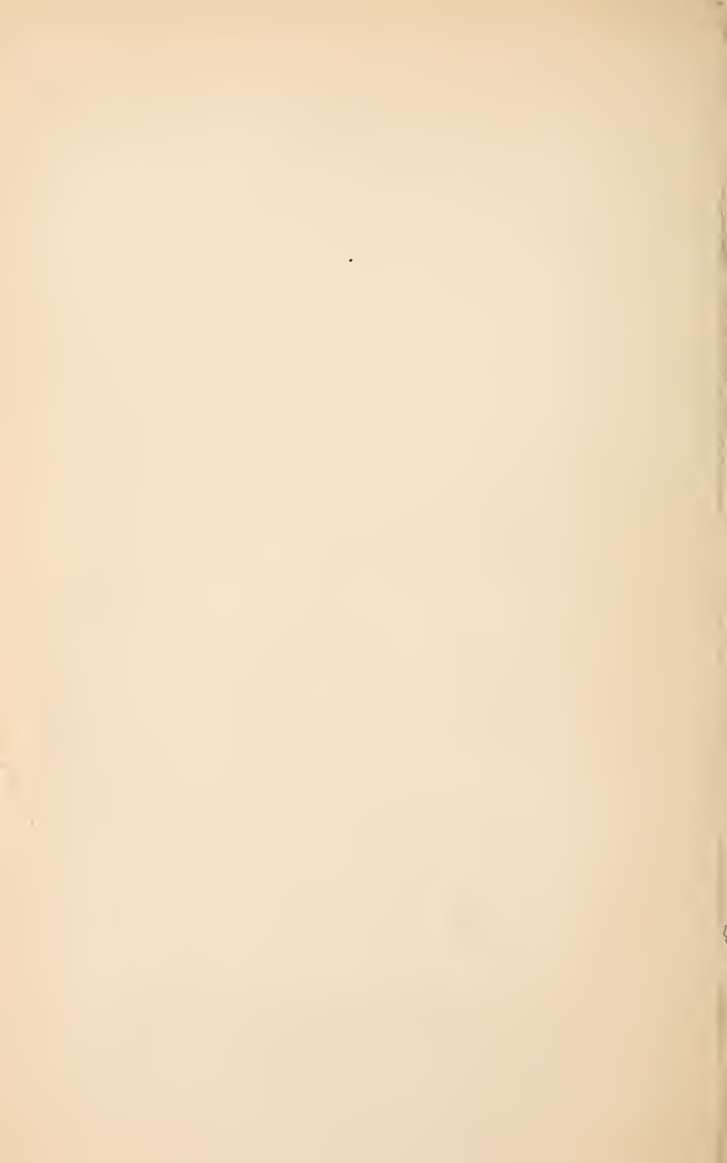


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THE RIVIERAS





# THE RIVIERAS

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF 'WALKS IN ROME,' 'DAYS NEAR ROME,' ETC.

WITH SIXTY-SEVEN WOODCUTS

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

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## CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. INTRODUCTORY . . . . .	I
II. MARSEILLES TO CANNES . . . . .	5
III. CANNES . . . . .	27
IV. NICE AND MONACO . . . . .	50
V. MENTONE . . . . .	82
VI. BORDIGHERA . . . . .	100
VII. S. REMO . . . . .	112
VIII. ALASSIO AND ALBENGA . . . . .	128
IX. SAVONA AND PEGLI . . . . .	136
X. GENOA . . . . .	142
XI. THE RIVIERA DI LEVANTE . . . . .	180
XII. SPEZIA . . . . .	194
INDEX . . . . .	203

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# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
MONTMAJOUR . . . . .	2
PONT S. FLAVIEN, S. CHAMAS . . . . .	3
S. VICTOR, MARSEILLES . . . . .	10
HYÈRES . . . . .	17
FROM S. MAXIME . . . . .	18
S. TROPEZ . . . . .	20
CHEMIN DE GRIMAUD . . . . .	21
CHÂTEAU DE GRIMAUD . . . . .	23
FROM MAISON S. FRANÇOIS, CANNES . . . . .	28
MAISON S. FRANÇOIS, CANNES . . . . .	29
VILLA NEVADA, CANNES . . . . .	30
BOCCA WOOD, CANNES . . . . .	31
S. CASSIEN . . . . .	32
S. HONORAT, ÎLES DES LERINS . . . . .	36
LE PONT-À-DIEU . . . . .	41
ANTIBES . . . . .	43
FORT OF ANTIBES . . . . .	44
CAGNES . . . . .	45
CARROS . . . . .	46
S. POL . . . . .	48
NICE FROM CHÂTAIGNIER . . . . .	52
VILLAFRANCA . . . . .	54
THE CRUCIFIX OF CIMIES . . . . .	55
S. BARTHÉLEMY, NEAR NICE . . . . .	56
IN THE GARDEN OF VILLA ARSON . . . . .	57
S. ANDRÉ, NEAR NICE . . . . .	59
ASPREMONTE . . . . .	61
THE ASCENT TO PEGLIONE . . . . .	62
PEGLIONE FROM THE EAST . . . . .	63

	PAGE
EZA . . . . .	64
MONACO . . . . .	71
CONVENT OF LAGHETTO . . . . .	78
MENTONE FROM HÔTEL D'ITALIE . . . . .	84
STRADA LUNGA, MENTONE . . . . .	85
PONT S. LOUIS, MENTONE . . . . .	87
PEGLIA . . . . .	92
CASTIGLIONE . . . . .	94
GRIMALDI . . . . .	97
VENTIMIGLIA . . . . .	98
AT BORDIGHERA . . . . .	101
SASSO . . . . .	105
DOLCEACQUA . . . . .	107
APRICALÈ . . . . .	108
S. MICHELE . . . . .	109
AT REBEKAH'S WELL, NEAR BORDIGHERA . . . . .	110
AT S. REMO . . . . .	113
AT S. REMO . . . . .	115
AT S. REMO . . . . .	117
GLEN AT S. REMO . . . . .	119
COLLE . . . . .	120
LAMPEDUSA FROM TAGGIA . . . . .	121
CASTELLARO . . . . .	122
LA MADONNA DI LAMPEDUSA . . . . .	123
APPROACH TO BADALUCCO . . . . .	124
BADALUCCO . . . . .	125
CERIANA . . . . .	127
S. STEFANO AL MARE . . . . .	129
CATHEDRAL OF ALBENGA . . . . .	131
AT SAVONA . . . . .	137
CLOISTER OF S. MATTEO, GENOA . . . . .	158
STAIRCASE OF PALAZZO DELL' UNIVERSITÀ, GENOA . . . . .	168
SEA FORT, RAPALLO . . . . .	185
APPROACH TO SESTRI . . . . .	191
THE PASS OF BRACCO . . . . .	192
GATE OF PORTO VENERE . . . . .	196
LERICI . . . . .	197
MASSA DUCALE . . . . .	200

# THE RIVIERAS

## CHAPTER I

### *INTRODUCTORY*

**T**RAVELLERS to the south of France generally hurry straight through to Marseilles, and the winter season will not tempt them to linger. In warm weather there is much worth visiting on their way. In the northern part of their route, the best halting-places for two nights are Sens, with an excursion to Villeneuve sur Yonne; Tonnerre or Montbard, for the great Burgundian châteaux of Tanlay and Ancy le Franc, and the Abbey of Fontenay; Dijon, with excursions to Fontaine, Bussy Rabutin, and Beaune; Macon, with excursions to Cluny and Paray le Monial; Villefranche, for Ars and its sacred memories; Lyons, with an excursion to Vienne.

After leaving Lyons, the most attractive resting-places are Valence, with its excursion to Cruas, Rochemauré, and Viviers; Montelimar, with its excursion to the celebrated Château de Grignan; the excursion to S. Paul trois Châteaux and S. Restitut from the station of Pierrelatte; Orange and the excursion to Vaison; Avignon, with the excursions to the (1) Pont du Gard, (2) Carpentras and Venasque, (3) Vaucluse, (4) Cavaillon and the Abbey of Silvacane, and (5) Tarascon.

From Arles, with Aliscamps and Montmajour in its immediate neighbourhood, there are even a more interesting series of excursions to (1) Les Baux, the Petra of

France, (2) the beautiful Roman remains at S. Remy, (3) the curious Byzantine church of S. Gilles, (4) S. Maries de la Mer, the capital of the Camargue.

S. Chamas, with its fine Roman bridge, may be visited



Montmajour.

between Arles and Marseilles. All these places are fully described in 'South-Eastern France.'

On emerging from the Tunnel de la Nerte, the Mediterranean appears on the r., and Marseilles, overlooked by its Chapelle de la Garde, and its islands of the Château d'If, the rocky Pomègue and Ratonneau, are seen in the distance.



‘ En parvenant aux derrières hauteurs qui dominent Marseille, on est saisi subitement d’un spectacle magnifique, qui, enflammant Joseph Vernet, lui révéla son génie et sa vocation. Deux grandes chaînes de rochers s’entr’ouvrent, embrassent un vaste espace, et, se prolongeant dans la mer, viennent expirer très avant dans les flots. Marseille est enfermée dans cette enceinte. Lorsque, arrivant du Nord, on parvient sur la première chaîne, on aperçoit tout à coup ce bassin immense ; son étendue, son éblouissante clarté vous saisissent d’abord. Bientôt après on est frappé de la forme du sol et de sa singulière végétation.



Pont S. Flavien, S. Chamas.

Il faut renoncer ici aux croupes arrondies, à la parure si riche et si verdoyante des bords de la Saône et de la Garonne. Une masse immense de calcaire gris et azuré forme la première enceinte ; sur chaque hauteur s’élèvent des bouquets de pins d’Italie qui forment d’élégants parasols d’un vert sombre et presque noir. Des oliviers au vert pâle, à la taille moyenne, descendent le long des coteaux et contrastent, par leur petite masse arrondie, avec la stature élancée et le superbe dôme des pins. À leurs pieds croît une végétation basse, épaisse et grisâtre. C’est la sauge piquante et le thym odorant, qui, foulés sous les pieds, répandent un parfum si doux et si fort.

‘ Au centre du bassin, Marseille, presque cachée par un coteau long et fuyant, se montre de profil, et sa silhouette, tantôt cachée dans la vapeur, tantôt apparaissant entre les ondulations du sol, vient se terminer dans l’azur des mers par la belle tour de Saint-Jean. Au couchant, enfin, s’étend la Méditerranée, qui pousse dans les terres des lames argentées. La Méditerranée, avec les îles de Pomègue et de Ratonneau, avec ses flots calmes ou agités, éclatants ou sombres, et son horizon immense où l’œil revient et erre sans cesse en décrivant des arcs de cercle éternels.’—*Thiers, ‘Le Midi de la France.’*

The hillsides are all sprinkled with cottage-villas, called *bastides*, before reaching

863 k. *Marseilles*.

## CHAPTER II

### MARSEILLES TO CANNES

‘Luce e fiore! Ecco in due parole sintetizzata la Cornice.’

—*Le Cento Città d’Italia.*

[*Omibus*: those of Hôtels du Louvre, de Noailles, de Marseille, and des Colonies, 1 fr. 50 c. ; the others 1 fr.

*Carriages* with two places, 1 fr. 25 c. by day, and 1 fr. 50 c. by night for the course ; 2 fr. 50 c. the hour. With four places, 1 fr. 75 c. by day, and 2 fr. by night the course : 2 fr. 75 c. by day, and 3 fr. 50 c. by night, the hour. Each package, 25 c.

Hotels : *de Noailles*, 24 Rue de Noailles ; *de Marseille*, 28 Rue de Noailles ; *du Louvre et de la Paix*, Cannebière prolongée—these are the three leading hotels in Marseilles, all sumptuous and expensive ; *des Colonies*, 15 Rue Vacon (close to the Cannebière), is old-fashioned, and very clean and comfortable ; *l’Orleans*, Rue Vacon ; *du Petit-Louvre*, 16 Rue Cannebière ; *de l’Univers*, 1 Rue du Jeune Anacharsis. At the station is the great *Terminus* hotel.

*Post Office*, 53 Rue Grignan.]

**A** DRIVE of two or three hours will usually be considered quite enough to give an impression of Marseilles—the metropolis of the Mediterranean shore. The town has few objects of interest. No one would linger here for pleasure. The air is clear and the climate dry ; but Marseilles is unendurable when the mistral blows—the terrible wind, to which the ancient inhabitants erected altars, as to a savage divinity. ‘Marseille a livré au mistral le dernier grain de sa poussière,’ says Méry. It is not, however, entirely unwelcome, as it purifies the air, and drives away the fevers engendered by the dirtiness of the streets in this and in many other southern towns.

The city is divided by two great arteries under varying names, and its most central point may be said to be the Rue Cannebière, which, with its continuation of the Rue de Noailles, is the handsomest street in Marseilles, and the principal street leading to the old port. To the N. of this is the old town, in which the principal artery is the modern Rue de la République, whilst to many of its narrow tortuous older streets a description of the last century may still be applied.

‘On risque d’être couvert d’ordures dans les rues étroites, mal pavées, et fort sales. Faute de commodités, on jette tout par les fenêtres, sans autre avertissement que le mot : *Passerés*, qui arrive souvent trop tard.’—‘*Voyage du Père Labat*, 1709.’

The Latin name of the town was Massilia ; the Provençals of the Middle Ages called it Marsillo. It is believed to have been of Phœcean origin.

‘L’an 600 avant J. C., un vaisseau, parti de la ville ionienne de Phocée, jeta l’ancre dans un golfe de la côte gallo-ligurienne, à l’est des bouches du Rhône. Ces rivages appartenaient aux Ségobriges, un des clans gaulois qui s’étaient maintenus dans le pays depuis l’établissement des Ligures. Nann, chef ou roi des Ségobriges, mariait ce jour-là sa fille ; il fit aux étrangers un accueil hospitalier, et les invita au festin. Suivant la coutume de ces peuples, la jeune vierge choisissait librement un époux entre ses prétendants réunis autour de la table de son père. Sur la fin du repas, d’après l’usage, la fille de Nann paraît, une coupe à la main ; elle promène ses regards sur l’assemblée, s’arrête en face du chef des Grecs et lui tend la coupe.

‘Nann crut reconnaître, dans le choix de sa fille, l’ordre des puissances célestes ; il salua son hôte comme son gendre, et lui donna pour dot la plage où les Grecs avaient pris terre. L’heureux voyageur construisit sur une petite presqu’île du golfe une ville qu’il appela Massalie.’—*Henri Martin*, ‘*Hist. de France*.’

The early Marseilles was a republic governed by a council of fifteen. Having risen to great power and importance, it assisted the Romans to destroy Carthage and conquer Liguria. But having taken part with Pompey, it underwent a terrible siege from Caesar, who destroyed

its fortifications, deprived it of its colonies, and occupied it by a Roman garrison. The town early received Christianity, some say from Lazarus of Bethany, others from S. Victor, martyred *c.* 288. Ravaged by Visigoths, Burgundians, Saracens, and pirates, the X. c. found it almost in ruins; but in 1112 it reconstituted itself a republic, with the exception of the 'ville haute,' which was ruled by the bishop, and the faubourg governed by the abbot of S. Victor. Thus in the Middle Ages there were three separate towns. In 1256 they were taken by Charles d'Anjou, in 1423 by Alphonso of Arragon; but in 1524 the courage and devotion of its women saved it when it was besieged by the Connétable de Bourbon. Under Louis XIV. it was united to France.

The custom prevailed here till recently of parading an ox with a little John Baptist through the streets three days before the Fête Dieu. Nurses used to make their children kiss the muzzle of the ox to preserve them from toothache.

The Cannebière takes its name from *rope-walks* (Latin, *cannabis*; Provençal, *cannébe*). At its entrance is the *Bourse*, built 1852-60, from designs of Costa. 'Si Paris avait la Cannebière,' say the natives, 'Paris serait un petit Marseille.'

Those who spend a single day at Marseilles may (in the morning) take a carriage, or the tramway cars (10 c.) marked 'Longchamp,' from the Bourse or Cannebière, by the handsome Rue de Noailles and the Allée de Meilhan, planted with plane trees. On the l. we see the *Cours Belsunce*, commemorating Monsignor de Belsunce, a bishop who nobly devoted himself to the people during the plague of Oct. 1721. His statue, by Ramus, stands on the spot where, with bare feet and a cord round his neck, he celebrated mass when the danger was at its height. The Cours ends in the *Arc de Triomphe*, built 1825-32, in honour of the conquerors of Trocadero.

The modern *Church of S. Vincent de Paul* is from

designs of the Abbé Pouguet. It is a noble Latin cross, with lofty aisles and chapels beyond them. The windows of the clerestory are filled with stained glass.

Here the Longchamp tramway may be taken again by the Cours du Chapitre and the Boulevard de Longchamp to the splendid *Palais des Arts*, built since 1860, from designs of the native architect, Henri Espérandieu. The waters of the Durance are made to fall between great bulls below a group of statuary in the central pavilion, which is connected by open semicircular porticoes with two vast wings containing the museums. The parapet is feeble and the details are insignificant, but the rush of water over artificial rocks between masses of evergreens is magnificent, almost as fine as the fountain of Trevi before the change of government of Rome, and far finer than it is now. The Palais du Trocadero, at Paris, is a very feeble imitation of this building. The *Musée des Beaux Arts*, open daily from 8 to 12 and 2 to 6, except Mondays and Fridays, contains one of the best provincial collections in France, though it has such noble halls as are worthy of still better contents. The pictures are named, but not arranged in the order of their numbers. The lower halls are devoted to the French school. The central hall on the first floor contains works of the old masters, and some by native artists; we may notice, when we meet with them:—

52. *Françoise Duparc*. La Vieille.

54. *F. Duparc*. La Tricoteuse—a very charming picture.

133. *Nattier*. Mme. de Pompadour as Aurora.

166–171. Pictures of merit by the native artist *Pierre Puget*.

237. *Tocqué*. Le Comte de S. Florentin.

238. *Domenico Feti*. The Guardian Angel.

\*331. *Perugino*. La Famille de la Vierge—the best picture in the collection. The Virgin and Child are throned with S. Anne behind them. At the sides are SS. Mary Cleopas, Mary Salome, Joachim and Joseph, with six lovely children.

336. *Zurbaran*. A Franciscan Monk.

\*397. *Rubens*. Boar Hunt.

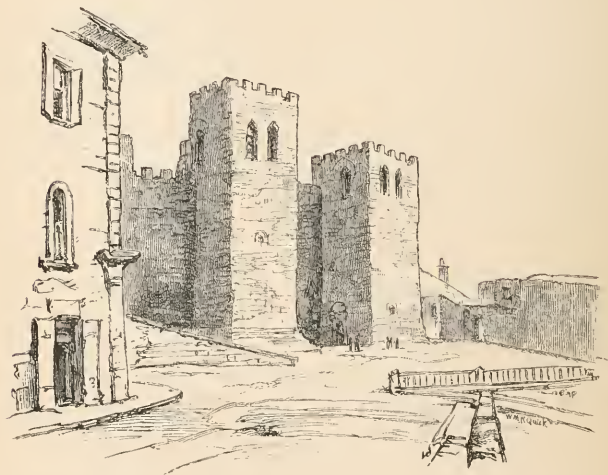
In the opposite wing are the *Collections of Natural History* (open on Sundays and Thursdays to the public, daily to strangers). They are admirably arranged. Perhaps owing to the position of Marseilles, the collection of conchology is unusually perfect. From the colonnades of the Palace is a fine view, Notre Dame de la Garde on its rugged hill rising above the houses. Behind is a public garden, opening on the r. to the charming *Zoological Gardens* (1 fr.), with pleasant mountain views.

It will be best to take the tram back to the Cannebière, and one of the open omnibuses to La Joliette. Here, close to the docks, we see a huge mosque rising, which seems to have been imported direct from Constantinople. This is the modern *Cathedral*, nobly placed on a platform overlooking the port with its piers. It is built of alternate courses of white and pale green stone. The vast interior is even more like a mosque, with its yellow and red marble walls, its grey, black, and dark-red pillars, and its white marble cornices, balustrades, and capitals. The original architect of the cathedral was Léon Vaudoyer, upon whose death, in 1872, the work was intrusted to his pupil, Espérandieu, and when he died, two years after, to M. Révoil. The first stone was laid by the Prince President in 1852, though the work was not actually begun till 1858. Since then it has progressed very slowly. The cost has already amounted to twelve million francs, and two million more will be required to complete the work, without counting the cost of furnishing, and an additional four hundred thousand for the sacristies. A fragment of the old cathedral of *La Major* (S. Marie Majeure) on the N. is to be destroyed whenever the new edifice is finished. Here, and in other old churches of Marseilles, the Passion was played with marionettes till 1760.

The Rue de la Cathédrale leads to *Place de Lenche*, containing a mansion which belonged to the family of Mirabeau, and where Louis XIV. and Anne of Austria

stayed. Those who wish to see something of the old town may return towards the Cannebière by the Rue Caisserie and Grande Rue, which will take them under the Hôtel Dieu, or they may take an airier way by the W. side of the Vieux Port.

‘Le port est une de ces choses qu’on ne trouve que là.’—*Charles de Brosses, 1739.*



S. Victor, Marseilles.

The bodies of the Mameluks, pensioners of Napoleon I., so cruelly murdered by the Marseillais after the second fall of the Emperor, for having presumed to rejoice over his return from Elba, were thrown into this port.

In the afternoon<sup>1</sup> we may turn by the Quai du Rive

<sup>1</sup> An omnibus runs from the Bourse to Notre Dame de la Garde, passing very near S. Victor.



Neuve along the E. side of the Port, to where, opposite the Bassin de Carénage, a long staircase leads up to a terrace, on which rise, like a fortress, the black, massive, castellated towers of the curious old *Church of S. Victor*, remnant of the famous abbey, founded by S. Cassien in 410, destroyed by the Saracens, rebuilt 1040, again destroyed, and finally rebuilt 1200-79, and fortified by Urban V. in 1350, of which date is the existing tower. In the catacombs of S. Victor it is said that S. Lazarus lived, and that S. Victor is buried with his companions in martyrdom. The crypt, belonging to the earliest church on the site, communicates with a number of galleries and chapels cut in the rock, and once contained many early Christian tombs, now absurdly removed to the Museum. Urban V. was abbot of S. Victor before he was pope, and he is buried here.

The Rue d'Andoune and Boulevard Tellène lead up from S. Victor to the bare rocky hill—a noble position ill occupied by the ugly pilgrimage church of *Notre Dame de la Garde*, rebuilt 1864, on the site of an old chapel of 1214, and filled with ex-votos. The view is exquisite over the town and sea.

‘Notre Dame de la Garde est à la fois un fort et une église. Le fort est en grand mépris parmi les ingénieurs. L'église est en grande vénération parmi les marins.

‘Il résulte de cette vénération dans laquelle est demeurée l'église, et de ce discrédit où est tombé le fort, que celui-ci n'a plus aujourd'hui que des madones pour ouvrages avancés, et des pénitents pour garnison. Il est vrai que, si l'on s'en rapporte à la quantité d'*ex-voto* suspendus dans sa chapelle, il y a peu de vierges aussi miraculeuses que Notre Dame de la Garde : aussi est-ce à elle que tous les mariniers provençaux ont recours dans l'orage ; et, le beau temps arrivé, selon que la tempête a été plus ou moins terrible, ou que le votant a eu plus ou moins peur, le pèlerin lui apporte, pieds nus, en marchant sur ses genoux, l'*ex-voto* qu'il lui a promis. Une fois le vœu fait, il est au reste religieusement accompli ; il n'y a peut-être pas d'exemple qu'un marin, si pauvre qu'il soit, ait manqué à sa promesse. La seule chose qu'il se permette peut-être, c'est, quand il n'a pas désigné positivement la matière, de donner de l'étain pour de l'argent et du cuivre pour de l'or.’—*Alexandre Dumas*.

The handsome promenade of *Le Prado* may be visited after the descent. Here, in the Château Borély, is the *Musée des Antiques*, containing a vast number of Roman and other antiquities, including the IV. c. high-altar of S. Victor, which had a much greater interest whilst left in the church.

The *Promenade de la Corniche*, following the shore for a distance of 7 k., abounds in beautiful views.

An excursion may be made by boat to the *Château d'If*, the state-prison built by François I. The chamber is shown where Mirabeau was imprisoned by order of his father. At 3 k. are the dreary isles of *Pomègue* and *Ratonneau*. The *Île du Planier*, with its lighthouse, is seen in the far distance.

Omnibuses (50 c.) leave the Cours Belsunce for the suburb of *Les Aygalades*. The road passes the XVIII. c. *Château de S. Joseph*, once inhabited by Charles IV. of Spain, now a Pensionnat of the Sacré-Cœur. The *Château des Aygalades*, built by the Maréchal de Villars, was for some years the residence of Barras. Near the village is a hermitage once inhabited by Monks of Mount Carmel, who came from Palestine in the XIII. c. At the entrance of the village is a (restored) bastide which belonged to King René.

Artists will go to paint the beautiful view of Marseilles and its islands near the station of S. Antoine, 10 k., on the way to Aix.

On leaving Marseilles by the coast railway, it will be seen how all the life of Provence is on the seashore: the inland towns are asleep. The hillsides near Marseilles seem powdered with bastides.

‘Les Provençaux sont fiers de leurs bastides; il n’y a vraiment pas de quoi: prétention et misère, c’est le caractère de toutes ces maisons. La bastide a de plus un agrément remarquable, c’est que, sous un ciel généralement pur et sur un sol désastreusement sec, elle est une éponge salpêtrée qui trouve moyen de ne jamais sécher.’—*George Sand*.

7 k. *La Pomme*. Close to this, at *S. Dominique*, is the bastide of *Casaulx*, which belonged to the family of Clary, of which one daughter married Bernadotte, the other Joseph Bonaparte.

12 k. *S. Menet*, the station for the sulphuric baths of *Camoins*. To the N.E. is seen *Mont Garlaban*, which serves as a thermometer to the district: when its top is lost in mist, it will rain, according to the distich:—

‘Garlaban a son capeou  
Pren ton sa, saouve ti leou.’

The villages have the picturesque red roofs and curved tiles of Provence, and the nearer hills, with their rich vegetation—firs above, olives below—become very beautiful before reaching Aubagne. The country is much changed since Arthur Young travelled along it, and wrote, “Ninety-ninths are waste mountain, and a wretched country of pines, box, and miserable aromatics.”

17 k. *Aubagne*. A fountain opposite the Hôtel de Ville commemorates the Abbé Barthélemy, author of the *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce*. The outline of the mountain background is very striking.

8 k. E. is the Cistercian *Abbey of S. Pons*, founded 1205, and ruined XV. c. 5 k. E. is the rich valley of *Gemenos*.

‘O riant Gemenos, ô vallon fortuné,  
J’ai revu ton coteau de pampres couronné,  
Que la figue chérit, que l’olive idolâtre,  
Étendre en verts gradins son riche amphithéâtre.’

*Détille, ‘L’Homme des Champs.’*

[Hence there is a branch line to Aix. From the station of Auriol, or that of S. Maximin, the very important excursion to *La Sainte Baume* may be made. See ‘South-Eastern France.’]

27 k. *Cassis*, the ancient *Carsicis Portus*. The town is 3 k. S.S.W. of the station, which is on a bare rocky height. Everything has a dusty, stony aspect. As the train descends there is a view of the bay of—

37 k. *La Ciotat*. The town, 4 k. S.W. of the line (at the foot of the picturesque triple rock called the *Bec de l'Aigle*), which possesses the workshops of the Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes, was founded 1851. A little N. of the station is *Ceyreste*, the ancient Cezerista. The ramparts of the Roman settlement remain. Outside the village is a covered fountain, supposed to be of Greek origin.

44 k. *S. Cyr*.

4 k. N.E. of the town is the rock-built *Cadière*, with a double line of fortifications surrounding its ruined castle of XI. c. The church is XVI. c.

The line makes a great curve to the S. and passes a tunnel before descending into the bay of *Bandol*.

58 k. *Ollioules-S.-Nazaire*. *Ollioules*, 3½ k. N.E., is situated amid orange-groves at the foot of precipitous rocks. The views to the l. of the line are very striking.

62 k. *La Seyne* (Hotel: *de la Méditerranée*). A ship-building town.

From La Seyne a pleasant excursion may be made to the promontory of *Cap Sicié*.

‘Ce coin de terre est la pointe la plus méridionale que la France pousse dans la Méditerranée, car la presqu’île de Giens, auprès des îles d’Hyères, est un doigt presque détaché, tandis que ceci est une main dont le large et solide poignet est bien soudé au corps de la Provence. Cette main s’est en partie fermée, abandonnant au flot qui la ronge deux de ses doigts mutilés, la presqu’île du cap Cépet, qui formait son index, et les îlots des Ambiers, qui sont les phalanges rompues de son petit doigt. Son pouce écourté ou rentré est la pointe de Balaguier, qui protège la petite rade de Toulon d’un côté, et de l’autre le golfe du Lazaret.’—*George Sand*, ‘*Tamaris*.’

The ancient town of *Six-Fours* is connected with the sea by a Roman paved way called *le chemin romain de S. Madeleine*. The church is XVII. c., over a crypt of X. c., which contains a font for baptism by immersion and an early christian altar. On the plateau called *Courtine*, above the town, is a fortress near a ruined XV. c. chapel. Hence we may visit the port of *Brusq*, where Gregory XI., going from Avignon to Rome, was kept three days by a tempest in

1376. From the port a path leads to *Cap Mouret*, and the farthest point of the promontory, which has a chapel of *Notre Dame de la Garde*. Then the *Plage des Sablettes*, the *Cap Cépet*, the pleasant and attractive bathing-place of *Tamaris*, and *Fort Napoléon* may be visited.

67 k. *Toulon* (Hotels : *Grand ; Victoria ; du Louvre ; du Nord*). This fortress town, of little interest to travellers, and terribly unhealthy as a residence, is supposed to have been founded by Phenicians in IX. c. or X. c. A.C. It only began to have any maritime and military importance after the building of its great towers by Louis XII. and François I., and its real fortune only dates from the erection of its fortifications by Vauban under Louis XIV. The dockyard of Toulon was destroyed in Nov. 1793 by Sir Sidney Smith, before the evacuation of the town by the British troops, vainly urged to protect the Royalist inhabitants and refugees in the town from the Republicans, who, when they entered the town, massacred more than 6000 of those who were left to their mercy,<sup>1</sup> and decreed that the very name of Toulon should be blotted out, and the commune called in future Port-la-Montagne.

There are no buildings of interest in Toulon. The *Cathedral* dates from 1096, but has been completely modernised. There is a pleasant walk along the quay of the port, where, till 1873, numbers of galley-slaves used to be seen at work, as described by Victor Hugo. The three Arsenals—*Maritime*, *Castigneanu*, and *Mourillon*—with their wilderness of foundries, forges, warehouses, and armouries, will be visited by those interested in naval defence.

On the S. of the great harbour, on the N. side of the 'presqu'île' of Cap Cépet, is the *Hospital of S. Mandrier* (steamer 35 c.), situated in pleasant gardens, on the site of a hermitage, where the bones of S. Mandrier, a Roman proconsul, and of S. Flavien, Bishop of Tauroentum, with those of other martyrs, have been discovered.

An omnibus starts every hour from the Place d'Italie

<sup>1</sup> For terrible details of these horrors see Taine, *La Révolution*.

for the *Fort Lamalgue* (built from plans of Vauban in 1674) and the *Cap Brun*, at the E. side of the little harbour.

‘Les deux rades et le port qui ont fait la prospérité de Toulon sont parfaitement garantis des vents du large par le massif presque insulaire du Cap Sicié et par le puissant môle qui forme au devant du golfe la péninsule du Cap Cépet : jamais tempête n’y causa de naufrage ; la mer y est un lac. Aussi l’état s’est-il emparé de cette magnifique nappe d’eau pour en faire sa grande station navale méditerranée. L’arsenal maritime, bâti à la fin du dix-septième siècle sur les plans de Vauban, et agrandi depuis cette époque par la plupart des gouvernements qui se sont succédés, est un prodigieux ensemble d’usines, de fabriques, de magasins de toute espèce, d’établissements divers, occupant une surface totale de 270 hectares et se développant le long des rivages de la baie sur une étendue de 8 kilomètres : la construction de tous ces édifices, jointe au creusement des bassins, des cales et des darses qui s’y ramifient, n’a pas coûté moins de 160 millions.’—*Élisée Reclus*.

The limestone mountain which overlooks Toulon on the N. is *Le Faron* or *Pharon*.

‘Vu de face, c’est-à-dire, de la mer, le Pharon n’est qu’une masse grise absolument nue et aride, qui, par ses formes molles, ressemble à un gigantesque amas de cendres moutonnées par le vent ; mais les lignes du profil exposé à l’E. sont splendides. Le Coudon est beau de toutes les faces.’—*George Sand*, ‘*Tamaris*.’

28 k. N. of Toulon, in a forest, is the ruined *Chartreuse de Montrieux*.

75 k. *La Garde*, a basaltic rock, is crowned by a ruined castle and church. The railway passes through fields of narcissus, grown for Parisian and English markets, before reaching—

78 k. *La Pauline*.

[A branch line of 21 k. turns off r. to *Hyères*.

(*Omnibus*, 50 c. each person ; 25 c. each box.)

Hotels : *Continental* ; *des Palmiers* ; *des Ambassadeurs* ; *du Parc* ; *des Étrangers* ; *des Hespérides* ; *des Iles d’Hyères*. Pleasanter and more popular with English residents, about 1 k. from Hyères, are the *Hotel Ermitage* and *Grand Hotel Costabelle*, under the same proprietor, M. Peyron. These are delightful for great invalids—a bath of sunshine and fresh air. They are most comfortable, but have risen enormously in price since the Queen of England lived for a short time

at the Grand Hotel. The ordinary pension price is 16 fr., with extras in proportion; a small bedroom 8 or 9 fr. a night. The *Hôtel d'Albion*, also in the woods of Costabelle, has too frequently been a prey to typhoid fever to be heartily recommended.

*Carriages.* In the town, the course, 1 fr. 50 c.; the hour, 2 fr.; a tariff (very dear) for the immediate drives.

*Tramway to the sea*, 40 c. Five departures daily.)

*Hyères*, situated on the S. slope of a hill, crowned by remains of a castle and 5 k. from the sea, from which it is separated by a marshy



Hyères.

plain, is a comparatively sheltered winter residence, though it is not entirely protected from the mistral.

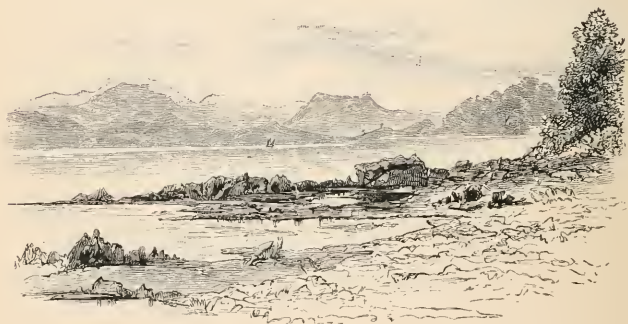
'The curse of Hyères is the north-west wind or mistral, which not unfrequently rages with great violence, sweeping in tremendous gusts down the valley of Hyères on to the town or plain. This wind, the magistral (*magister*) or master-wind, almost invariably blows when the sky is clear and the sun warm. It rises about 10 A.M., and blows until sunset, or for an hour afterwards, and occasionally continues to blow also during the night. The mistral blows at Hyères upwards of sixty-four days in winter, spring, and autumn.'—*E. J. Sparks, 'Health Resorts of the Riviera.'*

The great preacher Jean Baptiste Massillon was born at Hyères in



1663. A terrace called *Place des Palmiers* has a pleasant view and some indifferent palm-trees. A statue in the *Place* commemorates René, the poet-king, whose gifts to Provence were the rose, the clove-pink, and the muscat-grape. The old town on the hill-top retains ramparts and towers of X. c. and XI. c. The XII. c. church of *S. Paul* has been much altered. Some boulevards are lined with palm-trees, but till they attain old age palms are excessively ugly.

‘Hyères est une assez jolie ville, grâce à des beaux hôtels et aux innombrables villas qui la peuplent et l’entourent. Sa situation n’a



From S. Maxime.

rien remarquable. La colline, trop petite, est trop près, la côte est trop plate et la mer trop loin.’—*George Sand*, ‘*Tamaris*.’

The most frequented walk is that to the *Hermitage*, a modern chapel on the hill to the S., covered with woods, chiefly of Aleppo pine (*Pinus halepensis*). Below the chapel, towards the S.W., are the principal hotels of Costabelle—the *Ermitage* and the *Grand Hotel*. They have a view which is made beautiful by the space of light and sunshine, overlooking hills clad with fir and olives to the glistening bay and islands and tame outline of distance. There are pretty little walks in the woods, and an old shrine or two, but nothing especial



either to see or draw. There is a good deal of lawn-tennis and mild gaiety for young ladies, and many English families pass the winter here wholly for the sake of the golf, for which a coach leaves the hotels every morning. The place has little beauty and no picturesqueness, and, in spite of its sunniness, the view is disappointing from the featureless hills in the distance, and the marshy plain which separates the town from the sea. The nearer hills are covered with olives. 'Dire qu'il n'y en a pas, il y a, mais dire qu'il y en a, il n'y en a pas,' the cultivators will say, when asked if they have a good crop.

5 k. from Hyères are the small remains of the Gallo-Roman villa called *Pomponiana*.

Some of the drives from Hyères are pleasant, but have no special interest. An excursion may be made by boat to the *Îles d'Hyères*; the Stoechades of the Greeks, now called *de Porquerolles* (the ancient Proté); *de Portcros* (Port creux, the ancient Messé); and *du Levant* or *du Titan* (the ancient Hypea), which is of interest to the mineralogist. The convents by which these islands, as well as those of the Lérins, were once occupied, were all destroyed by the Saracens, succeeded here by the Turks, who celebrated their feast of Ramazan on the islands in 1558.

The sea may be reached in a few minutes, for bathing—it is a very ugly place—by the railway. It is 22 k. passing the château of Horace Vernet at *Bormettes* to the island-port of *Bréganson*, the ancient Pergantium.

*La Chartreuse de la Verne* (40 k.) of which there are small XII. c. remains, may be visited between Hyères and (70 k.) S. Tropez. It is beautifully situated in the woods.]

[Immediately opposite the main station at Hyères is that of a delightful miniature railway, which, since 1894, has opened out some of the greatest beauties of the Provençal coast, without in the least interfering with the scenery. There is endless lingering at tiny stations, which appear to serve only one or two houses, and the line is still chiefly used by the handsome, dark-eyed, semi-Italian peasantry, in whom the Moorish type may also often be traced. The chief points are still comparatively undiscovered by English, though one of them—S. Maxime—has an excellent little hotel, where those who do not require gaiety or golf may spend the winter very happily and economically.

The line first runs through the marshy plain of Hyères, then enters the cork woods, where the trunks are peeled till they look like red stockings, to—

21 k. *Bormes*, a village of Saracenic origin, inhabited by cork-

makers, clinging to the side of the hill above the woods. The hills unfold on the right to the glistening sea.

23 k. *Le Lavandou*. The chief centre of the corkmaking, in which most of the inhabitants are employed. The bay is most lovely. The line now rises by exquisite terraces high above the sea, which is so transparent in the great depths below, that every stone may be seen through the chrysoprase water. The windings through the mountain woods with their old pines and cork trees, become every moment



S. Tropez.

more majestically beautiful, with exquisite distances of islanded mountains. After 40 k. *Cavalière* or *Cavalaire*, the ancient *Heraclea Caccabaria*, the hills have less character, and the line descends to—

49 k. *Gassin*, an old brown town on a rock with palms, formerly a look-out post against the Saracens.

54 k. *Le Foux*. The station—the junction for S. Tropez (10 k.) and Cogolin (10 k.) (see later)—is situated in a pine grove of the most extreme beauty. Ravenna and Castel Fusano cannot show more mag-

nificent specimens of stately umbrella pines many centuries old, and their rich and massy yellow-green foliage and pink-grey trunks stand out as any artist might desire against the burnt grass of a highly picturesque sandy plain, broken by little pools, with wooded mountains on one side, and on the other the flat line of deep blue Mediterranean, with the red and orange sails of S. Tropez fishing-boats.

62 k. *S. Maxime*; *Grand Hôtel*, small, but most comfortable and well managed by a Swiss family, who have a hotel at Zermatt in the



Chemin de Grimaud.

summer. The rooms and food are alike excellent; pension, for a long stay, 6 to 8 fr.

The little town looks S.W., and in winter is sunny and sheltered all day long; in hot weather it is scorching and shadeless. The port has fishing-boats full of colour, and in the summer little steamers ply backwards and forwards to S. Tropez. The hotel stands on a height beyond the town, with an exquisite view across the bay, and is backed by cork-woods in which there are pleasant walks. Artists will draw

the fine old tamarisk and lentisk trees near the shore. Carriages at very reasonable prices may be obtained for excursions; but the two principal points may be easily reached by the railway.

1. *S. Tropez*, changing at Le Foux, whence a miniature railway leads to the little town, jewelled on the calm bay against the grey hill of its fort. The magnificent *Pin de Bertaud*, the largest pin-parasol known, is passed on the way. The Hotel *Continental* is tolerable, but S. Tropez looks E., and is not suitable for winter residence. Its streets are dark and dirty, but many pleasant sunny villas close by are let for the winter.

The town has much that is of Moorish aspect. The shipping in the little port—especially the brilliant green boats, is full of colour. In the market-place is the bronze statue of Pierre André de Suffren, 1729–83. The door of the convent of the Sœurs de S. Joseph has splendid Moorish carving. In the church is a curious shrine of S. Tropez—a handsome young warrior, covered with orders bequeathed by military admirers. In front is a curious ancient representation of the boat in which the headless body of the hero reached these shores, watched by a cock and a dog, which will recall the dog *Lelaps* watching the dead body of Procris in the picture of Piero di Cosimo. The dog appears again at the foot of the pulpit stair. The *Grande Portail* is a curious gate, used internally as a market. Beyond the further gate, a charming terrace above the sea (whence the woodcut) leads to the cemetery.

2. *Grimaud*, which, strange to say, is reached neither by the station of Grimaud (9 k.), nor by that of Chemin de Grimaud (5 k.), but by that of Cogolin, for which change at Le Foux. *Cogolin* is a little town of wide streets, with some remains of old fortifications. A walk or drive of 2 k. leads across the plain to the foot of the hills. Hence pedestrians will take a stony path, cut in part out of the living rock (whence the woodcut) to the town. Just below the entrance (from the washing-place) lovely paths lead down the other side of the hill through a forest of old cork trees, with the usual rich Mediterranean undergrowth. The church is, internally, a curious romanesque building, some of the houses have gothic arcades, but the eyrie-nest of the great house of Grimaldi is little more than a mass of ruined walls with a slender round tower, though its position is magnificent.

