

Clarence Bicknell's Diary

Stoke-upon-Tern to Bordighera and back

25 September 1878 to 7th June 1879

Transcribed from the diaries by Libby Peachey in Cambridge in c. 1998 and recorded on floppy disk obtained via C Chippindale. No edits in this version, i.e. this is Libby's transcript. This file from Marcus Bicknell marcus@bicknell.com and on www.clarencebicknell.com

Vol 1

From Stoke to Bordighera
September 25th 1878.

C Bicknell with his brother F. Parrett.

Dramatis Personae

Revd. C.B. and Mr F. Parrett.

Mrs Fanshawe and her daughter Mrs Walker of Vila Rosa

Bianca (maid), Jennetta (cook) Giuseppe (lad)

Giovanni (general bottle-washer of the establ)

Trot, the pet black tan.

Mr Antonio Imperiale, builder of - and factotum at the villa Mr Tessitore organist at Parish Church.

Michele, carriage proprietor.

Mr Stevens, a sick lad, my mathematical pupil.

September 25th 1878

Stoke to Paddington by 1st train - met a man in the train who had been servant to Mr Meynall and also to Mr Leonard of Faulo - whom he was about to visit in Sussex - so, as he was a green countryman, I offered to lionize him & we took him in our cab down Oxford and Regent Street and then dropped him at the National Gallery, while we went on to the Charing Cross Hotel, washed &c and had some luncheon - bought umbrellas &c - & then picked up our friend - visited Cleopatra's Needle - Westminster Bridge, Hall & Abbey and walked through the park to Buckingham Palace where we put him on the way to Victoria Station, greatly pleased and very grateful, while we drove off to my sisters in Upper Bedford Place - where we dined, played verbarium &c till 10 o'clock- Back to the hotel and to bed.

26th. Up before 6 - off, 2nd class, at 7.25 - lovely morning, sea fairly calm - some people said it was a millpond - the bows loaded with a cargo of barrels of herrings, as well as all the luggage, & 5 horses - directly we started it was apparent that all the weight was on one side, for we we(re) terribly down in the water, dangerously so, had it been rough, and the Captain

ordered the immediate removal of the barrels across the boat - a heavy wearisome job - the fish smell was only a trifle better than the engine one - but tho' feeling a little uncomfortable, I managed to escape illness, & to a certain extent enjoy the deep blue sea, changing to green as we neared Boulogne - I had some chat with an Austrian on board - there were but few 2nd Class passengers, and those mostly in the cabin - Landed easily, & had some good food on the pier restaurant - then travelled with some English girls and their French courier or guardian, probably escorting them to school; we played verbarium, and one of the girls, at the Br's request(!) held his watch and timed us - we read "hunting the Snark" on the road. A tiring journey to Paris & then, oh, what a waiting & a worrying to get our luggage - what a crowd, and what a scrimmage everywhere- The douanier spoke sharply & seemed to think suspiciously about my 2 boxes of "revalenta arabica" - my explanation of their contents probably did not enlighten him much - Off at last, and in much doubt if we should find a bed anywhere, for just before leaving, I had heard from my brother of a friend who had only succeeded at the 11th hotel he drove to - and this the week before - moreover that the Chatham, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, where we intended to apply had been sending people away in shoals! But, happily they cd. just manage us in 2 little rooms on the same staircase, the Br. on the sutresol, & myself au 2me or 3me étage- Table d'hôte nearly over, so we dined alone - then strolled out a little and went to bed - streets crowded.

Friday 27th

Out at 7 - went to S. Rock in the Rue St. Honoré before breakfast - bought tickets for the exhibition. (they were not sold at the doors) walked to the Pl. de la Concorde and took a skerry boat (20c.) to the Trocadero side, opposite the Champs de Mars.

What a sight on entering the exhibition grounds! I had not one bit realized all these acres of gardens & trees & flower beds amongst which one glance shewed us that restaurants, pavilions, cottages, kiosks, &c &c of all possible styles of all nations were scattered about - the Exhibition even on this side of the river seemed large enough to occupy a day or two - I must only say a few words of my impressions about it - this is the plan - sketch

A. The Trocadero Palace & gardens, with huts, & courts, as I have said of all nations in the grounds. The Palace itself something like this. sketch

A great room for fêtes, concerts &c (which we did not see) with 2 or 3 open colonnades facing the gardens - 2 big towers with lifts to the top - several rooms full of curiosities & 2 very long curved galleries also with open colonnades stretching away on either side of the gardens - these full of old works of art &c. of all nations - A great waterfall, & fountain basins and cascades &c in front of the palace. In the gardens terraced walks, grottoes, winding steps &c cut in (partly) artificial cliffs on one side (which you ascend) and in another part a beautiful aquarium to the tanks of which you descend by steps and walks still more fantastic, with creepers & ferns &c in the rockwork, bridges & rivulets &c all wonderfully planned and executed too-

We saw the Algerian Court in this part of the grounds, the Chinese houses, with chinamen selling their wares, a Japanese Enclosure, with vegetables & flowers of the country & fowls &c, the Egyptian and African, with Egyptian produce, maps of the canal and pictures to illustrate Livingstone's travels, and slave hunting- Livingstone's pistol & cap were here. The latter had been shot this in some wretched Encounter - this was very touching- Then there was an English dairy, where milk was sold, a Norwegian house beautifully built of carved wood, a Swedish carved wood clock-tower, & stalls & houses without number where people

of Constantinople and Turkey generally, of Morocco and Tunis &c &c sold jewellery, object de ?? from the Holy Land, & all kinds of Oriental sweetmeats &c &c - the Orientals seemed to be good vendors, entreating everyone with smiles and soft words to stop and look - one man called Br. "a sweet" as an additional attraction we bought a so-called Rose of Jericho - apparently a kind of seaweed, or water plant of some kind at any rate, dried up, but which when put into water opens out and in a few days puts forth little green leaves - it may be taken out and closed up again at pleasure. "Elle ne meurt jamais", the advertisement said* ≥I must not omit to mention an exhibition in a large thatched house of "insectes utiles et Musible" hurtful to men and beasts and plants, bugs, colorado beetle, phyloxera &c - also silkworms, bees &c and their productions, silk, beeswax &c &c.

When we had pretty well explored all but the hall & side art galleries of The Trocadero palace itself, and sundry buildings of machines, implements &c along by the river, we crossed the Pont de Jena, now boarded over and part of the exhibition grounds - charming seats with awnings and flowers above the back of the seats were arranged on either side, so sketch

indeed throughout the buildings & grounds chairs & seats of every description but all comfortable & pretty were most abundantly supplied - this was indeed a boon - there was never even in the most crowded times any difficulty in finding seats, -

On the Champs de Mars side of the river was another large garden with more water, flowers, restaurants and pavilions - also many English & French greenhouses, with exhibitions of flowers - Among the most interesting things here were rooms fitted up as hospitals, the train carriages, ambulances, litters & all the things used in & after battle by the Red X Society & others.

A very wonderful Spanish pavilion with pillars, arches & deep recesses, covered & made of clear white glass bottles, filled with Spanish wines, white, red, yellow & greenish, in all hues and shades - the ceilings were like the Moorish fretted work of the Alhambra which no doubt it was meant to represent - the windows were covered over by them in palcentas giving all the effect of brilliant stained glass - & looking glasses here and there reflected both the light and the architecture, it was indeed a sort of fairy land, tho' reminding one a little of devil-land as well - however the bottles were tightly corked; 40,000 they said in all. Other produce was exhibited besides wine. Some little English cottages were in the garden, all overgrown with Convolvulus - the building erected of the Principality of Monaco was most tasty inside and out, & their china was lovely. Many of their best works, besides works of art of every nation and of every kind had been secured for a grand "lotterie de l'exhibition" to be held at the end of the year, and about which all the advertising stations in Paris gave one information - certainly the committee seemed to me to have chosen 1st rate things.

Among the many beautiful bits of ornamental gardening were some wonderful carpet beds, one on a slope of a huge butterfly and on the lawn below a great sort of tree design- Every plot of lawn had its' own advertisement - "this grass was sown by Messrs Carter & Sons" - or "sémé par &c" &c-

Well, at last we went into the regular buildings of the Exposition and 1st to the Beaux Arts, where we studied the English Salons - with many good things of Leighton, Millais, &C Poynter "Israel in Egypt" - some fine landscapes by V. Cole and some Landseers, Wards, Friths, Goodall &c - alas I saw no Turner. Stanfield, Roberts &c &c - but there was little rubbish. In the other courts of which I will speak now the French was naturally far the best, though there were an inordinate number of naked women in anything but graceful attitudes, chiefly standing straight upright, facing the spectator:- Bougereau's picture of sacred subject, the B.V.M. with the Holy Child, a Pièta, & "la Vierge Consolatrice" side by side, where the same face, & a very beautiful and womanly one too, was painted, now in joy, now in sorrow, now in dignified majesty, in the latter a dead child is lying at her feet, while the mother of it

with dishevelled hair and clasped hands is kneeling and lying over the lap of the Mother of JESUS, while she is looking up in petition,

so,

sketch.

There was a striking picture of S. Sebastian's ghost appearing to the Emperor, of Rizpah about to aim a blow at a fierce eagle, which is wishing to devour the corpses of the children she is watching &c &c. &c

sketch.

There were good Belgian pictures, a few Italian ones, and fewer Russian and Swedish which I liked - the United States did not strike me as anything much-

There was a good deal of sculpture and here I thought the Italians 1st, the French next, and England nowhere - Jenner vaccinating his child was clever and there were many pretty boys and girls, also Cupids, Venuses &c-

After a little luncheon, beer and cakes outside, while some bells from a Swedish bell-foundry clanged tunes for a long time close by, we had a little look at the courts of different countries, France excepted, saw the French machinery & sat down for a while in the Street of Nations, i.e. the open walk between C, & D,E,D - for each nation has erected a front in some style of national architecture, a very beautiful & costly were those of Italy & Belgium, very quaint & interesting, Norway, China & Japan, & not bad the little houses of various English styles- The sight of the "nations" themselves pacing about was still more interesting, had I not been in considerable pain and which I had to try and conceal for fear of troubling the good Br, I should have enjoyed it more-

We finally sat awhile in the gardens, watched some rapid cake making and little gas ovens in a stall in the garden, and leaving by one of the C. de Mars gates walked some way to the Pont d'Alsace to take a tram back but they seemed in no hurry to start, so we crossed the Seine and found a cab which took us home 0 how I pitied some of the poor hosts which seemed dying of fatigue. We dined at the table d'hôte, a very good one too, & I had for my r.h. companion an American lady, with her sister doing Europe, (From Philadelphia) as shed had been unwell for some days she had not that afternoon gone to the Exhibition, but only to the Luxembourg, Louvre I think and a few churches, public buildings and &c &c -! - bravo, sick Americans! After dinner I went to an English chemists for medicine the Br had a 50c. peep through the big telescope on the Place Vendôme, at Jupiter (not very satisfactory); we strolled about a little and went to bed.

Saturday September 28th

Went to the Madeleine before breakfast- Then by boat to the Trocadero quay as before, we crossed the river at once, and went straight to the pictures before the room began to fill, & enjoyed them greatly: We then went thro' most of the French section, looking at the vestments and church furniture, clocks, jewellery, artificial flowers (marvellous), ladies toilettes, musical instruments (The pianista, piano quator, wh. we heard played &c), carefully. Then the general machinery, where some American paper bag making, envelope folding, needle threading, work of different kinds with an endless saw, & many other things interested us. After that the English section, with a beautiful court of Doulton ware, some French portions of the NJ were given us. The French crown jewels, & Prince of Wales' Indian presents we also saw. I must not forget that we examined a Chinaman's pigtail, had a not cheap lunch of 4 very small cups of café au lait, and 1/2 doz. tiny finger biscuits for 5 1/2 francs(!), and admired the Pavillon de la Ville de Paris, with its Mosaic, della Robbia, terracotta, tile and other artistic work at either entrance. We went over to the Trocadero to see

the Galleries & then returned in a public conveyance 50c. each to the Palais Royal, where at 5.30 we had an excellent dinner at Richard's.

We then found the Church of S. Eustache, and later still at 8pm entered N.D. des Victoires House the altar was thronged - 200 candles - ladies looking beseechingly at the pretty image - night prs. litany of the B.V.M. and benediction followed. Many men there. All very taking, pretty, sentimental and unlike gospel teaching.

Sunday 29th

Breakfast early and to the Asperges & High Mass at the Madeleine at 8.45 - A sermon on "la précepte dominicale" with a long exhortation on the duty & privileges of "assisting" at the St. Sacrifice - very dry & useless, I thought - the preacher lamented the ways of the "world," & exalted the holy Church of course - when will priests learn to be men, & find they must talk as men to mankind, if they would obtain a hearing? The service all plain-song - the people more unanimous than formerly so it seemed to me in their behaviour, & several women Communicated after the priest -

We then spent some hour or so in the Louvres picture galleries, & examined the great balloon. "le ballon captif" as it descended - for all day long this monster makes its "excursions captives", people paying 20 fr. a head - it stops up at the end of its tether some time. I think I read 25 min. ascending, or perhaps ascending & resting in all!

We walked to the Place de la Bastille, where we lunched & where the garçon brought me who asked for some "gateaux au "indicateur des chemins de fer, to the Place de la Trone, then lost our way, recovered it, & visited Père Lachaise cemetery. What a striking burial ground it is, interesting in character with its many trees & thickly set little sort of chapel graves. with the tiny altars, images, glass windows within &c &c. and glorious in situation - such a day too, brilliant like all its predecessors, since we left home We had some difficulty in finding our way home, since our Map of Paris marked a great new Boulevard wh. was apparently only just being begun to be made - We dined privately at 5.30, & at 6.15 were off - crowded streets & a show beast made us late, & I was getting muddled at the station, forgetting to pay the driver in the Excitement of finding the ticket office & registering the luggage. The train seemed very full, but we got into a carriage with one Englishman, 2 French & an Italian. the 4 corners (therefore (symbol)) all taken, but I eventually had one, when a Fr. got out. the English officer, on his way out to be grilled at Malta, as he said, was very pleasant. We passed the night fairly, getting out to have some Monday September 30th coffee at Lyon about 4 a.m., buying fruit at Avignon, & more breakfast at Tarascon where we changed for Nimes. The sunrise had been lovely, & the views along the valley of the Rhone, with mountains on the left far away were delightful - The country became dryer & uglier towards Nimes, wh we reached about 10 am; & went to the H. de Luxembourg on the grand Place - A 3rd breakfast after washing, this time a real sort of dèjeuner (sic), & then on we went sightseeing - 1st the Arena: beautiful of course in the blazing sunlight with the grand curves & arches & shadows - it is very fairly perfect - the outer side being in quite good preservation, or at any rate restored to be so - many of the tiers of seats are quite broken down though - Alas, they have been having bullfights there lately on Sundays, with five Spanish bulls, so the advertisements said. Thence we walked to the old Roman building, part of the ancient forum, called the Maison Carrée, now a museum of pictures, sculptures, & odds & ends - A grand fair was going on in the town, indeed for 8 days (every year) but this was the day of days - there were roundabouts, & giants, & fat people & stalls of wonders, & then all round the amphitheatre country carts drawn up full of great Spanish onions, & piles of watermelons - In the first stalls we saw little brown fruit - called "jubes" with a big stone in the middle & looking like roast apples.

At 2pm. we started in a 2 horse trap for the Pont du Garde - 15 miles distant - flatness, & glare & dust, except toward the end, all the way - it was wearying indeed - stunted olives covered with dust - dried up grass with a few blue & yellow thistles covered with white dust - everything white, & dry - there had been no rain for 10 months & very little for 3 years.

At 4. we reached the bridge - & a mere glance at it shewed us at once that we were indeed well repaid - the situation beautiful, for we had at last come up to some hills, & gone round them, & on the other side bordering the river they seemed much steeper & more covered with brighter vegetation.

We refreshed ourselves at the little rim, & then crossed the new bridge, & walked thro' the aqueduct, & scrambled about on either side & sketched a little & at 6pm. started home again - There are 3 tiers of arches, so, the water

Sketch

formerly running through a channel at the top fall.

it is a splendid work - It soon grew dark now, & as we passed some hundred or two of the country carts returning from Nimes, with sleepy drivers, & scarcely visible lights, we had much trouble to get along & were constantly expecting a collision - The fresh air, starlight, & strangeness of the scene however made our return journey far less wearisome-

Dinner & bed-

Tuesday Octr. 1st

We discovered we cd'nt get further than Mentone in the day, & so we resolved to go to Toulon for the night, & have less of a railway journey the next day - so we left Nimes at 7.45 - caught the train from Paris at Tarascon, & reached Marseilles at 10.40. On the way we passed through many miles of dreary sandy deserts, & saw what must have been the mirage, for these appeared to be great lakes of water with island or strips of coast beyond them far away - Arles with it's amphitheatre looked interesting - the peaches &c were pleasant to see - & the 1st sight of the blue sea was cheerful.

At Marseilles we strolled out for an hour's walk, & were greatly delighted with those splendid bustling streets, with the huge planes - the flower stalls, the fish stalls tastefully arranged with seaweed, cockles &c - the fruit shops - the magnolias in seed, palms &c &c -

At 12.15 started for Toulon - all alone in 1st. class carriage till near the end - a very pleasant ride amid beautiful country, very fertile - reached Toulon & went to the Hotel Victoria, at about 2.45. - A Frenchy hotel, men house maids, rough & ready waiters - not really so nice as the Nimes one, which we found clean. at Toulon too I was terribly eaten, unawares by mosquitoes - We soon went down to the quay - the bright quay with lots of sailors, naval officers, soldiers & boatmen about - the dark blue waters dashing up, hulks of old men of war, merchant ships, steamboats &c hiding the view of the open sea- We visited the cathedral & the picturesque narrow streets of the old town - and how some sailors did quarrel to be sure over a game of cards in a café, abusing one another at the top of their voices. After a bad dinner we were out again sitting on the public seats of walking about under the trees of the boulevards- E enjoyed Toulon with its grand limestone hills & cragsp26ish.....the town close behind, its fortifications everywhere, it's brightness & its bustle-

Wednesday Octr. 2nd

After attending service at S. Louis' Church & breakfasting, armed withof figs & grapes we took the 9.47 train - 1st class - windows engaged by French people going to Nice, who ate & slept much, but drew blinds down often & never looked at the lovely views - But it was all so beautiful - & we were not disappointed when first - about Les Arcs & Fréjus the verdure began to become more sub-tropical, & still less so where at Cannes the gardens of palaces & oranges & lemons, & the pomegranates, & cactus & aloes, & the mountains & valleys leading into them met our eyes - an so on to Nice, where our party left & in the 'vingt

minutes d'arrêt-' we had some soup & cold veal- The train was full of priests from Barcelona, going as pilgrims to ...Ea??.(in pencil "Rome") - some few were fine & fine looking men - at Cannes station some women in picturesque head dresses did their best from their little stall on the platform to supply both the pilgrims & other travellers with wine & fruit - the priests had many of them very shovelled hats - SKETCH here

& these women white muslin & a broad silk band, SKETCH here, with tassel.

At Nice 2 Italians came into the carriage, but we had a window & never took our eye off the view as we passed Monaco, Monte Carlo, & Mentone & till we reached Ventimiglia pretty punctually about 4.p.m. At Mentone a man opened the door, & asked for our passports, saying that if French or Italian a card would suffice - we took no notice of him, nor he of us - & one of the Italians observing this, the elderly one told him of the freedom in England, saying we wee English, where no questions were asked as to your name or business- At Ventimiglia, Mr. Fanshawe's man, Antonio Imperiale soon discovered us, & helped us to get our luggage examined & given us, when in one of the rattling rumbling shaky sort of open cabs, 2 horses took us quickly to Bordighera - Mr. Fanshawe & Mrs. Walker were on the balcony waving their hands, as we caught a sight of them from the Marina, & soon we had turned up their grove of pepper, olive, eucalyptus & palm &c, & were at the pretty brown house, & church embosomed in the trees - a pleasant introduction to our kind hostess made us feel quite at home, & soon we were ready for dinner- then a table upstairs in Mr. F's room, & to bed, pretty little white bed with long hanging mosquito curtains - We had great fun in exhibiting the presents brought by us, the? & medicines, & seeds &c. & a merry evening indeed we had passed- The garden seems to grow everything though it is not very large - all the trees, except olives, were grown from seed sown 6 years ago.! wonderful - mesquite, strelitgia, palms, oranges, lemons, eucalyptus, peppers, acacia, mimosa &c &c - & tomatos, a purple vegetable,(sketch here - looks like aubergine) called (in pencil)? Mignoles , green peas, &c &c - But there has been little rain lately indeed the sea is receding bout 3 ft. a year, the land therefore probably upheaving, & drying up, & less rain falls, & the olive crops are failing & people are beginning to cut them down - in fact the whole climate is changing.

Thursday Octr. 3rd

Walked out early to the Chapel of S. Ambrogliò by the shore to bathe - could not find a nice place, it was a little rough & deep, so the Br. could not learn to swim - A quiet morning of letters, reading &c, in the afternoon a walk about the hills above the house, & through the old town, a visit to the cemetery to see the English graves & if it was all in decent order. There a little pencil sketching of the town from behind it, while Br. read out loud, & little troublesome ragazzi behaving like monkeys around us, worried us terribly, then tea & an evening's talk - The town on high ground above a little promontory is very picturesque, with it's arched gateways, high narrow winding pebble-paved, slippery, dark streets with just room for a mule to pass, people sitting working, eating, gossiping & doing nothing at their doors & on their steps - archedall across the roads- Then a little piazza round the Church, the latter bright rather tasty tho' with an over amount of gold & colour - Palms in abundance everywhere, many tied up (& so uglified,) to bleach the young leaves for sale in Nice, Genoa &c, & for the supply at Rome, wh. is the peculiar privilege of Bordighera - many very beautiful with their cluster of dates, rather green now, but the stems brilliant yellows & oranges -

On the rocks of the hills near the cemetery were abundance of flowers mostly new to me: the shrubs chiefly thorny or aromatic - but rosemary grew everywhere & a kind of juniper; myrtle is on the hills above our house, Villa Rosa, a pretty little chocolate & green striped arum (SKetch here) under the olives - Eryngia (sea holly), a beautiful Statice (sea lavender,) a kind of sea cabbage,

spurge, & many other flowers by the sea, including also *Glacium luteum*, (yellow-horned poppy-) & on the rocks & everywhere is a handsome compositous flower which we 1st. noticed before coming to Marseilles up the shore between Ventimiglia & the Capo of Bordighera is flat, the road with houses & shops about 50-100 yds. from the beach & all white dust - the railroad nearer the sea & then a large beach, with here & there very suddenly & deeply shelving banks - rock a large coarse yellow limestone or sandstone, with here & there beds with little angular pieces of many kinds of rock cemented together - higher up above the town is a coarse conglomerate, with very big pebbles, looking like artificial concrete - The view towards France is beautiful - mountains right away - towards S. Remo un-interesting - above Bordighera & its palm & lemon gardens, sloping terraced hills of fine olives, & then higher & higher hills right away of olives & pines, with villages here & there perched about - and many boats on the sea - a few fishermen hauling up their sieve nets now & then, with red mullets, long red eels (?) sardines (?) &c &c villas building everywhere - Mrs F's chapel is being enlarged & is not yet completed.

Friday Octr 4th

Morning as usual, only we bathed on the shore close by - this also a failure - very deep & the Br stood a naked Apollo, ankle deep in water- In the afternoon a scramble up the hills behind the house, the little tower, where we sat read & sketched - it gets dark about 6.30 or 7 - sky cloudy-

Figs still abound: grapes also to be had - jujube trees grow here & some pomegranates I have seen.

Our hostess delightful - we talk of many & deep things - & oh how we do laugh sometimes at the pickle of the world, & the ideas men have of God & the ways & beliefs of Christians.

Saturday 5th

Found the right bathing place at last, just where the train emerges from the little tunnel under the capo - a famous dressing place. Hidden from the road of rocks - less deep water - here we had a grand swimming lesson.

Afternoon made a sketch of palms from the rocks beyond the valley where the little cemetery is - had a moonlight walk after bidding Mrs F goodnight. I like the people - I always do like the Italians - interesting & picturesque indeed to look at with their brown faces, luxuriant hair, coloured skirts & handkerchiefs, & cotton dresses - their patois here is difficult to comprehend: our Italian servants however talk French - A gardener, an old Man, Giovanni, is great fun - we sowed seeds in the morning & watered them - or rather Giuseppe, a lad who has been to school, & learnt some Italian & French, did this - no rose to the watering pot, but a spout ending thus, so that the water pours out so. (Sketches. I hope the geranium cuttings I brought will grow their leaves & tenderer parts were a brown mass of cona after eight days compression in my slippers, but the stems look green & living-

Giuseppe is here to be improved - so I tell to wait in his coat not his shirtsleeves: he brings dessert spoons for the eggs &c but will learn all soon- Bianca, the maid, has been a little out of her mind for some days, so I think, with the thought of Sunday's coming festa, La Madonna del Rosario, 1st S in October, when there will be a procession "et la musique" - & it will be "très jolie" - & she lights up & smiles, & looks inclined to trip about & sing.

Sunday October 6th

A nice bathe. Br. improving - Then H.C. in Mrs F's room - the English Wesleyan maid communicating also. Soon after 10 we entered the B. church but Mass did not begin till about 11, by which time it was full - very picturesque it was, with all the coloured priest dresses & uncovered heads of hair & barefooted children, & the light streaming in thro' stained glass, & decking out people & walls with flashes of brilliant colour - the BVM altar on the left was

dressed out & a frightful mirage dangling a rosary, so, (SKETCH), with candles all round it, & sham flowers, just within the chancel rail for the people's devotion - for being the 1st S in October it was the Feast of the Rosary - At last it began - Mass at the altar of B.V.M - all very slow, & music very discordant - a sort of plainsong, sung throu' the nose, without much attention to unison of time or pitch, a soaring accompaniment of the barrel-ly organ, & at intervals when they left off singing some operatic airs, all of one kind, with the melody on some clear high stop, & a very commonplace (insert musical notation here) base- During the prayers, epistle, preface & priest's solos generally, the organist scabbled cat-wise on the notes - at first I thought he was trying to find the note in wh. the not very musical officiant was reciting, but then I was that as soon as he found it he took good care to lose it & try all over again, or else play this sort of thing.

(more notation)- I remembered such a hideous row - but that was not all, for at the last few bars of gloria, creed &c &c, all those who had not been singing in the Choir, wh. by the by was seated in a semicircular gallery round the apse, with altar in the middle, took a good breath, & almost any note so that it was a high one, & screamed a sort of hurrah, hurrah - &...Occasionally the highest tenor giving a sort of operatic flourish of (notation). The priest, the Franciscan curé, had a nice face & seemed very reverent indeed - & the people behaved fairly well, & did not spit or talk more than usual- An old woman in front of me certainly said lots of prayers, for she wasn't content with all her "devotions during Mass", but said many odds & ends for stray times also-

After the gospel the vicario preached a long sermon on the Rosary- horrible to hear indeed - he told us how all - all - graces of the Lord were in Mary's hands - & if we only said the Rosary, we should avert pestilence in our country, sicknesses in our homes, devils in the house of death, destroy the enemies of the Cathk Church &c &c - as by the same means, ie invocation of Mary & the Rosary, the Turks had once been scattered & afterwards the Albrigeuse "destrutti" - this awful rubbish was ended by an impassioned prayer to the Queen of Heaven & Mother of Mercy, with eyes fixed & arms extended towards the glittering dolls-

After dinner we went up again to see the Procession &c, very much behind time of course - vespers was of the slow ?????kind, like mass - during it girls & women kept arriving, men in nightshirts, some with scarlet capes &c strips of gold braid, walking lampposts, silver saints on poles, candles, boys in read cassocks, banners, a crucifix & properties innumerable - We went out & stood in the piazza till it came out - with the idol & its' candles carried by 8 blue-clad men, with white frills & blue sort of stick ups, rather a pretty dress, & then the monk in cope with deacon & subdeacon in lumèl ?? last of all - the Bordighera brass band going before them - they went round the town, & then finally arrived at the base rocky promontory called the Capo, where many people had assembled - there the image was set down on a prepared table, incense burnt, a prayer said, & away they went again to the Church - people genuflected as the wooden crucifix, & again as the mirages passed- It was a very pretty sight - but people for the most part & I am thankful to say the men especially seemed indifferent to the Religious part of it.

Monday October 7th

A nice bathe, but water slightly rough, so Br. cdnt swim - he says he never will because he is not like other people, being so heavy that the water doesn't bear him up - at the same time he is also so light that there is great danger of his being carried out to sea, if he going in beyond his thighs or on rougher days, beyond his knees, however level & firm the ground may be - however the gendarmes & donkey carts which go by above the cliffs admire the merman among the rocks, & as they think it too cold to bathe except in May, perhaps really believe it can't be a human being.

In the afternoon we went for A walk up a valley near & mounting up the olive woods by a steep paved mule-path, saw the village of Borghetta, & Vallebuona, the latter A fine village with grand church tower, piazza &c - these villages are so picturesque quantities of dark narrow streets, all grandly named, with numbers on the doors, mostly mule or cattle stables tho' it seems . Many arches & tunnels & steps &c. Much darkness & more filth - the Church all gaudiness of gold & blue & green & red - Then we went straight into the valley where a smelling & black bottomed stream feebly ran - here rocks & banks furnished abundance of maiden-hair ferns, & we gathered fronds & pulled up roots to our hears' content- Today we gathered much of the graceful climbing prickly sarsaparilla, hellebore, a kind of daphne (?), a kind of clematis (in seed), autumn crocus, & many other flowers- We walked back along the stream over rocks & boulders till we regained the cart-road where we had left it, & when it also ended, & so reached home for tea - We talked on deep things, laughed, & read "Hunting of the Snark" upstairs till 9.30, coming to the conclusion that all the world was hunting one, nobody knows what, & nobody exactly knows how; let us hope they will never find it, & give up the quest, or finding it to be a boojum faint away & start afresh for something better-

It is the refuse of the oil-mills which makes these mountain streams so black- The olives are many of them ripe now, black, bitter & oily but they are very small, & most of them seem to have maggots in them.

Tuesday Octr 8th

The long threatened break up of weather, or breakdown of the cloud which had lately been getting thicker, lower & darker, came today, & we had torrents of rain throughout the day with sharp gusts of wind accompg the storms, & occasional peals or rather cracks of thunder - however about 3 pm we went out for a stroll & reached the rocks just above the cemetery but we had to take refuge several times under what shelter garden walls, old palm branch hedges, or olive tree trunks gave us & at last we were fairly driven home, along flooded paths & watercourses overflowing in cascades, to read & sketch & write - I wasn't at all well, & went to bed with poultices without & pills within rather earlier than usual.

Wednesday Octr 9th

Oh, what a morning, & what a reward for our day's rain - sun extra bright & it seemed, lilac mountains clear against the blue sky right away into France (Estella), & a green & blue sea with grand waves breaking in quick succession on the shore, & making just the actual beach hazy for miles with their spray - I never saw a rough sea, so green & blue close by - the sand only seems to affect some 10 yards or so of water - nor did I ever see in England so short & deep a trough between the crests of the waves: they seem to curl over, & great high ones too, almost one upon another, it is delicious to see the great curves of white foam on the pebbles & then in a moment as the bubbles melt & the water rushes down again, the white changes into a bright blue, all along the wet sand. It was too rough of course to bathe, so we came back from the pleasure of the shore to our nice quiet breakfast, ending with the sort of huge bun, called panetone peculiar to these parts, & green figs of which we devour numbers daily - they come in from the country, where to judge from our Monday's experience up the valley, they are still hanging on the trees in abundance - they seem to sell here at the rate of about 10 or 12 a penny!

This morning Signor Ameglia, Mrs F's doctor came from San Remo to see me - he talked French & Italian, seemed very pleasant & knowing it I felt I could thoroughly trust him - he amused me much by saying so often that I need not fear - but I hear that all Italians are much alarmed at any illness, I think they are going to die, while at the same time they do not care for soothing remedies to pain, but bear their ills patiently & bravely - Dr A thinks it is the way of the English to laugh at their pains.

We dined at 1, & by 2 started walking for Ventimiglie - it took us about an hour to reach it - it was very hot, but the dust had been laid. V. is beautifully situated built all up steep cliffs & hills & on a river down the course of which a good deal of muddy yellow water was flowing.- We found out the Cathedral built on the site of a temple to Juno, & is dedicated, of course, to the new Queen of Heaven - it has a pretty & old Gothic porch - the Canons were just coming in to say some offices in their stalls in the apse behind the altar - they spat much - horrid - We sat on the wall of a little promenade overlooking the river & the coast away to Bordighera, & sketched - walked about the streets & along the cliff road under the fortress - & then home again, reaching Villa Rosa about 6.10 pm- We picked crocuses on the our way back- The mountains had heavy clouds still hanging about them here & there, but the clouds gave us a more glorious sunset than we should have had without them - such a wonderful orange.

Thursday Octr 10th

The sea calmer - so about 7 pm we bathed, but I cdn't get Br. below the pebbles & spray! Water however quite shallow some way, & as safe as safe could be. H.C. in Mrs Fanshawe's room-

In the afternoon a walk along the tiring beach to our bathing cove - we sat on the rocks, sketching S Ampeglios chapel - he is the patron saint here- It began to rain about 5.30 & we were ///just in time to prevent a soaking. Today I went with Antonio Imperiale up the steps, such as are used here in housebuilding, instead of our perpendicular ladders, to see the ceiling & roof of the apse, wh is at present all wrong - it has troubled the good man somewhat - what the architect designed I can't make out - but apparently they make no working drawings - a rough sketch & that is all! & the builders seem generally to get into difficulties, miscalculate arches & the like trifles!

There are apses (vella) in abundance in Italy - indeed nearly all the Churches have them, but they have muddled this one - I can't draw it, but (SKETCH HERE) arches opening from the east wall, 4 of them, meeting in a point of the roof, while the east wall mainly goes straight up to the ceiling which is flat - so that there are great holes as it were in the ceiling. However now they will be arched in with wood - We hope to get (sketch here) part of the building ready by All Saints which was the original opening day - the rest, i.e. the apse later, & then must come some hangings on walls or painting on ceiling- At present there is a very well painted eye in a triangle (figure) of yellow light - painting here is good & very cheap, tho' I don't know if the Bordighera artist can do figure subjects.

This chapel is the private property of Mrs Fanshawe, built originally by her husband, who intended to minister in it, to any who liked to come. It is not the recognised English Church - there is not one- Consequently English visitors there are every winter who growl & grumble - want a consecrated building, & a licensed priest &c, & the Bp. of Gibraltar also seems to seek to exercise authority here - why or wherefore I know not! I need no licence here - If I recognise Bps it is the Bp. of Ventimiglia I must own- It is not English property, or under our government. I am just as much a schismatic, if I am one at all, when I minister here, whether with or without the Bp. of Gibraltar's permission or knowledge- I rather hope a so-called English church may be built, & that Mrs F's house & chapel may some day become a useful institution for invalids or anything else- She wishes this chapel to be a Catholick church at any rte, where the R.C. priest if he will, or the English clergyman or the Vaudois pastor, may minister to their respective flocks if they can agree to do so without fighting & tearing another, or rather reading Christ.

There is near here a Tempio Evangelico, Asilo d' & scuola built by a Mrs Boyce & served by a Vaudois pastor, - of a proselytising kind, & not successful or trusted by the

people - the houses &c present however, agreed appearance?? on the highroad between here & Ventimiglia.

I must just set down some things I have omitted before - First at Paris Exhibition, a wonderful machine for watering the grass amused us much - so: SKETCH. at the end of the long hose, but another piece of hose fastened to it, & turning round easily at the point of juncture - to this 2 legs with large flat feet were attached, & a 3rd short foot a little way down the hose - the water rushes thro' the hose, spins the free part round, which through a final rose scatters the spray in all directions, & the feet make it stand upright & walk round in a sort of circle - it looks a very queer creature indeed - like a thin skeleton of some antediluvian creature, or a "bandersnatch" - a fruminous snake, with legs, & foaming at the mouth- Next one day, waking Br. in the morning, he solemnly said "that telegraph business is a long business - 10,000 niches - " where, said I, "here in the amphitheatre - I have seen it"- it was so solemnly said - he laughed much, when fully awake. At the French stations from Marseilles to Vintemille I noticed these sort of bells fastened to the walls - they are German, & the hammer seems to strike the gong thrice for the train to depart. SKETCH. Some of the streets, such as the Avenue de l'Opera at Paris, & many large buildings were lighted by electric light - it was very beautiful - almost daylight - the gas was extinguished.

Friday Oct 11th No baths. Went up the hills behind us after dinner & sketched & read - clouds over the mountains, but a glorious sunset, however the sitting out after the rains probably increase my rehumatic pains, and on

Saturday Octr 12th I could only dress with difficulty - however I toddled off with Br to the bathing place, & he took my boots & trousers off for me, & in the water I could swim about without a single ache. But after breakfast I became stiffer & more utterly helpless, so I resigned myself for the day to the tender nursing of the ladies, & Br. put on & changed my linseed poultices often - I did not go out but talked & read in the "Paradiso", i.e. Mrs F's delightful room upstairs, all the afternoon, with hot water bottles at my back, & Br. moved me whenever I needed it - he found me a fine heavy baby. The sight of the women hereabouts carrying huge loads on their heads which it takes one or two men even to lift, might encourage one to bear burdens easily. When one sees a woman with her baby in one arm & a great basket full of fruit on her head, peaches, figs & grapes with vine leaves, it is a very pretty sight. SKETCH

Sunday Oct. 13th

The Br. bathed alone, & performed astonishing feats in the water - I stayed in bed rather late, & got up much better - talking & hymn singing in Mrs F's room in the morning.

