

Cannes

Jan. 25. 1866.

My dear Mamma

Yours of 20th arrived yesterday, also a letter from young Fogerty, he says he was in Lima for a month at Christmas and also that "Josephyn and I went down to see Ridings in his own house, one night before Christmas," "he seems very happy with the wife who "manages top-top in her own house."

I presume Ridings is living in his £50 house at Blackheath. I don't think R.F. told anything else that would interest you.

On Tuesday Dawson and I went off at 10.30 to a place called Anisbean 8 miles from this, a curious little village on the top of a high hill in a very pretty situation; we then went on up the mountains called Le Tannerow, said to be inhabited by the descendants of the Moors who formerly held part of this country; these hills are covered on their lower slopes with pine woods and at the top are partly covered with brushwood and partly cultivated by these "Moors", we saw two chapels and houses innumerable, but if

there is anything to represent a village, we did not come on it. We spoke to some of the people we met and at one house where we asked the way an old woman asked us to come in; there was only one chair in the room, one table and one bed and no window of any kind, but a liberal supply of light came down the capacious chimney; we could understand very little but she was polite and lamented having nothing in the house to offer us. One thing struck both Dawson and me as being strange, the spoke of us as being French and natives, while they spoke of themselves as strangers and not able to talk French. We could make ^{out} but very few words at all intelligible and those only such as village for village, église for église and so on; however as the Provençals sound final vowels this is somewhat like the Patois. We did not get back till near five and had 7 hours hard walking, but it was almost all new and interesting. Yesterday evening I was up at the Bellevue, going up by Doris's special

request "to help to tease Alice"!

They are all very flourishing; C.M.P. came down here yesterday and paid a long visit to Mrs Greene and Elise. He seems in very good spirits and though I dare say he, Dora and Alice would all rather be in London, still they certainly make the best of being here.

We still have clear fine weather; yesterday it blew strongly from the east and in the wind was cool enough.

I should not care for the Italian dictionary. I am meditating moving on to Nice next week, but do not intend to stop there more than a few days and then go on to Mentone. You might address to me at Poste Restante ~~Mentone~~ Mentone, Alpes Maritimes France to reach me thus up till Feb. 6th after that till further advised, San Remo Italy. Please let uncle Joe know of this as soon as convenient.

I do not remember if I ever mentioned that Mentone is about 15 miles from Nice and San Remo about 15 miles

beyond Mentone. You had better get under
Franks Doctor Antonio and read it up.
The French frontier is now at, or near
Ventimiglia between Mentone and San
Remo. I expect to meet the Squires at
Mentone and the de Peres at San Remo.
This fine weather makes me fidgetty to get
underweigh and be doing and seeing some-
thing new, but at the same time I am
so comfortable here as to be unwilling to
make the first move. It is very lovely
weather now, so clear and bright, seldom
any clouds and the sun so warm, however
the mornings and evenings about sun-
rise and sunset are always fresh, if not
cold; it gets warmer again about an hour
after sunset. Do not direct any more
letters to me here, at present. This I
think ought to reach you on Sunday,
possibly not till Monday.

Your affectionate son

Francis E. Prendergast.