A long excursion may be made to the picturesque *Chartreuse de la Verne*, taking the early train to Cogolin, and then securing a place in the carrier's cart to La Moule, whence it is a walk of 8 or 9 k. Another long excursion is that to La Garde Freinet (see later).

After leaving S. Maxime, the scenery becomes much tamer, but the line passes through beautiful woods with a luxuriant undergrowth of

myrtle. Then S. Raphaël appears, more like the scene of an opera than any other town on the coast, its great hotels and its Eastern-looking modern church luminously reflected in the still water.



Château de Grimaud.

80 k. *Fréjus*, with its Roman remains (see later).

83 k. *S. Raphaël* (see later). The morning train arrives 1½ hr. before that for Nice comes in. The station is the same. A good luncheon may be obtained at the restaurant opposite.]

Continuing the main line, the picturesque rock-built town of *Solliès-Ville* is seen on the l. before reaching—

84 k. *Solliès-Pont*.

90 k. *Cuers*. A chapel of the Virgin occupies the site of the old castle on the hill above the town.

102 k. *Carnoules*, whence the line to (25 k.) Brignoles branches off on l.

121 k. *Le Luc*, the ancient Forum Voconii. The village,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  k. W. of the station, has a ruined church, partly XIII. c., and an octagonal tower of 1517.

The neighbouring village of *Cannet* retains its mediaeval walls, and beyond this, in a valley, is the interesting Cistercian monastery of *Thoronet*, founded XII. c. by Raymond Béranger, Comte de Provence. The church, cloister, and chapter-house are well preserved. The hexagonal lavoir, lighted by five windows and with two double portals, will attract the attention of architects.

[A diligence runs from Le Luc by (18½ k.) *La Garde Freinet* (formerly Château-Fraxinet), the name of which commemorates Fraxinet, the great stronghold of the Moors in Provence, whence they ravaged the surrounding country for eighty years, and from which they were driven out in 973. Nothing, except a cistern, remains of the fortress. At 40 k. the road reaches *S. Tropez* at the western point of the *Golfe de S. Tropez*. The name of the neighbouring hilly district of *Les Maures*, which Élie de Beaumont calls 'La Provence de la Provence,' recalls its Saracenic occupation.

130 k. *Vidauban*. The neighbouring *Vallée de l'Argens* is pretty. There is a fine view from the *Chapelle S. Brigitte*; at *S. Michel sous Terre*, near the *Château d'Astros*, is a natural bridge.

136 k. *Les Arcs*.

From Les Arcs there is a branch on l. to (13 k.) *Draguignan* (Hotels: *Bertin*; *de France*), the capital of the Département du Var, a town founded in V. c., but wholly without interest. On the line leading W. from Draguignan to Marseille is the interesting town of *Barjols* (*Hôtel du Pont d'Or*), 'le Tivoli de la Provence,' with little waterfalls and a very fine fountain.]

158 k. *Fréjus* (Hotels: *du Midi*; *de la Plage*). This very ancient town, on the site of the capital of the Oxybiens,



received the name of Forum Julii from Julius Caesar, who finished a port and built a lighthouse, aqueduct, and amphitheatre here. He also installed here a colony of soldiers of the 8th legion, calling the place Colonia Octavianorum, and he sent hither, after the battle of Actium, the 200 galleys taken from Antony. The surname of Classica, which Pliny applies to Fréjus, proves that it was regarded as a maritime arsenal. Often pillaged and burnt, it had still maritime importance under Henri II., but since that time the sea has retired from the town, and the port is destroyed.

The station is close to the remains of the *Porte des Gaules*. The chief remnant of antiquity is the amphitheatre, —*Les Arènes*,—passed just before reaching the station, outside the town on the W.: only the lower walls exist. The building was elliptic, with four principal entrances. The ancient ramparts, enclosing a space five times the size of the present town, can still be traced. To the S.E. a projecting wall, which enclosed the ancient port, has an octagonal tower with a stone pyramid, known as *La Lanterne d'Auguste*. Near the S.E. angle of the XVI. c. ramparts, past to the l. of the railway, is the *Porte Dorée*, a much restored narrow arch, built of small stones intersected by lines of brick. Near this are remains of *Baths*. On the N. are some vestiges of the *Porte de Rome*, near which the remains of the aqueduct join the ramparts. On the N. also of the ancient town are the remains of the *Theatre*: the foundation walls of the *scena* and some seats are visible. The canal of the *Aqueduct* was carried on eighty-seven arches, of which a considerable number exist, and are seen to the l. of the line after leaving the town. None of the ruins of Fréjus are picturesque, and they are therefore more interesting to an archaeologist than an artist.

The *Cathedral of S. Étienne* is of XI. c. or XII. c., but much restored. Its tower, as well as the episcopal palace, contains fragments from Roman buildings: it is square at the base and octagonal above, with a heavy spire. The

octagonal *Baptistery*, separated from the church by a porch, is adorned with eight granite columns, bearing corinthian capitals of white marble. There is good XVI. c. wood-work in the choir. On the N. is a mutilated XIII. c. cloister, with a curious and unique wooden roof.

‘Cette ville devient plus déserte chaque jour, et les communes voisines ont perdu, depuis un demi-siècle, neuf dixièmes de leur population.’—*Fauchet*.

162 k. *S. Raphaël* (Hotels: *des Bains*; *Beaurivage*; *Grand*; *de France*. This is a beautiless and uninteresting little place, but is rising in repute as a winter residence, and many villas have been built of late years. At the suburb of *Boulouris* is the *Grand Hôtel de Boulouris*. To the N.E., at the foot of the Esterelles, are the striking red island rocks known as *Lion de Terre* and *Lion de Mer*. The first bears the remains of a Roman tower which was used as a lighthouse. Omnibuses (25 c.) leave the Place de la Mairie many times a day for *Valescure* (*Grand Hotel*, very good), a quiet spot with pleasant walks into the woods of the Esterel. From the top of *Mont Vinaigre* there is a wide view. It was at *S. Raphaël* that Napoleon I. embarked for Elba.

170 k. *Agay*, whence (two hours' walk) the *Grotte de la S. Baume* may be visited (on the *Cap Roux*, near an orange garden), where *S. Honorat* lived as a hermit before founding the abbey of the *Lérins*. On the S. side of the cape is another cave, which was inhabited by *S. Eucher*, afterwards Archbishop of Lyons. The line now skirts the Esterel by tunnels and gorges, emerging above *Théoule* and the *Château de la Napoule*, and crossing the plain of the *Siagne*, leaving the knoll and hermitage of *S. Cassien* to the l. and passing beneath the walls of innumerable little villa gardens, of meretricious taste, to

194 k. *Cannes*.



## CHAPTER III

### CANNES

[Hotels : Inland, *Splendide* ;— Eastern Bay, *Grand*—dear ; *Central*—good and reasonable ; *Gonnet* ; *Gray et d'Albion* ; *Suisse*—pension ; *Victoria* ; *Mont-Fleuri* ; *S. Charles*—comfortable ; *Windsor* ; *Beau Séjour* ; *Californie* ; *Metropolitain*—in pine woods above the road to Golfe Juan ; *des Anglais* ; *de Provence* ; *du Prince de Galles*—in a lofty position above S. George's Church—very dear ; *Richmont* ; *Paradis*—far inland with comparatively country surroundings ; *Continental*—lively ; *de la Grande Bretagne* ; *Pension de la Madeleine* ;— Western Bay, *Beau Site*—good situation ; *Bellevue* ; *Le Pavillon* ; *des Princes*. Almost all the hotels are huge pretentious palaces, which vie with each other in comfortless parade.

*Carriages* (one horse), the course, 1 fr. 50 c. and 2 fr. ; the hour, 2 fr. 50 c. and 3 fr. ; two horses, the course, 2 fr. and 3 fr. ; the hour, 3 fr. 50 c. and 4 fr. The charge for excursions is exorbitantly dear. To Esterel, Théoule, Auribeau, Grasse, the Cap d'Antibes, with one horse, 18 fr. ; with two horses and four persons, 22 fr., each extra person 2 fr. To Cannet, 5 fr. and 7 fr. To Vallauris, Napoule, Pégomas, Mouans, La Roquette, Mougins, Antibes, 12 fr. and 16 fr. ; with power of staying one hour only.

An *Omnibus* runs from one end of Cannes to the other ; also to Grasse (1 fr. 50 c.), bureau, Rue d'Antibes : to Vallauris (1 fr.), Pégomas (75 c.), Golfe Juan and Antibes (50 c.), La Napoule (80 c.).]

TILL 1860, Cannes was little more than an old-world fishing village, with one or two small hotels and villas for winter visitors in its neighbourhood. Since then, it has annually increased to such a degree, that its buildings now face the sea for a distance of more than 7 k., and its suburbs stretch inland so as to embrace the neighbouring village of (3 k.) Cannet. With the growth of the place its charm of

beauty has naturally become less, and Cannes has turned into a fashionable place, chiefly dependent upon society for its recommendations. The hills are covered with hideous villas, chiefly built by rich Englishmen, whose main object seems to be the effacement of all the natural beauties of the place—to sow grass which will never live, to import from the north shrubs which cannot grow, and to cut down



From Maison S. François, Cannes.

and root up all the original woods and flowers. Residence at Cannes is also very expensive, but the beautiful view of the Esterel range, which has one of the most picturesque outlines in Europe, is an attraction which cannot be destroyed, and the promontory of the old town with its coronal of old towers and its little port and shipping, gives exactly the foreground interest which combines with it most happily. From whatever point it is seen, its charm is

always the same. The attractions of the climate are doubtful.

‘Au soleil vous êtes rôti, et puis de l’autre côté vous avez un vent comme un rasoir qui vous coupe en deux.’—*Merimée*.

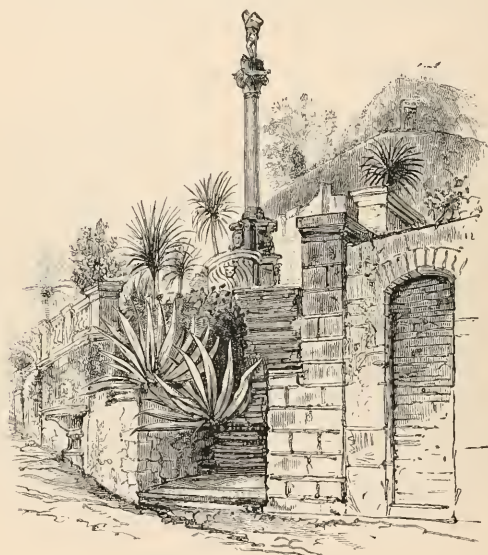
The best views at Cannes are from the *Crois des Gardes* on the W. or from the Promenade de la Californie on the



Maison S. François, Cannes.

E. of Cannes. The old town itself—probably more full of evil smells than any other town in France—occupies a little promontory between the two bays, its houses rising up the side of a low hill called *Mont Chevalier*, crowned by a tower built by an abbot of Lérins in 1070, and which, for safety, could only be entered on the first floor by a movable

ladder. On the hill are also some ruined walls on the site of the Roman *Castrum Massilinum* and near the church of *S. Anne*, formerly the castle chapel, and the XVII. c. church of *Notre Dame de l'Espérance*. In the western bay are the principal *English Church* and the *Villa Éléanore*,



Villa Nevada, Cannes.

built in 1834 by the first Lord Brougham (who is buried in the cemetery), and named from his daughter, who died young. The walk along the shore of the eastern bay to *La Croisette* has lovely views, especially towards sunset, but the appallingly evil smells warn you not to linger too long in looking at them. The little *Villa Nevada*, on a plateau high above

the eastern bay, recalls the death of Leopold, Duke of Albany, March 28, 1884, to whom the people of Cannes have erected a pretty memorial fountain and pillar below the villa. Not far distant is the modern *English Church* of S. George (by A. W. Blomfield), containing a copy of his tomb at Windsor by Boehm. The Bishop of Gibraltar has his residence near this. Most of the modern villas are pretentious white palaces, utterly without beauty. The illustration shows a small villa of the old-fashioned bastide type. At Cannet is the Villa Sardou, where Mlle. Rachel



Bocca Wood, Cannes.

died in 1858. Bertold Auerbach also died at Cannes, February 8, 1882.

The greatest injury which has been done to Cannes of late years has been the destruction of the greater part of its magnificent Bocca Wood, a glorious grove of gigantic umbrella pines extending for some distance along the shore towards the W., a paradise of artists and the admiration of Europe. The prettiest spot now remaining in the immediate neighbourhood is the hillock of *S. Cassien* in the plain of the Siagne, where an abbot of Lérins built a monastery in the VII. c., on the site of a temple and in a grove dedicated

to Venus, called *Ara Luci*, which has left a name to the village of Arluc. A XIV. c. hermitage now stands amid the noble old pine and oak trees. Another picturesque spot (to be reached on foot) is the *Rochers des Bihères*, in the pine forest behind the Croix des Gardes, which surmounts a hill to the W. of the town (above the Hôtel



S. Cassien.

Bellevue). The lower slopes of the hills on this side are covered with the precious cassia plant, bearing flowers which sell for from 6 fr. to 20 fr. a kilo.

The pleasantest excursion by carriage from Cannes is that to (9 k.) *Napoule*, on the site of the ancient *Epulia*, with remains of a XIV. c. castle of the Comtes des Villeneuve (spoilt by a modern villa). Above



is the hill of *S. Peyré*, with a ruined castle and chapel. Beyond (11 k. from Cannes) is *Théoule*, a picturesque little harbour, to which steamers (3 fr. with return) ply daily from Cannes in the season. There are some villas at *Théoule*, but the situation is chilly, as the sun goes off early in the afternoon.

Another drive on the W. of Cannes is that to (12 k.) *Auribeau*. Its church contains a XV. c. reliquary of S. Honorat, and it is prettily situated above the gorge of the *Siagne*; but a Provençal distich says—

‘ Auribeau sur Siagne  
Bourdol dans les bois,  
Gourdon sur le Loup,  
Sont trois mauvais endroits.’

Before reaching *Auribeau*, pedestrians may follow a path along the bank of the *Siagne* to the foot of the hill which is crowned by the village. There is a pleasant route to *Grasse* from *Auribeau* by the chapel of *Notre Dame de Valcluse*.

The pretentious *Boulevard de la Foncière* now destroys the natural beauties of the country, and leads behind the town to the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne and the northern summit of *Cannet*, where a machicolated tower is known as *La Tour du Brigand*. An excursion of 14 k. may be made in this direction to the hill of *Mougins*, a once fortified village, retaining one of its gateways, and to the Chapel of *Notre Dame de Vie*, approached by an avenue of cypresses. Two miles beyond this, the old-fashioned villa of *Castellaras* occupies the site of an ancient oppidum, and 2 k. beyond it is the pretty village of *Notre Dame de Villebrun*.

On the E. side of the town, a pleasant walk or drive by the *Chapelle S. Antoine* (whence there is a fine mountain view), or a drive from the road to the *Golfe Juan*, leads to (8 k.) *Vallauris* (*Vallis Aurea*), where the admirable pottery-works of M. Clément Massier are worth visiting. The place has been famous for its pottery even from Roman times. In the XI. c., *Vallauris* became the property of the monastery of the *Lérins*, and its abbots built a palace here, to which they retired in the great heat; the chapel remains, now used as an oil-mill. *Vallauris* may also be reached by omnibus (1 fr.) either from Cannes or from the station of the *Golfe Juan*.

But the excursion most worth making (in calm weather) is that to the *Îles des Lérins*—hitherto quite unspoilt—to which steamers run several times daily from Cannes (1 fr. to *S. Marguerite*, with return: 1 fr. 50 c. to *S. Honorat*, with return).

It is a passage of 20 min. to the *Île S. Marguerite*, the ancient *Lero*, which once contained a temple to the demi-god *Lero*, de-

molished by S. Honorat. The monks of S. Honorat gave up the island in 1617 to the Duc de Chevreuse, who ceded it in the following year to the Duc de Guise, by whom it was given to Jean de Bellon, one of his followers. Afterwards Richelieu took possession of it in the name of the king, and built a fortress, which was scarcely finished before it was taken by the Spaniards, who were only expelled after a two years' siege. This fortress became (Dec. 20, 1873) the prison of Marshal Bazaine, sentenced for twenty years, though he contrived to escape August 10, 1874. The castle is shown with an order, but contains nothing of interest except the prison occupied by the 'man with the iron mask,' under Louis XIV.

'Le mur est d'une solidité extraordinaire, ayant près de douze pieds d'épaisseur ; en outre trois fortes grilles de fer garnissent la fenêtre et rendent impossible toute communication avec l'extérieur. Deux portes couvertes de clous et d'énormes barres de fer ne s'ouvraient que devant le gouverneur de château, et ce n'était que par les appartements de cet officier que l'on pouvait parvenir à la chambre du prisonnier. Un corridor étroit, muré à chaque extrémité, servait de promenade : au fond on avait accommodé un petit autel où quelquefois un prêtre lui disait la messe. À côté de sa cellule, une autre renfermait son domestique, qui, plus heureux que lui, mourut dans l'île après quelques années de détention.'—*Prosper Mérimée*.

Local legend describes S. Marguerite as having been the sister of S. Honorat. She lived in the same island in a separate monastic house, but every month she visited her brother. This was contrary to his severe monastic ideal, and he prayed that the sea might divide them. That night the islands were separated by a gulf ; but to console his sister S. Honorat promised that he would visit her whenever the cherry-trees blossomed. Then S. Marguerite prayed in her turn, and in answer to her prayer the cherry-trees blossomed every month, and twelve times a year the short-sighted S. Honorat was compelled, by his own act, to cross the sea to visit her. In local shrines, S. Marguerite is seen trampling upon the serpents with which the Lérins abounded.

The *Ile S. Honorat* (40 min.), originally known as Lerina or Planasia, is as picturesquely beautiful as it is curious. Its unfailing spring attracted the Greek colony, which gave the name of their pirate chief, Leros, to the group. In spite of its having been captured so often by Saracens, Genoese, Spaniards, and Austrians, it was the centre of monastic life in the South of France through the Middle Ages, and was at one time inhabited by 3700 monks. It continues to be a very touching and interesting spot. Amongst its remains are those of a church dedicated to *S. Honorat*, and a small *Arch* raised to his honour ; and of the



*Convent of S. Honorat* and its simple cloister, with circular vaulting. The *Castle* is said to have been founded by Abbot Aldebert II. in 1073. Outside it is a strongly fortified keep, but within are all the appurtenances of a monastery. There are a very curious and interesting cloistered court, two storeys of arches, and, on the first floor, the *Chapelle S. Croix*. Remains may be seen of several of the seven other chapels which existed on the island. The *Chapelle de la S. Trinité*, at the E. point, has a rude nave of two bays, and a triapsal choir with a small dome. The *Chapelle S. Sauveur*, on the N. (modernised), is octagonal in plan, with a niche on each side internally. On the S. are small remains of the *Chapelle S. Porchaire*.

'The sea took the place of the desert, but the type of monastic life which the solitaries had found in Egypt was faithfully preserved. The Abbot of Lérins was simply the chief of some thousands of religious devotees, scattered over the island in solitary cells, and linked together by the common ties of obedience and prayer. By a curious concurrence of events, the coenobitic life of Lérins, so utterly unlike the later monasticism of the Benedictines, was long preserved in a remote corner of Christendom. Patrick, the most famous of its scholars, transmitted its type of monasticism to the Celtic Church which he founded in Ireland, and the vast numbers, the asceticism, the loose organisation of such abbeys as those of Bangor or Armagh, preserved to the twelfth century the essential characteristics of Lérins. Nor is this all its historical importance. What Iona is to the ecclesiastical history of Northern England, what Fulda and Monte Cassino are to the ecclesiastical history of Germany and Southern Italy, that this abbey of S. Honorat became to the Church of Southern Gaul. For nearly two centuries, and those centuries of momentous change, when the wreck of the Roman Empire threatened civilisation and Christianity with ruin like its own, the civilisation and Christianity of the great district between the Loire, the Alps, and the Pyrenees rested mainly on the abbey of Lérins. Sheltered by its insular position from the ravages of the barbaric invaders who poured down on the Rhône and the Garonne, it exercised over Provence and Aquitaine a supremacy such as Iona, till the Synod of Whitby, exercised over Northumbria. All the more illustrious sees of Southern Gaul were filled by prelates who had been reared at Lérins: to Arles, for instance, it gave in succession Hilary, Caesarius, and Virgilius. The voice of the Church was found in that of its doctors: the famous rule of Faith, 'Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus,' is the rule of Vincent of Lérins: its monk Salvian painted the agony of the dying Empire in his book on the government of God; the long fight of semi-Pelagianism against the sterner doctrines of Augustin was chiefly waged within its bounds. . . .

‘Little remains to illustrate the earlier and more famous period of the monastic history of Lérins, which extends to the massacre of its monks by Saracen pirates at the opening of the eighth century. A well in the centre of the island and a palm-tree beside the church are linked to the traditional history of the founders of the abbey. Worked into the later buildings we find marbles and sculptures which may have been brought from the mainland, as at Torcello, by fugitives who had escaped the barbaric storm. A bas-relief of Christ and the Apostles, which is now inserted over the west gate of the church, and a column of red marble which stands beside it, belong probably to the earliest days of



S. Honorat, Îles des Lérins.

the settlement at Lérins. In the little chapels scattered over the island fragments of early sarcophagi, inscriptions, and sculpture have been industriously collected and preserved. But the chapels themselves are far more interesting than their contents. Of the seven which originally lined the shore, two or three only now remain uninjured; in these the building itself is either square or octagonal, pierced with a single rough romanesque window, and of diminutive size. The walls and vaulting are alike of rough stone-work. The chapels served till the Revolution as seven stations which were visited by the pilgrims to the island, but we can hardly doubt that in these, as in the seven chapels at Glendalough, we see relics of the earlier coenobitic establishment.

'The cloister of the abbey is certainly of a date later than the massacre of the monks, which took place, according to tradition, in the little square of wild greensward which lies within it; but the roughness of its masonry, the plain barrel roof, and the rude manner in which the low, gloomy vaulting is carried round its angles, are of the same character as in the usual tenth-century buildings of Southern Gaul. With the exception of the masonry of the side walls, there is nothing in the existing remains of the abbey church itself earlier than its reconstruction at the close of the eleventh century. The building has been so utterly wrecked that little architectural detail is left; but the broad nave, with its narrow side aisles, the absence, as in the Aquitanian churches, of triforium and clerestory, and the shortness of the choir space, give their own individual mark to S. Honorat. Of the monastic buildings connected with the church only a few rooms remain, and these are destitute of any features of interest. They are at present used as an orphanage by the Franciscans, whom the Bishop of Fréjus, by whom the island was purchased, has settled there as an agricultural colony.

'The appearance of the Moslem pirates at once robbed S. Honorat of its old security, and the cessation of their attacks was followed by a new danger from the Genoese and Calabrians, who infested the coast in the fourteenth century. The isle was alternately occupied by French and Spaniards in the war between Francis and Charles V.; it passed under the rule of commendatory abbots, and in 1789, when it was finally secularised, the four thousand monks of its earlier history had shrunk to four. Perhaps the most curious of all the buildings of Lérins is that which took its rise in the insecurity of its mediaeval existence. The castle of Lérins, which lies on the shore to the S. of the church, is at once a castle and an abbey. Like many of the great monasteries of the East, its first object was to give security to its inmates against the marauders who surrounded them. Externally its appearance is purely military; the great tower rises from its trench deep cut in the rock, a portcullis protects the gate, the walls are pierced with loopholes and crowned with battlements. But within, the arrangements, so far as it is possible to trace them in the present ruinous state of the building, seem to have been purely monastic. The interior of the tower is occupied by a double-arched cloister, with arcades of exquisite first-pointed work, through which one looks down into the little court below. The visitor passes from this into the ruins of the abbot's chapel, to which the relics were transferred for security from the church of S. Honorat, and which was surrounded by the cells, the refectory, and the domestic buildings of the monks. The erection of the castle is dated in the twelfth century, and from this time we may consider the older abbey buildings around the church to have been

deserted and left to ruin; but we can hardly grumble at a transfer which has given us so curious a combination of military and monastic architecture in the castle itself.'—*J. R. Green, 'Stray Studies.'*

'Who that enjoyed any spark of imagination, and any perception of beauty, but must love the remembrance of such men as that monk of the golden isles who lived towards the end of the fourteenth century in the monastery of S. Honorat, whence in the spring and autumn he used to go alone into one of the delicious islands off Hyères, where was a little hermitage amidst the leafy houses of birds, where he used to observe their beautiful plumage, and the different little animals which resorted there, that he might paint them in the margins of illuminated missals? René of Anjou possessed his Book of Hours. Yoland of Arragon loved his company. "Tant sage, beau et prudens il estoit," says C. Nostradamus.'—*Kenelm Digby, 'Broadstone of Honour: Tancredus.'*

Those who stay long at Cannes will find much to interest them in the patois and its characteristics and circumvolutions. A number of Arabic words are still in use, such as *anjubis* (algibiz), sweet grape; *jasmin* (yâsmyn), *limoun* (leymoun), *endibo* (endib), *salata* (salatha), *serfouil* (serfoull), and *trescalan* or S. John's wort. Many of the names of the mountains are still Arabic.

'Among the peasantry figures of speech are in great request. "Farewell" is not said: you only bow and say "À l'avantage," meaning the pleasure of meeting again. The devil is called "Janicot"; the pig is "*lou noble veste de sedo*," the gentleman in black silk! Here, as in Italian, diminutives abound. *Bastide* is a house, but a cottage is a *bastidoun*; and the Alpe turns to *Amphiho* and *Amphioun*. A little square is a *pati*; a young child is a *pinchenèto*; while a word like "valley," *lou van* or *lou valado*, can be modified into *valengo*, *valergo* (pl. *valergues*), *valeto*, *valoun*, and *valat*. There is a curious habit of beginning or ending the sentences with a word that is irrelevant, or is at least as irrelevant as a word must be allowed to be that has a dozen different meanings—or none. "*Te*" (tiens!) probably opens the phrase; *Ve* (voyez-vous) occurs somewhere in the argument, and *allons!* possibly brings the whole to a close.'—*Author of 'Vera,' 'The Maritime Alps.'*

[A branch line leads in 20 min. from Cannes, by (12 k.) *Mouans-Sartoux*, with its fine umbrella pines, to the base of the hill occupied

by (20 k.) *Grasse* (Hotels: *De la Poste*—best, though old-fashioned; *Grand*—good but dear, with a fine view). But most visitors will drive. The distance by road is 17 k.

Grasse in the XII. c. was a little republic, and formed an alliance offensive and defensive with Pisa, but it suffered from the quarrels of Guelfs and Ghibellines as represented by the families of Esclapon and Sicard, and on the triumph of the Guelf faction in 1198, abandoned the alliance of Pisa for that of Genoa. The republic came to an end in 1226.

The view from Grasse over various wooded ranges to the sea is gloriously beautiful—an aerial bath of sunshine; but the very steep streets are fatiguing. The town contains few antiquities. A tower, which some consider to be of Roman origin, joins the Hôtel de Ville, formerly the bishop's palace. Near it is the *Cathedral*, a simple building of XII. c. and XIII. c., with very broad and peculiar triforium galleries. It contains a picture (the Washing of the Feet) by *Fragonard*, who was a native of Grasse. The XI. c. polygonal domed chapel of *S. Hilaire* is used as a powder magazine. In the chapel of the *Hospital* are three early works of *Rubens*, painted in three months (1602), in his twentieth year, for a convent at Rome. Visitors are chiefly attracted by the perfumeries, to supply which the country round the town is laid out in gardens. On an average the district yields annually:—

	lbs.
Orange blossoms . . . . .	1,475,000
Rose . . . . .	530,000
Jasmine . . . . .	100,000
Violet . . . . .	75,000
Cassia . . . . .	45,000
Geranium leaves . . . . .	30,000
Tuberose blossoms . . . . .	24,000
Jonquil . . . . .	5,000

Not to mention lavender, which yields a produce of £30 an acre.

It requires 10,000 rose plants or 80,000 jasmine plants to cover an acre. The violets are incapable of bearing the terrible sun, so are planted in the shade of walls, or close under the lemon or orange trees.

‘Les pentes, qui s’inclinent vers la mer de Nice de manière à recevoir en plein les rayons bienfaisants du midi, sont beaucoup plus semblables aux versants septentrionaux de la Maurétanie qu’elles ne le sont aux contrées situées immédiatement au nord et séparées seulement par l’épaisseur d’une chaîne de montagnes. Aussi des géologues et des naturalistes, frappés par la grande analogie des climats, des roches, de la faune et de la flore, ont-ils pu dire avec raison que le littoral du sud

de la Provence et celui du nord de l'Atlas constituent, avec les côtes méridionales de l'Espagne, une partie du monde distincte, intermédiaire entre l'Europe et l'Afrique.'—*Élisée Reclus*.

'The French kings patronised the perfumers of Grasse. We hear first of a certain Doria dei Roberti (1580), *médecin du roy*, but also *parfumeur de la royne*; and again of a certain Tombarel, who called himself "of Florence," because these men were, in the matter of their art, proud to profess themselves disciples of those perfumers of Florence to whom the Medici were wont to resort for their perfumed or poisoned gloves. Langier, the perfumer to Louis XVI., lived in the house which is now the Hôtel de la Poste, but the expansion of the flower trade of Grasse since the Revolution is entirely owing to the initiative of M. Pérolle. This generous citizen, the same who presented the Rubens pictures to the chapel of the Hospital, sent two boxes of his wares to Paris, and from this timid venture commenced his trade with the capital and with Europe. Grasse now coins money from her flowers, and she will continue to do so, after American wheat has undersold the corn, and phylloxera ravaged the vines, and disease diminished the oil of the district lying between the Siagne and the Var.'—*Authoress of 'Vera,' 'The Maritime Alps.'*

Those who spend a winter at Cannes often in the spring make a three days' excursion in the mountain villages behind Grasse, and may sleep either at (15 k.) S. Césaire or (12 k. from Grasse) S. Vallier de *Thyeis* (the ancient *Castrum Valerii*), a bleak village drearily situated near the source of the Siagne. If we follow the gorge of the river from hence, at about 5 k. from S. Vallier, we shall reach the spot where it flows beneath the very curious natural arch called *Pont-à-Dieu*.

S. Césaire is a curious old town, with a simple church of XIII. c. above a ravine of great picturesqueness, which contains the caverned fountain called *La Foux*, whence the water issues which supplies Cannes and Vallauris. 5 k. distant to the W. is the well-preserved tunnel *de Roquetaillade*, formed by the Romans for the canal of Fréjus.

Another excursion from Grasse (on the road or the rail to Nice—see later), which may also be made in the day from Cannes, is that to the *Saut de Loup*, a waterfall in the fine rift of the mountains, which is so great a feature in the views from Cannes, and which is known as the *Gorge de Courmes* or *de S. Arnoux*. The rocks here rise abruptly to 400 mètr. above the torrent. In the upper part of the gorge are the ancient fortified village of *Gourdon*, with the *Fontaine Sainte*, rising in a cave, and the rock-built *Hermitage of S. Arnoux*. The scenery is very wild and striking.

One of the most striking gorges in the hills, which may be reached



from Grasse, is the *Cluse de S. Auban*, 52 k. N. in the direction of Puget-Théniers.

For the interesting road from Grasse to (121 k.) Digne see *South-Western France*.]



Le Pont-à-Dieu.

200 k. *Golfe Juan*. The station for Vallauris (omnibus, 1 fr.), see p. 33. Here Napoleon I. landed from Elba. A number of French ironclads are generally moored in the bay.

'Un trait remarquable de mobilité, c'est le royalisme décroissant, puis l'impérialisme croissant des journaux serviles, dans les vingt jours que l'aigle impériale emploie à voler du golfe Juan aux tours de Notre Dame. En mettant le pied sur la plage provençale, Napoléon est le *Corse aventurier*; le lendemain, ce n'est plus que *l'usurpateur*; à Grenoble, l'illustre voyageur redevient *Bonaparte*; parvenu à Lyon, il a reconquis le titre de *Général Bonaparte*; à Châlons, reparait le prénom glorieux de *Napoléon*; à Auxerre, *l'Empereur* est réintégré dans toute sa dignité souveraine; à Fontainebleau, l'on reçoit avec enthousiasme *le grand homme, le sauveur, l'étoile de la France*; enfin, le 21 Mars au matin, la feuille officielle annonce que, la veille, *sa majesté impériale et royale a fait son entrée dans sa capitale* au bruit des acclamations unanimes.'—*Touchard Lefosse, 'Hist. de Paris.'*

[An excursion may be taken to (3 k.) *Biot*, where a peculiar kind of pottery was formerly made, with a very fine glaze. The village was founded in the XIII. c. by the Genoese, who called it Buzoto, and it belonged to the Templars, and afterwards to the Knights of Malta. The church, re-consecrated in 1472, is of Templar origin, and contains a very curious picture in compartments, either by Bréa or his master, Jean Miraiheti.]

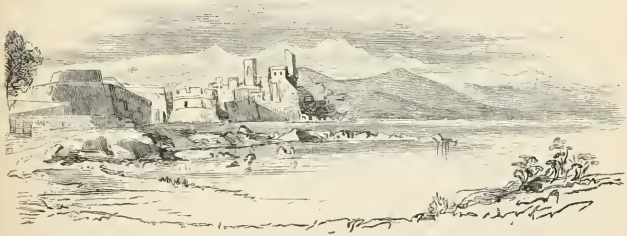
203 k. *Juan les Pins*. The *Grand Hôtel*, facing the sea, is convenient for artists wishing to work near the old town of Antibes, being much nearer than the hotel at the Cap. The situation is dreary, but there are pleasant walks inland.

205 k. *Antibes (Hôtel du Cap)*, most excellent, and admirably managed by M. Sella, one of the quietest and best winter residences on the Riviera for invalids who are not seriously ill), the ancient Antipolis, the sentinel which protected the Phocean colonies against the incursions of the Ligurians. Its bishopric was transferred to Grasse in 1243. Some very small remains have been discovered of a Roman theatre, aqueduct, and of the cemetery, where, amongst other relics, was found a stone with the touching inscription, 'D. M. pueri Septentrionis. An. xii. qui Antipoli in theatro biduo saltavit et placuit.' The town, as seen from a little creek beyond the fort, with its bastions and lofty orange-coloured towers, juts out most picturesquely



into the sea, and has a background of marvellous beauty in the long range of peaks of the Maritime Alps, always white with snow in winter. Indeed, those who linger to enjoy this scene from one of the coves of the western bay, in the orange lights and pink shadows of sunset, will agree that it is the most beautiful seaside view in France.

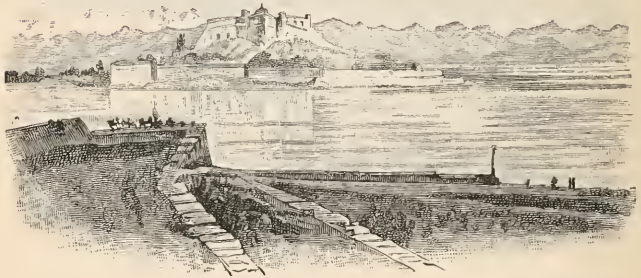
The delightful promontory of *Cap d'Antibes* has enchanting views towards the snow mountains and Nice on the E., and across the bay of Cannes with its islands to the purple chain of the Esterel on W. The immense number



Antibes.

of villas has rather cut up the Cape, and spoilt it for pedestrians. The gardens of the Villa Eilen Roc are open on Tuesdays and Fridays, entrance 1 fr. Close to the lighthouse, on the highest point of the Cape, is the ancient pilgrimage chapel of *Notre Dame de la Garde* full of curious ex-votos, and containing a graceful Madonna by *Simon Vouet*. It is approached from the sea by a long stony Via Crucis, with a number of shrines. In the Villa Close, near the rocky point called *Plan de l'Islette*, is the singular insulated tomb of Mr. Close. The huge palatial

*Hôtel du Cap* is beautifully situated in large grounds of its own, is exposed to full sunshine, and has an exquisite view towards Golfe Juan and Cannes. The arid promontory below is occupied by a curious imitation of an Eastern mosque.



Fort of Antibes.

‘To look at it from the outside, the Cap d’Antibes is just a long low spit of dull olive-grey land, but, within, it has sea and mountain views most gloriously beautiful. To the east you see everything you can see from Nice, to the west you see everything you can see from Cannes; to the north, a gigantic range of snow-covered Alps; to the south, and all around, the sky-blue Mediterranean. For the Cape is a promontory made up of little promontories, each jutting into the sea at all possible angles, and with endless miniature bays, mimic islets, their white rocks jagged and worn by the dashing waves, that break over them in

ceaseless spray, even in glassy weather. To sit among oranges, olives, and palms, as at Algiers or Palermo, and yet look up from one's seat under one's vine and fig-tree, to see the snow-clad Alps glowing pink in the sunset as at Zermatt or Chamouni, is a combination of incongruous delights nowhere else to be met with in Europe.'—*Grant Allen*.

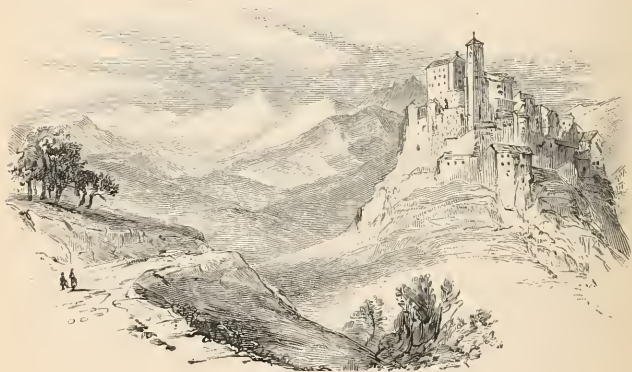
'I do not consider the situation suitable for serious invalids, especially in advanced stages of phthisis. The Cape is breezy and airy, an



Cagnes.

admirable home for children or for adults who need sunshine and country walks and a warm southern climate ; but very feeble people might find it too windy. At the same time, its intensely marine position, surrounded on three sides by the Mediterranean, makes a residence there much like passing a winter on the deck of a ship in genial sub-tropical seas, and the moisture in the atmosphere ensures comparative freedom from the brusque changes of temperature experienced at sunset at Cannes or Nice. The spot, in short, has the usual equability of all peninsular climates. But it is a place, not for gaiety, but for rest and quiet.'—*P. S. in the 'Times.'*

‘The sunlight of centuries has baked to a most brilliant hue the limestone of which Vauban built his fort. In fact, artists are always charmed with Antibes. Meissonier’s sketches of it are delightful, and M. Zuber’s clever brush has been employed on the long lines of sea and shore, on the mysteries of interlacing olive boughs, and on the poetic details of a truly Provençal landscape. It is from Antibes that the snowy chain of the Maritime Alps can best be studied, from the Mont Monnier at the north-western horizon to the Baisse de S. Vêran



Carros.

at the other end of a line of peaks which hide the actual Col de Tende from our eyes. It is impossible to tire of such a panorama.’—*The Maritime Alps*.

213 k. *Vence-Cagnes*. The village of *Cagnes* (2 k. l.) occupies a hill crowned by a picturesque castle of the Grimaldi, occupying the site of a temple of Venus, and containing curious old rooms with frescoed ceilings, one of them representing the Fall of Phaeton, and attributed to Carlone.

[Far the best excursions in the neighbourhood of Cannes are those which are usually made from the station of Cagnes. *Vence* (10 k.), occupying the site of Ventium, the capital of the Nerusii, is a hill-set town, which belonged in the middle ages to the great family of Ville-neuve. It had a bishopric, founded *c.* 374 (afterwards united to Fréjus) frequently illustrious from its prelates, including S. Andin, S. Eusèbe, S. Véran, S. Lambert, Pope Paul III., the learned Guillaume le Blanc, Pierre de Vair, Godeau, and Surian. The former *Cathedral*, founded in IV. c., on the site of a temple, and much enlarged in X. c., XII. c., and XV. c., has a number of ancient inscriptions built into the walls. The lectern, stalls, and organ are late XV. c. In the chapel of S. Véran the altar is said to be the tomb of the saint. The tomb of S. Lambert, with a XII. c. inscription, is in the chapel dedicated to him. The epitaph of Bishop Godeau (1672) commemorates the favourite of Richelieu, who obtained his good graces by dedicating to him a paraphrase of the Psalms, which begins with the words, '*Benedicite omnia opera Domini*,' on receiving which the powerful cardinal said, 'Monsieur l'Abbé, vous me donnez *Benedicite*, et moi je vous donne *Grasse*.' The Pope afterwards allowed Godeau to hold the bishopric of Vence with that of Grasse. 'Il était fort enclin à l'amour,' says Tallemant des Réaux, 'et comme il était naturellement volage, il a aimé en plusieurs lieux.'

'Grasse profondera,  
Nice joucères sera,  
Antibes bombardera,  
Vence, Vence sera !  
Et donnera du vin  
À qui n'en aura pas.'—*Nostradamus*.

'Vence is a very quiet dreamy place. No one would believe that the regiments of Charles V. once bivouacked in its square, that the bold Lesdiguières had to raise the siege laid to her gates, or that Massena drilled in her streets soldiers who were to go out and conquer the world. Vence now grows violets for the perfume factories, and the dust has gathered deep above the tombs of her bishops, as over the bones of her saints.'—*The Maritime Alps*.

On the *Terrasse de S. Martin* (1 k.) are ruins of a house of the Templars.

It is most well worth while to proceed 6 k. beyond Vence by a mountain road to the village of *S. Jeannet*—so called from the Knights of S. John of Jerusalem—most picturesquely situated at the foot of a huge precipice of red and grey rock—'le baou rouge'—which is a principal feature in views from the drives near Nice. The women here have a

great reputation for sorcery, and high on the mountain is a huge old nut-tree, where the witches are believed to hold their sabbat. Hence, a terraced road, high above the ravine occupied by the usually dry bed of the Var, with views perfectly sublime in their beauty, leads along the edge of the hills to (14 k.) *Carros* (Carrozza), a most striking little fortified mountain town, with a castle; and to (16 k.) *Le Broc*, with a church of 1563 and XV. c. hospital, overlooking the confluence of the Var and Esteron. There are few finer scenes than those near the two last-named villages, but the snow on the mountains, contrasting with the deep purple ravines, makes them far more striking in spring



S. Pol.

than in summer. Taking another direction from Vence, we may visit (5 k.) *S. Pol*, an old fortified village, containing many ancient houses of architectural interest, and possessing a glorious view over mountains and sea. In the *Maison Suraire* are a splendid chimney-piece and curious staircase. The excursion, also, is well worth while to an artist.

