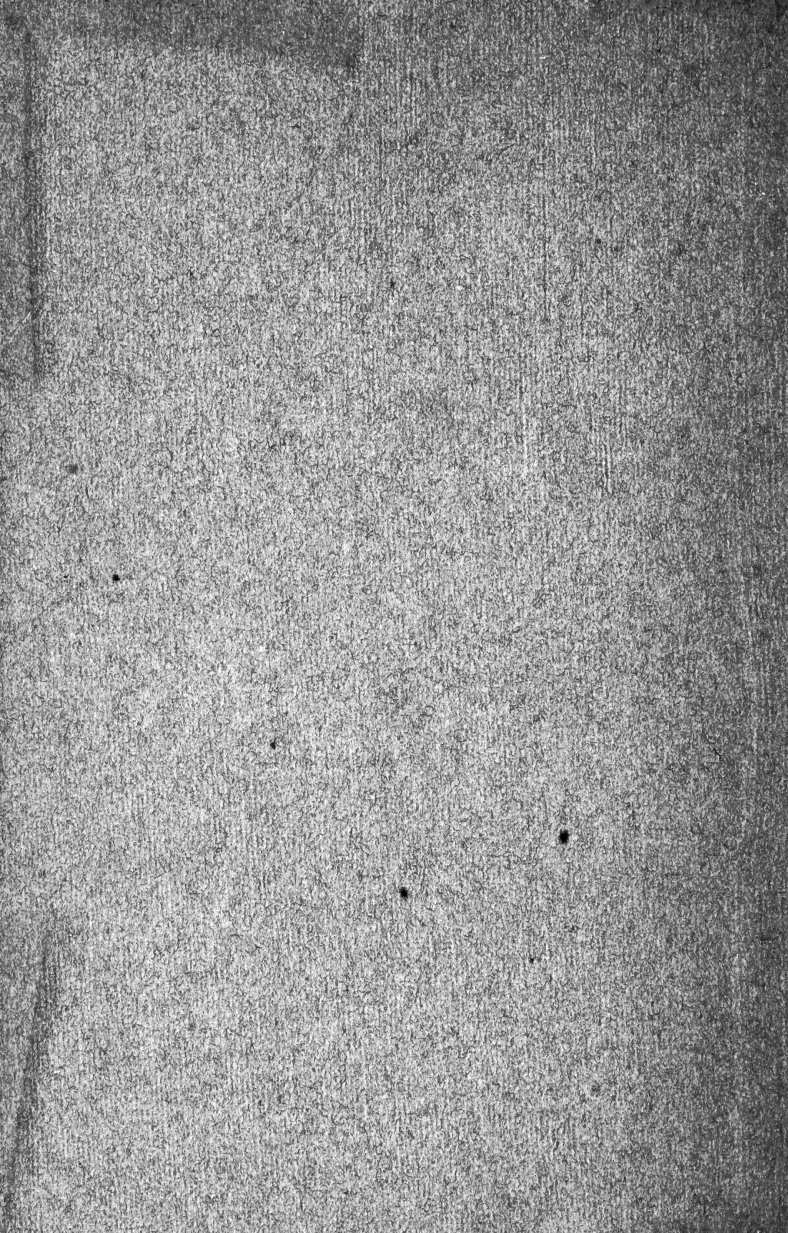


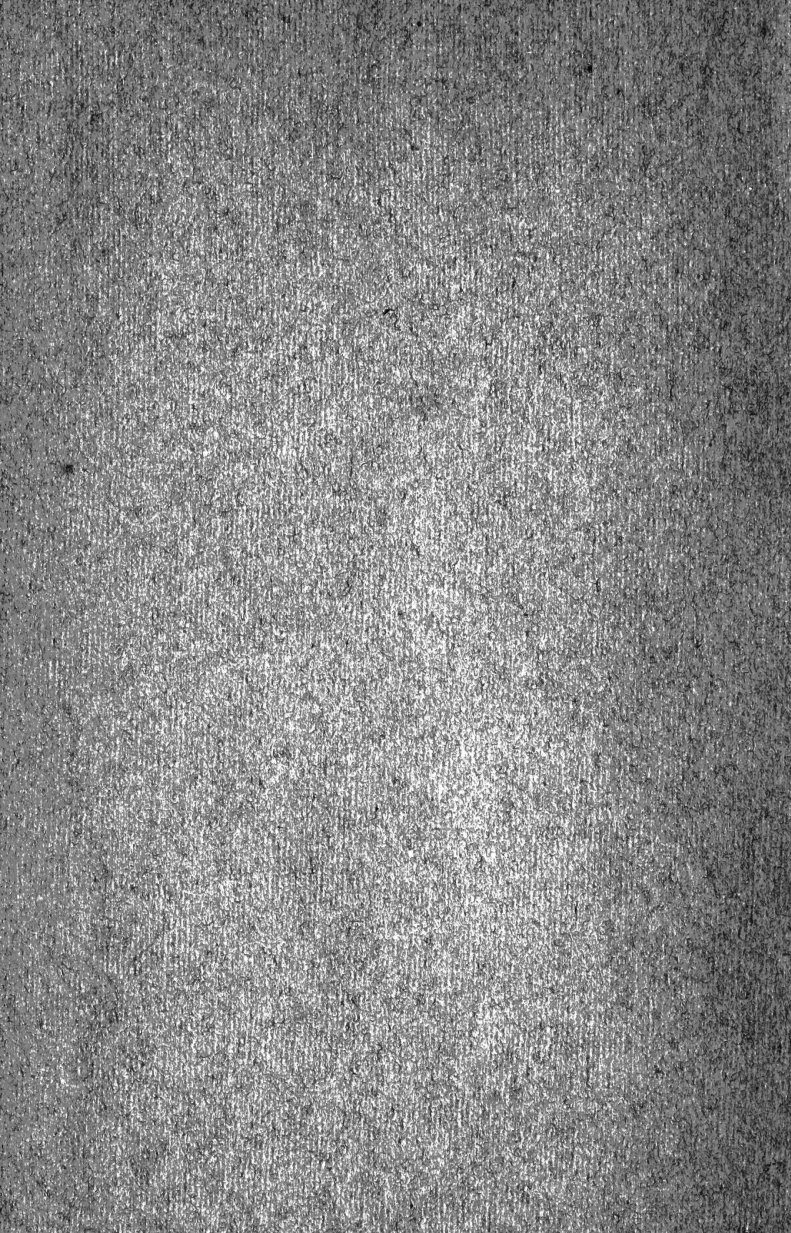
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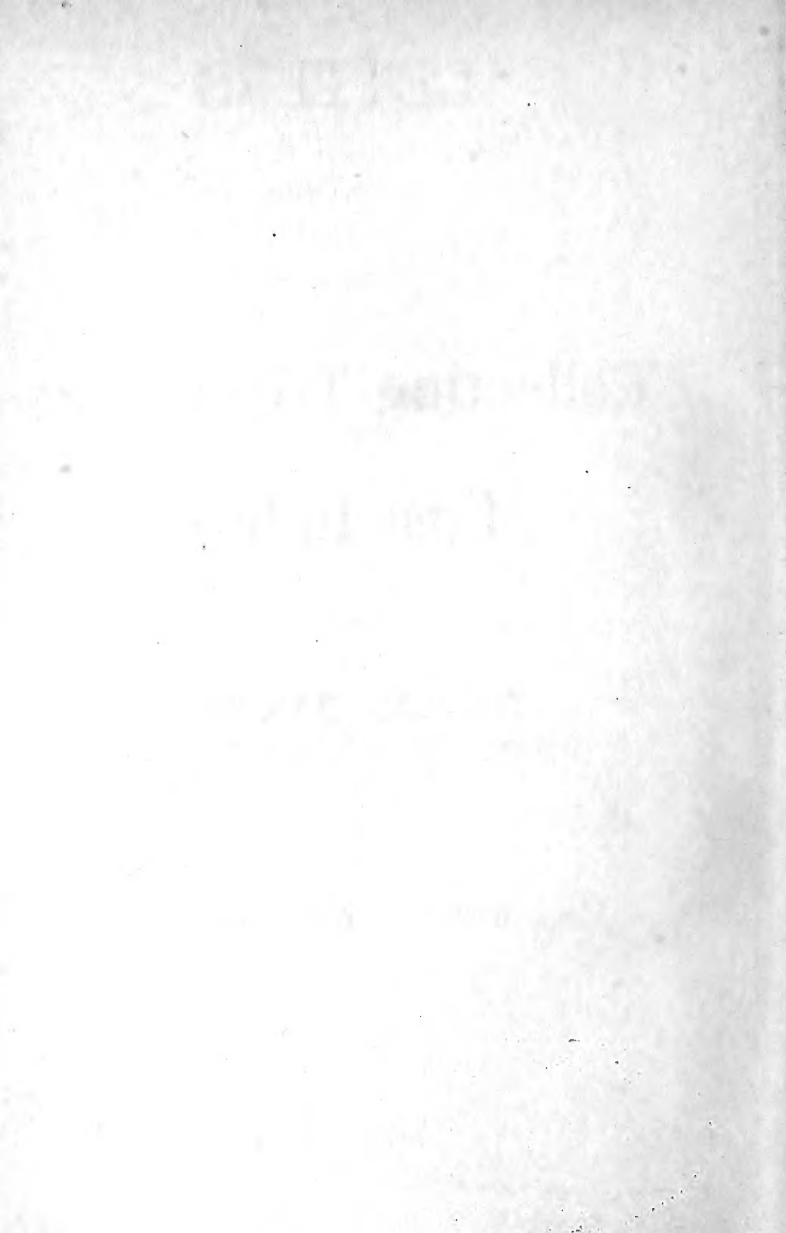
  
BARBOUR











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# LETTERS

WRITTEN WHILE

ON A

## Collecting Trip in the East Indies,

BY

THOMAS BARBOUR,

Of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Harvard University.

AND

Mrs. ROSAMOND BARBOUR.

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1913.



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**BY CHAS. A. SHRINER.**



## INTRODUCTORY.

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When these letters were written it was without the slightest idea that they would ever be printed, nor is their printing at present done for eyes other than those of relatives and intimate friends of the writers. The work of the editor was one merely of collating, the original manuscripts being placed at his disposal; the omissions, indicated by asterisks, are concerning matters of trifling importance, the last vestige of interest in which has been lost by the lapse of time.

*Chas. A. Shriner.*

*Paterson, N. J., June 15, 1913.*



## A COLLECTING TRIP IN THE EAST INDIES.

Cunard R. M. S. Ivernia, October 2, 1906.

Dear Mother :

Here we are really off and it is most exciting. Last night we passed a very uneventful night, or rather I should say a decidedly eventful night, sitting up until almost eleven o'clock picking out every kernel of rice. This morning the rooms were strewn with it and the waste paper basket full of it. However we did not care. We had a very good breakfast in our rooms this morning and left the hotel at 7.40, having bought every paper and periodical obtainable in the city. Michael met us and gave us the letters which we decided we would not open until later on; so I cannot answer any of your questions, if you have asked me any. Our trunks and bags were taken to room 25, very large and very nice. I at once began unpacking the necessary things and while these were strewn about the floor and hung up on hooks, Mr. Emerson, from the New York Cunard office, came rushing up and said he must speak to Mr. Barbour. Tom stepped out and he said, "Mr. Barbour, I have got you a better room; follow me." We went about two doors up and there we saw an enormous state room, with a sitting room attached (it belonged to the purser) and he asked if we would like it and when we said "yes," he said, "Well, then it is yours." Then we were introduced to the Chief Steward and he took us down to the dining room and gave us a fine place at one of the best tables. Really it was great. He said anything we wanted he would get for us, etc., and so on. So, so

far our trip has been a great success. Hilda Millet is on board, although I have not seen her; also Mr. and Mrs. Fiske Warren and kids. I suppose we will meet later on. We were much amused by the clippings. Will write you soon again. Tom joins me in sending a great deal of love to every one.

Most affectionately,

Rosamond Barbour.

The sun is out and it is fine and cool.

Let me add just these few words of love to you all. Everything has gone on as well as can be. We can only hope for a good voyage, which I think we will have.

Goodbye, from your son,

Your very affectionate son,

Tom.

Cunard R. M. S. Ivernia, October 2, 1906.

Dear Dod., Sal. and Bub :

Just think of it — me on the Ivernia. It is just too perfect. I wish you could be here with us, all of you, Pa and Ma included. The boat is enormous, huge library, every kind of book you could think of, maids and kids everywhere and altogether great. Mr. Emerson had orders from the New York Cunard office, and procured much better rooms for us; so we are finely fitted out with a bedroom and sitting room. So far no tags on any of the bags. Our rooms were a mass of rice, but every speck is out now; we unpacked everything and saw to it. Was it not funny, our going by in the auto. Think of me with a maid. I tell you I am very grand. No more; will write later.

Affectionately,

Ros.

R. M. S. Ivernia, Tuesday, October 2, 1906.

Dear Mother :

Here we really are out of sight of land on the Ivernia. Our staterooms are perfectly fine. Mr. Vernon Brown, of the Cunard office, has told every officer on board this boat to look after us, and so far they certainly have. After we had dropped the pilot we went down to breakfast and had a very good meal. Then we went on deck and got our steamer chairs and I saw Hilda Millet; she is crossing all alone and as her steamer chair is quite near mine we chat quite a little together. We read our steamer letters with the greatest interest. Tell Sal that I am delighted with her chocolate. Had a very good lunch, went to our cabin and played cards, read and napped until supper. Went to bed early; so far pleasant weather, calm and fine.

October 3.

Beautiful day, but getting rougher. Tom and I both had breakfast in bed. Tom could only eat tea and toast; I ate enormously. Dressed and went on deck at eleven and was soon joined by Hilda. Came down at one o'clock and had lunch with Tom in the state room. Tom can take only pepper tea. Sent you a marconigram. Went up on deck again and made the acquaintance of an English woman. Very pleasant. We walked around the deck several times and chatted together until dinner. Had dinner with Tom in the state room and just as we were beginning to eat the stewardess came in with your marconigram to me. Just think how really wonderful it is for us to communicate with each other when I am at sea. Was de-

lighted to hear from you. Turned in at nine. Run today, 364 miles.

October 4.

Beautiful day, although getting rougher. Did not get up to breakfast. Went on deck about eleven and tried my very best to knit those pesky shells. Neither my English friend (Miss Edwards) nor I could make them come out. Are you sure that you gave me the directions correctly? Do give them to me again and make out new ones while you yourself are knitting the shells. Make the directions very plain. Tom is still on the flat of his back. Had lunch with him in the state room. The head steward sent word in to us that he would cook anything we wanted; so in future I hope to live on game birds. Went on deck after lunch. Several of the English people asked me to join in their games with them, but I refused, being none too steady on my feet. Had dinner with Tom in the state room and turned in early. Run today, 367 miles.

October 6.

Nasty day, rough, blowy and disagreeable. Had breakfast in bed. Went on deck at eleven and took "Oliver Horne," a very good novel which Prof. R. T. Jackson sent Tom, which I started. Two little birds, called red polls, flew on board and caused great excitement. Had lunch with Tom in the state room and had plover on toast, a special dish served us by the head steward, also hothouse grapes. Poor Tom covers his food with pepper and manages to keep it down. Went up on deck directly after lunch, and met a Dr. Ewert, a very prominent English nerve specialist. He found that I was related to the Bowditches and so I

rose miles in his estimation. He had come to America for the medical convention and also to see the new medical schools and that is how I brought in the Bowditches. Had dinner with Tom in the state room and turned in shortly after. The run today was 316 miles.

October 6.

Very cold and very rough. Had a wireless from the Kaiser Wilhelm that we were going into a bad northeast storm. Finished "Oliver Horne," and sat very still in my steamer chair. Had lunch with Tom in the state room, partridge on toast, specially done for us. Went on deck again and chatted with Miss Edwards and the captain. Had supper with Tom in the state room and turned in early. Run, 331 miles.

Sunday, October 7.

Passed a fearful night, rolling and pitching incessantly. Could not sleep much. Stayed in bed all day. Could not eat any breakfast. Managed to consume a good lunch, prairie hen, specially cooked for us. Read most of the day. Still pitching tonight. Run, 341 miles. Tom has been in bed ever since Tuesday, not actively sick though.

Monday, October 8.

Beautiful day. I did not get up though and neither did Tom. Now, do not judge by this that we were seasick, for we were not. Ate a very light breakfast and read by my electric light all the morning. Had a simply delicious lunch in bed, specially cooked snipe, duck, sweet potatoes, fried potatoes, squash and tomatoes, ice cream and cheese. We get into Queens-town tomorrow at eleven o'clock at night, so Tom and I are resting. I think we are the only passengers getting off. Be sure and thank Ella Snelling for the

basket which she gave me; I do not know whether I shall have time to do so. Be sure to write a full account of Ruth's wedding, what you wore and what the kids wore, etc. My English friend tells me that those beautiful knitting silks which you, or rather I, can get at Head's on Sloan street, cost only fifty cents a spool. I shall surely invest. The concert is tonight, but I am too lazy to stir; so I am not going, although I would very much like to wear my nice green silk and diamonds. So far no tags on any of my luggage. Tom got one when we left the Vendome, but I never got any. Will write more tomorrow. My state room is just filled with unpacked clothes and I am wondering how they can ever fit into the trunk. I am so glad I have Katherina. Neither of us have been seasick once.

October 9.

Beautiful day. Had breakfast in bed and got up and did a little packing. Then I went on deck and had a very good time chatting and talking with every one. We made such a poor run yesterday that instead of getting into Queenstown tonight at ten o'clock, we do not get in until two tomorrow morning, really quite a good deal of difference. Had a wonderful day today on board. Will write again. This letter is meant for Pa too, only I did not start out with both of you in mind, as I thought Pa would enjoy one letter from Ireland better. Just had a wireless from Malcolm saying, "Welcome to Ireland, expect you to stay at Hilden House." With much love.

Ever affectionately,

Rosamond.



Cunard R. M. S. Ivernia, Oct. 3, 1906.

Dear Family :

Well, we are on board and very finely fixed. Mr. Emerson came here from the Boston office and said that Mr. Brown had written him that we were to be well looked to. So we are now moved to a splendid room and a sitting room next. We shall be more than comfortable. I think there is every prospect of a good trip. This is a good big ship, six hundred feet long and as we have on board thirty-two thousand bushels of wheat and even more cotton and apples, she ought to be quite steady. There is a little mist over the harbor, but the sun is fast burning this away. Well, Father, Mother and Brothers, I can only say that I wish all for you that has been wished by you for me. Give every one my love. I hope you have a good trip to the Adirondacks and lots of good luck in every way all the time you are there. I really cannot write any more now, for I do not want to get blue. Good bye.

From your ever loving

Tom.

Cunard R. M. S. Ivernia, October 8, 1906.

Dear Dod., Sal. and Bub :

I have been in bed now for two days, not actively seasick, mind you, only decidedly unsteady. The boat has been rolling and pitching like a good one for the last four days. Tomorrow (D. V.) we shall be on dry land. Neither Tom nor I have been actively seasick, however. Every day I have been on deck I have been greatly amused by a beautiful angora cat, very much like Romeo. She was born on board and she

has never been off the boat. She climbs the rigging like a good sailor and goes down from the first class deck to the second class one. She apparently does not mind the rain in the least, for the other day she was out in it, climbing all about the life boats. When we were a day off the banks two birds flew on board and the cat has been perfectly wild about them ever since, but has not managed to catch them as yet. The people on board are English, that is, most of them; Mr. and Mrs. Fiske Warren and kids, Hilda Millet and a few Americans, and then the rest are English. Our steward is extra good; he has crossed the Atlantic three hundred times and has been to Africa. I tipped my stewardess the first day out and it has proved a great help ever since. I shall tip her again as I want her to pack my trunk tomorrow. The food on board has been delicious. I was delighted with all the letters and also with Sal's chocolate — many thanks for them. Mamie Hunt wrote me a letter. Aunt Mary did too, and her's has been puzzling us all the way over. Tell her to try and write more plainly. Tell Pa that I did not write him from the steamer, as I thought that my land letters would be more interesting.

Tom joins me in sending lots of love to every one.

Affectionately,

Rosamond.

Cunard Steamship Company.

R. M. S. Ivernia, October 9, 1906.

Dear Father and Mother :

Well, here we are pretty nearly over, for tonight at eleven we are due at Queenstown. As we carry no

mail there will be no train to Dublin tonight and we shall have to go to the Queen's hotel for the night and start for Dublin on Wednesday morning.

I am writing this to you in my bunk where I have been since the day after I left Boston. The last four days have been very rough, but by keeping still I have so far been able to eat heartily and by peppering all food furiously persuade it to stay down. Ros. has been up every day but yesterday and the day before and is now on deck. She has not been actively seasick at all. There are quite a number of Boston people on board, so she is not lonely on deck. All on board have been very kind to us. Mr. Vernon Brown gave them notice to look after us. We have had special meals cooked every day and very excellent food was the result. Ask father if he will not drop Mr. Brown a few lines of thanks, if father has his stenographer in the woods with him, and tell him how very good every one has been to us.

We were greatly amused at reading the newspaper clippings about the wedding. Do be sure to send us any you have from the New York papers as you get them.                   \*                   \*                   \*

This letter is written under difficulties as I am as dizzy as a clown and the boat is very, very far from being steady. I will send Rob and grandmother a short note each, so I will ask you to read this letter to them. Tell Warren that we both send him lots of love and hope he will kill plenty of deer. Be sure to write us often what kind of luck you are having and all the news you can think of. I shall try this trip and see if I can really write you some decent letters, but this one does not count.

Give my best love to each and every one and remember me as

Your affectionate son

Tom.

Shelbourne Hotel.

Dublin, October 10, 1906.

Dear Mother and Father :

Here we are, quite safe and sound. The bad weather delayed the Ivernia and instead of arriving at six o'clock yesterday evening (Tuesday) she reached Queenstown this morning about three o'clock. We went to the Queen's Hotel, for there was no sleeper to Dublin because we had no mails. We slept until about ten o'clock, then had breakfast and took a short drive about Queenstown, which is really very pretty. The day was beautiful and the harbor looked very gay with a squadron of warships and the Majestic landing her passengers. At 11.55 we took the train for Dublin, where we arrived at about 6.30. I telegraphed from Queenstown and had lunch baskets put on at Mallow and we had a nice little lunch. The day has been a pleasant one and the train ride, which was so peaceful that it seemed more like a carriage drive, very enjoyable. I never saw so many shore birds as along the river back of Queenstown. There were curlews in flocks of several hundred as well as plovers of several sorts and cormorants and oyster catchers and turnstones and gulls of several sorts. They were very tame and hardly budged as the train ran by. We passed a number of large rookeries with many rooks about and saw the jackdaws flying to their nests in the towers of Queenstown cathedral.

Rosamond was much interested in everything—the little robin redbreasts so unlike ours. Rosamond is now retiring and I am sending this bit of news as I know you will be interested in following our peregrinations. Tomorrow forenoon we shall take a drive through Phoenix Park and then at three o'clock go to Lisburn. Malcolm and Sis both marconied us to stay with them. I telephoned them, or rather Frank telephoned us here, and I spoke to Sis and said Malcolm's invitation had reached us first and had been accepted. She said that Malcolm was coming to dine with her and she would talk it over with him. I think we would be more comfortable at Conway as there is considerably more room there than at Hilden House. But they can fix things up to suit themselves. We shall have a good time anywhere until Sunday afternoon when we shall go to London, where we shall stay at the Berkeley until Friday afternoon (19th) when we take the train for Brindisi, arriving there on Sunday afternoon. The Osiris leaves Brindisi at midnight on Friday for Port Said where it arrives on Wednesday at daylight. It is a fast boat, although small, doing this 940 miles in two and a half days. Here we change to the Moldavia and go to Aden, Arabia, where we arrive on Sunday forenoon. Then we change to the old Oriental in which we run to Bombay, where we are due on Friday afternoon at two o'clock. There will be time to go ashore at both Port Said and Aden, as the ships coal at both places. At Bombay we shall rest up for a few days; although I do not believe there will be much to see there it will be interesting as our first Indian city. The caves on the island of

Elephanta are carved temples in a great cliff on an island in the harbor. These and the Parsee towers of silence are about the only really interesting points. I hear, however, that the fish market also has some attractive features. So I shall find the stay profitable, I am sure.

Well, it is getting bed time now; all is going finely, so good night; love to all from

Tom.

Ireland, October 11, 1906.

Dear Pa:

We arrived in Queenstown yesterday morning at three o'clock. The Ivernia did not make an especially good trip, so instead of getting to Queenstown Tuesday afternoon we did not get there until three the next morning. However we did not mind that. We were the first persons to have our luggage gone through by the custom house officials and we got through all right; in fact, three of the trunks were not opened at all. We had a very good room at the Queen's hotel and turned in about four o'clock. We had breakfast at ten and then went out and took a jaunting car and saw the town. We purchased several postal cards for the kids. The driver was very funny and was cracking jokes all the time. He took us to St. Patrick's cathedral and we got out and went all over that and then he showed us the "residential" part of the town, consisting of thirty or forty houses. Then we drove out a little way into the country and it was very pretty. The day was glorious, not a cloud in the sky and as Queenstown is built on a terraced plan, the view from the

top was splendid; you could look right out to sea. At twelve o'clock we took the train for Dublin. It was called an express train, but it went very slowly. Tell Nora that we went through Cork and that I thought of her. It is a delightful ride from Queens-town to Cork. The railroad runs parallel to the Dee river and you never saw so many shore birds and ducks (except perhaps at Virginia Beach) in your life. The country is delightful—everything as green as it can be. The houses are mostly, in fact, almost entirely one-storied, made out of stone white-washed and with thatched roofs. The fields are all enclosed with hedges and they are thus for miles and miles. There is an abundance of sheep, cows, pigs, donkeys, etc., in the various fields. There is no end of wild flowers. We passed one field which I especially noticed, a mass of yellow primroses, then another filled with red poppies, really a delightful sight. When we arrived at Mallow we bought two lunch baskets and ate our lunch in the train; it consisted of ham and chicken, bread and butter and a bottle of ale. About four o'clock in the afternoon several of the passengers took afternoon tea put up in baskets the same way as was our lunch. At 6.20 we arrived in Dublin and drove with our trunks straight to the Hotel Shelbourne, where we found your cablegram and a telegram from Sister and Milne Barbour waiting for us. We were delighted to hear from you. The Barbours want us to come at once and visit them at Dunmurray, but we had already accepted an invitation, which we received on the Ivernia by wireless, to stay with Malcolm Gordon at Hilden House, Lisburn. We had a very good dinner at the

hotel and when we got through Frank Barbour telephoned us from Conway and wanted us to be sure and stay with Milne (his brother), as he was staying there. We had breakfast this morning at ten and afterwards we took a closed carriage, as it was pouring rain, and did a few errands. We bought a book called "Views of Dublin," and then went to West & Co.'s, the most fascinating old silver shop you ever imagined. There we bought three marrow spoons, perfect peaches, two muffineers, simply wonders, and one large gravy spoon, really a beauty. We shall send these when we send back my coat. You never saw such wonderful things as were to be seen there. Oh, I forgot to say that we got a pie knife with an ivory handle dyed green. There was also a Sheffield plate potato ring, numerous spoons like grandma's with the old hall marks and the old crests on the back; silver salvers, a coffee pot, which just matches our set, but we decided we would not get it; old shoe buckles, and a perfectly wonderful thing which I know would have taken your eye, a silver cruet stand, holding two odd cut glass bottles with silver tops, oil and vinegar cruets, two muffineers (silver) and a large muffineer for sugar, also silver; it was really a beauty, but we refrained from that also. Next we went to St. Patrick's cathedral, a very old one, built in 1190. It was very interesting; we saw the stalls where the old knights used to sit, with the helmets above each stall and the old flags above them; then we saw two very old stones which marked the site of St. Patrick's well. These were dug up in 1901, while rebuilding part of the cathedral, and their date is 900 A. D. Then we drove



through the old castle, and saw Trinity College, where Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke went. Then we drove through Phoenix Park and met Lady Aberdeen (the Viceroy's wife) driving; she had two outriders and I was very much impressed. This is such a curious place. You pass really beautiful old houses with fine brass knockers, etc., and then you look up higher and see dirty old Irish women hanging out of the windows and dirty kids beside them. It seems such a pity. I am crazy over the donkeys I have seen. We ended our drive about twelve and then strolled about in St. Stephen's Green (right in front of the hotel) and saw an almost endless array of wild ducks right in the heart of the city. We took the train for Lisburn about three. I am writing now while I am on the train, so this accounts for the scribble track of the pencil. Tom got a telegram just before we got on which read, "We will all meet you at Lisburn station." Will write later.

October 14.

We were met at the station by Frank Barbour and Malcolm Gordon and driven direct to Conway, the Milne Barbour place. It really is lovely and everything under the sun you could wish for, horses, autos, greenhouses, etc. Milne was not at home; he was in Glasgow, but his wife, Sister Barbour, was and she was a most cordial hostess. We dined at eight and met some relations and then played bridge and turned in somewhere about twelve. We breakfasted the next day at 9.30 and then we went out and walked about the place. The lawns are perfectly lovely, just like velvet, and the English ivy is

like a tree. Sister had a lunch for us and then we met more relations. When we left we had afternoon tea and delicious sandwiches and cake. Then we packed up and drove over to Hilden, where the Gordons live. There we met more relations. We turned in at 11.30. Yesterday we went through the mill; it was a great sight. In the afternoon we took an auto and went to Ardville, James Barbour's place. This was a great run through a wide expanse of lovely country. Their house is very large and their place great. They are the ones that gave us the potato ring. We had afternoon tea with them and then old Mr. Barbour took me around the place and all through his greenhouses and gave me a huge basketful of the most delicious hothouse grapes I ever ate. We drove back, or rather motored back, and dined at 7.30, and met more relations; we played bridge in the evening and turned in at 10.30. This morning we breakfasted at 10.30. We then packed up and made a call at the Harold Barbours at Grove Green. We left Lisburn for Holywood at three, and tomorrow we shall be in London, where we have endless invitations to stay with relations and friends. Frank Barbour gave us a wedding present of \$250. I will send you the views of Dublin, which we bought, and you will see just where we have been. Love to all, especially to Mother.

Affectionately,

Rosamond.

City of Dublin Steam Packet Co.

R. M. S. Leinster, October 14, 1906.

Dear Mother:

I finished my letter to Pa just a few minutes ago while we were on the train coming from Lisburn to Kingston. Now here we are on the boat, nearly ready to start for London. We did have such a good time visiting; the Barbour places here are really lovely and splendidly kept up. There are servants, butlers, maids, etc., without end. My dresses were so admired, especially the Pompadour. At night I wore every jewel I possessed, even Mrs. Gay's diamonds, which she gave me, and I felt as if I owned all the decent jewels in the world. Sis Barbour is a peach and she and I got along finely. She made a most charming hostess. Uncle James Barbour also is very nice; he reminded me a little of Uncle Charles Higginson; his wife I liked immensely. Frank Barbour and I had quite a flirtation. He is an out and out bachelor from the word Go, but he told Aunt Maria Gordon that if he could find another Rosamond he would no longer live in single blessedness. Today we received a wedding present from him, \$250. It will come in very handy I am sure in London. We did not have a single second to get any Irish lace here, but I obtained the name of a most excellent firm in London and I shall try and go there with my maid. You would go perfectly mad about the flowers, and the country here. There are fields and fields of red poppies and then fields of some yellow flowers. The old-fashioned silver shops are wonderful. Tell Nora that I tried in both Dublin and Queenstown to get some postal cards of Cork, but that

I could not get any for her. Tell her that I will take everything back I used to say about Ireland; it is a great place and I am sorry we shall have to leave it soon. With much love,

Most affectionately,

Rosamond.

City of Dublin Steam Packet Company.

Royal Mail Steamer "Leinster." October 14, 1906.

Dear Mother and Father:

Here we are just before the Holyhead boat starts waiting for dinner and writing to you. We left Dublin and went to Lisburn, changing at Portadown. Frank and Malcolm met us at the station and we went to Conway, where we arrived in time for dinner. All of the Gordons, excepting Aunt Maria, were there. We had a fine time and bridge afterwards. On the next day we stayed for lunch and Aunt Maria was there and also Cousin Nellie Andrews and Cousin Eliza Grushwitz. They were, I think, quite pleased with Rosamond. After lunch we went to Hilden where we stayed with Aunt Maria until to-day. Yesterday we went over and saw Uncle James and Aunt Maria Barbour. We had a very good time indeed there and many were the kind messages which were sent to you. This forenoon, Sunday, we went to Grove Green and saw Harry and Anna just arrived the night before from Queens-town. At Hilden we really had a pleasant time, although the weather was bad, as might have been expected at this time of the year. All the relations have been very nice and kind and we have enjoyed seeing them more than I can tell you. I only wish

we had a month for Ireland alone. Aunt Maria has been dear, just as kind as she could be and did everything to make us very comfortable. Uncle James looked very well and very handsome indeed. We have been eating his splendid hothouse grapes all this afternoon while we were in the train.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Mulholland came and dined and was very nice. Sister was a most gracious and cordial hostess indeed, as was Vera. Willie Gordon is a very extremely pleasant as well as goodlooking boy. Malcolm seems saddened still. Frank went to London the day after we arrived and comes back to-day to see Harry's boy. Milne's sight is greatly improved now, the operation having proven perfectly successful. He is in Glasgow and comes back in a few days. Tomorrow forenoon we are to be in London and will write you from there. Love to you, each and every one, in which every one that we have seen has asked me to join them. I am as you well know

Ever your affectionate son

Tom.

Royal Geographical Society.

1, Savile Road, Burlington Gardens.

London, W., October 16, 1906.

