Nation, dropped on a point of rock into the ethereal and marine blue. A fishing boat and a pleasure boat; these and no other signs of life are on its waters. From our point of view we may see down into the lucid depths of the sea. Its colours rival the flowers of the garden where we sit. But how shall I transfer into black type that which is so varied in hue and delightful to the sense? A writer has said that the sea upon this Riviera is a book of which one never tires. Charles Lamb was asked which play of Shakespeare he liked best. He said, the last one he read. So my last look at this wonderful water is the best. It is not alone the richness, but the fickleness of its hues which pleases. Its mutations vary with the hours, and run through the chromatic scale in two senses—music and colour; from lily-white to ebony, and from red and orange to green and blue. From its low murmur, like a sigh or sob, it rises into thunder, especially when the mistral of March moves along the shore. Even the local laureate, in his prose, rises into poetry in speaking of the music of the shore: '*Toujours la nappe bleue de la mer semble toucher les cordes d'une lyre en baisant les points des rochers.*' It has been likened in colours to a dove's neck, bright green, dark purple, soft ultra-marine, the blue of a burnished steel blade, the glance of a diamond, and its foam to snow!

The prospect of the shore is, however, still more inviting. Far off to your left lies, under the feathery mist, Ventimiglia, with its old castles now held by Italian soldiers; and beyond it, is Bordighèra—home of palms. These villages look like specks of white upon the dark edge of the distant shore. Between them and Cape Martin is a beautiful bay, within which lies Mentone. The bay and town of Mentone form the figure 3, and divide the old from the new town.

Mentone, however, is hid from our present view by Cape Martin. The mountains do not seem to me so rugged and cragged seen from Monaco; only one above me has this look. The rest are in curves. The eye can easily float along their tops, and be gratified while looking down from them upon the olive-trees which fill and decorate the terraces, or into their valleys, where, snug and green, the lemon orchards perennially flourish—float until it comes against that bold, irregular, jutting, fire-torn and water-worn, castle-like mountain, behind which Turbia village lies unseen, called 'Dog's Head.' Wherefore called I know not. Perhaps it is Canis called, because *Canis non.* It looks more like a tortoise.

Stay! I remember now that *Tête du chien* is a corruption for *Tête du camp;* for here Cæsar established the head-quarters of his legions after the conquest of Gaul. *Huc usque Italia dehinc Gallia!* Here, too, you may see, just peeping above the heights, from our seat at the Casino, a Roman tower, in romantic ruin. Across the bay, and immediately beneath the 'Dog's Head,' is the rocky promontory called Monaco. Its walls, pierced for cannon, surround it. It is about two miles in circumference; its fort overlooks the sea. Its palace overlooks the valley which separates it from the mountain above. The fort and palace look puny beside the giant mountains above them. From a sea view of Monaco it looks like an island rock. This rock is about 460 feet high. Green vines and shrubs cling to the almost precipitous sides of the cliffs. On the other side, towards the west, there is some ground cultivated with olives and figs. My laureate says, in his volume, that sailors, as they sail, can gather the big Barbary figs from the shore. Doubted. You may perceive an open plaza above on the rocky principality. It fronts the palace, within

whose walls art is represented in its utmost opulence. Venetian mosaics and frescoes, attributed to Caravaggio and Carlone, and precious marbles and rare paintings are to be found within these walls. It is said that the Prince is a great patron of the finest of the fine arts. In the gardens around the palace are seen umbrella-pines, tall cypresses, the lentiscus, gigantic aloes, tamarinds, roses, and other flowers of tropical luxuriance and quality.

If you would saunter over the rock, you may find some dozen brass field-pieces, unlimbered and lying on the ground. They bear French marks of the time of Charles X., with the Latin motto on them: "*Ultima ratio regum.*" Very little rationality they will display on behalf of his Serene Highness Charles III., Prince de la Roulette. If you would leave these precincts of insignificant royalty, you may dive down into the narrow streets of the old town, where donkeys only go, and where, when they are *loaded*, you may be sure they do more execution than the cannon in the plaza. The town of Monaco is like all the villages of this shore. It is made of stone; the houses can almost grasp hands across the street; they were built for fortresses as well as domiciles, and the people live in them pretty much as they did when Augustus Cæsar stopped here on his return from the wars.

