

Dresden.

March 3^d 1859

My dear papa

I got your letter yesterday evening when I came home from my walk, of which I shall now proceed to give you an account. In the morning, before dinner, I had had two lessons, and walked about 5 miles in going to and from them. After dinner I thought I ought to take a little extra exercise, and determined to go to Tharandt, a small town lying about 9 miles south-west of Dresden. I left at 2.45 - immediately after dinner that is - and walked on alone as hard as I could to Tharandt, it took me just $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours and the same back, so I conclude it is 9 miles - at least. I went there and back in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours

which is not long for 18 miles I think. I never sat down once, and only stopped twice to look at the map, considering that I had fenced, and had gymnastics for an hour in the morning, and walk for more than an hour, and having been busy from 7.30 till one I think I might have been tired, but I was only the livelier for it, and this morning am fresher than ever, so that I conclude I am in good condition. Tell this to uncle Joe. The walk is very pretty, a railway, road, and a river running through a narrow valley thickly inhabited, and the hills on each side pretty well wooded. Tharandt itself is very pretty, ~~it~~ lying in a triangle formed by 3 hills which are covered with Pine wood. The Leckendorfs are greatly astonished at my speed as

carriages are supposed to take near-
-ly 2 hours. I shall look for some
ancient maps, but I do not like
getting anything but what is absolutely
necessary on account of the
luggage. I am reading German
for my own amusement now, and
find that I can read it almost
as fast as English - that is so as
to understand the sense, not every
word as you may imagine, and
I have been trying my hand at news-
papers, but find them not so easy.
I do not know how it is, but I
am always working and yet never
seem to have any time, except what
is absolutely required for walking,
without which I could not exist.
I never knew anything like the way
the time goes over here, it seems as
if there were no week days, but that
the Sundays - which are ~~the~~ only days

that have anything remarkable in them -
come in constant succession, so much
so indeed, that I consider Wednes-
-day as quite at the end of the week.
I am certainly in the right place
for learning to speak German,
and even now I sometimes think
in German, which is said to be
a good sign. I often think of what
might be done in the walking line if
you were here, as we could easily go
through the best parts of Bohemia
in a week - the frontier is only 25
miles from here, and Prague, which
is said to be beautiful, is only a
4 days walk from here. I suspect
that the wayside inns are very cheap
and sufficiently good. I hear of numbers
of people who in one summer have
walked through the best parts of
Southern Germany and North Italy. Uncle
J. is beyond much walking now, I am afraid.
You might send this letter to uncle Joe.
Francis E. Brndergast.

Dresden

March 5. 1858.

My dear mamma

Since I last wrote the only change has been in the weather, which for the last 4 or 5 days has rained more or less, and everything consequently is in a shocking state with mud. Everything in the house goes on as before, unless perhaps somewhat merrier than before. To day I paid a visit on Captain Montgomery but he was not at home, however I saw some of the Boytons. They certainly do possess a fearfully strong Irish accent, north western I believe, but certainly it is bad enough even for Cork. I find that the American family who are coming to live with the Seckendorffs, will not come till May, so that I hope to have made some way in German before we come in contact

with English again. I have noticed
that all the lilacs here are covered
with buds, but uncle Jeffry says that
they will be all nipped off by the
frosts, which always come in April.
I have not been at Hugh's, or seen
any of his people for more than
a fortnight, but I must drop in
there some evening to supper, which
is the most approved method of
making a visit there. To-morrow
- Sunday - I dine with uncle Jeffry.
I was in there for tea the other
evening when Dr Seiler and another
gentleman were there. Dr Seiler
is a very odd sort of a fellow,
but I like him very much, he is
fearfully shortsighted, so much so
in fact, as to be half blind, he
understands English perfectly (having
been in England) but he speaks

both it and German very indistinctly.
I had expected a letter yesterday
or to day from you or uncle Joe,
but I suppose I shall get one
on Monday morning, on Sunday,
Monday afternoon and all Tuesday.
there is no English post here,
the reason of this I do not under-
stand but it is something con-
nected with Sunday. The post-
mans uniform is very singular,
a light canary yellow tunic, and
blue trousers, with a yellow stripe.
It is a most decidedly ugly uni-
form, but at present they have
long great coats of brown, and
are not to be distinguished from
soldiers, or indeed any government
official, as they all have these
long brown coats. The police
uniform I have not yet satisfac-

- toily made out ~~yet~~, but I think
it is dark blue, with a helmet
of black leather ~~or~~ and brass.

Sunday 6. This morning I got a note
from Mrs Whittle saying that she
had been commissioned to invite
me to a small (qu?) dancing
party at Mrs Allens - which is
next door !! I, of course, accep.

