Dear Prof. Marsh:

I don't think I ever was so hard pushed by business, and I have had no time to thank you for the kind invitation to the Alumni dinner. That day I struggled hard with facts, hoping till nightfall that I could clear the decks and run up town; but it was no use, I had to work late into the small hours, as usual.

In writing an editorial to accompany the story of the horse, I ventured to couple you (by contrast) with one of those red-mouthed prelates who would, I have no doubt, if he could, have you burnt at the stake. It must have been a bitter pill for him and his followers to find the antidote with the bane, in the paper.
You must have laughed, too, over the typographical blunder which substituted Darwin for Dawson.

I ordered 100 copies mailed to you, as I thought you would want them. Did they go all right?

Your horse is going into an extra which I hope to publish next week, containing in addition report of proceedings Nat. Academy; a lecture by Brown Segard, Lieut. Wheeler's explorations (never yet published); Dr. Hammond's Lecture on Alcohol & some other good things. The excisions in my report of the Nat. Academy (horrible mutilation by the scissors of the right editor) will be restored. Altogether, you will be in good company.

Yours respectfully,

[Signature]

Wynckoff.