

Villa Marie-Thérèse Jan. 13. 1866.

My dear Mamma, Carnes

I had a letter from you on the 10th and from Miss Taylor yesterday. C.M.P. also got the papers J.S.P. sent him. On Tuesday I made an attempt to get up some hills called the Tanneron, east of this, but I had not time; some of the heath on them is quite twelve feet high and with stems as thick as my wrist.

On my way back I visited a curious little chapel or called Saint Cassien on the top of a curious little wooded knoll standing, like a path, quite by itself in the plain. A Piedmontese monk lives there and at the time I was there was entertaining a tramp in his little den. In the evening of same day it came on to a violent thunder-storm which the natives say is very unusual while the Mistral is blowing. Next day the same mistral was changed to a wet south wind and the sea got up in grand style, great

rollers coming tumbling in and then
dering on the beach. Another day I
went up to Le Carnet and walked from
that over some wooded hill to a curious
town called Mougins built on the top
of a conical hill, a very strange place
and commanding a grand panoramic
view. Yesterday was very fine and I
went up some hills to the east of this
and had a fine view of Nice, but the
coast beyond was invisible yesterday.
Yours of 9th has just come.

There is a small garden in front of the
house, very sunny and pleasant; Elise
sits out there a great deal and Green
and Travers use it largely for smoking.
There are handsome red roses in bloom
it and some smaller flowers, a pepper
tree with pepper-corns (pink shell) on
it, a Japan Medlar (qu?) with large
sweet smelling white flowers, & and
orange and lemon trees, some with fruit
on them, some just coming into flower.
My uncle's letter received yesterday.

a note from antitet?

he says C. Otley has got a curacy at Stony Stratford and that his mother is going to live with him.

John Travers has got 4 months leave and will be at Cannes till April.

He is not an acquisition as he seldom opens his mouth and when he does seldom says anything remarkable.

He has been suffering from neuralgic headaches, but has not had any since his arrival here.

I am getting rather tired of this place and off of the Pension; it is so very "slow" no change of people and little variety indoors or out of doors; un-

less I hear something against so doing from you or uncle Joe I think I shall move on to Nice early in February for a week or so, en route for Mentone and further east; I am beginning to fidget for want of something to do.

I am anxious to try San Remo, 30 miles beyond Nice which is now getting into favour as a winter place; from

all I hear it must be a pleasant place, and there are large hotels there with ~~sal~~ public salons an institution which is always a great boon to single men as one thus gets society. There was are getting more "split up" every day, and the general salon is all but deserted.

If uncle James could persuade himself to try a winter in this climate I am sure it ~~fr~~ would produce permanent benefit. To day it warm and cloudless; I hope we may get another spell of "midsummer" weather again.

I see the De Veres at are at Nice now; they were going on to San Remo. Bordighera, within a few miles of S. Remo was the scene of Doctor Antonio. Sometimes people winter at Bordighera but there is only one hotel there as yet. I am writing in a hurry as Dawson Greene and I are going off for a walk. Your affect. son

Francis E. Prendergast.