

Vöcklabruck 28/XII 1888

My dearest friend,



Tennyson sings —

"Full knee-deep lies the winter-^{snow}And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,

And tread softly and speak low,

For the Old Year lies a-dying."

Now the embodied memories of the past charitably represent your lovely image hovering before my mind's eye, and prompt me to express the heart-felt wish, that your future may invariably be a fairy-land with bright flowers, beautiful butterflies and tempting fruits.

A happy New Year to you and all your dear ones!

Next, vouchsafe to accept of my most obliged thanks for those many agreeable hours of intellectual pleasure, which you have afforded to us by the loan of these books. Some of them agitated our bodies and souls with the salutary movement of laughter, others again inundated our eyes with tears, thus opening the safety-valves of the heart. All of them gave us a beneficent relaxation from that weariness which will sometimes oppress the mind, when condemned to a solitary life.

Truly overjoyed am I in finding that your dear lady will some way or other soon sweeten your home, and that

you may at length enjoy the delight of having your children about you. I heartily wish, that your expectations respecting an engagement of your better half may be fulfilled, thus relieving you from overworking your mind and body.

After many waverings and pecuniary qualms, I have come to the final resolution to spend a few weeks in Vienna, and settled the beginning of March for that purpose. To define the reasons for this extravagance of mine, would be rather difficult, and, as there may be some very futile ones, I had best plead the best of them for my excuse, which is as longing to see my old friends once more.

My wife begs to join her good
wishes for your welfare to mine, and
I beg you will kindly present my
duty to your dear Lady and her mother.
In conclusion, basking myself in the sunny
prospects of seeing you and your worthy
family within a few months, I am now
as ever,

Your devoted friend

J. S. Loesel

