

Hotel St. James
Paris.

May 4th 1866.

My dear Mamma

The weather has been so atrocious, cold, wet and miserable that I have been quietly staying on here without attempting to move and doing very little in the way of sight-seeing. On Tuesday I dined with the Ps at Hotel Chatham, the table d'hôte there is excellent, the company small, about 20, and of very mixed nationality. Yesterday in the Louvre I met Mrs Whateley who is staying at Hotel Bristol & till the weather gets fine. She gives a bad account of that hotel. I am very much surprised at the numbers of Germans here, in the Louvre and in the streets German seems far to overpower the English. The driving in the streets is very bad, I see collisions several times every day and yet the streets are not very much crowded.

For the last three days I have been
spending two hours each day in the
Picture galleries of the Louvre, really
about the only thing to be done in present
state of weather; I feel as if I had seen
a good many pictures and picture galleries
in the last two months, between Florence,
Rome, Bologna and Paris! I do not
see very many pictures I care for in
the Louvre, though the collection is so
large, and the arrangement of all
the pictures except those of Rubens
seems to me very irregular.

There is a rather a stupid set of
people in this house and a good
many tiresome Americans.

A Mr Hayward, with daughter and
vice (Hertfordshire people) is pleasant
and gentlemanly, then there was a ~~stupid~~
gentleman named Egan and his wife
who had been at Mentone during the

winter, he is in the R. H. A. (rank I don't know) comes from the Kings C^o, was a well known mathematical man in T. C. D. some years ago and is pleasant and has lots to say.

Then came a young man named Lyell (Canterbury) who is going out to Queens-land this month to sheep farm.

A. M^r and M^{rs} O'Neill, an Italian, an Hungarian who is a painter, some French people and a dozen or so of Americans mostly Bostonians, some from Louisiana. Very few of these however dine at the table d'hôte, but all appear at intervals in the Salon; in the evening some one plays and there is generally music going on from seven till ten, but it is a decidedly "slow" house, no fun or larking of any kind; the English and Americans

won't mix, oil and water would mix better than they do.

I hear the Americans much resort to the giant Louvre and Grand Hotels; at one of them, I forget which, a written order has to be given for everything even down to "another egg". The Americans are all in a panic about the proposed American Cholera quarantine; I heard a party of 6 or 7 ordering their passages via the Havre and New York Line this morning. How fond the French are of having clocks in every room! It is more for ornament than use however as the majority of them are never going. I am tired of waiting here and intend to start to day with intention of reaching London at noon tomorrow. Now, at 11. a. m., it is raining hard and looks most comfortless.