Dear Father:

Last evening came a very nice batch of letters, two very sweet ones from mother, which had been to Ireland, and a fine one from you. One of the letters from mother worried me some. She advocated cabling you direct, when we do cable, but happily it was amended at the end so that our code messages to you could

go to Brookline and there be translated and sent to you.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Dublin I forgot to write you that Rosamond got a lovely pair of silver muffineers with the money that Aunt Lizzie gave her. Tomorrow evening we dine with Mr. James and then go to the Hippodrome. This afternoon I took Rosamond to a service in Westminster Abbey and afterwards she had a very good look about the old building. From there I went around to the Royal Geographical Society rooms. They have a very nice club house, with splendid libraries, smoking rooms, etc. Tomorrow Rosamond is going sightseeing to the galleries and I shall take lunch with Mr. Scott Keltie at the Royal Societies Club and afterwards go to the British Museum to look over some bird skins with Dr. Sharpe, the senior ornithologist there. Tomorrow Rosamond and I shall go to the Zoo again, this time by appointment to meet the director and we shall see sights with him. On Thursday we intended to go to Cambridge, but as Dr. Hadden, whom we were going to see, has gone to Boston to lecture, we shall not go down there. I have found out many things, which I wanted to know, at the Royal Geographical Society. I tell you it was well worth being a fellow.

\* \* \* \* \*

After several long interviews with Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons I am getting a through set of tickets to San Francisco and to New York with stop-over privileges at all places to which we want to go, together with optional stop-overs at many other places. This buying of through tickets makes so much of a re-

duction from the regular fare that our trip from San Francisco to New York is absolutely free, compared to what we would have to pay if we bought tickets step by step. For this reason you need not be frightened if you receive drafts from London for about five hundred pounds. You see this is practically the sum of all our railroad and steamboat expenses, including paying £129, 10, 8 to Mr. Logan which he had paid out for our trips through to Bombay. Our trip through the East Indies by the Royal Dutch Steamship Company is not included in this as I will get from them a twenty-five per cent discount as a traveling scientist, i. e., if I can make them believe I am one. I have learned much about the trip there and we both now look forward to it as the goal of the whole tour. A very nice letter from Dr. Treub, Secretary of Agriculture of the Dutch East Indies, offers us accommodations at the Royal Botanical gardens and laboratories for as long as we care to stay there. Accordingly we do not look for many hotel bills in Java. The climate at the gardens in the high mountains is said to be simply perfect. I have just received a fine letter from Mr. Palmer with full directions for the trip in India.

Well, good-bye, with best love to you, each and every one, especially mother and yourself,

I am your loving

Tom.

London, October 16.

Dear Mrs. Barbour:

Tom and I have enjoyed the trip over very much and each day we come to the conclusion that we like each other better. All the relations were very kind to us in Ireland and I was sorry to have to leave them as soon as we did. One day we had glorious weather and so I saw what Ireland could be like. Tell Mr. Barbour that I was very much taken with Uncle James Barbour; he showed us all around his place and gave us a large basketfull of hothouse grapes to take with us. Yesterday we went to the Zoo and enjoyed it very much. Then we drove around Hyde Park and Regents Park. We passed by Buckingham Palace and I saw the guards walking up and down in front of it and I was much impressed. Tomorrow night we dine with Mr. James and go to the Hippodrome. Every one in Ireland spoke most highly of Robert and said he was very pleasant and they enjoyed seeing him. Our next address will be Care Mr. Frederic Palmer, 101 Garden Reach, Calcutta, India. Just think in less than three weeks we will be there. Time certainly flies. We have just received two letters from you and were so glad to receive them.

Affectionately,  
Rosamond.

1, Savile Row, Burlington Gardens.

London, October 19, 1906.

Dear Dod:

(This is Tom's Royal Geographical paper, but I thought I would use it up.) I wish you could have been with us yesterday and seen the Tower of Lon-



don. In the first place, it is a very old building, or rather a mass of buildings, once used as a royal residence and then as a state prison; it is surrounded by a wall and deep moat. It is now used at a government arsenal and the crown jewels are kept there. King Edward's crown simply took my breath away, it is so magnificent. It has in it 2818 enormous diamonds, 300 pearls (perfectly huge ones too), and numerous other jewels, one ruby (a good deal larger than a pigeon's egg) uncut, which belonged to the Black Prince, and one tremendous sapphire, which belonged to Edward, the Confessor. There were other crowns in this case and other state orders and jewels, the total cost is estimated at three million pounds, or fifteen million dollars. The upper floors of the tower are filled with old armor. One of the most interesting sights is the state prison room. The walls of this are covered with carvings, made by prisoners who were to be beheaded. Lady Jane Grey's name was carved there and many others. We then went to St. Peter's chapel and saw the gravestones of Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, Lady Jane Grey and others. We drove to St. Paul's cathedral and I went to a service there, came back, dressed for dinner and went to Mr. James's house. We had a very pleasant meal with him and got home at twelve o'clock. The distances in London are so great. I will send in the trunk some photographs and postal cards of the various places we have been to and you can look them over. The lace and the black scarf with roses in the trunk are for Mother, the green necktie is for Pa and the gloves for the family in general. The silver is ours and is to be stored. All these will

come in my big trunk. I will send the keys to Pa's office by registered mail. We are off very soon for Brindisi.

Affectionately,

Rosamond.

P. & O. S. S., October 21, 1906.

Dear Mother:

I received your letters just a second ago and was delighted to hear from you. Thank Sal and Cousin Lizzie for theirs. We have had a most beautiful trip so far. London is, well, there is no word for it; you would go wild about it. There are shops at every turn and palaces, parks, museums and cathedrals. The train from Calais here was dirty, but the trip was glorious. We had wonderful weather to start with; so I saw all of the southern part of France to the best advantage. It is very highly cultivated, flat and very neat. The Alps are magnificent, all snow capped and trees below. We passed a lake surrounded by these mountains and it was a fine sight. We got through the custom house on the border line of Italy and France without any difficulty. Italy is so different from France, dreadfully slack and untidy. The people here are dirty but all live in miniature Mrs. Jack Gardner palaces.

The train stopped about every fifteen minutes and before it started up a very grandly dressed official with a horn tied about his neck would step up and blow his horn; then the engine would toot and off we would go in the slowest possible way. But I enjoyed every second of the trip. We took a good many photographs and I do hope that they will come out

well. All the natives here plough their fields with oxen and the women do most of the work; they manage the plough and drive the oxen. We passed barrels and barrels of wine. This boat is full of people going really to all parts of the world. New Guinea is civilized compared to some of the places that some of these people are bound for. We have a splendid state room. I hope you will receive the lace, yarn and silk.

With much love. This boat is about to start any moment; so this accounts for the scribble track and abrupt ending.

Affectionately,  
Rosamond.

P. & O. S. S. Osiris, Ionian Islands, Greece.

At Sea, October 22, 1906.

Dear Father :

This is a very small ship, 1750 tons, but with 6,000 horse power, so we make very good time. The vibration from the machinery is often considerable. The trip from Calais (19th) to Brindisi (21st) was interesting. The first stretch was through the fertile farming country in France about Amiens and Rheims. Then we passed to Savoy and just touched Switzerland not far from Geneva and Zermat. Here the scenery was grand — long lines of mountains covered with snow. We went through the Mt. Cenis tunnel about dusk. During the night we stopped at Turin, Parma, Modena and Bologna and when we awoke in

the morning we were looking out on the Adriatic. This we skirted all day. It was a pretty sight to see the many fishing boats with their gaily colored sails. As it was Sunday, many people were going to and from church dressed in their Sunday best. For a part of the time the snow-capped Appennines were in fine view. Then we reached the plains stretching out as far as eye could carry with only cattle and horses, sheep and pigs, grazing about. At 7.30 we reached Brindisi and got aboard this ship. As the train with the Indian mail was very late we did not get off until five o'clock in the morning. The sea has been perfect, like a mill pond and wonderfully blue. At nine o'clock in the forenoon we passed Corfu, the Coreyra of the ancient Greeks, and about noon, Ithaca, the home of Ulysses. Ever since then, up to the time I am writing this, we have been sailing among the Ionian islands, following just about the same route that is described as having been followed by Odysseus on his journey to Troy, 2000 B. C. Now we are passing Zante, where the dried currants come from. Cephalonia we have just passed. Far away on the horizon is Cape Glarenza, the western point of the Pelopponesus of Greece; we can just see it through the blue haze. Tomorrow we should see Candia or Crete and then no more land until we reach Port Said at the mouth of the canal, on Wednesday morning, the 22nd, at seven o'clock. We tranship there and remain about five hours coaling. The boats here on the Greek coast are feluccas with lateen sails, very picturesque. The run from Brindisi to Port Said is 931 miles. Brindisi is about 1900 miles by rail and water from London. We had a good passage over the English channel and

neither of us was sick. I shall write you again as soon as we get into the canal.

Ros. joins in love to all.

Ever your affectionate son,

Tom.

P. & O. S. S. Moldavia, October 24, 1906.

Dear Sal :

Many thanks for the pins; I have already found that they come in very handy and I can assure you that I did not open the box until my birthday. As you said "Open with care" I did so and the rice was not scattered about, as you had hoped. Today I have set both eyes and feet on Africa. The Osiris, the P. & O. boat which connects with the Indian Mail steamer, got us into Port Said at 7.20 or thereabouts this morning. She ran alongside of this boat and they put gang planks down and such a set of men came to take the mails and luggage off as you never saw. I should think they represented all the wildest nations of the world. They were all brown in color, barefooted with hammered silver rings on their toes and ankles, and very scantily clothed in frightfully dirty pajamas or else a sort of draped tunic of many colors. They all wore either turbans of many colors or the regular red Mohammedan fez with black silk tassel. They talked like lightning, a most peculiar language, and fought like brutes. We took many photographs of them, which I trust will come out. Katherina attended to our luggage and we went ashore and saw the town of Port Said. It is built on a flat sandy beach, entirely treeless and lacking in vegetation. The houses look like those very queer make-believe Oriental structures

you see at Paragon Park or Revere Beach. They are hideous in design and color. The natives are filthy. All the women dress in black, with black veils over their faces and only their eyes exposed. We had a most annoying job sending the cable to Pa. The man could not understand English. Then we took a most dilapidated victoria, with a Mohammedan driver and two very skinny-looking horses, and went to a curious shop which the stewardess on the Osiris had advised us to patronize; there we bought two pith helmets each and a fascinating spangled shawl. I am sorry now that I did not get more than one. Tom then went to the post office to get some stamps, but could not manage to make himself understood very well; so he did not get anything very good. Then we went for a drive. Such a hole as this to live in! When we came back we hired a small row boat and told the man to take us back to the ship (which was only a few yards off) but he kept shaking his head and saying "no no," and then pointing to a sort of shed on the dock. It ended by Tom being compelled to go into this miserable shed and seeing a doctor; this is a sort of formality you have to go through if you land in any town before you can go aboard your ship again. Then the doctor gives you a slip of paper which you give to the quarantine officer on board. Our state room is of very good size and very comfortable. We left Port Said and entered the Suez canal about one o'clock. It has been a most interesting trip so far. Our boat is larger than the Ivernia, so we can make only four knots an hour. We passed two caravans, one coming from Central Arabia and the other from Ismailia. Seeing them was really a great sight. We have not found

this trip hot so far. There has always been a good breeze blowing. I will write mother more about this canal.

With much love,  
Affectionately,  
Rosamond.

I bought a beautiful large collar of very fine Malta lace for \$5.00.

P. & O. S. S. Moldavia,  
Red Sea, October 24, 1906.

Dear Father :

I am writing this to you, although it will be some time before you receive it. I do not exactly fancy sitting in here writing, for the scenery is most attractive outside. But I want to tell you about our trip through the canal while it is fresh in my mind. So please do not make any remarks about the writing. I wrote you about the Ionian islands. On the next day we passed Crete, interesting as the site of the labyrinth of Minas and the island where Perseus slew the Minotaur. The island showed upon the horizon only for a few hours on Tuesday forenoon. On Wednesday, the 21st, about six o'clock in the morning, we caught sight of the low lying coast of Egypt. A goodly number of steamers were on their way to enter the canal. About half past seven in the morning our ship, the Osiris, 1,750 tons, slipped alongside this ship, 10,500 tons and looked like a pigmy. This is a new boat about six hundred feet long, fully as large as can get through the canal. We moved our belongings on board and then went ashore in a small boat. We sent a cable and bought some stamps, white coats, sun hats, etc. Port Said is a dirty Arab town. The

streets are dirty and disgustingly ill-smelling. We saw camels coming in from various directions, I suppose with country produce. The streets were filled with Moors riding on donkeys and women with veils over their faces. After seeing the port doctor, who gave us a permit to get back on our ship, we went on board and got well settled down. We have a good room. The boatman who took us from shore kept yelling "babber" in my ear and I failed to understand what the chap wanted. Finally, with the help of another Arab, he enticed me into the doctor's office; the doctor was a Frenchman who explained that I would have to have a pass to get on the ship again. The "babber" was the nearest the boatman could get to paper, which he knew we needed. After awaiting our turn for a few hours we got into the canal, which is more than eighty miles long, three hundred feet wide and thirty feet deep in the middle. As our boat was so large and as homeward bound vessels have the right of way we had to tie up to the bank eleven times before we got to Suez on the Red sea end of the canal. The passage took twenty-one hours. It was most interesting, particularly the running at night by the aid of a big searchlight in the bows. A few years ago every boat had to tie up at night. The country on each side of the canal is an indescribably dreary desert. Only about the station houses, at the end of each section, where there are artesian wells, did it look green at all. But there dates and bananas were growing to perfection. Near Suez the fresh water canal from Cairo comes in and along this the country was very green and pretty. We passed Suez and anchored to take on fresh vegetables, etc. We bought some good



large photographs, for six cents each, of the canal, etc., from a boatman who came alongside. We spent about an hour here and then started down the Red sea which is here about twenty miles wide. The peninsula of Sinai is on one side and Africa on the other. The shores are composed of desert cliffs a thousand feet and more high of perfectly bare clay with sand dunes about them; as the sun shines on them they show wonderful colors. Rosamond enjoys watching the schools of flying fish rise near the bow. It is so calm that even I enjoy it. Between Crete and Port Said I did not enjoy it, but Ros. was not sick, only felt a bit stirred about. Yesterday in Port Said harbor a very large dolphin or porpoise came and scratched himself twice against the side of this ship. We could see it just as if it had been in an aquarium. It lay still for a second and a suckingfish, which was fast to him, let go and began to swim about. The old dolphin just turned a somersault and caught the fish. I could see the whites of the dolphin's eyes, we were so near. The weather is perfect, cool in the shade and a fine light head breeze.

There are numerous English people on board simply worrying themselves into profuse perspiration by violent fanning to keep cool in a heat which does not exist. We are very unfavorably impressed with the traveling English. This boat has a large number of Sirs and Lords bound for India and Australia; they are chronic grumblers about everything, from the weather, which is perfect, to the food, which is wonderful, considering where we are. If you leave your own deck chair some important personage plumps himself down into it and is insulted when you

ask him to kindly move on. They all drink too much for this climate. On the whole, the women are worse than the men. There are, however, a few on board who have traveled a great deal and who are both interesting and agreeable.

Since I have begun to write the sea has become wider; I can hardly see the shores and this letter may close as topics to discuss begin to grow scarce. We have seen Mt. Sinai in the distance and will soon be off Jiddeh where the pilgrims disembark for holy Mecca. We do not stop now until we get to Aden, on the south coast of Arabia. This letter will start for you from there.

The crew of this ship are an interesting looking lot, Laskars from Chittagong or Karachi. They dress in gaudy colors and wear large turbans. They are in charge of a boatswain of their own color who orders them about by blowing a funny little flute-like whistle. While at work they keep bawling in Hindustani to the full strength of their lungs. The table stewards are from Goa, a Portuguese possession in India. They understand very little English and speak less. You never saw such a villanouslooking lot of ruffians as are the Arabs who came on at Port Said to work in the cargo, mails, etc. They yell and fight all the time. Some of them had no clothes on, excepting a few rings on their toes and in their ears and a sort of filthy drapery about them, but, unlike Robinson Crusoe in the song, there was no heavenly smile.

Well, it is tea time, so good bye. Love to all from

Your affectionate son,

Tom.

P. & O. S. S. Moldavia, Saturday, October 27, 1906.

Dear Mother :

I wish you could be with us and see all the wonderful sights we have seen. Port Said is very interesting and very dirty. I wrote Sal about it. The canal is great and we were sorry to leave it. It is eighty odd miles long, three hundred feet wide and thirty feet deep in the middle. Along some of the banks there is masonry coping and in time the whole canal will have it. The suction from any boat is considerable, but from a boat of this size it is tremendous; where there is no coping of course great quantities of sand are sucked into the canal. Every few miles there is a gare, or station, and a siding with signal posts, by which the traffic is regulated according to the block system, by hoisting black balls and at night by electric lights. About every hundred feet on both banks of the canal there are white posts to tie up to; as homeward bound vessels have the right of way we tied up eleven times before we got to Suez on the Red sea. The speed limit is six miles an hour and it took us twenty-one hours. But we were sorry when it was over, as it was so interesting and different from anything we had ever seen before, although as far as tropical vegetation is concerned we passed almost none, as the whole length on both sides is nothing but flat, glaring, sandy desert. At the end of each section of the canal, however, there are station houses, with artesian wells, and here everything looks green and flourishing and dates and bananas grow well. Near Suez a fresh water canal comes in from Cairo and along this the country looked very flourishing. The mud huts the Arabs live in right out in the desert are

awful to look at, they are so small, and positively not even a blade of grass to give them any shade. I do not see how they exist or what they live on. I suppose fish from the canal and occasionally a shore bird. They run along the bank and shout out to the boat as we go by for quite a distance. We passed two caravans, very interesting sights, the camels slowly walking, each one loaded with trading things. We passed the town of Suez (this is supposed to be the place where the Israelites crossed the Red sea) and anchored for an hour or so to take on vegetables, eggs, etc. As soon as we stopped swarms of Arabs came climbing up the ship selling postal cards, nougat, cigarettes and all sorts of trinkets. We bought some cards which I sent to you, some photographs of the canal and views of Port Said and Suez; also, six strings of pink coral for forty-eight cents. At twelve o'clock we weighed anchor and steamed off for Aden. The sea is not very wide at first and on one side the coast of Africa was plainly visible and on the other the peninsula of Sinai. We saw Mt. Sinai. The shores are deserts, cliffs, a thousand or more feet high, perfectly bare clay, with now and then sand dunes, as far as you can see. The colors on these cliffs are wonderful, pink and lavender and many shades of blue. It has been very hot on the sea these last two days, but this afternoon we had quite a good breeze. We went through a sand and rain storm; this was most curious; the wind blew a gale and then the rain and sand began; while it lasted it was so thick that we had to keep tooting every few minutes, just as if we had been in a heavy fog. The sunsets are magnificent. There is a German prince on board and the rest of the boat

seems to be filled with lords and ladies and sirs and honorables; we have discovered that you have to throw a big bluff to be regarded as some one; so I flash my diamonds occasionally and send Katherina off to bring us afternoon tea on deck. I have some very good addresses of dressmakers who make those embroidered India muslin dresses, silk slips and all, for \$45.

Love to every one and lots to yourself.

Affectionately,

Rosamond.

Taj Mahal Palace Hotel.

Bombay, November 3, 1906.

Dear Mother :

We arrived here yesterday and were met at the pier by Mr. Messent, a great friend of Mr. Palmer's; he at once attended to our luggage and invited us to dine with him at the Yacht club here last night. We went and had a fine time. This place is the best yet. Fascinating is no word for it. This scrawl is to say, be sure to keep all the postal cards we send you.

Great haste,

Ros.

P. S. We bought ten beautiful ostrich feathers at Aden for less than five dollars.

The Taj Palace Hotel.

Bombay, Nov. 3, 1906.

Dear Mother :

I suppose long ago you have received our letters from Aden. We had fierce heat through the lower part of the Red sea. All took their mattresses on

deck to get a little sleep, but it remained from ninety to ninety-two all night. Old and stout people suffered tortures. The last hundred miles of the sea were pleasant, for we had a good breeze from the Indian ocean up through the Bab el Mandeb (Gate of Tears). Happily there was hardly a ripple, so we were not seasick. On October 28th we dropped anchor off Aden on the south coast of Arabia, distance from London by our route 3754 miles. We went ashore but had only a short time as it was nearly dark. We got some splendid ostrich feathers, direct from the interior, twelve feathers for a little more than a shilling each. Of course, they are not curled. Aden's only fame is that it is about the hottest place on earth inhabited by white men. There are several regiments of English soldiers holding a great rock without anything but desert for hundreds of miles around and not so much even as one spear of green grass. There is not a single drop of water for drinking or domestic purposes, excepting distilled ocean water. We have sent a few picture postals and we have a few pictures which we took ourselves. We had only a short time ashore as it is very dangerous to be about after dark. We went from shore to the Oriental, an old and decidedly small ship, single screw. We had a fine state room, but the (few) first cabin rooms were away aft, right under the quarter deck and directly over the screw. Natives brought all our luggage from the Moldavia in small boats and it was then hoisted to our deck. As fast as we recognized our baggage we grabbed it from a yelling, shrieking, naked swarm of Arabs. We got all our stuff together shortly after midnight and then to bed. The next day we got up in good season but

only to go to bed again until we reached Bombay harbor, for a cyclone struck us full force and such pitching you never saw. It seemed whole minutes when the screw was out of water and at that it was right under us. We had a heavy swell all the way to Bombay. Here a friend of Mr. Palmer's met us and he has been very kind indeed to us. This hotel is very good indeed, every one says a wonder for India. But we do have to keep an eye on our things on account of the thieves. We have driven about the city a bit and this afternoon Mr. Messent took us over to the island of Elephanta to see the wonderful caves in the solid rock, temples hewn out bit by bit in the eighth century. Some of the carvings are nearly perfect, although the Portuguese Jesuits treated them very harshly when they held Bombay. This city came to England — unsought — as part of the dower of Katherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II. It is now really the greatest city in India. To describe Bombay is not possible; you will see our pictures when we return. Monday will be largely spent in procuring thin clothing, Pongee coats and trousers. I nearly roast in my blue, so-called thin, coat. It is never below eighty degrees here, day or night. As for my top hat — well, it goes very little further. A cap after dark and a thick pith helmet for daytime is custom here. People here, all the officers on the ships, etc., have dress suits of white linen with red cummerbunds or sashes for belts. We are getting so that we can talk a few words of Hindustani, enough to get along with a gharrie wallah or cabby. Monday night we go to Jeypore, then to Delhi, Agra, Benares and Calcutta. About December 6th we shall sail for Rangoon, Burmah. We

are having a lot of films developed here and I hope we shall have some good pictures of the Suez canal, etc.

Well, perhaps the first part of this is worth being copied for grandmother, etc. We simply cannot write to every one, as we are far too busy. Perhaps we can do better when we get to Jeypore, eighteen hours on the train.

Give my love to each and every one.

Good bye from your affectionate boy  
Tom.

(On the last sheet of the letter written by Mr. Barbour to his mother, dated Bombay, November 3, 1906.) :

Dear Mrs. Barbour :

This is just a line to say what a perfectly heavenly time we are having. Mr. Palmer wrote to several of his friends that we were coming here for a few days and to look out for us. The result is that we have dined out and lunched out every day. Every place I go to I like better than the last. A Mr. Richards, whom I met yesterday, told me of a splendid silk bazaar here and said he thought I could get the kind of embroidered silk you wanted. I shall anyway try tomorrow. We have been so busy sight-seeing that we have had no time for shopping ! or even writing, but when I do get a second I will write you. Do not think that I have not written because I am too lazy or because I do not want to. With much love to every one, especially to yourself and Mr. Barbour, believe me,

Hurriedly but affectionately,

Rosamond.



Taj Mahal Palace Hotel.

Bombay, November 4, 1906

Dear Mother :

Such a wonderful time as we are having. Our rooms are where I have marked the cross, overlooking the harbor you see, and all my spare moments I am hanging out of the windows watching the passersby on the road below and the crowds of people that are always at this pier which you see in the above illustration. They are very gayly dressed in every shade and color imaginable and are always walking to and fro. A friend of the Palmers met us at the boat and has simply laid himself out ever since, dining and lunching us out every day. He is a member of the best club here, the Yacht Club; you will see it on one of the picture postals I sent you, and that is where we meet him every day. Yesterday he took us out to the Caves of Elephanta; they were most interesting. They were built in the eighth century and are wonderfully hewn out of a great cliff. The pillars supporting them are very handsome, square at the base, fluted at the neck and round at the capital. Around the walls are enormous carved gods. The temple is still used and the Hindus' sacred places or things, are always smeared with red paint; the result is naturally that most of the statues are covered with it. We have seen the Parsis Tower of Silence, where the Parsis bury their dead. We walked about in the Victoria Gardens and we took an auto ride for hours into the country. You would so love to see the natives; each religious sect dresses entirely different from the other; the result is that you hardly ever see two costumes alike. The men wear only loin cloths around their waists.

The women as a rule wear a bit more, but they are very scantily clothed to our eyes. This morning I met a woman who had such an enormous nose ring that it covered up one of her nostrils and her entire mouth. (Nearly all wear nose rings.) Then her toes were solidly covered with silver and she had huge silver anklets around each ankle, and both her arms up to her elbows were covered with bracelets. I am anxious to get some of these real native silver ornaments, but I guess I probably cannot. The native quarters are very interesting to go through. But there — you will see them much better in the postal cards I sent you than from any description I can give you. Be sure and keep all the cards, by the way, and I can give you the full details when I get back. We have seen everything that these cards represent. I am having a pongee suit made, exactly like the one Edelstein made for me, material, make and all, \$19.40. Am going shopping tomorrow. Much love to every one.

Most affectionately,

Rosamond.

Kaider-i-Hind, Family Hotel.

Jaipur, Rajputana, November 7, 1906

Dear Father :

Here we are the day after a twenty-eight hour ride over a narrow guage railroad. It was very cold at night, then exceedingly hot when the middle of the day came. We left Bombay at 9.30 in the evening of Sunday; the next morning we were well out into the wild country. We saw hundreds of gray apes from the car window and took some pictures. I hope they will come out well. Wild peacocks were very common,

as well as parrots, doves of several sorts and big Sarus cranes in the fields. As the day progressed we passed through a great deal of cultivated land. The little villages were primitive and interesting. In the afternoon we ascended the plateau of Rajputana. The scenery was grand, but rather desert in character; this was predominant when we reached Mt. Abu, where only three inches of rain falls in a year. A good deal of thorough but very primitive irrigation is done to raise cotton, tobacco and indigo. This vicinity is famous for game : leopards, antelope, deer, etc. At dusk we saw what we took to be a hyena running away from the train. It may have been only a jackal. We reached here a few minutes before midnight. This hotel is Indian and run by a native, it is very good indeed considering. We have had a fine time since we arrived here. At Bombay I obtained Cook's tourists' checks for hotels, a coupon a day. This saves petty extortion for light, attendance, etc. Tomorrow we take an elephant and go out to see the old ruined city of Amber. The ruins are said to be among the finest in all India.

Rosamond is just now writing mother about what we have been doing and seeing to-day. This forenoon I bought for various people at home some little bits of brass work done in the bazar; it is quite characteristic and not done elsewhere. Rosamond got a little bracelet of gold enameled by a process which is understood only here.

At Bombay I secured a bearer from T. Cook & Sons; he is a Mahommedan. I secured one because of the aversion of the Hindus to taking life, killing beetles, e. g. He is very good and quite necessary,

making up berths at night, waiting at table, general guide, etc. I have him do all the feeing when we go out and he gets things done for about one-fourth of what we could. He is good to send out to the bazar to buy little souvenirs for us. For next to nothing he obtained for Rosamond a gold nose ring, a nice little one just like the native women wear. So far we have had little chance to collect, excepting a few nice things which flew into our rooms and the cars.

\* \* \* \* \*

I do hope we shall have good photographs; some are already done and they are fine. When we arrive at Calcutta we shall have some printed and send them to you. Those taken at Port Said and in the canal are very good. We also have some good ones of Aden and a few which we had done in Bombay are good, but most of those we took in Bombay have not been developed as yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dinner is ready and I must run. So good bye; love to all.

Tom.

### Kaiser-i-Hind—Family Hotel.

Jaipur, Rajputana, November 7, 1906.

This is to acknowledge the steamer letters — positively the first chance I have had. The trip has been ideal. India — well, there is no adjective to express it. At Bombay we saw all the sights, the Parsi Towers of Silence, where the Parsis place their dead and flocks of vultures eat them up; it was rather shocking

but very interesting. We went out to the Caves of Elephants. Mr. Messent took us, a friend of Mr. Palmer. He had a fine launch and we had tea on board. The sail was delightful and we got in in the evening in time for dinner at the Yacht Club. After seeing numerous Hindu temples we went to the native quarters of the city and bought some fine silk and pina for next to nothing. The trip from Bombay here took twenty-eight hours. We passed through some very interesting country and saw flocks of wild parrots, hundreds of monkeys, and cranes, camels and all sorts of birds, flowers and trees. The natives themselves are as wild a looking lot as I imagine the New Guinea cannibals to be. The women often wear nose rings so tremendously large that they entirely cover their mouths. They wear huge earrings and four or five silver or colored anklets on each ankle. Their arms are covered with bangles up to their elbows. As a rule they are great beggars, and fearfully dirty. Tom hired a native servant (a Mohammedan) who is very useful. Today we sent him for a pass to see the gardens and stables of the Maharajah. We drove there this afternoon and I felt just as if I were living several centuries ago. The palace is pink and ornamented with various flower and animal designs; the gardens are beautiful and splendidly kept up. The Maharajah has three hundred and fifty horses; each horse represents a wife for they say he has a large household. When we were through seeing these sights we drove to a native bazar. You never saw such jewels.

\* \* \* \*

Tomorrow we go on an elephant's back to the city of old Jaipur — Amber — and tomorrow evening we

leave for Delhi. Give my love to every one and write if you ever get a chance.

Affectionately,  
Rosamond.

Kaiser-i-Hind—Family Hotel.

Jaipur, Rajputana, No. 7, 1906.

Dear Mrs. Barbour :

Every day is better than the last. We thought that Bombay was the place nearest to perfection on earth until we came here and now our views have changed. Our trip from Bombay to here was very dusty and dirty, but exceedingly interesting. The natives are so primitive in their way of living. Their houses consist of mud and are really not more than 6x6, and, filthy dirty ! The women work a great deal harder than the men. We passed a great many of them ploughing in the fields. It seems very funny to drive out and pass trees full of monkeys. We have taken sixty or more photographs in all with good results. To-day a trick man came around and such wonderful tricks as he performed ! He planted a mango seed and we saw it grow into a tree. Then he charmed the cobras and, the worst trick of all, he stuck a sharp knife right through a boy's neck. I really saw this and was not hypnotized.

This afternoon we drove out to the Maharajah's palace and, having obtained a special permission to walk about, we spent the afternoon strolling through his gardens and private halls and then we went through his stables. It was so interesting — everything and everybody is so totally different from anything I had ever imagined before. The Maharajah's

temple was very queer. The chief gods in it were two wooden elephant-like creatures most gorgeously painted, and two wooden peacocks. We saw his sacred crocodiles and took their photographs ! Tomorrow we are going out to Amber. I will write you again as soon as I get a minute. It is not hot here.

With a great deal of love,

Affectionately,

Rosamond.

Agra, India, November 11, 1906.

Dear Mother :

I have seen such magnificent things and such splendid sights since I last wrote you that I hardly know where to begin and what to tell you about. Our stay in Bombay was very interesting and we enjoyed seeing the place, but the city itself is not nearly as typically Indian as some other places we have seen. But I wrote to you from Bombay and so shall waste no more words over it. From there we went to Jaipur. Such a fascinating place you never imagined. The natives were all gayly dressed in the most brilliant colors and literally covered from head to foot with rings. The streets were always crowded with camels, elephants, bullock carts, donkeys, goats and water buffaloes, and interesting people—Hindus of every conceivable caste, with their caste marks painted on their foreheads, and many Mohammedans. There were Hindu women carrying enormous brass water pots full of water on their heads, all mixed in together with the traffic, and the streets simply teemed with life and movement. Lots of them sleep right out on the sidewalks, or anywhere; their houses

are filthy and in size often not more than ten feet by ten, I should say, and crowded with animals. How they live in such filth I do not know. Nevertheless it is interesting to see them. Amir Hussain (a Mohammedan scoundrel) our native servant, interprets the native language for us and tells us where to go and what to see. He obtained a pass to go through the Maharajah's gardens, grounds and stables. The gardens are fine, filled with many kinds of beautiful tropical flowers, flowering shrubs and with fountains playing. The palace is seven stories high and built of red sandstone and most elaborate in its curious decoration. It overlooks the gardens. We saw the Maharajah's crocodiles and fed them. Then we went through the stables; he has three hundred and fifty horses and a man to look after each horse. The horses are fed on sugar and carrots. Amir then took us to a most fascinating native bazar where we bought a beautiful inlaid enamel bracelet. The next day we drove about six miles to the foot of Amber Hill (old Jaipur); there we met an elephant (one of the Maharajah's) and rode on him the rest of the way to the ruined city. The old palace is magnificent. The Rajah's apartments are entered by a splendid gateway covered with mosaics and sculptures; over it is a pavilion of marble most beautifully latticed, through which the ladies used to look out upon the Durbar. Beyond this is a garden with fountains surrounded with palaces, brilliant with mosaics and marbles, and panels of alabaster, some inlaid and others painted with flowers. His rooms literally glittered with inlaid work of gold, glass and mirrors; the doors are heavily carved sandal wood



and ivory, beautifully inlaid. The bath rooms are at the end of a long marble hall and are of pale yellow marble. The dressing rooms glow with gilt and exquisite inlaid work. They look upon a lake below and beyond to the city through arches of carved alabaster and clusters of beautifully graceful columns. The private temple is white carved marble and it is still in use; for a goat is sacrificed at the altar every day. In the afternoon we went to a school of art where they were hammering silver and making brass work. The natives are certainly born artists; they copy perfectly, but cannot originate designs. It is very curious to see a Hindu shrine, not more than five feet by five, right out in the middle of the street and people praying to the most shocking looking gods. We remained in Jaipur only two days and then took a night train to Delhi. It is a very interesting town, although for native life nothing compared with Jaipur; the old palace at Delhi was far and away handsomer than the one at Amber. The latter is a building of typical Mohammedan architecture, of white marble; with the inside inlaid with precious and semi-precious stones. The royal rooms are very beautiful; the bath rooms are large and of great variety, a Turkish bath, rose water bath, hot and cold bath, etc.; they are very elaborate in design and inlaid with precious stones and gilt. Opposite to this is the Pearl Mosque, made of gray and white marble, exquisitely beautiful, with a door of heavily embossed silver. We then went to an ivory shop and such stunning things we saw! I bought a beautiful card case, for really next to nothing considering the work; it is all open work carving on

both sides. Not far off was the largest mosque in all India, the Jama Masjid. It was the Mohammedan Sunday and we saw thousands of people praying there, all faced towards Mecca. We were required to take our shoes off and put on sandals before entering to walk around; the Mohammedans go barefooted inside the doors. In this mosque we saw the Koran which belonged to Mohammed's grandson, Mohammed's sandals, very carefully kept in glass cases, a fossil footprint of his and one dreadfully coarse red hair from his beard. We then went to the Jain Temple, which is in a fearfully dirty part of the city, with streets only broad enough for pedestrians. It stands on a high walled platform, approached by steps, and consists of a small white marble court with the temple on one side most elaborately and richly gilded and painted; on the altars were gilded statues of the various Jain gods. It was very beautiful and interesting. You never saw anything like the dust in Delhi; it is so thick that it looks like fog. A great many of the natives have bad coughs as the results of it. The following day we drove eleven miles to the old city of Delhi. The ruins are superb. The tombs of the old moguls are of white marble, elaborately carved and very beautiful—but it is useless to keep on, for there are not enough adjectives in the English language to tell how superb they are.

