

J.N. 44341

Vöcklabruck, 26/6/1888

My dear friend,



There is an uncurrent
pay for substantial benefits received,
known by the name of "Thanks." Oh, how
old, weak and poor I feel to have no
other means at my disposal, but to thank
you in words. To shuffle off so many
good turns of yours towards me, not even
with living breath and a hearty kiss,
but with inky words. It makes me blush,
before my blood is flushed with the wine
you have sent me to last to the longest
term of my earthly crawlings. Moreover,
how considerate on your part; you have
undoubtedly since long found out, that
mon esprit — if ever I had any — has
dwindled down to such a low ebb, that,
charitable as you are, you wish to flood-tide

it into something like life by infusing
Vostau nectar into my veins. You may
thus succeed to anger the Minister of
Finances, because he will have to pay
my pension for some years longer,
(May his dear cigars burn up his stingy
soul!) but what a pity it is, that the
said nectar cannot render me immortal!
Poor me, all I could ever do in my capacity
has died away, I am dead and buried
here, without the comfort of leaving a
name behind me and that claim to immor-
tality which a genius like yours is en-
titled to. There is one satisfaction left
to me, that the newspaper keeps me au
courant of your renown, and that, if
I cannot look into your face — which,
like Strauss' fiddle, has always buoyed

up my spirits— I may read of your artistic triumphs, and chuckling boast of your being my friend.

Of late, I was greatly distressed at Mina's having suffered of an inflammation of the lungs. Thanks to Dr. Much, she is now on a fair way of recovery.

The poor girl is working more than her bodily strength will allow of.

Bright moments being no so rare in my dull exile, I should be happy, indeed, if a favourable breeze were to waft you again, during your artistic peregrinations, to Vöcklabruck and spend not only a few hours, but many days with us. Perhaps this is no idle wish of mine? How gladly I should fling Herodotus, Pindar and even Ovid aside, to have a long cosy

talk with you. In the second half of July we expect our daughter-in-law and our two grandsons to stay with us for about six weeks, and with the addition of the pater-familias Hugh in August, our quiet household will be enlivened and turned topsy-turvy.

Suppose my wild fancies of seeing you soon come to be true, I shall hear about you and yours, but in case they turn out to be illusions, pray, write a few lines how you, your dear lady and children are getting on. Present my duty to your mother-in-law and sister-in-law, accept of my wife's hearty greetings and thanks, and consider me for ever and a day,



your faithful friend
W. Hoegel