- ted. Young Boyton called yester-
- day to invite young Seckendorff,
so I suppose we shall go together
it begins at some unheard of
early hour - 7 or so, which is a
sure sign that they are going to
dance in earnest. I shall call
on Mrs Whittle on Tuesday mor-
- ning (the day of the party) to thank
her for the trouble she has taken,
as this is the second party she
has got me invited to.

I have been giving Miss Teckendorf lessons in reading English, but the explaining the difficult parts in German is anything but easy, however it is good practice for me. Last night we sat up until 10.30 playing all sorts of odd german games, some of them like our "cross questions and crooked answers", and such like things. I do not know whether I ever told you the Barons age; he is 56, and the Baroness is 15 years younger, which would make her 41. He was married before, and had two children, but they both died young. The Baron has told me that whenever I want any white gloves cleaned, to bring them to him, and he will make them as good as new, by some chemical process. I have seen many that

he has cleared, with his son and
daughter, and they are certainly
wonderfully revived. I shall post
this letter on my way to church,
but I do not know whether
it ^{will} go any sooner than if I
posted it tomorrow. Everything
here, except dancing and music,
without which the Dresdeners
cannot exist, is stopped on
Sunday, they do not approve of
dancing on Saturday night, but
on Sunday it is quite another
thing, is not this strange?

Make Grandmamma and aunt
Nannie write to me when
they come up, and also give
uncle Frank a stirring up.

Francis E. Prudergast

Dresden

March 6. 1859.

My dear papa

I enclose a specimen of the cards
I have got. Uncle Jeffry said he
thought the best way, was to get
a hundred lithographed, which
^{was} done and this is the result, it is
altogether larger than I intended,
but is yet smaller than the usu-
-al Dresden cards, the hundred
was 4/. I have been copying a
head in pencil after Raphael,
which is as you may well imagine
~~not~~ rather hard, and I was dead
beat after an hour and a half
at it last night. Friebe does
not paint at all to my fancy,
but her certainly draws beautifully,
and copies with the most extra-
-ordinary accuracy. I am to be

set to work at drawing statues
after the antique soon, it will
be much pleasanter work, but
with the accuracy that Triebel
requires I suspect very difficult.
I find the maps I have got in-
valuable, and often study them,
the one of Germany, which is a
magnificent one, contains the very
spots where the war - that is, if
we have to have war - would be.
I do not comprehend how it is,
but my progress in reading German
is by no means proportionate to
that in speaking it, and yet
most people find the reading the
easiest part. Last night I got
young J. to read me some Latin
and Greek with the German pro-
nunciation, and had I not known

what it was that he was reading,
I certainly could not have recog-
-nised it. They also brought
out some Alt Deutch, or old
German, which is as different from
that of the present day, as Chaucer
or Spenser from the modern
English; it is far softer and
more liquid than the modern
German, and seems to have
more resemblance with English;
~~and~~ the number of words which
are exactly the same in English
and German is very curious, the
customs and games too, are almost
identical, and they have a
dance very much like the Sir
R. de Coverly, which you have
seen at Chesneys and probably
elsewhere. You see plenty of men

with very English faces, but not
often among the women.

I have passed the king twice
in the last week without taking
off my hat, for the simple reason
that I did not know who it
was, the young Americans here
will not even take off their
hats when he bows to them !!
and say that they think the
"Britishers" very slavish for
doing so! Is it any wonder
that that they are disliked
here? They seem to take pride
in dressing themselves as slovenly
as possible, for they say dress
was invented by people who thought
it of the greatest importance

Francis E. Prendergast.

Dresden.

March 9. 1859.

My dear papa
Last night I was at the Allens
ball which was the pleasantest
party I was ever at. We had
between 35 and 40 people there, and
beginning soon after 7.30, danced as
hard as we well could till 1.30,
which is a much better hour for
finishing than 4 a.m. like the
last party I was at. I never saw
so many good looking ladies
collected together before, for of
all the young ladies there were
only two who could not be
called pretty. There was one lady
in particular who was very hand-
some or rather pretty, a Miss
Schneider, a German-Russian, who
danced most splendidly. There was
also a young Mr Russel and his
sister - son and daughter of the

builder of the "Great Eastern"
both very goodlooking, and the young
lady very agreeable, she is some-
-what like the youngest Miss -
I forget the name who was at the
Chesneys party - 2 brothers and 2
sisters, perhaps you recollect them.
We had 10 Dances, and a capital
Sir R. de C., and a terrific cot-
-tillon. Miss Allen, as might be
expected, was the nicest person
in the room, and many thought,
the handsomest. I danced 3 dances
with her. We also had the two
American ladies Miss Carruthers
& Miss Baldwin, who we had
at the Boytons. There were about
6 German ladies, and several
German gentlemen, and I spoke
more German than the night I
was at the German party!

