

Chapter 1 : Details - Rambles on the Riviera, - Biodiversity Heritage Library

Excerpt from Rambles on the Riviera It is not the purpose of this second preface to make known the frame of mind in which I wrote, but rather to explain the alteration and expansion of the present volume.

Mistral, who had taken his honours at the bar, Roumanille, a bookseller of Avignon, and Theodore Aubanal. For the love of their pays and its ancient tongue, which was fast falling into a mere patois, they vowed to devote themselves to the perpetuation of it and the reviving of its literature. Mistral went to Paris and received the plaudits of the literary and artistic world of the capital. Then there was an unknown who sang: It does not always blow, nor, when it does come, does it blow for a long period, not even for the proverbial three, six, or nine days; but it is, nevertheless, pretty general along the whole south coast of France. It is the complete reverse of the sirocco of the African coast, the wind which blows hot from the African desert and makes the coast cities of Oran, Alger, and Constantine, and even Biskra, farther inland, the delightful winter resorts which they are. From the 31st of August to the 4th of September it blew with all its wonted vigour, with a violence which lifted roof-tiles and blew all before it, but until the first of the following March it made only fitful attempts, many of which expired before they were born. There were occasions when it rose from its torpor and ruffled the waves of the blue Mediterranean into the white horses of the poets, but it immediately retired as if shorn of its former strength. One thing, however, all were certain. What was the use of combating against the elements? In fact it included all of the south-central portion of Languedoc, with the exception of the Comtat Venaissin Avignon, Carpentras, etc. It was that portion of France which first led the Roman legions northward, and, earlier even, gave a resting-place to the venturesome Greeks and Phoceans who, above all, sought to colonize wherever there was a possibility of building up great seaports. The chief Phocian colony was Marseilles, or Massilia, which was founded under the two successive immigrations of the years and B. Under the comtes Provence again flourished, and a brilliant civilization was born in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries which gave almost a new literature and a new art to those glorious gems of the French Crown. The school of Romanesque church-building of Provence, of which the most entrancing examples are still to be seen at Aix, Arles, St. What have flower-dressed automobiles and hare and tortoise gymkanas got to do with romance anyway? The pages of history are full of references to the Provence of the middle ages. The dignity was not appreciated by the inhabitants, for the parliamentary benches were filled with the nobility, who, as was the custom of the time, sought to oppress their inferiors. Toulon played a great part in the later history of Provence, when it underwent its famous siege by the troops of the Convention in Napoleon set foot in France, for his final campaign, on the shores of the Golfe Jouan, in History-making then slumbered for a matter of a quarter of a century. Then, in , Menton and Roquebrune revolted against the Princes of Monaco and came into the French fold. Here, in the extreme south, on the shores of the great blue, tideless Mediterranean, all one has previously met with in Provence is further magnified, not only by the brilliant cosmopolitanism of Marseilles itself, but by the very antiquity of its origin. Here may be found the whole galaxy of charms which the present-day seeker after health, edification, and pleasure demands from the antiquarian and historical interests of old Provence and the Roman occupation to the frivolous gaieties of Nice and Monte Carlo. Tourists, more than ever, keep to the beaten track. In one way this is readily enough accounted for. Truly the whole Mediterranean coast, from Barcelona to Spezzia in Italy, together with the cities and towns immediately adjacent, forms a touring-ground more varied and interesting even than Touraine, often thought the touring-ground par excellence. Local feeling runs high in all of them, and the Arlesien professes a great contempt for the Martigaux or the inhabitant of the Pays de Cavailon, even though their territories border on one another; though indeed all three join hands when it comes to standing up for their beloved Provence. Avignon and Vaucluse are its neighbours on the north and northeast, and, taken all in all, it is as historic and romantic a region as may be found in all Europe. The literary guide-posts throughout Provence are numerous and prominent, though they cannot all be enumerated here. Every one has read, and supposedly has at his finger-tips, the pages of this thrilling romance, but if he is journeying through Provence, let him read it all again, and he will find passages of a directness and truthfulness that have often been denied

