

Cambs. April 16. 1866.

My dear Mamma &

Yours of 11th reached me yesterday - the day before arrived the one from Florence with note of introduction to O'Hara. I return the list having marked with a stroke what is to be brought and with a circle (O) what I do not want. If there is a large unmounted map of London & environs bring that, but not the small mounted one in red cover. The Russian young ladies were quite alone, they said they did not mind travelling about alone except in France where they found it would not do - a nice compliment to the most civilized nation in Europe. Nobody here could make out the riddle without help. at 8 o'clock

On Thursday morning, I left Genoa in the Banquette or Imperiale of the diligence and came right through to Nice getting there at 10 a. m. on Friday, just 26 hours; our longest stop was $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour for dinner at one place. I got rail on from Nice and was here at noon none the worse for the long journey. We had some incidents on the road, first a landslide in a very awkward

place right across the road which was
there some 60 feet above the sea and no
protecting wall of any kind. The labourers
who were clearing away the stuff had to
put their shoulders to the wheels to help
us over it and the passengers seemed very
uneasy while this was doing. Then in
one of the narrow turns the driver ~~drove~~
drove us against the side wall and
damaged the top of the diligence. At
another we had seven horses to help us
through some mud which was axle deep.
But finally all the passengers had to get
~~out~~ and dodge along by the sides as best
they could, even then the seven horses
could scarcely drag out the diligence.

We had six horses almost all the way.
Coming along the coast each stage seemed
to bring us into finer weather till at last
at Nice the weather was fairly summer-
like, hot blazing sun and blue sky and sea.

It is the same here and the sun is so
powerful that an umbrella becomes
really desirable. It is regular summer

as far as English ideas go. We have new potatoes, peas &c, the latter were in all the winter. At Mentone (French frontier) passports were asked for, I replied "Anglais" and was passed at once, the others had to show theirs. Mentone looked very lovely in the clear early morning at 5 a.m. Now that I am once more in France I feel sorry at being out of Italy and amongst these hateful French folk; still it some comfort to think that the people in this house are Swiss and don't belong to that race of mongrel curs, the French. C. W. P. and E. passed through to day, I went to see them and found them all looking very well; they are en route to Montreux, are to be at Paris the end of the month and if the weather is fine, in England on May 1st. Miss J. says that "Gerry" has had a cough all the winter and has been ordered to South of France, she says she has had a cough herself too, and that Mrs J. is much frightened at all the coughing.

April 16. 1860.

Cannes is very full, but chiefly with people stopping en route from Menton and Nice to England. I never saw it looking more lovely than to day basking in the hot sun, the Esterels, sea and adjoining hills are perfectly enchanting in their beauty. Certainly I have as yet seen few places to compare with it; some on the Riviéras are as fine but scarcely more lovely. John Travers leaves this week, so Elise and her maid will have to take care of each other.

Mrs Nwin is much better, in fact every one, except those like Lord Harrington who were sent out ~~where~~ with just simply to die, has got better. There are some mosquitos about and the croaking of the frogs in the trees and ditches is rather tiresome.

There are lots of large locust-grasshoppers in the garden which is one mass of flowers. I am thinking of leaving this on Monday 23^d or some day soon after so do not write to me here after receipt of this but address Poste Restante Paris. I expect to meet C. M. P. there.

Your affectionate son
Francis E. Prendergast.