

J.M. 44340



Zwei Aerzte machten eine Kur,
Der eine war ein Doktor nur,
Der andere war Professor;
Doch wußt' er's drum nicht besser.



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My dear friend,

When I was a drudge
in school, I did not more impatiently
expect my holidays, than I now, in
the dreariness of my exile, expect your
visit. Dryden in his Alexander's Feast
sings " Rich the treasure
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain. "

Pain I have felt to read in the Fremdenblatt
that you could not perform Franz Moor.
I hope your indisposition was but

a slight one. Or were you disgusted
to play that arch-rascal on the eve
of appearing in your natural character
as a sterling good creature?

Whereas my young folks from Braz
will not come before the 20th of July,
we can enjoy the treat of having you
with us even longer than you have
promised. And as to your intention
to sleep in any one of our miserable
inns, you had best not think of it.
Our little room looking into the garden
is at all events, although not up to
what you are accustomed to, better than
any one at our inns, besides that you

are not disturbed by the turmoil of an inn.
Over and above you would delight my wife
to have you as a guest. And fancy the
luxury of reading no end of chapters with
you lying in bed and me at your side
sending you to sleep with my explanations.
Now this being granted, I shall be at
the Station on the 12th when the train
is due from Salzburg in the evening.
Meanwhile do your best to preserve
your health and rejoice

your faithful friend
W. Hoegel

