

A suggestion made by Dr [Simer/Suner?] backed by the recommendation of Dr Cowan made us resolve, on a very short notice and after very short consideration, to go to Nice for the winter. I had my misgivings. Talking about it to my friend Mr Angus Turner he said that he also ought to go to Nice or some other place in the South – but then, he added, it is not a one sided matter that is to be considered. Against the advantages of climate are to be set the disadvantages of the long journey – the troubles inseparably incident to travelling, and the utter abandonment of all home comforts. It is all too true. But we shall see. We left Glenarn on Monday the 21st of October, after making very special and careful provision for the comforts of Hinsé during our absence; and having put the house in Somerset Place in order for Mrs MacNair who is to occupy it during the winter, we started from Glasgow by the Caledonian Railway on the mor-

ning of Tuesday the 29th. The first instalment of the miseries of travelling had then been got through – the weeks packing – the purchasing of boxes – the filling and emptying of them – the arranging & re-arranging – the discussions, the [s--?], the speculation, as to what must be taken & what might be left

[pen and ink drawing of couple packing]

ending by taking far more than was necessary. Those of the female persuasion had each a large box & a hand bag of considerable dimensions. I had a smaller box and a portmanteau, but both box and portmanteau had forced upon them a large amount of the overflowings of the ladies boxes. Besides this there was a large travelling bag destined to contain only “things to be used in a Hotel at night” but crammed with fifty et ceteras besides – also overflowings from the two large boxes aforesaid. Then there was a large parcel of cloaks and shawls – a bundle of umbrellas, and deal box containing half a dozen/

bottles of port to keep us going till a larger supply which Mr Sandeman was to forward to Marseilles & to be sent thence to Nice, should arrive. At last we got off

[pen and ink drawing of heavily loaded coach]

At 10.45 we arrived at the Charing Cross Hotel (the train being late). It was a horrid chill wet day. We had as our companion in the carriage Miss Wingate – a niece of Sir George, whom we had met lately at Ben rhydding, on her way to a boarding school. Next morning (30th October) we started for Paris via Boulogne – a far superior route to that of Dover & Calais, & served by a far superior class of steamers. Last night we heard it blowing very hard, but although it was comparatively calm today the effects of the storm were visible in a considerable swell which/

produced the usual pleasant consequences on our numerous fellow passengers. Mrs M. went down at once to the ladies cabin, and lay down on the floor – all the sofas being occupied, and escaped very well. Margaret remained with me on deck, & was not sick, and we enjoyed, from a comfortable seat next the funnel, the sights and sounds by which the passage was enlivened. There was a couple opposite to use – evidently newly married – who attracted a large share of our attention. Milady at the best was not good looking (which the bridegroom was) and what was at first a great paleness settled into a thorough greenness of complexion which must have been deeply interesting to her

amiable companion. She lay back at last in his arms during the remainder of the passage while he contemplated her with a very rueful expression

[pen and ink drawing of seasick passengers]

but I cannot do justice to it. The steamer was the Albert Edwards a very fine large vessel with (as I learned from the steward) upwards of 200 basins for the relief of afflicted voyagers./

Here is another group (they were all sketched on the spot from our seat at the funnel – a nurse with a very fashionable bonnet, very sick, and a nice little

[pen and ink drawing of seasick passengers]

boy in her charge who appeared to be not absolutely in extremis but dazed, and who occasionally looked round with wonder at the unwanted surroundings with which probably he for the first time found himself. They had a basin between them, & the little fellow held on to his side of it with a business like tenacity worthy of all admiration. A decent woman with an umbrella evidently feeling deeply the “mal de mer” was on the one side, and a dull Dutch looking character was on the other, with a basin at his feet & his hands in his pockets – his head bent low & apparently not knowing what to make of it. A little farther off was another couple also (as Margaret insisted) newly married, and the bride was in that state (drawing so largely on the creaking resources of the ship) that I wondered what her spouse was thinking when he contrasted her then position with that when all smiles and roses she/

had just a little before appeared at the altar. It was raining – sometimes heavily, & as very few of the afflicted was able to hold up umbrellas their plight when they landed at Boulogne must have been anything but enviable. Just one more sketch before I leave this which has been by far the pleasantest part of our journey hitherto. Here is a “distinguished foreigner” wrapped in a sort of Turkish blanket who sat immovably in this one position all the time of the passage. The turban indicated

[pen and ink drawing of seasick passengers]

something eastern – but I could not tell. He looked fierce and angry as if the sea was taking an unwarrantable liberty with his dignity. There was no pretence to dignity on the part of the two unfortunates on either side of him.

On reaching Boulogne another phase of the pleasures of travelling was experienced. The squeeze getting on shore, & the bother of our numerous ‘small/

Packages’ – for altho’ our ‘grands baggages’ had been registered to Paris (they would not register it farther) we had quite enough of small articles to drive any one distracted whose nerves were short of iron – and of course, as the point of honour it fell to my lot to carry the most of them

[pen and ink drawing of coming ashore]

I had the carpet bag and the cloaks, and the box of wine – for they refused to register the latter at London, because it contained ‘taxable articles’ viz Mr Sandemans six bottles of port. At last we struggled through – myself in a state of mind not to be described – wishing myself at home, and deeply impressed with the philosophical wisdom of Mr Turners views. But I was unable to get the

bag & box up the gangway and had to resign them to the care of a sailor who promised to follow with them but who did not. Having after infinite difficulty and torture – mental and bodily got Mrs. M. & Margarets/

placed in one of the omnibuses which carry the passengers to the Railway I returned to my bag and box and having mounted the gangway with them and got to the door of the small wooden booth which does duty as a Custom house I proceeded to declare to one of the Douaniers in what I conceived to be unexceptionable French the contents of my deal box so that I might pay the sum of two shillings & sixpence to his Majesty the Emperor being the duty per gallon imported by the state on the import of 'vins rouges'. But before I got three words uttered the scoundrel extended the palm of his hand towards me in an attitude of deprecation and casting up his eyes exclaimed in a long despair 'Ah non! Non! Non! Je n'entends pas un mot d'Anglais!' – 'Mais Monsieur' I remonstrated, 'il n'est pas Anglais' and when he deigned to listen I proceeded to make plain to him that the box contained wine but only for the use of madame and me during our 'voyage' – whereupon he desired me to pass on – me & my box with a gesture which seemed to ask me if I could suppose it possible that his master the Emperor could deign to accept of duty on so miserable an importation. By the time I got this matter just right all the omnibuses had left and I had to take a voiture to the station. Here I found my relatives entering the *salon à manger* and having first deposited our things in one of the first/

class carriages I joined them & had some tough 'ros bif' and very bad wine and started for Paris at 3.40. At Amiens we stopped for 20 minutes where we got excellent coffee with bread & butter *ad libitum* at the moderate charge of one franc each. At 8.15 we arrived at Paris and by means of a small denearer to the guide (who always accompanies this train from London) and who spoke to one of the portiers of the Douane we got our registered baggage examined at once – or rather passed at once for I was not asked to open a single package. We drove first to the Hotel de Londres but the only rooms they had were too high up. We then crossed the street (the Rue Castiglione) to the Hotel de Famille No 6 – where Miss Black used to stay – a comfortable and well regulated Pension where we succeeded in getting rooms – small certainly but comfortable; and there we stayed till Monday the 4th of November. These are the ways of the house. The worst about them is that they do not keep early hours. Nothing in the shape of hot water or otherwise to be had before eight o'clock. But at that hour or any time after that you like they send to your room, or, if you prefer it, you may have the *salon à manger* tea or coffee with bread & butter. This is the first breakfast. Then at any time after that down to one o'clock you can have/

dejeuner à la fourchette – a mutton chop or beef steak – sometimes roast fowl with tea or coffee. The table d'hôte is at six – excellent and at eight a cup of tea is served in the drawing room – a very handsome apartment when there is music and cards and chess or reading as may be preferred. The people - meaning the visitors – appeared to be of a superior class and seemed to be well pleased. We are charged 10 francs a day for rooms & living – everything included except lights and the table d'hôte included very good wine – a bottle to every two persons. On Thursday we set off to the Exhibition early and having got a Bath chair for Mrs M. went through a great many of the Courts. Afterwards we went to the 'Bible stand' in the garden where so many millions of copies of portions of the Scriptures have since the opening of the Exposition been distributed to people of so many nationalities – each in his own language. I obtained a few copies in several languages as a memorial

of this interesting & important enterprise. We also went into the Salle Evangiligne a small chapel, also, in the garden where we heard short services in/

French & English alternately. These continue during the greater part of each day. The address in English which we heard & a prayer were by Mr Bradley of Clifton to whom I afterwards spoke and who gave me one of his little tracts. The picture galleries did not interest me. There was a more than usual preponderance of trash. It was refreshing to light upon Sir Edwin Landseer's 'Taming of the shrew' (a lady reclining against her favourite horse) and a very superior picture by [Ma--] of a lady in a grey dress with a child. In seeking a place to lunch we, unwisely, avoided the English place and went to one of the French restaurants and had villainously bad, & very dear meal. Having sent the ladies home in a cab I took another tour of inspection of the Exhibition and got home comfortably in an omnibus all the way to the Rue Castiglione for the moderate charge of three sous. At six we joined the table d'hôte where fully sixty sat down to dinner and an excellent dinner it was – belying certainly in this instance the idea that at Pension you are worse served than at a hotel. The carte was as follows: 1. Soup 2. Stewed tongue 3. Roast fowl 4. Stewed celery 5. Roast beef with salad 6. Crème de vanille & sweet biscuits 7. dessert of grapes &c. In the evening I had/

a walk with a gentleman staying in the hotel along the rue Rivoli & Palais Royal – always amusing at night when the shops are so brilliantly lighted.

On Friday (1 Nov.) Margaret unwell & confined to bed by cold. Being All Saints Day Mrs M. and I went at eleven to the Church of St Rock & heard remarkably fine chanting and singing. After lunch we took a voiture and drove to Notre Dame – the restoration, or cleaning & re-carving rather, of which, is now complete. Here also we heard fine music and saw the Archbishop of Paris in robes blazing with gold and his mitre on his head sitting with his clergy within the altar. Home by the boulevard des Italiens – table d'hôte at six and spent the rest of the evening in the drawing room.

On Sunday (1 Nov [sic]) after first breakfast in our own rooms I walked to the Post Office but got no letters. I was glad however to meet our friend Mr Nelson from Edinburgh who is here with his wife. – Returning, read the newspapers – of which there is a good supply in the sitting room and then had déjeuner à la fourchette. Mrs M. and Margaret went to a place near the Bois de Boulogne to call on Eliza Campbell/

who is at school there and I betook myself again to the Exhibition where I spent about three hours. But it got tiresome at last. It was just a succession of arcades and shops and nowhere any fine general effect. In one department I saw several opals described as 'the largest in the world'. The prices were affixed – the largest 175,000 francs and another 140,000. In another place among specimens of English printed books I saw a copy of the "Armorial Insignia of Glasgow" displayed. In the evening I had a game of chess with a lady & then we had a game of whist. They appeared to be a nice class of people who frequent this house.

