

Dresden. Dec. 28. 1859.

My dear Papa,

This will probably be my last letter to you from Dresden, - in 1859 at all events. I sent off the box of books, which also contains some clothes, this evening; it<sup>is</sup> to go via Ostend, and I am afraid that its carriage will be costly, but there is no help for that; it will probably cost more than a pound but the man here could give me no information except that it will cost about 13/ from this to Ostend. I had to state its value, which rather puzzled me, but I said 150 Thalers = £22. There are some books in it which I wish you would get bound as soon as possible - Arnolds English Latin Lexicon this had better be half bound, Vegas Logarithmen (large blue book) you might get done in cloth or half bound,

Weisbachs Ingenieur; this I would like in some light flexible binding. The ~~two~~ little Platon and Gallust you may as well get half bound <sup>together</sup> as it will preserve them and keep them tidy; Livius (with German notes) might also be half bound. Don't let them bind them in boards half an inch thick, as the book binders ~~ff~~ love to do, and which does no good except to make the book unmanageable, but in light flexible boards.

We had a very pleasant evening here the day before Christmas - Christmas Eve I should say - We had a tree all lighted up, with presents, sweetmeats, gilt nuts and apples, &c., upon it; we then danced till half past eleven, when the whole party turned out to go and hear midnight Mass in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, but unluckily we came a few minutes too late, and could

not get in. Consequently I did not get to bed till near 2 a.m. however the next morning - Christmas Day I was skating in the Grosser Garten at 9.30 a.m. ! On Christmas Day I dined with uncle Jeffy, where I found Dr Feiler and some company, principally consisting of artists. On Monday evening we sat up playing Casino till 1 a.m. and at 5.30 a.m. of the same morning I started with Stockton for Dippoldiswalda, a ~~place~~ small town lying about 12 miles to the south; we went like fury, and got back at 1 to dinner, having thus accomplished 24 miles before dinner!! The Germans call it  $6\frac{1}{2}$  hours and we came back in less than three, but I think I never went so fast in my life before. At Dippoldiswalda

we laid in cold veal, cheese, bread & butter and half a bottle of wine, which as uncle Joe would say, was good substance to work on. I suppose it was my last walk in Saxony.

I have now seen pretty nearly all that is worth seeing about Dresden within a circle of 15 miles.

I shall always look back on this year at Dresden as a bright one, and I only wish that I felt pure of revisiting it and the Seckendorffs before long.

Francis E. Prendergast.