fill
a diplomatic position, and do things that
will make foreigners open their eyes. You are
calculated to sail right round the average
Consul. You will make more by studying
the ways of men and nations. Old man,
I expect great things of you. A pushing
man cannot rise faster than in diplo-
matic circles, and if you turn out well
you are sure to go up like a rocket. I have
noted with great interest, the career of
such men as M. De Lapeyres, the "Duke
of Saiz" as he is called. He did it all by
being Consular Agent, Consul, Foreign

Minister, and Ambassador. If you work well you will get from one post to another and from that to a better one until you finally fetch us as Foreign Minister. Or if a Democratic President takes the wind out of your sails you can come home and go to the legislature or to Congress. My only anxiety is that you will not take enough pains to improve yourself to fit yourself for the higher positions you are to occupy. That you won't study hard enough. Do you remember the chapter on "Manner" in "Getting on in the World?" I read that regularly every three months and I tell you it has done me hundreds of dollars worth of good since I left home. I have tried studied carefully to appear well and to make good impressions wherever I have gone, and to that one fact alone do I attribute the pecuniary assistance I received from strangers in Leyton when in financial distress. I was a total stranger to L. H. & Co. but they loaned me money - \$350. - on my naked receipt & did it in such a polite and delicate way that the sting was all taken out of my mortification. And here in Singapore Martin, Dye & Co said, "You needn't go to Borneo on short funds! We will be happy to let you have whatever you need to get in with!" and so they did. Now I believe that had I not studied carefully to make a good impression with them it would not have happened so in either case.

But you have a great deal less of that to learn than I, because you have had experience already, and know more a good deal better than I. But then old fellow, it is ~~a~~ different to appear to advantage at a reception at Govt House, or giving a ball at the American Consulate than it is from shining in a country "singin' school" or debating society. Americans are accused of lack of refinement by the English & French. Give it back to them in their teeth old man, and show them that the American Consul stands first on the list of refined gentlemen. But I havnt any fear after all, old boy, but what you will do yourself proud wherever you go. You can't do otherwise.

"American Consul!" By Jove, how the words send a thrill through me. I wish it had been something better than Antigua, but then it has its advantages after you. You are not such an awful ways from home to begin with, and as you say it is a very central kind of a place. I hope the bees will turn out well, and also that your sugar wagon will be a success. But I shall wait anxiously for the next step which will send you to a fairer field & greener pastures. You can have a fair chance at Demerara and Surinam, and I would rather advise

~~I~~ you do concentrate your efforts in collecting on Surinam. It is doubtless the best place you could go to for a short expedition.

I do hope you will be able to work two or three weeks in the establishment before you go South, for it will be of the greatest use to you. In fact you cannot afford to go South without it. It would have been a capital thing if you could have had six months good hard work in the Taxidermist's shop before you go off. But as soon as I get my "Complete Handbook for the Collecting Naturalist & Taxidermist" printed (say six years hence!) it will tell you everything you will want to know about collecting.

I am glad you have got acquainted with the Jewel, and as I remarked before I wonder that she did not bring it about much sooner. She told me all about it without saying why she wrote however. (Note. For certain reasons the idea of making the cap has been abandoned.) Well, I am very glad you are going to get acquainted, or rather that you are acquainted already. When she last wrote she was in a agony of fear lest you should visit her before their work on the house was done, but I imagine it was all finished & in good order by the time you did call. Well, I hope you liked her, and I know she has liked you at all events. I should have been very sorry if you had gone to

the W. D. without having met her.

Speaking of Consuls reminds me that Major Studer here at Singapore is an IOWA man, and his blooming daughter of 20 summers is a rosy-cheeked, lively little Iowa girl. What mamma in the wilderness it is. Make we are not friends! Oh no! we couldn't be under the circumstances you know. Its next thing to going home by love. ~~Dotting also they teeth~~
~~diamonds they?~~ ~~With if you don't all right,~~
for its more to negligence.

Major Studer is already heart and soul in my plans, will be in going to give me a big boost toward the I.O. Museum. Mr & Clarkson, the editor of the State Register are old chums, and the Major is going to give me a "list" in his next letter to the "Register." He had me chalk out just the line I wanted him to follow, well I did it you bet. He was home last winter and they wanted to run him for Congress but he declined. When in Singapore he urges me to call on them as often as I can (Miss Studer is keeping house for her "papa," and the rest of the family are in Switzerland) and when I return from Borneo I am to do all my work with specimens at the Major's place. They are not fairly fixed for housekeeping yet, or I should have to live with them I suppose. She is sick to go back to Iowa & don't like the idea of marrying and

living out here. She's real pretty, old man, sweet as a peach (I mean she looks so) and quite lively & talkative, as all typical American girls are. Old man if you knew her once, there might be a wedding, - and yet I don't know, you are so hard to suit. Now old man, if my Jewel should hear what I have just written she would get "all-fired" jealous and make herself miserable & me too all for nothing at all, so mind your eye and not mention this when you are writing to her.

