

a winding road of great beauty; but the rugged, stony footpath which turns aside from the centre of the Mentone street has even more picturesqueness.

'As we enter the pine woods, the mountains develop new beauties at every step, and most lovely is the view towards evening, when the blue peaks of S. Agnèse, with its Saracenic castle on their highest summit, are seen relieved by the red stems of the old pine-trees, and the rich undergrowth of heath and myrtle. The trees are full of linnets, which the natives call "trenta-cinques," from the constant sound of their note, being "trenta-cinque, trenta-cinque," and as the path is a highway to the mountain olive-gardens, the air resounds with the cries of the donkey drivers, "Ulla" (Allez) and "Isa" (for shame), remonstrances which the donkeys constantly require to induce them to amble on with their heavy burdens of oil-casks or loads of olives and wood, and, in addition to these, one or two children often clinging on behind. All the peasants turn round to salute those they meet, with a pleasant "bon jour," and a kindly feeling towards strangers, contrasting favourably with their reputation at the end of the last century, when the inhabitants of Castellare were celebrated for their cruelty, and the cupidity which led them to murder numbers of emigrants, escaping into Sardinia during the French Revolution, by the unfrequented paths of these desolate mountains.

'Castellare is 1,350 ft. above the sea, and a conspicuous object long before you reach it. The steep path ends near the entrance to the central of its three dirty little streets. A coloured campanile is perched upon a housetop near the entrance, and several dingy chapels belonging to different confraternities, remain with closed doors and grated windows, through which you may descry decaying pictures, and the collection of tinselled lanterns and ragged banners, which are left to rust and moth till the next annual festa of their patron saint, when they are carried out in grand procession. The miniature piazza contained an abode of the once famous family of Lascaris, which ruled this, with almost every other mountain village in the neighbourhood. On one side is the principal church with its tall red tower, and in the little valley below, are two old chapels

dedicated to S. Antonio and S. Sebastiano, the latter a very old romanesque building, with a circular apse. Turning off by this chapel, another path may be taken in returning to Mentone, which comes out above the cemetery. . . Castellare has still many traces of the Spanish government, and "Usted" —your worship—still takes here the place of "Signor" or "Monsieur."—'*A Winter at Mentone.*'

The mountain peaks of the *Berceau* and *Gran' Mondo* are easily visited from Mentone in the day by way of Castellare, to which point, and as far as the Saracenic fortress of Old Castellare, donkeys may be taken. The ascent of the *Gran' Mondo* is fatiguing.

'The view from the summit is magnificent; on the N., across a gulf of green pines, is the glorious line of snowy peaks, with their purple children beneath; on the E., a ruin, probably of a Saracenic stronghold, crowns a neighbouring crag, and below is the stony bed of the *Roya*, winding away to *Ventimiglia*; on the W. are swelling blue mountains, amongst which rises the castellated rock of S. Agnèse; and on the S., amid rolling clouds, stands the *Berceau*, black in the afternoon shadow, and, above it, the vast expanse of the Mediterranean, beyond the horizon of which, if you stand watching towards sunset, one after another of the snowy peaks of Corsica will slowly reveal themselves.'—'*A Winter at Mentone.*'

#### 10. *Grimaldi and Ciotti.*

'Beyond the brown tower, which stands on the point above the *Rochers Rouges* (and is now enclosed in the beautiful garden of Dr. Bennet) a steep little path ascends to the village of *Grimaldi*, whose broad, sunny terrace is as Italian a scene as any on the *Riviera*, for it is crossed by a dark archway, and lined on one side by bright houses, upon whose walls yellow gourds hang in the sun, with a little church, painted pink and yellow, while the other is overshadowed by old olive-trees, beneath which busy peasants are always grouped around an old moss-grown bake-house, and below which is seen the broad expanse of sea, here deep blue, there gleaming silver-white in the hot sunshine,