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From a contemporary picture.

*Charlotte-Catherine de Gramont,
Princess de Monaco.*


MONACO
AND ITS RULERS

THE ROMANCE OF
MONACO
AND ITS RULERS

By
ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE

Author of "Enchanters of Men," etc.

WITH TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS
INCLUDING A PHOTOGRAVURE PLATE

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

Hercules and the Phœnicians—The Phocæans, warfare, and the olive-tree—Some Roman Emperors, and Monaco's Patron-Saint
pp. 3-17

CHAPTER II

The Barbarian Invasion—A Barbarian King—Narses the Eunuch and the Empress Sophia—The Lombards and Charlemagne—The Saracens and some Italian Kings—The first Grimaldis pp. 21-45

CHAPTER III

The Holy Roman Empire—Henry IV, Pope Gregory VII, Matilda of Tuscany, and Canossa—Guelfs and Ghibellines—Charles of Anjou—Some Grimaldi types: a troubadour, a miser, a spendthrift, a bully, and a coward pp. 49-81

CHAPTER IV

Charles Grimaldi—The Sovereignty of Monaco—The Day of Crécy—The Grimaldis lose Monaco—The story of Jane of Naples
pp. 85-114

CHAPTER V

Sir John Hawkwood and his White Company—The capricious City of Genoa—Carmagnola and the horrible Siege of Cremona—A Grimaldi heroine at last—Pommeline and Claudine Grimaldi
pp. 117-134

CHAPTER VI

"Le bon petit roy Charles" and his dream—Lodovico Sforza and Beatrice d'Este—Genoa and her ladies—Genoa and her nobles—Farewell to Genoa—The Age of Assassinations: Murder of Lucien Grimaldi pp. 137-161

CHAPTER VII

Augustin Grimaldi's vengeance—Louis XII and the "*Doubles Étrennes*"—Louise of Savoy and her Astrologer—Francis I of France and the Emperor Charles V—Augustin's rupture with France—The murder of Lucien Grimaldi avenged at last . pp. 165-187

CHAPTER VIII

The Revolt from Spain pp. 191-214

CHAPTER IX

"Madame de Monaco" pp. 217-231

CHAPTER X

The Lorraine alliance—The Wars of the Spanish Succession in France—The Goyon-Matignon marriage, and the extinction of the House of Grimaldi *pur sang*—A priceless brother-in-law, and some other relatives pp. 235-253

CHAPTER XI

Honoré III and Catherine di Brignole-Sala . . . pp. 257-272

CHAPTER XII

Death of the Duke of York at Monaco—Some Grimaldi marriages—The French Revolution—Monaco proclaims itself a Republic
pp. 275-286

CHAPTER XIII

Honoré IV and Honoré V—The Sardinian Protectorate—The Monopoly of Bread pp. 289-305

CHAPTER XIV

Florestan I and the Revolt of Mentone . . . pp. 309-323

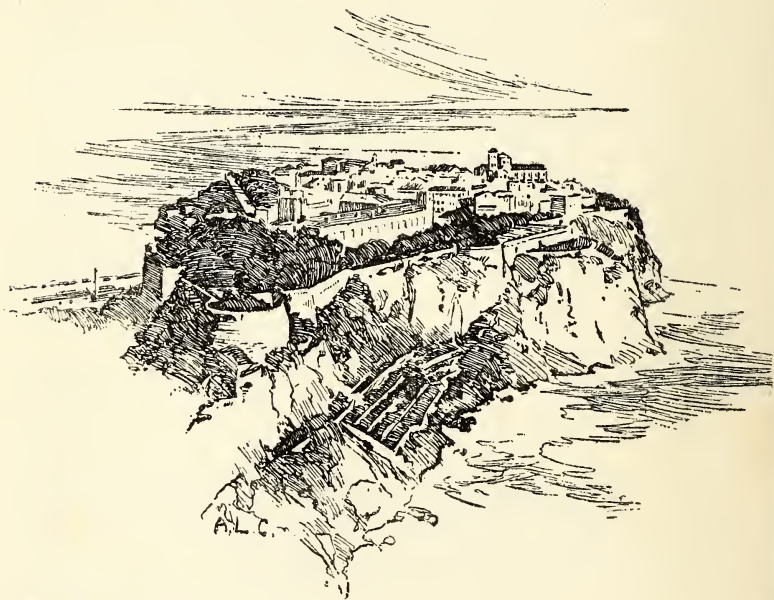
CHAPTER XV

Charles III—The reigning Prince and Princess . pp. 327-341

INDEX pp. 343-370

ILLUSTRATIONS

CHARLOTTE DE GRAMONT	<i>Photogravure Frontispiece</i>	
		PAGE
MONACO: THE TOWN AND THE ROCK		viii
		FACING PAGE
OCTAVIUS		10
THEODORIC THE GREAT		22
CHARLES D'ANJOU, KING OF NAPLES		62
RAINIER GRIMALDI		70
JANE THE FIRST, QUEEN OF NAPLES		92
BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN		106
SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD		118
PHILIP-MARY VISCONTI		122
CHARLES THE EIGHTH, KING OF FRANCE		132
BEATRICE D'ESTE		140
LOUIS THE TWELFTH, KING OF FRANCE		150
FRANCIS THE FIRST, KING OF FRANCE		160
MARY TUDOR, AND THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK		166
LOUISE OF SAVOY, DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME		168
CHARLES THE FIFTH, EMPEROR OF GERMANY		180
LE DUC DE LAUZUN		218
ANTOINE DE GRAMONT		238
MADAME GEOFFRIN		260
LOUIS-JOSEPH DE BOURBON, PRINCE DE CONDÉ		290
CHARLES ALBERT, KING OF SARDINIA		314
MONACO: THE PRINCE'S PALACE		320
MONTE CARLO CASINO FROM THE SEA		328
ALBERT, PRINCE OF MONACO		338
ALICE, PRINCESS OF MONACO		340
		PAGE
MONTE CARLO: CASINO AND GARDENS		342



From a drawing by A. L. Collins.

MONACO: THE TOWN AND THE ROCK.

CHAPTER I

Hercules and the Phœnicians—The Phocæans, warfare, and the olive-tree—Some Roman Emperors, and Monaco's Patron-Saint.

CHAPTER I

IN the minds of many who visit Monaco, there is probably a hazy idea that it is "very old," which is the appropriately hazy way of saying that its history can be traced to very remote ages. No graver mood belongs to the place, as Europe now knows it; people go there for fun, and most of them—despite the dark tales that each has heard and each loves to recount—come back with a pleasant consciousness of having, in one way or another, had what they went for. But the fun over, and its memory still alive, some of the pilgrims will, it is hoped, lay friendly hands upon this book. In it they will find their faith in Monaco's antiquity confirmed—perhaps only too fully, and doubtless, as I conjecture, a little surprisingly.

For of all the gods, decidedly Hercules would come last into an imagination occupied with our Temple of Chance; and Hercules is the mythical discoverer and founder of Monaco—he, who left nothing to chance, nor had anything left to it for him! All that he did was done with his own

4 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

right hand and arm : the Twelve Labours included nothing at all germane to the making of a *martingale* or a *paroli*. . . It was on his way to the Isle of Gades¹ for the destruction of Geryon—the Tenth Labour—that he first landed at the Rock of Monaco ; and later, after a victory over the Ligurians—so the inhabitants of that coast were named—consecrated the hill and port in his own honour. This is fabled to have taken place in the seventeenth or sixteenth century before Christ. Hence Monaco's earliest name, *Herculis Portus*.

But here, as almost everywhere in history, we find conflicting judgments. Many chroniclers accept what is called the Phœnician theory. According to this view, it was not the Grecian, but the Phœnician, Hercules²—otherwise Melkarth—who was worshipped in the region. Melkarth was the Sun-god, born of Baal and great Astarte, Father and Mother of all things ; he was shown as a huge, muscular man, clad in a lion's skin, and armed with a club. It is thus that we behold him on a bas-relief unearthed at Cyprus (one of the earliest Phœnician colonies), which represents the capture of Geryon's cattle. Melkarth was the tutelary divinity of Tyre. . . For whom do not

¹ Now Cadiz.

² Creuzer (*Symbolik und Mythologie der alten Völker*) states that the very name "Hercules" comes from the Phœnician *horkh'eil*, explained as *circuitor, mercator* ; but it also applies, at bottom, to the sun pursuing his course in the heavens, and Melkarth was figured as the Sun-god.

memories awaken with that name, of half-comprehended sonorous, lovely words, glowing as it were visibly in coloured beauty through the gloom of dim churches? "O thou that art situate at the entry of the seas, which art a merchant of the people for many isles . . . O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. . . Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth, and I have set thee so. . . O covering cherub in the midst of the stones of fire." And thence they came, first finders of the place we now call Monaco, but think of as The Tables! The master-mariners of ancient times, "never matched in antiquity before or since," to Monaco came sailing and rowing in their ships all fragrant with the cedar-wood of Lebanon, steering by their star—the one they had discovered for themselves to be the pointer to the north: we call it now the Polar Star, but the Greeks called it "the Phœnician." Across the Tyrrhenian¹ sea their vessels drove, a horse's head for prow, a fish's tail for stern—and when we realise fully how those vessels looked, and read that the Phœnicians had colonies beyond the Pillars of Hercules in 1184 B.C., we realise simultaneously that whatever else the world has gained in since those days, it cannot very well have gained in adventurous courage.

Accepting then as I do (and hope my readers will accept with me), the Phœnician Theory, we

¹ Now Mediterranean.

6 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

find that the earliest visit of the Red Men¹ took place in 1500 B.C. They stayed a while and built a temple to their great god, Melkarth, on the jutting peak where dwelt wild savage men who knew of nothing else on earth but hunting, fishing, and shooting; then they passed on, pressing ever westward. Gades (Cadiz) was colonised in 1130 B.C. The settlement there was the outcome of their rich trade with Spain: "for King Solomon had at sea a navy of Tarshish with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." This Tarshish was Tartessus, a city of Spain—and surely the Tom Tiddler's Ground of legend, for the first Phœnicians who sailed thither with the "navy of Hiram" obtained so much silver in exchange for worthless things that their ships could not carry it, and they left their tackle and even their anchor behind, and went home with new tackle, new anchor, all in pure silver! No less a personage than Aristotle is our authority for this fairy-tale. . . . As the commerce of the Phœnicians thus increased, harbour-fortresses became necessary;

¹ According to some authorities, the name *Phœnician* originated in a Greek word, meaning "blood-red," probably in allusion to the dark skins. Others derive it from *phoenix*, a Greek word signifying both "phœnix" and "palm-tree." These latter affirm that the palm is aboriginal in Phœnicia, which would then stand for Palm-Tree Land. The former deny this, and in any case maintain that the Greeks used a different word to signify the palm-tree. The many such trees all along the Riviera are by the "*phoenix*-party" believed to have been planted by the Phœnicians = Palm-Tree People,

they established such refuges all along the Mediterranean coast, and Monaco was undoubtedly one of them. The active settlement there took place in the thirteenth or twelfth century before Christ.

For four ages, then, they held it, partly occupied it, so—this cheating, adventurous, keen-witted, imitative, hard-headed and hard-hearted, yet dreamy and imaginative folk, with their wondrously organised ships wherein (as Xenophon tells us) everything was so intelligently stowed away that they could find whatever they needed in the dark ; with their golden jewels, their graceful coloured glass-things, vases, jars, and bowls ; their tales of the countless silver trinkets that the women of their land delighted in ; and their other stories, too, of the great silver bowl which Achilles had offered, at the funeral of Patroclus, as a prize to the fastest runner ; “ a wrought bowl it is, all silver, and the lips are bound with gold : earth owns not its like for elegance of form.”¹ And this (they would relate) had been made by Sidonians, and Phœnician sailors had carried it to Troy “ in hollow barques across the cloud-shadowed seas.” Moreover, Menelaus, King of Sparta, and spouse of wondrous Helen, had counted just such another bowl among his fairest possessions.

Such were the tales they would tell ; and as they so sat and spoke, did any vision of the future

¹ Homer, *Odyssey*, iv. 83.

8 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

cloud the slanting, dreamy eyes? Did they guess at all how, ere long, across the same Tyrrhenian sea that they had traversed, would come stealing from Ionia the Phocæan vessels, the "merry Grecian coasters," the "young light-hearted masters of the waves"?

These Phocæans were mariners wellnigh as enterprising as themselves. They came from Phocæa, a city of Ionia, and appeared first in 800 B.C.; then gradually spread farther, gradually settled closer, along the Tyrrhenian coast—encroaching, fighting great sea-fights with the Carthaginians, driving them and all Phœnicians westward, ever westward. . .

"As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Ægean isles;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green bursting figs and tunnies steeped in brine;
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves;
And snatched his rudder and shook out more sail,
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits, and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
And on the beach undid his corded bales."

With the Phocæan occupation, as I have said, came warfare; "they had long bloody battles with

the inhabitants, battles which they always won"—and, having won, they prudently imparted to the vanquished everything they knew except fighting. Commerce and agriculture they taught, and the Ligurians were quick pupils, for it is from the Phocæan epoch that Monaco may be said to date its earliest veritable existence. An historian¹ writing in 500 B.C. mentions *Monæci Portus* as a place of some importance. With this period came first the epithet of *Monæcus*² as applied to the "Port of Hercules," which had hitherto been the unadorned description. The place became profoundly Hellenised; here we have the origin of that confusion with the Grecian Hercules which has puzzled (and, in the opinion of some, led astray) many historians.

Among the Phocæan benefactions I must not forget to applaud the introduction of the olive-tree, which has been the source of so much wealth to the country. Here was something the Phœnicians might have done, and did not do; but, indeed, to the Greeks that prolific emblem—of chastity, fruitfulness, prosperity, and peace!—seems peculiarly to belong; for wherever our olives may be fabled to come from, it is always of Greece that we must think as we mumble the small shapely things—Doves and Arks and Mounts are all for-

¹ Hecatæus of Miletus.

² *Monæcus*, meaning "sole inhabitant," was an epithet of the Grecian Hercules, because no supplementary god was worshipped in his temple, which did happen with other divinities—Juno and Minerva, for example, having altars with Jupiter.

10 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

gotten for the moment, unaccountably it may be, but undeviatingly.