I am glad she thinks enough of me to get jealous in a minute, it pleases & flatters me in fact, but still I would at all times spare her the discomfort of getting jealous. She's awfully sensitive, as you'll find out, and I grieve her often when I never dream of doing so ^{but} as long as she thinks I ^{am} really faithful to her, her happiness seems to be complete. Well, I never saw the woman yet I would give her for, with the Bank of England thrown in. Not much. There are plenty of prettier women than my Josephine, but I'm hanged if I would give her for any of them, or for any dozen of them for that matter.

I bought a set of chessmen today, the finest I could find in Singapore. By gad they are curious. They are ^{all} real men & women, knights on horses, elephants & castles and so on: Chinese carved. I must try and squeeze out a set

somewhat like 'em for myself. I shall have to send to Ceylon for the tortoise shell watch chain, as there are none in Singapore good enough. You will be disappointed in even the very best, for they are not so very striking after all. I was disappointed. They don't cost much, even the best, only \$4. or \$5. I believe. They are frail things at best. Miss Stutter has one which she showed me, and she says the chain is always pulling loose from the watch. But you shall have one anyhow old man, only I warn you not to be disappointed in it. Will send it you by mail as soon as I get it. I was disappointed of an elephant beetle from India, - a beetle a little smaller than a large biscuit, or a turnip; so I am going to get one in Borneo a little larger if anything. I could easily have sent an ordinary big beetle, but you see I am ambitious to send one that shall take your little woman's breath clean away. And then too, one from Borneo will have such a halo about it you know. Be patient, and I will not disappoint you old man.

I anticipate a big time after specimens in Borneo, and I am going with the determination to throw the work of every other naturalist there completely in the shade. I am bound to get lots of Orangs, and big Proboscis Monkeys.

and Hornills. & I'm going to try
to add another small feather to our
cap by capturing an 18 or 20-foot
crocodile! You just keep your shirt
on old man till I come out of the woods
again, and then hearken unto what I
will have to tell you. I am going splendidly
equipped, with a good China boy, and a
Portuguese fellow to shoot, letters to the
people, and \$400. in silver dollars.

So you see I am bound to win. If I
fail in one place off I go to another.

So now farewell. It's no use for me
to say God Speed Ye on your way to the

West Indies & while there, and yet I
have said it. I regret that we shall
not have the pleasure of meeting when
I get home six months hence. But we
can still write. I had counted big on
your being at the wedding of D and mine
and it is hard to give up the idea. But
I console myself with the thought that it
will be for your own good, and that you
at least know my wife to be.

Write often old fellow, and believe
me always

Your true & faithful friend
Hornaday.

Sadong River, North Borneo.
Oct 27th 1878.

My dear old Comrade:

Hurrah! hurrah! the bore is coming up the river eight feet high, roaring like a cataract & rushing up - a moving plain of water - ten miles an hour. A great brown wall reaches clear across the river always breaking over and rushing forward like a line of surf on a sea-beach. Now it is only a half mile away, & we have a fine view of it from the front door. You never saw a bore did you old man? Well, a big one is a good sight, but excuse me from going out on the river in a small boat just now. The river is about 350-400 yds wide just here. How it roars & swashes now! We have it twice a month. But peace be still. I came not here to talk about a bore.

Since my last to you I have rec'd 2 from you, one written just before you went to Rochester, the other just after. ~~I~~ must confess your report on Miss Lizzies "honest man" quite took the wind out of my sails. Strawberry, you surprise me. I can't make head nor tail of your part in the matter. But as for me, my mind is made up! After this don't you ever waste any time in trying to make me believe that Lizzie is a smart woman outside of school-books. It won't do. A widower - with a child six years old - not good-looking - no prospect of earthly wealth - grey hair, and nothing whatever to recommend him is the intended husband of your Lizzie who could have had her pick out of scores of men who have all which the "honest man" lacks! Oh Lord! Oh Lord! it makes me sick at the stomach. Poor she's "true blue" is she? And you're "proud to be her relation are you?" Well tell me what you are proud of. Proud of her gullibility and utter lack of penetrative judgment? Had she been a shrewd woman she would never have been "roped in" or rather never would have roped herself in in any such a way. It certainly does beat the devil. Well, I can only say that I hope he will make her happy this side of the grave. My only consolation is in discovering that as far she has proved herself unworthy of my old pard, and that she would have been no match for you. You can do better now than that old boy. You don't want a girl who is foolish enough to ever give herself away in that kind o' style. And you don't want to ever play the part of a rival of a man who has nothing at all (save a six-year-old child) to recommend him to a woman. I feel deeply on this subject