On Sunday morning (3) we went to the Scotch Chapel at l'Oratoire where it was announced that Dr Norman McLeod was to preach. The place was crowded but in his room his brother Donald – Minister of Linlithgow – officiated and gave us an admirable sermon. Dr. Norman himself appeared in the afternoon and delivered to a densely crowded audience (but the place is small) a very striking and interesting address on Missions. I went into the vestry before the service & had a few minutes

conversation with him. He appeared grave & without his usual good humour and vivacity. He told me his fellow/

traveller Dr Watson was laid up in his hotel with an attack of Pleurisy – but they were to start nevertheless next evening by the express train right through to Marseilles as they required to be on board their steamer next morning. Before going home I had short walk in the Tuileries gardens – the weather very fine. The ‘No-Sunday’ at Paris was not so striking as it used to be as many shops were shut – But plenty remained open for all sorts of customers and in the evening we had people – ladies as well as gentlemen – playing whist in the drawing room.

On Monday morning (4) we started for Lyons by the 11 am express and at the station again endured the usual torture with [?] luggage &c. In the same carriage with us was an English gentleman, a Mr Gilchrist with his wife. He had travelled a great deal & for several years had been abroad during the winter for his health. He gave us a great deal of information as to hotels at Hyères, Cannes & Nice – which we afterwards/

found to be very useful -also as to the customs of Nice and the ways and doings of mosquitos in particular – a portion of the inhabitants of whose residence I had been in ignorance but with whom to our cost we were destined to form relation of very intimate acquaintanceship. Before leaving the Paris station we were gratified by the sight of an interesting individual, accompanied by some ladies – whose physique was after this fashion. The moustache which is not in the slightest degree exaggerated was of a sandy grey

[pen and ink sketch of moustached man]

At the Dijon station where we dined we had the best table d’hôte I have yet seen on the railways. The charge was 3.f. 50c. and we had soup, roast beef with fried potatoes, stewed hare & onions with toast, cold fish (Brockes?) brussels sprouts with sauce, roast fowl and salad, stewed pears with rice and a/

liberal dessert of beautiful grapes, pears sweet biscuits &c. We arrived at Lyons about 10.30 and walked to the Hotel d’Angleterre ed des Deux Mondes, Place Napoleon, close to the station on the left hand as you go out. We had been recommended by Mr Gilchrist to try it – not that he had ever been in it himself but because it looked like a nice home and was so near the station. We were certainly put into excellent rooms of which the waiter who showed us said the price was 5f. 50c. for the two and we were sufficiently well satisfied with what we got to eat. But our views were changed by what transpired afterwards. Mr & Mrs Gilchrist who had passed the night at Dijon arrived at the Hotel on the second night of our staying there, and I told the people of the hotel they were coming & to try to give them good rooms. – But they got only one small bed room and another room still less opening from it, which they took only to give them air, as the two small beds were in the first room. They were not at all equal to ours, and ought to have/

been charged less. We left Mr Gilchrist there but he afterwards told me at Nice what happened to them. On calling for his bill on the morning of his departure he was astounded to find the two little bedrooms charged twelve francs for the night. He remonstrated but they persisted in the charge. He said he would not pay it, but they were very impertinent and told him he should not be allowed to take his luggage till he paid. Thereupon he took the heavier articles himself (his principal luggage

being at the station) and desired Mrs Gilchrist to take the cloaks and some smaller things, and so they walked out of the house. But they were immediately followed by two of the waiters who dogged them towards the station. They did not venture to touch Mr Gilchrist but one of them seized the cloaks in Mrs Gilchrist's hands and when, at her husband's desire she resisted & held them, he struck at her fingers to cause her to let them go. On this Mr Gilchrist shouted for the police but there were none at hand, so he threatened to knock the scoundrel down if he touched her again and insisted on his going to the station before the principal/

officer of police there. The waiters did so and the officer ordered them immediately to bring their master who after some delay appeared. The officer told Mr Gilchrist that he could not interfere on the question of the bill as that was a matter for the Juge de Paix but he said he would take cognisance of the assault on Mrs Gilchrist. It ended in the master of the hotel receiving a severe rating with an intimation that his name, in connection with the affair, would be placed on the police books, and as to **the bill the villain was fair to accept the six francs for the rooms which Mr Gilchrist had at first offered**. I note these particulars that I may recollect them for the information of future travellers whom I may hear of going to Lyons so that they may avoid a house which no respectable traveller ought ever in any circumstances to enter. They tried to do us also, for there were several overcharges in the bill including a charge for the/

rooms nearly double what we had agreed on but the overcharge was too palpable. The waiter was compelled to admit what had been agreed on. They then said the waiter had made a mistake but they were obliged to take it off. On Tuesday morning after breakfast we got a carriage and along with a Mr Edwards – a curate from Middlewich whom we met in the hotel and a young English lad who had come to spend the day with him – the son of a teacher of languages residing in Lyons, we **set out to see the lions of Lyons. We drove first to the heights of Fourvières from which we had a splendid view of the city and the surrounding country including reaches of the two rivers, the Rhone and the Saone on which the city is built**. Lyons is a highly picturesque city rising to a considerable height from both sides of the rivers. **We went into a church at Fourvière in the vaults of which we saw a vast heap of the bones of the victims of the revolutionary murders, also to the Church of Fourvières – very old**. On these heights was the site of an ancient Roman temple dedicated to Augustus the remains of which & of other Roman works are still to be seen seated over the hill. From this point Mont Blanc can be seen on a clear day/

but today there was a haze in the distance which prevented us from seeing it. The day was clear and sunny over head but intensely cold and a high wind blowing. Afterwards we saw the cathedral which has a very fine exterior though the inside is not striking. **We also drove along the river and over one of the many fine bridges – there are seventeen of them which connect the two sides of the city**. The evening being chilly we ordered a fire to be put on – the first time I had given such an order in France and under the impression that as in our own country a fire is a fire & charged so much a night without reference to the quantity of fuel consumed I ordered up a second 'basket' of wood in addition to the first which the porter had brought up – and we burned every stick of it. But I was rather taken aback at finding when the bill was presented that that [sic] each pannier was charged 2f. 50c. so that we had to pay five francs for our/

fire. The fire places contain no grates – merely the hearth stone – sometimes with raised sides across which the logs are laid and at Nice we got along with the wood large fir cones to light it with.

At 5.30 we dined at what they called the table d'hôte but it was not a single table [where?] all served at the same time but separate small tables for parties or individuals each getting dinner as they chanced to come in. In every case however I observed that the course of dishes was the same – several officers came in with their wives from a neighbouring barracks and dined at a table near us. The dinner was very good 1. Soup with vegetables in it 2. Ros bif 3. Roast fowl with rice 4. Skate with a rich sauce 5. Sweet breads of veal 6. Mutton cutlets & potatoes 7. A soufflet of some kind 8. Cream cheese 9. Grapes & sweet biscuits. Mr & Mrs Gilchrist arrived after we had dined.

6. Nov. As our train was to start for Marseilles at 7.30 we had to get up before six as after breakfast I had to 'reclaim' our/

baggage at the station. The morning was cold but thanks to the quantity of wood I had heaped on the fire it was still burning & warmed us nicely and after getting breakfast in our room we left the hotel – a house to which I would have returned but for their extraordinary conduct to Mr Gilchrist – and

[pen and ink sketch of Mr Gilchrist and his wife struggling with hotel waiters]

quite possibly the combative element in me may lead me to return to it yet. The train from Paris by which we were to proceed was late and we were kept confined in the 'Salle d'attente' for nearly three quarters of an hour after we had got/

our tickets and our luggage requested. The French plan of arrangements has some advantages but there are many drawbacks very irritating to those accustomed to our railway system. For example if a traveller is going from Carlisle or any other station to London gets his ticket and is allowed to wait on the platform till the train from Glasgow comes in and to take possession of the first vacant place he can find. It is very different in France. On the arrival of the train from Paris we were all caged up in the Salle d'attente – caged up and locked in so that no one could put a foot on the platform. Then the Paris passengers got out and had their breakfast – rather more than twenty minutes being allowed for this at Lyons – then they returned to the carriages and resumed their seats – we all this time being still shut up and only allowed to see through the closed glass doors how comfortably settled we could have been had they only let us. Then at the last moment just as the bell is about to ring for/

the train to start our prison doors are thrown open and we rush pell mell like a set of maniacs every one tumbling over the other in the race to get seats – families and friends separated – those who cannot sit facing the Engine forced to accept that position and others who cannot travel with comfort with their 'back to the horses' obliged to do so in consequence of the utter impossibility in the short time allowed of getting any choice. We were fortunate for we had taken our places close to the door of the Salle at an earlier period than those who came after and we all got into the same carriage but it is a

[rough pencil sketch of chaos boarding the train]/

barbarous mode of proceeding. We got off about eight – a beautiful sunshiny morning but still cold. There are several fine views along the route – the Rhone flowing parallel to and in site [sic] of the railway a considerable way. At Avignon there was pointed out to us the old Palace of the Popes, and at Arles we had a stunning view of several of the Roman remains with which that place abounds. In

the carriage with us was an intelligent American gentleman whose name I regret I did not ascertain – tho' he must be well known for it came out in conversation that he was one of the representatives of the Southern States who were in Europe during the War and he must have been associated with Mr Mason & Mr Slidell. He told us that the entire supplies for the army obtained from Europe had passed through his hands. He described to us interviews he had had with the Emperor Napoleon on the subject of the Southern States one of them in the Emperor's cabinet extending to about three quarters of an hour. He had formed a very high opinion of the intelligence & sagacity of Louis Napoleon and spoke/

highly of the simplicity & urbanity of his manner which had at once put this gentleman as much at his ease as if he had been talking to one of his equals. I asked him if he was going to return to America. He said he could not do so just now as he is excepted from the amnesty but he seemed to anticipate no difficulty on that score if he were on a condition from the state of [?] to return home which he said he was not at present. At various points along the line we saw [?] of French troops – artillery & infantry gathering to the stations to pass on to Marseille on their way no doubt to Rome – tho' probably the news of the battle of Mentana & the defeat of Garibaldi just received will probably cause the order of march to be cancelled. The train being late we did not arrive at Marseille till 4.30 and we got comfortably put up at the Hotel de Louvre et de la Paix – an/

excellent home well regulated and the prices modest. Next morning after breakfast we took a drive of two hours along the Corniche and the 'Prado' – the latter the great public promenade. It was a magnificent day – not a cloud in the sky and as warm as midsummer. Part of the drive was past the race course and through gardens tastefully laid out and planted. The limes were still green or in rich autumnal tints and all along were growing luxuriantly roses, chrysanthemums, antirunums, cactuses, magnolias, palms, acacias and numerous other trees & flowers which we are accustomed to associate with a tropical climate. The contrast from Lyons in point of temperature was very striking. The view from the Corniche road of the bay of Marseilles with the fortified islands including the Chateau d'If at the entrance of the port. We had heard of Marseilles from our friend Mr Gilchrist as a dirty place not worth seeing but I am satisfied from what we saw & what we have since heard that next to Paris it is the finest city in France. The principal streets also are beautifully clean and many of them planted with fine lofty trees. We ended our drive at the station (having/

taken our things with us) and started for Cannes at 12.55. All along the line were found vineyards & olive trees and in some places large plantations of a pretty small green plant which on enquiry I found to be 'Immortelles' the flowers of which are sold to make those wreaths which we have seen hung up in burial places and which are exposed for sale in the neighbourhood of all the burying places. On the right we had occasional glimpses of the Mediterranean with bold headlands enclosing bays along the coast – all limestone which here and for great distances around is the prevailing stratum. At Toulon we stopped for ten minutes and having secured a portion of a roast fowl made an excellent luncheon in the carriage after we started, grapes & roasted chestnuts forming our dessert with the accompaniment of a glass of good port wine. At Hyères – a place suddenly come into great request as a southern residence – a great many/

people – principally English apparently left the train – not less than sixty [?] children with a vast quantity of luggage. The station master told me that a great many people are now coming here for the winter. We saw nothing of Hyères itself as it is distant two or three miles from the station. There

are some fine bold mountains at this place descending to a plain thickly planted with olives and orange trees and interspersed with numerous villas and hamlets. After this it soon got dark and the features of the scenery ceased to be distinguishable so that we saw nothing of the country [?] of Cannes.