A very interesting mountain road, much superseded by the railway, leads from Vence to (23 k.) Grasse, by (6 k.) *Tourette*, which retains its old walls and the three towers whence it derived its name, and (13 k.) *Le Bar* (near the Gorge de S. Arnoux), with an old castle, and a church with a Roman inscription built into its tower, and, in its sacristy, a X. c. tabernacle with a representation of the Dance of Death. At 12 k.

from Vence pedestrians may turn aside l. by the hamlet of *Courmette-Vieille*, and (leaving on l. the village of *Courmes*, which has a tomb of one of the famous Cormis family in its church) ascend to (14 k. from the main road) the singular mountain town of *Coursegoules*, which has its little square and Hôtel de Ville. Hence the *Cheiron* (1778 mèè.) may be ascended in 3 hrs. There is a magnificent view from the summit.]

219 k. *Le Var*, a station near the long bridge over the wide, usually dry bed of the Var, which formerly was the boundary between France and Italy. The river, which gives its name to a Department, rushing and rapid in its upper course, becomes, as it nears the sea, either an impetuous flood, which numerous dykes can scarcely keep in check, or a mere thread of water winding through an immense bed of stones. Hence, passing the fishing suburbs of *S. Hélène*, *Magnan*, and *S. Philippe*, we soon reach—

225 k. *Nice* (Nizza)



## CHAPTER IV

### NICE AND MONACO

[Hotels: *des Anglais, Westminster, Méditerranée, Luxembourg, Rome* (all very expensive), Promenade des Anglais; *Grand Hôtel de Nice*, Boulevard Carabacel; *Angleterre, Grande Bretagne, and de France*, in the square called Le Jardin Public; *des Îles Britanniques, Beaurivage* (good and reasonable), Quai du Midi; *Cosmopolitain, de la Paix, and Grand*, Quai S. Jean Baptiste (more noisy and bohemian); *Riviera Palace*, half-way to Cimies (enormously expensive); *Grand Hôtel, Excelsior, and Regina* (unfinished 1896), at Cimies; *de Montboron* (enormously expensive), in a beautiful position, with a fine view, above the road to Villafranca. *Hôtel de Genève*, good and more economical. In the dull, flat suburb towards S. Barthélemy is the *Hôtel Windsor*, good and reasonable. *Des Etrangers, Suisse, Louvre, and Paradis*, tolerable, but second-rate.

In a high position above S. Barthélemy is the delightful *Hôtel S. Barthélemy* or *Villa Arson*, beautifully situated, a very comfortable and economical pension for winter residence, with a most enchanting garden belonging to an ancient villa. This is far the best winter home for those who do not wish for housekeeping, and the situation and water are extremely salubrious. The *Hôtels des Îles Britanniques, des Étrangers, and S. Barthélemy* or *Villa Arson* are alone open in summer.

Pensions: *Anglaise*, Promenade des Anglais; *Internationale*, 2 Petite Rue S. Étienne. In the Quartier S. Philippe is the *Villa Verdier*, an admirable electro-hydropathic establishment, with the little *Hôtel Belvidere* near it.

‘Nice is a home for the millionaire and the working-man. The intermediate class is not wanted. Visitors are expected to have money, are welcomed on that account; and if they have to look to pounds, shillings, and pence, had much better remain at home.’—*M. Betham Edwards*.

‘Dans les hôtels, on distingue deux catégories: le *client* et le *passant*. Pour le premier, on a tous les égards possibles, mais il n’en faut de tout que le second jouisse de la même considération. On



regarde les voyageurs qui ne séjournent pas, comme un passage de cailles qu'il s'agit de plumer, et les hôteliers ne s'en font pas faute.'—  
C. Brainne.

*Carriages*: with one horse and two places, the course, 1 fr. by day, 1 fr. 50 c. by night; the hour, 2 fr. 50 c. and 3 fr. With one horse and four places, the course, 1 fr. by day, 2 fr. by night; the hour, 2 fr. 50 c. and 3 fr. With two horses and four places, the course, 1 fr. 50 c. by day, 2 fr. by night; the hour, 3 fr. and 3 fr. 50 c. The limits of a course are those of the town itself.

*Post Office and Telegraph*: 2 Place de la Liberté, and Place Grimaldi.]

NICE, the capital of the Département des Alpes-Maritimes, is much frequented as a sunny winter residence, but is ravaged in spring by violent mistral, which fills the air with a whirlwind of dust. It is a great, ugly, modern town, with Parisian shops and a glaring esplanade along the sea. A union of several towns compose it—the '*ville moderne*,' or foreign quarter, stretching along the shore as far as the bed of the Paillon torrent, and the '*ville centrale*,' containing the principal shops and native residences, which is separated from the '*ville du port*' by the rock of the château: besides these, the great suburbs of *Carabacel* and *S. Étienne* are ever increasing inland.

Nice still preserves its old Greek name of Νίκη—victory, which the Phocean colonists gave it after a great victory over the native Ligurians. Its first bishop, S. Bassus, was martyred in 250. The town suffered much from the Saracens, who occupied all the neighbouring mountain strongholds in the X. c. till their expulsion in 975. Afterwards it fell successively into the hands of the Comtes de Provence, of the house of Anjou, and of the Comtes de Savoie, undergoing numerous and terrible sieges. In 1859 it was ceded with Savoy by Victor Emmanuel II. to Napoleon III. The painters Carle Vanloo and Ludovico Bréa (founder of the Genoese school) were natives of Nice. In *S. Augustin* (2nd arcade r.) is a Pietà of 1489 by the same master.

Massena was born, the son of a small woollen-draper, in a narrow street near S. Reparata; Garibaldi was born in a house near the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, where his brother was murdered. In the Avenue de la Gare, where the trees arch and meet overhead, is the modern cathedral of *Notre*



Nice from Châtaignier.

*Dame.* The former cathedral, of *S. Reparata*, is—not unpicturesque—in the old town.

There is little worth notice at Nice except the exquisitely beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood. The hill of the *Château* (reached by the Avenue Eberlé) has pleasant walks

and views, but its buildings were blown up by the Duke of Berwick in 1706. In the cemetery is the grave of Léon Gambetta, buried, 1880, beside his mother and aunt. The house near the Port where Giuseppe Garibaldi was born (July 19, 1807) has been pulled down. Paganini died in 14 Rue de la Préfecture. Marshal Massena was born (May 7, 1768) in a house, now pulled down, on the Quai S. Jean Baptiste. The *Croix de Marbre*, standing under a little canopy opposite to the English Church, commemorates a so-called conference, in 1538, between Paul III., Charles V., and François I. The *Promenade des Anglais* extends for 2 k. along the shore from the Paillon to the Mignan, and ends towards the E. at the *Jardin Public*. In the sacristy of the Misericordia, near the Préfecture, is a good picture representing La Madonna della Misericordia, by the rare artist, *Jean Miraiheti*, the master of Ludovico Bréa, and founder of the Nice school. In the same sacristy, much injured by restoration, is a Madonna by *Ludovico Bréa*.<sup>1</sup> Near the Chemin de S. Étienne, behind the railway station, the Russian memorial chapel recalls the death of the Czarevitch Nicolas-Alexandrovitch, April 24, 1865, in the Villa Oscar-Bermond. Here the dying Grand-duke placed the hand of his affianced bride, Princess Dagmar of Denmark, in that of his brother Alexander, saying, 'Marry my brother; he is true as crystal, and I wish it,' and as 'Marie Feodorowna' she became Empress of Russia.

The *Carnival*—as a means of making money—lasts longer and is more observed at Nice than anywhere else in Europe. The battles of flowers and of confetti—here bits of coloured paper like little wafers—are very amusing to children and peasants, and the costumes and decorated carriages will recall the Carnival at Rome under the prosperous days of the Papacy. But it is a time for any one who

<sup>1</sup> Ludovico (1450-1520?) and Antonio, the artists, were sons of Antonio Bréa. The best works of the more famous Ludovico are at Genoa, Savona, Albeuga, Taggia, Cimies, and Nice.

has no taste for such amusements to evade Nice. The price of carriages rises enormously, and for rooms it is not unusual to ask 50 or 60 frs. a night. Places in windows to see the processions often fetch from 60 to 100 frs., partly of course owing to the number of people who, owing to Monte Carlo, have a flush of money to which they are unaccustomed.



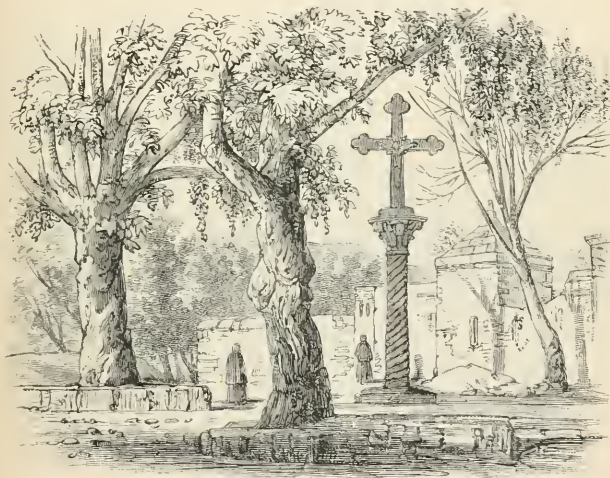
Villafranca.

Of the excursions round Nice—

1. *Villefranche* (Villafranca), with a station on the railway, is reached most pleasantly by the road, which, passing the port, skirts the promontory of *Montboron* by the sea. The old fishing town, with its martello tower, its brown roofs, interspersed by domes of churches and convents, and here and there a palm-tree waving above the crumbling houses, has a very Eastern aspect. In the narrow streets, heaps

of oranges, dates, figs, and plums are piled up for sale on either side of the broad sunny pavement. Below is the quay, where the deep blue sea washes up among yellow rocks under the gaily-painted houses, while a number of boats ply to and fro to carry visitors to the large men-of-war which frequently lie at anchor in the harbour.

To the E. of Villafranca, by the new road to Monaco, or by sea (4 k.), or rail from Nice, is the peninsula of *Beaulieu*, with a number of pleasantly situated houses in a very warm situation sheltered by the



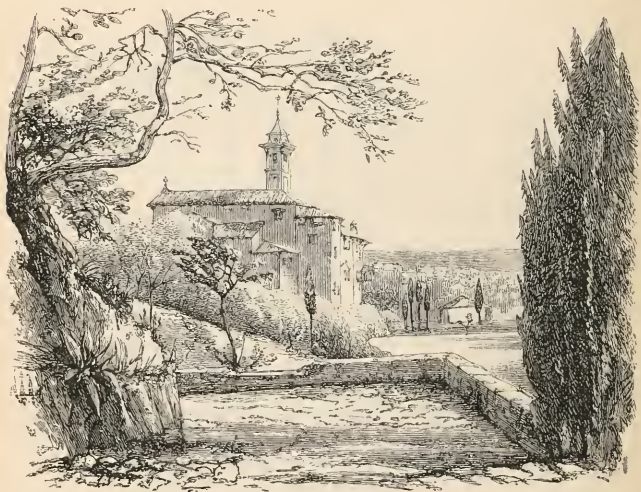
The Crucifix of Cimies.

rocks of the *Petite-Affrique*. A pleasant road turns off r. before reaching Beaulieu to the charming little village and port of *S. Jean*, whence the view is most beautiful towards Monaco. Charming walks may be taken from hence on the wooded promontory of *Cap Ferret*, beyond which, reached by enchanting pine woods above the sea, still quite unspoilt, is the *Presqu'île S. Hospice*, on whose eastern point is a ruined fort, built by Victor Amadeus I., and destroyed in 1706 by Marshal Berwick. Near this is the ruined hermitage of *S. Hospice*, an anchorite



of the VI. c., who prophesied the victories of the Lombards ('Venient in Galliam Longobardi et vastabunt civitates septem').

2. *Cimies* (to which there is an electric tram from Nice), reached either by turning r. from Carabacel at the end of the Rue Gioffredo and passing the gigantic *Palace Hotel*, or turning l. near the end of the old town from the road along the Paillon. The former route traverses the small remains of the *Roman Amphitheatre* of Cimenelium, called by the natives, 'Il tino delle fade,' or the fairies' bath. Beyond this are



S. Barthélemy, near Nice.

the huge and hideous hotels of Cimies. The *Grand Hotel* has been twice inhabited for a month by Victoria, Queen of England; but its view and sunshine have been recently spoilt by the erection (1896) of the frightful *Hôtel Regina*, which has itself a poor view and a wretched garden. The pleasant *Villa Garin* is no longer a hotel. A short distance farther is a Franciscan *Convent*, in front of which some noble cork trees overshadow a crucifix bearing the six-winged seraphin which appeared to S. Francis of Assisi. In the church is an altar-piece, a

Pietà in three compartments; and in the last chapel on l., a Christ on the Cross, of 1522, by *Ludovico Bréa*. The grounds of the *Villa Garin* contain some small Roman remains. A subterranean passage is said to extend under the Paillon from hence to the little chapel of



In the Garden of Villa Arson.

S. Roch on Mont Vinaigrier. In this passage the natives say that the devil sits at a table, with a golden horn upon it, whilst a golden goat and a golden kid stand by his side; for one half-hour in the day the devil sleeps, and if, during that half-hour, any one had the courage to

go down, they might carry off the golden goat and the golden kid in safety, and would be enriched for life.

Near the foot of the Cimies hill, on the Paillon side, a little *Chapel* on a rock marks the spot where S. Pons, Bishop of Cimies, is said to have been beheaded in 261. The buildings of the *Abbey of S. Pons*, founded 775, are modern.

3. N. of Nice. Close to S. Étienne, beyond the railway station, on the l., are picturesque remains of the villa of *Péol*, which belonged to the great Lascaris family, of whom Paul Lascaris de Castellane, Bailli de Manosque, was Grand Master of the Order of Malta from 1636-57, and of which family the Order numbered thirteen members.

Taking the road to the N. from the circular cross-ways beyond the railway and then turning l., we find the *Convent of S. Barthélemy*. In the corridor of the first floor is a picture by *Jean Miraiheti*, and behind the convent a little cemetery, where the oldest Nicois families make it a point of honour to be buried. Behind and above is the *Villa Arson*, now a quiet and pleasant pension hotel, a most desirable winter residence. The banner of Garibaldi, presented by the patriot to the late proprietor, is preserved in the chapel. The gardens of this fine old Italian villa (much enlarged), with its ancient statues, fountains, grottoes and staircases, and its beautiful palms and cypresses, might recall the famous Villa d'Este at Tivoli on a small scale, though an exquisite view over Nice and the sea replaces that of the Campagna. The modern tower of S. Barthélemy in the foreground is a far-away imitation of the famous tower at Florence.

'I am in a bath of beauty and sunshine, in a garden which—even now in February—is a mass of roses, salvias, violets, and all other plants most delicious. A tower of beautiful proportions rises from the brown roofs of an old convent at the end of the garden walk. But this is not all. One might really be in Arcadia from the old statues, grottoes, and staircases which surround one—remnants of a noble villa of the famous house of Lascaris. Afterwards the old house belonged to the astrologer-necromancer Count Arson, who gave out that he was going to retire from the world for a year, and invited all his friends to a party before his seclusion. All the society of Nice came, found a banquet spread, and danced under the trees. But Count Arson did not appear; his family made excuses for him. He remained shut up in his room. Three days later the police forced open his door; he was found dead; he had been dead three days.'—*Sunshine Sketches*.

Turning from the Villa Arson into the valley on r., we find the *Ray Mill and Church*. Just before reaching this, a narrow road between walls on l. leads to the *Vallon des Templiers*, with the remains



of their old chapel, and of an aqueduct made by them, and, at the head of the valley, the *Fontaine des Templiers*, where a brook of crystal water gushes out under an old arch.

A walk of 45 min. will take us from S. Barthélemy to the little gorge known as *Vallon Obscur*.

The *Vallon des Fleurs* or *Vallon des Hépatiques* (Valloun des Flous) is about an hour's walk, following the road to S. André as far as the iron cross of Gairaut, and then turning r.



S. André, near Nice.

4. The *Chemin de Falicon* is a delightful road turning uphill from the little white church of the *Ray*, and affording an enchanting drive of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. Hedges of roses line the way, which is often shaded by huge old olive trees. The views over the lower hills towards Nice and the sea are glorious. The domed *Observatoire* on the hill-point to the east is a marked feature: it contains a fine astronomical library supplied by M. Bischoffsheim. The *Cascade de Gairaut* is passed, conveying the waters of La Vésubie to Nice; but they are only used for washing

purposes. On reaching the summit of the ridge, the village of *Falicon* is seen crowning an olive-clad hill. A road branches off to *Aspremonte* (see later). The return may be by way of *Cimies*.

5. *S. André* (6 k.), reached by the road along the W. bank of the *Paillon* (passing *S. Pons*) is a beautiful spot crowned by an old château, with pines and ilexes overhanging a ravine. Here, over the torrent of *La Garbe*, is one of the natural tunnels—*Grotte de S. André*—not uncommon in this district.

The hill to the W. is crowned by the village of *Falicon*, whence one may return to *Nice* by the beautiful new road descending to the valleys on the other side, towards *S. Barthélemy*. Beyond *S. André* the highroad (to *Coni* by *Valdieri*) enters a gorge, like some of the passages in the *Val Moutiers*, where the perpendicular rocks are fringed with pines, above the tossing and struggling torrent. A ruined wall on the rock, which looks like a hermitage, marks the spot where the French, during their occupation of *Nice*, successfully defended this ravine against the *Piedmontese*, who tried to make a descent through it upon the town. On l. is a turn which leads to the three-storied *Grotte de Falicon*, called by the natives 'Grotta di Ratapignata,' from the number of bats which inhabit it. Beyond this, *Mont Chauve* is seen above the lower hills. On the r., on the site of a Roman oppidum, is *Tourette*, 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 *Boutaou* to commemorate their deliverance from the *Grimaldi de Beuil* (who had tyrannised 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. 47). On the course of the *Var*, above *S. Martin* (30 k. from *Nice*), is the curious defile of *Echaudan*, but the greater part of the *Var* scenery is spoilt by the river being usually on 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*, reached by an excellent road from *Nice* (see above), an exceed-

ingly picturesque place, with most grand views over sea and land, and thence to reach Nice either by Cimies (see p. 56), 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 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



Aspremonte.

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 lavande, de thyme, de citron parfumées,  
Que de fois sous tes plants d’oliviers toujours verts,  
Dont la pâleur s’unit au sombre azur des mers,  
J’égaraï mes regards sur ce théâtre immense.’

—‘*Jardins.*’

The ascent of *Mont Chauve* (869 mèt.)—or *Mont Cau* (*Monte Calvo*)—was usually made by way of Cimies, following thence the road to Falicon for some distance, and then turning l., but the ascent is no longer permitted; the summit of the hill is fortified: it is ‘*terrain militaire.*’

6. But far the most interesting excursion is that to Peglione. Carriages may be taken—or the diligence to Turin by Tenda—passing Drap, the possession of which gave the title of Count to the bishops of

Nice, as far as a stone bridge over the Peille at its junction with the Paillon, near (20 k.) *l'Escarène*, 7 k. N. of which is the village of *Lucéram* (Luci ara), under the *Gros-Braus*. Near this also is the *Fontaine de Giallier*, where Lady Bute, travelling in the time of the First Empire, was waylaid by a notorious band of brigands, who had



The Ascent to Peglione.

long baffled pursuit, and was robbed of all her diamonds and other valuables. Lady Bute had with her a bottle of opium, which she used medicinally, and the robbers, mistaking it for a liqueur, drank some of it. Soon, overwhelmed by sleep, they lay down in a cornfield, where they were taken by gendarmes. It was then found that many members of the

best families in Nice belonged to the band, and lived handsomely upon their plunder, even inviting the unsuspecting authorities of the town to their banquets.

Donkeys may be sent on to the bridge of the Paillon. Hence a



Peglione from the East.

path winds for about two hours through a valley, and then ascends by zigzags to *Peglione*, which has long been visible at the top of a conical rock, rising high above the forests of olives, against the wild extraordinary peaks of the surrounding mountains. The town itself is

exceedingly picturesque and has a broad terrazone, with curious old houses on one side and a little chapel painted with quaint frescoes on the other. But far the most important view is to be found beyond the village, from a little platform backed by rocks. Hence Peglione is seen in the foreground, on the top of a gigantic precipice, around the foot of which sparkles the winding river, whilst beyond, billow upon billow of hill in every delicate hue of rose-colour, purple and blue, fall back to melt into the distant snow mountains. In the whole of the



Eza.

rest of France there is no single view more striking than this; and though many scenes of the Pyrenes and Alps are far grander, nothing is so perfect in composition or artistic detail.

It is about an hour's walk or ride by a wild mountain path from Peglione to Peglia (see later).]

[An excursion may be made from Nice to *Turbia* (see later), returning by *Rocabrune* and *Monaco*, and following the new road thence by *Beaulieu* and *Villafranca*. A very beautiful view of Nice may be



obtained by taking a little path to the r. amongst the olives, after passing a chapel on the ascent. At a short distance farther is a grand view of *Eza*, rising on a precipitous rock between the mountains and the sea, backed by a glorious succession of bays and peninsulas. The precipices which the excellent highroad traverses are sufficient to give some ideas of a journey along the old mule-path from Nice to Genoa before it was made.

‘Ayant appris qu’on pouvait aller à Gênes par terre, en chaise à porteurs, nous prîmes la résolution de faire ce périlleux voyage. J’envoyai chercher l’homme qui nous louait des mulets. Je voulus le questionner sur les dangers de la route. Cet homme, après m’avoir attentivement écoutée, me répondit en propres termes: “Je ne suis point inquiet pour vous, mesdames; mais, à la vérité, je crains un peu pour mes mulets, parce que l’an passé j’en perdis deux, qui furent écrasés par de gros morceaux de roche qui tombèrent sur eux, car il s’en détache souvent de la montagne.” Cette manière de nous tranquilliser ne nous rassura pas beaucoup, mais cependant elle nous fit rire et nous partîmes.’  
—*Mme. de Genlis.*]

[A road practicable for carriages (45 fr.; time, 9 hrs.), as far as S. Sauveur (or S. Salvadour), where there is a poor inn, then a mule-path for 8 hrs. (mule, 3 fr. 50 c. a day; guide, 5 fr.), then a road of 8 k. forms the communication between Nice and Barcelonnette. The first part of the road follows the gorges of the Var (see p. 48), then (28 k.) of the Tinée.

From S. Sauveur a mule-path leads W. to (8 hrs.) *Guillaumes*, through a very wild district, passing the curious village of *Péone*, surrounded by pointed rocks of the strangest forms. Another point well worth visiting from S. Sauveur is (1½ k. E. by the mule-path which leads in 5 hrs. to S. Martin Lantosque) the village of *Rimplas*, with a XII. c. castle, in a marvellous mountain position of extreme picturesqueness, and with a magnificent view.]

[No one should omit to make the railway journey from Nice to Grasse from the Gare du Sud (not the chief station). The trains are tiresome and stoppages provoking, but the scenery is magnificent.

Passing a tunnel we reach (6 k.) the valley of *La Madeleine*, where the slender campanile of the church, with an old olive tree and glimpse of distant sea, have been frequently painted. A tunnel brings us to another gorge opening on the wide valley of the Var at (7 k.) *S. Isidore*, whence the strange Sinitic rock of S. Jeannet is seen beyond the immense bed of the river, almost always dry, but sometimes occupied by a raging torrent, as when the waters of the Brague swept part of a train out to sea from the main line in the terrible railway accident of 1872.



Passing (8 k.) *Lingostière*, the train ascends the valley to (14 k.) *S. Sauveur*, whence the villages of Carozza and Le Broc are seen on the arid hills opposite, but give no idea of the beauty to be found there (see p. 48). At (13 k.) *Colomars* there is a wearisome halt. Now we cross the river and ascend the hills to (21 k.) *S. Jeannet la Gaude*, where visitors from Nice will leave the train for the glorious excursion to Carozza and Le Broc, though those who come from Cannes will leave the main line at Cagnes. *S. Jeannet* is a very striking place, especially with the afternoon shadows on its magnificent precipices of red rock. A ruined castle on the r. of the railway is passed before reaching the station of (26 k.) *Vence* (see p. 47), which clings picturesquely to the side of a wooded hill. Now, on the l., the line overlooks ranges of olive-clad hills to the sea. On the r. up an arid ravine is seen the rock-built village of (31 k.) *Tourettes*. A long wooded gorge now skirts the line on the l. At the end of the valley we cross a viaduct. The views become magnificent and the precipices stupendous at (38 k.) *Le Loup*, where we cross the entrance of a ravine, in the upper part of which are a waterfall and hermitage. Now the scenery becomes softer, and orange trees occupy the terraces, with here and there a palm tree, to the highly picturesque mountain town of (41 k.) *Bar sur Loup*. The line continues to ascend high among the hills till it reaches, in a magnificent position, (45 k.), *Macanosc-Châteauneuf*, with a view over eleven ranges of mountain distance. The line now descends rapidly to (49 k.) *Grasse* (see p. 39).

Another interesting railway excursion is that to Puget Théniers,<sup>1</sup> on the line from Nice to Digne. The line follows that to Grasse as far as Colomars. Then, passing (17 k.) *Castagniers*, we see the red roofs of the rock-perched *Le Broc* through the purple mist. At 21 k. is *S. Martin du Var*. A gorge now opens on l., a village with a campanile and palm trees clinging to its arid rocks. (23 k.) *Pont Charles Albert* is a suspension-bridge over the river. Beyond, l., on an arid precipitous mountain, suspended between heaven and earth, is the large village of *La Germaine*, with its church placed on the very point of the precipice. The Rhine and Moselle offer nothing more curious, but the dry bed of the river mars the beauty. The perpendicular precipices of brown rock on the l. now descend abruptly to the stream: it is a very fine scene. Where it exists, the Var is blue. After (25 k.) *La Vésubie*, the gorge narrows, and is very striking in its arid purple grandeur, to (29 k.) *La Tinée*, after which it becomes still narrower, leaving only just room for the river and the railway. The gorge now divides, entering the rift to the l., and, passing the desolate stations of *La*

<sup>1</sup> In the spring of 1896 the part from Puget Théniers to S. André was still incomplete.

*Mescla, Malauscène, Villars le Var* (where the church has an altarpiece by *Miraiheti*), reaches (49 k.) *Touet le Beuil*, the station for an exceedingly picturesque brown village on the mountain-side, partly supported on arches, partly on the narrowest possible ledge of rock.

'*Touet le Beuil* is a mass of dark overhanging roofs perched half way up the hill, four hundred and forty-one metres above the sea. In the centre of the nave of the church is a grating, through which one can see a small torrent leaping in a series of cascades to join the Var. The church, which is dedicated to S. Martin, spans this torrent by means of an arch.'—*J. Harris*.

Most artists or antiquaries will await the return train here. Others, with more time, will leave it at (51 k.) *Le Cians*, and will explore the exceedingly curious *Gorge de Cians* or *Clus des Champs*, with its great precipices of red or striped rock. At 59 k. is *Puget Théniers* (Hotel: *Langier*, very poor), a dirty, miserable mountain town. The Grande Place occupies the site of a garden of the Knights Templar, who had a citadel here.]

[The road which leads N. from Nice to *S. Martin Lantosque* (carriages, including pourboire, 44 fr.) is the same as that by S. André to (22 k.) *Levens* (see p. 60). After passing *Levens* the road skirts the base of the *Mont Dragon*. The village of *Cros* is seen beautifully situated above the olives on the other side of the *Vésubie*. The road now ascends to (29 k.) *Duranus*, formerly *Rouquespavière*, then passes through a tunnel in the rock. The fortified village of *Utelle* is seen opposite, on the side of a bare hill crowned by the chapel of *Notre Dame des Miracles*. After descending to *S. Jean de la Rivière*, the road passes through a gorge of the *Vésubie* to (40 k.) *Le Suchet*, and by a second gorge to (45 k.) the picturesque village of *Lantosque* (*Lantosca*), on a rocky promontory which seems to close the valley of the *Vésubie*. On a hill on r. are now seen the ruined castle and fortified village of *La Bollène*. At 51 k. is *Roquebillière*, on the site of a Roman station, whence the road ascends to (59 k.) *S. Martin Lantosque* (Hotels: *des Alpes*; *de Bellevue*; *de la Grande Bretagne*. Pensions: *Ayraud*; *Anglo-Américaine*; *S. Étienne*; *Müller*—usual pension 6 to 8 francs), a prosperous little mountain town, close to the Italian frontier, with a beautiful neighbourhood, much frequented during the summer months, as well for its mineral waters as its fine air. An excursion may be made to the delightfully situated baths of *Berthemont* (Hotel: *des Bains*), with the little falls of the *Spaillard*. A walk or ride of 8 hrs. leads from S. Martin to *Valdieri* (in Italy) by the *Col de la Fenêtre*, with its pilgrimage chapel and little lake; or in

5½ hrs. by the *Col de Cérèse* to the baths of Valdieri. By the mule-path to S. Sauveur (5 hrs.), Rimplas (see p. 65) may be visited. There is a fine view from the *Cime du Sirol* (2015 mètr.)]

[The road from Nice into Italy by the Col di Tenda is the same as that followed in the excursion to Peglione, as far as the Pont du Peille. After leaving (20 k.) *Escarène*, the route is very picturesque. From (22 k.) *Touët de l'Escarène*, which belonged to the noble family of Caravadossi, begins the ascent, by a series of zigzags, to the top of the *Col de Braus*, whence the road descends in the same manner, to (41 k.) *Sospello*, the Hospitellum of the Romans, said to have been originally founded by Braus, a companion of Hercules. The town suffered cruelly in the Middle Ages from Lombards, Saracens, Guelfs, and Ghibellines (the latter being represented by the powerful families of Lascaris and Grimaldi), but it had the distinction of giving a refuge to many of the Vaudois expelled from their valleys in the XIII. c., and this in spite of its being the summer residence of the Bishop of Ventimiglia. Sospello is a very interesting place. The old bridge of two romanesque arches over the Bevera has a tower in the middle, and the ruined walls exist, as well as the ruins of the *Castel d'Appi* and a convent. The nave of the XVII. c. church of *S. Michel* is supported by two ranges of monolith columns.

Beyond Sospello, the road follows the Bevera for a short distance, and then ascends, crossing the *Col de Brouis*, whence, as well as on the top of the *Authion*, remains may be seen of fortifications raised by the Piedmontese against the French, and which General Brunet vainly tried to take, June 12, 1793. A military road, now used by shepherds and their flocks, leads from the Col de Brouis to the platform of Mille Fourches and to the Authion. The road now descends into the valley of the Roya (the Roman Rutuba), passing (r.) the large village of *Breil* (a name said to come from Proelium, a battle fought here between Otho and Vitellius), overlooked by the old tower of *Crivella*. To the E. is seen the singular mountain called *Testa d'Alpe* or *Testa di Giove*.

*Giandola* (52 k. Hotel: *des Étrangers*—good) is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Roya and the Maille. Then the road passes a defile beyond which it reaches its most picturesque point, where blackened houses of the wonderfully situated town of *Saorgio*, an ancient Ligurian stronghold, rise along the edge of lofty rocks above the Roya. One of the rocky promontories which stretch out beyond the houses is occupied by a ruined château of the house of Sales (*lou Castel del Sal*) and a church, on the site of a temple of Mars and Cybele. The chapel of *Notre Dame de Morin*, with a romanesque tower, which rises high above the road on the r., is a place of pilgrimage.

A walk of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. will take a traveller from Saorgio to Roquebillière by the Col de Raus.

At 69 k. the road reaches the French custom-house at *Fontan*, and then enters the striking defile called at first *la Gorge de Berghe*, and farther on *le Défilé de Gaudarena*. After crossing the torrent Miniera, we see below the road on the l. (77 k.) the hydropathic establishment of *S. Dalmazzo di Tenda* (pension, 8 frs.), occupying an ancient chartreuse. It is a beautiful spot, deservedly frequented in summer, especially by English who are obliged to pass the winter at Nice. 25 minutes' walk distant is the interesting village of *Briga*, celebrated for the honesty and industry of the maid-servants whom it furnishes in large numbers to Nice. Pleasant excursions may be made in the valley of the Miniera, to the Col di Sabbione, and the lakes (tarns) of Valmasca.

Beyond S. Dalmazzo the road enters another savage defile, by which it reaches (82 k.) *Tenda* (Italian custom-house. Hotel: *National*), which has a fine Lombard church of 1476-1518, and the ruins of an ancient castle of the Lascaris. It is 56 k. from Tenda to Coni.]

Continuing the railway from Nice to Genoa, we pass 229 k. (from Marseilles) *Villefranche* (Villafranca). See p. 54.

231 k. *Beaulieu* (Hotels: *Beaulieu*—very good; *des Anglais*; *Métropole*; *Victoria*). Owing to a monopoly, this otherwise attractive place is exceedingly expensive as a residence. Lord Salisbury has built a large villa in a lofty position. The railway runs along the base of the rocks of the Petite Afrique and enters a tunnel, on emerging from which travellers have a glimpse of Eza on its rock.

234 k. *Eza*. The station is in the little bay of the *Anse d'Eza*. The path to the mountain town turns r. from the station, ascends through a little wood, re-descends, crosses a torrent, and then mounts rapidly, afterwards turning round the hillside, till it joins the old stony road. The ascent occupies  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. Eza, the ancient Avisium, is a good specimen of the 'castelli' of the Riviera, but is more picturesque at a distance than in itself. It became a great stronghold of the Saracens, who took possession of it, with Turbia and S. Agnèse, in 814, and ravaged the country from thence.

The castle, reached by a natural staircase, was almost entirely destroyed by the troops of Barbarossa in 1543.

237 k. *La Turbia*. A steep path ascends to the village (see p. 78).

240 k. *Monaco* (Hotels: *Beausite*; *Beauséjour*; *Bristol*; *des Étrangers*). The town, which is the smallest capital in Europe except S. Marino, occupies an enchanting position on a rocky promontory overhanging the little Porte d'Hercule, and itself overlooked and sheltered by the grand rock of the *Tête du Chien* (Testa del Can). A popular distich is typical of the *far niente* of existence here—

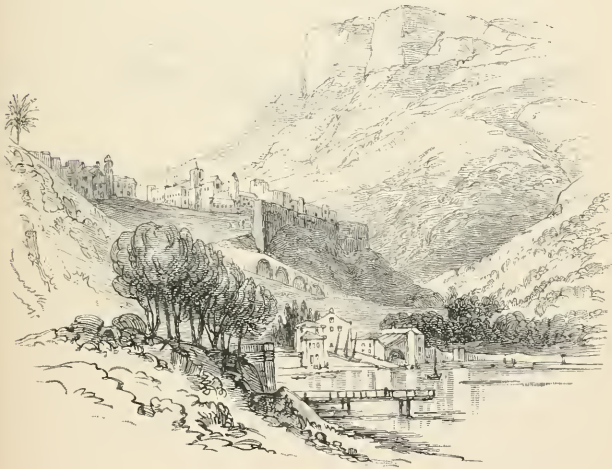
‘Son Monaco, sopra un scoglio  
Non semino, e non raccoglio,  
E pur mangiar voglio.’

It is pleasantest, in ascending from the station, to turn to the l. and enter the gate which leads by the *Promenade S. Martin* or *il Boschetto* to the palace. The rocky terraces are lined with many kinds of aloes, some of which raise their golden stems, crowned by masses of flower, as high as the tops of the cypresses, which are mingled with them. The wild luxuriance of euphorbia, cactus, and prickly pear, not content with covering the heights, overruns the walls and fills every crevice of the precipitous cliffs down to the very edge of the sea. Splendid geraniums and a hundred other flowers fringe the walks, while here and there a palm tree raises its umbrella of delicate foliage into the blue sky. Joining the promenade is the *Convent of the Visitation*, founded 1663, by Prince Louis and his wife Charlotte de Gramont.

Until the beginning of the XIII. c. Monaco was only a desolate rock, at the foot of which ships, coasting along the shores of Liguria and Provence, were wont to seek a refuge in the Portus Herculis.

According to Dionysius of Halicarnassus and other writers, Hercules built a temple here to his own honour after a victory over the ancient Ligurian inhabitants of the territory (‘Monoeci similiter arcum

et portum ad perennem suam memoriam consecravit'), which temple was served by a single priest or monk (*monachus*), whence some derive the name of Monaco. Others believe that the name was due to the Phocians, who gave their temple the distinctive title of *μόνος οἶκος*. Long, however, before the city of Monaco existed, the ancient *Portus Herculis* at its foot was known and valued. Here Augustus Caesar embarked for Genoa on his way to Rome, after having set up his victorious trophies at La Turbia—'Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce



Monaco.

*Monoeci descendens.*' The neighbourhood of the port became the scene of combats between Otho and Vitellius, and there Fabius Valens, a general of Vitellius, landed the troops intended for the support of Marius Maturius, against a Gallic rebellion. In 286 the Emperor Maximin returned by this way from his expedition against the Bogandes, a fact recorded by Claudius in the words—'In modo Galliae oppida illustraveras; jam summas arces Monoeci Herculis praeteribas.'

The scattered Ligurian villages, which occupied these shores, were



constantly pillaged and destroyed by the Saracens, who in 814 took possession of the heights of Eza, Turbia, and S. Agnése, whence they descended from their mountain castles to ravage the neighbourhood, the Portus Monoeci itself falling entirely into their hands, and lying utterly waste during the IV. c., V. c., and VI. c. At length, amongst the Christian champions who appeared to do battle in their behalf was a noble knight of Genoa, called Gibellino Grimaldi, who, after a great victory over the Saracens, was welcomed as a deliverer by the inhabitants, and received the district fringing this beautiful gulf as the reward of his valour. This was the beginning of the Grimaldi rule, and the first cause of the Genoese power in Monaco. Afterwards, all the land of the Ligurian Riviera, from Monaco to Porto Venere, was granted in fief to the Genoese by the Emperor Frederick I. : a grant which was recognised by their neighbour, Count Raymond of Provence, in a charter which gave them—'podium et montem Monaci, cum suis pertinenciis ad incastellandum.' This cession was renewed by the Emperor Henry IV., on condition that the Genoese would build a castle at Monaco for the better defence of the Christians against the Saracens.

Hitherto no building had occupied the heights of Monaco, except a chapel, which had been built on the site of the ancient temple in 1078, by two inhabitants of La Turbia. But in consequence of the grant to Genoa, three galleys from thence, containing a number of noble Genoese citizens, with one Fulco di Castello at their head, and followed by galleys laden with timber, iron, and other materials for building, disembarked at Monaco on June 6, 1191, when, having defined their rights in the presence of the imperial commissioners by making the circuit of the desolate rock with olive boughs, they erected a fortress, with four towers and circular walls, around which a new town soon began to spring up.

From 1270-1340 the citadel of Monaco served as a refuge alternately to Guelfs represented by the Grimaldi, and to Ghibellines under the guidance of the Spinola. Each party twice besieged the other within its walls, and each was twice supplanted by its opponents. On the Christmas Eve, however, of 1306, while all the inhabitants (Monégasques) were celebrating their solemn midnight mass, Charles Grimaldi contrived to enter Monaco disguised as a monk, and, having cut the throats of the sentinels, to let in his accomplices; and from this period, with the exception of eleven years (1327-38), the place remained in the hands of the Grimaldi, of whom Rubella Grimaldi bought a formal investment of his rights from Genoa for twelve hundred gold florins. In 1346, Charles Grimaldi I. purchased part of Mentone from Emanuele Vento of Genoa, and Roccabruna from Guglielmo Lascaris,



Conte di Ventimiglia, for 161,000 florins; the rest of Mentone being bought by another branch of the Grimaldi family.

Many are the romantic incidents in the history of the Grimaldi princes—of Regnier Grimaldi (1363-1407), the brave partisan in turn of popes and antipopes; of Jean I. (1424-54), who was covered with glory in a great naval victory over the Venetians and married to the daughter of the Genoese Doge Tommaso Fregosa as a reward, but who afterwards was the first prince of Monaco who did homage for his dominions to the Duke of Savoy; of Jean II. (1493-1505), murdered by his brother Lucien; of Lucien (1502-23), who successfully withstood a siege by the Genoese, and was murdered in his palace by his nephew, Bartolommeo Doria of Dolceacqua; of Hercules (1589-1604), who sought the Spanish protectorate which has left so many traces in the patois of the neighbouring mountain villages, and who was summarily drowned in front of Monaco by citizens whose daughters he had insulted; of Honorius I. (1604-62), who exchanged the protectorate of Spain for that of France; of Honorius III. (1731), who married the beautiful Catarina Brignole, niece of the Doge of Genoa, and who died at the beginning of the great Revolution, in which his family lost their sovereignty for twenty-one years.

‘When the empire of Napoleon I. was being re-divided by the European powers, the principality of Monaco was given back to the Matignon-Grimaldi. They restored their fortunes in the person of Honorius V., through his cruel extortions from the people, whom he treated as his serfs, by confiscating to his own use the property of the communes, hospitals, and churches, and by seizing the monopoly of commerce of every description, constituting himself at once the only farmer, miller, butcher, and baker of the principality.

‘Whenever the municipal police of Genoa prohibited the sale of some damaged corn, the prince’s contractor immediately bought it up, declaring that it was only too good for the people of Monaco. If any good corn was by chance found in the warehouses at Monaco, it was immediately *exported to be resold*, and worse grain bought in its place. The price of this horrible bread rose till it became double that in any other place; then the people addressed a petition to their prince. His only answer was a threat of severe punishment, and the declaration that he would rule them with a rod of iron, “*qu’il ferait peser sur eux un bras de fer.*”

‘Any attempts of the unhappy inhabitants to obtain bread from Nice were frustrated by the cordon of surveillance drawn around the principality, and all such signs of rebellion were immediately punished. Even travellers passing through Monaco were forced to give up any

provisions they might have on arriving at the frontier; and the Sardinian workman, on crossing the boundary, was not allowed to bring with him his dinner of the day. If the owner of any boat from a strange port, on entering the port of Monaco, had left uneaten any part of the loaves of bread with which his vessel was furnished on leaving home, he was taught by the confiscation of his vessel and a fine of 500 francs to calculate better another time.

'In order still further to fill up the deficiencies in his treasury caused by the Revolution, the Prince forced those who had acquired any of the lands which had belonged to his ancestors to give them up without any indemnity. No one in the principality was allowed to export wood except the Prince himself, and no one was even allowed to cut down a bough from one of his own olive trees unless the stroke were authorised by the Government and given in the presence of officials. No one was allowed to sell his own crops except at a price fixed by the police, and then the purchaser, instead of paying the sum to the proprietor, was obliged to bring his money to a receiver-general established by the Prince, who exacted one per cent. on the sale. In a short time no one was allowed to till his own land or water it, or to prune his own trees, without the permission of the police; and at last no one was allowed to leave his house after ten o'clock at night, without being furnished with a lanthorn, which was also a pretext for a fine. The taxes became at length too absurd for belief. The birth or death of an animal had to be entered in the public register on the same day, on payment of a fine, and was of course taxed. The tax on the birth of a lamb was thirty-five centimes.'—*A Winter at Mentone.*

After thirty-three years of the most cruel oppression, Mentone and Roccabruna rebelled (March 2, 1848), and placed themselves under the protection of Italy, enjoying nine years of liberty, till they were induced, in 1860, to vote for annexation to France, at the time of the cession of Nice. The claims of the Prince of Monaco to that part of his former dominions were at the same time purchased by France for £160,000. Even Monaco itself is now subject to French conscription and taxation, so that the real authority of the Prince is reduced to little more than that of a syndic. The late Prince (1896) was a man of letters, and took great interest in arranging and bringing to light the historic archives of his family.

