

Dresden

Dec. 15. 1859.

My dear Papa

Yours of the 11th arrived last night.

I have been skating as hard as I can all this week, generally two or three hours on the ice every day - sometimes more. I have learned to go about as fast as most people can go and never tumble now unless from collisions or similar accidents.

Stockton and I went out to the Grosser Garten last night at half past nine to skate, and had a most delightful skate of an hour. There was not a soul there and we had the pond all to ourselves, to say nothing of its having been just swept.

I think I can go upwards of 8 miles an hour on the ice now and I wish I could find some canal or large expanse of water to try on.

Young Boyton has arrived; I met him

with his sister the day before yesterday:
all the younger Boytons are very
fond of skating - indeed everybody that
once has had on skates seems to
love it. The Picture Gallery is open,
but I am so much taken up with
the skating that I have not been there
yet, for I give every spare moment
to the skating. It seems that uncle
Willie is to leave Holland before
Christmas; in which case I should
feel inclined to stay here till Saturday
Dec. 31st. I cannot leave this on Friday
on account of there being no Saturday
night boat and I may as well have
my year out the continent out. I should
then reach Brighton on the 2nd and be
at Pondwell on the 3rd, when the date
of my return to Dublin can be settled.
This arrangement would give me exactly
a year and a day on the continent.

If you approve of this plan I intend
to keep to it, as there is no advantage
in hurrying much to Pondwell.

Uncle Joe leaves next Sunday, which
will run him very short of time.

I am going after dinner to the Tiverton
to skate, where there will be Ayer
Storkton and a whole lot of people
I know. Ayer skates very nicely and
gracefully but does not know any of
the tours de force which are generally
so beloved by good skaters.

I am going to get a book of logarithms
and a book on engineering (German)
to send home with my books, as the
Germans are famous on these points.
We have had frost now for more
than 10 days without interruption and
I only hope it may continue till I
leave. Remember your falling into

The ditch at Sandown with Telb's
perfectly well, but Telb's himself
has almost vanished from my recollec-
-tion. I doubt if I should recognise
him again.

Francis E. Branderkast.