

country or old Brida or the west. But you never see waste places, or where it does not look as if people had lived for years & years. Sometimes there are quite large woods, & you never see any expanse without many trees & groves; then there great fields of grain or grass, or carefully cultivated vegetables, stretching away, without fence or boundary, the carriage roads often shaded by rows of trees. If there are cattle or sheep or geese, a boy or girl herds them. Some of the houses might be old New England farm-houses, with white walls & red roofs (only the roofs are tiles,) & others are all roof, breaking out into little swellings, that open in little eyes all over them. Sometimes a church-tower has a taper, fanciful spire, then it runs up a prodigious tall, square tower ending in a sharp, pointed ridged roof.  or else it is a tower with a huge, onion bulb. There are fewer scattered houses than at home, a great many more villages; not many lands & some large houses. And some villages are so drollly like the boys of wooden toys, with cottage, & farm-house, big barn, & grand house, & church with its steeple on its roof, & trees, either locusts trimmed into little balls, or Lombardy poplars in stiff rows, that one can't look at them without laughing. Katharine is perpetually amazed to find what she supposed in her child-hood the romance of makes, actual, living fact. The German rail-roads, I must say, partake of the character of the German language, & instead of aiming

Ragatz-June 27th 69 - 28th.

My dear Luc,

We reached Nuremberg from Augsburg at 12 1/2. Dr. Gray & the girls that is to say experimentally one of the 2nd. Class folks, thinking to try some truly German experiences, but instead of finding anything really old-fashioned & speculatively, they hit only on a sort of commercial traveller's inn, whose chief difference to my mind, from the more pretentious hotels, was the want of neatness, which as I must stay so much in my room, makes an objection to me, that they don't feel. So I do not recommend "Die Rithen Hofm." to other visitors to Nuremberg. The old town is interesting & curious, surrounded by a wall with many towers, some large round ones chiefly noticeable as being designed by Albert Dürer. I did not think it so attractive as Augsburg, that was more quiet & stately. Nuremberg had a deal of modern bustle & business about its steep streets & old & new houses. But Dr. Gray said that I did not see the best part of the town or more stately streets. He took a carriage in the afternoon & drove first to the Cathedral, with a beautiful Gothic porch. Inside not so striking, though ^{thru} St. Sebald's where there is a most wonderful & elaborate bronze canopy of ^{the front of St. Sebald's} some old town of the 16th century. Outside in the St.

is a fine, Gothic monument, ^{a fountain below,} spire-like, that puts me
in mind of the Martyrs Memorial at Oxford. And
in another place was a doll little fountain of a
boy with a force under each arm, each force spouting
water. Both surrounded by these beautiful hand-
wrought iron railings, where the junctions are welded
links, or one bar passed through a hole in another, or
so, so elastic you can shake the whole like chain and
iron. These railings are not uncommon, often of
beautiful & elaborate designs. Then we went to a
little chapel, serving now as a picture gallery for some
of the oldest German painters. Colours brilliant & won-
derful, but not so interesting in subject or treatment
as many we have seen. There were two very decent other
portraits of a painter & his wife by himself, an artist
whose name was new to me & yet which interested you
at once in him & her, & a very ugly picture of an old man
embracing a very smiling ^{with a very pleased expression at} & all pretty young lady, said
to represent a man of 84, who marrying the youngest of six
sisters, she not 19, & chose therefore to be so painted. And
their house, very grand for the 18th. century, has painted out
on the corner opposite, where their descendants still live.
We went to see Albert Dürers house, an old brown mansion,
& the next went in to see the rooms he had lived in. Then
we went to see the handsome Fuchs house, ¹⁶⁶⁵ got out to

see the courtyard inside, very handsome, with each
a fine, winding stone. Steep case, tower-like in the
corner. The houses have their slanting roofs to the streets,
instead of the gables, as Augsburg, & all sorts of dormer-
windows, generally ending in a little, peaked spire.
Especially a large square one in the middle, which is
often quite ornate. And as we saw those had generally
shutters instead of windows, & saw out of many a pulley
& a bucket, to haul up the wood cutting up in the street
below, we came to the conclusion they used these steep
roofs as cellars, to store wood, &c. The garrets are generally
of many stories, as you see by the rows of little, square
peep-holes. Our hotel was close by St. Lawrence Church,
& I could see the spire & rich Eastern door from my
window. After I have done all I can, Dr. Gray & the girls
deposit me, & then 'prowl', as they call it, exploring all
sorts of odd nooks & corners, & finding fine things & queer
things. In Nuremberg, of course, they must get dogs. But
they only found a good toy-shop just as they left next
morning. We started at 12 for Chemnitz, where we were
to stop to sleep so as not to have quite so long a pull to
Dresden. The country in Germany has surprised me
by its richness & cultivation. I should say that was the
great distinction between it & U. S. - Open valleys, or rolling
hills, or rich plains, would make us think of Worcester