Warfare was thenceforth for many ages the normal state of things in the Maritime Alps—as it was everywhere. There are few matters more monotonous to tell of or to read of. The Punic Wars (that nightmare of our school-days) came first; then there ensued a long tussle with Rome, which lasted for eighty years. In 109 B.C. the Romans finally took Liguria. But, like Ireland, Liguria refused to “take” her conqueror. Even Julius Cæsar failed to solve the Ligurian question, although the rebels fought for him (just as the Irish do for England) in his struggle against Pompey. After him came his nephew and adopted son, the “young Octavius,” barely nineteen years old, a “scarce-bearded Cæsar,” as Cleopatra called him when she taunted Mark Antony. But young Octavius, actually in the end Mark Antony’s conqueror, was one day to be *Augustus*, that name which no man had ever borne before, which “had been applied only to things most noble, memorable, sacred”; and Augustus Cæsar, in 14 A.D., was Liguria’s final conqueror too—a far more wonderful exploit, for there was no Cleopatra in that hardy land. The Alps from Switzerland and Austria¹ to our region were wholly subject to him;

¹ Then called Helvetia and Istria.

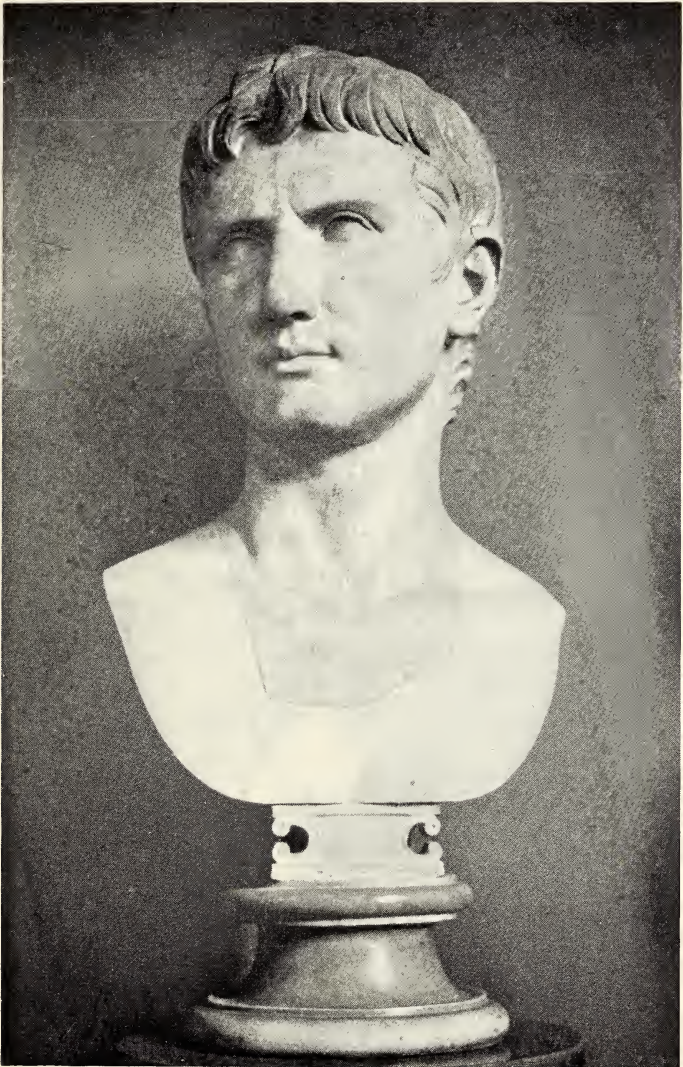


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From the bust in the British Museum.

OCTAVIUS.

the Roman Road, then constructed, followed very much the same track as the famous "Corniche," from Nice to Mentone, so called because of its extreme narrowness. The golden Augustan Age still broods over Monaco in that ruined monument at La Turbia, erected in celebration of the final conquest. It stands in the village called after it, Turbia, by corruption in popular speech from *Trophæa Augusti*; and consists now of an immense mass of stone, "which was probably quadrangular, surmounted by a tower cleft in two to its very axis, and scarcely in equilibrium. Only in the lower mass can any trace of the primitive architect's work be found . . . and in fact it was changed into a fortress during the days of the Guelfs and Ghibellines. And so its very immensity, which seemed likely to protect it against the assaults of time, became the chief cause of its ruin."¹ It is related that in 1585, one Father Boyer discovered within the fortress a colossal head of Augustus, frightfully mutilated, but sufficiently preserved by its own weight to permit of his taking measurements of the principal features. He calculated that the figure must have been twenty-two feet high.

Nearly a century later, Otho and Vitellius, rivals for Rome, fought near Monaco for the dazzling prize. Otho won three battles; but finally, in a

¹ Métivier, *Monaco et ses Princes*,

12 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

great fight "between Monaco and Lumone," was defeated. He made a stirring speech to his soldiers, went to bed, and slept soundly for hours—then, in the early morning, stabbed himself to the heart. "Weary of bloodshed," (so he had declared), "he felt it better that one man should die than that all should be involved in ruin for his obstinacy." . . . Otho is one of the many enigmas of decadence. His life with Nero had lost nothing by comparison with that of the master in vice; his ambition had been hitherto unsparing of any blood—yet his death had this gleam of beauty. He spoke, too, with generosity of Vitellius—who, so far from deserving it or anything like it, "feasted his eyes on the bodies of the slain, and told his attendants that the smell of a dead enemy was always sweet." Gibbon, emperor of epithet, has found the right word here as elsewhere, calling him "the beastly Vitellius," whose vices "are not easy to express with dignity or even decency." Tacitus dubs him a hog; and Lemprière—incurably vivid!—does give us the details of one at least among the inexpressible vices. This was his immortal gluttony; I refer the curious reader to Lemprière—merely recounting, for my part, that in the space of four months Vitellius spent more than seven millions, *reckoning in modern money*, upon food and drink.

Another "Emperor," however, had taken up Otho's pretensions. Vespasian, a man of obscure birth, useful merit, and unfortunate manners—he

had once fallen asleep in Nero's face during a recitation by the Emperor of the Emperor's own poetry—was now proclaimed at Alexandria. Fabius Valens, a devoted ally of Vitellius, was despatched to Monaco; but Vespasian's adherent, Valerius (what a wilderness of V's it is!), captured him at Hyères,¹ and this earliest disaster hurried the inevitable fate of Vitellius. He, sunk deep in his “beastliness,” was very willing to give in—“so crestfallen, so dull and lethargic,” had he become; and when Vespasian's troops entered Rome, he hid himself under a servant's bed, but was dragged forth by the furious soldiers, then pushed naked through the streets, his hands tied behind him, while a drawn sword was held under his chin to make him lift his head. Thus was he driven and dragged to the fatal Gemonian stairs, “a place where the carcasses of criminals were thrown,” and struck down by a rain of fierce, eager blows. “Yet I was once your Emperor!” he cried as they stoned him. They may well have taken it for a taunt.

History has nothing to tell us of Monaco until, with the virtuous Pertinax, we retrieve the name as that of his birthplace. If that be true, Monaco must have been filled with wonder at his elevation; for he was the son of a manumitted slave, and had been in early life a charcoal-burner. But intelligent, self-made—like a brilliant Polytechnic

¹ Then called “The Stœchades.”

14 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

pupil!—he was able to teach, and did teach, “the Greek and Roman languages in Etruria”; so that when as Emperor in 193 A.D. he built at Monaco the towers of Châteauneuf and Les Spélugues,¹ (for protection to the Port of Hercules), the natives must have felt much of the inevitable scepticism of those who have known a successful man “all his life.” After Pertinax came Septimus Severus, who also built fortifications, *his* chosen site being the Plains of Moneghetti. These things “rest on tradition alone,” says one writer; “are pure conjecture,” says another—and we can only ask ourselves how both tradition and conjecture came to existence.

Christianity was first preached in the Maritime Alps after the death of Vitellius by Barnabas, fellow-labourer with Paul; and Monaco, like other places, was one day to have its martyred saint—a woman, the first woman in our story: the young Corsican maiden named Dévote, “a Christian from her birth.”

The Monegascans, like the Corsicans—her compatriots—take this legend very seriously indeed. “You had better not laugh at it before either,” says Hector France² warningly, and forthwith proceeds to do so with all the Gallic grace in the world. It tells of the usual stern pagan pro-consul,

¹ Les Spélugues is the plateau where now stands the Casino.

² In his delightful *Pays de Cocagne* (1902).

sent by Diocletian from Rome to Corsica to make short work of the Christians there. Amongst these was a maiden called by the "fatal name of *Dévôte*." The legionaries took her prisoner, but she managed to escape to the house of the Senator Eutyclus, who was learned and wise, although unchangingly a pagan. *Dévôte* was only sixteen; she was pretty, and she had "a pair of eyes such as one sees nowhere but in Corsica." Eutyclus—the sequence is our Frenchman's—received the lovely refugee "with open arms"; and not only so, but, as the legend tells us, was quickly converted to her faith. And then it was *his* turn. The pro-consul summoned him first to deliver "the persuasive fair one" to the arms of the law. Eutyclus refused, and Diocletian's man sent his own cook to poison the recalcitrant. This was done by introducing some poisonous herbs into an eel-pie: Eutyclus "passed swiftly from life to death," and poor *Dévôte* was left defenceless. Then began the scene familiar to all readers of martyrology: the command to sacrifice to the gods of Olympus, the refusal, the accusation of blasphemy, the order to take away and torture. . . Very hideous were the tortures. Her teeth were first broken by stones; then, bound hand and foot, she was drawn over the jagged rocks; but all torn and bleeding as she was, she gasped out to the "avid crowd" her accusation against the Roman of having murdered Eutyclus. This infuriated him, and he condemned her to be fastened

16 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

to the tail of a horse, which was then driven frantically over the boulder-strewn mountain-road. "And the people were utterly overwhelmed, for they saw the soul of the maiden escaping in the form of a dove, and soaring straight up to Heaven"; moreover, that night, two Christian priests, hiding in a cavern from the persecution, were visited by an angel who commanded them to carry the young girl's body away from the island, lest the pro-consul burn it. The two priests, guided by a sailor named Gratien, found the body, embalmed it, took it on board a small ship, and set sail for Africa. But contrary winds drove them northward, a storm arose, and the little vessel was almost lost. Gratien, single-handed, (apparently the holy men did not turn to in the emergency), gave up hope and went to sleep—but all of a sudden the maiden's soul appeared to him. "Wake, arise, sailor!" said the soul. "The wind has died away, the sea is calm, your boat is no longer tossed upon the billows. Wake, and watch with your companions, and when the dove issues from my lips, follow it, and wherever it stops, there bury my body." Land was already visible before a white dove issued from the lips of the dead *Dévôte*. It rose into the air and flew towards "a place called in Greek *Monosoikos*, in Latin *Singulare*, in Provençal *Monèque*, and in French Monaco." After having circled for some time, it stopped in the narrow valley of Gaumates; and there Gratien and the two priests buried the martyred maiden. "The

proof of this," adds Hector France silyly, "is that a chapel was built there, which you can see whenever you choose." This miracle happened on the sixteenth day of the February Kalends—which is our January 27th.

"And that is how Sainte Dévote came to be the patron-saint of Monaco."

She is no mere legend for the two countries. In Corsica, when Paoli raised the standard for revolt in 1747, he created a new order of knighthood: Chevalier de Sainte Dévote. "'Tis a title," sums up the flippant and engaging Hector, "that one would like to see restored, now when all the world is decoration-hunting." And in Corsica as well as in Monaco, a chapel has been built to the memory of Dévote, Virgin and Martyr—who, I may add, with a mild hint of rebuke for the irresistible Hector France, is included in Vence's *Martyrologie*, and exhaustively chronicled by the Monks of Lérins.

CHAPTER II

The Barbarian Invasion—A Barbarian King—Narses the Eunuch and the Empress Sophia—The Lombards and Charlemagne—The Saracens and some Italian Kings—The first Grimaldis.



CHAPTER II

AS if the relics of *Dévôte* had really brought peace to the country, a period of prosperity now ensued for the Maritime Alps and Liguria. A halcyon-time—the kingfisher sat brooding on the sea. But the halcyon, the kingfisher, has her brooding-time immediately before the winter solstice ; and the metaphor was to complete itself, Monaco was soon to begin the winter of her discontent—her anguish, rather. For suddenly there came the Barbarian Invasion, the pouring-in of the new wine, the bursting of the old bottle ; “and the barriers which had so long separated the savage and the civilised nations of the earth were from that fatal moment levelled with the ground.” Gibbon does not include, in his list of the Barbarian races¹ which then overran this region, the people whose name we all have known and steadily misused from childhood, and will know and misuse as steadily, no doubt, for as long as we use any names. It is past curing now, that use of

¹ He speaks only, at this period, of “the Suevi, Vandals, Alani, and Burgundians.”

22 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

“Goth ”; by long persistence in error, error has been as it were turned to correctitude—our many meanings for the word have, in a queer survival of the fittest, come to mean something that is more actual than the actual meaning ; and how oddly this is in keeping with the national destiny of the Goths, who have wholly passed away, who have given no abiding name to any part of Europe !

In 407, these people invaded Gaul. Many towns were destroyed, and Monaco, among them, suffered fire, pillage, and devastation. The region knew no zest thenceforth until the time of Theodoric the Great. He was rightly named—the greatest man by far in Gothic history ; and a most human, most attractive man as well, with his “fair complexion that blushed more frequently from modesty than from anger,” his huge shaggy eyebrows, his set of regular white teeth, and, above all, his delightful manners at dice. “If Theodoric loses, he laughs ; he is modest and reticent if he wins.” To Sidonius, through Gibbon, we owe this engaging vignette of the Barbarian who was not a Barbarian. He reigned thirty-three years. After his death the Gothic position in Italy weakened ; from 526 onwards it fell gradually to pieces. The kingdom he had founded was torn in two ; and Justinian, Emperor of the East, took advantage of the troubles, and sent his great soldier Belisarius to win back Italy for the Byzantine Empire—“all that was now left of Rome.”



Photo by Wirthle & Sohn. From the Figure in the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

THEODORIC THE GREAT.

Belisarius did much, but his enigmatic rival, Narses the Eunuch, did more, for Narses definitely won back Liguria. In his army were enrolled, among other Barbarian troops, many "Lombards"—a rising people with a big destiny before them, as Narses, that most astute, ambitious, and unscrupulous ruler, quickly perceived, and remembered to much purpose when the time came to make use of them. . . He ruled at Ravenna as Prefect. He was tyrannical, avaricious—he grew unpopular; the Romans in Ravenna resolved to act. When a new Emperor succeeded Justinian, a deputation arrived to beg that Narses might be recalled; and the Empress Sophia, who detested him, seized the occasion to send him a present and an insulting message. The present was a golden distaff; the message bade him, "*as he was not a man,*" to go and spin wool in the women's apartments. "*I will spin her such a hank that she will not find the end of it in her lifetime.*" Thus did Narses answer—and forthwith sent messengers to the Lombards of Pannonia,¹ summoning them to invade the goodly land of Italy. Thus came about the Invasion of Alboin (568), which wrested the greater part of Italy again from the Empire, and changed the destiny of the peninsula.