Giuseppe shewed me his school certificate of merit, & his geometrical drawings . he had been in the 3rd and highest class of the Regia Scuola Tecnica at S. Remo, & learnt Italian, French, history, geography, Mathematics, (geometry, algebra &c), drawing, architecture, natural science, &c, pretty fair; and having obtained 80 out of 120 marks in the annual written & viva voce examination, had been "promoted"- approved I suppose & feeling his education was complete had left - he is 16 - however if his father had had enough "soldi" as their phrase goes, he would have gone to some more advanced abode of learning at Genova - I just walked to the beach & back in the afternoon, & then read, knitted &c upstairs - grand choral service after tea!

Monday 14th

A dull morning: but not sufficiently threatening to prevent us with Mrs Walker starting in Michele's trap, which had brought us to Bordighera from the Ventimiglia station, for San Remo - about 9.45 or 10 - at 11.30 we were there- The extended views are neither very grand nor very beautiful between B. & S. Remo: nevertheless the little bits all along are very pretty

- now a turn in the road, with masses of rugged yellow or blueish rock. perhaps being quarried, with olives or pines up the hills far above & myrtle, juniper & rosemary bushes close by - now a peep down thro' the olives at the blue sea, with here & there a group of palms standing out boldly against the waters. Now a shady bit of road under the olives - one passes the pretty little village of Ospedalette, close to the shore one has a charming view of Bordighera & the little seaside chapel below the town, & the 1st sight of San Remo in its quiet bay with its' many hotels & villas among the trees, a few ships at anchor and the new ranges of hills beyond & above it is striking- And this morning the light over the sea, with the bright clouds seeming to dip into the sea on the far horizon, as one never or very rarely sees in misty England, was all loveliness indeed- So we enjoyed our drive much- We spent about 1 1/2 hr in S. Remo, we visited Dr. Ameglio, a church, the streets of the old town, walked on the jetty, &c &c- quantities of grass-wrack (zostera marine) thrown up on the beach all about here - but little seaweed, & no shells- The dresses seemed extra bright at S. Remo - we saw a Capuchin - 2 live in the town, formerly members of the monastery there, now dissolved - they beg off the English throughout the season- There were a few lovely hotel gardens, English goods in the shops &c - altogether I thought I should not like to be there long - I missed the homeliness & simplicity of Bordighera, with its' views along the coast by Mentone & Monaco &c-

We drove home again by 2 1/2 - then dined - read &c till bedtime- Thunder & lightening close by in the afternoon - severe rain at night - Florence seems to have been delayed- We heard today of M. Dupanloup's death- Mrs F's chapel is progressing - we are waiting to speak to the great artist Domenico Calore, who painted the eye on the ceiling of the old part to know what higher flights he can take now - We want a Dove - & perhaps a figure of S. Ameglio, the patron S. of Bordighera, who prayed once on a time & promised the people rain for their olives in a time of dearth & trouble, on one of the walls-

Tuesday Octr. 15th

The Br. bathed alone: my lumbago not yet quite gone, tho' the camphorated spirit seems to have done it much good. I went out in the morning to see how the workmen were getting on in the Church & to gather some sassaparata, large daisies, clematis, myrtle &c &c for Mrs F's flower vases- To my great delight - I found that 2 of the geranium cuttings brought from home were putting forth shoots-

After dinner we had a grand walk up the hills, away & away till we came to a summit from which we could see many peaks & mountain ranges inland, as well as the coast W. & the blue sea south - We saw a few trees, with a ashen leaf (sketch) like mountain-ash, & clusters of yellow & red fruit like little pears in shape with the taste of very sweet juicy crabs. We came across a few people engaged in the tedious task of olive picking-up, & 2 sportsmen, looking after the few poor little birds that there are - they must have a hard time of it in this country. We saw them, linnets or yellow-hammers for sale at S. Remo. We came across a most curious looking insect, pinkish brown in colour - he walked about pretty fast and held on lightly to everything, to avoid us, whom he seemed to look at in a very knowing sort of way with his odd-shaped head turned on one side, but whether he looked curiously or beseechingly I couldn't make out- I only felt sure he didn't like us, nor own as for his lords - he had wings but didn't seem able to fly - I thought he could jump from his doubled up forelegs, locust like, but he wouldn't do that either - here he is - but not very accurately drawn, as he also objected to sitting for his "correct likeness" (SKETCH) The 2nd picture represents him looking, as I say, either tenderly or wonderingly at Br.

Much tea, much talk, & some of George Mcdonalds "Annals of a quiet neighbourhood" which we are reading out loud together & enjoying, closed the day.

Wednesday Octr 16th

Bathed once more - a slight swell & water somewhat cooler but very delicious. The sunrises are beautiful with all the mountains clear, but an hour after some of them begin to cloud over - I was busy in the morning talking to Imperiale about the mortuary chamber under the new part of the chapel, & also went to see the roofing of the apse which is nearly finished & seems very satisfactory. I also drew the measurements for the new Communion table- The joinery from S. Remo was expected but did not come - about 12 o'clock Signor Asdiciate the (Englishman's) Banker arrived, & at one we had an extra grand dinner, which he seemed much to enjoy. Beer today, as he had never drunk wine in his life. He seemed much at home here, & no wonder - who would not? Italian manners at table are somewhat different to ours - this reminds me that when my back was very bad, I raised my plate by putting it at the top of one of the fruit dishes, & consequently ate much like a pig at its' trough: thus(sketch). We gathered much from Sr. , lately made the Syndic of S. Remo. He told us that the second spring was now coming, after the autumn rains, & that soon the ground would be all green again- & certainly everywhere the (crocuses???) are coming up by the thousands, & the great daisies are a beautiful sight when they are open in the morning sunshine. He told us of the receipts of the Commune of S. Remo which in 12 years had risen from 12,000 to 194,000 francs and there is a duty on everything brought into the town, & from this their revenues are derived. If we, of Bordighera, go to Ventimiglia, for example, & buy a fowl there, we should have to pay a sou or two, at the Pazio Comunale, or little office of the douane, on re-entering B - on either side of every place, one sees these ???offices,. S. Remo pays about 20,000 for its band to play during the season 4 times a week - it supports 3 schools besides the Lycée & Ginnasio and has 12 policemen, - it is now making a grand new road, 30 metres (about 40 yds) broad - all rather it seemed a growing & flourishing place with its population of 13,000, largely increased in the winter-

After dinner I accompanied the Signor & Imperiale to look at the 3 new houses for Englishmen, which are just being finished above us; the painting of the ceiling is for the most part coarse & gaudy - In Mrs. Rose's villa garden, apples, oranges & peaches were lying about on the ground rotting- In Mr Hamilton's villa close by there was a tree with hundreds of peaches on it. In one of the houses we met the Sgndic of Borda, with an English artist, Mr.Croft, whereupon the two syndics talked away & I went home, leaving S. Asti to follow presently & have some café noir before leaving by the 4.20 train - he was a pleasant man, but seems to do his business in the sleepy & lazy Italian fashion - of doing most other things- After a little walk with Br. we read, talked &c as usual.

Thursday, Octr.17th

Giovanni, the cure of a gardener is busy preparing the lawn ground for the grass sowing - he is an odd fellow indeed, & crawls about, mooning among the cabbages grinning from ear to ear & touching his great straw hat when one meets him. Here he is (Sketch) at the moment, his boots on the path & not much to be seen but glimpses of blue trousers & striped blue & white shirt, & the odd sort of pick for working the ground, & his bare feet half covered up in mud.

A delicious bathe this morning & then we spent a long time watching 2 sets of fishermen pull in their nets - they caught a lot of sardines, & there are one or two small red mullets and flat fish. I don't know any sight more (sketch)picturesque than these fishermen, some on shore hauling in the nets, some in boats seeing that all is right & it does not get caught in the rocks, some watching & some angling from the rocks - The officer of the Dagio was standing on the shore & said a few words to me in English, telling me a few days of stormy weather & S.W. wind were needed & then (I think) a calm, to catch many fish. Each of their nets caught about enough sardines to fill a basket about 1 ft. 9in. in diameter & 9 or 10 in. deep.-

After dinner today, & the further refreshment of a letter from home, we went out along the Corniche road eastward to a spot about 40 min. from our house where there is a beautiful group of palms close to the sea, at the bottom of some now broken down terraces & uncultivated ground, but once evidently a vineyard- Here we seated ourselves on a rock, with shawl spread over it, sketched & talked &c - First, a workman at a neighbouring house came & chatted in French - of course he was a perfect gentleman - every labourer one meets here seems to be that - but he was well educated too, I sd. think - for he spoke French pretty fluently, said he knew some Latin - it was well for Catholics, he remarked, - & was fond of drawing - I had not chosen quite the best view he thought nor the one usually adopted of the English "did I not smoke?" - no, nor the other Monsieur? really" "That red house was the one mentioned in Ruffine? book S. Antonio - had I read it?" & so on, he watched me a while but at last a whistle sounded & he was off to his work - Soon there came up another visitor - & who was he? a little officer of the Douane - Coastguard men, we sd. call this kind - he & 4 others & a "capo" lived in a house together close by - they were not allowed to be married - they watched the shore & had a boat at Ospedalisti where the next station is - his pay was 2 fr. a day - his uniform dark blue & yellow - he had been stationed there 4 years & done nothing! He told me the officers of the Dazio wear whatever the Commune likes - One meets these Douane officers about everywhere - their appearance is military, rather than naval - I think such a one as my friend wdn't do much on the water - He had come from Florence - did I know Leonardo's picture there &c &c? Oh, I had seen Fiesole, had I? he seemed pleased - I talked all I cd. to him, but it was little so at last off he went, with a pleasant bow, & taking off of hat & smile - a nice fellow too-

We stayed here about 2 1/2 hrs not nearly long enough to finish a sketch, picked some long sprays of sarsaparilla & other flowers & walked home as the sun sat & it was darkish by the time we arrived - arrived. I fear that Mr. Congreve from S. Aenio, had waited a long time to see us - & more than that, that Mrs W. had an attack of neuralgia - In consequence of this we tea-ed alone, & talked quietly to Mrs. F in the evening, Mr W lying down in the adjoining room.

The Carpenter came today & we explained all to him - he seemed a most polished & agreeable fellow - the reredos &c is up & the chapel looks most chapel-like - we hear that the top Bp. of Gibraltar has issued a pastoral, in wh. he says that he cannot allow anyone to preach more than once in a church in his so-called diocese, without his license-.

Friday Octr 19th

Weather rough, no bathe - alas for the swimming! but, as we came to the conclusion today, how much finer sight it is to see a really manly figure swimming 2 strokes in good form & in a convenient position near shore & in clear water, than any little Captain Boston doing his 20 or 30 miles just anyhow & right away from land in a roughish open sea - what is there indeed in that? quantity not quality, that is all - Some days ago Mrs F. gave us a packet of chocolate which Br takes care of in the drawer of his writing table - but Trot the pet black & tan terrier likes chocolate, & so when I happened to remember our stores one day, on going to the drawer, I found the packet opened & a good lot gone - a clever dog he must be, to open the packet & break not bite the chocolate - I think he has taken a good deal more since then, but then who could scold such a dear little doggie, & beside Br. ought to take better care of it, seeing it is in his charge!!!-

In the afternoon we walked out & watched the sea dashing up over the rocks beyond S. Ambrogio - & then visited the Church - it was getting dark, & the quiet, the lamps, & the presence of a few women praying, all seemed helpful to devotion - I finished a pair of woollen baby's boots & ^ gave them to Imperiale - he is such a dear fellow.

Saturday 19th October

The chapel was swept out today, all ready for service now when the altar comes.

We sketch on the seashore in the afternoon, & arranged with Imperiale to go to S. Romolo the next day, being the annual fête there so.

Sunday Octr 20th

We were up before 6, had some café noir wh the good Bianca made us & were at the B. railway station a little after 6.30, Bianca having promised to pray for us at the "grande messe" as we sd. not be able to attend it - she seemed all excitement as usual, indeed in much more festive spirit than we. Imperiale was waiting for us, having a little 'peur' lest we sd. be late & indeed it is difficult to tell the right time here, as the Church clock is often 1/4 hr. fast or slow - they set it apparently, or at any rate ring the midday Angelus by the train, which naturally enough is not always punctual on this very morning I believe it was 1/4 hr. slow of the Roman time, & had we followed it we sd. have been late. 2nd class tickets to S. Remo, a lovely morning, sun just risen over the sea - 2 pleasant Italians in the train - one spoke a little French to us. We went for a little promenade in Saint Rème, & fell in with Domenico Calore, our painter, who is coming to the church soon - as gentlemanly & agreeable fellow as ever was - he was delighted to see, & assist us in our needs &c. we all turned in to a small café, of a cheap sort & had café au lait & rusks - the former in tumblers - 3 other tumblers of water arrived, first - Calore sat with us & I chaffed him about one of his drawings on the ceiling of our sitting room in Villa Rosa: there is a view with trees on either side & hills in the distance, nice enough - but in the water by the back are 2 things like this (SK) about 1000 yards apart - he laughed much & said no doubt it was a "fantaisie".

The fruit market was very pretty - a good many women selling fungi of 2 or 3 kinds, which seemed to command a good sale - some red & yellow ones looked delicious - perhaps they were "Agaricus Deliciosus" but I am not sure - we returned here after waiting awhile in Mr. Vicario's (the grocer's shop) where we had salignani & bought chocolate, & I said my matins - returned to buy some splendid grapes of this shape (sk), & some excellent apples - Imperiale had invested in 3 long loaves of bread, some raw ham, 2 kinds of sausage, a little tongue, & cold duck (anitra) & a piece of cheese besides 2 bottles of Barolo Pidemontese wine - By Calore's advice we found a woman to act as porter, & at 8 am off we started up through the quaint old town on the hill with its' steep, slippery, dark passage-streets, but brighter than usual today with the Sunday dresses - & tomatoes & chestnuts everywhere -

There are many soapworks at S. Remo, & one sees shops which sell nothing else - it is green, & piled up, bar upon bar. Women act as porters here - it is their supposed privilege - & they consider it, I believe, as wrong to see a man doing such work, as we might a woman in England - If a ship comes in, men unload, & women carry the huge weights off - boxes, sacks, pianos anything, however heavy - perhaps 2 together, with arms round one another's waists & the burden on their heads, perhaps 4 - I think our portress was a little aggrieved because the Br. & I carried our own little black bag of ????, in which was Bible, sketch book & a few odds & ends -

On we went beyond the town & above the gleaming sea by a roughly paved broad walk between the olives till we got more up into the hills & pines took their place & the hills were covered with myrtle, juniper, heather &c - it was lovely there, the colour of the pine woods clothing these hills is so rich & the shadows today were so blue & purple - others were going up - all en costume & fete & sometimes a mule with them - We talked much to Imperiale - he has given up R.C.m - & belongs to our church, as he says to Mrs. Fanshawe - "the Church universal" - he was brought up in the country village near Lago Maggiore - & from 4-9 was taught by the village Curé, but only catholicism & such like, & how to read the Latin of the Church services &, but not without understanding a word - at 9 he left neither

able to write nor sum - & worked in the fields - finally he became a soldier & served 12 years fighting against the Austrians in the last war - he was band sergeant - he has 2 medals -

In the Army I think it was that he learnt to be a liberal Xtian & respect all creeds - but he has a large and good heart, & believes the great gospel truths while he detests as well as grieves over the "liétieses" which are taught everywhere still to the mass of the people - Of course he does not go to Easter Communion, as he will not confess to the Curé of B. whom he admires for his charitable help to the poor, but does not like for his want of charity towards those who differ - He told me how the fishermen here when dividing their morning gains, after the fish sale or auction, give what is over say 5 or 6 sous towards a fund for keeping the fête of S. Ampeglio whom they constantly invoke to aid them in their fishing - but if for 2 or 3 weeks they catch nothing, they begin to swear at the Saint in the most horrible way, using all sorts of language which Imperiale said must be heard to be believed - the women go much to Church still - the men are becoming indifferent - they laugh at the rubbish that is taught, & are weary of the things they cannot understand. When Imp. returned not long ago to his native village, the Curé was still going on teaching nothing = however things are progressing everywhere at last - Impe. used to hear the priest & his friends saying it wd never do to help the people out of their ignorance - or they would have no servants-

There is an annual conscription everywhere - every of 20 years has to draw a number - those are taken, if sound in health, beginning with the lowest figure till the number required is complete. There is quiet wailing & great rejoicing that day among the unlucky & lucky - The sailors are taken from all dwelling on the sea coast who have boats, shipping &c. the term of military service is 3 years, unless there be war - then they must remain -??

At length, about 10.15 or 10.30 we reached S. Romolo's chapel a little chapel built up against the rock, the projecting ledges above the old cavern where the hermit used to live formed a sort of altar piece, painting on it & figures, while the nave is that part behind the altar - it was very impressively managed, & picturesque & interesting - Most folk of course stop here & say a prayer, or make a curtsy &c - the latter they do when they come in or go out of the English chapel - it seems a nice recognition whether they believe it or not, that God is equally everywhere & "dwelleth not in temples made with hands", a truth which Xtians still limit to times & places & sites, though S. John iv bears witness against them-

In a few minutes more we were at the place we sought - some of the people who had gone up in their petticoats now opened their bundles, brought out a grand skirt & dressed -

Such pretty colours we saw today - there was one child I particularly noticed with a blue apron, & a yellow pocket handkerchief hanging out of one pocket in it, a red one out of the other - skirts & bodices of dresses almost always a different colour - but alas, Mrs W. says the grand heads of black hair are false - must I believe it?

An old, now disused, monastic building, with chapel, stand here, at the head of the ravine, or rather on a plateau a little on one side, for the ravine continues some way further: (we crossed it just below S. Romolo's chapel). surrounded by chestnut trees - much fruit had fallen, but many trees were still covered, & these with their yellow & brown leaves enhanced the brightness of the scene- Here is a grass sward 100 yards long by 60 wide, where games were going on, ball throwing & catching, & in the trees, on the rocks & on every good and shady spot were the holiday makers, some eating, some cooking, some lighting their fires to do so- Mules ties up to the trees - women or boys fetching great metal vessels of earthen pitchers of water from the fountain, whichof an aqueduct under the mule path, supplies S. Remo with water, a great boon to them by the hot shore- The scene looked to be a great gypsy encampment, only without tents or carts- It was all as pretty as could be, every group a study of form & colours - 3 priests (perhaps more were there) & from the ringing of bells presently I suppose several masses were said, but we did not go, but offered our Eucharist & made our Communion under the trees at the end of the green sward, eating our good

breakfast lunch, right hungry & thirsty we were, & we heartily enjoyed the good things which God had given us richly to enjoy- Our portress did not eat much, but kept most of her portion for a future occasion - carrying it & what we left back again, with the 2 francs we gave up for her labour, & a little coloured picture out of my bible.

The grass was damp after a heavy dew, & probably slight frost, but we sat on the rush baskets, spread our napkin, & viands & regaled ourselves in style - Imperiale said there was no "aglio" in the sausages, so we ate it, & tried to believe him - I think there was some imitation of it, then - About 11.30, the big church bell rang for the elevation &c - no-one moved. Imperiale says they never do now, nor say the Angelus - the midday one serves to the workmen as a call to dinner, that is all-

Br. & I left Imperiale to find his friends - while we set off to try & reach a summit somewhere - on we clambered past all the folk, through pine & chestnut, & holly too of which there were beautiful bushes in the woods, staying once some time to throw at the chestnuts & get enough to fill Br's baskets, satisfy his desire to recall those days of boyhood, when we all ate them raw with impunity & enjoyment - on by crocuses & fungi in abundance - on, stewing in the sun when it caught us then cooling again under the shade of the fragrant firs - on till we attained a ridge, from whence we saw S. Remo far below, & mountains snow streaked northwards- but there was one more pine-clad summit - it seemed the last - so we made a last effort, reached it, & were well rewarded - Why, there we were on the very point we had seen right away at the head of the nearest valley to Villa Rosa, & beyond to Valebuona, & longed some day to reach & climb - we could see the top of the tower among the olives on the hill just above our home - & many of the villages we knew so well by sight & there was the glorious coast, the islands off Nice seeming quite close, Monaco plain enough, & range after range everywhere - all purple & blue - all lovely - & cloud sailing about here & there over the sea below us, or stealing up the valleys towards as if to bring us news of friends left far away in the busy world-

We stayed some 3/4 hr. & then hurried back having been 3 hours absent - to find Imperiale (en peur 'once more - soon we were off - a prayer in the Church, a bough off the chestnut trees by it, a packing up of traps, & goodbye to S. Romolo & the fête of S. Romolo as the clergy think & make it, or the fête des Chataignes as the many call it - & so they deem it indeed, for all either gathered fruit or branches, & some had much on their mules, others a little in their hands, others less still in their hats - Alas, several men were drunk - people were still coming up, but many were descending - A delightful but shaky return, & there we were at S. Remo again by 5 o'clock, had some real lemonade, engaged a one horse trap to drive us home, saw Dco Calore & wife & child once more, & was back at Villa Rosa, with our chestnuts, blackberries, fungi & few little flowers - among them a geranium & a pink - by 6.30, to find a pleasant greeting as usual from our faithful friends in the Paradise, Bianca & Giuseppe half wild with sympatheric delight - tea ready to refresh us - We had choral evensong upstairs & went to bed very tired, but very grateful for the pleasant & never to be forgotten day - the hills with the snow on them did me more good, I think, than anything except our friend's refreshing words, & the climbing of heights spiritual, whither they so often take us & guide us-

Monday Octr 21st

In the afternoon we walked along towards Ventimiglia as far as the Vaudois Asylum, Temple & School of the Mrs Boyce's, & then up the valley on the right, but the road just beyond her establishment, as far as Vallecrosia - a pretty village, with old tower by the edge of the river bed. We crossed the stream on our return & came back by the old Roman road at the foot of the hills.

Tuesday, Octr. 22nd.

Magnificent storm about 5- 6 a.m. - brilliant lightening & torrents of rain - cleared by 6.30, but I did not bathe.

Alas, on Monday we ate the big peach (i.e. Mrs W. & I) at dinner which had long been carefully preserved on the top of the clock, with the words painted on it "questa pesca sara la ricompensa di Fra Frederico, quando può nuotare" - it was getting over-ripe.

The English are arriving, we hear now of a sick lad, now of an invalid husband & so on - & people begin to make enquiries about the services, chaplain's name &c - G & Bianca ask when we shall say mass there? -

We walked to Rachel's well after dinner & sat on the beach for an hour, while I sketched the palms again. Then we went on to find the sulphurous water spring - called "La Madonna del Ruota" (?)sic, close to the railway - it runs slowly out at the bottom of the cliffs & is received in 2 stone tanks whence it flows out to the sea - it tastes very slightly of sulfur, is cold & not unpleasant- Vine' brambles were hanging their branches over the little grotto, palms, lemons, tomatoes, that tall bamboo-like rush & climbing gourds all about on either side & above in little gardens at the foot of the cliff so>>>SKETCH

While there a little boy & girl came down the cliffs, lay down, & seemed to have a good drink. We climbed the path up the cliffs to the high road & soon overtook our friend the labourer, who left his companions & walked on more briskly with us - We talked about the R.C. church & English rites &c - he wished their clergy had permission to marry & bring up families well - he thought confession helpful to young men, that the priest might keep some hold over them, but he seemed liberal & well disposed towards all others - he said numbers of men believed nothing now. He accompanied us into the town, & shewed us the Curé's lodging, but as he wasn't there he took us into the sacristy, where he seemed quite at home, lighted a candle, & bade me wait awhile, for the Curé was in the Church - yes, singing a litany along with a good number of women -

The vicario came in, said a few words, offered me his snuff box, which I accepted, taking only a very small pinch & dropping most of that on the floor - Then came the Curé in his Franciscan habit, & I gave him 50 fr. for the poor, part of the remainder of the alms collected last season in Mrs F's chapel - he said it would be easily spent in 2 days - for when the people grew sick or old there was nothing for them - he had lately returned from Milan whither he had taken a poor fellow to get a wooden leg - this journey &c has cost 350 fr. - but all had been paid, which Mrs F did not know, & she had suggested helping him. The Curé's face was very sweet, tho' somewhat said. Lots of little raggamuffins (!) came & squatted down on the floor, or low wooden step before the vestment chests - & noisy they were, till the Curé hushed them by something about the Signor d'Inghilterra -

Home, tea, reading &c - Mrs F & Mrs W assisted by Bianca had made up a wonderful sort of throne in the Paradise by means of an umbrella fastened above the windows, over which the white curtains could hang & form a protection for anyone ensconced in the armchair below against mosquitoes, wh. worry me usually up there in the evening considerably-

It as great fun - Bianca was called up to see me - however the flies seem able to get in, but it was certainly an improvement.(Sketch) Today Giuseppe & I were to have read some more Bible together in Italian (the story of Joseph) but he was too busy - he had never seen the O.T. or N.T. in Italian or French or Greek before & he seemed much surprised.

Wednesday Octr 23rd

Very rough this morning - the Br washed in a puddle, & I after some little hesitation went in at the usual place & lying down as a waded rolled up was bowled over & tumbled about - when this operation has been again repeated it was enough for me - gravel rushing up &

down & rocks everywhere were more amusing than equable - but the sunrise, making the limestone mountains pink was lovely indeed, & I did not regret the morning's walk - Br wd. have swum this morning "only" it was too rough - how many things we sd all do & be, if it were not for those troublesome "onlys" - they must be near relations of the "buts" - I am sure.

Domenico Calore, & Signor Gastaldi the Chapel architect arrived after dinner, so I went out & talked about painting &c. & then the Signor & I & Mrs W had a pleasant spiritual chat with Mrs F in her room-

About 3.30 Br & I walked of to the seashore, & going West about 150 yards sat down & practised waves - with our watercolours - such a glorious sea - short deep troughs and high acute angled crests, following close on one another, & here & there caught by the strong wind, & have their edges blown back in foam - it is a fine sight to see them coming on towards the shore, as if feeling their irresistible power as well as their majestic beauty, their lofty heads foaming & streaming as it were partly in anger & partly in excusable pride - Thank God, I did the best sketch I have ever yet done anywhere, in 2 hours or less - it has given me fresh courage - We went home at 5.30 & put out in the garden some Swan Rr Daisies, removing them from the dear nursery of veronicas &c &c under the trees of the chapel-

Some friends arrived in the Institution this afternoon - a lady & her 2 daughters, named "Patrick", scotch people, one of the girls, a novel writer in weak health - they are to live in the bottom flat.

Thursday Octr 24th

I was up on Mrs F's balcony soon after 6.30, & made a small sketch of Bordighera by sunrise, till the disk of the sun itself appeared over the Capo & blinded me too much to go on - then I began one in the opposite direction, but it was soon time to prepare for H.C. wh we had upstairs.

The Br had tubbed on the seashore- A quiet morning on the balcony & a brilliant day it was, it might have been the middle of summer, so clear & blue was it all - Much talk on deep things - dinner - then Signor Tessitore, organist at the Church & Band Master (& a cousin of Mario's) came to pay us a call - I did my best to talk to him; it was easy enough to be a bad third, when Mr. W. was in the room, she of course speaks the language fluently, however much she may pretend to get into straits - but I am always actually between a very Scylla & Charybdis - & getting shipwrecked between words & ideas. ???Mrs W left the room we got into a tremendous muddle over metres, & kilometres, & miles English & mila Italian, & the word milla, a thousand, & the word miglio a mile, & tried calculations in our heads, which wd have puzzled us both even had we been quite able to understand one another - However, Mrs W returned, & coffee came, we invited the Signor to dinner next week, gave him Mr Hodson's full score of "God save the Queen" for the Bordighera band, & then after about an hour's chat he departed-

He had already, it seems, procured from England, the parts of the national anthem, & arranged them for use here, & anyhow Mr H's was too elaborate for him & his small number of instruments.

About 3 we went out & tried to sketch palms by the cemetery valley - some of the municipality - called on Mrs W., "as members of one family" they said as fellow citizens, to request or advise them to take some shares in a scheme for improving B, likely to be very profitable.

I called in the Hamiltons, at their house Pozzoforte, before tea-

strange sea-creatures we ate the night before, cuttles or starfish & seaweed, I think - with long work like pieces, & other things covered with eyes, or excrescences of some kind &c &c SKETCH

We had also those large sort of chilis (Sk) but green - they have not turned red in our garden tho' elsewhere I see them in perfection-

It seems they turn hot after being pickled, getting more & more peppery, like uncontrolled tempers or when crossed by the continual sourness of a constant companion-

Friday Oct 25th

Tremendous storms of rain & wind today- A young English doctor called in the afternoon & was detained by the rain - but when it cleared up a bit, he left, & Br & I went down on the beach - a ship had passed just before, very close indeed to the shore & when we caught sight of her again she was just rounding the Capo, she seemed to me to be in a perilous situation as of being driven ashore, so we hurried on along the pebbles & ran a bit, & then seeing other people coming running out to look, or starting off in the same direction, we ran on all the more, & hard work it was - when we reached the point the barque was just passing the next promontory & making for the bay of Ospedalitie - there she finally anchored in somewhat calmer water- lots of men were out, & one or more with telescopes - it was a glorious sea, a deep blue green, with a streak or two orange where the rain had washed the cliff mud into the water.

Saturday Octr 26th

On going out for a morning blow & to look at the sea after the past night's continued storm, we faced a strange sight awaiting us on the beach- Quantities of logs of timber fir trunks about 5 feet long, cast up on the shore, & many more in the water still - they had been washed away at Ventimiglia & the shore between this & that was covered with them, besides these were all kinds of other things carried down from the hills, & also from people's gardens & houses - the large rushes called "canne" (if canne is zuccherio), so much grown & used here in abundance, with pieces of them used for thatching, palisading & by the million - bits of wood, of all kinds, whole trees & branches of them without end, figs, apples, chestnuts, tomatoes &c &c - men, women & children were collecting wood everywhere - the timber logs they might not have, of course, & 2 officers of the Dogana were going along to see that none of them were carried off - but piles of other pieces were being heaped up everywhere - After breakfast I went down again & tried for an hour to sketch the scene. I seated myself on a heap of largish boards & tree trunks along way off where the waves seemed to come, but 2ce I was nearly carried off, having to rush away suddenly - In vain did I try & try to discover the colour of the sea, or represent a wave as it is reared up just before curling over & breaking - Many boys, & grown up folk too came to look over me were pleasant enough, tho' I strongly advised them all the while not to waste their time, but lay in quickly the good stores for winter which had fortunately come to them, though to their neighbours loss -

At 2 1/4 Br. & I drove off together in a nice 2 horse carriage towards Mentone. We were all to have gone to S. Remo, but the wind was too strong for Mrs W & then we found the carriage cd not be countermanded for the horses had been taken from the omnibus, whatever that meant.

We drove away at a grand pace & where the river Navia?? flowed down from Dolce Acqua we saw the destruction the late rains had caused - houses filled with mud, gardens half washed away, here a wall down, there the cabbages silted up, or the vines torn up - a sad sight, the poor people looked so dirty & weary too with their days work: I don't think they had rejoiced much over the harvest on the shore- The scenerey improved continually after leaving Ventimiglia, the road ascending almost always ??????plants abundant on the walls,

beautiful lemon .////(torn page)down by the sea below ///- rocky ravines right away into the mountains above- We went on till at length we reached a headland thence we could look down on Mentone with the village A?grimaldi perched among the olives in front of us & the park of Mt. Castilion(?) sk. right in front - such a view; here we dismounted, for 20 minutes we said, & so did the driver, but he was absent about an hour. The sun & wind &c &c prevented me from sketching, but I enjoyed it much - by far the best view I have yet seen - Coming back we picked up the driver's sister who sat by her brother on the box & in the sunlight - displayed here coil of false hair fr so. alm.?? it all seems, to perfection.

Sunday 27th October

My birthday, & how shall I describe the festa which had been prepared for me so kindly, so skillfully, so magnificently & so silently- We went upstairs at 8 after Matins & had H.C. & then descended to breakfast as usual, but lo! & behold! on entering our room, oh what a transformation had taken place! - There was a great high vase with a branch of yucca blossom, bunches of roses, & sprays of mimosa flower &c & 7 great bouquets of roses, heliotrope, chrysanthemum, geranium &c &c, surrounded by Nespola (Japonica) leaves, all facing my seat, & each with the name of the donor written on it, & a bundle of some good wishes in an envelope besides - here they all are from Giovanni the gardener, Janetta the cook, Bianca the maid, Mary the English girl, Imperiale & Giuseppe - Giovanni had picked a quantity of lemons, hanging on the bough out of his own garden & these were piled up in a dish with a great yellow citron uppermost. But stop, grandest of all was my chair, with branches of pine covered with cones tied on the sides & a sort of canopy of a creeper wh grows luxuriantly here, across the top of all - Then suddenly everybody appeared & wished me a happy fête, as they called it, & Bianca, of course, threw here arms about, & told me with great glee, that that was all the breakfast today, flowers wd be sufficient- Indeed it was all most lovely & I thanked all the dear people in my heart, much better than by my words, for having thought of & carried out this pretty scene: for it seems that the day before all had been working for it: running hither & thither to get flowers &c - Bianca had made up all the bouquets, & right beautifully too - Everyone had entered into it.-

However, they gave us breakfast as well, & about 10.30 Mrs W, Bianca & we went off to the High Mass - a longish affair - music somewhat better, but very quaint - We had chairs - Mass with Deacon & subdeacon at the BVM's altar, incense &c - no scrum just as the priest was about to communicate, the organist struck up a most distracting & noisy air - & at the end of all we had a kind of waltz, as if to hasten us out of Church unless we might dance there-

All then went shopping - yes, Sunday shopping! Having found the best confectioners in the High Street, & seeing nothing in the window, we went wandering about elsewhere, but cd see no other place more hopeful - & just then Signor Testore met us, & said this was the only place - not even the Marina boasted another - so we went in & ought 9 sous worth of little rusks flavoured with aniseed - But we still wished to try the Marina, & there we were more successful for in a café window we saw glass jars with other biscuits & maccaroons, so we spent a franc there, & then returned home with our treasures & why all this? we shall hear soon.

After dinner Giuseppe took us to see "sa campagna" in one of his father's little olive & lemon gardens above the Campo Santo Valley. We walked about in it, & then went on farther by the stream towards Sasso - picking maidenhair, a kind of Michaelmas daisy (lilac) &c &c. We were back soon after 5, rearranged the flowers on the table, lit about a dozen candles, piled up our cakes, & chocolate & chocolate creams, & invited Janetta, Bianca & her husband, Giuseppe & Govanni to come in & have a little wine - This was my party, they jangled glasses &c & all seemed to enjoy it much-

So ended this wonderful festa.

Monday Oct 28th

A Mr Stevens came to me at 10, a young fellow whom I hope to help with his mathematics - we did some Algebra together for an hour - Then we had Signor Tessitore to dinner - we had to talk Italian all the time & it was fatiguing work - I looked out words in the dictionary, & in great straits appealed to Mrs W. S.T. informed us that no-one hardly in Italy cared about the present religion, & people would gladly follow any great teacher, were one to ??? After a grand and very slow dinner, we went upstairs & had some music. Signor T. playing us several of his own marches &c & some of Handel's Messiah choruses at sight which he did not seem to know. Br. and I then went out to look for fossils in the Borghetto valley - the rain washes down mud in strange fashion in a certain place, forming most fantastic pinnacles & caves, thus (SK) - bricks or tiles are made at the bottom - we saw a deal white & tawny owl sitting perched up on a piece of rock in a cave looking very wise & more weird - (Sketch) on seeing us it flew lazily away & about the place - we climbed up to the top & presently in the rock came upon layers of fossils - bivalve marine shells (pectew I think) by the million - we only saw 4 kinds, all much alike, but I never saw fossils so thick - We had a glorious sunset & walked home down the pine-covered sloped of ancient beach, into the old Roman road.

Tuesday 29th

Bathed once more: sea calm - water shallow - rather fresh - beautiful clear sunrise - Sketched on the balcony, & talked - In the middle came the sad news that Imperiale's wife had been confined the night previous, that the child had died this morning, & that she was very ill - we were so grieved for him - his 1st child lived to be 4 & died this or last year - then twins were born & died directly - & now his wife has become very delicate - it is all a great trial to him - but he says "patience" & "courage" - he is devoted to her, & they had both longed for a living child.

We sent our "festa" & other flowers - tried the harmonium after dinner - then Br & I sat on the wall of S. Ampeglio & made a little sketch & then went off by 5 o'clock to the cemetery to attend the funeral - but after waiting some time & chatting to the cemetery keeper we left - on going up to the town we saw the funeral procession coming - a lot of boys in odd white costumes, carrying unlighted candles - a small † - & 3 priests in clean surplices & briettes???? also carrying candles - then 4 little boys last young rascals, carrying the coffin shaped so, SK. apparently open at the top only filled with flowers, the wood papered with wallpaper, I think - they set it down on the stones every now & then - & chatted & laughed alas - one of them was the young urchin who long ago worried me when we were out sketching above the town - the clergy did not regard them or their pranks - it was a most odd & untidy sort of procession - no mourners - We followed some way, undecided what to do - then Imperiale's partner came along, who told us he was still in his house. So we settled not to attend the burial & turned homeward, calling to see the dear man in his trouble for a moment & assure him we had thought much of him & loved him as our brothers very much indeed - he looked sad & anxious -

Wednesday Oct 30th

We walked up the olive hills in the afternoon & sketched & called on Imperiale.