The only building of importance on the rock of Monaco is the *Palace*, 'restored' out of all appearance of antiquity. The courtyard has (repainted) frescoes by Caravaggio. The interior is shown, but is in no way remarkable. There is a

handsome marble staircase, and the Sala Grimaldi is an old hall decorated in fresco by Orazio da Ferrara. and possessing a fine renaissance chimney-piece inscribed—'Qui dicit se nosse Deum et mandata ejus non observat mendax est.' The Princes formerly always gave a ball here on the festival of S. Devota, to which the inhabitants of Monaco, rich and poor, were invited *en masse*, the rich dancing all the evening on one side of the hall, and the peasants on the other, but neither ever passing an imaginary boundary, while the Prince and the grandees looked down from a gallery. Antonio I. also gave grand ballets here in imitation of those of Versailles, and, being a good musician, would lead the orchestra himself with a bâton bequeathed to him by Lulli. The chapel has a Baptism of Christ by *Jourdain*. A room, decorated with frescoes, attributed to Annibale Caracci, is shown as that in which Edward Augustus, Duke of York, brother of George III., died (Sept. 7, 1767). Whilst Vice-Admiral of the Blue, he had been ill with a fever off Monaco, and was brought on shore to receive the hospitality of the Prince. His room has since been used as a mortuary chapel for the princes of Monaco. Most of the historic apartments of the palace, including the chamber where Prince Lucien was assassinated in 1523, have been long since destroyed, but the palace, as it remains, was well restored by the late Prince (Charles III.), who collected here his precious MSS.—from his château of Marchais near Laon, from his mother's hôtel in the Rue S. Dominique at Paris, and from his own Parisian residence, 19 Rue Guillaume. The MSS. include the papers of the Maréchal de Matignon referring to the Wars of Religion, from the time of François I. to the death of Louis XIV. ; letters by François I., François II., Henri III., Henri IV., Catherine de' Médiçi, Condé, Anne of Austria, Louvois, Colbert, &c. Amongst other relics, the great seal of the Sire de Joinville is preserved here. A passage between the N. and E. wings of the palace leads to the private gardens, delightful terraces

of aloes and geraniums, bordered with myrtle and thyme, overlooking a lovely view of the bay. Behind are the old bastions and fortifications, among which is the famous 'Saraval,' which withstood many a siege in the time of the earlier princes. The rocks below the gardens are covered with prickly pears, first introduced from Africa by Battista, a Franciscan monk of Savona, in 1537; the fruit is gathered by a man let down from the wall in a basket. The aloes generally flower when they attain their fifteenth year, and then die, leaving a numerous progeny behind them.

In the church, now cathedral,<sup>1</sup> of *S. Barbara*, rebuilt 1888-90, in the romanesque style, Pope Pius VI. lay in state, after a storm had obliged the ship bearing his body to take refuge in the Port d'Hercule, only a few months after he had been burnt in effigy by the people of Monaco.

In the port, the suburb *Condamine*—formerly Gaumates—has baths much frequented in summer. Where a little mountain torrent issues from the rocks to fall into the sea, a chapel nestles in the ravine with a lofty arch behind. This—completely modernised since the rise of Monte Carlo, and its grand cypresses recently cut down—is all that remains of a once famous shrine dedicated to *S. Devota*, a virgin of Corsica, martyred under Diocletian.

'According to the Lérins Chronicles, "In order that Devota might not be buried by the Christians, the Roman governor ordered her body to be reduced to ashes, but the priest Benvenuto and the deacon Apollinaris, being warned in a vision to remove the body of the saint from the island, came by night, embarked it, and set sail with a sailor named Gratien, intending to land on the coast of Africa. Their efforts were in vain, and all night long they were driven back by a south wind, which carried them towards the shore of Liguria. The following morning, while the sailor was asleep, the saint appeared to him in a dream, and told him to continue his course joyfully, and observe that which should come out of her mouth, which would show him where she wished to be buried. And from the mouth of the saint the pilot

<sup>1</sup> Monaco has been a bishopric since 1879.

and his two companions saw a white dove issue, which took the direction of Monaco. They watched it till it settled in the valley called Gaumates, on the east of the city. There Devota was buried, and there an oratory was afterwards built to her, with a monastery attached to it, dependent upon that of S. Pons." Another legend describes that the vessel bearing the remains of the saint was wrecked off Monaco, and that only one fragment of it drifted into the Port of Hercules, with the dead body of a beautiful maiden lashed upon it, and an inscription telling that it was that of Devota, Corsican virgin and martyr.'—*'A Winter at Mentone.'*

242 k. *Monte Carlo* (Hotels: *Grand de Paris*, close to the Casino; *de Russie*; *Continental*—best, 16 to 30 frs.; *des Anglais*; *du Prince de Galles*; *des Princes*; *de Londres*; *Beaurivage*; *du Parc*—all frequented by the gambling world, and enormously expensive; *Victoria* and *Windsor* are quieter, and more adapted to invalids). On the E. of the port of Monaco rises the hill of *Spélugues* (caves), till the last twenty years a wild spot covered with heath and rosemary, now the site of the *Casino*, a splendid gambling-house, begun 1858, with concert-room and ball-room attached to it.<sup>1</sup> The gardens, though meretricious in taste, have beautiful shrubs and flowers, and a noble group of palm trees near the steps which lead down from the terrace to the station.

'Never anywhere was snare more plainly set in the sight of any bird. There is little in the way of amusement that you do not get for nothing here, a beautiful pleasure-ground, reading-rooms as luxurious and well-supplied as those of a West-End club, one of the best orchestras in Europe, and all without cost of a farthing. But the very lavishness arouses suspicion in the minds of the wary. "Faites le jeu, messieurs; messieurs, faites le jeu," is heard from noon to midnight, and the faster people ruin themselves, and send a pistol-shot through their heads, the faster others take their place.'—*M. Betham Edwards, 'France of To-day.'*

'The present lord of Monaco is but the ruler of a few streets and some two thousand subjects. His army reminds one of the famous war

<sup>1</sup> The first gambling-house was opened opposite the palace of Monaco in 1856. M. Blanc, the first proprietor of the present casino, dying seventeen years after it was opened, left a fortune of £2,490,000.

establishment of the older German princelings; one year, indeed, to the amazement of beholders, it rose to the gigantic force of four-and-twenty men, but then, as we were gravely told by an official, "it had been doubled in consequence of the war." Idler and absentee as he is, the Prince is faithful to the traditions of his house; the merchant indeed sails without dread beneath the once dreaded rocks of the pirate haunt; but a new pirate town has risen on the shores of its bay. It is the pillage of a host of gamblers that maintains the heroic army of Monaco, that cleanses its streets, and fills the exchequer of its lord.'—*J. R. Green, 'Stray Studies.'*



Convent of Laghetto.

A delightful road leads to Roccabruna by *Vieille*, the Roman *Vigiliae*, and the *Chapelle du Bon Voyage*, which marks the limits of the principality.

Two mountain ways, one almost a staircase, lead in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. from S. Devota to *La Turbia* (*Trophaea-Turbia*), which in ancient times marked the boundary between Gaul and Italy (by a boundary-stone inscribed, 'Iucusque Italia, dehinc Gallia'), and till the middle of the Middle Ages, that between Provence and Liguria. The tower of



Augustus, a trophy of his victories over the Alpine tribes, was erected by him on the most conspicuous point of the Maritime Alps, on the spot which is indicated in the itinerary of Antoninus as 'Alpis Summa.' In the Middle Ages it was used as a fortress, and in the XVII. c. was ruined by the Maréchal de Villars.

Poet-lovers like to read on the spot even the feeblest lines of Tennyson, who says—

‘What Roman strength Turbia showed  
In ruin, by the mountain road;  
How like a gem, beneath, the city  
Of little Monaco basking glowed.’

‘*The Daisy.*’

About 2 k. inland from Turbia is the convent of *Laghetto* (Notre Dame de Laguet). We turn r. at S. Catarina, a little W. of Turbia, near the *Colonna del Re*, commemorating a pilgrimage of King Charles Felix, for which the present road was constructed in 1826. The convent stands on a rugged rock at the foot of Mont Sembola, isolated in wet weather by mountain torrents, which surround it on every side, to fall far below into the Paillon. It is a very picturesque building; a few grey aloes and some very old olive trees vary the uniformity of the rock, while two or three large umbrella-pines, on the edge of the rift above the little village of Laghetto, form a good foreground to the mountain range which closes the three sides of the valley. In the church, an image of the XVI. c., commemorating a far older image (said still to exist in the neighbourhood), has been solemnly chosen by the town of Nice as its special patroness and protectress, and attracts vast pilgrimages, especially on Trinity Sunday, when numbers of crippled persons are brought hither in the hope of a miracle.

‘The original image is said to have been discovered by a young man of Ventimiglia, who went to visit his sister at Turbia. While staying with her, he went out shooting in the neighbourhood. When he reached the hill of Laghetto, not far from an old wall, upon which a figure of the Virgin was painted in a niche, he saw a bird resting amongst the bramble leaves, and shot it dead. But on coming nearer, he was horrified to see that the ball had struck the painted Virgin on the breast, whence blood was issuing. Hurrying back to his family, he narrated his adventure, and they decided to build a chapel on the spot in expiation of his unintentional sacrilege.

‘In 1652, when nothing remained of this chapel except its worm-eaten image, Hyacinthe Casanova, a native of Monaco, who believed that his recovery from dangerous illness was due to the intercession of



the Virgin, urged the erection of the present chapel, to which the image which is now shown was presented by Antonio Fighiera, a lawyer of Nice, in whose family it had long been venerated. From this time the reputed miracles of Laghetto increased to such a degree that, in 1683, even the Bishop of Nice refused to believe in them, and caused the church to be shut up; but after a public examination he was induced to re-open it, when the image underwent a solemn coronation. . . . The princes and princesses of Savoy have always been indefatigable in their pilgrimages to Laghetto, especially King Charles Emmanuel II., who, having placed his sick child under the protection of this particular image, presented it, when the child recovered, with a golden baby of the size and weight of his own. This, with all the other treasures of the shrine, was carried off in 1792 by the French, who plundered and destroyed everything except the image itself, which had been smuggled away before their arrival to La Turbia. It remained there till 1802, when it was brought back with a procession in great pomp.—‘*A Winter at Mentone.*’

In front of the convent are two inscriptions; the first upon the pedestal of the fountain, which may be translated—

‘Pilgrim, you find here two streams; one descends from heaven, the other from the top of the mountains. The first is a treasure which the Virgin distributes to the piety of the faithful, the second has been brought here by the people of Nice; drink of both, if you thirst for both. A.D. 1654.’

The other inscription commemorates a grand scene of Italian history, when, in this lonely valley, amid these desolate mountains, Charles Albert, the beloved of his people, for the preservation of his honour and his faith, took leave of his court, his crown, and the world.

‘Here, on the morning of the 26th of March 1849, Charles Albert, after leaving the fatal field of Novara, rested, an unknown exile. Here, having devoutly confessed, and at the table of Jesus refreshed his weary spirit, he renewed the sacrifice of his affections, and sorrows. Here, he forgave his injuries, grieved for the common misfortunes, and, abandoning Italy in person, commended its destinies to the patronage of the Virgin Mother.’

The name of Laghetto is derived from the fact that once when the torrent was unusually swollen by the melting of the mountain snows, the fall of a large rock so effectually checked its progress to the sea, that the whole valley became a lake.

From *Mont-Agel* (1149 mè.) on the N.E. of Turbia there is a very fine view, but the ascent is no longer permitted, owing to military

suspicious. Turbia is the nearest point on any highroad from which to reach Peglia (see later) and Peglione (see p. 63).

245 k. *Roquebrune* (Roccabruna), see p. 89. The railway skirts the olive wood of the Cap S. Martin, and crosses the torrents of Gorbio and Borrigo to—

249 k. *Menton* (Mentone).

## CHAPTER V

### MENTONE

[English doctors—seldom acquainted with the place—are apt to recommend the Western Bay as more bracing; but it is exposed to mistral and dust, and its shabby suburbs have none of the beauty of the Eastern Bay.

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. For the absurdity of church decoration the most beautiful ferns are torn up and their roots thrown away, till some of the rarer kinds have been extirpated. 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 most delicate trees flourish grandly in this climate, the most susceptible of all being the beautiful carouba or locust tree—*Ceratonia siliqua*.

‘Commercially, Mentone chiefly depends on its lemon orchards, which probably exceed in extent and in their productiveness those of all the rest of the coast put together.’—*E. J. Sparks*.

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 mediaeval castle of *Poggio Pino*, a stronghold of the Counts of 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 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



Mentone from Hôtel d'Italie.

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



Strada Lunga, Mentone.

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 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 panniers, 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.

‘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 the Rue S. Michel, an inscription marks the house of Carlo Trenca, the wise and just president of the tiny Mentonese republic during its first happy years of freedom.’—‘*A Winter at Mentone.*’

The highroad, which runs through the suburb of Garavan (Gare à Vent), along the shore of the eastern bay, now fringed by villas, but with lovely glimpses of the Berceau and Gran’ Mondo on the N., soon reaches the fine rocky promontory of the Rochers Rouges, near which, at the hamlet of *La Cuze*, the royalist inhabitants of Mentone formed a colony at the Revolution. Here, in what is the sunniest situation in the district, they were safe within the Republic of Genoa, and yet within sight of their old homes, after France had taken possession of Mentone, and a brother of Robespierre had been sent there ‘to represent the people and guillotine the aristocrats.’

Up to this time the only road from Nice to Genoa (still to be seen in places) was that which Mme. de Genlis describes:—

‘En sortant de Nice, cette route est parfaitement bien nommée la Corniche; c’est en effet presque toujours une vraie Corniche; en beaucoup d’endroits si étroite qu’une personne y peut à peine passer.’

But, soon after his coronation, Napoleon I. ordered the construction of a great military road from Nice to Genoa, though it was only finished as far as Ventimiglia before his fall cut short its completion. The finest point on this road



is where, 2 k. from Mentone, the *Pont S. Louis* crosses an abyss between two rocks by a single arch of 22 mètres span, and 80 mètres height. The situation, surrounded by



Pont S. Louis, Mentone.

stupendous precipices, is very striking, with an old aqueduct winding to the orange gardens below. The *Villa S. Louis*, close to the bridge, has a garden of great beauty. Below it, a rugged path winds round the Rochers Rouges (Balzi

Rossi) to a platform, whence there is a splendid view of the town and of the mountains, embracing the distant coast of France, the Esterel and Antibes, with Monaco, Mont Agel, Turbia, Mont Garillon, Mont Baudon, S. Agn ese, and the Berceau. In the caverns of the rocks, much blasted away in making the railway, a number of flint weapons and bones of wild animals have been discovered. Some skeletons—a man and a boy of immense size—discovered near this, are exhibited at 50 c. per head.

At the angle of the road, beyond the Pont S. Louis, is the delightful garden of the late Dr. Bennet, to whom Mentone owes much of its prosperity. At the end of the next promontory, on the r., is the entrance to the villa of *La Murtola* (Marchese Hanbury), formerly called Palazzo Orenge, from the noble Genoese family by whom it was built. Its gardens, to which visitors are admitted by order,<sup>1</sup> are more beautiful than anything out of the *Arabian Nights*, exquisite alike in situation, in their glorious sea and mountain views, and in the unrivalled collection of plants, which make La Murtola the most important private garden in Europe.

On the opposite side of the road is the village of *San Mauro* or *Murtola*, with a gaily-painted church tower, which forms an attractive foreground to the sea-view with its rocky promontories.

Amongst the many excursions round Mentone, we may mention, beginning from the W. :—

1. The *Cap S. Martin*, 4½ k. Leaving Mentone by the Promenade du Midi ('the most catch-cold place for invalids') and Nice road, and crossing the torrents Carrei and Borrigo, on the r. are the chapel of *La Madone*, and the gardens which once belonged to the Prince of Monaco, and which contain magnificent umbrella-pines. Just beyond was *Carnoles*, a villa of the Grimaldi princes. A number of fragments of Roman masonry have been found near this and built into a modern arch. Crossing the Ponte del Unione, we turn to the l. and reach, near the sea, a path which was part of the old Cornice highway. A

<sup>1</sup> On days notified in the Mentone hotels.

circular space in the wood marks the site of 'the Aristocrats' Tree,' where the old royalist society of Mentone used to meet, hewn down by the republicans. The cape itself is a reef of jagged black rocks overgrown with samphire, and washed from either side of the bay by grand waves, which break upon their sharp edges in mountains of foam, with a roar like that of a cannon.

'The Cape S. Martin is the centre of the old principality, and the whole of the tiny kingdom of the Grimaldi may be seen from it, guarded in front by the sea and behind by the mountains. But the view extends on either side, far beyond the limits of the State: on the l., Mentone is seen through the tall pines, its houses rising terrace-like to the fine tower of its church; beyond this is Ventimiglia with its frontier castle on a projecting rock, while the same mountain chain ends in the houses and church of Bordighera, white against the deep blue sky. On the r. is Turbia, with its Trophæa Augusti, throned high above the mountains, and, beyond a succession of little sandy coves and coruba-clad promontories, Monte Carlo and the rock-built town of Monaco, with its fine palace and hanging gardens nestling at the foot of the great purple rock of the Tête du Chien. Behind, above the cape itself, covered with pines or with olives, some of which are declared to date from Roman times, rise the peaks of Mont Garillon and Mont Baudon, and the castle of S. Agnèse.'—'A Winter at Mentone.'

The greater part of the promontory is now enclosed. In the centre of its beautiful woods is the ruined *Convent of S. Martin*, which gave it a name. When the Saracens were attacking the Ligurian coast, the abbess of this convent made the people of Roccabruna promise to come to the rescue of her nuns at first sound of the convent bell. But on the next night, she could not resist ringing the bell, and did so on three occasions, to test their fidelity. The people of Roccabruna obeyed the summons, and returned very much insulted, and ill-compensated by the blessing of the abbess for the loss of their night's rest. On the fourth time the bell rang, no one took any notice. At dawn the convent was a smoking ruin, and the nuns all carried off by the Saracens. The Empress Eugénie, widow of Napoleon III., has a winter villa on the Cap S. Martin.

2. *Roccabruna*, 5 k. Two ways lead hither. It is best to follow the Nice road to the little town, the third city of the old principality, originally a stronghold of the Lascaris, by whom it was sold to Charles Grimaldi in 1353. The old town, with its palm tree, castle, and huge yellow rocks, nestles in the purple shadow of Mont Agel. Tradition

tells that the whole slid down from a much loftier position in the night, without the sleep of a single inhabitant being disturbed. On the festival of Notre Dame de la Neige, a very curious procession, dating from the Middle Ages, still takes place here, in which the Passion is represented—peasants gravely taking the parts of Pilate, Herod, SS. Veronica and Mary Magdalene, &c. The return to Mentone should be varied by taking the Vieille Route, which branches off near the church, a narrow mountain-path through olive woods, which re-enters the high-road near the Prince's gardens.

3. *Turbia*, 13 k., and *Peglione*. Dante alludes to the paths 'tra Lerici e Turbia' as the ideals of roughness and steepness on earth; but, though the ascent becomes steep beyond Roccabruna, the most excellent of highroads now follows the line by which the Via Aurelia passed through Liguria.

4. *Gorbio*, c. 6 k. The path turns off r. near the Prince's gardens. The valley presents a series of pictures, in its little chapels, with old chestnut trees overhanging them, and in its ruined oil-mills and broken bridges. The village has the usual archways and a half-ruined castle of the Lascaris, which still belongs to a representative of the family, formerly sovereign counts of Ventimiglia. At the annual festa here the peasants have the custom of presenting cockades to all visitors, expecting some trifling gratuity in return. It is only at a festa of this kind that the characteristics of the natives can be studied.

'Voilà le génie de la basse Provence, violent, bruyant, barbare, mais non sans grâce. Il faut voir ces danseurs infatigables danser la moresque, les sonnettes aux genoux, ou exécuter à neuf, à onze, à treize, la danse des épées, le *bacchuber*, comme disent leurs voisins de Gap; ou bien à Riez, jouer tous les ans la *bravade* des Sarrasins. Pays des militaires des Agricola, des Baux, des Crillon; pays des marins intrépides; c'est une rude école que ce golfe de Lion. Citons le bailli de Saffren, et ce renégat qui mourut capitain-pacha en 1706; nommons le mousse Paul (il ne s'est jamais connu d'autre nom); né sur mer d'une blanchisseuse, dans une barque battue par la tempête, il devient amiral et donna sur son bord une fête à Louis XIV.; mais il ne méconnaissait pas pour cela ses vieux camarades, et voulut être enterré avec les pauvres, auxquels il laissa tout son bien.'—*Michelet*.

A path connects Gorbio with Roccabruna, and another with S. Agnèse.

5. *S. Agnèse*, 7 k. There are three paths hither. That generally taken crosses the Borrigo torrent near the entrance of the Cabruare

valley, whence it begins an abrupt ascent, and, fringed with cistus and myrtle, runs along a high ridge of hill, directly towards the great mountain barrier—jagged precipices of grey rock rising above the pine-clad slopes. Finally, the path steepens into a staircase, beyond which the village of S. Agnèse comes suddenly in sight, behind great rocks. The village itself is a single street of low, brown, ruinous houses, above which rises a solitary campanile, whose spire, covered with bright red and yellow tiles, is the only patch of colour in the landscape. Scarcely a vestige of verdure enlivens the dead brown hills, while, behind, rises a second range of mountains, still more dreary, lurid, and barren. Wolves are occasionally seen here in winter. To those who have come from the orange-groves of Mentone, it may seem incredible that the temperature of S. Agnèse is exactly the same as that of Clarens and Montreux, the Italy of Switzerland; yet so it is; though even the church, in its dedication to 'Notre Dame de la Neige,' bears witness to the character of the place as compared with the surrounding villages. The ruined castle on the rock was inhabited by the Saracenic chieftain Haroun, who, after having been long the terror of the district, became a convert to the Christian maiden Agnèse, whom he had carried off. At the little chapel of S. Agnèse, on the village festa, a gilded apple is offered to the clergy by the lord of the manor, who always appears heading the procession in court dress. Till the Revolution, the apple was stuffed with gold pieces, which were presented to the charities of the place; now it is a mere matter of form. The procession consists chiefly of women, who kneel along the whole length of the terrace, and chaunt the hymn of S. Agnes in the open air, with white handkerchiefs or veils upon their heads and lighted candles in their hands. Visitors should return to Mentone by the ridge and forest-chapel of *S. Lucia*, one of the most beautiful spots in the district.

6. *Peglia*. This is a long excursion, and Mentone should be left at 7 A.M. The path is available for donkeys the whole way. If Peglione be visited on the same day, the excursion should be deferred till spring. The path is the same as that of the last excursion as far as S. Agnèse; beyond this it turns to the l. and continues to wind in the same direction.

'The scenery is wild and arid in the extreme, the desolate hills covered with loose stones, and with scarcely a vestige of vegetation to vary their dead brown, which melts into deep purple in the more distant ranges, while above and beyond snowy Alps rise ghost-like against the sky. All is bleakest solitude till, after about two hours' walk, on turning a corner, a magnificent view rewards us. In the distance is the sea, with the farther islands of Hyères and the nearer of

Cannes. Beyond the jagged range of Esterel, other capes and promontories, unseen from below, extend their pale forms across the distance; beneath, the mountains are broken into a hundred deep chasms and purple ravines, while the path to Peglia winds serpent-like at the foot of gigantic precipices. A short distance beyond this, on turning a corner by a ruined chapel, the town of Peglia itself is seen, closed in by rugged rocks, its grim grey church standing like a sentinel



Peglia.

before the groups of brown houses sleeping in a purple haze, backed by the sunlit sea.

‘The curious church is paved by the solid rock, and many of its pillars are masses of rock cut in their own place into huge square blocks. The gigantic font, formed from a single piece of porphyry, and the primitive granite holy-water basins, are curious. Part of the old palace of the Lascaris is now an Hôtel de Ville. One may return to Mentone by a steeper but much shorter path, which descends upon Gorbio.’—*‘A Winter at Mentone.’*



7. *The Annunziata*, 3 k. The path turns to the l. from the Sospello road, a little way out of the town. Seven station-chapels rise in rich mouldering colour amongst the wormwood and lavender on the tufa rocks. The deserted monastery crowns the top of the hill, haunted, say the natives, by its seven last monks, whose lean faces are seen at night pressed against the grated windows. Like all the other wayside chapels in the district, it is the burial-place of some of the old families.

8. *The Gourg dell' Ora and Castiglione*. The new road to Sospello admits of driving in this direction. The road follows the pleasant valley between the hills of the Annunziata and Castellare. On the l. a mill of three storeys is that where the hated Honorius V. of Monaco ground the bad flour with which, under pain of enormous fines, he forced his subjects to nourish themselves. The road ascends, from oranges and lemons, to olives, then to pines. Soon after passing (6 k.) the church of *Monti*, a path diverges on the right to Castellare, passing, at no great distance from the road, the rocky ravine of *Gourg dell' Ora*, where the torrent Aygue glides over the edge of the mountain in a long feathery fall, and shivers down into a little emerald-green basin of still water.

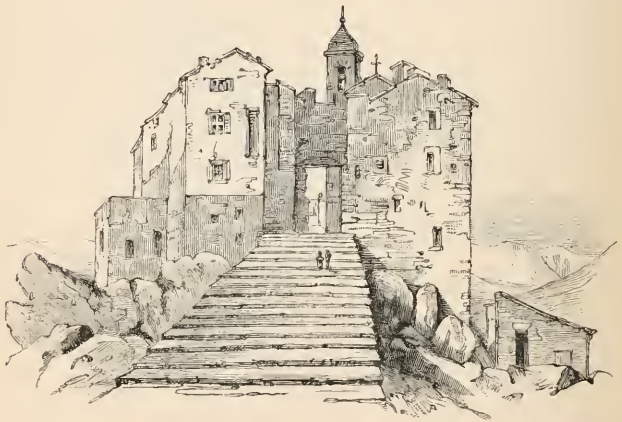
The mountain above the waterfall is pierced near its summit by a natural tunnel, through which daylight appears. Near this is the so-called *Grotta del Eremito*, a hermitage very difficult of approach. The front is whitewashed, with a door, window, and half-effaced inscription in red letters, bearing the date 1528. The cell, of irregular form, is about 20 ft. high and 30 ft. deep; in the rocky wall is cut, 'Christo lo fece, Bernardo l'abita.' After this first hermit, the cave was inhabited by Robert de Ferques, who retired hither from grief at the death of his young wife, Jeanne de Leulingham.

At 15 k. the road passes within twenty minutes' walk of the hillock, between the Cima d'Ours and El Rasel (1260 mè.), upon which rises the dismally curious town of *Castiglione*, much destroyed by the earthquake of 1887.

'Behind, all is a radiant Eden; before us spreads for miles a wilderness of bleak, arid, desolate precipices, without a tree or a patch of verdure to cheer the eye, which wanders on to the distant snows, over billow upon billow of stony acclivity, on which not a human habitation is to be seen, except where Castiglione rises grey and ghost-like from the mountain-side. Even the town itself is as unlike a town as possible—no doors, no windows, no gates, apparently no inhabitants, and no visible approach to it up the precipitous rocks on which it is seated, so that we should scarcely believe it to be a town at all, save for



the pointed campanile of its church, which overtops the other buildings. The barren shadowless slopes of rock are exposed to the full beams of the burning sun throughout the summer, while, all the winter long, the frost-laden wind beats furiously upon them and upon the unprotected town. It is not till you reach the foot of the Castiglione rock that tiny windows show themselves like loopholes on the external walls for the better fortification of the place, whilst all the larger windows look towards the street. Some of the latter are mediaeval gothic, with a central pillar and sculptured capital dividing them. A



Castiglione.

rock-hewn staircase, winding round the steep, brings you to the narrow gateway, whence, when you stand upon the little platform in front, you discover a little world of mountain valleys beneath, each with a torrent curling and twisting through its windings.

'Most quaint of all the quaint towns in this wonderful district is Castiglione. Its steep streets twist so much that you can never see more than three doors before you; the approaches to its dwellings are mere footings cut in the rock; its storm-beaten campanile rises from yellow and orange houses, each with a painted image or ornamented

roof-coping. And then the inhabitants! One would think all the old women in the Riviera must have been collected and exiled hither, such multitudes of ancient crones do you see, while not another living creature is visible, except the cocks and hens which make the streets one great poultry-yard, and which would seem to be the sole nutriment of the crones, for what else, animal or vegetable, is there for them to eat?'—*'A Winter at Mentone.'*

The road, from the tunnel of the Col di Guardia, has no further interest as far as (22 k.) Sospello.

9. *Castellare* is accessible by carriage, taking the Rue de Castellare, from the Avenue Victor Emmanuel, and following 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 1350 feet 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 lanthorns 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 con-

tained 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 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. Agn se*; 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.*'

The ascent of *Mont Agel* is no longer permitted: it is 'terrain militaire,' and all mountain ascents in this district are regarded with suspicion.

#### 10. *Grimaldi and Cioti.*

'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 bakehouse, and below which is seen the broad expanse of sea, here deep blue, there gleaming silver-white in the hot sunshine.

‘Above Grimaldi the path is much steeper, winding to Ciotti Inferiore, then to Ciotti Superiore, a cluster of houses, whose church stands farther off, on the highest ridge of the mountain. From behind the rock, at the back of the church, the sea-view is splendid, embracing



Grimaldi.

the whole coast, with its numerous bays, as far as the Estrelles, the grand mountain barriers, with all the orange-clad valleys running up into them, and S. Agnèse, rising out of the mists, on its perpendicular cliff.’—*‘A Winter at Mentone.’*

II. *Ventimiglia, with Dolceacqua and Bordighera in Italy.*

Beyond S. Mauro is the gaily painted church of *S. Agostino*. The village near this is called *Latte*, the land of milk, from the richness of its soil. Hence we ascend to *Ventimiglia*—once *Albium Intermelium*, the capital of the *Intermeli*, and still the chief fortress between Nice and Genoa, and the place where railway travellers pass the Italian custom-house—which crowns the steep brown precipice with its white walls. It is entered by gates and a drawbridge, closing the narrow pass of the rock. Within, the town runs along a ledge in a picturesque



Ventimiglia.

outline of brightly coloured towers, old houses, and deserted convents, while deep down below lies a little port with fishing vessels and some curious isolated rocks. The *Cathedral*, of which S. Barnabas is said to have been the first bishop, stands on a terrace with a background of snowy mountains, and beside it is the palace of the Lascaris—who ruled Ventimiglia as counts in the Middle Ages—with an open loggia and staircase. On a farther crest of the hill is the yellow-brown romanesque *Church of S. Michele*, occupying the site of a temple of

Castor and Pollux. It has a fine crypt, and not far off is an interesting ancient baptistery. From the half-dry bed of the river *Roya*—the *Rituba* of Pliny and Lucan—there is still a very striking view of the old town and mountains, though, for artistic purposes, it has been spoilt since the old bridge has been replaced by a modern one, with the ugly railway bridge a little behind it.

Beyond the bridge are the railway station and the Italian custom-house. The church tower and village which rise here in the olive groves belong to the *Borgo di Ventimiglia*. The road from Ventimiglia to Sospello, up the valley of the *Roya*, passes through very fine scenery (see later).

The ruins called *Castel d'Appio* (height, 300 mè.), on one of the hill summits between the valley of *Latte* and that of the *Roya*, may be visited from Ventimiglia.

## CHAPTER VI

### BORDIGHERA

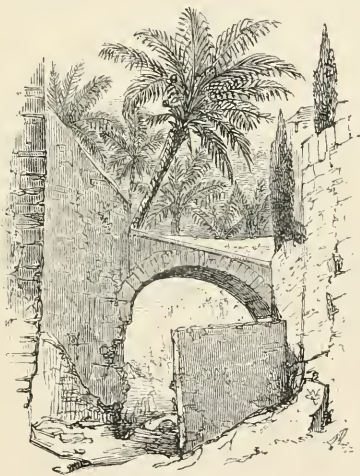
[*Hotels*: On the Strada Romana, far the best situation, an upper road shaded with olive trees and sheltered from the winds, are the Hotels *Argst*, *Belvidere*, and *de Londres* (the last small but most comfortable, with admirable cuisine), and the *Pension Constantia*. Amid the orange-gardens in the flat is the large *Hôtel des Îles Britanniques*, which is much liked; near the dusty highroad, but with a good view from the upper windows, are the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* and *Hôtel Lozeron*; with its back to the old town, in a very exposed position, but with a most beautiful view, is the *Hôtel Bellavista*. The smells in the neighbourhood of the last hotel are terribly bad.]

**B**ORDIGHERA (5 k. from Ventimiglia), which, from its palm-trees, has been surnamed the Jericho of Italy, was utterly unknown to Englishmen till after the middle of the nineteenth century, and till quite recently only contained one small and primitive inn. Its name first became familiar through Signor Ruffini's beautiful story of 'Doctor Antonio,' of which the principal scene is laid here. The situation is one of the windiest and dustiest on the Riviera, but the sun shines almost constantly, and the bracing air suits many ailments better than the softer climate of Mentone. One of the great charms of the place is its admirable library of English, French, Italian, and other books, bequeathed by a resident, and most liberally open to strangers, who are allowed to take the books home with them at hours specified in the hotels. Bordighera is almost as exclusively an English, as Nervi is a German colony. There are very few subjects to draw at Bordighera itself, and artists scramble funnily for places to sketch the



steps into the old town, with its little gateway and cypresses —not a very good subject, after all.

In 411 A.D. S. Ampelius, a monk from Egypt, settled in a cave at the point of the Cape of Bordighera, which still bears his name, and died there in 428. In 1140 his body was removed to S. Remo, and in 1258 to Genoa. In 1470



At Bordighera.

the fishing village at S. Ampelio became a town under the name of Bordighera, one of the ten towns subject to Ventimiglia, which taxed its fish and all its other industries, and of which it only became independent in 1683. The place has none of the great beauty of Mentone and S. Remo, but, as far as it goes, has been less spoilt than most others on the Riviera by modern innovations; and, though there

are many comfortable villas, the old brown town, with its narrow streets and many archways, has not been interfered with. There are many gardens full of noble palm trees, and in some of the narrow alleys an artist will find charming subjects of the older palms feathering over little bridges or shrines. From the platform in front of the town is a grand view towards Mentone, Roccabruna, and Monaco, and, in the vaporous distance, to Antibes and the faint blue mountains of Provence. Many palms are annually sent from hence to Holland and Germany for the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles.

‘The palm-glory of Bordighera is not to be seen without going up into the town, and beyond the town. These noble trees almost gird it round on the western and northern sides, and grow in profusion—in coppices and woods—of all sizes, from gnarled giants of 1000 years’ reputed age, to little suckers which may be pulled up by hand and carried to England. And there is no end to the picturesque groupings of these lovely trees, and their graceful effects in the sunlight.

‘In the sunlight. For of all trees the palm is the child of the sun, and the best purveyor of flecked and dancing shade. Under the palm thickets every darkest spot of shadow is a grand medley of exquisitely traced lines; and on the verge of the bare sunlight outside, leap and twinkle a thousand sharply-marked parallel bars of graceful leafage. And there is something peculiarly of the sun and of the East in the many depths of moon-lighted palm wood—the yellow, and the pale green, and the rich burnt sienna of the various foliage; the rough deep markings of the rich brown stems; and now and then the burning chrome of the fruit stalks hanging in profuse clusters out from the depths of central shade.

‘Nor is the least charm of the palm the silvery whisper of reeded fronds which dwells everywhere about and under it. With the palm romance reaches its highest. That soft sound soothed the old-world grief of patriarchs, and murmured over the bivouacs of Eastern armies. When the longers for Zion sat down and wept by the waters of Babylon, was it not the rough burr of the palm on which they hung their harps, rather than the commonly but gratuitously imagined branch of the willow? And when Judaea was again captive, it was under the palm the conqueror, on his triumphant medals, placed the daughter of Zion.

‘I have been told that there are probably now more palms at Bordighera alone than in the whole of the Holy Land.’—*Dean Alford.*

The *Chapel of S. Ampelio* stands close to the shore at the point of the rocky bay. It is the scene of one of the word-pictures of Ruffini.

‘It is indeed a beautiful scene. In front lies the immensity of sea, smooth as glass, and rich with all the hues of a dove’s neck, the bright green, the dark purple, the soft ultramarine, the deep blue of a blade of burnished steel,—there glancing in the sun like diamonds, and rippling into a lace-like net of snowy foam. In strong relief against this bright background stands a group of red-capped, red-belted fishermen, drawing their nets to the shore, and accompanying each pull with a plaintive burthen, that the echo of the mountains sends softened back. On the right, to the westward, the silvery track of the road undulating amid thinly-scattered houses, or clusters of orange and palm trees, leads the eye to the promontory of Bordighera, a huge emerald mount which shuts out the horizon, much in the shape of a leviathan couchant, his broad muzzle buried in the waters. Here you have in a small compass, refreshing to behold, every shade of green that can gladden the eye, from the pale-grey olive to the dark-foliaged cypress, of which one, ever and anon, an isolated sentinel, shoots forth high above the rest. Tufts of feathery palms, their heads tipped by the sun, the lower part in shade, spread their broad branches, like warriors’ crests on the top, where the slender *silhouette* of the towering church spire cuts sharply against the spotless sky.

‘The coast to the east recedes inland with a graceful curve, then, with a gentle bend to the south, is lost by degrees in the far, far sea. Three headlands arise from this crescent, which so lovingly receives to its embrace a wide expanse of the weary waters: three headlands, of different aspect and colour, lying one behind the other. The nearest is a bare red rock, so fiery in the sun the eye dare scarcely fix on it; the second, richly wooded, wears on its loftiest ridge a long hamlet, like to a mural crown; the third looks a mere blue mist in the distance, save one white speck. Two bright sails are rounding this last cape. The whole flooded as it is with light, except where some projecting crag casts its transparent grey shadow, is seen again reversed, and in more faint loveliness, in the watery mirror below. Earth, sea, and sky mingle with their different tones, and from their varieties, as from the notes of a rich, full chord, rises one great harmony. Golden atoms are floating in the translucent air, and a halo of mother-of-pearl colour hangs over the sharp outlines of the mountains.

‘The small village at the foot of the craggy mountain is called Spedaletti, and gives its name to the gulf. It means little hospitals, and is supposed to have originated in a ship belonging to the Knights

of Rhodes having landed some men sick of the plague here, where barracks were erected for their reception; and these same buildings served as the nucleus of the present village, which has naturally retained the name of their first destination. At a little distance are the ruins of a chapel called the "Ruota," which may or may not be a corruption of Rodi (Rhodes). Spedaletti in the present day is exclusively inhabited by the wealthy families of very industrious fishermen, who never need be in want of occupation. Nature, which made this bay so lovely, made it equally safe and trustworthy, sheltered on the west by the Cape of Bordighera, and on the east by those three headlands; let the sea be ever so high without, within it is comparatively calm, and the fishermen of Spedaletti are out in all weathers.'—*Doctor Antonio.*

'The pleasantest time for Bordighera is the spring, when the olive-terraces are covered with abundant flowers. At present the flora is a rich one; but, as at Mentone, the advancing tide of foreign colonisation will probably, before many years have elapsed, have exterminated the rarest, and wrought havoc even amongst the commonest species.'—*E. J. Sparks.*

'Point de longs fleuves ni de grandes plaines. Cà et là une ville en tas sur une montagne, sorte de môle arrondi, est un ornement du paysage comme on en trouve dans les tableaux de Poussin et de Claude; des vallées limitées, de nobles formes, beaucoup de roc, et beaucoup de soleil, les éléments et les sensations correspondantes: combien de traits de l'individu et de l'histoire imprimés par ce caractère.'—*H. Taine.*

George Macdonald, the novelist, has long resided at Bordighera, and was one of the first Englishmen to settle there. Now, unlike Nice, Mentone, and S. Remo, it is an almost exclusively English colony.

Bordighera abounds in delightful walks. An ascent of 1 hr. through the olive woods takes us to the village of *Sasso*. At the top of the hill are a group of gigantic olives of immense antiquity, which local tradition declares to have been planted by S. Paul on his way to Spain. *Sasso* itself is a bright patch of umber colour amongst the grey-green vegetation.

About 3 k. farther, reached by rather barren ridges, with fine mountain and sea views, is *Seborga* (height, 517

mèt.), which, from a very early period, belonged to the Benedictine Abbots of Iles Lerins. They had a mint here, where they coined their own money till the time of Louis XIV., who suppressed it. Coins of Seborga are now very rare and valuable, but specimens exist in the museums of Berlin and Turin. The little town was very strongly



Sasso.

fortified against the Saracens, and was never taken by them. It is not a very picturesque place. Excellent water is conducted thence to Bordighera.

In the nearest valley to the west, *Borghetto* and *Valbona* may be visited. In the next valley are *Vallecrosia* and *San Biagio*. The entrance to the latter, under tall, dark, fern-

fringed arches, is a splendid subject for an artist. George Macdonald describes such towns as this:—

‘All the old towns in this region seem to have climbed up to look over the heads of other things. Each has its church standing highest, the guardian of the flock of houses beneath it, looking over many a watercourse, often dry, with lovely oleanders growing in the middle of it: looking over multitudinous vineyards and olive-yards, looking over mills with great wheels, and little ribbons of water to drive them, looking over rugged pines, and ugly, verdureless, raw hillsides—away to the sea.

‘Passing through the narrow arch of the low-browed gateway, a sudden chill strikes one. Not a ray of light shines into the narrow street. The houses are as lofty as those of a city, and parted so little by the width of the street that friends from opposite may almost shake hands from their windows. Narrow, rough, steep old stone stairs run up between and inside the houses, all the doors of which are open to the air. Everywhere there is shadow, everywhere one or another evil odour, everywhere a look of abject and dirty poverty—to an English eye, that is.’—*George Macdonald*.

An excursion should be made by carriage (or by taking the Ventimiglia omnibus to the bridge over the Nervia and then walking) to Dolceacqua. The new road thither, after leaving the coast road, ascends the bank of the Nervia to (7 k.) *Campo-Rosso*, a busy little town dating from the ninth century, which nestles in the valley, with a chain of snow-peaks beyond it. At the entrance is a brown conventual church, with a painted campanile relieved against the purple distance; and then you enter a piazza, lined with the quaintest of old houses, with open painted loggias, and ending in a church—*l'Oratorio del Suffragio*—whose staircase of white marble is flanked by marble mermaids, throwing water into the small fountains. A little farther, backed by the Chapel of Santa Croce on its hill, is the curious romanesque church of *SS. Pietro e Paolo*, of Benedictine origin, with a very early apse and campanile, and an old burial-ground on the bank of the Nervia. An inscription entreats ‘*elemosina*’ for the ‘*anime purganti*,’ and the former possessors of the ‘*anime*’ are represented by a pile



of skulls and skeletons in a very curious ancient ossuary—perhaps relics of a battle which gave a name to the place.

