

Djers.

Dec 7. 1865.

My dear Mamma,

I have decided, unless something unforeseen occurs, to move to Cannes on Thursday the 14th, so please address to me Poste Restante Cannes, and let my intended move be known as much as you can so that my letters may go there.

The de Vases leave for Cannes on Monday, the Squires on Tuesday, and I stop to finish out the month with Payau. I don't yet know to what Hotel I am going - there are literally dozens of hotels large and small there, the Grand Hotel makes up 250 beds!

Tuesday Sir N. de V. and I joined the Squire in a walk to the Hermitage and as we got back at 4 he and I went for a further walk, in which we met Hope-Scott, to whom I was introduced; I had seen him in the Committee Rooms before. He has bought 8½ acres near this hotel in a capital situation and is going to build a house for a winter residence for himself; he has begun by constructing a huge cistern

about the size of a large drawingroom.
He comes here every winter. Yesterday
Sir V. de V. and I went off to Fenouillet
the rocky point at the western end of this
chain; it was a clear day and we had
a grand view; the snowy range in the
far north east looked very fine.

To day I dined with the Neres at 10.30,
and at 11 went off to the Presqu'île de
Gien. It took me two hours to get there
and the views out there were glorious;
blue sea, green pines, brown rocks and
luxuriant vegetation with a blue sky and
sun overhead that would have shamed
an English summer. Butterflies and dragon-
flies were there in abundance and I saw
plenty of lizards on the road. Lady de V.
had kindly given me some dried figs,
& which with a roll, I eat under the shade
of a fine pine, sitting on the roots. There
the only sign of life was a large mosquito
who left a reminder on my ankle. The
slaty rock is all cut into little coves by
the waves and in these coves the shelving

beach consists of pure white gravel, the
beryl coloured waves gently coming in over
it looked lovely; further out, the sea was
deep, deep blue, it could not have been
painted too blue. The Presqu'ile is a
favourite place for donkey party pic-nics
in ordinary seasons. How lovely the bright
green of the maritime pine is! In shape
it most resembles a Scotch fir which it has
reached a head, but its colour is a bright
light green like young corn. To^{day} I saw
an old woman at a door with a distaff,
the first I have seen here. I received yours
of 2^d yesterday. I don't expect there will
come any more "Churchmans F. Mgs."

I also had a letter from Gower; Blair
has had a good deal of work this year and
they have had the same late work as last
year. The Railway works however are
not yet commenced, nor anything yet done
about the Clyde Bridge. Gower was still
living at the Thomsons at Broadalbane
Terrace. To day I had a letter from
Miss Nash but no very special news.
I think Miss Taylor seems to have given me

up as a correspondant. I wonder why
Miss V. I. does not write? To day I also
had a letter from aunt Leacock and
shall enclose a note for her in this,
which please forward. She says she
never gets any news about me, as you
always refer her to the Combe Down aunts
and they scarcely ever tell her anything
about me! Perhaps they might give
a different version of the story, but at
all events I will send her some news
direct. To day when about a mile or two
from the town, coming home, the Squires and
Roberts overtook me in an open carriage
and gave me a lift in; they had been
taking a long drive round by Carqueiranne.
Lady de V. is very kind, always getting some-
thing for me to look at; yesterday she brought
me in a lovely little green tree frog to look
at, and to day a Basque grammar, ^{which} she got
the loan of from some friend here, and she
thoughtfully gave me those figs for my expedi-
-ition to day. This is to be posted on the 8th.
According to some photos that the Squires have
The Maison Carrée and Amphitheatre at Nîmes
must be very fine and perfect, the former particularly.
Your affect. son Francis E. Prendergast.