[photo of beach and small town] /

We arrived at Cannes about seven – quite dark of course or rather I should say long after sunset for the moon approaching the full gave a very pleasant light – and after trying several hotels without finding any thing suitable landed at last in the ‘grand’ Hotel de Nice – the largest in the place – close to the sea and a good home were it not for the insurmountable drawback of the evil smells which prevail in the corridors and which we found absolutely pestilential. This we found afterwards was a common complaint of the home and it is singular that they have been hitherto unable to find a remedy. In the morning after breakfast we took a short walk along the shore but the heat was so oppressive that we were glad to take a carriage and had a drive of two hours – past Lord Brougham’s villa & other elegant residences – then back to the hotel for our small luggage, and/

then to the railway station which we left about two and got to Nice soon after three o’clock. Leaving our heavy baggage we at drove direct [sic] to the Hotel de Nice & then to the Hotel de Paris but finding no rooms suitable we proceeded to the Grand Hotel Royal kept by Madame Santi & her husband (though we have never seen much of the latter) and where we got temporary rooms for night. Next day (Friday 8 Nov.) we moved up to rooms – a parlour & two bedrooms on the third floor until rooms lower down – expected to be soon vacated be delivered. But before we got into the hotel from the station the sun set upon us – described by every one as a dangerous time to be out (and as we were in an open carriage, and I have seen nothing else here) I caught cold and was very unwell during the night & for the two following days was unable to appear at the table d’hôte. And now we made our first serious acquaintance with the/

mosquitos – though we had encountered them at Cannes – They are certainly a most unprincipled and ferocious race though by using precautions a good deal can be done to disappoint this malice. All the beds here have or ought to have mosquito nets or curtains. The first, the nets, are much the most preferable as they admit the air more freely than the other which are of muslin and make the air within the bed more confined. In sunny weather few or no mosquitos are to be found in the rooms during the day for the simple reason that the air without is much warmer than within doors. Shortly before sunset it gets rapidly colder and it is important to shut all the windows half an hour before sunset so as to prevent the villains from getting in as they rush back to the houses as soon as they feel the cold. In the same way if it is necessary to open the windows after dark care should be taken to do this when there is no candle in the room for the mosquitos outside fly to the light and in this way many get in/

With every precaution we have found many of them in our rooms and it became quite a matter of course to set about hunting & slaying them before going to bed. They are usually found on the walls in which case the skilful application of a slipper effected their demolition – leaving however a not very pleasant mark. When they are found, as is often the case, clinging to the curtains they must be crushed in a towel between the hands. Repeatedly after thinking the room was clear I discovered numbers just as I was stepping into bed, and then, with the candle in one hand & a slipper in the other, I was obliged to renew the hunt.

[pen and ink sketch of mosquito hunting]/

Saturday 9th still unwell & confined to diet of rice and [?]. Took a short drive in afternoon.

Sunday 10. Went to English Church in forenoon and in coming out met Mrs Ewing and Edith with whom we went to lunch at their apartments in the Villa Lion – one of the best homes in Nice on the Promenade des Anglais. Mrs Ewing has the second floor and Louis the ex King of Bavaria has the first. In the morning it felt very cold so we had up a basket of wood (2 fr. the pannier) & had nice fire in our parlour. Nice is a better climate certainly than the usual run of Glasgow weather but it is a mistake to suppose that it is not very cold at times and then it is all the more felt from the contrast to the sunny periods.

Monday 11th. Mrs Ewing called in with her carriage driver at ten and drove us to 'the chateau' a modern erection on the site of some ancient Roman remains some of which are still visible. It is an [?] on the east side of Nice & from which there is an extensive view of the bay and town & surrounding country. From this we drove to Villa/

Franca a small village farther east where there is a well sheltered bay and an excellent harbour. Were reminded of Burns by the sign of an artist rejoicing in the name of 'Boni Jean'. Another was that of an optician 'Boni Relli'.

14. Mrs Ewing drove us to the chateau & grotto of M. André where I got a couple of sketches. In the afternoon heard the band in the Jardin Public where it plays three times a week at three o'clock Tuesdays, Mondays & Sundays. Today & the two preceding it have been cloudy and this afternoon it rained. This is the first rain that has fallen here since the end of May last.

15. Still cloudy and in the afternoon high wind from the S.E. Went with M. to gymnasium and saw Mrs Ewing's children at their exercises. Afterwards drove with her to inspect the Pension Anglaise – two good bed rooms on first floor for ten francs each a day tout compris – including tea in the evening – said by some to be the best living in Nice. But for us it is too far away from the centre of the town & the churches. Thermometer outside at midday 62. Fine in room at night.

16. Last night stormy with heavy rain. Thermometer outside at 8.30am 64. Drove with Mrs Ewing along road in direction of the Pont de Var. Home at 12 and from that time heavy rain all day & a high temperature. Thermometer in drawing room/

In evening 76 – gas but no fire.

Sunday 17. Has been a stormy night. Outside at 7.30 am before sunrise thermometer 63. To English Church in forenoon. Called on Mr A. Cowan afterwards. To Scotch church Mr Burn Murdochs, in afternoon – only seventeen people including two children. Mrs M. Saw Mr Wm. Ewing here last Sunday afternoon but he was not present today and I believe he has left Nice. In the evening lightning and thunder with rain.

18. Thermometer in room at 9.30 with both windows open 65. A beautiful bright day and, in the sun oppressively warm. Sketched in morning. Afterwards called on Mr Gilchrist at Hotel de Paris. He has a beautiful room on the third floor with a drawing room for which he & his wife live en pension at 10 fr. each per day. This in a first class hotel is a very moderate considering the prevailing high prices at

Nice this season. In evening several games at chess with the 'Mrs General Sutherland', a pleasant old lady passionately fond of the game and a/

very good player.

19th. Bright & warm in the forenoon but it was colder during the night. Thermometer in room at 8am – both windows open – 59. Mrs Ewing took us in her carriage to Villa Franca where we took a boat to the opposite side of the bay and walked across the peninsula through dense olive woods some of the trees very old & picturesque. Mrs M remained on the boat as she was unable to walk so far. In arranging as to this [?] we landed one of the boatmen was pointing out where she might wait and referring to Mrs M he described her as 'la dame qui ne marche pas' – a name which has since adhered to her. I got two sketches. The scenery all hereabout is very fine. Mrs Ewing with the governess & children extended their walk while I returned to the boat to sketch. When waiting their return I went into the garden of a cottage where I got twelve small oranges for 3 sous – a boy climbing up into the tree & picking the ripest for me – They were not very good – not yet having got enough of sun. They say that oranges here to do them full justice ought to be allowed to remain on the tree till/

next August & that then they are delicious. But it is very seldom – indeed only in private gardens that this can be done as those who sell them cannot afford to let them stand so long. Chess in morning with Mrs Sutherland. Thermometer outside at 10.30 pm 56.

20th Th. In room at 7.15 am (before sunrise) 59 ½. Fine bright morning. Finished some of my sketches. Took seats for two months in English church (45 fr for the three). Mrs M. feeling the long stairs so much & the room on first floor being engaged all out last next week. I went over to the Pension Millet – next home to this & took rooms which we shall occupy for a short time – a large fine bed room on the first floor and one for M. on the third for which we are to pay (en premium) 32 francs for the three. This includes every thing except lights & wood – which are charged very moderately 1.50 fr for a packet of four large candles. Those in the/

Royal Hotel are charged 75c each – and for wood 1.25 fr the basket which in the Hotel is charged 2 fr. At the table d'hôte there is given a bottle of excellent vin de pays and a 'siphon' is charged 40c which at the Royal Hotel is charged 1fr. We found the dining good & everything very comfortable but there is a certain constraint in all pensions which I don't like. The fare is, in the morning tea or coffee with bread & butter ad libitum. At eleven a déjeuner à la fourchette of two or three courses of hot dishes with wine & fruit and Table d'hôte at six. If tea is wanted it is provided at 50c for what is called a Le simple that is the tea pot with sugar & milk but no bread. This you may have served in your own room and it is amply supplied for two persons but I found that most of the ladies in the hotel had their own tea & sugar and made tea with a spirit lamp and tin jug & the people of the hotel are quite aware of this & supply them with cups & saucers without any charge. These ladies also are in the habit of going to a milk shop/

in the neighbourhood with a small bottle and buying cream for their tea.

22. Yesterday morning we started with Mrs Ewing in her carriage for Mentone. The morning was cloudy & rather cold but it cleared up and we had a beautiful day altho' the wind was sharp. The road from Nice to Mentone is in point of seeing among the very finest in Italy. It ascends to a height

of 2100 feet and offers magnificent views of the mountains on the one side embracing portions of the snow covered peaks of the Maritime Alps and on the other long stretches of the coast of the Mediterranean with deep gorges from the road down to the sea covered with olives and vine and then picturesque villages [curiously?] perched on the steep sides of precipitous rocks. Of these the most interesting was Eza – It stood out on a rocky promontory in a blaze of sunlight with the deep blue of the Mediterranean for a back ground – the/

houses hanging on the sides of the steep rock & the whole surmounted by the ruins of an old castle.

We got out here and had lunch at the side of the road & there I took a sketch. Mrs Ewing has brought a cold fowl and some wine of the country and we had a [roasted?] tongue and a small bottle of port with biscuits so we fared sumptuously.

[small photo of Eza].