After two miles more, winding through woods of olives, carpeted in spring by young corn and bright green flax, *Dolceacqua* (11 k.) suddenly bursts upon the view, stretching across a valley, whose sides are covered with forests of olives and chestnuts, and which is backed by fine snow



Dolceacqua.

mountains. Through the town winds the deep blue stream of the Nervia, flowing under a tall bridge of one wide, delicate, rainbow-like arch, and above frowns the huge palatial castle, perched upon a perpendicular cliff, with sunlight streaming through its long lines of glassless windows. The streets are almost closed in by archways, making them like gloomy crypts, only opening here and there to let in a



ray of sunlight and a strip of blue sky. They lead up the steep ascent to where the Doria family once reigned sovereign princes, as the Grimaldi at Monaco. Even now, in extreme poverty, the Dorias of Dolceacqua not only exist, but retain their courtly manners of old time. Their last representative donned his ruffles and knee-breeches and took



Apricale.

his gold-headed cane when he went to remind an English neighbour that he owed him three francs for cabbages.

There is a curious *Grotto* here, on the opposite side of the road from the old town, belonging to an old villa, and adorned with mosaics and Egyptian emblems.

The excursion should be continued to *Isolabona*, a very picturesque little town on arches above the Nervia, with a

ruined castle and painted church. Hence, crossing the bridge and taking the road through archways on the r., it is an ascent (drive or walk) to *Apricale*, a most pictu-



S. Michele.

resque and beautiful place, in a grand situation. None of the mountain towns, except perhaps Ceriana, are so striking as this, the old brown houses following the line of the

rocks, and often far overhanging them on brackets and arches, and crowned by the church tower. In the hollow are a lofty modern bridge, and, just above it, a very curious early chapel, filled with colour and artistic stucco-work, but rather injured by earthquake. In fact, Apricale is a perfect paradise for artists. Good walkers may return to Bordi-



At Rebekah's Well, near Bordighera.

ghera by *Perinaldo*, native place of Cassini the astronomer. Apricale may be reached from S. Remo by S. Romolo, S. Pancrazio, and Perinaldo.

The valley of the Nervia may be continued for another hour to *Pigna* (21 k.), where the church, of 1450, has frescoes by *Giov. Ranasio*.

A mountain path turning to the l. just beyond Dolce-

acqua leads to the lofty *Rocchetta Nervina*, a highly picturesque though little visited citadel of the Middle Ages, on the east of *Mont Abellio*.

The most remarkable drive near Bordighera is that up the valley of the Roya to S. Michele (about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hr.). A magnificently constructed road, with handsome bridges, was made from Ventimiglia to join the road from Nice to the Col di Tenda in 1869. At first, like that of the Var, the bed of the river is of immense width, and almost dry. Then it narrows into a gorge between gigantic precipices, and the Roya flows deep blue or an exquisite transparent green as the sunshine or shadow touch it. We pass several villages—Roverino, Seglia, Bevera, and the stately Airolo (16 k.). Then the river flows far beneath the road, and, itself very deep, through a narrow channel of grey rock which recalls the Linn of Dee in Scotland. *S. Michele* (19 k.) itself is a mere hamlet, but very picturesque. The Italian custom-house is at Piena (25 k.), the French custom-house at Breil (29 k.).

Leaving Bordighera for S. Remo, the road follows the line of the coast. Half-way to Ospedaletto is the chapel of *La Madonna della Ruota*, whence a path descends abruptly to a lovely cove on the sea-shore, immediately under a fine group of old palm trees shading a well, known by travellers as Jacob's Well or Rebekah's Well. It is a most attractive spot, and has been painted by a thousand artists.

11 k. (from Ventimiglia) *Ospedaletto*, an ugly little place in a hollow, has a large new hotel (*de la Regina*) and casino, and a—probably vain—attempt is being made to render it a winter resort. The road hence to S. Remo winds round the base of *Capo Nero* to (16 m.) S. Remo.

## CHAPTER VII

### S. REMO

[*Hotels.* The following is considered to be their order of merit :— To the west of the old town, *Hôtel des Anglais*—admirably situated on a height, with a terraced garden, and most comfortable and well-managed ; *Royal*—first-rate but dear ; *Hôtel West End*—good but expensive ; *de Londres*—good, the first hotel established in the place ; *Bellevue* or *Paradis*—small but good ; *Eden*. In the Eastern Bay, which has little of the beauty of the Western, but is nearer the best points for excursions, are *Hôtel Méditerranée* ; *Vittoria* ; *de Nice* ; *de Rome* ; and *Pension Anglaise*.

*Carriages.* One horse—the course, 1 fr. ; the hour, 2 fr. Two horses—the course, 1 fr. 50 c. ; the hour, 3 fr. To Poggio, Armi, or Madonna della Guardia, 7 fr., 10 fr. ; to Ospedaletto, 6 fr., 8 fr. ; to Bordighera, Colle, Taggia, 8 fr., 12 fr. ; to Ceriana, Badalucco, Dolcecacqua, or Ventimiglia, 14 fr., 20 fr.]

S. REMO, which occupies the site of the Roman Matuta on the Via Aurelia, is greatly changed within the last few years, and, from a quiet fishing port, has become a large town and one of the great southern centres for sun-seeking invalids. But, whilst bad taste and avarice have ruined the natural beauties of Cannes and Mentone, those of S. Remo are greatly improved by the winding terrace-roads, which open out many points of view hidden before. The villas are comfortable and unostentatious, and the hotels—not so revoltingly ugly as at Cannes—generally command very beautiful views. The very curious buildings of the old town and the charms of the natural scenery have not been interfered with.

'To the charms of quiet and sunshine S. Remo adds that of a peculiar beauty. The Apennines rise like a screen behind the amphitheatre of soft hills that enclose it—hills soft with olive woods, and dipping down with gardens of lemon and orange, and vineyards dotted with palms. An isolated space juts out from the centre of the semicircle,



At S. Remo.

and from summit to base of it tumbles the oddest of Italian towns, a strange mass of arches and churches and steep lanes, rushing down like a stone cataract to the sea. On either side of the town lie deep ravines, with lemon gardens along their bottoms, and olives thick along their sides. The olive is the characteristic tree of S. Remo.'—*Saturday Review*, January 1871.



The mountains here are monotonous in their outline, compared with those of Mentone, but still are beautiful as they stand round about the old town of S. Remo, which rises from the sea in tiers of weather-beaten houses, with a fine church crowning the hill against which they are built. The highroad runs now through a well-paved street. Facing it, on the left, is the fine sixteenth-century palace of the Borea family, which dates from the eighth century, possessing an admirable staircase. Over the principal entrance are the Madonna and Child, and over a beautiful side-door, S. John the Baptist. Pius VII. stayed here in 1814. A little behind are the two principal churches of the lower town. One of them, rising above a market-place full of colour, is *S. Siro*, with a quaint Saracenic-looking tower, but otherwise so altered as to be of little value. Successions of steep, narrow, and infinitely picturesque little streets are constantly arched overhead to save the houses from bulging in case of earthquakes. In depths of light and shadow, and in marvellous variety, Italy contains no more remarkable streets than these. The houses in some of the streets, especially in the Via Porta S. Maria, are of very early date. The efficacy of their arches was well tested in the great earthquake of 1878: the houses with arches were unshaken, the others were left a mass of ruins. The *Porta S. Giuseppe* is the upper gate, beside which a great vine, ascending the city walls, forms the summer pergola of the priest at a great height.

Outside the town, at the top of the hill, is a *Hospital* for leprosy, which terrible disease still lingers around S. Remo. It is hopelessly incurable, the limbs and the faces of the lepers being gradually eaten away, so that with several, while you look upon one side of the face, and see it apparently in the bloom of health and youth, the other has already fallen away and ceased to exist. The disease is hereditary, having remained in certain families of this district almost from time immemorial. The members of



these families are prohibited from intermarrying with those of others, or indeed from marrying at all, unless it is believed that they are free from any seeds of the fatal



At S. Remo.

inheritance. Sometimes the marriages, when sanctioned by magistrates and clergy, are contracted in safety, but often, after a year or two of wedded life, the terrible enemy appears again, and existence becomes a curse; thus the

fearful legacy is handed down. Behind the hospital is the fine domed church of *Il Santuario* or *S. Maria della Costa*, of 1630.

Opposite the station is the *Public Garden*, formerly the garden of the Capuchin convent, which is now a barrack. Hence a beautiful walk above the sea, like a Spanish alameda, fringed with palms, aloes, and geraniums, leads to the principal hotels on the west and the English church of *All Saints*.

The *Villa Zirio*, on the eastern side of the town, is connected with the last year (1890) of the beloved Emperor Frederick of Germany.

The Roman town on this site was Matuziana, which changed its name to S. Romolo in honour of a holy bishop of Genoa, who died here in 353. At a very remote period it was ruined by the Saracens, who desecrated the principal church of S. Siro and burnt the town. On the desolated site which they abandoned, and which was the property of his see, a little agricultural colony was settled by Theodolf, Bishop of Genoa. Never losing sight of its connection with Genoa throughout its long existence, S. Remo continued, as it increased in importance, to follow the lead of the greater city, and the civil authority of the bishop was transferred to the communal parliament, whose assembly met in the church of S. Stefano. The Crusader's Palm upon the arms of the town is a mark left by this revolution, itself produced by the Crusaders. But in its alliance with Genoa, S. Remo always continued a perfectly free state. It was bound to contribute ships and men for the Genoese war service, but in return shared in the privileges of the Genoese republic in all parts of the world. It was in S. Remo that the Genoese troubadour, Lanfranco Cicala, sang his verses before a Court of Love.

There are palm trees here, but not such fine ones as at Bordighera, though this is the place whence, in 1588, came Bresca, the trading sea-captain, who called out in his native

dialect: *Aiga a e corde!*—‘Throw water on the ropes’—to save the famous obelisk which was being raised in front of S. Peter’s, and though he acted in defiance of the order of Pope Sixtus V., that any one who spoke during the operation should pay the penalty with his life, he obtained as a reward that his native place of S. Remo should furnish the



At S. Remo.

Easter palms to S. Peter’s for ever. Early every spring, palm branches are tied up to their stems, in order to bleach them for this purpose, and from that time till the autumn their chief beauty is lost; but here and there a graceful stem, crowned with waving foliage, rears itself untouched.

The delightful Berigo road, lined with seats at intervals,

follows the windings of the hill at a great height above the western bay. Ascending to this road behind the Hôtel des Anglais, the first little pathlet on the right, beyond the sharp turn, leads to one of the high bridges over a torrent—a subject greatly beloved by artists. The walk or drive may be continued round the western valley, and then round the upper part of the *Val Francia* on the east of the town. Both the valleys, which run inland on either side of the old town of S. Remo, are full of fine artistic subjects—old bridges, aqueducts, old mills, miniature waterfalls, boulders in the streams, and noble old olive trees—

‘The mystic floating grey  
Of olive trees, with interruptions green  
From maize and vine,’—

as Mrs. Browning describes it in ‘Aurora Leigh.’

Especially beautiful artistic subjects may be found by following a path which descends from Il Santuario into the hollow east of the town, and regaining the road on the other side. In the western valley is a most picturesque Via Crucis. The path behind the chapel at the head of this leads to stepping-stones over a stream, after crossing which it ascends into an exceedingly wild and romantic district of old oaks and huge boulder-stones, surrounded by fine mountain scenery of great picturesqueness.

A stony path over the hills leads from the Santuario and hospital to the mountain shrine of *S. Romolo*, who gave his name to the town, invariably called S. Romolo till the fifteenth century, and it is probable that its present name was due, not to a pun on Romulus and Remus, but to a contraction of its full ecclesiastical title—‘Sancti Romoli in Eremo.’ The hermitage where the saint died in 600, and where his festival is kept on Oct. 13, stands in a grove of old chestnuts, where hepaticas, primulas, Christmas roses, gentians, and many other mountain flowers are found in spring. A chapel contains a mitred statue of the saint,

with a sword through his breast, on the spot where he was martyred, and is attached to and encloses the cave of his retirement. Many rich inhabitants of S. Remo have recently built summer villas near this. From S. Romolo, *Monte Bignone* (4270 ft.) may be ascended, whence there is a fine view.



Glen at S. Remo.

A pleasant walk on the west of the town (turning up from the highroad by the mule-path beyond the second torrent) is that to the large mountain village of *Colle* or *Col di Rodi*, where (in the little piazza) are a library and a small gallery of pictures—good early copies—bequeathed to the place by the Abbate Paolo Ramboldo, a priest who

died in 1864. The walk may be varied by descending on Ospedaletto.

The favourite short drive on the east is that to *Taggia* (8 k. ; the station of Taggia is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  from the town). The way thither passes beneath Capo Verde and La Madonna della Guardia, and turns off from the coast-road at *Armi*. Hence



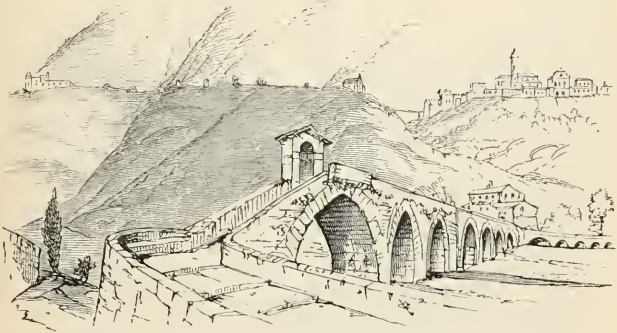
Colle.

it is a lovely drive through luxuriant olives surrounded by mountains, on the steep sides of which the town of Castellarò soon appears upon the right, and beyond it the shrine of Lampedusa, jammed into a narrow ledge of the precipice.

Taggia itself lies deep in the valley by the side of the rushing river Argentina. Several houses in its narrow



streets have been handsome *palazzi*, and there is still a native aristocracy. Many of the old buildings are painted on the outside with fading frescoes, of others the stone fronts are cut into diamond facets. Most of them rest upon open arches, in which are shops where umbrella-vendors set out their bright wares, and crimson *berrette* hang for sale, enlivening the grey walls by their brilliant colouring. All the spots described here in the novel of



Lampedusa from Taggia.

'Doctor Antonio' have really existed, and, though some of them perished in the earthquake of 1887, the crowd which never fails to collect round a carriage of strangers when it stops, invites them to visit the house of the patriot-author, Giovanni Ruffini (Via Soleri), and even those of 'Signora Eleanora,' 'Il Baronetto Inglese,' &c.—the characters of his novel. In the church is a picture by *Jean Miraiheti*, the master of Bréa, and one by *Ludovico Bréa* himself.



The very long and curious causeway across the valley is adorned with a shrine commemorating the adventure of two children, who were thrown down by an earthquake with two of its arches in 1831, and escaped uninjured. From the other side of the bridge, a path turning to the right mounts by a steep ascent to the many-arched *Castellaro*, where the church stands out finely on the spur of the hill, its tower relieved against the blue background of the sea.

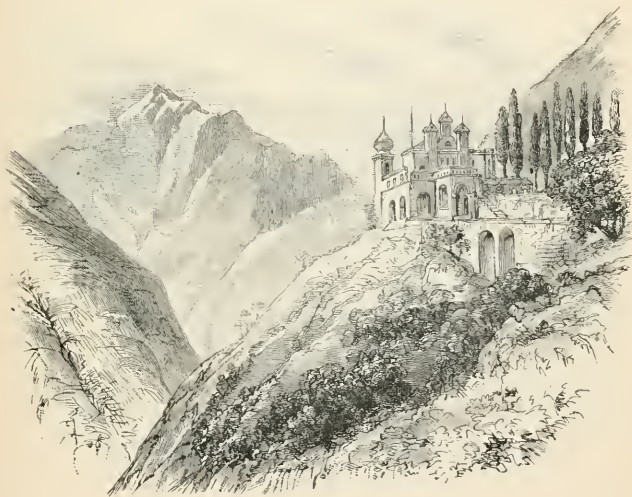


Castellaro.

It has been mostly rebuilt since the earthquake of 1887. Following the windings of the hill, a path leads hence to Lampedusa.

‘A broad, smooth road, opening from Castellaro northwards, and stretching over the side of the steep mountains in capricious zig-zags, now conceals, now gives to view, the front of the sanctuary, shaded by two oaks of enormous dimensions. The Castellini, who made this road “in the sweat of their brows,” point it out with pride, and well they

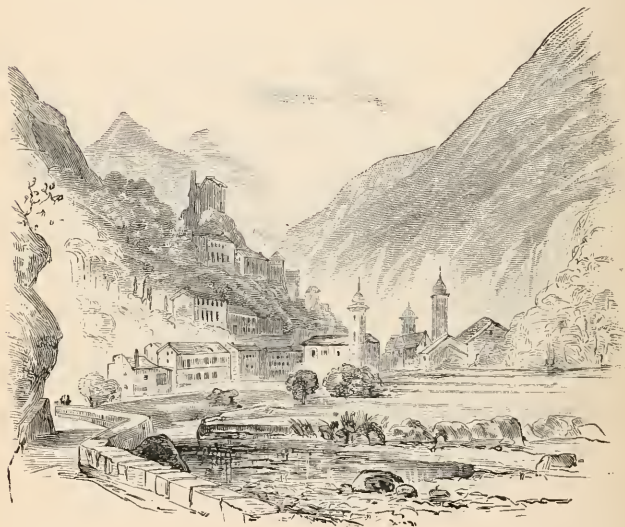
may. They tell you, with infinite complacency, how every one of the pebbles with which it is paved was brought from the sea-shore, those who had mules using them for that purpose, those who had none bringing up loads on their own backs ; how every one, gentleman and peasant, young and old, women and boys, worked day and night, with no other inducement than the love of the Madonna. The Madonna of Lampedusa is their creed, their occupation, their pride, their *carroccio*, their fixed idea.



La Madonna di Lampedusa.

‘ All that relates to the miraculous image, and the date and mode of its translation to Castellaro, is given at full length in two inscriptions, one in Latin, the other in bad Italian verses, which are to be seen in the interior of the little chapel of the sanctuary. Andrea Anfosso, a native of Castellaro, being the captain of a privateer, was one day attacked and defeated by the Turks, and carried to the Isle of Lampedusa. Here he succeeded in making his escape, and hiding himself until the

Turkish vessel which had captured his left the island. Anfosso, being a man of expedients, set about building a boat, and finding himself in a great dilemma what to do for a sail, ventured on the bold and original step of taking from the altar of some church or chapel of the island a picture of the Madonna to serve as one ; and so well did it answer his purpose, that he made a most prosperous voyage back to his native



Approach to Badalucco.

shores, and, in a fit of generosity, offered his holy sail to the worship of his fellow-townsmen. The wonder of the affair does not stop here. A place was chosen by universal acclamation, two gunshots in advance of the present sanctuary, and a chapel erected, in which the gift was deposited with all due honour. But the Madonna, as it would seem, had an insurmountable objection to the spot selected, for, every morning that God made, the picture was found at the exact spot where the

actual church now stands. Sentinels were posted at the door of the chapel, the entire village remained on foot for nights, mounting guard at the entrance; no precaution, however, availed. In spite of the strictest watch, the picture, now undeniably a miraculous one, found means to make its way to the spot preferred. At length, the Castellini came to understand that it was the Madonna's express wish that her



Badalucco.

headquarters should be shifted to where her resemblance betook itself every night; and though it had pleased her to make choice of the most abrupt and the steepest spot on the whole mountain, just where it was requisite to raise arches in order to lay a sure foundation for her sanctuary, the Castellini set themselves *con amore* to the task so clearly revealed to them, and this widely-renowned chapel was completed. This took place in 1619. In the course of time some rooms were

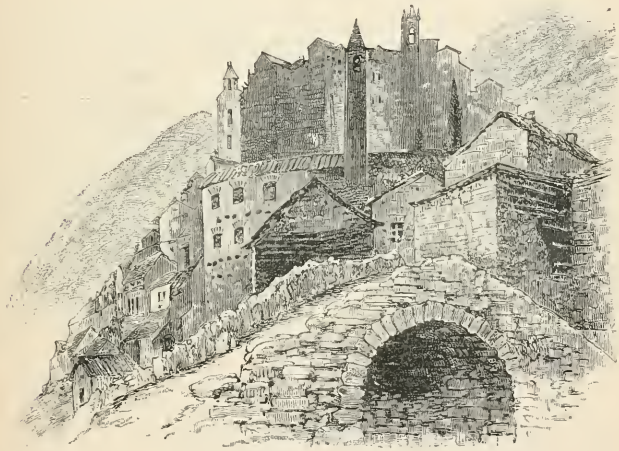
annexed for the accommodation of visitors and pilgrims, and a terrace built; for though the Castellini have but a small purse, theirs is the great lever which can remove all impediments—the faith that brought about the Crusades.

‘To the north a long, long vista of deep, dark, frowning gorges, closed in the distance by a gigantic screen of snow-clad Alps—the glorious expanse of the Mediterranean to the south-east and west, range upon range of gently undulating hills, softly inclining towards the sea—in the plain below, the fresh cosy valley of Taggia, with its sparkling track of waters and rich belt of gardens, looking like a perfect mosaic of every gradation of green, chequered with winding silver arabesques. Ever and anon a tardy pomegranate in full blossom spreads out its oriflamme of tulip-shaped dazzling red flowers. From the rising ground opposite frowns mediaeval Taggia, like a discontented guest at a splendid banquet. A little farther off westward, the eye takes in the campanile of the Dominican church, emerging from a group of cypresses, and farther still, on the extreme verge of the western cliff, the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Guardia shows its white silhouette against the dark blue sky.’—*Ruffini*.

Beyond Taggia the road winds through a magnificent mountain ravine to *Badalucco* (14 k.), an excursion well worth making. There is only room for the torrent Argentina and the road, through the depth of the valley: the lower slopes of the hills are covered with fine old chestnut trees. At Badalucco, the river is crossed by a very lofty bridge supporting a chapel and a gateway. It is an indescribably picturesque place.

It is a drive of 12 k. to Ceriana, one of the most striking places near the coast. The road ascends beyond the eastern suburb of the town to *Poggio*, crowning the first ridge of hills. Hence there is a striking view across the valley to the great hill-set village of *Bussana*, so completely ruined in the earthquake of Ash Wednesday 1887, that it has been entirely deserted, and has not now a single inhabitant, a new and smaller village having been built nearer the sea. The road now winds high amongst the hills to *Ceriana*, an imposing place, where the houses and churches are piled one upon another to a great height. The first

view, however, gives no idea of the magnificent scenes on the other side. The streets are succeeded by a corridor tunnelled in the cliff, with open arches to the valley, then by a steep path into the gorge, overhung by tremendous precipices of rock. Here is the curious old church of *S. Spirito*, with a very tall simple campanile and an interior of great interest, having a triple nave divided by early pointed



Ceriana.

arches and enclosing a choir surrounded by a low wall, on which rests a richly decorated pulpit. The view from a bridge below the church is most striking.

Beyond Ceriana the path turns off at *La Madonna della Valle* to *Bajardo*, in a very grand situation. The village suffered severely in the earthquake of 1887, when the church fell in and crushed a large congregation.



## CHAPTER VIII

### ALASSIO AND ALBENGA

AFTER leaving S. Remo, the railway and the post-road pass through the villages of *Riva* and (27 k.) *S. Stefano al Mare*, with a very curious arched street, and a fortress tower by the sea. Those who stay long at S. Remo often take the railway hither, and then follow the delightful winding path amongst the hills, which passes through the village of *Pompejana*, and comes down by *Castellaro* to *Taggia*, whence the omnibus may be taken. The next village to S. Stefano is (33 k.) *S. Lorenzo al Mare*, with a fine church tower. Then (39 k.) *Porto Maurizio* comes in sight, covering the steep sides of a promontory. The church here is white, and the town is cold in colour compared with the neighbouring villages.

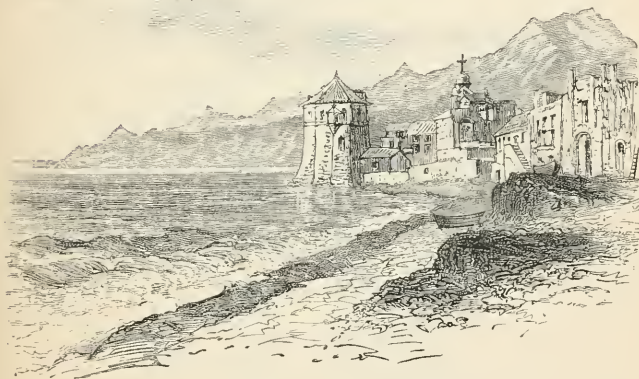
*Oneglia* (41 k.—Inn: *Vittoria*) is an ugly town, with modern arcaded streets, but a good place for the study of fishing-boats and fishermen. It was the birthplace of Andrea Doria, the great Genoese admiral, in 1466. Edmondo de Amicis was born at Oneglia in 1846. Two triumphal arches decorate a very commonplace bridge. There is a road from hence to join the railway from Turin to Cuneo (at Fossano) by the ravine of the Tanaro and the pass of the Col di Nava.

The villages of (46 k.) *Diano Marina* and (49 k.) *Cervo* especially suffered in the earthquake of February 1887. At the latter, a church was built on the Bauso, or level surface on the top of the hill above the town, by the coral-fishers of the eighteenth century, of whom 250—the



whole male population—were lost in a final expedition for the coral which was to produce the funds to complete its façade.

Near the castle (and railway station) of (54 k.) *Andora*, the Merula of Pliny flows into the sea.



S. Stefano al Mare.

(61 k.) *Alassio*.

[Inns: *Grand Hôtel*, close to the sea; *Grand Hôtel Suisse*, close to the station; both good, but the former, since the great earthquake, sometimes reported unhealthy; *Hôtel d'Italie* or *Pension Anglaise; Méditerranée*, with a garden, at the far W. of the town.]

It is quite recently that Alassio—well sheltered by the *Capo delle Mele* on the W., but open to the most terrific

and lacerating winds from the E.—has been established as a winter resort. Now there is an English church here. Alassio has two seasons—the winter for the English, and the summer bathing-season, when it is chiefly frequented by Italians—its sandy bay (so unusual on the Riviera) being a great attraction. Tourists will probably pass two nights at Alassio, and spend the intermediate day at Albenga. Near the station to the W., with the old *Palazzo Bréa* beside it, is the old Collegiata of *S. Ambrogio*, having the Oratory of *S. Caterina* annexed to it, with a very fine romanesque tower.

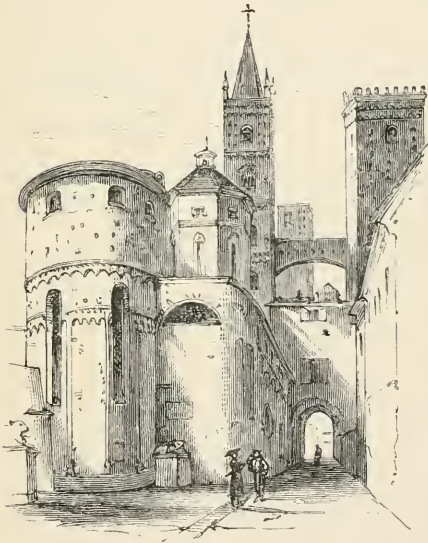
The old town has narrow, winding, but very clean streets, and the shore is sandy and pleasant. The *Palazzo Rosso*, belonging to the ancient noble family of Ferreri, who only inhabit it in the bathing-season, contains some good tapestry and fine old stuccoed halls of the date of Louis XIV. A slab marks a house—Villa Garibaldi—in which Garibaldi spent the winter of 1880–81. The *Cappuccini* at the E. end of the town has a very graceful campanile, and close by, on the shore, is an old watch-tower. At sea is the island of *Gallinara*.

A short walk may be taken by the old Cornice road to the ruined church of *S. Croce*, whence there is a lovely view of the sea and Capo delle Mele.

An ascent behind the English church leads by pleasant villas up a valley to *Meglio*, set high on the hillside. The *Madonna di Castello* dates from 1286. It is a steep ascent to *La Madonna della Guardia*, built 1200, at the top of *Monte Tirazzo*. *Laigueglia* is a point for a pleasant drive or walk, which may be continued to the Capo delle Mele, with its lighthouse and little church—*Chiesa delle Penne*. *Audora* has its ruined castello, popularly known as *Passo*.

Legend derives the name of the town from the Princess Alassia, daughter of the Emperor Otto II., who eloped with one of her father's courtiers, the handsome Count Aleramo. They took refuge at Lamio in Liguria, now represented by

Castello, close to Alassio. There their children were born, and there Aleramo earned a poor subsistence for his family as a charcoal-burner. At last, through the intercession of the Bishop of Albenga, and from the prowess with which he bore himself in a tournament, the Emperor was induced



Cathedral of Albenga.

to pardon him, and by a deed given at Ravenna, March 23, 467, endowed him with large estates, and the title of Marchese Corradi Alamio. After this, tradition says that Aleramo built a castle on the top of Monte Tirazzo, where the Madonna della Guardia now stands, and that, under its protection, Alassio was founded in 986.

‘On Christmas Eve the shepherds of the neighbourhood assemble in the church of S. Ambrogio, where a solemn midnight service is held. At the stroke of twelve the principal door of the church opens, and an ancient shepherd enters, bearing in his arms a white lamb with a blue ribbon round its neck. Passing up the aisle towards the high altar, he silently presents it to the officiating priest as an offering. The latter takes and blesses it, and the shepherd then withdraws as silently as he entered, and returns to the mountains. In this act, every flock of the neighbourhood is blessed for all the ensuing year, and is believed by the shepherds to be thus secured against disease and accidents. The crowd, the lights, the late hour, and the dignified demeanour of the shepherd, the solemn act of blessing, and the evident devotion of the simple people, all contribute to render this ceremony a memorable and impressive spectacle, which no one should fail to witness.’—*Joseph Schneer, ‘Alassio.’*

7 k. beyond Alassio is *Albenga* (67 k., hotels all very indifferent), the ancient *Albium Ingaunum* and birthplace of the Emperor *Proculus*. It is a terribly cold and exposed place in winter. Its thirteen mediaeval towers remind the traveller of *S. Gemignano*, rising out of the plain like a number of tall ninepins set close together, and marking the different palaces formerly inhabited by noble owners, and still, in many cases, belonging to them. *Albenga* also possesses a very ancient gothic *Cathedral*—*S. Michele dell’Arca*, with two noble Venetian gothic towers connected by an arch, and at their foot a little loggia-platform, whence sentences of death were formerly given. On the N. is the *Baptistry*, green with mould and damp, with a remarkable interlaced stone window. On the E., in the *Piazza dei Leoni*, are green and grim Lombardic lions, near the foot of the tower called *Torre della Marchesa Malespina*. The Bishop’s Palace contains some old tapestries. Near a suppressed convent on the W. of the town is an ancient *Beacon-tower fanale*, recently restored at the expense of Government. A little way beyond the town is a Roman bridge or viaduct with ten arches—*Ponte Lungo*, built by *Constantius*, afterwards emperor. The place is so unhealthy that ‘*Hai faccia di Albenga*’ is a proverbial expres-

sion in the country for one who looks ill. The mountain background has a fine broken outline.

The neighbourhood of Albenga may be regarded as the vegetable garden of the Riviera. A lovely drive (8 fr.) leads up a valley to Garlanda. The valley is radiantly beautiful in spring. Overhead are tall peach trees with their luxuriance of pink blossom. Beneath these the vines cling in Bacchanalian festoons, leaping from tree to tree, and below all, large melons, young corn, and bright green flax, waving here and there into sheets of blue flower, form the carpet of Nature. Sometimes gaily-painted towers and ancient *palazzi*, with carved armorial gateways and arched porticoes, break in upon the solitude of the valley. In one of these, the palace of *Lusignano*, which is girt about on two sides by the steep escarpment of the mountains, and backed by a noble pine tree, Madame de Genlis lived for some time, considering her abode an Arcadia, and here she wrote her story of the Duchess of Cerifalco, shut up for nine years by her husband in a vault, of which Albenga is the scene.

Beyond this, the mountains form rugged precipices, only leaving space for the road to pass by the side of the clear rushing river *Centa*. Its stream divides to embrace the mediaeval walls and towers of *Villanova*, a curious and tiny city. Near the road is a round church, built of deep yellow stone, with a gothic tower. Hence, across the marshy plain of the *Lerone*, one sheet of flowers in spring, we reach the old castle of *Garlanda*, with Scotch-looking pepper-box tourelles, which guards the narrowing fastness of the valley. Beyond is the church, where the whole peasantry of the neighbourhood rose against the French in defence of their picture by *Domenichino*—of S. Mauro kneeling at the feet of the Virgin and Child—and succeeded in preventing its being carried off. In the same church is a horrible Martyrdom of S. Erasmus, attributed to *Poussin*.

The mountain villages of *Nava* and *Ormea*, with their

marble quarries and chestnut forests—much frequented in summer—are easily accessible from Albenga.

Another pleasant excursion may be made to *Zuccarello*, but it is dangerous to artists, being fortified.

The *Island of Gallinara*—formerly *Isola di S. Eusebio*—is worth visiting, but only in perfectly calm weather, as the landing is very difficult. It contains some remains of the *Abbey of S. Martino*, to which it belonged. In 1866, the Abbot Raffaele Biale sold it to Signor Leonardi Gastaldi, whose castle occupies the summit of the island. A cave is shown in which S. Martin, the famous Bishop of Tours, lived for a year, when he fled to this seagirt solitude from the Arian persecution. It is now a chapel.

‘On his return from banishment, S. Hilary wished to pay a visit to the island of Gallinara, which had been the refuge of his friend S. Martin. But the island was at that time inhabited only by venomous serpents, and the dwellers on the coast prayed S. Hilary to desist from his rash enterprise. The saint, however, paid no attention to them, and rowed straight across to the island. No sooner had he landed than the famished snakes darted upon him, but at the sight of the cross, which Hilary held out towards them, they crawled trembling into a cave. The saint closed up the cavern with piles of stones, and from that hour there has never been another serpent seen there. In memory of this miracle the inhabitants of Albenga caused a chapel to be built in honour of the two saints, Martin and Hilary, on the spot where the snakes disappeared.’—*Joseph Schneer, ‘Alassio.’*

After leaving Albenga, several villages are seen in the folds of the hills before reaching (73 k.) *Ceriale*. Then we pass the gaily painted buildings of *Porto S. Spirito*. On the hills on l. the large village of Totrano is seen. Now the highroad and railway pass through (76 k.) *Loano* (Inn: *Europa*). Outside the farther gate there is a very picturesque view of an aqueduct, and the fine church of *Monte Carmelo*, built by the Doria in 1609. At the top of a wooded hill are remains of a castle founded by Oberto Doria in 1289; the Palazzo Doria is of 1678. The next village is *Pietra*. The highroad passes through a tunnel

in the rocks, and by (79 k.) *Pietra Ligure* and (82 k.) *Borgo Verezzi*, before reaching—

(85 k.) *Finale Marina* (Hotel: *Garibaldi*, poor), a picturesque village on the shore. The views of the Apennine ranges beyond Spezia and Carrara are most beautiful on clear evenings from all this part of the coast; and the descent of the road to the seashore at this point, flanked by gigantic precipices, on one of which is a tall mediaeval tower, is one of the finest scenes at this end of the Riviera.

From Finale the road follows the coast, sometimes above, sometimes on a level with the sea. The first village is (90 k.) *Varigotti*. We pass through a tunnel in the rocks before reaching the picturesque (93 k.) *Noli*, overhung by a ruined castle with three mediaeval towers. Dante, wishing to describe a difficult pass in his mystic rocks, recollected Noli in the line—

‘Vassi in Sanleo, e discendesi in Noli.’

—*Purg.* c. iv.

The little *Island of Noli* is seen not far from the coast.

Then come (96 k.) *Spotorno*, (100 k.) *Bergeggi*, and (103 k.) *Vado*. The stately buildings of Genoa shine in the clear light before reaching (108 k.) *Savona*.



## CHAPTER IX

### SAVONA AND PEGLI

SAVONA (Hotel: *Suisse*), the largest town on the coast between Nice and Genoa, is blackened of late years by factories, and hideous blocks of square houses have risen in all directions. It has a small but safe harbour. The handsome *Cathedral*, of 1604, contains a Madonna and Child with angels by *Jean Miraiheti*; a Madonna by *Aurelio Robertelli*, 1449; an Assumption by *Bréa*, 1495; and an Annunciation and Presentation by *Albani*. In the Cappella Sistina is the tomb of the parents of Pope Sixtus IV., by *Michele* and *Giovanni di Andria*. The church of *S. Giovanni Battista* has a Nativity by *Girolamo da Brescia*, 1519, and a picture falsely attributed to Albert Dürer. In *S. Maria di Castello* is a very remarkable altar-piece by *Vincenzo Foppa*, 1489, the illustrious pupil of Mantegna. The Emperor Pertinax and Pope Gregory VII. were natives of Savona. *S. Giacomo* contains the tomb of the lyric poet Chiabrera, who was born here, inscribed by his own desire—

‘ Amico, io, vivendo, cercava conforto  
Nel Monte Parnasso;  
Tu, meglio consigliato, cercalo  
Nel Calvario.’

The house in which Chiabrera lived in the town is inscribed with the motto he chose—‘*Nihil ex omni parte beatum.*’ The *Theatre* is dedicated to Chiabrera. Pius VII. was long detained at Savona as a prisoner. Artists will not fail to

sketch the lovely view from the port with its old tower. The statue of the Virgin here has an inscription which can be read either in Latin or Italian—

‘ In mare irato, in subita procella,  
Invoco te, nostra benigna stella.’

It is about an hour’s drive—carriage 6 fr.—from Savona



At Savona.

to its famous *Santuario*. Through a winding valley you enter a courtyard shaded by great elm trees. In the centre is a fountain, and on the farther side a fine sixteenth-century church, containing a few tolerable pictures. The first appearance of the miraculous Virgin, in whose honour all this was built, is said to have taken place at the little round chapel on the hill above the present sanctuary, where she

showed herself to a poor countryman, and desired him to go into Savona and declare what he had seen. This he did boldly, and was put into prison for his pains; but an unknown lady came to open his prison-door and release him. Again, at the scene of his daily labours, the Virgin revealed herself to him, and again desired him to go and tell what he had seen in Savona; but he remonstrated, saying that the last time she had told him to do this he had obeyed her, and had been imprisoned in consequence. 'Yes,' answered the Virgin, 'and it was I who released you; go then again boldly, and I will protect you.' So he obeyed, and went to tell what he had seen in Savona; but the people mocked, and no one believed him, and he returned home sorrowful. On his way, as he was pondering sadly over these things, he met a great multitude of people. 'Whence do you come,' he said, 'and what are you going to do?' 'Oh,' they said, 'we are the inhabitants of the *Albergo dei Poveri*, and we are going to Savona, that we may obtain food and continue to live, for we have no corn left in our granaries.' Then he bade them return, for their granaries should be filled. And they were unbelieving, yet still they returned, and when they reached the granaries, they were unable to open the doors on account of the quantity of grain that was in them. All the people of Savona, when they saw the miracle, gave praise to the Virgin who had delivered them; and now, convinced of the truth of the countryman's story, they built the church and hospital in her honour, which are still to be seen in the valley of S. Bernardo.

Within, the church is magnificent, its walls being entirely covered with precious marbles, which in their turn are encrusted with votive offerings of gold and silver. The under church is even more splendid than the upper. Here is the famous image of the Virgin, hideously radiant in the jewelled crown of Pope Pius VII. and the diamond collar of King Charles Albert. Beside her kneels a little marble figure of the countryman to whom the discovery was due.

Beneath her feet issues a stream of water, served to visitors from a massive silver jug upon a silver tray; 'holy water,' says the sacristan, 'and competent to cure all manner of diseases;' but, as a matter of fact, it is so icily cold that it has quite the contrary effect upon those who drink it after a hot walk from Savona. In the afternoon a Litany is most sweetly sung at the Santuario by the inmates of the neighbouring poorhouse and orphanage, all looking most picturesque—the younger women in white veils (*pezzottos*), the elder wearing over their heads scarfs with brightly coloured flowers stamped upon them (*mezzaras*). When their service is over, they emerge from the church in procession, with crosses and banners.

Between Savona and Vado is *Lagino*, sung by Chiabrera—

'Tolto dagli occhi altrui movea pensoso,  
La dove di Savona il mar tranquillo  
La bellissima Lagine vagheggia.'

On leaving Savona, the road passes through (113 k.) *Albizzola Marina*. One mile inland is *Albizzola Superiore*, where there is a fine palace of the Della Rovere family. The Della Rovere Popes, Sixtus IV. and Julius II., were both natives of Albizzola. The family was then so much reduced, that Sixtus IV., though of noble descent, was the son of a poor fisherman, and his nephew, Julius II., was occupied in his youth in daily carrying the products of his father's farm to Savona, either by boat or mule, whatever the rudeness of the season, and was often received with great severity on his return if his provisions had not sold well.

In the church of *S. Michele* is a picture by *Pierino del Vaga*, which he vowed during a storm. *Varazze* (120 k.), a great shipbuilding place on the sea-shore, was the birth-place (1230) of Jacopo de Varagine, author of 'The Golden Legend,' afterwards an excellent Archbishop of Genoa. In

the hills above this is the monastery of *Il Deserto*, founded by a lady of the Pallavicini family, who is represented there as the Madonna in an altar-piece by *Fiasella*.

Passing (113 k.) *Albizzola* and (116 k.) *Celle*, we reach (125 k.) *Cogoletto*,<sup>1</sup> the reputed birthplace of Columbus, in 1447, and the house of his father Domenico (doubtful<sup>2</sup>) is pointed out by the inscription—

‘ Hospes, siste gradum. Fuit hic lux prima Colombo :  
Orbe viro majori heu nimis arcta domus !  
Unus erat mundus. “ Duo sunt,” ait ille. Fuere.’<sup>3</sup>

*Arenzano* (130 k.) is an attractive place, abounding in rare wild flowers, and with beautiful mountain views. Amongst its great villas, the *Villa Pallavicini* here has some of the whimsicalities of the famous villa at Pegli. A cascade of water falls over the front door of the house, and the entrance is beneath it.

*Voltri* (137 k.) is a large town with paper manufactories. The neighbouring valley of the Leira contains baths for cutaneous disorders. In the *Villa Brignole Sale* is preserved the fine tomb of Margherita, wife of Henry VII. of Luxemburg, brought from the church of S. Francesco di Castelletto at Genoa. Two monks are represented laying the princess in her tomb, a fine work of Giovanni Pisano in 1313.