Thursday Oct 31st

Prepared a blue linen super frontal for the Chapel communion-table in the morning - walked out to Rachel's well to draw in the afternoon & came in to practice chants & hymns. - In the morning for the first time we saw Corsica, just after sunrise - I had no idea it would look so high - at first I cd hardly believe my eyes - the outline of it is very beautiful - soon a slight

mist seemed to rise from the sea, which gradually covered it up, though the horizon remained perfectly clear & the sky looked as bright as ever - Br did chapel flowers at night.

Friday All SS. day

We had H.C. at 8 a.m. Mrs F was carried downstairs & sat in an American folding chair - 2 ladies were there - the altar was bright with 2 vases of flowers, & a floral † made by Bianca from a bright orange creeper in the garden & scented geranium leaves.

At 11 we had matins, a congregation of 16 - Mrs W played the Harmonium excellently well, thought she was very nervous & all went smoothly.

I heard from the Fr. that he wd. like me to stay the whole winter, if I approved of it. A strange letter too from a gentleman in Paris, asking the price of apartments, servants, meat, fowls, firing &c &c - which happily the good ladies cd. answer for me.

After dinner we strolled about in the olive-wood, coming across some giants, (just above Casa Rossa on the Roman road) quite worth a visit - the course runs thus SK. We gradually found our way to the town & entered the church just before the Magnificat in the All SS. vespers - it was quite full - the seats crammed with women - men standing behind while children of all sizes with small lighted candles, or bits of thin tapers, & rolls of them were playing about on the floor mostly seated in groups, making messes, fixing their candles on the ground with a drop of grease, then in a cockle or scallop shell, then blowing them out, perhaps quarrelling, & ??? again - a rare noise they made - Bianca had mentioned this custom as one of the great events of the festa & to signify "lighting the dead" - It was a pretty sight - lots of children also sitting with their mothers had lighted candles.

Kilometres

The daylight was shut out as far as possible by curtains over the windows. However it was difficult to make believe that it was dark & funereal till the sun went down much later on - All Souls vespers followed hard upon the joyful ones, the officiant invisible now - the people singing the Pss. & Antiphons heartily, if not well - Towards the end more candles were lighted, the Sacrament was enthroned, a barrier place in front to veil it, & the vicare proceeded to the pulpit - a little white imp a cherub sitting behind him. After a few words about "angelic, archangeli, throne, postestai &c" & the vision of God, he went on to a subject which he seemed more familiar with, purgatory, & in explaining how best to get souls out of it, put me in & no mistake- He explained the usual teaching that a cleansing fire was necessary for all who died with stains of sin, & were not recognised among the saints, & that sinners would then come out at last like gold from the furnace- So far it seemed to speak of God's Love as the Consuming Fire, but when he went on, waxing warmer & warmer, to keep in harmony with his subject =: & told us of the fires & flames, & the agonies of the sufferers & the cries of children there to their parents here to help them out- and how sons were now beseeching their fathers, daughters their mothers & would not his hearers have pity - & when all this was said in a most melancholy voice, to excite & distress the feelings of the living, I felt wild & longed to exclaim that we ought all to thank God that what the preacher said was a lie - The bags then went round - Br. gave 2 sous & I nothing- After the sermon of which I hear but little owing to the noisy boys, who were nearly lighting my trousers & coat tails just behind me, a miserère was sung heartily to a weird chant - then Tantum ergo followed by Benediction & as the service ended, 'vi adoro ogni monsanto' in Italian - it seems they sing the Miserere in Italian & other things also- Today many ////were singing, & praying too, heartily - perhaps the thought of the dead especially touches them all, but the greater number seem 2 be there only for custom's sake, tho' in a way they enjoyed it - & who would not?

In the evening we sang our Magnificat upstairs to the Ch Miserère melody.

Saturday, Novr. 2nd. Mathematical lesson at Villa Lozeron - a stroll towards S. Remo after dinner, then we sat awhile on the beach, while I just sketched the Bordighera bay, reading & upstairs - Mrs Imperiale getting better - we call daily to enquiry.

Sunday Nov 3rd Went down to bathe but was some time making up my mind to undress - fearing I sd. be unable to swim, but at length seeing no big swells for a long time I ventured in - swam 4 strokes & saw a large wave coming which I avoided, & then scrambled out just in time to escape the may & larger succeeded ones, which wd. have tumbled me over & perhaps against the rocks finally-

At 10.30 Mattins, sermon on S. Matt xxii. The parable of the Marriage Feast, & H.C. - about 30 people there - & in the afternoon at 3 about 15 - all simple, hearty & pleasant. Mrs W. played, Miss Hamilton assisting her. After Evensong I rushed off to find Br. who had gone to see the Procession to the Cemetery, & reached the Piazza in the town just in time to see the return - girls of mary, black Miserèricorda men, white men lampposts &c &c: we followed them. T(here is a member of the Compagnia della Miserericordia - the friends of the dead call them if they wish, & present them with candles to carry to the church & part of the way to the Campo Santo). SK. into the Church, & heard a Miserere as on Friday, following by grand Benediction. The Church crammed & the singing delightful - a grand spectacle with more candles than on Friday, & all the lamps, dresses &c as well, but there was little attention. From Giuseppe our lad, I learn much of the general feeling in these matters among the men - he goes to Mass on Sundays & to confession & communion once a year to please his father, but he believes none of these doctrines, & considers that all the Church practices have more to do with gathering money than helping men- When we came home Bianca &

Giuseppe upstairs sang us several airs for the Litany of Loreto, Tantum ergo &c &c- In the evening Br. read us his diary.

Monday Nov 4th. Bathed before sunrise - water fresh but calmer - by 10.15, accompanied by Giuseppe we were at the B. railway station - train 3/4 hr. late- 3rd class tickets to Vintimiglia - then on to Monaco - a lovely day- The previous day had been a grand fête there, being the feast of S. Carlo Bonomeo, their patron - the streets of the old town & roads leading up to it were lined with Venetian Masts, painted like barber-poles, with flags flying, garlands across them, & banners with rough pictures of innumerable saints painted on them - also Chinese lanterns & much bunting of course, everywhere - "Long live Charles iii" &c &c- & over the door of the guard room, or barracks, was a long inscription declaring that the guard "joyeuse et reconnaissante" thanked the Prince of Monaco for inviting to keep his feast, a "pontife bien-aimé" - who this Bp. was I don't know - we wandered about till we found a grand Mass was going on at the Chief?? Church, down which the soldiers were drawn up, with arms presented & thither after inspecting the gardens by the head of the promontory & watching the firing of 2 guns in quick succession, we returned - the band was playing & the Mass almost over, so waiting patiently we were rewarded by lots of sights- First the Pontife bien-aimé himself, with his purple train help up in style, blessing the people with his purple-gloved hand, & followed by various ecclesiastics & boys in scarlet & lace - then soldiers & the Prince, a coarse, ugly, brown man in gorgeous uniform - then what I suppose were chief members of his court or Municipality with black gowns, curious white sort of sashes & hats in black & silver of this shape. SK. They did look odd- Monks & nuns, ecclesiastics, ladies & gentlemen followed, & we all went back to the Piazza in front of the Palace, where games were to be held between 2 & 4, & where now the soldiers executed a few simple movements- The Prince headed off the band turned down one street, the Bp. reappeared to go down another, the band turned up again, &c &c - it was all like a theatre, the odd little processions coming from here, there, & everywhere passing by and disappearing- and all this in the bright sun with lovely pepper trees loaded with their pink fruit hear, geraniums, cactus (fico de Spagna) aloes &c down the rocks- The lemons were very yellow all about here-

Then we descended & walked slowly to the gardens of Monte Carlo, where we had some wine & biscuits at a Restaurant & then about 1.15 or 1.30 we entered the building where the gaming tables are - Going up a flight of richly carpeted steps, & passed a reading room with abundance of journals, all public, we presented our cards in a little side office, & told our nationality, or rather assented to the correct queries made, & were furnished with tickets of permission to enter available for one day. Giuseppe being under 21 was not admitted - our names were entered in a huge ledger, & we walked into the gambling room, a spacious & highly decorated saloon much fuller of people than I had expected- seats, glasses, &c round the room, & down the centre 3 tables 2 lengthwise for Roulette & one across at the top for cards, so (sk) with a smaller side room opening out of this one, & a 3rd table in it for Roulette - All the chairs round the tables were full - & many were standing behind & playing occasionally - many more looking on-

The Roulette tables are arranged thus (SK)

They are covered with green cloth, & it is divided as marked above- down the centre are the numbers of the roulette, u to 36 arranged in 12 sets of 3. On one side 3 sections marked passe, i.e. above 18, pair that is an even number, & the 3rd with a diamond in the cloth to signify "black" or the other "manque" i.e. less than half, impair = uneven, & a red diamond, "rouge" - In the centre of the table is the large roulette board, facing each other are 3 men, 2 seated side by side to pay out money & rake it in, while the 3rd sits behind on a tall chair to watch, & at either end of the table is another man watching the play, seeing that all is fair & assisting those near to receive their dues-

One in the centre twists the roulette round in one direction & in the opposite one sets the marble flying- All the time people are staking - nothing less than a 5 fr. piece - when the ball falls in to one of the roulette partitions, "rien de plus" is called out, & almost immediately also the 4 croupiers with their long rakes glance down the table & see what is theirs which they sweep in with their rakes-

They then pay what is owing. Many people put on the edge of 6 squares (sk) so, to cover the 6, & if the number be one of those they win 5 times their stake. Sometimes 4 are covered, sometimes 2 - I don't think I saw anybody venture on a single number - then the "rouge" or "noir" is popular - the passe, manque &c - & besides this are also 2 sets of marks to represent the 1st, 2nd & 3rd dozen of the 36 - in this case the slate is doubled - on the rouge et noir &c of course the gambler received an amount = to his stake - I suppose there is some limit to the stake, else a man could go on doubling every time & so at last win a crown - but he might have to stake much for it - e.g. suppose he began with a crown on the red & was wrong 9 times running but right the 10th, he would have had to lay out

| | | |
|--------|---|-----|
| 72 | 5 | |
| 10 | | |
| 20 | | |
| 40 | | |
| 80 | | |
| 160 | (pencilled annotation "this is all a mistake" H.E.) | 320 |
| 640 | | |
| 1280 | | |
| 2560 | | |
| 5115fr | = £200 & more | |

& all this to gain 5 fr.

It was a ?? sight to watch the people, all with their books, papers & pencils making calculations, noting what number had last occurred &c - & to see the piles of money, raked about-

I watched one Englishman & his wife, who seemed regular professionals, & staked all over the board every time - it was difficult to make out if they lost or won - Another lady who looked pale, slow & very anxious seemed to lose. I saw her seated at 2 tables, & just before leaving the room she came up to a 3rd, & standing up put down a crown, won, left it, lost, then lost again - then I left - it seemed as if she could not leave the room without just another, & another & another try- There were perhaps a dozen ladies in all at the 4 tables, seated, but many more came up quietly behind one quite a girl, put down her gold piece every now & then.

I could not understand the card table - they were playing almost entirely with gold & notes there - 2 young Englishmen had piles of gold before them, & seemed winning- One very ugly & painted & worn out lady came up to another & asked her if she wasn't going to play pointing to a vacant seat. Certainly some 5 or 6 people looked worn & wretched to the last degree - many more anxious or thoroughly businesslike, the rest indifferent - none enjoying it - so seemed too terribly in earnest. The Croupiers laughed & joked most- It is commonly said that there is an advertisement outside saying that suicide is forbidden on the premises: this is not true,(P.S. I have met a lady & her niece who assure me they both saw this last winter or spring-) not every season there is usually one case. By this gambling table the large staff of officials is paid, the reading room supported, the band, the beautiful gardens, everything - fêtes are given, a large theatre is being built- The Prince of the Principality allows this, his income being derived from them, which he lets to someone for an

enormous sum- The Prince's Motto, beneath his coat of arms is "Deo Juvante"!!! There are no taxes at Monaco&c.

We watched this hell for 3/4 hr. & then came out feeling I don't quite know how except dazed & headachy & with impressions never to be effaced & I think also with recollection of faces, not to be forgotten- 2 or 3 ladies I think I must always remember-

The gardens are very beautiful- the views lovely - it is the devil in the garden of GOD- About 100 people must have been seated at the tables playing- It is very fascinating- hundreds must get drawn in to play who entered the rooms without the least intention of so doing.

At 3 we went down to Monte Carlo station just below the gardens - at the book stall were pamphlets in great variety on the art of playing roulette &c &c - all of them done up in paper so that they could not be read, & their secrets extracted by casual loafers-

We enjoyed our journey back to Vintimiglia - the train was late & the stoppages long so we did not reach it till nearly 5 - Then we set off walking at a god pace, seeing the remains of what seems a small amphitheatre of the ancient city of Neurà on the road, excavated about 2 years ago & reached "Home, sweet Home" by 1/4 to 6 - tired & hungry -

Tuesday A bathe & swim- A visitor in the morning, a naval chaplain Mr French, invalided from the Juno in China, & ordered by the admiralty to winter in the South- A walk after some gardening, (putting out geraniums, veronicas, carnations, salvias, ageratums &C &c) to the brick fields near Mrs Boyes in search of fossils, of which we found several kinds- a much larger variety than before up the Borghetto valley.

Wednesday Nov 6th

After dinner sketched on the shore by S. Ampeglios chapel, read Hinton, & called at the Pension Anglaise, well situated above the Capo, outside the old town wall - but just at present it must be dull for Mr F with only 2 Germans in the house- Torrents of rain last night- fires at home & carpets & rugs on the floor are most enjoyable, for the mornings & evenings are very chilly-

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Thursday Nov. 7

Mr French dined with us, & we took him for a walk up the hills in the afternoon, to see the view - we could not get as far as Sasso & came back by the watercourse above the cemetery valley, gathering Michaelmas Daisies, sarsaparilla, a yellow oxalis &c for home-

Friday Nov 8th

By 10 o'clock we were off with Mrs W. for S. Remo, dull & cold - but a pleasant drive- then we went to the hairdressers where Br's hair was washing in strange fashion; bought some paper, stamps & drawing materials &c & saw the church, very sweetly scented with delicious incense- There large baskets of arbutus fruit, brilliant scarlet, such a colour, in the market, besides the usual applies, pears (& funghi of course-) The place seemed full of English - I had told the driver to be ready with the trap in an hour which he mistook for one o'clock - so we were kept waiting a prodigious time, but of course it was really all my fault- It rained coming back, & at Ospedalette we succumbed & had the hood put up, I mean the carriage closed. A pouring afternoon so we did not go out again till 10pm, when we took a short moonlight stroll on the shore - nearly full moon, clouds all gone.

The English Bank opened in our house yesterday. Our seeds are coming up, lupins, sweet peas &c, but not nearly all we sowed, & I think some of them look queer, but how could they flourish in such weather as this- The Rose of Jericho has many little green leaves now - they seem to be mustard seeds in the stalks, but I suppose this cannot be.

Saturday Nov 9th

A glorious day at last, such waves though rolling in from the rough open sea, tho' the wind here had quite dropped - we enjoyed the fresh cool air on the beach before breakfast, & watching the mules, as they were being laden with sand, for mortar I think - they did not seem to like getting their feet wet as the foam sometimes rushed up over them-

At 12.30 a goodly supply of provisions in a bag, carried by Giuseppe we started for Santa Croce, a little white chapel on the top of the hills between the Vallecrosia & the Nervia valley, this on the furthest & steepest point ??a few yards & the hill beyond the chapel ends in a precipice - from our neighbouring hills it looks thus (SK)

We walked along the old Roman road, & turning up towards Vallecrosia, presently began mounting through the Olives, and climbing through myrtles, junipers &c & over rocks- Every now & then coming to a few cultivated terraces, i.e. where a few vines or olives were flourishing.

After a while we found ourselves right above Vallecrosia & under the precipice, so we passed round towards the Neuria valley side, & presently gained the top, tho not till we had made several mistakes by following what seemed to be paths which dwindled away into nothing, or led up to inaccessible cliffs- Brilliant sunshine & an unclouded view rewarded our 1 1/2 hr. labour - quick & hot work it had been. The distant hills were lightly covered with snow- The villages of Campo Rosso & Dolce Acqua, in the one valley with Pigne in the extreme distance, & of Vallecrosia, San Biagio & Soldana, ending with Perinaldo gloriously situated all along the hill blocking the valley seeming to face seaward were to be seen. We enjoyed our meal greatly - then I made an attempt to sketch the view of mountains over Campo Rosso, & also drew the little Chapel, which stands at the end of a little plateau bordered with olives & a cypress or two, while 3 cypresses on either side form a sort of portal to the plateau. At 1/4 to 5 we began to descend towards Neuria, sometimes losing our path, & then going straight down the slippery conglomerate & through the prickly bushes, thankful for the help the little stunted pines gave us, which bend over down the hills sides, as if trying to hide their heads from mountain storms rushing down their sides to be calmed into peace & goodwill in the valleys- We passed through a very thick growth of myrtles & other bushes, finer than any we had seen before, found some hellebore in blossom, a little Maidenhair fern &c - Nearing Neuria we saw what great damage had been done by the recent floods - we reached home about 6.

Sunday Nov 10th H.C. in the Chapel at 8 - not many at Mattins or Evensong: it was so cold - I saw people looking wretched, & some went out & I heard complaints about it afterwards- A little walk on the shore in the afternoon &c &c-

Monday Novr. 11th

I heard yesterday that I was to stop here thro' the winter. I feel the responsibility of the post- I try & make people think- I try & give them something solid, rather than sentimental, to try & make them believe not accept - to help a hundred invalids not to grumble & gossip more than can be helped- All this & much more is difficult indeed.

Today we bathed again - water cold, but it was pleasant enough- Rain came on in the afternoon, when we were walking up Monte Nero, so we turned back & walked up the orange grove in the Villa Lozeron & were home by 3, I enjoy a cheerful fire- But what lovely

bits we came across on these hills - one gorge sloping onto the Sasso Valley, with great tanks of water one above the other for the lemon gardens, with some chestnuts & oaks & a great arbutus close to them covered with scarlet fruit- the hills too covered with heather still in bloom- The rounded rocks, so bare in places, but so pleasant to walk on are a curious feature of them - with the olive or vine terraces wheresoever they can well be made.

Tuesday Novr. 12th- A lovely day- so we determined to reach Sasso, & starting off directly after dinner, went by what is called the High Road, i.e. mule path of rough stones & muddy puddles, which starts from the other side of the town & goes along the top of the hill over the cemetery valley- Sasso is beautiful till you get to it - it stands exactly on the top of the ridge, here very narrow, & looks down steep hills on either side with its high houses, built all one into the other, as all the villages, it looks from afar off like a fortified place, or even a grim castle- when you are there it's special charms are lost- We visited the little Church of course more rubbishy?? than most of them, & smaller, for Sasso only has 100 people in it - & then went on some way to a high rocky point, from which we enjoyed the view- Oh how lovely this country is - at first I was disappointed, but it seems to grow in beauty & I think continually of the words "Blessed are the eyes that see the things which ye see". These mountain villages, where surely all the folk live like one family, so close are they to each other, & where all are of one faith, and where the very distance from other villages & the situation on high hills only to be reached with labour must tend to unite them all more together - how picturesque they are. Coming back we stayed awhile to sketch a little & when we got up about 5 o'clock, looking over the sea we saw the mountains of Corsica distinctly- The olives were it up & the clouds hanging over the hills above Saborga because crimson & purple, & the sky westward was of the tenderest pink shading into blue- & so with our usual bunch of wild flowers we came home- The daisies under the olives are so beautiful now Sarsaparilla & Clematis nearly over, & the yellow (Compositons) ragwort - but rosemary & arums are in perfection in the blue sort of daisy on the hills, michaelmas daisies, a kind of Squinning wort, a little yellow leguminous plant, & other common ones are abundant- There are so many shrubs on the hills, myrtle, juniper, rosemary, lavender, a kind of daphne, a sort of Phyllera, Salix(?) & several strongly scented ones, also a very prickly genista just now beginning to put out it's leaves - perhaps it is the same as our ordinary greenhouse ones, which is so useful for its bloom in winter & spring, but which has no prickles- Can it be that the growth of this is so luxuriant that many branches are arrested & become spines-

Wednesday Nov 13th

A pouring day, so we did not venture out till 4 p.m., when we went for the 2nd time, to try & find the syndic - he was in the Communal Council hall, to which our Cooper - friend, who always seems determined to meet us at the nick of time, conducted us but the noble sindaco seemed much engaged with 3 others - however, seeing me, & my manifest confusion, and indecision whether to go on or back, he rose & in I went, gave him 50 fr. for the poor, made much sow of politeness & departed-

Then I paid some visits on Mr Lowe)at Casa Rosa) not at home - & on Canon & Mrs Rolphe at Pozzoforte.

Thursday, Nov. 14th

Took the 12 o'clock train to S. Remo, or rather the train that should have started then- but as it is a single line, & all trains cross at Bordighera, one always has to wait, as the Genoa one is sure to be behindhand- With one bag of provisions we at once set off walking along the road back to Bordighera, till after some 1/2 mile we turned up to the right, the high-road to Colla - just now so many people are riding their mules about these hill paths, or else coming down with them laden with olives from the terraces. Olives are taken to the mills & crushed gratis -

i.e. to say the quantity of oil they yield is returned in a skin &c, & the rest kept by the miller - of this the stones are used for burning - to give our heat & keep a fire alight - we have some scuttles full of them in the house, after they have been on the fire a while they get red hot, the rest of the fruit is used in the manufacture of soup-

Today some mules were ascending carrying leather, others descending with wood - we saw several bright - & pretty dresses, & received a pleasant salutation from nearly every one - when near Colla at the summit of the ridge between Ospedalette & S. Remo, we ate our good food & then went on & saw the village-situation lovely - streets & houses less picturesque than usual- There is a communal library here & pictures, usually visited on account of the strangeness of their existence at all in such a locality, but we did not visit it, & after resting a while, on the seat round a little chapel on the head of the Promontory, we descended to Ospedalette & walked quickly back home. Dined with Dr. Goodchild at the Grand Hotel- A pleasant German artist one of the party- We played billiards ????.French billiards. There are some curious old pictures in the Salle-à-manger, once panels, now framed- We gained much information about the neighbourhood, climate &c. Home by 10p.m. to find some tea provided for us by good Mrs. W.

Friday Nov. 15th

The mistral blowing furiously & a grand sea- We constantly go to the beach to watch the waves, so utterly unlike our English ones - we notice that the biggest one does not occur every 7th, as we say at home, or at least thereabouts, as seems to be true, but less frequently, perhaps every 10th but in some considerably longer time there is usually one enormous fellow which runs up the shingle a long way- There is no tide here, but the sea is a great deal higher in winter than in summer, they tell me, for rocks bare then one cannot now reach, and there is a great difference even now on stormy days, at least along the straight reach between Ba. Capo & Ventimiglia. In the afternoon we went into the hills between the Borghetto & Vallecrosia valleys, & walked on till we came to the abrupt almost precipitous end, & noticed there is a good precipice above Vallecrosia- The distant mountains were thickly covered with snow. We saw 8 villages, Borghetto, Vallebuona, Sasso & Seborca in & about one valley, & Vallecrosia, San Biagio, Soldano & Perinaldo in the other. The great precipice above Vallecrosia is well seen from here, with the little white chapel of Sta. Croce & the cypresses on the top, so (SK) I made a small sketch, looking seawards, but it was too cold to stay long, so gathering lavender, myrtle & all the flowers we could find we descended & called on Mrs. Rolf to give them to her.

Saturday Nov 16th

Another bad day - of rain - but we ventured out in the afternoon, & went up the Borghetto valley, along the bed of the river till we were right under Vallebuona, picking maidenhair & some Hellebore which is abundant there, & beginning to blossom- It was great fun, but very wet work crossing & recrossing the stream continually, which had a great deal of water in it, often nearly covering even the recognised stepping stones- A few people were about, picking up acorns or washing clothes - some woman seeing what we were seeking picked us some ferns, & we had a little conversation, but she launched out in her patois, fast & furious, & I could not follow- On reaching home I found our blue linen altar superfrontal returned from Mrs. Stephens at Villa Lozenor, whose party had kindly embroidered it in crewel work & very prettily too - thus - a pattern (SK) of daisies - the 3 on either side bowing to the centre one. Flowers are coming out well in the garden, so Br's bouquets of roses, heliotrope &c & the maidenhair were lovely.

Sunday Nov. 17th

The Chapel was nice & warm today. Some sugar was burnt by Imperiale before service, as

there was some smell of bricks & mortar- We had a fair congregation, but only 3 men - they are scarce here-

After an afternoon service we had a short walk on the shore, & watched - oh! such a sunset from the Capo- called on Mr French at the Pension Anglaise, where a Mr & Lady Harper were like himself bemoaning the weather & trying to cure or at least say ? from their infirmities - then home to a pleasant evening of hymn singing, &c tea & talk upstairs with the company of Mrs Patrick & her daughters.

Monday Nov 18th

A wet day - some ladies from S. Remo to dinner - then a walk up the little torrent beyond the cemetery valley, where we found a luxuriant abundance of maidenhair; oleanders were growing in every corner between the rocks, & there were lovely little gardens of palms & lemons in terraces in sheltered spots, with here & there a chestnut tree; it's fruit all dropped, it's foliage orange & yellow - Mr Garnier in his romantic account of the "motifs artistiques" of Bordighera, in a little seaside-book just edited by Mr Hamilton, speaks enthusiastically of this torrent which he calls the Kephisia, further adding about the surroundings of it "c'est la Grèce &c"-

The name of the hill above S. Romolo wh. we ascended is Monte Cassio-

Tuesday 19th

After dinner we took a trowel & small 3 pronged fork, & slipped up the slimy hill behind Casa Rossa, i.e. like the snail in the puzzle, 2 feet up & 1 down again, seeking a little empty shed we had before noticed, where irises grow in greater profusion than anywhere else- We filled a good-sized basket with roots, & slid down again- I believe they are those large purple flags, common in our English gardens - We then started off for a walk along the beach towards Ventimiglia- The timber which the floods had carried away some weeks ago & thrown up all along the shore, is still there piled up in large heaps, some of them containing 200 logs, so that there were containing thousands in all- We found a new flower a sort of yellow creeping groundsel or cudweed, with almost white woolly stems & leaves- They show everlasting almost of not quite the same as the one of which the funereal garlands are made, we found on the Capo a few days ago- There were some pretty bits on the shore, where the canes were growing in muddy pools, (now yellow), or where the tamarisk was flourishing- We jumped one little stream, the Borghetto one, crossed the Vallecrosia river by means of stepping stones & piles by the railway arch, but were altogether stopped by the Nervia, which has indeed widened of late & is now a decent river- We returned by the road staying a few minutes to sketch an aloe that had bloomed this year, & then going up the Borghetto valley to the Via Aurelia (which is now the name of the Roman Road) in order to look at some bottle-gourds hanging on a tree in Mr Hamilton's garden- we only reached this just before dark.

Wednesday 20th November

Watched weather still - all clouds & rain & cold - After dinner, we did the donkey together or at least by turns, filling the large washing tank with clean water- The dirty water runs out on both sides & makes great pools under the olives, but a few lemons glowing there are said to be very thankful for the soapsuds, it took about 1/4 hr. to empty the tank, & then about 25 min. of fairly hard work to fill it. The water is lifted in little troughs attached to chains, which in passing over the top empty it all, no not quite all for a good deal drops back again though the lower troughs catch some (SK) into a channel & pipe feeding the tank- These wells all about are very picturesque with their wheels, & levers, & the shed over them covered with thatch perhaps, & anyhow with gourds of some kind.

We then took a little walk to the Capo, & were much amused by meeting again an energetic parson of considerable age, who had earlier in the day been tramping about our with an umbrella in one hand, and an alpine stock in the other, one of the foolish kind with a piece of carved black horn at the top- We did not see him make any higher "ascension" than the steps of our Chapel! The lady with short dress & good boots looked also a pedestrian - they are evidently not invalids & don't mind a rainy day-

We dined at the Pension Anglaise, Mr French, Mr & Lady Harper, the German Captain & his wife, & Herr Schlosser being there, a nice snug little party - dinner late, not till 7p.m. - a good table d'hôte & agreeable vin ordinaire of this country. Mr H. talked much of the Holy Land & the Peninsula of Sinai, where he had been sketching 2 winters, he seemed deeply interested in Scripture, & a friend of Dean Stanley's- He gave the Br. a good deal of information about various O.T. & N.T. sayings which his journey had explained to him- After dinner we had various tricks performed by the Captain - his card tricks were wonderful-

Mr Schlosser made a stick stand on end, & a pocket handkerchief on one corner by means of electricity, he said, with which after some little departure from the room to get changed in the cooler air outside, he professed himself brimming over- He is evidently not like the machines which prefer a warm fire to a pouring rain, of course his tricks were managed by a piece of thin cotton or silk, but Mr Harper said that the performer had assured him it was done by electricity & he did not himself know how- However it looked very weird & "supernatural" & the acting was excellent- Br. & I were tied by ropes, a double rope attached to each wrist, so (SK) & asked to free ourselves - we gave it up. Captain F. tied himself to me however & did so- We reached home about 10.30 after a pleasant evening with this homely party - & Mrs W. had prepared a glorious fire & a cup of tea for us- It was a dreadful night, pouring fast.

Thursday Novr. 21st

Weather a little better, so after dinner we went up to the little ruined building beyond the Torre dei Mostachini or Roman tower on the hill, sketched & read- I paid a call at Villetta Hamilton coming back, & then returned & had a long chat with Imperiale who came to sup with us- He told me that coal is found near Savona - we had French & Italian at tea, & the adjourned upstairs where more conversation & a little music finished the day. Mrs W. has a rich & powerful contralto voice, real contralto, & was an accomplished singer in bygone days, but for the last 10 years she has given it all up - Simon?? Reeves & others used to admire her voice, & once she & her mother were in the thick of musical Society - I have sent home for a few songs as here I can find nothing but a bass air from S. Paul that I know, & it is becoming a little worn-out.

Friday Nov 22nd. This morning we bathed before breakfast. Professor Grusardi from Turin or Milan, but who is wintering at San Remo & very anxious to find pupils, came for the 2nd time today to give Mrs. W. & me Italian lessons. He is a pleasant man & seems prepared to let us have our own way which we much like- On Wedy. he began by writing out a regular verb of the 1st. conjugation on paper, chiamare - to which we objected as we knew it well - but this time we had given one another the most puzzling sentences about ordinary affairs containing all the difficulties of "Ella" & "Le" &c - then he corrected; we have arranged to pay him 4fr. for our hour's lesson, & his railway fare beside till he has found some more pupils in Bordighera.

At 12 o'clock with our black bag stuffed with good things to which Mrs. W. always sees, we started for Seborga & reached it by the "high road" in 1 3/4 hr - sharp walking - just before arriving at the village we ate our food by a little chapel perched on a hill - then passing

through Seborga we sat down on some rocks for an hour or more & sketched &c but it was very cold. Monte Caggio & the snow-clad mountains were covered in clouds, & though there was sunlight on the sea & a pretty yellow light over Monaco & France, we had none of it's warmth with us. The view however was lovely- We went into the church on returning, & then hurried home witnessing a brilliant sunset- we tried another route & at length found ourselves in the Borghetto valley - it was almost dark & about 1/4 to 6 when we arrived at Villa Rosa.

Saturday Novr. 23rd

This morning the black cat, mother of cats, caught a bird, so as it's wont it began calling out with a sort of ow, o.....w (like ough in bough) for it's children to come & share the feast with a bird in it's mouth it naturally cannot make a very melodious sound, but all the cats here make different noises to the English ones - Black Pussy is a great thief, but thieves generally for others, & it is always ready to share any *bonne bouche* with them - not so it's white daughter, who is very beautiful, but also very greedy, & tries to take food away from it's mother-

It is most interesting to see Mamma, however, refusing to enjoying any extra good dish alone - the little white kitten, no. 3 in the cat department, is as wild as a wild rabbit, & prefers the coal hole to civilized society, whence it occasionally merges with a black face to scamper away & hide in the bushes.

We sat reading Hinton &c among the old olive trees above Casa Rossa in the afternoon - Br. arranged the flowers, roses &c &c in abundance- Today I gave Jeanetta the knitted & netted red, white & black handkerchief I had made for her & called on M. Lowe.

Sunday Nov. 24th

H.C. at 8 - 2???? ourselves- Mattins well attended - Mrs. W. stayed with her mother who was much grieved at the receipt of the news of Lady Hatherly's death, who had beenin her mother's house, & been as a sister to her all thro' her life. The Br. went to the Parish Church, for on Saturday evening the following bill had arrived.

"Citta di Bordighera"

Concittadini!

La notizie del refundo attentato contro la vita del RE reune accolta da Voi, come da tutti gli Italiani, con un vivissimo sentimento di orrore.

Interpreti del vostro cuore, noi ci siamo fatti solleciti de esternare, con telegramma, a Sua Maestà, i sensi della profonda indignazione vostra, e il grandi, ad un tempo per lo scampato pericolo.

Concittadini!

Domenica, 24 corrente, ale ore 11 ant sara cantato nella Chiesa Parrocchiale, per cure dell'autorità Ecclesiastica, un selenno Te Deum per ringranziare Dio di aver fatta salva dal pugnale assassino la vita dell'Amatissimo nostro RE, e preservata cosí l'Italia da una immensa sciagura.

Interverrano alla Sacra funzione il consiglio communale, e le altre autorità locali.

Unitevi tutti al vostro Municipio per render all'Altissimo le docute azione di grazie: farete in tal modo prova eloquente che la Giunta ha ben interputato i sentimenti del vostro cure, e che indissolubile sono im vincoli d' affatto e di derozione che vi stringono al RE e all Dinastia.

Viva il RE!

La quinta Municipale

Il sindaco Giuseppe 7 Paina

Gli assessori (L. Novero

(Carlo Rabassino
Pietro Muraglia
(Segretaria)

Bordighera

21 November 1878

We posted this up on the Chapel door, & before beginning mattins I told the congregation I hoped they would go to the Parish Church if they liked, as there seemed to me no better way of worshipping God than in joining in the joy of our neighbours. We mentioned our thanks in our general thanksgiving & also sang "Now thank we all our God" both at Mattins & Evensong. In the afternoon we took a short walk & had much singing at night.

I wrote a letter in Italian to the Sindaco, Cavalieri G.P. thanking him for his notice, & telling how we English had rejoiced with them, & why should we not, seeing, notwithstanding our difference of tongue & manner, we were all one in the Unity of the Life of GOD.

Monday Novr. 25th

At 12 o'clock we took the train to Taggia, one station beyond S. Remo, & walking up the valley about 1 1/4 miles ate our lunch under the olives just before entering the town - Luxuriant gardens of vines & oranges bordered the river, with mulberries, willows, sorba, oak & other trees all bright yellow - on the opposite hill, beautifully situated, with 2 striking Churches standing out against the sky, was Castellario, with a road which one could detect by the little white shrines all along it, leading to the Chapel called Madonna di Lampedusa. After enjoying our meal we saw a Church close by us, a nice building with some old altar piece in Italian gilt frames, & carved wood work & a considerable amount of good marbles, but hideously decorated - outside in a building attached to the church, with a sort of loggia, very pretty indeed was the "Scuola civica" & lots of boys were playing about, some of them jumping down 2 walls of the olive terraces, & highish ones too, in one jump, which I thought "plucky" - A woman on the way into the town told me that Ruffini, the celebrated author of "Doctor Antonia" was still alive, tho' his wife was dead, & she kindly came out of her way to shew us his house, No. 1 in the main street, a pretty street too with arcades for some way on either side of with E pointed arches - After strolling about a bit in the quaint old narrow streets, we found our way down to the river & eventually to the long bridge crossing the water & low lying gardens, often, no doubt, flooded in winter & spring time - The orange trees were beautiful - While sitting here in the warm sunshine greatly delighting in a real summer's day once more we settled to make our way to the tempting white cypress-guarded sanctuary far off on the hill, & so we walked long a path up the valley some way till right underneath it, when we turned u a steep mule track, or perhaps only footpath - After a while we lost it & soon got into difficulties what with rocks & walls & crops - & a good deal of time was wasted by us. However about 3.15 we reached it, & a lovely spot it was too, a pretty building with large portico & steps up to the door, the whole white with blue & yellow colouring here & there - an arch on either side leading on to a sort of terrace beyond, & in front of the chapel a grand broad paved road with some splendid ilex trees & a quantity of cypresses - a lovely view of Taggia & the river below & behind us, & then the quiet valley & the sea, & in front the richly coloured hills, ending in mountains covered with snow - After enjoying the view I went a bit down the grand road & sat on the bank & made a little hurried sketch - Then off we went down this to Castellario - the little white shrines proved to be "Rosary" stations - Castellario with it's grand big church, wh. we just popped into for a minutes, delighted us, & then down we went a slippery pebble path into the valley. We saw

some blue campanulas, yellow antirrhinum, large like our English garden kind, & plenty of pinks today- A pretty pink convolvulus I found in blossom on the Capo on Sunday-

When we reached Taggia nearly losing our way in the dark & dirty slums to get to the main thoroughfare we settled to go & call on Ruffini, so we knocked at no. 1, sent in a card & said that 2 Englishmen wd. be glad to see him, if he was disengaged- After some arranging of his room, a lamp lighting, we were ushered in, to a large square room on the 1st floor, where our host was sitting in smoking cap, dressing gown & slippers by the fire reading the paper - an old & grey benevolent & handsome man who received us cordially & told us he had heard of Mrs Fanshawe, whose kind regards we gave him, saying we have come expressly at her desire to see one who had done so much for the English & for the Italians. I told him of our universal church, & of our desire that it should be used by the R.C. clergy- He said it was long since he was in England & he had almost forgotten English, but really he spoke beautifully - he is a native of Genoa, but through some political troubles had to fly & he hid at Bordighera where he used only to go out at night time, & all his knowledge of the scenery &c, as he describes in Doctor Antonio was gained under these disadvantageous circumstances. He told us that the people of Taggia were very kind to him, that he was now very old & invalid- Also that just at present he was under a cloud, as a beautiful & good woman of the house, the mother of the girl who showed us in, had killed herself by a knife, in a fit of madness, only 10 days ago- When we rose to go, he shook hands heartily, saying "God bless you," sending greeting for Villa Rosa, & wishing us many hearty goodbyes- We hurried back in the dusk to the station, & there waited for our train some 1/2 hour - Home at last, hungry & tired by 7.15-

Monks seem to abound about Taggia - we saw a Benedictine, a Franciscan & another in white - and lots of clergy-

Green figs we eat still, & very good they are - we always say "these really must be the last" & still they turn up-

Tuesday Nov. 26th

Well, we shan't forget our nationality anyhow, for here is real English weather again - rain, rain, rain. After dinner a stroll through the town as far as Villa Ruffini, where I called upon Mrs Jopling, artist - then back, more calls, tea, reading of Helen's Babies, & bed-

Wednesday Novr. 27th

Boots arrived, wonderful Italian boots - others sent to have "suole e tacchi" A very wet day, just clearing up sufficiently for us to have a walk on the beach in the afternoon, where we stayed a long time watching the great waves, which by S. Ampeglio's chapel came farther up than I had ever seen before.

