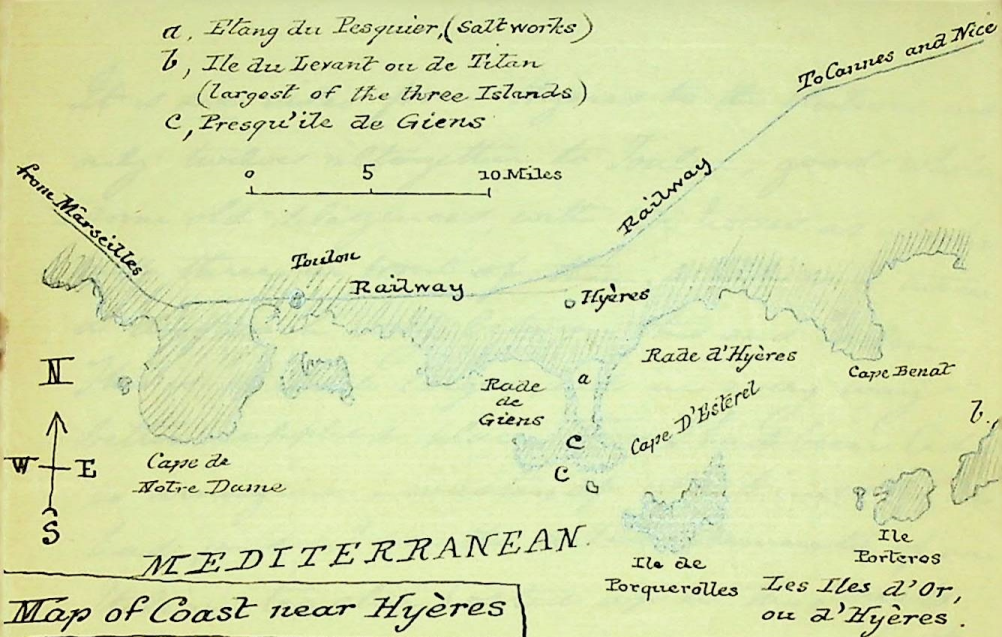


- a, Etang du Pesquier, (salt works)
 b, Ile du Levant ou de Titan
 (largest of the three Islands)
 c, Presqu'île de Giens



Hyères, Var. Nov. 3/65.

My dear Maumma,

At the head of this sheet I have made a little sketch map of the country about here. I got a little map extending from Toulon ^{to Nice} - the dept. du Var, for 4 and this is a tracing of part of it - it is in pencil, the land shewn by shading but I dare say it will last long enough! The largest of the three islands runs off the paper, and I will remark that the railway though shewn as on the printed map is very loosely put on: it is more than twice as far from Hyères to Railway station as from Hyères to the sea for instance. The scale is very small about 8 miles to an inch.

from Hyères down ^{to} the shore of the Rade d. Hyères
is all flat, from Hyères to the Rade de
Giens, wooded hills of some height command-
-ing a lovely view. The Presqu'île de Giens
is a low peninsula, very peculiar and not
unlike Howth in general outline, there
are two narrow necks of land con-
-necting it with the main land, between
these is an Etang, now known as the
"new saltworks;" here they make 22,000 ^{tons}
of salt yearly, almost solely by evaporation.
The Rade de Giens is a lovely bay with wooded
hills almost running into the sea, but I see
no rocks anywhere on the actual shore.

It is six miles from Nîmes to the station and only twelve altogether to Toulon, good whole some old diligences, with two horses as wheelers and three in front of them, still run twice a day each way between this and Toulon. This is a much larger, and in every way better supplied place than I had been led to imagine, masters of all kinds to be had, and I see the advertisements of an Italian teacher posted up in the streets. There does not seem to be any good book-seller. On Sunday last I noticed a great number of butterflies, almost all our common and handsome ones. The yellow strongflying butterfly which Papa will remember hunting with me near Sandown Fort, is one of the commonest here - the *Colias Edusa*, or Clouded Yellow. The painted Lady is also very common (*Cynthia Cardui*) Please look out for me in Westwood (Blue Sw., 2nd shelf from bottom, near window - large bookcase) the Latin name of the "Small Copper" also that of Common Blue. *Polyommatus* something. Also in red moth book in small bookcase in drawingroom the Latin name of the Hum -

— wing bird hawkmoth ~~Sphinx~~ ^{Sphinx} — ?
Except Sunday, every day has been more or
less wet since I came, but instead of the
time hanging heavy on hands, I never have
half time to do what I want. At present
my proceeding in French is to read some
book, newspaper and grammar each day,
I also translate a piece ^{of} French into English
one day, and retranslate it next day, then
compare with original, correct faults and
try to find out from the grammar why they
should be so translated. As in German
the point to be sought is, in what do the two
languages differ, how? and why?; of course
it is waste of time to study any part of the
grammar that corresponds with our own.
I find the whole thing coming back very
fast, at Dresden I could write the French
as easily and correctly as German, but
never practising it, of course it temporarily
disappeared. I never was fluent in con-
versation so of course that cannot come
back. To day it poured all day so I staid
indoors and wrote a long German letter to
the Baroness v. S. and a ditto English to Miss
v. S. I am given La Patrie and Galignani to read
every evening. I like both, but they are badly printed

