

Cannes. Jan. 29. 1866.

My dear Mamma

Yours of 23^d arrived on 26th. Also a letter from Charley the same day. I presume from it that he will be in town, this, or next week. Mr Richardson has been at the Hotel de Provence ever since he came but either he or some other Mr R. has a villa here. On Thursday Dawson and I walked to Antibes and back, we also went out to the end of the long peninsula which runs out beyond Antibes; we there found some crocuses just like our autumnal ones. Antibes itself seems a dull little garrison town, very uninteresting, but prettily situated with a view of Nice and a long range of the Corniche road.

On Saturday we had a long walk in the Tanneron hills, but lost our way entirely, and did not accomplish what we started to do, a "short cut" across the hills by which we hoped to save an hour lost us three hours! However we were back in time for dinner. Two yachts have been in here, one of them a little steamer belonging to Blakeley,

the gun inventor, and also a small French
war steamer. I see the French papers
translate "proclaimed" by being "put in
state of siege" (!) another paper says they
expect the whole county of Ulster will soon
be placed under martial law. This for
uncle Frank. Lord Brougham was in
church yesterday afternoon, looking very
old and feeble. I see peas in blossom
in several places about and the orange
flowers are coming out in all directions.
In the Tannemore on Saturday I saw a fine
holly tree, the first I have seen in this
country anywhere; there was but the one
tree that I could see. There are flocks
of very nice white goats in these hills; they
look most picturesque when seen like white
dots on the high hills from below; they are
much whiter than sheep ever are.

I have made a change ⁱⁿ of my plans; instead
of stopping at San Remo now I am going
on eastward first. Dawson Greene wishes
to come with me and as he is soon to
return to England I must go now if I
want company. Tomorrow (Tuesday 30th)

I intend to go on to Nice and at the end of the week to Mentone. As at present arranged D.G. will leave this on Monday Feb. 5th and meet me some evening at Mentone, we then mean to send our portmanteaus on to Genoa and follow them on foot, expecting to get to Genoa by Sunday Feb. 11th, so you may address to me there for that day. If cash is then found not to be running out too fast we purpose again proceeding on foot, having previously forwarded portmanteaus, towards Florence and I think you might address to me at Florence for Feb. 18th.

It is on the morning of the 6th I expect we shall leave Mentone. Of course you will not address to me now at San Remo, and will let uncle Joe hear of all this at once. I have literally used up every place within reach of Cannes now, with one exception and I am going on a picnic with the Kearneys to that place to day. I do not know, but imagine from what I hear that Mrs Greene is soon to return to England, so only Eliza and her brother will

be left here. I am very glad to think of being
once more wandering, as this fine weather
and long absence from work is making me
fidgety to be doing something; in travelling
through a new country and people one is at
least getting new impressions and pleasures
as Cannes is I am pretty well tired of it.
I do not much like the general run of
the English people here, a few are nice,
but not the generality, and there is a large
sprinkling of that objectionable class of
~~English~~ known as "Continental English"
who as a general rule are anything but
nice people, the ladies I think deteriorate
more than the gentlemen, but both get
vapid, mindless creatures, whose only
aim seems to be to kill time anyhow.

We still have the same glorious weather,
yesterday people coming to Church under
white umbrellas, yet it was cold enough
at sunset. Your affectionate son
Francis E. Prendergast.