Our hapless Liguria had but substituted one tribe of savages for another. Well indeed did the Iron

¹ Pannonia was the region between the Danube and the valleys of the Drave and Save.

24 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

Crown of Lombardy symbolise the Lombard rule. One of their princesses had ordered a suitor to be killed in her presence, because he was not so tall as she had been led to expect ; and the Longbeards, as the Italians called them, delighted to propagate “ the tremendous belief that their heads were formed like the heads of dogs, and that they drank the blood of their vanquished enemies.” These ferocious folk came from North Germany. Their original place was Magdeburg, on the left bank of the Elbe—in a district called *Lange Börde*, which signifies “ a fertile plain beside a river.” (It is only by a natural confusion of sound and meaning that their name of *Langobardi* came to stand in Italy for Longbeards.) Their dominion lasted for more than two hundred years (568–774). They never won the Italian hearts : *nefantissimi* (execrable, loathsome, filthy) they were to those hearts in the beginning, and *nefantissimi* they remained to the end. At last the great Pope Gregory I. made common cause with the people against them ; the Franks worried them on the west, the Slavs, the Huns, harassed them on the east ; their warfare with the Byzantine Empire was chronic—not much longer, it was easy to foresee, were the Lombards to have their day.

Among the Franks of the West, a family was emerging into power, a family represented by one Charles Martel—“ Charles the Hammer,” for he was like a hammer to his enemies—who governed the Franks “ with the humble title of Mayor of the

Palace of Austrasia.” But to Charles Martel the Pope appealed in vain ; he would not help against the Lombards. His son Pippin was kinder ; in return for the Frankish crown, Pippin came to the Pope’s aid,¹ and conquered the *nefantissimi* in 756. And then, in 774, came Charlemagne—came the Siege of Pavia, the destruction of the Lombard rule, Charlemagne’s proclamation as King of Lombards and Franks ; finally, in 800, his coronation as Emperor of the Romans—and a time of peace at last for torn, desolated Liguria and our Rock in the Sea.

And yet again—it did not endure ! Before the days of Charlemagne, indeed, this newest harassment had menaced. So long ago as 729, the towns of the Ligurian littoral had clustered together, under the protection of the great city of Genoa, against the common enemy—the SARACEN, “a name which every Christian mouth has been taught to pronounce with terror and abhorrence.” Strange—the “two persecuting creeds,” then mutually persecuting ; for according to the creed of Islam, the Christians had become polytheistic : Paganism had returned. Mahomet came, as he believed, to testify to the Unity of God. *There is one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet*—in Gibbon’s phrase, “an eternal truth, and a necessary fiction.” *The sword* (proclaimed the Prophet) *is the*

¹ The Pope was at first Gregory III ; and later, Stephen III,

26 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

key of Heaven and Hell; and since Fate and Predestination were sternly taught in the Koran, there could be no danger—"for danger is not, where chance is not." Such were the foes who now rushed upon Europe; such was the war—a "Holy War," the cruellest of wars that are.

Europe, and with Europe, our little province of Liguria, our little Rock in the Sea—

" . . . heard the *tecbir*; so the Arabs call
Their shout of onset, when with loud appeal
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest";

and not only heard, but saw—saw the terrible Greek Fire! By the time the Saracens invaded Europe, the secret of this fire—a secret that had been kept for four hundred years—was theirs, filched by treachery from the Romans of the Eastern Empire. It had scattered the infidels at the Siege of Constantinople; now it was their own. The fiendish missile was either "poured from the ramparts, or launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax or tow . . . or, most commonly, blown through long tubes of copper, fancifully shaped into the mouths of savage monsters." Straight up into the air it would soar, but it could dart with equal violence down or across; water but made it fiercer—sand or vinegar alone could quench it; "'twas like a winged, long-tailed dragon, about the thickness of a hogs-head, with the report of thunder and the velocity of

lightning." . . . Great Charles Martel had routed them, for all that, in 732, and greater Charlemagne had kept them where the Hammer had sent them ; but he died in 814, and then the trouble began again. They swept down upon Provence and Liguria, sowing such terror "that it seemed as though the Prophet's word were coming true for the second time : '*Ten thousand shall flee before two, and one shall persecute a thousand.*'" . . . They could not have thus prevailed, had the land been undivided.

Charlemagne's empire was partitioned in 843. To Lothair, his eldest grandson, was assigned that portion of France called the Empire, or Imperial States. In this territory lay Provence, which included Liguria and Monaco. Later, when the provinces of Provence, Viennois, and Savoy were united, a new domain was formed, and called the Kingdom of Provence. One Bozon, already Governor of Lombardy, was entrusted with its administration by the usurping monarch, Charles the Bald.¹ Bozon was, according to his chroniclers, a man of vast genius ; he now manifested his powers. He "resolved" to marry Louis II's only daughter, Ermengarde. Resolution makes a charming euphemism for poisoning a prior spouse ; for though Bozon was already royally connected—his sister Richilda was married to Charles the Bald—his "vast genius" held *one* tie to be insufficient. The first wife was accordingly removed ; and Bozon, thus

¹ He had seized it from Louis II, who succeeded Lothair.

protected, snatched untiringly every ell he could snatch from Charles, who was already far too lavish with his inches. Bozon indeed had encroached so far that in 877, when Charles died, he had to wait only two years before being proclaimed King of Arles, in which new domain the former Kingdom of Provence was included. . . Success did not mellow him. He had begun—so Honoré Bouche asserts—by “wishing to do well to everyone.” The poisoned preliminary lady might have had something to oppose to this declaration, if one could have seen her on her deathbed; but I must suppose that Bouche, in making it, was alluding to affairs of state alone. At any rate the good intent of either sort was short-lived. Bozon reigned only until 888, then died, “having ended,” says the same historian, “by doing ill to everyone, from choice and inclination.”

He left to a son, Louis, the more and more distracting task of government. Not only in the Kingdom of Arles, but in all France and Italy the time was out of joint. Heaven forbid that I should inflict on trustful readers the tale of the pretenders—of the Berengers, Vidones, Odos, Lamberts, each with a complaisant Pope arriving soon or late to espouse his cause; some, again, dragging a King of Germany in tow. How many eyes were put out, and whose the eyes were, is a problem which at moments it has seemed impossible to solve—but luckily it signifies little: the gist of the maddening

matter is that, in the dire confusion, trade and commerce were dislocated, and while rival Dukes and Counts and Kings were blinding and poisoning one another, the Saracens were once again establishing themselves in the land. In Provence they were not only established, but had fortified themselves in the best positions. The great fortress of the region—the fortress with the unforgettable name of Fraxinet¹—was theirs. Much conflict of opinion prevails as to its site. That it was in Italy—as Italy was constituted then—seems certain, though the site most commonly accepted would now, as all the world knows,² assign it to France. This theory places Fraxinet in Provence—now officially the Maritime Alps—west of Nice, at the mouth of the Gulf of Grimault (otherwise St. Tropez), in a village called La Garde-Freinet, “wherein there grew many ash-trees”; hence the name, from the French *frêne* = ash-tree. “By the mysterious judgment of God,” says Gioffredo,³ “twenty (not more) Saracens, coming from Spain in a small ship, were driven thither by the wind, landed secretly at night, and entered noiselessly the village. After having slain the inhabitants, they fortified themselves on the top of the mountain, thenceforth called *Mons Maurus*; and made the Spineto still more inac-

¹ Durante, in his *Histoire de Nice*, says that the word Fraxinet comes from the Arabic, and signifies *fortress*; and that the Moors built many “Fraxinets.”

² Savoy having been in 1861 annexed to France.

³ *Storia dei Alpi Marittimi*.

cessible, leaving only the barest ingress." This Spineto was one of the boundaries of the fortress—an impenetrable thicket of toughest thorns. On the other side was the sea, overhung by a dizzy rock.

From this wonderful position Louis Bozon made feeble efforts to dislodge the Arabs. He never achieved any success against them. Hugo, his Governor of Provence, had better fortune; he actually did shut them up in Fraxinet in 900; but after this achievement, fortune smiled upon him too kindly, and his life became entangled in more glittering toils than those of military glory. Hugo, in a word, was suddenly claimed by the all too irresistible Lombards as their King; one Rudolph, King of Transjuran Burgundy, being incidentally repudiated. Hugo was crowned at Pavia in 930—and no sooner crowned than cast off; for the Lombards, as suddenly and as violently reacting to loyalty, "recalled Rudolph!" He returned, and settled down amicably, leaving to Hugo the title of King of Italy. . . . But Rudolph was not by any means Hugo's sharpest thorn. There had been Berenger too, that very persistent rival for the Italian throne—Berenger, originally a mere Duke of Friuli, who had never ceased intriguing against everyone around him; who had summoned a King of Germany to his aid, had prevailed, lost, and then prevailed again; who had been crowned Emperor by the Pope, and instantly deposed in

favour of that docile Rudolph of Transjuran Burgundy. Then the revolts, blindings, and assassinations had begun all over again, until Berenger was finally killed by his Italians. Hugo must have been driven almost to his wits' end by that time—but worse was still to come, for in 944, when he had again won a real advantage over the Saracens, had burned their ships and closely invested Fraxinet . . . what fresh distraction fell upon the haunted monarch?

'Twas like a nightmare dream : *there was another Berenger*. He was a Marquis of Tuscany this time, instead of a Duke of Friuli ; but that was the only difference. In essence he was the same : he too intended to be King of Italy. Perhaps Hugo *was* a little crazy by this time. He had invested the Great Fraxinet ; in that almost perfect fortress he could now, if he chose, establish himself and his ally's forces.¹ The Saracens had escaped to Monte Mauro, close by. The game was his, he had every trump in his hand—even the famous fire, for the Greeks had brought their old secret with them. But the very name of Berenger seemed to paralyse the King : it is really as though there had been some quality of the occult in it, as though, instinctively, Hugo had recognised the obsession of a destiny. For what did he do? He raised the siege of Fraxinet, he dismissed his Grecian allies, he almost fled to Italy—and, before he did

¹ This ally was Constantine VIII, Emperor of the Greeks.

so, he made a treaty with the Saracens! They were to guard their region of the Alps against Berenger.

Of such a treaty, anyone but a fate-haunted king must have foreseen the end. Within three years the Italians had revolted against him in favour of Berenger; the Saracens, accustomed to these sudden opportunities and skilled in making use of them, had broken their treaty as if it were a dry stick . . . all was lost, in a word, and Hugo fled from Italy back to his old Kingdom of Arles, where he died not long afterwards.

Italy was wretched under Berenger. He was cruel himself, and he restrained no cruelty from others. The Saracens ravaged the land; they were again masters of every fortified place in Provence, and they "wreaked their native ferocity," says Bouche, "in town and country. The Law of the Stronger was their only law." Their insolence and their power had grown to such heights that in 963 the great Emperor Otho formed the design of a regular campaign against them. He publicly announced, in 968, his purpose of devoting himself to their expulsion; but other matters intervened, the expedition was repeatedly postponed, and Otho died, a few years later, without having added that glory to his already so illustrious name.

It was for William, Count¹ of Provence, that those laurels were reserved. In 972, he won his

¹ Louis Méry gives him the titles of *Count* of Arles, and *Marquis* or *Prince* of Provence.

great victory over the Saracens. He had sworn to purge the country of the miscreants : he made furious war upon them, pursued them both by land and sea, and took from them the Great Fraxinet, “ which was razed to the ground ”—but they fled again to those almost impregnable heights of Monte Mauro, and thence defied the Christians. The Christians, in this sally, were led by a noble whose family-name will dominate the rest of my chronicle : one Giballin Grimaldi, of the great Genoese patrician House, whose posterity was to hold from that time onward till this very day itself, the little, ancient, storied *Portus Herculis Monæcus*—Monaco : our Rock in the Sea.

“ Whose posterity was to hold from that time onward ”—I wrote just now of Giballin Grimaldi. But of course the thing is not so simple as all that ; of course I may not thus straitly, thus light-heartedly affirm. With the name of Grimaldi rises the dust from law-papers innumerable, rises too the spectre which haunts all archives : Conjecture. *Is the document authentic ?* For a document is like Cæsar’s wife in the true sense, and in the Lady Mayoress’ sense : certainly it must be above suspicion, still more certainly it is “ all things to all men.” Where one chronicler sees reassurance, another sees only—assurance !

“ We have the Deed of Gift,” cries one.

“What Deed of Gift?” sneers another.

“The Deed of 980—here, in the archives of the Bishopric of Fréjus, quoted by Bouche, by Gioffredo.”

“And by Nostradamus?”

“*Nostradamus*. . . .!”

“Well, perhaps he’s not too trustworthy—but listen to Papon.”

“I know all Papon’s points, but remember, he didn’t convince Reinaud of the Institute.”

To such a dispute it is plain that there can be no end. . . . But for us there has as yet been, perhaps, no very definite beginning. I must go back to Giballin Grimaldi, the Genoese noble who fought with William of Provence against the Saracens, and drove them finally from the Great Fraxinet in 972. From Fraxinet, as we have seen, they fled to the dizzy heights of Mount Maurus. The hill was easy enough of access towards the north, and hither they gathered all their strength. Towards the south things could take care of themselves, for the south meant merely a headlong descent to the sea. No human being could climb it.

Grimaldi climbed it. He climbed it in “the dead vast and middle of the night,” followed by a handful of as brave adventurers; he found it, as he had known he would find it, wholly undefended, he penetrated to the very heart of the fortress, “and gave the Arabs so much to do there that the larger portion of his army, making a fresh

assault to the north, could force the now more or less deserted entrenchments—for the Saracens were fighting two foes at once. The deed was done: the infidels were massacred to a man.” Thus Métivier, collating old records, reports the feat which, in his opinion and that of many others, won for the great Genoese family the Principality of Monaco; for William of Provence, elated by his lieutenant’s success, presented him (they affirm) with the territory which he had thus conquered: that is, the entrances to the Gulf of Sambracia, commonly called St. Tropez, near Fraxinet—in other words, all the coast from St. Tropez to Fréjus. The gulf, later on, came to be called Grimaud, in honour of the Grimaldis.

We are now come to the disputed Deed of Gift. It is accepted by many—by most, indeed. Bouche, Métivier, Boyer de Sainte-Suzanne, Reinaud, Moreri, Anderson in his *Royal Genealogies*, Père Anselme, the Marquis Adorno, and others of less weight (following them) believe in the document. Papon, Gioffredo, and Abel Rendu do not. Papon, while admitting that all the other historians of Provence accept it, finds himself unable to do so.