this authorâ€™ by critics who have taken only an arbitrary and prejudiced view-point. Of Caderousse and his wife he says: On these occasions he dressed himself in the picturesque costume worn at such times by the dwellers in the south of France, bearing an equal resemblance to the style worn by Catalans and Andalusians. It is a common error among rhapsodizing tourists who have occasionally stopped at Arles, en route to the pleasures of the Riviera, to suppose that the original Arlesien costume is that seen to-day. In this form it has, however, endured throughout all the sixty villages and towns of the pays. There is a romantic glamour about Arles, its arena, its theatre, its marvellously beautiful Church of St. The charm of Arles lies in its former renown and in the reminders, fragmentary though some of them be, of its past glories. In the lack of any convincing evidence one way or another, one can let his sympathies drift where they will, but Arles certainly looks its age more than does Marseilles. It would not be practicable here to catalogue all the monumental attractions of the Arles of a past day which still remain to remind one of its greatness. From either vantage-ground one will get a good start, and much assistance from the obliging patrons, and a day, a week, or a month is not too much to spend in this charming old-time capital. Among the many sights of Arles three distinct features will particularly impress the visitor: It was in the thirteenth century that Arles first came to distinction as one of the great Latin ports. The carrying trade remained, however, in the hands of the Arlesiens. The great fair of Beaucaire, renowned as it was throughout all of Europe, contributed not a little to the traffic. For six weeks in each year it was a great market for all the goods and stuffs of the universe, and gave such a strong impetus to trade that the effects were felt throughout the year in all the neighbouring cities and towns. The Cathedral of St. Trophime, as regards its portal and cloister, may well rank first among the architectural delights of its class. The decorations of its portal present a complicated drama of religious figures and symbols, at once austere and dignified and yet fantastic in their design and arrangement. There is nothing like it in all France, except its near-by neighbour at St. The main fabric of the church, and its interior, are ordinary enough, and are in no way different from hundreds of a similar type elsewhere; but in the cloister, to the rear, architectural excellence again rises to a superlative height. Here, in a justly proportioned quadrangle, are to be seen four distinct periods and styles of architectural decoration, from the round-headed arches of the colonnade on one side, up through the primitive Gothic on the second, the later and more florid variety on the third, and finally the debasement in Renaissance forms and outlines on the fourth. Immediately behind the cathedral are the remains of the theatre and the arena. Less well preserved than that at Orange, the theatre of the Arles of the Romans, a mere ruined waste to-day, gives every indication of having been one of the most important works of its kind in Gaul, although, judging from its present admirable state of preservation, that of Orange was the peer of its class. To-day there are but a scattered lot of tumbled-about remains, much of the structure having gone to build up other edifices in the town, before the days when proper guardianship was given to such chronicles in stone. A great porte still exists, some arcades, two lone, staring columns,â€™ still bearing their delicately sculptured capitals,â€™ and numerous ranges of rising banquettes. The arena is much better preserved than the theatre. It is a splendid and colossal monument, surpassing any other of its kind outside of Rome. Its history is very full and complete, and writers of the olden time have recounted many odious combats and many spectacles wherein ferocious beasts and gladiators played a part. To-day bull-fights, with something of an approach to the splendour of the Spanish variety, furnish the bloodthirsty of Arles with their amusement. There is this advantage in witnessing the sport at Arles: It is in this arena that troops of wild beasts, brought from all parts of the empire, tore into pieces the poor unfortunates who were held captive in the prisons beneath the galleries. These dungeons are shown to-day, with much bloodthirsty recital, by the very painstaking guardian, who, for an appropriate, though small, fee, searches out the keys and opens the gateway to this imposing enclosure, where formerly as many as twenty-five thousand persons assemble to witness the cruel sacrifices. A Young Arlesienne Tiberius Neroâ€™ a name which has come to be a synonym of moral degradationâ€™ was one of the principal colonizers of Arles, and built, it is supposed, this arena for his savage pleasures. In its perfect state it would have been a marvel, but the barbarians partly ruined it and turned it into a sort of fortified camp. In a more or less damaged state it existed until , when the parasitical structures which had been built up against its walls were removed, and it was freed to light and air for the traveller of a later day to marvel and admire. Modern Arles has quite another story to tell; it is typical of all the traditions of

