

Dresden. Dec. 18. 1859.

My dear Mamma,

By my letter to Papa you will see that uncle Joe is off. He had been here seven weeks and two days! Somehow the time passes so quickly here that I had fancied that it was much less. In less than a fortnight I shall be after him. Concerning my journey from Dover to Brighton I have not yet made out whether it is better to go by the coast-line or by the Red Hill junction; this I am afraid I cannot find out till I get to Dover. If possible I do not want to be at Brighton before one or two o'clock, as I shall have next day till 11 o'clock and reach Pondwell somewhere about 4 o'clock on Tuesday the 30th. The moment I am certain I shall write to aunt

Leacock and tell her.

Adolf is at this moment playing away in the next room and every now and then singing a little, he plays with great feeling and at the same time with firmness - qualities which it seems to me you seldom find united. He has had little or no instruction but yet plays very well and correctly, unfortunately he has got but little voice yet he manages to sing pretty well. I am really very hard up for something to tell you, and you must be satisfied this time with half a sheet for I cannot fill a whole one. This letter will not be posted till tomorrow.

Francis E. Prendergast.