Thursday Nov 28th

Wet again & worse than ever, but in the afternoon we sat under the shelter of some rocks & read & sketched- This week we began reading Helen's Babies, & I also commencing working a kettle-holder for Imperiale with his monogram in the centre- A "work of heart": that is all I can say about it, for the design is weak & the execution worse- And now I have been told that I don't do it rightly, & waste lots of wool because I finish my stitches, one by one, however it is true, & I must learn the right way, which is of course the difficult one- but I give up my wrong one with a struggle.

Friday Nov 29th

More rain: they say it is worse in England, if that be any comfort, but I feel sorry for them, for I know they have new fogs, & those sickly yellow suns, so low down in the sky, even when they do shine a little once or twice a week, whereas here there is no mistake about the light & warmth when the clouds do come away - Let us enjoy the clouds while we have them, say I, for the days yet come, when shall have a thing but blue & when we shall sigh for

the infinitely varied gradations of greys & purples, & yellows all day long, & the grand spectacles of sunset night after night.

A clean up today in the afternoon - "Il tempo comincia a raschiarse as prof. Grusard has taught us to say. Our lessons with him are great fun - we write letters or sentences, which later we give one another, & he corrects them - yes, he does correct them indeed. Mine, at least are blunders from beginning to end. We puzzle him terribly poor man with our English though not so much as he does us with his, & when he begins to give us sentences t turn into Italian we generally go off into uncontrollable fits of laughter - e.g. the other day be began with "did you meet Mrs S. in the coffee house?"-"but isn't it strange to see a lady there? &c" & finally it turned out that a Countess & a Princess were chatting there & certainly this would be odd in the dark, poky fusty caffés of Bordighera- Some of the Italian ways seem very strange to me- The men all seem so brotherly & friendly - the cat may look at the King here I am sure- Clergy come from all ranks, ditto officers in the military & naval service &c, & all seem nature's gentlemen in pleasantness of manner & peacefulness of speech - but where you come to talking you must take care whether you use the 3rd person singular or the 2nd plural in speaking to a person you are not well acquainted with- If someone, an Italian, were to meet Profr. G in San Remo, he said, & remark "Comè state" instead of "Comè sta" i.e. how do you do, instead of "how does her ladyhip, Majesty, greatness, highness or &c.....do", he wd. say "Sir, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance"- This reminds me of an incident the other day I though perhaps I sd. no longer say "Comè sta" to little Miss Rosina on the beach, so I changed it to "Comè state, Rosina?" whereupon a certain companion with me, wishing to enquire after the elder sister for whom he had a soldo burning a hole in his pocket said "Comè state Merisetta" "how does little Mary "do",? He meant to say?

Well, today we walked as far as the stream wh. comes down the Vallecrosia valley - & finding it swollen & impassable, we sat near the beds of yellow tamarisk, finished Dr. Hinton's Life, & made an attempt to sketch the hills with the clouds resting on them - an attempt indeed- Coming back I called at Villetta Hamilton to see a dear old lady, a Miss Phelps, who is there with a delicate niece, while 3 more nieces, Miss Browns lodge or keep house together somewhere on the Capo.

Imperiale has been in bed some days - a mule he was leading gave a start, & he heard a crack in his own back & has since been unable to move. His wife looks fairly well again - she is the prettiest woman, as far as I know, in Bordighera.

Saturday Novr. 30th

A fine day at last. Br. bathed, but the sea was too rough for me- I went to order a carriage off Michele to take us all to Mentone, but on returning I found Mrs. W was prostrate with neuralgia - alas, alas for her sake & her mother's but she has had a trying week of it, for Mrs. F has been poorly, we visitors troublesome of course, & she has had also the daily anxiety of ordering fresh puddings, & grand dinners generally, for ladies from S. Remo who never came on a/c of the weather- So we have been having a perpetual festa.

At 12 o'clock we went off toe S. Remo to get some medicines & some other shopping- we started walking back a little before 2, having enjoyed S.R. in the sunshine, & the market place beautiful as usual, & with plenty of medlars, fresh-gathered oranges &c. We had gone there, 2nd class with Captain Foster from the Pension.

As we sorrowfully heard afterwards the doctor told him bad news today, that his lungs were affected. The Br. chatted away in French to him in the train quite fluently, & I was vastly pleased- Only a few slips, such as, that the had been a soldier 7 hours ago meaning years & so on- Well, when we reached the promontory on the shoulder of which Colla stands - that promontory which keeps off the mistral from S.R. but the view & the sunshine also - we climbed up the rocks a bit - ate our luncheon, watching the green sea far below & then

wandered about to find a suitable place for a sketch- Here we stayed 1 1/2 hour till it was 1/4 to 3 & then started off home - presently it grew dark & the latter part of our walk was by moon & starlight- We were delighted to find the enemy had left off wronging Mrs. W. & that we could all spend a peaceful evening together over our work, Babies &c- The Br. makes carpet fringe at a fine rate & the ladies beat Kidderminster, Brussels &c &c hollow, by their pretty & comfortable mats & carpets- Their rooms, the doors, the chapel, & the rooms of their friends far & wide are furnished by the labours of their hands-

Sunday Decr. 1st Advent

Sunday - & cloud-day too, but it cleared up. We had a better congregation than usual at 10.30. After evening service I walked up to meet the Br. who had been to Vespers at the Parish Church, & then we called on the folk of the Pension Anglaise, where we found much trouble thro' increased ?? . Mr Harper was most agreeable & told us his opinion of Mr. Whistler & his pictures, also of the good that Ruskin had effected by his writings - he had induced men to study nature, & to search for truth & truth only. Mr H. had been under one Master for 3 years, who never studies from nature, but made all his pictures of borrowed bits from others he saw here & there. Then before lending them to the Exhibition came a day called the Christening day when the Master & 3 pupils used to settle what they sd. be called - if there was snow & a fir-tree, it might be called "a view in the Bernese Alps" - if blue sky & a lake, "Among the Apennines" &c - Mr H. delighted me by his words, for he felt too we were now seeking after truth in all professions, & would no longer be enslaved by names & traditions of the past.

Monday Decr. 2nd

It was not a very fine day, but we had so long put off Mentone, that we settled to go, so about 10 Mrs W, Br. & I started in Michele's trap, & reached M. by 12. We went to the other end of the town, & picnicked on the beach - it was cloudy if not cold - many gulls swimming on the sea or flying about close to the shore- When you reach the French frontier by the bye, the Douane officials examine the houses to know if they are licensed to pass - sometimes they have to be measured &c! they seem more anxious about them than the smugglers inside - however of course we had nothing to declare - Mrs W. then found out some friends at Villa Belfield, one Dr Müller with his English wife - he has a Pension & some pupils. Br. & I walked about the streets, where there are some good French shops & plenty of Olive-wood wares, Vallery china &c &c to tempt the strangers - saw the churches & over the door of the chief one a notice in Latin welcoming a new pastor to the town, (& in side women were folding up those everlasting red & gold hangings, those things which made picture fast lovers hate church festers in Italy & France so much) & then up through the steep streets of the old town to the dear little cemetery perched up with its cypresses above all, & commanding a lovely view- we came back by one of the torrents where much washing of clothes was being done- did a little shopping & then took our carriage round to Dr Müllers & waited - - yes, & waited, because the ladies were doing their shopping & bonnets & such like wh. all the world will notice & comment upon can't be bought in a hurry- Dr Müller told us how to get up Mont Bandin about the chamois in the mountains so much more abundant than in Switzerland & much else - gave us some delicious wine, purple & white salvia, roses &c from his garden, & at last sent us off with pleasant greetings, we our newest makes?? & all, to enjoy our drive back half in the twilight, half in the half moonlight- And what about Mentone itself? It is delightfully sheltered from all winds by it's great background & almost semicircle of high mountains, & by it's Capo S. Martin to the West & something else to the East with Brodighera in the far distance. It has a nice beach of large pebbles - one good street of shops & a fruit market, plenty of big planes like all French townen, (which try to imitate Paris,) & villas with well stocked gardens everywhere, & lots of flower indeed these seemed

to be, a treat for Englishmen on December 2nd. The lemon gardens are said to be especially fine - the scrambles inland beyond olive terrace & pine clad slopes must be infinitely varied, & delightful indeed but - now for the butts - those hills shut out the sun, & the place is soon in the dusk of evening & the coast view either way is very tame & poor - so that I still say Bordighera with it's sunsets, it's simplicity, it's quiet, is the most agreeable place of all - if it only had a few higher mountains behind, & a few less olive terraces it wd. be perfect-
Mentone stands grandly, thus

(SKetch)

with the tower & façade of the chief church crowning the old town - a little old ruined fort at the point between the Bays, & a few ships in the quiet harbour.

As we passed Ventimiglia today we saw huge wine casks in the sea, which had just been committed to the water by a ship - these were attached one 2 the other, & were all being pulled slowly to shore, & then detached one by one - man plunged in up to his waist or more in the deep sea to seize a cask when it neared the shore & then pull it up the beach on rollers &c.

(SK)

We reached Home soon after 6 - & I found I was tired & sleepy after the long drive in the cool wind & the scrambling & sightseeing.

Tuesday, Nov 3rd

A short walk up the rocks of Monte Nero, till it began to rain - Sea by the capo today in stripes of bright blue green, with blue-black, the one very light & bright, the other almost black & yet looking so transparent.

Wednesday 4th Decr.

Miss Leache's came from S. Remo, one of them bringing her portfolio of sketches- She is a good artist, though her foregrounds and indeed the whole pictures are often too much worked up with body colour to please me - Mr Croft, artist, now at Alessio, who has helped her much & whom she has seen painting, gave up oils for water colours, & mixes body colour in all his points, giving Miss L. said an effect of richness almost like oil- R cannot say I like it - the beautiful transparency of water colour is lost. Miss L. ws in Brittany all last summer, & said that at one little village where a great "pardon" is yearly held, all the people brought cow's tails which were heaped up on the altar & blessed - they then took them home & if their cows were ill, they were made to drink some of their own tail in water! At the "pardon", there is generally dancing, ending in dreadful drunkenness- they put apples into a cask, water on them, let it ferment & drain away, filling up the rotten mixture with fresh water - I think it is at the same place that sick cows are also brought to walk 3 times round the church- The clergy were deploring the want of faith among the people!- A short scramble up; the hills to see the old olive trees again - & home.

Mrs F. a little better today, but still in bed, tho' doctor seems to think she has rheumatic fever slightly-

Thursday Decr. 5th

After Dinner Imperiale took Mrs W. & ourselves to see Sigr. Moreno's garden, one of the sights of Bordighera, & very beautiful indeed it was, not in very good order, but all the more picturesque for its wildness- Such groups of palms, such bamboos, such mandarin orange & so many flowers in blossom. They talk of continuing the new Via Aurelia to join the present new bit of road over the shoulder of the Capo, & then a corner full of Sr. Moreno's best palms will have to be sacrificed.

Coming back I had some little talk with Signor Ascusiale the Banker & then sketched for a while in the garden.

Friday Decr. 6th

At 11 o'clock in a 'one-hoss +slay' Mrs W. & ourselves, with a goodly supply of food, started

for Dolce Acqua; a pleasant drive in delicious sunshine to the Nevia valley, a shaky jolting drive up the valley as far as Campo Rosso, & then a walk in single file along the clean sides of the road to Dolce Acqua for the road was too bad to allow of our being driven, or at least with any comfort, for there were ruts a foot or more deep in abundance, & holes full of water, or white sludge & slosh. When our trap met any mule-carts, there was such an excitement, getting them out of these deep ruts, to enable them pass safely- We reached Dolce Acqua by 1 o'clock - it is about 3 1/2 miles up this valley & a lovely spot indeed- Looking back one sees Sta. Croce, thus (SKETCH) & looking at the town a wonderful bridge, the picturesque village, a pretty church tower &c - with the imposing ruins of the great Doria family palace high above all on the rocks; a great strong monster keeping an eye on the little old town of houses all huddled together, darker & dirtier than usual, indeed seeming to hold them in it's paw, like a cat it's prey.(SKETCH)

No sooner had we entered the large sort of muddy "piazza" by the river, & told our driver, (nice fellow who it turned out had driven Mrs. F & W from Genoa to Bordighera some years ago - having long been a Genoese vetturino, but whose trade has pretty well come to an end since the opening of the railway - & now he has settled with a sick sister at Bordighera & hopes to support her by his trap &c-) to go & buy us a bottle of the white wine of the country. Then we were surrounded by boys of all sizes & ages, who stared at us as if we were wild animals, nor were the men much better behaved, for they did the same at a few yards distance - it was evident we were in for it - presently we started, the lot of us, and some girls as well as boys, for the ruins- but before reaching them, we made a halt, whence there was a good view up the valley, & sat down on the rocks hoping to tire out our friends- Not a bit of it - they all sat down & discussed us - presently we ate - this interested them much - a grown up woman arrived & she stopped too & brought others- At last they began to be more troublesome coming closer & demanding soldis &c- Happily at this juncture, Trot began to bark a good deal at them all, & when we said she was a "cattiva" dog & bit, they somewhat trembled- Well, at length we explored the ruins, & then descended, the rabble getting more & more impudent trying to bully the dog as well as others, & sometimes throwing dirt or stones

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We simply didn't dare make an example of anyone - in a strange place, among a notoriously rough & bigoted people whose wrath too against foreigners generally & clergy in particular has lately been stirred up by Mrs. Boyce having sent a colporteur??? or evangelist there, who by his tracts & preaching against the saints &c infuriated the people greatly- I had been told of this, & advised to go there in secular costume, which I did- Mrs W. & B. went into the Church, & I trotted off to find a quiet place for a sketch, but this I cd. not do, although at last I settled myself just outside the entrance to the town, on some stones by the stream- but then finding I had carried off the provision bag & not the ones with my paper &c, I went back & found the others, we had our horse put in & started back, riding a little way ourselves - after wh. Br. & I walked as far as the Corniche Road, Mrs W. riding- On our way we opened the soapy white wine - a strange mixture of muscatel & bad beer flavour - I suppose it was the refuse, the best having been sold elsewhere; it was strong in flavour & in alcohol, & tho' we tried it again at tea on our return we had to throw by far the greater part of it away- Our excursion on a glorious day too, wd. have been delightful but for the ill-mannered children- Miss Rose told me she once went on a picnic there, & a man was paid to keep the children off; but of course come they will so long as soldi & food are given them- We gave them nothing, but a sou, not a crumb, only leaving our empty wine bottle behind for them to fight over.

Saturday, Decr. 7th

After diner, wh. was earlier then usual, we went to Villa Ruffini & took Mrs Jopling out for a scramble on the hills - she is a famous walker & seemed to enjoy our favourite points of view

on the "Kephisia" - we men some very charming 'padrones' in their "campagne" who seemed pleased to see us, & spoke as only the Italians do speak, with all possible grace & politeness- I paid a few calls &c before tea-

Sunday Decr. 8th

Mostly wet- H.C. at 8.30 today - more men in the congregation at mattins & many new faces- At 6.30 we went to the Pension A. to dine with Mr Harper - a pleasant party - Captain Voss shewed me his decoration of the Iron † for acts of bravery done before Metz- There was a great telling of anecdotes after dinner of the Scotchman who threw his 2/6 into the plate at his church door by mistake for 1d. & wanted it back or change at wh. the holder said there was no taking anything of the Lord's treasury, nor money changing in this House, & the man replied then I shall have the 1/2 crown laid up in Heaven - no said the other, you won't find more than 1d. to your account there. Then we heard of the 1/2 farthing which a Scotchman asked an Irishman what cd its use be & he said it was for the Scotchman to give to some Charitable Institution & And also of a grasping farmer, who eagerly sought the situation of churchwarden, or something of the kind in a church, when the one who had long filled it dies, because he was told that the salary was 6d a week, & a barrel of meal at Xmas- On his applying to the Rector at the time he was of course told that he had been gulled, so he said "well maybe I shan't get the meal out of you but I've taken care of the sixpence myself" -

A lady had arrived at the Pension, whom I knew, a Miss.....travelling with some sisters- one of these had written to me some weeks ago from near Genoa, asking if there was an early celebration of H.C. here every Sunday, as that privilege would have much to do with settling whether she wintered here or not. I had replied to this that we had it one S. early & the next late, but that we might have to give us the early one if the invalids, who were the more numerous wished for a late one every Sunday, but that I did not expect they wd. for probably they wd. gladly give up this that others might have their wishes attended to also, even tho' such a fuss about "early & late" & the Consequent impossibility for all to communicate together in the Body of the Lord somewhat obscured the Truth with respect to that Sacrament.

Mrs F. had said at the time that my letter wd. be considered a mad one & now, lo & behold, here was the receiver of it & a person I had known long ago in London when I was on the very deepest depths of the bondage of the Ritualistic creeds & methods.

A lovely moonlight night, green stage - moonlight - Mr Schlosser & Dr. Goodchild gave us some useful hints about Genoa, & we went home about 10 p.m. rejoicing in the promise of fine weather on the morrow.

Monday Decr 9th

Up about 5 - Breakfast &c alas! for the noise & hustle in the house, as if a great event were taking place! Off with our small black bags, great coats, & a rug by the 6.40 train, very punctually - soon after passing S. Remo the sun rose, & cheered us greatly for it was slightly frosty- We had a pleasant sort of imitation coupé 2nd class carriage, divided from an ordinary compartment by a wooden partition. But it was snug having it to ourselves- It turned out a lovely day - Porto Maurizio was the 1st place of much interest, tho' somewhat disappointing from the line, on account of the ugly Church & many modern houses - soon after came Cervo wonderfully situated on the hills with an imposing church- These churches everywhere stand well & are great ornaments to the country they lack the simple beauty of our old English churches but one feels they would be thoroughly out of place here - those great bell-towers either in the Lombardic style so, (Sketch) or else the Italian, so, (Sketch) the former of red brick the latter painted & panelled & with brilliant tiles very likely near the top, seem to fit in well with the ruinous-looking houses or with the bright colours around.

Alassio looked a lovely spot - a gently curving bay, with sands, & shallow blue water- fine headland beyond, a little island half a mile out to sea with a ruined tower o it, & then the mountainous coast far far away & today all covered with snow - orange gardens with well laden trees seemed abundant here & from thence farther on - Albenza was a picturesque place, all towers.

(Sketch)

A number of lovely cattle were being driven to the station.

Loano & Noli I liked much & beyond Savona, Veregine seemed a beautiful place - from here Genoa became clearer & clearer & the hills were covered with villas & churches - it seemed one long town with an occasional station-

At last about 1.5, only 10 minutes late, we emerged from the last tunnel, near the lighthouse & new mole? & saw the city & harbour as bright & beautiful as could be-

We jumped out at the terminus & disappointed all the cabs & light porters, by walking off at once to the Hotel d'Italia- we went a little too far at first, not knowing that the entrance was in a narrowish street behind, & not in the area bordering the quays - Not a very good room, because looking into the sort of hall-court where a fountain played, but full of grand arm chairs, large & solid - We had eaten abundantly, en voyage, so we started off at once, with our Murray?? and turning out into the Piazza de Annunziata walked thro' the Via Nuovissima & Via Nuova to get a first glimpse of the Genoese palaces & some knowledge of the chief thoroughfares then to the Via Carlo Felise & on to the Duomo - the Churches do not open till 3, closing at 12 for the Sacristan's meal & siesta, so we went off to the Palazzo Rosso at once, & saw the pictures, there were some fine portraits, & the well known S. Sebastian of Guido Reno- but nothing that I cared about very much. The suites of rooms in all the palaces we saw were very fine indeed- but it is difficult to see the exterior the streets are so narrow- This gallery closed at 3, so we returned to the Cathedral, a beautiful structure in Italian Gothic of white & black marble - I like these churches beyond everywhere - there is a richness with simplicity & repose about them that is delightful, & the colouring of the interior, marbles, stones & painting when not too bright, is delightful- I enjoyed this much- The Canons were just beginning their Offices, and sang fairly together & well. There is a beautiful side chapel* on the left, with a carved screen, of marble, the baldachins, carved walls &

* containing S. J. B's relics (?)

statues with the lights burning &c, added much to the solemnity of the place - there is something indescribably beautiful in these Italian churches, I do enjoy them after France- A few fairly nice monuments, some frescoes, intarsia work in the choir, here the choir books, said to be fine, we could not see, as the Hours seemed long - so we left & went to S. Ambrosia - externally it is poor - but internally rich in painting & marble- Then we found our way by some of the walks on the old walls, much frequented as promenades & public gardens, to S. Maria di Cargnario from the cupola of which is one of the finest views of Genoa. There was a terribly drunken man trying to roll up a carpet in the Church, & he staggered off to the Sacristy tumbling about on his way, & with difficulty genuflecting as he passed the altar- The Sacristan came, opened the door leading to the steps, & up we went it was very cold on the top, but we made out the churches &c with our maps & saw the sun set- Many valleys converge to Genoa apparently, & the hill tops all round the city at varying distances are crowned with forts - villas stud the country as far as you can see, & the city itself is built most irregularly- It is very beautiful indeed-

We came back through the streets going in & out, & right & left, to lose ourselves & see as much as possible. Many of the alleys are not more than 5 feet wide, or so- Carriages drive about in the most extraordinary places, where one wd. have expected not even a wheelbarrow or a donkey. The seemed much business- Chestnuts roasting everywhere, & men with

sugared ones on straws - plenty of new oranges, with leaves on the stalks, looking lovely - lots of fried fish shops, & then the one street of the jewellers with some 2 dozen or so of little shops full of the silver & gold filigree work for which Genoa is famous.

We went into a little church, where a great noise of singing in the gallery was going on - & little acolytes chatting merrily to their friends - great fun to see.

We dined at 5.30 a small party of 7 - & then sallied out again for a look at the jewellery lighted up, & the public gardens by moonlight - till we quite tired with out long day & came home to bed-

Tuesday, Decr. 10th

Up & out by about 1/4 to 8 & went to the Annunziata, a grand church all marble & painting but too gaudy & with too much gilding on the roof - but very finely proportioned- It certainly strikes me that fewer people attend the churches than formerly - a certain number of poor men & women there my be hearing mass &c - & today there were one or two women making their confession & so preparing to communicate, but the upper classes & notably the intelligent men of the middle class are not there - nor do they seem any the worse for this absence - judging from the good & earnest ?? men I meet everywhere, who have quite given up the R.C. belief-

After breakfast we went out to the Doria palace beyond the Ry. Station - the puddles were covered with ice - a keen brilliant morning- We 1st went over the gardens which overlook the harbour - in poor condition but having some nice bays, arbutus, junipers, ilex, lemons, aloe &c a peacock walking about the marble terraces- A fountain or two playing. Some thousands of carnations in pots, some beginning to bloom, & very fine ones they were- There were so many cuttings & young plants of all kinds, that I quite thought the grounds must be let to some florist, but I was told no - they were kept up by the family for the sake of the visitors &c, for they never come here now, living as they do in the Panifili- Doria palace in Rome- We then went over the palace, an irregular building externally & without any architectural pretensions, but it has been spoiled by the destruction of a grand staircase into the upper gardens, to make room for the public road & then the railway- The decoration of the ceiling under the gateway, & of the stairs & loggia above & of many of the rooms is very beautiful - reminding me of the great Palazzo Te at Mantua, & other palaces at Venice & the N. Italian cities- Much of the decoration has been restored, & in placed over-coloured, but the old designs are there, except in a few small rooms- There were old chairs, a throne, & plenty of curiosities in china & wood & pottery - & some fine fireplaces. The guide hurried us through talking incessantly & a Russian gentleman who was one of the party did not care about the painting, so I, so I did not half see it - nevertheless I enjoyed it more than all else except the Cathedral in Genoa & could have spent hours happily examining the ceilings & loggia-

When we left we walked into the Via Balbi, & 1st saw the Palazzo Reale; an abundance of large rooms frightfully decorated in modern gilding & colouring, with floors as slippery as ice, which I had the greatest difficulty in walking upon - The pictures here were hardly worth seeing. So next we went to the Palazzo Durazzo della Scala - with a fine court, colonnade & flight of marble steps. The family were residing here & many of the rooms looked comfortably furnished for everyday life- Here there were many Van Dykes, beautiful. The Palazzo Bianco was undergoing repairs so we could not see it- The Palazzo della Università in the same street has a magnificent staircase with great marble lions at the bottom, or rather as it were rushing furiously down on either side, so (Sketch)

Above & beyond the open court, & high up, were some laden orange trees, then modern buildings, piled up one above another & blue sky-

We had now had more than enough of buildings, guides, & pictures, & franc paying, so we returned to the hotel, just to find out from the porter the route to the Campo Santo as we

wished to walk there, tho' cabs & buses everywhere continually offered to take us there it is evidently the place for a drive, & numbers of people visit it daily- But what about luncheon? Well, we managed so - 1st I invested in 30c. worth of fried fish, of 3 kinds, including sardines & a kind of haddock, wrapped up in paper - then a 15c. load- A kilo of apples a 1d. worth of oranges, a kind of panetone, or large bun with raisins and fir nuts in it abundantly, & lastly a little sweet stuff burnt almonds in white mortar - & off we went out of the Porta Romana & down the valley of the Bisogno, presently we enjoyed our novel sort of meal & by 2 p.m. reached the cemetery. A great quadrilateral with an arcade all round, & in some parts an additional gallery behind - New ground has also been bought lately, & already has many tombs in it - while above the Church which is in the centre of the highest arcade & reached by a noble flight of steps, are terraces & cypresses &c, & a few large private tombs of some architectural pretensions- The open ground is reserved for the poor, the fees depend on the person's circumstances apparently a few francs only it may be but a vast number have white marble crosses, thin & of a simple kind, over the graves & very many one or two little lamps, like this.

Sketch

The rich are buried in vaults or in the shelves of the galleries which are in all respects arranged like the catacombs of Rome - about 8 tiers of shelves - a grave in there costs 18£- the coffin is bricked in, then a slab of green Genoese marble & an inscription in white marble in the centre - the floor is covered also with grave stones, ranged across, 2 deep - thus making these galleries at least 12 feet white immortelles, plants &c stand up against the walls, thus leaving all the space down the galleries free for visitors-

In the open arcades looking out upon the cross covered grounds with the great walks planted with cypresses, are an immense number of costly marble tombs, by the best Italian sculptors, & very good some of them are- There were rather too many figures of mothers & sons in modern costume weeping over a father's bier or at the door of his sepulchre &c- & only one or two good things in coloured marbles - one wonders there is no attempt to repeat the kind of tombs which one sees in the churches of Venice & Florence - there are a great many catacomb galleries on either side of the Chapel- Outside roses were blooming freely against the walls, & lizards in clusters lying about basking in the Italian sunshine- The officials were very pleasant & gave us much information- All funerals are over by 10 am.- then the public is admitted - if a body arrives during the visiting hours, it is placed in a building on purpose, but the service does not take place till all strangers have departed. The day before we met in the streets a funeral procession, not a church one, but a workman's society's funeral - 1st a band playing a slow solemn march & a very touching melody it was- then the coffin covered with black velvet & men carrying bouquets- Many followed this & some took off their hats as it passed- We noticed on the walls more than one invitation to the members of the Societies of Mutual Help &c to attend a brother's funeral & very nice simple notices they were- There were also a good many "invito sacro" bills about the city, concerning triduos & such like-

Well, we walked back again, & found out the pretty old church of S. Matteo, on a lovely corner of old buildings, with sculptured doorways &c - a dear little striped church - well worth a visit. We also saw? the similar Gothic church of S. Stephen standing up nobly on a terrace above some steps at the end of the Via Giuglia-

Then we visited the Molo Vecchio, saw a ship landing with goods & people, always a touching sight- Also an English vessel go out of harbour - & then by 5.30 we were back to dinner - a good day's sightseeing certainly. Many other palaces than those I have just mentioned have fine courts, or staircases pierced vestibules &c & the Ducal Palace is a grand building-

After dinner we went to the P. Theatre, to hear Verdi's Opera of Aida: it was a benefit night for the Baritone- A fairly nice house - very full - everyone smoking again which made our eyes sore- We had stalls wh. with the admission ticket cost 5 pence each- The scenery & properties good - the orchestra better- The plot of the play is good- The Baritone & Chief Bass sang well: the former had a rich powerful voice - the Soprano a harsh screaming one but she acted well in a very difficult part & did her best & was much applauded. The tenor hadn't a bad voice tho' he was occasionally somewhat hoarse, but he was a ridiculous stick, & ugly & ill-dressed too- the contralto who dressed well & acted well too, had a fair voice . I like some of the choruses much, & there are some fine scenic effects - the airs seemed poor- The chief singers were called before the curtain 3 times at least- The Opera was over by 11.30 & we were glad to get out before the Ballet. The scene of the opera is laid in Egypt & turns upon the love of the King of Ethiopia's daughter, the Egyptian Princess's slave for the Egyptian General of the forces, with whom the Princess is herself in love- The K. of Ethiopia is taken prisoner in the war, & his daughter is in the difficult situation of having to decide whether to give up her country or her lover- she finally induces the man to fly with her, but they are discovered - the Princess will save him if he will renounce Aida & marry her - but this he refuses to do- he is condemned to death by the priests of Isis, as a Traditore & is immured in a dungeon to be starved to death below the temple courts - here Aida has secretly found here way resolved to die with him & here in about 10 minutes she died, the stupid tenor kneeling down behind her prostrate form & apparently digging his 2 elbows into her stomach, looking uglier & hotter than ever-

There was an exciting scene when the man was being tried by the priests behind the scenes; while the Princess is in front listening & too late, wishing to save him- In an accompanied music his name is 3ce called out & an accusation brought against him - then a silence, a rumbling, a shout of traditore from the priests, & the girl in front breaks out into some wild & touching strains - she did this well- We enjoyed it much.

Wednesday Decr. 11th

Up early, a dull cheerless morning. Off in the omnibus to the station - 2nd class tickets to Savona- Snow began to fall soon, and we sat wrapped up in our great coats & rug watching the scudding wind making the very sea appear to shiver bitterly. By the time we reached Savona, 9 am. nearly an inch of snow was on the ground the wind was blowing violently & the sky was thick & dark grey no sign of clearing- However we did not like to give up our plans, so we enquired the road to the Santuario della Signora de Misericordia, & set off thither, the wind & snow blowing dead in our faces with blinding fury- People seemed amused when we told them our destination, asking the route- The weather got worse & worse; here & there the road was swept as clean & bare as could be but elsewhere the drifts were deep & we had to go well in. By about 10.30 we reached our place of pilgrimage: a pretty but not very large church & close by on one side a huge building of conventional aspect- an institution for poor men, women & children, to the no. of 240 , who are supported by the alms of the faithful at the shrine, the whole place arose from the B.V.M. having appeared 2ce, it is said, to someone in the 14th century, on March 18th & April 8th, which are now the great days of pilgrimage.

The Church is much frescoed, the room being nice- There is a kind of confessional, or chapel under the choir - containing behind it's altar a beautiful figure by Bernini (?) covered with jewels, including a great crown given by Pius viith & hearts & necklaces all ablaze with precious stones - lights burning in the chapel &c - when we entered a funeral mass was just ending, & then came the ceremony sung round the coffin, well & heartily-

After a little strong coffee in a small caffè close by, we came back, literally wading thro' the snow- We hadn't gone far before we met 2 carabinieri, who when we had passed them by some 50 yards stopped & shouted to us to do the same???

We let them come up to us, & one of them, a tall handsome fellow asked where we were going & whence we had come - "Dove sono" he began - as he spoke genteel-ly in the 3rd person, I answered politely - he then requested to see my libretto or carta". I thought he meant passport, but shewed him my card - this did not satisfy him, so I said we English never needed papers in Italy, so the 2 put their heads together & said it was all right, & away we went much amused- On what a ???the Br. was for he had refused to open his umbrella & the shawl around him looked like a lamb's fleece, while his back hair & the under sides of the hat's brim & indeed every available exposed corner was covered with snow-

We were back by about 1, & went to the Trattoria of the Albergo di Roma near the station & had some very good minestra, costoletta & omeletta & formaggio- & capital sweet & pleasant vin ordinaire - & a nice waiter (?) We spun out our meal till 2.30 & then went to the train - the "straordinario" weather, a thing unknown before, still continued & my poor umbrella was smashed at last & one or more of his ribs broken by the wind, on our way to the station.

The sanctuary we had visited is like this.

SKETCH

At 3.8 we were off again, another nice coupé. When the ticket-snipper saw we were for Bordighera, he said he was anxious to find out news about a girl at school there - I offered to do what I cd. to help him, & he said he wd. come back again - so in he came & sat between us till he was obliged to get out & return at the 3rd station from Savona. He name Guelfi Luigi - his occupation "Controllore Viaggre - Ferrovia Alta Italia-" his brother was a "Colportore Evangelico" at Bologna, & a regular fanatic too apparently, for he wrote perpetually to Louis, with an abundance of texts, & saying you mustn't smoke, or go to the café, or the osteria &c & but read your Bible, read your Bible always- He i.e. Giuseppe, the Br. was much interested in an orphan child named Melotti, & wanted her to write to him- This Luigi was a most pleasant fellow & with a face that looked as good as it certainly was beautiful- He told me the old story about the R.C. church & the men that he hadn't been to Communion for 12 or 14 years - but he seemed thoroughly in earnest & interested when I tried to express to him in Italian my own convictions- he promised to come himself to Bordighera during the winter, if he could. He has one day's holiday in the week - but it may be on any day.

Snow, snow, snow all the way - right glad we were after sitting so long with cold feet in our well-soaked boots & socks to reach home pretty punctually abut 7.10 to find Giuseppe on the platform in high glee to prove himself right, as he was sure we de. return early- Many happy greetings & narration of our travels & then to bed pretty well tired.

Thursday Decr. 12th

A fine day & a rough sea - we walked along the shore after dinner & then up the bed of the stream in the cemetery valley to get Mrs Jopling some fern roots, then right away over the hills of Monte Nero, till we came to the ridge whence we cd. see Colla & the villages on hills beyond S. Remo- Here the fine big heath was growing most luxuriantly & lots of arbutus, but the latter was stunted- We came down the very steep banks & rocks above the Madonna della Ruota & walked home by the road-

Friday Decr. 13th

A nasty raw wet day. In the afternoon just walked as far as Mrs. Boyce's & saw the schoolmaster, his wife & child, also the Vaudois Pasteur. A pleasant young man, with nice

face & manner, speaking French fluently & well - The child of Bologna was well & had quite lately written to Guelfi Giuseppe as well as her mother-

Dr Terry, an American dentist from S. Remo came today & I made an appointment with him for next week.

Saturday Decr. 14th

Mr Hardy from the Hotel' d'Angleterre called in the morning _ & we had the Professor again- SKETCH - a man brushing snow off the railway carriages at Savona station.

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In the afternoon we called to see Mr. Schlosser's studio - he had some pretty bits, but nothing finished.

Sunday Decr. 15th

A cold day - chapel rather empty. Dr. Goodchild came to late dinner & Signor Tessitore, the organist & Bandmaster of Bordighera, to play to us & play some accompaniment for us- He performed some brilliant operatic overtures & fantasies on the Pianoforte for us, & Mrs. W. & I sang.

The poor Signor is going off to Nice - he has received his coupé??? from the Municipio - they think he cannot keep the men together, not being firm & solid enough, but too easy & too little of a master- He thinks the Ba. people all most 'cattivo'- that they say one thing to your face & another behind your back- Certainly this must be a poor position for a talented man, such as I believe the Signor to be- There are no people wanting music lessons, & the church choir will never learn to sing in any better fashion- I tried to cheer him a bit, by reminding him that a prophet had no honour in his own country; & also by saying & hoped he would hereafter be treated like Verdi, who was a poor boy born near Vicenza & wrote 2 operas before he received any notice at all- his 3rd was received with a furore at Milan, & then his previous works, & his fame & fortune were made.

