

eye drink and the lungs eat, and even if exposed to the winters of Labrador, under a tent of spruce and skins, the lungs will fill and expand into health, the voice become rounded in tone, and the body strung into vigour. Avoiding the languors of a heated latitude, and the chills of a frosty sky, with not so much exercise as to become weary, nor so much rest as to grow torpid, but about 60° of Fahrenheit by day, and 50° by night, and your restoration has begun. Thus avoiding extremes, and keeping to the Ovidian mean—*medio tutissimus ibis*,—the person, like the tree, may throw off disease, and be braced into a new birth and being. The peevish, troubled, dyspeptic patient, the disgust of himself and the horror of his friends, by inhaling the air and living in the shine of the Riviera, will find himself, before he knows it, on a donkey, climbing mountains, gathering the violet, hyacinth, and narcissus, wandering under old olive orchards, soaking in sunlight on the warm rocks of the shore, or lounging among the fishermen of the beach, or, in some other way, growing into a cheerful and contented, because healthy person.

It was on the evening of the 6th of January that we arrived at Nice. December had not been harsh, even in London, Paris, or New York. We had seen flowers gathered in London in December, and France, from Paris to the Mediterranean, was all 'beaming.' But there was something at once inspiring and restorative in the glad sunshine, when, on the morning of the 7th of January, from a balcony of the Hôtel Royale, in Nice, I looked down into an unwintry prospect of roses in bloom, palms in flower and fruit, and children laughing and playing in the garden walks under orange-trees, dressed in summer costume!

When in the afternoon we drove to Mount Cimies, under a loving sunlight, upon roads lined with trees,

which were laden with gold orange-orbs, and, under a shadowy grove of ilexes, alighted at the door of the Franciscan convent, it did not require the excitement of the adjacent Roman ruins, nor the priestly vivacity and courtesy, to allure us to forget all bodily ailments. The Franciscan brethren did what they could to make their cloisters luminous; except this, that the ladies were not allowed to go in. I wandered amidst the flowers of the convent gardens; then into the cemetery, where the 'fathers' of the past sleep,—admired the marble figures, and joining the disfranchised sex, who were conciliated with the bouquets I brought,—visited the Bath of the Faeries, and returned to Nice, after a satisfactory survey, from on high, of our promised land.

Then, we join the mixed crowd of people, of all grades and ranks, who, in picturesque groups, gather to hear the music on the plaza. Around the palms there gather princesses and more questionable people, who here resort to hear the band and see each other, —*spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ*. After driving down the English promenade to witness the little carriages, all buoyant with fashionable flounces, and women hid in clouds of drapery, drawn by swift and graceful Sicilian ponies, whose feet twinkle and manes crinkle as they race along; after driving by the Casino, wondering at the white, garish, ostentatious, almost regal, edifices, and wondering still more at the battalions of women in baskets, and on their knees by the blue sea, purifying the clothes worn by these gay throngs,—washing them in the very face of all this meretricious display,—we retire to our rest, with a somewhat nebulous idea of Nice and its winter guests and gossipers.

Thus the days and weeks glide smoothly at Nice, and nearly thus, they ebb away for a month. They

are varied by drives and walks. You may visit Smith's exquisite Folly, a wilderness of building and gardening, overhanging the rocky shore. It was erected by a rich Englishman, who became *involved*—in the labyrinths of his own taste. You may walk to the mountains behind the city, whence views are commanded of all the region about these splendid shores. You may, with a select circle, make an occasional dash into Monaco, where the pet lambs of fashion gamble on the green, and the mercenary wolves ('tigers' Americans call them) in softly-cushioned lairs lie in wait for them. You may go to church in Nice,—Greek, Catholic, Protestant, Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, and hear the President of the United States prayed for, in the company of Victoria and Napoleon. You may visit the Turkish baths, the cafés, and the club. You will not be at a loss for American society. On my first visit to a café I knew that two well-dressed young men who walked up to the counter were my countrymen, for they quarrelled as to which of them should pay for the Bourbon! You may attend the costume balls at the Cercle, got up by noble dames for charity. There you will see the aristocracy, who, like the swallows, seek the bright sunshine of the South for winter. Some friend will point out the black-eyed Corsican, who is Prefect of this Department; and his wife, arrayed in purple and fine laces. You will note, too, the celebrated Turkish statesman, Fuad Pacha, pale and dying, but plucky. You may see the celebrated Madame Ratazzi—one of the Bonapartes—with her distinguished husband the ex-Minister of Italy. How she shines in the centre of a group of gentlemen! She is in the costume of an Oriental queen. She wears an immense necklace of diamonds and emeralds; a black, pointed, velvet crown, on the points of which jewels glitter in profusion, gives grace to her reginal

