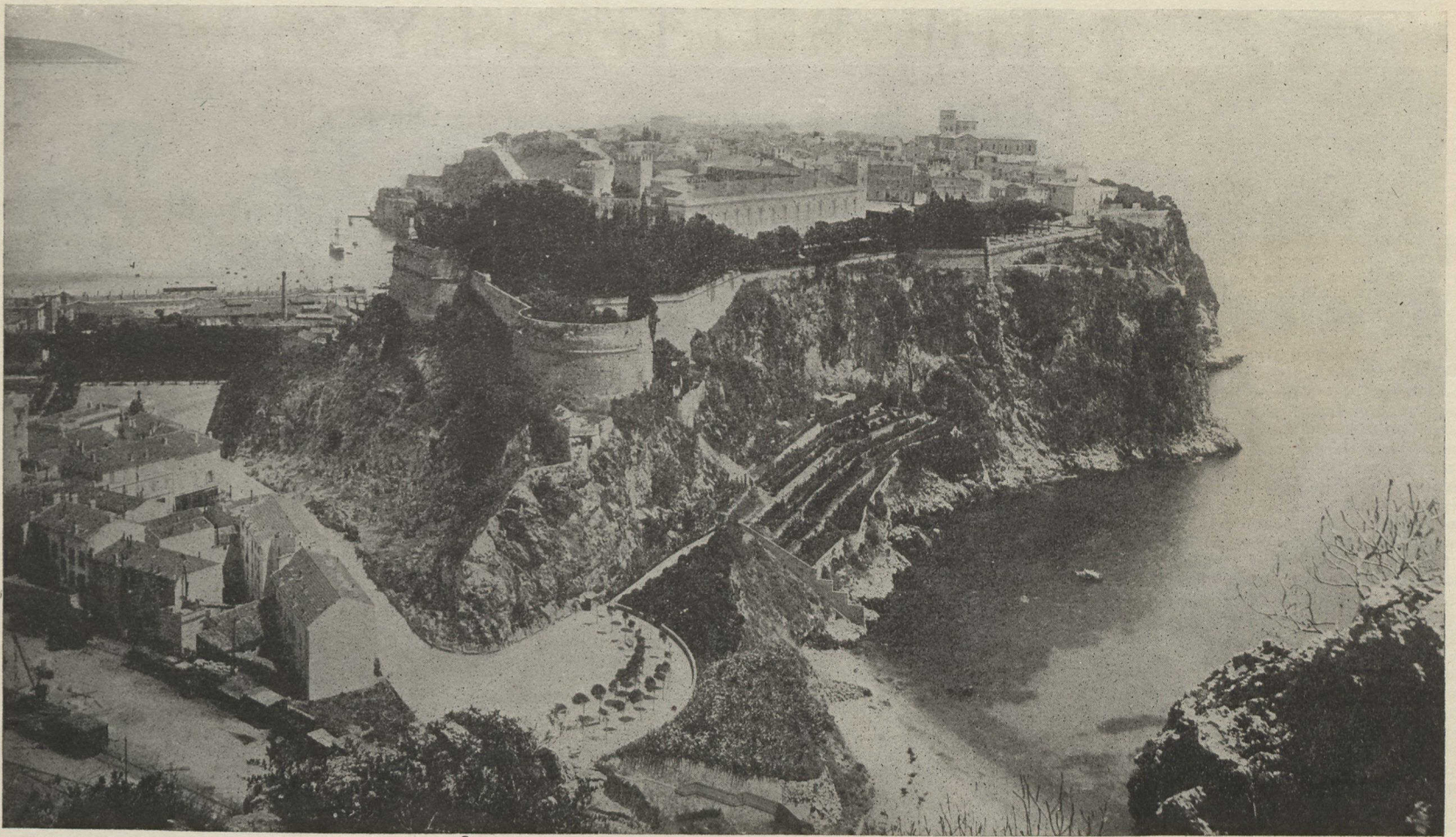




MONACO, THE SMALLEST PRINCIPALITY IN EUROPE AND GAY MONTE CARLO

TWO HISTORIC EUROPEAN TOWNS

Gay Monte Carlo—Beautiful Pisa of Leaning Tower Fame

By KATHARINE HALE

AN HOUR AT MONACO

BOLDLY, above bad Monte Carlo, shines out the loveliest little city that ever inhabited the face of a rock—Monaco no less!