old Man, and as I have put it rather strong, I hope I
haven't said anything to hurt your feelings, and I don't believe
I have. The truth is the truth, and I'll wager 99 people out of
every hundred would think as I do on this subject. I am dis-
appointed in your Lizzie, unless it turns out that she is bewitched
or else playing some deep game. Strawberry, you can do better now
than before you die or else I am an ass of the first water.

Tare and ours, man! Seven guns, is it? Well now that's
something worth while. Let the girls put that in their pipes and
smoke it. But really old fellow, the salutes you will receive
from the U. S. men-of-war won't disturb your slumbers much
unless the said men-of-war are thicker where you are than
where I have been away from home. I never yet saw one of our
men-of-war except at Key West (possibly one at Trinidad?)
So far round the world I havn't come within 1500 miles of
a U. S. man-of-war, and I believe I can get home without
ever seeing one. I have seen dozens of British, French, German,
1 Russian, 3 Dutch, 1 Spanish, but never a stars + stripes.
Nor have I ever heard of any been having been seen within
a year or two. We may have a navy, the newspapers say that
we have and from choice I have faith to believe that we have
Men-of-war somewhere, but where they are, I believe the Lord
only knows. A h - l of a fine navy we've got, havn't we!

According to my ideas of life it was a piece of genuine good
fortune when your pupp twisted his chain off + left you. You
would have found him 40 times as much bother + expense as he
would ever have been worth. Dogs - hounds - in the tropics are not
worth much, if anything, so far as I have seen.

Now old man, let me give you a little advice, free gratis +
unasked for even. Instead making a number of little trips
through the W. Indies + to the Mainland of S.A. save yourself
for a time, consolidate them all into one, and then strike for
Surinam and lay out about \$1000. worth of those Manatees
the first dash. That would be my plan of operations to a
dead certainty. I tell you, old Boy, I am getting so that I can
tell by looking at a map in a minute whether a locality
will pay. Prof. wants me to go to Java + Borneo, but I say it never
can pay, and I won't go unless positively ordered to do so. Borneo
is the only island of this whole archipelago that will pay,
such fellows as you & I to visit. I don't care if I don't go to
any other. Australia will pay, China + Japan never.

Josephine has taken unto herself a special friend of German extraction, in whom she is quite interested, and the friend is also interested in her. Suppose it's all right, as she says it is, & I long ago gave her carte blanche to do as she pleased in that respect. But at the same time, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and I have taken unto myself a new friend also. So in that respect it is diamond cut diamond & "the honors is easy." I shall not take it upon myself to tell her about my new friend, for while she has one for herself she would still be jealous and uneasy. I find when it comes to the pinch she is much more inclined to jealousy than I, though I used to be very bad indeed. But what do you think? Is there any danger in our Teutonic friend calling upon her whenever he pleases, & in her going out riding with him every now & then? She says he instructs her a great deal. A "Youth's Instructor" indeed. Whoop-la, she asks if I care, and I tell her no, under one or two conditions.

You say I must "give her all the rope" after we are married, by which I take it you mean I must let her do as she pleases. Old fellow, that will never be done. I have said ever since I could talk and I say it still, more decidedly than ever before, that a man should be master in his own house, and any woman who proposes to live in my house must make up her mind to that the first thing. If I should ever live in my wife's house, I would expect to submit to her. But I don't propose to ever marry a woman who is worth more of this world's goods than I am for that very reason. If I intended to be the one to submit I would have looked for a rich woman whose money would have been a compensation.

I despise a hen-pecked man, and a Man-Afraid-of-His-Wife.

I believe in consulting the woman on all points & taking her advice as much as possible; but when it comes to laying down the law it's the man's place to do it, or else he is no man at all. I'm not going to be another Mr Biscayne Bay Lovelace I can tell you. Half the trouble between married people is brought about by the woman insisting on doing as she darn pleases. You wouldn't stand that, you know you wouldn't. You're not going to marry away your dignity & your one manly right to have your own way. You have always had your own way because your own judgment was likely to be best, and you always will have it, or else you are not the man I take you for. I have always had my own way (generally speaking), I'm satisfied with the results of it so far, and I do mean to have it still. Josephine has

