

My dear Mamma (Ajères).

Nov. 13. 1865

I enclose a note I received from Dora this morning, I had written to her regarding Cannes to know what sort of a place it was, with a view to future change to that place; she seems to think I am going at once, though I never said I was going at all! But people will jump to conclusions. This hotel, though first class, is not likely to have any French visitors, nor probably many of any sort during this season, last week one young Englishman turned up, named Roberto - from Morpeth - but he is not much of an acquisition, a great invalid and belonging to the commercial class. Yesterday there was English service for the first time - congregation of 15, all told, some of them French I fancy, afterwards I was introduced to ^{Dr} Griffiths by Roberto (who was here last winter); he is a younger man, very continental, and I did not much fancy him; he is a great invalid, and has to spend his winters in warmer climates, but I understand makes a good thing of it. I was looking this morning at one of the Pension Bourgoise's, but did not much like the look of it, dinner at 10.30, dinner at 5.30, terms 6 francs a day.

I think one day this week I shall go over to Cannes
for the day (and night) to see the Ps and
have a look what sort of a place it is. It is
3 hours by rail. I wish to have the subject of
staying ^{here} or moving "ventilated" by you, uncle
Joe, &c, so I hope to hear something on this
point. I have just got yours enclosing P.M. &
for which I am much obliged, I wish I had
known about their being Marseilles people
before I passed through the place.

I have just ~~received yours~~ of been investing in
a soft felt hat but could not find one quite
to my mind. The chaplain's note to Dora
was very civil, but only a list of likely Pensioners
at Cannes (i.e. of those where French consular...

Saturday I went down to the sea at a new part, but it was not any more interesting; it always takes me nearly an hour to get to the shore. Yesterday I went in the afternoon to L'Hermitage an ancient, but partly rebuilt chapel on a hill a little to the south of the town; it has the best view about here that I have yet seen and is only two miles off up a gentle ascent. From Fenouillet I saw what might ~~might~~ either have been snow covered Alps or clouds, in the far N. E., it is the second time I have seen them in the same place, so begin to think they must be snow mountains. The weather continues

Clear, bright and warm - a little windy and daisy
to day; M. Carvin says it is "St. Martin's
summer" in the language of Provence. St.
Martin's day was on Saturday I think. Here
the country people instead of saying Chataign
(for Chestnut) say "Castanya^{or ia}" - quite Italian.
At the Pension this morning I found Mdm
Leriquet rather hard to understand - the
people try to talk French French with strangers
but the Provencal keeps cropping out now
- then. I do not want Doras letter back
let uncle Joe see it. I will make up
a longer letter next time. It is 2.30 now
and I have scarcely been out to day.

Your affectionate son Francis E. Prendergast