

rounded by narrow, dirty and steep streets, and on the very summit of the hill is the cemetery. Large hotels are found in both bays. The eastern one—Garavan—is most sheltered, and is frequented by the greatest invalids. The Italian frontier begins here, at a large ravine spanned by a beautiful bridge—St. Louis—of one arch seventy-two feet wide, on one side of which stand French customs officers, and on the other Italian. A short distance from the bridge, on the Italian side, are

#### DR. BENNETT'S GARDENS,

an oasis amongst bare cliffs and red rocks, where, in the middle of winter, English garden flowers are seen in full bloom. Dr. Bennett was the first to bring Mentone into public notice as a health station, his own life having been prolonged by making it his winter residence. And here he still lives, surrounded in his old age by consumptive patients. Beneath these gardens on the sea shore are the caves in the red cliffs, in which was found the petrified man now in the museum of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. There are four of these caves now above the railway, and two close to the shore, which contain accumulations of *debris* of various kinds, chiefly of the food of the early inhabitants, and of the stone implements they used. Two miles farther on is the village of La Mortola, between which and the sea are the

#### HANBURY GARDENS,

consisting of ninety-nine acres on terraces, and in which are found not only olives, but palms, orange and lemon trees, etc. Here in winter Mr. Hanbury lives in his Palazzo Orenco, surrounded by trees and plants from many oriental lands, in one of which, I believe, his father made the fortune which has been so liberally spent in creating this lovely place out of what had been bare rocks and barren cliffs. All visitors are freely admitted, the present proprietor—still in the prime of life—often conducting strangers, as he did us, and pointing out the rarest plants and flowers and the best points of observation. He owns a charming villa also in Mentone, in which Queen Victoria spent a month in 1882.

#### CAPE ST. MARTIN,

the western limit of the Bay of Mentone, is two miles distant. It is covered with pine trees above, and lower down with olives and lemons. In the afternoons it is greatly frequented for the delightful views and the shady walks. Here you see ladies sketching or painting or reading, and around little tables in front of a restaurant near the sea are seated persons of both sexes, conversing in almost every language in Europe, and ready to join you in discussing any topic of the day, for here there is an absence of that stiffness and formality so often met with in Britain. Mentone itself is

#### NOT A CHEERFUL TOWN,

owing partly to the narrow strip of ground on which it stands, and to the bad-looking invalids you meet. Immediately behind, too, rise great mountains of dark gray limestone, intersected by narrow sombre valleys, covered with olive and lemon trees. The paths up these valleys are yearly becoming broader and better paved, so that the mountain hamlets are being more visited even by invalids, in carriages or on donkeys, the mountain air exercising an invigorating influence. Let us ascend to a few of these mountain towns, beginning with the nearest,

#### GORBIO,

five miles up the valley of the Gorbio. This, like all the hill hamlets, consists of a cluster of poor stone houses huddled together, as if to keep each other warm. There is always a church, very old, though of better appearance than the houses around, and often dedicated to "Soli Deo." In front of the church is the village play-ground, never empty when the children leave the school, for I found schools in every hamlet, and the children able to speak French, even when their parents knew only the *patois* of the district. North of this village (1,427 feet) is Mount Gorbio (2,707 feet), and back of that Mount Bandon (7,144 feet), so that the young and strong have opportunity to try their strength. From Gorbio a good path ascends to

#### ST. AGNIS,

a hamlet (2,180 feet) similar to the one described, which, on approaching it, looks as if it had been stuck on the side of the hill, the summit of which, some 330 feet higher, is crowned with the ruins of a castle built in the tenth century by Haroun, a bold Saracen chief.

This short climb is over the roughest of rocks, and most trying to legs and hands; but the view from the top repays the cost, and the air is most invigorating. From the summit I descended by a stony and very precipitous path to Cabrol in the valley of the Borrigo torrent. My companions were botanists, and would not miss Cabrol, which is famous for certain plants of whose virtues I was unfortunately ignorant; hence their persistence in choosing the most fatiguing return route. A carriage road conducts by the side of the Carrei torrent to

#### CASTIGLIONE AND SOSPEL.

The lower part of the valley has large plantations of lemon trees. A few miles up is the "Hermit's Grotto," a cavity in the face of an almost vertical rock, over the entrance to which is an illegible inscription in red hieroglyphics, and at the side the name of the hermit who once lived in this cave.

#### "CHRISTO LA FACE. BERNARDO L'ADITO, 1528."

Here, on his return from the third crusade, in which he took part with King Philip Augustus, Robert de Ferques found refuge from the world in grief for the death of his young wife during his absence. In 1528 he was followed apparently by the anchorite Bernard, referred to in the inscription. Castellon is an old walled town (2,926 feet). Sospel, six miles farther, is on the main road between Nice and Cuneo, by the Col di Tenda (6,145 feet), over which a coach runs daily in eleven hours. From Cuneo to Turin by rail occupies three hours. "The bold forms of the cliffs, and the luxuriant vegetation which crowns every height and fills every hollow, makes the scenery of this road worthy to compare with almost any other more famous Alpine pass."