always had her own way with her mother & all, and has always carried out her particular ideas at all hazards, and at the point of the bayonet when necessary. She has never been taught as yet to recognize any spirit but her own, and don't know what it is to give up (unless she has learned it since she & I became acquainted). I like a woman with spirit, though she has a little too much, and it will cost her a struggle to learn that her will will not always be law. We shall have some trouble while she is learning that, but she will learn it in time, and then we will be quite happy. I have never talked this over with her yet, but I mean to as soon as I get home, and before we are married, so that she will know just what to expect. But as I said before, I like a woman with a spirit & mind of her own, and when she combines good judgment with it, as my Josie does, I am bound to treat it with the very highest deference. I shall earnestly try from the very first to avoid all sarcasm and irony with her, and I think I can soon break myself of it. In fact I am breaking up the habit already. She seems to have such an awful dread of my "sarcasm" that I am beginning to think very seriously about it. She talks a good deal about my "Cuidad Bolívar letter" (to her) and I think it must have done her considerable good.

Now old Boy, its all nonsense for you to talk about improving yourself in order to be "a worthy friend of mine"! What a "run" idea! You positively make me feel mean & low-lived. If I know anything about it (which I think I do) the balance is strongly in my favor, and it's myself who ought to do the improving instead of you. You are fully as competent to advise & criticize me as I you, and I wonder that you have so given it over entirely. What little you once told me about my style of talking (i.e. its tendency to the pedantic) I laid carefully to heart, and it came just at the right time. Why don't you criticize my writing more? You surely can't be indifferent to its success. And you are just the man to tell me of the features in my writing which the public will not like, how I could improve it, what my best "faults" are, and a great deal more. To save my life I can't tell what style I ought to follow in writing that book, whether it should be written in a familiar, half-talkative, off-hand way with a little chaff thrown in here & there, or in a grave & more dignified tone like the style of Bayard Taylor, or Charles Darrow in his "Voyage." For my part I like to throw in something of the ludicrous now & then, and a good deal of sarcasm in dealing with disagreeable things. I like to ridicule a thing

I don't like after being done with the facts in the case. But Darwin & Bayard Taylor always confine themselves to the facts which they relate simply & in an entertaining way. I think however, I had better not undertake that style, for I don't think it comes as natural to me as the other. If I make a mistake in the style of my book it will be worse than a failure. Oh! that I had an original style of my own! Why it will take me years of hard work to write up a book that I would be satisfied with. It takes me hours to write any little thing for publication, there is so much revising & correcting & pruning to be done. Your fault in the most of your writing that I have seen is mostly carelessness. You must polish up everything you write for publication until it fairly shines. Newspapers are too full of what we might call scrub correspondence. stuff gotten up in a don't-care-a-darn way. ~~both states~~ Make your letters to your state paper so elegant, polished & interesting that they will be copied far & wide. You have in the West India nigger an inexhaustable mine of wealth and you can paint him in a vast variety of colors. I daresay he will be the most interesting material you will have to work upon for a spell.

You will have left the M. 8. before the news of my luck in shooting Orang utans reached home, in all probability, and so I must tell you that I now have thirty-eight skins & thirty-eight skeletons of ^{the} Orang utan! Carry the news to Hiram. Of these I have killed about 23 or 24 myself, and my hunters have shot the remainder. One was 4 inches taller than any ever taken before by a Naturalist, or even ever found its way into a museum, being 4 ft 6 inches from head to heel.

Wallace argues that they never grow taller than 4 ft 2 in. but I have four which exceed that. I have measured them all with the greatest care, made drawings of several, preserved a baby entire in spirits, & have one alive. (Had three alive, but 2 died.) I am studying the species of Bornean Orangs with great care & thoroughness, and I think I shall be able to throw a good deal of new light on that vexed question. Owen says there is a 3rd species which he calls Sinua Morio, but if my investigations continue to show what they have so far, I shall perhaps prepare a "lengthy, learned & deeply scientific" (oh! oh!) paper which shall be intended to knock the bottom out of the Sinua Morio. But don't tell it.

