

Cannes

Dec. 20. 1865.

My dear uncle Joe,

I arrived here last Thursday having left one solitary individual in the Hotel d'Orion at Hyères. Poor Hyères! It is a bad season for it. At the moment I am stopping in the Villa Marie-Thérèse with Mr Greene and Elise Travers but have to move to-morrow to make room for young Dawson Greene and I have not yet fixed on my new abode. Many of the Pensions here are quite full - of English solely for the most part. This is an English colony pure and simple, almost the only other visitors are Russians. There is one great nuisance here, an excessively irregular Post Office; all my letters are sent up to Charley at the Bellevue, though the man at the Post Office acknowledged that he thought they were not for him! I hear complaints on all sides. It is utterly different here from Hyères, brighter, a hotter sun and clearer air, with the most magnificent scenery and walks, at the same time there is less variety

I have arranged to stay on here some days longer at all events.

of both and I don't think they are so attractive as at Hyères though far superior in actual beauty and grandeur. There are no nice walks in the immediate neighbourhood; nothing nearer than half an hour or so. However it is a brighter, gayer place with more to look at and I like being actually on the sea instead of three miles from it. The town (mairie) is about as large as Hyères, semi-Italian and the patois quite unintelligible to me, at Hyères it was not quite so bad.

The views from some of the neighbouring hills are very grand; one overlooks this glorious Golfe de la Napoule, on which Cannes is situated, with the Esterel Mts on its western side, then to the east the Golfe de Jouan (the scene of Napoleon's landing from Elba), a fine bay but not equal to this one, just beyond it Antibes further on the glistening white houses of Nice and the long line of the Corniche Road, or rather I should say the Riviera, dying out in blue haze in the far east.

In the IV. E. the splendid snow clad

peaks and ranges of the Alpes Maritimes many miles away. This is the view, but it looks much the same from all points, like a handsome face without expression. The Esterels are a most picturesque range, six miles or so distant the railway provokingly runs through them and does not stop anywhere till some distance on the further side.

The Bellevue seems to be a most comfortable house, Charley looks quite a different being from the time I last saw him, almost hearty, and seems cheery and reasonably contented with the place, he seems to cough very little and has quite energy enough to abuse vigorously continental in general and Frenchmen in particular at which Dora and I assist him to the best of our abilities. He walked to and from church on Sunday, not very far, but there is a considerable hill (two indeed) and seems to go up and down stairs without any difficulty. He goes out driving a good deal, and the only thing he complains of is having so few men to talk

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Unfortunately we know so little about each others antecedents, and as I cannot talk military "shop" or be engineering ditto, I am afraid I cannot do much in the way of amusing him. The weather now is gloriously bright and warm from about 9 a.m. to 3.30 or 4 p.m. but the mornings and evenings are very cool; I fancy there is a slight frost every night. There has not been the usual amount of rain yet, so I suppose we shall have some more. This climate is very different from Mjeres - about the same kind of difference as between the south of England and the south of Ireland. It is ever so much drier here; the skin and hair show it distinctly. Mr Rolfe our clergyman is very active and anxious to be useful in any way, I called on him on Monday and he returned the visit to day. I have also called on one of Mrs Hardens friends. The Squires and Sir Vere de Vere are both here, the latter I have had one or two walks with, but as they are in the eastern, and I in the western town, more than a mile apart we do not often meet. Your affect. nephew F. E. P.