

to get up. They were such quaint bells! Two of them played a sort of joyful accompaniment while the larger bells rang more solemnly and deliberately.

There are such very nice English Churches here; we went to St. Paul's last Sunday. I do wish you could have seen the flowers. Such masses and masses of them and so very beautiful.

The flowers here are something marvelous, geraniums and roses grow up to the tops of the houses, and the banksia roses are trained up over the trees in many places.

The gardens are a blaze of colour, softened by the beautiful green turf. The lovely palms, linerarias, primulus and cyclamen, are quite usual flowers in a garden, and they have some of our flowers too, but all so large and full of blossom.

One day we went to a pottery, it was so very interesting. There was a long shed, where the different sorts of clay are prepared, for the potter's use. Then there is another long shed, where the different potters work at their wheels. The "wheel" is a flat, round piece of board, joined by an iron rod to a much larger round board, which the man puts his feet on and turns round as far as he likes. This makes the small "wheel," at the top, move very quickly. Then the man took a lump of red clay and put it on his wheel and as it turned round quickly, he put his fingers first outside and then inside, and by degrees we saw a beautiful sort of vase growing up, then he finished it and cut it off quickly with a wire, and began to make a sort of bowl. He made three things with one small lump of clay.

Then we saw the great ovens where they bake the clay things to

make them hard, and we saw some women grinding the colours to put on them. There were some pots standing in one place which I thought looked very ugly. They were a dull, dirty brown colour, and they had very stupid, pinkish, white spots dabbled on all over the top of them. I could not think how any body could make such ugly things, but a man, who was standing near, showed us some very pretty pots of a lovely shining green and dark brown colour, and he said when the ugly pots are finished, that was the kind they would be.

Then we saw some men painting flowers and leaves etc. on some of the pottery, and they were doing it so beautifully. We asked the men who gave them the copies or patterns, but he said they did not have any, they just invented the pattern as they painted it. Some of the things they had painted were very lovely, but they were so expensive. My cousin asked how much a very small vase cost, which she admired very much, and it was about nine dollars.

There are some Islands in front of the town, and the "Man in the Iron Mask" is said to have lived on one of them. The prison is still there, and it is used as a prison still.

Napoleon landed close by here in 1815, and there are some trees still shewn under which he had his breakfast as he marched to Grasse. I hope we shall go to Grasse one day. They make perfumes there, and crystallised flowers, and I am sure you would be interested to know all about them.....

With very much love,

Ever your affectionate friend,

ALTHEA MOODY.

Le Lavandon, Var. France.

March 27th., 1901.