Nov. 4. This is a fine day at last, one humming
bird hawk moth has been into the room already
so it must be tolerably fine. By all means
I should like to have an introduction to the Mar-
seilles Taylors (Daniel & Philip). It might be
very useful some day. I got an "Express" from
Grandma yesterday. You had better address
P. Restante still; it will save trouble if I should
change. I object strongly to your spelling
Ferians with two ess. On All Souls eve
(Toussaint) I heard some splendid ringing
in the Marketplace; it lasted more than
an hour and was very pleasant to hear. I
have not heard anything like it since I was
in Germany. The peasantry here are, "fine looking
set, like a cross between Italians and Minister
men, not a bit like Frenchmen of northern
France, nor does their dialect sound like French
it is an atrocious patois and they sound the fine
vowels which in true French would be mute;
however they talk intelligibly when addressing
strangers and on the whole, look sufficiently
sufficantly to be interest^{re}ing. On Sunday last I was
down walking on the shore when a douanier
(i.e. coast guard in this case) offered to ferry
me across a small creek which was ^{he} going to
cross, and assured me it ^{was} much shorter to Hyeres

from the other side, so I went across, the next
donaire I met stammered very much so I
could not understand much of his directions,
however he said I could not miss the way,
which however I did, and a country woman
I next inquired of, was almost as unintel-
-ligible, and I was longer later out than I
had intended to be. No one else has
arrived at this Hotel yet. This being Satur-
-day perhaps some may appear. A very
common colour here for garments is red
or rather ~~red~~ crimson which has a very gay
effect, a tawny yellow is another favourite
colour for scarfs and dresses. The women
wear huge straw hats and the girls do up
their jet black hair in a great bunch behind
with stripes and strings (vertical) of pearls.
On Thursday I went to the Montagne des Oiseaux
overlooking the Rade de Lyons; I think the
summit is about as high as the Shepherd's Cot-
-tage on Rostrevor Mountain or perhaps higher,
it is covered with stunted pines and the dwarf
brickly oad - not as large high as porge -
which is so plentiful here. There is a lovely
view from the top, from Toulon over to the
far east. There is so much new in the way

of plants and shrubs that I never can get
far, being perpetually stopping to look at
novelties. Rosemary is very common, it is in
flower now and also has red berries, the
latter I never saw in England. There are
plenty of small shrubs of arbutus covered with
large orange and crimson berries; cypress,
stunted oak, wormwood, myrtle in flower
and with berries (all plants seem to be in both
stages), heath of several kinds, large broom,
a plant like a branching rush, another shrub
somewhat what like a dwarf *Bradleya globosa*
with narrow dark green leaves, which I fancy
I have seen in English gardens, a plant like
large single sweet william, another like stock
(now in flower that I can see), a small shrub
with light green leaves (a cross between box &
holly) spiked at the end, and a bright ~~crimson~~
scarlet berry like a cherry, but hard, growing
out of the centre of the leaf; a creeper with
prickly arrow shaped leaves, blossom like clematis,
and a variegated variety of same, juniper
with its brown berries and bruechy stonecrop;
- that is a pretty good list of novelties in the
walks of two days! There is a shrub here
which puzzles me, its leaves are dark green,

small, ²minimosa like ~~and fleshy~~, berries small
& round, red, and black afterwards (they) some-
what like elder berries: the shrub grows
2 or 3 feet high and is woody. Do you know
it from this description? The dwarf prickly
oak is covered with long acorns, with prick-
ly cups. I think I have seen the Quercus Ilex
but am not quite sure, Pines and corkwood
are the only two native trees that I have seen
and few of either are twenty feet high; every-
thing seems dwarfed. I don't fancy pitching into
botany all alone, but perhaps some botanical
lady or gentleman may turn up among the
visitors, if any do come here instead of going
Canned. For anyone who can walk and climb
this seems to be a pleasant place, but I wish
the sea was a little nearer, it is $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$
an hours walk to the nearest place, and there
the shore is uninteresting. I never can get half
what I want to say into a letter and seem
to be always writing. I wish I had brought
a portable copying press with me to keep copies
of letters for my own use. It is too much to
write long letters and ^a journal too. Ask uncle
Joe to send you my letters to him, to be kept for me.
Your affectionate son
Francis E. Prendergast.

If ever you will forward my letters to J.S.P.