

Dresden

December 2<sup>d</sup>. 1859.

My dear Papa

Yours of the 27<sup>th</sup> arrived yesterday and I left uncle Joe's note at Carola Strasse.

Since I last wrote we have had a good deal of rain which has been succeeded by snow, and this morning it looks as if it was coming on to freeze again.

I got an Evening mail from uncle Frank yesterday with a letter of his in it, and what had some interest for me a good deal about railways (Irish) both in progress and intended. I also got a letter from Mary Irwin, in which she speaks of the "Moone Mountains" looking so small compared with the "Giants of Donegal", the fact being that Slieve Donard is 300 feet higher than any other mountain north of Dublin and 350 feet higher than Arvigal in Donegal, - nor are there many in Ulster that are higher than the Eagle rock. I have seldom seen a finer or wilder scene than that on the north side of Slieve Binnian. I hope

we may have some more walks in those parts before the end of next year.

I suppose that if two lines of steamers call at Cork now, there must an Ocean Steamer there twice a week. Do they not call on their homeward passage?

I suppose it will be of no material benefit to Cork for the first six months

but I fancy that it will help Cork ahead at a wonderful rate, nor can

I image that it <sup>will</sup> injure the trade of Belfast, Galway or Dublin but on the contrary increase it. I see they are

working hard to get a junction between Limerick and Galway; this must sooner or later ~~be~~ be followed by a junction between Monaghan and Cavan, and between Cookstown and Dungannon.

This would make the communications tolerably perfect, and I dare say they will also have junctions between Tullamore and Mullingar or Athlone; and between Parsonstown and Ballinasloe.

In short we seem to have got a start, or something like one, but without coal a country never can do much. I see "Coal pits" ~~f~~ marked on the map of Ireland near Tullanaule between Tull-kenny and Cashel. Did you ever hear of them? Have you ever been down at Trillick or Dingle? I do not know anything that puts me more in mind of their native land, when abroad, than looking at a map of it or reading a newspaper. At Meiringen I found a Belfast Whig which I read through with great delight - it seemed like being in the north again. Do you remember what was the longest time you ever were without speaking or hearing a word of English?

I was 6 Days with Adolf in Bohemia with<sup>out</sup> speaking or hearing a word of English and did not even see an Englishman.

In Savoy I was 5 or 6 days in the same way only that in the latter case I spoke and heard French instead of German.

Again from Tunis to Munich I was  
nine days in the same case, and this  
was made worse by the three days that  
I was in parts where they spoke  
Romanch so that I could not  
talk to everyone, to say nothing of  
the surrounding German they spoke.

Francis E. Prendergast.