

Genoa. April 11. 1866
Hotel Royale.

My dear Mamma,

On Monday morning I left ~~by~~ Florence at 9.30 a.m. for Bologna with an American named Curtis for my companion. It is a most interesting line crossing the Appennines from Pistoria to Bologna by a series of windings, tunnels and viaducts, It is said to be the most remarkable line in Italy and I can well believe it. We reached Bologna at two o'clock and then went out to see the Picture Gallery, Leaning Towers and some of the Churches, but after Rome and Florence one is rather blasé of churches and pictures. Eight people had come with us from the Casa Schneiderf to Bologna and Curtis went on with them on Tuesday morning at 6.30 to Venice; on Tuesday morning I went out by the three miles of arcades up to St. Lukes on the top of a hill near the town; these arcades are really very wonderful and the view from the top of the hill is very extended, to the south

the range of the Appennines, north, east
and west the great plains of Lombardy
and Venetia bounded on the north by the
Alps and on the east by the Adriatic.
It was a lovely day and all the country
looking very well. There are several
Piedmontese batteries on the side of the
hill and at the top under the church are
barracks with shot and shell piled up
outside, some "awkward squads" were
drilling in the hot sun and matters
were a decidedly warlike air; here every-
one expects war. Then I went down the
hill and visited the famous Campo
Santo, the largest and finest in Italy
but it did not seem so interesting to
me as the one at Pisa. On the whole
Bologna pleased me, and the arcades
everywhere about the town give it a
very peculiar air. There is a capital
Hotel there, owner, servants and all about
it are German, and were it not
for the tasteful gilding and painting
one might fancy that it was in
Germany. It has one of the nicest

public salons I have yet seen ~~and~~ well furnished with newspapers.

I left Bologna by rail at 2.30 p.m. and reached Genoa last night at 11. p.m. and ~~at~~ on reaching the station had the pleasure of quietly getting out, with no luggage to think about, and ~~feel~~ feeling as if I knew Genoa of old, just walk down to this comfortable hotel and find Madame Perosio (an Englishwoman) and ^{her} old head waiter (~~or~~ ~~the~~ ~~Englishman~~) remembering that I had been here two months ago. When my bill appeared at Bologna yesterday, there were two nice little items "omnibus to and from the rail, 2 francs," so I had the pleasure of sending it back to have that amount knocked off. I forgot to tell you that on Sunday evening I had deposited my portmanteau at the Messageries Impériale de France at Florence and expect to find it all right at Cannes. It is a saving of time, trouble, temper and cash to forward in this way for on Italian lines they charge for every pound of luggage, and heavily

too. This time I have very little with me as I expect so soon to be at Cannes. Irish Papa would not write my ^{name} Fraser, the signature I always use is Francis B. Prendergast, nor does uncle Frank ever use the abbreviation Fraser. He wrote it thus on the B. P. Bill and it was nearly the cause of a mistake. French cashed it for me, at par, 25 francs to the £, and charged 1 per cent commission; had it been forwarded in circular notes I should have got the exchange above par and had no commission to pay, it would have saved $\frac{7}{16}$ or 8/- thus.

I thought I had written and talked so much about the virtues of circular notes that he would have tried to send it in that way. ~~Harper~~ Maxwell and Dr Duff were both particularly kind to me, and Mr M. has given me a note of introduction to Cuttill's chief man in London and a card to introduce me to Cuttill himself, who is now at Cannes. This paper has been already folded to hold in my case and is very tiresome to write on.

S. P. M. I have been walking about all the morning in the town and suburbs; it is bright and fresh and I feel quite sorry at the thought of leaving Italy so soon - a day or two more now and I shall be out of it, probably for a long time to come. To day I went into a confectioner to get some lunch and got three cakes and a tumblerful of Marsala for 4½. I wonder what the cost price of Marsala is out here? This morning at breakfast I felt very like "an unprotected young man" for there were two parties of five ladies each and no gentlemen with them! Some of the parties were young, but mostly, strong minded females. I was very glad this morning to see the blue Mediterranean once more and as there was a breeze it looked lively. It is pleasant to leave Italy with good impressions of all the towns and places; I cannot remember a single town that it would not be pleasant to revisit - when leaving Florence on Monday morning it looked so gay and

Some of the trumpet-banded regiments which
chanced to be moving about ~~made~~
produced an enlivening effect.

I think people in travelling would do
well to leave places before "the gloss"
wears off and then come away with
none but pleasant impressions.

I don't wonder at everyone liking Florence
and if, as Madame Barbensi predicts,
Victor Emmanuel gains Venice and
loses southern Italy, it will become
more and more attractive to strangers.
However Madame B. is a reactionist,
a Tuscan, rather than an Italian.

I meditate starting by land tomorrow
for Cannes, and the day of my arrival
there will depend a good deal on whether
I meet C. M. P. and Co on the road or
not. They ought to be somewhere between
Nice and San Remo now. The reason
why I leave Italy so soon, is that I should
like to spend a few days in Paris, as I
feel grossly ignorant of that capital
having just once spent 24 hours there.

your affectionate son
Francis C. Prendergast

Don't let uncle Willie miss this writing.