*Pegli* (142 k.) (*Hôtel d’Angleterre*, facing the station—with a restaurant, déjeuner 3 fr.—very good; *Hôtel Gargini*, in a large garden, pension 8 to 9 fr., excellent; *Grand Hôtel*). The entrance to the *Villa Pallavicini* is through a house adjoining the pretty railway station on the left. A visit to this famous villa occupies quite two hours, and no one who is unequal to a long walk should attempt

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson’s lines on young Columbus in ‘The Daisy’ commemorate a visit of the Laureate to Cogoletto.

<sup>2</sup> In his will Columbus says—‘Que siendo yo nacido en Genova, como natural d’ alla, porque d’ ella sali y en ella naci.’

<sup>3</sup> Gagliuffi.

it. It should also be remembered, where time is an object, that there is nothing *especially* to be seen in the villa. The grounds were entirely laid out in 1836-46, during which time a hundred men were constantly at work. The pleasant, shady walks are bordered by immense heaths and other flowering shrubs. There is a great deal that is very foolish, and has been very expensive, in the way of fifth-rate triumphal arches, marble summer-houses, artificial cascades, &c. What is really pretty is a grotto, where you step into a boat, and are rowed in and out amongst stalactite pillars, emerging on a miniature lake fringed with azaleas and camellias. The villa now belongs to the Marchesa Pallavicini Durazzo. The Pallavicini, 'neighbour robbers,' were a Lombard family, who settled at Genoa in 1353. To them belonged Cardinal Pallavicini, historian of the Council of Trent, and Orazio, collector of taxes in England under Mary, who, pocketing his collections on the accession of Elizabeth, commanded a ship against the Armada, was knighted, and, dying in great honour, was buried at Babraham in Cambridgeshire. His widow married Sir Oliver Cromwell, grandfather of the Protector, whose son and two daughters, uncle and aunts of the Protector, married the three Pallavicini children of their stepmother.

The *Villa Doria* at Pegli has pleasant grounds.

*Cornigliano* (148 k.) at the *Villa Rachel* is a good pension-hotel.

Hence the approach to Genoa (151 k.) is through a continuous suburb, till, after passing the lighthouse, we come upon one of the grandest city views in the world.

## CHAPTER X

### GENOA

[Hotels : *Italia*, good ; *delle Quattro Nazioni*, good — pension, 10 fr. ; *de la Ville*, bad and dear ; *du Parc*, damp, dear, and indifferent ; *de France* ; *de Londres*, near the station.

Visitors to Genoa in warm weather will do well to go for luncheon or ices to the really beautiful and thoroughly Italian café 'La Concordia,' in the Strada Nuova. Its garden, on summer evenings, is delightful.

*Carriages* (in all the piazzas), the course, 86 c. ; at night, 1 fr. 25 c. The first hour, 1 fr. 50 c. ; at night, 2 fr. Every half-hour after the first, 75 c. For the day, with one horse, 5 fr. ; with two horses, 10 fr.

*Omnibus* (public) from the station to the Piazza S. Domenico, and all over the town, 20 c.

*Boats*, in the harbour, with one rower, for two to four persons, 2 fr. the hour.

*Post Office* : 18 Piazza Fontane Amoroze.

The *English Church*, of Genoese gothic, is from designs by Street.]

GENOA stands at the north-western point of Italy, and is, as it were, its keynote. No place is more entirely imbued with the characteristics, the beauty, the colour of Italy. Its ranges of marble palaces and churches rise above the blue waters of its bay, interspersed with the brilliant green of orange and lemon groves, and backed by swelling mountains ; and it well deserves its title of Genova la Superba. The best view is that as you approach by the railway from Savona : hence you see—

'The queenly city, with its streets of palaces rising tier above tier from the water, girdling, with the long lines of its bright white houses, the vast sweep of its harbour, the mouth of which is marked by a huge



natural mole of rock crowned by its magnificent lighthouse tower. Its white houses rise out of a mass of fig, and olive, and orange trees, the glory of its old patrician luxury; the mountains behind the town are spotted at intervals by small circular low towers, one of which is distinctly conspicuous where the ridge of hills rises to its summit, and hides from view all the country behind it. These towers are the forts of the famous lines, which, curiously resembling in shape the later Syracusan walls enclosing Epipolæ, converge inland from the eastern and western extremities of the city, looking down, the western line on the valley of the Polcevera, the eastern on that of the Bisagno, till they meet on the summit of the mountains, where the hills cease to rise from the sea, and become more or less of a table-land running off toward the interior, at a distance of between two and three miles from the outside of the city.'—*Arnold*, 'Lectures on Modern History.'

'Ecco! vediam la maestosa immensa  
Città, che al mar le sponde, il dorso ai monti  
Occupata tutta, e tutta a cerchio adorna.

Qui volanti barchette, ivi anchorate  
Navi contemplo, e a poco a poco in alto  
Infra i lucidi tetti, infra l' eccelse  
Cupole e torri, il guardo ergendo all' ampie  
Girevol mura triplicate, i chiusi  
Monti da loro, e le minute rocche  
A luogo a luogo, e i ben posti ripari  
Ammiro intorno: inusitata intanto  
Vaghezza all' occhio, e bell' intreccio fanno  
Col tremolar delle frondose cime,  
Col torreggiar dell' appuntate moli,  
Lo sventolar delle velate antenne.'—*Bettinelli*.

Genoa, anciently Genua (probably from *Janua*, the gate of Northern Italy), was the chief maritime city of Liguria, and afterwards a Roman municipium. Under the Lombards the constant invasions of the Saracens united the professions of trade and war, and its greatest merchants became also its greatest generals, while its naval captains were also merchants.

The Crusades were of great advantage to Genoa in enabling it to establish trading settlements as far as the Black Sea, but the power of Pisa in the East, as well as its possession of Corsica and Sardinia, led to wars between it and Genoa, in which the Genoese took Corsica, and drove the Pisans out of Sardinia. By land, the Genoese territory was extended to Nice on one side and to Spezia on the other. After the

defeat of Pisa in the battle of Molaro, 1284, and the destruction of its harbour, Genoa became complete mistress of the western sea. In the East its power was only surpassed by that of Venice, but constant competition with the rival city excited its energies to the utmost, and the services which it was able to render to the Byzantine emperor led to its gradually supplanting Venice in Greece and the Black Sea.

The most formidable enemy which Genoa had to deal with was its want of the internal unity which was conspicuous at Venice. The bishops were its first rulers, then consuls, then doges. In the twelfth century the people were already divided into eight political parties, which in the time of the Hohenstaufens resolved themselves into the Ghibellines under the Dorias and Spinolas, and the Guelfs under the Fieschi. At the end of the twelfth century the plan of government by a foreign Podesta was introduced, assisted by a council of eight, but by the fourteenth century the rivalries of the different noble families had led to civil war in almost all the possessions of the state, though trade and navigation only seemed to flourish the more; and the speculations, ventures, and spirit of enterprise of Genoa only increased.

In 1339 the Genoese elected their first Doge, Simone Boccanera, who abdicated, was recalled, and eventually poisoned; and as the chief power was afterwards always the subject of contention between the families of Adorno, Fregosi, Marchi, and Montaldi, the possession of a Doge failed utterly in establishing internal peace. Still trade flourished and increased, and, from the beginning of the fifteenth century, the chief power really rested with the managers of the famous Banco di San Giorgio, which maintained an army and naval force of its own.

Genoa fell several times into the hands of France. The famous Andrea Doria was at first Admiral of the French fleet, but, disgusted at the breach of faith shown by Francis I., and his inattention to the freedom granted to Genoa, he went over to the Emperor Charles V., and having obtained a promise that his native city should be an independent republic, drove the French out of the city, and introduced a constitution in which all family interests were made subordinate to the real welfare of the state. It was thus ordained that all the old families possessing landed property were to be counted as equal; and every noble family which possessed six inhabited houses in the town was to form an 'Albergo,' to which poorer families were to associate themselves—an arrangement which gave an opportunity of uniting those families who had hitherto favoured the Guelfs to Ghibelline Alberghi, and those who were Ghibellines to Guelfic Alberghi, and in this way gradually extinguishing their party spirit by their interests. Out of the twenty-eight Alberghi thus formed, a senate of 400 members was chosen

which was to fill up all the offices of state, the Doge being only elected for two years.

Having no children, Andrea Doria had chosen as his heir his great-nephew Gianettino, a vain young man, who was suspected of wishing to aspire to the sovereignty when his uncle should be dead. The offence which he gave to one of the great Genoese nobles, Giovanni Luigi di Fieschi, Count of Lavagna, led to the famous conspiracy of the Fieschi, by which it was resolved to overthrow the new constitution of Genoa and the influence of the Dorias. For the moment the insurgents were successful. Gianettino was killed at the Porta S. Tommaso, and Andrea, on hearing of his death, fled to Savona; but the conspiracy was brought to nothing by the death of Fieschi, who fell into the water as he was stepping into a galley, and was drowned by the weight of his armour; after which, Andrea Doria was brought back to Genoa with honour, and the whole property of the Fieschi was confiscated and their palace razed to the ground.

From this time Genoa enjoyed tranquillity till the reign of Louis XIV., who sent a fleet to besiege the town in 1684, when the Palace of the Doge and many other fine buildings were destroyed by bombardment, and the city was forced to submit.

In 1800 Genoa again underwent a siege, when it was attacked by sea by an English and Neapolitan fleet, and by land by the Austrians. The blockade caused a terrible famine, in which 20,000 persons perished, and Massena, with his French garrison, was obliged to capitulate on June 4, but re-entered the town on the 16th. The last Doge chosen was Girolamo Durazzo. In 1805 Genoa was incorporated with France, and its trade was stopped. In 1814 it was stormed by the English. The Vienna Congress made it over as a Duchy to the King of Sardinia, and it has since followed the fortunes of the House of Savoy.

The imports of Genoa are now estimated at three hundred million francs, its exports at a hundred and twenty million. The number of vessels annually calling at its port is considered to be 7000 sailing vessels and 2300 steamers, including 1700 sailing vessels and 800 steamers from foreign countries.

The architectural features of Genoa are, first, its mediaeval churches, with striped façades of black and white marble, and, secondly, its magnificent sixteenth-century palaces. The residence of Rubens and Vandyke in the town has greatly enriched it with their paintings, which for the most part remain in the hands of those families for whom they were originally executed. The Genoese painters—Ludovico Bréa, c. 1483; Luca Cambiaso, 1527–85; Castello il Bergamasco, 1500–1570; Bernardo Strozzi (called 'Il Cappuccino' or 'Il Prete'), 1581–1644; Carloni, 1593–1630—were of inferior importance.

Petrarch, whilst reproaching Genoa with her disorders, gives a brilliant picture of her happier days:—

‘Dost thou remember the time when the Genoese were the happiest people upon earth, when their country appeared a celestial residence such as the Elysian fields are painted? What an aspect it presented from the sea! Towers which seemed to threaten the heavens, hills clothed with olives and oranges. Marble palaces perched on the top of the rocks, with delicious retreats beneath them, where art conquered nature, and at the sight of which the very sailors paused upon their oars, intent upon gazing. Whilst the travellers who arrived by land beheld with astonishment men and women right royally adorned, and luxuries abundant in mountain and wood, unknown elsewhere in royal courts. When the foot touched the threshold of the city, it seemed as if it had reached the temple of happiness, of which it was said, as of Rome of old, “This is the city of kings.”’

Several of the hotels overlook the port, and for the sake of the view, rooms ‘al secondo’ and ‘al terzo piano’ are generally to be preferred. From these one can watch the glorious sunsets behind the grandly proportioned lighthouse, called *La Fanale* (built 1547), 247 feet high, which closes the port at its western extremity, and occupies the site of the fort La Briglia, which Louis XII. of France erected to keep the Genoese in check after his conquest of the city in 1507. The harbour will recall the history of the Crusades, and that hence the *Gran Paradiso* and the *S. Niccolò* bore the ill-fated expedition of S. Louis to the coast of Africa.

The principal sights of Genoa may be comprised within a single walk, and may be visited in the following order: The Strada degli Orefici, Banca di S. Giorgio, Cathedral (S. Maria di Carignano), S. Matteo (Acqua Sola), Palazzo Doria Tursi, Palazzo Brignole Rosso, L’Annunziata, Albergo dei Poveri, Palazzo Balbi, Palazzo Durazzo della Scala, Palazzo del Principe Doria. But there are many other objects in Genoa full of beauty and interest, and several days may be well spent in the examination of its glorious palaces,

and the treasures they contain. Those who are unequal to much exertion will find constant amusement in the view from their windows, for which it is most desirable to secure rooms on the third story.

‘Gênes rend paresseux. De sa fenêtre on y jouit trop pour qu’il n’en coûte pas d’aller chercher au loin ses curiosités. Le voyageur assez heureux pour plonger sur cette vaste mer, sur ce port magnifique qui en est comme le vestibule, sur cette forêt de mâts que les flots balancent sous les yeux, ne peut pas s’en arracher. Le mouvement et la vie qui se jouent et se déploient sous milles formes diverses, ces légers bateaux qui se glissent entre les vaisseaux immobiles, ces voix confuses qui se mêlent au bruit sourd des vagues, les cris des matelots adoucis par l’espace, leurs costumes si pittoresques, leurs physionomies si expressives, cette mer si bleue, ce ciel si pur, cette vive lumière, ces brises si fraîches et pourtant si douces, ce cintre qui resserre le tableau afin de n’en faire perdre aucun détail, et tout cela un seul coup d’œil l’embrasse ! Ici vraiment tout ce qui respire jouit, tout ce qui regarde est heureux ! Il est sans doute un grand nombre de ports de mer qui offrent une vue étendue et variée, mais en outre d’une magnificence que l’on chercherait vainement ailleurs, les différents plans sur lesquels la ville de Gênes est bâtie, semblent comme autant de gradins disposés pour faire jouir les habitants de l’éternelle *naumachie* qui se déploie à leurs regards.’—*Madame Swetchine*.

‘Looking out from my bedroom, I saw beneath me rows of lengthy, oddly-constructed waggons, laden, some with sacks of corn, some with barrels of (I know not what), some with pigs of lead and iron, some with cocoa-nut matting, others with logs of timber, others, again, with dried fish ; and, what with the ceaseless din of human voices, pitched in every key, the clang of iron rails as they were flung from the carts to the ground, the blasting of the neighbouring rocks for the fortifications, the braying of mules and donkeys, the tinkling of the bells affixed to their harness, and the cracking of vetturinos’ whips as they whirled their crazy vehicles through the streets, the hammering of iron pots and copper pans, the chanting monotone of the sailors, with their yo-ho, yo-ho ! as they raised anchor before leaving harbour, the creaking of cordage, the cries of hucksters as they advertised their wares for sale, and the vibration of all the church bells as they chimed the quarters,—I thought my tympanum must have burst. I say nothing of the fragrant odours drawn forth by the heat of the sun from Parmesan and Gruyère cheese and Bologna sausages ; nor will I dwell on the

filthy habits of women spitting and men smoking at every turn. In spite of all these drawbacks, the eye enjoys a perpetual feast in strange dramas acting every minute, and the picturesque groups standing at every corner. The superfluous energy of gesticulation about the veriest trifle, in which almost all classes indulge, would be amusing were it not fatiguing. It was but now I saw two men, with naked, nervous arms and legs, and swarthy breasts, with no article of clothing on them but cotton drawers, flinging their arms about so wildly, and gabbling at each other with such frantic vehemence, that I expected bloodshed every instant. The ringing laugh which succeeded this redundancy of gesture taught me that I did not yet understand the national temperament.'—*Julian C. Young.*

Emerging from the hotels on the side towards the sea, the traveller finds himself in a heavy whitewashed arcade beneath the old houses, a place sufficiently repulsive in its first appearance, but always full of life and 'movimento,' and where the character of the Genoese people may well be studied. Costumes are dying out, but women still sometimes pass in the veils of Genoa, the graceful thin muslin veils of the unmarried women, called *pezzottos*, and the picturesque *mezzaras*, a kind of gaily-flowered chintz, of the married women. There is a patois peculiarly Genoese; a *soldo* here is always *palanco*. It will be observed what numbers of priests and monks of every kind still abound in the city, which is especially dedicated to the Madonna. The Italian proverb about Genoa—

Mare senza pesce,<sup>1</sup> monti senza legno, uomini senza fede, donne senza vergogna,

has no truth, and is probably of hostile Pisan origin: certainly the Genoese would not be likely to say it of themselves. Boccaccio also defends the virtue of the Genoese ladies in the second day of his 'Decameron,' when Barnabo Lomellini, at a party of Italian merchants in Paris, refuses to believe in the possibility of infidelity on the part of

<sup>1</sup> There are 180 different kinds.

his Genoese wife. However, two of the greatest of Italian poets condemn the faults of Genoa :—

‘ Ahi Genovesi, uomini diversi  
D’ ogni costume, e pien d’ ogni magagna :  
Perchè non siete voi del mondo spersi?’

*Dante, Inf. xxxiii. 151.*

‘ Tue ricchezze non spese, eppur corrotte,  
Fan d’ignoranza un denso velo agli uni,  
Superstizion tien gli altri ; a tutti è notte.’

*Alfieri, Sonn. 76.*

Following the arcades to the left (from the hotels), the Via della Ponte Reale leads to the busy little *Piazza Banchi*, containing the gaily painted sixteenth-century *Exchange—Loggia dei Banchi*—raised aloft on a balustraded platform. In the fifteenth century one Lucca Pinelli was dragged hither and crucified in the night, because he dared in the senate to oppose the sale of Leghorn to the Florentines, which had been thought necessary by the Doge Tommaso Campofregoso, to pay for the fortification of the city walls and improvement of the dockyard. ‘When men rose next morning, they found his dead body hanging to the cross, with these words written beneath—“Because he has uttered words which men may not utter.” In this way did the rulers of Genoa remove from their path all opposition.’<sup>1</sup> From this square opens the *Strada degli Orefici*, the jewellers’ street, bright with shops of the Genoese coral described by Dante as ‘of pallid hue, ’twixt white and yellow,’ and of silver and gold filigree-work, chiefly in the form of butterflies, flowers, or feathers. On the left of the street, near the end, is a shrine, much esteemed by the Genoese, containing a beautiful picture of the Virgin and Child with S. Loo (the patron of smiths), by *Pellegrino Piola*. It was set up on November 25, 1641, and that very night the artist was murdered in a quarrel in the Piazza Sarzana, being only in

<sup>1</sup> Theodore Bent’s *Genoa*.



his twenty-second year. When Napoleon wished to remove this picture, the gold and silver smiths effectually defended it, and it was never taken to France.

Returning to the arcades, we have, facing us, the black walls and rugged arches of the old Dogana, enclosing the *Banco di San Giorgio*, used for the bank which was founded to meet the expenses of resisting the Grimaldi of Monaco. The building itself is a memorial of Genoese hatred and vengeance against Venice, its stones having been brought from Constantinople in 1260, when Michael Palaeologus gave the Genoese the Venetian fortress of Pancratone. The three Venetian lions' heads which adorn the principal portal are a proof of this. Against the outer arches hung, for nearly 600 years, a similar memorial of the remorseless hatred of Genoa against Pisa—the chains of the Porto Pisano, carried off, in 1290, by Conrad Doria, with forty galleys: these have lately been restored to Pisa. Over the door are the remains of the device adopted by Genoa after the visit of its native Pope, Innocent IV. (Fieschi)—the Griffin of Genoa strangling the imperial Eagle, and the Fox of Pisa in its claws, with the motto—

‘Griphus ut has angit  
Sic hostes Janua frangit.’

On the façade towards the sea *Lazzaro Tavarone* has represented St. George on the front of his own palace. The building was erected by the first Doge, Guglielmo Boccanegra, and is attested by the inscription—

‘Guglielmo Boccanegra, whilst he was captain of this city, ordered, in the year 1260, that I should be built. After this was decreed, Ivo Oliviero, a man divine for the acuteness of his mind, adapted me with great care to whatever use should then or ever after be applied to me by the captain.’

The Bank of England has existed for two centuries, the Bank of Genoa for five. No aspersion has ever been cast

upon it, partly perhaps because those who have administered it have never derived profit from it, only honour.

The upper hall, a striking picture of neglected and decaying magnificence, is surrounded by two ranges of grand life-size statues of Genoese heroes—Spinola, Doria, Fieschi, &c., the upper row standing, the lower seated.

‘On every side the visitor is greeted by the statues of worthy men, some well executed in white marble by eminent Genoese artists. They line the walls of the entrance hall, they line the walls of the council hall, each one a testimony to some magnanimous citizen, who gave a portion of his patrimony towards relieving some pressing distress.

“We loved that hall, tho’ white and cold,  
Those nichèd shapes of noble mould ;  
A princely people’s awful princes,  
The grave, severe Genoese of old.”

*Tennyson, ‘The Daisy.’*

One of these worthies had founded a hospital, another had bought off a tax on provisions which pressed heavily on the poor, another had left shares in the bank to provide a dower for poor maidens, another had left his whole fortune to improve the port or strengthen the fortifications. There they stand in this noble hall, thirty-five benefactors of their country, all robed in the loose flowing dress of mediaeval Italy, each with his quaint “berretta” on his head, a stone slab underneath each, relating their many virtues and their liberality. In fact, this old building contains a perfect museum of Genoa’s worthies.

‘The statues are all arranged in an order peculiar to themselves, suited to their various grades of liberality. For those who only bequeathed twenty-five thousand francs to the state, a simple commemorative stone was thought sufficient, whilst their more liberal brethren, whose donation amounted to fifty thousand francs, were honoured with a half-figure bust. All those who gave up to one hundred thousand francs were represented standing in a row over the heads of the most generous of all who exceeded this sum, and who were placed in a sitting posture close to public gaze and admiration.’—*Theodore Bent’s ‘Genoa.’*

To the student of Genoese history the neglected halls of the Banco di S. Giorgio are full of interest. An inscription marks the room where criminal cases were tried. In an upper chamber is the ballot-box which decided elections.

The pigeon-holes remain where the letters for the different magistrates were placed 400 years ago. In the archives are boundless materials for the history of Genoa and her colonies, Caffa, Scio, Famagosta, &c., and a copy of the *Gazzaria*, the laws by which she governed her possessions in the Black Sea.

‘For St. George’ was the Genoese war-cry, and it is interesting here to remember that the choice of St. George as the patron saint of England came from his selection by Richard Cœur de Lion as his ensign in compliment to the port of Genoa, which fitted out the eighty galleys on which he and Philip II. embarked for the Crusades.

In this neighbourhood, closing the eastern side of the harbour, is the *Porto Franco*, which grew up through the desire to evade the tithes claimed on all cargoes of ships by the archbishop. We may still see the 355 bonded warehouses, surrounded by lofty walls, and with gates towards the sea and the city. That all merchandise from abroad could be freely admitted here and sent from here by sea and land without any kind of duty was the secret of Genoa’s later prosperity. Attached to the Porto Franco is the curious population of porters called the ‘Company of the Caravans,’ which had their distinctive dress, their own consuls, and a jurisdiction of their own. They were founded in 1340 by the Banco di S. Giorgio, which imported twelve porters hither from the valley of Brembana, of which the inhabitants were famous for their industry and honesty. In order to succeed to his father’s employment, it was indispensable that a son should be born, either within the precincts of the Porto Franco, or in the villages of Piazza and Lugno; and such was the morality of the colony that in the annals of the police no complaint has ever been brought against its people. Niccolò Paganini, ‘the pale musician of the bow,’ as Leigh Hunt calls him, was the son of a porter of the Porto Franco. The *Caravanas*, so called from the Arab fashion of their arrival, had the privilege of selling

their posts to their compatriots, and these were often valued at as much as 10,000 francs. Now they have lost their privileges, and the *Facchini* may be simple Genoese.

We now turn to the left, by the Via S. Lorenzo, to the *Cathedral*, which was chiefly built in the twelfth century and restored in the fourteenth. From its steps the podestà announced the capture of Damietta, which closed the fifth crusade, when, 'amid rabid and unearthly yells of joy, women fainted and wept aloud, and old men tottering with years cast away their crutches and with outstretched arms thanked the Almighty for the mercies received.' The Cathedral is striped in alternate courses of black and white marble, like most of the great Genoese buildings.

'In scanning the façade of this cathedral, the traveller's eye rests on a perfect museum of architecture. The portals are built in pure Italian Gothic surrounded by a blaze of figure working, in which are seen Moorish designs and Moorish images, whilst the Byzantine element is present in the figure of Christ over the central portal, and in the genealogical tree which climbs up towards it. As the eye travels upwards it rests on some of the best work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—restorations made after a fire which nearly deprived Genoa of her sanctuary—until at length the campanile crowns the motley group, finished in 1520, in the stiffest style of the Renaissance. If each of those figures inserted in the walls could give its own history, what a curious network of facts would they produce about Genoa's enterprises and Genoa's world-wide commerce. Report tells us that those spiral pillars on either side of the central portal, representing palm trees, came from a Moorish mosque at Almeria, in Spain; the pillars of a loggia, where, according to the original plan, another tower was to have been built, belonged to an ancient church which stood here before the cathedral; and a grotesque figure of S. Lorenzo on the gridiron, with impish dwarfs blowing vigorously with bellows, came from the same old building; whilst a legend is attached to a tall thin figure under a canopy on the south corner of the façade, which is commonly supposed to represent the blacksmith who did all the iron-work for the cathedral, and refused to be paid on condition that a statue of himself should be inserted on the walls. And here he stands, with his anvil in his hands, puzzling the heads of antiquaries, who declare him to be a saint, and reject the popular story with scorn.'—*Theodore Bent's 'Genoa.'*

In the outer wall N.W. we may observe the exquisite gothic tomb of Antonio Grimaldi, the unsuccessful general of the Republic in the fourteenth century, unwisely chosen in the place of Pagano Doria, after the terrible naval battle of the Bosphorus.

The church is approached through a kind of vestibule or inner porch, and the effect of its interlacing arches is very striking. The nave, which is far the finest part of the building, is separated from the aisle by dark marble pillars, supporting striped arcades of black and white marble. Here and there a crimson curtain gives a bright patch of colour, which is repeated in the figures kneeling below. On the right is the tomb of Duke Isaac, a Greek exile who remained at Genoa when the rest of his compatriots returned to Constantinople with the Emperor Michael Palaeologus, raised to the throne by Genoese interference.

The chapel of the Doges at the end of the right aisle has a great Crucifixion, by *Vandyke*: the arrangement is rather stiff; S. Sebastian is represented with the Virgin and S. John at the foot of the Cross. The choir is renaissance, with stalls of *intarsia*-work. Before a chapel on the left of the altar kneels the marble figure of Cardinal Pallavicini: the Genoese say that he has confessed and long sought absolution, but still waits for it. From the centre of the left aisle opens the rich and grotesque *Chapel of S. John the Baptist*, built 1496. It is decorated with statues by *Guglielmo della Porta* and *Matteo Civitali di S. Giovanni* (the great sculptor of Lucca), 1490.

‘The finest among the statues is that of Zacharias, a noble figure, clad in the official robes of a Jewish high priest, standing with arms raised to heaven as if “executing the priest’s office before God in the order of his course.” The Elizabeth is remarkable for its fine drapery and grandiose style; the Habakkuk is a striking figure; but the Adam wants dignity, and the Eve is coarse and without expression.’—*Perkins’s Tuscan Sculptors.*

The shrine is adorned with hanging lamps, always kept

burning. The relics of the saint are preserved in a silver shrine by *Daniele di Terramo* (1437). In consequence of the crime of Herodias and her daughter, an edict of Innocent VIII. forbids females to enter the chapel except on one day in the year: the ladies of the Sauli family were alone exempted, on account of the piety and charity of their house, and they are usually married in this chapel. In the treasury of the cathedral (only shown by a special order from the Municipality) is the *Sacro Catino*, long exhibited to the people as the vessel used by our Saviour at the Last Supper—the Holy Graval or Grail; another tradition tells that it was originally given to King Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. When Cesarea was taken by the Genoese and Pisan Crusaders in 1101, the Genoese gave up to the Pisans all the rest of the booty, on condition that the *Sacro Catino* was left to them. Nothing could exceed the veneration with which it was afterwards regarded at Genoa. Twelve knights called ‘Clavigeri’ were appointed as its special guard, each being responsible during one month of the year for the safety of the tabernacle in which it was contained. Petrarch<sup>1</sup> speaks of having seen it—‘a priceless and wonderful vase’ and ‘a right glorious relic.’ It was believed to be formed from a single emerald, and as there were heretics to this faith, in 1476 a law appeared, punishing with death any one who made experiments upon the *Sacro Catino*, ‘by touching it with gold, stones, coral, or any other substance.’ Unfortunately it was carried to Paris in 1809, and, when sent back in 1815, it was broken between Turin and Genoa.

‘Il résulte que Gênes ne croit plus que le *Sacro Catino* soit une émeraude.

‘Gênes ne croit plus que cette émeraude ait été donnée par la reine de Saba à Salomon;—Gênes ne croit plus que dans cette émeraude Jésus-Christ ait mangé l’agneau pascal. Si aujourd’hui Gênes reprenait Césarée, Gênes demanderait sa part du butin, et laisserait aux Pisans le *Sacro Catino*, qui n’est que de verre.’—*Dumas*.

<sup>1</sup> *Itinerario*.

' In Genoa 'tis said that a jewel of yore,  
 Clear, large, and resplendent, ennobled the shrine,  
 Where the faithful in multitudes flocked to adore,  
 And the emerald was pure, and the saint was divine.

But the priest who attended the altar was base,  
 And the faithful who worshipped besotted and blind ;  
 He put a green glass in the emerald's place,  
 And the multitude still in mute worship inclined.'

*Lord J. Russell to Thomas Moore.*

On the walls of the *Archbishop's Palace* are curious frescoes illustrative of gifts to the metropolitan church—of property in Sardinia after the Genoese conquests in the island in the twelfth century ; of Gibiletto from Beltram, son of Baldwin, and of various benefits from its native Pope, Innocent IV.

In a small piazza to the right of the cathedral square is the *Palazzo Giustiniani*, on which we may remark a lion with an open Bible. This and another Venetian lion on the sailors' church of S. Marco are memorials of the many victories of the Genoese over the Venetians.

To the left of the cathedral square by the Via and Salita del Arcivescovado, we reach the *Church of S. Matteo*. The story of the Doria family circles around this little building. It is supposed to have had its romantic origin in Arduin, Vicomte de Narbonne, who fell ill at Genoa when he came thither to embark for the Crusades, and was kindly nursed by a noble Genoese lady of the Della Volta family, and her daughter Oria. This kindness Arduin never forgot, and, when he returned from the Holy Land, he married Oria, and merging his nationality into hers, and calling his property Port d'Oria, became the ancestor of the most illustrious family in Genoa. On the raised loggia before the church the Doria merchants met their clients, and hence Andrea Doria harangued the people in 1528, urging them to resist the French, who were then besieging the town. The little piazza is surrounded by the family palaces.



That on the right, with an inscription, was given to Lamba Doria in 1298, after the victory of Curzola. The first of those bearing a relief above the entrance, of St. George and the Dragon in the slate-marble of Lavagna, was given to Pagano Doria in 1355, after the battle of Sapienza. The palace in the right-hand corner, striped with black and white marble, and with a door richly adorned with arabesques, was the gift of the Republic to the famous Andrea Doria, after his refusal to accept the dogeship for life. It bears the inscription: *Senat. Cons. Andreae de Oria Patriae Liberatori Munus Publicum.*

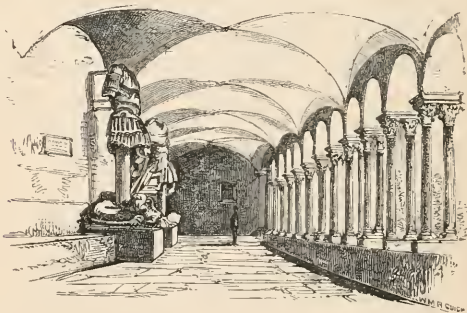
' This house was Andrea Doria's. Here he lived ;  
 And here at eve relaxing, when ashore,  
 Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse  
 With them that sought him, walking to and fro,  
 As on his deck. 'Tis less in length and breadth  
 Than many a cabin in a ship of war ;  
 But 'tis of marble, and at once inspires  
 The reverence due to ancient dignity.

He left it for a better ; and 'tis now  
 A house of trade, the meanest merchandise  
 Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,  
 'Tis still the noblest dwelling—even in Genoa !  
 And hadst thou, Andrea, lived there to the last,  
 Thou hadst done well ; for there is that without,  
 That in the wall, which monarchs could not give,  
 Nor thou take with thee—that which says aloud,  
 It was thy Country's gift to her Deliverer.

'Tis in the heart of Genoa (he who comes,  
 Must come on foot) and in a place of stir ;  
 Men on their daily business, early and late,  
 Thronging thy very threshold. But, when there,  
 Thou wert among thy fellow-citizens,  
 Thy children, for they hailed thee as their sire ;  
 And on a spot thou must have loved, for there,  
 Calling them round, thou gav'st them more than life,  
 Giving what, lost, makes life not worth the keeping.  
 There thou didst do indeed a deed divine ;  
 Nor couldst thou leave thy door nor enter in,  
 Without a blessing on thee.'—*Rogers.*

In the beautiful little cloister on the left of the church are the remains of the colossal statues of Andrea and Giovandrea (son of Gianetto) Doria, erected in front of the Doge's palace in 1577, and decapitated and mutilated by the mob in 1797.

The church itself is of the thirteenth century, and striped with black and white marble. Its inscriptions relate to the glories of the house of Doria—to the defeat of the Pisans by Oberto Doria in 1284, to the victory of Lamba over the



Cloister of S. Matteo, Genoa.

Venetians at Curzola in 1298, to the prowess of Filippo in the Gulf of Salerno, to the conquest of the Venetians, Greeks, and Catalans in the Bosphorus by Pagano in 1352, and to the death of Luciano whilst fighting the Venetians at Pola in 1379. In the Roman sarcophagus under the window on the right, the honoured remains of Lamba Doria were laid by his son Lambino in 1323. Over the high altar hangs the sword of Andrea Doria, sent to him in 1535 by Pope Paul III. At the end of the left aisle is the

Doria Chapel, with a picture of Andrea and his wife kneeling at the feet of the Saviour. Hence we enter a crypt adorned with stucco-reliefs by *Montorsoli*, containing the tomb which Andrea Doria erected for himself in his life time, with figures allegorical of Vigilance and Plenty. Facing it is a Reliquary of the True Cross, of which the keys are always kept by the present Prince Pamfili Doria. The figures behind the high altar and the beautiful balconied organ-loft are by *Montorsoli*. All the monuments of the Doria in suppressed churches or convents have been collected in this church and its cloister. The bells were spoils from Conca in Crete, hung up in the family church by Oberto Doria, the victor of Meloria. The burial-place of Andrea Doria will recall the lines of Ariosto—

Questo è quel Doria, che fa dai Pirati  
Sicuro il vostro mar per tutti i lati.  
Non fù Pompejo a par di costui degno,  
Se ben vinse e cacciò tutti i corsari :  
Però che quelli al più possente regno  
Che fosse mai, non poteano esser pari ;  
Ma questo Doria sol col proprio ingegno  
E proprie forze purgherà quei mari ;  
Sè che da Calpe al Nilo, ovunque s' oda  
Il nome suo, tremar veggio ogni proda.

Questi ed ogn' altro, che la patria tenta  
Di libera far sèrva, si arrossisca ;  
Nè, dove 'l nome d' Andrea Doria senta,  
Di levar gli occhi in viso d' uomo ardisca.  
Veggio Carlo che 'l premio gli augumenta ;  
Ch' oltre quel ch' in commun vuol che fruisca  
Gli dà la ricca terra, ch' ai Normandi  
Sarà principio a farli in Puglia grandi.'

*Orlando Furioso*, xv.

From S. Matteo we may ascend to the handsome *Piazza Carlo Felice*, formerly *Piazza Nuova*, containing the modern Exchange and Theatre. Close by, to the r., is the modern *Palazzo Ducale*, occupying the site of the ancient Palace of

the Doges, and with a stately marble hall and staircase, and an old brick tower rising above the later buildings. Facing the palace is the *Church of Sant' Ambrogio*, built by the Pallavicini. It contains three large and good pictures, which are shown by the sacristan:—

*Guido.* The Assumption of the Virgin.

*Rubens.* The Circumcision (over the high altar).

*Rubens.* S. Ignatius healing a Demoniac.

Hence the modern *Via Roma* leads to the beautiful *Promenade of Acqua Sola*, much frequented by the Genoese in summer. Here is the *Caffè d'Italia*, in a pleasant garden.

From the Piazza Carlo Felice opens the street of the same name. On the left is the *Palazzo Pallavicini*, once remarkable for its pictures, now removed to the Palazzo Durazzo in the Via Balbi. By this street we reach the *Piazza delle Fontane Amoroze*. On the left is the post-office. On the right are the handsome *Palazzo Negroni* and another *Palazzo Pallavicini*. The upper end of the square is occupied by the picturesque and characteristic *Palazzo Spinola dei Marmi*, built of black and white marble in the fifteenth century, and adorned with statues of Spinolas, commemorated beneath by ancient gothic inscriptions. This palace was erected with the materials of the old Fieschi Palace, destroyed by the Senate to punish their conspiracy in 1336. It contains some early frescoes of *Luca Cambiaso* or *Lucchetto da Genova*, 1527–80, one of the best of the Genoese painters. The Spinolas came into the town from the valley of the Polcevera, where an old viscount renowned for his hospitality had tapped (*spillava, spinolava*) his wine-casks with such readiness that he gained himself the name.

(On the left of the palace the *Vico della Loggia Spinola* leads to *Acqua Sola*. At the top, on the left, is the old *Palazzo Spinola*, having a grand entrance court covered with decaying frescoes. The rooms open upon a marble

terrace, where the walls are decorated in fresco by pupils of Pierino del Vaga.

The street beneath the arch of Acqua Sola leads to the English Church.)

From the Piazza delle Fontane Amoroze opens the *Via Garibaldi*, formerly the famous *Via Nuova*—a street which Madame de Staël says appears to have been built for a congress of kings—a succession of palaces, one more splendid than another.

‘When can one forget the streets of palaces, the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi; or how the former looks when seen under the brightest and most intensely blue of summer skies, which its narrow perspective of immense mansions reduces to a tapering and most precious strip of brightness, looking down upon the heavy shade below? The endless details of these rich palaces; the walls of some of them within, alive with masterpieces of Vandyke; the great heavy stone balconies one above another, and tier above tier, with here and there one larger than the rest, towering high up, a huge marble platform; the doorless vestibules, massively-barred lower windows, immense public staircases, thick marble pillars, strong dungeon-like arches, and dreary, dreaming, echoing, vaulted chambers, among which the eye wanders again, and again, and again, as every palace is succeeded by another; the terrace-gardens between house and house, with green arches of the vine, and groves of orange trees, and blushing oleanders in full bloom, twenty, thirty, forty feet above the street; the painted halls mouldering and blotting and rotting in the damp corners, and still shining out in bright colours and voluptuous designs where the walls are dry; the faded figures on the outsides of the houses, holding wreaths, and crowns, and flying upward and downward, and standing in niches, and here and there looking fainter and more feeble than elsewhere by contrast with some fresh little cupids, who, on a more recently decorated portion of the front, are stretching out what seems to be the semblance of a blanket, but is, indeed, a sundial; the steep, steep, uphill streets of small palaces (but very large palaces for all that), with marble terraces looking down into close by-ways; the magnificent and innumerable churches; and the rapid passage from a street of stately edifices into a maze of the vilest squalor, steaming with unwholesome stench, and swarming with half-naked children, and whole worlds of dirty people, make up, altogether, such a scene of wonder—so lively and yet so dead; so noisy and yet so quiet; so obtrusive and yet so

shy and lowering ; so wide awake and yet so fast asleep—that it is a sort of intoxication to a stranger to walk on, and on, and on, and look about him. A bewildering phantasmagoria, with all the inconsistency of a dream, and all the pain and all the pleasure of an extravagant reality.'—*Dickens*.

Passing (right) the Cambiaso, Parodi, and Del Sindaco Palaces, we reach (No. 9) *Palazzo Doria Tursi*, now belonging to the municipality, with a hanging terraced garden. In the beautiful entrance court is a good statue of Giuseppe Mazzini by Saccomano. The vestibule has frescoes of Genoese history, given by Antonio Vela. We must ascend the splendid vast marble staircase adorned with frescoes from destroyed palaces and churches, to the great hall, now the Sala Comunale, adorned with modern mosaics of Columbus and Marco Polo. The room on the right contains a hollow pillar, filled with the MS. letters of Columbus, and surmounted by his bust. The room on the left contains the bronze *Tabula* (discovered 1506), recording the investigation of a boundary question between the Genuenses and the Veturii by Quintus Marcus Minutius and Q. F. Rufus in A.U.C. 633. Here also are a few good pictures, especially a triptych of *Albert Dürer*, representing the Virgin and Child with S. Mark and S. Nicholas, and a *Van Eyck* of the Crucifixion with the Virgin and S. John. A sort of shrine, lined with pink silk, contains the relics of Paganini—his miniatures, his medals, and his violin with its case. Beyond this palace is the admirable *Caffè Concordia*.

No. 18, on the l. of the Via Nuova, is the magnificent *Palazzo Brignole Sale*, or *Palazzo Rosso* (from the red colour with which it is painted), made over in 1874 by Maria, Duchess Galiera, the heiress of the Brignole family, to the Municipio, on condition of its being kept up, and its art collections being undisturbed—an act of extraordinary munificence, as the palace alone was valued at three millions of francs, and the *Library*, included in the gift, is particularly rich in 'mémoires pour servir' for the period of the

French Revolution. The Gallery is open on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; the Library, Mondays and Tuesdays, from 10 to 3. The best pictures (terribly over-‘restored’) are:—

5th Chamber (*Sala della Primavera*):

*Vandyke.* Portrait of a Prince of Orange.

\**Vandyke.* Portrait of the Marchese Anton-Giulio Brignole Sale, riding on a white horse and waving his hat, with his dog running by his side.

\**Vandyke.* Portrait of the Marchesa Paolina Brignole (wife of Marchese Anton-Giulio), a lovely woman, in a blue gown embroidered with gold, and a black feather in her chestnut hair.

*Vandyke.* Our Saviour bearing his Cross.

*Paris Bordone.* A portrait with red sleeves—splendid in colouring.

6th Chamber (*Sala dell' Estate*):

*Guercino.* The Buyers and Sellers expelled from the Temple.

*Guido.* S. Sebastian, an inferior replica of the famous picture at the Capitol.

7th Chamber (*Sala d' Autunno*):

*Bonifazio Veneziano.* The Virgin and Child, the Mother in a white veil, in an open portico, receiving the adoration of the Magi—a very beautiful work of the master.

*Guercino.* Madonna and Child, with SS. Bartholomew and John the Evangelist.