Yesterday evening we took a train here to Agra and this morning after breakfast we went to the famous Taj Mahal. I enclose a photograph of it to you. It is really indescribable. Shah Jehan and his favorite wife are buried there; twenty-thousand

men worked on it for twenty-two years. The whole interior is a mass of flowers (made of different colored jewels) inlaid in enormous slabs of white marble, with carving to perfection. We spent the whole morning there and intend to go again tomorrow. It is the finest building we have ever seen or ever expect to see. There are beautiful gardens on the one side of it and the river is on the other. You would so enjoy seeing it and I wish you could. This afternoon we went to the palace of Shah Jehan. It is very beautiful and commands a glorious view, overlooking the city of Agra and the river. Tomorrow evening we leave for Lucknow, then Benares and then Calcutta. I shall write you again the first chance I get. I bought a beautiful Kashmire shawl. Our photographs have been quite successful. We have had them all developed up to this place. Give my love to every one. The heat is not so fearful as people make out and we often need two blankets at night. The change of temperature between mid-day and mid-night is astonishing. We do not feel the heat because it is so dry.

Most affectionately,  
Rosamond.

Tom sends a great deal of love.

Agra, November 11, 1906.

Dear Mother:

I wrote you last from Jaipur where we were for two days. We left there for Delhi, about eight hours by night—quite a comfortable trip. The native city of modern Delhi is a filthy labyrinth of streets, very narrow and with little dog kennel houses on

each side. The palace of the old Mogul emperors is simply beyond description. It is situated in a British military reservation, so we could take no pictures, but we bought some of the licensed ones. Here stood the peacock throne, carved of marble inlaid with jewels and surmounted by two life size peacocks, their natural colors shown in rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Two life size parrots were in the corners opposite the peacocks, each parrot said to have been cut out of a single emerald. These were carried to Persia by Nadir Shah and are now, also said to be, in the royal treasury in Teheran. The whole of the palace is inlaid, lotus and iris flowers, in lapiz lazuli, malachite, carnelian, jasper, coral, etc. All were more or less badly damaged by the fighting in 1857. The largest Mohammedan mosque in India is superb, the Jumma Masjid. It stands across a great dusty open plain from the Fort. Here the Mogul emperors came every Friday to pray. We were in Delhi on a Friday and we saw the faithful swaying towards Mecca in prayer. In the sanctuary two thousand priests can find room to worship and the great court yard is large enough to hold twenty-two thousand people at once. It was certainly a wonderful sight. We saw here a hair from Mohammed's beard, one of his sandals, a copy of the Koran written by his son-in-law and his grandson and a fossil footprint, said to be his, imprinted by a miracle. The high priest would show these to any dog of an infidel for about thirty-two cents. The second day in Delhi we drove eleven miles to Kutab Minar, passing through a continuous series of splendid ruins of various old Delhis of the past, many palaces of

great emperors and splendid royal tombs. We had tiffin at the government rest house and came back in the afternoon. In the evening we took a train for this place where we arrived this morning at half past ten, three hours overdue. We drove to see the Taj Mahal at midday. It is furiously hot here, one of the two hottest places in India, but very dry, so one hardly notices it at all. The Taj is absolutely indescribable. To say that it is the finest building in the whole world is to belittle it. It has been said that the Moguls designed like Titans and finished like jewelers and this was certainly so. Shah Jehan and his favorite wife are buried here. Twenty thousand men worked twenty-four years on the Taj and its costs was Rs.31,748,026, not including the material, which the shah obtained gratis as gifts from neighboring Hindu rajahs who wanted to curry favor with their Mohammedan conqueror. The whole interior is a mass of flowers inlaid in pure white marble with hundreds of thousands, probably millions, of selected pieces of semi-precious stones and some precious stones as well. The marble tracery of the great screens about the splendid cenotaph and the window screens is simply beyond belief. The whole outer and inner surface for hundreds of square feet is inlaid with Arabic inscriptions, taken from the Koran, in black Jhodpur marble on a surface of marble, white as ivory. The Taj is splendidly situated in a magnificent garden with ponds symmetrically arranged in marble basins, a perfect setting for this splendid jewel. The cathedrals of Europe and any other building in the world which once seemed glorious in one's memory fade to insignificance when

compared with this. The Taj is on the banks of the Jumma where wild crocodiles and large river tortoises can be seen at any time; we saw them from the terrace of the Taj itself.

The shooting about here is fine. People leave the hotel in the morning and get back for lunch often with two or three antelope, a couple of gazelles, sand grouse, etc. Our spare hours are spent in hunting smaller and to us more interesting game. The collection of lizards and bats grows daily. Almost every shrine yields its quota. We are traveling in a country of the most accomplished thieves. At Jaipur our car was on a siding and we got aboard at nine o'clock although the train was not due to leave until midnight. We were awakened by a man standing between our berths feeling about. Without going into details I may say he was persuaded to leave the car, I am sure a sorer and I imagine a wiser man.

The photographs we have made so far show that we have a very different condition of light to work under here from what we have at home. We have some very good pictures, however. Well, I must get ready for dinner now.

So, good bye, from your

Loving son,  
Tom.

Calcutta, November 16, 1906.

Dear Mother:

I wrote you last from Agra. Since then we have been to Lucknow, a very interesting place, being one of the great strongholds of the English during the

time of the Indian mutiny. We went all over the ruined Residency and saw the bullet holes and all the other old buildings. From most points of view Lucknow was not as interesting as other places we have been to. Amir (our servant) took us to a fascinating but filthy India embroidery shop. I was disappointed with the embroidery and there were no dress patterns whatever and no shirt waist patterns, nothing really but handkerchiefs and doylies. We saw a good many elephants belonging to some native prince, most gaily painted, and got some photographs. Two very wonderful trick men came around in the afternoon and such tricks as they did perform. Marvellous does not express it, and they did them all with the greatest ease. When they got through performing they ask you for a sort of a recommendation, which they use to show around. They asked us where we came from and we said Boston. They took out some recommendations other Boston people had given them and the first name I saw was that of John P. Bowditch. This was certainly curious. When they were through performing I learned four very good tricks from them; I hope I shall still remember them when I get back to America. Tom got Amir to arrange with one of the men to take us out in the jungle the next day cobra hunting. So bright and early the next day we drove out about six miles from Lucknow and then walked about two miles into the jungle. It was very interesting. Finally we met a native and our snake charmer asked him if he knew the whereabouts of any cobra; he said yes and that he could show us where, if we would pay him for it; we naturally agreed and followed him. In about ten

minutes we came to what looked like a large rathole and into this hole the man pointed. Our snake charmer carried a bamboo cane with him and this he poked into the hole, but nothing came out; so he began to dig with a native instrument, a short-handled enormous hoe. Presently he came to the cobra, a most tremendous black one, and jumped back. Tom at once photographed him (the snake). Then this awful snake, persuaded by pokes from the stick, came hissing out of his hole and made for us. It was quite exciting. Tom snapped photographs by the score. When he got through photographing he shot him and we have him now preserved in alcohol. The history of this snake is quite interesting. You see it is contrary to the Hindu religion to kill anything and so this snake, according to the chief of the nearby village, whither we afterwards went, had lived there for fifty years and had killed two people. They had prayed to it many times to go away, but naturally all to no avail, and when they saw it dead they could not thank us enough for killing it. The snake is over six feet long.

From Lucknow we went to Benares, the oldest religious city in India. The Ganges river, which flows through it, is very sacred to the Hindus and every faithful Hindu must bathe in this river at Benares if possible once before he dies. Over a million pilgrims go there annually. The river is vile, it is so filthy. All the dead Hindus are thrown into it. We saw hundreds of people bathing in and drinking this holy water and right by them, floating about, half cremated Hindus, cats, goats, dogs and all kinds of dead animals. The town is full of funerals; all



rich people bring their sick to die near the Holy River, and poor ones too if they can scrape up enough money to do so. We saw a great many in process of cremation and a great many others partly cremated and thrown into the river. The temples along the edge of this river are quite a sight and are filled with people and sacred cows (live cows too). How the pilgrims live after their bath I cannot conceive; it is entirely against our laws of hygiene. We went to the Monkey temple and that was very interesting. There were numerous people bringing offerings to the monkeys, which simply swarm all over the temple, and also beating tom-toms and playing a sort of bagpipe to them. It was very weird to see them. We took quite a good many photographs. From Benares we came here in about fourteen hours in a fearfully shaky train, but I did not mind it in the least, for I slept right through it.

The Palmers have been very hospitable and are planning all sorts of entertainments for us. I am so thankful that I have that embroidered dress of Miss Moore's. Today was her day at home; so I received with her and wore it, with some of my diamonds. Tomorrow we go to some races at the Country Club, on Sunday to the Botanical Gardens and the Zoo and I think perhaps Monday we shall start for Darjeeling. At any rate we shall plan that this evening with the Palmers. My fountain pen leaked yesterday and ruined the front breadth of my Edelstein pongee skirt. I have lived in that suit ever since the Red sea; those white silk waists I got at Meyer Jonassons' I could not get on without. I shall write you again when I get a chance. Give my

love to every one and tell Bub and Dod I shall answer their letters some time.

Most affectionately,  
Rosamond.

101 Garden Reach.

Calcutta, November 16, 1906.

Dear Mrs. Pierce:

This afternoon we reached here after a very hurried trip through upper India. We are both as well as we possibly can be. Rosamond's almost supernatural capacity to sleep in any position, under the most adverse circumstances, is one which is simply the greatest blessing. She retires on trains about eight and sleeps through until seven the next morning. The trains are mostly on narrow gauge track and I wonder how any person can sleep at all. The trains shake about most fearfully. She will write you, far better than I am able to, about the things we have seen and done. I think she is having a time she will never forget. I am more than delighted that I persisted that this was the only wedding trip for us. My only fear is that we shall be blasé when we return. Still, we are now almost half the way around the globe and we have travelled quite enough to know exactly how we like it; it certainly agrees with us. Everything is as satisfactory as the most fastidious could desire. Nevertheless one has to rough it a bit. The hotels are rather poor and such general dirt you never saw, but the worst of that is over, for the Burman and Javanese hotels are said to be far cleaner and more comfortable than those of upper India. Our programme is about the same, although we may not leave for Burmah until a day or two later than

we expected, in order to get one particularly good boat which makes the Calcutta-Rangoon trip in two and a half days. We might better have the extra day ashore than on one of the B. I. boats, which are not notoriously good. Stories about the heat here are vastly exaggerated; of course, the sun is hot, but this time of year is neither the hottest nor the coolest, so we get along swimmingly. Bombay was warm and steamy, 94 in the shade one day, about like the Red sea, which really was fearful for a while. Up about Delhi and Agra it is cold at night and very hot in the sun at midday, but is it dry and you hardly notice it once you get used to it. Ros. does not mind it now in the least. The weather here in Calcutta has been bad lately, warm and much rain, but the people think the spell is over. Certainly today is fine. The vegetation about here is wonderful, a great change from Jaipur, where they had no rain to speak of for seven years, or from Delhi without rain for three years.

In Jaipur a famine is quite inevitable, indeed it is almost in full swing, but as it is on a railway line no great suffering will result, as most people of this—a protected native—state live in or near the city. About Delhi they irrigate from Junma and get about the lack of rain locally in that way. Benares, our last stop, was vile, but most interesting; dirt, filth, superstition, galore. People drinking water within a few feet of dead men, dogs, etc., just because the water is so holy as to make everything all pure and clean. Good bye, love to all.

Yours,  
Tom.

Dear Pa:

I received your cablegram this morning, together with many letters, all of which I was glad to read. We are having such a trip! Up to the present the weather has been cool and comfortable. It is rather a damp heat here, but as we are off on Tuesday for Darjeeling we do not mind it. This place is beautiful—a large country place really—surrounded with beautifully kept up lawns and lovely flowers, especially jessamine, growing everywhere in profusion. I intend to bring home seeds of some of the Indian flowers, in hopes they will grow. Mr. Palmer's house is very large and filled with beautiful carved teak wood furniture and really old brass things, gods and other ornaments, etc. You would go simply wild over two brass Thibetan dogs he has; they formerly guarded the entrance to an old temple; I do not know how he ever came to possess them. The floors are all inlaid marble (except the bedrooms) and are kept as clean and as bright. He has a large retinue of servants, three or four men sometimes waiting on the table. The food is most excellent; we had some curry today that surpassed anything I had ever had; I could not help thinking how Mr. Gay would have enjoyed it. Yesterday we drove out to the Country Club and watched some very good races. We had tea there and I was very much delighted with it all. Fortunately I had all my jewelry on, for the people here do dress up so and wear their best clothes on every occasion. I have bought some fine Kashmir shawls and Mrs. Palmer is going to take me out shopping tomorrow. My American Express cheques come in very handy, but I have not yet begun to use

them up (luckily). I cannot get used to seeing flocks of parrots flying about. Mr. Palmer is planning some sort of hunting trip for Tom; he is doing everything for us and is just as nice as he can be.

Give my love to every one.

Rosamond.

Tom sends love to all.

101, Garden Reach, Calcutta, November 18.

Dear Mrs. Barbour:

We left Lucknow for Benares on Wednesday evening and, after a very shaky trip on the train, arrived at Benares on Thursday morning at eight o'clock. We had "choto hazri" (tea and toast) and then drove out to the Ganges river about half an hour or so from the hotel. Benares really is the most filthy place you could imagine, but it was very interesting. It is the oldest religious capital of India and over a million Hindu pilgrims come here every year to bathe in this sacred river and bury or rather throw their dead into it. We took a native boat and were rowed along the whole river frontage where we saw crowds of people bathing in and drinking this vile water. The town is full of funerals as people bring their sick to die near the Holy River and then throw them into it. The river is better imagined than described really, but I am delighted we saw it. Along the banks are temples swarming with people and animals (sacred cows and goats, etc.); every now and then we heard a gong ring and this we were told meant that some one was praying to the god. They ring the bell first to attract the god's attention

and then pray. After breakfast we went to the Monkey Temple. We arrived there just in time to hear the chief priests playing on a kind of bagpipe-sounding instrument and beating tomtoms to the monkeys which literally swarmed all over the temple. The monkeys were fed with the greatest solemnity and we took some good photographs of them. It is so weird to see human beings worshipping monkeys. In the afternoon we took the train hither and were met by Mr. Palmer's carriage and driven directly to his compound. The place is very attractive, beautiful green lawns on all sides of the house, really like an English country house, and lovely flowers everywhere. They have both been very kind to us and we are having such a perfect time. Mrs. Palmer seems very well and she is as bright as she can be considering what she has been through. Mr. Palmer is killing—he is very funny and makes a charming host. Yesterday they took us to a country club to watch some races and we had great fun. I was glad that I had taken your advice about bringing my jewelry with me; everybody wore so much there yesterday. We play bridge every night. Lots of people dropping in. I win quite often. On Tuesday we leave for Darjeeling.

Give my love to every one and with a good deal to yourself believe me

Affectionately yours,  
Rosamond.

101, Garden Reach, Calcutta, November 18, 1906.

Dear Father:

I have perhaps not written as often as I should have done, but one steamer leaves here every week and I have tried to get a connected story to you so far. We have been having a perfect time, everything simply ideal and all thanks to your generosity to us.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are appreciative; a little time for reflection far from home is very excellent to put one in an appreciative frame of mind. Robert and Warren both wrote letters, which we received by this last steamer. I was delighted to get those letters and shall answer them by the same boat that this goes by, if possible. It seems strange to think that in a week we shall be writing you our Christmas letters. We have rushed through India in order to get to a place where we can secure the Palmers' advice about what best to do. On Tuesday next (November 20) we go to Darjeeling to have a look at the great snows, the roof of the world. We shall be there but a couple of days as it is rather cold at this time of the year. When we return Mr. Palmer has arranged a little shooting trip down to the "Sunderbunds," in the Delta country. I imagine they are a kind of plains. There are to be found antelope, Sambar deer, etc. The other day out at the country club we happened to stroll out to the rifle range and a Major asked me to try four shots with him. I made two bullseyes and two 4s at a hundred yards, and he made one bullseye, one 4 and two 3s. I pretended that it was nothing extraordinary but I felt very pleased

just the same. I was very happy to hear of Fritz's getting the two deer; that was fine. The news which I received to-day, although long awaited, was very welcome and seemed so cheerful. This letter, from a purely impersonal point of view, may not be very entertaining, but it gives us a bit of a chat together. The Zoo here is very good indeed. Everything is outdoors and wonderful palms, etc., about. You ought to see the big bats here; they hang in hundreds in some of the trees and at dusk it is a sight to see them fly off as big as large hawks, scattering to rob the natives' orchards, for they eat only fruit. I have some good photographs of them; also of birds of various sorts, one of a parrot sitting by its nest and two other very good ones of parrots. At Jaipore we saw the big crocodiles in the moat of the Maharajah's palace; formerly they threw condemned criminals to them, but that was one of the trifling eccentricities which the English put a stop to. We obtained some splendid pictures of some of the Maharajah's elephants having their bath in the river. One of his chief state elephants was simply a monster. Most gorgeously painted and trapped out, they are by far the most stately means of conveyance in the whole world. I have some photographs of wild monkeys which are quite good. The wild peacocks in the native state of Rajputana go in droves and are as tame as hens as they are never molested because they are sacred. I have become very unpopular with the Hindus on account of my collecting; they do not believe in taking any life. One sect, the Jains, cover their mouths with a cloth when walking for fear of swallowing a fly which might blow in; they even



sweep the road ahead of them to keep from killing ants. It is said to be very unseasonable here, for the weather is still hot and very moist, but I do not mind it in the least and neither does Ros. I do not see how any one who really minds heat can ever make a trip around the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

The cameras are working pretty well, but the light is extraordinarily strong and the cameras are not quite light proof as they would be in America. As I write the natives are raising Cain in a temple near here with gongs, drums, squeaky horns, etc. I hear the bells now, so I know they are getting ready to pray and attempting to get the attention of old Ganesh, an ugly brute with a man's body, an elephant's head and six or eight arms. A necklace of skulls adds to his charms.

Well, good bye, ever your loving children, who send their love to all.

Ros. and Tom.

You would love to see the birds here; they are so tame.

Calcutta, Nov. 19.

Dear Warren:

Your letter was very acceptable indeed. Just that sort of gossippy news, about hunting, etc., is what is most interesting. It is hot and steamy here, quite different weather from what you are having. I hope you are very well, enjoying life in the woods with lots of fun. In a little while I am going on a shooting trip near here and hope for great things if I can get a gun that I can hit a barn door with. I

made a very good score at 100 yards at a range near here a couple of days ago; several English officers, etc., 4 shots each. I got two bullseyes (5 each) and two 4s, winning. I was quite tickled. I have written all about where we have been and what we have done to the family and you can get that all from them. Nothing very exciting except a cobra hunt and I got some fine pictures! just developed. The cameras are working wonderfully now and I will have some prize pictures to show you all. But I am almost out of films and can get none to fit here. I think I will get another cheap English-make camera so I can get films more easily.

Lots of love to you from us both.

Your affectionate brother.

Tom.

Calcutta, November, 1906.

Dear Rob:

How often Rosamond and I have wished you could be out here to see this funny country. To an engineer like yourself everything would be very interesting, because it is so very primitive. Steamers are coaled by hundreds of coolies, each carrying perhaps ten pounds in a little basket on his head. There are no drays for carrying cargoes from and to steamers, only wonderfully slow bullock carts. If a street is to be dug up every little bit of dirt is lifted out in handfulls. They have no shovels here, only a sort of heavy hoe. In this very good house, i. e. for Calcutta, all the cooking is done on a row of little charcoal fires in big earthen pots standing about the floor. The servants squat about and wash the

dishes on the floor, where they all walk about in dirty bare feet. The filth of the whole country is such that you wonder why any one is alive. Here is a city of 1,100,000 people and not a single sewer excepting the gutter where everything stagnates in dry weather and which the rain is supposed to flush out. There is no street cleaning department excepting thousand of crows in the day and herds of jackals which come right into the city after dark and make night simply hideous with their snarls and shrieks. Many of the inhabitants cook, eat, sleep, etc., right in the streets with perhaps an old parasol for a house. They seem quite happy.

Yesterday, a great Mahommedan feast day, every one of these same people sported pink turbans, baggy pea-green silk trousers, yellow or blue (sky color) silk coats or a great sort of drapery of some gaudy color. The streets were simply a blaze of color. To-day every one you see almost has on nothing but a loose dirty rag wrapped about the waist. They profess to be very clean and so they wash regularly, but, alas, in some old, ill-smelling tank, or even this same gutter perhaps, if it is more handy. This city is in Bengal and the people are quite a bit smaller than elsewhere and much darker in color; they are a very cowardly race. They shave their heads, also in the street, with cold water and no soap. They leave just one lock right on the top or a few long hairs which they stroke and grease most carefully. Each caste of Hindus paints itself with distinctive marks, so that different castes will not touch each other and thus become contaminated. The Chinese here are the fine workmen; they are simply wonderful carpenters,

etc. One Chinaman will do as much work in one day as a Hindu will do in six. Every board here is sawed out by hand! It takes some time to get a building done, but they use a large number of workmen, very cheap, and get about it that way. Calcutta is simply a bit of England very poorly transplanted into India. It is by far the least interesting city we have struck so far, and the most filthy. There are no real sights in the way of fine temples, etc., but the vegetation is simply superb and there is a fine Zoo. So all is well.

Good bye, love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

Tom.

Darjeerling, November 24, 1906.

Dear Mother:

We left the Palmers last Tuesday, but are going back again next week to remain a week more. They are very nice and do everything possible for us. Mr. Palmer is especially popular with everyone. Their place is delightful, quite large and filled with lovely flowers of every sort. On Saturday they took us out to a country club to watch some races. I wore my lace dress and pink hat, I mean lace hat with pink feathers. Tom bought me a very elaborate parasol and I felt quite dressy. Mrs. Palmer dresses beautifully—everything she wears comes from Paris. Tom walked around with her most of the afternoon and Mr. Palmer took me with him. A great many people spoke to him and he naturally introduced me

to them and I had a great time. English people are so very stiff and formal, most of them; so when I meet one of that kind I appear as stiff as I can. Calcutta is not a very interesting city. There are so many Europeans there it almost spoils it. This place is perfect. The trip up was great. About seven o'clock we had breakfast at a small station and then changed trains to a narrow-gauged road and came here up the mountains. The valley, of course, was very hot, and an abundance of tropical trees and plants grew along the tracks. We passed a great many acres of tea plantations, which interested me very much. It was amusing to see natives at the different stations we stopped at with their arms full of purple orchids. When we reached an altitude of 7,500 feet it grew very cold and we saw snow on the mountains, which was not at all an unpleasant sight, as Calcutta is far from being cool. The humidity there is very great.

This hotel is very comfortable. Mr. Palmer, who is very well known here, telegraphed to the manager to give us the best room, which was done. From my bed I can see a good part of the Himalaya Mountains, all covered with snow. Kinchinjunga is one of them, next to the highest mountain in the world. You cannot imagine how beautiful it is just at sunrise. Tomorrow morning we are to get up at three o'clock, ride about six or seven miles to Tiger Hill, and see the sunrise on Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world.

The natives here are very like Chinese people, but there is one drawback to the race: the women do all the work. They dig in the streets, lay car tracks,

do the gardening, in fact, seem to do all the work; you hardly ever see the men do anything but smoke cigarettes. When we arrived at the station women porters came up to us and they carried our bags and three trunks (the steamer trunk, Tom's shirt trunk and my hat trunk) to this hotel, about five minutes hard walking up hill. Their method of carrying was to put a rope about the trunk and then fasten the rope about their heads. Just think what a white elephant my big R. P. B. would have been, the one I sent home. You see this is very near the Tibetan border line and so the village is full of Tibetans; they are an interesting lot, always smiling and apparently happy. We went through the native quarters and bazars yesterday and bought a few things. I bargained with a woman yesterday and induced her to sell me a good deal of her jewelry, rings, bracelets, etc. I understand she has an endless supply daily for sale. Next week Tom and I are going to the Sunderbunds shooting; it is about sixty miles from Calcutta and they say that the shooting there is excellent. Tigers are plentiful. Wouldn't it be great if Tom bagged one? We are to be on this trip for a week or ten days and then sail on the 9th of December for Burma. We leave here tomorrow, the 26th. I have sent you some postal cards, which are typical of this place. Day before yesterday Tom went to the Testa Valley, thirty-five miles from here, and collected; he got a good many things, eighteen dozen beautiful butterflies among the rest.

Give my love to every one, yourself of course, especially to the Gays and grandma and grandpa,

and wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from me.

Most affectionately,  
Rosamond.

Darjeeling, November 25, 1906.

Dear Mother, Father and Brothers:

This is my Christmas letter. You will probably get this a few days late, but you know the steamers do not leave every day and this is the nearest to Christmas day that I can send letters off. Of course, I send you all my love and best wishes, and best thanks, too.

I have had the best time yet here, for I have been able to really be wholly a naturalist for a few days with no sights to see except what we caught. I got up a party of coolies, guides, ponies, etc., and while Ros. did the sights of Darjeeling with Katherine, I went off to the Teesta valley on the border of the independent kingdom of Sikkum. The ride is about thirty-five miles and going down it drops 6900 feet. The coolies, with bedding and food, left about three o'clock in the morning on Thursday and I left with two guides at 5.45. We arrived at 11.40 and I caught butterflies, etc., until dark. I had one Lepcha, a native of Napal, who was a splendid butterfly catcher, etc., but of course we could not converse without an interpreter. We rode about on ponies sent ahead and had splendid luck, for, with what I have bought very reasonably, fifty-five cents a hundred, we have several thousand. I got eighteen dozen with my helper; many are splendid and some are very rare in collections. We also got some fine moths, scorpions, beet-

les, lizards, wasps, large grasshoppers, etc., a fine lot. I spent the night in the government rest house quite comfortably and a day getting back here, collecting on the way. In the valley it was very hot, but about the hills the air was very bracing. I was not even stiff from sixty miles of riding and walking.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the ride was glorious along the foot of Kinchinjunga, 28,350 feet high, within nine hundred feet of the highest in the world. The native villages were very interesting. The people are very like Chinese, wear long pigtails to their heels, etc. Such filth I have never seen before. Prayer flags were flying from every house and everywhere along the road where devils were likely to lodge. I met numerous people from Bhutan and Tibet coming here to trade and got some odds and ends from them. The trip was the very best yet and well worth the trouble even had I not obtained any butterflies, just to see some country really away from the hordes of tourists who infest India. This town is at the end of the railroad and is the last one in British territory. Here Sikkim, Nepaul, Bhutan and Tibet all corner in. All but Sikkim claim China as a protective power and Sikkim has China and Great Britain both; England is rather more useful, I imagine.

The people here drink brick tea. They put a chunk into a churn with a handful of salt and a large lump of butter and some hot water; they then mash this all up and drink it. I did not think that it looked particularly appetizing.

I hope I have some good photographs, but most of the people jump and run at the first indication of



photographing. As all carry several enormous daggers one hates to push affairs unpleasantly. They also do not hesitate to throw the vilest filth on the slightest provocation. I hope the photographs will show the wonderful scenery.

Tomorrow we go back to Calcutta and in a few days in a launch to the Ganges Delta. Mr. Palmer got up the trip and he thinks there is a fair chance of getting a tiger. I shall buy a good secondhand gun in Calcutta and also a shotgun, for teal and snipe are very plentiful. Deer, leopard, crocodiles and an occasional rhinoceros are to be had, but this is not really the right season.

\* \* \* \* \*

Send my love to grandmother, for I may not have an opportunity to write to her before the steamer sails, although I shall endeavor to do so.

Lovingly your son and brother,

Tom.

Calcutta, November 28, 1906.

Dear Pa:

Here we are, back again in Calcutta, sorry to leave Darjeeling, but glad to be with the Palmers again. They are so nice to us. Mr. Palmer has planned a week's shooting trip for us, beginning December 1. We go to the Sunderbunds in a launch, which he has secured for us from the Port Commission, and we are to live on that. He says that Tom stands a very good chance of getting a tiger, and deer anyway. Darjeeling is one of the most interesting places I have been to. It is right on the border or Thibet and so most of the people in Darjeeling are

Thibetans. They are totally different from the Indians, for they look like Chinamen and are always happy and smiling. The men wear long pigtailed and queer hats, which they frequently keep on their heads by fastening them with the pigtailed. Each carries an enormous knife in his belt and all wear very large earrings, generally of turquoise or coral. (We purchased two pairs.) Their boots look like crazy quilts and seem to be made on that idea. As a rule they are quite fine looking. They all chew betel nut, which makes their gums and teeth red, and they seem to live principally on raw onions, a pretty bad combination. The women are very pretty and small, but strong as oxen. They literally do all the work; they make roads, lay car tracks, drive bullocks, carry heavy stones, but they are always just as smiling and happy looking as are the men. They boss the men around continually. They cover themselves with ornaments, bracelets of silver and shells, necklaces of coral and turquoise, and huge turquoise earrings, even larger than those worn by the men. I should say they were four or five inches long. Their poor ears are pulled out of shape by them.

On Monday morning (November 26) we got up at 3.30 and rode seven miles up and down some very steep mountains to a place called Tiger Hill. It was pitch dark and we heard many jackals. We arrived there in time to see the sun rise and it was glorious. From this hill, so called although it is over seven thousand feet high, we saw Mt. Everest, and it was a grand sight. Kinchinjunga was also very plainly visible and with glasses we could see the glaciers in it. The color effects as the sun rose on these mountains

were wonderful and we wished that we were artists and could have painted the sights. We took a number of photographs. At nine we got back to the hotel. Coming home was much more pleasant than going, as we could see all the beautiful flowers and ferns, etc., along the side of the trail. The paths were very narrow and my horse insisted on keeping as near the edge as possible; one false step and we would have gone down thousands of feet to the valley below. It was great. That afternoon we came here and had a splendid trip down. The scenery was very fine. Mrs. Palmer's carriage met us and we were driven to the house and given a most cordial welcome. They are arranging three dinners for us. We are going out calling this forenoon — now, so I will close, with love to every one and a happy new year.

Affectionately,

Rosamond.

Tell mother that I bought thirty yards of pongee silk for \$4.84.

101, Garden Reach,

Calcutta, December 9, 1906.

Dear Mother :

We leave today for Burma and we are very, very sorry to go. The Palmers have been very kind to us and did everything they could for us. The reason you did not hear from me for some time was because we were down in the Sunderbunds, miles away from Calcutta and nowhere near any mail box or post office. So I knew it was useless to write. Mr. Palmer procured for us from the Port Commission a steam launch, as he called it, but it was really more like a

yacht. She was eighty feet long and carried twenty men. She was furnished with all the modern fixings, even electric lights. We steamed down to the Sunderbunds in her. The Sunderbunds are a series of jungle islands separated by winding creeks; you anchor off a likely looking spot, go ashore and shoot or rather collect whatever comes your way. One night we sat up on a manchan (a bamboo platform in a tree), having tied two goats out in the hope of getting a tiger; unfortunately we only came as near to it as to hear the tiger growl, but even that was exciting. We spent the whole night, from 9.30 in the evening to 6.30 the next morning, and never saw a thing, not even a deer. We did nearly step on a Russel's viper in the dark, walking to the tree — a big fellow too. You have no idea how simply tremendous tigers' footprints are. We saw hundreds of very newly made ones. Deer paths were just like roads and we have seen a good many deer, but did not shoot any for fear of frightening away tigers. They were very pretty spotted deer called Chital. The life all about us was so wild and so different from what the ordinary globe trotter sees; the native boats we saw were exactly like what I have always imagined slave boats to have been. One man squats in the rear and steers with a tremendous rudder, while the other men walk backwards and forwards pulling oars that looked as if they must have belonged to the first sailors in the world; you never imagined anything more primitive. We took several photographs of them. On our way back here we stopped at the Botanical Gardens and saw a famous banyan tree, one hundred and thirty-one years old, and large enough to hold two regiments under it. I

never saw anything so huge. Its branches were covered with orchids. I must stop, as we are off to Burma.

Happy New Year to every one. On the first of January we leave for Java.

Affectionately,

Ros.

December 10, 1906.

101, N. Garden Reach,  
Calcutta, India.

Dear Father :

I am writing this letter to you because it is about a hunting trip and I am sure you will enjoy hearing of it. We have already written that we have been given a survey boat belonging to the Calcutta Port Commission, and we have just returned from over a week in the wilderness of the Ganges Delta.

