

MCGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
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My dear Mother,

I forget from
which point I wrote before
last, but it was somewhere
in Italy, & you will see that
I have been hurrying along
to have reached Paris so soon.
I stayed on the way back a
day in Rome, where I bought a
ticket to London. Then a night
in Florence, a day in Genoa.
From Genoa I went to Nice,
remained there twenty-four
hours & then came on to
Marseilles. Stayed there yesterday

as I had run across a
 gentleman who I had met
 previously several times in Italy
 & who was led to see something
 of Massalles, & came on last
 night with him here. Now
 I think of it I don't know
 why I have been in such a hurry,
 for there is not time to make
 my round & get to Liverpool
 for the steamer of the 7th, & that
 of the 14th leaves me rather more
 days than I know what to
 do with. However, as everything
 I have or had has been broken
 stolen, however worn out dog-
 gared or otherwise unworkable,

I fancy a few days
may be spent here very well
in becoming civilized again.

Today has been fine by good
luck, for bad weather has been
the rule here lately, but after Italy
it feels extremely cold & raw.

It is a common mistake
from our distance to suppose
that Europe is quite a small
place. From Marseilles to
here is a distance of between
5- & 600 miles, & the climate
is totally different. I came
by a fast express train which
stopped only five or six times

& made the journey in
 about fifteen hours, which is
 excellent for France. I think I
 received a least 300 miles of
 perturbed visions, however, & do
 not in consequence feel particularly
 bright today. I am staying here
 at the Hotel de Lille & d'Albion
 where I was in the spring, but
 there seem to be about as many waiters
 & as guests now. I know there
 was something more I was led to
 say when I sat down but must write
 again if I think of it, as the mail
 goes out very soon. If I sail
 on the 14th & have good luck I
 may get to all the above on
 Christmas.

your affectionate son
 George.