8th Chamber (*Sala d' Inverno*):

*P. Veronese.* Judith and Holofernes.

9th Chamber (*Sala della Vita dell' Uomo*):

*Vandyke.* Young man in a Spanish dress.

\**Vandyke.* Marchesa Geronima Brignole and her daughter (mother and sister of Marchese Anton-Giulio)—much repainted.

No. 12 is the *Palazzo Serra*, sometimes called the ‘Palace of the Sun,’ from the gorgeous gilding which adorns it, but not much worth visiting. No. 6 is the *Palazzo Doria*.



Farther, on the left, a little behind the street, the *Discesa di S. Siro* leads to the *Church of S. Siro*, which succeeded *S. Maria* in *Castello* as the Cathedral of *Genoa*, being then *La Basilica dei Dodici Apostoli*. The ancient building has, however, almost vanished under alterations. Blackbirds are still always allowed to build their nests unmolested in this church, from a tradition that *S. Siro* as a boy raised to life his pet blackbird, which he found dead one day on his return from school. Here, during a popular irritation against the captains of the people—*Doria* and *Spinola*—

‘In the midst of an excited multitude, a gold-beater rose up and said, “Do ye wish that I should tell you something for your good?” Laughing at the absurd little man, the people with one accord shouted “No!” Nothing daunted, however, the gold-beater exclaimed, “Let it be *Simone Boccanegra*.” The innocent object of this hap-hazard choice was a quiet, demure merchant, who chanced to be standing by. And, like an Italian crowd that it was, startled and amused by the novelty, and perhaps liking the recurrence of the name of a captain they had elected a century before, the assembled multitude with one accord cried out, “Let *Simone Boccanegra* be abbot of the people.”

‘Taking the opportunity of a hush, prudent *Boccanegra* quietly thanked them and declined. His refusal made them the more eager, and they cried, “Let him be our lord!” (*signore*). Again *Boccanegra* declined an honour the very name of which smacked of feudalism in liberal nostrils. Then at length a cry arose, and was echoed from mouth to mouth, “We wish him for our *Doge*.” To this *Boccanegra* quietly assented, and was carried to the palace in triumph by the people, who, wild with excitement, rushed through the streets crying, “Long live the *Doge*!” “Long live the people!” And the captains prudently withdrew from the town.’—*Theodore Bent*, ‘*Genoa*.’

Here we enter the *Via Cairoli*, formerly *Via Nuovissima*, a street (of shops) less aristocratic than the others. It leads into the *Piazza della Nunziata*. The *Church of the Annunziata* is splendid of its kind, has fine marble columns, and is gilt with old Genoese zecchini. Over the entrance is a Last Supper by *Procaccini*. The church was built by the *Lomellini*, lords of *Tabarca*—an island on the north coast of *Africa*—till 1741, and commemorates the extra-

ordinary wealth acquired in their coral fisheries, which they spent in its marbles, gold, and frescoes. Sismondi speaks of the church as 'an illuminated snuff-box.'

'The S. Annunziata was built at the sole expense of the Lomellini family, it is said, towards the end of the seventeenth century; though how a church so pure in design came to be executed then is by no means clear. The church is a basilica of considerable dimensions, being 82 feet wide, exclusive of the side chapels, and 250 feet long. The nave is separated from the aisles by a range of corinthian columns of white marble, the fluting being inlaid with marbles of a warmer colour. The walls throughout, from the entrance to the apse, are covered with precious marbles, arranged in patterns of great beauty. The roof of the nave is divided longitudinally into three compartments, which prevents the awkwardness that is usually observed where windows of a semicircular form cut into a semicircular vault. Here it is done as artistically as it could be done in the best gothic vaults. The one defect that strikes the eye is that the hollow lines of the corinthian capitals are too weak to support the pier-arches, though this criticism is equally applicable to all the original Roman basilicas of the Constantinian age; but, nevertheless, the whole is in such good taste, so rich and so elegant, that it is probably the very best church of its class in Italy.'—*Fergusson*.

The Via S. Agnése, behind the Annunziata, leads to the immense *Albergo dei Poveri*, beautifully situated on a height, with a fine sea view. It is a grand foundation of Emanuele Brignole in 1564, and has been enriched by most of the other great Genoese families. The long white chapel on the upper floor has at its high altar a much-praised statue of the Virgin by *Puget*, and, over a side altar on the left, a small Pietà usually attributed to *Michelangelo*, wonderfully touching and beautiful.

'Les vestibules, les escaliers et les corridors de cet hôpital sont peuplés des statues, des bustes et des médaillons des fondateurs, donateurs et bienfaiteurs; or, comme ces types génois sont singulièrement originaux, et que les artistes qui les représentèrent furent choisis pour leur habileté, ces sculptures en quelque sorte officielles forment un véritable musée aussi intéressant au point de vue historique que varié au point de vue de l'art. Toutes les grandes familles génoises

sont là : les Spinola, les Doria, les Grimaldi, les Durazzo, les Pallavicini ; mais presque tous, hommes et femmes, ont eu le soin de se faire représenter avec un détail fort caractéristique : de leur poche s'échappe une bourse qui ouvre sa bouche et laisse tomber les flots d'écus, ou bien leurs mains tiennent le sac de la précieuse denrée, qu'elles versent largement, mais qu'elles mesurent cependant. On sent que ces bienfaiteurs restent maîtres de leur argent alors même qu'ils le donnent, et qu'ils sauront le reprendre sous une autre forme. C'est la charité la plus impérieuse qui se puisse concevoir.'—*Émile Montégut.*

We now enter the *Via Balbi*, the most striking street in Genoa. The splendour of the palaces seems to increase at every step.

On the left (No. 4) is *Palazzo Balbi*, built from designs of Bart. Bianco, entered by a most lovely cortile, enclosed by triple rows of slender columns, through which a brilliant orange garden is seen. This is the most comfortable and well-furnished of all the Genoese palaces. The family inhabit the upper apartment, but generously allow it to be shown to strangers. It contains—

#### *Great Hall :*

*Vandyke.* Francesco Maria Balbi on horseback.

*Il Cappuccino.* Joseph interpreting the dream of the Chief Butler.

#### *1st Chamber :*

*Guido Reni.* Lucrezia.

*Titian.* The Virgin and Child, with S. Catherine and S. Dominic.

*Vandyke.* Madonna with a pomegranate.

#### *2nd Chamber :*

\* *Vandyke.* Philip II. on horseback (the head by Velasquez), the horse quite magnificent.

*Vandyke.* A lady in a blue and gold dress, seated with a fan.

*Vandyke.* A male portrait standing, in a black cloak and dress.

#### *3rd Chamber :*

*Caravaggio.* The Conversion of S. Paul.

*Ann. Caracci.* Portrait of a girl. A refined and lovely picture.

*Guido Reni.* S. Jerome in the Desert.

*Gallery :*

*Garofalo.* Holy Family.

*H. Hemmling.* Crucifixion.

\**Titian.* 'A Philosopher,' marvellously powerful.

Opposite, on the right (No. 1) is the magnificent *Palazzo Durazzo della Scala*. Its beautiful court is surrounded by marble pillars, and approached by a staircase with a triple row of pillars upon the steps. As the Marchesa Durazzo was daughter and heiress of the late Prince Pallavicini, the Pallavicini collection is now removed here. Amongst the pictures of the Durazzo collection are—

*2nd Chamber :*

*Albert Dürer.* Virgin and Child.

*Luca d'Olanda.* The Descent from the Cross.

*3rd Chamber :*

*Annibale Caracci.* A good Portrait.

*6th Chamber :*

\**Vandyke.* The White Boy (Ragazzo in abito bianco). The parrot, monkey, and fruit are by *Snyders*.

*Vandyke.* The Children of James I. of England.

*Rubens.* Philip IV.

*Vandyke.* A Lady and Children.

*9th Chamber :*

*Sibleyras.* S. Francis adoring the Crucifix.

*Andrea del Sarto.* The Coming of the Magi.

No. 5 of the Via Balbi is the *Palazzo dell' Università*, approached from its cortile by a magnificent staircase, guarded by the most grand lions. It contains some statues and bas-reliefs by *Giovanni da Bologna*, and has a museum of Natural History and a Botanical Garden. On the steps is the tomb of Simone Boccanegra, the first and best of the Doges, brought thither from S. Francesco di Castelletto, when it was dismantled. His marble recumbent effigy is supported by three lions. Raised from a lowly position, he

ruled with great power and disinterestedness, and though the enmity of the nobles caused his deposition in 1345, he was re-elected in 1356; after which the wisdom of his government and his conciliatory power raised Genoa to the foremost position amongst the Italian States. In 1363, while entertaining Peter de Lusignan, king of Cyprus, in a



Staircase of Palazzo dell' Università, Genoa.

banquet at Sturla, he was poisoned by Malocello, a noble Genoese favourite of the king. His house is still known and marked in a neighbouring alley.

No. 10 is the huge yellow *Palazzo Reale*, purchased from the family of Durazzo in 1815, and fitted up as a residence by Charles Albert in 1842. Its pictures have, for the most part, been removed.

The Via Balbi ends in the *Piazza Acqua Verdi* (where is the entrance to the Railway Station), adorned with a monument to Columbus, erected in 1862 opposite his residence, which bears a commemorative inscription. It is here that Massena, after having held the place for sixty days, and having exhausted all his resources, even to the saddles of his horses—themselves eaten long ago— assembled the brave remnant of his garrison, who sang French patriotic songs in the midst of their Austrian conquerors.

Beyond the piazza, near the sea, is another palace, the magnificent *Palazzo del Principe*, built on the site of the Palazzo Fregoso, presented by the Genoese senate to Pietro Campofregoso, who, in 1373, took Famagosta from King Peter of Cyprus, with the Genoese troops, who, on forty galleys, 'embarked with such loud reason for the Cyprus wars.'<sup>1</sup> The palace, which derives its present name from the title granted by Charles V. to Andrea Doria, was rebuilt under *Montorsoli*. It bears the inscription: 'Divino munere, Andreas D'Oria (Cevae. F. S. R. Ecclesiae Caroli Imperatoris Catholici maximi et invictissimi Francisci Primi Francorum Regis et Patriae classis triremium IIII. praefectus), ut maximo labore jam fesso corpore honesto otio quiesceret, aedes sibi et successoribus instauravit.' MDXXVIII.

On the upper floor is a loggia (now glazed), richly decorated with stucco by *Montorsoli*, and painted in fresco by *Pierino del Vaga*, with portraits of the Dorias in heroic costume. Andrea is at the end of the loggia on the right, his brother Gioberti on the left. Lovely '*putti*' occupy the lunettes above. By the fresco of Andrea, we enter a great hall with a grand black and white marble chimney, and furniture of the time of the great admiral. On the ceiling is the Fall of the Giants, by *Pierino del Vaga*, who had fled from Rome after the sack of the city by the Constable de Bourbon. Beyond this, is Andrea Doria's bedroom,

<sup>1</sup> *Othello*, act i. sc. 1.

containing a picture of him with his favourite cat, and his portantina. The ceiling represents the Caritas Romana. Beyond the loggia—from whose windows Peretta, wife of Andrea Doria, beheld the conflict in the port excited by the Fieschi conspirators—a delightful marble terrace on arches overhangs the garden and overlooks the port and town. Here, where the waves lap under the orange-trees, Andrea Doria gave to the ambassadors his famous banquet, in which the plate was renewed three times, and after each course was thrown into the sea. On the fountain Andrea Doria is represented as Neptune. In another garden, behind the palace, is the tomb of the dog—‘Il gran Roldano,’—which Charles V. gave to Giovandrea Doria, grandson of Andrea. The dog died in the absence of his master, and was buried by the servants at the foot of a statue of Andrea, represented by Montorsoli as Jupiter, in order that, in the words of the epitaph, ‘though dead he might not cease to guard a god.’ It was in passing through the small gate of the neighbouring Porta S. Tommaso that Gianetto, the adopted son and cousin of Andrea, was killed in the conspiracy of the Fieschi.

‘Towards the sea, terraces and fountains adorned the grounds, where the Emperor Charles V. wandered, and where Philip II., when a gay young prince, was entertained with all the lavishness of old Andrea’s wealth, and all the magnificence of the artist’s skill. Subterranean passages led down to the water’s edge, and here Andrea had his galleys anchored, twenty in all, whilst from the terrace above his keen old eye would watch them going to and fro laden with precious goods from all parts of the world. It is said he had twenty thousand men at his disposal—soldiers, sailors, and slaves, all counted; and beneath the vaulted halls of his princely palace may still be seen the dungeons which were always well stocked with slaves for his galleys.

‘Barely a century after the completion of this palace, Evelyn visited it, and thus described it in his diary: “One of the greatest palaces here for circuit is that of Prince Doria, which reaches from the sea to the summit of the mountains. The house is most magnificently built without, nor less gloriously furnished within, having whole tables and bedsteads of massy silver, many of them set with agates, onxyes, cor-



nelians, lazulis, pearls, turquoises, and other precious stones. The pictures and statues are innumerable. To this palace belong three gardens, the first whereof is beautified with a terrace supported by pillars of marble. There is a fountain of eagles, and one of Neptune with other sea-gods, all of the purest white marble. They stand in a most ample basin of the same stone. . . . One of the statues is a colossal Jupiter, under which is the sepulchre of a beloved dog, for the care of which one of this family received of the king of Spain five hundred crowns a year during the life of that faithful animal.”—*Theodore Bent's 'Genoa.'*

Farther, on the left, are the lovely *Scoglietto Gardens*, whose balustraded terraces and mazes of flowers, with views of the sea between, are a perfect dream of beauty from March to November.

In returning to the hotels, the Church of *S. Giovanni di Prè* may be visited. It was founded by the Knights Hospitallers of S. John in the thirteenth century, and is architecturally worthy of notice for its Lombard tower, rounded apse, and gothic windows. A relic of the English colony founded here in the reign of our Richard I. will be found in the tomb let into the tower, with the head in a recess, of William Acton, 1180. It was to the hospice attached to this church that Urban V. came with eight cardinals in 1367 on his way from Avignon to Rome; and hither, in 1386, Urban VI. dragged eight cardinals whom he had seized at Lucera, because he discovered that they were plotting to restrict the evil use of the papal power. They were cruelly tortured here upon the rack, after which, some say, they were tied up in sacks and thrown into the sea, others, that they were put to death in prison and buried in a dungeon; only Adam of Hertford, Bishop of London, was spared, at the intervention of King Richard II. In the oratory of S. Hugh (who lived and died here), beneath the church, are slabs which commemorate the visits of the two Urbans.

The quarter called the *Borgo di Prè* dates from the twelfth century, when shiploads of booty (*prede*) were brought

back from the Saracenic towns, and divided amongst the deserving, here in front of the Church of S. Giovanni.

A separate excursion should be made to the humbler and more populous quarter of Genoa, where, instead of streets of palaces, we shall find only narrow alleys of tall houses, where cats can jump from roof to roof across the way, and where only a narrow slit of blue sky shines down upon the darkness.

‘In the smaller streets the wonderful novelty of everything, the unusual smells, the unaccountable filth, the disorderly jumbling of dirty houses, one upon the roof of another; the passages more squalid and more close than any in S. Giles’s or in old Paris; in and out of which, not vagabonds, but well-dressed women, with white veils and great fans, are passing and repassing; the entire absence of any resemblance in any dwelling-house, or shop, or wall, or post, or pillar, to anything one has ever seen before; and the disheartening dirt, discomfort, and decay, perfectly confound one. One is only conscious of a feverish and bewildered vision of saints’ and virgins’ shrines at the street corners; of great numbers of friars, monks, and soldiers; of red curtains waving at the doorways of churches; of always going uphill, and yet seeing every other street and passage going higher up; of fruit-stalls, with fresh lemons and oranges hanging in garlands made of vine leaves. . . . And the majority of the streets are as narrow as any thoroughfare can well be, where people (even Italian people) are supposed to live and walk about, being mere lanes, with here and there a kind of well or breathing-place. The houses are immensely high, painted in all sorts of colours, and are in every stage and state of damage, dirt, and lack of repair. They are commonly let off in floors or flats, like the houses in the old town of Edinburgh or many houses in Paris. There are few street doors; the entrance halls are, for the most part, looked upon as public property, and any moderately enterprising scavenger might make a fine fortune by now and then cleaning them out.’—*Dickens*.

Following the arcades below the hotels (to the left) to their end, we find steps leading up from the end of the Porto Franco to the ramparts overhanging the sea, which are always crowded with fishermen and sailors from the different Riviera ports, who sit in groups on the broad flags, sprawl in the sun upon the wall, or play at *mora*, in

their brilliant red *berrette*, loose white jackets, and crimson sashes. Here, it is said that S. Siro used to walk, and agitate or becalm the waves at his will. Most glorious are the views towards the Rivas, that towards Pegli being backed by snowy Alpine ranges, while to the south the lovely promontory of Porto Fino stretches out into the sea, beyond the village and ruined church of Albaro.

‘The Mediterranean is no more than a vast mass of salt water, if people choose to think it so; but it is also the most magnificent thing in the world, if you choose to think it so; and it is as truly the latter as it is the former. And as the pococurante temper is not the happiest, and that which can admire heartily is much more akin to that which can love heartily, ὁ δὲ ἀγαπῶν, θεῶ ἥδη ὅμοιος—so, my children, I wish that if ever you come to Genoa, you may think the Mediterranean to be more than any common sea, and may be unable to look upon it without a deep stirring of delight.’—*Dr. Arnold's Letters*.

Near the little striped romanesque *Church of S. Giacomo* the steep *Salita di S. Maria in Castello* leads to the church of that name, the earliest cathedral of Genoa, also striped of black and white marble, and said to occupy the site of a temple of Diana, of which the twelve granite pillars separating the nave from the aisles are relics. The church is built upon the spot on which SS. Nazzaro and Celso baptized their first converts after landing upon the coast, in recollection of which a canon holds a baptism here once a year. It was here that, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the rebel *capetti*, who were like the *ciompi* in Florence, elected their tribunes and organised a revolution. The third chapel on the right is ancient, and contains a very striking picture by *Ludovico Bréa* of the Virgin in glory, with a group of saints beneath, and an interesting predella of the Entombment. The lower part of the chapel is decorated with excellent *azulejos*. In the choir are tombs of the Giustiniani. A gothic stone pulpit projecting from the wall of the chapel on the left of the high altar, and the flat gravestones, with incised portraits of ancient Genoese citizens, should be

observed. A small Byzantine picture of the Madonna is interesting as the thank-offering of a Genoese merchant for his escape from Mohammed II., when he took Galata from John Paleologus. An inscription in the little chapel of S. Biagio, behind the high altar, says that it was built by the republicans of Ragusa, who claimed their liberty from Alexander the Great. In the first chapel on the left is an ancient sarcophagus, and above it a very curious panel-picture of the Virgin and saints.

Turning left, below the church, we reach the small *Piazza Embriaci*, with an inscription which tells that—‘Round this piazza the Embriaci had their home, a family renowned in the wars of the cross and in their own country. Behind, rises intact the giant height of their ancient tower.’ This tower was spared when all similar domestic fortresses were pulled down, in honour of Guglielmo Embriaco, who gave the Sacro Catino to the cathedral, and who invented the wonderful scaling-tower, by which Godfrey and Eustace de Bouillon entered Jerusalem, when it was taken (as is mentioned in the inscription which King Baldwin placed over the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre) by the powerful aid of the Genoese.<sup>1</sup> Not far distant is another inscription of 1360, commemorating the destruction of the palace of the Raggio family, on that site, to punish their conspiring against the State (a similar inscription near the Church of S. Maria in Via Lata commemorates the site of a Fieschi palace). Close by is the *Church of S. Donato*, with an octagonal bell-tower of the twelfth century. Hence the *Stradone di S. Agostino* leads to the beautiful but ruined front of that church, of the fourteenth century: the campanile is inlaid with coloured tiles. Behind the church is the *Piazza di Pontoria*, with a picturesque chicken-market. Hence the broad paved *Via del Ponte di Carignano* leads across that extraordinary bridge to the church, which is such a pro-

<sup>1</sup> A frescoed ceiling by Lazzaro Tavarone in the Palazzo Adorno represents this feat.

minent feature in all distant views of the town. In winter the bridge is a sunny and delightful walk, and from it you look down on the immensely high, many-storied, many-windowed houses of this crowded quarter; painted pink, blue, white, and yellow, with gardens of flowers on their roofs, with clothes suspended in mid-air from house to house. In the deep streets below are figures moving like ants, in an obscurity which seems almost black compared with the light above; and beyond all is the deep blue sea, with the port, the lighthouse, the shipping, and the lovely chains of pink mountains fading into an amber sky. The height of Carignano is asserted by local tradition to have been occupied by the vineyard of Janus, great-grandson of Noah, who gave his name to the town. The hill was formerly occupied by one of the most magnificent palaces in Italy, that of Via Lata, belonging to the Fieschi family,<sup>1</sup> which had given two Popes (Innocent IV. and Adrian V.), seventy-three cardinals, and three hundred mitred bishops to the church, and a saint, Caterina da Genova (ob. 1510), to the calendar, before the famous conspiracy of Gian Luigi, son of Sinibaldo Fieschi and his Della Rovere wife (niece of Julius II.), against Andrea Doria, led to its total destruction by the vengeance of the great admiral.

‘Then fell the glorious Fieschi palace on Carignano. Its countless treasures of art were sold by public auction, its walls and lovely frescoes were blown up with gunpowder; all to gratify the hatred of old Prince Andrea. Only one stone was left to mark the site, and that was a stone of infamy, which handed down to posterity the name of Gian Luigi as a traitor, and was not removed until the days of Louis XIV. of France, when the Fieschi honours were restored to them.’—*Theodore Bent's 'Genoa.'*

The *Church of S. Maria di Carignano* was built in 1552, entirely at the expense of the Sauli family, and is a monu-

<sup>1</sup> The Fieschi were one of the four noble Genoese families which alone had the right to build their palaces with alternate courses of black and white marble

ment of the most sumptuous bad taste in proportions, material, and colour.

‘Voici à quel événement cette église, l’une des plus belles de Gênes, doit son existence.

‘Le marquis de Sauli, un des hommes les plus riches et les plus probes de Gênes, avait plusieurs palais dans la ville, et un entre autres qu’il habitait de préférence et qui était situé sur l’emplacement même où s’élève aujourd’hui l’église de Carignan. Comme il n’avait point de chapelle à lui, il avait l’habitude d’aller entendre la messe dans celle de Santa Maria in Via Lata, qui appartenait à la famille Fiesque. Un jour, Fiesque fit hâter l’heure de l’office, de sorte que le marquis de Sauli arriva quand il était fini. La première fois qu’il rencontra son élégant voisin, il s’en plaignit à lui en riant.

‘Mon cher marquis, lui dit Fiesque, quand on veut aller à la messe, on a une chapelle à soi.

‘Le marquis de Sauli fit jeter bas son palais, et fit élever à la place l’église de Sainte Marie de Carignan.’—*Dumas*.

‘As an example of how bad it is possible for a design to be, without having any faults which it is easy to take hold of, we may take the much-praised church of the Carignano at Genoa. It was built by Galeazzo Alessi, one of the most celebrated architects of Italy, the friend of Michelangelo and Sangallo, and the architect to whom Genoa owes its architectural splendour, as much as Vicenza owes hers to Palladio, or the city of London to Wren.

‘The church is not large, being only 165 feet square, and the dome 46 feet in internal diameter. It has four towers at the four angles, and when seen at a distance these five principal features of the roof group pleasingly together. But the great window in the tympanum, and the two smaller windows on each side, are most displeasing; neither of them has any real connection with the design, and yet they are the principal features of the whole; and the prominence given to pilasters and panels instead is most unmeaning. If we add to this, that the details are all of the coarsest and vulgarest kind, the materials, plaster and bad stone, and the colours introduced crude and inharmonious, it will be understood how low architectural taste had sunk when and where it was built. Its situation, it is true, is very grand, and it groups in consequence well with the city it crowns; but all this only makes more apparent the fault of the architect, who misapplied so grand an opportunity in so discreditable a manner.’—*Fergusson*.

Under the cupola are great statues of S. John and S.

Bartholomew by *David*, and S. Sebastian and the Blessed Alessandro Sauli by *Puget*. The pictures are good specimens of second-class artists. Beginning from the right, we see—

*Domenico Piola*. S. Peter and S. John healing the palsied man.

*Carlo Maratta*. Martyrdom of S. Biagio.

*Girolamo Piola*. Virgin ('miraculous') and saints.

*Vanni da Siena*. The last Sacrament of S. Mary of Egypt.

*Fiasella*. Alessandro Sauli in the plague of Corsica—a very fine picture.

*Cambiaso*. The Deposition.

*Procaccini*. The Virgin with S. Francis and S. Carlo Borromeo.

*Guercino*. S. Francis receiving the stigmata.

In the sacristy is the gem of the church—an *Albert Dürer*, brought from an older church of the Sauli family, representing S. Fabiano, S. Sebastian, S. J. Baptist, and S. Antonio, with the Annunciation, and a Pietà.

Behind the church, on the left, the broad Via Galeazzo Alessi, and a shady rampart looking towards the mountains (which continues to Acqua Sola), leads to the *Church of S. Stefano*, with a stumpy brick romanesque tower, a striped marble front, and a beautiful small cloister. Over the high altar is a picture of the Martyrdom of S. Stephen, supposed to be the joint work of *Raffaelle* and *Giulio Romano*, given to the Republic of Genoa by Leo X. ; it was taken to Paris by Napoleon, and, while there, was retouched by Girodet. The walls of the church bear the names of the Pessagni, a noble Genoese family distinguished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as admirals in Portugal, and still existing there under the name of Pessanha : of this family was that Antonio Uso di Mare, whose voyages eventually led to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope.

From the west front of S. Stefano, the Via Giulia leads back to Piazza Carlo Felice, or the Vico della Ponte degli Archi leads to the corner of the *Via dei Lanaiuoli*—the wool-merchants' street, where a marble relief commemorates



the total destruction of the Porto Pisano by Conrad Doria in 1290. Left, by the *Via di Ponticello*, we reach the magnificent lofty gate, called *Porta di S. Andrea*, the most important relic of that wall of defence which the whole people of Genoa united in raising against Frederick Barbarossa. Beneath the arch is an inscription which tells the story of its erection. From it, till quite lately, hung part of the chains of the harbour of Pisa, brought by Conrad Doria in 1290, the proudest trophy of the great Genoese naval victory at Meloria, in 1284, under his father Oberto. Passing under the gate, we again reach (right), by the *Sestiere di Portone*, the *Piazza Carlo Felice*.

On the hill above the *Porta Pila* Railway Station is the *Church of S. Bartolommeo degl' Armeni*; it contains a 'Last Supper' of *Luca Cambiaso*, who, gambling with the monks, staked a supper on his chance, and losing, thus paid his debt, one of the figures introduced being his own portrait.

The visitor to Genoa will be constantly struck by the immensity and magnificence of the old decaying villas and palaces, with which, not only the city itself, but its outskirts and all the surrounding villages, are filled. This perhaps is owing to the fact that the sumptuary laws of the Republic, which forbade fêtes, velvet and brocaded dresses, and diamonds, did not extend to buildings, into which channel therefore the national extravagance of the people was diverted. The luxury of building is nowhere more manifest than in the suburb of *Albaro*, which abounds in mouldering colonnades, painted walls, and decaying terraces. Here, beautifully placed above the sea-shore, on which *SS. Nazzaro* and *Celso* landed, is a ruined church, dedicated to *S. John the Baptist*, because here his relics were first received upon their arrival at Genoa.

An excursion may be made to the villas at *Pegli* (see p. 140), about half-an-hour by rail, 90 c. (carriage 12 fr.).

An order for the villa should be asked for from the porter of the Palazzo Pallavicini Doria.

The *Campo Santo* of Genoa is beautifully situated, and contains the tomb of Mazzini and many works of the best modern Italian sculptors—Villa, Valle, Orengo, &c. Some of the monuments are most extraordinary, all the weeping relations being represented, but not the person they mourn. The *Walls* also deserve a visit, with their noble views over sea and land. It was from the ramparts that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the vast multitudes were seen arriving who collected at Genoa to embark for the crusades, including (1212) 7000 children, who reached the town clamouring for transports to take them to Palestine, under the command of a boy of thirteen.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE RIVIERA DI LEVANTE

FROM Genoa the Riviera di Levante extends towards Spezia. It is less frequented in winter than the Riviera di Ponente, but there are many sheltered and beautiful spots upon it, and Nervi in winter and S. Margherita and Rapallo in spring or autumn offer many attractions; indeed, Rapallo is delightful all the year round.

Very curious, and unlike those of any other place, are the suburbs of Genoa—the well-proportioned, graceful campaniles; the huge, shapeless, many-coloured houses, where, out of quite half the windows, lines of newly washed clothes wave in the air; the mixture of rich decoration and squalor everywhere. Passing through the gaily painted *Sturla* (4 k.), *Quarto* (5 k.), and *Quinto* (7 k.), the first station of any importance from Genoa is—

(9 k.) *Nervi*.

[Hotels: *Eden*, in large gardens, with an outlet to the walk of the Marina; *Grand*, in the street, but with delightful gardens towards the sea; *Victoria*. Pensions: *Bovera*, *Lindenberg*.]

From the railway and the dusty highroad, Nervi appears most unattractive, but this is far from being the case. There are charming orange groves between the houses and the sea, with beautiful views towards Porto Fino. From the station, perhaps the only boulevard in Europe planted with huge orange-trees alternating with palms, leads up into the long winding street. Near the lower end of this is the pretty little port with its boats, and a pink convent, with a

good tower, on a rock. Thence the most enchanting of sea-walks, a perfect sun-trap, with numerous seats at intervals, and glorious views of the jagged promontory of Porto Fino, winds westward, at a great height above the waves, to an old watch-tower, and beyond it. On fine winter afternoons, when the sea is deep blue, with white sails scudding over it, and the waves are foaming against the pointed rocks below, no scene can be lovelier. At such times this walk—the *Marina*—is always the fashionable promenade. Here, as in the hotels of Nervi, the German tongue predominates; indeed, Germans have almost taken possession of the place. In spite of its beauty, to those who are in good health, Nervi, after a time, will seem a beautiful prison, as there are so few walks, and its gardens are so hemmed in by mountains.

20 k. *Camogli*, which may be made the point of a pleasant excursion from Genoa. The station is far above the town, behind a pine-clad hill.

‘Camogli, seen from the road above, is like a tiny model on the margin of the dimpled water, shining in the sun. Descended into by the winding mule-tracks, it is a perfect miniature of a primitive seafaring town; the saltiest, roughest, most piratical little place that ever was seen. Great rusty iron rings and mooring chains, capstans, and fragments of old masts and spars, choke up the way; hardy, rough-weather boats, and seamen’s clothing, flutter in the little harbour, or are drawn out on the sunny stones to dry; on the parapet of the rude pier a few amphibious-looking fellows lie asleep, with their legs dangling over the wall, as though earth and water were all one to them, and if they slipped in, they would float away, dozing comfortably among the fishes; the church is bright with trophies of the sea, and votive offerings, in commemoration of escape from storm and shipwreck. The dwellings not immediately abutting on the harbour are approached by blind low archways, and by crooked steps, as if in darkness and in difficulty of access they should be like holds of ships, or inconvenient cabins under water; and everywhere there is a smell of fish, and seaweed, and old rope.’—*Dickens*.

A monument commemorates Simone Schiaffino, a gallant follower of Garibaldi. Behind the town rise on a

hill the grounds of an old villa, overgrown with a wild luxuriance of cypress, oak, ilex, myrtle, and laburnum. From the shade of some old pine trees at the top you look down on one side over precipitous cliffs to the sea, and on the other through the woods to the village of Ruta, embedded in the green mountain-side. Far down, close to the shore, is a ruined chapel.

An excursion may be made to *Ruta* (Ruota), in vetturino days the first stage from Genoa, still the great point for the Genoese middle-class excursions, *scampagnate*, celebrated in the verses of Martino Piaggio. It is situated almost on the highest part of the mountain-side, which, farther on, where it runs into the sea, forms the peninsula of Porto Fino—anciently Portus Delphini. There are two tolerable inns here, and close to the higher of them is the mouth of a short tunnel for the highroad, forming as it were an entrance to the sunny gardens of the south—a tunnel which, in its time, was considered as much a marvel of engineering as the Mont Cenis tunnel of late years! Hence you look over a swelling luxuriance of peaches and almonds, carpeted with melons and garlanded with vines, to Rapallo, Chiavari, and Sestri, lying in brilliant whiteness by the side of the deep blue water, and thence to the mountains, at whose point the marble rocks of Porto Venere form the entrance to the Gulf of Spezia. The view towards Genoa is also most striking in the sunset—mountains and city and lighthouse and sea alike bathed with crimson as the sun goes down behind the horizon of waters.

A charming excursion may be made, when the sun is not too hot, along the ridges of the promontory to Porto Fino (about 5 k. from Ruta). Deep down below, in one of its clefts, is the *Convent of S. Fruttuoso*, lying amongst its palm trees by the sea-shore, an exquisitely picturesque spot, and that whither the Doria are still brought by sea for burial, and where their strange sarcophagus-tombs may

be seen. The spot acquired a melancholy interest from the burning of a fine ship—the *Cresus*—which had only left Genoa a few hours before. Two heroic peasant-women put off in a small boat to the rescue of the crew, and one of them perished in the attempt. The remains of the ship are still visible in calm weather, covered with marine deposits, beneath the waters.

‘He who would approach San Fruttuoso must do so by water, or by a steep mountain-path impracticable in winter; and here, in gothic marble tombs, in a decaying gothic cloister, he will see the resting-place of generations of Doria, mouldering and dank through the effect of the sea-waves which lap the little bay some few feet beneath.

‘Everything around this little sanctuary is in keeping with these reminiscences of the past. Here a few hardy fishermen inhabit a handful of cottages, which scramble amongst the rocks, and here the watch-tower of the Doria, with the well-known eagle emblazoned on its walls, serves as a schoolhouse for the children born in this secluded hamlet. An old Roman sarcophagus serves as a drinking-trough for the few stray mules which find their way thither. All around lurks the atmosphere of the past, and imagination pictures the floating hearse, all glittering with gold and silver, which bore the mediaeval Doria to his last resting-place along the watery paths of the element on which his life was passed, and on which his laurels were gained. . . . Around the lovely gothic church of the rich Benedictine monks, with the sea rippling even into its very crypt, grew up a perfect paradise of ease and luxury, whither noble Genoese retired with their piety and their gold to lead a life of dreamy delight. A few palm trees are still left to mark where their gardens ran up the mountain slopes. In the course of years many of the Doria family here entered their vows, and when at length with Dorian gold S. Matteo was built, as a town branch of the S. Fruttuoso monastery, this luxurious retreat became more and more a Dorian monopoly.’—*Theodore Bent*, ‘*Genoa*.’

25 k. *S. Margherita* (Hotel: *Bellevue*), frequented for sea-bathing and as a winter resort. On the fountain is a statue of Columbus by Tabacchi, 1892.

A modern road leads along the edge of the cliffs to Porto Fino, passing the desecrated convent—now a private residence—at *Cervara* or *Sylvaria*, on a rock surmounted

by gigantic aloes and palm trees. It was founded in the XIV. c. by Guido Scettem, who is buried here, the college friend and constant correspondent of Petrarch, who frequently stayed here during his visits to Genoa. Francis I. was imprisoned here for two nights (1525) after the battle of Pavia, before he was conveyed to Catalonia, and Gregory XI. lodged there in 1376, leaving two censers behind him as memorials. The monks gave six bishops to the Church.

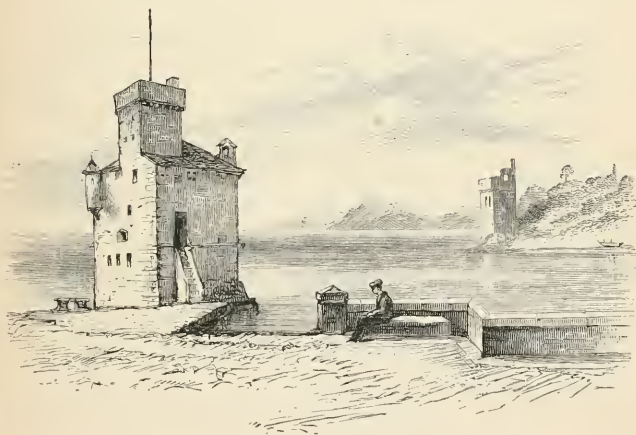
The large doric villa, built 1884, on the height called Castagneto, by Earl of Carnarvon, where the Emperor Frederick passed several months of his last illness, is a conspicuous feature before reaching *Paraggi*, formerly Pagi, where a yellow (modernised) castle on a rock above a cove forms a picturesque foreground to the purple mountains. An enchanting terrace about a mile long leads hence to *Porto Fino*, situated in a tiny bay near the end of the promontory. The houses here are supported by open arcades, the church—*S. Giorgio di Cappadocia*—is gaily painted; a fine umbrella-pine shades the neighbouring rocks, and the little port is crowded with picturesque fishing-boats. All the men in the town are fishermen, with tall red *berrette* on their heads, and the women are lace-makers, who sit at their pillows all day under the shady arcades beneath the houses.

27 k. *Rapallo*.

[Hotels: *Europa*, first-rate, being an old villa—Palazzo Serra. All the rooms have not the horrors of '*portes de communication*.' The rooms facing the sea are delightfully sunny; invalids especially should insist upon these, as those towards the almost stagnant stream are very chilly. The water is risky, and by no means safe for drinking. *Rapallo* or *Posta*, moderate in charges, good and comfortable, quite close to the sea: the English chapel is here. *Pension Suisse*, quite close to the sea waves, very small, but very clean and very comfortable, pension 5 frs.; and *Pension Rosa Bianca*, with a very good salon and a small garden.]



The bright little town is famous for its manufacture of lace, and from early times has sent boats to fish for coral on the coast of Africa. It has a graceful campanile and a very picturesque sea-girt tower, which every one tries to paint. In the collegiate church of the *Madonna di Mont-allegro* there is a great festa from July 1 to 3, with a pretty illumination at night. The town retains one of its old gates.



Sea Fort, Rapallo.

The surroundings of Rapallo are full of beauty and interest. Since the hillsides at Mentone have been crowded with hideous hotels and villas, Rapallo has become incontestably by far the most beautiful place on either Riviera. It is thoroughly Italian in the character of its campaniles, cypresses, and little rocky bays. Its natives are kind,

civil, and respectable. Its walks are inexhaustible, and many most delightful excursions are made easy by the railway.

Immediately behind the Hotel Europa, a paved path mounts the hill, and is the beginning of the ascent to *Montallegro*, which occupies from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hrs. and is often steep and fatiguing. But the ascent is worth lingering over, for it is full of beauty. First the walls are overhung with aloes, between which a graceful red campanile and a tall cypress, cut the lines of sea with the varied outline of Porto Fino rocks. Then—passing beyond the olives—we reach the land of ilex. There is one terrace especially—where huge ilexes overhang the path, which occupies the whole of the narrow ridge, with a vast expanse of silvery sea on one side, and immense purple hollows of the mountains on the other—which is of supreme beauty. You meet no one except a chance priest or woodcutter; no sound is heard but a distant church-bell. The stony path ends in a gateway which admits to a terrace, a paved approach with turf at the sides. At the end, 1900 feet above the sea, a broad flight of steps leads to the handsome church, commemorating a supposed appearance of the Virgin in 1557, and is full of ex-voto relics and pictures. Behind is a large house occupied by priests, and, beyond it, more ilex and pine woods of great beauty and with glorious views. A little locanda will supply wine and *gazzosa*. The great pilgrimages hither are in May and June.

From the centre of the town of Rapallo, the Corso Umberto turns inland and becomes a country lane, leading, in about half-an-hour, after passing through a village, to the sanctuary of *S. Maria del Campo*, very prettily situated in a chestnut wood. But about half a mile before reaching this, if, near a bright yellow house, you turn to the left across a bridge, you reach in a few minutes the very picturesque ruins of the *Abbazia di S. Cristo*, now partly turned into a peasant's house, but with a beautiful Lombard

tower, surmounted by a truncated spire. It is a very good subject for an artist.

Another short excursion is that to *S. Lorenzo della Costa*, where there is a good picture by *Luca Cambiaso* in the church.

The most available excursions from Rapallo are—carriage roads—to Chiavari,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hr.; to Recco,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hr.; to Porto Fino, 1 hr.

2nd class roads:—1. To *S. Maria del Campo* by the church of *S. Anna*—the road immediately to the left of the collegiata of Rapallo,  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. 2. Turning to right at the first bridge and along an embankment to *S. Pietro and Foggia*,  $\frac{3}{4}$  hr. 3. Turning to left at the Post Office over a new bridge to the ruined church of *Valle Cristo and S. Massimo*, 1 hr. 4. Road under the railway bridge at the station, towards the *Crocetta Pass* (unfinished),  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr.

No less than nine principal spurs of the mountains run up from the near neighbourhood of Rapallo. Leading paths (*sentieri*) almost always follow their crests, as the inclination is less than on the side slopes. From these proceed laterally, at intervals, side paths (*traverse*), mostly nearly horizontal, leading round the bays of the mountains and connecting one spur with another, and, from their varying direction, presenting many points of view. Walks in connection with these are—

1. From Rapallo to *S. Lorenzo*, starting from the highroad to *Ruta* just below the villa called 'Olimpe.' It is steep at first, till a villa is passed with a tower seen from Rapallo, then there are long levels with occasional short ascents: then, through a chestnut wood a little below the ridge, a large white villa is reached, whence the path descends to *S. Lorenzo*. Either return to Rapallo by the highroad, or by *S. Massimo* or *S. Anna*. A very characteristic walk of about 3 hrs.

2. Cross the level crossing on the railway on the road to *Chiavari*. Pass a little chapel: take the path along a brook. Cross the second old bridge: take the path to the left till it begins to zigzag through chestnut woods, then rise. When out of the wood, take the *salita* to the left to *S. Ambrogio*. Just below *S. Ambrogio*, at a house (already passed) with seats along a wall, take the path to the left, leading to *S. Pantaleone*. Thence take either the path down to *Zoagli*, the eastern side of the ridge, and return by the highroad, or that to the right by the western side, which joins the same nearer Rapallo. About  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. *Monte Castello* can be ascended from *S. Ambrogio* or from *Monte Allegro*.

3. The salita ascending Monte Castello directly from Rapallo. The path passes between two villas, and begins at the little chapel mentioned in No. 2. Return by Monte Allegro.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hrs.

4. *Monte Allegro*, see p. 186.

5. Ascent to the *Crocetta Pass*. Take the road beneath the railway arch immediately east of the station. Keep to road No. 4 till a mill is reached, from which a well-marked path ascends to the right. It takes about two hours to reach the summit, whence a descent can be made to *Pianezza* in Valle Fontana Buona, to which a carriage road leads from Chiavari.