Oh lord! I can't begin to tell you all about my adventures here, how we waded in water up to our necks time & again hunting Orangs, how we once went clean under & had to swim for it. But the faithful little Maynard went off just as well as if nothing at all had happened, how Maynard cartridges get better from being 2 or 3 hours under water, how we shot the thundering old giant we call "Rajah Padang, (4 ft 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in high) whose arms spread 7 ft 11 inches between the tips of the fingers. Nor how we lived amongst the Dyaks & once had 7 Orangs to skin & skeletonize in one day, how we bagged the long-nosed monkeys with maces as big as Bartlett pears (nearly), how they snorted & grunted & played on a bar & rolled through their noses at us, how we shot magnificent hornbills & Argus pheasants, how we poisoned a river & caught lots of big fish & how I speared the biggest one - about 3 ft long - and it broke the line & got away. - same as the old Boss Crooky did with you, how we have collected 27 different species of snakes, 25 species of Mammals. - in short how in 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ months we have got together a collection worth about \$2500, at the very lowest. No. I haven't time to tell you about it now, but I hope when I do tell you it will interest you. Borneo is a great place for a Naturalist who is not afraid of hard work. And I haven't worked any - oh no! not at all! [N.B. I haven't said anything about swamps dense deep in mud & slime & ooze, & briars & thorns enough to tear ones heart out to say nothing of rain & mosquitos (no. not so bad as the bajo Orinoco)]. In spite of mud & swamps & all I am in rousing good health, and have been all the time.

But I do wish you could see the Old Man, - my baby Orang. You would simply laugh by the hour steady to watch him. Of all the droll, ludicrous, lugubrious, outlandish faces & figures I ever saw he is the most comical. He is better than a circus every afternoon or a whole stock company of comedians. His face is so grave & solemn and pensive, his "mug" is so extensive & capacious, his motions are so comically human that to look at him is to roar & laugh. He is very affectionate & intelligent, & is very cunning as well. When denied anything he wants he throws himself down on the floor & kicks & screams exactly like my Uncle's children used to do. He eats bananas & drinks sugarcane just like the niggers in Barbados. The top of his head is bald & wrinkled

but he has some hair growing up the back of his head, each hair standing straight up as though he were in a terrible fight. He is mostly stomach, and when he sleeps with his arms & legs spread out he reminds me of a big bloated spider. When I tease him a little his face assumes a most fiendish expression & he opens his mouth as wide as an alligator to bite me. But he always bites easy. When I get him to Singapore I am going to leave a good photograph taken of him, & we will have a fine portrait of him in the book regardless of expense. You ought to see him. I would give a cool fifty dollars, poor as I am, to just hand him over to you, for I know you would enjoy his "cussedness" as much as I do. A pia poco is nowhere beside him. But I shall not try to take him home with me, it would be impossible to get him there alive, and I mean to send him as a present to my good old friend Theodore in India, who wants him very much.

The picture of the elephant you sent me is a very striking one, like Mark Twain's portrait of King William - "I cannot look upon it without shedding tears." The head is in such perfect proportion to the body, & he stands up so nobly on his legs. Did you notice the ear of the little one! It covers only half its entire body, whereas it should cover the whole. I must send this picture to Theodore, for he will appreciate its ~~and~~ merit.

I will have to send to Ceylon for a cane for Tom Bones, for there's nothing in Singapore that would suit me at all. It shall be of ebony, richly carved & highly polished, with a well-carved elephants head for a handle, and the tusks of pure ivory. Will get the tortoise-shell watch-chain at the same time, so you shall have them both in spite of yourself.

Now old man, I must draw the line. To an outsider who ~~you~~ should see the length of this letter it would seem that I am a very garrulous correspondent. But you will know that it comes from my liking for you individually rather than a desire to talk. Am very glad you have to write me "about so often." Never let us air it! Now I take a plunge into the jungles, still deeper, for a month away from everybody. Just as we did when we went to Sancampa. Almost Dec 1st I will return to Singapore, although as usual never go back on me or yourself, and I shall always be your best friend,

Hornaday.

P. S. "Chester E. Jackson, Esq.
United States Consul."

I tell you ~~it~~ it sent a glorious
thrill through all my veins to write that address for
the first time. I can feel it yet tingling with a pleasant
sensation all along my nerves clean to the ends of my toes.
You see I wrote that first address in my very best
hand, and I now look forward to the time when it
shall be "Minister for the United States of America"
instead of "Consul." Work, old man, work.— work will do
it.

How beautiful this envelope looks, the most beautiful
of all I ever wrote!— and yet I have often addressed
letters in a better hand. Save it, old fellow, until I can
write another as above. It's a great step for a beginning.
Make the most of it. Don't waste any time!

W.S.H.

With you you're always ; many & the 6 inscrip.
ing your op & myself as C as many more
days don't wish doing & get 2.6. S'd

Singapore. Feb 2nd 1879.

