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Charlotte, Vermont.

9, Jan., 1889.

My dear friend,

I am happy to write you that I am home again once more in excellent health and spirits, and with a large collection.

I think I wrote you last from Chihuahua before starting for the western Sierra Madre. Arrived there I found the season weeks in advance of that of 1887 — closing indeed for most-plants and frosts beginning to fall. So there was no encouragement to travel far back among the mountains, as was my intention; and, after gleaning about my old camp for two or three weeks, I moved as swiftly as possible far south to

Guadalajara, a grand and beautiful city within the torrid zone, in whose vicinity were far more species than I could manage and where I lingered till the middle of December. At that date the weather was at its coldest for the region, yet there had been only one slight frost, and I left trees and other plants flowering and to flower throughout the winter with spring-time to begin in February. You cannot be surprised that I left with the hope of returning for the spring flora.

Rev. John Howland and wife of the A. B. C. F. M. of Boston kindly took us into their fine bird house and did much to make our stay in Guadalajara pleasant.

I spent most of the time

working a region five to seven miles northward from the city where the largest river of the country which drains Lake Chapala has cut a chasm 1500 feet deep — The great "barranca" filled with a semi-tropical vegetation, with plantations of bananas, sugar cane, oranges, pine-apples, etc.

My collection of ferns will show you that the Guadaluajara region was even richer in ferns than that of Monterey. Here, as all along my journey I exposed dry-plates for photographs. In the way of a slight-return for favors I did some photographing at the mission, making two exposures for each view and one of each of these Mr. Howland got developed in Guadaluajara, and obtained very good pictures; so I am encouraged

to look for good results this year.

Yesterday I packed in one box to send you by express the plates—nearly 80—and the few specimens, and in my hurry to improve an opportunity to send the box to our distant express-office, I forgot, as I am ashamed to think, to prepay charges on the box. I really do not know as I have done right in imposing upon you so much labor as those plates will involve: yet you seemed by a remark, in a letter, which found me in Chi^co, to anticipate seeing them come into your hands for development. I am unwilling to trouble you with much expense in the matter, and really ought not myself to indulge in ~~more~~ much more expense upon them (for this photographing has been a constant drain upon my failing

resources.) A good proportion of these are photographs, of trees, etc., made in compliance with a request of Prof. Sargent; and I have thought that he perhaps ought to relieve you of the trouble of ~~these~~ such and turn them over to his friend Mr. Codman. I am in entire ignorance about your relations with him — whether anything was paid you for the plates supplied to the Garden and Forest. As for myself I am under constant obligations to Prof. Sargent, and am glad to serve him in any way. But you must not let me abuse your goodness and patience with my photo work; and I shall not cease to feel uneasy, until you frankly inform me of your expenses on this account, so I may repay you, or until you assure me,

as I cannot think you able to do,
that you have found some way to
make this business pay its own expenses.

To think of being without my
camera on my journeys and thus
unable to secure these interesting
pictures is unpleasant, quite in-
tolerable; so I am willing to bear
this part of the burden of expense —
one of the least — under which
I stagger and toil in the life of a
collector. But I can't consent to
"ride a fine horse to death" in this,
as it certainly looks as though I
am doing; so, my dear friend,
let me have from you a big
bill, when you are through with
this job. I learn from Miss Furbish
and Mrs. Piper that you have
been very liberal with them.

So much concerning the photo
business for this time; concerning

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the forms; I wish to beg you to examine first - the parent without - tickets, that I may have the names for the printer as early as possible.

Last week I visited our dear Mrs. Piper in West-Rutland, whither she came a few weeks ago to bury her husband. She lost her youngest son, too, last summer. She returns to live in Boston and vicinity. It appears that she has never called on you - Too humble to intrude upon you! The idea! I urged her to get into the way of dropping in to see you. You would both be cheered by this.

My brother's wife sends a dollar and begs you to print a few photos - 2 of her home (No 12 she thinks; it is the one in which the boys are sitting on the horn-block,) and Nos 1 & 9 of the Hewitt house close by.

Have I not—broken forth with
a flood of words?

Now I hope soon to hear from you,
my dear friend; and shall trust
to learn that you and all yours
are well and happy.

Faithfully yours,

C. G. Pringle.

P.S.

My assistant and I got caught—
with the photo plates in a wreck
on our way home; I hope you
will find that the glass escaped
breakage as happily as we did.



Pringle, Cyrus G. 1889. "Pringle, C.G. Jan 9, 1889." *George Edward Davenport correspondence*

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