

Casa Schneiderf.

Florence.

March 16. 1866.

My dear uncle Joe,

Yesterday at the Poste Restante I found a letter from Tower Terrace enclosing a small note of yours dated 6th.

I saw Maxwell yesterday, he and Mrs both well; I like her very much but cannot tell you anything of her history. He talks of visiting England and Ireland next summer. I have been there at his house twice since arriving here but there has always been some casual visitor there too, so I have not talked much to Mr M.

Oldley I had a long hunt for the day before yesterday; they have changed the names of most of the streets here and all the numbers so it is very hard to make any one out without having the exact address the more so as the houses here are in flats and many families in each house. I tried several houses and floors in the street where I got his address, but failed to find him. However I mean to try again.

N. B. This kind of hunting comes heavy on

time and patience. Dawson Greene was in no hurry to get back to England and did not think the passage could be too long, as long as there was enough of the three B's (Beer, 'Baccy and Brandy) which modern Oxford men seem to ~~think~~ regard as the grand enjoyments of life.

Yesterday I walked out to Fiesole, 4 miles or so; it is well situated on a hill overlooking the City and commands splendid views over it and the surrounding country which now looks verdant and springlike in spite of the cold weather. Roses in the hedges along the road in flower and the gardens attached to villas with some show of flowers.

I have subscribed here to Vecussieux's Reading Rooms, by way of having some place of resort; there are three good rooms with Italian French and English newspapers, really an immense assortment of each and some few magazines; the subscription is only 7 francs a month, he also has a good lending library.

I like this house very well and there are some nice people in it now.

A Mr & Miss Brown (the latter was at school at Brighton with Alice), a Miss Lowe from Exeter, Mr & Mrs ^{Moore} Brown the former the "rejected candidate" for Brighton, Mr & Mr Dick, Charles Weld, who is getting materials for another book, a Mr Nolan and his sister (a widow) a young Kentuckian named Dudley, a medical student lately in Paris and some few others whom I have not yet become acquainted with. Our breakfast is at 9; tea, coffee, cold meat, eggs, bread and butter, lunch, one till three; bread, butter, cheese and fruit, dinner at six; plainer than hotel table d'hotes but more substantial, tea at eight; at lunch and dinner Tuscan red wine ad lib. Madame Barbensi the proprietress is a ladylike person, her mother was English and she speaks English perfectly; she and her husband, who is a government official, preside at opposite ends

of the table at breakfast and dinner
but are seldom in this, the drawingroom,
a large, well furnished and most comfor-
-table room with three windows looking
out over the Arno. There are about 120
people in the house at present. C. R. W.
has been in Florence since January,
but only in this house for about three
weeks. There are some other similar
pensions in the town. They have got
double windows here, and people seem
generally agreed as to the ~~not~~ unpleasant-
-ness of the Florentine climate. I think
it is one of the cleanest cities I know,
every inch of the streets being flagged.
The priests here wear tall black hats and
look very respectable in consequence.
Yesterday 50 miles of new line down by
Arezzo and Cortona (on road to Perugia)
were opened, but there is still a gap
of 30 miles between the rails on that route
to Rome. It was this line we walked
alongside of in our walk down.

Your affect. nephew
Francis C. Prendergast.