

The Rockwood Review.

brating our first centennial in some of the the western cities. The Centennial of Cleveland was to us quite an event. What will the twenty-fifth be? In 2500 years Marseilles has grown to be a city of about 450,000; in one hundred years Cleveland has grown to be a city of over 325,000.

From Marseilles we went to Nice, and found there a most delightful pension kept by a Mrs. Busby, an English lady. We can most heartily recommend the maison Busby to all intending travelers in the south of France.

The season does not fairly begin until in January, so we were in advance of the fashion and gaiety. Many people, however, go in October to enjoy the delightful climate, and the brightness of the Riviera. One stay of three weeks was exceedingly pleasant.

A splendid orchestra played in the public gardens four afternoons in the week, the markets were full of roses and beautiful flowers; and an afternoon walk on the Promenade des Anglais, overlooking the blue sea with the lovely sunsets was a never-ending delight. One day we drove along the Corniche Road to Mentone, a distance of about eighteen miles. The Maritime Alps form high rocky cliffs and promontories along the sea, some peaks approaching 2,500 feet in height. This road was constructed under Napoleon I and has been splendidly kept up. The mountains on the one side and the sea on the other giving constantly changing views, and the handsome villas and fine grounds make the ride one not to be excelled either in beauty or grandeur. We saw groves of orange, lemon, fig and olive trees. The palm trees give a tropical aspect, and the brilliant flowers, although it was the 3rd of November gave evidence of the delightful climate. The villas perched along the hillsides and high points needed many retaining walls, along these walls were hedges of roses and geraniums,

that dropped down and trailed in long and brilliant festoons.

Mentone, with high mountains to the east, north and west, is completely sheltered from the cold northern winds, and is especially well situated for invalids, among whom there have been some highly distinguished names in state, society, and literature of late.

On our return we stopped at Monte Carlo, the celebrated gambling place in the Principality of Monaco. Monaco is an anomaly in states, being a distinct and separate sovereignty entirely surrounded by French territory. It is two and a quarter miles long and less than twelve hundred yards wide in its widest part. It has an area of five and three quarters square miles, and a standing army of one hundred men. The Czar failed to invite the Prince of Monaco to send a representative to the recent Peace Conference at the Hague. It issues its own coinage and postage stamps, and is, I presume, on a gold basis; but the question of finance has no importance politically considered, as the Casino of Monte Carlo pays all the expenses of the Principality, and gives a royal income to the Prince, it is said 25,000,000 francs a year.

No permanent resident of Monaco is allowed to enter the Casino. Every visitor is required to give his name and place of residence, as well as the name of the hotel or pension where he is stopping. This is done, I presume, that suicides, which are said to be frequent, may be quietly hustled away without exciting too much remark.

They have one of the finest bands in Europe, and the concerts are delightful. The gardens, which are extensive, are full of rare plants, splendid beds of flowers and exotics, with palms and other tropical trees, shrubbery and views. It is said that \$50,000 a year are spent on these grounds.