We got to Mentone about 2.30 and got rooms in the Pension Camous where Dr [Simer/Jenner??] is staying. It appeared comfortable enough and the charges were paid what one paid in the best houses but the drawing room was very shabbily furnished & the tout ensemble was that of a second class house/

Dr [Simer?] walked with us towards the next bay where we had a good view of the old town. Returning by the promenade we saw a wonderful effect of a stormy sky with a cold wind driving the clouds – beckoning as we thought very bad weather but little or no rain followed and next day was quite clear but with a very cold wind blowing. I got up early and took a sketch and after an early breakfast we bid adieu to Dr [Simer?] for Monaco. Mentone is more picturesque in its scenery than Nice but it is more circumscribed. The old town rises rapidly from the beach and

[photo of Mentone]/

Looks remarkably well from the west bay. This, the west bay, where the Grand Hotel is situated which Dr Bennet patronises, is the warmest part of Mentone. The eastern bay has the sun longer but it is said to be exposed to cold winds. It is here that the Pension Camous is situated but Dr [Simer] seemed to be satisfied that he was in a good locality and he ought to know. The drive to Monaco is interesting. We got there about half past ten or eleven and drove to the house where the gambling is carried on. We were too early to see the play which does not commence till two o'clock but an attendant uncovered the Roulette table and showed us how the game is played. We were also too early for the band which plays in the afternoon & evening every day and is said to be the finest in Europe. The sovereign of this miserable little Principality derives a large part of his resource from this gaming table which is a bad neighbour for Nice and does a great deal of harm and this will be increased when the railway is opened which will be very shortly. As it is the steamer goes there daily returning late for the convenience of the numbers who go/

from Nice to play and there are also several omnibuses. Mrs M. and Margaret kept by the carriage which, to rejoin the Nice road had to go back a great part of the way to Mentone while Mrs Ewing and I took a more direct road right up the face of the hill to Turbia an old and very interesting little town situated on the Nice road right above Monaco. It was an interesting walk – through plantations of olives and offering splendid views of the coast. But it was not an easy walk – the ascent being steep and rising from Monaco for 1900 feet to Turbia. The road is of a peculiar construction. It is

composed of long steps which are formed with small round stones on which walking is by no means pleasant. I got a sketch, half way up of the coast to the east showing Mentone and Bordighera and part of Monaco below and on reaching Turbia I had time to take two sketches as the carriage did not ar/

rive for an hour and a half after us. Turbia is interesting not only for the curious old houses it contains but from its being the site of an ancient building erected by the Emperor Augustus called the 'Trophia Augusti'. The foundation of it remain and they are surmounted by a curious tower described as medieval but the history of which is not known. It is evidently of a great age and some of the buildings in the town are also, apparently, of great antiquity.

[photo of Turbia]

Turbia is said to have been the boundary between Italy and France. Murray says "It is placed on the pass over the most inaccessible spur of the Maritime Alps which descend to the shores of the Mediterranean and round the base of/

Which neither the ancient nor modern rulers of Italy have succeeded in carrying a line of communication." This state of matters will be very soon altered when the railway is opened for it is formed at the very base of the mountains close to the sea. At breakfast this morning Mr Buck (an intelligent and very pleasant gentleman living in our hotel) mentioned certain old Italian lines as to Monaco which very correctly indicate the character of the people – for they were a set of lawless pirates, He formulated them freely thus:

Perched on a rock I'm Monaco

I do not reap because I do not sow

But yet I cannot starve you know

The present Prince of Monaco may very legitimately appropriate the distich still for the gaming table which he fosters and by which he lives is not a bit more creditable than the free living principles of his predecessors.

We got back to Nice about three o'clock and took possession of our new quarters at the Pension Millet. We found it a very/

good house and to those who like to live en pension there is probably not a better in Nice. We found people there who had been in the house for more than one year in succession which speaks well for the establishment.

23. Beautiful and bright but still cold. During the night the thermometer was as low as 34. In the sun at midday it was 93. This has been an idle day – walked and finished some sketches. Mr A. Cowan called. Whist in evening -- sans points.

24. Sunday. Clear but still cold. I am beginning to disbelieve in the much vaunted Nice climate. A gentleman in the Hotel told us that when he lived at Cannes in January and February last there never ceased to be ice during the day as well as at night behind the Hotel to the north. Of course it was different in the sun in front for then he described the heat as being intense during the day. Last night

the thermometer was 37 during the night. At a quarter before eight this morning it was 43. At 10 pm it was 46 ½. Inside our room we had generally a temperature ranging from 56 to 60. Went to the French/

Protestant church in the forenoon and heard M. Pilatte who has a reputation for eloquence. He has just been heavily fined for an article reflecting on the government published in a paper which he edits. But those who read the article describe it as exceedingly moderate. In the afternoon went to the English Church.

25. Cloudy and chill. **The Nice people say they never experienced such cold weather at this season.** But this is what they always say. They are very jealous of the reputation of their climate and every cold day is a rare & wonderful exception. Snow they say is almost unknown and if on very rare occasions a few flakes fall it melts as it touches the ground. We shall see. Today we had no sun all day. Went over to the Royal Hotel and arranged to return there on Tuesday to the room on the first floor so long promised is to be then vacant. Went to Dr Hall an eminent/

Dentist – an American - & went through the first process of having a much decayed tooth studied. His terms a Napoleon a visit.

Called on Mrs Sutherland before dinner, at the Royal Hotel, and played two games of chess with her.

26. Moved to the Royal Hotel. Mrs Ewing called after breakfast and drove us to Cimies about three miles from Nice. This was the Civitas Cimeneliensis of the Romans and the capital of the Maritime Alps. There remain there the well preserved ruins of a Roman amphitheatre of which I took a sketch. This is also near it a Franciscan convent in front of which are several magnificent **[flexes?]** and a **[?]** marble cross of the 15th century. Near the Convent is the favourite burying place of the Nice people. Cimies is reckoned a very healthy climate and there is a Pension there kept by the same people who have the Pension Anglaise on the Promenade. On the street today Mrs Ewing pointed out to us Dr Pasquale the Dr Antonio of the well known novel. Called on Mr Cowan and afterwards heard the/

band in the public garden. Chess in evening with my old friend Mrs Sutherland who expresses great pleasure at our coming back as she had found no one to play with during our absence. We have got a most comfortable room. Margaret has had to go into a north room but she will get her old room to the south in a few days. There is however a great deal of nonsense spoken about the deleterious effect of rooms with a north exposure. I met Mr Skey on the street (the gentleman whose acquaintance we made coming from Cannes) and when in answer to his enquiring as to how we were accommodated I mentioned that my daughter in a north room he exclaimed "It is death Sir! Don't let her remain a day there!" Enquiries, however, which I have made in every quarter satisfy me that there is no ground whatever for this. At the Pension Millet was a gentle/

man who occupied a north room there all last winter and when he returned this year he took it again from choice. He told me he seldom had a fire and found it most comfortable. In the same house was a young lady, Miss Ariel (a friend of the Campbells of **[Glendonnel and Arnisdale?]**, of the Euings in the Crescent & other Glasgow families) who told me she occupies a north room as she requires that light for oil painting & that she finds it comfortable & healthy – and yet she is delicate being at Nice, with her mother, in consequence of being subject to neuralgia. Dr Drummond, again, who is **[?]** careful about his children has the whole five of them sleeping in rooms with a north exposure. They

have a fire in the evening, but this is only because they use these rooms as nurseries. Dr Drummond told Mrs Ewing that apart from the mere question of heat & cold there was nothing unhealthy in a north room & all other enquiries satisfy me that this is the case. The Santis all use for themselves rooms to the north and Madame/

Santi's son says that he and his wife enjoy excellent health altho' the latter is constitutionally delicate. These conclusions were confirmed so far as Margaret's temporary room is concerned by observations with the thermometer. On the 27 at 10 pm the temperature in her room was 60. In ours to the south it was just the same. On the 28th at 2.30 with the window open it was 56 in her room. At 4.30 with the window shut it was 59. In our room at the same time it was only one degree higher. On the 29th at 10pm it was 59 in M's room on the 30th at 8am 56. She never felt cold in it and I have no doubt she could have continued to occupy it all winter with perfect comfort – but her old room to the sun was more cheerful.

27. Walked after breakfast towards the harbour and through several of the picturesque narrow streets of the old town. At midday a young woman who sells honey called having been sent by Mrs Ewing who thought I might like to have a sketch of her. She/

was a very pretty brunette and was very willing to stand till I took my sketch. She has been so employed before and among other has 'stood' to the Baroness Rothschild. We bought some of her honey and I gave her a gratuity extra for the pose which sent her away quite gratified. Several games of chess with Mrs Sutherland in the evening.

28. Mrs Ewing, who has been very kind in giving the benefit of her nice carriage to the 'dame qui ne marche pas' called today after breakfast and drove us to the Villa Garlands at the west extremity of Nice. It is a beautiful place or rather will be when in order for for all the former beauty of the grounds, described as having been very great has been destroyed by extensive alterations which the proprietor is making & it will be some time before it is in order. There is obtained from a terrace in the grounds the finest view of Nice & the bay which I have yet seen. There are various rare & beautiful trees which I had never seen before and in the garden besides a profusion of orange trees/

covered with fruit we saw all kinds of vegetables including peas just about ready for pulling. This however is by no means unusual as at an table d'hote we have more than once had ducks with green peas, young & freshly pulled. On return finished one of my recent sketches – then went & heard band in Jardin public. It was novel to us to see ladies dressed in the [?] fashions sitting in chairs in the open air under palm trees listening to music on the 28 of November. Girls were going about selling small bouquets of sweet scented violets, roses & other flowers, the charge being only two sous for a pretty little bouquet. There was a great crowd & the music was very good. We are [?] for the cooler weather now by the disappearance of the mosquitos – hardly a great blessing. None have been seen for some days & they say they won't/

Appear again till next Summer. 29. A beautiful clear day. Went to Dr Hall after breakfast and had the stuffing of my teeth completed. Afterwards walked with Mrs M. And sat on promenade looking out on the sea. It was warm and sunny. We were amused by the gay and absurdly outre & showy dresses of the ladies. One good thing however I noted about them namely the entire absences of crinoline. They make up for this no doubt by the extraordinary [level?] of the heels of their boots & other

eccentricities, but the dismissal of the girls is a great gain. [sketch of woman in Nice fashion]. Note. The supper garment is a Tunisian gachet. The scooped out concern below is the gown of now/

Worn short, you will observe, the under piece is the petticoat. The boots speak for themselves. In the evening had my last set to at chess with Mrs Sutherland. She leaves tomorrow for Monaco on the way to Rome. We played three games two I gained & the third was drawn. 30 Bright and clear but cold in the morning. Walking in the forenoon. Mrs M and Margaret at a matinee an entertainment or reception given by the members of Cassino or club on Saturday & where the fashion & frivolity of Nice finds vent. The ladies go in morning dresses (the show being 2.30 pm but the younger damsels occasionally off their bonnets and dance. They were taken there, as was also Mrs Ewing, by two gentlemen in the hotel who are members. This exhibition of extremes of fashion was they reported very [?]. From all I could learn it reminded me of the Jardin Mabille at Paris. Refreshments of tea, coffee, ice &/

Are given. The expense is, very appropriately defrayed from the profits of gambling. There is a great deal of card playing (? Chiefly) and every game that is played a fee is paid to the friends of the house. From all accounts it is a dangerous club for any young man to belong to. I called yesterday for Colonel MacGeorge who I learned had arrived two days ago at the Hotel Chauvain but missed him. He called for me today. He looks much better than when I last saw him though he says he has had two very severe attacks of gout lately. His wife has not yet arrived having had to go to London on business as the Colonel was too unwell to go. They had been staying at Weisbaden from which place the Colonel came over here. Monday 2 Dec. Yesterday was a cloudy day and in the afternoon it began to rain and it rained heavily all night. In the forenoon we went to M. Pilattes church and in the afternoon to the English Chapel. Colonel MacGeorge called between sermons & I went afterwards with him and saw the Patrick Euings at the Hotel des Anglais. At four took a walk/

