

Dresden.

Nov 11. 1859.

My dear Papa

Yesterday was the day of the Schiller Festival and I think I had better begin my account of the day at the beginning. Stockton, Adolf and I had agreed to walk to Stolpen on that day, a place about 12 miles off, and we were to start as early as possible on account of the affair in the evening. I accordingly woke at 4 a.m. and on looking out of the window found that it was raining in torrents and went in to Stockton's room to wake him and have a consultation of war. ~~He~~ had just got up, so we wrapped ourselves up in flairs and held a council, the result of which was that go or not go, ^{we agreed} we must go and give Adolf a rousing. We dressed accordingly and wrapped ourselves up in our flairs; we then started, got to Adolf's lodgings, and after some trouble awakened him and got in; we then started off, for a place called the white stag, about 5 miles off, with the intention of breakfasting there and then returning. When we got there the

rain had nearly stopped and we voted that it was not worth going to Stolpen and that we would go to Pillnitz instead, we went on to Pillnitz accordingly and when we got there, thought it would be a pity not to visit the Kohrsberg, a hill in the neighbourhood which commands a fine view, this we did and as the weather improved we agreed to go on to Pirna and come back by the rail.

We reached Pirna at 11.30. having already had $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours walking, our first proceeding was to order beefsteakes and beer, then (before eating them) to telegraph to Dresden that we would be back to dinner at one o'clock, which was performed, the message costing 9. We then eat our beefsteakes drank our beer, took the train and in an ^{hour} afterwards were eating our regular dinner; I then went off to the Grosser G. but found nobody there, so I came home and turned in for a sleep of an hour and a half. At 6 we had supper and then all went off to meet a

party of Americans with whom we had engaged
a room to see the fight. We had a most
formidable party, consisting of the Baroness,
Baron, Mrs Courtan ~~and~~ daughter and
two boys and myself, while the other
party consisted of ten handsome, dashing
American young ladies and two boys.
The Baron and I had thus the arduous task
of conducting 13 ladies ~~thru~~ through
a dense crowd, and no small trouble
it was. The Baron and I then went off
to look about the streets which were
mostly illuminated, and see the procession
assemble. This we did and then returned
to the ladies. The procession consisted
of nearly 2000 people, each carrying a
large torch, they marched through several
streets and then assembled in the Alt
Market, where they sang some songs,
then burned their torches in heaps and
dispersed. Mr Stockton who formed
one of the procession as a polytechniker,
came home looking just like a nigger,

being completely begrimed with the tar smoke,
nor has he been able to wash it off
yet. Adolf escaped better, but still he
was pretty well blackened. We got home
about 11.30 and could have been earlier, had
we not waited to let the crowd get
a little thinner before we left the
house. I have seldom spent a pleasanter
day in spite of the wetting we got in the
morning. The evening was luckily fine.
Yours of the 7th arrived this morning and
when I told uncle Joe about what you
said about the 40 mile walk, he said
"walking will never hurt you now, you can
walk as much as you like". I never felt
better in my life than after taking it and
with another opportunity may occur. On some
occasions I must have done as much in
Switzerland. Last night was the first
frost that we have had here, but it
seems to have set in now.

I am going in to Carola Strasse this
evening.

Francis E. Prudergast.