

Hotel d'Orient.
Nîmes.

Nov. 29. 1865.

My dear Mamma,

I was very glad to get yours of 24th-25th yesterday evening. I perfectly understand Marshall's note and am almost certain that he wanted me for a short time, say a week or ten days, at high terms so that would be nothing very tempting; however I shall not neglect to send him a civil answer - I think it is a great mistake not to be civil to everyone, as they may prove of service when least expected. Where is Lord Charlemont?

I object to being considered ill, or even in any way an invalid; pray let this be known and don't let aunt Leacock or others be making out that matters are worse than they are - it is quite bad enough to have to keep out of an English winter without ~~be~~ being put down as a "sick man". You all seem to be thinking I would madly rush off to Cannes forthwith, whereas I expressly said I only wrote about it to get the subject ventilated. Just now I am ⁱⁿ full enjoyment of this place

and our "family party" of seven; the evenings spent in the drawing room are very pleasant, the ladies are generally there in the morning too but I have too much to do to spend any of the morning in the salon. Sir V. de Vera is a pleasant gentlemanly person but I don't think he has more than a quantum suff. of brains; Lady de V. however has brains enough for both, and behaves accordingly. I like her and Mr Squire best of the party. At dinner I sit between her and Roberts. Roberts and I lunch with the Squires. They were all rather shy of us ^{at first} young men, but I began on Mr Squire and thawed them all round in turn. The de V's are Limerick people I think, and were perverted at Rome some ten years ago. Lord Brownlow and Sir Henry Bulwer ~~will~~ have both arrived here, but I understand the ^{former} latter has gone to Mentone. I am very glad to hear George Knox is going off to Queensland - he can hardly fail to succeed, having brains, cash and steadiness, as all seem to say of him. I wish I had a chance getting some out

door work, and not be always mewed
up in an office or in a city. We had
some rain yesterday, but to day it is again
cloudless summer weather. This afternoon
I walked with Sir V. de V. to the Fontaine de
S. Salvador this afternoon. He says that
account of Lord Dunravens place in the
Month (?) (the one you had at Oxford) was
written by his brother. The Cannes chap-
lain was over here to day and says Cannes
was never so full as this year. All except
Roberts are likely to leave this house for more
eastern places soon, and if so, you need not
be surprised at my going off to Cannes
any day. It costs little to go there and if
that place should not be pleasant, it would
be easy to go elsewhere or return here.

I had a long letter from uncle Joe on Sunday.
I wrote to Gower yesterday so perhaps I shall
get some Glasgow news soon. I also for-
warded P.M.'s. note to Marseilles to day.
We have got a German waiter^(additional) here now, but
I expect Cairn will find his house empty
some fine day before Christmas. It is very
unfortunate for the people here that so very

few strangers have come; all the hotels and houses nearly desolate. I don't think I ever told you about the water supply to this place, it is called the Béal and is an aqueduct about as large as Kesteven mill race, it brings water from the Gapeau, a river about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from this; part of the way it is on curious old arches, not very high; it is more than 200 years old having been designed and begun by Jean Nette in 1458; he got the exclusive privilege of establishing mills in the town to be worked by the water brought by the aqueduct. Last year they brought a supply of good drinking water into the town from another point. I find I have written 17 letters this month, most of them as large as this, and I have received 18. When you see uncle Charles you might tell him about Marshall.

Mosquitos still continue troublesome here and to day Lady de V. was shewing me where one had bit the back of her hand through a kid glove. There is one witch in my room now who is very annoying at night, coming ping-ing in the dark and sometimes biting.

Your affectionate son Francis E. Prendergast.