Towards the villa franca road several – several men were fishing on the beach with rods casting their line among the surf. Today drove with Mrs M for an hour on the Promenade – a better day than yesterday but not warm. Met Mr Alexander Cowan and went with him and saw the new Casino. Th. In room last night at 10pm 62 this morning at 8, 61 ½, outside at same hour 52 1/2. In room this night at 11 (no fire) 62. 3 Dec clear but very cold. Th outside at 8.30am 38. In room 61. After breakfast it became overcast and snow began to fall which continued, with variations of heavy falls of hail, all the day. We had been told that in Nice if ever snow fell it melted as soon as it touched the ground. But it was not so today. The ground continued white and in some places the boys were able to collect considerable heaps. A gentleman in our hotel told us he saw two of these in a yard with bunches of roses stuck into the top of them! A party went from town today to visit Monaco – a horrid day for a [?] excursion & in a steamboat. By the way I forgot to put in its proper place. Here it is/

[photo of Monaco] At three pm today the thermometer outside was 40 – not low for so wintry a day. At 10.30 pm it was 42. Twice I attempted to get a walk today but each time was driven home by heavy falls of hail and snow. Whist in evening with Mrs M, Miss Allan and Miss Lousada – very pleasant people. 4th Morning dull and cloudy. Ther. At quarter from eight am 44. The snow of yesterday is still lying in several places on roofs and tops of walls and in spots among the shrubs. At Cannes yesterday the snow was nearly a foot deep and we have since heard that the storm has been

general and very severe. The Mont Cenis and other passes are closed by the snow and at Torino & all through that district it has been very heavy. In England the weather/

Has been equally severe and a powerful storm has been and still is raging on the coast with good loss of shipping at Lowestoft and other places. In Paris the storm has also been severe. I fear we are going to have an early & probably severe winter. Yet it is amazing how the Nice people speak. It will soon be over. The sun will immediately resume its supremacy. This weather is something quite unheard of; and the local press adopts the same tone. Here is the article on the subject which the 'Journal de Nice' publishes on the subject this morning [clipping]/

The most satisfactory part of this apology for the cold is that which truly ascribes to it the disappearance of the rascally mosquitoes./

Margaret dined today with Mrs Ewing and I went over in the evening to bring her home. A Miss Schmalz was there – presently governess with Dr Gurney previously in the family of the Duchess of Montrose. She sings beautifully – knows many languages and sung songs to us in English, French, Swedish, German, Russian. Madame Rolande was also there – a very pleasant lady like woman. She had brought her album to show it to Mrs Ewing. It was full of drawings by the princesses (to whom she had been governess) with lines written in by them and the young princes expressing sincere and hearty affection & regard for her. She describes the Queen as a good mother but a severe disciplinarian with her children. Occasionally one or other of them complained to the Queen when Madame Rolande had occasion to correct them but they never got any thing but this: 'Madame did not punish you half enough'. The drawings of Princess Alice are far superior to any of the others and one of them representing Prince Arthur, when a child, perched on a music stool getting a lesson at the piano would do credit to any artist. Madame Roland/

Told me it was done off hand, in a very short space of time and when the princess was only twelve years old. 5 Dec. The sun again. The gay dresses once more enlivening the promenade and a great crowd in the garden listening to the band- gentlemen as well as ladies with their parasols and the flower girls with their baskets of bouquets. In the shade however it is still cold & as the barometer continues very low I fear this is only a hot day. At eight this morning the thermometer was as low as 43 in room 56. In the forenoon I returned to the dentist & got an old decayed tooth taken out & rest just in order. Mrs Ewing called about drawing lessons for Edith. Whist in evening with Mr Buck and Miss Allen. Speaking of one of the waiters here an ill looking German who is said to have been formerly in the police Mr Ashley told us an authentic story of recent occurrence which [currently?] illustrates/

The system of espionage exercised by the government of France. A lady who had resided some time in Paris when about to leave issued invitations for an evening party and about ninety were invited. Shortly before the time of the party a genteel looking person availed on her and announcing that he was of the department of the police he nominated that it was usual when so large a party was given certain representatives of the police were accustomed to be present and he asked that she could place at his disposal one or two cards of invitation. The lady demurred by this. The other expressed his regret that on no other terms could the assembly be permitted and she at last said that rather than submit to it she would give up her party. Her visitor was very polite and he now said "Would you have any objections to show me the list of your guests?" "Not at all" the lady said. He looked at

it, and then returned it to her saying bluntly that he need not trouble her farther as he found that among the persons invited there were already several of the/

Agents of the police! Thermometer at night at ten pm in room 59 outside 44. 6. Sun gone again – a cold raw day. A good deal of rain fell and the barometer is still going down. Ther. At eight am 46. Mrs Ewing called in the carriage (closed this time) and Mrs M and I took a drive with her while she went shopping & afterward round by the Carrabacel quarter. Made a drawing as a lesson for Edith and in the afternoon walked the length of the villa Lion and left it for her. But there was no pleasure in walking today – it was so chill and the streets so wet and dirty. Wrote some letters. In the morning went to 'reception' at M. P[?], a family to whom we brought a note of introduction from Mrs Shedden – a friend of Mrs James Campbell. There was a large party – conversation and some very good singing – with tea, ices, and negus. 7. Clear but still cold. Thur. 8 am 41 inside 58 at 10.45 pm (outside) 45. The sun was pleasant/

During the day but in the shade the air was sharp. Called for Colonel & Mrs Macgeorge. Afterwards we walked on the Promenade and then dinner at "the London" a chop house of the very highest class, much frequented by the better classes in Nice. Every thing good & quite moderate. Mrs Ewing called at five and I walked back with her to the villa Lions by the Rue de France. Returned by the Promenade and enjoyed the beautiful moonlight and the reflection of it in the sea – Game at whist in evening. 8. Sunday. Clear cold morning – Ther. At 8 am 40 inside 56. In sun at 3pm 78 – at 6.30 pm 44. Last night there was ice behind the house a quarter of an inch thick. Went in morning to M. Pilattes – a stranger attending. In afternoon to English church. Walked at midday on Promenade – the sun warm & genial and a great many people out – gaily dressed as usual. Not very well and dined by myself today after returning from church. 9. A wet and boisterous night and cloudy all day with a bitter wind from the north – Mont Chauve & other hills near Nice covered with a thin coating of snow. Every one says the weather I such as has not been known/

Nice for many years. The temperature is, by the thermometer, higher than one would imagine from the intensity of the cold but I hear every one saying that the feeling of cold is so much greater than the thermometer indicates. This morning at 7.30 the thermometer was 47 inside 58. At 4.30 (outside) 48. Called with Marg. And Mrs Ewing on Mr Childers – saw three of his daughters. Afterwards called with Mrs M. [Pengitous?] – saw his daughter a very sincere lady like girl in delicate health. Then returned the call of Mr and Mrs [Brian?] Murdoch – very nice people. Ther 11pm 40. 10. A clear cold morning. Ther 8am 39 – inside 59. During the night there has been hard frost – that is, on the surface of the ground – and when I went out to walk after ten the pools were still frozen. In the sun it was bright and genial. At 1.30pm 85 in the sun ; at 10.30pm 40. Called on Dr Cr[?] but did not find him. After lunch walked on the promenade and then sat with Mrs M in the Jardin Public listening to the band. Mrs Ewing called late and I walked home with her. Full moon & a perfectly clear sky – a very beautiful night but with a feeling of intense cold; the wind from the/

North blowing over snowy mountains. A lady who arrived this evening from Mentone told us there was a great deal of snow lying between that place and Nice. The ice here last was an eighth of an inch thick close to the Hotel. Bought today a self registering thermometer to ascertain the minimum temperature during the night. 11. Clear but still cold. Ther at 7.30am 38 inside 56. Mrs Ewing called at ten o'clock and drove us to St Andre where she had left a parasol at her former visit and which she recovered today. In returning I got at the ruins of the old chapel of St Pons of which I took a

sketch. It is close to the Monastery of the same name. St Pons was a Roman Prefect in the second or third century who embraced Christianity and was persecuted. They tried to burn him but the fire would not scorch him. They attempted torture but the instruments refused to act. They then continued to cut his head off which was thrown into the Pallion [ie Paillon] which carried it to the sea by which it was borne to some sacred spot I forget where. Up towards St Andre all/

Pools in the river were frozen and there was ice all along the road which was still unmelted when I walked home near one o'clock. It was pleasant and warm however walking in the bright sunshine. Mr & Mrs Skey called, also Mr Patrick Ewing and his daughter and afterwards Dr and Mrs Gurney. In afternoon I walked to the harbour and on way home got some sketches of figures. Mrs M bought today sweet scented violets and mignonette as fresh and fragrant as we even have them in the most favourable seasons. In evening had some pleasant conversation on art with Countess Zichy a Hungarian lady of old family and high rank who is staying in the hotel. She is quiet and unassuming but very intelligent. She is related to the Metternick family – afterwards a game at whist. Still very cold or as the Nice paper of this morning expresses it "Il fait un chien de froid" – but as my thermometers have been returned to the maker to be adjusted I do not know what the temperature during the night has been. The day however/

Has been beautifully clear and in the sunshine it was warm and pleasant. In Paris the night before last the thermometer marked 15 degrees of Fahrenheit – the coldest it has been this season. At Valencia in Spain the river is frozen over and snow is lying three and a half feet deep. Comparatively therefore we are well off here. Walking on the Promenade after breakfast the heat was really oppressive and I felt it a relief to get into the shade. At 8pm ther. Outside 46. In the forenoon I went out to sketch with Countess Zichy and Miss Lousada and having imprudently sat on cold stone I caught a bad cold. Dr & Miss Crothers called. 13. Minimum temperature during the night 40. This was outside the window on the first floor but on the surface of the ground I have no doubt it was freezing. Inside the room at 8am 58. A bright pleasant day. In sun at 2pm ther. 92. Walked and afterwards sat in hotel and finished some sketches. Margaret dined today at the Hotel d'Angleterre with Mrs Ferguson. Mrs M and I dined in the 'London' chop house as I did not feel well and [?] to have a respite from the multifarious mixtures of the table d'hote./

