

Nîmes.

Nov. 14. 1865.

My dear uncle Joe,

To day I begin a letter to you though not sure of sending it off to day. The weather has got much cooler and it has been blowing hard from the east these last few days - bright sun notwithstanding. Yesterday I sent a note of Doras to Tower Terrace to be forwarded to you in due course. I send ^{it} chiefly for the purpose of "ventilating" the subject of staying here or moving elsewhere on this coast - in a "French" point of view this place is likely to be unprofitable. There is a good (I hear) French master here, so if you thought it advisable I could easily get lessons. There is a sort of a Theatre here, but only a Penny Gaff style of affair. On Sunday I met Griffiths the Doctor, and got some rises out of him about Edwin Lee and Hunter; how the profession pitch into Lee! His name is generally like a match in gunpowder if mentioned before regular practitioners. Griffiths, though a youngish man has tried Madeira, Malaga, Arcachon &c and prefers (personally) this coast to any other, he had just come from Pau where everything

was snow clad. At Arcachon all wet, stormy and miserable, houses on that coast he remarked are generally built for summer bathers and not winter visitors. I spent half an hour last week in the cemetery looking for the tomb of Edm. de Parssaval (the Protestant part of the place is only about half the size of Combe Down garden), but could not find it nor did the grave digger know of any such being here. I then went and called on a Mr Patterson, a strange old Englishman who has kept a shop here for more than 30 years and who looks after the protestant cemetery and is a general factotum, but he could throw no light on the subject, but said if the exact date of death could be found, I could refer to the registry in Town Hall. Bradshaws and Murray accounts of this place are both good, but it is still in transition stage from quiet French town to large place of large resort. The cholera has never been here; to day there are thanksgiving masses &c, at the Hermitage Chapel about two miles from this (for preservation of Hyeres from cholera aforesaid) and Philip the waiter tells me "all the world" have gone off

there. For pocket dictionaries I can recommend
Nugent's - French - as being atrociously bad
Williams - German - excellent, this is worth
remembering. I want the proper English terms
for (1) Biscaien, (2) Mitraille (3) Obus.

They are all war terms (artillery) and refer to
projectiles. Can you give them to me?

I have been reading and translating backwards
and forwards a French book called
"Souvenirs de L'Armée D'Orient." (Lille.
chez Lefort. 1858. 12th edition) this I mention
as it might suit aunt Eliza for translation
for English tract or & religious magazines
the stories being well suited to British readers.
I see the rights of translation are reserved, but
a word to the editor would probably settle all
that. In any case it interested me greatly.
Young Roberts - from Morpeth, a young wine mer-
chant - is the only other stranger as yet, ^{in the hotel}; he
has spent two winters at the Cape, part of one
of them at Natal and the last winter here.
he is said to be getting well, but is not able
to walk more than few hundred yards. I have
never gone to see Toulon yet, it is 11 miles and tra-
and omnibusses do not suit well, unless one spends
the entire day at Toulon, which I do not care to do alone

15th. Two Russians arrived last night; they have not appeared yet. I hear a French family of four are expected tomorrow. To day warmer, as there is no wind and hot sun. Yesterday in turning over some stones on one of the hills I found two scorpions, the first live ones I had ever seen.

One I sacrificed to science but lost him on the road home. I hear there are plenty of them but people scarcely ever get stung by them.

I have only seen one snake. Lizards are plentiful enough in some places, but I have only seen the common brown ones as yet. The humming bird hawk moths are very troublesome, they are of course quite harmless, but still it is not pleasant when they come booming into the room and poise themselves so close to ones ear or face as they constantly do. Non-evergreen trees here are only just beginning to show autumnal tints, but the vine leaves are all gone.

I am getting very lazy in doors and feel disinclined to anything in the shape of work at French & The Patrie (as in Fenian cases) Luby, Luby, Stronze Stranze, Dowe Dorze, this not once but always. Thomas Gammet in same, Gammet? Yours of 12th just received. Also one from Miss Nash, the latter and her mother expect to follow Olve's to Bath in the Spring. Your aff. nephew F. E. P.