Remember that the rock of Monaco, and the town proper—for a view of which, I refer to the frontispiece of the volume—are across the harbour from us as we sit in the Casino grounds of Monte Carlo; but both places are within the little principality. I have not done with my glance along the mountain-range above, or the sea-shore below us. You will perceive a road winding along the sides of the mountains, as far up as the brown rocks of Roquebruna. The road, now and then, hides its line in clusters of

olives, now emerging from an orange grove, now boldly turning about the edge of a precipice, and then creeping into the shadows of a terraced mountain. This is the famous Corniche road, on which it is sacrilege not to travel. I have been over it from Nice to Bordighèra. Although it runs to Genoa, yet the best views are from that portion which I have traversed. Ruffini opened his 'Dr. Antonio'—that exquisite gem of a novel—with a description of this highway. Flanked by the Mediterranean, and the Alps, and Apennines, and, covered with a sky that seldom frowns, he has pictured it in words as an artist would from his palette: "The industry of man has done what it could if not to vie with, at least not to disparage, Nature." Numerous towns and villages, some gracefully seated on the shore, bathing their feet in the silvery wave, some stretching up the mountain-sides like a flock of sheep, or thrown picturesquely astride a lofty ridge, with here and there a solitary sanctuary perched high on a sea-washed cliff, or half lost in a forest of verdure at the head of some glen; marble palaces and painted villas emerging from sunny vineyards, gaily flowering gardens, or groves of orange and lemon trees; myriads of white casini with green jalousies scattered all over hills once sterile, but now, their scanty soil propped up by terrace shelving above terrace, clothed to the top with olive trees—all and every thing, in short, of man's handiwork, betokens the activity and ingenuity of a tasteful and richly-endowed race.

The road, in obedience to the capricious indentations of the coast, is irregular and serpent-like; at one time on a level with the sea, it passes between hedges of tamarisk, aloes, and oleander; at another it winds up some steep mountain side, through dark pine forests, rising to such a height, that the eye recoils

terrified from looking into the abyss below; here it disappears into galleries cut in the living rock, there it comes out upon a wide expanse of earth, sky, and water; now it turns inland, with a seeming determination to force a passage across the mountain; and anon shoots abruptly in an opposite direction, as if bent upon rushing headlong into the sea. The variety of prospect resulting from this continual shifting of the point of view is as endless as that afforded by the ever-changing combinations of a kaleidoscope. Could we but give this sketch of Ruffini a little of the colouring —real colouring of the country—what a picture we should make of it! But we cannot. It is past the power of words to paint the brilliant transparency of this atmosphere, the tender azure of this sky, the deep blue of this sea, or the soft gradations of tone tinting these wavy mountains, as they lie one over the other. Rarely will the traveller, searching for summer sunbeams in the winter, find a heaven so bright as that which makes a canopy, with the olive and the orange, over the Corniche!

For a long time this route was only a donkey track. There was formerly so little, and such unfrequent communication between the points of the coast, that the pirates of Barbary could and did easily pounce on any village and ravage it, before succour could come. Persons are living yet, who remember when a convent of friars was carried off in a raid by these marine robbers. Besides, the Italians were jealous of the encroachment of the French, and for a long time discouraged the making of a road. But in 1828, owing to a heavy snow storm, the King of Savoy could not get from Nice to Turin. He embarked on the sea. It was so boisterous that he put back. Then, the people turned out *en masse*, and made the road for him. Napoleon I. improved it. Now you may

see going to and from Nice and Genoa, hundreds of *vetture* every day. They are loaded with baggage and filled with travellers. This is the best route to Italy, except over the railway, by Mont Cenis. This winter that route has not been open all the time, by reason of the snow. Nor is it favoured by invalids, and even less by tourists, who desire to see the Riviera. Just before the holy days at Rome the throng of carriages was immense. The railroad from Marseilles is finished as far east as Nice; in fact to Monaco, and by next September it will be at Mentone.

Boom! boom! boom! Right under our seat at the Casino gardens, shaking the vases of geranium which crown the balustrades, the explosion of rocks resounds! Look over! Several hundred workmen who are building the railroad walls between the Casino and the sea, are standing stock still, watching for the next explosion. The smoke rises and floats away; a boy upon a rock sounds a horn as a warning, and boom! boom! boom! the explosion again and louder! Rocks of tremendous size fall far into the sea; the sound is echoed by other explosions beyond; the mountains catch up the sound, and the reverberations tell of the work on the railroad which inflicts wounds, apparent on the coast as far as Cape Martin—wounds soon to be healed and hidden by the vegetable glories of the climate.