14. Min 42. In room at 8am 61. Beautiful bright day. In sun at 12.30 ther 96 ; at two pm 94 and at same hour in north exposure 52. Still unwell. After a short walk dined early by myself. Mrs M drove in the morning with Mrs Ewing and afterwards she & Margaret went with W Edwards to the matinee. W Edwards is a cousin of Gen. McClelland. 15 Sund. Min 40. At 8am 42. Cloudy and a very chill feeling in the air – altogether a dull disagreeable day. Went in forenoon and heard M. Pilatte. Did not go to church in the afternoon – sat at the [?] and read. In walking along the Promenade saw on the shore four sharks which a party of fisherman had just brought in and which they were exhibiting to a crowd from whom they were collecting a few sous for the sight. They – the Sharks – were ugly looking monsters – the largest about 4 ½ feet long, and they suggest awkward considerations for those who indulge in sea bathing here, for they were caught close off the shore. Monday 16. A dull grey morning but it cleared up as the day advanced tho' the sun never claimed much control. Min: 41 at 8am 43 – in/

room at same time 57. Walked after breakfast and got some sketches of costumes. Afterwards called with Mrs M at Dr Gurneys and W Skeys – Dined with Dr and Mrs Drummond – W Edwards

there with Mrs and Miss Ferguson. Margaret walked in forenoon with Miss Allan – an French lady a great friend of Countess Zichy and connected through her other with Lord Gough – Miss Allan was on terms of intimate friendship with Lord Clyde from whom she had the story of his interview with the Queen after his return from India on being superseded by [left blank]. He left India in great disgust - after having spent four days shut up in his tent 'swearing at large' – (as one of his aides told Miss Allan). On his arrival in London he was sent for to Windsor & having no presentable clothes the tailors had to sit up all night preparing a suit for him. He was most graciously received and the Queen made him sit next to her at dinner. Next day when engaged with Prince Albert over the map of India and discussing Indian affairs the Queen came in. They rose but she insisted on them resuming their seats and proceeding with what they were engaged in. After a little she said "And when do you return to India Sir Colin?" He replied with some/

emphasis "Never Madame – your Majesty's Ministers have thought proper to supersede me and I do not mean to return". The Queen replied that she had been sorry to learn that they had done so but she assured that it had not been her wish. She then added that she denied as a personal favour that Sir Colin would return to his post in India. Sir Colin was quite overcome and tears started to his eyes and he said "I am ready to serve your Majesty any where even with a musket and knapsack". The Queen smiled and holding out her hand said "seal it then" and Sir Colin kissed her hand. He said he would require to telegraph immediately to India to prevent his charger & his other effects being sold and the telegram which he thus sent was the first notice which the authorities there had of the altered state of matters. 17 Clear and fine – min temp 42. At 7.30am the same. A beautiful genial day equal to the finest days in July at home. As arranged at Dr Drummond's yesterday took a/

Long walk with Mrs Drummond, Mrs Ewing, Miss Ferguson, Mr Buck, Mr Ashly and Margaret. Mrs M took a drive in the same direction (the hill of Bellet) with Miss Allan and Countess Zichy. Ther at 2pm 90. Took some sketches. In going along promenade we saw before us a plain elderly gentleman who stopped and was at some trouble to put off the path a piece of broken tile. It was the old King of Bavaria and he was walking quite alone. At the other end of the promenade Mr Ashly reported that he met quite a different personage walking with a friend and sunning himself among the fashionables. He was magnificently got up – a black velvet coat – a faultless tie – fine kid gloves and a cane – every thing in first style. Mr Ashly was quite taken with the splendid [?] which on nearer inspection proved to be Gustave our head waiter! In the evening played whist. 18. Last night at 11pm the ther outside was 52 the min urging the night was 50. Today has been cloudy with reasonably heavy showers . Went out at eleven with the Countess to sketch but we had not/

Gone far till we were driven home by a heavy shower. Sat in the house the greater part of the day drawing. Walked on promenade between four and five. Went to a reception in the evening at Dr Gurney's – tea and coffee, ices, sweet meats and negus and sherry. A large gathering and some good singing by Miss Schulinz. Had a long talk with a very intelligent gentleman Colonel Woodfull to whom Miss Gurney introduced me. Home at 10.30. Ther at 11 pm 50. 19th Another clear day. Min 44 at eight am the same. Bracing & pleasant when walking but wind cold. Went with Margaret to dentist to get a tooth stuffed. When waiting for her Mr Buck and I passed the Cathedral and going in we found ourselves 'assisting' at a very interesting ceremony. A long table covered with white cloth extended from near the door to the altar. Upon it ranged on each side were a large number of black flat stones of the appearance and size of a boys school slate. In the centre of each was a small square cut out about 3 inches long by two broad and on the top of each stone was/

laid a smaller one, [?] made to fit in to the space in the larger. At one side of the table sat the Bishop with mitre in his hand and supported on each side his Canons one of whom held the crozier. As we entered the Bishop, me and one of the canons having removed the mitre from his head another held before him a folio prayer book from which the Bishop read a short prayer. This formed part of the ceremony which was the benediction or rather consecration of altar stones for various churches in the mountains and elsewhere in the diocese. The small stones were evidently those which had been consecrated and which were to be inserted in the spaces left in the larger. All this while a mason – well dressed in black – was going along the table with a trowel and cement placing each small stone in the space destined for it and securing it with the cement. The ceremony had been going on from an early hour in the morning and as it was now near midday the old Bishop must have been pretty well tired with it. Here is the account of the proceeding which/

appeared the next morning in the Journal de Nice [later, in pencil [I have lost this newspaper cutting & it is on [i.e. No?] great matter as I have fully described the whole ceremony]]. On a table near the Bishop were a number of communion caps which he had also consecrated or was about to consecrate. On returning to the Hotel we found Mrs Ewing who had called to say that Ella had taken measles and we drove with her to the telegraph office, to send a message to Mr Ewing and afterwards to the Pension Anglaise to/

Arrange as to rooms for Edith and Miss [Sammier? – governess?] who are to be sent away from the Villa Lions. Afterwards called on Mrs Drummond. 20th. Another beautiful clear sunshine day. Min 38 at eight am. 39 inside at same hour 58. Had a pleasant walk in the forenoon with Miss Allan, Mr Ashley and Mr Buck to the Convent of St Bartholemy – occupied by Capuchins of two of whom I got a sketch and also of the Convent. Although the sun was warmed it was pleasant for walking the wind is still cold. We were shown through the church by one of the monks – or Friars- who showed us a half finished picture of the chapel with the monks at their prayers which a very second rate artist (evidently) was engaged in. Our conductor pointed out his own portrait and Miss Allan made him laugh and blush also by telling him the picture was not half as good looking as the original. He was a jovial hearty looking man who I should think did not feel himself in his element shut up in a convent. He showed us over the [?] a very pretty picture of the virgin and child which the friar said had been brought here in the fifteenth century./

21st The shortest day – clear but cold. Min 37 and same at eight am. Very warm in the sun. Went to public garden with Mrs M who sat there for some time while I took a short walk as I always catch cold if I sit in the open air. Mrs Cowan has been unwell for some days but Mr Buck saw her today driving so that she must be better. She told Mrs M that every drive she takes costs her seventeen francs as she will not go in one of the ordinary short carriages but must have one specially from the Remise. It is a dear drive for the short time she has it. Sunday 22. Min 37 at eight am 39. A clear bright day but very cold in the shade. Altho' not freezing at the elevation of our windows it has been hard frost during the night on the surface of the ground for all the pools were frozen and we're still covered with ice when we returned from church at one o'clock. We went to both services at the English Church. Between services called on Colonel Macgeorge to enquire for him as he has been ill with an attack of gout. Mrs M and I dined with Mrs Ewing. Margaret was not very well and did not go out./

23. Min 40; at 8am 42. A cloudy morning but it cleared up to be a beautiful sunny day. Walked with Mrs M and afterwards by myself and got some sketches of the natives. On the beach saw some fisherman cutting up a very large fish – almost four feet long. One of them of whom I asked the name called it 'Requin' but he added that it was very good eating. It certainly looked quite like a shark, which the name 'Requin' means but if it was good eating it was perhaps one of the Tunny fishe. Went in the evening to a party at Mrs Lyall's. Mr Lyall is a brother of Sir Charles the great geologist. I expressed to Mrs Lyall my admiration of Sir Charles & his many useful researches but said I was sorry he had gone rather wrong lately (as many sound geologists think). She said, Yes, they are all terribly distressed at his unhappy change of opinion. I found however that we were at cross purposes. I was thinking of his leanings towards Darwin's absurdities but Mrs Lyall it appeared was eluding to a still more melancholy change namely that he had turned Unitarian. This makes me the less surprised at his views in regard/

To the antiquity of man. There was a pleasant little party and a good deal of dancing but I had a great rubber at whist with Mr Lyall and a Mr Ashlin a very nice old gentleman who with his wife and daughter are staying in our hotel. Not home till after 12. Thermometer at midnight 39. 24th A beautiful bright morning. Ther. At 8am 39. Forgot to find out the other which registers the minimum temperature. This has been one of the finest days we have had. In the sun at one o'clock the thermometer was 102 and the feeling was that of a genial summer day. Walked with Mrs Macgeorge and sat with her on the Promenade and afterwards in the Public garden listening to the band. Margaret at a child's party in the evening at Mr Peighters(?) where I went for her to bring her home – Some [genuine?] up people there – among them Dr Pasquale. Some children rather loudly dressed. Here is one the daughters of a very nice lady-like mother – a Mrs Keith – Thermometer at 11pm when we got home 46./

25th Dec – Christmas day – min 38; at 8am 45. A pleasant sunny day but not so warm as yesterday. Walked over to the Villa Lions after breakfast and saw Mr Ewing who arrived last night. Mrs Ewing when driving yesterday came in contact with another carriage and was overturned but fortunately escaped unhurt. The other carriage was quite smashed. Went to the English church at 11.30 – afterwards walked on the Promenade. The salle a manger gaily decorated and with a christmas tree brilliantly lighted. Plum pudding and Christmas pies at dinner. Ther at 11 pm 45. /

26th Min 39; at 8am 40. Drawing in the house and walking. Called with Miss Lousada on Mr Alan (or Olim?) an artist and saw his drawings. Water colours and many of them very clever. Afterwards listened for a short time to the band in the Public Garden – ladies and gentlemen sitting under their parasols. But in the shade it was not at all warm. I felt tired all day and walking was irksome. Mrs Young a lady who with her daughter came a few days ago – sand in the evening – her daughter (who does not sing) playing the accompaniment. Ther at 11pm 45. 27. Cloudy. Min 39 at 8am 43; at 5pm 42. Went to Cimies with friends – Miss Allan, Miss Lousada, Countess Zichy, Mr Buck and Margaret. Took omnibus so far and walked across through the valley. Beautiful view from the plateau. Afterwards visited the convent ([blank] friars) and Mr Buck & I saw the garden & the fine view from it – no ladies being allowed to enter – were fortunate in seeing the old custom of one of the friars distributing alms at the convent gate. He brought out a large flattish copper vessel filled with what appeared to be excellent broth. The poor people & children gathered round & placed on the ground the/

Little earthenware pitchers which they had brought and the friar filled each with the broth by means of a ladle. Walked back through the olives and returned by the omnibus. Miss Lousada & the Countess missed it by stopping too long to sketch & had to walk home. I got several sketches including some of the people waiting at the convent gate. I gave one girl two sous & a boy one sous to stand still till I sketched them. 28. A beautiful bright day. Min 37; at 8am the same. At 11pm 38. An idle day. Walked – finished a sketch & called on Mr Burn Murdoch. Sunday 29. Clear & bright. Min 36, at 8am same but as usual when the thermometer on the first floor indicates any thing like 36 it was freezing on the surface of the ground. All the ground this morning was white with hoar frost. In the sun at 2pm the thermometer indicated 90; at 4pm 50 at 5pm 40 at 6pm 38 at eight 37; at eleven 36. This has been a beautiful sunny day without a cloud. Went to Mr Burn Murdochs in the morning. It was his communion and we all joined – a very pleasant & simple service – every one communionated at one & the same time. Mr Burn Murdoch himself assisted by Dr Crothers (??) handed/

Round the aliments. A stranger preached and Mr B Murdoch gave short addresses before & after the communion. There were no tokens. Everyone present was invited to come forward and a large number joined. Although there were two stoves (one of which Mr B Murdoch him self replenished amply with wood in the middle of the sermon) it was very cold - the church, a hall, being in a back court and with a north exposure – and I got quite chilled. I did not therefore return in the afternoon but took a quick walk to the chateau whence I saw a magnificent sunset. In the evening we had some exquisite sacred music sung by a Miss Talbot a young American lady one of a large party residing in the hotel. 30. Min 36 – at 7.35 the same. Fine and quite clear – a pleasant sunny forenoon walked by myself and afterwards with Mrs M on Promenade. Met Mrs Ewing who took Mrs M a short drive. Called on Colonel Macgeorge by appointment and went with him to call on Colonel Powell – a wealthy gentleman from Wales staying at the Hotel./

Who showed myriad numbers of pen & ink sketches some of them very clever. In the evening went with Mrs M to tea at Mr Burn Murdochs. Met a Swedish Countess there -- Lady Bell wife of Sir George Bell and other very nice people. Margaret at a ball at the Casino with Mrs Ewing. After sunset it became very chilly and the sky became covered with clouds and about seven it began to rain very heavily with hail showers intervening. Ther. at 11pm 42.

