

A Holiday Spent Alone.

Now that the summer is far advanced, many are making plans for holidays, and the two momentous questions, "Where shall I go?" and "With whom shall I go?" have to be wrestled with. Of the two the latter is decidedly the most important, for I have known the enjoyment of many a holiday quite ruined by an uncongenial companion, though it has been spent in the most charming surroundings. Having had Brittany recommended to me as a place where living was cheap and the scenery charming, I venture to give an outline of my trip, because I found it all that it had been described, and so that nurses who, like myself, have not travelled far from home may try the experiment and have as successful a holiday as I enjoyed. I took a first-class return ticket from Southampton to St. Malo, which cost 28s., available for 14 days during July, August, and September. This excursion is run by s.s. *Vera*, a beautifully fitted boat, with comfortable cabin accommodation and electric light. Having previously written to Madame Pallot, Maison Mathias, St. Servan, asking to be received at her pension, which had been strongly recommended to me, and telling her I was alone, she kindly replied that her husband would meet the boat, and all I had to do was to ask a sailor to point him out to me, as he was well known.

The boat arrived on Sunday morning early, so, as the Customs did not open until 8 a.m., we were kept prisoners on board until 7 a.m. Monsieur Pallot having by this time arrived, he was very kind in instructing me how to get quickly through the Customs. As this was my first journey out of England I was naturally keenly interested, and was more than surprised to find women assisting in the inspection of baggage. However, this ordeal was soon terminated, and next came a drive in the omnibus which had come to meet us. It was the shakiest I have ever experienced. Arrived at the house, Madame was ready to welcome us; several of the new arrivals were taken to the annexe, while two others and myself entered the house.

On being shown my bedroom, I was delighted to find it had a big window overlooking a charming garden, an easy chair, writing table, and unlimited wardrobe accommodation, so unlike the usual English boarding house. I hastily unpacked a change of dress, and went down to the dining room to breakfast, to find places laid for at least 80 guests. This, I mentally calculated, would, at any rate, relieve the dulness of my own society, and even if I found no congenial spirit I could still look on at the remaining 79. A charming little lady soon made her appearance beside me, and began to talk in such an agreeable manner that I forgot all about being lonely. Before the meal was ended she had promised to take me into St. Malo and show me my way about, and very soon after we started for the quaint old town I found much to interest me. The Bretons are a pious people, spending their Sunday mornings at

church, but after mid-day they begin to amuse themselves, and the Square at St. Malo, where the band plays, becomes a scene of gaiety. Perhaps the best way to get a general idea of the place is to go round the town walls, which form almost an uninterrupted walk round the island, and can be traversed in half an hour. But the best view of the town and surroundings is obtained from the Fort de la Cité, a promontory a little to the west of St. Servan. Here you look down upon the town and on the archipelago of islands grouped around the entrance to the harbour. Among them is the island of Grand Bey, the last resting-place of Chateaubriand, who was a native of this town. After all my sightseeing it was very pleasant to come back to our delightful garden and to discover a tiny little bathing place near by where I promised myself a dip on the morrow.

Some of the delights of the Maison Pallot I soon discovered were the picnics which Madame organised quite frequently. Soon after my arrival we picnicked at Rotheneuf, taking train through Paramé, one of the most famous French watering places. After a twenty minutes' ride we found ourselves among the rocks, which were carved into all manner of strange figures by a hermit many centuries ago, and gave one the feeling of living in a fairy story. A very pleasant trip from St. Servan can be made by steamboat up the beautiful river to Dinan. In some places the woody banks rise to a great height, and the river winds in and out between them until one at last arrives at Dinan. One finds the Citadel 250 feet above. I visited the Civil and Military Hospital (which is one building), presided over by religious Sisters, and I was very interested in comparing their methods with our own. Perhaps what struck me most forcibly on entering was the entire absence of decoration, and, I am sorry to add, the absence, too, of excessive cleanliness, which we have come to look upon as a necessity in England. After leaving the Hospital I walked down the Jersual, which is one of the characteristics of this sleepy old town. It is so precipitous as to be scarcely practicable except on foot, yet in bygone days it was the only approach to the City from St. Malo.

Another day we took a motor launch at the small cost of 2d. and crossed over to Dinard, a very fashionable watering place, with the most beautiful broad silver sand I have ever seen, covered with bathing tents and people clad in bathing costumes. These were of the smartest, and the smarter the suit the less they bathed I noticed! There is a Casino with the usual attractions, and one can hear good concerts every afternoon and evening, I was told. However, we did not go, but preferred to walk along the shore, under the rugged cliffs.

The longest trip I made was to Mont St. Michel, which no one should miss seeing, and, if possible, it is best to spend one night there. I took the train from St. Malo, which is timed to arrive when the tide is out, for it is only joined to the mainland by a narrow neck of land, and it becomes an island at high water, when the tide races in more swiftly than the swiftest horse can travel. Mont St.

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