Who shall decide when archivists disagree? and disagree so often; for not only over the Deed of Gift do these august gentlemen quarrel. The origin of the House of Grimaldi is another serious trouble, and herein not archival documents merely, but genealogical trees—those very delicate and

36 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

personal affairs—confront us. The most renowned and denounced of these is that of Vénasque—more ceremoniously, Charles de Vénasque Ferriol, secretary to Prince Honoré II. This gentleman drew up in 1647, for the use of his master, the genealogical tree of the House of Grimaldi, making it descend from Grimoald, son of Pépin d'Héristal, elder brother of Charles Martel (who was Charlemagne's grandfather), and Mayor of the Palace of Austrasia under Childebert, King of the Franks, in 712. . . . To the inexpert, it all seems plausible enough; yet even those modern writers who, like Métivier, treat the theory with good-nature, leave many loopholes for scepticism. Métivier does not actually accept what Abel Rendu—that whole-hearted iconoclast!—calls Vénasque's "fable"; but it is mentioned "with marked indulgence"¹ in the beautifully-printed volumes of that most dignified work, *Monaco et ses Princes*, dedicated "*A son altesse sérénissime, CHARLES III, Prince Souverain de Monaco*"—a fact upon which Rendu slyly insists all through his amusing duel with the earlier scribe. Rendu plays the ever-vivacious part of free-lance. *His* book is not dedicated to any Serene Highness! Over Métivier, then, he can and does make merry. Of the unhappy Tree he remarks, "It is drawn up with an artful precision which should drive every

¹ Here is the marked indulgence: "No sovereign family in Europe can show a Tree so detailed, or one drawn up with such meticulous care. Yet there are no positive documents! Bouche used it with reserve—and so shall I."

other genealogist, past, present, and to come, to despair"; and adds that he himself sojourned long in Provence, collecting traditions, turning over, studying, comparing, the documents in many archives—yet found nothing which even apparently justified such pretensions.

"Fables—fables which add nothing to the lustre of that noble and ancient Genoese House!" That is his recurrent cry; for besides the delusive Deed of Gift, besides the fabulous Tree, there is yet another fairy-tale for him to demolish. It may be called *The Donation of Otho*. In 920, "a Grimaldus" is said to have wrested Monaco from the Saracens, and to have been given by Otho I (called The Great) the town of Antibes and the fortress of "Mourgues"—a Provençal name for Monaco.

Rendu rejects this wholly. "As fabulous an origin has been devised for the sovereignty of the Grimaldis as for their genealogy." We shall find, further on, that 1338 is the earliest date accepted by Gioffredo for this sovereignty; and Rendu follows him—with a characteristic tendency to prefer 1346. Pemberton too, in his odd, bald narrative, says that 1338 was "actually the first time that a Grimaldi could be said to be entire lord and master of Monaco." . . . It seems as if the Deed of Gift must go. But Métivier, that impassioned "official," recalls an anecdote of Bonaparte as a neat *riposte* for any Prince of Monaco confronted with a Rendu.

38 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

Napoleon (he relates) once asked Duke Massima of Rome, with his usual bluntness: "Is it true that your family descends from Fabius Maximus?"

"At least," answered the Duke, "it is a tradition which has lain uncontested for more than a thousand years."

I shall leave my readers, under the spell of this proud humility, to believe or not as they please that the Grimaldis descend from Pépin d'Héristal, were Sovereigns in Provence so early as 920, and were Lords of Monaco by Deed of Gift in 980. I myself incline, judging by the history of both place and family for the next century or so, to the theory of Papon, Gioffredo, and Rendu; for the Grimaldis were a bellicose, an arrogant, an ambitious race (even in Genoese chronicles remarkable for all these attributes), yet they suffered, if they were indeed the Lords of Monaco, dispossession, usurpation, for century after century, without a blow, a threat, or even, apparently, a sigh. And so it seems that Vénasque makes neither history nor flattery.

Giballin Grimaldi, then, was simply a gallant Genoese patrician, mindful of the ancient pact between the littoral towns and the great city of Genoa in 729, and therefore an ardent Saracenhunter, swift to place his sword at the service of William of Provence. "Great of heart and a very

magnificent gentleman”: such are the titles given him in the disputed Deed of Gift. They are merely personal, as the reader will have noticed; thus they help to prove that Otho had not made Giballin’s father Lord of Antibes and Mourgues. Rendu and his school triumph here. “If there had been actual titles to assign, they would have been assigned.”

When Giballin had driven the Saracens from Fraxinet, he built a tower, known as Tour de Grimaud, between the demolished fortress and the sea, took up his abode in it, and, like Sister Anne in the story, became the embodiment of a phrase: *Is there any one coming?* Some one was continually coming—a Saracen sail was for ever emerging on the horizon, and the Grimaldi galleys were for ever pouncing upon “the accursed pirate.” Soon, too, there came a deputation from Nice: would Giballin free Nice also from the infidels? Giballin (“like another Garibaldi,” cry some enthusiastic writers) instantly assented. His ardour enkindled every one; the nobles of the neighbourhood armed their numerous vassals—soon he had a big army, “full of noble self-confidence.” And soon, too, that self-confidence was justified. The Saracens were hunted from fort to fort until they reached the last of all, the Little Fraxinet on the promontory of St. Hospice, beyond Villefranche. Taking cover therein, they loaded their vessels with everything they had of precious and desirable—and then, quite quietly, quite resignedly, they sailed away!

40 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

So Nice was rid of them, too, and Nice was in raptures. Giballin was hailed as the Liberator of the country ; laurels, civic as well as military, were crowded on to his head—he was the man of the hour, and he used his hour right well. Little Fraxinet was destroyed, except for one tower which might help to defend the coast ; the Saracen prisoners were employed in public works, such as repairs to the city walls : out of evil, Giballin Grimaldi, “great of heart and a very magnificent gentleman,” was almost miraculously bringing good, for who could ever have dreamed that an infidel might be useful?

Arabic words and phrases now crept into the Provençal dialect. Thus the phrase, *faire un salamalec* = “to salute some one,” came from the Saracen *sales malec*, which, according to a Provençal troubadour, means “I salute you.” The same poet tells us that, in his time, if anyone paid this gentle verbal courtesy to a Saracen, that agreeable gentleman would answer *Nayca salem*, which, being interpreted, means “God confound you.” And if you happened to be hot-tempered, you might find yourself murmuring the appropriate rejoinder before you could stop, and then not only heaven, but hell and all its devils, knew what was likely to ensue.

What Giballin began, his posterity continued. They had a mission against the infidels—quite seriously they were convinced of that ; and so every crusade saw, on every fleet provided by

Genoa (and those were many), some brilliant, ardent, inspired Grimaldi. In 1104, in 1168, in Frederic Barbarossa's fatal expedition of 1190, at the Siege of Damietta in 1219—there they were, as their escutcheon with the lozengy, argent and gules, "as ancient as any in Europe," which hangs in the Crusaders' Gallery at Versailles, to this day mutely demonstrates.

Thus we perceive that truly, as Rendu says, the House of Grimaldi has no need to "quit the solid earth and raise itself to Olympus"; for not only is its lofty Italian origin well attested, but the brilliant achievements of its men shine forth in almost every warlike operation of the Middle Ages. Of its women we hear nothing, and though this is no doubt as it should be, it bereaves the chronicler. The alliances were for the most part distinguished; Grimaldis got the pick of the European basket, which seems to make it the more certain that their wives were really well-behaved, since somewhere in the story of the many illustrious families thus connected with our heroes, we should surely find, if there were aught to find, the tale of feminine sinnings. It is all the stranger too, because, as we have gathered, a Grimaldi husband was apparently never at home. He was always, always fighting somebody—commanding a ship or leading an army, climbing a mountain, investing a

city, running a blockade . . . and what were the ladies doing in the long lonely meantime? Perhaps they were but too expert at intrigue, perhaps they never allowed themselves to be found out (one of the wives was named Spécieuse, an appellation which might colourably claim some "living-up to")—for temptations must have abounded. It was the age of the Troubadours, whose very name spells seduction; and but for those alluring gentlemen, life must have been a tedious affair for women in such years of endless fighting, monotonous with the grim monotony of warfare. What was there to listen to (when a Troubadour was not murmuring a love-song), except the tale of those rushing torrents of blood, the news of this one dead or that one wounded—though Hallam indeed declares that the casualty-lists were short, for knights wore armour so impregnable that no weapon could pierce it. A far more common danger (he says) was the tumble in the stifling, trodden-up mud, when, pinned to the ground by the oppressive coats-of-mail, they would die of suffocation or be trampled to death. Such a tragic anti-climax lends a saddening touch of realism to the romance of those paladins who could never have enough of "glory."

To whomever Monaco belonged during the ninth and tenth centuries, its owners did not highly value it, for from the expulsion of the Saracens in 980 or

thereabouts, till 1191, the Rock was totally abandoned. The fortress fell into ruins; hardly a trace of it remained when, in 1215, the Genoese formally entered as "real proprietors." The place had long been a bone of contention for the Counts of Provence and the Holy Roman Emperors, who now were also Kings of Germany and Lombardy. The Counts regarded it as Provençal territory, the Emperors as Italian—and the latter held themselves to be its sovereign lords. In 1174, the Rock had been definitely given to the Genoese by the then ruling Count of Provence,¹ Raymond Berenger V. They were to hold "the high place and mount of Monaco," as real proprietors, "to the end that they may build a castle there." But that troublesome question of the suzerainty stuck in Genoese throats, for the Emperors used the *fidei suo* in their dealings with the Counts, and the term was an implication of vassalage: how then could Raymond Berenger make a valid donation? The prudent citizens lay low till 1191. Then Henry VI, (Barbarossa's son, now Emperor, and justly called "The Cruel"), badly needing some of Genoa's incomparable ships, took occasion to kill two birds by confirming Raymond Berenger's donation. This would not only please the powerful city, but would remind the Count of Provence that he was merely the Imperial vassal. Genoa, however, still shivered on the brink and feared to plunge within.

¹ The full title seems to have been "Count of Toulouse and Marquis of Provence,"

44 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

She temporised. She sent two consuls and two nobles, together with two Imperial deputies who, in Henry's name, invested the consuls with the power of holding the "rock, port, and entire territory of Monaco"—and then tactfully, if not very pluckily, Genoa withdrew, and did not reappear until 1215. In that year, she took heart of grace and sent three shiploads of "noble citizens" to begin building that castle which had been arranged for so long ago. And this was the first time since 980 that any one had spent a night at Monaco.

According to the Métivier-school, the Grimaldis had been "violently dispossessed" by every one of these arrangements. Yet we do not hear of any resistance, even the most feeble, on their side. No protest, no appeal to law—in that age which seems to pullulate with law-papers! To one or other of the rivals for the territory—to the Counts of Provence or to the Emperors—they could surely have made moan, and the very rivalry would have produced support. But no: and the fact that the Grimaldi archives were despoiled during the Revolution avails nothing for the case, since elsewhere—in other archives, that is—there must assuredly have been confirmatory proofs of one kind or another. Rendu's cry—inconstant to the point of demanding large print—is

BLIND ERROR

as regards this whole position of the official

school; and with Rendu, once again, I confess myself to be irresistibly pushed to agreement.

At any rate, Grimaldis or no Grimaldis, here we are in 1215, and Genoa has got it at last. She is here, visibly established—for she has begun to build that so long-awaited castle. On June 6th she lands; by June 10th she has laid foundations, and she does not return home until four towers are finished. Monaco can lift up its head again. No longer is it abandoned, forgotten, cast aside—it is like other places now: *people are going to live in it!*

But indeed, if Monaco could have foreseen the future, it might have wept instead of shining in the sweet June radiance. To belong to Genoa was well enough; to be inhabited was soon to show itself as a more doubtful blessing. That desperate period was looming nearer, nearer, when the little rock was to share, like everything else that called itself Italian, in the weary horrors of the Guelf and Ghibelline conflicts. . . My very heart faints and my whole spirit grieves "at the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves" which tell of that Cracklimbo of history, that dim and lurid labyrinth wherein swords clash interminably and no one knows what has come of it, and great cities are cleft in twain and no one may say to whom either half belongs. Yet the thing must be envisaged. I shall spare the reader as much of my own sufferings as I can.

Let me then, like the crab, go backwards!

CHAPTER III

The Holy Roman Empire—Henry IV, Pope Gregory VII, Matilda of Tuscany, and Canossa—Guelfs and Ghibellines—Charles of Anjou—Some Grimaldi types : a troubadour, a miser, a spendthrift, a bully, and a coward.

CHAPTER III

IT all began with Charlemagne. He conquered Germany after a thirty-year struggle, and in 800 (as we have already seen) was crowned Roman Emperor. It was well enough while he was alive, and even while his son, Louis le Debonnaire, was alive. But Louis died in his turn; and *his* sons began the endless quarrel by quarrelling over the inheritance which, alas! during his life, their father had divided into three parts. This contest issued in the Treaty of Verdun (843), by which Louis, the second son of Le Debonnaire, received the German lands. And so began the *Kingdom* of Germany: "Germany was for the first time ruled by a king who reigned nowhere else."

It was under Otho I, called The Great, that troubles grew acute. There had been fighting and dethroning and dying in the interval; there had been encroachments of the Dukes of Bavaria and Suabia—the Onlie Begetters of the abhorrent names of Guelf and Ghibelline, as we shall shortly see; and then, under the admirable Henry I, called The Fowler, "one of the best kings that Germany

50 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

ever had," matters had arranged themselves again. Otho was Henry's son, and, thanks to the genius of that father, came to the throne as the most powerful sovereign in Europe.

In 951, he went to Italy to chastise Berenger, King of Lombardy, for cruelty to a lovely girl-widow who had refused to be Queen of Lombardy, and whom Berenger therefore, after the winning manner of suitors in those days, had shut up in a desolate castle. She was Adelaide, widow of Lothair, the son of that King Hugo of Italy with whom we have already spent some time. No sooner did Otho behold the ravishing girl than he lost his heart . . . but not his head, for he instantly deposed Berenger, (at no time, as we have seen, a very secure monarch), married Adelaide, and took the title of King of Italy!