mien. Her neat Zouave jacket, and her long, golden and white, scalloped train, with two sets of scarfs tied behind with floating streamers—one for the skirt and the other for the sleeves; these set off the beautiful lady, whose name has been much used in the Journals, and whom I mention, because she is the impersonation of Nice life. Her husband has had several duels on her account. He is an intellectual man. He wears glasses, has a small head, is slim in person; and follows her about with a smiling ostentation of pride in her, very interesting and unique.

The balls and other inventions of the enemy of health and life were not the attractions which drew me to Nice. I came to bask in the Riviera sunshine. Hence my place is in the fairy voiture. Under crack of whip, and with dash of pony, you may drive to the Var, skirt the bay, cross the bridge over the waterless river, turn up to the right, and, before you are aware, observe and be amidst rising vistas of snow-clad mountains, mountains withdrawn and withdrawing into others; within whose nooks little villages nestle and climb, and up whose heights the terraced vine, olive, and orange, and the elegant embowered villas reach almost to the bleak, rocky summits. Or, you may leave the sea-shore of Nice, upon a cold, raw, or mistral day, when dust prevails,—for some such days do come,—and in the upper valleys, where the tender lemon grows in the shelter, and where the mountains by their barriers make the air soft and sweet, clamber amidst the velvet swards of the terraces; or visit, if you will, St. André and the magical grotto, where the incrustations and medallions are made by the water trickling over the moulds, by the same process which makes the grotto so beautiful with stalactites. Or, to fill up another day under the sun with something new, you may wander in the orange orchards of Madame Cla-

risse, where the little honied mandarins grow, and where the contadine gives you the anomaly of a sweet lemon!

If an American man-of-war should happen to lie in the harbour of Villa Franca, and the feeling to see the flag rages, you may satisfy the national craving by an hour's drive, and, at the same time, witness the old, narrow streets, and picturesque people of this odd village; and from the road thither, look down on Smith's Folly by the sea; on the villa of the songstress Cruvelli, who is caged by this beautiful shore; or, rising higher than the main road, and leaving the carriage, ascend Mount St. Alban, gather flowers by the way, see the forts and soldiers, and in one glance gather a bouquet of beautiful views from the bluest of seas, the gayest of cities, the brightest of skies, the greenest of olive forests, and the purest of snow mountains!

If time hangs heavy on your hands, day by day you may thread the fine winding roads leading from Nice, among the mountains; make a visit to the 'obscure vale,' where the torrent has torn a gorge through the pudding stone, and the sunbeams are few in its bed, between the narrow walls; where boulders and flowers, children and oranges, are in profusion, to add to your diversion. Upon our trip to the 'obscure vale,' we had ten children in our train, carrying boards for *pontons* in those parts of the vale, where the water is. We bought on our return, for one sou, a cluster of large oranges, ten on the branch! You can, if you choose, pass your time under the gnarled and aged olives with a book; or wander through groves, where lemon, almond, and orange trees by the thousand press their fruit down to your very lip; or, if you would, you can go to the factory, where the geranium, heliotrope, orange, rose, and violet, are

weighed by the ton, thrown into vats, mingled with horrible hog's lard, to come out the rich scents, pomades, oils, and essences of my lady's toilette; or ramble up to the château in the heart of the city, under the tall juniper trees, and see the play of light and colour upon the translucent sea, or the flash of breakers white as snow against the rocks, or watch the steamers go out upon its blue bosom, faintly staining the sky with a streaming pennon of smoke. These employments may serve to make the time dance away in the sunbeams of the Riviera. To live at Nice, and not to be in the air, is like going to a feast with sealed lips. The reason why Nice is so full of people; why one half of the houses are hôtels and 'pensions' is, that it has more than its share of that

"Great source of day—for ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round."

