

Villa Marie-Thérèse

Cannes,

Dec 16. 1865.

My dear Mamma

On Wednesday I went and called on Mr
Brookes, he having called on me the day
before, and was very glad to make his ac-
quaintance, but as I left on Thursday mor-
ning our knowledge of each other must be
rather limited. Drewitt left the Hotel
d'Orléans the evening of Wednesday, the
French family of three were leaving on Thurs-
day so poor Roberts was left absolutely alone
in the house! All the pools were frozen
on the morning I left, so you see it is
not always real summer on this coast.

(I have an odious little table to write on
here - it is very aggravating). Well I left
Hyères at nine and reached Cannes at
three after a cold and tiresome journey,
the latter part of the way the line runs
along the coast, à la Brayhead line,
and is very pretty, but cold, dark leaden
clouds hung like a pall over the scene
and sure enough when I got to Cannes
it was snowing and the high moun-
-tains in the north were all snow clad.

I went to the Grand Hotel and having left
my traps there, went off to the Belle Vue
Hotel to see Dora and C^o; it is a long
ways from one end of the town to the
other, more than a mile, and these
two hotels are at opposite ends. Well I
found Dora just coming in and I went up
and saw Charles and Alice, the latter ^{former}
looking very much better than when I had
last seen him and seemingly in good
spirits. Dora gave me a note from
Mrs Greene asking me to come to this
Pension and take her son Dawson's room
till he arrives (end of next week), so I
came down to thank her and say I would
come next day. Poor Elise is no better;
she got better at Wildbad and then while
they were waiting at Geneva for that
imaginary bugbear, the cholera, to cease,
it became so cold and wet that she got
rheumatism and undid all the good she
had gained in summer. Then I went back
to the Grand Hotel and as the table d'hôte
bell rang and I emerged from my room
at one end of a long corridor, the Squires

came along from the other end! I knew they would be there, but certainly did not expect to meet them in this fashion.

The table d'hôte there was large, about 30 people sat down, all English and all the waiters English speaking Germans; the fare not good. There is a nice public salon well supplied with newspapers, and the visitors seem to use it a good deal. The house was nearly full. Next morning I again met the Squires at breakfast and afterwards got my traps shifted over here. This is a small pretty Villa kept by a Swiss (Geneva) lady Madame Fatio who comes here for the benefit of her daughters health. Mrs Greene and ~~Elise~~ Elise, two other ladies, a Mrs Nevin and a Miss Copeland (sisters), from the household. We are just below the Belle Vue, Dora is constantly in and out, and there is a perpetual in and out of friends and relatives. Yesterday afternoon Elise and Mrs Nevin went out on donkey for ~~an~~ an hour and a half and Miss Copeland and I went with them on foot

Lunch is at 12.30 dinner at 5.30 and we all sit a while afterwards in the salon; last night Mrs G. Elise and I retired at 9 to Elise's room to sit another hour there, as it is more comfortable than the salon.

This morning I breakfasted alone with Mme Fatio at 8, a nice Swiss breakfast with egg, honey and cold meat; she cannot speak a word of anything but French, so it is good for practice for me in talking French.

My first impression of Cannes was "a horrid place" very lovely no doubt, but it is town-like, English, and swell to an extent that grates on my feelings after ^{Niçes} Cannes, moreover though there are said to be nice walks, one must always have to go a long way to get clear of villas and high walls. It is ^a very large place in appearance, the villas are so scattered. The visitors are almost all English - a few French - there are many grand carriages driving about and a Mr Woolfield gives croquet parties every Thursday. Two English churches, services every day in one of them.

The sea views are lovely, quite different in style from Hyères, grander and ~~less~~ bare from absence of trees, but not near so pretty. Yesterday and to day the weather has been bright and clear but cool, it has the reputation of being colder than Hyères. Sir V. de V. I must try and find out, I don't know where he is. Lady de V. wrote to Mrs Squire saying she liked the hotel they were stopping at so much and hoped the Squires would come to it, but unfortunately she forgot to say what hotel or pension it was! Dawson Greene comes next week so I shall then have a walking companion but shall have to find other quarters as there is no room here. I enclose the heading to the Grand Hotel bill. It gives a tolerably faithful idea of the hotel and the hills in the back ground. The hotel is really gigantic, and bar the table d'hôte, is a good one; it is Anglo-German - all the servants above "boots" seem to be German, and English is the hotel language.

I shall get off a letter to J. S. P. in a few days when I see something more of this place. I hear great numbers of people are expected here after Christmas. Tell aunt Nannie I shall go and call on Miss Campbell; the Villa Christiana is close to this. The rail is a nuisance here, at this side of the town it runs close to the shore and cuts off free access to the beach. The number of new hotels and houses, just built, and building is very surprising. I dare say my letters will be slow in reaching me here, Mrs Greene says the P. O. here is conducted on very easy going principles and letters are often delayed. I am the only man in this household of six ladies.

Your affectionate son
Francis E. Prendergast