This was a good day's work, but a German sovereign had to be an energetic person. Otho was soon recalled to his kingdom by alarms and excursions from the turbulent nobles there. He left Italian affairs in the hands of one Conrad of Lorraine, who seems to have been a fool, for one of the first things he did was to restore the Italian kingdom to Berenger, saving his face by calling it a fief of the German Empire. Otho, as this amazing Conrad must surely have supposed to be likely, was very angry indeed. A civil war broke out. Otho won after many fluctuations of fortune, and assumed the Lombard crown. Not only so, but in 962 he received from the

Pope the Imperial title ; and from that time the Sovereign who at Aix-la-Chapelle was acknowledged as King of Germany, claimed also the right to the Iron Crown of Lombardy at Milan, and the Imperial one at Rome. Thus grew up The Holy Roman Empire.

Assuredly it seemed that Otho had done well by his kingdom. He had restored the Empire of Charlemagne : he and his successors were now Secular Lords of the World. Germany ought to have been pleased and proud, but in the early days, at any rate, Germany was neither one nor the other. She wanted her king to herself—and she could not and did not have him. Her king now had duties which took him away from her for years at a time ; and Germany, like a wife whose husband neglects her, sought comfort in flirtations with the great nobles—who were only too eager to take his place. They encroached, they grew ever surer of their power, until at last the wavering allegiance was almost gone—and still, and still, Germany was neglected ! Her king, fatally Emperor, was up to his neck in troubles : the struggle with the Papacy was begun. The Princes of the Church were growing as arrogant as the feudal nobles ; it seemed as if everybody was of more importance than that superb, unhappy person, the “Secular Lord of the World.” For while the Empire was at peace with the Popes, the prelates upheld it ; once the two conflicted, those sage individuals knew quite

52 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

well to which side it were wise to stick. And thus Otho, "who did more than others to raise the Royal power, also wrought, more than others, its decay."

For a century and more the storm brewed. With Henry III's reign, it broke. The Papacy, by this time, had sunk to the lowest ebb of moral squalor; simony was universal, other evil doings were to match. Henry resolved to mend it or end it. He entered Rome in 1046; he deposed Popes, made Popes—cleaned the Augean stables, in short; and men, sanguine as always, believed that a new era had dawned. But Henry III had "scotched the snake, not killed it." Soon after his son Henry's succession, the very thunderbolt of the Papacy crashed down into Europe. There had been vicissitudes, during which the fourth Henry seemed to win. In 1075, he could actually dream that he had restored the authority of the crown; but a year later, when the great Papal Legate, Hildebrand, emerged as Pope Gregory VII, such dreamings showed for what they were—mere visions of the fancy. Gregory rebelled against the Secular Lord. A synod of German Bishops deposed Gregory. Vainest vapouring! Gregory issued—all "deposed" as he was—his Great Bull of Excommunication and Dethronement: Henry IV's subjects were formally freed from their oath of allegiance.

When they got their breath back, the German princes duly revolted against their flouted king.

Already he had roused their ire ; now came opportunity in a form more dazzling than the most romantic could have figured in his wildest dreams—and they seized it relentlessly. There ensued in 1077 that scene at the Castle of Canossa, which “has burned itself into the memory of Europe.”

The mighty fortress belonged to Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, variously surnamed *La Grande Italienne*, *La Grande Dévote*, The Sovereign of Italy, and—sweetest of all in her ears—The Daughter of Peter. Her father had been the richest and most powerful nobleman in the land, and she inherited all his vast estates—including therein the impregnable mountain-fortress of Canossa. Devotion to the Holy See was a tradition in her family ; she had been, moreover, deeply influenced by Hildebrand, and thus, as years went by, she grew literally to be what Gastineau calls “the ascetic and servile courtesan of the Church.”¹ She seems, (he says), “nothing but a shadow half hidden behind the Papal Chair . . . not *la grande italienne*, but *la grande dévote*, the born ancestress of all women prostrate before the Church ! She renounced all moral independence, all spontaneity, all individuality ; she lived solely for the Popes and the Papacy ; the temporal and spiritual domination of the Holy See was her whole ambition—*son unique amour*. . .” Hildebrand, who, despite gossip, was never her lover, exploited Matilda unrelentingly. “He dazzled and

¹ *Les Courtisanes de l'Église.*

54 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

duped the devout woman ; he did not love the human one." So says Petruccelli della Gatina. His dream was the same as hers—the absolute domination of the Papacy. "The dream lasted after them, and provoked long and bloody struggles."

Who would have thought it—that *cherchez la femme* was to re-echo here? But so it is, for what happened in 1077 at the Castle of Canossa happened because Matilda was the hostess of Hildebrand, otherwise Pope Gregory VII. He was going in her company to a Diet at Augsbourg, where it had been arranged that the Emperor and he were to meet ; but instead, they met on the way at Canossa. There, for three days in the depth of a winter memorable through history for its rigours, the Secular Lord of the World, clad in a penitent's scanty linen shirt, shivered barefoot in the outer court of the fortress, entreating to be admitted to Gregory's presence.

The tale sets fire to the cheek no less than to the memory, does it not? nor did the atrocious humiliation avail the Emperor. True, he was at last admitted. Entering, a haggard heap of ignominy, he flung himself on the ground before the Papal feet.

"Pardon, Holy Father ; pardon for me, merciful Father ! I beg for it with all my heart."

After three repetitions of this cry, arrogant little Hildebrand, content with the hour's triumph, negligently let fall the words, "*Satis est, est*" (Enough, enough!), and in due course Henry was freed from

excommunication. But the penitence and the pardon were both pretences. Henry hated Hildebrand with a bitter hatred; Hildebrand, less human, cared nothing for the man, but was sworn to undying enmity against the Emperor. *There is only one Name in the world: that of Pope*—among his printed Maxims we find such a saying. The war which issued from it was called the War of Investitures: “the first campaign in that tremendous struggle which is the central fact of mediæval history.”

In Germany the Royal power was falling more and more into decay. Conrad III, when his hour of kingship began, was confronted by an army of litigious princes, all named, with various additions, Henry. Henry the Proud, Henry the Lion, Henry “Jasomirgott”—delightful creature! whose pet phrase on every occasion was *Ja so mir Gott helfe*, meaning merely, for all its picturesqueness, “God help me.” He is described as “a rough and violent prince,” but the bearer of such a nickname cannot leave the heart untouched. Disappointingly, though, there is nothing more to tell about him.

This flock of Henrys accomplished little . . . nay! we are too hasty. With Henry the Proud we come into direct touch with the long-dreaded word: *Welf*. “He was the grandson of Welf”: it does not sound alarming. But what did the

56 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

relaxed Italian throats, when later it assailed Italian ears, make of that innocent-seeming word? They made *Guelfo* of it—scarce one among them knowing or caring what the original word might ever have stood for, any more than the other, the opposing sound: *Weiblingen*, by those lazy larynxes similarly softened into *Ghibellino*.

It is upon us now, but we shall escape as quickly as may be.

Henry the Proud, Duke of Bavaria, that “grandson of Welf,” went further than any other bold German noble, for he claimed the crown from Conrad III of the House of Suabia, which had originated in the Castle of Weiblingen. At the battle of Weinsberg in 1140, “Welf” and “Weiblingen” were the cries; but Henry the Proud was by that time dead, and his brother Welf III was fighting merely to get back Henry’s confiscated Duchy of Bavaria, which had been given (we retrieve him!) to Henry Jasomirgott. Conrad was victorious all along, but though he had thus retained his Kingdom of Germany, he soon saw that the Italian and Imperial rights had begun to slip through his fingers while he settled matters at home. Among his greatest nobles (and for a wonder, among his loyal ones) was a very handsome young Duke of Suabia, his nephew—generous, frank, the embodiment of chivalry, and possessed of this further merit, that he united in himself the two rival houses, for his mother was the daughter of a Duke of Bavaria.

Conrad knew that his end was near, and more and more the desire encroached (for he had a son) to make this young Duke Frederic his successor. The desire grew to action: Conrad, dying in 1152, named the Red-Beard—"Barbarossa"—his heir. It was on the definite understanding that Frederic should devote himself to establishing finally the validity of those lapsing Italian and Imperial rights.

He began his work in 1154 by attacking the disdainful city of Milan. The Milanese for long had systematically flouted the Emperors; Frederic now retorted by sacking and burning their dependencies. In 1158, he went further; he set siege to Milan herself, and in a month reduced her. Then he drew up, at Roncaglia, a code of "regulations" so humiliating that not Milan alone, but all the Lombard cities were infuriated. His power began to wane, but the fortunes of war varied until 1162, when he again captured and, this time, utterly demolished the leading rebel. His cruelties were terrible: "The cries of liberty were choked with blood, and a great silence brooded over all Italy." It was the silence which precedes significant action. The towns of Northern Italy had resolved to avenge Milan. Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Trevisa, Venice—all drew together in the first forming of the famous Lombard League, whereby the Lombard cities combined in the refusal to join the Emperor's standard. The Boycott, in a word! and that boycott increased until all the northern towns, except Pavia and

58 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

Montferrat, were Leaguers. Barbarossa was beaten in the end. In 1176 he risked a decisive battle at Legnano, and was utterly routed.

His son, Henry VI, had no better luck, and Frederic II, that "pupil, enemy, and victim of the Church," as Gibbon calls him, had infinitely worse. Gregory IX was as keenly his foe as Gregory VII had been Henry IV's; for Frederic had been sworn to the Red Cross of the Crusaders at twenty-one, and his marriage with Yolande, the heiress of Jerusalem, had seemed to make his mission surer still; but as he grew older, "his liberal sense and knowledge taught him to despise the phantoms of superstition and the crowns of Asia"; he became weary of the very word, still more of the very idea, *Crusade*; moreover, to quote Gibbon for the third time, "he was accused of indulging a profane thought that if Jehovah had seen the Kingdom of Naples, He never would have selected Palestine for the inheritance of His chosen people." At last, in 1226, urged imperiously by Gregory, he did set out on the detested errand—but returned in three days, alleging "serious illness"! Gregory was most bitterly angry. Bulls of excommunication were launched against Frederic thenceforth, no matter what he did—for a year later, he did actually accomplish his vow. He led a crusade, and was brilliantly successful. But he was still under the ban; he had "disdained to solicit absolution for what he considered as no crime"—so another thunderbolt crashed

upon him ; and in this way things went on till 1241, when the implacable Gregory died.

Frederic II was one of the most amazing men in all history. "We look in vain for his parallel," remarks one writer ; "his name was *Stupor mundi*, wonder of the world," says another. He knew everything. He was learned in Mussulman arts and sciences ; he understood Latin, French, German, Greek, Arabic, and Hebrew ; architecture was a hobby, he was interested in the beginnings of Italian sculpture and painting, and was among the first to cherish Italian poetry ; natural history he delighted in, he had a large collection of rare animals, he wrote a treatise on falconry—the list takes away one's breath ! He was witty, too ; sceptical, unterrified by Gregory's Bulls, bored by the Crusades, though tolerant of all things as wits are apt to be ; superstitious, nevertheless, with a dash of unreason which endears him but the more . . . altogether, a dazzling, a delightful figure, who tempts me to assign him a more prominent place in this record than the mere facts justify. It was during his minority that the terms Guelf and Ghibelline were first used as battle-cries—the Leagued Cities and their allies, of whom the chief was the Pope, being Guelf, and the Emperor's party Ghibelline. Thus two simple family-names, which had been used to rally forces in the civil wars of Germany, became the watchwords in that conflict "which devoured Germany and Italy for three centuries,"

60 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

As the jealousy between the great Italian cities grew fiercer, the names of Guelf and Ghibelline became only its symbols. Italian burghers cared not what they had originally meant; they now stood for the competing towns, classes, families, in the long-developing rivalry. So little did any one know, indeed, their first significance that contemporary chroniclers, to account for them, invented a legendary struggle between two brothers, one helped by the Pope, the other by the Emperor; or else a fable of two fairies descended from the skies, or again—more vigorously and far more aptly!—two demons arisen from hell.

Genoa, whose history at this time is inextricable from that of Monaco, got the backwash of this tedious quarrel. The city was infested with Guelfs and Ghibellines; but the influence of her factions was null, as regards the supreme issue. She had stood aside always from the national hurly-burly. "Her position made her destiny." Isolated amid her mountains, lying between barren rocks and the sea, "towards which the steep slope of the Apennines appears to be thrusting her," she had, as it were, but one thing to which to devote herself: the utilisation of her huge harbour. Her fine ships, built for commerce, proved indispensable to those glorified madmen, the Crusaders; she would hire out the coveted vessels to them for their Holy

Wars, "then follow herself, to win riches and glory." Thus, growing greater, more opulent, more independent, every year, Genoa—and with Genoa, Liguria—had grown also less attached to the Emperors, without growing more attached to the Popes. She had been, in short, a bystander, until the other, the municipal, aspect of the Guelf and Ghibelline warfare proclaimed itself—and then her halcyon-days were instantly over, and with hers, Monaco's.

Like every other Italian town at that time, Genoa had her great leading families very literally at daggers drawn with one another. The Doria and Spinola were Ghibelline; the Grimaldi and Fieschi, Guelf. These latter were of the feudal nobility, the *noblesse de campagne*; the Doria and Spinola were of the town aristocracy, the *richissimes*, as it were—called (for the sake of the easy tag it made), in history *noblesse de compagnie*, that is City, or Guild, nobility. The squabbles between the factious nobles soon invaded Monaco. There were battles and there were treaties—these latter quite uncountable, and for the most part equally uninteresting. Genoa was Guelf in sympathy: so, therefore, was Monaco. Genoa would be at war with Frederic II, and the then Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence, would be Genoa's ally. Raymond, in his ardour, would sign (in 1240) a treaty "resigning all claim to Monaco"—which somehow I had thought that Raymond had done long ago! But Genoa had

62 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

always had "nerves" about Monaco, as we have seen. . . It was in 1240 or 1241, too, that all those bishops were taken prisoners—those English and French bishops who were to meet at Nice, and go to Gregory IX's Easter Council at Rome. The Ghibelline ships scattered the Genoese fleet, and all the cardinals and bishops—one thinks of them as a huddled little crowd, watching the rough-and-ready sailormen at their work of fighting—were taken to Pisa and "chained with silver chains." No more do we hear of them: in their silver chains they rattle to us for ever.

It was after this Guelf defeat that the Fieschi and Grimaldi sought refuge from Genoa in the towns of the littoral, in Monaco among others—and made friends with the rising star, that Charles of Anjou, (son of Louis VIII of France and brother of "Saint" Louis, later Louis IX), who was to marry Beatrice, daughter of a Raymond Berenger, and thus become Count of Provence.

This brilliant, ambitious Charles "spoke little and did much," says Villani. "He scarcely ever laughed; he was as decent as a monk. His form was tall and sinewy, his complexion olive, his nose was high: he scarcely ever slept. He never took any pleasure in mimes, troubadours, or courtiers." This is vivid enough, and he springs into still more abounding life before our eyes in Gibbon's vignette of the moment when he was forbidden by the



CHARLES D'ANJOU,
King of Naples.

