

Leipzig Oct. 3. 89

Send for a  
copy of a German  
comic paper, etc  
pictures in  
which will  
amuse the  
children

My dear Anna,

I wrote a post card to

Father this morning from Berlin,  
but fear it may have been too late  
for the teller steamer. Yesterday Evy.

I was seriously disputing in my  
mind whether it might not be a good

thing to take a trip from Berlin by  
Hamburg & Kiel to Norway, but

finally decided not, & having had  
four days in Berlin, & being sick &

tired of the place came on here.

From here I think of going to  
Stassfurt & to several lignite mines  
in Saxony. I called on Prof Hancherome

at Berlin (Dr Hunt had given me a

card of introduction to him) & got from  
him some valuable information as to

Said ruins &c. Berlin, though  
 the weather was fine while I was there,  
 does not please me very much. Seems  
 like half-way between London & Paris  
 without the special attractions of either.  
 Great barns & palaces in plenty.  
 The Unter den Linden which I had  
 always supposed somewhat remarkable  
 much like a short piece of one of the  
 Paris boulevards, & the lindens are  
 uncommonly scrubby & small, not half  
 so fine as the avenue at Bonn.  
 Physically I think the Germans are  
 much like the English, but they want  
 sadly in vivacity & appearance of  
 cheerfulness & do not understand how  
 to live gracefully like the French. Besides  
 they want in a stately brooded loyalty to  
 their ridiculous middle age institutions  
 & consequently Berlin has no interesting  
 associations like Paris, where almost  
 every corner is the scene of some struggle  
 of the people against their kings & the other

frauds of the time. The Prussians  
 may be a trifling superficial sort of fellow  
 without much knowledge & a very poor  
 physique, but as vict. Hugo says put  
 him on a barricade with a gun in  
 his hand & an idea in his head -  
 he knows how to die for it. Next to  
 drinking beer I think the German's  
 fort is eating. Early dinners are the  
 rule. Concerts theatres &c in this part  
 of the world go in at 6 or 7 o'clock  
 & the performers finish at 9 or 9-30.  
 Then eating drinking & smoking again  
 as late as nature can bear it. Even  
 in railways it seems to be an inveterate  
 custom to have a bag of provisions, sausages,  
 cold chicken or something of that kind to  
 gnaw at as a pastime. I passed  
 Coblenz today, but did not stay  
 there. It is a bad looking little town, but  
 in a very flat country. It occurred  
 to me to enquire what a man with  
 the concinnous features & energy of

Tatter might do if added he had the  
 genius of Shakespeare. I don't think his  
 stories would have been in ninety-five  
 articles, even if he had been a German, but  
 it might have been even more probable.  
 But a man of that kind might write a  
 quite new revelation founded on the  
 lines of the Bible & other sacred writings, which  
 would last the world for the next few hundred  
 years. Shall a messenger some time  
 go from Bern and through Eva [speaking  
 of Eva reminds me I was about to refer  
 to her remarkable essay on Marlowe's Faust,  
 & say that the ~~best~~ <sup>old</sup> book might bear  
 the same relation to the ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> that the  
 original Faust myths do to Goethe's  
 Faust) but to continue] - about the  
 objective I was to get for B. in Paris.  
 I am exceedingly sorry the affair has  
 miscarried. I certainly saw the objective  
 all ready to send. On receiving the messenger  
 that it had returned I wrote to Paris,  
 but got no answer. It has occurred to

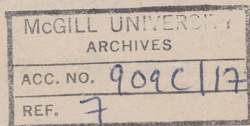
One as far possible that it has  
 been rendered with the micro, ordered  
 for Mrs Ford of the Fed. Survey, which I  
 bought at the same time. If I don't  
 take Paris on my way back I will  
 write again & try to find out about it.  
 Father seems wishful that I should see  
 my way to taking up a portion of his  
 work in the College. I am not writing  
 to him about it, because I think it  
 would be better talked over, but I feel it  
 would not do at all. First & finally  
 I have not the necessary go left in  
 me to take up anything new. Secondly,  
 I think I must always have been fond  
 of wandering but now I have become  
 quite incorrigible in that respect. When  
 according to the proverb the D-C does  
 not take horse & ride along with me  
 he always catches up before two or  
 three days. I shall have to Camp  
 three or perhaps four months in Ottawa

Next winter, I know I shall have a  
 Jungtatorial time yet, but after that  
 without getting out of my grave I can drive  
 my tent pegs in a new piece of sod  
 every night so long as I have to  
 pilgrimage it.

This is a very rambling letter written  
 just as the ideas happened to come  
 tumbling one on top of another, but I  
 know you will excuse it.

Yours

George



P.S. I am glad I hear Rankine is  
 getting on well. He probably knows too much to  
 accept hints but if someone writing from  
 home would suggest - drop the idea you  
 suggestion very delicately like a spore into his  
 mind so that it may grow up into a plant  
 which he may assume to be entirely of his own  
 origination - that he had better provide himself  
 & his men or any of them he has any contacts over  
 with warm clothes & moccasins. I don't think  
 they know what weather is in that country or they  
 could not talk so glibly of working in the winter.  
 There will certainly be hundreds of toes to amputate. In  
 the winter of 1892-3 on the Columbia it came on a severe storm on Sep. 20  
 in which a host of beaver hunters were cut a piece to death.