

obliged to be more busy than ever because I had undertaken some terrible tasks which only can be conquered by „sitting long“. The consignment in hand will get, as to number, one of the smallest ever shipped, why? this will be certainly explained by those who shall try sometime to imitate models.

Pity, we have not any secrets by which it grows of itself.

My mother joins me in sending Mrs. Deane and yourself our kindest Christmas - greetings and all good wishes of the season, and with kindest regards

I remain,
very sincerely yours,

Rudolph Blaschka



Dece 12. 1898.

My dear Mr. Deane,

It gave me great pleasure to receive your valued letter of August 29. and the Asa Gray Bulletin you had the goodness of sending me, and I thank you sincerely for both. I was very glad to hear of your delightful time in your wonderful mountain-resorts and I can understand how much pleasure the connexion of botanical and ornithological studies must give to you. It is really interesting how closely the study of plants and birds is allied, as it can be observed by researching nests. Also we have a splendid example among our indigenous

birds in the chaffinch *Fringilla*
coelebs, the nestling of which I could
observe almost every year in our garden.
This admirable little artist chooses the
mosses for its nest with botanical accuracy.
I found that our summer-guests always
used *Monium undulatum*, artistically
woven with hairs and feathers for building,
and *Bryum argenteum* for adorning,
though there were lots of other species
disposable. Also the psychological part
of the bird-individual gives an interesting
study, for which I had plenty opportunity.
We kept, already in Dresden, quite a
collection of our indigenous singing birds,
and could always state the presence of
a marvellous intelligence in these little
birds' brains. When I first went to
America 1892, we kept yet 3 birds of
the genus *Sylvia* in our studio,
a robin-red-breast, *S. rubecula*; a black-
headed linnet, *S. atricapilla*, and a
garden-linnet *S. hortensis*. I shall
never forget the hour, when I returned,
after almost half-a-year's absence, how
impetuously the little feathered

friends gave expression to their
pleasure and joy. They had faith-
fully kept me in memory. There is
only yet one alive, the garden-linnet,
a 12 years old veteran. He is my
dear, faithful comrade in my lonely
studio, a being of high intelligence.
I believe it, the meeting of scientists
in Boston must have been a very
festival time. It is very long ago,
I believe 34 years, since there was
a similar meeting in Dresden. My
father had very successfully exhibited
his first zoological models that time.
I was very much grieved this
autumn at the death of Mrs. Ware.
It is sad to think how neither
Mrs. Ware nor my father, the two
eldest of the founders of the plants-
model-collection, have lived till its
completion.
As to ourselves, so we kept well
all summer, but have not been
away from home. I was



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