The railroad has been begun since my laureate wrote, or he would not have called 'Monaco a field of repose for all the living. No one labours here. That misery is unknown. The sun does all the work and works for all.' But the sun does not make railroads, though it may, with the aid of irrigation, stanch the wounds or hide the scars which labour is making along these romantic mountains. It may, too, bring balm by its beams to the tired and worn

throat and lungs of the invalid. In that way, the sun may prove a physician, more skilful than those accredited by collegiate authority.

If you choose, you may come to Monaco from Nice by the rail, or you may come by the little steamer, or by the Corniche road. You will not, however, see more than four miles of sunbeams out of the sixteen, by the railroad between Nice and Monaco. There are twelve miles of tunnelling through the hard limestone. You pass under beautiful and painted villas—under gardens which would shame the Hesperides, literally of golden fruit and perpetual flowers; you pass through the olive gardens of Cimies, an old Roman city, cross a viaduct, flash under Monte Albano, many hundred feet under the fort, then out again, into the sweet sunshine which flashes on the old towers, houses, and beautiful bay at Villa Franca; here you may see the fig, as you see it in the Orient, but it is a brief glance; another gorge, and you emerge on Beaulieu, under the shelter of a blue bay, whose eastern side is the rock of Monaco! You are nearly two hours on this trip through 'little Africa,' as this region is named—so named because of its tropical luxuriance of soil and African warmth of sun, even in mid-winter. Flowers and fruit, palms and cactuses, bright patches of the green gardens and blue sea alternate with the darkness of the tunnels; glimpses of daylight all splendid, and of night all Egyptian. Yet I prefer the trip on the Corniche road in the Nice corricolo, or in post-chaise. Thus you may see the landscape all the time; and what may you not see? Eza, a village of 600 souls upon the very apex of a mountain rock coped with a tower, where are the remains of a temple of Isis 2000 years old; Turbia, full of people just out of the Roman days, so primitive they seem, and ruins speaking of the early and eminent

with the immensity, richness, and variety of the prospect.

You will understand, therefore, that Monaco is very accessible. Every day crowds of the noble and rich, sojourners of the Riviera, from Cannes, Nice, and Genoa, come to Monaco to gamble and to gaze; to gamble and to lose; to gaze and to wonder; to study, if you will, the strange history of this anomalous little kingdom and its institutions. Before Nice was annexed to France, our laureate sang of Monaco and its incongruities in a poem I have seen, addressed, "à son altesse sérénissime Charles III." thus:—

> "A deux pas de la France, au bord de la mer bleue,
> Sirène qui caresse en frappant de sa queue
> Son rivage embaumé,
> Est un endroit charmant: rocher ville fantôme,
> Etat, principauté, république, royaume,
> Par les siècles formé."

But this picture was written before Italy ceded Nice and Mentone to France; before Roccobruna, like the rocks themselves, revolted from its old attachment, and became a part of the French empire. This picture was made before the present Prince of Monaco —independent and autonomous in his government— conceded to Monsieur François Blanc the right to establish the 'speculative science' of Rouge-et-noir in his dominions.

I believe M. Blanc is a German, though the name sounds French. He owns the gaming bank at Homburg, where he lives and fares sumptuously amidst grounds of imperial extent and beauty. He pays the Prince a rental of 100,000 dollars, or a half million francs per year for the concession. He pays all the taxes of the principality and for the gas-lights of the place. There is no octroi or customs duty. It is forbidden to the people of this Lilliputian realm to

play; and by arrangement with France, the business people of Nice are also prohibited. Yet I think the authorities of France do wink slyly at the invasion of the agreement.

The people who are forbidden by the agreement with M. Blanc from playing, console themselves with this smart wit of a Frenchman: 'Sometimes Rouge wins, and sometimes Noir, but always—Blanc.' To the devotee of Trente et Quarante, this play upon words needs no explication.