We were very comfortable on board, had excellent food and service, and had collapsible cots so that we could sleep on deck at night under an awning with mosquito netting, and be quite cool and safe in a notoriously unhealthy region. We had a good deal of bad luck, however. In the first place, the tide was wrong and low water came at morning and evening. This left a great mud bank exposed along the shores of all the creeks, so that we could really only land at night or at midday, and of course we wanted to hunt mornings and evenings.

We saw several hundred axis deer, often fifty at a time, feeding along the creek banks late at night. We had a strong searchlight, and it was great fun watching these deer and other small wild beasts, as

well as crocodiles, with it. It was surprising how soon they got accustomed to the light, and went on feeding in the lit-up area. We could have shot lots of them, but when we did, and left them till morning to get, they were eaten up by jackals and hyenas, since we had trouble shooting in the light and generally wounded the deer so that they went some distance before they died.

I killed eight crocodiles from six to twelve feet long. I also saw a tiger one day, walking across a perfectly open, dry meadow with short grass and little scattered clumps of bushes. He strode solemnly away with his tail in the air, for all the world like a big cat. My only weapon at the time was a butterfly net. I hunted about for tigers a good deal, with my double-barrelled rifle, but never chanced upon one, though we saw very many fresh tracks in the mud. We could have killed a good many deer and wild boar, but let them go for fear of disturbing the tigers, which we hoped to get later on.

One day we went to a place where snipe were said to be plentiful, and we started out, a young Englishman of the Indian Survey and myself, in two different directions. We each had a man with us carrying our rifles. The other chap shot a wild boar and broke a hind leg, but lost it since it got into a dense thicket of thorn bushes. Not a great while afterwards I hunted past this same bunch of brush, when to my surprise out came the boar, making remarkable time on three legs, straight for me. He was so near that I did not have time to change guns but caught him in the forehead with the full charge of bird shot at about ten feet. He slid almost to me,

but was, of course, stone dead, and the charge of shot had pressed his brains so that they blew both his eyes out. Our natives all being Mohammedans, absolutely refused to touch him, so I skinned him and cut out a roast and the hams, and carried them back to the boat myself. We persuaded one of our men to cook them for us, and on this and other occasions we found the wild pig very delicious eating.

One day we found a place where four tigers were evidently working pretty regularly. We took two goats that we had on board and tied them out under a tree in an open place in the jungle. Then we built a bamboo platform in the tree in the afternoon and went back on board the boat for supper. About nine o'clock in the evening we started off in the bright moonlight, — Ros., this young Englishman named O'Brien who was staying on board with us, and myself. We had one or two natives with us, but no lantern. I was walking ahead with my rifle ready, as the goats were already making quite a row, and we thought we might meet something while walking towards the tree. The only thing we met was a very large Russell's viper which was coiled up in the path. It was big enough to be seen easily in the moonlight, and it got away before I could put the gun down and make any effort to catch it. I never saw so large a specimen of this species before or afterwards, but it is a common one and of little importance.

We got to the tree and spent the night on the platform. It was very interesting hearing the various sounds of the jungle through the night, — the sleepy crow of a jungle fowl, sounding much like a game bantam, the occasional cough of a monkey, and three

times the whine or snarl of a tiger. He must have killed elsewhere, for he did not bother to come out and take one of the goats, though he came very near by, and frightened the goats considerably. In the early morning we saw some deer, but did not shoot them, and went back to the boat.

Later in the day I went off collecting, but took my rifle with me. I was in a small, light draft skiff called a panchi. We were going up a narrow creek and came to a place where it was evident that something had just crossed the stream. We could see the muddy water freshly stirred up. I stood up on the bottom of the boat, resting the butt of the gun on a thwart, just ahead of me. It was my double barrelled express rifle, and was not cocked. I was looking off over the bank which was just about level with my face, to try and see what had been stirring, when the boat slewed and hit a sunken stump that I did not see. The jar made me lose my balance a bit, and the butt of the gun slipped from the thwart, but scraped so as to spring both hammers. One was broken off. My hands had slipped up the barrel, for the rifle was a very heavy one, and the two bullets came right out between the palms of my hands and went up and cut through the front edge of my thick sun helmet. I could not believe, for a minute, that both my head and hands were not blown off, but no particular harm was done, beyond filling my hands and face full of powder grains and burning the palm of one hand pretty badly. I had this attended to after we got back to Calcutta, and no harm has resulted. If anything more serious had happened, we would have been in a fix, since the place where the accident occurred



was eighty or ninety miles from Calcutta, and I do not believe that there was a doctor nearer than here.

I have had plenty of time to collect a good lot of insects, small reptiles, etc., and enjoyed very much indeed this opportunity to observe the bird life of the region very comfortably and at close quarters. The country is a very wild one and simply teems with life. I think perhaps the big adjutant storks were the most amusing to watch of any.

Well, enough said. I will close this letter with best love to all, from

Your son,  
Tom.

101, Garden Reach,

Calcutta, December 10, 1906.

Dear Father and Mother :

If I mistake not the last time I wrote to you it was from Agra. How we have chased about since ! I probably wrote that we had driven out to Kutab Minar from Delhi. Our Delhi pictures have been developed and are very fine, the best we have ever taken and this is very satisfactory. Our pictures of the Taj are also good. From Agra we took train for about fourteen hours to Lucknow, famous for its memories of the siege in the great mutiny of 1857. Lucknow, excepting for its beautiful scenery, is not very interesting. There are a great many English here and the compounds of these English people are very pretty.

On our return from a trip to the Residency ruins a snake charmer paid us a call at the hotel and did some very wonderful tricks. We induced him to teach us a few which we shall produce for your edification

some day in the woods if we do not forget how. I asked him if he would take me out and show me a wild cobra at some place to which we could ride easily. He said yes. We started off the following morning at half past six, but he evidently did not know just where to go, for he kept asking people along the wayside whether any of them had seen a cobra. He was very keen to find one, for no cobra, no backshish. Finally we bargained with an old hay cutter to take us to a cobra which lived near his village, for which services of the hay cutter we agreed to pay the sum of sixteen cents. He was really very glad to have us go, for a man of thirty, a Bramin by the way, and a boy of thirteen had been killed by this snake recently. They said it had lived near the village for fifty years. Their count of time, however, is notoriously inaccurate. We walked back from the road over a grassless sunbaked plain, as flat as a billiard table and after about half an hour's going we came to a small hole where it was quite evident from the marks about it that a snake had recently been. We had the old chap bring his mattock, a small kind of bog hoe, with which all shoveling and digging is done in India. Soon the professional snake man was at work at the hole. It was not very deep and ended in a round chamber as large as a ten quart pail in which the snake was curled up. As he absolutely declined to come out, I cut a stick with a hook at the end and hooked him out to clear ground. He made one short rush to escape, but saw he could not and so he stood up like a statue, while I took, so I hope, good photographs of him, Rosamond keeping his mind occupied with a parasol. Then I shot him

with my little 32-gauge pistol shotgun and he will go in a bottle to the museum. The people had prayed this cobra to move but he inconsiderately refused to find another rathole, eat the tenants and take possession. The people on the other hand kept right on walking in their old path in the middle of which was this snake's abode. There was great rejoicing when it was learned that some Sahib had taken the responsibility of killing him, for they did not consider that their chances of Nirvana were certain enough to warrant their killing anything so holy as a cobra. Was it not one of these that spread his hood over the great god Shiva when he was once upon earth and did he not get two finger prints of the god on his hood to prove the truth of the tradition? We got a number of other snakes at a pond near-by and also a krait in the dust of the path. This snake is as venomous as the cobra but easier to catch as it is small and not very quick. This was a fine place to collect and we got a lot of insects and other odds and ends. We ate our tiffin in a thatch shed under a fine big banyan tree and rested in the shade watching the Indian crows on the cows' backs and the turtles on the buffaloes' backs as the beasts were soaking in a mud-hole near at hand. In the afternoon several persons, said to be of very high caste, they wore the Bramin's thread, came to thank us for killing the cobra. They were an evil-odored crew and we were glad when they returned to their village. They look upon too general collecting with considerable suspicion. We left Lucknow with regret but we must hurry through with India and get to the East Indies where real work begins.

From Lucknow we went at nine o'clock in the forenoon to Benares, where we arrived at half past seven the following morning. We drove about there all day and about half past three in the afternoon we left for Calcutta where we arrived at 7.41 this morning. Rosamond is now writing to you about Benares.

Good bye; love to all from

Your son

Tom.

S. S. Bangala, December 11, 1906.

Dear Mother :

This has been a very pleasant trip; the sea has been like a mill pond — fortunately for us, as this ship is just about one-tenth the size of a trans-Atlantic liner and we have eight hundred miles of open sea to cross. The trip down the Hooghly river from Calcutta to the Bay of Bengal, one hundred and twenty miles, is very interesting. There are so many peculiar types of boats, all very clumsy according to our ideas. We have some good photographs of them, I think. We shall now soon be in the entrance of that branch of the Irrawaddy on which Rangoon is situated. We intend to remain there about three days, for it is a rather warm place, and then go up country to Mandalay and, if we can secure a comfortable river boat, on to Bhamo and Katha, almost on the boundary of the Chinese province of Yunnan. The scenery is said to be very grand along the upper river; the people, who are Shans and Kachins, are very wild, often attacking the Chinese caravans. Almost all the rubies in the world come from up that way. I would like to see the

mines, but it is rather a long ride to them and we may not have time. We shall leave for Singapore on December 28th and are due to arrive there on January 2. About the 6th we intend to sail for Java. We both keep very well indeed; in fact, I never saw Ros. looking better and I feel splendidly. Our trip to the mountains did us a world of good, a week of regular Adirondack air. All the Palmers asked me to send love when next I wrote.

Well, no more news until we get ashore and read your letters, so good bye. Love to all from

Tom and Ros.

Strand Hotel.

Rangoon, December 12, 1906.

Dear Mrs. Barbour :

We had a very pleasant passage from Calcutta but were dreadfully sorry to leave India. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer did everything for us and time simply flew while we were with them. We were delighted to find letters waiting for us here. This morning we went out to a lumber yard and saw elephants piling and moving teak logs. It was very interesting and they really showed almost human intelligence about it. It seems very curious to drive along the street and pass women smoking huge black cigars. We saw fifty or more Buddhist priests dressed in deep yellow, with shaven heads, carrying begging bowls; they seemed quite pleased when we took their photographs. The Chinese temple here was very curious, a low, long building, covered with dragons done in lacquer and enamel. The carving inside is beautiful and it was most amus-

ing to see them light joss sticks and burn them in front of a most hideous idol, carefully guarded in the rear of the temple and enclosed in a wooden box of superb carving. The thermometer registers rather high, over eighty-five in the shade, and yet none of us feel the heat in the least; in fact, with the exception of my pongee suit, I am wearing the same clothes I would wear in winter in Boston. Such Americans as we have met traveling! This afternoon we are going to the Shwe Dagon pagoda. Tom will write you about it later.

Please give my best love to every one and tell Warren that his letters make us laugh more than any one else's.

Most affectionately,  
Rosamond.

Rangoon, Burma,

December 12, 1906.

Dear Pa :

Such a day as we have had, almost the best yet. We received quite a good many letters this morning and were delighted. This afternoon we went to the famous Shwe Dagon pagoda. (I sent you some postal cards, but they do not begin to show the magnificence of it all.) It is the finest, largest and most universally visited shrine of Buddhist faith in Indo-China; this is due to the fact that it contains relics of the four Buddhas. The approach to the pagoda is up a long series of flights of steps, on either side of which are enormous pillars, white-washed, gilded and inlaid with colored glass, and stalls for the sale of sacrificial

flowers and candles. These stalls for the most part are kept by women, who all smoke "whacking white cheroots." Truly, I cannot see how they even hold them in their mouths. They must be two inches or more in diameter and ten or twelve inches long. Nevertheless the women are very attractive. They dress in the most gaudily colored silks. They do their hair (which shines like polished wood) into the neatest coils on the top of their heads and stick a very fancy hairpin right through the middle of their bobs. Well, to keep on with the pagoda. It is surrounded by many smaller pagodas, most beautifully carved and gilded, and all containing Buddhas guarded by very large leogryphs. It is higher than St. Paul's cathedral and is gilded from base to summit. It is surmounted by the usual gilt "ti," or umbrella, from which many gold and jewelled bells hang, which tinkle in the breeze. You cannot imagine anything so wonderful as it is. The pagodas and image houses at the base are overflowing with gifts of previous generations of pilgrims. The Buddhas in each one of these pagodas are simply covered with gold leaf, stuck on as native offerings. Interspersed among these shrines are enormous bronze bells which are struck with a deer's horn by the worshiper to call the attention of men to their pious (?) prayers. We saw hundreds of sacrificial candles burning and many worshipers praying by them. I do hope that the photographs we took will come out well. We spent almost the whole afternoon here and took a drive through the park and along the royal lakes back to the hotel again. Tomorrow at twelve we leave for Mandalay and from there we go to Bhamo, then back to Mandalay, then to Rangoon

and sail somewhere around the 28th of the month for Singapore.

With much love to every one,

Always affectionately,

Rosamond.

Strand Hotel, Rangoon.

December 13, 1906

Dear Mother :

Tom received a very nice letter from his father. This morning, as well as yesterday, we went out to the teak lumber yards and saw the elephants piling teak, and it was a great sight. They really show almost human intelligence about it. They lift up a tremendous piece or rather log of teak with their trunks and rest it against their tusks; then they walk along it to the mill, where it is cut up into square pieces, etc. They push along the ground with their heads huge trees of teak and when the load goes the wrong way they walk slowly up to the further end, push it with their tusks the right way, walk back to the other end and then push it again with their heads. One of the managers of this yard told us that first class elephants like those we saw were worth forty thousand rupees each. I think, however, he was stuffing us. He says that a wild elephant, just caught from the jungle, taken down to these yards, in six months' time, just from watching the other elephants, becomes as capable as the elephants they have had for twenty years. It seems very curious to drive down a small native street and see Singer sewing machines advertised in English, Hindustani and Burmese, and such queer writings



too. You see all the native tailors use them. It was very fortunate that I had another pongee suit made in Bombay (like the one Edelstein made) for the Edelstein gown seems to be fated; every time I put it on I spill ink on it and that down the front breadth too. When I was in Calcutta I had the whole front breadth taken out and a new one put in; then I had the whole thing cleansed and as soon as I wore it after that my fountain pen leaked and spotted the new breadth again. So now I am having a new front breadth put in again. Such beautiful carvings as I have seen today. It seems wonderful how any one can do them. You would laugh if you could see Tom and me out driving : a victoria drawn by two small horses, two men on the box, two men standing up behind us with what look like dusters in their hands, and Tom and I seated in the middle of all this glory. This country, as well as India, simply spoils you for any other country, for everything is done for you; you never turn your hand to do a thing. Give my love to every one and with lots to yourself,

Always most affectionately,

Rosamond.

It is an average temperature of ninety, day and night, and yet, if you will believe it, it is very cool and comfortable. I do not feel the heat at all. In fact, when it goes down to sixty we sit and shiver from the cold. Tell Aunt Mary that we were very much pleased with the Christmas cards; Katherina was delighted with hers.

Gale's Hotel.

Mandalay, December 14, 1906.

Dear Pa :

Just a few lines to tell you how often we think of you all, especially as Christmas is now coming on. Ros. is getting to be a very good traveler and is very interested in all she sees. She is even getting to taste some of the native cooked food we get up here and in like places. All last week it was swillish curry with cocoanut gratings, bits of eggs hard boiled — not always fresh — onions, Bombay ducks and chutney. All this is mixed up on your plate with rice and “ghi,” which is clarified butter, generally rancid, and eaten with a spoon. Personally, being not over fastidious, I find it most excellent. You get no meat here as we have it at home, chops or roasts. They do not know how to broil and their ovens are too small to roast in, so everything is hashed up, mixed with garlic and various other ingredients, and these made up into a ball and fried in deep “ghi.” Very good, if you do not think of what you are eating. Ros does. But we get good toast everywhere and good eggs, if you make them poach them, and fine fish near rivers or at sea-ports and so we do quite well. We are taking stacks of photographs, which are coming out finely; we have had them developed as we go along, but we had no time to get any printed, excepting at Rangoon; these we will get on our return and send some to you. I hope those of the elephants working in the teak yards and those of the Shwe Dagon pagoda and its surrounding shrines will come out well. Read my book on Burma, which I left at your house with a few other things, if I remember correctly; this will tell you more

of what we have seen than all I could write. R. Talbot Kelley wrote the book. A fearful line of Westerners are here just at present; one wishes they would stay at home, for they know so little of what they see after they have seen it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, dinner is ready and I must go, so forgive this scrawl, but I had just a few minutes; I am going snipe shooting all day tomorrow. You ought to hear Ros. and me talking Hindustani now; we are quite good at it. "Totten" will not be in it when we get back.

Love to all from

Tom.

Gale's Hotel.

Mandalay, December 14, 1906.

Dear Mother :

Such a vilely dirty hotel you never saw, but it is the only one. Prices like the Waldorf-Astoria. Mosquitoes are very bad.

As I have already informed you we arrived safely at Rangoon. We were delighted to find a large number of letters waiting. As you may imagine, every line was most welcome. Tell father that we both enjoyed his letter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rangoon is a cosmopolitan city, hence not at all characteristic of Burma. One sees in the streets every day Tamils from Madras, Bengalis from Calcutta, Lascars from Chittagong, Chinamen, Malays and Burmans. It is a modern city built on rather rickety lines. The great pagodas are well kept up, for twenty

years ago this was still an independent kingdom. The old King Thebau is still living near Madras on a pension of Rs 6,000 per month, \$2,000. We remained only two days in Rangoon, for it is a fearfully expensive place. Rooms in a decidedly second rate hotel, \$5 per day; carriage, \$6; with extras at every turn. We should have used the bazar carriages but the town has plague in it now and these are frightfully dirty. The great pagoda, the Shwe Dagon, is so gorgeous that words cannot describe it. We hope our photographs, which we shall send you, will help our descriptions when we get back. Now we are in Mandalay. We left Rangoon at 1.30 in the afternoon yesterday and arrived here at 6.30 this morning. The train was very fair, very slow and so did not shake as badly as some trains we have been on. The palaces and pagodas here are quite gorgeous, but dilapidated, especially the Golden Monastery of the Buddhist monks, once a splendid pile of wonderfully carved teak. Many of the palaces are beginning to fall apart owing to the work of the white ants. Tomorrow I shall try snipe shooting which is said to be very good here. The day after tomorrow we shall take a steamer and go for six days up the Irrawaddy to Bhamo, towards the Chinese frontier. We are going on a steamer which tows two big floats on which are Burmese bazars; the people come down from the interior to trade with the persons who have booths on the floats. In the bazar to-day we saw a party of Shans from just near the Siamese border; they are funny little folk, very short and with great soft straw hats about three and a half feet wide; they looked like walking umbrellas. The people here are bright and

jolly, like the Hill people of India. The women smoke great cigars, fourteen inches long and as big around as--well, almost as your wrist; they look like policemen's clubs. I have not dared to try one as yet. I think we shall return from Bhamo to Katha by express steamer and then take the train to a place called Thaybeitkyin, where we intend to spend a night and where I want to try the shooting. We shall go straight from here to Rangoon and on the 27th take a boat for Singapore and from there straight over to Java. I wrote to Warren and Grandmother a day or so ago and I have forgotten how much of this I wrote. I did not get the tickets for the boat trip in London and this, with the very costly hotels, will make our trip here very expensive.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rangoon was warm but rather dry. It is dry here and quite cool when the sun goes down, but very hot in the sun. I hope you follow our travels on a map. I wish you would get a big one, rolled up, on which we can mark the course of our wanderings to keep for ourselves. You will enjoy our photographs. We have also bought quite a lot of interiors, etc., and places which we saw when the light was bad or when we were doubtful as to our results.

Love to you, every one, from

Tom.

Mandalay, December 28, 1906.

Dear Mrs. Barbour :

We have just arrived from Bhamo after twelve of the most delightful days spent on a boat since we left America. We took a cargo steamer from here to

Bhamo and found two other couples on board and we all six became intimate friends. We played bridge and took walks on shore when the boat stopped, which was very often. The scenery was perfectly beautiful; it was just like going from one lake in the Adirondacks to another, only with superb tropical vegetation on all sides. The people at the various stops which we made between here and Bhamo were exceedingly interesting. It was only a few years ago that many of the places we landed were very dangerous to set foot on. The men all carried huge knives and bows and arrows. The women had the biggest holes in their ears you could conceive of and instead of wearing earrings they stuffed enormous cheroots in them and wads of colored cloth. We took many photographs which I do hope will come out well and Tom did a good deal of collecting with excellent results. One day he caught a python which was swimming the river which he still has alive. He also went ashore evenings and shot wild ducks which made a fine addition to our menu. The boat tied up to the river bank every night.

We spent Christmas in a very jolly way. A Mr. and Mrs. Jack, two very charming English people, and I arranged a kind of surprise "pudding" for dessert. It consisted of a basket covered with green paper and orange peel and inside of it were presents which were bought from the native bazars on board; there was a present for every one with appropriate verses for each which Mr. Jack wrote. Tom had a small deer given him and these were the verses which he had to stand up and read before every one :

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
When danced the moon on Monans rill.  
In Irrawaddy's deepest shade  
Base Barbour's barberous schemes were laid,  
The stainless Tuctoo's life he took.  
At his approach the beetle shook  
With apprehension and we mourn  
The amphibious python all forlorn.  
To show our love for him we all respected  
This monument by us has been erected.

There was on board Dr. Fletcher, of "fletcherizing" fame. He had a small piece of rubber for his present and this is what he had to stand up and read. He was not over-pleased, but that did no harm.

Hail, ye nations, let us sing :  
Mastication is the thing.  
Forty-five or fifty-four,  
Does it matter less or more ?  
Here we offer for your use  
Enemies of digestive juice.  
Should you conquer, sure we are  
It will end digestive war.

When we arrived here this morning we were greeted by your nice telegram, for which we are very much obliged. Next week Thursday or Friday we sail for Singapore and from thence to Java, where we stay until the 7th of February and then sail for New Guinea.

The reason you had a kind of gap in receiving letters from us, before you receive this letter, was because on our trip to Bhamo and back there was

only one place where we could have mailed letters and that we did not know about.

This trip has been ideal and both wish many times that you could all have been with us and seen the wonderful things and do the queer things we do. Please give my love to every one and with a great deal to yourself believe me

Your most affectionate daughter,

Ros.

P. S. We saw lots of game on this trip and collected many things. Either walking on shore or from the boat we saw deer, monkeys and wild elephants, to say nothing of water fowl of many sorts. The boat stopped so long at places and was so often stuck on sand banks that we were really ashore most of the time.

Happy New Year !

Rangoon, January 1, 1907.

Dear Mother :

It is a very long while since I have written to you but this is the first time I have had an opportunity to get off a letter where it would catch a foreign mail. We left here and went to Mandalay, about which we have written, and where we obtained some excellent photographs. Then we took a cargo and bazar steamer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company and went to a place called Bhamo, near the Chinese frontier. We spend a good deal of time on sand banks and so missed the express steamer from Bhamo down the river. Then we started back on the same cargo boat. After more sticking on sand banks we reached Mandalay just in time to miss our steamer to Singapore, which



bothered us a good deal. When we found that we had to wait for the next steamer anyway and, as Rangoon is rather damp and hot, we decided to go to the Shan mountains and see the wonderful Gokteik gorge. We made a three day trip there and put up in a very comfortable Dak bungalow there, our servant cooking and buying our food in the small bazar of a Shan village not far away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Irrawaddy is a fine river, twelve hundred miles long, but now, in the dry season, very shallow in many places. Our trip was most interesting, as our boat towed alongside great flats on which was a native bazar; to this all the peoples of the river bank came to do their trading for matches, cloth, etc. We made rather long stops ashore, so that we had plenty of time to see the native villages, which were very interesting. At Bhamo we saw hundreds of Chinamen with their caravan trains taking our cargo overland from Bhamo to the little known Chinese borderland. Here we also saw the Kachins, a very little known tribe of people, said to be cannibals, who live in extreme North Burma near the frontier. We secured some photographs of them, but they are not especially good, for the savages are shy and dislike being kodaked, as many other people do. They often had their sword slings decorated with tiger jaws, for the possession of which they had killed the owners. At Gokteik I went hunting for a day with a party of Shans, people who live near the Siamese frontier. They drove a bear or a leopard very close to me, but the jungle was so thick that I could not catch a glimpse of it. I do not think it was twenty feet from me and I could hear every move it

made. You cannot imagine what a Burma jungle is until you see one. These Shans are very jolly, pleasant people with whom I carried on a limited conversation by means of a Karachi man who somehow or other had drifted in here and married a Shan wife. This chap came all the way from the Gulf of Cutch, above Bombay. I talked Hindustani, of sorts, to him and he talked Shani to the beaters. We did not hold any very protracted palavers. Today at a place called Toungoo we heard that the jungle Karens, another "wild" tribe, had come in for trading; we telegraphed the station master to try and get some of them to come to the railroad; when we got there we found several of them on the platform and we had to delay the train a considerable while before we could induce them to permit us to take their photographs. Now we have a very good set of pictures of the people of Burma for the Peabody Museum. All the way up the river we ate our meals on deck. The climate was perfect and the scenery in the gorges very grand. On the banks we saw a giant tusker elephant and the day after we saw it a forest officer came on board for dinner and said it must have been a wild one, as none of the lumber companies had any working in that district, and neither had the government. We saw numerous elephants rolling and hauling teak logs to the river banks and arranging them in rafts and heaps on the shore. It is almost uncanny to see them work; they are so wonderfully intelligent. We saw some recently caught wild ones following the old workers about to learn the trade, so to speak.

The gorge at Gokteik also deserves a few more words. A mountain torrent, after rushing through

walls twelve hundred feet high, disappears through a great tunnel a hundred and fifty feet high, with wonderful stalactites and stalagmites in it. It emerges a fourth of a mile beyond but soon disappears into the earth again; it does not reach the light again for more than a hundred and twenty-five miles. The walls of the gorge, covered with magnificent maiden hair ferns, ivies, orchids, creepers and palms growing in the niches of the rocks, with the great hornbills flying about; wild parrots darting like green arrows here and there; peacocks and jungle cocks calling — the descent will never be forgotten. It was fearfully hot but inside it was most refreshingly cool. We found a great colony of swiftlets (*Collocalia*) nesting inside and shot some of them. We got some interesting insects and fresh water crustacea from the bottom of the gorge and from within the tunnel. The gorge has just been reached by a railroad.

Two hours and a half later.

I have just seen the Rangoon Gazetteer which shows that the boat sailing the day after tomorrow for the Straits Settlements is the *Bharata*, a far better boat than the old *Palemcottah*, which sailed last week. So I feel well pleased that we remained here the extra time. None of these boats are what we would call ocean liners, these are still waters and our four days journey is broken for twelve hours at the beautiful little island of Penang. The island has a fine botanical garden, and we would both like to spend a week there for the climate at "the peak" is very fine. It is the only hill station or sanitorium in the Straits Settlements. From Singapore we go by the first boat to Batavia, Java, and directly from the steamer, which lands us

at Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia, to Buitenzorg and the gardens, which we have been longing to see.

Ros. joins in my love to you all.

Lovingly,

Tom.

Rangoon, January 3, 1907.

Dear Mother:

Such a wonderful trip as we have taken. I wish you could have been on it with us. We left Mandalay by a cargo boat of the Irrewaddy Flotilla Company on Sunday, December 16, and went to Bhamo and back on her, a twelve day trip. Each day was better than the preceding. We stopped two or three times a day at funny little out-of-the-way villages and saw many interesting people, often with their ears bored and stuffed out with wads of colored cloth; some of them went even so far as to have buffalo horns through their ears. Men and women alike carried enormous knives which they flourished around if things did not go as they liked; as they hated to be photographed we managed to get only two good pictures of them. At Bhamo we went over a very interesting old Chinese temple; the carvings in it were magnificent. We saw numerous caravans coming from China and many just starting off—poor little ponies, they were very heavily loaded down and they had a five days trip ahead of them. There was a delightful newly wedded English couple on board, a Mr. and Mrs. Stuart McLean Jack, and an enormously rich American and his bride, common, but pleasant; so we six spent Christmas very pleasantly. We were delighted to get the cable on Christmas

morning at Katha. When we arrived at Mandalay we took a three days camping trip to the Gokteik gorge and this was very successful. The scenery is wonderful; a huge cave or tunnel a hundred and fifty feet high and a quarter of a mile long, covered within with beautiful maiden hair ferns and orchids and a rushing mountain torrent running through it. My photographs, if they come out well, will describe it far better than I can. It took us thirty-eight hours in the train from Gokteik to Rangoon. Many thanks for the Christmas card, which came today. We leave tomorrow for Singapore and Tom has just said that our boat is a good one. I am sending you some photographs which I hope will get to you safely. The things in the way of clothes you can get here are wonderful; they are so cheap and so well made. For instance: a native tailor has made two double-breasted coats of serge, supplied the stuff and fitted or rather copied to a T the coat I gave him, and charged \$6.50 for each. I have invested in several supposedly genuine rubies and sapphires. The native bazars are simply fascinating. My old princess dress of Miss Knight's has simple given out, so Katherina is making me a lovely pale blue wash silk dress, somewhat like my Pompadour silk, only highnecked, and the total cost when finished will be ten dollars and a half. Give my love to every one. We are all well and having the time of our lives.

Most affectionately,  
Rosamond.

Think of Aunt Elizabeth having another daughter. Tell her we were delighted to hear about it.

Rangoon, January 3, 1907.

Dear Bub:

You would be amused if you could look out of your window and see the things I see. In the first place, it is very hot and all the windows are open and the electric fans going. Tom is at the bank and so I have been sitting at the window and amusing myself watching the people. Right across the street is an English office of some kind and there are many natives hanging about the steps. One of them is very scantily dressed, with his head completely bare, excepting for one enormous lock at the middle of his head. He is having quite a hot discussion with a man loosely wrapped in white with a huge turban on his head. They are all squatting, although there is a comfortable pair of stone steps, on which they could sit. Now the party has broken up and two very pretty Burmese women with round paper parasols and dressed in tight skirts, or rather pieces of cloth wrapped around them, are going by. They have sandals on their feet and their hands are covered with jewelry. Their waists are pink and they wear besides a blue sort of kimona effect and each has a long pink scarf around her neck. Now some workmen are going by, making a most raucous noise which they consider singing. They are moving a steel rail and at each step they take they sing in time; then they cease walking, sing a few more measures and then pull the rail again for a few feet. You can imagine how quickly work progresses here at that rate. The palm trees all about are simply black with crows. Amir has just counted our luggage and in all we have twenty-one pieces, counting

cameras, guns, bags, boxes, trunks, umbrellas, etc. Our boat to Singapore is just a few hundred feet away from this hotel and it looks very big and nice. Tell mother that we have not yet had time to send the photographs which we told her we were sending, but the first chance I get she shall have them. The coolies have just come for our trunks; they carry them on their heads. We have caught many lizards in our room. We have seen a great many snakes and the other day Tom caught another python. Much love to every one from both of us,

Most affectionately,

Rosamond.

Tell mother the Curtises of Boston are here.

Adelphia Hotel.

Singapore, January 8, 1907.

Dear Mother:

We arrived here from Rangoon after a splendid five days trip. Sunday we had all day in Penang, a most beautiful place, having really the finest tropical scenery we have seen so far. The trees were literally covered with orchids. The temperature was trying, the average, night and day (in the shade, of course), being ninety, and such wet heat too. This, I suppose, is why everything does so well. I sent you several postal cards of the Botanical Gardens, but they do not begin to show the true coloring. We spent a whole day in these gardens, Tom collecting and I enjoying the beautiful flowers. They would set you almost wild; they are so lovely. Butterflies by the thousands were flitting everywhere. We caught a great many. The gardens are four and a

half miles from the town and we went out in rickshaws. How the rickshaw coolies could keep up the pace they set in that heat is more than I could see; they never for a second even stopped running. They were Chinamen, dressed in short, blue, baggy trousers, nothing on their feet, no shirt or coat and a queer pointed hat that looked as if it were made out of rattan.

We met two charming Englishmen on board, Civil Service officials from India, who are off on their vacation. They asked us whither we were bound, etc., and Tom told them New Guinea, whereupon they said, "if it is not butting in can we come too?" Naturally we were delighted; so today they have been looking up accommodations and they start with us on January 25. Their names are Pim and Shearing. Dr. Treub, the Secretary of Agriculture for the Dutch Indian Government and a famous botanist, has written us very nice cordial letters and we start Friday to see him.

Now as to answering your questions. We are both in perfect health and are as rosy-cheeked as we are after we have been in the Adirondacks for the summer. The food is fair, and we thrive on it. The fruit is simply delicious; it was only today, when I was eating a mangosteen, that I said that I would give anything if you could only taste one. The bananas are small, but as sweet as sugar. Pineapples, well, they are nothing but juice. Oranges are most excellent and so are many of the other fruits of which I do not know the names. As to Sal's saying to buy more coral, I wish she could have seen the rubies I saw in Burma. They come



from Mogok and are the finest in the world. At Thaybeitkyn, on the Irrewaddy, a very small village, several natives came on board our boat with some for sale.\* I bought six or so, really beauties; of course, they have flaws and are off color, but still are very effective. The silks the natives weave are fine and the English people we met said that they never wear out; as Miss Knight's muslin has seen better days, I bought some splendid blue silk for \$10. Katherina will make it up for me in Java. I shall hire a sewing machine for her. There are so many fascinating things to buy, and such wonderful places to see, that you could spend a lifetime here doing both. In many ways Burma is the most attractive place we have been to. India, of course, has finer buildings, but the people of Burma, always smiling and happy, and dressed so prettily, and their fascinating carved pagodas with gilded tops, and the alabaster Buddhas, and the whole spirit and life of the people, caught my eye and I long to go back there and see them again. You could spend days in the silk bazar and simply months at the Shwe Dagon. Singapore is interesting, but too European. The roads and streets are kept up like Commonwealth avenue. You go about in rickshaws. There are English shops everywhere. Tom's shoes are giving out and so I got hold of a Chinaman, Puck Quay by name (this place is almost entirely peopled by Chinese) and he is fixing them, two pairs, and making a pair of boots for Katherina, for \$4.50.

