

Dresden

May 25. 1858.

My dear papa

I am beginning this now to tell you that the expected lady is coming the week after next, and also that her name is not Butler, the Germans with P and B confounding everything; this morning they assured ^{me} her name was Buckle, and at dinner they produced her card which was that of Miss Puckle. At this moment there is a sort of cheering going on at ~~the~~ Railway Station close by, a trainful of Austrian troops passing by; they are going through night and day at the rate of 7 or 8 trains a day and will continue to do so until the end of the week, and then Prussians are expected; these troops

were the same I saw in Prague,
Hungarians and Italians; I was
twice at the Station with the L's
yesterday and then again ^{there} with the
whole faction at 10 p.m. when I
helped the cheering to such an
extent that I got a headache;
as soon as the train came up
the cheering began, when an Austrian
officer got out of the carriages and
shouted "God save King John
of Saxony" which was immediately
answered to by Adolf, who
shouted "Long live our Emperor
Franz Joseph" (N.B. he is no more
an Austrian subject than I am)
the success of this was immense
everybody, soldiers, men, women
and children all ~~schreeching~~ at the

top of their voices. We shall probably have another train to night at the same time which we will of course go and see as the station is within a good stone's throw.

26th Two more trains came last night and were both received in the same manner. Tomorrow night the choral society of the Polytechnic is to be down there to welcome them with the Austrian hymn and and every member of it must take at least 25 cigars with him to give to the soldiers. The number of strangers in Dresden just now is enormous the Police list ~~of~~ of arrivals, which appears daily filling generally now a whole page, whereas before this it was seldom more than a quarter full.

The little excitement caused by the first fight in Italy has died away again and the Dresdeners have again subsided into their usual apathy; sleeping seems the order of the day and the *Lo* say they cannot get on without ^a two hours *siesta* after dinner, and it certainly is very hard to avoid sleeping in the middle of the day. There is a thunderstorm going on at present which seems likely to be pretty considerable; last night there was most vivid sheet lightning in the south west which I suppose had something in common with this. Somehow I do not think Dresden air agrees with me, as long as the frost lasted it was all very well, but since the fine weather has begun
these

there is seldom a week that I do
not suffer more or less from headaches
which till now were almost unknown
to me. 8.30 p.m. I have just
seen two more trainfuls of Italians
going through, they were shouting out
viva la Lancia and cheering in
the most boisterous manner, ~~they~~
there were several ladies going about
and giving them cigars, some giving
money instead, this is the 5th train
I heard passing through to day and
3 more will probably come later.
Uncle Jeffry and aunt Margaret
were at the station in the carriage
but I only spoke to them for a moment.
The train average about 30 carriages
about 20 of the carriages having
men and the rest women. A
General and Staff passed through

last night. I have invested 2/ in
cigars for the soldiers - for 2/ you
get in this part of the world 50
cigars! I am expecting Hübner
every minute now. Last night
I was at the station at 10 p.m.
and helped to cheer and cry viva
to the Italians till I could not
speak. Today Friday we are to
have artillery passing through and
next week cavalry. I am going
to get myself a coloured flannel
shirt and see how it will do, for
everyone tells me they are the things
to wear here in summer. I dare
say a letter will come this evening
but I shall not keep this on
chances.

J. E. Prendergast.
PS tell uncle Frank that he owes me
a letter.