It is the capital of the smallest sovereign principality of Europe. Its area is just eight square miles and includes the towns of Condamine and Monte Carlo. One drives through the whole territory in an hour.

Monaco, upon its headland rises two hundred feet above the sea, is still defended by ramparts and boasts its tiny City Square, Palace, Cathedral and Museum. On the north lies the Bay of Monaco with the Casino of Monte Carlo beyond, while to the west, on lower ground, stretches the lovely resort of Condamine with orange gardens and the chapel of Ste. Devote.

The little Principality dates away back to the Phoenicians when a temple to Heracles was built on the headland, and "Portus Herculis" is frequently mentioned by early Latin writers. Later it was notorious for its piracies, and after the tenth century was associated with the Grimaldi, a powerful Genoese family. It has passed from the hands of French and Italian princes like some bejeweled favorite forever to be bought and sold. The national convention annexed the Principality to France in 1793, in 1814 it was placed under the protection of Sardinia, and, with the transference of Nice to France in 1860, passed again under the French protection.

The French Revolution brought disaster upon Honore III, Prince of Monaco, and his subjects following the examples of their neighbors rebelled against him and plundered the treasures of the little realm.

Later on, Prince Charles III, father of the present Prince, in need of funds, sold to France all but the present strip of land, and the reigning Prince, Albert I, was born in 1848. The first Bishop of Monaco was appointed in 1878, for until that time Charles had no funds to spare for bishops. But after the gambling tables had brought him a flood of gold he not only got a bishop but demolished the small 13th century church and built on its site the present imposing Cathedral, refurnished the Palace, cut costly roads through the cliffs, spanned with great arches the deep valleys and covered the mountains with olives, oranges and lemons. Best of all he abolished conscription and taxes. At first there was a Casino up on the heights of Monaco, but that has been changed, and it was in May, 1858, that the present Prince, then ten years old, laid the foundation stone of the Casino on Monte Carlo. One morning while the building was slowly progressing, one M. Blanc called on the proprietors, who were in difficulties, and offered them sixty-eight thousand pounds for their rights and property. "I shall give you," he said, "three hours to consider the matter, for I return to Nice in the afternoon. In the meantime I breakfast, take a walk, and return at half past two." On that same day the offer was accepted and the agreement signed. Francois Blanc, a native of Avignon, died later leaving a fortune of over two million pounds.

Monaco, the tiniest city in Europe, is also the cleanest. At the north end of the little promontory is the Palace or Chateau of which certain rooms are thrown open to the public. Everything is in miniature and quaint beyond words. I remember the Court d'Honneur, decorated with magnificent friezes by Caravaggio, and the horse-shoe staircase of marble leading up to an arcaded corridor. Of especial interest to the English is the sitting-room of the Duke of York, brother of George III, and the bedroom in which he died.

For one morning, in September, 1767, a messenger came to the Palace to acquaint Honore of the arrival of a vessel bearing the royal standard of England, and having on board the Duke of York, who on the voyage to Genoa had been seized with illness and sought hospitality from the Prince of Monaco. It was instantly and lavishly accorded and everything done that could be devised to restore health. But it was all too late, and after several days the royal visitor died. The quaint documents of that day tell us that "a frigate was dispatched from England to bring back the royal remains and with it George III sent a letter of thanks to the Prince with six hunters and a warm invitation to visit him at court," which was later accepted by the Prince of Monaco.

On the face of the southern cliffs is the Jardin St. Martin, a beautiful promenade with the most charming views, and in the garden a tiny museum given over chiefly to an exhibition of the unique coins of the little kingdom.

