

with a highly-painted church, a xiv. c. château, and a curious reef of pointed rocks stretching towards the valley. Passing *Tourette-en-Bas*, the ruined walls of the large village of *Châteauneuf*, now utterly deserted, are conspicuous, cresting a barren hill on the r. There is no interest in the further drive to (22 k. from Nice) the large village of *Levens* (Levenzo), where there was a fortress in Roman times, and where the people put up a monument called



S. ANDRÉ, NEAR NICE.

Boutaou to commemorate their deliverance from the Grimaldi de Beuil (who had tyrannized over them from 1400 to 1621), after the Baron de Beuil had been strangled by order of the Duc de Savoie, for having conspired to deliver Nice to Spain. Small ruins exist of the Grimaldi castle, demolished by popular fury.

Good walkers may leave their carriages at Levens and cross the mountain ridge to (2 hrs. from Levens) *S. Martin du Var* (26 k. from Nice), by a path which has grand views of the 'Seven

Villages of the Var, especially *S. Jeannet* and *Carros* (see p. 533). On the course of the Var, above *S. Martin* (30 k. from Nice), is the curious defile of *Échandan*, but the greater part of the Var scenery is spoilt by the river being usually only a vast dry, stony bed.

A more interesting way is to return from *Levens* along the ridges of the hills, through very wild scenery by the fortified village of *Aspremonte*, an exceedingly picturesque place, with most grand views over sea and land, and thence to reach Nice either by *Cimies* (see p. 539), or by *S. Romain*, a lovely spot, with old houses and a gaily-painted campanile amongst groves of ancient olive trees. Hence one may descend upon *Les Scires* and



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drive home by the lanes of *S. Augustin*, or one may follow the ridges of the hills above the *Magnan*, which have glorious views of snowy peaks above the nearer purple hills, and where the *Pin de Bellet* marks the summit of a hill covered with vineyards producing the famous wine of the name. This walk, which brings the excursionist down at the extreme W. end of Nice, may recall the lines of Delille—

'Oh, Nice, heureux séjour, montagnes renommées,
De lavende, de thyme, de citron parfumées,
Que de fois sous tes plants d'oliviers toujours verts,
Dont la paleur s'unit au sombre azur des mers,
J'égarai mes regards sur ce théâtre immense.'

'Jardins.'