Pope to go to war for the Empire of the East, and "listened, biting his ivory sceptre in a transport of fury." Yet one would have supposed that Charles of Anjou had had his fill of fighting. He had been in Louis IX's Crusade; he had had a lively tussle with the Provençal towns on his return from the Holy Land; and then had come the crisis of his life, and a fight begun of which he was not to see the end. In 1265, the Pope, "in a Guelf frenzy," offered him the crown of Naples and the Two Sicilies. Few crowns have cost such torrents of blood as that one. Charles was at first successful in his attack upon Manfred, the Ghibelline king whom the Pope desired to ruin; but the tyranny and cruelty of his rule in Sicily brought on, in 1282, that awful massacre known in history as the Sicilian Vespers. Charles lost Sicily, nor did the Angevins ever recover it, though they continued until 1442 to be Kings of Naples.

With Sicilian history we are not directly concerned; but the need for help in the long struggle brought Charles into touch with Genoa, while by his marriage he was Lord of Provence. Monaco, therefore, became closely entangled in the snarl. In 1272, the Fieschi and Grimaldi declared to Charles that if he would help them to re-enter Genoa they would acknowledge themselves his vassals. Charles, just then a little embroiled with the city, was ready to listen to the exiled nobles. War was declared against Genoa in 1273—and her long, unconquerable

64 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

scepticism about her rights to the Rock was proved to be founded on reason !

While Charles was getting his troops and his ships together, an impetuous Grimaldi—called endearingly *Franchino*—was chafing at the bit. Before the Angevin was ready, Franchino had seized several parts of the Ponantaise Coast, and so, “after long dispossession,” the Grimaldis once more set foot in their ancient patrimony. . . It has cropped up again, has it—that eternal question of the sovereignty? But we are to pay no more attention to it; it is to come and go till 1338, when at last not even Rendu will have a gibe to make against the “establishment.” In the meantime, the Grimaldis are to figure for us merely as *the leading Guelfs*: a part which is largely to be reckoned with, I think, in considering that troublesome question. For over and over again, where a personal chronicler speaks of “the Grimaldis,” we find the corresponding document speaking of “*detti Guelfi*,” “*i medesimi Guelfi*”; and not only so, but several other Guelfic families are often mentioned by name in the same charter.

In this war of 1273, fortunes varied so bewilderingly that the reader turns dizzy. Ghibellines conquer in one place, Guelfs in another: if to the former Vintimiglia falls, why! to the latter Monaco faithfully sticks—and when, in another flick of the shutter, we find the Guelfs at Vintimiglia, our eyes are scarce adjusted to the change before they

are "out" again, and the Ghibellines "in." And through it all, Grimaldis swagger : Admirals, Generals, "Princes" ; Rainiers and Franchinos, otherwise denominated "Rainier I," and "François I." . . . The Genoese vainly besiege the Rock in 1297 ; a Grimaldi defends it ; the Doria, the Spinola, the Curli, everyone seems against the Guelfs, and the Guelfs against every man who comes from Genoa. There are piracies on Genoese vessels—a bad habit which, having once begun, it took the Grimaldis a long time to get out of. At last, when in 1300 the city declared war against Charles II of Anjou¹ for his support of the Monegascan Guelfs, (Genoa being then in the hands of the Ghibellines), Pope Adrian V intervened, and arranged a conference in place of a conflict. By a treaty resulting from this, Charles promised to restore to the Republic "those forts occupied by the Guelfs"—but, by way of compensation for a course of behaviour which certainly demanded it, he stipulated that his abandoned allies should be allowed to return to Genoa.

This treacherous abandonment of Monaco was a poison-cup for the Grimaldis. Rainier, head of the House at that time, retired to Noli to hide his chagrin. Noli was a Grimaldi fief near Savona, and Noli was ere long to see Rainier Grimaldi in still deeper chagrin than at his earlier arrival, for in 1303, what does Charles II do but buy all the Guelf "fixtures" at Port Hercules, Eza, and Turbia, make

¹ Son of Charles I, called The Lame.

66 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

them into a fief, and confer them upon Niccolo Spinola, a Ghibelline! "Put not your trust in princes." The walls of Noli must have been murmurous with bitter whisperings from Rainier of that for ever newly-realised saw; but there was another member of the family, one Francesco, (picturesquely dubbed "*Malizia*"), who, not content with whisperings at Noli, came as near as Nice itself to the usurping Spinolas, and, whether he muttered versicles or not, did something practical besides. He concocted a plan, in fact, and on the Christmas Eve of 1306, carried the plan out, and the Guelfs and Grimaldis quite literally—*in*.

This Francesco was a vast, burly fellow; Gioffredo gives him as nickname the epithet *Massa*, (meaning "immense, robust"), instead of the more obviously picturesque *Malizia*. He chose Christmas Eve at midnight for his grand exploit, because the inhabitants of the garrison would be at church, praying and meditating; and moreover because his plan, which was to disguise himself as a monk, would be favoured by the holy season, when the holy men were everywhere. In one aspect of the monk, this fat Francesco must have been very plausible; at any rate he gained easy entrance to the Castle. He had filled both town and garrison, long before, with his adherents and spies; these kept him informed of the favourable chances—and, at the good moment, Francesco entered composedly, eyes cast down, hands folded beneath

the flowing robe, where a dagger could lurk so well. But no sooner was he "in," than the saint turned to a savage. The sentries were stabbed or strangled; his own people from the town swarmed after him, and the Spinola party, returning from the solemn Christmas service, found very un-Christmas-like conditions awaiting them. They realised quickly the hopelessness of resistance, and fled—and so once more the Guelfs, once more led by an inspired Grimaldi, held "the mountain and high place of Monaco."

In the Grimaldi coat-of-arms, the shield is supported by two monks, who brandish a sword in one hand, and hold the blazon with the other. Métivier thinks that the monks are meant to recall the ancient name of Monaco — *Portus Herculis Monæcus*, with its implication of solitude, but Rendu (who can be at one with Métivier in nothing!) regards them as mementoes of Francesco's exploit. "The reader must choose for himself," he adds; and so the reader must, remembering that this domination of the Grimaldis was short-lived, for it lasted only twenty-one years—that is, until 1327. Then "treason undid the work of treason," and the Ghibellines and Spinolas got Monaco back. . . . Poor distraught little place! It had lived through many a weary and desperate wrangle in the interval.

There had been trouble between Genoa and Robert of Naples in 1317 — and anything that

went wrong in Genoa hit our Rock hard. Robert, successor of the two Angevin princes, Charles I and II, bore a great reputation for prudence and virtue, yet it was he who "provoked nearly all the wars which devastated Italy and Germany during his reign; and he did his territory more harm than good by them." He openly aspired, for one thing, to the throne of Italy, and the dissensions in Genoa played his game for him. That eternal faction-fight between the four great families—the Doria and Spinola, the Grimaldi and Fieschi—kept breaking out, ebbing and flowing, waxing and waning, to culminate in 1318, when the Genoese Guelfs, led by the Fieschi and Grimaldi, resigned their liberties to Robert, in return for his protection, for a term of ten years.¹

The Grimaldis served him loyally before, during, and after this period. He had the great Rainier as Admiral, and Rainier won for him in 1312 the famous victories of Meloria and Salerno against the Ghibelline Pisans; Bartolo was his Governor of Calabria; "Malizia" fought for him; a Gaspar and a Rinaldo covered themselves with glory during the Siege of Genoa; a Rabella was, as it were, his Secret-Service officer. . .

But "the military achievements of distant times afford in general," as Hallam justly remarks, "no instruction, and can hardly occupy too little of our

¹ At the end of that time Robert renewed the treaty for six years longer.

time in historical studies” ; moreover, the recounting of such achievements is heavily weighted with monotony, so that readers of history are content, for the most part, with a writer’s assertion that the deeds were done. Let me then quickly make the assertion—which is, for the rest, indisputable. From the time of the Crusades onwards, the Grimaldis were unceasingly in the field ; they gave four Grand Admirals to France, they contributed (enormously wealthy as they were) their own fifteen or sixteen vessels to the fleet of any monarch for whom they fought—supporting notably in this way Philip of France, during his quarrel with Edward III of England. “They gave the English a great deal of trouble,” Gioffredo comments, and *his* assertion is proved in most amusing fashion by a document which is still to be seen at the Tower of London. This is a petition to the Lords Auditors deputed by the Kings of England and France, to redress the damages done by “M. Reyner Grimaud, who is stated to have taken upon him sovereign jurisdiction in the seas of England, as Admiral of the French King, taking the people and merchants of England and carrying them into France to abide his judgment and award concerning their goods and merchandise.” A Pirate-King, in short—and we have already seen that piracy was a foible of the Grimaldis. But Time, as he loves to do, brought in his revenges. In 1395, we find that Edward III “issued letters-patent, authorising the purchase from

70 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

one Ralf Basset of Drayton, for 12,000 francs of gold, of his prisoner, Reyner Grimbaud, a Genoese taken in the wars, in the last voyage which the King's dear son made in his service." Thus were the sins of Rainier-father visited upon Rainier-son!

And now at last, to my joyous relief, I discover, half-buried beneath the heavy laurels of his kinsfolk, a Grimaldi who was neither a soldier, nor a sailor, nor both. And better even than what he was not, is what he was—for he was a troubadour; and better still, a romantical-tragical troubadour. His biography figures in many Provençal chronicles. Jean de Nostredame, who gives it in detail, begins by telling us that Luke Grimaud was "a native of Grimaud in Provence, and was (so they said) of a fine wit, and a good Provençal poet." But anyone who wishes to know more, who wishes, for instance, to be informed as to his knowledge and teaching, "of what loyalty and modesty he was, and in what repute he lived, let him read without more ado the beautiful and elegant verses of *Le Monge des Îles d'Or* . . . and let him pay no attention to what *Le Monge de Montmajour*—the Scourge of Poets—says in his foolish and slanderous ballad." . . . This is decidedly a very "different" Grimaldi, for Luke's story is that of the devout lover. He adored a *demoiselle* of the



RAINIER GRIMALDI.

House of Villeneuve, "beautiful and elegant," and she, (plainly an exacting lady), not content with his unstinted devotion, gave him to drink a love-potion (*le breuvage amatoire*) "si qu'en peu de iours luy-mesme se priva de vie de ses propres mains, eagé de trente-cinq ans, que fut en l'an 1308, dont elle en cuida recevoir la mort des reproches qu'on luy faisait d'avoir fait cruellement mourir un si savant et fameux poëte."

"I have read in an old paper of some kind," adds Nostredame, "that this Luke came from Genoa." Soprani, in the *Scrittore della Liguria*, observes crushingly that his works "have served as nourishment to the voracity of Time"; but his contemporary fame was glittering, and one almost fancies that he may have rejoiced to die as he did die, so triumphantly did it fit his part. To drink a love-potion, run mad, and kill himself at the age of thirty-five—could any troubadour ask for more!

I find, immortalised in the *Decameron*, another amusing variation from the Grimaldi type. This is another Luke of Genoa, who, however, figures in the tale as *Ermino*. He flourished several years later than his namesake; but I think it well to collect the types under one chapter-heading, ignoring chronology for the moment. Boccaccio, then, as all the world knows, wrote his *Decameron* in 1348,

the year of the great pestilence, which began in the Levant in 1346. Italian traders brought it to Sicily, Pisa, Genoa; it crossed the Alps in 1348, and lasted about five months in each country. The stories, or *novelle*, are supposed to be related to one another by a party of gay men and women who have fled from Florence to escape the infection; and our little tale of Luke (or "Ermino") Grimaldi, was the eighth story told on the first day of exile. It deals with the rebuke given by one Guglielmo Borsiere to this Ermino, who was a notorious miser.¹

"In Genoa, a good while ago" (so alluringly it begins!) there lived one Ermino Grimaldi, richer than "whatsoever other richest citizen was then known in Italy . . . and even so in avarice and sordidness he outwent beyond compare every other miser and curmudgeon in the world." *In onorare altrui teneva la borsa stretta*: "He kept a strait purse in the matter of hospitality"; and in Genoa, where the whim was to dress sumptuously, this gentleman was never fit to be seen. "By reason whereof the surname of *Grimaldi* had fallen away from him, and he was deservedly called of all only Messer Ermino *Avarizia*." *Avarizia* was getting richer and richer every day, when suddenly there arrived in Genoa a minstrel

¹ Guglielmo Borsiere is mentioned by Villani as "a facetious and eloquent person." Dante speaks of him in Canto XVI of the *Inferno*. This story is said to be entirely true.

both well-bred and well-spoken—our friend Guglielmo Borsiere, plainly a paragon in the eyes of the story-teller, who lavishes eulogy upon him, comparing him sadly with “the minstrels of the present day, who are rather to be styled *asses*.” Guglielmo had heard of Messer Ermino Avarizia, and desired to see him; Ermino, too, had heard of *him*, “and having yet, all miser as he was, some tincture of gentle breeding,” received him very cordially, and took him and some other Genoese gentlemen to see a beautiful new house which was just finished, for he was very proud of its glories.

“Pray, Messer Guglielmo, you who have seen and heard so much, can you tell me of something that was never yet seen which I may have depicted in the saloon of this my house?” Thus Ermino, in expansive mood—that mood so germane to the display of one’s newest toy. But the terrible Guglielmo, resolute to administer the dose of plain-speaking which was a minstrel’s prerogative, replied, “Preposterous question! Something that was never yet seen! Why, except sneezings and the like . . . But, an it please you, I will tell you of somewhat which methinketh *you* never yet beheld.” Poor Ermino, all innocent, cried, “I pray you tell me what it is”; whereto Guglielmo promptly answered, “Cause LIBERALITY to be here depicted.”

“When Messer Ermino heard this, there took

him incontinent such a shame that it availed in a manner to change his disposition altogether: 'I will have it here depicted after such a fashion that neither you nor any other shall ever again have cause to tell me that I have never seen nor known it.' And from that time forth, he was the most liberal and most gracious of gentlemen." . . . The obvious reflection is that it was a pity some one had not tried Messer Guglielmo's elementary methods a little sooner. The much-decried Ermino was plainly a susceptible, a sensitive, and withal, a good-humoured personage.

