

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, etc. 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. (see p. 560) and Peglione (see p. 544). 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 high-roads 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 moresqué, 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 de 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 enégat 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 golden 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