On an afternoon, upon the promenades, you will find hundreds of invalids in wheel chairs drawn by servants, or in their own pony phaetons. A large proportion are of the aged. In this summer-in-winter they realize the idea of Hippocrates: "Old men are double their age in winter and younger in summer." Such a company of the sick, however, does not tend to make the promenade cheerful. We need the bright, ruddy, chirruping children, playing about with their nurses, to give redoubled lustre to the solar radiance; and these we have every where searching for sunbeams.

There were, indeed, days, or rather mornings and evenings, and certainly nights, when the twisted old olive roots, lighted by the pine-cones and aglow with *their* radiance in the fire-place, were necessary to give a cheer to our room. We had some exceptional days. The Sun hid under the piles of mountain clouds, the mistral came, and once with a sprinkle of

snow and a dash of rain. Yet I think Nice is better protected from the winds than Cannes, and Mentone is milder, and less subject to the mistral, than either.

I spent a day at Cannes, at the villa of Mr. Eustis of Louisiana. The air was all balm, the sky all beauty; and the villa of my friend, and especially those of the Duke of Vallambrosa, and Mr. Woolfield adjacent, are perpetually enamelled in my memory. Flowers and fruits, shrubs and trees, made summer here, as in the villas and gardens around Nice. These delights, however, were enhanced by enjoying them with the grandson of Lafayette, Mr. Eustis' guest, who has all the affection for Americans which his name evokes from us. A middle-aged man, of brilliant intellect, and social disposition, he remains a plain republican of moderate views, and refuses on principle all preferment or office from an imperial source.

The view from the villa of my friend over the sea, including the Estrelle mountain range, and St. Marguerite isle—famed as the prison, where the 'Iron Mask' and Abd-el-Kader were confined—renders this spot as attractive as it is possible to be made by sun, sky, and land in harmonious combination. I have seen, in no place, grounds so beautifully situated, disposed and ornamented, as those of Cannes; especially those already mentioned, but Vallambrosa excels. The Duke has, around his mediæval château, amongst his exotics, Australian plants, and tropical trees, including the aloe of Algeria, the orange of Portugal, the palm of Egypt, the magnolia of America, the jujube of Spain, and those especially whose leaf and flower are perennially green. His castle is on a rock. A flag flies from a tower. A chapel is attached. Running waters mingle their music with that of the birds in his pine groves. Roses, oleanders, camelias, myrtle, oranges, lemons, all that hath fragrance,

colour, and grace for the winter, as for the summer, here flourish. A visit to Lord Brougham's neighbouring villa completed my delight at Cannes. Workmen were fixing fountains and repairing pipes; digging about the trees, and arranging the turf, under the supervision of a nervous, timid-looking, elderly man—in slippers and gown—who is the brother of the late Lord Brougham, inheriting all his property and some of his oddity, but nothing of that *vivida vis animi* which makes the name of Brougham immortal!

Lord Brougham was the precursor of this winter exodus towards the South. He led the way to Cannes, when for a song lands were sold, whose value now makes men millionaires. Here he prolonged his life, and made its burden easy. Here the sun warmed him into intellectual vigour—long after his natural force was abated, and when men thought that he lagged superfluous, at least for his fame.

In writing of select spots where Sunbeams perform that benignant office, I could not limit my observations to Cannes, or to Nice. These places are but samples of the Western Riviera. Every part of it illustrates what I would say. From Toulon to Nice, and winding with path and road inland to Grasse and Draguignan,—along the blue sea, and apart from it, and into the garden of Provence,—on the southern slopes of Les Maures and Les Estrelles, you will find in the flora and in the sunbeams health-giving signs. The aloe lifts its stately stem, the umbrella pine spreads its broad branches, the pomegranate blushes, the cactus, the cork tree, the magnolia, the heliotrope, and the jessamine, the aromatic shrubs of the Corsican macchie, and the roses of Cashmere, come forth to testify to the favour of heaven toward this ancient home of the troubadour. The mistral seldom ruffles this paradise. Hence Hyères, St. Maxime, Antibes, and

Cannes, are already becoming adorned with Swiss chalets, Italian villas, and English cottages; while walks and gardens, hôtels and pensions, picturesque roads and mountainous paths, are peopled all the winter, with the brain-fagged, lung-diseased, throat-sore, and body-broken pilgrims to these shrines of health.