I said that the law was not observed. An artist at Nice told me that Napoleon was rather remiss, or if he was not, M. Blanc and the prince were, and that Napoleon ought to capture Monaco. He said, shrugging his shoulders: 'Napoleon took Sebastopol; but could not take Monaco! Pourquoi non?' The prince spends his winters in his palace here, when he does not spend his time and money in his hôtel at Paris. His right to Monaco is hereditary, as the heir of the Grimaldis, whose ancestor Giballin Grimaldi, brother of Charles Martel, fought the Saracens, and was rewarded for his prowess and success by being made, by William I., Count of Arles, independent and sovereign. This sovereignty was recognised by the treaty of the great powers at Vienna. Mentone and Roccobruna created a revolution in 1848, and drove out the prince. They enjoyed independence till 1860. Then the prince sold out his rights to these villages to France for three millions of dollars; as much as we gave for Louisiana! I think, notwithstanding the ostensible independence of the prince, he may be a sort of feudatory of Napoleon. Some fine day he will wake up, 'annexed' to France. The people, however, will not like it. Even Mentone people—those who are subject to conscription—pine for the old days when they were of Monaco. I was present

when the conscription was drawn in Mentone, and saw the terror of the young men when drawn, and their revelry, song, and saturnalia as they danced through the streets, when they were not drawn. I said to one, 'Wherefore so much hilarity? Your turn will come again.' 'Yes,' he replied; dolefully adding, 'Mentone was happy ten years ago. We then belonged to Monaco, Monaco never waged war and had no conscription.' This was true of late years; but in the olden time the Prince was the ally of Italian or French; and further back in the olden time, the Prince was always a warrior, and bound to Piedmont in feudal relations. Still it must be confessed, the little principality has survived many strange revolutions during its twelve hundred years of existence. We bow to it accordingly.

Some months after this paragraph was penned, the writer visited Spain and Italy. He never lost sight of the Grimaldis. They have enough of the mixed bloods—Mahomedan and Christian, Moor and Italian —to keep them from being de-vitalized. When revelling in the halls of the Alhambra, or rather clambering above them into the halls of the Generaliffe, he spied the genealogical tree of the Grimaldis. It was illustrated by the portraits of the tribe. But suppose they *are* of Moorish descent! what then? Nothing. Suppose they did turn against their race; what then? Much every way; and chiefly this: that the perfidy is a token of character for which all the 'hells' of Monaco, or under it, have no prison adequate in the supply of caloric and sulphur! I should, however, be ungrateful for the courtesies extended by the administrator of the Grimaldis, did I not do justice to that family.

I have said that the family were bound to Piedmont in feudal relations. While at Turin, in June, I sought

the Armoury. Stopping before the effigy of a giant, clad, full length, in mail,—mail tinct with silver, and rich in every joint and rivet of its harness. I ask, 'Who?' The guide says, 'Grimaldi of Monaco!' 'Not he of the present?' I said; 'This one is big enough to hold in his breast the present Prince; big enough to hold in his iron frame all the small princes around. What is his name?' I inquire. 'I do not know,' said the guide. The coat of mail is marked with an 'F.' Perhaps he was named Felice, or perhaps, Ferdinand! He was one of the 'giants of those days,' when the Charles Martels wielded swords equal in length to our muskets. His feet and legs were decorated with white boots. His armour was nailed with brass. His blade was Toledan. His plumes were white and black, symbolic of his Moorish and Christian blood! His vizor was down. He seemed as inscrutably mysterious, as would the zero in algebra, or on the roulette tapis, to a Kabyle. But the very armour and the mien of this knight, gave him the substance and spirit of endurance. Amidst the jewelled swords of the Savoy dukes, the torn battle-flags of 1831, 1848, and 1860, which Italy has preserved to honour her army and its leaders, amidst the effigies of mailed kings and soldiers of the past and present, upon horse and on foot, surrounded by men-at-arms and musqueteers, this form of the Grimaldi stands proudly eminent.

It was pleasant to see, afterwards, the easy, modern, elegant Prince Charles; and to know that time tames the hot blood, and reduces the grandest forms. The mailed hand of the middle age, which wielded the battle-axe, is now gloved with Alexandre's best. The head which was hid beneath the vizor is circled by the glossiest of silken hats. The great white boots above the knee are now of patent leather, and very

petites. Whereas the earlier Grimaldi glowered through and under his helmet, fierce as a Moor and brave as a Christian, and fought many a bloody fight, and many a bloodless tourney; we are saddened to learn that the present Grimaldi is almost blind; and whereas the progenitor was a warrior whose sword was of undoubted metal, whose 'coated scales of mail, o'er his tunic to his knees depend,' and who, by his spirit and puissance, won Monaco,—the present prince, a Christian gentleman, rents his gambling franchise for a roulette hell, at one hundred thousand dollars per annum!