place school, & again near Saratoga, where is the Academy
for Teachers. We got to Dresden at 4 & found Charlie Ober-
nam at the Hotel Bellevue waiting for us. He has celebritized
himself in a German family at Cassel, & leaves Germany
before trying any medical lectures, & is quite away from any
possibility of English speaking. He came to Dresden to see
Lippert, & stayed until Tuesday morn., at a quiet little inn.
But we went to the Bellevue, partly for its situation, for it
is on one side on the river & the other on a quiet street. And
I got so tired with the continual noise over these stone
pavements. Her rooms looked out on the street & from Sp.
& Weber's statue, & the Theatre & picture gallery, just beyond
fell before me. I was very tired, so I kept quiet
Sunday except towards Ev. a little walk on the Buhl
Terrace, a sort of mall raised high above the quay on the
edge of the river, & where people were sitting at tables drinking
coffee & beer, or eating ices. It was one of the few warm days we
have had. Monday morn. Katherine & I went shopping.
I was quite disappointed not to find things cheaper, but
they say English & Americans have spoiled Dresden. The
ententials are about the same as at home when you just
fold into paper, ornamental are somewhat cheaper.

Then we looked for a few minutes into the Picture gallery.
Sunday Ev. Dr. Gray & the girls went to tea at Prof. Kuchenthal's.
Monday P. M. we went off with Charlie, George, Sanderus -
Love home & all - over office.

(2)
directly at a thing, so in all sorts of curves & twistings to
get at it. You emerge from a valley & see your destination
in front of you, but to reach it you follow the meandering
of a little stream, or skirt the base of the hills, so you see
& admire for a long time & from many directions, before you
actually get there. But it suits the Germans, who take life
in a slow, deliberate way, & regulate everything with many
rules, & don't startle you by saying too suddenly what they
mean, but it breaks upon you through the gradual course
of a sentence. He reached Chemnitz at 9, a long ride.
It is a very large, manufacturing town, & quite like a
thriving New York City, say Utica or Syracuse. But
the street scenes are very different, as I saw next morn.,
when I enjoyed for an hour or two, the market held along
the side-walk opposite. I got up & looked out of the window
at 5, saw a little cart drawn by a dog stopping; the man
lifted the cover of the cart & took out things, then harnessed
the dog, who ran round the cart & suddenly disappeared.
When I got up later, there was a long row of women or a few
men with tall baskets in front of them & smaller ones around,
with butter & little cheeses that looked like cakes, & cherries &
a few vegetables, but principally butter & a white substance they
were measuring out in cups from tin pans. Dr. Gray & I, at
breakfast, made a journey across the St. & returned with some.
It was cottage cheese, from lashed milk. But I got quite

she packed the empty baskets & pins into the large one & shouldering it, marched off. Then soon came the man, pulling the little cart, he lifts the cover & out jumps the dog! Then I saw where the dog had disappeared to. He gets a ride on his trunk, & his mom's lap! He looks round to be harnessed, but when it comes to the muzzle, drops his head & looks unwilling for all the world like our dogs at home! It is rare to see a dog, big or small, unmuzzled. Then the cart is loaded up with the empty baskets, & a man & dog pull away, they are gone, round the corner, not I suppose, to one of the farm-houses in the outskirts. Some have fine dogs. I felt so sorry for one pale woman who could not sell all her cheeses, & shouldered her basket & walked off with her little fil, looking so weary & worn. Perhaps a great deal depended on selling those cheeses. And I had hope before my old woman had told her vegetables, but she looked as if she had rather take them home again, than sell under her price. The good mothers of Humanity unite ever, evincing the habits of marketing. The baby's wagon is a good, large, basket wagon with a hood, so baby sits or lies, sometimes too, on a pillow in the back, & the baskets are tacked in in front - all covered with the down quilt -

The left at 11 - The country grew more picturesque, some rough stone pen hills, deep valleys & wooded pen little streams. Especially before reaching Oriskany, the great mining



Gray, Jane Loring. 1869. "Gray, Jane June 27, 1869 [to Susan M. Jackson]." *Asa and Jane Gray travel correspondence*

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