I am beginning to have a very favourable idea of the Russians and American ladies, for all I have seen here - and is a good many - are mostly pretty and sparkling.

It would have been impossible to make out a ^{better} party, everything went off just as it should, and I do not think that there was ^{ever} any-
^{thing} ~~more~~ more spirited than the dancing.

This morning I have had my gymnastic lesson, and am as fresh as if I had not danced at all. I am afraid it will be the last party here, as almost all the old English residents will be soon moving off, and the Germans do not dance much in Lent. These last two days it has been quite warm and springlike but this morning it is blowing and snowing hard.

Your inference about my occupying
young Is not not correct,
for the three years that he has
been in the Polytechnic he has al-
ways had separate lodgings.

I have got a wide-awake under
uncle J's superintendence; it is
dark brown. The front of this
house, and all the sitting rooms,
face north west and consequently
at this time of year get no sun
whatsoever. I cannot ask about
the views until you give me the
title of the Book, which all-im-
portant part, you have hitherto
quite forgotten to tell me.

I have been making inquiries about
a history of Saxony, but uncle
J. says he doubts there being any
history of Saxony separate from
that

that of Germany in general. Going
anywhere at Easter is by all means
to be avoided, as the country round
is inundated with pleasure hun-
-ters, which is also the case at
Whitewide. Steamers are going
up and down the Elbe now,
every 2 hours or so, and yesterday
I saw one trying to pass through
one of the arches of the bridge,
but she failed, and bumped
heavily against the pier. This
morning I met Mr Dale in
a heavy snow storm when I was
on my way to my drawing, and
walked a short way with him.
I have been out in no less than
4 snow storms to day, the first
at 7.30 a.m. and the last at 4.30
p.m. Last night I got 4 good

hours sleep, which was the first
time I had ever got a good sleep
after a party. I had a letter
from uncle Joe on Monday eve-
ning (yours came in the mor-
ning) which you might mention
when writing next to him.

Yesterday and the day before were,
as I said, quite warm, and to day
it is piercingly cold, with snow
and hail ad lib. Tell uncle

Willie I have not time to write
to him at present, and in fact
my correspondence has been accum-
ulating lately, and it is not easy
to clear it off.

Francis E. Pendergast.

Dresden

March 9. 1859.

My dear mamma

You will find in papas letter
the account of the allens ball
which is the only event I know
of. I walked out this afternoon
to the Grosse Garten to look for
mule J. and found him and
walked back with him, aunt
Margaret having gone home pre-
viously, on account of the snow
and cold. I am writing this by
daylight now, and have, and hope
I shall have, plenty of light for
some time - 5.30. p.m. If
you are writing to Magherafelt
you may tell Mary to be expecting
a letter from me before long.
Is there no news from Jack?

I am rather at a loss for news to
give you as I think I have told
everything to papa. I got some
capital dancing gloves here for
1/9, which is very cheap, as they
are dearer here than with us,
I was in the Picture Gallery
yesterday morning for an hour
and afterwards listened to the
military band for half an hour.

It (Tuesday) is the only day in the
that I can do either. By the
way I saw a squirrel in the
G. G. to day, uncle Jeffray says
that the place is always full
of them from the time that
the frost leaves; this fellow
looked very much like a small
rabbit hopping about, I saw him
very satisfactorily with my glass

and before long he went up a
tree, not spirally but straight.
It was the first wild squirrel
I ~~had~~ ever seen. I have not been
at Hughes for nearly three
weeks, but I must really go soon
again. The fact is that I enjoy
my evenings here so much that
I ^{am} rather unwilling to leave them.
I have only been once to the
theatre since I came, and uncle
Joe writes to me that I ought
to go occasionally, which indeed
I think myself, for the sake of
hearing the German, yet I think
I learn quite as much in an evening
here. Tell Bridget that the
servants here wear no bonnets
and seldom caps or anything
more than what they wear on

the house. Old "Mac" I have
only once spoken to and twice
seen. Uncle J. has got a man
servant who is a very ^{*}imperson-
-ification of everything that a
servant should be, and ac-
tually speaks a few (very few
though) words of English.
Mr Thompson, I find, is from
Carrickfergus and is going
home soon, after a three
years absence.

Francis E. Pendergast.

P.S. Our Siri R. de C. last
night was perfection, not
a single mistake.

* This word is meant for
impersonification