It is, however, also pleasant to learn, that the present Prince, chief of a dynasty dating from A.D. 968, is only fifty years of age; that he may live many years yet to enjoy his ample rental and domain; and that he is both courteous and benevolent; that he lives for most of the year at his château of Marchais in France, never visiting Spain, or caring for his possessions there, although he is a grandee; and that his châteaux in France, Spain, and Monaco are ever open to visitors. It is quite interesting to read, as I have in a French Paper, that a company of gentlemen lately visited his château of Marchais, and finding a modest man in the grounds, slapped him familiarly on the back, saying, 'My brave man! Think you we can visit the château?' 'Certainly—Shall I show you in?' '*Allons!*' After the unrecognised Prince had shown them about, one of the company offered him,—*him*, the grim Grimaldi—a 'small *white* piece of money.' Did he accept? Aye, and with a smile; for saith the chronicle, is he not the only sovereign of the earth, all of whose subjects are gentlemen? Is it not a fact of history, that the Emperor Charles V. ennobled all the people of Monaco? Who will say hereafter that the people of Monaco, and by conse-

quence, those of Baden-Baden, Homburg, and Wiesbaden, are not all gentlemen—*ad unguem?*

Again, to balance my description discreetly, let us remember that these Grimaldis of Monaco have done much in peace and war. They furnished four grand admirals to France. There the Saracen was developed, not to say worse. They gave to Genoa eleven doges, and one captain-general to Florence, and one chief grandee to Spain. Many generals and diplomatists have they furnished, and once one of their number was of the order of the Golden Fleece. This last Grimaldi did not however, allow roulette.

I must drop a few grains of allowance on my description of the Grimaldis and of Monaco. Their history is so obscure that one might be allowed to romance about them. The simple fact is that Monaco was one of those allodial domains which, by reason of the favour of the strong in the feudal days, escaped feudal confiscation. The reigning family of the Grimaldis died out in the male line. Our Prince is in such strong contrast with the big knight in armour at Turin, because he represents the female line. Antonio was the last of the warlike males. He died in 1731. His daughter married a Frenchman, Thorigny, who was a relative of the Talleyrands. Hence, at the Congress of Vienna, the title, which was disputed by the Genoese family of Grimaldis, was preserved, by the influence of Talleyrand, to the present family. The king of Sardinia was at first suzerain over the Prince. In 1848, when Mentone and Roccobruna revolted, Piedmont annexed them, and placed her soldiers there. In 1854 the Prince endeavoured to regain Mentone, but failed. France, on the annexation of Nice, bought the rights of the Prince, and Napoleon is now Suzerain. Still the Prince reserved the ancient privilege, and is called Sovereign.

Certainly, he has an independent princely rental from the Casino, although it is situated outside of his rock-founded village and fortification. M. Blanc can afford to keep the Prince in his realm. Last year, notwithstanding his expenditure in the beautifying of the Casino and its grounds, he cleared sixty thousand dollars. He is purchasing more land, and is to build another hôtel and gambling house. His franchises in Germany, under the Bismarck policy, expire in 1870, and, wiser than M. Benazet of Baden, he is preparing a permanent investment here.

But what of the Casino, and its gambling hell? I would prefer to wander about the enticing grounds, drink the inspiring air, watch the people come and go out of the cafés, shooting galleries, photographic shops, and carbineer offices, rather than go within. I should like to see the army of the Prince manœuvred upon the plaza. A humorous friend tells me, that this army once consisted of three—rank and file; and when, on a great occasion, the order was given—'by twos,' the third man, in despair, incontinently rushed into the sea! This is almost as tragic as the scene on an Irish schooner; 'How many are you below?' sung out an Irish mate. 'Three of us, sor!' 'Then half of you come up!'

But if you will go within the Casino, there is much to see. There is much of decorative Art in the interior; many fine frescoes, and much gilt on the walls. The music in the concert saloon is especially grand, and so are the bedizened servants of M. Blanc. Besides, you must doff your hat, and yield up cane and umbrella. You approach with reverence the presiding goddess of the place—Fortune. The green tables are surrounded by her votaries. The chink of gold and silver—none of less denomination now than five francs—resounds above the din and hum of con-