The air of the western Riviera is dry, the sky clear, and almost cloudless; sometimes cool and rainy days interrupt the spring-like weather, sometimes dusty days come. These occur, however, more and more rarely as you go eastward toward Mentone. There the stimulus is not so great in the air; but the sedative influences are by no means relaxing. Volumes have been written by eminent men to analyze and detect the shades of difference between these resorts. Thermometers and barometers have made their record. The wind is watched by disease-detectives, and what it brings on its wings, either for hurt or healing—and from what quarter—all is chronicled. Each ill, from neuralgia to consumption, from the gouty toe to the distempered brain, has been subjected to the *vis medicatrix* of the learned, as affected by these haunts of health. I have perused much of this literature; it is sometimes conflicting as to minor details, but it is generally accordant in the main facts. These are:—that all along this shore there are, *first*, many curious vestiges of bygone times, from the castellated rock of Hyères, to the Saracenic tower above the Pont of St. Louis, on the Italian border, to draw the mind from the body and its ills; *secondly*, that there is a luxuriant vegetation, and an exotic flora in the open air, which make the aspect of the scenery varied and pleasing; and that the rare flowers of the conservatories and gardens of the north are here found in wild profusion;—at once a sign of a mild climate, and a provocation

to wander and gather; *thirdly*, that not only do the mountains make scenery unparalleled, but they shelter from harsh winds the shore, and all that grows and lives upon it, beneath their auspicious screen; and, *fourthly*, as the climax of my conclusions, that the air is so guarded by mountains from winds, chills and damps, and so tempered with sunbeams; so mild and yet so bracing, so full and resinous of emanations from pine and fir, and redolent of violet, rose, jessamine, and cassia—that, from November to April, the despairing invalid may prolong his life; the suffering, mayhap, lead a painless life; the desponding receive genuine exhilaration, and the consumptive, with care, receive cure—ABSOLUTE CURE! All these climatic virtues spring from the potential sunbeam; and the best theatre of its wonderful 'winter performance' is to be found on the Riviera; and its most eligible point, in my opinion, is at Mentone!

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVIERA.—MENTONE.

“O! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of that sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.”

Anonymous; attributed to Milton.



THE human body is a magnet. If one colour of the spectrum—the violet—can render a needle magnetic, what may not all the colours in unity do for the human magnet? Whether light be corpuscular, undulatory, or otherwise; whether it consist of small particles or tiny waves; whether it be vapour emitted from great solar conflagrations, flaming a thousand miles high;—one thing is true, its shower upon Mentone is grateful and golden. According to science, Light is elementary iron, sodium, magnesium, nickel, copper, zinc, hydrogen, and what not. According to the classic myth, the flood is metallic—golden; and, on its undulations, came Zeus (the Burner), to hold loving intercourse with mortals. I accept the chemistry and the poesy—both. Whether it be iron or gold, we can understand why, deprived of light, the vegetable and animal kingdom—including man—degenerates and dies. Second-hand moonbeams, and third-hand fire will not save. Having started on my search for Sunbeams, I hope to be allowed, like other philosophers, to make my facts and findings conform to my pre-conceptions.

What a flood was that, upon whose jewelled bosom we were borne into Mentone! How sweetly it flashed

over that vulgar and denser medium, the sea, as we followed the Corniche road from Monaco. The iron—if iron it be whose element is light—‘entered the soul.’ It was medicine to the mind, and so easy to take in the open air, sugared with the fragrance of rose and jessamine, upon that lofty route along the mountain sides! Here and there the light was checkered by walls, over which the orange and lemon looked, and in windings where the myrtle and laurel grew, and where the greyish-green of olive groves gave its sacred contrast to the scene. If that light was iron to the blood, it was gold to the eye. Mentone is expressly arranged under the sun, for the spectrum. Not only is it guarded by the tall walls of the ranges, some four thousand feet high, which—one above the other, in tiers—throw their well-bossed bucklers about it; but down to the margin of the sea, its two semi-circular bays—between Cape St. Martin and Pont St. Louis—glisten with unwonted beauty. Without making comparisons with other places—and certainly not with places on the Riviera, where all is so lovely—one cannot see the geranium, heliotrope, camelia, magnolia, verbena, and rose flowering into the air of mid-winter,—and in Europe, too, and in a Canadian latitude of forty-three degrees and more—without feeling what Science tells: that the sea itself is here more tenderly tepid, the sky more serenely clear, the atmosphere more elastically dry, and the solar radiance richer than elsewhere in the unappreciated opulence of health. If not better as a climate, for some purposes, than other places—such as Pau, Madeira, Cuba, Algiers, Palermo, Florida, Egypt, and Sonora—certainly the Creator, when He called the light down upon this shore—‘saw that it was GOOD!’ How much less of moisture there is here than at Cannes, Nice, or other places; how much more suit-