31. A dull gloomy morning. Min. 36 at 8.30am 40. The near hills are all covered with snow. Walking in forenoon and afterwards inserting drawings of [?ries] in a book for a new years gift to Margt. In my walk passed the mouth of the Paillon – the smell intolerable – yet in this foetid sink of pollution & filth the drainings of all the Common sewers of Nice—concentrated filth too for the quantity of water is very small, the blanchiseuses in hundreds were following their vocation. There is a bed of gravel at the mouth of the river which prevents the water flowing freely into the sea and the smell from the water in which all this/

Washing is going on in is past description. I felt thankful that at the Hotel Royal all our clothes are washed in a place attached to the Hotel and with good clean water. Ther. At 11pm 36. /

1 January 1868. Cloudy – Min 36 at 8am 37. A dull cold ungenial day. Every one shivering and complaining of the weather as an outrage on the ^?^ ‘rights’ of Nice. Mrs M. and Margaret went to English Church in forenoon and were nearly frozen. I called on Madam Rollande and left with her the drawing I had made for her. Called afterwards on Mrs Orr Ewing. Johnny very ill with measles – drew

a little and walked a little. At three Margt. Treated Miss Allan & us to ices at Rampelmeyers the great place here for that commodity. In the evening there was a servants ball given by the land lord it being his birth day. There were some showy dresses and some of the Comez servants appeared without any change at all/

There were couriers & valets and ladysmaids and concierges & portiers.

2. January – Min. 39 at 8am 40. A dull cold cloudy day. Every one shivering & complaining of the climate. Our only consolation is that it is so much worse elsewhere. Two ladies who are arrived this evening from Marseilles report heavy snow there & extreme cold. Took two short walks & sat rest of the day in the house. Went in the evening to Mrs Fergusons (at the Hotel des Anglais) – a very pleasant party & some good music. Mrs Colonel Macgeorge there who sang very well. Ther. At 11pm 40.

3. Rain during the night. Min 38 at 8am 40. It rained heavily all day. Cold & disagreeable. Madame Rollande with us at dinner. Miss Schmetz & Miss Lyell came to us in the evening & after tea in our own room we had a very nice concert. Miss Talbot, Miss Schmetz, Miss Lyell, Mrs Young, and Mrs M. & Margt. All singing. Madam Rollande brought her album which I volunteered to put in order for her & to insert the numerous sketches by the Royal family which she has. She presented me with two remarkably clever drawings by the Princess Alice. I selected two of less value but she chose these/

Herself & insisted on my having them.

4. Min 36, at 8am 40 – at 3pm 43 at 8pm 42. Still cloudy & cold and heavy showers all day. In the house most of the day & doing very little. Whist in the evening.

Sunday 5. Min 37 same at 8.30am. A fine clear morning and a genial sunny day. Ther. In sun ay 1pm 92. Went to M. Pillattis in forenoon. Magt. & I afterwards walked the whole length of the Promenade – a pleasant breeze & the most exquisite colour of blue on the sea. To the scotch church in the afternoon – Walked on Promenade afterwards but it had become cold & I was glad to hurry home. I find it is a bad thing to be out at sunset. I get a very disagreeable chill. A fine clear moonlight night & very [frosty?] like. Ther. At 5pm 42 at 8pm 36. At Paris on the 2nd the thermometer was at 10 deg Fahrenheit & the Seine hard frozen. The Saonne is also frozen over and there has been a heavy fall of snow at Florence.

Mr Baylis very ill. He had a paralytic stroke this morning.

6. A cloudy morning and very cold. Min 34 at /

8am 36. A gloomy cold day – no sunshine. Ther. At midday 46. At one o'clock it began to rain and there were several heavy showers during the afternoon. In the evening a [?]. Ther at 5pm 36. This is Christmas day O.S. & as such it has been observed by the Russians in the Hotel – attending(?) the freak climate in the morning & having friends at dinner including the ^Russian^ Princess Ignatieff.

7. Beautiful clear morning but still cold. Min 30 – the coldest it has yet been; at 8am 31. During the day it got cloudy with a sharp cold wind. Had a pleasant walk to Mont Albano where there is a fort which commands Nice on the one side and the harbour of Villa France on the other. Took two sketches. Sir George & Lady Bell called. We had met Lady Bell at Mr Burn Murdocks. Sir George is an

old soldier who has seen much service. He was through all the Peninsular War, in India, in Canada, and in the battles of the Crimea. He last year published his memoirs in two volumes said to be a very entertaining book.

8. Cloudy and cold. Min 31; at 8am 33. Rain/

During the night & snowing on the high grounds. All the near hills are covered with snow. Showers all day and the streets in a horrid state with mud which they appear never to clear away. Called on Colonel Powell and Mrs Cowan, also on Colonel Macgeorge but missed him. Got three sketches of [?] in the market. The wet weather produces some very picturesque costumes which are not visible when the sun shines.

9. Dry but cloudy. Min. 34 at 8am 38. It cleared up in the forenoon to a tolerably sunny day tho' cold for Nice it was pleasant walking. Many ladies & gentlemen sitting on chairs in the Jubilee Garden listening to the band. [Bouquets?] of violets, Mingonette & roses still abundant. The [?] [?] to be content with the weather we have exceptional tho' it be for all round us the winter appears to be very severe. Between this & Genoa the snow is lying several feet deep. At Paris the cold is still intense/

And in Switzerland it is very severe. The lake of Neufchatel is frozen – a thing which has not occurred since sometime before the end of the last century. Mrs M went today with Mr & Mrs Ewing to Mentone & Monaco to return tomorrow. Magt. & I called on Sir George & Lady Bell. They are nice pleasant people. Saw also their daughter Mrs Mortland & her daughter a fine girl who afterwards walked with M. Heard the Band for a short time afterwards walked on Promenade – a splendid sunset. Ther at 5pm 48 at 11pm 38.

10. A clear morning. Min 35 at 8am 36. Walked to Villa Franca with Mr Buck, Mr Ashley, Mrgt., Miss Mortland – The ladies & Mr Buck around to the other side. Mr Ashley & I had a cup of coffee and I afterwards took a sketch of the old part of Villa Franca. Returned by a different road through the olive woods. This has been a delightful day. Quite equal to our best fine day at home. In the sun it was quite oppressive to walk. Mr Buck & Mr Ashley had parasols/

Mr Baylis worse – evidently dying. Mrs M. has been sleeping for some nights in M's room as Mr Baylis' room being next ours we were much disturbed. Last night I moved to a small room upstairs. Mrs M. returned from Mentone about 6. They had a delightful drive – & last night heard the music & saw the play at Monaco. They then went on to Mentone where they passed the night. Mrs M. called and I saw Dr [Simer?]

11. Beautiful bright morning but the feeling of that great cold. Thermometer in room however was 49 at 7.30. Min outside during the night 34. Took omnibus with Mr Buck & Margt. To St Barthelemy then walked over the hill to near St André then turned to the left & came home over the hill by another route & returned by the omnibus – a beautiful walk through olives with fragrant bright patches of wheat and here & there young peas & beans the latter about eight inches high and the peas nearly three feet. Everything had the appearance & feeling of a bright Spring day. Dined for variety in the London Chop house./

12. Sunday. A dull cloudy morning. Min 35 ther. In room at 8am 50. Mr Baylis died yesterday morning half an hour after midnight and was buried this morning at seven o'clock. The law is that

the interment must not be sooner than 24 hours after death and not later than 48. His cousin arrived from England two days ago and then no doubt agreed to the early interment at the instance of Madame Santi so as to have the funeral over before people were up for the Hotel keepers are necessarily sensitive about its [?] that a death has occurred in their house. Went to M. Pillattes in the forenoon and in the afternoon to the Scotch church – a stranger preaching. This has been a chill disagreeable day, constant cloud and very ungenial. Ther. At 4.30pm 42 at 10pm 48. In evening sacred music by Miss Talbot exquisitely rendered. The Russian lady & her daughter went out tonight to a ball at the Russian Consulate – tomorrow being their New Years day.

13. Min. 38 Morning cold bleak & cloudy but cloud up a little. Ther. At 3pm to south 45. Called at Mr Ewing's – Eilidh(?) laid up with measles. Called with Mrs M on Col & Mrs/

Woodfull – got some sketches of [?] in the street.

14th. Min 37 at 8am 38. A fine sunny day. At 2pm ther. 94 in the sun. Went in omnibus to Pont du Var and walked over the hill & down to Pont Magnon & home by 'bus. From highest point of our walk had splendid views of the Maritime Alps, including the highest peaks and of the city & bay of Nice, the 'baie des anges' as it is called – sand patches of young peas & beans & wheat – pulled a pod of the [peas?] well filled & very delicious. Here is a photograph of Sir George Bell which he gave me when he called. [small photo]

15. Min. 37. At 8am 40. A pleasant day – sunny occasionally & not cold. Ther. At 5pm 50. At 8.30pm 45. Went with Mrs Ewing & a [Frenchy?] to see the pictures of a French gentleman who has a villa in Nice – the villa Redron near the Place d'Hermes but only one room of seen today, the others were not in order. A few good examples. A fine Pynacker/

And a very good Ruysdael. Afterwards walked on Promenade. Saw the French fleet – 4 ships steam in very near and then turn & leave the bay again. There is a good deal of sickness in Nice just now. Colds are prevalent and an eruptive complaint called a 'rash' is epidemic. Several people in our Hotel are unwell which brings up discussions on the doctor's charges. Those of Dr Drummond & Dr Travers specially commented on & in consequence several have called in other members of the profession known to be more moderate. Dr Drummonds charge of 2 napoleons for a first visit to Mr Baylis though followed by a long course of attendance at one napoleon each visit is specially commented on, as well as the charge of Dr Travers who came seven days in succession & charged 2 napoleons each time. Mr Baylis' brother when paying Dr Drummonds bill previous to leaving that he had some cold which would make travelling unpleasant & Dr D. advised a dose of paregoric or something of that kind. On rising to go after paying the bill he was informed by Dr D. that he had two napoleons to pay for the prescription to himself. He told this in the Hotel the same day & it will not advance Dr D's interests.