It is cool and pleasant here. Tom has gone to the Botanical Gardens and Katherina and I have been out having a perfect time. Give my love to

every one. Tom got such a nice letter from his father; he certainly is a peach. Do not fail to go to New York.

Most affectionately,  
Rosamond.

P. S. Received a great many letters from you all today. Many thanks.

Adelphi Hotel, Singapore.  
January 9, 1907.

My dear Father :

I have been extremely busy since we arrived here, for traveling in the Dutch colonies is very much like going to Russia; as we are taking a Chinese "boy" with us we have had to have him photographed, etc. Then there are so many formalities about our guns. First a permit must be obtained to land them; then a permit from the Dutch consul for the English police to give a permit to export them to Java.

The climate here is not nearly as bad as we had anticipated, nor is it as hot as it was while we were at Penang, where it was extremely humid. This is a wonderful place for tropical fruits and flowers. Some of the fruits are so delicious that they cannot be described.

The two gentlemen who had joined us for our island trip are very delightful company; they have been for years provincial governors in India. One, whose name is Pim, is an Irishman related to the Richardsons of Lisburn, etc. The other's name is Shearing. They speak Persian, Urdu, Hindustani and Punjabi and as many Indian people are settled here they are very useful as interpreters. The police are

Sihks from India; none of us speak Malay, but we are directed very well through the police.

I shall try to write again before we sail. We are now off to see the Raffles Museum. So good bye with lots of love from

Your affectionate son,

Tom.

Love to all always.

Adelphi Hotel.

Singapore, January 11, 1907.

Dear Mother and Father :

You will find very little news in this letter. We have had a few days here, strangely, of rainless weather. This was a great surprise as the city has been rained upon steadily for several months. It is hot, but one does not notice it when there is no exertion to be made. The air being moist, perspiration is most profuse. This is a peculiar city. In a Malay country with 440,000 population it has 400,000 Chinamen. Absolutely every bit of small trading is in their hands; they have developed the country from end to end and many today drive about the Singapore parks in fine carriages and with splendid horses, which they secure from Australia, as the result of their acumen. In a book shop yesterday I saw, "Letters to a Chinese Official," by W. J. Bryan. I bought it for amusement on the voyage to Java. We leave here this morning at eleven and are due to arrive at Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia, on Sunday forenoon, the 13th. An assistant of Dr. Treub has written to say that he will meet us on our arrival and help us with the customs regulations, which are said to be trouble-

some, which I doubt. Yesterday we made a little trip to the Independent Malay Sultanate of Jahore on the mainland of the Peninsula. The present sultan is quite enterprising and has really made strides in developing his state. The Chinese have all the money and do all the work. The Malays, generally speaking, are a lazy lot, tired of life now that they cannot fight and be pirates any more. We are most interested at the prospect of soon seeing Java, of which we have read and heard so many praises. I am sure we shall find a wonderful colony. Since the Dutch have taken it the population has increased from five million to thirty-six million, and the revenue now is enormous. Well, I must get to packing up the luggage and see it on the bullock carts for the Stoomschip "Baud" of the Koninklijke Pakketvaart Maatschappij, quite imposing for what I suppose will be a small and probably rather out of date ship. So good bye.

Love from both to you all.

Your affectionate son,

Tom.

We now have a Chinese boy for our party of four, Ah Woo by name. He is modest in his demands, \$16 (Mex.) per month and 25 cents per day board (\$1 Mex. equals 57 cents U. S.). He is to teach us Malay which we are all now studying a good deal in our spare time.

Buitenzorg, Java, January 15, 1907.

Dear Mother and Father :

Here we are at last. We reached Batavia and spent three days there ; it was frightfully hot and raining constantly. We had a lot of red tape, etc., to get

through with before we could get permission to land ourselves and our guns. Now we have our guns on the way out of the custom house, I think. This is a wonderful place. The gardens are so magnificent that words cannot describe them. Ever since we have been here I have been very busy indeed getting men to go on the ship to Papua with us to skin birds, etc. Then I have been getting bottles and alcohol and passes to travel and goodness only knows what not — it is the red tapeiest place in the world.

The Malays (Javanese) about here are fine collectors and I have regular office hours during which we preserve several hundred specimens a day purchased for the smallest coppers, squirrels, bats, snakes, lizards from three to five inches long, beetles, bees, butterflies, etc. We expect to remain here a short time on our return, packing up our things and getting them sent off. So much for our plans.

Last night we had a "wayang," or native play, given here. The people from all the country around turned out and it was nearly as interesting to watch them as to look at the actors and actresses. The actors wore large masks, simply frightfully hideous. The acting was very peculiar, just strutting about with titanic strides for the men and simpering about for the women, who kept their hands in such a strained position that they looked like the old Egyptian hieroglyphics. The costumes were very interesting and elaborate. The orchestra consisted of one fiddle of two strings, four or five strips of heavy hoop iron laid one on top of another and the heap beaten with a club. Several other instruments were made of pieces of bamboo split and of hoop iron of different lengths.

Then there were gongs in dozens from five feet in diameter, hung up on a stand, to small ones of six inches and up in diameter set on a support of fibres so as to make them resound. The effect of the playing on these gongs is very solemn and grand, but it is spoiled by the beating on ordinary boxes with sticks, an inferior kind of melody.

You ought to see the view from this hotel, the Salak volcano, a perfectly even cone and with simply glorious vegetation, great bamboos, like waving ostrich feathers, a hundred feet long, palms of fifty sorts and flowering trees and orchids in great profusion.

We are very well, as well as we have ever been in our lives. Every day almost we find a greater pleasure than we did the day before. Lately we have been so busy fixing specimens that we have had no time for taking photographs of the people and places about here, which should be so interesting. While we are on our journey we shall telegraph you from various places and we shall write from Macassar, Ambon, Ternate, etc.

Well, good bye, love to you all from your son

Tom.

Buitenzorg, Java, January 16, 1907.

Dear Mother :

I have just received your letters and was delighted to hear from you. We arrived here in Java on the 11th. I cabled Mr. Barbour that we had had a good trip, although one day it was rough. However, Tom and I are getting used to that now. The harbor at Batavia is not good, so all boats land at Tandjong Priok, about nine miles by train. We had quite a

little time with the custom house officials; there is a great deal of red tape connected with traveling in Java, and also New Guinea, travelers being required to obtain special permission from the Governor-General, etc. Batavia is the hottest place we have been to yet, 87 to 90 average temperature, and steady rain all the time, so that the heat was quite trying; but we were there for only three days and then we came up here. I wish you could see this place; it is so beautiful; there is a volcano right in front of us and the most superb vegetation between us and it, with a river running like everything in the valley below; the view is lovely; yesterday we went through a part of the gardens; they are so large that you could not begin to do them in a morning, but truly they are beyond description. When you walk into the main entrance there is a straight avenue as far as you can see of beautiful trees, simply covered with ferns, air plants and orchids. The lily pond was a mass of the most superb pink and white lilies you ever imagined, with leaves six feet across and more. The tree ferns (like Mrs. Gay's) are twenty to thirty feet high, every leaf perfect, and such a variety of them. The orchids are simply beyond description, quantities and quantities of them, every color of the rainbow, from those no larger than pin heads to those over three or four feet. I collected a large bunch of them from the ground. The palms are very beautiful, small and large varieties, and a great many shades of green. We walked through avenues of flowering trees and they were alive with gorgeous butterflies and birds.

Speaking of birds and entirely changing the subject, give a guess what we have for pets : a parrot and

three squirrels. The parrot is a beauty, bright red head, blue ring around his neck, and then the rest of his body crimson shading into green. He is just as tame as he can be and sits on my arm wherever we go; the only drawback is that he does not speak. The squirrels are sweet and as tame as they can be and very cunning.

A week from today (Thursday, the 24th) we start for New Guinea with two very attractive Englishmen, who are on their vacation. They are in the Indian civil service and have lived in India for ten years; this is their first vacation. Tom got them interested in the trip and they decided to go with us and we are both delighted. The trip will take seven weeks, or more; so there will be a long space of time before you hear from us. We saw Dr. Treub yesterday; he has been out there and says it is most interesting. He has done everything possible for Tom in the way of getting native collectors for him, etc., and has been most kind to me. Collecting has been top notch and we have filled many large bottles with snakes of every color and description, frogs, toads, lizards, scorpions, bugs, beetles, bats and a hundred and one other things. We have thousands of spiders of the queerest shapes and a good many black beetles (not at all rare here) about three and a half to four inches in size, with great hooks, like beaks, where their noses would be if they had them.

Now as to my clothes; they are holding out splendidly. I have worn only two white silk waists. Katherina washes and irons one while I wear the other. We frequently say how very fortunate it is that you cannot see our room and our street costumes.



But there is no use in wearing anything decent, as it is simply ruined if it is washed, and mildewed if it is not. The women (Dutch) here all dress outrageously anyway. They wrap a very scanty piece of colored cotton about them, which comes down to about their knees, and wear a thin muslin dressing sacque and that is all. Bare legs, mind you; or else they wear a kind of Mother Hubbard effect of the thinnest gauze. This place has its drawbacks. For instance, there are no bath tubs and in order to take a bath you must walk to the river, disrobe entirely and jump in, but as the river is filthy, and there are always many spectators, I manage with my small hand basin and throw the contents out of the window, such a thing as a slop jar being totally unknown. When we looked or rather signed in the hotel register we saw the names of Mrs. John Phillips, Miss Phillips and Miss Martha Phillips, but unfortunately they were here a month ago. Katherina is most useful and I am so glad I have her. She is good company and a very nice person. None of us has had a day's sickness, and we are as well as possible; I mean by possible better than we would be in Boston.

Give my love to every one. We are always delighted with the letters. Thank Cousin Lizzie for her's and for the dear little Christmas cards; also give my love to the Gays and every one.

Most affectionately,

Ros.

Hotel Bellevue,

Buitenzorg, January 19, 1907.

Dear Mother :

Tom got your letter yesterday and we were glad to hear from you and sorry to learn that Fritz had hurt his leg. I have never addressed any of my letters to you this way before, because I did not know whether you wanted me to call you mother or not. I never received your letter telling me to. We are having such a splendid trip and Java is so beautiful. Dr. and Mrs. Treub have been very kind to us. Last night we went there and dined and spent a very pleasant evening with them. Luckily they speak English. The trip from a business point of view for Tom has been most excellent and he now has more things from this place for the museum than the museum has from all Netherlands India. He has secured two good collectors to go on the New Guinea trip and I do hope he will do as well there as he has done here. I wish you could see the gardens here; they are so beautiful and every day you discover new things in them. Cousins Louise and Adelaide would dread the thunderstorms. I never knew what a real storm was until this afternoon. On Monday we go to Soerabaya and on Thursday we sail. The total distance from here to Soerabaya is six hundred miles and it takes two days and a night spent at Maos to get there because the trains here run only in the daytime.

Please give my love to every one and with a great deal to yourself believe me

Your affectionate daughter,

Rosamond.

I am just the way Robert was last summer; i. e., I can tell you about the trip far better than I can write it.

We are all very well.

Soerabaya, Java, January 23, 1907.

Dear Mother :

We have had such a fine trip all through Java since I wrote you last. To be sure it was all on the railroad, but then you can see a good deal of the life and the people and scenery in a two days trip. We left Buitenzorg early Monday morning and went through to a place called Maos, where we spent the night. We passed hundreds of miles of rice in every stage of growth. We saw the natives with their big straw hats ploughing the fields with enormous buffaloes and funny little wooden ploughs, the kind you would presume some pre-historic race to have used. Then we saw the women standing up to their knees in water transplanting the rice and then harvesting it. It was most interesting. The rice fields for the most part are terraced, which adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the scenery. The railroad runs between two volcanic ranges, some of the volcanoes being active and some not; such a wonderful sight they were. The funny little villages we went through were ever so quaint. There were small huts with thatched roofs, some pointed at the top and others rounded and always surrounded by superb flowers of every shape and color. Bamboos and palms, as far as your eye could see, were grand. Merapi, a volcano ten thousand feet high, was very active. We saw quantities of lava flowing down its sides and also large volumes of smoke

issuing from its crater. This is the first active volcano I have ever seen and I shall never forget it. I took several photographs and if these do not come out well I shall take others later when we return. We arrived here at six o'clock in the evening, after the hottest and dirtiest ride we have taken so far. I wish you could have seen us when we landed at the railroad station, boxes, bundles, trunks and pets. All the hotels were full and so we were obliged to come to this one, the Hotel des Indes. Our room was and still is simply black with fleas. I picked over fifty off myself yesterday and hundreds today. The food is bad and very queer. In the morning for breakfast we had cold pickled meats and essence of coffee cold, which they serve in a vinegar cruet and then fill up the rest with hot condensed milk, a very poor drink. But while Tom was out arranging about tickets, etc., Katherina and I went out to a restaurant and had some delicious food. But you can put up with bad eating to see a country like this. We have felt two earthquakes since we have been here and by a local newspaper we find that a small island, off the island of Java, with fifteen hundred inhabitants, entirely disappeared the day before yesterday. We have also just learned of the Kingston disaster. You see it is rather difficult to read a Dutch paper. My clothes are holding out beautifully. I mean to have my Paquin green suit copied in China in pongee. Much love to every one.

Most affectionately,

Ros.

Ampenan, Lombok, January 26, 1907

Dear Family :

The trip has now begun; this is the best opportunity I ever expected to have to see things which to my mind are worth seeing, viz : things which really few have seen before. First, our ship, the "Both," 1700 tons, is as clean and neat as any little Dutch ship ever was, with very pleasant officers, and there are two Englishmen with us, as well as a young government naturalist from Buitenzorg, Dr. Van Kampen, who goes to Amboyna.

We shall be the only passengers after Ternate and shall have things all to ourselves, we five. We went to Soerabaya by train to take the boat, not a pleasant or cool place; we are glad to be well away from it. One night's sail brought us to Bali, a splendid island with gigantic heavily wooded volcanoes rising straight up, but all quiet; we saw active ones in Java. On this island the animals of the continental lands stop; here are tigers, wild cattle, Asiatic birds, etc. We had a very interesting drive to some splendid relics of the ancient Hindu invasion of Bali about 200, A. D. wonderful temples at a place called Sangsit and a few of the Hindus are still hanging about, not yet cleaned out by the present wave of Mohammedanism. We made a good collection of insects, etc., here; then the ship sailed away; the same night about ten we reached Ampenan Lombok; early this forenoon we went ashore. This place is as interesting as was Buleleng, Bali, for here the Australian fauna begin and you see white cockatoos, etc., and there are no large animals at all. We obtained collections of fresh water fishes, insects, shells, etc., a very good lot. Just the minute

we set sail I could see the great volcano of Rinjani twelve thousand feet high, clouding up, and crowds of canoes, each with an outrigger on each side, hurrying to shore; each canoe had a crowd of Sassaks on board, queer wild creatures who carry great knives in their belts; inland a little you see them with spears eight feet long. The shore is low here with thousands of cocoanut palms and a white beach in front, a picture of peaceful beauty. Yet only in 1896 the Dutch had a great battle with the Sultan, who had become piratically inclined and had to be deposed; the people do not look as if they were tacked down yet. Twenty-four hours from here is Macassar, whence we shall cable you and mail this. The town is a free port and growing very fast owing to trade with Singapore and Australia. We are now nearly ten degrees below the equator, which we shall cross seven times before we again reach Singapore on our homeward route at last. I shall write again from Ambon, or Amboina, as it is on the maps, and cable, if possible.

Love from both to all.

Tom.

P. S. It is remarkable how much we accumulate in a day's collecting. Ah Woo and Bandoung go to the seashore for star fish, sea urchins, etc., Indi to the woods for insects, Pim, Shearing, Van Kampen, Ros. and myself, do reptiles and insects. Van Kampen speaks Malay and I am beginning too and we soon have the native kids bringing in what they can catch themselves. Our gang gets more stuff in a day than a collector here alone would in ten.

S. S. Both, January 28, 1907.

Dear Warren :

We are really off now for New Guinea and so far all is well. The Captain is very nice and tells us great tales of things and people we are to see in the nearby future. In the first place, when we arrive in New Guinea I shall be the first white woman the natives have ever seen. I have two most beautiful (?) red silk parasols (badly damaged with holes and candle grease) which I intend to trade with them for some fine spear or knife or something. The last trip out there two officers and one engineer were killed and they say eaten but the Captain says they were foolish and tried to go too far inland. The boat was also attacked by drunken cannibals with arrows and spears who came out in dug-out canoes, but without avail naturally as this ship carries many arms.

I wish you could see Tom after he has eaten the famous Dutch "rice table," and donned the Dutch Indian dress. He is a sight for the gods. Sky blue silk pajamas, stopping away above his ankles and a thin white pajama coat! All the Dutchmen on board wear this costume the whole afternoon. Bare feet, mind you; cool, but that's all. The rice table is fearful, I think. They give you a soup plate filled with rice and on this you put chicken, gravy, stuffing, pork, vegetables floating in grease, curries, eggs and a little of everything you can think of, fish and dressed cucumbers and raw onions, etc. Then you mix this all up together with a spoon and fork and literally push the whole into your mouth with a large dessert spoon as quickly as possible. The Dutchmen wash it down with beer. As yet I am unable to really enjoy

it but Tom assures me I shall if I keep on. So I am still trying. The rice table is just ready, so I must stop.

Affectionately,  
Ros.

S. S. Both, January 28, 1907.

Dear Dod :

You have not written me for an age and I will confess that I have not written to you either for some time, but I have a good excuse, no time. The customs here are so queer and it takes a good while to get used to them. For instance : for breakfast the (European) women appear in sarongs, a cloth loosely wound about their waists and a white muslin dressing jacket, their feet sometimes bare, but more often with native sandals on them which they kick off and put to one side as soon as they sit down. Fat and thin women alike wear these trying costumes. The men appear in native made trousers and pajama jackets; also, bare feet. Personally I think it is the limit. The morning meal consists of pickled meat, bread and a kind of spice cake. For lunch we have a soup plate set in front of us and in that you first put rice, then curry, chicken, gravy, stuffing, dressed cucumbers, fish, all kinds of curries, eggs and a little of everything you can think of. Then you mix up the whole with a spoon and a fork and eat it just like a pig, if you want to comply with the custom and be stylish. This meal always goes down pretty hard with me. Dinner is similar to our ordinary dinner; soup, two different kinds of meat, vegetables and dessert. Everything is clean and nice and well served. It is rather hot though, being ten degrees



below the equator. However on deck there is almost always a breeze. The Captain is very pleasant and has told us great tales of things and people we are still to see. Lombok and Bali, two islands at which we have already stopped, were very interesting and the people there all carried huge knives in polished wooden sheaths or else elaborately worked silver sheaths. We tried our best to buy one, but they all refused to sell. Tom's collecting has been great and he already has a pile of stuff, snakes, fishes, crabs, butterflies, beetles, bugs, etc. We are the only first class passengers going to New Guinea and Katherina and I will be the first white women the natives have ever seen. I bought two beautiful red silk parasols (one with a hole in the top and the other badly spotted with candle grease) with cherries on the handle of one and a beautiful (?) silver handle on the other, and I intend to get a good deal in exchange for these. At Macassar, our next stop, we shall lay in a good supply of things to swap with, beads, colored cloths, tobacco, etc. The trip has been a great success so far in every way. We are all well. Give my love to every one and with a great deal to yourself believe me

Your affectionate sister,

Ros.

I forgot to say that through the kind offices of Dr. Treub the head agents of the steamship company at Batavia have given Tom permission to delay the ship and have it call at several extra places in New Guinea, which are very little known, for a very reasonable indemnity.

S. S. Both, January 31, 1907.

Dear Mother :

We have had a perfect trip so far and every one is well and flourishing. I have seen Makassar (on the Island of Celebes) thoroughly, since I wrote Dod. It is a very interesting place with a great many different kind of people living there, the Chinamen being far and away the richest. I went into one shop and purchased all kinds of trade things for the natives in New Guinea, beautiful beads, yards of red cloth, bracelets and a kind of English made tobacco in tin cans with blue paper around them. In a week from now we shall be out there trading. Mr. Shearing went into a Chinese shop and saw seven hundred birds of paradise being shipped to Paris. The chief officer told me that they export over seventy thousand skins a year from New Guinea. The houses in Makassar are of bamboo and are built up on high poles ten or twelve feet from the ground. The people are very fierce looking and carry huge knives. Tom and I went to the fish market and laid in a supply of fish, we have very good specimens; we also did a good deal of collecting. You will enjoy seeing the butterflies we have; they are magnificent, some of them at least, and you have no idea how wonderful they look flying about. Yesterday was frightfully hot, positively not a breath of air stirring and the humidity 100. Every one lounged around on deck and slept and perspired. At night it did get a bit cooler and we saw a fine three-fourths eclipse of the moon. Today it is overcast with a good breeze. It is curious where the mosquitoes come from, but we are all terribly bitten by them.

Day after tomorrow we get to Amboina. You might tell Aunt Elizabeth that yesterday I witnessed the operation of feeding a three months old kid (native). She was held down by her feet by one woman and its mother held its head and pushed with her thumb and second finger a good-sized plate full of boiled rice down its throat. I never saw such a sight. The kid naturally objected and did its best not to swallow any of it, but down it was pushed and the job completed in three or four minutes.

Give my love to all and with a great deal to yourself,

Most affectionately,

Ros.

Ambon, Amboina, E. I.,

January 31, 1907.

Dear Father and Mother :

Just a few lines from here to let you know that we are thinking of you. This is a beautiful place with a wonderful climate when you think how near the equator it is; it is one of the healthiest places in the East, being the site of one of the earliest European settlements, nearly four hundred years old. As I sit now on deck writing to you the sun is just rising over the most perfect little harbor of grass green water and as I look over the side I can see the bottom down sixty feet. From here for a month we are to be the only passengers on this boat and the whole affair is like a perfect yachting trip. We have very good meals on deck at a table with the Captain and chief mate, both of whom speak good English, as well as French, German and Malay. They are very interesting and

tell us a great deal about the natives; the Captain has been sailing about here for twenty-one years.

Since I wrote to you from Makassar we stopped at Tifu, Island of Buru and had very good luck collecting at a place which had hardly been collected at before; here we have a very good lot of things, but this place is far better known than the ports we shall touch at in Halmaheira (Jilolo) and New Guinea. We have a lovely parrot, perfectly tame, but I do not think we can bother about taking him home, much as we would like to do so. We have two and a half days here and part company with Dr. Van Kampen who now goes to Aru to inspect the pearl fisheries. He will join us on our return here. Yesterday we took a long walk to a cave in the mountains away up in the hills behind the town and caught a lot of bats; one a *Rhinolophus* is very peculiar and I hope it may be a new species. Well, I have very little time to write, since the men come in every couple of hours with many specimens which I have to care for. This often keeps us busy until far into the night, and so I shall close wishing you all everything that is best.

With love to each and every one

From  
Tom.

P S. Got a fine sky blue eel, evidently a *Rhinonurraena*, which should be new. Caught it in a tide pool, while shore-collecting. [It did turn out new and was named *Rhinonurraena Amboinensis* Barbour.]

Ambon, Amboina, February 2, 1907.

Dear Fred :

Since I last wrote you from Makassar I have seen two more islands of the East Indies and very pretty ones too. Day before yesterday we were at Tifu on Buru, a small village visited only four times a year by ships like this one. You would have thought that the inhabitants would have been delighted to see us, but not at all; a more indifferent set you never saw. All their houses are made of bamboo and surrounded by simply beautiful hedges of pink roses and white gardenias. But the effect is generally spoiled by cur dogs rooting underneath them and also hens of every variety and color scratching big holes and dusting themselves. The reef fishes were simply lovely; they were generally small with gorgeous shades of blue, green, pink, etc. We had only three hours there and then we came here. There are wonderful sea gardens here, with all kinds of corals and shells and fishes in them. The water is just as clear as crystal and you can look down sixty feet and see objects on the bottom as plainly as possible. I collected some of the prettiest shells on the beach. The butterflies we have are as large as small birds and of every known color. I am just counting the days before we arrive at New Guinea. The Captain told me that he had bought six very large pearls from the natives for \$4.80. No joking, if this is the case I shall buy enough to make a good showing. He assured me that he was not joking and that the pearls are of fine color and good shape,

etc. Katherina is now mending one of the silk parasols I bought. It had a big hole in the top but she is fixing it up so that you would never notice it. The natives will look queerly enough with a Paris parasol. I shall take their photograph with it surely. This boat now is just like our own private yacht; we are the only first class passengers, in fact, the only passengers I think on board and the consequence is that we have things pretty much as we please. I let the squirrel go, but we still have the two parrots. I am sending you a clove leaf which I got this forenoon. It smelled so good that I thought I would send it to you. I also obtained some fresh nutmegs; they are black with red coverings.

In haste, for the mail is just going.

Ever most affectionately,

Ros.

Ternate, February 6, 1907.

Dear Fred :

This is simply a charming place, right at the foot of an active volcano over five thousand feet high and rising sheer out of the water. We strolled through the fish market about 6.30 and walked in and out of the native shops, really a very interesting thing to do. The great drawback to these islands is the sun. You have to be up and moving before the sun is up and come in about ten. The shops all close from twelve to three. We saw some magnificent bird of paradise skins about to be shipped to Paris. On the way back we met a Chinaman who said he would bring some pearls on board for us to purchase. He has just gone and his pearls, well, I never saw such beauties; in

fact, I did not think such large ones existed. One was almost round, without a flaw and of a fine satiny lustre. He wanted ten thousand dollars for it. It was really superb. Yesterday we stopped at Gani on Halmaheira for six hours and Tom did a great deal of collecting. Among other things he shot six parrots of the most brilliant plumage. They are called Lories, and have brush-like tongues and hover in front of flowers like big humming birds —sweeping out the pollen and insects into their mouths. I wish you could have seen the wild jasmine; I never saw so much. The plants were far over eight feet high and a mass of blossoms and buds; they grew in great clumps, thirty feet and more in circumference. I picked a big bunch, but they died before I could get them back to the ship. The orchids there also are very beautiful and of great variety. Our photographs so far of the different islands have been a great success and every night we develop some. We are all in first class condition and thoroughly enjoying life. The cable I sent Pa this morning will I presume be some time in reaching you, as it has to be mailed to another island first and then cabled. There is one other passenger on board, a Dutchman, who got on today. He is in the bird of paradise business and has been to New Guinea many times. In fact, he lived there for seven months and he can speak a little of their language and he says he shall try and make them collect for us. I wish you could see our parrot. He is so tame and such a beauty and he calls me Munmer. As you can plainly see I am not in the correct mood for letter writing; so I shall stop before I bore you too greatly.

With much love to every one and especially to yourself,

Most affectionately,

Ros.

You cannot imagine what a state we will be in before we get to Java again, seven weeks without getting any washing done. Katherina and I do a little in our hand basins, but that is little at best. My old white muslin with the blue spot is just the thing, likewise the silk waists and two old Kakhi skirts. I have got along so far on two white silk waists since I left Brookline.

Ambon, Amboina, March 7, 1907.

Dear Freddie :

Here we are practically back from the trip and we have had such a time. In every way it has been most successful and so interesting. I wish you could have been with us and seen the people. Wild and woolly does not begin to express what they are. Our photographs are top notch and I do hope that nothing will happen to them. At many of the places I was the only white woman that had ever been seen. Many of the natives seemed quite delighted; they patted me on the back and grinned and kept saying "bagus," which in Malay means beautiful. They admired my silver watch and chain and were crazy for me to give it to them. Now to tell you how they look and live. Fifty or more live together in a big hut made of palm leaves and wood, about two or three hundred feet from shore. We often went inside of these houses and it was very interesting, although a trifle scary. All the Papuans (men) carried huge knives in their hands



and followed us very closely. There were four or five skulls (freshly gotten) hanging up on the walls, which they pointed to and laughed and showed us how they had procured them. Next to the skulls were two enormous headhunting canoes, with poisoned arrows, etc., in them. The women were terrified when we came in and jumped into the water as fast as they could, screaming. We bargained with the men for some time and ended in getting some very good things: spears, arrows, carved bow heads, etc. They were wild about my beads and flocked around me and begged me to give them some. The men were stark naked, their bodies hideously scarred with burns, supposed to be very beautiful, and tattooed. Their hair was the thickest and curliest you ever saw; it stood out from their heads at least eight inches or more. Their ears almost touched their shoulders, owing of course to the fact that the ears had been bored and pulled down as far as possible. In each nostril was a big white tusk or else a white stone, giving a straight across effect. The women wore just a suggestion of clothing about their waists, but the rest of their bodies was a mass of burns and tattoos. The poor things are treated dreadfully by the men. In one of the villages Djamna there was a queer temple, Karawali by name, and used apparently as a kind of a club, where women are not allowed to go, instant death being the penalty if they are seen in it or coming out of it. But with smiles and beads I managed to make my way in and out again quite safely. I am the first and last woman that ever entered and came out alive. There was nothing especial inside, a few bamboo flutes six feet long or so, and that was all; no air and pitch black and the

door so small that I had to crawl on my hands and knees to enter. At Humboldt's bay we were not permitted to go into the temple. They said they would kill us, Katherina and me, should we go, so we naturally did not. The men, Tom, Mr. Pim and Mr. Shearing and the officers of the ship all went in, however, and left us outside. As soon as they had all gone the Papuans entreated us to follow, but we declined. Once was quite enough. You never saw such birds of paradise as they had for exchange, simply superb, but they would take only a certain kind of shell bracelet, which we did not have. For one of these miserable bracelets you could get three very beautiful birds. The Chinamen on board traded left and right and secured over four thousand. The two French parasols were very taking and we obtained many interesting things in exchange for them.

The scenery along the New Guinea coast is simply superb, huge mountains ten thousand feet and over rising sheer out of the water; they are covered with forests of splendid vegetation right down to the water's edge. We have all been in the best of health and spirits. We had in all only about a week of rough weather, a most excellent record when you think that we have been on this boat seven weeks next Thursday. We have added two more animals to our collection of pets, a kangaroo, very pretty and as tame as a dog. Tom takes him out for exercise on deck and sits him on his lap. We also have a cockatoo, which we got at Wahai Ceram, pure white with a salmon pink crest; he is a beauty and he has a very cunning trick of dancing. Polly is sweet; she sleeps in a little box at night, just like a cat, with a piece of muslin over her.

It has been very hot, which we expected, as we crossed the equator seven times; it was ninety the other night in my state room and not a single breath of air coming in the porthole, and it is such a damp heat (100, by day, so they say, and I believe it; it rains every day, you see) but you get used to it and do not mind it; in fact, when it gets down to seventy-five (which it has only in Java) we shiver with the cold; this is gospel truth. The trip has been simply perfect, not a blemish, everything O. K., unless the photographs spoil.

Best of love to every one, from both of us.

Your most affectionate,

Ros.

Tifu, Moluccas, March 18, 1907.

Dear Father and Mother :

It must have seemed a long time since last you heard from us, but we have been where it was impossible to send mail. We have had a perfect, interesting and most successful trip in every way, good health — no fever whatever — most of the time fine weather and a sea like glass. Of course, the climate is not the coolest in the world. It has not been below eighty-two since we left and now we do not begin to feel the heat until it gets to be at least ninety in the shade, which it quite frequently is, sometimes all night. The heat, of course, is not as high as it is in many other places, but the humidity is practically always one hundred and it invariably rains a part of every twenty-four hours. We have crossed and re-

crossed the equator seven times. We have, or shall have in a few days, spent fifty nights in our bunks on this little tub, which is 730 tons net and 1,300 gross — less than one-tenth the size of the *Ivernia* by a thousand tons. We have been six thousand miles and over. The spice islands are, I believe, the most beautiful in the world and I only wonder that they are not more famous than they are. There are chains of splendid volcanos rising, each its own little island, and covered with the most magnificent vegetation. As I sit on deck here writing I see baskets of orchid plants; one has twenty sprays, two feet long and each with from forty to sixty glorious, great, pale, lavender flowers. We are just leaving Tifu bay about which I wrote to you before from Amboina. In a few days we shall be at Macassar, whence I shall send this letter by Mr. Pim, who has been with us, to Hong Kong, while we will go on to Java to pack up our collections and make a trip to the ruins of Boro Boder, which we had no time to do before.

Now a few words about our collection. At Macassar I bought perhaps seventy guilders' worth of trade — tobacco, cheap knives, small mirrors, beads, belts, etc. With these in New Guinea we paid the savages for shields, bows and arrows, carved idols, etc. We have really a very interesting collection of these things. Some of the spears are beautifully carved and ornamented with tufts of cassowary feathers. I do not know as we shall ever have a house in which to properly display these articles; I think they had better go to the Peabody Museum where they will be appreciated. At Djamna and Humboldt's bay, New Guinea, we found the people using just such stone

axes as our forefathers used in the age of stone. We have a fine lot of photographic negatives which we developed ourselves with the apparatus we had at Tupper Lake; so the practice gained by what seemed at the time wasted films was not thrown away after all. Exposed films spoil almost at once in this climate, so we had to develop soon, often working till after midnight since at that time the water was coolest. You see we have no ice on board which makes photographic work very difficult. We often had a film simply melt away.

I have shot several hundred birds, some we ate and some we saved in skins, including twelve species of gorgeous parrots and cockatoos. We also obtained some very rare animals from the natives, one being an egg-laying anteater of a species peculiar to northwestern New Guinea; this we have had alive for a month, so that I could get pictures of the beast. This has been done and now it is to be chloroformed and stuffed to send to the museum. I obtained also a dried skin of this *Proechidna bruijni*. I think there is only one now in America. Then we got several specimens of the species of Cuscus, a peculiar opossum-like beast, which lives on leaves. We also got two kangaroos. These we have also had for a long time and they became as tame and playful as kittens. It was hard to chloroform one yesterday and now the other goes to-day. We have a magnificent crimson parrot, as tame as a pigeon and a splendid white cockatoo with a rosered head as tame as can be. Ros. is anxious to bring them home and I think we shall endeavor to do so.