versation. One half of the players are women, dressed in all the peculiar attire and fashion 'of the period.' The players are generally well dressed. There are many mysterious young women, and raffish, middle-aged men—a strange mixture of lorettes, musicians, actresses, counts, blacklegs, and old countesses. The predominant genius of the place, who might stand for Fortune, is a young woman of touzled hair, natty high-heeled shoes—heels in the middle of the sole, and gorgeous dressing upon the back! There does not seem to be much eagerness for the play; I look in vain for the fierce-eyed, anxious gambler of the stage and novel. A Russian Princess—who is reputed to have lost several fortunes—monopolizes the first table of Roulette. She plays notes; and in a musical way, too; for her voice—calling her numbers in French—keeps time to the notes she drops. Occasionally she gathers, with her neatly-gloved hand, rouleaux of gold and clusters of bills, and that, too, with as much *sang froid* as one of her own native ice-bound streams. While she plays, all stop; for she takes up quite a majority of the thirty-six numbers. Around the other tables—of roulette and trente-et-quarante—people with sharp eyes and sharpened pencils note down the alternations of the game and play at intervals. They concoct in their minds—as many a victim has done before—infallible rationalia, or systems of successful play. Such and such figures and colours, 'they say,' have come up to-day, as winning: '*Argal*, they will come again!' They watch the sequence of the figures, and suffer the consequence. The croupiers rake in the money easily; twirl their little ivory balls deftly; and deal their cards gracefully. There are some six tables. You will find a tiger under or about each; but his paws are velvet, and his claws are unseen. You can hardly

comprehend—unless you play at one of the tables long enough to be familiar with the monotonous French jargon—what the croupier says, as he calls on the betters to make their game, or announces the results: Here one sings: '*Noir gagne et couleur et rouge perd!*' That is Rouge et Noir; and the jingle announces the receipt and dispensation of the money. Over there, at the Roulette: '*Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus!*' and down goes the specie. The *mise* is placed; it cannot be changed after the words are uttered. Then the chances are announced, '*Pair*' or '*Impair;*' '*Passe*' or '*Manque;*' '*Rouge et Noir;*' and, if fourteen comes up, '*Quatorze, rouge, pair, manque.*' Chink, chink, chink! Adieux to many a fond Napoleon; and the game goes on. Now and then this procedure is relieved by a vivacious quarrel. A woman of the *demi-monde* claims—or maybe she thieves—the winnings of an unsophisticated novice. He makes a feeble resistance; she insists; he retires, discomfited and blushing. Then a sophisticated *habitué* makes a quarrel with one of those accomplished women, or with the croupier, perhaps. It looks like a fight. But they never fight; a quiet man—is it M. Blanc?—drops in and sweetly settles it. 'Make your game, gentlemen!' On goes the game, till the midnight hour comes, and the company goes. A rush is made for the carriages, and the Nice cars, or the cloak room; the lights are put out. Nothing but the pure sea 'beats the banks' at Monaco till next day at noon; when water, shore, sky, sun, trees, flowers, and all the allurements of the natural scenery are forgotten again in the pursuit of fickle Fortune.

Many should be glad to forget the fortunate or unfortunate associations of Monaco in the pleasing myth which attributes its origin to Hercules, or in

recalling to memory the sweet story of the beginning of Christianity on its shore. Joseph Addison visited Monaco in 1701. His travels in Italy are scarcely ever read now-a-days; but having before me a chance edition—printed 'at Shakespeare's Head, over against Katherine Street in the Strand, MDCCXXVI'—I looked into it to see what the Spectator might say of Monaco. I regret to say that he says so little, and that little is but quotation from the classics. We have some 'rough passages,' not in the style, for that is all serene, but in his December voyage to St. Remo. Having observed several persons on the Riviera, 'with nothing but their shirts, and without complaining of the cold,' and noting the palm-trees, he sailed for Genoa; but adverse winds compelled him to lie by for two days. 'The captain thought the ship in so great danger, that he fell upon his knees and confessed himself to a Capuchin who was on board. But at last, taking advantage of a side wind, we were driven back as far as Monaco!' He then quotes Lucan's description of the harbour, not omitting the stormy part of it, but adds scarcely a descriptive word of his own. He translates Lucan into verse:—

> 'The winding rocks a spacious harbour frame,
> That from the great Alcides takes its name;
> Fenced to the West and to the North it lies;
> But when the wind in Southern quarters rise,
> Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
> And sudden Tempests rage within the Port.'

But there is no association with Monaco so attractive as that which connects it—not with Hercules, or, as Virgil does in the verses heading this chapter, with Cæsar—but with a fair, good, sainted Christian woman. Such an association proves its nobility by a higher than imperial charter, compels our reverence, and does much to redeem it from its bad fame as an elegant gambling resort. It is the story of Dévote, a beautiful