

Lyons.  
Hotel Collet.

Wednesday Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> /65

My dear Mamma,

The first event after leaving Oxford was the meeting Mr Dickinson of Coalbrookdale on the Paddington platform but of course we had only just time to shake hands. It was pouring rain in London and generally miserable it having been raining most of the day.

I had only just time to get all done and get over to Waterloo, in time to get a cup of tea (not good) and some cold beef in the refreshment room. Of course I did not get across without a storm; it was dead calm and raining when we sailed but before morning it cleared and came on to blow hard enough to make the steamer very lively and finally before reaching Havre to make me very uncomfortable; instead of  $9\frac{1}{2}$  it was an  $11\frac{1}{2}$  hour passage. The boats are very roomy, airy and clean, with fine large berths in a sleeping cabin forward, after the fashion of the Holyhead boats. Just before landing I picked <sup>up</sup> with what I supposed to be a German and we took a cab together up to the station. No one produced any passports on landing, though a fat gendarme came on

board to look after them. He asked some French cattle dealers on landing if they were English they replied "oui, Englisch", whereupon he laughed and corrected them saying they should have answered in English! My companion and I went to a restaurant near the station and got some "dejeuner" but neither of us could do much in that line; I don't ever remember feeling more done up after a passage. After we got into the train I found my friend was one of those ~~men~~ = happy mortals who have no native tongue and can speak no language perfectly - he could talk French, German, and English quite fluently but you would know in a moment that he did not really belong to any of the three nations, he was born in the Vosges and had lived everywhere, I think he was a commercial, a little better than the ordinary man, at all events he was very amusing and useful to me. It was a lovely but windy day going up to Paris and part of the country near Pont de l'Arche put me much in mind of Saxony as seen from the Leipzig - Dresden railway across the Elbe. When we got to Paris we left our luggage at the station and went and dined at a <sup>restaurant</sup> cafe, and afterwards walked about for an hour to the Place de la Concorde, the new Oper

house, Tuileries gardens &c. I found I remembered  
all the places well enough, though only there for  
one day in 1862. Afterwards he left by a Stras-  
bourg train before mine, and when I got to my  
station, I found that the train started at 9 p.m.  
instead of 8 p.m. having been altered the very  
day before. This entailed a long wait but there was  
plenty to look at. The train started duly at  
9 and as there were only three in the carriage there  
was plenty of room for sleeping and I ~~the~~ slept  
pretty comfortably most of the night. Train arrived  
here at 8 and there is a Ry. omnibus which takes  
passengers to all the hotels, a very good arrange-  
ment I think, <sup>as</sup> though they charge only 60 cents  
(6<sup>2</sup>); everyone seems to use it. This seems a very  
fair hotel, but is the 3<sup>d</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> best in the town  
and I came to it not liking the gigantic ones.  
The only individual here who seems to be able to  
speak anything but French is a little waiter, who  
comes from Stuttgart ~~at~~ <sup>and</sup> as I talk German  
to him, has taken me under <sup>his</sup> special charge.  
They put me into a wrong room this morning and  
there has been a lot of trouble changing the  
luggage, keys &c and I have had to air my  
French considerably already, very much against  
my will, however it seems coming back even now

\* neither chales nor shawl to be found in Marseilles!

Lyons is a grand city. I have never seen anything finer than the Quays running the whole way along the Rhone and Saône on both sides, and a new street, the Rue Imperial, would compare with any in Paris. I like the cathedral too, and the picture gallery, though small, is well worth seeing. It is now 2 o'clock and I have been lounging about ever since eleven, but though I twice attempted it, both times missed the way to some height on the western bank of the Saône overlooking the city and which Murray says is one of the points to be done. The shops are very fine, the word "Chales" seems the predominant one here. The streets are very gay and lots of people walking and lounging about. It is just a pleasant heat out of the sun, but at mid-day most people had umbrellas up when walking in the sun. My companion yesterday told me that Taylors two sons still live at Marseilles and have large machine factories there. Might not an introduction be obtained to them via P. M. Taylor? I find on inquiry that the steamers to Avignon are rather uncertain so I think I shall go by rail. After all the long journey I don't feel tired and am now looking forward to the little d'lois at half past five. This paper having been folded before, it very unpleasant to write on. You might send this to uncle Joe as I don't feel inclined to write two sets of letters. Your affect. son  
Francis P. Prendergast.