Signor T. has also written opera's - I don't know how many, ??? marches, mazurkas & such like innumerable & his style is very Verdi-ish.

Monday Decr. 16th

A fine day so we took one more walk up the hills between the Borghetto & Vallecrosia valleys, picked some beautiful arbutus & other evergreens, besides about the last of the Globularia wh. the frost has nearly killed & called on Mr. Rolph, whose "festa" it happened to be - she had received a present from their carpenter of a large bough with 27 oranges on it, coming in most opportunity on her birthday.

Tuesday Decree. 17th

A wet day - we picked branches of oranges in the garden for the Br. to take home, & Giuseppe brought us a lovely basket of lemons from his campagna-

We are hoping to sing some Christmas Carols, in which Mrs Hamilton & Mr Hardy have promised to help-

I went out today with my new red cotton umbrella- such a beauty, bought the day before for 61/2 frs. of a man who comes from S. Remo to Bordighera 2ce. a week- I hope it will prove as useful as it is lovely. I called on the Miss Aplins, in their nice but cold apartments on the Capo, belonging to a Singor Corradi of Genoa. In the morning I read for the Br. all the rest of his diary wh. we had not heard- & very good it was- His cold caught on the pilgrimage day at Savona, has been a very bad one, with sore throat & chest, which hot concoctions at night, &c &c have not cured yet.- Being his last night, we agreed to keep it well, so we brewed some hot spiced wine, jangled glasses &c & did not go downstairs till past 10 o'clock.

Wednesday, Decr. 18th

I went out before breakfast to order a carriage to take us all to Ventimiglia to see the Br. off- I spent 5 or 10 minutes on the shore, watching the magnificent waves- A cold but brilliant day. Received a beautiful Italian letter from Mr. Guelfi; which is here pasted in.

H.C. upstairs with Mrs. F. at 8.30. A disturbed morning of packing provisions &c &c- About 12.10 as no trap seemed coming, Mrs. W & I went off to Michele's to find out about it- there were some horses harnessed in the stable, & a carriage out on the road - the main (not Michele) said there was plenty of time & he would get ready, but he came after us to the gate saying one of the horses had hurt his leg, & he then asked our other Genoese fellow who was just by the Hotel d'Angleterre to take us. He said his carriage had not yet been cleaned after a dirty drive to Dolce Aqua yesterday, but we said 'never mind'. So he was ready at once & off we went. We had not been long at Ventimiglia station before the other man drove up with Mr Birchoffsheim, the rich Jew Banker, who has lately built a large house for his mother on the Strada Romana, & whom the people of B. look upon as their great benefactor & King - it is curious to see the Christians, who have so long persecuted the Jews, now cringing at their feet - & it is interesting to find the Jews returning good for evil, & being more Xtian at heart than the Xtians - the old superstitions of the Pharisees seemed to have been handed over to the Churches of Xtendom-

It was clear we had been told lies about the horse &c - alas, these people have many virtues but they also lie & cheat horribly & quarrel among themselves in a ridiculous way about nothing.

Imperiale said the other day that if 2 people wanted to go to a place, & one said 'tomorrow' & the other 'the day after'; they would spend 2 hours squabbling in a most excited way over it- Well, here at Ventimiglia we bid the dear Br. farewell - his luggage was not much examined & there was no crowd in the waiting room, so he wd. have a pleasant journey on this lovely day along the coast. Mrs. W. & I did not wait to see the train off - we walked to the mouth of the Roya, to get the fine view of Ventimiglia & the coast, & to enjoy the meeting of the rapid stream with the foam of the waves wh. today came rushing over the bank of shingle to the fields & gardens-

We then drove home - I spent a little time by myself sketching under the olives & went to bed very sleepy - now I begin a new life - May the Br. have a prosperous journey home - a happy Xmas & a new year - & may God bring us together again before very long - he has been a most kind unselfish companion all these weeks & months past.

Bicknell diaries
Diary of winter in Italy 1878-79 Volume III

Flowers of Bordighera
Those marked x appearing, others dying o. all winter

October.

- x Arum o - Sea Spurge - scabious
- x Sarsparilla - Sea Lavender - a Michaelmas daisy
- Peppermint - Convolvulus - oMignonette
- a kind of ragwort - a kind of Daphne
- a sort of sage
- a bushy purple labriate - very strong scent
- x oGlobularia - (blue on hills)
- Lavender
- x o Rosemary Common Ling
- Nov. x Hellebore - Storksbill
- Dec. x Daisies o - white coniferous flower - kind of
- x Small marygold - Several yellow compositous flowers.
- Jan Arbutus
- x Violets 2 kinds variegated and white ones-

Feb x Paper narcissus a little yellow oxalis

- x. Common narcissus
- x. White periwinkle
- x. Blue, scarlet, 2 kinds of double anemone.
- x. Garlic
- x. Fumitory
- x. Celandine
- x. Thistle with variegated leaves
- Feb 20 x. A blue Boraginous flower.
- x. Yellow leguminous shrub. Cytisus
- x. Large kind of Thyme
- x. Grape hyacinth

March - Narcissus incomparatalis (Saggia)

Scilla Italica

Ophyr fusca?

Echiusa (creeping)

Red tulips. Borghetto valley

Large Narcissus (like common one only very large)

Common daisies.

Spurge (2 kinds appearing)

March - Garlic abundant - Star of Bethlehem - At Alassio March 17th. Asphodel, Euphorbia dendroidi?? & sea anemone &c.

13th - Blue Iris

Dog violets - large lilac

19th Lady tulip

White Iris (Taggia Diano Marina

Small pink anemones

Anemone Hepatica (Mentone, Diano Marina, Sta. Croce
blue & white) Roya valley.

Ophrys (another kind)

Shrub malloe-

Coronilla

April 4th

Pink Silene

Scented Campion

Crimson Cistus

Pink rock cistus

Flax

2 kinds of campanula. Sort of wild pear on the rocks of Roya cliffs.

Thursday Decr. 19th

H.C. at 8.30 in Chapel. A wet day. Mrs W. called on the Genoese driver's sister, the last house in Bordighera by the Duzio & stone quarry on the way to S. Remo. I went in to see Mrs Jopling who was busy at work on 2 life size oil paintings of Indian Rajahs grandly dressed out with decorations & jewels- She has done them from photographs but is waiting for some ornaments, dresses &c. to be able to make further progress. The are to be finished by next Sepr. & she is to receive 700 guineas for them, not a bad sum for a young woman to earn in one year-

At 5 o'clock Mr Hardy, Mrs Hamilton & daughter came to practice carols with us - "Good Xtian men rejoice" "The 1st Nowell", "Earthly friends &c" & "Little silver lamps" we have chosen - Began to read "Daniel Deronada" in the evening.

Friday Decr 20th. Rain still - In the afternoon Mrs W. went out with me & showed me a place by the cemetery valley where the paper narcissus grows - one was nearly out - We picked some splendid maidenhair, where we have often admired it before, on the banks of a little steep torrent close by, the bed of which I ascended with difficulty fearing to fall into the deep holes full of water & getting much scratched & caught in the thickly overhanging brambles.

More carol practice at 5 o'clock. I went to bed earlier than usual. After a mustard foot-tub, some tea & salvolatile &c. having a nasty cold.

Saturday, 21st Decr. S. Thomas - H.C. at 8.30. Weather a little better, so in the afternoon Mrs. W. went out with me on the shore to see the magnificent waves; the mistral was blowing furiously, but we went along to the Capo greatly enjoying the horses with their flying manes, & then returned by the road. I called at Villa Semeria. Cold worse again tonight, & on

Sunday 22nd Decr. I felt very poorly. H.C. at 8.30. Mattins as usual - I said a few words, but felt unable to preach so we had evensong without sermon in the afternoon.

Monday 23rd Decr. Up at 5.30. Much better - weather fine - to S. Remo, well muffled up . at 6.40 where Dr. Terry the American dentist met me & took me to his house, 5 Villa Bracco - soon we had breakfast & then about 8.30 or 9 he began operations on my teeth - he has various appliances I never saw before: most of his instruments for cutting the bone in various ways & preparing teeth for filing, are used by being fastened to a machine which by the use of a treadle, moved by the foot, makes them rotate with great velocity. The effect was better than the noise which is most painful to sensitive nerves of sound - I never was with such a pleasant & as I sd. think ??? careful man before - he took 3 or 3 1/2 hours over my mouth & then had not finished, but he could do no more that day & sent me away till New Year, with however just a warning that I might have some little achings owing to all the shock of bone

cutting & filling. A prediction to be alas, fully verified - However I started off in the sunshine soon after 12, having missed the train home, & my promised walk up the hills holly-hunting with Mr Hardy & when I got to Ospedalette I made up my mind to ascend Monte Nero, so I examined the probable route, & then turned up thro' the olives - I found a violet in bloom, & a large yellow mullein also- These sunny southern slopes, as I got higher up were beautiful with great shrubs of rosemary in fullest blossom, & when I had quite left all terraces, great plants of heath & arbutus shrub became abundant. The lakes had been much touched by frost & snow - but there were still some in flower - & a little scarlet fruit- Then followed a scramble under the pines till I reached the top, but the trees were too thick for a view, tho' I cd just catch a glimpse of Saborga, Monte Coggio &c - On my way up I had had a glorious view of the coast Eastwards. The ridge of Monte Nero is very narrow near the top - a little erection of pine poles with a ladder mounting to a little platform above the surrounding trees had at some time been erected there - it was now in great decay & could not be mounted, except by monkeys or such like, so I proceeded toward home - there were a few curious rocks of great size among the trees, one much like a sphinx which amused me. I fund by chance one holly bush & carried it nearly all away with me. I presently descended to the Sasso Valley, & came back along the water course, strangely enough meeting Mr Hardy at the point where the high road to Sasso crossed my path - he had been with Alessio, our gardener, & left him behind with a great bundle of holly at his back, to hurry home- I was tired, hot & hungry, & glad enough to be back. A carol practice at 5 and in the evening Imperiale came with his Flügelhorn & learnt the air of some of our carols; he promised to come the next evening with some of the band lanterns.

Tuesday Dec 24th

After breakfast I began to see after the chapel work - Imperiale with a man & boy arrived & began to fasten up the magnificent palm branches of wh. Mrs Rose had sent many from her garden- Then I went off up the hills with Giuseppe, & returned laden with asparagus, juniper, myrtle, Sarasparilla, brown oak leaves & other good things while Alessio & another returned from their hunt for long branches of ivy The Italians worked 'con amore' at the walls & screen, which Mrs W & I filled some tin cones with flowers (SK.) & fastened them on the screen. Never have I seen such colours at Xmas time. On the bottom gradine at the back of the altar we had troughs filled with variegated arum eaves, daisies & pink roses, behind 4 vases of roses, veronica, heliotrope, ageratum &c &c, and a cross of holly leaves & white roses. The garden is full of roses, but the incessant cold & wet has kept everything else back-

When the chapel was quite finished with its 3 big boughs of holly, to make us all feel "at home", fastened one above the altar, & one on either side of it on the angle of the screen. I came in, & painted lots of Xmas cards, bust a daisy or too(sic.), with a scroll of good wishes, then took up one to Canon Rolph with a bough of holly, & returned to dinner. My teeth began to ache a bit today. At 8 the singers arrived & Imperiale with his instrument & lanterns - it was a lovely starlight night: we went into the garden & sand 2 carols for the Patricks - then up to the Roman Rd. where we were let in to the Villa Aurelia garden, by Mr Hamilton's key. Mr Ross & daughters were delighted, opened the windows, thanked us, & asked who we were, for they are very short-sighted but we hurried off & left them in a state of wonderment, as the shepherds were left by the 1st carol messengers- Then we sang for Milo Phelps, & finally our whole selection at Pozzio -forte. Canon Rolph & the Hamilton party were all delighted, we were about an hour- & came home a bit tired. Shortly after 10 Mrs W. & I with Giuseppe went off for the midnight mass; we had been told it began at 10.30 & was over just after midnight, but we ought to have waited for the odd bells which had been going continually during the Novena before Xmas, to ring once more, for when we reached the Piazza we found the doors of the Church shut, & only a few men & boys gathered round the remains of the great bonfire wh. had been lighted early in the evening, & wh. I was told,

when the church doors were wide opened threw a strange & beautiful light right down the building & onto the pries & his vestment at the Altar.

We wandered about uncomfortably in the cold till past 11: then the door opened & we took seats on one of the benches, & watched the lighting up of all the candles on every altar & in all the chandeliers- There were a fair number of women, & perhaps 100 men, but no crowd tho' I was told that last year the church was crammed - let us hope that next year it will be emptier still, is all I can say, & that very soon the whole thing will be given up - It was a Massa Cantata, the vicaire assisted by 3 boys, awfully slow - music wretched - people laughing & talking more than I had ever seen them before. Imperiale had warned me that the behaviour at the door on these occasions was scandalous. I was tired & had the toothache, & so tried to get a few naps which I succeeded in doing through the creed pretty well - after the creed, a man appeared at the side curtain, the officiant went up to him, was clothed in a red cape, went back to the altar, took a bundle off it, which I had before guessed to be the Xtnas Bambino & holding it in his arms walked quickly & smiling down to the sanctuary step, attended by the boys with their candles & held out the doll to be kissed - out rushed a lady from her chair on the right to have the 1st kiss, & then others, women & girls, a few men & a boy or two; they all seemed to think it fun- The instant this began the organ & people struck up to a very pretty melody the following hymn which they kept singing all the time. Coppers were thrown down on the floor by many. It was a strange scene- One said to oneself, is it so that Christians 2000 years A.D. keep the Nativity, by a service where no-one communicates but a few superstitious people think it an act of devotion to kiss a doll - horrible, horrible - Bianca called it going to see "le bon Dieu" born & next day she said she sd. go & kiss "le bon Dieu" Mrs W. & I felt more than I care to write down here & were heartily thankful when the mass was over, & we could worship Christ better under the midnight stars - we were not home till 1.30 a.m.

Per il SS. Natale

Fra l'orrido rigor di stagion cruda
Nascesti, o mio Gesù, nella capanna,
Non fra genti - ma fra glumenti,
In Betlemme è il tuo natal,
Amabil Dio;
E questo fatto l'hai per amor mio,
Perchè non ti servisti del mio seno,
Con diletto - ti forma il letto
Per qui farti riposar;
Dolce mio Sposo,
Perchè sopra del fien prendi riposo?
Se tanto ti gustò l'albergo vile,
Perchè di questo cor non ti fai stanza?
Bramo tanto - d'averti accanto,
E con te desìo gioir,
Verace Amante,
E te bramo seguir sempre costante,
Se alor ti diletto la bianca neve,
Or t'offro it bel candor della mia fede;
S'eran belle - le pecorelle,
Or anch'io ti voglio dar
Freddissimo l'umano cor
Convien che struggasi a tant'ardor.
O popoli tutti, inchinatevi,

Tutti prostratevi al Sommo Re,
 E ditegli con tutto il cuor:
 'Signor feriteci col vostro amor'.
 Di gloria pegno ricchissimo,
 Mistero altissimo, chi dir potrà
 Il giubilo che in questo dì
 Il vostro popolo per voi senti?
 Le Grazie con noi vi rendano,
 Con noi v'ossequino la terra e 'l Ciel
 Vi lodino anche di più
 Vi benedicano, caro Gesù.
 Voi Spiriti del Ciel santissimi,
 Ubbidientissimi al gran Signor,
 Volatene dal Ciel quaggiù,
 E corteggiatene il buon Gesù.
 Rendetegli per noi le grazie
 D'un ineffabile sì gran favor;
 Con cantici in lieto suon
 Per noi offritgli il cor in don.
 Or apransi del Ciel empireo
 Le porte; chiudansi quelle d'orror;
 Gioscano nostr'alme e cuor,
 E riveriscano il Redentor.
 Spariscano omai le tenebre
 D'averno, e fremino gil abitator;
 Risplendano sul nostro suol
 I raggi fulgidi d'un sì bel Sol.

Christmas Day

H.C. at 8.30 about a dozen there - Chapel looking lovely - hearty matins & another H.C. at 10.30. Evensong without sermon at 3 pm. Then I called on Canon Rolph & Mr Lowe, & at the Pension Anglaise, where I was just in time to be invited by Captin & Mme Voss along with the others who were calling into the salle-à-manger to see their Xmas Trees which they had prepared the day before and were now prettily lighted up - we enjoyed it much - had a cup of tea & a pleasant chat with the kind Captain, who enquired most tenderly after the Br..

I came back to dinner - Mrs & the Misses Patricks dining with us - beef, roast beef & turkey & then a flaming plum pudding & mince pies! We chatted, looked at Xmas cards & upstairs afterwards but my toothache was much worse, & Mrs W. had neuralgia beginning, so we were not at our best & glad to get to bed - Mrs F's room looks lovely with holy & ivy & oak &c, & 2 great palm branches overshadowing her couch & making such glorious shadows at night on walls & ceiling.

(Sketch "The Sphinx": see Dec 23rd)

Thursday Decr. 26th

H.C. at 8.30. Then a day of misery. Mrs W. lying on the sofa, bad with neuralgia, & me in an armchair 1/2 wild with tooth & jaw ache - getting worse as the day went on. I did not go out - Mrs F. unkown to me despatched Imperiale to S. Remo in the evening to tell Dr. Terry, who replied he would come the next morning & on

Friday Decr. 27th

At 8 o'clock he arrived having waited about where I know not, but in pelting rain, since 6.40 when the train had come- It was good of him - but happily my pains had nearly vanished

away in the night. Leaving only a sore jaw, & a feeling of weariness after yesterday. He painted the gums with iodine, advised ice if the pain returned, & if there seemed much inflammation the application of a pretty little bag of ginger & capsicums, this size (SK) wh. he had made, the muslin & hot contents to be next the gum. The India rubber side next the cheek- I gave him some breakfast, & soon he started walking back - & I went to Chapel at 8.30 for H.C. Mrs W. better today.

Saturday 28th December

All better. Mrs W. & I went out & paid calls in the afternoon, & I hunted again for paper-narcissus, but still it was not out.

Sunday 29th. Nothing to relate.

Monday 30th Mr French came to luncheon, & then I took him to the brick-fields & fossil-ground.

Decr. 31st Tuesday.

After luncheon I called on the Misses Aplins, at Casa Corradi & took 2 of them for a walk to Rachel's well & the Madonna de Ruota & sulphur springs - a cloudy day, but sea a wonderful blue near the shore. About 10 pm the band with Imperiale as new Band Master protem: came & played in front of the hall door; accompanied by a small crowd - We saluted one another with "buon capo d'anno", "buon principio e buon fine d'anno" &c &c & all seemed happy & pleased. Then the men walked off up to Pozzoforte, where we heard the applause & salutations- It is delightful that such a small place as Ba should be able to manage a band of any kind, and this one promises to do well.

The music did not end here for at 12.30 as I was lying, still awake in bed, having sat up to see the New Year in, it began again & played for some 1/2 hr under the Countess' windows close by.

Jany.1st 1879

The year broke in dull grey clouds - but better to begin so & end brightly & the day was a pleasant omen indeed, for it grew brighter & sunnier as it wore away, and in the afternoon it was simply delicious- We had H.C. at 8.30 in the Chapel, & Prs, Sermon & H.C. at 10.30. But before all this I had a bathe, a pleasant bathe once more, about a hundred yards off the railway crossing near, when Rosina was ready with open palm to welcome a soldi or two as much as a "buon principio". On my return - water somewhat cold, but warm dressing, & I enjoyed it greatly. After luncheon who sd. come in but the good Captain Voss to thank me for a card I had sent him & his wife the night before, for having heard there was to be a New Year's Eve party, with a Punch Bowl in the German fashion. I sent up a card to Mr French, another to Mr. Schloesser & and Italian letter to Mrs Jopling besides a little drawing of orange & lemon boughs for the Captain - Mr Schloesser replied to me by that which I here insert- (letter pasted in)

Captain Voss & I then went with Giuseppe to see Mr Adolfo Gimbaldi's garden, "Villa delle Palme"- His fan palms were beautiful & his mandarin-orange trees laden with fruit - 1000 I sd. say on one tree - Returning home I had a pleasant walk with Mrs W. up the Borghetto valley, returning laden with stems of helibore, wh. I left at Mrs Rolfe's - Paid some New Year calls on the Hamiltons &c, & we had a grand Choral Evensong upstairs at night.

Misses?? Leach had arrived to spend a few days.

Thursday, Janry 2nd

Up early & off by the 1st train to S. Remo - good Dr Terry met me - & after breakfast I spent nearly 4 hours in his chair & had 4 teeth stopped - for one of them the india-rubber or gutia percha gag was used - 1st a piece of india-rubber pressed over the tooth - then a larger sheet stuffed in the mouth & the edges held on he cheek by little pads connected by an elastic band - last of all a glass tube, hooked, hanging by the front lower teeth by means of which the

saliva is pumped out of the mouth- He did his work very gently, careful, & I am sure well - I lunched with him, returned by the 2.30 train, & had a pleasant scramble with Mrs W. to the Mostaccini tower, & the old olives- We lit upon quantities of lovely white periwinkles in bloom - the harbingers of the coming spring - oh, how delightful.

Friday Janry 3rd

This morning a lizard (SK) of this shape, a beautiful creature, greenish-grey with stripes was enjoying the warmth of sunshine & fuel on the outside of the kitchen chimney. A lovely day, but after yesterday's wind too rough for bathing.

(glued in letter from Mr Schloesser)

In the afternoon Miss Leach & I met 2 of the Misses Aplins & I took them all to see the old olives - I found out the really grand ones today, far finer than any I had seen before - we were all delighted - we then went in search of white periwinkles which grow all down the little ravine wh. comes down by the side of Mr Bischoffsheim's villa - & then going along the water-course, we descended a steep flight of steps above the cemetery & so home-

At 6.30 I dined at the Pension at Capt'n Voss' invitation: a pleasant little party. We had a few card tricks in the Salon. M. le Baron played on the zitta very well, & we all had a round game. "Thirty one" new to me - but Mrs F says it is a regular gambling game - 3 cards are dealt all round, one at a time from a pack with nothing below 7 in it - & 3 are turned up, also dealt one at a time to the centre. The player left of dealer may then exchange his hand altogether for that on the table, or else one card- His object is to make thirty one by an ace & 2 tens of any the same suit. Failing that to get the Knave of Clubs with 2 other cards of a kind, 2 Kings, 2 sevens &c or else 3 of a kind, & if more of these to score as many as possible. If anyone refuses to exchange, saying "I stop" or else takes the whole lot, the game stops at him next time, i.e. he cannot try again- The one, or two or more who score the lowest lose one of the 3 lives allotted to them, & so it goes on till all are dead but the winner. It seemed a good game.

Saturday Janry 4th

In the morning I went out begging for the band & earned 18fr. to add to what had been gathered the day before: we collected 124 fr. in all- After luncheon I went by myself & sat by the great olives, the previous day's discovery, both to sketch & to think a little. At 5 we went to the Hotel for the 1st practice of some GI???, not a successful one.

Sunday 5th

So many at church, 5 or 6 new men. After service a little stroll with Mrs W on the beach & after evening service Misses Leach & I went to tea at Case Corradi. A day of summer weather indeed hot & cloudless - standing on the Capo, there was a feast of colour, wonderful to behold, the hills above glittering Colla pure purple, the coast orange & the sea the brightest of blues- And then a brilliant moonlight at night.

Monday Jan 6th

(H.C. at 8.30, mattins sermons & H.C. at 10.30)

A little stroll by the paper narcissus, wh. by the bye is in full bloom in our garden, with Mrs Walker & then a practice of solos & glee at the Hardys.

Tuesday

Off by early train to S. Remo, breakfast with the Terry??? the 4 hours in his chair, bieng polished off - then hair-cutting in a little Italian shop in the via Cavour, & shopping, luncheon & a quiet walk back to Bordighera with Dr. Terry, to find Mrs W laid up with neuralgia & Mrs F. besieged by visitors. I must once express my admiration of Dr Terry's skill, patience & care - his work seems thoroughly well done- & I though the 10f I paid him, minus a few francs cheap for the $11\frac{1}{2}$ hours labour he had bestowed upon me. He told me much about the lies of men, calling themselves American dentists, who had either no claim to

the name or else only that they had spent a month or two in the country & visited the College of Dental Surgery - e.g.. at S. Remo is a dentist, so calling himself, because he comes from a large house in Paris, whose head has made a great fortune by establishing branches everywhere, calling themselves by his name & stating they are An. dentists - but the head himself is a Frenchman, having no claims to the name & his pupil or servant at S. Remo I don't know which is a double liar-

Dr T's scale of fees are different to what I have been accustomed to - filling a root is so much 20-254 if ;with a gold - a crown so much more - then there are double fillings &c &c - & with other materials; & sometimes in cases of extraordinary difficulty or other reasons a filling may be from 100-200 frs in wh. case the patient is asked if it shall be done- Dr T. gives one a glass & pints out the value of the work he had done.

Here must follow, for myself in days to come, & anyone else into whose hands this diary may fall, my full, complete, and penitent

CONFESSION

rendered necessary by something Mrs F. said to me today-

I have omitted to mention in my diary, thereby showing my ingratitude & thoughtlessness that the day Decr 26th when Mrs W & I had bad faces that Mrs Fanshawe most kindly read "Daniel Deronda" out loud to us at intervals through the day, as well as doing many other things to cheer & relieve us - I now she must have wearied herself with all here efforts to help us, and this I ought to

have recorded, even tho' I had omitted any mention of myself, especially as I am quite sure she suffered more from sympathy & anxiety than I did with a very small amount of pain badly borne.

I like Daniel Deronda immensely & that day & always when Mrs F has been so good as to read to us, I have enjoyed it extremely, only excepting certain times when I have been too sleepy to attend.

Wednesday

Called on a sick American lady at her Bordighera Hotel & practised glee &c at the Hardys.

Thursday January 9th

A very bad day - called on a friend of Mrs F's at the Hotel & dined at Villa Lizenor at 3 pm.

Friday Janry 10th

All the morning busy with arranging The Paradise for the concert - a tuner from S. Remo came &c. At 2.15 folks began to arrive for the 2.30 invitation - one large programme I had written out, & several small ones - the 3 rooms soon filled, dear Mrs F either hiding behind the screen near her bed or else lying down in her little bathroom & kitchen - she would rush about excitedly all the morning & do a great deal more than she ought. Imperiale was with us, & he arranged all beautifully- Chairs from the Church together with the sofas &c seated about 50 people, mostly English with a few Germans & Italians. That very morning our trebles for the glee broke down with coughs & colds, but an English girl lately arrived at the A. Hotel, Miss Calloway, undertook to sing the soprano part; & after all the gl // went as well as I had expected tho' not really well, either for time, tune, or colouring. A German lady Mme Klein sang some elaborate florid aria of Rossini's well - The programme consisted of 12 pieces, but as there were no encores & Dr Schmitz had a bad cough & broke down in his solo, we have to improvise some fresh songs so I say "Maude", Mr Hardy "Now" & Mrs Walker "O rest in the Lord". The people seemed well satisfied; there was a good deal of chattering afterwards & in consequence of Mr Asquasciates' remaining behind for the Baule

the house was not calm & clear for some while- I carried some books home for the Misses Aplins, all of us walking along the shore & enjoying the wonderful long waves, & at the Capo of that colour & transparency which as far as I know one only sees in the Mediterranean- The blues & greens of the seas have been most brilliant lately & every day the view of Colla seems more enchanting.

Saturday Janry 11th

Mathematics at Villa Lozenon - with the new year we have begun Trignonmetry & Geometrical Conics. The Professor came today & we read a good deal of "I meiei prigeoni"???? In the afternoon Mrs W. & I gave Giusseppe an English lesson.

Sunday Janry 12th

H.C. at 8.30 about 30 at Mattins - & in the afternoon several Italians - including Gerino, Girolamo - Mrs W & !I & 2 Misses Aplins then walked up to the lower ???down to the Borghetto valley.

Monday Janry. 13th

Mr French & Captain Voss came to luncheon, & then with a chair, cloak &c we went up to the old olives, where the Captain & I sketched & then Guise arrived & about $\frac{1}{4}$ to 3 we

returned home. As we came down the hill, I said, I believe we shall see Corsica tonight, & a moment after emerging from the olives to an open bit of ground above M. Brischoffsheim's, there it was looking quite close, the cliffs & mountains very high, & what I suppose were patches of snow lit up by the sun of a light brick colour - indeed it had a pink & golden hue altogether - it was like a vision from another world - no wonder it exercises such a fascination, & that we all long to see Corsica, for it only appears now & then, & seems quite close to us, but in a few minutes it mysteriously fades away like a dissolving view; I went quickly to Pozzoforte & took Mr & Miss Rolfe up to the tower, where indeed we still saw the enchanted island but tho' clear in outline it was of a dull blue in the far off distance, & soon began to disappear - Mrs R showed me a sketch of it later at Cannes, from wh. it is 12 miles distant - Sardinia is also seen from there very very early on summer mornings- Tonight we continued Daniel Deronda.

Tuesday Janry 14th

From the balcony before breakfast I saw Corsica again - this is it's outline, about Sketch.

In the afternoon I took the Misses Aplins up the rocks & pinewoods of Monte Nero - we picked some paper-narcissus in bloom on the way, & violets, 2 kinds of fumitory & marygolds under the olives - Weather perfect & the mountains of Corsica, with great patches of snow on them visible all the afternoon - we were out till past $5\frac{1}{2}$.

Wednesday Janry 15th

Some trouble was caused this morning by the discovery that our new wine of San Biaggio, wh. Imperiale's brother had come to bottle, had been going at a fine rate, & that there must be some 20 litres short. Of course no-one knows whether it has been drunk or stolen, & it is all very disagreeable & uncomfortable-

I went to Villino Hamilton to lunch with Miss Phelps, & met Mr. French - afterwards I took them all to see the dig olives, remaining there to sketch awhile myself-

Thursday Janry 16th

I was to have dined with Mrs Jopling, but her little boy has the measles & so I was put off. Mrs W. & I walked off after luncheon to enquire, but met here with good news of the child's improvement, on the road just beyond Villa Garnier- so we then turned up one of the steep steps, leading at last to the water course, a regular rough scramble; finding violets however on the way - We turned down by the park thro' the olives opposite M. Binchoffn's

to see the white periwinkles & farther on I found a magnificent spray of white garlic & then leaving Ms W I went up to the olives again & sketched a little while - calling at Cassia Bionic on my way back. Mr. & Ms Adam, who have just returned from St Fèses had met Mr Harper there, who among other most interesting things had told them that the Russian government was sending continually Russian so-called Monks to Jerusalem & Palestine generally, & building houses for their reception - One day he observed a band of these supposed pilgrims, & going up to them gave them a military salute, wh. they returned - they are neither more nor less than soldiers, & fresh battalions of them are arriving continually.- Mr. H. is full of the prophecies in H.S. about the ships of Chitteim wh. are to go against the King of the North, meaning he believes, our English men-of-war from the future grand harbour of Famagosta in Cyprus against Russia.

Friday Janry 19th

Mrs & I went for a long walk early, after dinner - returning down a little lane by the Villa delle Palme, Mr A. Giribaldi's place. We went thro' the olives till we reached the Borghetto streat, crossed it on a plant, & then continued through olives & gardens of oranges & lemons, & where violets are being very largely cultivated, till we came out in the old Roman Rd. of Mrs Boyces - went this way partly to look for violets, & partly to see the chief habitats for scarlet anemones - there will be a grand quantity of the latter & all other flowers after the abundant rain, when the spring does come, but the old violet ground have been much altered thro' cultivation, & even plants wild did not seem abundant. Then facing up the Vallecrosia valley, by the right bank of the stream, we after a while climbed up the steeping side of the hill till we reached the Cima di Monte, as Dr Goodchild calls it, & came down after enjoying the glorious view of Perimaldo & the snow mountains, by the brick fields into the Borghetto valley- I went to the Grand Hotel to see the sick American lady.

Saturday Jany 19th

Took off the Misses Aplins for a scramble up the head of the Sasso valley in the afternoon picking maidenhair & helebore. returning from the bridge of the watercourse -Giuseppe has now set to work with some English - it is decided he shall stop on with wages increased to 20 fr. a month.

Sunday 19th

Chapel well warmed today & full- Poor Mrs W had a terrible attack of neuralgia with vomitting incessantly for 4 hours. Mrs F. sent for Dr Schnitz & ice &c &c - but she did not get much better before the evening - At about 10 a.m. a man called to se me, whom I fancied to be a ca>>>?? & waiter out of situation, just come from Mentone - seeing his papers really did seem good I asked him to put off his intended visit to San Remo till the afternoon & return to dinner at 1. o'clock, when I sd. be more at leisure to talk to him- So at 1 he came, & we had dinner together - Paul Beseke his name, born at Lsipsia where he lived till 15, then went with his parents to America - they now live at Buffalo - but he has been in service at hotels & in families in England, Italy, France &c - he was at Paris 6 months during the Exhibition, & lately a few days attending a sick man at Mentone but trying in vain to find employment in the overcrowded towns of Cannes & Nice, he had spent all, even to his last sou at Bordighera the night before. He cd. find nothing at our hotels & was now off to San Remo hoping to be more fortunate there - I liked the fellow much. Mrs F. saw him & thought we cd. help him, so we advised him to wait with us, & promised him a bed &c &c.

Monday Jany. 20th

Mrs W wanted to see Mr Paul B today, so he remained with us - but at 10 I started off by myself to Campo Rosso as it was their festa day, S. Sebastian- It was a cloudless day, but a bit windy - indeed it has been lovely lately - I reached it by about 11.15, walking slowly & went into the Church wh. was crammed - the sermon going on, such a long one, & so dull with such poor delivery & all about S. Sebastiano - but I could only catch bits here & there,

being near the door, where talking & laughing were going on freely - Of course the Church was swathed with ordinary red & gold & had festoons of all colours hanging from the arches (SK) and from the cornice below the clerestory windows- nearly all the sunlight was excluded & every candle in the church lighted. I counted about 160 - A band in the W. gallery - an elaborate creed with solos &c - then after that a kissing of relics (?)sic at the sanctuary step & the Mass slowly proceeded - the crowd in the sanctuary of acolytes helpers & hinderers, some in vestments, some in fustian &c &c was very odd - Most of the men went out before the Consecration - many after - they neither attended to the sermon nor service tho' I think nearly all the population were there - some few were playing roulette (?) & other few chatting together as I came into the town - I came out before it was over, heartily glad as usual to be outside. I can only say an "Our Father" at these services & long to pray that the Kingdom may come & GOD be better known _ I walked a little way toward Dolce Acqua & then returned to the picturesque open space in the middle of Capo Rosso - here were stalls of cakes, stockings & yarn, brass candlesticks, boots &c &c - pretty holiday handkerchiefs & dresses on the women, & wonderful 'loud' checks of all colours & sizes on the men. I waited at the top of the street for the Procession & soon it came - girls of Mary crucifix &c at usual - the band, clergy & then the Image of the Saint, as ugly as usual, & surrounded by candles - the only pretty & novel feature in it was a large & very heavy bay tree covered with its black fruit - oh, such a beautiful tree - & hung all over with flat circles of coloured paper or card of various colours (sk.)

So - one dear little child was prettily dressed with a wreath of flowers & looked very lovely. A few men & many women knelt for the image - all took off their hats - I suppose the farther up the valleys you get the more ignorant & satisfied the people are - still today no-one seemed to me to care 2 straws about it all- I know that I returned thinking much of the "glorious gospel of the blessed God", & wishing it might be proclaimed afresh in some better shape - I was back by 2 - had some hurried dinner & then went to the Paradise to rehearse a little play of Tom Taylor's called "Helping Hands" which the Hardys, Calloways & ourselves are to perform this week. I couldn't learn my part a bit along the road & so had to read it, it went off fairly well for the 1st time. Mrs W. acted splendidly - Mr & Mrs Hardy very well & the others fairly-

It was a blessing after all this to have a little quiet stroll with Mrs W getting violets & then a little more peace upstairs before bedtime.

Tuesday 21st

Quiet rehearsal of scenes at the Hotel at 10- Mrs Fanshawe sent her daughter to S. Remo with Paul to help him in finding a place. I went to Mr Roses to a little music at 3 p.m. & then to the Ba. Hotel to see Miss S, ill, & Dr Goodchild's drawing - In the evening we had a grand dressing up, with the assistance of burnt cork, white tooth powder &c.

Jany 22nd Wednesday

Mrs F very ill today, alas, with real pain, so we cd. not have H.C. in her room. Rehearsal upstairs at 10 a.m.- And after dinner, dull tho' it was, I took a camp-stool & sketched by the brickfield W. of the Borghetto valley. Mrs F. better & more dressing up at night- Imperiale kindly sent me a large basket full of his clothes including a great coat, velveteen jacket &c &c - trousers of course I cd'nt get into-

Thursday Jany. 23rd

Putting up the curtain, arranging stage &c took up much of the morning. Imperiale doing everything most kindly- He also brought us lamps from the band for footlights, & these with candles between large books half opened, & a moderator?? & oil lamps & candles many in the corner of the stage, lit it up well- About 7.30 we dressed. I was upstairs when Mrs Hardy arrived & hearing her call her husband who was engaged in "the theatre" I went half way down the stairs to speak to her, whereupon she addressed me in French, & then fearing she

had mistaken a grand gentleman for a butler, ran away to tell Miss Calloway of her mistake - We all laughed much over this - the gets up?? were famous - Mr Hartman with a long grey wig, & wrinkled face, Mayanet (Mrs H) looking very white, ill & poor- Tilda (Miss C) in dirty apron &c - Rufus (Mr C) with green baize apron, leggings, & Giuseppe's old white wideawake - Mrs. Booty (Mrs W) in all the vulgar finery possible. Lord Quarsely (myself) in white waistcoat, & frock (?) coat. 1st scene with stick ups & purple tie; in 2nd brown velveteen - the Company Patricks, servants &c about 15 or 16 in all, arrived by soon after 2 we started- It was very successful, no breakdowns or accidents - there was considerable applause & no little weeping & sobbing among the audience-

Tea, in costume afterwards, & then I was glad to take a walk with Giuseppe, along the watercourse - We descended a little beyond the cemetery, picking violets in profusion & then going on we gathered some beautiful paper narcissus - such lovely blooms of it.

