

Dresden -

January 28th 1872.

My dear Annie,

It seems an age since I had had a letter from you, so to punish you for your silence I will write to you this week and will hope in time for an answer though I dare say your thoughts are so "chaotically" and "mathematically" divided, that commonplace objects must take their chance. He well I understand & though I would be glad to hear from you often, and glad indeed when I do get a sight of your handwriting I hope you got well rested during the holidays and and sure you enjoyed driving our "yellow span" as Mr Garrison calls them. Here we have only had one fall of snow, that lasted long enough to make sliding, but then the sleighs are such miserable conveyances that we Canadians accustomed to luxurious vehicles with plenty of horses look in dismay & prefer to walk - I hope sometime or other you may come to Germany and as you will know something of the language you will enjoy even more than I do, and you would appreciate the good music one has the opportunity of hearing all the time - Long last I write, we have been to the opera and heard "Pebeca" the orchestra was beautiful and as I knew the play taken from Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" I enjoyed it. Three night before last we were very anxious to hear "Freischütz" it being just fifty years since it was first brought out, & as Weber composed it here in Dresden, it seemed to make

It all the more interesting - however
there was such a rush for tickets that
we failed in procuring any so will
have to wait till another time - Last
evening, Aggie Mary & I went to a very
fine concert, the first since here ladies
can go without escort and get on very
comfortably, the hours are so early and
every thing so quiet - I enclose you the
programme - Jon Balow the pianist
is said to be a very odd & eccentric man
owing in part to domestic trouble - He
married a daughter of "Sixty" the composer
and after she had been his wife twelve
or fourteen years, what must she do but
leave him to run off with another mu-
sical genius named Wagner - it was a
great grief to him - but I should say "good
biddance to bad Rubick" - I never heard
any one play the piano better, but it was
either Tirpoune so much of one kind
of music -

Last week Louisa Aggie & I went to
visit Leipzig - I enjoyed it very much
only we tried to do it all in one day &
it proved rather much for me, so
that I had to plunge into bed as soon
as we got home - We had to get up
at half past four in the morning
& start off without breakfast, ride three
hours in the cars, then eat hurriedly
at the railway station, and then walk
to the Museum where we stood about
in our feet till one o'clock - The modern
pictures exhibited in L. are beautiful
particularly four by a Swiss artist
named Calanne - In strong ^{contrast} comparison
to these are a few very old paintings

the queerest subjects you ever saw - the a
death bed scene - the soul of the dying man
in the form of a nude figure rising abo
line & heaven, where God, the Father, Christ
the Son and a dove the sign of the Holy
Ghost represent the Trinity. This poor
soul is being fought for, on either
side by spirits good & spirits evil &
very terrible to behold - but I cant des
cribe this grotesque representation - per
haps I can tell better when I get home
After seeing all the museum contain
we took a carriage and drove thro
the town which is a large commercial
place & the focus of the German book
trade, possessing 200 bookellers shops
and 100 printing offices - The University
is very large (1500 students) and was
founded as long ago as 1508 - A little
out of the city we came to Schiller's
where in two rented rooms, during his
early days, he lived for sometime &
where he composed his "Ode to Joy" -
The origin of which is said to be, that
one day as Schiller was walking out, he
perceived a young theological student
overcome by destitution from drowning
himself in the river Elbe, gave him
what money he had & made him promise
to abandon the idea of suicide - Later
in the evening being among a party of friends
he related the circumstances, to such
good purpose that a subscription was
made, the young man's wants relieved
& ultimately he was able to finish his
studies - Schiller was so pleased with
the result of his humanity that he
wrote the verses & alluded to - I find

all this very interesting as I have just
been reading his life - and some of his
poems translated -

We have all been invited to another Ger-
man "feed" - for eating seems to be the enter-
tainment - This time it was to tea and we
were seated round a table loaded with
foreign cookery - first came cold boiled
fish - then the beverage tea (very weak
& mean) then fish passed again - plates
changed and roast turkey, roast hare
pickled herrings, sliced mutton swimming
in vinegar, cold ham, four varieties of
sausages, cold & cut in slices, Hack
German bread, butter, pickles etc -
then plates changed again & four spe-
cies of preserves besides Stewed apples
and cranberries were handed round
consecutively - after this a huge cake
which had been gracing the centre
of the table was cut and partaken of
& a variety of small cakes had
been handed round on a tray like
at country tea meetings - to wash down
all this mixture and (to use an elegant
simile) to make you feel more like a
Swiss pair than ever - beer - red wine,
white wine & Champagne were to be
had if wanted - every body drinks here
even the little children - but you never see
a drunken person - the wines are
very light - so do not affect ones head
This mild tea occupied so long a time
that the next move, was to come home
which we accordingly did, having a
good deal of fun among ourselves about
the funny way of doing things -