The Grimaldis could squander money as well as hoard it. In 1329, there was a family scandal over one Andarone, who had married a daughter of the haughty House of Balbs, the splendour of which is celebrated by all the early chroniclers of Provence. Andarone, by his prodigality and bad management, "became so detestable to his wife Astruga" that on July 1, 1329, she, though in perfect health, insisted on making her will—wherein she expressed a desire to be buried with her own people, left special legacies to her younger son Bernabò and her three daughters (they had the fairytale-like names of Beatrisetta, Delfina, and Alberguetta), and forbade Andarone to interfere in any way with the administration of the estate, which was left to her firstborn son, Guglielmo Rostagno, with remainder to his brother.

Astruga, however, survived her snubbed husband by several years; and in 1337 or thereabouts bought the Seigneurie of Illonza, which lay near her domains of Bueil. The purchase was ill-starred, for the Illonzians refused to do her homage, their hearts remaining loyal to the original owners, the Glandevès. The Seneschal of Provence issued letters commanding their submission, but in vain. In 1344 he came in person, and matters seemed likely to settle down, when Astruga's second son, Bernabò, "who was of intractable, not to say violent and sanguinary disposition," took it into his head to choose that moment for avenging himself on those who had been hostile to his mother. He failed to avenge himself; on the contrary, he was "seriously insulted" by the recalcitrants, "so much so that he nearly lost, not only the property, but his life." The outbreaks continued; the Illonzians actually attacked the castle, and would have demolished it had their forces been sufficient—so Bernabò, in the end, consented to submit to arbitration. Things were of course "arbitrated" in his favour, for one of the greatest abuses of the time (says Gioffredo) was the violation of justice, and the ease with which anyone could escape punishment by paying. The further career of this very Bernabò affords a signal instance of such scandals. Quarrels with his vassals were not enough for the intractable young man. He found some crow to pick with every neighbour he had, and especially

with one Francesco Cays Cavaliere.¹ Later, when this Francesco died, his son Bertrand resolved to avenge the many insults and injuries which his father had received; so he one day attacked the bullying Bernabò with a poignard, "or some such long-bladed weapon," wounded him seriously but not mortally, and then (somewhat ignominiously, one cannot but think) took refuge in his Castle of Rovra, "meaning to stay there till things quieted down."

But Bernabò was thirsting for Bertrand's blood. He got together his adherents—who came, some of them, from Cays Cavaliere's very own Rovra, "for he had many enemies"—and besieged the castle: took it, and sacked it from end to end. Bertrand was thrust into a dungeon and kept there for some time—then "in cold blood, they cut off his hand, and still more barbarously, put out his eyes"; and, a few days later, he died of pain and grief. "To such excesses," laments Gioffredo, "can a vindictive heart conduct a man; but it was not difficult to obtain grace and pardon even after such horrors as these"—once the requisite sum of money had been paid into the Treasury. Nor was mere pardon all that was accorded. Bernabò and his elder brother Guglielmo were further declared to be exempt from all subsidies, gratuities, and any taxes whatsoever in connection with the Seigneurie of Bueil. "This was how these gentry managed

¹ This family was connected with the Grimaldis, Francesco "Malizia" having married Beatrix Cays Cavaliere.

to make a great show with the aid of other folks' money," comments the sardonic historian of the Maritime Alps.

A less amusing "sport" was one Antonio, brother of Charles the Great. Of the latter I shall have something to tell in future pages. Antonio was the black sheep of the inveterately successful flock. He was an admiral—since he wasn't a general—and he began quite well, for in 1332 he defeated brilliantly the "Catalan Pirates," those scourges of the coast in general, and of the Grimaldis in particular. The Catalan pirates were the creatures of the Aragonese princes—rivals with Italy for the empire of the sea. Their city was Barcelona, renowned for all things naval; they had, backed up by such resources, succeeded in capturing the Island of Sardinia, but the island (as is the way of such small deer) had quickly revolted. That had been Genoa's opportunity. She had flown to help the Sards, and from that hour had begun a five-yearred struggle. The Catalans, also in league with Venice—that ancient, destined foe, who ever since 1206 had had her jealous eye on Genoa¹—made

¹ Hostilities had been recurrent since 1206, when Genoa had aided in the wresting of the Island of Candia from Venice. There had been pitched battles, in which Genoa was usually victorious; but a peace had been signed after Venice's crushing defeat in 1297, when her Admiral, Dandolo, beat out his brains against the bulwarks of his ship. Now, in 1331, the rivalry broke out again, Venice joining with the Catalan pirates to harass Genoa, who was torn as well by her never-ending internal quarrels.

78 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

their first onset at Monaco, the "strong little place" which was afforded so many trials of its strength. Charles Grimaldi beat them off; they then ravaged the coasts of Liguria; next year, Charles made reprisals, and Antonio won the battle to which I have alluded. By 1337, the Catalans were brought low. They humbly sued for peace—but let not the sanguine reader dream that peace, whatever it might do for others, could by any means ensue for Monaco. No sooner were the corsairs quiescent, than all the misery broke out again at Genoa: that tedious old Four Families affair!

The Doria and Spinola were on top in 1339, when the discontent of some Genoese sailors who were serving Philip VI of France under Antony Doria, blazed suddenly into open insurrection. Some of the sailors left the fleet and returned to Genoa; they stirred up feeling in the towns and villages; Savona rose against "the nobles," the populace seized the town, and soon the sedition invaded Genoa. The two families were accused of tyranny and treachery, and the people loudly re-demanded the right (which had been taken from them) to appoint an Abbot, or People's Magistrate—one whose special duty it was to guard the plebeian interests. But instead of an Abbot, the mob, with characteristic mutability, found that by the end of the day they had elected a Doge! This was Simon Boccanegra, a noble, yet of democratic sympathies, and the people had originally desired him to be their

Abbot. He, however, was both prudent and ambitious. "Choose some one," he replied, "to whom this title of Abbot more properly belongs." The people were at first offended; then they perceived that he was right, that an Abbot must come from among themselves. Their hearts were, nevertheless, irrevocably set on Simon: and they cried out vehemently, "Be then our Duke!" To that he consented, and in such dramatic fashion was chosen the first Doge of Genoa.

Boccanegra proved worthy of the eager choice. He was an astute and brilliant ruler, a generous and high-hearted man. Nevertheless, as might have been expected, the Four Families detested him; plots were incessantly attempted, but all failed until in 1344 the malcontents, forgetting their private enmities, joined in a march against Genoa which soon developed into a siege. The Genoese were frightened; they offered to let the Families enter, and to restore them to their estates. The besiegers refused, "until the Doge have dismissed his guard"—which consisted of seven hundred men. Boccanegra saw that all was lost. He solemnly deposed himself, and retired to Pisa, where he remained till 1356.

One John de Morta was elected Doge on Christmas Day, 1344. The malcontents—that is, the Nobles—were received, and their estates restored; a few, however, were forbidden to come within ten miles of the town, and amongst these were the

80 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

Grimaldis, who had now been masters of Monaco since 1338. They had fortified themselves there, and made it the refuge of their party, collecting “a number of *gens sans aveu*, of wild, unfortunate debtors or criminals, whom they employed in piratical expeditions along the coast, pillaging without distinction every vessel that fell into their hands.” In 1346, they gathered a force and threatened Genoa. The city realised her danger, but funds were low—she therefore appealed to her richest citizens, summoning them to bear the expense of fitting out a fleet, for which they were to reimburse themselves, as time permitted, out of the revenues of the Republic. This was the origin of the famous Bank of St. George.

But the Grimaldis, with their corsairs, suddenly sailed away at a tangent to help Philip of France against Edward III of England—as we shall see presently; and so, for the moment, Genoa knew tranquillity. Then, in 1353, came Antonio Grimaldi’s fatal encounter at Loiera, which obliged the city to relinquish her independence, and place herself under the dominion of the Dukes of Milan.¹ The disaster was tremendous. Forty galleys were lost, more than two thousand men were killed, and three thousand five hundred were taken prisoners. Antonio, to whose “ineptitude and cowardice” (in truth, a strange Grimaldi!) the whole horror was attributed,

¹ Antonio was fighting for his native town, for the Four Families always rallied round her in the Venetian troubles.

fled to Genoa, which was now once more "filled with strife and consternation." So far-reaching were the effects of this defeat that the city had to bow her head to the dust. She called in the Visconti of Milan, the famous "Vipers"—the family whose spell (men said) could only be explained by witchcraft, for they were *parvenus*, usurpers, supplanters, yet their power grew and grew, until "they were the object of every league formed in Italy for nearly fifty years."

That was what the black sheep of the Grimaldis did for Genoa, but meanwhile his brother Charles had been keeping up the family reputation for success. I can give no better proof of it than the fact that he is allowed by the terrible Rendu to have been, really and actually and beyond dispute, the first Sovereign Lord of Monaco!

CHAPTER IV

Charles Grimaldi—The Sovereignty of Monaco—The Day of Crécy
—The Grimaldis lose Monaco—The story of Jane of Naples.



CHAPTER IV

CHARLES GRIMALDI, called The Great, was the eldest son of the renowned Rainier, and of Margharita Ruffo, "of the Counts of Sinope." From the beginning of his manhood, he had been harassed by the Catalan pirates. Their amazing leader, Roger de Loria,—“the Blake of the Middle Ages”—was dead before Charles’s contact with them, but his spirit had survived : the Catalans had seemed unconquerable ! I have already shown that under this new Grimaldi’s leadership that delusion disappeared. Nor did he occupy himself solely with such gentry. In 1335, he pestered Genoa in true Guelfic fashion ; again, in 1338 his vessels appeared before his native town, blocking her harbour, damaging her commerce ; and later in the same year a great event took place—a Guelf and Grimaldi triumph of the first order. In July, Charles bought from Niccolo Spinola, in the market-place of St. Luke at Genoa, for 1280 golden florins, (a huge sum in those days), “the lands, houses, and ‘immovable property’” which Charles II of Anjou had presented to the great Ghibelline family in

86 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

1303. In other words, Charles Grimaldi bought Monaco.

“An asylum for bankrupts and a refuge for criminals, it was like an impregnable citadel for its masters (1344), whence, indefatigable pirates as they were, they ravaged the coasts of Liguria, and showed mercy to none.” So wrote Ubertus Folietta, an historian of this period, of Charles Grimaldi’s rule, and all other chroniclers echo him. In justice to Charles, though, it ought to be remembered that he was then engaged in fighting far away for Philip VI of France, whose ally he was in the struggle against Edward III of England—that Hundred Years’ War which was to stain with its crimson the reign of five French kings. It was after the overwhelming defeat in the naval battle of Ecluse that Philip VI appealed to Charles Grimaldi, who was already famous as a commander, and whose father had been an Admiral of France under Philip IV. Charles instantly assented. He equipped a fleet of thirty-two galleys and twelve thousand men, which was soon ready to sail under his and Antony Doria’s command. The Dorias were one of the great Ghibelline families, but despite this rivalry they were much allied by marriage with the Grimaldis. Moreover, by this time the Guelf and Ghibelline nightmare was slightly loosening its clutch upon Europe. . . In true Grimaldi-fashion Charles avenged Ecluse, for in 1343 he annihilated the English fleet. Alas! ’twas but a momentary

gleam. The Star of France was in eclipse; only three years later came the desperate day of Crécy.

Edward III had landed in Normandy, and was ravaging the country. Philip had collected a formidable army; its vanguard was to be the renowned Genoese archers under Charles Grimaldi and Antony Doria. These numbered fifteen thousand men. Edward, knowing the greater strength of the French army, thought at first of a retreat, but a small success at Blanchetache decided him to give battle. On the morning of August 26, 1346, Philip, "mounted on his little palfrey, a white baton in his hand" . . . went from rank to rank, admonishing and exhorting his gentlemen, "*quilz voulsissent entendre,*" to guard his honour and defend his right. "*Et ce disoit si doucement et de si fier chière, que qui fut desconforté, il fut réconforté, en lui oyant et regardant.*" The French host then came on by forced marches, while the English, in three divisions, "*séaient jus à terre tout bellement*"—in Froissart's admiring, wistful phrase! As soon as they saw the French, they rose "*moult ordonnément, sans nul effroi,*" and Philip, coming nearer, beheld the steadfast ranks. "*Et le sang lui mua, car il les héait, et dit à ses maréchaux, 'Faites passer les Genevois' (the Genoese archers) 'devant, et commencez la bataille au nom de Dieu et de Saint Denis.'*"

The Genoese were desperately weary and outworn; they had marched more than six leagues, all armed and with their heavy bows, "and they

said at once to their constables that they were not then fit to make any great exploit in battle." These words reached the Count of Alençon, who was hotly angered by them, and said, "We do well to cumber ourselves with this rabble, who fail us at need!" By this time rain was falling, "*si grosse et si épaisse que merveilles, et un tonnerre et un esclistre moult grand et moult horrible*"; moreover, the sky was further darkened by a huge flock of crows, "*que sans nombre*"—which, by an ancient superstition, foretold a great and bloody battle. The rain had slackened the bow-strings of the archers, and when it ceased and the sun came out, the light was dazzling in the French army's eyes. But the Genoese bravely rallied. They uttered their ringing battle-cry (perhaps it was an inheritance from the Saracen *tecbir*!), meaning thus to terrify the English; "*mais les Anglais se tinrent tous cois, ni oncques n'en firent semblant.*" Thrice the Genoese shouted, then rushed forward and began to draw. . . . But the rain had done its work. Their onslaught failed. The English, snugly entrenched as they were, could adjust their arrows cunningly—yet thrice the blinded Genoese dashed forward. "Death rained into their ranks." Doria fell first, then Charles Grimaldi, dangerously wounded,¹ and the archers, flinging away their useless weapons, hurled backward on the French army.

¹ According to Villani, Charles was killed at Crécy; but Zurita says that he led an expedition in the following spring. Gioffredo thinks that Zurita referred to one of Charles's sons. No later writer casts any doubt at all on his survival of his wounds at Crécy.

But between them and their allies was now a great wall of English soldiers, so that when they tried to retreat they could not. The King of France, "*par grand maualent,*" cried out, "Come, kill all this rabble quickly, for they impede us uselessly!" ("*Or tôt, tuez toute cette ribaudaille, car ils nous empêchent la voie sans raison.*") This ferocious order brought about the destruction of the French army, for the *gens d'armes*, charging the Genoese, fell into confusion, there ensued a hopeless mella, the English, seeing their opportunity, dashed in . . . and so began the fatal Day of Crécy. No heroism on the French side could redeem that insane brutality: poetic justice had, for once, appeared upon the battlefield.