the Provence of old, and it is that city of Provence that best presents the present-day life of southern France. Even to-day the well-recognized type of Arlesienne ranks among the beautiful women of the world. Possessed of a carriage that would be remarked even on the boulevards of Paris, and of a beauty of feature that enables her to concede nothing to her sisters of other lands, the Arlesienne is ever a pleasing picture. As much as anything, it is the costume and the coiffe that contributes to her beauty, for the tiny white bonnet or cap, bound with a broad black ribbon, sets off her raven locks in a bewitching manner. Simplicity and harmony is the key-note of it all, and the women of Arles are not made jealous or conceited by the changing of Paris fashions. All this gives Arles a certain air of metropolitanism, but it does not in the least overshadow the memories of its past. Finally abandoned in the thirteenth century, it was carefully guarded by the proprietors, until now it ranks as one of the most remarkable of the historical monuments of its kind in all France. The majestic church needs little in the way of rebuilding and restoration to assume the splendour that it must have had under its monkish proprietors of another day. At any rate it is much better lighted than crypts usually are, and looks not unlike an earlier edifice, which was simply built up and another story added. Abbey of Montmajour and Vineyard The remains of the cloister are worthy to be classed in the same category as that wonderful work of St. Trophime, but whether the one inspired the other, or they both proceeded simultaneously, neither history nor the local antiquaries can state. Besides the conventional buildings proper there are a primitive chapel and a hermitage once dedicated to the uses of St. Since these minor structures, if they may be so called, date from the sixth century, they may be considered as among the oldest existing religious monuments in France. Near Montmajour is another religious edifice of more than passing remark, the Chapelle Ste. Its foundation has been attributed to Charlemagne, and again to Charles Martel, who gave to it the name which it still bears in commemoration of his victory over the Saracens. It is a simple but very beautiful structure, in the form of a Greek cross, and admirably vaulted and groined. There are innumerable sepulchres scattered about and many broken and separated funeral monuments, which show the prominence of this little commemorative chapel among those of its class. Every seven years, that is to say whenever the 3d of May falls on a Friday the anniversary of the victory of Charles Martel, the chapel becomes a place of pious pilgrimages for great numbers of the thankful and devout from all parts of France.

Chapter 2 : On the Riviera () - IMDb

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

Chapter 3 : Rambles on the Riviera | M. F. Mansfield | eBook | All You Can Books | calendrierdelascience.com

*Rambles on the Riviera [M. F. Mansfield] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. "À Valence, le Midi commence!" is a saying of the French, though this Rhône-side city, the Julia-Valentia of Roman times.*

Chapter 4 : Full text of "Rambles on the Riviera"

You can read Rambles On the Riviera by Strasburger, Eduard, in our library for absolutely free. Read various fiction books with us in our e-reader. Add your books to our library.

Chapter 5 : Rambles on the Riviera (edition) | Open Library

Riviera Rambles. Looking for somewhere different to take your family, then how about this Riviera Maya threesome: Aktun Chen, Akumal and Yalk'uk' Offering a taste of the quieter, natural side of the Mexican Caribbean, they combine beach fun, the coral kingdom and a glimpse of the Yucatan's mysterious caves.

DOWNLOAD PDF RAMBLES ON THE RIVIERA

Chapter 6 : Rambles on the Riviera (Classic Reprint): Eduard Strasburger: calendrierdelascience.com: Bo

The Biodiversity Heritage Library works collaboratively to make biodiversity literature openly available to the world as part of a global biodiversity community.

Chapter 7 : 5 Must Visit Places on the French Riviera - Yonderbound

Search the history of over billion web pages on the Internet.

Chapter 8 : German addresses are blocked - calendrierdelascience.com

Rambles on the Riviera Average rating: 0 out of 5 stars, based on 0 reviews Write a review This button opens a dialog that displays additional images for this product with the option to zoom in or out.

Chapter 9 : The Project Gutenberg eBook of Rambles on The Riviera, by Francis Miltoun.

PART I. OLD PROVENCE. RAMBLES ON THE RIVIERA. CHAPTER I. A PLEA FOR PROVENCE "À Valence, le Midi commence!" is a saying of the French, though this Rhôˆne-side city, the Julia-Valentia of Roman times, is in full view of the snow-clad Alps.