

Ayres.

Dec. 5. 1865.

My dear Mamma,

To day, for the first time for more than a week, we have a clear blue sky and bright warm ^{sun} Sunday afternoon while we were at church there was a terrific thunderstorm with bright flashes of lightening and the thunder following instantly and such rain and hail as one rarely sees. I think the strangers here are getting fewer, there were not 20 people in church either morning or evening. Last night two ladies arrived here; they are friends of Dr Griffiths who dined at the table d'hôte and waited till they arrived at nine. Otherwise this household remains the same, the Squires and Veres are always going away either "at the end of the week" or "next Monday" but somehow when the time comes, they are always still here. Roberts says we shall all be here on Christmas Day! Quite possibly, I think. One of his friends who was here last winter was always going away "next Monday" from December till March! However I have quite made up

my mind to leave or stay exactly as seems
pleasanteſt, ſo don't care one way or another.
Sir V. de V. and I have a long walk now
regularly every afternoon and go together
as a matter of courſe. He has more brains
than I gave him credit for, and knows
German, French and Italian having lived
with the natives in all three countries, beſides
having been ſome time in Spain. He
plays very nicely and played a long time
for us yeſterday evening. Miſs Squire
plays too, but has no muſic with her
and generally eſcapes on that account.
It is very pleaſant being with a ſet of people
who pull together ſo well. I had a long
letter from "Bob" a few days ago; the
B. & W. Line is depoſited and the battle
will be fought in ſpring (it will be oppoſed
by an Engineer named Addiſon who has
an oppoſite on line in, and poſſibly by others).
I agree with R. F. in thinking that it has
ſmall chance of paſſing. Notcutt is now
at Victoria Street, but who is in ſalop he does.

not say. There is also a new pupil called Perrott, a Queens Coll. Cork man, some relative of Mrs William Fogertys.

I got weighed the other day and find I have gained $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs since leaving London but am not quite up to my usual weight even so. I wish you would get December Good Words, the copy forwarded to me by Hodges and Smith and Co, is perfect as far as reading goes, but it is so mis-stitched and mis-~~print~~ paged that it could never be bound up. I never saw anything like it, it reads backwards in one place and the numbers have somehow got to the inside corners of the pages.

Did you ^{know} Nice was a city with 50,000 inhabitants? I had never supposed it was half so large. It is only an hour by rail from Cannes so if I ever do get to Cannes it will be a place to go and see.

I wonder Ormsby has never written. If you see Charley E. you might ask if he knows anything of him. Have you

any news of the Roxburghs? It is a great luxury getting a fine day like this after so much gloomy weather; the west wind here drives away the clouds and brings fine fresh weather just like the east wind with us.

Whenever the wind comes west and the sky gets clear they say the "Mistral" is blowing but the real cold mistral does not come till after Christmas. I am not in the mood for letter writing this fine morning so I had better stop. Perhaps I may have a letter to acknowledge by midday post.

Your affectionate son

Francis E. Prendergast.