



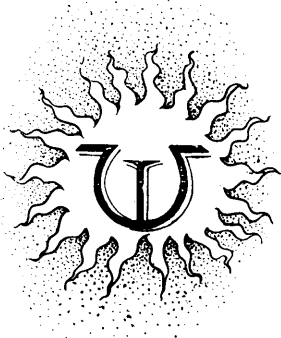
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MONACO.

## A DAY AT MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

VILLA PRIMAVERA, CANNES,  
Alpes Maritimes, France,  
July, 1891.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,



I deserted our bright little villa yesterday morning, about half-past ten, each armed with a tiny parcel of sandwiches or sustaining buns, bound for a day at Monte Carlo, to be accomplished with as little expenditure of the munitions of war as was compatible with a certain degree of comfort and a great deal of sight-seeing. To the further-

ance of this object we got into the "Compartiment aux Dames" of a third class carriage and tried to smuggle our equerry in with us, but the guard's eye was too keen, and he was requested to move on at the next station. Fortune favoured us in another way, however, for while we were idling away the few moments before the train left, we saw two or three huge bouquets of roses being marshalled along the platform, and discerned behind them the distinguished few who were to have the honour of seeing off the Archduke and Archduchess Reiner of Austria. H. R. H. the Duchess of Albany was there, and the little Prince Charlie and Princess Alice—the two latter in charge respectively of tutor and governess, all simply dressed, and Prince Charlie, naturally, in kilts. He has a bonnie face, but a delicate one, and both children are without the air of strength and health which pertains to the Duchess. Departing royalty was very gracious, as became so noble looking a pair, and hats were lifted and curtsies bent in rapid succession, as they passed from one to another of the little group. But the shrill whistle of the guard was followed by the still shriller one of the engine, and the tootle-toot of the engine driver's funny horn, and great and small of the earth were alike shut into their widely differing compart-

ments. At Golfe Juan the "Amphion" lay at anchor, in attendance upon Her Majesty at Grasse, and looked as trim as fresh paint and brass and many hands could make her. She is the same war ship which had the honour of carrying Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston from Victoria to Vancouver on their Vice Regal tour, and has remained here behind her consort, the "Victoria." But the French Mediterranean squadron was not there, and we looked in vain for it again at Ville Franche,—nor did we see the American frigate "Baltimore," that lay in the latter harbour some weeks ago. At Beaulieu, we saw perched up on a rugged peak the new villa built for Lord Salisbury, from which a magnificent view of the surrounding hills and the deeply indented coast line is had. We dodged in and out of tunnels all the way from Nice to our destination, and kept exclaiming that each must be the last, only to have our disappointment melt into delight at the exquisite colouring of rock and sea as each tiny bay came into view. The Little Corniche ran between us and the beach, but it was not till we got to Monaco that we could see the white line of the Greater far up the mountain side, almost hidden by the heavy mist, as it swept hither and thither among headlands and gorges, threatening us with a deluge, but melting away before the rays of the sun. Having discussed our frugal repast by the way we at once arranged with a "cocher" (whom we allowed to understand our previous knowledge of the tariff—here strictly fixed) to take us inside the walls of Monaco. Roads, lights, gardens, gens d'armes—everything is kept in beautiful order, and the gradual slope to the "Porte Neuve" would be a lesson to many a Canadian municipality. An omnibus runs between the two towns at regular intervals and we passed it by the way. To the right the rampart-crowned precipice rises abruptly, while to the left, and far below, lie the gas works, the "Quai," and beyond, the quiet bay, where bathing is both safe and pleasant, and where the long, low "Grand Hotel des Bais" provides the necessary accommodation. From Monaco itself is a glorious outlook; to the east lie Cabbe-Roquebrune and Mentone, and on a clear day Ventimiglia, the border city, is easily distinguished, while above them

tower the rugged outposts of the Maritime Alps, whose snowy tops are visible here and there between the peaks; and before all stretches the unfathomable blue of the Mediterranean. In a few moments we turn sharply to the right, past the splendid new Cathedral, erected by the tolls of the gaming tables—which are winked at by the Church, without whose tacit co-operation they could not be kept open. The square of the palace is now before us, and at the gate half the small standing army is drawn up to present arms, as the Prince and Princess drive out. Again we are in luck's way, for after a long, delightful look towards Nice and into the gardens on the eastern side of the promontory we turn toward the palace entrance, and they are whirled past by a magnificent pair of bays, and the young Prince is sitting opposite them. The Princess is as fair as the Prince is dark, and both are of a commanding presence. They are rapidly followed by another carriage containing the young prince's preceptor, and as it is not the day for visiting the palace, we fall in behind. The old town is most quaint in its narrow streets, closely lined with tall buildings, with the inevitable gay bits of drapery hanging from the balconies, and with the deeply tinted roofs rising against the heavenly sky, and all is in great contrast to the busy streets and Paris-like hotels of Monte Carlo. One strange little corner impresses us as we slowly ascend to the Casino,—a church built right in the dry bed of a torrent, and over which the gigantic spans of an aqueduct or viaduct are carried. It might have been dropped there ages ago by the child of a Titan from his box of toys, so tiny does it look. In Moorish splendour the Casino rises between the sea and the gayly decorated square, whose beds of cinerarias and primroses, anemones and pansies are glinting from among the tropical foliage of palms and aloes, bananas and chestnuts, plane trees and arancarias. A constant stream is entering the wide doors, where uniformed attendants relieve one of hat and cane, jacket and parasol, and where one receives from the office at the left, on presentation of visiting cards, the necessary tickets of admission to the "Salles des Jeux" and the concert hall. Still the crowd is pouring in, although we have been told that Monday is an "off day," and the tables are all surrounded by three deep by eager players and as eager gazers. Side by side with the hardened veteran is the fresh young girl, radiant with the beauty of health, the stately "grande