#### CLIMATE OF MENTONE.

"A cool but sunny atmosphere," says Dr. Bennet, "so dry that a fog is never seen at any period of the winter whatever; the weather, either on sea or on land, must be bracing, invigorating, stimulating. Such, indeed, are the leading characteristics of the climate of this region—the undercliff of Western Europe. The cool but pleasant temperature, the stimulating influence of the sunshine, the general absence of rain or of continued rain, the dryness of the air, render daily exercise out of doors both possible and agreeable." Still Mentone can be cool enough sometimes, as we found in spring, especially in the shade. The mean temperature in ordinary seasons is fifty-four degs. for November, forty degs. for December, forty-nine degs. for February and fifty-three degs. in March. Everybody knows that Mentone is the place selected by Mr. Spurgeon, when in winter he suffers from what Dr. Johnson called in his ponderous speech "pangs arthritic." And on return to his faithful flock he never fails to bear testimony to the soothing influence of the climate, and the effects of change of scene.

*Bex, Vaud, Suisse, May, 1886.*

T. H.

#### AN OLD SCOTTISH COLONY IN FRANCE.

About four hundred years ago the most of France belonged to England. The wars which broke out at that time in the latter country between the houses of York and Lancaster—commonly known as the Wars of the Roses—made it necessary to bring home a large part of the army stationed in the former. This most inviting opportunity of trying to recover his former dominions the king of France—Charles VII.—very naturally did not let slip. Between him and the king of Scotland there was a league. In accordance therewith, several thousand Scotch soldiers were sent under John Stewart, Earl of Darnley, to help Charles. It may here be remarked in passing that he had, at the same time, another helper in the famous Joan of Arc. At length Charles utterly defeated the English. His Scotch allies greatly helped him to do so. He, therefore, as a reward for their services, bestowed on them that part of country called St. Martin d'Auxigny, about seven miles north of Bourges, at which city he was then staying. We have no sure proof of any communication between their descendants who remained there, and the "land of their sires," till lately. Still, the story of their origin has never been forgotten by them and, though French has become their mother tongue, they look on themselves as "Scotchmen, speaking French." They have always been Roman Catholics, as their forefathers left Scotland before the beginning of the Reformation there.

In the remaining part of this article I shall give an

account of a visit which I paid this colony last fall. To have the more space for doing so, I shall refrain from giving a history of the mission there. I would, however, mention before I begin, one peculiarly interesting fact. The late Principal Willis became interested in the mission. By collecting money, and in other ways, he was most helpful to it. He twice visited the settlement, staying each time nearly a fortnight. While there, he spent a good deal of time in calling on the people. He also addressed well-attended meetings in the mother tongue of his hearers. But I come now to speak of my own visit to that field.

About nine in the morning of September 1, I took the train for Bourges at the Paris and Orleans station. The weather was balmy, and the scenery very pretty. We passed several old looking churches. In general, the country was very level. As there were scarcely any fences or hedges, it looked like a large nursery. At one station we stopped twenty-five minutes. Near it, we crossed the famous Loire, which is not a large stream. About mid-afternoon we arrived at Bourges. I then set out to seek the Rev. M. Atger, the Protestant minister there, to learn from him the way to St. Martin d'Auxigny. I found that he had not returned from where he had been spending his holidays. I was advised to go to St. Martin—St. Georges, a station on a railway which had been opened only a short time before, which I did. From there I went in a carriage to the mission house about two miles distant. By the wayside here and there were large iron crosses. At the foot of each were several small wooden ones. I was told that the number of the latter was the same as that of the graves in the burying ground. When I reached my journey's end I found that M. Villeger, the missionary, had not returned from Vieley, where he and Madame Villeger had been "resting a while." He, at one time, intended to come that evening, but, owing to a funeral, he would be delayed two days. Two of the neighbours were in what may be called the lecture room, one of whom was a convert from Romanism. They were greatly pleased to see me when I told them that I was a minister and a Scotchman, and that I had come from a far country, namely, Canada. After we had chatted a while they took me to a tavern in a village a short distance off, where I could get lodgings. Mine hostess, a pleasant-looking person, was anxious to make me as comfortable as possible. As mine host was engaged on his farm, I did not see him so often as I saw her. Both were of Scottish origin.

At first, but only for a short time, I had a feeling of loneliness. I was now in the very heart of France, and, as far as I knew, there was not an English-speaking person within a great distance of me. I was not, however, like the Englishman in Paris who did not understand a word of French, who, when he heard a cock crow, cried aloud in his fulness of heart: "Aha! there's at least one here who can speak English."

Here is a sketch of my quarters. The tavern was one of a row of a few houses, one and a half stories high. The only sign which it had was a bush sticking out toward the road from the corner. The other taverns in the village had the same. I have been told that this is the usual tavern sign in villages in France. It seems to have been the same in England in days of yore, for there is a proverb which says, "Good wine needs no bush." The village which at this time was "mine own," was well supplied with taverns. Though a very small one, there were in it four, if not five. I may here say that though the wine of the country—a light kind—was largely used, I saw a good deal of drunkenness there for the size of the place. The dining room of the tavern where I stayed had six longish tables, each provided with benches. The chairs in it were rush bottomed, most of them made without backs. The floor was of brick tiles. On the walls were a few pictures, four of which were hunting scenes. The latter had titles in French, German and English. Here are the English ones: (1) The rendezvous of chase; (2) Departure at the chase; (3) Chasing; (4) Return of the chase. There was no bar. At one end of the dining-room, separated from it only by a wall, was a stable; but it was not much of an inconvenience, as it was kept clean. My bedroom was at one end of a building a few steps from the tavern. It, too, was floored with brick tiles. The only light which it had by day came through the upper half of the door, which was of glass, and the fan light; yet "tired nature's sweet restorer" did not dis-