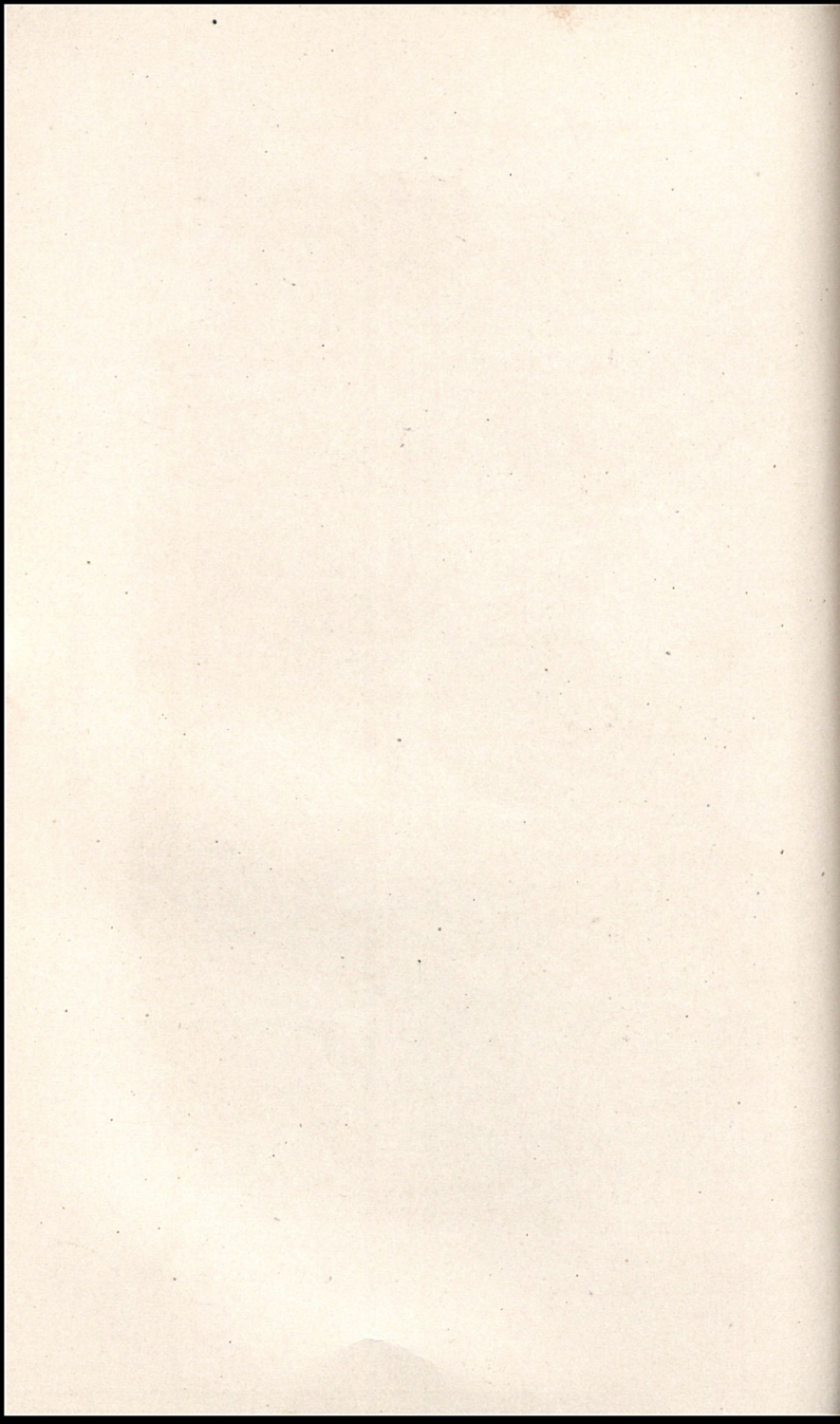
able for human ills of throat, skin, lung, or nerve, let the doctors settle. I had only one thing to settle—myself. I did that in a ‘pension’ at Mentone, about the last of January, 1869, under the care of these solar beams and of Dr. Henry Bennet. It is no derogation from the merits of the latter to say that he works very happily under the former. In fact, he could not work at all without them. Pronounced consumptive himself, he prolongs his life in this climate, where he winters; and where, upon the mountain side, he cultivates the very rocks, giving to them the colours of the prism, and to the terraces a beauty and fragrance, from fruit and flower, which make them like a garden of the Orient. What is still better, he helps by his example and advice many a worn-out patient, whose organism is thereby renewed in vigour and prolonged in days.