My dear Consul:

Do you know that it would serve you
right if I should abstain from writing you for about
two months yet? It would. But since you have shown
you will never do so any more I'll forgive you this time
and go ahead with my letter. This is Sunday, and
I have just come from church: not from relig-
ious service exactly, but still from a church, a
Chinese church - a Joss House in fact, which
lets the cat quite out. Ever visit a Joss House?
No? Well, you ought to, and I advise you to do it at
once. When I looked at some of those onlaudish
images of his Satanic Majesty I was vividly re-
minded of the time about three years ago when
Jackson was possessed of a desire to steal the
Infant Jesus out of the Virgin's arms in the
old Spanish Church at Barracas, which pro-
ceeding I restrained with great difficulty, well
knowing that the accomplishment of Jackson's
~~canister~~ purpose would involviate two
bankrupt Americans in a thundering row.

But the Joss House! Oh lord! Such carving
of images, such painting & gilding, such dressing
up in the most magnificent embroidered silks
all China could produce, such solid gold
ornaments, such et cetera! I ~~have~~ poked
all about the shops at my leisure, and the
Chinamen, instead of being anyways offended

at my presence, as the bloody Mahomedans always are, seemed quite pleased to have me look into things. They took me all about talking & smiling & looked on with deep interest while I took notes on each "Joss" and estimated his cast price. I tell you a good Joss House is well worth seeing. & I have seen several at close quarters.

Today the old fellow in charge invited me to drink a cup of tea before leaving, which of course I did though it was without cream or sugar and very powerful. Luckily Chinese tea-cups are very small.

Having expressed my intention of getting the pictures, charts, fire-sticks & et cetera for a complete Joss altar at home, as a curiosity, my Chinaman (servant) surprised me today by presenting me with the whole paraphernalia complete, together with an opium pipe, lamp-box & everything. How is that for a servant eh? Looks as if I don't beat him very much, don't it? He's a rare good servant, had him all through Borneo with me. & I have never once got mad at him in ^{the} six months he has been with me. Moral. He's a darned good Chinaman. And Major Studer is going to employ him when I leave.

Well. I was very glad to hear from you again, for I have been anxious to know your opinion of your situation. I hope your Sugar wagon will be a good hit, and that you will also get in with the Trowbridges. You ought to have that Underwriters agency sure.

You must tell me about the Society you are in, and who your best friends are likely to be; likewise your enemies, for you are bound to have a plenty of those and to spare. Lord it would make you laugh to hear Major Studer tell about his experiences here. Once another Consul employed spies on the old Major to report his sayings and doings and all about it, and the Major saw him and went one better, by employing a spy to serve the other consul at table and report regularly. The Major is really pugnacious & makes everybody knuckle down to him in spite of thunder, - I mean officially of course. He don't give an inch for anybody, and heratter takes delight in feting English officials to the mark.

By the-by, his daughter, Miss Studer, is a very nice kind of a little girl, particularly so in fact, without a single sentiment or thought to conceal from those who are her friends. Owing to the fact that I am engaged, I have been a very highly privileged character over there, and but for the Major and the Miss I should have been very, very lonesome & bored here during all this last month. I go over there whenever I like, which is quite often, & am always welcome. No other young fellow in all Singapore can go there as I do. They tolerate me out of pure charity & conmiseration, nothing else and its lucky for me that they do.

~~you bring me (my money) to you~~ By grace I must set to work and
paying Fred Lucas to this little woman. It
would suit her and him too unless I am
mistaken. She would make him save every dollar
of his money & soon get rich, for she has about
the best eye to business. + the dollar & cents side
of every question of any girl I have seen in a
long time. Unfortunately my Josephine is a
notorious spendthrift, always spending her
last dollar on a confounded present for some
body. She has a mania for making presents.

Miss Studter is really pretty, by Jove she is,
& lively as a cricket from morning till night.
She don't talk ~~very~~ deeply, but she always has
something to say for herself. Lord what a pretty
figure. Once I went over expressly to see her
dressed for a ball, and at her request I ~~helped~~
added the finishing touches to her toilet, settling
the bows & distributing the gathers. &c. and tying
a bow or two. Such shoulders! But she is not
very well read, nor very deep, though she is
well up in French & German. But she don't care
for Music & don't sing or play! I can never
forgive a girl that. I wish you had a Miss
Studter down in Antigue to help you over
the long days & evenings.

