

Essex Coura,
September 10th 1899.

My dear Mr. Doane,

When I received your most pleasant and welcome letter I said, "well, I am going to sit down and write a long, long letter, and will use a string of expressive words which will tell of the great enjoyment the receipt of this letter has given me". But, now that I am put to the test, what do I find, that alas! every word I had thought of has vanished and I am left with barely sufficient to say that your letter has been such an unceasing source of pleasure to both my wife and myself, that I have again and again read it over, each time with renewed appetite. What a glorious time you must have had with Mr. Brewster

men, Dr. Sylvester Doane, ^{m.a.} an old man now, has been a very keen naturalist and scientist. He could not refrain from making a joke. One of his best was an "all-foots Day" joke, which went the round of the world. I am sure you must have some recollection of reading a long article ^{which appeared} many years ago in most of the leading English and American papers. These papers went so far as to illustrate it. It was an account of the killing of a huge anaconda which had devoured horses, cattle, and even people. The account of the killing, the dragging of the 40' monster to the train, the arrival in town, the rush from all parts to see this terrible creature was so natural that for two or three days he had most of the town in a most excited state until some bright individual discovered that the story was written on the 1st of April. I leave you to imagine the object look of misery on the faces of the more educated when the joke was seen. If it is not too much trouble would you send me a catalogue of the folding net you use. We have nothing so handy here. Our wasps possess the same instinct that yours do. They also sting their small caterpillars. It is really wonderful. How well provided are all these to us, insignificant insects. My wife is in sending best wishes to Dr. Doane.

He has told me much about it in one
of his characteristic and pleasant letters.
How he missed you when you left.
I know how we felt when we parted
with you at the Railway Station in
Boston. Your name is a household
word with us, and I can assure you
if the following expressions were ever
guilty of causing jealousy, viz: "I like Mr.
Deane or much", "there are few pleasant
men than Mr. Deane", "such a jolly company
etc." they would be in my case. I am
writing Mr. Brewster by this mail so you
will not be jealous of each other. My
wife has got fairly well accustomed to
our insect pests, but my! what a joke I
had on her this very morning. She is very
keen on moths and butterflies, in fact all
that creep, climb, crawl and fly, that is,
about the house, you know, of course, beetles,
bees, crickets, grass-hoppers, wasps, conger-eels,
mosquitoes, sand-flies, sometimes a few fleas &
a jigger or "chigue" (of which Mr. Brewster can
tell, I believe. This little chap burrows in the
sole of the foot, or under the toe nails &

deposits its eggs, and after a week or two, if
not discovered, a round little sac, the size of
a very small pea, will be in your foot, the
removing of which occasioning much pain &
some inflammation) all find their way into
the collecting bottle. Well this morning, as I
sat writing, she comes in with something
she holds with a piece of paper around it
and says, "here's a new bottle I have
caught", you can imagine my surprise
when I looked up and beheld a huge
tick the size of one's ~~finger~~ finger nail.
You know what this is, I suppose. It is
a species of parasitic animal which lives
on cows, sucking their blood. They occasionally
fall off and in their wandering go
fields and pastures new born of anywhere
but not necessarily on people. There are,
though, two or three small species one en-
counter in the woods which, if left
to their sweet will will fasten them-
selves on to one and stay there until
dislodged. They never come into the house.
We had a good laugh at that little "insane"
Deane. As with you, one of our most worthy



Carr, Albert Bonus. 1899. "Carr, Albert B Sept. 10, 1899." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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