

S. Julien still leads into the Strada Lunga, the narrowest of carriageable streets, which, till quite modern days, was the great street of the town, where, before the great Revolution, the ladies of Mentone used to sit out and work in the open air, just as the peasants do now, before the doors of the houses or (one is expected to say) "palaces." A letter of the last century describes "the animated appearance" which this gave to the place in those days, the gentlemen stopping to chat with each group as they passed. "Towards evening, all the society walked out to the Cap S. Martin to drink coffee and play at games, under the Aristocrats' Tree," and the nights were enlivened by frequent serenades, which were given under the windows of pretty girls by their admirers. . . . A house near the entrance of the street, marked with the date 1543, is the abode of the Martini family, who have inhabited it ever since its foundation. A neighbouring building on the left, distinguished by its heavy projecting cornices, was a residence of that branch of the Grimaldi which maintained a separate government in Mentone, and afterwards of the Grimaldi Princes of Monaco, when the rest of the family ceded their rights: its chambers are now used as schools. . . . Lower down the street, near the arch called "Il Portico," is the ascent, by a handsome flight of broad steps, to the principal churches of the town. At the top is a platform, overlooking the bay and the red rocks, with the promontories of Ventimiglia and Bordighera. On one side is the large and handsome parish church of S. Michele, the interior of which was entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1887. The other church, prettily covered with stucco work, is dedicated to La Santissima Concezione. Opposite S. Michele is the Hospital, attended by sisters of charity. The gateway by the side of it, with a flight of steps beneath, leads up to the cemetery on the hill top, where amongst other graves we may find that of young J. R. Green, the historian of the English people. On the church steps, in the narrow street, "Sotto Il Portico," and everywhere else in Mentone, you are saluted by the characteristic cries of the donkey-drivers, and jostled by the donkeys themselves, which are the regular household servants of the place, and are used to bring down the olives from the mountains, to carry manure back instead, to tread in the wine-press, to work in

the mills, to bring fuel, to rock the little children in their gently-swaying paniers, to supply milk for the babies, and so on, *ad infinitum*, till at last they die of over-work, or old age, and are eaten up in sausages.



STRADA LUNGA, MENTONE.

'At the end of the Rue Longue is the entrance to the Rue Neuve, where, from a terraced garden on the right, Pope Pius VII. blessed the people as he was returning to Rome, after his long exile in France. An inscription opposite marks the house of General Bréa, born here in 1720. On a house in