Paul Beseke left us today, & we were very sorry - he seemed such a nice fellow, we longed to keep him altogether.

Friday Jany 24th The grand performance today went off very well, but our audience was not so sympathetic as the day before, & did not applaud so much - nor I fancied see the jokes - the servants the day before had so greatly enjoyed all the 'missus' & 'ousemaid' part - today the people were acting themselves each before their neighbours, instead of being natural- 2 bouquets were thrown to Mrs Hardy at the end- However the people all expressed themselves greatly pleased. We arranged to have one more performance & ask everyone who had not hitherto been invited- Good Mrs F did not approve of her rooms not being used for the world, & any English being left out.

Saturday Jany 20th

H.C. in chapel at 8.30 & at the Hotel for Miss Stubberd at 11 a.m. I picked violets in abundance & periwinkles after dinner, & invited various people for Monday - A lesson with the Professor from 12 to 1 today.

Sunday Jany 26th

Very wet - Harmonium cyphered??? terribly at Matins - After service a gentleman in the congregation volunteered to put it right & to my astonishment I recognised him as an old college friend, Mr Latham - We were of the same year- he kindly spent an hour before luncheon over it & finished it in the afternoon.

Monday Jany 27th

Our last, 'positively our last' performance at 2.30. All went better than ever & the audience were vastly pleased- When all had gone we arranged the rooms, which were so !sopra (=topsy-turvy), & settled down to be ourselves in ordinary quiet life once more- How delightful - Mrs Fanshawe had had too much noise & bustle lately & seems somewhat done up.

Before the play today, we were all photographed in costume standing at the hall door - the man was so long getting his plate ready, that people were arriving down the avenue, & we had to send Giuseppe out to stop them & we had only time to be photo? once & under difficulties as it rained & blew, so it isn't likely to turn out a great success, but will no doubt be amusing.

Captain & Mrs Voss & the Aplins & indeed everybody who hadn't been before came to the play today, including some by train & some by carriage from San Remo - So ends "Helping Hands" on the stage, I begin again with renewed energy, let us hope, in real life.

Tuesday Jany 28th

Being rather tired & stupid I went out to the Paese in the morning & sketched by the gate into the town - such a lovely day, & it was so pleasant to see all the people about & enjoying themselves in the sunshine. The German Baron & Captain Voss were also out sketching. I came in by 2, & after dinner went with Mrs W. & G. to the Borghetto valley where I did a

view of the whole valley, in less than 2 hours-quickly it was a very rough production. Mrs W gave G. an English lesson - he gets on fast - Miss Patrick presently joined us & I walked back by a more roundabout way with her, picking violets all the time.

Wednesday Jany 29th

H.C. upstairs at 8.30. The Professor this morning. After dinner Mrs W. accompanied me to the big olives & I went on with my drawing there. Giuseppe came after a while & then we all walked along the terraces towards the town & soon came across such flowers. 1st another kind of violet with more rounded petals, of a darker blue, & much more sweet-scented - next some narcissus in bloom, delicious- then when we reached the old well, where the people used to toil up to get water, we went up the terraces, & there in the sunshine I found white hyacinths & close by there were terraces literally blue with violets we picked quantities- Then we went out to the bare spot of ground once a vineyard, now no more cared for; the owner of it killed a man, & died in prison - Just below it is a little cabin, where an old man of the town goes up daily to pry for the dead &c - he had met Giuseppe on the road, & had said he wd. pray for him if he wd. give him 2 sous - but G had none in his pocket! tho' whether he wd. have had 1d worth, had his purse been full, I really cannot say- There was a little table covered with candles, small privets & odds & ends of religious rubbish - the wall & ??? papered or painted with stars & a good deal of other rubbish- G calls him a "bigotto" - he spends all his time there.

When we came back, picking some coltsfoot, or burdock by the way, I forget which, behind the Bordighera hotel we read out loud part of Prof. Tyndall's(this seems it might be Tyndale or Tyndall the latter seems to make most sense in the context)??? beautiful Preface to the 7th edition of his Belfast address, which was interesting; he never says he is an atheist, only he cannot believe in the God most people worship, who is supposed to be outside all matter.

Thursday, Janry 30th

A quiet morning, but signalized by the now rare event of a bathe- Giuseppe accompanied me, having promised to bathe himself overnight; but his courage failed him this morning as I had expected - however he seemed pleased to see me swimming & helped to dry me- the water was cold, & the slight wind also, but who could fail to enjoy a blue sea & a brilliant sunrise. I came back refreshed to H.C. in the Chapel- Later on Captain & Mrs Voss kindly called to see me & we enjoyed a chat & the balcony panorama with the glasses- In the afternoon I went to the big olive again, where later Mrs W. & Giuseppe joined me & we made a great excursion violet & narcissus picking. At 7 I went to Villa Ruffini to dine with Mrs Jopling & Meet Mr French- an Italiany dinner with odd soup, potatoes & sauces - & a pleasant evening's chat.

Friday Jany 31st

Another glorious day promised at daybreak, for Arcturus & Corona Borealis & the Great Bear were shining brilliantly when I first looked out of the window, over the sea as in the evenings Orion, Sirius & all those brightest of bright stars in nearly the same position: up early, breakfast at 7.30 & at 8.10 Giuseppe & I with our bag well stocked with good things started off in the fresh frosty morning air for the Vallecrosia valley leading to Preimaldo. After Vallecrosia it wall all new to me- we walked along the watercourse on the right of the stream for some way, until opposite San Biagio- then it became too slippery & muddy with a precipice on one side & a trough full of water 11/2 ft. deep on the other with a foot of mud walk between - no, said I, no further here, so we got down to the stream & then began such a series of crossings & recrossings on slippery stones, good bad & indifferent- Pretty views of Sta. Croce & the round tower below it looking back- After S. Biagio we came to Boldano close to the stream, with some picturesque bits in it - then the valley began to narrow to a gorge with many cliffs & banks & strange contortions in the limestone, & in places the

harder part were left in perpendicular lines like ballusters(?), all the parts between having been washed out- Percualdo above us glittering as these Italian places do in real Italian weather now became visible, & the path on the right of the stream steeper- Presently it crossed by some oil mills of G's uncles, & the streams divided into 3 one to the r. & 2 to the left, & we began another stiffer but last ascent to the town thro' olives - it was now nearly 11 & very warm - at a chapel 5 min distant from the town we sat down & ate apples & then walked up into Perinaldo at 11.10 - We went straight to see G's uncle & aunt, who had wine out & we drank health &c, they then presented us with a bottle to take with us for our luncheon so we walked off to the now empty monastery E. of the one-streeted town & had a good meal - many women & children were coming down from the mountains with bundles of chestnut leaves &c. We 1st visited Cassina's old house - a memorial tablet is over the door - some of his family, the still live there in the summer - old furniture, a large library full of big tomes, some old astronomical instruments - charming terrace & garden facing south & a tower. A pleasant girl showed us over and refused my offered money. Then we came back & went into the large handsome church followed of a trop of raggamuffins who were rebuked by some of the old men sitting out on the stone benches round the piazza sunning themselves & chatting merrily- And such a spot it is, with the view right down the valley thro' the olives & vines & pines away to the sea with its' ships, & a sight of the Marina & the trains running, to remind these dwellers in the peaceful heights of the more noisy & bustling world below- I then made a little sketch of the archway leading into Perinaldo thro' which one sees the pyramidal form of Sta. Croce in the center- About 30 men & women surrounded me, but they laughed & chatted & were well behaved - few visitors go to Perinaldo- I liked the people much, tho' I told them that in my country one could not at that hour of the day easily find so many who had nothing to do- Another friend of G's then invited us to his house to have a little more wine- rather thick & strong it was, but a good flavour- & then he insisted on accompanying us on our way towards S. Remo - tho' we cd. not have missed it- Perinaldo has but one street, all along a ridge, so that one side looks seaward & the other to the mountains now covered with snow - a pretty village, Apricale by name down far below, & much further off below a round high mountain Monte Sappo, a dear little place, Bajardo, perched upon the top of conical hill.(sk) Presently our good friend turned back, & we entered the beautiful pine woods with a thick undergrowth of heath, some kind of oak, evergreen, holly & here & there large chestnut trees - I longed again & again to stop & sketch it was all so intensely beautiful- In about 1 1/4 hr. we reached the ridge between Met Cage & Mount Bignone, where the Br & I had been in October last; & looking down on S. Remo & the Capo della Madonna della Guardia far away by the blue tranquil sea, we sat once more to eat & drink a little & make another hasty sketch thro' the pines- At 4.15 after ?? such running & slipping, & were soon at S. Olemolo, looking very bare with its' naked chestnuts- We cd. not wait longer, so on & on meeting numbers of mules, some monks too ascending the paved road. By 6 we reached S. Remo where I did a little shopping & at 6.40 we took the train home- A delightful day indeed - G was very agreeable, & also very useful, as he gladly carried the bag the greater part of the way & it was heavyish too with sketch books &c c & a bottle of wine.

Mrs W had been to Mentone & bought me some bath towels - she had visited the Doctor, who had thought well of her.

Saturday Feby 1st

Weather, gloomy somewhat once more - My pupil _ & at 12 Mr Congreve came & at dinner we spoke much about Positivism, which as deeply interesting - he had never really believed in another life, nor desired it, he said- He thinks the new religion can only progress very slowly & that it will not be a great power for 2 or 3 hundred years - there are new centres in Marseilles & Lyons besides the great centre of all Paris, where the High Priest resides -

London, Birmingham, L'pool & Manchester & one or two in Ireland - A few members in the North West of Italy but here Mr C says people are not yet prepared for it. There has been a great split lately & as far as I can make out, Dr Congreve in England has been deserted by many of his ablest followers & is no longer approved of the Paris Pope-

At 4 o'clock when the train had taken the Vice Consul off back to Alassio, Mr W & I went out flower gathering, & in the evening arranged a long tray full of violets, hyacinths, narcissus & Pilewort (a Celandine) here larger & more brilliant than a home.

Sunday Feby 2nd

A chapel full- After Evensong I went to hear the Band in the Piazza, with Imperiale conducting. The English never seem to go - either they disapprove of Sunday music, or are too proud to 'patronise' Bordighera music - I accompanied Mrs Hamilton & her little girl & we enjoyed it much. After a visit to the Ba. Hotel & to look at Dr Goodchild's last picture I returned for a quiet evening at home when we read Tyndall & Macdonald's Miracles-

Monday Feby 3rd

A dull day: but when the rain stopped after dinner, I took 2 of the Misses Aplin for a walk, went very slowly, but eventually reached Sasso by the high-road; I thoroughly explored this strange little place of 150 inhabitants, but it has no architectural beauties except from a distance. We found to our dismay, it was 5 p.m. & one of my companions was tired, so I proposed crossing the hills under the olives, as a more pleasant & so less fatiguing road back than the stony & muddy path, even if no short cut. So presently off we went, but steering too much to the West, eventually when nearly dark at 6 o'clock reached the Strada Romana, having come in the dusk jumping down terraces & wading thro' grass & flowers with no time or light to pick them, down the terraces, far above the old fountain, & of a semicircular shape, which gradually ran on into the Bischoffsheim ravine.

Tuesday Feby 4th

This morning I heard that one of the Miss Aplins had lost a valuable gold chain with locket, key, seal &c attached - so directly after luncheon I went off with Giuseppe to try & find it - of course I felt it was a hopeless job, as we had returned by a route I did not know - We went up some way by a path wh. I remembered & then turned into the grass & mud of the terraces, climbing up walls one after another, till I did not a bit know where we were, & how near or how far off our road had been the previous evening - I saw no footprints & felt sure I was wrong when suddenly I beheld the missing treasures at my feet! it did seem wonderful indeed - We were in great glee & gave ourselves up to gathering violets & narcissus, & then returned to Casa Corradi, where I found that the sisters had been out the whole morning hunting in rain, & had returned wet, weary, & muddy at 3.30 to luncheon! I saw them & talked much of their loss - their efforts to refind our walk- of my excursion too - & then wishing that they might very speedily hear news of their loss, said goodbye amid many thanks for my efforts - then turning back I suddenly presented it to them - oh, the surprise & the joy! I then went home & paid a visit to Lady Elconet where Mr French met me for a cup of tea - a call on Canon Rolfe, & home for the evening after a happy day.

Wednesday Feby 5th H.C. upstairs. Pupil, letters from home, letters to Lichfield - talk upstairs & alas dear Mrs W's enemy the neuralgia seized her again today- At 12.30 Mr Callaway came, the weather cleared & we walked to Dolce Acqua - mud abundant & clouds on the snow mountain, but all very beautiful - a pleasant walk indeed - the town lovely as before & the people not troublesome. Saw some double anemone nearly out under the olives- Home by 5.30 - met the 6.10 train with Alfred Gurney, his sister & aunt in it-

Today the photographer brought our pictures - not at all bad, tho' unfortunately it seems the man had waited till the "Blind fiddler" had opened his eyes, he having carefully kept them shut a long time, thinking we were being taken - the result of course being that his eyes in the photo are wide open. Today Mrs W had on of her bad neuralgia attacks, the???

of it probably being an event wh. occurred yesterday. The interest in finding the chain yesterday has made me omit mention of this extraordinary event (happily so) wh. took place during luncheon- Mrs W. & I suddenly heard a strange rumbling sound - What is it? oh, a van coming down the drive - a heavy train going by, I tried to fancy, & said but only for the sake of saying something, as it was too loud for either - it was about 1.30 by our time. I went out on the balcony - there I heard legs - coming back it seemed in the house, then in the chimney, & listening up the chimney there was a loud roaring- Can this be a fire? we were both a little alarmed & rushed up - no fire lighted in the drawing room, but noise greatly increased - the house seemed cracking & creaking - I went on the balcony looking towards Bordighera old town, it felt to me unsafe & I was nothing, tho' still heard much in the corner of the room beyond the fireplace the noise in the walls was great - but I felt no vibration, & no heat - nothing seemed falling or breaking - after a while I ran down again & just then it suddenly stopped. Mrs W & I both felt headachy - no-one else had heard it, & Mrs F. somewhat doubted our word, but I did not dare call her, rearing she might be alarmed.

Thursday Febr 6th

Today however, I saw Imperiale early & told him all about it, asking if it could be a house settling - he thinks it impossible, & considered it was an earthquake - there was no shaking as far as we knew however - he had been told that people of Vallecrosia had felt a slight shock some time the day before, but that was not our day, theirs seemed in the morning.

Mr Gurney, who came before luncheon today has suggested "spirits" I will exorcise them if they come again - he told us of a new case of haunting to which some friends of his bore fullest testimony, where noises in a house were continual, things were hurled about, the great family Bible especially &c - one evening it was so bad, during the reading that nothing cd. be heard, so the Bible was brought & opened - & it opened at the casting out of devils from the demoniac - wherefore all agreed to say "Our Father" & the noise instantly ceased & have no more returned.

Today Mr G. & his sister with Mrs W & myself went out for a walk, to the Roman tower, old olives, & Bordighera old town, picking abundant flowers.

Weather lovely - H.C. at 8.30 in the Chapel with 1 communicants.

Mr Gurney has lent us a most interesting book called "Parables of Judgement" by Mr Macpherson - & also left Macdonalds "Thomas Wingfold, Curate" for us.

Friday, Febr 7th

At 12.20 Mr G & I with bag &c, started for Sta. Croce. We went up the Roman Rd. in the Vallecrosia valley & after crossing the stream went nearly straight up the opposite hill - we sat down to rest once, on one of the high points of the range, & then going on were quite surprised to find ourselves so suddenly there - we were not 1 1/2 hr walking there - 1 1/4 or 1.20 at the most - The day was not quite brilliant, tho' warm & fine, so we lost the blues & purples of the hills & vegetation, & had browns & greys & dull greens instead - After eating & chatting awhile, we came down descending into the Nevia valley pretty soon, where I sketched an old tower for about an hour, & then we walked quietly home-

Saturday Febr 8th

After my pupil & I went to see Mr Schloesser's pictures - he leaves Bra. on Tuesday next - he had a few sketches on show, a head (S. Ampeglio) as a present for his friend the Sindaco, & 2 picture wh. will I suppose reach the Academy - A woman driving of her 2 boys to school, a political discussion in an Osteria, & some figures on the steps by the Hospital, San Remo, a most picturesque spot, by the by, which I must go & draw. Some day - All the world in the studio - In the afternoon I was out for 1 1/2 hr by myself picking flowers, now very abundant, for the Chapel & then had a chat with Mrs Russell Gurney in the hotel, bringing her at 4.30 to see Mrs F. where we continued a most interesting talk & she gave us the account of her

husband's almost sudden death last May - She has such a beautiful face, & is full of the things of good to overflowing - it was a great treat to Mrs F.

Mr G & his sister arrived about 5.30 from San Remo, & we had tea - then he & I had a short walk about the Capo.

Sunday Febr 10th

Mr G took an 8.30 H.C. in the late one - After evensong I took him to see the Brickfields & my favourite gorge in the day. Chapel very full this morning.

Monday Febr 11th

A wet morning. H.C. in Mrs F's room, to which Mrs Russell Gurney came - I wished them all good-bye later on-

In the afternoon Mrs W. & I went out exploring for purple anemones & found an abundance of them, in some open sun-lit vineyards south of Mrs Boyce's & below the olive fields- The scarlet ones were not quite out tho' very nearly so - Coming home we were much amused by a flock of sheep & goats - they were all so fond of olive leaves - the goats jump up & hold down the branches with their forelegs & eat away, while the sheep run up from all sides & get what they can from the lower twigs & boughs - not much but just a mouthful now & then - for soon the goats get cross, let go, & butt at the sheep driving them off tho' (SKETCHES) they are not permanently frightened & return again when another chance is presented them - I made some rough sketches of the very odd scene.

Tuesday Febr 1th

A wet morning, but the wind got up fast & by 1 o'clock had blown most of the clouds away, so I sat on my rug by the rough sea & tried to paint the waves once more - I came in soon after 3 to see Mr Congreve, & after he left went out again with Giuseppe till it began to be cold- Imperiale came in the evening, for his long pronounced visit, & told me much of his soldiering days & how said it used to make him & his fellow Italians from the Lago Maggiore district to fight with the Austrians - he described their being marched to Nice, & decimated - (or was this only threatened?)

Wednesday Febr 12th

An Italian lesson today again & after dinner Mrs W. sat with me on the rocks of the Chapel of S. Ampeglio, watching the great transparent green waves rolling in gloriously. I sketched for 2 hours, & then called at Villa Ruffini to wish Mrs Jopling goodbye - she is off to San Remo to paint the portrait of Sir Robt. Anstruther before he returns to town. It is sad, the departure of all our artists so early - Then I called on the Voss's at Villa Dell Mattone, close to the sea, with a charming garden of vines, oranges &c - such a splendid orange tree laden with fruit - we had a pleasant talk & then I left spending a few minutes at Casa Corradi on my way home.

Thursday Febr 13th

Yesterday Mrs Brown kindly brought me a beautiful branch of Eucalyptus in full blossom from Pozzoforte, so I began to make a rough drawing of it today, just as a souvenir - Imperiale arrived to give us a wonderful a/c of a certain Italian quack, a resident of Nice, who occasionally comes this way & had visited Bordighera with his 4 horse trap & band, last Tuesday, & had made an oration & done lots of wonderful operations - in public - tho' nothing to what he had done in times past. The peasants come from far & near, the people of Ventimiglia look upon him as a sort of healing God &c &c he take out tumours & worms & teeth & what not instantly & almost without panic & charges next to nothing & all this with one arm - such a "Bell uomo" too - Ginanetti Imple's partner had a dreadful tooth & thought of going to him today, so Mrs W & I wanted to go to & look at the man- Accordingly we dined somewhat earlier & started off walking at 1.30, hoping Imple &c wd. come by the next omnibus-

It passed however, empty, so we left a message at the Albergo di Francia outside which as elsewhere were coloured pictures on a card of various operations being performed & notices of the Grande Scoperta of an anti-something Pomade to cure rheumatism, neuralgia & all aches & wounds &c - a message to say we sd. be found at the point where the river enters the sea-

There I began to sketch & in an hour Mrs W & Trot went off to look for them, at it wanted only 20 min. to 4, the time when it was stated the Professor's work for the day would be over. At length I saw Imperiale coming for me - the train had been an hour behind time & so they had only just arrived; I went off, & found Mrs W & Juanski by the Albergo; J summoning up his courage, or trying to do so - it was reported that the Professor was engaged - was he, query? - then one of his band, in silver &c announced we might go up - great must have been the excitement at the advent of the grand party from Bordighera, the lady who was awaiting her gentlemen friends & had sent in cards &c - we were ushered in, & there stood the very self-satisfied looking man (SKETCH), in black frock coat &c behind a table on which were some belts, & straps & a stethoscope & a few other instruments, he looked rather like a conjurer - he begged us to sit down - I, for one, felt rather an intruder, & the more so as our man shewed signs of fear - for they are great cowards, these dear Italians - however he explained his tooth's history & was examined in the next room - & the Profr. said it ought to come out - then poor J thought he wd. see about it & perhaps come tomorrow - but finding we were all rather in favour of an extraction the poor fellow went, shrugging his shoulders & looking remarkable miserable into the next room - the P's assistant gave him his forceps - apparently only one pair in a small case - & he went in - I then got up, but hesitating a little was just too late - it was I think, a single tooth - but it seems, as we heard afterwards, the Profr. had got on a chair, & had 3 pulls - J was bleeding a good deal & seemed very bad - We bought a pot of pomade, 1 fr. P pd. 5 francs & off we went - Mrs W & I thinking him a humbug- Imperiale had asked him if he was coming here again: & he said he had so many private operations to perform that he might not be able, but as his horses wd. want exercising perhaps he should - Imple. suggested he sd. come & see a lady (of 65 years) "per amico" who wd. be glad to talk to him; (meaning Mrs F) but he didn't seem to understand the "amico" part of it, & said 65 was too old & he could do nothing - We bowed our way out - Mrs. W & I returned by bus, & very fast and well it went - we too in the sort of coupé in front - J. with handkerchief to his mouth inside, a friend of his from Marseilles grinning hugely all the while - so ended our visit to the Professor - I have not yet heard if Imperiale's faith in him is shaken or not, but one thing is clear - the daily drawing up of the grand carriage & horses - the arrival of the band &c &c - & then the assistant & last of all the Signor Professore himself, who descends the stairs in grand style, mounts the coach, takes the reins & drives off, is too much for the people-

Anyhow, this new apostle of healing, must make some money somewhere, to keep up all this establishment.

Friday Feb. 14th

Another break-up of weather - a soaking day - a little afternoon drawing at the house-door, & then a short scramble in wet grass to pick a few anemones with Joseph.

Saturday Feb 15th

Still wet in the morning, but clearing & in the afternoon Mrs W & I went out & picked abundant flowers for the chapel - periwinkle, narcissus & anemone - found a grand bed of scarlet ones wh. will be out very soon- Then coming home we put them in the trays- Mrs F has been very poorly lately & in bed for 2 days, tired & in much pain.

Sunday Feb 16th

Mrs W. poorly today with the neuralgia, & she did not try the pomade!- Oh what little faith in the "grande Scoperta" - Mistral in the afternoon & grand sea - I walked along part of the

shore & stood on the rocks some time watching the waves- Miscellaneous reading at night & lessons given to Mrs F. on the rites & ceremonies of the Churches, about which she was very ignorant & after my explanation of wh. she seemed as ignorant as before!

Monday Feb 17th

Mistral blowing hard - feeling very Mondayish I went out soon after 10 with campstool &c & by 11.30 was settled in a sheltered position under an olive tree 2 terraces above the road a little way down the Nuvia valley with a beautiful view of Campo Rosso, the river & the now mountains- Here I sketched & ate till about 2.30 when Giuseppe came for me, whistling down the road, that I might hear him - by 3.30 we were off for Campo Rosso, & walked on about 1/2 mile beyond, to see if the double anemones were in bloom- They were there in great abundance but not yet out fully - however I found one almost wide open, such a beauty, & some dark purple ones, rather different to ours of Bordighera, I fancy - we went into the cemetery where is a charming old church, with campanile & apse apparently of great age, & which I must go to sketch some day - In the churchyard 2 women were busy praying & chatting over a newly made grave, which had small sprigs of green & flowers stuck upright in the earth & a large wreath of ugly artificial flowers supported above the ground, all round the entire grave- At the end of the cemetery is a sort of vaulted room, with a hole in the roof, thro' which we cd. look. it was full of skulls & bones, in a dirty condition, not kept in order like the Swiss skull-eries- here when the bodies are dug up they must be just shovelled in anyhow thro' the hole - the churchyard is strewed with bones.

We reached home by 6 p.m.

Tuesday Feb 18th

At 12 o'clock Mrs W. & I with lunch & a bouquet, took the train to S. Remo - mistral blowing fearfully- Arrived there we sat on the pier to eat - we were not able to go far on, on a/c of the great waves breaking over-

Once my hat was whisked off & carried high up, so that I thought it was quite lost, but suddenly it fell below the wall onto the sand in a sheltered place - for wh. I was indeed grateful - We did a little shopping & by 2 p.m. were in the 1st row of stalls or "seggiotone" at the theatre, next to Fanny Leach, who had secured us these good places to see an amateur performance of "Caste" in wh. her sister acted- There had been a great demand for seats & so the theatre was quite full - a pretty little building- The ordinary orchestra was there, & played the overture to "La figlia del Regto" very well, & then 'God save the Queen', but this horribly out of tune. Mrs W. says the Italians always do. They played again after the 1st & 2nd act, & then most of them left, but about 5 who seemed vastly amused remained- The play was excellently done, tho' unfortunately the part of Esther was taken by an exceedingly plain lady - "Polly" & her father "Eccles" were perfectly done - it was over by 4.20. Coming out I saw a piano being carried on the heads of 4 women.

Signor Bonetti had acted in the play - he only came in once as a servant, & said his few words inaudibly- Signor Arquariati, Prof Genzardi & several other Italians were also there - Mrs W. & I set off towards home walking: the mistral was furious, but the view of the sunset over Bordighera when we turned the corner repaid us for all else of discomfort- I made a little pencil sketch of it to be painted afterwards & then followed Mrs W. who had gone on to Ospedaletti Station, where we had to wait about 1/2 hour. They made us take fresh tickets - our "returns" from S. Remo not counting. What a piece of barbarous byelawism!

Wednesday Feb 19th

Mr Augusto Stephano Malan, the pasteur Vaudois came with Mr French to dinner & we had a little pleasant talk. There are about 25,000 Vaudois, their chief centre being Latour- every Sept they have their Synod there - M. M comes from a very old Vaudois family - his Fr. & Grant Fr. were pastors before him, they now live on amicable terms with the R.C. who no

some send missions to them, but only provide for the wants of their own people - This is a step in the right direction, towards the happy day of a common worship of all sects, & all men in a truly universal church - & I think it ought to be in the fields, tho' buildings might be useful for invalids &c-

Mrs W. Mrs French & I then went off to the Vallecrosia valley gathering anemones - we found 3 kinds of scarlet ones, the common ones in abundance, tho' others had been there before us- Coming back I lost my companions, & thinking they had gone on, I hurried after them, but could no find them - it seems they had kindly stopped behind waiting for me- I called at Pozzoforte, dined at Casa Bianca & spent the evening there & was home by 10 p.m. to gain a soldo from Mrs F. who doubted if I could get home by then - She is fond of saying I am dissipated & a gadabout & I can't persuade here that the quiet days of reading, walking & sketching are very much more enjoyable at any rate to me, than the goings out, whether to entertainments or dinners &c.

Thursday Feb. 20th

A fine blowy morning - a pouring afternoon with hail & thunder but I had come out before it came on & began a sketch by the water course of a group of palms - I had to leave off tho' after a while & remained a long time hoping it wd. clear, but at last I gave it up & took refuge in Case Corradi, where I stayed to tea & gave an algebra lesson-

The bad weather interfered with the fun of the Masquers, for it ws the first day of the Carnival, & Bianca had been looking forward to the ball in the evening, on the 'piazza' when she was to be dressed up - I saw one man in marvelous costume coming thro' the 'paese'. At San Remo 320 L(??F) was to be spent on it - races, theatres &c &c - a sad waste - but I believe it was mostly done by the inn-keepers, who thereby hope to attract the English &c-
Friday Feby 21st

Tremendous wind, but sunshiny. Mrs kindly accompanied me to the Cemetery valley, where I sketched a group of palms, & then we scrambled about the terraces looking for flowers - I found such a magnificent orchids in full bloom.

Saturday Feb 22nd

The Professor came & after dinner Mrs W & I made a grand expedition down the vallecrosia valley, & through that village, where as I expected plenty of anemones were to be seen on the upper right hand terraces - of 4 kinds - but the double & scarcer scarlet ones were hardly out - Narcissus in profusion everywhere - We returned above the town, & keeping pretty high up presently came to some terraces covered with them, many quite out - also blue hyacinths - & then still further on more & more - we returned laden with treasures & had our chapel trays as full & brilliant as could be-

Sunday Feby 23rd

A pouring day after such a night of hail & thunder & rain - scarcely any congregation at mattins, tho' a larger offertory than usual- After Evensong I walked to the Capo with the Aplins - a magnificent sea running, much the finest I have seen - the water came sweeping right up to the garden walls & had carried away a number of aloes growing on the sand banks close under them- We with difficulty were able to get along in places- At the Capo the sight was glorious. I then went home to fetch Mrs. W, for I cdnt bear the thought of her missing it - I do so dislike seeing a good thing alone & having o-one to enjoy it with me- We went up to the Church, thinking the quarant'or or 40 hours Exposition was going on, as Bianca had said "le bon Dieu" was going to be put on the altar and no-one might mask & keep carnival till he had been put back again- Giuseppe had said it was the Crucifix, but anyhow it was the Quarant'Ore, wh. they consier a great fête & only have one a year- As someone is obliged always to watch before the altar during this curious function, & here that practice can't be kept up at night, the devotion lasts 3 days - ending each day with 'benediction'-

Monday Feby 24th

Finer - a telegram came in the morning from S. Remo, begging us to go to the Opera today, & a few minutes later we heard that the English play "Caste" wh. was to have been repeated for the benefit of the "impresario" (or Manager) who had had a very bad season, cd. not be given an a/c of the sudden death of a brother, of one of the chief orators & Norm was to be given instead - We were too late for the train & had little time to lose, but got the????'Emmanuele's' "legno" & soon set off, reaching S. Remo theatre at 1/4 to 2 - not a soul there, but presently they began to arrive. The Leaches appeared & we took seggioloni in the 3rd row - about 2.20 the stalls were fairly full, a few boxes also & some 40 or 50 seats in the pt. The performance was excellent. I was delighted the soprano both sang & acted well - the tenor fair - the basso a splendid voice, only 19 they said, named Tito. The contralto did well, but had a somewhat harsh & tremolo voice. The chorus of men was capital- How full of melody the opera is, albeit too bright for such a tragedy. we afterwards had some tea at the Leaches & then drove home.

Tuesday Feb 25th

Alas, another rainy day to spoil carnival fun once more- In the afternoon I went out alone, paying visits & scrambling about the slopy paths & terraces of the hills finally descending to the "paese" where I heard singing & going into the Church found the Exposition still going on - Here I stayed some time - the loafing men on the Piazza came in in abundance just before the Benediction - I met a few masques &c going home - Bianca & Giuseppe again went to the Masqued Ball tonight. It seems that they pay so much for admission, & then so much for each dance - I think G. said it was 3 sous each dance, but afterwards they rose to 4, & the 2nd evening they were 5, so he took an abonement paying 4 frs. wh. gave him permission to dance the whole evening - some were in masques, others not. G came home at 4 a.m. on

Ash Wednesday - Mrs W & I at 8 p.m. went in to the Salon of the Hotel d'Angleterre, where Mr & Mrs Hardy acted some scenes from the School for Scandal, & afterwards scenes from the Taming of the Shrew, assisted by Mr & Mrs Callaway - it was all excellent & the costumes wonderful, composed of baby's clothes embroidered table cloths &c &c - They had a little dancing after but we came in-

Wednesday Feby.26th

A good many at 10.30 service tho' it had snowed a little at 9 a.m., we had Mattins sermon & H.C. - no commination service- Mrs W & I walked up the Borghetto valley in the afternoon, & explored the grounds of a vineyard on the left, which must once have been a beautiful place, when in order - but the little house is now deserted & the lemons uncared for & unfruitful - yellow in leaf as they always become, if not watered & fruit-bearing & of a bright lemon colour too- Rows & terraces & avenues of grand cypresses there were, & we found abundant anemones & some grape hyacinths- Monte Taggio was hoary, with its snow covered pines & so beautiful.

Thursday Feb 27th

I sketched by the Borghetto stream crossing in the afternoon it was amusing to see the number of people who came there & ventured over to shied at the stepping stones, & most of them carrying baskets, off to the anemone beds..

I have been reading one of the Pamphlets about the great Pyramid - I had ????it was so interesting, tho' I cannot quite go along with all the religious theories - it seems to have become the gospel of a sect, who also hold to the belief of the British nation being the 10 lost tribes of Israel. In 1881 or 1882, they say the Pyramid declares the great salvation of the Israelites & wrath upon the Gentiles- This weekly paper, the Barmer of Israel, seems to me a horrible named publication.

Friday Feb 28th

Pulpit - Litany &c at 10.30. settled with Imperiale about the removal of the woodwork to enlarge the Chapel - & after dinner went out with Mrs. R. & Miss Gurney, who had returned to Bordighera on Ash Wedy Evening.

Began a sketch of our washing place - still cold & cloudy-

Saturday - March 1st

Lovely day again - Grand anemone & blue hyacinth expedition with Mr French, who previously lunched with us. Mrs W, Miss Phelps & the 4 Miss Browns - we came back laden with flowers from the Vallecrosia valley - but we did not put fresh ones in the Church as the ones of last Sunday were daily improving.

Sunday March 2nd- Very fine - after evensong I went up to Villa Novara to see the youngest Miss Brown's flowers & caterpillars - &c &c - beautifully coloured - a bullfinch was wonderfully done- Strolled home by the beach - a little party for sacred music at the Hardy's room at 8.30 p.m.

Monday March 3rd

Feeling very tired this morning I went about 9 to draw but couldn't settle down to anything in the town - the morning light did not seem to suit - so I went on along the watercourse & there did a little view under the olives, getting back to Bordighera station by 12 to meet Mr Luigi Guelfi, my old Savona friend, 'travelling controller' on the F.A.I, who had at last come to see me- We went home, & soon Imperiale arrived, & we had a grand dinner in Italian style, with some of Janstias chef d'oeuvres- He & I walked to the Asilo in the afternoon & he was his brother's acquaintance a little girl from Bologna - alas, language presented my having very much talk with Guelfi, but he was exceedingly pleasant, & we understood one another fairly well- at 6 he departed back to Savone-

Tuesday March 4th

I went up the Vallecrosia valley after 12 o'clock, but could not settle to anything - back by 1/4 to 4, when Mrs. W & I with the Gurneys visited M. Moreno's garden, & I settled on a subject for a future sketch-

Wednesday March 5th

Sketched along the watercourse in the afternoon- weather lovely today, tho' clouds hang about the mountain pretty often, I it is always too misty to see Corsica, both morning & evening.

Thursday, March 6th

Today there was an Exhibition of sketched in the salle-à-manger of the hotel d'Angleterre, got up by Mr & Mrs Hardy, the purveyors of all our Bordighera amusements. The contributors were Mr Hardy, Mr Peto, Miss Callaway, 2 Miss Browns & Lady Estcourt- between us we had a goodly show, tho' more quantity than quality- it was most amusing to see the different views of the same place, or ideas of the same subject- e.g. we had all the paler studies placed together, black palms, green palms, yellow palms, stiff, drooping, flying palms &c &c. Many people came & the denizens of the hotel amused themselves by marking the 4 they liked best - all were numbered with the initials of the artist behind-

After this I walked up to the old fountain & made a small sketch there - returning in time to see Mr Gurney off by the train to Genoa - she had heard the sad news of the death of one of Dr. Macdonald's boys, aged 15, after a fortnights rapid lung illness - this is the 2nd child he has lost since he came abroad.

A new fish has appeared lately called "gianchette" - Giuseppe says they become sardines - they are very tiny, only an inch or less in length & are cooked in masses together, like fritters, very nice indeed - poor little things. I hope they like giving up their lives for us- Miss F. Leach came today bringing me a beautiful botanical book to look at of the flowers of the Maritime Alps-

Friday March 7th

After dinner I walked off to Campo Rosso & began to sketch in the old cemetery, a lovely spot, though the bone scattered about & vault full of them in the further corner are unpleasant. Mrs W & Miss F. followed taking the omnibus to the entrance of the Nevia valley & then walking - but before their arrival a large party of English from the 'Angleterre' had visited the cemetery, & they together with various men & boys looking on or beginning had prevented my being dull- At 4.30 we went off, staying to pick double red anemones wh. grew there by the acre- We had hoped to catch a bus again, but were a few minutes too late, so we walked back, & were a bit tired of the hard roads & stones - Campo Rosso, is a most charming place, full of beautiful bits for sketching.