AT BEAUTIFUL PISA

Coming up from Rome to Pisa one feels mediaevalism keenly. I can only put this down to the fact that Pisa is an embodied utterance of man's awaken-

ing desire to stand alone in his expression of art while in earlier, happier moods he has almost forgotten himself in the earth and air about him, and in those projected emanations of the Earth—the gods and goddesses of the land and sea. Here lies the essential difference between Rome and Pisa. There is absolutely nothing of what the Germans call the "Ermensch" about Pisa. But it is beautiful. How beautiful it is hard to express by word or picture. For Pisa, which now lies at the mouth of Arno like a forsaken mermaid on the shore, has been a free lance before the year 900. She traded east and west, waged wars with the Saracens, drove them from Sardinia, and carried war into Africa. Rich with booty she erected, according to the old legends, "ten thousand towers within the city walls," and later on completed her dome-crowned, many-columned Cathedral and built that Baptistery, within whose marble walls of perfect construction notes of music rise and fall, circle and swell, as if angels were singing in midair. Emperors presented her with favors; she was queen of the seas, her maritime usages were to be respected, and she enacted her own laws to judge her citizens. At one time no Imperial Marquess could enter Tuscany until he had received approval from twelve men of Pisa, elected at a public meeting called together by the city's bells. She spread her power in the Levant. Jaffa, Tripoli and Antioch were in great part under her dominion and her power was scattered along the coasts of Syria and Asia Minor.

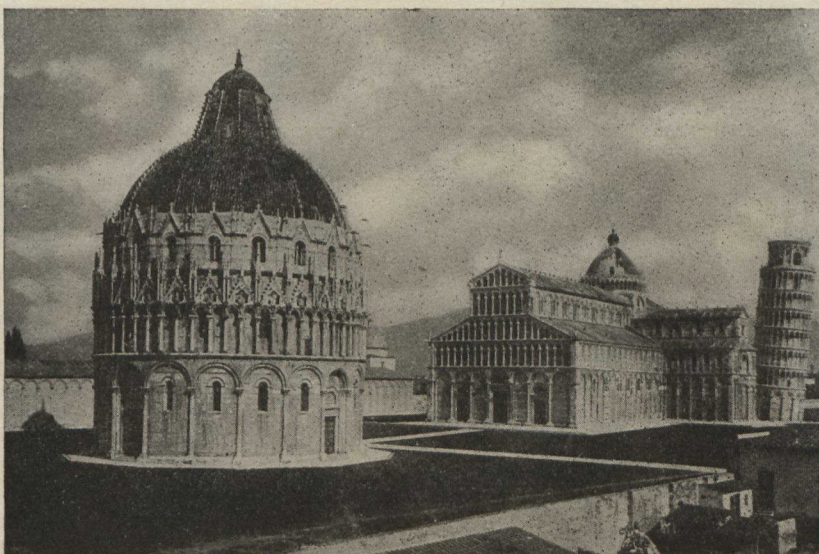
What now remains is that lovely group of buildings in the old Cathedral Square; the Duomo, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistery and the Campo Santo.

It is in this group that, as nowhere else in the world, one watches the finger of transition, sees the old old thoughts—not the Earth thoughts, but the middle-age thoughts of man—firmly rooted and yet wavering in the strange, wan light of a new age.

The Campo Santo is an unique study—absolutely mediaeval. It has been a burial ground for eight centuries. The beautiful arcades surrounding the quadrangle were built in 1203, and the story goes that fifty-three Pisan ships brought the earth from Jerusalem and burials were made for all classes of society, but the grounds are now used as a cemetery for the most distinguished only, and the arcades are a sort of Hall of Fame.

There is nothing in all Europe that is from an art standpoint at once so crude, naive and interesting as the frescoes which cover the walls of the Arcades. One section represents the Last Judgment and the separation of the good from the bad, after which are shown the mediaeval ideas of heaven and hell, the souls in the latter going through a series of punishments very similar to those described by Dante and Milton, and suited to the peculiar faults of the sinners. Angels are seen bearing souls to heaven, and demons taking others into the earth down openings through which flames are spouting.

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CATHEDRAL SQUARE, PISA, SHOWING THE LEANING TOWER, CAMPO SANTO AND THE DUOMO