We have of butterflies, perhaps 2,500, some rare

species. We have beetles, grasshoppers, lizards, etc., without number. The collections will provide material for some good papers. I shall have some photographs made into lantern slides; I think the people at Tupper Lake will enjoy seeing people who have bushy heads of hair perhaps two feet in diameter and who wear wild boars' tusks stuck through their noses.

At Humboldt's bay we made great friends with the people by painting them red, white and blue, the colors of the Dutch flag. At Djamma, New Guinea, Ros. was the first woman, white or native, who ever went into the temple there, as this can be entered only by men. At Humboldt's bay we tried to induce the people to let her in but they simply took up spears and bows and arrows and stood about the door, so we did not press matters. I saw a Chinese trader here buy a live cassowary for two packages of tobacco, value, forty cents, Dutch, which he took to Ternate and sold for thirty guilders; it will now go to Singapore, where it will bring \$75. Mex., and so on to Hagenbeck's at Hamburg. The Chinese hold every bit of trading in their hands here, but they do a great deal towards opening up the country. They are absolutely disease proof, thriving in the swamps of Borneo as if they were in Canton. They are the only people who in this climate work regularly, steadily and interestedly.

We had an amusing time at Roon, New Guinea. Here the people live in great communal houses out on the water. We decided upon a visit as was our daily custom and so took a small rowboat from the ship early in the morning and rowed up to the platform of one of the houses. The men at once came out

and told us to go away. We called out, "matai fanai," which is Numoor for "do not be afraid." They were obviously not in the least afraid, but the bluff worked and we rowed up and gave each man a bit of tobacco and a box of matches. Then we went into the house whereupon the women at once jumped overboard from the back door and hid in the woods on shore. We sat there for a short time, eating lunch in fact, and looking about spied a basket of heads smoking over the fire very near us. We asked them where they had obtained them and one man, who knew some Malay, said, "Oh, the Assistant Resident at Monokwari told us to go to Wiak and kill those men—they were very bad." This was rather an ingenious and rapidly thought out lie, for none of these men had ever seen the resident at Monokwari, which is several hundred miles away.

Meosboendi, in the Schouten islands, has only been visited by steamers a few times and the people are very fierce. We had our Javanese soldiers at the gangway to keep them from going on board armed. Once they tried to take the ship here. They were curiously half bold and half afraid, and when the whistle blew many jumped overboard and swam to the shore as if for their life. We did not go on shore much, excepting to get a few pictures of houses, etc. The captain of another ship was murdered while walking along the beach a few years ago, but the natives are better behaved now after a visit from a little Dutch gunboat.

The Dutch are very suspicious here, for they know that they hold their colonies only by the courtesy of other nations and now somehow or other they have

conceived the idea that the Americans are about to swoop down on them in devastating hordes and sack the Moluccas generally. An American ship from the Philippines with an admiral on board had been in Ternate only a few days before we arrived and the gossip was simply amusing. News from the outside world comes here at most about once a month. There are also numerous rumors about a Japanese-American war; if all we hear is true Japan will not be a particularly pleasant place to travel in, but I suppose everything is exaggerated. Well, enough for this time. I shall write again from Java.

Love to each and every one of you from us both.

Lovingly,

Tom.

Hotel Bellevue.

Buitenzorg, Java, March 22, 1907.

Dear Mother :

Yesterday evening, just as we were going to dinner, came a Christmas card from you dated November 2. Many thanks for it. I have hopes still that the letter giving me full accounts of Ruth's wedding will turn up somewhere. Mrs. Palmer wrote me that she had received a very charming and sweet letter from you; she thought it so kind of you to have written. I can hardly wait for the letters telling us about J. L. H. and Sal; we discuss him every night for hours — likewise all our spare minutes.

Today has been roasting hot, ninety-four in the shade about 9.30 this morning and about 88 now, at 5.30. Damp heat too. I simply had to wash my hair and it took hours to dry, as there was no breeze what-



ever. Katherina is still dressmaking, poor woman, and has made my blue silk very pretty, but by no means a raving beauty. However I am satisfied with it and she has finished it off very neatly inside.

You ask me to tell you about my personal self. I was never in better health in my life. My silk waists have held out beautifully. I have worn only two since November 1st. Katherina said yesterday that she thought she must keep one and take it back to you; they are orange with sunburn, oil of citronella, which we use for mosquitoes when in the woods, perspiration and constant washings, but for this climate and country they are plenty good enough. When I go back to Singapore I intend to begin on two new ones. My shoes, I may say that I have worn only one pair and they are so comfortable and look like new. Ah Woo, our Chinese servant, takes the greatest pride in keeping them as white as snow. My hair, well, it is as thick as ever and plenty of new hair coming in. I simply cannot curl it as the heat takes the curl out immediately; so I go straight-haired.

We are having a great time here and have been taken into the pleasantest Dutch society in Java. I shall tell you about it. Tom knows a most charming old Dutchman, curator of the museum here, who has been most kind to us. His name is Pieter Ouwens. He has introduced us right and left; he has put us up at the club and has shown us all Buitenzorg. He is about sixty-five years of age and comes from a very old Dutch family, which has been traced back to the thirteenth century. He showed us an old family record book, and also a book of heraldry, which indicated that for generations the kings and queens of Holland

visited the Ouwens for a month every year. His father lost all his fortune; so the son came to Java in the Indian army and as he failed to make a fortune he is determined to remain here the rest of his days. The other day we received an invitation to the Governor-General's ball. I must tell you about it. I wore my Pompadour silk, my ring, my pin, and prinked for hours. Rena pressed Tom's dress suit until it looked quite well, not a wrinkle in it; at 8.30 we drove to the palace with Major Ouwens. The palace is an enormous building of white marble. I took the Major's arm and we ascended the steps which were covered with red carpet; on every step, on each side of the carpet, were fourteen of the Governor's Malay servants, with bare feet, but most grandly dressed in white and gold, with his crest on their gold coat buttons. We were met at the top of the stairs by the Governor's aid-de-camp, De Neve by name, in military uniform with huge gold epaulets. He is a very handsome man, of the Gibson type. He was extremely polite to us and introduced us to many people. About nine o'clock or so we were ushered into the ball room, a huge oval room, with gold mirrors on the walls, and beautifully decorated with palms and flowers; it was lighted by three enormous glass chandeliers, a good deal like Miss Knight's, only on a much larger scale. Most of the Dutch women were sloppy and untidy looking and I thought my dress far and away the prettiest. About 9.30 the Governor-General was announced; every one bowed and the women made a deep courtesy. Tom and I had been placed away up the line and were among the first to be presented. I was thankful enough that I was not the first, as I should not have

known what to do. As it was I watched carefully the four women in front of me and when it came my turn to meet him I bowed or rather courtesied to the ground until I almost felt that I should never be able to get up again. He was very polite and spoke several words to me and then passed on. Dancing began after he had met every one. It was rather warm, 85 to 90, but cool drinks and ices were served every minute by gorgeously attired servants. The major took me all around in the palace and I had a simply wonderful time. The governor's daughter and I became very chummy. Supper was served about 12.30, sandwiches, caviare, delicious cold beef in jelly with vegetables, fish most wonderfully gotten up, chicken, a fancy kind of charlotte russe, ices and coffee. About four dances after this the governor disappeared, the band played the Dutch national hymn and we all went home, reaching the hotel at two. We have both slept hours since, making up for lost time.

Every afternoon at four or so I make coffee on my little alcohol stove and it is simply delicious. It is called Malang coffee; try and see if you cannot get some at Pierce's and see what you think of it. All out here think it is the best coffee grown.

We heard last evening of the panic in Wall street, but I hope by this time everything is all right again; write me about it. Tell Cousin Lizzie Higginson, if you see her, that I was delighted with her Christmas card, which also came just the other day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do not fail to give us full details of J. L. H., from his personal beauty to the length of his toes. Also, we should like to have a photograph of him.

My best love to every one, aunts, grandma and grandpa, Cousin Lizzie Head, Gays and every one, and a great deal to Pa and the kids, as well as J. L. H., and yourself, from

Ros.

Buitenzorg, Java, March 22, 1907.

My dear Family :

Just a few lines to let you know that we are well and can never be better. The collections are gradually getting into shape and packed. I have a lot of interesting things which you will enjoy seeing. We shall trip it about Java a little, which we did not have an opportunity of doing when we were here before and then settle down in Buitenzorg again for more collecting. We want to see the great ruins in Central Java and climb one of the volcanoes, an easy one, for Rosamond wants to see an active volcano. The friends who were with us missed their boat to Hong Kong, so your letter before this was sent from Java. We have done nothing for the last few days but pack specimens, collect a little and rest and write up notes in the afternoons when it always rains here. It is now five o'clock in the afternoon and I have just returned from a trip up on a mountain near here for a couple of days — good collecting. Now I am going for a little walk in the gardens as the rain is over for the rest of the afternoon, I think.

Love to all.

Tom.

(On the last sheet of the preceding letter was the following) :

Dear Mother and Father :

We have just come back from our walk in the gardens and every day it seems more beautiful than the day before ! Orchid plants simply covered with blossoms or sprays two and half to three feet long, and hundreds of colors and sizes, these all growing on other plants of every sort. I am never tired of seeing the different spice trees, and tea and coffee, actually growing ; they are so lovely and fragrant. I am anxious to bring home specimens of each, which of course I know is totally out of the question. It is much cooler here now than it was when we were here before. We intend remaining here in Java until April 13th when we sail for Singapore and thence to China ; so our letter address until about June 1st will be care of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, Yokohama, Japan. Then from June 1st until the 15th it will be care of Bishop & Co., Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and then care of Mr. Barbour, San Francisco. Time has simply flown and it does not seem possible that we have been married half a year on April 1st. When we had been married five months we were on the boat coming from New Guinea and we celebrated the day by having a Huntley & Palmer's fruit cake, which you can get almost anywhere here in tins, for the last course at dinner. I always think of Adelaide when I see these Dutch people eat their rice table. She thought De Prudnick's table manners so dreadful (which they certainly were) but with this exception these people were perfect. They never by any chance use either a knife or a fork while eating chicken ; they simply take it up in their fingers and pull it apart and shovel it into their mouths.

Tom's white canvas shoes gave out, so I had a Chinaman copy them; he did them finely, exactly like the originals when they were new; total cost, \$2 (American).

Please give my love to every one and with a great deal to yourselves believe me

Your most affectionate daughter,

Rosamond.

P. S. We have just decided to remain here until the 30th, perhaps longer; otherwise we would have let you know sooner. Your letters are a great joy to us and we reread them many times. I hope every one is well. We were thrilled when we received a cable saying that Sally is engaged to James Huntington and we only hope she will not be married until we get back.

Buitenzorg, Java, March 23, 1907.

Dear Fred :

We were delighted to receive your letters last Sunday, but received only three in two months; I am sure some went astray. Katherina and I had to laugh when I read to her what Cousin Frank Higginson said about the jade and rubies in Burma, how beautiful they were, and how you hoped I would get a little jade, for rubies of course were out of the question. Not at all; we did not get any jade; we got rubies. I have sixteen in all, large and small.

This week we have been taking it comparatively easy and have done no sightseeing whatever. I hired a Singer sewing machine and Rena has been and is still making me a sweet dress out of hand-made Burmese silk, which I obtained in Mandalay, and

which all English women I have met say wears beautifully, washes splendidly and never cracks; I paid forty-nine cents a yard for it, twenty-seven inches wide. My old princess dress, which I got at Miss Knight's years ago, is on its last legs; it has to be mended every time I wear it and then it gets so dirty. You see that and the lace dress Mrs. Barbour gave me are the only two high-necked dresses I have. My velvet is too hot and my embroidered dresses are either too nice or too dirty. There are no cleansers this side of San Francisco. Mrs. Palmer would not recommend any in Calcutta and I have not been able to find any since.

The Botanical Gardens are simply superb. You would so enjoy seeing them. Yesterday we walked through the spice section, devoted to teas and coffees and we saw them growing most luxuriantly. The flower I enclose is coffee. It is so pretty growing, with shining green leaves, a mass of white blossoms, which smell like gardenias and orange blossoms mixed, and which grow right out of the trunk or a branch of the plant; right next to them will be coffee beans. The orchid section is simply glorious. One plant that I specially noticed was growing in the ground; its stem was larger than I could clasp and it was at least ten feet high; it was simply a mass of blossoms on the spray two to three feet long, and the blossoms were such a wonderful mixture of colors: white, chocolate and green. Every plant and flower and tree in the garden is simply beautiful. Tom works hard at the museum every day where he has a room, getting the New Guinea specimens ready to ship and pickling what we get here. Major Ouwens, quite a swell here,

has asked us to the club this evening at nine and we are going. Tom has met a very interesting bug man, a Mr. Muir, who lives in Honolulu; he is now after a certain parasite to kill the leaf hopper that eats sugar cane. He says that he has often heard of Uncle Fred Bowditch.

I am glad the silks and everything arrived all right and that you liked them. By this time I suppose James wears all the fancy-colored silks made into ties, and I am glad if he does. You will laugh when I tell you that Tom wears a moustache, a most measly affair, pale yellow and verging on the silky. I have just persuaded him to have it cut off. He will feel quite lost without it, as he has had it almost three months. Speaking of hair, this is the first time in over two months since his hair was cut by a professional; I tried it once but did not succeed very well.

(Was interrupted here.)

Sunday, March 24.

Well, we went to the club, I all togged out in my best things and wearing my ring and diamond watch and feeling aglow with jewels. We are put up there for a month, both of us. It is a very nice place, all white marble. There were a great many women and their husbands dancing; we chatted and drank the whole evening and had a very nice time. One of the drinks we had was Malang coffee and it was simply delicious. They make coffee in a very curious way out here: they grind the beans up very fine and put the dust into a kind of sieve, the finest mesh you could possibly imagine, and pour cold water over it; it takes twelve hours to drip through into a china receptacle below, and then it is drunk, pure essence of coffee, as



strong as can be, diluted with either boiled milk or water. I bought a chocolate bean yesterday and tried it; I was dreadfully disappointed in it, for instead of tasting like chocolate it tasted like quinine.

Give my love to every one, James included, and with lots to yourself, Fred,

From

F. A.

Buitenzorg, Java, March 27, 1907.

Dear Sarah :

I have not written to you for some time — if ever — so here goes on the strength of the recent cable. Today in a few constrained and measured phrases I have conveyed to the Dr. my congratulations, adding slightly I hope to the volume of good wishes which I know must now be yours. To say that we were both surprised and delighted is far too mild; to put it accurately I should have to coin new superlatives. I hope you will tell him that I am not much of a hand at doing this sort of a job very well, but the sentiments are just as sincere as if I were a master of prose composition.

This evening we are booked for the state ball at the palace of the Dutch Viceroy where the society of the Dutch East Indies will doubtless be in evidence. Ros. and I have both been interested in different ways in this appalling event, for some days, and perhaps my present state of happiness over the affair may account for the discontinuity of this epistle. I shall be glad when it is over.

The collection still grows, but I am anxious to jog a bit more through Java. As the Mrs. has already

written, the two months trip in the Moluccas and to New Guinea was very good indeed. Today I saw some of the prints of Humboldt's bay and they are very fine, I am happy to say. The climate here is good compared to the coast plains of Java and the rest of the East Indies. But it is very damp and rainy all the afternoons and in the forenoons it is up to 95 and 96 in the shade. I am writing from the back piazza of our room, overlooking a beautiful valley of waving palms and glistening rice fields cut by a swift torrent from the volcano Salak, of which I get a magnificent view nearly every morning. I go to the museum about 6.30 and remain here until 8; we have breakfast at 8.30 and at 9 I am back at the museum, remaining there until 1, when everything shuts up here, including banks and the telegraph office, on account of the Dutchman's desire to sleep off his midday meal — which truly demands it. The daily rice table affords a comprehensive, categoric, gastronomic glimpse into all the native and some of the imported products in Java. I might give you an account of today's rice table, and it was very good indeed. Rice, one quart, on this are put the following in the order named, after which the whole is to be mixed up and consumed: Rice, then curry sauce, very thin, then two other kinds of thick brown gravy, fried eggs, fried grated cocoanut, red pepper, chutney, boiled chicken, boiled duck, fried chicken, roast chicken, fried fish, liver and beef heart, cold sliced cucumber, chutney, thin cake of white of eggs, fried bananas, then pork scraps, Hamburg steak balls, and then perhaps ten or fifteen other ingredients, but with only native names, so hot that you jump when they touch your tongue.

This is eaten from a large and very deep soup plate and I must say that it is very good when you once have grown accustomed to its looks.

I wish you could be on this piazza during my office hours and see the beasts brought in by the natives, everything from pythons and cobras to minute spiders; it is some work getting them all put up. I suppose we have ten thousand specimens or more by this time. Ros. can speak Malay now, so Tutton will be out of it when we get back.

Your loving brother,

Tom.

Of course, you must give my love to all the family.

P. S.

Dear Sal : — Jimmy's note (for I am sure you now all call him Jimmy) would have been better replied to if I had a first class letter of congratulations to copy. You might explain to him that without a rough copy I am poor at expressing myself, but I mean the very bestest, and so do we all, parrots, pythons, lizards, wild cats, cockatoos and kangaroos; these comprise our list of pets.

Best love to Pa and Ma from Ros.

Buitenzorg, Java, March 27, 1907.

My dear future Brother :

I want to tell you how thrilled and excited I am about the engagement and how splendid I think it is. You certainly are to be congratulated, for Sal is one in a million, as you have found out. I am sure when I know you that I shall feel the same about you as I do about her. Let me give you a bit of sisterly ad-

vice. Do not be married until we get back. We thought Beatrice Sturges was an awful scut not to wait until next autumn. Speaking of her wedding, we really never heard very much about it; tell one of the family to write full details.

Give my love to every one and with a great deal to yourself, believe me,

Your affectionate future sister-in-law,  
Rosamond P. Barbour.

Buitenzorg, Java, March 27, 1907.

My dear Doctor :

Just a few lines to let you know how extremely lucky I think you are and also how pleased we both were to hear of your engagement. It has provided us with a fruitful topic of conversation, which doubtless would have amused you both, could you perchance have overheard it. We are counting the days when we both may meet you on our return.

Until that time believe me,

Very faithfully yours,  
Thomas Barbour.

N. V. Hotel Wilhelmina,  
Bandoeng, Java, April 4, 1907.

My dear Family :

For these last weeks we have been living peacefully and quietly at Buitenzorg, and in various small places in the Preangor region, packing collections and arranging specimens every morning until now the job is over and we shall take a trip thro the inland before leaving Java. The alcoholic specimens are now in good order and done up in Standard Oil cans, a

very economical and satisfactory way of packing them. The dried insects have been packed in carbolated sawdust and duly poisoned. In the afternoons, when everything and everybody is asleep, we rested too and then, unless it continued to rain, went for a short walk. Dinner followed and then bed. We do not feel that we have wasted any time at all, for Rosamond and Reina have between them made a dress, and shirt waists and pajamas, etc., without number. Besides this, we all needed a rest after several months of pretty strenuous work. We left Buitenzorg at 6.04 and arrived here at 12.21, a beautiful ride through the mountains. This is a very pretty kind of health resort with a thriving native and Chinese population. It is very pleasant and cool; I do not think it was over seventy-eight degrees to-day. It was ninety every day before we left Buitenzorg, but worse in Batavia. We found that there was an unprecedented rush of tourists to Japan, so we had to take passage by the French ships and go to Hong Kong via Saigon; this is a very beautiful place and we shall no doubt enjoy a few days here. We had tickets to Hong Kong by the Peninsular & Oriental, but will have to get this refunded by Cook (which they agree to do at the London office. I shall send the slips to Mr. Logan and ask him to send the returns to 96 Franklin street). Then I shall ask you to credit my expense account with this amount. My zoological work here, while extensive, has not been very costly, as I pay the natives a third of a cent of American money per specimen and perhaps twenty cents American money for great rarities. I secured a live scaly anteater for forty cents from some hill men; a peculiar badger (very few skins in the collec-

tion — it smells like a skunk) for thirty cents, etc. Beasts the size of a squirrel cost me from four to six cents each. I can get skilled help in skinning, etc., for forty cents a day. Traveling only is very expensive here, for we have often to go by post carriages and the hills are so steep we often need five ponies; they want to use buffaloes, but I would rather pay a little extra for more horses and thus save hours. We both speak Malay now really well and we can get along very well without being compelled to ask Dutchmen to interpret for us. I have also acquired a little Dutch, which may come in useful some time, although the Colonial Dutch is quite unlike home Dutch. Tomorrow at 5.46 we go to Djokjakarta, the old capital of the Hindu empire of Mataram which took in Java and some of the other islands before the Mahometan invasion about 1300, A. D. The greatest Buddhist ruins in the world are not in India or Burma, but here in the jungles of central Java. I have doubts as to our pictures of them, for our films are going bad in the hot moisture. I developed, as I wrote you, nearly a thousand negatives in the Moluccas and New Guinea, but I now have prints of many of them by the government photographer of the Department of Agriculture. They are simply wonderful, absolute successes and every one worth publishing. I have already had requests to be sure to do so from officials here.

Major Ouwens and we have become great friends. As he is an intimate friend of the present Viceroy we were asked to the palace to a state ball and were very kindly treated by him. He walked around the great hall, meeting each person. We were placed almost at

the door and so he spoke to us among the first as he came in; he stopped and asked if our trip had been a success, etc. When supper was announced we remained in the ball room and had supper with his daughters while all the rest went to the supper room.

The next day his daughters called at the museum to see our collections and photographs. They were very pleasant and said they wished they could have gone with us. The palace is very old and very fine — of white marble and quite open and wonderfully cool. There is a complete series of paintings of all the governors-general since the first; the old ones are very fine old paintings, I can tell you. The Naval Aid, a very pleasant young Captain, has asked us to lunch when we get back.

From Djokjakarta we go to Garoet to climb the volcano Papandiang; this is one of the most interesting of the volcanoes on account of its mud springs, etc., and also because you can go on horseback nearly to the top. On most of the others the roads get too steep right in the steamy forest belt. From Garoet we shall go by train to Tjandjoer and then a couple of hours by cart to Sindanglaja, near which place is the mountain branch of the Botanical Gardens. From there we expect to ride to a wonderful waterfall of the river Tjibureum on the Kandang Bodak mountain (the rhinoceros pasture, in English). The Mountain Gardens at Tjibadas are wonderful and have a particularly fine wild wood of virgin forest; there are tree ferns from thirty to forty feet high. From there we can post it to B'zong in six hours. We shall remain here a few days to pick up our belongings and then proceed to Batavia, from which place I shall send

the specimens to America by freight. Then we go to Tandjong Priok and take the steamer to Singapore, transshipping to Saigon and Hong Kong. We shall remain only one night in Singapore, happily, for it is neither beautiful nor cool.

It has just occurred to me that you might ask Mr. Righter to telephone to the Cambridge branch of the Massachusetts Storage Warehouse Company (the building is on Massachusetts avenue in Cambridge, near the railroad tracks); he knows, I think, and ask him if more money is needed for my storeroom rent. I have an idea that my term runs out on May 1st.

We shall not remain at all long in China and then perhaps go to Manila, if we can get connections from here to Japan conveniently, and then home via Honolulu. We really feel now as if the hardest part of the business were over. To leave the tropics, where we have been since October 26th, will be welcome for Rosamond, who does not like the heat, although it seems to agree with her very well. I was never better in my life.

The Dutchmen come out here and officials are required to remain ten years before they can get away; the two Englishmen whom we traveled with were in the government of India and they had been home nearly a third of their time and often for comparatively short trips. It is needless to say that the Dutch system produces men far more efficient in the way of learning native manners, customs and languages. In every respect I consider Java to be the model colony in the world. When the Dutch took it there were six million people here; now there are thirty-eight million on an island six hundred miles long and from



fifty to one hundred and twenty miles broad. So much for one central government instead of several hundred petty sultans and rajahs fighting with one another. Java rice stands two and a half times higher in price than the best Burma, with Cochin China next and India a bad fourth. It is the first in the produce of sugar, high in coffee, tea, teak, vanilla and many other products. The native villages over the whole archipelago are absolutely neat and clean. There are no clean villages in India. In Java a lazy and untidy man goes to jail and works at bridge-building, road-making, etc. The rule of the "orang blanda" is severe, but absolutely just and they certainly work far harder to adapt themselves to native customs and to master the languages than other colonizers. Major Ouwens can speak French, English, German, Dutch of course, Sundanese, Bantamese, Madurese and Malay as well as court Javanese; the latter consists of three separate languages, for use with social inferiors, equals or superiors. All the above are languages of Java. Then he knows the Achinese of North Sumatra, the language of the Diaks of Bangermassin in South Borneo, and Buginese is spoken at Makassar in Celebes. A Captain Cristofel, who held the record of having caught five rebellious sultans in various islands, could speak still more native languages. We have had a great time here and I could write on for a week but I feel that you must be getting tired of it. So I shall say good night, as dinner is nearly ready. We eat breakfast here about 8.30 (early breakfast when we get up); the rice table is at 12.30 and dinner from 8 to 9, or 9.30 at some places like Soerabaya or Batavia where it does not begin to cool off any until that

time. It sounds very gay, for the "Societeit Concor-  
dia", (we would say club) is just across the street and  
a fine military band is playing Wagner, etc. The  
Dutch always have a club and military band at  
every town of any importance. The one at Batavia is  
splendid and at Buitenzorg also. We are put up at  
both of these and so can go and sit on the lawn and  
hear the music.

Love to all from

Your affectionate son,  
Tom.

Hotel Rupert,  
Garoeet, April 9, 1907.

Dear Fred :

This is a fine place, deliciously cool, three thousand feet above sea level. We were up at 4.30 and drove two and a half hours to the foot of Papandjang, an active volcano, ten thousand feet high. It was a perfect morning and the scenery, well, it is beyond human power to describe it, I believe. At the foot of the mountain saddle horses were waiting for us and, accompanied by several coolies who carried cameras, luncheon, butterfly nets, etc., we rode to the crater. The little path was very up and down hill and covered with rolling stones; it took two hours before we reached the top. Such a view, looking down on rice fields and tiny villages and off to other volcanoes; it was superb. The crater is wonderful; it was spouting steam and sulphur fumes at a great rate and making a most infernal noise all the time. We saw mud boiling right up out of the ground, so hot you could not touch it; in fact, you could not go near

it; springs, the most innocent looking imaginable, were hot enough to cook eggs in. All the rock formations about the crater were very interesting — pumice stone, sulphur crystals, alum, chalk, etc. I took specimens of each, which I will show you when I get back. The vegetation along the little path down the mountain was marvelous, I think the finest I have seen so far. There were tree ferns, such as Mrs. Gay has, fifty feet and more, growing everywhere by the thousands, and orchids. Just imagine Galvin's window on Tremont street filled with his finest varieties of orchids and ferns; this will convey only in a very poor way what the flowers and ferns were I saw this morning and that in enormous quantities. There were numerous lovely vetches and low bushes like our lobelia, only pink and pale yellow, and then instead of having grass along the path it was covered with a beautiful pink flower like a kind of pansy; that fuzzy pale lavender *aduratum* you set out in the point every year was growing wild over everything, just like golden rod or asters. I picked a huge bunch of all the different flowers and have them now in my room. I only wish you could see them.

Let me tell you what we have been doing since we left Buitenzorg. We went to a place called Bandoeng for the first night — I sent you some postals from there — and the next morning at 5.30 took the train for Djocjakarta (considered the capital of Java by the natives) the seat of the old Javanese court. On the train we met a remarkable old American, seventy-three years old, who is globe trotting. His name is Severance and he is a cousin or uncle of Emily Severance. We at once became friends and he travelled

with us for some time, leaving us only this morning. At Djocjakarta we drove about the town and caught a glimpse of the sultan driving in great state with a gold parasol held over his head. We went over an old ruined palace there. Then we went to Bara-bo-oo, pronounced Boro-Buddha. There are some fine old Hindu ruins twenty miles from Djocja. There were 432 life size statues of Buddha in it and three miles of bas reliefs representing the story of his life, well carved, around the seven stories of the building. The next day we came here, such a clean, comfortable little hotel; it is a pleasure to be here, and what is more it has a bath tub with hot and cold water, a positively unknown luxury in these parts. In fact, it is the first one I have seen since I left Calcutta. There are pleasant drives from here to a small lake, called Bagendit, from which the views are heavenly about an hour and a half from here. The vanilla plantation was very interesting; vanilla is an orchid and you see it growing on the trunks of trees, the flower is a white, insignificant affair; the bean is long and brown and is dried very carefully out in the sun between two pieces of flannel. It is as cheap as dirt here; in fact, you can get it almost for the asking. Tomorrow we leave for Singdanglaya for a short stay and then go over the mountains to Buitenzorg.

Give my love to every one, especially to J. L. H. and do not fail to write us minutely about him.

Most affectionately,

Ros.

Hotel Bellevue.

Buitenzorg, April 15, 1907.

Dear Bub :

Yesterday I performed a most irksome duty, that of washing my hair in a tiny hand basin, with the thermometer in the shade 92 (at nine o'clock in the forenoon) and not one breath of air stirring. In the middle of the drying process, which took hours, Tom appeared with a cable from Pa, which was very nice to get, but which was exasperating. The first word read "Amapomy," and we could not make it out; for a long while we studied the code book and finally sent a cable to find out the exact meaning; this morning came the answer, "the first word should read anatomy." It was rather stupid of us not to have thought of this, but with the mercury as high as it always is thoughts come few and far between.

I wish you could see our room and the gorgeous view we have from the back piazza; everything is so different from anything you have ever seen in a hotel. Well, to start off with the room. It is long and narrow and on the ground floor (there are no second storeys to any of the houses here) and on each side of the room are piazzas screened off; so, if you want to, you can sit around in the thinnest attire unseen, unless your next door neighbor peers around the screen, which mine does, and a man too! The walls are whitewashed and without pictures and the room is furnished as scantily as possible, one chair, wash stand, one table and two beds seven feet square (each of them) and hung with stiff, starched muslin curtains, which effectually keep out the air and mosquitoes. The mattresses are like boards, with a sheet not

half long enough tucked into them; the pillows are like the mattresses, only on a smaller and harder scale. No other covering is known, such as sheet or blanket and if you ask for one you are given a thin blanket saturated with camphor and covered with green mould. The floor is of cement with a rattan matting thrown over it. Every evening one of the servants, a barefooted Javanese man, brings a tumbler with an inch or so of cocoanut oil and a tiny tin and cork arrangement for a floating wick, and this you use for a night lamp. Like the arrangement at the Cascapedia River, basins, etc., are emptied out of the door or window, whichever is the most handy. The bath room is a very small room, 10x10, covered with mould and slime, with a barrel and dipper. You are expected to ladle the water out of the barrel and pour it over you. As I am speaking of washing, I shall say a word or two about the dhobie man (dhobie means washer.) He is a terror; the clothes destroyer and the buttonhole exterminator of India was an artist compared to this creature. All the clothes have to be mended every time he returns them. I live a good part of the time out on our back piazza, which is small but comfortable, with a view fit for the most fastidious gods. Mt. Salak, a huge green mountain, is in the back ground and deep down below is a rushing stream, where every minute of the day you can see natives bathing, and thousands of waving palms swaying to and fro like ostrich plumes. Across the stream is a tiny street and village, the houses of which are made out of woven rattan with banana leaf roofs. They are certainly picturesque and pretty. I am always amused watching the dhobie men do

their washing; they squat on a big stone along the bank of the stream and dip the unfortunate garment into the water, which is frightfully muddy, owing to the constant rain, then they proceed to whack and beat the garment against the stone. When washed the garment is placed on the muddy bank to dry and wandering goats come along and lie down on it.

\* \* \* | \* \* \*

Much love to every one. I make coffee out on the piazza every afternoon and it is simply delicious. I wish you all could sample it.

Best love to Ma and Pa, Cousin Lizzie, aunts, Hales, Mr. and Mrs. Gay, etc.

From

Ros.

Raffles Hotel.

Singapore, April 21, 1907.

Dear Mother:

We arrived here this morning after a very pleasant two days' voyage on the French boat "La Seine." We had most heavenly weather, calm and delightful, but frightfully hot and mosquitoey at night. All slept on deck in steamer chairs. It seems only a short while ago since we were leaving here for Java, and we both wish that we were going back there; we had such a good time and every one was so kind to us. Major Ouwens, the curator at the Museum at Buitenzorg, could not have done more for the king and queen of Holland than he did for us. He obtained for us an invitation to the Governor-General's state ball, where we were introduced to the Governor-General; he invited us to dinner and put us up at the club and

made our stay in Java perfect. The Major's, I mean Governor's, daughter, about twenty-eight or so, was very kind to me and took me out driving twice in the state carriage and also took me shopping. The palace is a superb building of white marble and at night the hall looked very brilliant, a mass of electric light and gay colors and costumes. But the Dutch women as a rule, out here anyway, dress so queerly, most untidily and unbecomingly.

We both danced most of the evening. Tom went with me to a lunch which the Governor's A. D. C. gave and enjoyed himself immensely. We had a great many of our New Guinea photographs printed in Buitenzorg and they are splendid. We are not sending you any, however, as we want the fun of seeing your expressions when you see them. They certainly are wild and woolly. We never can thank you and father enough for giving us the opportunity of taking this trip, every minute of which has been absolutely perfect. We leave tomorrow on the French line for Saigon in Cochin China and from there we go to Hong Kong where we are due to arrive on the 30th of this month. We are just going out now to the Botanical gardens, so I will stop with a great deal of love to you all from your

Most affectionate daughter

Ros.



Paquebot, la Touraine.

Off Cochin China, April 23, 1907.

