

The Rockwood Review.

No one is supposed to be admitted to the gaming tables who is under twenty-three years, yet they made no objection to my taking Carrie in. The games are Roulette at which the stake is five francs as low as, and TRENT ET QUARANTE in which the lowest stake is twenty francs. As the fashionable season at the Riviera had not yet begun, there were only about eight Roulette tables, and two TRENT ET QUARANTE.

It was a strange sight to watch the players, some visitors like ourselves drawn thither by curiosity, who would put down their five francs or twenty francs with a little flutter of excitement at the possibility of winning, but still quite cheerful at losing as a small price to pay to see all the beauty of the place.

One pretty little Swedish lady at our pension came back one evening quite elated. She had won four hundred francs. In Roulette there are thirty-six compartments, into which the little ball can drop—0 to 35: if you put your five francs on any one number alone, you win thirty-five times your stake. She had won twice on a single number.

A Russian grandee was putting down 12,000 francs at a time—at TRENT ET QUARANTE, sometimes winning, sometimes losing. It was pitiful to some of the haggard faces watching so eagerly the fall of the card, or the little ball—"playing to a system" which was sure to win in the end—but alas, with nearly every one the end is bankruptcy and a ruined life. It is reported that an English gentleman won 1,000,000 francs, and then had the resolution to quit the place and go home. The chances are, however, that the fascination of play will continue to draw its victim until ruin is reached at last. No one knows what the profits of the Casino are, but it is quite evident that the average is hundreds of thousands of dollars each day, as the expenses are enormous, and all the proprietors grow rich. A

few days after our first visit to Monte Carlo we went again to see the celebration of the birthday of the Prince of Monaco. It was a clear beautiful day. The decorations were superb, flags and flowers everywhere: in the evening myriads of lights flashing out in every direction in a grand electric display from every point of vantage—and magnificent fireworks transforming the whole scene with light and colour. I never expect to see a more beautiful sight. 300,000 francs were said to have been spent during the two days of the festival.

I confess to but small admiration for the French people as a nation. Any feeling of friendly regard which their help given during the war of the Revolution may have excited has long since vanished from my mind. Their course during the United States War with Spain, and the attacks now being made on England and the Queen, have led me to believe that their apparent friendliness at the former period was largely due to hatred of Great Britain, and the desire to see England crippled rather than from any love for the United States.

With a few noble exceptions there was no genuine love for liberty or justice, or any desire to promote Republican institutions.

The ribald caricatures of Queen Victoria are without any excuse. A dignified criticism of English policy, and English public men is one thing, but indecent and scurrilous cartoons and editorials are quite another.

Queen Victoria has gone to the Riviera in the early spring for many years. She went to Cannes, twenty miles from Nice for several successive seasons, where she occupied a large part of the Excelsior Regina Hotel at Cimiez, a near suburb of Nice on the hill at the back of the city, but particularly part of the town. This year she has leased a hotel at Bordighera.