16. Fine bright morning – min. 37 at 8am 42/

Mrs M joined a party in a drive to Tourette. I walked on Promenade & afterwards heard the band. This has been a beautiful day – the sun as warm as in the first days of July at home and [?] sitting in the Public Gardens [under?] their 'sun-shades' listening to the music. In the evening to a grand ball given by the Fergusons in the Hotel des Anglais – a great gathering of fashion & rank. When it was known that Mrs F. was to give a ball whole droves of people, that she did not know even by name

called or left cards or got friends to ask for invitations. The Duke of Parma was to have been presented but was prevented from coming. Among the fashionable present was the Countess of Courton & her two daughters (perfect strangers till they called on hearing of the ball), the Russian Princess Ignatieff – another Russian Princess Latouski – the Hungarian General Klapka, Sir George & Lady Bell, Lady William Paget, Baron Rothschild &c – Margaret danced with General Klapka. Everything was well got up and the room (the salle a manger of the Hotel) a very fine one for dancing in./

17. Min. 36 at 8am 37 – very fine. Quite like a summer day. Very idle. Drew a little. Called on Mr Cowan & walked on Promenade where I met & walked with Col. Macgeorge & afterwards alongside of Colonel Powell in his chair. In evening to a reception at Mr Paynters. Mr Black explained to me today the origin of the absurd & [?] name of the wine called 'Lachrymae Christi'. It ought to be 'la crema cresti,' the burnt side of the mountain – that is, the side exposed to the sun & therefore the one best fitted for the vines. Thermometer at 11pm 40.

18th. Min 37 at 8am 40. A beautiful forenoon & sunny but it became cloudy after one. Went on 'bus with Countess Zichy, Mr Buck & Margt to St Barthelemy & then walked to the Vallon Obscur. Mrs M with Mr & Mrs Talbot following in a carriage. It is a deep ravine cut by water through conglomerate rock & beautifully fringed with wood & ferns. Took a sketch of part of the pass. In the evening the Countess asked me to show her a particular sketch next morning. I said it was Sunday & that she should have it on Monday morning. She expressed great surprise – 'the Catholics' she said 'are compelled to go to church for if we don't/

We are subjected to penance but if we do that we are then free to do what we like the rest of the day. I said that on our part if we went to church it was from choice and not compulsion – but that putting aside the religious view of the question altogether I thought she deprived herself of a great privilege and a great mental as well as bodily refreshment in not allowing herself a complete rest by abstinence from the ordinary occupations of the week & that if observed in this way the Sunday was a great blessing. She listened very attentively & said she had never considered it before in that light. A fine mild night. Ther. At 11pm 52.

Sunday 19th. Ther at 8am 48. Dull cloudy day & a great fall in the barometer. In the afternoon high wind – the [?] Mistral in all its glory & vast clouds of dust. In the evening the sky cleared. Heard M. Pilatte in the forenoon. Not very well & did not go out in the afternoon. A Russian lady and her daughter living in the Hotel went to the opera tonight. They stated to Margaret that they kept the sabbath like the Jews from/

Sunset to sunset & that after sunset on Sunday their sabbath was over.

20th. Min 43. Cloudy morning with occasional sunshine. Afterwards it became overcast with high wind. Cold and ungenial. Went in 'bus to St. Barthelemy with Margt. The Countess & Mr Buck & walked across hill to a picturesque old mill & back by a different road, returning by omnibus. Ther. At 4pm 53.

21. Min 41 at 8.30am 42. Fine. Ther. At 2.30pm in sun 103. A very warm bright day. Engaged in packing preparatory to starting for Rome with the Ewings. Called on Mrs Ewing. Afterwards on Sir George Bell & had conversation about his book as to which he had [asked?] to have my advice.

Madame Rollande at dinner. She has given me one or two very interesting sketches by the Princess Alice and the Princess Victoria – also a little one by the Queen. In the evening we had some delightful singing – Miss Talbot (who sings exquisitely) Mrs Young & Major Montgomerie who is on the staff of Admiral Farragut, at dinner with the Woods who introduced us to him – very intelligent and pleasant. Connected/

With the Eglinton formerly. He invited us to visit the Flag ship on Thursday. I killed a large mosquito tonight – the first I have seen in a long time. Ther. At 11pm 40.

22. Min 40. At 8.30am 42. Cloudy in the morning but it cleared up. A very high wind however and the dust very disagreeable. Went with Dr Hosack and called on Admiral & Mrs Farragut – both most agreeable. Went to Mr La Croix the English Consul and got passport for Italy. Mrs M. and I dined at Mr Paynters, met Sir Wm Mackenzie, Sir George Bell and a few others, a small but pleasant party. In the evening at the grand reception & ball given by the Americans in Nice to Admiral Farragut, a splendid scene, the rooms of the new casino where the ball was given are very fine. The old King of Bavaria was there & all the other notabilities in Nice. Splendid dresses and the diamonds of the Russian ladies very conspicuous. Tickets had been so much in request & so many were disappointed (including many of rank & significance) that we heard it said that £50 had been offered for a ticket/ Of invitation. Mrs M was not well & we came home about 12.

23. Min 42 – at 8.30 am 48. A beautiful bright forenoon but in the afternoon it became windy and cloudy. At night about ten it began to rain heavily. Margaret and I went with a party from the Hotel to Villa Franca and went on board the flag ship – the Franklin. When calling on the Admiral he told me that he had left the same ship as a midshipman and fifty years afterwards returned to hoist flag in her. But she had been much changed & greatly enlarged in the interval. We were very kindly received by Capt. Pennock & the other officers, they had the band to play to us & gave us cake & wine. Major Montgomery was with us. Mr Buck and I walked home by a short road over the hill.

24. Min. 43 at 8am 44. Cloudy in the morning but cleared up a beautiful day – busy packing and leave taking.

25. A beautiful morning but the air sharp – started at 9am in the paddle steamer Adige la Genoa along with Mr & Mrs Ewing. Tho' not much to boast of this is the best boat on the/

Line. It was built in Liverpool as a blockade runner & was long employed in that capacity in which she was very successful. The first part of the voyage was delightful & as the wind was off shore we were able to keep close in & had most interesting views of the beautiful scenery along the route – a continuous succession of towns and villages – some on the shore and others perched high up on the spurs of the Maritime Alps. At 12 o'clock we had dejeuner a la fourchette (included in the fare) – very poor – it included [?] wine and a cup of coffee. The fare is 32fr 50c. By diligence (taking two days, unless you travel all night) the fare is 60 francs with the addition of the expence of living on the road). About two hours before reaching Genoa it came on to blow pretty hard with a considerable sea which wet the decks very much. Mrs M. was very sick. We got into the harbour of Genoa soon after five but before we got on shore (in small boats, & after an awful scene of confusion gathering our luggage) it was past seven. The first up/

At the Royal Hotel. It was built we were told nearly 500 years ago, which I don't believe, but it is a better authenticated fact that for a very long time it was the Palace of the Archbishop of Genoa. Took a walk after tea with Mr Ewing through several of the streets & saw the Cathedral & many of the grand old palaces to very fine effect in the gas light.

Sunday 26. A fine day but very cold – the contrast from Nice very marked. In the afternoon it became cloudy. In forenoon went to the Scotch church and on the way home drove through the higher parts of the city & had splendid view. Afterwards walked round the harbour & had a fine view of the city from the sea level. After dinner walked with the Ewings & a young American clergyman attached to the 'Frolic' one of Admiral Farraguts squadron who came with us in the steamer from Nice. His ship is under repair at Toulon and he is availing himself of the detention by traveling to see the country.

27th. Left Genoa for Spezzia by Vetturino (10 napoleons) at 9am—very cloudy & bitterly cold but it cleared up a fine sunny day. The frost however must have been severe as all day our route/

The water flowing from the rocks was frozen & hanging in long icicles. Rested an hour and a half at Rapallo and arrived at Sestri at 5 where we stopped for the night. Took a walk to the heights followed by a rabble of children. A very beautiful sunset.

28. Left Sestri at 7am – a beautiful bright day without a cloud but very cold particularly on the more elevated parts of the road & like yesterday the rock hanging with icicles. Dined at 2.30 at Borghetta – a [unliked?] dinner. We learned afterwards that the driver & Mrs Ewings maid had fared sumptuously on better and more numerous dishes. Arrived at Spezzia at 4 [? just?] down at the Railway station. The view of the marble mountains of Carrara as seen from the heights above Spezzia – covered with snow and illuminated by the setting sun was grand beyond conception. The view if these mountains with the bay of Spezzia & the rich olive slopes through which we descended was I think the finest I have ever seen. The fleet of the King of Italy was lying in the bay. We left/

Spezzia at 4.50 and in a short time (about 3 hours) arrived at Pisa.

29. A cold day. The Ewings went off in an early train to Florence. After a drive to the Campanile, Cathedral & Campo santo (from the last of which we pulled this leaf – grown in earth which was brought from Jerusalem to form this celebrated burial ground)

[leaf inserted glued in]

We left for Leghorn at 1.19 and arrived there after a short journey of 35 minutes. The country we passed through was very flat and uninteresting – put up at the Hotel Vittoria. There went to Spanish Consul & got our passport visa'd. Afterwards/

Walked with M to the cathedral and to the Jews synagogue – the latter said to be the first in Europe. It has three tiers of galleries supported by white marble arches the seats in them –for the women—being railed off with screens of iron work. The seats for the men are on the floor of the church. The ornamentation is very rich in rare marbles & carvings. About two it began to rain heavily & continued most of the afternoon.

30. A beautiful bright morning. Left Leghorn at 10.5 for Rome – Fine view of the snow covered mountains of Elba, the rest of the route nil [underlined]. An abominable dinner at Orbetello for which we were charged 3 francs – 3 sous would have been dear for it. Arrived in Rome about nine – got our luggage found at the Custom house very easily (tho' we had to open each box) & drove to the Hotel de Londres where we got indifferent rooms but we were glad to get in and to get to bed. In Rome at last therefore. It has been much talked of – but the impression driving from the Railway station was not calculated to excite enthusiasm./

We passed through dirty narrow streets – some of them [redolent?] of evil smells – but one must suspend judgment till daylight.

[underline]

[time passes]

5. March 1868. Received at Rome from Mrs Hale – is lady to whom it had been entrusted by Mr Edwards in Florence – a photograph of Admiral Farragut with his autograph on the back which Mr Edwards at Nice had present for me from the Admiral shortly before his (Mr Edwards) death.

[photo of Admiral Farragut inserted]/

[Reverse blank but with rear cut out to see the Admiral's signature and the photographer "Fotografia artistica de Leon Bravy. Plaza del Principe No. 46 Mahon [Menorca presumably]"/

[Final page is short list of weather in 1867 from Glasgow through Nice to 22 Nov]