My dear Family :

Our last week or so in Java was more or less uneventful, packing collections and shipping them off involving my going every day for some days from Buitenzorg to either Batavia or Tandjong Priok, to see the consul, steamboat people, etc. This was hard and trying work, but soon over. Then we moved down. I previously gave our parrot and splendid cockatoo to our friend, Major Ouwens, who had done a very great deal to make our stay in Java so pleasant. We had hoped to bring the birds back but it was obviously too much trouble. Then we moved to Batavia, hot and steamy, where the daughter of the Governor-General came to our hotel with a carriage and took us for a very pleasant drive. The Governor-General gets \$100,000 a year, besides living expenses, etc., and so can afford to show a little style in a country where living costs about — well, a small fraction of what it does in America. The few days in Batavia passed quickly with errands, etc., and then we went to Tandjong Priok and boarded La Seyne, thirty-eight years old and as filthy a little tub as France ever produced. The weather was calm and all went well until evening when mosquitoes came out of every nook and cranny in countless thousands and although we slept on deck in as much breeze as we could find we spent two very miserable nights. My last recollection of the old tub was the boatswain standing on the bridge and wrangling with the Captain as if two coal heavers were disputing together. This ship is very large indeed (for these parts) and

we have a fine state room; the food is splendid and she is fairly clean for a French boat, although I do not think they ever bother to wash down the decks, which they do twice a day on the Dutch boats — but then the Dutch are real sailors. It is late in the season and few people are going to Saigon; the English boats were crowded and as none but this line stopped in Cochin China we took this. I believe Saigon is a very beautiful and interesting place, although frightfully hot and damp. Our time in Singapore passed quickly, for, although we had warm weather, the nights were cool and we had far better accommodations at a far better hotel than when we were in Singapore before during the tourist season. I never saw so many ships and steamers in any harbor in my life; it was a great sight. We met Dr. Abbott, an American, who has been collecting about these waters for the Smithsonian in his yacht for very many years. He was very interesting and asked us on board; we saw his laboratory, etc. It is a very comfortable little schooner. A great fad — for the Smithsonian. He hopes to get out to New Guinea some day and was very interested in our pictures.

Well, here endeth the news, if such this letter can be said to contain.

Good bye; love to all; we have had no mail for nearly three months. Will be glad to find some — in Hong Kong, we hope.

Tom.

Paquebot, le Touraine.

China Sea, April 29, 1907.

My dear Family :

We are now within eight hours of Hong Kong and as this ship is going on to Japan I will send a few lines just to let you know that we are thinking of you and what a wonderful trip we have had since leaving Singapore as to weather at sea. We spent several days in Saigon, Annam, and enjoyed it very much. The heat, both day and night, was fearful and the mosquitoes quite indescribable. On deck the day we arrived it was 42C., which is about 108F., and it was very little cooler at night, if any. The city is very nice and well laid out, quite new and clean, with a very splendid public building, a fine zoo, botanical gardens, etc. For a couple of hours in the early forenoon and for a short time in the afternoon it was possible to move about, as a breeze blew. The people are Annamese, a sort of race like the Chinese, Burmese and Siamese mixed. They are industrious and pleasant and all speak some French because their own language is so difficult that it is almost impossible to learn it. We have on board a very interesting gentleman and his wife from Londonderry, one of the inspectors in the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs. He was in Peking for twenty-two years, was made a mandarin, etc. He has translated several books on astronomy into Chinese and is a great scholar.

He was professor of mathematics in the Imperial University at Peking. His wife is rather nervous as she was through the siege with him. They are going to Woo Chow, a very dangerous place. He has advised us to see Peking by all means and says that Sir

Robert Hart would do anything for us if he knew we knew Lisburn, for he came from there. He is the most influential foreigner who has ever been in China.

I am afraid we are too late to go to Manila with any comfort, for it will be very hot there now. But should we succeed in getting a good steamer we may run over there for a few days, as it is only forty hours run from Hong Kong and should be calm now. But you can never tell about this voyage, which is like the channel between Calais and Dover.

Well, no more news now; so good bye with love from us both to you all.

Tom.

This boat has had a fire on board so we had several extra days in Saigon, while she was being repaired. The collecting was not especially good since the season has been exceptionally dry.

Paquebot, le Touraine.

China Sea, April 29, 1907.

Dear Fred :

A few more hours and we shall be in Hong Kong. We have had a fine passage not rough a second. I suppose you were surprised to get a cable from us from Saigon, Cochin China. It was supposed to be a birthday present to you, as we sent it on the 25th. Saigon is a very interesting city; the streets are well kept up and everything is neatly laid out; it is called the Paris of the East. There are many shops, cafes, etc. The hats here you would go crazy over and you can get them for next to nothing. A pink crushed strawberry straw, stylish shape, with a rose and enormous shaded pink ostrich feather, for \$12, U. S. money, nothing. I

refrained from getting it, as I have no place for such things. The heat and mosquitoes are simply beyond description. We sat about the deck as we were delayed leaving Saigon with the scantiest attire on, for the state rooms were wholly unbearable. About half past three in the afternoon I looked at the thermometer next to me on deck and it registered 108; there was no sun on it, nor had it been shining on it. We were on board in the river off the town three nights and two days. Tom had an electric fan put into the cabin, so that we were able at least to attempt to sleep. Mosquitoes were everywhere simply by the million. They stung my eyelids and lips so that I looked like a regular boozier. It is very cool now; in fact, we all feel chilly; thermometer, 75 to 80. We have passed many Chinese junks and they are certainly picturesque.

There is a most interesting couple on board, a Mr. and Mrs. Russell, well along in years, from Ireland. He is in the imperial customs in China; he speaks, writes and reads Chinese and has been made a mandarin. They lived in Peking for twenty-two years and they were there at the time of the siege. They have given us a great many pointers as to what to do and where to go and we have practically decided to go to Peking.

The food on this boat is very good, but the meal hours are so queer. They have breakfast from seven to nine, lunch at eleven, afternoon tea at four and dinner at seven. Breakfast consists of bread, jam and ham. Red and white wine and cordials are thrown in free for every meal if you like. I drink two good-sized tumblers of red wine and sometimes three per

meal. We are all very well. Much love to every one from

Ros.

How is J. L. H.? We have not had a word from you (I mean letters) or any one for three and a half months and we can hardly wait until tomorrow to hear about him.

Hong Kong, April 30, 1907.

My dear Family :

We are here settled in a fair hotel. This is a fine modern city with magnificent harbor and very busy. It has rained and been very blustery but not cold with it all. So much for local news. I wrote you a letter on the steamer which I suppose she will carry to Yokohama, as she goes on, and then you will get it soon.

We landed early in the morning and of course, the first thing to do here was to eat breakfast and then sit about disconsolately and impatiently gnawing our finger nails until the Hong Kong bank opened at ten. Then we rushed there and such a fine package of mail it was, almost worth the three months or more of waiting to have the fun of opening and arranging each one in order of date and reading them and then — reading them all over again. All were equally welcome and I am sure you would be gratified could you know the pleasure they gave. Of course, I shall have to answer categorically, for to answer each one separately would be to court pen paralysis.

First, I will tell father that we fully understood his letter in regard to finances.

I do not think we shall go to Manila, although we are both anxious to do so; it is the worst month in

the whole year there and we would really hardly get our money's worth, although the trip is cheap. The Russells go to Woo Chow or expect to; so I think we may take a trip on the West river above Canton for a week or two. Then Shanghai, Japan and San Francisco about July 1st or, if we go to Peking, perhaps a fortnight later. As you suggest, we shall want to spend a little while in California and although it is summer it will not be too hot for us. I was pleased to hear about what Sir Purdon Clark said. New Guinea was and shall always be looked back upon as the crowning treat of the whole trip; it is needless to say that I am proud that it turned out so to our pleasure when so many had advised against it, even including Mr. Agassiz. The guns I sent back from Java to the museum; the shotgun I carried continually and used in the woods every day; fine luck I had, as the one hundred and sixty or more fine bird skins will tell you when you come to the museum in Cambridge next fall and see the exhibit we will arrange for your edification. We have a fine collection of spears, bows and arrows, idols, shields, etc., which will make quite a show; I think you will be duly impressed. I cannot help boasting that the curios from New Guinea were obtained at the rate of approximately half a cent each of tobacco. I am only sorry that a really fine bowl, carved from a section of a large tree had to be left in Java because I had not time or space to pack it. We secured a very good Chinese servant in Singapore some time ago. I suppose I wrote you about it. I brought him here; it costs only a few dollars to take him about as a deck passenger on the steamer and he is very honest, clean and neat. He does many odd

jobs, errands, interpreting (really invaluable for cabmen, etc.) for he knows pigeon English and the Malay and Chinese languages. His stipend is eight dollars per month. He sleeps on the floor outside the door and eats I never know when or how or what.

Speaking of Ah Woo brings me to speak of my other boys, Ban Doung and On Dit, and later a funny little savage, Ong Ung by name. I got on with them very well and as I am quite at home with the Malay language I really got a lot of work out of them, although they think me a good deal of an ogre. Their pay runs about thirty cents (silver) per day and they earn it. The real beauty of the crowd was a full-blooded Papuan cannibal, who had been to Ternate to be civilized and to see a bit of the world. He came on our ship at Ternate and I decided to make a collector of him. Numerous difficulties arose. First, the Captain was personally responsible for his safe delivery home in Djamma and said if we took him ashore at places where his people were unfriendly with the natives they would fight and the devil generally would be to pay. I said that I would be personally responsible for his conduct and keeping. Difficulty No. 2 — to make him catch bugs. This I did by leading him up to the beetle and then ostentatiously showing him how it died in a killing jar. Difficulty No. 3 — to keep him from tasting all killing mixtures and drinking up our alcohol. We put pepper, etc., into the alcohol and hid the cyanide. Then came the question how to pay him, for money was of no use at home to him, so I told him — and his Malay was as bad as my Numfoor—that I would make everything all right with him. He finally reached the posi-



tion of chief bird shooter and a wonderful eye he had, for he rarely missed and I do not think he had ever touched a gun before. To see him shoot fish under water with a bow and arrow allowing for refraction, of course, was a fine sight. He got home and he promised me his ancestors' skulls as tokens of great respect and regard. But the town council said that those skulls were too valuable assets for household and temple decoration and so refused to let him give them away. I left him a large jar of alcohol and when I returned to Djamma after going to Humboldt's bay he had it well filled with reptiles, etc. As a crowning glory and before his whole tribe he received a pound of tobacco, one knife (value four cents), two yards of red cloth, one ounce of thick brass wire (for a new nose pin), and last but not least a sword cane and an old bayonet bought for one guilder. These were presented on a coral strand in the presence of his tribe, the latter dressed in their shiny black skins — little more. The hero of the day was dressed in a cast-off suit which had belonged (long, very long ago) to the Sultan of Ternate, the heretofore mentioned articles, white gauze gloves and bare feet. On our return voyage I missed having my cigars carefully snatched out of my mouth and on looking up to see John (we could not pronounce his name) bounding off in great glee. He was allowed very many liberties, as were his countrymen, which was decidedly wise, when you know their somewhat uncertain tempers and rather remarkable joy in using knives, spears and juby-juby (bows and arrows).

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One more pleasure and privilege remains to be

spoken of and that is the letters which Warren wrote. I only wish it were possible for me to answer them in kind, but I am not up to it. I shall always keep them and have hysterics over them as I truly did this morning at his description of his trip South on the Virginia creeper. I have just read Warren's letters again and am in a bad way. I hope that some day I may be privileged to take a trip with him and read his diary. I truly think Mark Twain would take a back seat — far back too.

I was truly sorry to learn that Uncle James Barbour had passed away. He seemed so well and happy when last I saw him and he was so very kind to both Ros. and myself.

Ah Woo has just brought tea; Ros. is out shopping with Rena; I am writing; Ah Woo says: "Master catchee one piecey chit home; must makee chop-chop; bloat go velly soon," which means that I had better finish my letter quickly if it is to catch this steamer. And as the mosquitoes seem desirous of eating up all my strawberry jam on toast I shall close with perhaps a postscript after tea.

P. S. Tea over.

I was happy to get two letters from grandmother who is evidently enjoying good health. I am sure she was glad to see any and all in Florida. I am very glad that Dr. Moses was there with her, for he really enjoys it and his enthusiasm is quite contagious. Good news from Aunt Nan who has written three good letters; I was glad to get them, thank her for me; I do not know whether I shall get a chance to answer them.

Love to you all, each and every one.

Ask father to thank Mr. Thompson for writing about his son being in the Philippines; if we do go to Manila we shall certainly look him up.

Good bye with love from us both.

Your ever affectionate son,

Tom.

Hong Kong, April 30, 1907.

Dear Ma :

We received such a splendid mail here today; it took us simply hours to read it. The gold pieces arrived safely despite what every one predicted. But, as usual, I am sure some of the letters are missing. As yet I have no description of Jim, merely your letter which began by saying, "I will not describe J. H. L. to you, etc., as Sally has already done that"; but no letter from Sal; it is very exasperating.

This is a most fascinating place, although quite European in looks, buildings, streets, etc. There is a most attractive harbor with numerous boats, from ocean liners to the tiny sampans that dart in and out everywhere, and rickshaws in the streets, no horses or carriages; these are the views from this room. Tom very piously answered some of his mail all the afternoon while Katherina and I went shopping. You would simply go wild over the things here. There are most exquisite crepe shawls, three yards long, solidly embroidered, with silk fringe ten or twelve inches long. You can get them in all colors, pale blues, grays, pinks, whites, etc., and pay anywhere from one dollar to twenty dollars. Then such carved ivory; magnificent parasol handles, carved exquisitely, \$3 and \$2.50; and silks, every color and shade imagin-

able. You know my pongee suit; at Hollander's it cost me \$2.50 or so a yard; I tried to match it yesterday and found a perfect match, if anything, a trifle finer than mine; price, for twenty yards, \$4.50. But I am refraining from buying these, as I am told that if I wait I can get even better bargains for my money. Grass cloth, in every color and shade, with drawn work to match, in dress lengths, \$6 and \$7. Table cloths and tea trays and doylies are practically given away, according to American prices. Then the necklaces of jade and pink stuff, and the silver things — well, you could spend an indefinite time in these shops, and they are all together and not more than two or three minutes' walk from the hotel. I am delighted with and proud of my purchases. My green suit goes today to be copied. It is very cool here; the sun is not out, just overcast and raining all the time, but we do not mind it. My clothes are holding out splendidly; only two of those silk shirt waists have gone where the woodbine twineth. Mrs. Barbour and Mr. Barbour write us fine letters and Warren's are so killing that we nearly have hysterics reading them. Breakfast is ready and so I shall stop. With a great deal of love to every one from

Ros.

We go to Canton in a day or two. I shall write you about it.

May 1.

You see by the last date of this letter that I was delayed from finishing it until May 1.

Hong Kong Hotel.

May 1, 1907.

Dear Mother and Father :

We arrived here yesterday after a very smooth passage from Saigon, not a day rough, and could hardly wait until ten o'clock when the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank opened to get the mail. We were so pleased to hear from you all and thank you for writing so much and so often. Hong Kong is a most fascinating city, filled with people from all over the world who talk and understand English, or at least for the most part do. It is such a blessing to be understood. The shops, well ! ! ! Tom and I have just got in from a shopping bee which lasted several hours. There are magnificent things everywhere you turn, crepe shawls of all colors (with long silk fringe) most beautifully embroidered, silks, carved ivories, parasol handles, a mass of the most delicate carving for six American dollars, and silver ware. Well, truly, there are so many lovely things to see that you do not know whether you are on your head or on your heels. To-day we took a car up to what is known here as the Peak — a hill fourteen hundred feet just back of the main city of Hong Kong. I never went up or came down anything quite so steep in my life. I should think the angle must have been seventy-five degrees, although I suppose, as a matter of fact, it was not, and we were up to the top in nine minutes. The view overlooking the harbor and the city was superb, but unfortunately too dark for photographing. We went up with two pleasant English people whom we had met on the "Touraine," a Mr. and Mrs. Lister, going on their vacation from India to England via China

and Japan. It is so much more fun with four if you can get congenial people, and they are very nice. On the ship, so Mrs. Lister told me last night, for the first three days or so we were a great mystery to them. They thought we were brother and sister (she said she thought we looked so much alike) and then she said my wedding ring confused them. Finally, when she found out, she was much relieved. They go tomorrow with us to Canton. We went around to Cook's office and booked our passage to-day for America. We are to leave Yokohama July 13 by the "Mongolia", and she is due in San Francisco July 30. The "Siberia," another of the large ships, sails on the 26th or the 29th, I have forgotten which, and taking passage on her would cut our time so short in Japan that we decided on the former. On the 11th of this month we sail for Shanghai and from there we go to Peking; the whole round trip takes about two weeks. From there (Shanghai) we go to Japan.

I have hunted everywhere for the embroidered silk but cannot find anything that answers your description. However, I hope I may before I get back. There are no horses or carriages here, or at least if there are they are so few and far between that you never see them. Conveyance is entirely done by rickshaws and sedan chairs. I thank you very much for your splendid present of twenty pounds. I have not spent it yet and so cannot tell you what I have bought with it. Now that we have decided on the 13th of July to sail for home, counting on seeing a little of the West, we should be near New York about August 15th or so. Where do you think we had better go first — Tupper Lake or Brookline? Do not fail to

let us know. We were so glad to hear about Adelaide's reception and sorry we could not have been there.

With much love to every one and a great deal to yourselves, believe me

Your affectionate daughter-in-law,  
Rosamond.

Hong Kong Hotel.

Hong Kong, May 2, 1907.

Dear Sal :

Your long lost letter telling us about Jimmy arrived yesterday and delighted we were to get it. Just think of your being engaged. Do send us a photograph of him and write us full particulars.

This place, well, it is fascinating and I wish you were here to go out with us. There are little Chinese shops everywhere just filled with beautiful things of every kind and description. Yesterday Tom and I looked at some mandarin coats and they were superb; but I have come to the conclusion that I do not want to own one, as it would be useless, excepting as a piece of art, in America; I mean the colors are too conspicuous to wear, but they are certainly wonderfully embroidered. Mr. Barbour wrote us such a nice letter the other day and said he wanted me to spend two hundred dollars and consider it as a present from him. Rather neat. There are such attractive things everywhere that I do not know what to buy and what not to buy. The hand-made silks of every color and description, and crepes and grass cloths, most exquisitely embroidered, are a pleasure to look at. I saw most attractive kimonas, real works of art. I have

purchased only a few things, not much. I am waiting until we go to Canton to-night and from there up the West river to Woo Chow and I expect to see and get some fine things there; if I do not I can do so when I get back here. There are no horses and carriages here; everything is done by rickshaw or sedan chair; the rickshaw coolies run so quickly, almost as fast as a horse can go. We have a most beautiful view from our room overlooking the harbor and it is such a pretty sight seeing the boats (of all kinds and of every nation) go flitting to and fro. There are two fairly good-sized American warships just in. It seems curious to see the American flag again; it is such a long while since we have seen it.

Give my love to every one, especially the doctor, and write me all about him and you — also your plans. Are you embroidering towels, etc. ? Give the Gays and Cousin Lizzie especially our best.

Most affectionately,

Ros.

Tom joins in of course.

Hong Kong, China, May 3, 1907.

Dear Dod :

Many thanks for your letter; we were delighted to hear from you. You have had quite a gay winter, it seems to me. Think of Sal's being engaged; we are so excited and interested, but I suppose when we get back we shall have to wait some time before seeing him, as he no doubt will be away then. August 15th or 20th ? We are quite despondent about having booked our passage on the Mongolia on the 13th of July. That date seems so near and we have so much



to see between now and then. We are anxious to go to Korea, but as yet have made no plans. On the 11th we sail for Shanghai and from there go at once to Peking. Cousin Kitty has written me three times; she has caught up and passed us; she must have done a great deal of hustling — encircling the globe in five months. I am sorry we cannot meet as I would like to talk places over with her; however, we can do so when we get back. There are so many things to buy here — everywhere you turn some new and attractive thing appears. We are off for Canton this evening and from there we go to Woo Chow. We expect it to be like the Irrawaddy river in a way, only not half so much traveled over by globe trotters as it is only recently opened to foreign commerce. Tell me if Pa ever received the little book of the West river, describing the scenery and places we shall see going to Woo Chow; I sent it to him at the office.

Give my love to every one and with a great deal to yourself from both of us,

Affectionately,

Ros.

Hong Kong, China, May 8, 1907.

Dear Mother and Father :

We have just returned here this morning after a most interesting trip to Woo Chow up the West river. The scenery was fine and the Chinese towns, though frightfully dirty, were well worth seeing. Tom will write you about them and I will tell you about Canton — really the most remarkable city we have seen yet. Before our boat had tied up alongside the pier, hundreds of sampans swarmed around to take off the

Chinese passengers and their baggage. The Captain told me that thousands of people live in these sampans all their lives and never go ashore. We secured a good guide at nine o'clock and started off in sedan chairs through the city. The European quarter, with its clean, broad streets, was soon passed and we found ourselves in the heart of the city with streets not more than seven feet wide. Down these narrow lanes with matting awnings overhead, between swinging black, gold, blue and red signboards, the people swarm. Two chairs can barely pass and in order to turn a sharp corner the poles of the chairs are run far into the shops. Every house you see is an open shop and each street has certain kinds of shops on it; for instance, silk shops, rows and rows of nothing but silk shops with magnificent silks of all colors in every stage of manufacture, jade and jewellers' shops, weavers' dens, cabinet shops and, worst of all, meat and cook shops. Such smells as issued forth from those places! Smelling salts of the strongest kind did no good. Unknown cookery simmers, sputters and scents the air and I saw even Chinese women hold their noses when they walked by; so you will perceive it must have been pretty dreadful. Dried ducks hanging up by their necks and covered with flies, roasted pigs which should have been eaten years ago and duck eggs that have been buried for ten years, dried fish of all kinds and rats, are a few of the many things that adorn the meat shops. The rat is in the market everywhere, alive in cages, freshly killed or dried. Likewise the cat and kitten. But it is all most interesting to see. We went to an embroidery shop where beautiful old Mandarin coats and all kinds of em-

broidery were sold and also to a silversmith's who inlaid pins and buckles with king-fishers' feathers. The temples are fine. We first went to that of the Five Hundred Genii, so called, a very old temple in a wonderful state of preservation; in front of each statue was an incense jar with a joss stick burning. We then went to the ancestral hall of the Chun family. Here there was the most exquisite carving. Then we went to the five-storied pagoda and back to the ship. Everywhere you are impressed with the dirt of everything. Frightfully ill-smelling, a people all so dirty, it is wonderful how they can carve and do other things so well. We saw many Chinese women with feet not more than three inches long.

Give my love to every one and with a good deal to yourselves believe me

Your affectionate daughter,

Rosamond.

We are both very well and having a perfect time.

Hong Kong, China, May 9, 1907.

Dear Bub :

You would laugh to see us going about in rickshaws, but they are great fun to ride in and the coolies pull them very fast. I have a great deal of fun mousing in and out of the various shops. Yesterday I had three pairs of wash silk pajamas made for Tom, total price, \$3. Such attractive dress materials as I have seen, but as yet I have refrained, as the men will not come down to my price.

I must tell you of some little incidents I saw on the boat going to Woo Chow. There were a number of steerage Chinese passengers on board and every

evening about 9.30 the boat would stop, at some city along the river, and what are known as provision boats would come alongside our boat. Provision boats are sampans filled with Chinese food. A passenger (Chinese, of course) would order soup. The salesman, a horribly dirty man, would dip a small bowl into the dirty river and wash it and then proceed to fill his order: chopped onions, a few dried shrimps, almonds, peanuts, chopped carrots and turnips, ginger, raw pork and raw fish, and over the whole two kinds of sauces of a brown variety, a pinch of pepper, and then the whole remaining space in the bowl filled up with boiling water, which was kept hot in a jar over a fire in the boat. The salesman could not work and fill the orders fast enough; it was so popular. Ah Woo, our servant, told me it was "finee, Missie should try." The odor from these provision boats, so-called, was horrible.

Lunch bell has rung and so I shall stop.

With lots of love to every one from

Ros.

S. S. Coptic, May 13, 1907.

Dear Mother :

This letter first and foremost is to wish you many happy returns of the day for both of us and to tell you what a splendid time we are having and how well we are. Hong Kong was a very interesting place and we met several charming English ladies there and had tea with them at their houses. The passengers on this boat are mostly Americans. An Admiral and

Mrs. Knox are on board and we found many mutual friends, so we have grown quite intimate. It is quite a queer sensation, feeling cool once more; we have roasted and parboiled so long. We both now sit on deck with our thickest things on and even then feel chilly.

May 14.

I was delayed here. We are now in the Astor House in Shanghai, a very comfortable hotel, swarming with Americans. Tom has gone out to see about the sailings to Tien-sien for Peking. About every five minutes or so comes a knock at my door and in walks a Chinaman who displays all his fine silks and suiting materials for "ladies and gents" suits, as he says. He wants to make a white suit (flannel) for Tom, coat and trousers, for \$8 (U. S. A.), \$2 for heavy white duck trousers and he promises to copy any suit I may give him exactly but so far we have refrained from purchasing.

With a great deal of love for every one from

Most affectionately,

Ros.

S. S. Coptic, Off Shanghai, May 13, 1907.

Dear Father :

I wrote you last from Hong Kong a full letter of our doings up to that time. After we got to Hong Kong we went up the Si Kiang or West river for five days, right into the heart of southern China. It was very interesting, made more so by the presence on board of a Mr. Russell, of Londonderry, who is a

Chinese mandarin and commissioner of customs. He was going to Woo Chow and we went up with him. His predecessor at the customs port is with us now; he is a very interesting Frenchman Tennant by name, who has been twenty-seven years in the employ of the Chinese government and knows China like a book. The scenery is beautiful along the river and we succeeded in obtaining some good photographs. I spent a lot of time in Hong Kong getting prints made, so that when we get home we can show you something without waiting for the work to be done in America. We have a fine set, although not all have been finished as yet.

This has been a very fine passage of three and a half days over what is usually a very rough sea. We shall stay only a few days in Shanghai and then proceed to Peking, which should be a very interesting place — and then for Japan and home. We ought to be home on July 13th, unless I can get a room on an earlier boat. You can have no idea of the rush of people traveling over here now and, of course, as the boats have not the accommodations the Atlantic boats have, the pressure is correspondingly greater. For the boat which sails on June 29th from Japan every room was taken some time ago, but we have a very good room reserved on the Mongolia, which sails on July 13th. The China sails between these dates, but it is a small ship and also full, unless by chance a room should be given up; we shall take the one we are sure of. Continually telegraphing for accommodations is a great nuisance, as you can never tell but you may like a place and be compelled to run away and leave it in order to fill your reservations. I have no strange things to tell; everything and every one is very well

and, as the junks and coast are well worth seeing outside, I shall close.

With love to you all — every one,

Your ever affectionate son,

Tom.

S. S. Coptic, May 13, 1907.

Dear Fred :

Here we are almost in Shanghai, after a splendid passage of three and a half days, calm and cool. There are several very nice people on board, among them an Admiral and Mrs. Knox (U. S. N.); so I at once in a most tactful way brought in Admiral Frank Higginson, with the result that we have become bosom friends. It is such a blessing to feel chilly once more. I wear my plaid suit, Shetland jacket and thick coat and feel just pleasantly cool. The other night we ran through a fleet of Chinese junks and cut one in halves; it seemed dreadful as we never stopped, but the Captain assured me that the unfortunate fishers were surely picked up by nearby friends. I had my green suit copied and it is a beauty, \$45, supplying silk and making. I also had a black and white checked flannel suit made, as my old one simply had to be given away. When I was on the French boat, Touraine, coming from Saigon to Hong Kong, I saw some of the very latest French fashion books; in them were descriptions of very attractive dresses and suits. So I took one of the books (or, at least, it was given to me) and gave it to a Chinese tailor in Hong Kong and told him to copy exactly a certain suit in it, with the result that he did, and I have a fine suit (coat lined with silk), made out of first class material and fits like a

glove, for \$20, making, supplying and everything. This is the place in which to live cheaply. I saw some fine cotton crepe dressing gowns (kimona effects), in all colors and sizes, for seventy-five cents and, like a fool, did not get one. Mrs. Knox has been telling me of a gray silk dressing gown she had, lined with pink silk, which the Admiral bought her in Japan for \$2.

We are having a great time. My clothes are holding out wonderfully well. We had a dreadful time in Hong Kong with the washing; they tore Tom's white trousers to pieces, so that they had to be thrown away, and never washed out any of my things and then charged us a fabulous price, which we had to pay. We have delicious food on this boat, a great variety, well cooked and appetizing. We are all very well and looking forward to our Pekin trip.

Give love to every one and with a great deal to yourself, from

Ros.

A Frenchman who is on board and who has been in the Chinese customs for twenty-seven years, told me that I could have had an excellent miniature painted on ivory for six Mexican dollars, \$3, U. S. A., if I had had any photograph for the man to go by. I mean to try in Shanghai and give the man your photo.

I hope J. L. H. will be in Brookline when we arrive — sometime in August or September; we are anxious to see him.

Astor House.

Shanghai, China, May 16, 1907.

Dear Sal :

You see your engagement is known away out



here; Tom and I came across an announcement of it in an old Town Topics (April 4). We are simply reveling in Town Topics now; we have managed to secure three copies.

This is a most attractive place, but very European, swell houses and gorgeously gotten up individuals, etc. It is quite a change from what we have been seeing, that is, in the East Indies. Mr. Tennant, a Frenchman whom we met in Woo Chow, and who afterwards came on the same boat with us to Shanghai, introduced us yesterday to Dr. Ward Hall, an American dentist, who has lived here for years; he is a collector of old Chinese things and I never saw or imagined anything so filled to overflowing with attractive things as his house is. He has in one room a screen over fifteen feet high of dark wood heavily and magnificently carved with dragons, birds, clouds, bats, flowers, etc., and panels of mosaic silk, which looked like the finest embroidery. This came from an old emperor's palace. Then he has two very finely carved black wood chests (with wonderfully worked locks and hinges) about eight feet high. His embroideries were simply beyond words; they were so ravishingly charming. But his tapestry, or rather brocade, of heavy orange yellow silk with a deep border, and a huge dragon of every shade in the centre, is his piece de resistance; this is about 12x6. Pa would have gone perfectly wild over his old China and porcelain, bronze incense burners and oil vessels. He has been years and years collecting them and I could not help thinking, when I looked at them, of the poor unfortunates who suffered at his hands and who really paid for them. The dentist's chair, among all these

wonders, gave me a start and a pain; it was the one blemish of the afternoon.

You would not know Tom and me out driving. We have a victoria with rubber tires and two men on the box, if you please; these are dressed in bright green with funny round straw hats and long black pigtails down their backs; but they understand very little English and you have to speak quite a queer lingo to make them understand. For instance: if we want to say, "Drive back to the hotel; it is getting near dinner time," we would say: "Me wantee chow; go hotel chop chop."

As yet I have not been around to see Mary Wendell, really for the simple reason that I know she would not remember me and I should dislike to be compelled to explain to her who I am and why I came. I cannot get over Emma Atherton really married and settled.

Give my love to every one and with a great deal especially to you and yours,

Most affectionately,

Ros.

Chefoo, May 23, 1907.

Dear Father and Mother:

We had a very foggy trip from Shanghai to Chefoo, which is our port of call before Tientsin whence we take the railway for Peking, which railway by the way is paying forty per cent. It has been very cold and foggy indeed and we are nearly a day late now, so that our time in Peking will be shorter than we had hoped for, as we take the Korea from Shanghai to Japan on the 4th. From there, as I think

we wrote you before, we sail on July 13th for home. You never knew such a rush — every possible berth taken weeks in advance of sailing. It is still a very pleasant time of the year to be in Japan, however, and I think we shall make an attempt at climbing Fujiyama, which can only be done after July 1. I do not think we shall chase about much in Japan, but satisfy ourselves by visiting two or three of the principal towns and then spend a couple of weeks in some pleasant country place where I can do a little collecting.

Just now out here the Japanese are getting very huffy with foreigners; it seems a very bad case of swollen head. No one here has any use for them whatever. It is a great pity Japan proved victorious in the war. We hear many unpleasant tales of travelers being spied upon and watched by the police. Taking photographs anywhere in the Inland Sea is strictly prohibited and also within ten miles of any fort; as it is impossible to tell where the forts are and as arrest quickly follows any transgression of the law, photographing is rather hazardous.

Was quite ill in Shanghai, I presume owing to sudden change of climate, but with the attention of a good German doctor I am now quite well again. But I am required to keep myself warm.

The people in Chinese Customs were very good to us; they sent us flowers, recommended the doctor, etc., Mr. Russell, of whom I wrote to you before, passing us on to his colleagues. The customs people here have a very high position, holding mandarin rank in the Chinese government system. Still I must say that we are both sorry that we did not stay still longer in Java, even at the risk of cutting shorter our sojourn

in China and Japan. I hope some day I may go back there again; it is absolutely in a class by itself for beauty of scenery and interest. The climate is not bad at all after you get used to it. We were simply splendidly treated by every one.

Lots of love to you all — every one

From your son

Tom.

Grand Hotel des Wagons-Lits.

Pekin, May 29, 1907.

Dear Pa :

Just think of my really seeing Peking. It is one of the most interesting places we have been to — so different from anything we have seen before. I sent Mother a lot of postal cards which ought to give you a very vague idea of what this place is like. It is divided into four cities : The Chinese, the Tartar, the Imperial and the Forbidden. Each city is walled. The Imperial city is inside the Tartar city and the Forbidden city inside the Imperial. The Chinese City wall surrounds them all. The walls are most enormous, with watch towers every now and then on them, and huge gates in them. The streets are frightful — muddy when it rains and about a foot of dust when it does not. They are very broad and consist for the most part of huge granite stones, six by three feet and smaller, laid one right next the other. Caravans of twenty camels or more are a very common sight. The people are all so interesting to watch. You see a big mandarin swell, dressed up in a beautiful embroidered coat, driving along in a two-wheeled cart (a good deal like a small tip cart), pulled by a mule and feeling as

grand as a prince. He has perhaps three outriders ahead, on frightful horses with rope reins; five mounted men follow his cart, all on equally awful looking beasts. Then a little farther along you will meet a Manchu lady, most daintily dressed in embroidered coat and blue trousers, painted up like anything, long fingernails with gold tips to protect them, and hair done up over a cross-board at the back of her head with two flowers stuck in it to give it a bit of color. She is most coy and plays at objecting to having her photograph snapped. The Chinese women dress in many different colors and pinch their feet into brocaded shoes not more than two and a half inches long.

