

Hotels: Eastern Bay, *Italie* and *Bellevue*—both beautifully situated in high, sunny, terraced gardens, and with lovely views; *des Anglais*; *Grande Bretagne*; *Grand*; *Beaurivage*; *Pension Santa Maria*; *Pension Beausite*, on the shore. Western Bay, or western side of the town, *des Îles Britanniques*; *du Louvre*; *des Ambassadeurs*; *Continental*; *Alexandra*; *Splendid*; *Cosmopolitan*, and many others. The hotels in the town itself are especially subject to bad odours.

*Carriages.* By a tariff—most exorbitantly dear for the excursions.

Mentone, sheltered by its Alpine background from the N. and E. winds, and surrounded by groves of lemons, oranges, and olives, is much frequented by invalids as a winter residence. Up to 1860 it was a picturesque fishing town, with a few scattered villas let to strangers in the neighbouring olive groves, and all its surroundings were most beautiful and attractive; now much of its two lovely bays is filled with hideous and stuccoed villas in the worst taste. The curious old walls are destroyed, and pretentious paved promenades have taken the place of the beautiful walks under tamarisk groves by the sea shore. Artistically, Mentone is vulgarised and ruined, but its dry, sunny climate is delicious, its flowers exquisite, and its excursions—for good walkers—are inexhaustible and full of interest.

The history of Mentone is chiefly that of its petty tyrants of the families of Vento, Grimaldi, and Lascaris. Early in the xvi. c. it was united by Lucien Grimaldi to Monaco, of whose princes it continued to suffer the exactions till 1848, when it proclaimed itself a free town under the protection of Sardinia. Then, for thirteen years, it enjoyed absolute liberty, and only paid taxes to itself. In 1860 it threw away its freedom, language, and traditions to become

French. The evil-smelling town has been much modernised of late years, especially by the ugly promenade, which has destroyed the character of the western bay, and much of that of the eastern. On the crest of the hill above Mentone, joining the cemetery, are some fragments of the mediæval castle of *Poggio Pino*, a stronghold of the Counts of



MENTONE, FROM HÔTEL D'ITALIE.

Ventimiglia, and at the end of the little promontory occupied by the town is the *Fort*, a small yellow wave-beaten castle, whose picturesqueness has been recently destroyed by a modern pier.

‘From the upper terrace, on the E. of the town, beneath the Hôtels Bellevue and Italie, the much-modernised gateway of