6. Descent from the *Crocetta* pass to Rapallo. A narrow path goes along the south slope of the mountain to the west. Keep to it till you reach a ridge which is crowned with chestnut trees. Cross the ridge, and strike a path about fifty feet below. Keep on the west side of the ridge, above a village called *S. Quirico*, till you reach a small saddle, when you keep to the right or eastern side. This path will lead down to the railway station, and is very beautiful.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. There is likewise a good path from the *Crocetta* to Monte Allegro.

7. Salita to *S. Quirico*. Start on the left immediately after passing under the railway bridge on the road to *S. Anna*. Go along the stream to the left on reaching the chestnut woods, and under a tower on a hill. Keep to the left at the last cottage high up (the path to the right leads to the top of the hill). Return down the valley of *S. Quirico* into the road mentioned in 2nd Class, No. 2.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

8. From *S. Pietro* along the ridge to the chapel of *Caravagli*, returning by the ridge to *Ruta*. 4 hrs.

The ridge can be followed all the way from Monte Allegro to Chiavari. Pass through the ilex wood by the path behind the church. Keep to the left on arriving at the spurs of Monte Castello. Keep to the right where the mule-path descends sharply into Valle Fontana-Buona. When the highest house (1800 ft.) above Zoagli is reached, keep along the ridge to the right to reach the highroad between Zoagli and Chiavari at its highest point. Turn left to descend by *Campodonico* to Chiavari.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours from Monte Allegro.

The following excursions may be made on the promontory of Porto Fino :—

1. Drive, or go by boat, to *Porto Fino*, about 1 hr. Walk to *S. Giorgio*, the church on the rock overhanging the sea. Take the path to the left just below the church on the north side. When at the last cottage, go below it, and along a small path (needing care) to the little shrine at the extreme point.

2. The grounds of the Villa Carnarvon—open on Mondays.

3. From Porto Fino to Ruta. The path ascends by zigzags from the parish church, close to the tall palm tree, and affords one of the most beautiful walks in Europe. The highest point in the path is about 1500 ft. above the sea-level. It is about 3 hrs. to Ruta. Where the path, at the highest level, passes from the north to the south side, a path descends to *S. Fruttuoso* (more easily reached by boat from Porto Fino). From a rock, rather lower, towards the east, to which a small path leads, a fine view may be obtained of the spurs on the sea-face of the promontory. The rocks, near which the path to Ruta passes, are called *Pietre Strette*. From here, or by a broad path turning up to the right farther on, the *Old Telegraph Station* may be reached (25 min.), which commands a magnificent view of the mountains and sea-coast on both sides. The *New Telegraph Station*, lower down, and farther out into the sea (20 min.), has a fine view of the spurs of the sea-face. But in order to see Porto Fino to its full advantage, it is necessary to walk round it at an elevation of about 1000 ft. For this, go up the mule-road from Porto Fino to Ruta as far as the last cottage before entering the pine woods. Turn to the left, and at the end of the wattled fence attached to another cottage, go straight on. This path leads through the wood, turns round the gully and point on the opposite side, and goes down to some cottages called *Caselle* on the usual path (mentioned before) from the Porto Fino mule-path to S. Fruttuoso. At the little inn take a path which goes up the mountains opposite to those just descended. The path is fairly well marked, but needs care, especially in turning the corners to crossing the gullies. After turning the corner above the final western point called *Chiappa*, the path goes over rocks, and must be carefully noted when it reaches the ground on the further side. It leads at last to a village—*Loggio*—near S. Rocco. From S. Rocco, take the regular mule-path for about a hundred yards, and turn to the left at a yellow house. Follow the path to the cliffs, along which an easy path leads down to Camogli station, after  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. from Porto Fino.

4. The old path from S. Margherita to Porto Fino turns off to the right opposite the mole, and rises to a little chapel on a spur above the convent of Cervara. Do not take the first turn to the right, or the next turn to the right which leads to the church of *Nosarega*. At the little chapel turn to the right, and the path (it is paved in parts) will lead round several spurs to some mills, near the last of which is the mule-path from Porto Fino to Ruta. It is 2 hrs. from S. Margherita to the road. This is a very beautiful walk.

5. A most lovely walk traverses the eastern side of the Porto Fino promontory at about 1000 feet above the sea. From S. Margherita

station to the mole of the harbour is about  $\frac{1}{4}$  hr. Leave the road to Porto Fino a few yards before reaching Mola. Take a broad paved path to the right. Keep straight on, not turning to the left, till a little house, with two towers with cages for decoy birds, is passed. About  $\frac{1}{4}$  hr. from the mole, one paved path leads straight on to Nosarega church. Take the *other* path ascending to the left, which leads in *another*  $\frac{1}{4}$  hr., past a beautiful terrace, to a small chapel with a black circular relieve in its gable. Just before reaching the chapel, take the steps to the right leading to a horizontal path under the rocks. There is a spring of water under rocks still more to the right: a path leads to it. The former path, mostly paved, leads to the upper mill (with a large over-shot wheel), which cannot be missed, if the paved path is followed to the end. (At the second bay on this road, shortly after ascending through a chestnut wood from a spring, a horizontal gravelled path turns to the left. Follow it for about 200 yards, as it leads to a wonderful view, and then return to the main path.) From the chapel to the Ruta and Porto Fino mule-path is  $\frac{3}{4}$  hr. Turn to the left at the mill. From the Ruta road to Porto Fino is about 35 min.<sup>1</sup>

35 k. *Chiavari* (Inn: *Posta*), a large place, said to be that whence most of the Italian organ-boys are sent to England. A sanctuary of the Madonna commemorates an appearance of the Virgin on July 19, 1610. In the church of *S. Francesco* is or was a picture attributed to Velasquez, of S. Francis causing water to flow from the rock at Alvernia by his prayers. The fig-chairs made at Chiavari deserve notice for their beauty, strength, and lightness: a man will carry a dozen of them at a time in one hand. Domenico Garibaldi and Rosa Ragiundo, parents of the Italian enthusiast, were natives of Chiavari, where his father and grandfather were seamen; and here the popular hero, often afterwards deputy for Chiavari, was arrested in 1849.

There are remains of a castle, which was once so fine that Giustiniani says: 'Barletta in Puglia, Fabriano nella Marca, Chiavari in Riviera, et Mompellieri in Francia, sono i belli castelli, che si sogliono nominare.'

<sup>1</sup> For details as to these walks the author is indebted to the Rev. A. Strettell, sometime chaplain at Rapallo.

After crossing the lovely little river *Entella*, described by Dante—

‘Intra Sestri e Chiavari si adima  
Una flumana bella.’—*Purg.* c. xix.—

we reach the first houses of—

38 k. *Lavagna*, famous for its quarries of slate-coloured marble, above which a few fragments remain of the feudal nest of the Fieschi, the great rivals of the Doria, a family



Approach to Sestri.

which long gave popes, cardinals, bishops, and abbots to the Church, and captains, admirals, podestas, governors, supreme magistrates, and doges to the Genoese republic. Its founder, who collected the emperor's fiscal revenues, had called himself Fico. After the failure of the conspiracy of Gian Luigi—who had taken Genoa, and then was drowned in the harbour by falling, in full armour,



between two captured galleys—the family of the Fieschi, under the vengeance of the Doria, died out in obscurity in the XVII. c. Lavagna was the native place of Pope Adrian V. (Ottobuono Fieschi), who for little more than a month proved—

. . . 'Come  
Pesa il gran manto a chi dal fango il guarda,  
Che piuma sembran tutte he altre cose,'

and of his uncle, Pope Innocent IV. (Sinibaldo Fieschi).

Two mountains rise behind Lavagna—*Centaura*, commonly called S. Giulia, and *Cogorno*, commonly known as S. Giacomo.



The Pass of Bracco.

The approach by road to Sestri is most beautiful. The mountains have grand and varied forms, the gaily painted churches and villages rise amid luxuriant olives and cypresses, and magnificent aloes fringe the rocks by the wayside.

42 k. *Sestri di Levante* (Hotels: *Europa, Italia*) is the Roman Segesta. It is a delightful spot, but is not always considered healthy. There is a ruined chapel of black and white marble in a cove of the sea under a wooded promon-

tory, and artists will find beautiful subjects on the hillside behind the town, looking towards Genoa.

At Sestri begins the ascent of the *Pass of Bracco*, a familiar and laborious undertaking in vetturino days, but one which was compensated by the glorious views of the Carrara mountains from the summit of the pass. After leaving Sestri by railway, there are so many tunnels between it and Spezia, that travellers only see an occasional flash of blue sea, with its white foam and jagged rocks; indeed, where it is not in a tunnel, the railway seems to be almost in the sea, hanging over it on the face of the precipice. The stations are mere fishing villages, and the trains seldom stop at more than one of them.

65 k. *Levanto*, which is a very curious and interesting little town. A Roman bridge remains from the ancient Ceula. In the Middle Ages the place was a fief of the Da Passano family, who became vassals of Genoa in the XV. c., when Levanto (with Sarzana and Pietra Santa) was ceded to the Banco di S. Giorgio, whose device—S. George and the Dragon—is to be seen on its gateways, the altars of its churches, and the palaces built by rich Genoese merchants. The old fortress is attributed to Castruccio. In one of the churches is a fine work of *Andrea del Castagno*. Levanto is now frequented in summer for sea-bathing.

73 k. *Vernazza* has a very picturesque castle above its little port.

78 k. *Manarola*. Here the old castle of *Carpena* had its own marquises, from whom it passed to the Fieschi, then to Genoa.

After emerging from the last tunnel, we reach (87 k.) Spezia, with its vast modern dockyards.

## CHAPTER XII

### SPEZIA

[Hotels : *Croce de' Malta*, best and very good ; *Italia* ; *Grand Hotel* : *Citta di Milano*, where Garibaldi resided in captivity after the battle of Aspromonte, and where Mrs. Mary Somerville lived for five years, wrote her last work on 'Microscopic and Molecular Science,' at the age of 86, and died Nov. 28, 1872.]

A FEW years ago Spezia was one of the most beautiful spots in Italy, but now it has nothing to recommend it to travellers, and its exposed shore, without shelter from wind or sun, its huge barrack-like houses, muddy roads, and paltry vegetation, render it quite unfit for a winter residence. Since the annexation of Tuscany by Sardinia, it has become one of the principal ports of Italy, and has a huge dockyard and arsenal, which have created the modern town.

Above the town, under the olive-clad mountains, is the *Castello di S. Giorgio*, an ancient castle of the Visconti; their badge, the viper, may still be seen upon its walls.

The *Gulf of Spezia* is broken into a succession of little bays, and studded with picturesque villages, and apart from the town, the dockyard, and its surroundings it is very beautiful, but it is a long way before real country is reached. Artists, however, must beware. The Government strictly forbids 'all painting, sketching, or photographing within the Gulf of Spezia.' In ancient times it was called the Gulf of Luna, being the port for the great town of Luna, which Pliny calls 'the first city of Etruria.'<sup>1</sup> Strabo accu-

<sup>1</sup> Pliny, iii. 5, s. 8.

rately describes the harbour as one of the finest and largest in the world, containing within itself many minor ports, and surrounded by high mountains, with deep water close to shore.<sup>1</sup> The advantages of the port were afterwards evident to the Romans, who, long before the subjection of the mountain tribes, were accustomed to make the Lunae Portus the station for their fleets, destined either for Spain or Sardinia.<sup>2</sup> The harbour was celebrated by Ennius, as quoted by Persius:—

‘ Mihi nunc Ligus ora  
Intepet, hybernatque meum mare, qua latus ingens  
Dant scopuli, et multa littus se valle receptat  
“ Lunai portam est operae cognoscere, cives?”  
Cor jubet hoc Enni.’—*Persius*, vi. 6.

And by other Latin poets—

‘ Tunc quos a niveis exegit Luna metallis,  
Insignis portu ; quo non spatiosior alter  
Innumeras cepisse rates, et claudere pontum.’  
—*Sil. Ital.*, viii. 483.

‘ Advehimur celeri candentia moeni lapsu,  
Nominis est auctor sole corusca soror,  
Indigenis superat ridentia lilia saxi,  
Et laevi radiat picta nitore silex,  
Dives marmoribus tellus. quae luce coloris  
Provocat intactas luxuriosa nives.’  
—*Rutilius, Itin.*, ii. 63.

Napoleon I. intended to make the bay of Spezia the Mediterranean harbour of his empire, but the scheme was abandoned owing to the outcries about the injury which would be done to Toulon.

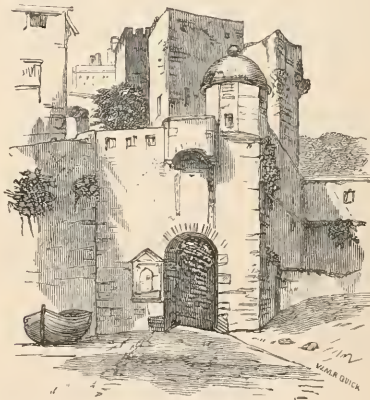
In spite of its demerits, travellers should stay long enough at Spezia to take two delightful excursions, which can only be taken from thence.

It is a drive of about 14 k. (carriage 10 fr. ; a boat with one rower costs the same) along the western shore of the

<sup>1</sup> Strabo, v.

<sup>2</sup> Livy, xxxiv. 8 ; xxxix. 21, 32.

gulf to *Porto Venere*. The road passes above the bays of Cala di Mare, Fezzano, Panigaglia, Delle Grazie, Varignano, and La Castagna, and skirts a succession of picturesque villages, which have each their own little bay and shipping, and their old churches standing in groves of tall cypresses, or their ruined watch-towers. The driver will point out, not a hundred yards from the shore, a curious natural phenomenon in a spring of fresh water bubbling up out of



Gate of Porto Venere.

the sea. At the mouth of the gulf is the island of *Palmaria*, three miles in circumference, famous in ancient times for its marble quarries, and now containing a fortress for the imprisonment of brigands. It has two attendant islets, *Tino* and *Tinetto*, on the former of which are the ruins of a convent.

Wonderfully picturesque is the little harbour of Porto Venere, where the tall many-coloured houses rise direct

from the deep-blue water. Here, by an Eastern-looking gateway, you enter a narrow street, ending on open rocks, at the extreme point of the promontory, where Byron wrote his *Corsair* upon the cliffs. A broken stair ascends to the *Church of S. Pietro*, of black and white marble, of the same age and character as the cathedral of Genoa, built by the Pisans in 1118, and consecrated by Pope Gelasius II., on the site where, B.C. 150, the Roman consul, Lucius Porcius,



Lerici.

built a temple to Venus Ericina, which gave the place its name. When Charles VIII. of France invaded Italy in 1494, Alfonso, king of Naples, came down on Porto Venere with fourteen ships, and left the church the ruin we now see it.<sup>1</sup> The windows look down on one side upon the still bay, with its background of marble mountains, and the many villages reflected in its smooth surface; and, on the other, upon the precipices to the north, whose colouring

<sup>1</sup> See Theodore Dent's 'Genoa.'

is all the more gorgeous from the peculiar marble—Portor—of black veined with yellow, which abounds here.

The other great excursion from Spezia is that to *Lerici*, at the southern point of the gulf. This may sometimes be taken by steamer. The road runs inland for some distance, but there is a noble view before arriving at the Pisan castle, or *Rocca*, with its high machicolated towers fringed with golden lichen, and the town and harbour lying beneath, while, across the still reaches of the gulf, glow the rocks of Porto Venere and Palmaria. Over the castle gate was the boastful patois inscription—

‘Scopa bocca al Zenoese,  
Crepacuore al Porto Venerese,  
Streppa borsello al Lucchese ;’<sup>1</sup>

carried off in triumph in 1256 by the Genoese, who left lines of their own upon one of its towers.

At the door of the Augustinian church in Lerici, Francis, 5th Duke of Somerset, was murdered, April 1678, by one Orazio Botti, a gentleman of the place, who believed that the Duke had insulted his wife.

Close to Lerici, between it and Sant’ Arenzo (from S. Terenzio, a bishop), is or was the beautifully situated villa of *Casa Magni*, once a Jesuit convent, standing close above the sea—

‘Far down upon the shelves and sands below  
The respirations of a southern sea  
Beat with susurrent cadence, soft and slow :  
Round the grey cave’s fantastic imagery,  
In undulation eddying to and fro,  
The purple waves swell up or backward flee ;  
While, dew’d at each rebound with gentlest shock,  
The myrtle leans her green breast on the rock.’

*Aubrey de Vere.*

<sup>1</sup> ‘A mouth-emptier for the Genoese,  
A heart-breaker for the Porto-Venerese,  
A purse-stealer for the Lucchese.’



Hither Shelley came to reside with his wife, and their friends Mr. and Mrs. Williams, April 26, 1822. Here, as he was walking in the moonlight on the terrace in front of the house, he beheld the omen of a naked child, the little Allegra, daughter of Byron and Jane Clairmont, who had died a few weeks before in a convent at Venice, and who now rose from the sea, and clapped her hands in joy, smiling at him. Then, in the night, he saw a cloaked figure which came to his bedside and beckoned him to follow. He did so, and when they came to the sitting-room, the figure lifted its hood, disclosed Shelley's own features, and saying, 'Siete soddisfatto'—it vanished. Still Shelley continued in high spirits, though he said that this was in itself ominous of evil to him, as 'the only warning he found infallible was his feeling peculiarly joyous, then he was certain that some disaster was about to ensue.'

On July 1, he went to Leghorn with his friend Williams to see Leigh Hunt. On the 8th they set sail from Leghorn to return to Lerici. A sudden squall came on, after which the boat was never seen again. Terrible days of suspense ensued for the wives, and on the 22nd two corpses were found near the tower of Migliarino at Bocca Lerici, three miles distant. A volume of Sophocles was in one of Shelley's pockets; Keats' last book, lent him by Leigh Hunt, and doubled back at the 'Eve of S. Agnes,' in the other—'as if hastily thrust away, when Shelley, absorbed in reading, was suddenly aroused by the bursting squall.' Three weeks later their sailor boy, Charles Vivian, was found, four miles off. The schooner in which they were lost was likewise found in September; she had not capsized, but had been swamped in a heavy sea.<sup>1</sup>

'The corpses were in the first instance buried in the sand, and quicklime was thrown in. But such a process, as a final means of disposing of them, would have been contrary to the Tuscan law, which

<sup>1</sup> See Memoir by William Michael Rossetti.

required any object thus cast ashore to be burned, as a precaution against plague; and (Captain John) Trelawny, seconded by Mr. Dawkins, the English consul at Florence, obtained permission to superintend the burning, and carry it out in a manner consonant to the feelings of the survivors. This process was executed with the body of Williams on the 15th of August—on the 16th with Shelley's. A furnace was provided of iron bars and strong sheet iron, with fuel, and frankincense, wine, salt, and oil, the accompaniments of a Greek cremation :



Massa Ducale.

the volume of Keats was burned along with the body. Byron and Leigh Hunt, with the health-officers and a guard of soldiers, attended the poet's obsequies. It was a glorious day, and a splendid prospect—the cruel and calm sea before, the Apennines behind. A curlew wheeled close to the pyre, screaming, and would not be driven away: the flame rose golden and towering. “The only portions of the corpse which were not consumed,” says Trelawny, “were some fragments of bones, the jaw, and the skull; but what surprised us all was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace,

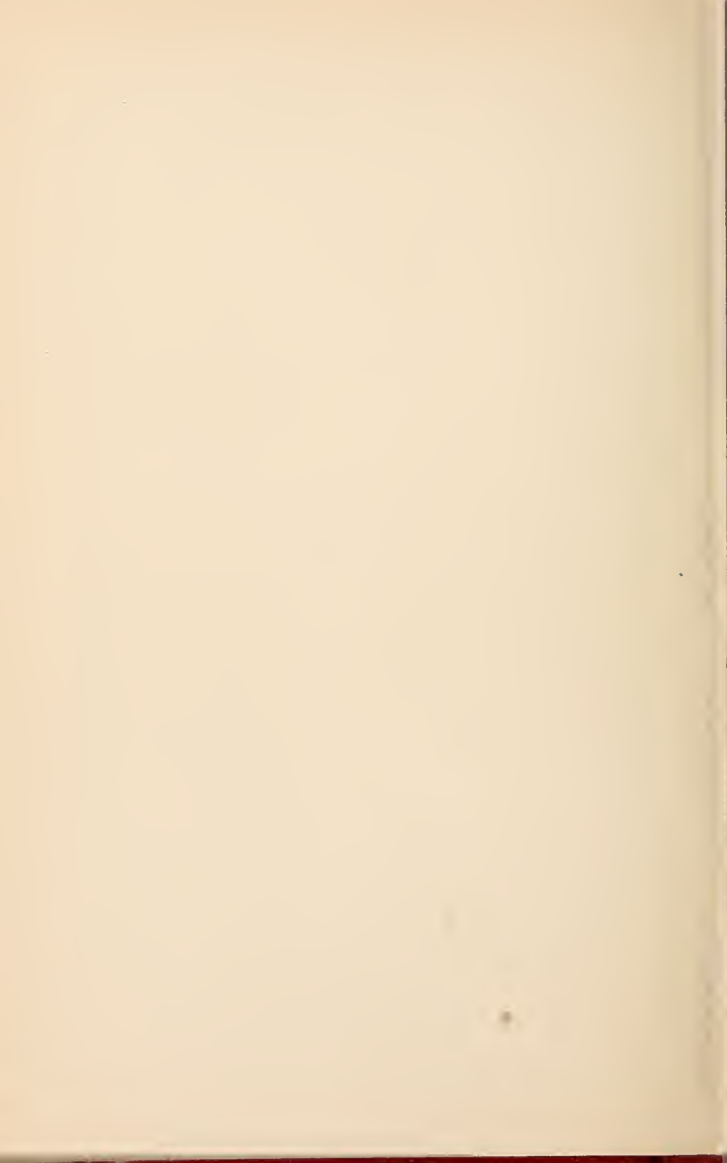
my hand was severely burnt." The ashes were coffined, and soon afterwards buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome.—*Rossetti's 'Memoir.'*

Leigh Hunt has left a picturesque description of his visit to the deserted villa of Shelley, where "the sea fawned upon the shore, as though it could do no harm."

Various interesting excursions may be made from Spezia by rail:—1. To *Arcola*, with its noble castle of the Marchese d'Este, afterwards of the Malaspina. 2. To *Sarzana*, the birthplace of Nicholas II., with its XIV. c. cathedral, and its excursions to the site of *Luna*, and to the grand ruined castle of the Malaspina at *Fosdinovo*, also—for the student of Dante—to the remains of the convent where he stayed at *S. Croce di Corvo*, near the mouth of the Magra. 3. To *Carrara* and its marble quarries and studios. 4. To *Massa Ducale*, a place of surpassing beauty, where a week may well be spent at the excellent *Hotel Massa* in exploring the lovely recesses of the hills round *Serravezza* and *Ponte Stasamezza*.



INDEX



# INDEX

## A.

Agay, 26  
Agel, Mont, 96  
Alassio, 129  
Albaro, 178  
Albenga, 132  
Albizzola Marina, 139  
    Superiore, 139  
Aliscamps, 1  
Ancy le Franc, 1  
Andora, 129, 130  
Annunziata, Chapel of the, 93  
Antibes, 41  
    Cap d', 42  
Appio, Castel d', 99  
Apricale, 109  
Arcola, 201  
Arcs, Les, 24  
Arenzano, 140  
Argens, Vallée de l', 24  
Arles, 1  
Armi, 120  
Ars, 1  
Aspremonte, 60  
Astros, Château d', 24  
Aubagne, 13  
Auribeau, 33  
Auriol, 13  
Avignon, 1  
Aygaldes, Les, 12

## B.

Badalucco, 126  
Bajardo, 127  
Bandol, 14  
Bar, Le, 48  
Bar sur Loup, 66  
Barjols, 24

Baume, La Sainte, in the Estelles, 26  
    near S. Maximin, 13

Baux, Les, 1  
Beaulieu, 55, 69  
Beaune, 1  
Bec de l'Aigle, 14  
Bellet, Pin de, 61  
Berceau, Le, 96  
Bergaggi, 135  
Bertaud, Pin de, 22  
Berthemont, Bains de, 67  
Bilhères, Les Rochers des, 32  
Biot, 42  
Bollène, La, 67  
Bordighera, 100  
Borghetto, 105  
Borgo Verazzi, 135  
Bormes, 19  
Bormettes, 19  
Boulouris, 26  
Bracco, Pass of, 193  
Bréganson, 19  
Briga, 69  
Brignoles, 24  
Broc, Le, 48, 66  
Brun, Cap, 16  
Brusq, 14  
Bussana, 126  
Bussy Rabutin, 1

## C.

Cadière, 14  
Cagnes, 46  
Camarque, the, 2  
Camogli, 180  
Camoins, Baths of, 13  
Campo Rosso, 106  
Cannes, 27



- Cannet, near Cannes, 31  
     near Le Luc, 24  
 Capo delle Mele, 129, 130  
 Capo Nero, 111  
 Carnoules, 24  
 Carpena, 193  
 Carpentras, 1  
 Carrara, 201  
 Carros, 48  
 Casaulx, Bastide of, 13  
 Cassis, 13  
 Castagniers, 66  
 Castellare, 95  
 Castellaro, 122  
 Castiglione, 93  
 Cavailion, 1  
 Cavalière, 20  
 Celle, 140  
 Cépet, Cap, 15  
 Ceriale, 134  
 Ceriana, 126  
 Cervara, Convent of, 183  
 Cervo, 128  
 Ceyreste, 14  
 Châteauneuf, 60  
 Cheiron, Le, 49  
 Chiavari, 190  
 Cians, Le, 67  
 Cima d'Ours, 93  
 Cime du Sirol, 68  
 Cimies, 56  
 Ciotat, La, 14  
 Ciotti, 97  
 Cluny, 1  
 Cogoletto, 140  
 Cogolin, 22  
 Col de Brouis, 68  
     de Cérèze, 68  
     de la Fenêtre, 67  
     di Guardia, 95  
     di Nava, 128  
     di Sabbione, 69  
     di Tenda, 69  
 Colle, 119  
 Colomars, 66  
 Condamine, 76  
 Cornigliano, 141  
 Costabelle, 18  
 Courmes, 49  
 Courmette-Vieille, 49  
 Coursegoules, 49  
 Crocetta, Pass of the, 188  
 Cros, 67  
 Cruas, 1  
 Cuers, 24
- D.
- Deserto, Il, 140  
 Diano Marina, 128  
 Dijon, 1  
 Dolceacqua, 107  
 Draguinan, 24  
 Duranus, 67
- E.
- Echaudun, 60  
 El Rasel, 93  
 Entella, La, 191  
 Escarène, 68  
 Esterelles, Les, 26  
 Eza, 65, 69
- F.
- Falicon, 60  
 Ferret, Cap, 55  
 Finale Marina, 135  
 Fontaine, 1  
 Fontan, 69  
 Fontenay, Abbey of, 1  
 Fosdinovo, Castle of, 201  
 Foux, Le, 20  
 Freinet, La Garde, 24  
 Frejus, 24
- G.
- Gairaut, Cascade de, 59  
 Gallinara, Island of, 134  
 Garde, La, 16  
 Garlaban, Mont, 13  
 Garlanda, 133  
 Gassin, 20  
 Gaudarena, 69  
 Gemenos, 13  
 GENOA—  
     Acqua Sole, Promenade of,  
     160  
     Albergo dei Poveri, 165  
     Banco di S. Giorgio, 150  
     Campo Santo, 179  
     Cathedral, 153  
     Churches—  
         English, 160  
         S. Agostino, 174  
         S. Ambrogio, 160  
         S. Annunziata, 164  
         S. Bartolommeo dei Ar-  
         meni, 178

## GENOA—

## Churches—

- S. Donato, 174
- S. Giacomo, 173
- S. Giovanni di Prè, 171
- S. Maria di Carignano, 175
- S. Maria di Castello, 173
- S. Matteo, 156
- S. Siro, 164
- S. Stefano, 177

Fanale, 146

House of Andrea Doria, 157  
Lamba Doria, 157

Loggia dei Banchi, 149

## Palazzo—

- Arcivescovado, 156
- Balbi, 166
- Brignole Sale, 162
- Cambiaso, 162
- Doria Tursi, 162
- Doria, 163
- Ducale, 159
- Durazzo della Scala, 167
- Giustiniani, 156
- Negroni, 160
- Pallavicini, 160
- Parodi, 162
- del Principe, 169
- Reale, 168
- Rosso, 162
- Serra, 163
- del Sindaco, 162
- Spinola, 160
- del Università, 167

## Piazza—

- Acqua Verde, 169
- Banchi, 149
- Carlo Felice, 159
- Embriaci, 174
- Fontane Amoroze, 160
- della Nunziata, 163
- Pontoria, 174

Ponte de Carignano, 174

Porta di S. Andrea, 178  
S. Tomaso, 170

Porto Franco, 152

Sacro Catino, 155

Scoglietto Gardens, 171

Strada degli Orefici, 149

## Via—

- del Arcivescovado, 156
- Balbi, 166
- Cairolì, 163

## GENOA—

## Via—

- Carlo Felice, 160
- Garibaldi, 161
- dei Lanaiuoli, 177
- Nuova, 161
- Nuovissima, 163
- di Ponticello, 178
- Roma, 160

Germaine, La, 66

Giallier, Fontaine de, 62

Giandola, 68

Gorbio, 90

Golfe Juan, 41

Gourdon, 40

Gourg de l'Ora, 93

Gran' Mondo, Le, 96

Grasse, 39

Grignan, Château de, 1

Grimaldi, 96

Grimaud, Château de, 22

Gros-Braus, Le, 62

Guillaumes, 65

## H.

Hyères, 17

Iles de, 19

## I.

If, Château d', 2, 12

Isolabona, 108

## J.

Juan les Pins, 42

## L.

Laghetto, 79

Lagino, 139

Laignueglia, 130

Lamalgue, Fort de, 16

Lampedusa, 122

Lantosque, 67

Latte, 98

Lavagna, 191

Lavandou, Le, 20

Lerici, 198

Lérins, Iles des, 33

Lerone, Plain of the, 133

Levan, Ile du, 19

Levanto, 195

Levens, 60

Lingostière, 66  
 Loano, 134  
 Loup, Le, 66  
 Loup, Saut du, 40  
 Luc, Le, 24  
 Luceram, 62  
 Luna, 201  
 Lusignano, 133  
 Lyons, 1

## M.

Macacnosc-Châteauneuf, 66  
 Macon, 1  
 Madeleine, La, 65  
 Madonna delle Guardia, 130  
   de Lampedusa, 122  
   delle Ruota, 111  
   della Valle, 127  
 Magnan, 49  
 Malauscène, 67  
 Manarola, 193  
 Marseilles, 5  
 Massa Ducale, 201  
 Meglio, 130  
 Mentone, 82  
 Mescla, La, 67  
 Monaco, 70  
 Mont Agel, 80  
   Allegro, 186  
   Chauve, 60, 61  
   Dragon, 67  
 Monte Bignone, 119  
   Carmelo, 134  
   Castello, 188  
   Centaura, 192  
   Cogorno, 192  
   Sembola, 79  
   Tirazzo, 131  
 Monte Carlo, 77  
 Montelimar, 1  
 Montmajour, 1  
 Montrieux, Chartreuse de, 16  
 Mouans, 38  
 Mougins, 33  
 Murtola, La, 88

## N.

Napoule, 32  
 Nava, 133  
 Nervi, 180  
 Nice, 50  
 Noli, 135  
 Nosarega, Church of, 189

Notre Dame de la Garde, 2, 11  
 des Miracles, 67  
 de Morin, 68  
 de Vaucluse, 33  
 de Vie, 33  
 de Villebrun, 33

## O.

Ollioules, 14  
 Oneglia, 128  
 Orange, 1  
 Ormea, 133  
 Ospedaletto, 111

## P.

Palmaria, Isola di, 196  
 Paraggi, 184  
 Paray le Monial, 1  
 Pauline, La, 16  
 Pegli, 140  
 Peglia, 64, 91  
 Peglione, 63, 90  
 Péone, 65  
 Péol, Villa of, 58  
 Perinaldo, 110  
 Petite-Affrique, 55, 69  
 Pharon, Le, 16  
 Pianezza, 188  
 Pierrelatte, 1  
 Pietra Ligura, 135  
 Pigna, 110  
 Planier, Ile du, 12  
 Poggio, 126  
 Pomègue, Ile du, 1, 12  
 Pomme, La, 13  
 Pomponiana, Villa of, 19  
 Pont à Dieu, Le, 40  
   du Gard, 1  
 Ponte Stasamezza, 201  
 Porquerolles, Ile de, 19  
 Porto Fino, Promontory of, 184,  
   188  
   Maurizio, 128  
   S. Spirito, 134  
   Venere, 196  
 Portcros, Ile de, 19  
 Puget Théniers, 67

## R.

Rapallo, 184  
 Ratonneau, Ile de, 2  
 Rimplas, 65  
 Riva, 128  
 Rocchetta Nervina, 111

Rochemaure, 1  
 Roquebillière, 67  
 Roquebrune (Roccabruna), 79,  
 89  
 Roquetaillade, 40  
 Roux, Cap, 26  
 Ruta, 182

## S.

S. Agata, 90  
 S. Ampelio, Chapel of, 101  
 S. André, 60  
 S. Antoine, Chapelle de, 32  
 Station of, 12  
 S. Arnoux, Hermitage of, 40  
 S. Augustin, 61  
 S. Auban, Cluse de, 41  
 S. Barthelemy, Convent of, 58  
 S. Biagio, 105  
 S. Cassien, 31  
 S. Césaire, 39  
 S. Chamas, 2  
 S. Cristo, Abbazia di, 186  
 S. Croce di Corvo, 201  
 S. Croce, ruined church of, 130  
 S. Cyr, 14  
 S. Dalmazzo di Tenda, 69  
 S. Devota, 76  
 S. Dominique, 13  
 S. Etienne, 55  
 S. Fruttuoso, 182, 189  
 S. Gilles, 2  
 S. Hélène, 49  
 S. Honorat, Ile de, 34  
 S. Hospice, Presqu'île de, 55  
 S. Isidore, 65  
 S. Jean, Promontory of, 55  
 S. Jean de la Rivière, 67  
 S. Jeannet, 47, 66  
 S. Lorenzo della Costa, 187  
 S. Lorenzo al Mare, 128  
 S. Lucia, 91  
 S. Margherita, 183  
 S. Marguerite, Ile de, 33  
 S. Maria di Campo, 186  
 S. Maries de la Mer, 2  
 S. Martin, Cap de, 88  
 S. Martin Lantosque, 65, 67  
 S. Martin du Var, 60, 66  
 S. Mauro, 80  
 S. Maxime, 21  
 S. Maximin, 13  
 S. Michel sous Terre, 24  
 S. Michele, 111

S. Paul Trois Châteaux, 1  
 S. Peyré, 33  
 S. Philippe, 49  
 S. Poi, 48  
 S. Pons, Abbey of, near Aubagne, 12  
 S. Pons, Abbey of, near Nice, 58  
 S. Quirico, 188  
 S. Raphael, 22, 26  
 S. Remo, 112  
 S. Remy, 2  
 S. Restitut, 1  
 S. Romain, 61  
 S. Romolo, 118  
 S. Sauveur, 65  
 S. Stefano al Mare, 128  
 S. Tropez, 21, 24  
 S. Vallier de Thyeis, 40  
 Saorgio, 68  
 Sartoux, 38  
 Sarzana, 201  
 Sasso, 104  
 Savona, 136  
 Scires, Les, 61  
 Seborga, 104  
 Sens, 1  
 Serravezza, 201  
 Sestri di Levante, 192  
 Seyne, La, 14  
 Sicié, Cap, 14  
 Silvacane, Abbey of, 1  
 Six Fours, 14  
 Solliès Pont, 22  
 Solliès Ville, 22  
 Sospello, 68  
 Spezia, 194  
 Spotorno, 135  
 Suchet, Le, 67  
 Sylvaria, Convent of, 183

## T.

Taggia, 120  
 Tamaris, 15  
 Tanlay, 1  
 Tarascon, 1  
 Tenda, 69  
 Testa del Can, 70  
 di Giove, 68  
 Tête du Chien, 70  
 Théoule, 32  
 Thoronet, Abbey of, 24  
 Tinée, La, 66  
 Tinetto, Isola di, 196  
 Tino, Isola di, 196

- Titan, Ile du, 19  
 Tonnerre, 1  
 Totrano, 134  
 Touet le Beuil, 67  
 Touet de l'Escarène, 68  
 Toulon, 15  
 Tourette en Bas, 60  
 Tourettes, 66  
 Turbia, 64, 70, 78
- U.
- Utelle, 67
- V.
- Vado, 135  
 Vaison, 1  
 Valbona, 105  
 Valence, 1  
 Valescure, 26  
 Vallecrosia, 105  
 Vallon Obscur, 59  
 Vallon des Templiers, 58  
 Valmasca, 69
- Var, Le, 49  
 Varazze, 139  
 Varigotti, 135  
 Vaucluse, 1  
 Venasque, 1  
 Vence, 45  
 Vence Cagnes, 45  
 Ventimiglia, 98  
     Borgo di, 99  
 Vernazza, 193  
 Verne, Chartreuse de la, 19, 22  
 Vesubie, La, 66  
 Vidauban, 24  
 Vieille, 78  
 Vienne, 1  
 Villars le Var, 67  
 Villafranca, 54, 69  
 Villefranche, 1  
 Villeneuve sur Yonne, 1  
 Viviers, 1  
 Voltri, 140
- Z.
- Zuccarello, 134

THE END

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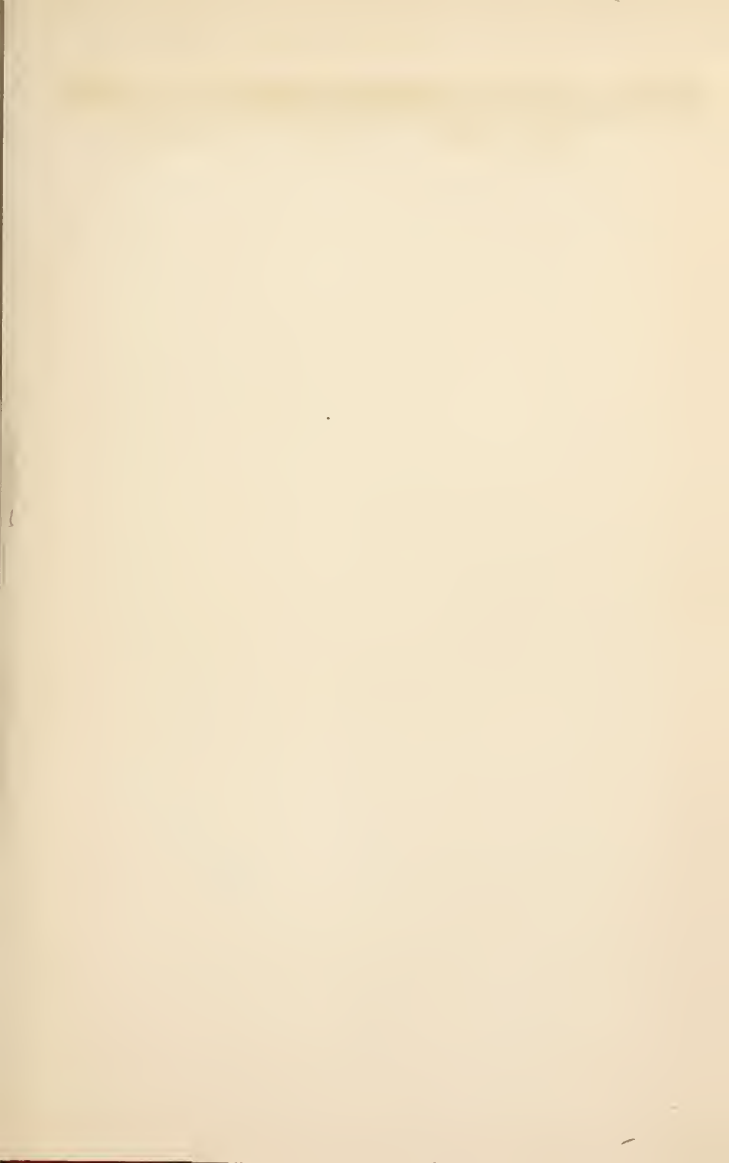
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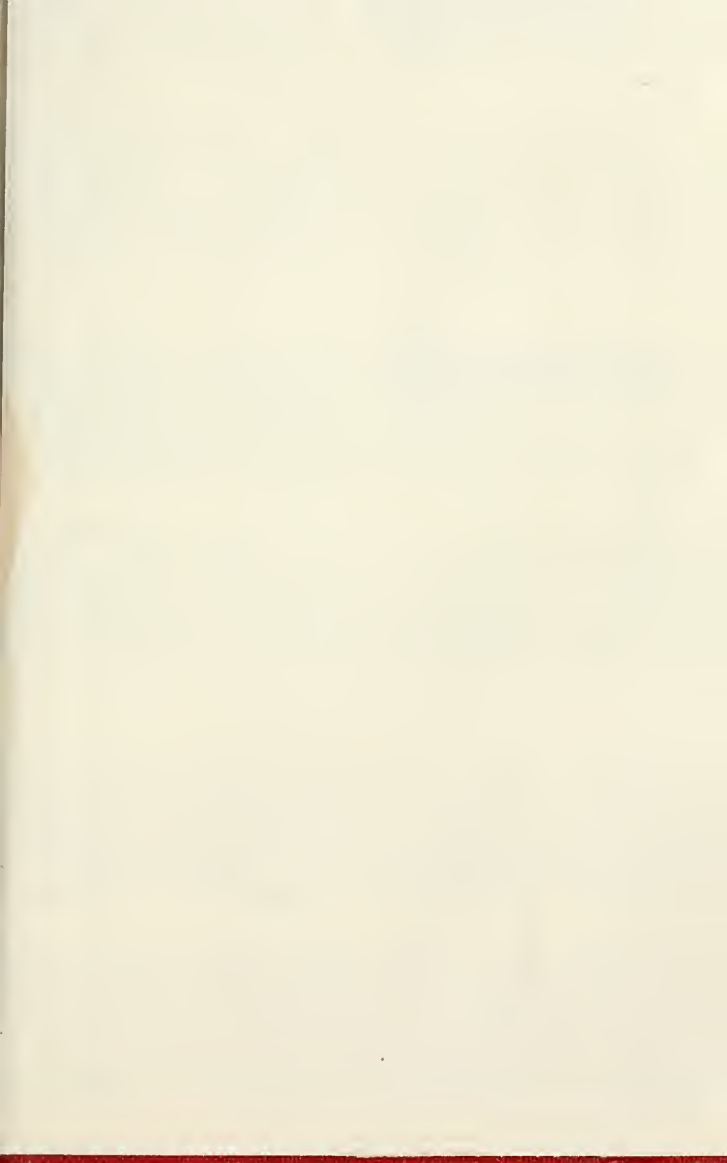


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