The shops on both sides of the streets are works of art. The whole front is a mass of the most delicate wood carving and they are always filled with most attractive articles. You would go wild over the old china and porcelain. I saw two fine old dogs, the same style or kind as the two you have on your mantle piece, only they were larger and better and about six hundred years old. I was very anxious to get them for you, but he asked so much that I could not : a thousand dollars for the pair. But they are beauties. We have not spent much time shopping, as sight-seeing is so much more pleasant.

Give my love to every one and with a great deal for yourself,

Affectionately,

Rosamond.

Grand Hotel des Wagon-Lits.

Pekin, May 29, 1907.

Dear Fred :

We are having such a trip and each place we see last we think the best, but, really, joking aside, you have no idea what an interesting city this is. The walls alone are a sight well worth coming to see; it seems almost a sacrilege to go through one of the old city gates in a modern American train, as we did. I asked our guide, whom we took here, if the emperor had ever been in a train; at first he said, "Oh, no," and then he added that in the summer palace he has a small court yard and a miniature train and tracks in it and that he rides about in the train. Likewise on one of the lakes he has a steamboat which he enjoys, but the outside world does not know it.

On Sunday, we went to the Temple of Heaven, where the most ancient religious observances of the Chinese people are still kept up. The ceremonies and sacrifices are most complicated. Each year on a certain date the emperor goes there in a sedan chair covered with yellow silk, the imperial color, and carried by thirty-two men; he is preceded by a band of musicians and followed by a retinue of princes; he prays to his ancestors and burns incense. The Hall of Abstinence is in the Temple of Heaven and here he remains for some time; his throne in this room is of superb carved wood, of the most intricate pattern, and a huge carved screen back of it. From here he goes to the Altar of Heaven, where he offers sacrifice. This is a round white marble terrace, three stories, with very handsome and beautiful carvings on it. The Temple of Heaven is only a short distance from the

altar. It is a kind of pagoda, like the postal card I sent you of it, of blue, green and gold iridescent porcelain tiles. It is most beautiful. We then went to a Llama temple and this was also immensely interesting. It is just like the Llama temples in Thibet. A service was just over when we arrived, and we saw all the monks in their long flowing yellow robes. The court yard of the temple had two huge bronze incense burners, or rather urns, eight feet high, with most elaborate patterns and inscriptions on them; near these were two huge bronze lions on high pedestals.

The temple was filled with burning incense from in front of a statue of the coming Buddha; this statue is seventy-two feet high; the walls are covered with very old mosaic silk with the life of Buddha represented on it. We walked on the walls of the city. We went to the Yellow Temple and the Temple of Ten Thousand Buddhas, the Observatory, Examination Hall, Temple of Agriculture, the Hall of Classics and, in fact, to everything else, with the exception of the Forbidden City, which of course no one is permitted to do. We have some first class photographs and I can tell you about Pekin better while looking at these than writing it on paper to you. A Mr. Tennant, whom we met in Woo Chow, has come here to live; he is in the imperial customs and yesterday evening he very kindly asked us to dine with him at the Customs hall. He had a German and Austrian there too to meet us and the latter was very nice. He has been making a collection of old embroideries, drawn work and Chinese paintings on silk and rice paper. The paintings were well done; they are of Chinese life, men, women, emperors, processions, etc.,

and each perfectly finished in very detail, really exquisite. He paid twelve and a half American cents for each picture. They are just like miniatures. Very kindly he gave me some and I tried everywhere to duplicate them this morning, but found that I could not. The one drawback to this place is dirt and filth. The street odors are beyond the beyond. I always go well armed with eau de Cologne.

We stopped at Chefoo and Tientsin on the way up here. Chefoo has nothing of any interest in the way of pagodas, or temples, to see, but it is famous for its large Catholic mission, where the Chinese girls are taught, among other accomplishments, to make lace and weave silk. I saw piece after piece of pongee silk (for that is the kind they make here) of twenty yards, for two dollars, three dollars and the extra fine for four dollars. Like a fool I bought none, but it is simply no use; you cannot buy everything you see. But I did, thank goodness, buy enough lace for a waist (solid lace) beautifully done and very attractive patterns. Of course, now I am thinking how stupid it was not to have bought more.

At Tientsin they make rugs; perhaps you have heard of them. Any way, on the Coptic, coming from Hong Kong to Shanghai, a Mrs. Knox, wife of Admiral Knox, said: "If you go to Tientsin, my dear, be sure and buy rugs. The Admiral years ago got me one and I have used it steadily ever since and it is still as good as new." So accordingly Tom and I went rug hunting, really more out of curiosity than for any other purpose. Our rickshaw coolies took us to a funny out-of-the-way shop and there I saw rugs of every pattern and shade in all stages of progress of



manufacture. Some of them were stunning; others were not so handsome. We priced a blue and white, glorious shade of blue and exceedingly pretty pattern worked into it, just right for a top notchy bedroom rug, 28x18, \$28. I have wished a hundred times that it was in America waiting for me. Then we looked at smaller ones, about as big as the one in the bath room, also blue and white with beautiful patterns, and ended, if you please, by buying two. I know you will think they are handsome when you see them.

The dust here has been perfectly fearful, so bad in fact that the whole atmosphere, in spite of the sun shining brightly, looks like a heavy fog. But yesterday it rained a bit and so it is a little better today.

Give my love to everyone and with a great deal to yourself from

Ros.

S. S. Kiuling.

Han Kow, May 30, 1907.

Dear Robert :

We have enjoyed China so much more than we ever expected to that we have been about quite a little. First we went to Hong Kong and Canton and up the Si Kiang to Woo Chow — all very pretty and interesting. Canton is a marvel of filth, stench, etc. Then we went to Shanghai where we had to spend a week as I was laid up with a slight indisposition. Then we took a funny little tub, the Koon Shing by name, and went to Chefoo (famous as the place where the Chinese junks started for their blockade running to Port Arthur during the last war). Then we went on, after twenty-four hours' delay, through fog past the Taku

forts which were bombarded by the "combined sea might of the powers of the world" during the Boxer fuss, but which might have been taken with a gatling gun just as well, to Tientsin. Here we remained a day and then took a train for Peking. This was our first railroad ride in China and it was very interesting. The viceroy of Pechili was going to Peking on business and he got a great send-off. There were mandarins by the dozen dressed in all colors of the rainbow. Some of the big swells sported peacock feathers. Such music (?) you have never heard and such bowing and scraping you have never seen. The cars are now made in Chinese shops and are like our Pullman cars only with several compartments at each end. The Chinese passengers are accommodated on flat cars and each passenger piles up his luggage, sticks up a flag with his name on it and camps out on top of the heap. They are required to pay more if they wish to ride in box cars. The railroad is very popular with all who use it but the country people have not grown to like it yet.

As we pulled out of Tsien Tsin we passed through acres of graveyards, mostly with coffins open and rotting as the rains wash them out. They always bury on a sloping bit of ground and rain and pigs do the rest. It is not a very pretty sight and you are apt to lose your appetite for pork.

Over a good roadbed they brought us to Peking, a great sight I can assure you. The modern railroad runs you right up through the Chinese city wall to the Chien Men gate of the Tartar city. Here were hundreds of camels, carts, mule litters, sedan chairs, rickshaws, coolies carrying all sorts of things, horsemen of

mandarins' escorts, Chinamen riding donkeys and steering great wheelbarrows, perhaps pulled by one ox, a pony and a mule by means of three sets of very long rope traces. The gate was flanked by two enormous towers with cannon painted on the walls, green, gold, sky blue and old porcelain tiles — simply gorgeous and a magnificent work of art. On the wall next to this is the American block house and below it inside the United States legation. The United States and German legations are next to the wall inside and have block houses and sentries to protect the legations of the Tartar city. The English, Japanese, Italian, Russian, German, Austrian, United States and Dutch all have guards of foreign troops here. It is very interesting to see all the different sentries outside of the walls of each legation. The Japanese looked the most stupid and the slouchiest of them all; but they have very swelled heads. The temples, of Heaven, Earth, Sun and Moon, Agriculture and the Thibetan Llama temple, and the great temple of Ten Thousand Buddhas, where there are really ten thousand figures of Buddha and the Great Drum and Bell towers are all each more interesting than the last. I saw Mr. Rockhill, the United States minister; he was very kind, advising us where to go, etc. He is an honorary member of the Harvard Travellers' Club and knows China very well. He speaks Chinese and Thibetan and so could give us a great deal of interesting and useful information. The films from my camera went bad and only the small ones came out; those, however, are very good and I have bought some from a Japanese photographer which are very fine and which will give you an

idea of perhaps the most interesting city in the whole world.

The "Gorgeous East" and the "Filthy East" are side by side when you turn from the magnificent palace court yard, all marble carved like lace and gilt and every color of the rainbow arranged in perfect taste, into some street which can only be described as a long cesspool to which has been added the drippings from slaughter houses, for you know all executions of criminals and also all butchering for the whole city goes on in the streets. If you are not being dragged in a rickshaw or a Pekin cart through these cesspools you are ploughing through dust a foot deep which absolutely fills your eyes and ears and cracks your lips from the dryness and heat, for you do not dare to wet your lips with your tongue for fear you might get some of it in your mouth. Of course, the streets are full of awful dogs and pigs and beggars filthier than either. Yet for all this Pekin will push any city very hard for the palm as the most beautiful city in the world. The Forbidden City is closed again since the troops gave it back after the 1900 troubles. I cannot help saying a word about the villainous vandalism which took place then. The Italians, French and Germans systematically destroyed every beautiful object of art which they could lay their hands on. The English, Americans and Japanese were much better. The Russians they say were busy killing the children and women found after the men had mostly escaped. Nevertheless they get on with and manage the Chinese better than any other people. The Japanese carefully knocked the head off a splendid marble column covered with beautiful small figures. The Germans stole

the famous bronze astronomical instruments made by the old Jesuits but they sent them back because the American government protested; but they did not return the great globe of the heavens which had stood for four hundred years on the walls with each star of gold inlaid in the bronze. All the temples were rifled of their old cloisonne and porcelain vessels, excepting such as the monks buried or carried off with them.

We as Americans were very kindly treated everywhere but I do not think that Germans and Italians have much pleasure sight-seeing. I could go on like this for pages more, but I feel sure you must have had enough of it and then I might have nothing to tell you when I return.

This is to be a birthday letter, if it reaches you in time. I hope truly that your twenty-first birthday will be as jolly and happy as mine was. I can wish you nothing more. God bless you always is the sincere wish of

Your elder brother,

Tom.

Han Kow, China, May 31, 1907.

Dear Robert :

This is to wish you many happy returns of your twenty-first birthday and to tell you how sorry we both are that we cannot be with you. We have been having a simply wonderful time and seeing sights as fast as any American ever did, but we had such a short time in Peking and there are so many interesting temples and things to see, that we were on the go from the moment we got there until we left. The temple

of the ten thousand Buddhas is quite a sight. It is well outside the walls, quite near the summer palaces, on a small hill. The emperor had worshiped there only three days before we arrived and the fat old priests were still in a state of excitement as a result. The building is long and narrow and the doors beautifully carved. As we entered we saw three large gilded Buddhas on pedestals with joss sticks burning in front of them and back of them. On small shelves, as high as the ceiling, were ten thousand tiny Buddhas, all exactly alike, gilded, with blue hair. The abbot who took us around was a very pleasant, courteous old man who spoke about two words of English, but who explained everything to us through an interpreter. He had the three big doors of the temple opened so we could take photographs; altogether he was very nice. Just as we were leaving he insisted upon us going into his filthy bed room and sitting down on his frightfully dirty bunk and sipping tea. But it was most delicious and served in lovely yellow cups with red dragons on them. One day, while we were in Peking, the dust was frightful and, despite the sun shining brightly, the whole atmosphere looked like a heavy London fog. We are anxious to get to Yokohama to get our mail. Just think, I have not heard hardly anything about Sal's fiance, merely his name and a few things like that and I am dying to hear full particulars.

With much love to every one and a great deal to yourself from

Your affectionate sister,

Rosamond.

The other day we met three men who are starting on June 5th from Peking to Paris in automobiles.

Han Kow, May 31, 1907.

Dear Mother and Father :

Just a few lines to tell you how I wish I could be with you all for Robert's twenty-first birthday. We often think of it and talk of you all. We sail down the Yangste Kiang for S'hai three and a half days. Then on June 4th we sail for Japan. We expect to remain there about a month and then for home. I have written about all the news in a letter to Rob and so will only say good bye. Excuse this scribble, but I hate to sit writing when outside the scenery is delightful. How often I wish the whole family were traveling with us. Love to each and every one from  
Tom.

Of course, Ros. always joins me.

S. S. Kiuling, off Han Kow.

I forgot to say in Rob's letter that we came here from Peking by rail in forty hours, six hundred and twenty miles. It was very interesting, very dry, quite near the famine district. Every station had an armed guard of Chinese soldiers, although everything was quiet. Last night we caused a small riot at a way station near here. (It would have been called a great city in any other country. Here a village is as big as Paterson.) They were so anxious to see the electric lights of the train de luxe which comes through only once a week. Such fighting to get near the windows as we switched the lights off and on. Then the Chinese police cleared the platform by dragging them off in bunches by their queues.

Kiu Kiang, China, June 1, 1907.

Dear Mother and Father :

So far we have had a perfectly ideal trip and, except for Tom's illness in Shanghai (from which he is entirely recovered now), we have both been in A No. 1 condition. Peking was one of the most interesting places we have seen and although at first I was rather opposed to going, as Tom was just convalescing, we are both delighted that we went. The photographs we have taken of it are splendid; we have just been looking them over now and we shall enjoy so much telling you all about them. We have been discussing as to where to live next winter and have practically decided on Cambridge, to hire a house for a year and see how we like it there. Tom knows quite a number of Cambridge people and it will be near the museum for him, and I know a good many Cambridge people, and we ought to have a very happy home there. But we want to talk things over with you first. Our plans now are to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Barbour in Oakland for a few days and then stop off for a day or so at the Yellowstone Park and then proceed to Tupper Lake where we shall arrive somewhere about August 15th. We are both very, very sorry not to be able to be with you on Robert's twenty-first birthday, but it was simply impossible to get any accommodations earlier than July 13th, even although we applied on May 1st, but you may be sure our best wishes will be there with you. With a great deal of love from

Your ever affectionate and grateful daughter,  
Rosamond.



Han Kow, China, June 1, 1907.

Dear Fritz :

The other night at the hotel in Pekin we saw a most wonderful Chinese conjuror and we kept wishing you could have been with us to see him. He squatted on the floor a few feet from us and I watched every motion and move he made most carefully but could not detect how he did any of the tricks. One remarkable one was this : He held a large, square piece of cloth in his hands and shook it out well, then sat down hard on it, got up, lifted the cloth up and underneath it was a large blue China bowl filled with water and two gold fish swimming about in it. It sounds impossible, I will admit, but Tom and I actually saw it. Another odd thing he did was to place a small China bowl with a hen's egg underneath it right next to my feet; he then made a few magic passes over it and kept saying, "Look ! See !" lifted the bowl up and the egg had gone, but in its place a large green frog hopped about. But the most effective trick he did was this : He gave one of the American men in the audience a round ball about half an inch in diameter and told him to hold it tightly in his hand; then he took the duplicate to it and put it in his own hand, made a few passes over it and it disappeared. He then told the American to open his hand and, truly and honestly, he had two balls in it. We begged him to do the trick again but he would not. I learned a few tricks in India which I'll show you when I get back.

With much love to every one from us both,

Affectionately yours,

Ros.

Oriental Palace Hotel.

Yokohama, 13, 6, '07.

Dear Family :

Well, we were happy when we found your letters and how we have read them and reread them — with more pleasure than you can guess. Warren's going to the office, the trip to Virginia Beach, the Brookside swans, etc., etc., all came in for their share of praise and duly became food for thought. I have written Willie A. and it will go to him on the same steamer which brought us here from China. I think except for one fearful blow to us, I can say that the photos are largely O. K. A couple of days ago we sat down to sorting film negatives and forty-six of the extra special prize winners from New Guinea were missing. We both nearly cried and then set to work and found some prints put away when they were first developed for just such an emergency. These I have now taken to a very fine Japanese photographer and the prints are being photographed again on glass plates and duplicate prints made — also enlargements, colored.

\* \* \* \* \*

You see I want them, every one possible, ready to show you the instant we arrive. I do not want to wait and get them done in San Francisco or Tupper Lake. I want them to show Willie A. and then we will speed to the Yellowstone Park for a few days to take some animal photographs and then to Tupper Lake for both of us. We should arrive there about August 15, perhaps a day or two before. Then for two weeks with you and then for Brookline and the museum. The stuff I have with me is O. K., but I

cannot help hoping that the rest will reach Cambridge without being smashed in transit. It had to be done up with rattan palm stalks instead of rope and a good box was as rare as hensteeth on our old ship, "Gouverneur Generaal Both." I have heard from Mr. Henshaw that the specimens shipped from Calcutta have arrived, also, a few things which I purchased in London. I am going in for a bit of collecting near here. There are some people here who can get me some deep sea sharks from the Sagami sea. The Japanese fishermen fish with handlines down to nearly a thousand fathoms, the deepest in the world. I can also get a small collection of reptiles here from the islands of Hainan and Formosa, two places we did not get to. The collection would make the subject of a very good paper, as both localities are little known. Japan is both expensive and at present a very poor place for Americans. How we both hate the Japs! just as I may say every other white person of every European nation does and has done for a long time. We went yesterday to Kamakura to see the great bronze Buddha, very dignified and imposing and a wonderful piece of work. It was built about 1150, A. D. It is 50 feet high; 97 in circumference; face, 8½ feet long; width, from ear to ear, 18 feet; eyes, 3 feet long; 830 bronze curls on his head. The eyes are pure gold. The image was formed of sheets of bronze cast separately, brazed together and finished off on the outside with the chisel. "The Dai-butsu," or Great Buddha, stands alone among Japanese works of art. No other gives such an impression of majesty, or so truly symbolizes the central idea of Buddhism — "the intellectual calm which comes of perfected knowl-

edge and the subjugation of all passion." — Murray's Handbook of Japan. Of course, to us there is no such thing as perfected knowledge, but when the Japanese knew the Chinese classics by heart he knew all that was worth knowing. At least, so he thought until Perry landed in 1854.

Well, enough. We will stay here a few days more on account of the photographs. We are going only to three or four places in Japan and see them well — no chasing about for us. I shall try to do some collecting and some writing, the latter particularly on the steamship to California. I am glad grandmother got off so well and I am very happy to hear about the trip to Eau Gallie and the eight-pound bass and the 'gators. It made us a bit disappointed to read that you had to see the Pierce photographs, and then return them, for we sent you a good batch. To think they should have been lost! All I can say is that mails are very unsatisfactory out here.

Love from both of us to you, each and every one.

Tom.

S. S. Korea.

My dear Family :

Just a few lines to tell you that we are all very well and have had a beautiful trip from China to Japan. We arrived at Nagasaki on a rainy day, but it cleared and our trip through the Inland Sea from there to Kobe was simply perfect. At Kobe we went on the evening of our arrival to a Japanese theatre. It was very interesting and quite like one of ours. If we had known Japanese I am sure it would have been quite like a real play. The stage was as a circle, one

half showing at a time on which was a scene in view of the audience; then, that finished, the curtain was drawn and the whole affair revolved and the new scene was all ready staged on the other half — a very clever and time saving device.

Nevertheless the Japanese people are the worst in the world, I think they are greater cheats and liars than the Indians. They have very much swelled heads just now and are now also fond of official red tape. A peddler on deck yesterday condescended to tell Ros. that he felt sorry that Japan was about to have to go to war with America, as the Japanese people had always felt an interest in America. Every one out here simply hates them, root and branch.

Well, more of this soon. Love to every one of you from

Tom.

in which of course Ros. joins.

I hope Rob gets his birthday letter.

Oriental Palace Hotel.

Yokohama, June 11, 1907.

Dear Fred :

We received about six letters from you yesterday and today the Magnolia brought more; we feel most delighted and just as if we knew Jimmy; he has such a splendid face and we are so anxious to see him.

I am in deepest despair to know what to bring home to the boys; you may think it is easy enough, but I tell you it is not. There is not a thing that a man likes in this country; crepes, dresses, kimonas, etc., are all well and good for women, but for men, deliver me ! I have ordered a very handsome white,

crepe dress, solidly embroidered with flowers, for Mrs. Barbour. She told me before we left that she wanted a white silk dress all over embroidered, but that is an impossibility to get. I have tried in India, China, Java and here, and the crepe was so much prettier that I ordered that and hope she will like it. The stores here are simply dreams. I never imagined things so ravishingly beautiful as they are here and when you buy anything it is done up in such a pretty way and put in a box all hand-painted, a work of art in itself. The parasols with roses and iris are very attractive, done in all colors; and the crepes, well, they are simply superb, covered as they are with embroidery; the trouble is that you have to draw a line somewhere. I saw some embroidered pictures, a gray silk with waves dashing against a rock, done in white. It sounds impossible, but it was beautiful. Then they had two peacocks, life size; they looked as if at any moment they might walk right out of the frame. There is no denying it, these people are most artistic, but I do not like them — too sweet to be wholesome.

Think of Bub's speech being the best — and Jimmy too, fourth in his class at the Medical school out of all those that entered; we are fairly bursting with pride.

I want this to go by the Empress, so I shall stop — with much love from us both.

Ros.

Oriental Palace Hotel.

Yokohama, June 12, 1907.

Dear Mother and Father :

We arrived here on Monday (June 10th) after a very pleasant passage of six days from Shanghai and found your nice letters waiting for us at the bank. You are over kind in suggesting that we should go to Fisher Hill first and then to Tupper, but I do not want to. Tom and I have planned first to stay with Mr. Barbour in Oakland, then to go to the Yellowstone Park for a day or two and then Tupper Lake for an indefinite time !!! We are both anxious to get back and tell you all about our trip and I know when we once begin to talk we shall not cease for weeks.

Yokohama is a very pretty place, although far too European to be attractive. The shops are simply fascinating. I really never dreamed such lovely things existed, crepes and embroideries, etc. The first afternoon we were here we took a drive out in the country a little ways and saw Fuji in the far distance, looking most grand and stately. The Japanese gardens are so pretty, all dwarfed maple trees and tiny rose bushes, a mass of color and blooms, and the azaleas just in their zenith, really far finer, I believe, than the cherry blossoms. The photograph of you and Warren is very good indeed and we are glad to have it. The shoes and socks came in the most opportune moment, just when they were needed. That very morning I had said that I was going to buy him some socks and then I could not get any large enough ! and when I came back to the hotel there was your box. I thank you very much indeed for it. I sent you from

Batavia (the same time I sent mother) at least two dozen photographs of India and Burma and it seems to me very queer that those intended for you never arrived. The two packages of photographs were mailed together and those I sent you were different from those I sent to mother in Brookline. However, before long we shall be showing you all of them and explaining in full detail what each picture represents. We are very much disappointed not to be able to be with you on July 5th and we hope Robert's twenty-first birthday will be as happy as Tom's was.

With a great deal of love to every one, believe me  
Your affectionate daughter,  
Rosamond.

The Miyako Hotel, Kyoto.

Kyoto, June 27, 1907.

Dear Mother and Father :

We arrived here yesterday morning after a ten hour's ride from Yokohama. We decided that the night train would be far the easiest and best way to come, and accordingly we left at seven in the evening and got here the next morning. Such a train ! It was crowded with Japanese and a smattering of Chinese all smoking and no ventilation whatever. The air was ill-smelling and so thick that you could cut it with a knife. Tom and I, however, after a good deal of haranguing, managed to get two of the windows opened. Then we went in to dinner. There was not a speck of air in the dining car either ; so we hurried down a little food and went back to the other car to find everything tightly closed again. So in despair we had the berths made up and turned in, and



when the curtains were drawn we managed to get a window open, unnoticed, of course.

We were very much disappointed at first with this place. The streets are so small, with open drains where the gutters should be. But since we have been around a bit to the temples we have both decided that it is the nicest place we have been to in Japan. We have a guide and he seems very good. It is quite impossible to go around without one, as none of the rickshaw coolies understand English and none of the priests at the various temples either. Consequently it is impossible to ascertain whether you can go to such and such a place and see such and such a shrine unless you have a competent guide. We are both anxious to sail and it does not seem as if we could wait to see you all again.

Our trip has been absolutely ideal and we have enjoyed every second of it; we can never thank you enough for affording us the opportunity to take it. Think of Warren a business man ! and Robert twenty-one nearly and we not there to pull his ears ! and Fritz too — we are looking forward to beating him at fishing and (D. V.) the time ought to be soon now.

With a great deal of love to you all and looking forward with the greatest pleasure to seeing you, believe me

Your affectionate daughter,  
Rosamond.

## Oriental Palace Hotel.

Yokohama, July 4, 1907.

Dear Fred :

I wrote Cousin Lizzie the other day what I thought of you all not writing to us for weeks, but, in case she does not mention my wrath to you, I shall just remind you of it. Think of it, a month ago since we have heard, and we more than saintly — writing I do not know how often. I read of Constance Bacon's wedding in the New York Herald yesterday evening, also Caroline Morgan's. I tell you that we have been sight seeing the last ten days. Kyoto was an attractive place, despite the narrow streets with open drains. Tom secured passes and so we went through the imperial gardens and palaces. This sounds grand — but the palace was rather a disappointing sight. It is a large, low, rambling building, composed of sliding doors and paper windows, and carpeted with straw matting. We had to take off our shoes before entering. The walls are covered with painted panels and the rooms are all tiny. The audience hall lacked dignity and grandeur, but was most interesting; the throne which I had seen with my mind's eye as a most magnificent object, was merely a raised and black lacquered platform with a very inferior chair on it and draped with heavy every day silk. But the palace of the old Shoguns is fine, all black and gold lacquer, floors and all, with beautiful paintings and carvings everywhere, and fine, large rooms, light and airy. We went to many temples and shrines and fascinating shops where they make lacquer and damascene ware, and bamboo boxes and baskets and things. Then we bought some superb iris bulbs,

pinks, lavenders, whites and yellows, all blossoms measuring fourteen inches across; I hope they will be fine next year.

From Kyoto we went to Nara and saw a fine old Shinto temple and beautiful avenues of huge cryptomerias and old moss-covered stone lanterns. It was a most fascinating place, with herds of deer everywhere and so tame that they would eat out of your hands. The next place was Nagoya, famous for its old castle with two gold dragons eight feet high up on the roof, worth thirty-eight thousand pounds each. Then we went to Gifu, a small town, and put up at a Japanese inn, where we were most comfortable, sleeping on the floor on silk comforters — far more pleasant, I can assure you, than iron beds with frightful springs and mattresses stuffed with old junk, which you find in the so-called European hotels here. We hired a tent house boat, all lighted up with colored lanterns, and about nine o'clock in the evening one dark night we paddled up a stream to a place where we saw six or seven boats fishing with cormorants. It was a very interesting sight and most unusual. A large cresset is hung over the bow of the boat and a man stands near it with reins leading to his birds (in the water) in his hands, which he keeps most skilfully untangled as the birds twist and turn and dive about chasing the fish. There is a small ring around the bird's neck, thus preventing his swallowing what he catches; when his neck is full of fish he is drawn into the boat and made to disgorge, and then thrown into the water again. Birds and men both equally enjoy the sport. It is a weird sight to see them come floating down the river fishing thus. From Gifu we went

to Yokohama, a nine hours train trip, most frightfully dusty and dirty, but splendid scenery, through terraced rice fields and tea plantations, and running along the foot of Fugi. Today we leave for Nikko. Mrs. Barbour's dress, which I had embroidered at quite a cost, came out beautifully and I am sure she will like it; my French waists, which I had copied, are very good, six dollars per waist. It is very warm and muggy here, a typical Fourth of July, and there is to be quite a celebration here this evening, fireworks, etc.; the hotel is decorated with flags and paper lanterns. The four- and five-leafed clovers I am enclosing came from the imperial palace — no gardens in Kyoto. With much love from all of us, from

Your most affectionate,

Rosamond.

Oakland, Cal., July 31, 1907.

Dear Father :

Needless to say I was more than delighted to get all your letters here. You need make no excuses for not having written more, for we wonder how you ever found time for so many — and each one a joy too. Now I write you, the founder of the feast, that we are all formally home, for Willie A. and his family are just feeding us up and giving us a royal good time. We intend to remain five or six days here, for W. A. would feel very hurt if we rushed straight away to go sight-seeing which can be done some other time. We shall spend two days at the Grand Canyon, so that our trip across the continent will consume about a week. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pierce have written for Ros. and me to go to you first and so we shall go

straight to Tupper Lake, arriving somewhere about the 14th of August. I came over on the ship with President Jordan of Stanford University. He incidentally offered me a job out there but I firmly declined, although I know he meant it. It was a new and rather pleasant experience. He was very kind and chatty during the whole of the trip. He set some reporters after me and told them that I was back from a wedding trip. You will be amused to see what came out; please do not think I am now a truly accomplished liar as various statements occur printed which I cannot recollect; yet I was quite sober as Ros., W. A. and Arthur G. can testify. They came out to meet us with the pilot.

I got everything through the customs O. K. by declaring everything at full value. I knew you would think that the right thing to do — as I did. I paid \$30 duty. Ros. has some dress goods, etc., which will last her for some time and which were much cheaper in China than they are in Boston. We have also presents for every one — not elaborate, but useful and not truck to litter up every house in the family.

Now also : the International Zoological Congress meets at our museum for the first time it has ever done so in America. Many of the best known naturalists in the world will be there with Mr. Agassiz for president. I am a member of the local committee, I believe. Any way, I received a slip asking for the use of my name and with it no cry for a contribution, which was something. This congress meets August 19 to 26. Of course, although the presidential address will be delivered the first day you will see it is my birthday and I will be in Tupper Lake, or, perhaps to be more

accurate, on the shores of Tupper Lake. Now, despite that perhaps you will not think it very filial, I want to get to Cambridge for the last few days of the congress, for the purpose of showing off my collection a bit, if for nothing else. The congress will probably not meet in America again for years and I shall probably not be able to go to the European meetings for years. I am sure you can understand what this means when I tell you frankly that it is as important for my career as affairs of a similar sort are for any business man. I should meet numerous people and learn a great deal from them. Now, if I arrived at Tupper Lake on August 14th, I could remain there until August 22nd, eight days; then I could take Ros. to her family and attend the meetings of the congress and start the home-hunting game. Then we could both return to Tupper Lake and pay you another visit. In the eight days you could see the New Guinea photographs, which have simply overpleased every one who has seen them. They are fine.

\* \* \* \* \*

I shall be able to turn out some good papers on the collection, you may be sure of that. I have heard that the bulk of the collection is safe in Cambridge. That means a great deal to both of us, for on many occasions you could have tracked us through the forests of the Moluccas by our streams of perspiration. In fact, it has even been rumored that the herons followed us, wading for fish, but we had none on us — although we had other things at times.

We were never in better health, nor happier, nor more truly full of gratitude than right now. ·

As the old Massachusetts gravestone says; “We

done our level damndest and no angel couldn't do no more."

Think of me always as your loving son who has married your loving daughter,

Tom.

Ketcham looks and seems well and happy.

Also Arthur Gardner.

All W. A.'s family send love and are fine and healthy.

Cousin Fan seems perfectly well.

W. A. is crazy at having us here and we are glad to be here too I can tell you.

1404 Harrison St.,

Oakland, Cal., August 1, 1907.

Dear Pa :

I was surprised to receive a letter from you, the second in ten months and I shall write to you first, to say that I am delighted to hear from you. Our trip across the Pacific was fine, calm and beautiful, and the seventeen days went by very quickly. We sighted California about 8.30 on Tuesday morning, but did not dock until 5.30 that evening, so we could not get our trunks through the custom house that day. Mr. Barbour and Mr. Arthur Gardner came out in the customs' launch to meet us and it was certainly pleasant to meet relatives again. Mr. Barbour put in a word at the custom house for us and so we got our handbags and Tom's beetle chest through unopened that night. Yesterday Tom and Mr. Barbour went over to Frisco bright and early and got the rest of the things through, very easily and quickly. He declared everything — left out nothing — and as a result paid

a duty of thirty dollars. However, we have an honest feeling and do not wake up thinking that we have cheated the United States government. The Barbours live in a small but very pretty place; Oakland reminds me very much of Brookline. The food and our rooms and everything seemed simply heavenly and they have all been so kind to us and made us feel perfectly at home.

I was quite surprised to see Frisco look as it does. I expected to see nothing but ruins and debris, but not at all; it is being built up very fast and there are many buildings everywhere; with the cars going and people rushing about it gives one the impression of quite a lively up-to-date city.

We are planning to stay here until the 5th and then go straight to the Grand Canyon, where we shall be for two or three days; next we shall go to Niagara, for no American bride and groom ever leave out the falls in a wedding trip if it can possibly be arranged to get it in. Then we intend to go straight to Tupper Lake, despite of the Barbours all imploring us to go to Brookline for three days first. I feel just this way about it : when I once get back to Brookline I cannot be dragged or dynamited away in any three days. So it will be best to take in Tupper Lake first for a short visit, then Brookline for a longer stay and then to the Adirondacks again. It is great to be in the United States of America again.



I enclose some of the Frisco newspaper clippings, for I know they will amuse you. Give my love to every one and with a great deal to yourself, believe me

Your affectionate daughter,

Rosamond.

We are both in the best of health and spirits. Just received your telegram dated July 31st.



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