Properly speaking, the bay within whose shore Mentone lies, and where these marvels are wrought, is between the point, not far from Nice, called L’Hospice and palmy Bordighera on the east. But it seems more snugly esconced between Cape St. Martin and the Murtula point, near the Border. This division leaves out of this chapter Monaco, and its magnificent panorama of fort and palace, sea and mountain. Monaco has a chapter for itself; but, having some drawbacks, it must wait until I pay my respects to the more moral Mentone.

Why I have preferred Mentone to other places of the Riviera will appear as I ramble amidst its mountains, and repose under their shelter. The rocky ridge of the east end of the bay, where most I used to saunter, makes not only a natural boundary for Italy and France (at least France found it so), but its height is a guard from eastern winds. The lower range of olive and orange hills behind the town, is



St. Louis Rocks



itself guarded by lofty amphitheatres. These shelter it from east, north-east, and north. Still loftier Alps, some of them 7000 feet, running inland far, shelter it still more from the north, east, and west. Thus is Mentone left to the influences of the sweet south.

Its temperature is, therefore, mild enough to grow the lemon, which is too tender a fruit for the frosts which sometimes visit Cannes and Nice. The shape of the shore—bending south-westerly—the mountains following inversely, makes the space between shore and mountain outlets for wide valleys. The south wind is not at once chilled by the snows of the mountains; while the Boreal blasts are tempered by passing over the intervening lower spaces. Hence its warm, yet bracing airs. Hence, not too much moisture—little rain and so much fine weather. Hence, again,—since I am here to be out of doors,—I am glad to miss the mistral of Provence and the siroccos of Africa. Consequently, I do not wonder that in twenty-seven years, the thermometer has descended here only thrice below the freezing point. Nor will the reader be surprised that there was scarcely a day of winter here, when we did not find sunbeams, under which to take walks, make excursions, and gather wild flowers. This, too, even though it has been an exceptionally cold winter in southern Europe; for at Rome, Naples, Florence, and Genoa, the snow and the frost have made those charming cities almost inhospitable.

It is not my purpose in these preliminary chapters, to reproduce personal experiences. What is to be seen in the wooded valley of Gorbio; what delights are to be found in climbing up to red-rocked, romantic Roccobruna; what varied attractions Boirigo and Cabrolles present; and what flowers you may gather, and what sketches draw, in the vale

of Chataigniers, even up to the rugged summit of St. Agnes, crowned with a feudal castle; what drives upon the broad causeway, shaded with plane trees in the Carei, leading you upward and onward toward Turin into a little Switzerland; what green terraces you may count rising from the vales of this route—terraces rising by the hundred to the mountain-tops crowned with pines and snow; into what gorges you may wind upward to Castiglione, whose cascades and rocks afford many a study for the artist and stanza for the poet; what an Arcadian spot you enter on the road to the jagged end of Cape St. Martin, whose extreme point is a wild ten-acre lot of ravelled, ragged, and black limestone, against and over which the sea washes, and at times tempestuously roars; what sweet little violet ravines and eglantine nooks, solemn plateaux of olive shades, and wayside nests for orange and lemon; what highways westwardly to Monaco and eastwardly to St. Remo; what enchanting walks amidst the boulders, caves, rocks, and sands of the shore; these, if pictured by a masterly pencil, would interest. They are but the incidents of luscious days of convalescence, passed under the sun, to etch which even is not my forte or my purpose. I speak of them only as the decorations of that antechamber of the temple of the sun, into which I am privileged to guide the worshipper. The result from this kind of life has been to make new blood, and to give normal vitality. The principle which cures the unstrung larynx and cicatrizes the wounded lung, has here had the open air for its adjuvant, and the rarified, sweet light for its handmaiden; and its highest benefaction consists in the restoration of those hitherto believed to be *incurable!* What other adjuncts are required, let others discuss. What doubts are to be solved in the minds of the incredulous, let them be