Saturday March 8th After dinner I took the Aplins to see & gather the glorious anemones of the Biagio Valley- We scrambled high up on the right & found many fresh terraces covered with the more uncommon kind, & came back laden with all sorts of good things, so that the Chapel with periwinkles, violets, narcissus, anemones, & myrtle was a sigh worth seeing the next day- We saw women still picking up olives - they seemed very small dried up things, but they assured us they wd. get some oil out of them-

Sunday March 9th Lovely weather still - a crowd at Mattins, 70 people I dare say or more - chairs brought from the Church - offertory less than 29 francs, whereas with 11 people at 8.30 a.m. it had been somewhat over the same sum- Mrs W & I had a short stroll on the hills after evensong. I have had a bad cold lately, & Mrs F. has been treating me with cold water compresses outside & salvolatile, tea or hot wine within - I wish she were better herself, but she has been so tired lately.

Monday March 10th

At 10.20, or really about 11, I went with Mr Peto by train to Ventimiglia to go on with my sketch by the river mouth. The Hardys & Callaways were all at the station going off to Nice - i.e. via Monte Carlo, the gambling tables, & the Corniche road; I asked them one & all not to play, but could only get for an answer that they were not thinking of gambling, but merely of trying their luck just once for the fun of the thing, with plenty of reasons to justify themselves, but if people will not think what our life is, & what Xtianity means, how can they live otherwise than by preying on one another- I felt so miserable after this that much of the day's pleasure was spoiled to me - through all the wealth of colour & sights that horrid place came before me as a black spot- Mr Peto & I had a pleasant morning - he kindly put up his sketching umbrella for me & there we sat & worked & feasted on good things outside & in for body & mind till about 3 o'clock Mrs W. Miss Leach & Miss Peto & Trot joined us - they had been unable to procure the 'legno' in Bra & so had come by bus; we went off to the station & suggested a two horse trap waiting there, to take us up the Roya valley - at 3 frs. per hour - Who sd. we see getting into another trap but Mrs & Miss Gurney, on their way home - they were too late for the funeral of Dr Macdonald's boy - he had been buried by moonlight - just outside the cemetery of Porto FIno - & now Mrs R.G. had heard of the death of a dear friend & she wished to hurry back home with all possible speed - so now they were about to drive to Mentone & go on the next day.

We then all drove up the Roya valley - wonderful cliffs & caverns hung with stalactites there are, & beautiful views everywhere - we went on for about 3 miles or so & then returned going as far as the Biagio valley, when we walked home by the Strada Romana. Meeting a lady on the way with a kind of Ophrys & some more paper-narcissus found near Borghetto - we had had a pleasant day - weather perfect - friends very agreeable- all beautiful, but the thoughts of Monte Carlo.

Tuesday March 11th

By the 12 train Mrs W, Miss Leach & I started for Taggia. At San Remo station Signor Bartolomeo Asquasciati met us - but travelled with the Stadia of Bordighera, & M. Bischoffsheim as far as Taggia- Then we set out walking to find flowers- It was 5 years since

Mr A. had been here but he knew the localities well- 1st he shewed us where a very dark variety of anemone grew, a splendid purple - then we diverged into lanes with mossy & fern grown walls, much more verdant & beautiful than our walks about here. Sat to eat our luncheon, & then went on scrambling up terraces till at a good height above the valley & in view of Catellare & the Sanctuary of Lampedusa we came to a spot where the paper narcissus, *N. papyracenus* grew abundantly - we were about a week or two too late, but it was still very beautiful in masses of the purest white terrace above terrace.

Then winding along the hillside & descending we came to the beds of yellow narcissus, very like English daffodil, but with short crown & all much larger - We had indeed a good time of it - we then came back towards the station, & searched by the bed of the river for the white iris which grows there, but it was not yet in bloom. On the shore we saw the leaves of a rare plant called *Pancreatium* said to be very beautiful, & blossoming in August & September-

We reached home by 7, after having tried various nasty wines while waiting for the train in the little ristorante close to Taggia station.

Wednesday March 12th Busy distributing flowers this morning- After dinner Mrs W. & I went to see the famous Mr. Müller of Bristol, who was staying a day or two with Mrs. Boyce, & was coming to give us an account of his work, at least so we thought. Mrs Rose kindly lent her rooms, & they were pretty full- it turned out to be a pr. meeting only, with 2 hymns, 2 extempore prayers & a long discourse on S. John iii 1-3 or rather on hell-fire, conversion, & the joy of our reigning with Xt & condemning the devils if only we would believe & so become God's children - I thought it very horrible, tho' I liked the man & rejoiced that his heart was so much better than his horrible creed- After this a little fresh air & sketching of palms along the water-course was very refreshing indeed. We each took a tract away with us, one of them Mrs W's advocating the value of giving much alms now to get much hereafter. Italian lesson today.

Thursday March 13th

Went on with my sketch & then hunted for flowers, with Mrs W> finding red tulips on the way to Borghetto - Mrs W. was obliged to go home & I nearly gave up the quest, but as usual, just at the last, came upon them. An abundance of lady tulips were also there, & blue hyacinths, but the former not yet quite out - Today I was much amused by the boys who sat to watch me & who sang canzoni to me at intervals-

Friday March 14th

Finished my sketch & walked with Mrs W. towards Sasso getting some large "Muscari" on the way, we returned by the old tower.

Saturday March 15th

Walked to the foot of the precipice of the Cima di Monte by the Borghetto valley, & there beneath in the rocks with a lovely view in all directions & a wilderness of coronilla, butcher's broom, violets &c &c found 2 new plants - a sort of yellow wallflower on the rocks & abundance of blue squills, *Scillia Italica* below, - a lovely spot is this so quiet. We descended into the Biagio valley, getting double anemones &c & came home to prepare the Chapel.

Sunday March 16th

Preached about Monte Carlo in the morning & the elder of "the 2 sons" in the afternoon - then took a short stroll to the Sasso valley getting blue flags & a curious rock plant just beginning to bloom - called on the Aplins & home to tea when Imperiale came & had a pleasant chat with me afterwards till nearly 10 o'clock. Mrs F. had had rheumatism today - but she has looked so much better this last week, it has been quite a treat.

Monday 17th March

Off by the 6.40 train for Alassio - a brilliant morning & the early sunshine over the pale blue sea was delightful- Porto Muarizio & Oneglia just beyond me looked their best - I longed to

get out at Diano Marina or at Pigna d'Andora, fertile valleys both, for pink anemones, or Anemone Hepatica seemed abundant & other flowers also - I got out finally at Laigueglia at about 9 a.m. & strolling along by the sands saw some Asphodel in bloom. Thyme up the hills abundant, shells, a kind of brown cockle & purple bivalve, as in England but of far brighter colour, with a few kinds of seaweed on the shore - quite a treat after our barren coast for at Bordighera the sea only returns us our land-refuse, & gives us nothing of her own in the shape of vegetable life- The water shallower too all along from Laigueglia to Alassio about 1 1/2 distant & so Italians come there for sea bathing in the summer- TO see perfectly transparent blue waves breaking gently on the sands was delicious - as one never sees it in England - I sat down & made a sketch in my small book of the coast by Alassio with the island of Gallinara, & then walked on to the town, looking out for Mr Congreve's office with whom I was to lunch- It is a nice town with fine Church - one good long street with unusually good Italian shops - Presently I came upon the post office, & a woman kindly volunteered to take me to his villa, about 3 min. distant - here I found him, his wife, & a son - had luncheon & then out we went for a beautiful walk to a little ruined chapel a good way above the road & railway line on the next headland, whence we could see the coast & mountains for many a mile, with the valley of Albeaga not far off us - A grand piece of rock scenery, with pines, abundance of caroubas, a shrubby spurge "Euphorbia dendroides" I think, & olives - the olives there are quite different to those at Bordighera - being more upright & far less ragged pendulous & picturesque- but the carouba trees of the brightest greens brighten up the hills wonderfully- flowers are scarce there so it wouldn't do for me - I brought some rough baskets in the town at 8 soldis, & 6 soldis respectively & returned by the 5 p.m. train, reaching home soon after 7, with baskets full of plants & packets full of sand & shells & myself as dirty & tired as usual after any excursion.

Tuesday March 28th

After dinner I went out with Captain Voss - strong East wind blowing, but brilliant sunshine. I was to have gone with Imperiale to Signor Carlo Rubassio's palm garden, to see it, & choose some palms for a friend, who wished to send them to England- However as Imperiale was late in coming to me, I was obliged to start out, & Mrs. W. was good enough to go after the Palms for me - I had been asked to get green branches, but as the outside ones are somewhat rough & ragged & brown & the good boughs within are wanted to tie round the ones to begin being bleached shortly for next year's picking the green ones were nearly as expensive as the white - & Mr C. R. said he would rather let me have bleached than green ones - I thought tho' they would not have been more than 1/2 franc each, but they were a franc, 4 for gathering, packing, portorage &c, & then 26 fr. odd for ending them to England, so that the total expense of sending 24 palm cost about 50 francs - They arrived next day nicely done up with enough leaves round them & strong cord-

I found the Captain's ready & off we went up by the bed of the Sasso Convent to avoid the wind & walked on & on to find a suitable place for sketching, - I noted some Viburnum Pinis, large yellow Antirrhinum & a huge bush of Heath in full blossom on the way & it near the bridge across the stream were terraces covered with the scarcer anemones. We went on some way further to a point the Captain noticed, but the light wasn't any good for sketching it at that time of day, so I looked about for something else, & finally we settled down to draw the view looking up the stream - About 3/4 hr. I spent over it, & then the Captain felt he must return, so we set off & on my way back I had a good deal of rock & terrace climbing to get the heath which was in a rather inaccessible place- With some orchises & ferns I had a nice bouquet some for Mrs Voss, & some for home of course.

Wednesday March 19th

St. Joseph's day, a festa, but our Giuseppe didn't keep it, nor did I - & none of us ate St. Joseph's fritters - Mrs W. & I went out exploring for flowers right up to near Vellebuona but

on the opposite side of the valley, crossing however at length & coming back via Borghetto & the high road - we found only a few scarlet tulips, they must have been picked - tho' a new place for them - & some lady tulips.

Tonight Mrs. F. had one of her very bad attacks & was in great pain all night, so that
Thursday March 20th

She was obliged to spend in bed, worn out, & I was only just allowed in for a few minutes. It rained all the morning, but in the afternoon brightened up so that Mrs. W & I, joined by the Callaways whom we overtook on the Marina, all went & sat on the rocks by the Capo watching the lovely green waves, & I made a little sketch - Giuseppe went by 1st train - Mentone & despatched the palms grande vitesse.

Friday Mrch 21

Mrs. F. much better, but in bed - pouring day - in the afternoon I paid some calls & had much pleasant talk - busy at home they were preparing for Mr Corbet's arrival - a grand tidying up of rooms & flowers &c tho' owing to the wet weather the Mason had not come to mend the floor of my sitting room, wh. daily gets worse - Soon I shall go in, if he doesn't come - the 1st 2 floors of the house seem to have been very badly built-

Today I painted several flowers, but they are only the merest sketches, just sufficient for recognition-

My photos. have come home some days, & tho' not very good in execution seem to me very fair & also rather flattering likenesses, so that I at least am satisfied- One or two people however say they wdn't have recognized me - how odd it is, that we seem to see one another so differently, as well as hear & understand & love them differently-

At 8.30 I set off in the 'legno' to meet Mr. Corbet at Vetimiglia - such a soaking night - train late - doganiere very slow over the 1st luggage he examine & kept us waiting a long time - At last we got off - R.W.C. looking well - reached home at 10 1/4 - &c &c &c.

March 22nd 1878. My last vol of Diary opens with a pouring day - but it cleared a bit towards noon, & after dinner, RCW & I were able to get a walk along the coast road as far as Rachel's well, & to enjoy the bright sea & flowers- On our way back we picked garlic & blue irises, and so the Chapel next day was brilliant with, red, white & blue-

Sunday March 23rd

Fairly fine - a stroll after Evensong & some calls.

Monday March 24th

I went by the 10.20 i.e. 10.40 or 50 train to Ventimiglia to go on with my sketch by the river mouth, the swollen & muddy torrent gave me no reflections, & a rising wind & drifting clouds made it not very comfortable, while the snow range was hidden & the colour everywhere poor - I had other troubles too to contend with - I broke my bottle of wine & water in the bag & soaked it & a sketch book &c - & once nearly lost my best paint-brush in the stream- Some blue flax & another new plant, were growing near the river- About 12.30 Miss Callaway arrived & she & I then walked off up the Roya valley till we found a good view of the cliffs there, & where it seemed somewhat more sheltered - we encamped in the high road, & had consequently many spectators. Presently Dr Goodchild joined us, made a slight pencil sketch, & then went on flower hunting up the valley; returning in a hour or so's time with a bouquet of blue Anemone Lepatica - While with us Mrs. Walker, Mrs Callaway & R.W.C. came up on a carriage, hired at the Ventimiglia Station, the same fellow we had had before. They drove on up the valley & we sketched awhile longer & then clambered up under the cliffs for flowers finding a lovely mallow growing there in great bushes, & also several kinds of spurge, coronilla, maidenhair &c - the caves in the rocks seem lined & hung with ferns- Our party returned also with Hepaticas & then we all drove home, after a pleasant outing-

Reading & mat-making &c at night-

Tuesday March 25th

H.C. at 8.30 - A friend, J. Pearson in the chapel - he had come the night before to spend one day in B. on his way to Rome. So he breakfasted with us & after mattins, I took him up the Camadi Monte & down into the Vallecrosia valley, to see the squills & anemones & pink tulips as well as the views - such a lovely, but too humid walk - Home by 1.30 with a new kind of Orchis - & soon after, went with the C. 1 sr. Moreno's?? garden to sketch leaving Mr P in RWC's care for the afternoon. Miss C & I spent 2 hours over some difficult palm groups, but cdn't get on at all.

At 5 I went in to Casa Corradi to a social gathering-

Wednesday March 26th

A little before 3 Mrs W., R.W.C. & I went to the station to see the arrival of the sub-prefect &c - our very best Bordighera carriages were there, i.e. M. Lozeron's & Michele's - Mr. Bischoffsheim, our syndic &c &c - the train was late - at last they came tho', & the great people drove off amid an admiring crowd to the paese - a pretty arch of evergreens, & palms & blossoming heath &c had been erected at the entrance to the station. Masts with the Italian tricolor flying lined the road - On the arch was an inscription saying that the workmen's society welcomed the distintissimi Signor-prefetto & sotto-prefetto there. We walked up to the oratory of S. Bartholomew, & got thro' the crowd at the doors & were given seats, choir stalls - the altar &c were covered up in red - a picture of Humbert the Kind with flags rested on it, & behind red tables within rails sat the worthies & a few ladies - Many English & foreigners were in the choir, & the rest of the building crowded with Italians - Trot lay guilty in Mrs W's lap- The schoolmaster read a long paper on education, wh. I cd. not hear for the noise at the doors, except occasional words such "il sentimento religioso" &c - it was interrupted in the middle by the arrival of Mrs Bischoffsheim- the prizes were then given away to the children - the 1st ones were good sums of money I believe, the books looked

very poor things - then began recitations dialogues &c, in front of the great folk, with one piece of choral music in unison, & at intervals throughout the whole proceedings, Imperiale & the rest of the brass band played, well but noisily, in the West Gallery - the dialogues were very good- the children acted them much more than ones at home wd. have done, & all the play of the hands seemed easy & natural, they seemed to have little or no shyness, tho' there was nothing coarse or forward about it - I enjoyed all this extremely - One or two quite little mites did remarkably well - The Bp. of Ventimiglia was there & several clergy-

Mrs W. & I went out just before the end - a great crowd on the piazza - a storm came on, & for an hour or two the weather threatened to break up altogether & stop the evenings festa, but after a while it began to clear, & by 8 o'clock was starry & pleasant. I went out with Giuseppe to see the illuminations &c & found p??? of stuff blazing down the marina - we mounted to the Capo where it became clear the fireworks placed there would not be set off yet awhile, so we went on down the Strada Romana to see M. Bischoffsheim's great palace - the towers, & arch in front of his gateway erected like the other by the working men's society of which he is honorary president, & the parapets to his house & the balustrade by the road all covered with what looked like Chinese lanterns - but were lights surrounded by coloured tissue paper - this was very pretty - no shutters were shut, so we cd. see into the house well, & there along with hundreds of others we stood in the road an hour or more, watching the promenadings of the great folk within with no little amusement- We saw the Company come out from dinner - the band arrive - then they threw open windows & appeared in the portico - presently the music struck up & a rocket from the grounds of the villa signalled the time for the fireworks to be let off - (tirare) from the Montechini tower, the Capo & any open site on the hills above - There were plenty of rockets of different kinds, but we did not go away from road, enjoying the music- The workmen's Society marched in with huge bouquets about 2 ft. in diameter of white & pink Carnations, which had arrived in the morning by train & were carried in boxes - A few men went up the steps & presented them to Madame Bischoffsheim &c - about 9.30 a large display of fireworks seemed to announce that all was over & Giuseppe & I went home, leaving RWC., Mrs W & Mrs. & Miss Patrick, whom we had met also in the Strada, still there - Later the B. house was illuminated with coloured fires, & at 11, the band & great proportion of people accompany. the guests of M. Bischoffsheim to the station & saw the Prefect & other worthies off - It had been a great success & all appeared pleased.

Thursday March 27th

At midday accomp'd. by Joseph I went to the train to meet Miss Phelps & her charges the 4 Miss Browns, who were all going to take me flower-hunting at Diano Marina. We were in a great state, when we saw the train arriving & Miss P. had not come - alas! She was waiting for J. to carry a heavy basket - I ought to have sent him up to her Villino- The ticket office was shut, & people got into the train, when we saw her coming, & we all managed to get in, tho' there was some difficulty about it all, as we had no tickets- One can take them tho' in the train on Italian lines, & apparently the Controlore Viaggiante of the train gets some profit by the travelers doing so - We had a grand luncheon in the train with plates & knives & forks & tumblers balanced & held with difficulties, chicken & salad, soda-water &c - how we did eat! After 1hr. 40 min we reached Diano Marina & were welcomed by the Station Master, late of Bordighera, who to his great grief & everyone else had been sent there, while the D.M. people & the Capo himself bewailed the loss of their friend also- It seems to be the way here - to change a man when he at length fits well into his berth & take him off to try & fit elsewhere-

We were soon off in the fields & saw at once the little pink anemones- then crossing the river & going along the road we came to a place where other white & pink anemones grow, & which I had marked from the train on my way to Alassio- Then we scrambled about

picking orchises, tulips, scarlet pea &c, crossed the river on stones & in water, did a little more walking, & finally took the train home again about 5.30, after a pleasant & bright day- At night however, a great storm came on, with deluging rain, & on Friday, March 28th

The road near us was flooded & we did not ring the bell for the Litany, knowing that no-one cd. possibly come. It cleared however by midday & in the afternoon I sat on the rocks above the road by S. Ampeglio's Chapel sketching the view below me- In the evening the Hardys & Mrs & Miss Callaway came & we had a good deal of singing.

Saturday March 29th

Being the last fine day at Bordighera of old friends, we ???Mr Hardy & Miss Callaway went off at 8.30 to Rachel's Well; we cd. not get the yellow legno to take us, but engaged it to bring us back at 1/4 to 12. We had a hot walk, wasted some time in settling what to sketch & finally all sat down far removed from one another - mine was a bad choice, & my work a failure- We were back by 12.15 & I had my last Italian lesson, as the Profr. had to go off to Milan to undertake the Editorship of a French & English paper, till lately issued at Florence- Mr Congreve V.C. came by the 12 train & had dinner with us - remaining till 4.

Miss P, the Miss Browns & I packed up drawings for an art exhibition at San Remo, & Miss Patrick sent some picture frames adorned with fir-cones, acorns, &c &c-

R.W.C. & Mrs W. went to S. Remo shopping at 4 & I had a little walk with Trot, whom however I had to carry nearly all the way-

Sunday- March 30th -As usual - but some nasty goodbyes - a white garlic??cross the same as last Sunday's in the Chapel - it seem to live on ???well out of water. Many parsons at service today, 6 at least-

A short walk & a few calls after evensong.

Monday March 31st

Went to the station at 6.40 to see the Callaways off - pupil after breakfast, & painting a scarlet anemone with my new colours which had at last come from Newman's on Saturday, registered - including carmine, violet carmine, rose madder, permanent scarlet & crimson, intense blue, purple &c. Even with these I failed to get anything like the brilliancy of the anemone colouring. At 12. RWC. & I went off by train for Cannes - An hour & more, stoppage at Ventimiglia, so we sat on a terrace above the Roya valley high-road & ate our lunch, going on at 1/4 to 1 by French (Paris) time, that is 1 1/2 by Roman- A bright day, blue iris, tree spurge, a few gladiolis, purple stock &c along the line near Mentone masses of the little pink Anemone & b7 Antibes a field of brilliant scarlet tulips. The harbour of Villafranca had 9 French men of war in it- We reached Cannes by about 4.15 (out time) & went to the pleasant Beau Séjour Hotel- A walk up the California hill before dinner - lovely view over the Estrelles - out again after table d'hôte & home early very very tired, & so to bed.

Tuesday, April 1st 1879

Up early - sketched the Estrelles range from my bedroom window - breakfast, & a nice walk to the Chapel of S. Antoine a should in the hills Eastward looking down upon Vallauris & the potteries, Antibes & the Coast - from a somewhat higher point we could see Nice- it was a dull day, but not cold, so we sat on the rocks while I sketched the Lérins islands & we talked of many things - We could see the 2 Islands clearly from this point, the nearest that of S. Marguerite where Basaine was, & escaped, or rather whence he was allowed to escape as the Cannes people say - the next island of St. Honorat whence S. Patrick, S. Vincent of Lérins & others lived- An old tower still remains - the monastery & chapel have been rebuilt & are now used by Cistercians. The Esterel mountains are rather too green & red when the sun shines on them, but at sunrise or sunset they look higher & the form is at all times very beautiful- As we were walking along the water course which brings water to the town from Grasse, & enjoying the heath in the pinewood in full bloom, intermingled with shrubs of

arbutus, myrtle &c (there were some cork trees also-) we met a procession of 141 caterpillars, in perfect line each touching another & moving on slowly - in one place however the line got a little broken & we in trying to mend it by taking caterpillars from behind made it worse, & the creatures seemed puzzled while the 1st half moved on in a stately way unconscious that some of the brethren were not obedient to 'follow my leader' the head of the 2? stood still, & looked or smelt about- I think they went by scent - a few got quite loose & walked back &c - However I hear they always do join again & go on, but where or why I don't know - they are the creatures I have noticed in great cocoons round the end shoots of pines on the hills- As we came back we looked for our (SK.) friends quite expecting to find them, but not a trace of them could we anywhere see-

Lunch, table d'hôte, at 1- Then we walked to the Prince de Galles Hotel, a new one built in 6 months & sumptuously furnished, commanding a most beautiful view - & spent the afternoon pleasantly with the Bp. of Lichfield - Dined at 1/4 to 7, & to bed early.

Wednesday, April 2nd A rainy morning, getting worse- however about 9.30 we went out & walked straight thro' the town by the main road to the Bocca, where grow the umbrella pines, some splendid fellows- We passed numberless lovely gardens, with banksia roses hanging in festoons from the trees & beds of brilliant cinerarias, cyclamen &c &c - Cannes is the richest place in vegetation I think I have seen, but everywhere are notices, "défense d'entrer" "point de passage", "entrée défendré aux étrangers", "chasse interdite" &c &c- & the villas, hotels & walls & roads have done all possible to sport this paradise-

I have forgotten to mention a visit to the neck of land East of the East bay called La Croisette, which we paid before dinner last night, & from whence one has a fine view of the Esterel range with a foreground of rocks, & a near look at the fortress & prison of Ste. Marguerite - The wind was blowing hard from the East, & the shore was strewn with roots & leaves of grass wrack, (Zostera)- very curious sand balls cover the shore here- it seems that pieces of cane, seaweed, or wrack get covered up with sand & what looks almost like hair, & is I think that of the wrack, the waves rolling these about they grow larger & larger & we saw them all beautifully rounded in every size from that of a marble to a cricket ball - apparently all hair & sand, but breaking them the inside proved to be something else-

Coming back from the Bocco we were overtaken by a great storm - I bought a green jug for 1 franc, 2 valiansis?? vases for flowers & we laid in a supply of Palermo oranges & cakes for the 1/4 past 7 train- Who sd. I meet in a grocery but a very old friend, Mr Crace; & at the Hotel a college friend once Moore also - others too whom I knew well & found to be at Cannes - clergy swarm there & everywhere now-

At 1.15 we started, raining still - my sketching parasol all I had taken, looking very queer so drenched - it had let the spray of the rain as well as an occasional drop come through-

At Ventimiglia we found a carriage & were home soon after 3, before Mrs. F. expected us, & very pleasant our meeting was - Giuseppe had gone to the station to look for us so I went to fetch him back.

Thursday April 3rd

Heard today that the amateur exhibition of pictures, needlework &c at S. Remo was still going on - the Miss Browns & Dr Goodchild & a Miss Charlton & I had all sent contributions. Also Miss Patrick some picture frames, adorned with fircones, acorn cups, &c &c.

Mrs W. & I went in by train at 4.14 therefore, & walked straight to the Asilo Infantile where it was held - admission 1 fr. for the benefit of the charity- There were some nice drawings there - soon after 5, 3 sisters who care for the children & a dear old friend arrived - & he played on the harmonium, his own, very well, while the children sang both choruses & solos-

They then had cakes & sweets given them. I enjoyed it much - a little shopping, a cup of tea at Mr Leach's, a train 1/2 an hour late at least, & so home-

5 kittens born today, 3 drowned-

Sketch

Friday April 4th

After dinner Mrs W., RWC & I took the yellow legno to the Roya Valley - a slight rain at intervals- there we picked blue hepaticas, mallow, yellow antirrhinum & a few new flowers & were home by 6 o'clock-

Reading, mat-making &c upstairs-

Saturday April 5th

A walk to shew R.W.C. scarlet anemones &c in the afternoon - a very hot day - then tea & talk at Mrs. Rose's-

Sunday April 6th

Beautiful groups of Palms had been arranged behind the screens so, (SK) and 2 palm blossoms arrived early in the morning which I had the pleasure of drawing out of their sheaths, and then sketching out their wiry white branches covered with thousands of buds, (SK) I put them in the altar vases.

Monday April 7

Such a sea today after tremendous floods- we were nearly an island at Villa Rosa - the lemons near were standing out in the water, fro the little gully behind Casa Bianca brings down floods of water from the hills in such times & the passage is somewhere stopped, so that it never reaches the sea-

A good deal of wood on the shore again today, as late Autumn, & the people were collecting odds & ends - I picked up some good cuttle fish bones-

In the afternoon Mrs. W. & I sketched a bit on the rocks by the Capo, where 2 of the Miss Browns presently joined us - we read Parables of Judgement & tried to protect ourselves from the waves which occasionally dashed their spray over where we were located, & surrounded the rock with foam, by my large umbrella-

Wednesday April 9th

Heard of the Cambridge Boatrace victory today & had great fun in consequence - at once we i.e. RWC & I decorated ourselves with light blue pamphlets & paper for waistcoats, urged on of course by the Oxonian feelings of the ladies- Miss Leach, a friend of the winners too arrived, to make matters more trying & the contest hotter- At dinner the room was found with blue sheets of paper, the covers of music hanging round the walls, a blue flag surmounting he oranges, light blue flowers on the table- & alack for the Oxonians worse & more showy than all, the sky had got rid of its clouds & was brilliant in the true colours - Giuseppe had got up a sentence, "I am glad that C. has won" & said it very well at dinner. Then Mrs. F. dressed herself up in a dark blue cloak & cap adorned with wools & worsteds & finally Mrs. W. & I went out walking she with a large piece of dark blue lined round her neck, & me with a good blue pamphlet sticking out of my breast pocket. We had a scramble up the falde of Monte Nero, & found a few nice flowers-

Thursday April 10th

I paid some calls & had a little afternoon stroll along - finding a yellow orchis &c &c - H.C. at 12 at Bordighera Hotel.

Good Friday April 11th

Services at 8, 10.30, 2 & 5:

A lovely day - but I have omitted to tell of the last night's enjoyment- At 6 o'clock I started up to the Parish Church to see the Sepulchre - very lovely it was with pots of camellias, marguerites, arums &c &c - in front of a side altar, which had a picture of the dead Xt before it-

Many candles on the floor &c- & forms & chairs all round- where many were praying- I then went in to the Aplins, who presently arrived & asked me to have tea with them, & about 1/4 to 8 we all went to the Oratory, where 2 Nocturnes were nearly over, being said by the Confraternity of men of whom my tailor is Prior this year- He seeing me sent a message asking me into choir, but this I declined, so a candle was kindly brought me & cut in two & suck on the back of the seat in front, & I followed the office to the finish - by the end of the 3rd. Nocturne the place was full, & the excitement of the children grew every moment more intense, waiting for the time when they might make a row at the close of the Miserere- & they did make it indeed - with feet, stamping & jumping, & with great wooden rattle wh. the children has been using for a day or two to frighten away devils, shew their dislike of Judas, or imitate the Jews according to different interpretations- Giuseppe used to be quite afraid of going into the Church on these days when a little boy, tho' protected by a rattle he did venture- The behaviour in the oratory was disgraceful- the office rubrick prescribes a slight noise, but here was a regular shindy & boys & girls pushing one another, struggling & frightening, & people talking out loud just as they chose- There was also plenty of talking in the choir, but it must have been dull work for the men saying all those psalms without understanding them, & singing the beautiful Bible lections to such odd & tedious music. A French lady who came in & sat next me- sang & chatted to her friend alternately - but they all did sing the Benedictus well & heartily indeed!

Well, the instant the row was somewhat over, all the men in choir began struggling with surplices, "à la chemise de nuit" pattern, capes &c &c - No, a sermon 1st by a priest of S. Remo on the Lord washing the disciples feet - of wh. I hear little - he imitated the sitting down by doing so for an instant himself- then the vesting began, & the prior washed 3 men's feet, i.e. just dabbed them with water & kissed them, kneeling & girt, at the sanctuary steps-

There was a general scrimmage, preparing candles, lighting up, the washing, the gospel being read at the altar &c &c all going on at the same time- Then out we went & so on the procession started - & oh this was lovely- Imagine a clear starlight night - those picturesque streets & houses with candles in most of the windows, though with 1/2 closed shutters - here & there a blazing Roman lamp on the door step- lights lighted before images in the wall &c (SK) - then a long procession - huge wax torches, boys & men in white & red, handkerchiefs round their heads, nightcap like, the band playing dead marches, in the middle a great crucifix, last of all the prior & sub-prior with silver sticks &c - the Stabat mater sung at intervals - imagine this procession winding about the narrow streets - heads out of windows &c &c- I saw it pass thrice - & followed it up & down 2 streets - at last in 1/2 hour it returned to the Church, & in they all went to have more music & also say prayers &c at the Sepulchre.

Of course everyone went into the Church, but we went home, Mrs. W. RWC & Joseph had been together, & I returned with them, rather tired- Good Friday I have spoken of.

Easter Eve April 12th

H.C. at 8 at 10.30, after a nice chat with Imperiale about H.C. I went up the hills of Monte Nero with Giuseppe, to get heath &c home by 1.30, hot & tired, having hardly got anything but arums &c had arrived & we all worked hard in the afternoon, & by 5 the Chapel was lovely & ready for Evensong - The palms taken down for G. Friday were up again - & an abundance of marguerites, periwinkle, roses, garlic &c &c. A bright evensong, but not so well attended as it wd. have been had there not been a heavy storm about 4 o'clock, with thunder- After service some friends stayed to complete all, & one lady wd. get up onto the scaffolding where the heavy tubs of earth filled with palms were- I was just underneath handing up evergreen & flowers, when down it all came & almost miraculously neither of us were hurt at all - we just escaped right & left.

Easter Day April 13th

A lovely morning, but mistral in the afternoon. 58 communicants in all, no sermon at mattins, when we sung Psalms & all- & RWC preached in the afternoon. I had finished my mat the night before, so I made fringe-

Monday April 14th

Rain again - flower painting & letters in the morning, calls in the afternoon - & packing for at 6 pm I was off by the express train for Florence-

A pleasant journey to Genoa, reaching it about 11- I saw Signor Luigi Guelfi at Savona Station, & much surprised he was - he introduced me to his wife & begged me to stop on my way back. An hour's rest at Genoa - then by the 12.5 am train, not so comfortable- but I slept a intervals to Pisa reaching it about 4.40- Some coffee there & then off again in another train via Empoli at 5.35. A dull morning; the Apennines white with snow - vines & mulberries in the fertile plain fast coming out - purple orchis, a kind of white grape hyacinth (?), & a white umbelifer abundant- enjoyed the long open 2nd class carriage much; reached Firenze soon after 8, & went to Hotel de l'Europe, where I washed 7 soon found my friends the Callways who had been so kind at Bordighera & who had now asked me to pay them a visit South- We had breakfast & then started for Uffizzi Palace, where we spent some time over the pictures, I was delighted to see old friends & to make new acquaintance- Those in the Tribune seem to me much overrated - but of course the great Madonna of Raphael is very beautiful. I much like the S.J.B. but it now strikes me that the left arm & leg are not well managed.

Albertinellis visitation, Andrea del Sarto's Madonna & Saints, Fr. Angelico's Coronation, also marriage & death of the B.V.M., a little Judith of Botticelli highly praised by Ruskin, a woman by Madame Le Brun, some small works of G. Metsu, & F. Van Mieris - a S.

Sebastian by Sodoma all struck me much - also a little Guido Reni, whose works I cordially detest generally, but here was a lovely child, his foot being kissed by S.J.B. We came home to luncheon & afterwards went to the Church of Sta. Croce. (SK) The last time I was it was in May 1865, when the King was here & the statue of Dante was being unveiled. It is delightful to see all these buildings again - Miss C & I were disappointed that we could so little see Giotto frescoes in Sta. Croce, owing to the absence of light, & the spoiling of what there was by the hideous modern glass- The old glass in other windows is not of a kind I like either such a mixture of all assorted bright colours - without whites sufficient-

Miss C. & I then walked to the Cathedral & Baptistry stopping in the latter some time to see the baptisms, wh. are only celebrated here, & then a very untidy sung vespers when 4 poor old cantors in capes looked very wretched & sung very miserably. Chatting, small talking & abundantly all very odd & unprofitable. I went for a little private stroll before dinner, & walked into Sta. Maria Novella. Dined at 6, played whist after & Miss C. sang us some charming Scotch songs - a little more fresh air & then to bed, well tired-

Wednesday April 16th

Up about 7 & out by 8. Went into the Sta. Trinità close by, where are Ghirlandaio's beautiful frescoes of the Life of St. Francis- Many confessions & communions going on- Breakfast at 1/4 to 9, town hours! Then Mr & Miss C & I walked to the Convent of S. Mark & spent a delightful morning there. The monks are now all scattered, & it is National museum. In the library are cases full of folio service books exquisitely illuminated, taken from the Suppl???monasteries of Italy. I never saw such a vast & splendid collection before. Book cases too along the walls were full of them - the Convent frescoes are beautiful indeed, & several easel paintings from the Sacristy of S. M. Novella are also in the cells, being copied. We spent a long time looking at the great Crucifixion in the Chapter House or Refectory, & forget which, saw the rooms of Savonarola with certain relics of him, the frescoes of Br. Bartolommeo & all those in the cells with Br. Angelico or rather Giovanni of Fiesole had painted- When last there the monks were still in the convent & I did not half see

its wealth- We had a most delightful morning- none of the fatigue of a picture gallery - pictures few, good, & not crowded together & almost all by one missed so that one did not get utterly bewildered in half an hour- We walked home to luncheon via the ??? market, where were chestnuts steaming, baskets of Nespole beautiful brass lamps, crockery &c &c & then in the afternoon walked out of the city by the Porta Romana, up a grand lax & cypress avenue to some hospital or institution & then by a winding road up & down several hills, in a very roundabout way to S. Miniato. I had forgotten that the Church was such a grand old building with its' raised choir inlaid ambone &c &c also the windows of the latter filed with thin sheets of marble- It is only used as a monastery chapel - the tombs in the adjoining cemetery are hideous enough, with sham paper weeping willows?? in pots, on many of them. I wondered if they were signs of "mitigated grief or extreme 'depths of woe'- The view over Florence was lovely- I went by myself to Alimaries & invested in some few photos of the S. Mark's frescoes- Music & talk after dinner.

Thursday April 17th

Went by myself to Or S. Michele before breakfast - it is part of an old market loggia - the bottom ground floor leaving the Church with 2 storeys above it. A wonderful mosaic & sculpture tabernacle & baldachino within, some nice bits of stained glass in the highly decorated windows, & without canopies filled with fine marble & bronze figures, on the walls, Luca della Robbia ware &c &c.

I also inspected the Piazza d. Signoria more carefully & then returned to breakfast.

Afterwards we all walked to the Pitti Palace enjoying its treasures greatly - the celebrated Murillo did not so much please me, but the Madonna della Seggiola, del Gran Duca, Perugino's Deposition, a still lovelier only by Fra Bartolommeo, a S.J. Baptist of Andrea del Sarto, quite unlike his ordinary colouring, were alone sufficient to make a journey to Florence worth the time & cost.