Old man, I think I shall go home
from here, right away. There is positively
no money to be had for Australia, and so
I must give it up, although its like pulling

out all my upper teeth to do it. For a month
 & a half I have been lying here in Singapore,
 totally "strapped", unable to collect a single thing,
 & simply waiting for money. It has not come
 yet, and when it does it won't be enough to do
 me any good in Australia. It will take the most
 of it to pay my debts, and with the rest I shall
 cut for home - steerage to San Francisco
 via China & Japan, so I daresay I will be
 in America by the time this reaches you. However
 Prof's next letter may promise plenty more money
 & if it does (which I am sure it will not) I
 will, of course go on rejoicing to Australia. But
 I think the chances are 19 to 1 that I will have
 to go home. Prof is neglecting me of late both
 with ink & paper and money. He has got so
 he don't seem to care a cent whether he writes
 to me or not. By-the-way, you didn't tell
 Prof. did you, that I am at work on a "Manual
 of Taxidermy & Collecting?" I can't bring myself
 to think you did, for I remember I cautioned you
 very particularly against it, and yet I don't
 remember writing of it to anyone else. At all
 events Prof. wrote me two months ago to "Give
it up!" I knew he would do that if he found
 out about it before it was finished. He may be
 only guessing, or assuming that he knows
 all about it to get me to betray myself into
 acknowledging all about it. Well, if he is only
 guessing he has lied the truth for once
 anyhow, but I haven't told him so.

I have received from Ceylon a very pretty tortoise shell watch-chain for you. also an ebony walking-stick for Brother Bones, and another ditto for the U. S. Consul at Antigua. Now young man, we can't have everything we want in this world and you will have to choose between a fine tortoise shell-watch chain tied to the said ebony walking stick and a set of chessmen. For you see, while I would gladly give you the one and let you pay for the other as you proposed, and buy duplicates of both for my individual self upon see this Expedition is so damned hard up for cash here on the spot that we must divide things up. I sent to my financial agent for \$100. (of my money on deposit) which I expected to receive now & invest every damned cent of it in presents for my friends. But he writes me that (hold me will you!) that he has put all my money into his Caled mine & can't possibly send me a d-d cent! —

— the luck to — and — ! You can imagine how terribly I am disappointed. I had set my heart on getting a host of pretty things for my friends — which they will naturally expect anyhow — but we will all be disappointed. It is too bad, don't it? Of course I would gladly help myself from the funds of the expedition if it only had any funds. But you see I have got to go home steerage, with less than \$50. in my pocket.

So you can take your choice old man; a tortoise shell watch chain, heavy & pure with pendants of same, (anchor, heart & cross) set in gold, very nobly on a white vest, and an elaborately carved. Ebony stick with elephants head for handle (turks & all), or the Chinese Chessmen. Of course whichever it is is my gift to you. further price is nothing so long as it is paid here and the things are once in my clutches? Darn your eyes! What an Irish monkey (skeleton) you were for not sending me about \$20. or \$25. to invest for you in pretty things for your girls and yourself & deliver at home free of charge. And my brother Cal was the same. & Lucas the same. Josephine sent me \$40. for her lot of things, and darned smart in her to do it too. She will treble her money by it.

There is a new Book out at home which you ought by all manner of means to have & to read.

It is "The Adventures of an American Consul Abroad," (Irene. I believe American Consuls do go abroad as a rule, do they not? though there may be exceptions all the same.) by Luigi Moroni. It tells how a green Consul fared in his office, the mistakes he made, his errors of omission & commission. After reading that I really pity all new Consuls, though I am well aware that you will have more gumption about you than that fellow had, for he was too green for any use. General Grant is expected here soon.

Jackson, if you do get to corresponding with our "Cousin Susie," I want you to tell me your private opinion of her as you go along. You know that I am as close as a fresh claim about keeping private matters to myself. Of course I never saw Cousin Sue, but somehow I am most unaccountably and unreasonably prejudiced against her, just a little that is. And how is Lizzie & her "Honest Mary, etc?" And how is the eight-year-old incrimbrance?

You seem to have made a deep impression on our Battle Creek friends. My sister Mary says you think as much of me as Miss C. does, though I don't know what Miss C. says about ~~me~~ Well, I hope it's true. The children seem to have taken to you wonderfully, which speaks well for you, because I didn't get along with them at all when I was there, and what is more I don't care a curse if I didn't. Fact is I don't like either of those darned boys, & their brother Frank infinitely less. Too supremely selfish to suit me. They used to sneak around the windows and peep in & catch me with my arms around Sophie, and thought it was smart, even though they were caught every time. Bad manners. I might within the last two years have done more boys many a good turn & would had they not been so darned ornery when I first knew them. Now I would rather have them dislike me than otherwise. Never saw the little girl. But damn the boys, anyhow.

Better direct your next to Rochester unless you hear from the other wise directly. I'm kinder glad to be going home after all, don't you say so?

As ever yours, Wm T. Hennaday.

[From top of page 1]

P.S. I've got 2 Bugs' for you, & will take them home as I do. What shall I do with 'em when I get home? There're not much after

Rochester New York.

June 10th 1879.

