

Hotel St James,
211 Rue St Honoré.
Paris.

April 30. 1866.

My dear Mamma

On Thursday Mr Arthur Taylor kindly gave me a seat out to Marseilles and we had a quiet family dinner at St. Marguerite. He also brought me in again thus saving me all trouble.

Mr A. T. is one of the pleasantest people I have met this long time and the only fault to be found with his wife is that she is a Frenchwoman.

Mr Taylor here desired to be remembered to the aunts at Green Park.

On Friday morning I left Marseilles by 7 a.m. train and reached Arles at 9 a.m. where I got out, looked the town, dined at a restaurant and took the train again at 2.40 p.m.

Arles is interesting but only for Roman antiquities (except one church), and after Italy one is rather blasé of Roman remains. The amphitheatre (i.e. Colosseum) is fine and wonderfully perfect. The headress of

the woman is curious, a black handkerchief
tied round a white cap; it put me in
mind of that in vogue at Eger in
Bohemia - rather a different locality!
After getting into the train at Ailes at
2.40 p.m. on Friday there was no
change of carriage and no stop of more
than 30 minutes till I got to Paris at
4 p.m. on Saturday - 25 hours in all.
However these French second class are
comfortably padded and though there
is not a 2^d class carriage where smoking
is not allowed I managed to escape any
smoking and had as companion a
German from Holstein. At the Station
in Paris while I was waiting in the
crowd for my luggage a Railway
official came up, addressed me in perfect
English and took entire charge of me,
rowing the porters till I got my luggage
then doing the same with the octroi
men till they passed ^{it} and finally putting
me into a small railway omnibus ~~with~~
with a ticket marked with the fare.

I hear English people are almost always
thus "taken in charge" on arriving in Paris.
I actually had no headache nor was
otherwise out of sorts after the long journey
but the table d'hôte here is at 5.30 and
after that it came on to rain so I did
not go to the post, however on Sunday
morning I went and found three yards
of 21st and 25th with J.S.P.s of 22^d
inclosed and also a letter from him of
the 26th. At Church I met Dora
and Alice and went with them to their
hotel (Chatham) and lunched with them
and C.M.P. They have been a good deal
about in Switzerland; Geneva, Montreux
Bern, Lucerne Schaffhausen and Balex
and had come through (12 hours) from
Bale on Saturday. C.M.P. looks even
better than when I last saw him and
Dora says she thinks he is the better
of the travelling after the dullness of
Cannes. They expect to be in London
some day this week. After lunch ~~they~~
were to have had a carriage to go out

I shall probably return via Havre and Southampton.

but it was the day of some races, and no carriage could be had, so I went out on foot with Dora and Alice.

I think my large German box would do well to go to Oxford, but take care that the lock, hinges, handles &c are all right as I know they suffered on its solitary journey. I think it a very ^{bad} plan to stult oneself in luggage when only just "moving," - in regular travelling of course the less the better.

I wish you had mentioned the probable ^{expect to} date you ^{to} be in Oxford and not given me such a lot of calculations to make before I could arrive at ~~at~~ any conclusion; even now I hardly know even in what week you are likely to be there. I expect to be in London about the end of this week, Friday probably, or perhaps even Thursday. You had better address to me "care of J. Fogarty Esq. 7 Westminster Chambers Victoria Street. S.W."

your affectionate son
Francis C. Prendergast.