After luncheon we walked to S. Lorenzo & the Medici chapel, Michael Angelo's work is more wonderful than beautiful- It was a treat tho' to see the wrestlers & other ancient sculpture in the Uffizi palace - one wearies of inlaid pictures, tables, altars &c everywhere. Then to Sta. Maria Novella, where I had only about an hour to study with the help of Ruskin the wonderful frescoes of the Spanish Chapel. Then we had to take Miss Calloway to her singing master, a dear old priest. Mr C & I made some purchases, an earthenware warming-hand pot, made near Pistoia, & a pair of old (Savona?) blue & yellow vases for our Chapel here- It is pleasant to shop with someone else - one can bargain better, disagreeable tho' it be at all times- We also brought a white hat, felt, for 71/2 francs- I wished much to go & see the new imitation Majolica works close to the Porta Romana, but had no time they only base 2ce. a week, & then. Everything is snapped up immediately, I hear - nothing above 1£- nothing less than 1/2 franc.

Whist &c after dinner.

Friday April 18th

Up earlier - out by 7, in a little sunshine at last- walked to the Giardini Pubblici, near S. Miniato, & for about 3/4 hour sketched Florence, with its now rushing yellow river Arno below me & glimpses of snow mountains in the distance- After breakfast some of them went off to the Hotel de la Ville to enquire if anything had been heard of Mrs. Hardy's gold watch, locket, seals &c &c, which she must have lost there - she fancied the baby had hidden them - but it is more likely they were stolen during her packing- A great loss to her, - no good news of them-

It poured hard, but at last Mr & Miss C. & I drove in a cap? (course 1 franc) to the Accademia, which I enjoyed more than all things - we stayed there a good 2 hours, ???in the works of Fra Angelico, Fra F. Lippi; Botticelli, Cimabue, Giotto & a wonderful Epiphany by Gentile da Fabriano. Perugino's Assumption, Agony, &c &c - I saw some really faithful

copies of F. Angelico's Judgement &c. Miss C. shewed me other rooms I had never seen before, full of Angelico's Lippi-

After luncheon it cleared & we took a carriage & drove to the Certosa about 3 miles from Firenze - Many other visitors were there - A pleasant monk, an Italian from S.M. degli Angeli at Rome who had been here about a year, shewed our party & a few others over. There are lovely tombs designed by Orcagna of the 14th or 15th Century & uninjured, such as those in Sta. Croce must have been before they were trodden almost level. I plied the dear man with questions about his Rule, the Government &c &c - he did not seem to mind at all so very much & laughingly replied that he was a servant of the Government whose business it now was to exhibit the Certosa to visitors - their lands many pictures &c have been taken, & they receive a small stipend, they make liqueur & scents wh. they sell in the Farmacia. The cemetery was delicious after the rain- I packed up on reaching home & then at 1/4 to 8 after table d'hôte said goodbye to my kind friends & was off on the bus to the station - pouring again 'a torrenti' - A gentleman had amused me much by bathing incessantly as we walked up the hill in the grounds of the Certosa together, about the change of moon, & what it wd. effect. We left at 8.26, reached Pisa about 10.30, then the train for Genoa shortly came in, & 3 of us jumped into a carriage- Other 2 came in in the night & I slept little. Genoa at 4 - starlight, at 4.17 started for home - woke at Savona about 6 - lovely morning - saw Luigi Guelfi - reached Albergo at 7.40 - got out, walked to the Albergo d'Italia, down an avenue of orange trees which led to the gates of the città & then thro' the streets- After some breakfast I had a look at the old towers, church facades, with their quaint carvings &c, & then wandering 1st West & then East outside the town, picking some Asphodel & Yellow flags, & then returning to the station to catch the Express train home- Arrived at 12- a busy afternoon in the Chapel rearranging vases & screens.

Sunday April 20th

About all new faces at the services - Harmonium cyphering terribly - called on the Aplins after Evensong.

Monday April 21st

Pouring all night & again all today - finding, after breakfast that the water was rushing thro' the wall of the Canal which borders our garden, & flooding our garden, where rivers were running along the paths, & that the ???were getting in danger. I spoke to Alessio to ask if he cdn't do something, he said "impossibile" so I took off my boots, tucked up trousers, Giuseppe came to help me, & Alessio followed meekly, & with a spade to dig up great sods of earth & grass, & with stones, floundering about in the stream, in 1/2 an hour, we dammed up all the bad places- I came in changed wrote &c &c - & paid some calls in the afternoon.

Tuesday April 22nd

Off with Mrs W. by the early train to San Remo, where Dr Terry met us, we had breakfast with him & he finished off my teeth. I spent most of the morning sketching the steps of the Hospital, ending by painting the faces of 3 ragazzi red, black & yellow to their great delight - the 3 little devils ran away with glee to exhibit themselves in the town-

Lunch - train at 2.30 to Ospedalesti & walked home, finding plenty of Gladiolis, Cynthera Aspera & Adonis (Pheasants Eye) on the road, besides a new kind of Star of Bethlehem, a large convolvulus, a curious pink thing (Choris? of the Primrose family on the rocks &c &c- It was very hot home about.

Wednesday 23rd April

Pupil & a long walk with RWC & Mrs W. in the afternoon, via the Bischoffsheim ravine into the Sasso high road, then down to the bridge over the Sasso torrent finding a lovely garlic by the way, about 10 terraces about the bridge on the left- Here I crossed by the bridge, but the others' after vainly attempting to find stepping stones pulled off their boots &c & waded thro' - then up the slopes of Monte Nero where grew a good lot of Cephelanthera Eusifolia, &

home along the top into the fishing bay, all very tired after a 4 1/2 hour walk or more, with few & short rests.

Thursday 24th April

I went off by the 10.20 train to Ventimiglia, finished my sketch by the mouth of the Roya, & also the one up the valley; wet weather prevented Miss Phelps from coming to join me- but it was only a short shower where I was. I went for a short scramble picked a few Hepaticas & returned by the 6 pm train.

Friday April 26th

Mattins at 10.30 & a long walk up the Cima di Monte with Mrs W., RWC, & 2 of the Aplins, a perfect day - we descended to the lovely place under the cliffs, & rested a long while, enjoying soda water, oranges &c - & strolled home under the olives- Views of snow mountains & distant cost of Fréjus all perfectly clear-

Saturday 26th April RWC & I walked up the Santa Croce after dinner, but did not stay there long, as the clouds were gathering & thunder was rolling in the distance - We therefore came straight down into the Valle Crosia valley & walked home by the Strada Romana.

Sunday 27th April Showery in the morning & few at Church- RWC kindly preached for me in the afternoon on the man born blind - as I had taken the subject of the Allegory of the Good Shepherd in the morning & alluded to the miracle wh. introduced our Lord's discourse-

Monday April 28th - We all walked to Sasso in the afternoon & a little farther where the rain stopped as - Mr Hamilton has been kindly naming plants for me & telling me where to find Serapias Lingua, a pretty orchid & other plants - Orchises abound now, 6 kinds of Ophrys, Orchis inceruata, secondifolia, mascula or morio I forget which (& others) one specially curious, a reddish brown one thus SK

Tuesday, April 29th

The beginning of the end for at 10.20 RCW went off - Joseph & I accompanying him as far as Cabbe Roqubrune. The train was very late at Bordighera, & somewhat so starting from Ventimiglia - About 2 or 3 times in every month by starting by the 10.20, which enables one to catch the evening express at Marseilles & reach Paris by 10 or so next morning, & then to catch the tidal train for Boulogne, one can get to London the next evening, i.e. in less than 36 hours - capital travelling- The morning had looked threatening, but by 9.30 it somewhat cleared & later turned out most lovely. Joseph & I having bid RWC adieu, sorry to leave him & more sorry still for Mrs. F's sake at home, sought the upper road, or Corniche wh. diverges from the lower or Monaco road about a mile before Roccabruna- going along the road a little way, we went up a path to the foot of the village & there reached the main road & walked off at once toward La Turbia, - after a considerable detour up a valley we reached a fountain & close by a projecting rock evidently the great place for luncheons, where the view both ways is perfect.

Mentone & away to Bordighera on one side. Monaco & Monte Carlo below one on the other with the tower of La Turbia above- Here we too enjoyed Mrs. W's excellent meal - did anyone every have s such a succession of good luncheons as I have had this last winter? I was anxious to mount a bit, so we had a nice scramble between the precipitous rocks & found a lovely little white kind of snowflake & a blue plant quite unknown to me; also a Campanula on the rocks - But we were pressed for time & got down as fast as we could & found out the nearest route to Monte Carlo station where we arrived hot & tired about 1/4 hour before the 3.12 train (or 3.7) back - heaps of poor gamblers got out of the train - strange to say, the yellow faced woman I had watched with such interest in the Autumn. We walked home from Ventimiglia finding some Orchis on the road in a grass field near the Nervia.

Wednesday, April 30th` Today I had a lesson in crochet from Miss Stubberd - & in the afternoon went with J. for a long walk on the ridge left of the Borghetto valley - we climbed up between B. & Vallebunoa & then kept along the top till opposite Seborca, when we were

obliged to return - here we were well in the firwoods & descending we found some heath in bloom & 2 new kinds of orchis - then a long stony winding walk to Vallebuona, where after some difficulty we discovered, i.e. were shown an osteria, up a flight of steep dark stairs - we asked for vin bon bon bon & had a 1/2 litre for 8 sous of a certainly very good quality indeed- got back rather tired - found also today a beautiful blue pea - 2 little scarlet ones are now getting common.

Thursday - May 1st H.C. & Matins - not a very fine or warm Mayday - Mrs F.'s birthday - a glorious bouquet made for her by Bianca or Alessio - & later in the day a dish of lemon custard from Casa Corradi - I stopped in drawing part of the afternoon, being both tired & rheumatic but later took a short stroll with Mrs. W. to the Capo & had another crochet lesson. Read Mme de Staël's 'Life again, having begun it the night before - made mats & &c - Bought today some of the fishermen's & workmen's cinctures of blue & scarlet - Kittens getting very amusing-

Friday, May 2nd.

Spent the afternoon, which was wet, in calls, lessons &c-

Saturday May 3rd

Went to Venitiglia by 1/4 to 11 to meet Mr G Simeon, Chaplain of S. Michael's Nice - we walked out together both morning and afternoon.

Sunday May 5th

After Evensong we called on the German Countess, a dear old lady. Chapel thinning now - parsons numerous - offertory small-

Monday May 5th

After dinner I took the Miss Browns by carriage to Ospedalette, whence we climbed up Monte Nero, very slowly, enjoying the view & the flowers & finding a few nice orchids- Then along the top & so home by the red house - rather tired, & past 7 o'clock-

Tuesday May 6th

Went out with Mrs W. to the other side of the Borghetto valley, & sketched a bit while she read to Mrs Blackett - Bee orchis is abundant.

Wednesday May 7th

After some calls, went with Giuseppe to the Nevia valley, exploring the meadows & sort of wood between the streams & roads; found wonderful place for flowers - 34 kinds of Orchis, pink nettle, blue iris, Briga Major, Cephalanthera Ensifolia &c &c- May in full blossom - oaks, poplar, medlars &c &c - Home part of the way by the sands - purple stock, pink sea champions &c &c-

At 6.30 I went to Case Corradi to dinner & afterwards I and the Miss Aplins went to Church - During the month of May there is a sermon every night & Rosary or Benediction, & now they were keeping a Novena for S. Ampeglio his arm bone being on the altar in a chasse, surrounded by candles - this idol was censed &c, a litany sung & hymns & then the kneeling congregation of some 250 or more women & 50 or less men were blessed by the relic - the Parocho then preached from the step of the B.V.M.'s altar, but I could not understand him. I thought it all very horrible & was glad to be out again. We read & talked till nearly 10 & I then went home, to find Mrs. F. asleep.

Thursday May 8th

Took Mrs W. to the Paradise in the Nevia valley where we were caught in a storm & got a good wetting, but were met on the road back by Giuseppe with umbrellas.

Friday May 9th

The Bishop of Gibraltar called this morning, furious storm last night; blown away at midday today by violent winds. I sketch a little in the afternoon on the shore of the Capo.

Saturday - May 10th

H.C. at 11.30 in the chapel for the sake of some invalids. The Bp. came. In the afternoon

Mrs. W & I walked, & with some difficulty too up the swollen stream of the Sasso valley, where I wanted to finish a sketch-

Sunday May 11th

Giuseppe collected the Offertory today. I gave notice of the feast of S. Ampelio; to the astonishment of Protestants & Anglicans who are so anti-Roman or so insular that they cannot understand how we can love to rejoice with them that do rejoice, & confess the unity of all without holding to strict doctrines of one kind or another-

Monday May 12th

Went by the 12 train with Mrs. W & Trot, whose ticket cost 30 c. more than ours.! Then we walked up to see the old church by the wall, & so on to the top of the hill on wh. the town & fortress stand, by a winding path commanding glorious views every way- In an hour we reached the old Castel d'Appo, which played an important part in the siege of Ventimiglia 1220, a nice view with 3 towers & some walls & cellars, on the very edge of hill fast crumbling away, the same in character as the clay cliffs & ravines above our various brickfields here, but much larger, deeper & grander - Here sitting on a wall we lunched, looking back to Bordighera & up the Roya valley & I made a little sketch - A neighbouring hill tempted u to go on, & we were glad we did for it was the last part of our range & ended abruptly overlooking a lovely valley down which isinconsiderable tributary of the Roya. We had indeed a splendid view. Mrs W. unfortunately hurt her knee somewhat in a fall coming down the lossely rocky path. On our way back we diverged onto 2 grass fields where were growing abundantly

Orchis Morio

- " Maxiflora
- " Bifolia
- " Conopia
- " Galatea? militaris
- " Variegata?
- " Pyramidalis

Listeria Ovata

Ophrys muscifera?

Apifera?

Arangifera

& 2 other Orchises, beade??

2 kinds of Serapias, a very Paradise of flowers indeed-

We then hastened back to catch the 6 o'clock train home, after a most delightful & successful excursion.

Thursday 13th May

Spent all the afternoon with the Aplins, helping them to arrange their lanterns fr S. Ampelios illumination wh. takes place on the Eve only- We had sand brought by boys, & more we fetched ourselves in bottles & jugs from a great heap in the street close by - with this we half filled the coloured paper cylinders wh. the ladies had made, arranging them on the window-sills, with little tumblers of oil, or specially made earthenware saucers on the top of the sand - We had the top gallery & the open parapet of the Belvedere to furnish also, doing about 90 in all, good hard work- At 8 I was back again to light up, & very pretty it looked, the little Chapel of the Saint was illuminated in the same way - & we walked on to the Capo to see it - while there Mrs W. arrived with the faithful Joe, who told me to look & listen at home, when to my surprise & delight I saw our bell-tower among the olives all ablaze with lanterns & the???clanging furiously - It was Mrs. F's idea & pleasant surprise to us. Imperiale had prepared it all in the afternoon-

Wednesday May 14th.

S. Ampelio - Hermit of the Theleaid, blacksmith by trade, wafted in his westward wanderings to the Italian shore, and that Bordighera where in a case on the shore he is said to have lived & taught & died-

We had our Chapel decorated & H.C. at 8. when I said a few words about the festival & why we sd. keep it right joyously, in order to rejoice with those who rejoiced - I stayed quietly at home in the morning, and calling to go to Episcopal functions in the Church, or to see the Bp. communicate Miss Novara, or confirm, or hear a panegyric - but in the afternoon I went up to the Capo - all our villages & many folk from the neighbourhood were there in holiday attire; at about 5.30 the Procession came out in it's usual order & like all other, except that the thigh bone of the Saint was carried instead of an Image & the Bp. was there - I had been having tea together with a huge part of ladies at the Aplins, but now went on to the Cap to see the sights - the bone was set down on a temporary sort of altar, censed &c &c & the Procession returned to the church where I went in along with a great crowd. The Church was very prettily adorned & looked well with all the candles alight. We sang the Tanhauser saga & the Bishop gave benediction & I believe afterwards preached, tho' I then went home, glad it was over-

Thursday May 15th

A fine day - I paid calls &c & in the afternoon took Mrs Steere & daughter to Valcrosia picking some specimens of the lovely Phalangium Liliago on the way-

It rained heavily when we got in & looked bad for tomorrow, but

Friday May 16th being a fine today, Giuseppe & I started in a great hurry by the 6.40 train for Ventimiglia & then set off waling to try and scale the Berceau- We walked along the Corniche road to the end of the 1st valley, then turned to the right, crossed the stream, wound along the side of the hill till we reached a valley on the left, crossed the stream mounted had to descend & ascend many times, finally recrossed it, & mounted another range of hills, when we found a deep valley stile between us & that hill on the top of which were the light grey limestone cliffs & rocks we sought-

About 11.15 we reached the top of the ridge; the clouds were very troublesome & we only got peeps here & there, we sat by a cross, - inscribed with Italia, & ate & drank, watching Mentone below us & the blue sea - by degrees the clouds cleared a bit, & we began to walk up the ridge leading to one of the highest peaks of the mountain - after a while it became very troublesome, great rocks, & steep & on a fissure nearly stayed us & often we had to descend a bit on our Italian side, for the other was less precipitous & then ascend again - At last, but not till 12.30 we reached the top - view westward glorious - saw the Aiguille de Mont Baudins well, & snow mountains far away. Antibes & the Esterelles looked close - spent half an hour here, having picked a few orchids & a blue squill & then began to descend awkward slippery walk with our umbrellas, bag & basket - great pines here & there among the rocks - We were terribly thirsty & longed for water- We proposed returning by the tributary of the Roza, but after long walking it seemed too far off & we finally got down into the valley or rather the head of the one we had 1st entered in the morning & reached a little village with an unpronounceable name, where the sight of some lemon trees re-excited our desires; at first we saw no-one but passing this found 2 women haymaking & they promised us fresh water & lemons, if we would return to their house, so this we did, & their old father, a most amusing fellow who said he was 93 & had seen 2 centuries, invited us in; large lemons were brought & a crucke of water & a bottle of wine & a little whitey brown most sugar, & we set too indeed - the old mother looked on & smiled, while the man talked much to Giuseppe & finally wished us farewell refusing to be paid anything, but saying how glad he was to see strangers, & that those who didn't love their bretheren didn't love GOD - dear kind people these were indeed-

We reached Ventimiglia Station a little before 6, & took the train home well tired with our 12 hours outing.

Saturday May 17th

I did a little more to a sketch in the afternoon near the Capo - in the early morning we had a terrific thunder & hail storm - about 5 it woke me, with peals & cracks right overhead, & the huge hail stones came down like bullets - in some places as large as walnuts - with a. about the size of marbles at times - Mrs Rose's vines were cut to pieces alas, & in Villa Lozenso garden the artichoke leaves were torn to ribbons leaving only the midriils. I jumped out of bed at last & putting on my Cassock ran upstairs to see the storm better- We had many inches of hail stones on the balcony, the garden & roads were perfectly white with them, & at Villa de Pozzoforte a grand hail man was made wh. had not melted when I saw it late in the day - I have since heard that grievous damage has been done to the vines & fruit at Nizza (i.e. Nice).

Sunday May 18th Same as usual, after Evensong I, the Aplins & Mrs W took Miss Gabb up the tower hill to see the old olives - I have forgotten to say that on S. Ampeglio about 400 Lire was collected in chapel & given me for the fund the German Countess & some of the local authorities are raising to establish a sort of parochial cottage Hospital on the Marina.

Monday May 19th

Mrs Crump & son came over from San Remo, to dine & walk to Ventimiglia orchid hunting, but the train came on in torrents & we did not have a very pleasant time of it in running streets & soaking grass, nor did we at all thoroughly explore the fields - we walked back again by 6, when my companions took the train home & I hope they have not caught colds-

Tuesday May 20th Rain all morning; cleared a bit in the afternoon & I went with 2 of the Miss Aplins flower hunting on the Monte Nero, where we found Limodorum, the leafless orchid, & other pretty & some new things, including a dear little lilac orobanche-

Mrs W. ill today; her mother after several days of more than ordinary prostration being up & a little better - just now all Bordighera are getting poorly, there is sickness at both hotels, & in the villas also, alas-

Wednesday, May 2nd

Walked with Mrs W. to the 'Paradiso' of the Nevia valley, returning laden with 'brake' & flowers for the chapel- Helped by Alessio we made it look very bright for Ascension Day.

Thursday May 22nd

Ascension today. H.C. at 8.30. Mattins fully choral & sermon at 10.30. Sat on the hills and painted my 88th wild flower in the afternoon, & came back to choral evensong at 5.

Friday May 23rd

Walked to Dolce Acqua in 1 3/4 hours with Giuseppe, starting at 1/4 to 1 - sketched there & back by 7.30- There were no new flowers on the road- Coming back we saw a cart in difficulties- the wheel was off, & the poor driver had to get to Pigna that evening - the wonder is, with such a road that any carts keep together- Michele at Bra refuses to take his carriage to Dolceacqua at all-

Saturday 24th

Walked up to the tower on the hill & looked how the white 'Lilium Candidum' was getting on - alas, it wd. not be out for 2 or 3 weeks yet, picked Briza major, which grows abundantly everywhere - larger & more silvery than at home.

Sunday 28th

Chapel getting thin: paid some calls &c-

Monday 26th I was to have gone out with Imperiale, but the weather shewed no signs of clearing the night before & it was an awful morning. Being Miss Aplin's birthday I had promised them H.C. so they came down in a cab through the lakes & torrents. In the afternoon Mrs. W & I called & had tea there. I had sent her a birthday Acrostic on a card, with little news of Bordighera, & she had an exhibition of her presents.

Tuesday 27th

Pouring still, but in the afternoon Mrs. W & I returned to Sandy Lane & found a new leguminous shrub, very sticky, & very beautiful - the back of the petals veined with brown-orange. Abundance of the brilliant *Anchusa Italica*, grasses & other things-

Wednesday May 28th

Rain again - I paid visits & drank tea & had talk with Miss Phelps-

Thursday May 29th Imperiale & I had settled that today it wd. be too wet even if it did clear, for the place was inundated everywhere but as the day proved a lovely one, I cd. not help wishing we had attempted our excursion. Mrs W. & I went by the 4 train to San Remo. The day before Giuseppe had been in to see Cavaliere Pacuzi, the chemist, but a learned botanist & most interesting man, taking a letter from me asking if he cd. help me to name the flowers I had painted. So I went straight up to his house in the old town today, & found him busy making up pills & prescriptions: but he welcomed me & began to look at the drawings wh. he much liked - & he named nearly all for me- Then he shewed me some specimens of narcissus & anemone, wonderfully dried, so as to preserve their natural form & to a great extent colour too - I think they must have been put head downwards in boletas, which were then filled with sand & heated, for I have lately read an a/c of this method of preserving them- I also saw a beautiful Italian work on orchids of the country with coloured plates of all the varieties, in the publication of wh. he had helped- He was very kind & I went away delighted & met Mrs W. & we did a little shopping together, buying some of the common earthenware charcoal burners, which make such admirable pots for ferns - price 1/2 fr. each. We both came & returned with Miss Schmitz.

Friday May 30th

Giuseppe & I walked to Ventimiglia, the weather had broken up again, but it was finer in the afternoon - I wished to explore once more the fields of Castel d'Appio - they were now full of 'Phalangium Liliago' & *Habenaria bifolia* &c - brilliant as even crimson everlasting pea, a new *campanula* &c we also found ?? In Ventimiglia we bought 4 more small brocchi or green water crucher wh. had at length arrived from Marseilles, price 35c. each. & Giuseppe carried them home fastened 2 of them together, on either end of the umbrella- we turned, at least I did, into the Paradiso of the Nevia valley, to get the plant & had seen coming out, & wh. turned out to be a kind of *Digitalis*- Today the Stephens left: but on a/c of the sad news from Turin, of the terrible floods everywhere, railway broken in 3 or 4 places, bridges destroyed, houses carried away, & property & even life lost, they were unable to go that way to Genova, & so started via Marseilles & Lyon-

Saturday May 31st

Mrs W & I took a short walk towards Sasso, looking for white lilies, but finding none in bloom- We came back laden with common scarlet poppies, which the Miss Browns, Miss Schmitz & myself put into the chapel for Whitsunday.

Sunday June 1st

Whitsunday

One celebration of H.C. today at 8.30. A bright happy day with better weather- Paid farewell calls the whole afternoon & hardly saw Mrs F. till the evening. She thought I had quite deserted her. Girolamo Garicio came in the afternoon, & said he wd. come again on Tuesday with some young palm trees & lemons- This last week I had sent him a present of a cake, for his old grandmother, as he had been greatly pleased with a slice he had the previous Sunday of English plum cake. The Sunday before, by the bye, Mr Guelfi from Savona with 3 friends, one from Savona & 2 from Bordighera station paid me a visit & we had a pleasant chat. One man I recognized as having come into our chapel to see our H.C. one day. Tonight - Imple. & I had better hope for our excursion, so I prepared food & went to bed a little earlier than usual. N.B. Fireflies are getting common now.

Monday June 2nd

Twice I woke at 12.30 & 1.30 & saw a cloudy sky but at 1/4 to 3 it was clear starlight & just then I heard footsteps on the gravel & Imperiale came into the garden to wake me - so I got up, tho' it was a little too early, dressed, let him in, made final preparations, & at 3.30 we went to the station & waited for the 3.50 train. Arrived at San Remo we found a café open & had some coffee, & then started walking gently, & enjoying the delicious morning air before sunrise- I unfortunately dropped my watch on the stones, & injured it severely, so that it stopped-

In 2 hours we reached San Romolo - a few new flowers on the road, a leguminous shrub with dull orangeish blossoms being the most interesting- At San Romolo our wood anemones at once appeared, *Geranium Sanguineum* (?) *cephalanthera ensifolia* inside Mr Congreve's gate, & in the meadow I saw orchis maculata, morio, & the glorious yellow-white one of which I had heard from Mr Crump, *P. Provincialis* - 2 new kinds of spurge I also noticed, & a sort of pink or ragged robin in a marshy place - we rested & ate & drank a little of the water-snooze for a hr. or so, & then proceeded - we had not taken the most direct road for the path to Bajardo, tho' a boy pointed out our course, but after a while we came to the place where the path branched r. Y l. left to Perraldo r. to Bajardo & in 20 min or so, we were at the top of the hill, overlooking Perraldo & seeing Bajardo far away & snow mountains clear against a sky already a little after 7 a.m. a wonderfully dark-blue colour- Here we began to meet folk from Bajardo coming with their mules &c to San Remo, so we had no fear of losing the way, & on we went under the cliffs & pine & beech woods of Monte Pignone, & I enjoyed the perus, violets & saxifrages & saw an abundance of the new orchis, & also a lovely little blue flower smelling like forget-me-not - We went slowly & rested once at a spring, so we were fully 2 hours reaching Bajardo, so picturesquely built on the top of a hill- A 1/2 festa was going on, as there was a whole festa at a little distant village belonging to the commune - Men were playing some game of ball in the kind of piazza, many more looking on, & some were already far from sober- At a wineshop we bought a bottle of wine wh. added considerably to the weight of our luggage, & it was now getting hot & we were not so well shaded by the mountains. The keeper of the osteria wd. offer some wine that he might shew hospitality to the visitors, & one man was very troublesome, being exceedingly desirous we sd. spend the day drinking with him, & not go off to Monte Ceppo - After 1/4 hour in Bajardo, & quite enough too, we again started; we saw the green top of Monte Ceppo far off, with only one patch of snow now on it. When first I caught sight of it on nearing Bajardo, I had felt quite afraid to point it out to Imperiale lest his courage sd. fail him & now again I began to fear to tell the truth too. I was getting a little uncomfortably hot & when it was my turn for the bag< I found it a heavy burden-

We overtook a shepherd, who said he was going to M. Ceppo to look for a sheep that had strayed, so we joined company & he & Imple. talked away famously - but I cd. understand very little of their speech- Imples. manner of addressing people throughout the day, when asking the way &c, interested me much - he wd. begin to some uncouth looking countryman "Galant'uomo" or 'amico' & adressed the mistress of the osteria as 'sposa' &c- his manners were very delightful to see, so polite & easy with all - he was to me also a very pleasant companion.

We had little serious uphill now for a long way - first going thro' pine forests & fine high trees they were too - there crossing a ridge, where another valley that must join the Taggia valley ended, as the one in wh. the town of Ceriana is situated ??? at Bajardo. As far as I could make out they map of our route wd. be as follows - denoted xxxxx(sketch map here) When about a mile from Monte Ceppo, grass hills began & with them flowers - I saw what seemed plants of Narcissus on the hills, but for a long while none in bloom; at length lo' & behold one lovely bloom like a large white star - here was the object of our excursion

achieved. I was so glad - new orchids too, gentians, alpine forgetmenot, pansies &c now began to appear, & when we reached the foot of the last steep conical grass slope wh. lead to the summit of Monte Ceppo, the ground was covered with Anemone Sulphurea in masses, both yellow & white-

We wearily climbed the height & then rested at length under the shade of a stone cairn on the top, at 1/4 to 12 - very tired, hungry & thirsty, tho' at first too tired to be really hungry. The clouds kept coming up & covering us, & it was coldish, & we had an occasional peep seawards, but we saw Triora a largish village 2 or 3 hours away to wh. our path went- Monte Ceppo & the immediately surrounding tops are all grass, beautiful pasturage but everywhere else is rock. Not far below us were beechwoods, of the most vivid green. Dogs tooth violet & gentians abounded all around- We & the shepherd soon fell to, nor will his dear black dog soon forget how he got white bread & meat & pastry on the mountain for the 1st time in his life- I think the shepherd much enjoyed his meal - he gave us some of his excellent brown bread in return- When he had finished he lay down & went off to sleep - forgetting his sheep I think - we picked flowers & enjoyed the view for the clouds had mostly rolled away, except towards the higher Mountains Alps- The Esterelle & Lérias islands looked so near us - Bajardo far far away: it had been a good walk indeed. At 1.30 we began to descend - it was hot now - we picked 'Crocus Vernas' in addition to the other things, & on the hillside where the Narcissus grew I at length found plenty- The white & red "Orchis Sambucina" is singularly beautiful - also orchis palustris - Mysotis intermedia - &c &c - We rested once or twice on our way down, left Bajardo to the right, & plodded on talking little, but occasionally having just a mouthful of water to S. Romolo & so home to San Remo without adventure- There we arrived at 7p.m. had some lemonade & hired a carriage to take us home & by 8 o'clock or thereabouts to the surprise of all & the great delight of Giuseppe we were back at dear Villa Rosa displaying our treasures & recounting our adventures.

Tuesday June 3rd. My last day, spent quietly at home, with just a little walk to the Capo in the afternoon - the Rolfes, Phelps &c all came to see the flowers & share them, & I painted some 6 or so very industriously-

Garico came with palms & lemons-

By the bye boats now are daily fishing for coral about 3/4 mile from the Capo - they come from the south & sometimes get great prizes- Imperiale says the men are a nuisance to Bordra. drinking & making a noise in the wine shops every night.

Wednesday June 4th

A last H.C. in Mrs. F's room. Giuseppe's father came with a bag full of magnificent lemons- At 12.30 I bid all goodbye & went off with Imperiale & Giuseppe to Ventimiglia, & with such a lot of luggage - a small black hand bag with provisions &c - a big one with pottery & lemons & mats- a bundle of umbrellas red, white & brown - my great coat - the palms? in ties in my pockets - & a big portmanteau. I had no trouble at the douane - give my good friends a farewell hug, Italian fashion, & about 1.15 was off - I shall not recount the journey - it was not bad to Marseilles - a Dutchman & some French clergy my companions - Marseilles at 9 o'clock-

Started again at 10 only 3 in the carriage - slept well to Lyons at 5.30 - Breakfast then began.

Thursday June 5th The weary way thro' France, reaching Paris at 1/4 to 6. Drove to the other station - had some s??at a restaurant & started at 7.30. Slept fairly to Calais.

Friday June 6th a calm crossing - Charing X at 6 o'clock a regular English day - & drove to my sister's - a day of picture shewing in London &

Saturday June 7th I reached Stoke Rectory where I had started more than 8 months before , little thinking I sd. be away so long, or find all so changed on my return. I must, end, just express here, my deep gratitude to my kind friends in Italy, whose friendship in every way has been so thorough & so true, & to God the Author & Giver of all god things.

Here is a list of Italian flowers, whose names I know - tho' a few I mark as doubtful-

I. Orchidaceae:

Orchis pyramidalis

- " alustris (Monte Ceppo)
- " provincialis. S. Romlo &c)
- " Maculata - (S. Romolo.
- " Moris
- " Sambucina (Mre Ceppo)
- " Laxiflora - (fields near Nevia)
- " olbiensis (from Berçeau)
- " coriophora - (Nervia valley
- " tridentata (Nervia valley wood & Castel d'appio)

Habenaria bifolia.

Gymnadenia conopsia

Serapias lingua

- " longipetala
- " cordigera

Limodorum abortivum - Monte Nero & near old Roman tower abundantly.

Ophrys fusca

- " arachnites?
- " aranifera
- " lutea
- & a little one (not muscifera surely)

Cephalanthera Grandiflore)

or Palleus)

- " Ensifolia

Acerus anthropophora

I also saw Orchis SIMia (or tephrosanthos) a small sort of Habenaria, Orchis intacta, & another = also a large kind early in the spring at Taggia valley &c.

Spiranthes autumnalis &c

II

Iridaceae

Large blue & large white iris the latter at Taggia ???& Diano Marina

Crocus vernus & autumnalis?

III Amaryllidacea or Colchicum?

Narcissus Tazetta

porticus (Mte Ceppo)

Papyraceus

incomparabilis? with very large flowers like tazetta &c.

Leucojum Nicresuse Rocca bruna

IV Asparagacead

Wild asparagus

V Liliaceae

Tulipa Clusiana

& red one.

Lilium Candidum?

Ornithogalum umbrellatum?

" narboneuse - spiked.

Scilla Italica

Allium Hyacinthodes.

" Neapolitarium

" Subhuisatum

" Eoseum

" trighetram - (by old rined house about 1- terraces up hil to C. near bridge in Sasso

valley).

Muscari botryoides

" racemosum?

" comosum

Hyacinthis orientalis

Bellevalia romans

Heryllonium deu scarris

Phalangium liliago

Galdiolus regetum ?

Asphodelus fislutosus

VI

Ranunculaceae

Anemone coronario : blue , red, purple, white single & double.

" Pavonia

" hostensis (steteata?)

" sulphurea

" nemorosa

Stepatica triloba

Adonis Aestivalis

Helleborus foetidus

Nigella damascena

VI(sic)

Leguminosae

Lathyrus utifolius

crimson, yellow &c everlasting peas & blue also

Protalea bituminosa (bushy)

Anthyllis tetraphylla

Tetragonololea silequose

Onobrychis saxatilis fields

Bonjeania hersuta (rocks near sea)

Spartium princeum

Cronillea stipularis

c &c &c &c

Cistaceae

Cistus albidum, red,

" salvifolium, white,

" monspeleisis - small white

Helianthemum roseum &c &c

Fumariaceae
 Fumaria capreolata - small one & others
 Orobanchaceae
 Orobanche cruenta? & 3 or 4 others - a tiny lilac one from Monte Nero - a large one from S.
 Remo & Castel d'Appio abundantly.
 Aristolochiaceae
 Aristolochia rotunda
 Boraginaceae
 Borago officinalis
 Gnaphalium pictum
 Lithospermum caseolopurpureum
 Anchusa Italica
 Ticotia verna?
 Cruciferae
 Rorippa maritima - white sort of cress
 Moricandia aurescens (Ventimiglia everywhere)
 Matthiola incana & & &
 Campanulaceae
 Campanula linifolia
 & others in autumn
 Primulaceae
 Anagallis caerulea
 C. montana
 Gentianaceae
 Gentiana verna
 " acaulis
 Caryophyllaceae
 Silene gallica - little spotted thing Monte Nero & &
 silene sericea - seashore
 Tunica saxifraga?
 a delicious white sweet smelling lychnis & a very sweet lilac & also a pink one - 2 kinds of
 pinks also.
 Euphorbiaceae
 Euphorbia spinosa - little one in clumps up by Villa Rosa watercourse
 " dendroidea Monaco &
 " pinia - Nervia by roadside &
 & a great many more.
 Araceae
 Arisaema vulgare.
 Arum Italicum
 Scrophulariaceae
 Antirrhinum majus
 " praecox
 Dogonostemum oleraceum?
 2 kinds of mullein - 2 figworts, 1 veronica & &
 Compositae
 Calendula arvensis (Marygold)
 Galactites tomentosa - the common thistle
 Eu. dalechampii (the pale yellow dandelion)
 other thistles & &-

Ericaceae

Calluna vulgaris

Erica arborea

-

Oxalis Libyca-

Globulariaceae

Globeularia vulgaris little single flower

" *alyssum* (on the hills)

Myrtus communis

Malraceae

Lavatein arborea & 3 kinds of mallow

Vinca acutiflore

Cerinthe aspera

Aphyllantes monspelicusia

Lettatae

Lavandula strechas

Melithis melysophyllum?

our common garden lavender & several beautiful things in the autumn-

Besides these I may mention 3 kinds of violets at least - a sort of wild pear or medlar on steep rocks in Roya valley. flax, rosemary, ammy leguminous plants & shurbs, 2 daisies, 2 or 3 storkbills, 2 or 3 geraniums, poppies, yellow horned, pink &c - celandine chelidonium - thyme - echium 2 or 3 kinds - Red valerian - 2 beautiful red convolvulus & the large white bindweed - dadder - yellow centaury-

Trifolium stellatum (common) a small kind of Saintfoin.