My dear old Friend:

I am ashamed that I have not written you long ago, but the simple fact is I have been too fearfully busy for anything but business. If you knew what great things I must accomplish within the next three months you would stand appalled, as I do. I dorit for the life of me see how in creation I am to get through with it without slighting some one very important thing. Now just see what is before me: 1st Lecture here a week from tomorrow night. - and not a word prepared as yet. 2nd Pick out the specimens for the "Homaday Collection" and issue a printed catalogue at the earliest possible moment. 3rd Prepare a paper for the "American Association" which meets at Saratoga in August. 4th Mount a fine group of Crangs (5) - the finest in the world! - to be exhibited there. Write a lecture on 5th Bones to be gotten off in August - illustrated. 6th Get ready to be married on Sept 6th. 7th Furnish 3 rooms to

live in immediately after. Then —
write a book. Now then! Do you
wonder any longer why you have not
heard from me more promptly? If
you do, I have no more to say.

So then, even this must be a short
letter, for the day of long-winded epistles
has gone by for me. I must be brief,
although I would gladly sit here and
scribble to you for hours.

I have your 3 letters dated Feb 4. Mar
1st & April 11th — The latter was written
the day I landed in San Francisco.

Am glad you are doing so well as you
seem to be, and Above all, glad that
you have at last found Miss Keys. — or
rather a woman ^{to} your own mind,
and who is also of the same. From the
bottom of my heart I congratulate
you! I wish you a speedy marriage,
and after that health, wealth and
happiness. You now have something
to work for in particular, which you
will soon discover will make all the
difference in the world. I hope you
love her deeply, and devotedly, fully
well enough to lay down your life
any moment to save hers, or even
to insure her lasting happiness. I
hope she loves you well enough to
give her heart's blood for you if she

were ever called upon to do so. See
that your love is deep enough to cover a
multitude of sins, tender enough to
guard the smallest offense, and abiding
enough to last forever in sickness or
in health, for better or for worse until
death you do part. My dear fellow, I
have within me a haunting fear that
you and Miss Keys are not half ac-
quainted with each other yet, not half
well enough to warrant your marrying
or being happy thereafter. I only judge
your case by my own. If I had mar-
ried Josephine 2½ years ago we would
have been only half acquainted, and for
a time after we would have been unhappy.
I really knew very little of her character
until my last visit at Battle Creek.
We were both greatly surprised to find
how very little we had previously known
of each other, after all. Now we are
much better prepared.

When is it that you take your plunge?
I think you said this Autumn. I am
very curious to know what Miss Keys is
like. Leastways I know she writes a beautiful
hand. I sent a Rhinoceros beetle to her
(+ one to Miss Kelly) and she sent 2 lines
in return to acknowledge receipt. Miss
Kelly did not say whether she got hers
or not.

I have just sent the ebony cane
to Mr T. Bones, and will forward
yours & the watch chain tomorrow
to your N.Y. agents.

Have you heard that I was twice
invited a reception in Des Moines by
the Iowa Academy of Sciences, and
that I was invited into two attempts
at lecturing besides? Yes, in Ames, at
the Iowa Agl. College, & at Keokuk,
my old home. No doubt Ben Bones has
sent you the papers with the accounts.
I tell you they received me with open
arms in Des Moines, especially the
"State Register?" You ought to read
about the "Great Traveller," the "Fa-
mous Iowa Boy" - whoop la! I be-
lieve I sent you a Rochester paper
to other day with a short notice of
my return - 2½ columns or so. I
am being slowly tortured to death -
or rather am doing it for myself. I
tell you I have to pay a heavy premium
in clear music on everything I have
seen. Ye gods, but it grows monotonous
already. Such is faire is it? Then I
don't want much more in mine. Why
I positively avoid meeting acquaint-
ances on the street as much as ever I
can. It's the same thing over and
over & over endlessly.

But it is time to draw this to a close & begin that cursed lecture.

But not before I tell you that I spent 17 delightful days in Battle Creek - the pleasantest of all my life so far. - then came on here & engaged 3 nice rooms which I am fitting up to my taste. The best one is my "study" & I am proud of it. Have an elegant inlaid cylinder secretary or desk - \$35. - the very thing I have been pinning for these 5 years. Thanks for your photo which I recd in good order. It is very good indeed. Write me as you are abld. & believe me

Yours faithfully & truly

Wm T. Hornaday

P.S. Sorry you don't like Cousin Sue. By the by, she is on her ear very much at the way you have treated her in never writing since your visit there. She feels snubbed. & declares you did not treat her with common politeness - after his visit was over. Too late to apologize now at all events, for "Sue" is hoppin mad, and her Pa & Ma are not far behind. What has you been a-doin' old man anyway?

W. T. H.