

Cannes. Jan. 8. 1866.

My dear Mamma,

On Friday we went to Grasse, our party consisting of the Wuthanks, Dora, Alice Mrs Whately, her two little girls and myself, two carriage loads. We left at ten and were back at 4.30. The day was fine and having our provisions with us we pic-niced in the public garden at Grasse much to the surprise of the natives in general and the children in particular, afterwards we visited some of the bon-bon establishments for which and perfumeries Grasse is famous. The ladies spent about 40 or 50 francs in bon-bons and boxes for them; there is every imaginable kind of form and shape of these articles, mostly pretty good.

On returning I got your letter of the 2^d. The Roberts who died at Hyères is not the one I knew; Brooks told

me the day before I left that this Roberts was very far gone.

John Travers has just arrived and his arrival makes some changes in this house not at all to my taste.

There is a public salon which we all used in the evening, Mrs Niven and Miss Copland have a salon of their own up stairs but always spent part of the evening in the general salon; now the Greenes and Travers have got the general salon for themselves and though of course it will be as free to me as heretofore, still Madame and Miss Fatio will now be in one room, Mrs N. & Miss C. in the salon and the Greenes, and Travers and I in the large salon, an arrangement not at all suiting my ideas. When living in this way I like to be in a large salon and have a lot of

people to talk to and look at.

To day it came on to blow a regular "mistral" (N.W. wind) strong, but not cold and with a clear sky.

Mr Rolfe the clergyman has a notice up in his vestry requesting that sermons shall not exceed 20 minutes, and his own are never so much; is not that a good arrangement?

I forget if I ever told you that all the floors, and stairs too, here are tiled with small ^{red} polished octagonal or hexagonal tiles; they have the advantage of great cleanliness. The great objection to them is their slippiness when not carpeted. They are quite universal here. The little port here is amusing to watch; of course ~~there~~ ^{are} none but small coasting vessels come in here and a steamer (Nice & Marseilles) twice a week.

Charley is looking much better even since

I came and he himself told me that an Italian doctor a friend of his who comes over now and then from Nice to visit him (not professionally) also thinks him looking much better.

I saw a flock of goats and sheep going along the road the other morning, and the herdsman had a lump of salt in his hand and there was great contention among the animals to get a lick of it! I see a few Americans about here now, some of them most unmistakable specimens. An "American Dentist" lives and practises in a pension close to this. I do not think he seems to get much to do. Don't belt me with questions about John Travers; I will tell you about his stay &c, when I find out. I have come to the conclusion that though Cannes is a finer, handsomer, gayier place than Hyères, still as far as mere walks, place and view go, I prefer Hyères. J. E. P.