Charles, recovering from his almost fatal wounds, fought at the Siege of Calais in 1347, "but he was never to number among his victories a decisive one against the English. Calais fell, and soon afterwards, he returned to Monaco." It was now as though the wheel of fortune had turned. Thenceforward, all went wrong. In 1353 (as we have seen) came Antonio's disaster at Loiera; and, four years later, the Siege of Monaco by Simon Boccanegra, then restored to power after his deposition and flight.¹ He was re-elected Doge in 1356, and his first anxiety was to win back the inhabitants of the two Rivas. He

¹ See preceding chapter.

seemed likely to succeed ; he soon had the region at his disposal, except the towns of Savona and Vintimiglia and the fortress of Monaco, which, being under the influence of the Grimaldis and other exiled Genoese nobles, refused to submit. Savona was quickly reduced ; Vintimiglia was brought low also—the Grimaldis, to whom it now belonged, (as we shall see directly), were allowed to retire to Monaco. Then came the turn of our Rock. There were fourteen Genoese vessels, with six from Pisa ; these blockaded the harbour. Four thousand infantry were dispersed over the hill below La Turbia, and they held every access so closely that Monaco could look for no help from outside. There was no food, no water,¹ and, practically, no army. “The old lion seemed to multiply himself, he was everywhere !”—but from the first there had been no hope : after a month’s heroic resistance, Monaco surrendered. The Grimaldis were “out” again, after a rule of nineteen years.

Charles, the “old lion,” retired to Mentone, which was his own property, for in 1346, just before leaving for Crécy, he had bought from the Ventos, (who were sovereign lords there), the castle and territory of Mentone together with their entire possessions in Roccabruna and Vintimiglia, for the sum of sixteen thousand golden florins. He had

¹ “Monaco, being built on a rock, has no spring-water, and in those days the tanks that are now constructed to hold rain-water did not exist.” (Pemberton: *The History of Monaco*. 1867.)

enriched his family with many a valuable fief besides; moreover, Philip VI, in reward for his services, ("but not for his victories, since he gained none"), had given him much land and many high commercial privileges. Greatly indeed had Charles Grimaldi advanced the family-interests. His territorial acquisitions, the increase of military and maritime power, ("the navy of Monaco was raised by him to a rank higher than any other in the Mediterranean"), his illustrious renown in Europe and the East, the wide development of commerce—all these things (remarks Boyer de Sainte-Suzanne) earned justly for him that title of The Great by which he is distinguished.

At Mentone he lived thenceforth, and died there in 1363, the same year in which his enemy Boccanegra was treacherously poisoned. He had submitted to harsh destiny, but his family, restless and humiliated at Nice, had never ceased to plot for the expulsion of the Genoese from Monaco. Boccanegra, during the latter years of his life, had been warned of this; he had threatened the Queen of Naples¹ with war if the conspirators were not discovered and punished, for Nice was in her domain.² The Seneschal of Provence proceeded against the Grimaldis and their partisans; and the upshot was a peace between the Genoese and the

¹ This was Jane I, who, to her sorrow, succeeded her grandfather, Robert the Wise, in 1343.

² She was Countess of Provence also, by Robert's arbitrary will. (See next chapter.)

92 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

angry family, which was signed at Mentone in 1363—the year of Charles's death.

He had married a Spinola, and by her had six children. The two eldest, Rainier and Charles, succeeded him as joint-lords in Mentone, Rocca-bruna, and Castiglione ;¹ but Rainier was not to re-enter Monaco for thirty-eight years.

The Grimaldi fortunes now became intertwined with those of a most enigmatic, lovely, and unlucky lady—that Jane of Naples who has been called the Mary Stuart of the fourteenth century. She was the granddaughter of Robert I, surnamed undeservedly The Wise, for never did adoring grandparent more diligently sow the wind for his darling ; and the ensuing whirlwind which raged incessantly round her golden head may be said to have begun when she was eight years old.

Of course it was a question of “the succession.” Morally and legally there was no doubt about it. Jane was not the rightful heir to the throne of Naples ; that heir was Carobert, her cousin, son of the King of Hungary. The trouble had first menaced so far back as 1305—twenty years before she was born—in the reign of Charles II of Anjou, Robert's father. Charles II's eldest son died several

¹ From this son Charles descend the Grimaldis, *conseigneurs* of Mentone, who ceded their rights to the town to Lambert Grimaldi at the end of the fifteenth century.



JOAN the first of that Name Queen of Naples, which
for her Incontinency and other wicked Practises was
put to Death. Anno 1381.

Page 360.

W M sculp

From an engraving by William Marshall.

JANE THE FIRST,
Queen of Naples.

years before him, but left an heir, Carobert, who by right of his grandmother was King of Hungary,¹ and also, as I have said, beyond all question the rightful sovereign of Naples. Charles II recognised that ; but whatever he may have proposed, it was the Pope—at that time Boniface VIII—who did the disposing ; and Boniface needed a strong ally at Naples.² Charles was not only Boniface's ally ; he was his slave. But how when the Angevin should die, and the savage Magyars should invade the land of Italy as part-proprietors ? . . . Boniface infected Charles with his own uneasiness ; very gravely they put their heads together over the question of uniting such discrepant crowns. The two races were antagonistic to the core ; they could never coalesce. So far Boniface and Charles were right. Politically, their hesitation was wise ; morally and legally, it was indefensible. But men—and especially Popes—easily threw off such scruples in those days. The pair sketched out a scheme whereby Carobert should be dispossessed ; then Boniface died, and soon after him Charles—and the first crisis came.

There then reigned at Avignon, not at Rome, that Pope Clement V who first took the Papal Chair from Italy to France. This had been the result of

¹ The Hungarian crown descended in the female line. Queen Mary of Hungary (succeeding on the death of her brother Ladislaus) had married Charles II of Anjou.

² To aid him in his dual warfare with Philippe-le-Bel of France, (who detested him), and with Henry VII, *soi-disant* Holy Roman Emperor—for the title was then in abeyance,

94 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

Philippe-le-Bel's long feud with Boniface. Boniface dying, the French desired a more friendly Pope. France was at that time very powerful; matters usually fell out as she devised; and Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, was duly elected as Clement V. Because of the many recalcitrant cardinals at Rome, Clement resolved to fix his Court beyond the Alps, and the Holy See was thus transferred to Avignon.

This drew the Kings of Naples into still closer alliance, for Avignon was in Provençal, that is, Angevin, territory. Clement, needing an ally there as much as Boniface had done, desired Robert, Charles's third son,¹ to be king. Carobert was therefore finally excluded from his inheritance. The Pope's fiat was absolute: Carobert bent beneath the rod. But complications soon announced themselves, for Robert's only son, Charles, Duke of Calabria, died (as Charles II's had done) long before his father, and left only daughters. These were our heroine Jane, and her younger sister Mary, a posthumous child. The female succession rarely fails to bring trouble in its train. Robert, realising this, did what he could to avert it. He arranged that the two Neapolitan princesses should wed the two Hungarian princes: Jane marrying Andrew the younger, and Mary, Louis, who was heir to the Hungarian crown. There were elements of justice and imagination in this scheme, but the

¹ The second son, Louis, was in holy orders.

element of common-sense there was not ; for the incompatibility of the crowns and races, thus brought together after all, would be greatly aggravated by the fact that wedlock was the link. Contention between Andrew and Jane about the degree of authority to which each was entitled would come inevitably : one would suppose that anybody must have foreseen that. But Robert did not foresee it ; and when little Jane was eight years old (1333) she was formally betrothed to Andrew of Hungary.

Not only was she the future Queen of Naples, but, to complete her doom, he had made her heiress of Provence as well—thus ignoring the will of Charles II, who had devised Provence to his *heirs male*. It therefore belonged to Robert's brother, Philip, Duke of Taranto.¹ But Robert cast the will aside. He named Jane (and, in her default, Mary) heiress of the Provençal States, which he declared to be inseparably united to the crown of Naples. . . . And then, having sowed these mighty winds, having in 1342, (when she was seventeen), married Jane irrevocably to Andrew of Hungary, having, shortly afterwards, beheld the earliest menace of the storm which was to beat upon her head—Robert the Wise gave up his ghost, and eighteen-year-old Jane took up her inheritance.

¹ And, failing him or his posterity, to John, Duke of Durazzo, the eighth son of Charles II.

96 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

She was lovely, passionate, and proud ; she had been brought up in the gayest and most cultured court of the period. Her father, Charles of Calabria, had been one of the most delightful of men, instinct with the humour, naïveté, and eccentricity which, in rulers, enchant the imagination of posterity. Her mother was Mary of Valois, so she had the Royal Blood of France from both sides. History has much to whisper of the fair frail girl ; Brantôme, treating of her in his *Dames Illustres*, tells such anecdotes as make one marvel that he did not rather include her among the *Dames Galantes*. Most of the Italian historians speak quite definitely of her licence. Tall, golden-haired, and blue-eyed, with an angelic smile and a keen, cultivated intellect, there was no hope that Andrew of Hungary could satisfy any demand she had to make. All her life she had mixed with distinguished men, for Robert was a great patron of learning. “Messer Giovanni Boccaccio” haunted the Neapolitan Court, Petrarch was Apostolic Legate, Giotto owed his career to the kindly Angevin king, minstrels and troubadours abounded : life was often as fair and smiling as the azure sky above. *Had been* as fair and smiling, rather—for all the gaiety seemed to die away when Jane married her cousin Andrew. Coming as a lad to live amongst them in preparation for his future kingship, Andrew had been a kill-joy from the first. Awkward, ugly, inert, and gluttonous, haunted by a beetle-browed, filthy Friar Robert,

his tutor, the unwelcome betrothed skulked about the silken court, hating and suspecting everything and everybody. He despised the airy Neapolitans, yet—like many another unfortunate of the same humour!—he was convinced that they were always laughing at him. Perhaps they sometimes were. He was so ugly, slovenly, stupid; his speech was so uncouth. There were encouragements to mirth, moreover, and they came from very near the very highest quarters. They came from the Princess Jane's governess, in fact—that Philippa the Catanian who disputes with Madame Sans-Gêne the place of the most famous laundress in history. Clever, handsome, and "possibly blameless," this woman's influence over the little Jane had grown to be paramount; and between her and Andrew's pestilential tutor, daggers were of course drawn at first sight. The Hungarian party at Court grew in unpopularity with every sneer that Philippa sneered; and when, in 1342, (before Robert's death), Carobert of Hungary died, and Louis, the designated husband of Jane's younger sister Mary, succeeded—the masks fell from all faces, and the doting grandfather stared upon the nightmare of his foolish dream. Louis instantly repudiated the matrimonial arrangement, and treated for the daughter of the King of Bohemia. Robert resorted to another "last will and testament," whereby Andrew was excluded from the sovereignty of Naples and described merely as Queen's consort. Then he died, as I have shown, and in 1343 Naples

98 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

and Provence owned Jane as sole and sovereign mistress.

Petrarch, at that time Apostolic Legate, wrote to a friend about the miserable situation. "I see two lambs in the midst of wolves—a monarchy without a monarch"; for Jane was too doomed a figure for anyone to behold unmoved, while Andrew, poor lout, was the tool of his unsavoury friar—"that monster, who" (to continue Petrarch's eloquent outpouring) "oppresses the weak, despises the great, and treats the two queens with the utmost insolence."¹ The entire group of the Royal family of Naples, Taranto, and Durazzo, loathed the Hungarians; Jane was already alienated from her lubberly spouse, and all the more, because a fascinating Cousin Luigi of Taranto had appeared upon the scene, much brought into her company by his mother Catherine whom Jane adored, and who was thoroughly "soaked" in the Neapolitan atmosphere—not, as I have hinted, an austere one. Thus all were so far (but no further) agreed as to want the luckless Andrew out of the way; and matters were in this high-strung state when, later in the year of Robert's death, the Durazzo party took a bold step. Duke Charles of that branch was now, by his father's death, rightful heir to the Provençal States. He ran off with, and forcibly married, Jane's

¹ The two queens were Jane, and Robert's widow, Sancha, who, unable to endure the state of affairs, soon took refuge in a convent.

sister Mary—heiress as she was in Jane's default to all that Jane at that moment possessed! A dagger drawn in the queen's face could not more definitely have threatened her life. Moreover, Hungary caught at the pretext, and Louis, not yet married to his Princess of Bohemia, angrily reminded Naples that Mary was his promised bride. Naples heard unmoved; and, frantic with apprehension, (since all Durazzo had to accomplish was to kill Jane off, and then, by right of his wife, proclaim himself King of Naples), Louis turned to Avignon. Avignon was to be bribed to press forward Andrew's coronation. Two years went by before Avignon moved; then, urged by Andrew's mother, Elizabeth of Hungary, Clement VI showed his hand by sending a legate to govern Naples. That was in 1344; in 1345, Elizabeth herself arrived at Avignon to urge the coronation. Thence she went on to Naples, to "persuade" Jane. Whatever she did to Jane—and persuasion may be safely regarded as a euphemism—Jane at last assented. The long-delayed coronation was arranged to take place on September 20, 1345.

In that month the Court went into *villeggiatura* at Aversa, "in a lonely convent of the Celestines." On the night of the 18th, the queen had retired, her husband being with her, when a chamberlain came to announce that grave news had arrived from Naples and that the councillors were awaiting the future king's orders. He rose and made ready.

The queen seemed troubled, she even sought to stop his going, but he went to the door, passed through, shut it behind him—and was seized by the neck in the dark corridor. The assassins made no attempt to stab him, for they believed that he wore a ring which was a sure talisman against steel or poison : strangulation was to be the mode of death. But Andrew so vigorously resisted that all they could do was to drag him to a window, whence they flung him down to others in the garden beneath, and these had no difficulty in doing the deed in the chosen manner. . . It was a fragrant, moonless night, mysterious and silent—and the struggle, breaking on the enchanted air, awoke Andrew's old nurse, Isolda, who rushed to the queen's room and found her alone, sitting near the bed, her face buried in her hands. Isolda asked for the king, whereupon the queen answered so strangely that the old woman ran to the window with a torch, and by that light alone, perceived the body on the ground. "With a great cry, she summoned the Court to vengeance."

Sismondi tells the story thus ; other historians say that Andrew was killed in the corridor, and his body suspended from one of the barred windows of the convent. Some days before the murder, Jane had been busy making a long thick cord of gold silk. "What is it for?" the idly-lounging Andrew had asked her. "To hang you with," she had answered, with curled mocking lips. . .

Honoré Bouche (a very impartial setter-forth of her story) dismisses this anecdote as incredible. Such an answer would, he says, too surely have proved her complicity. Nevertheless, the odd truth is that Andrew's strangulation or hanging or both—whichever be the fact as to the mode of death—*was* accomplished by means of a thick, new golden cord.

Muratori says that "it would be easier to turn a negro white than to clear the Queen of Naples of the murder of Andrew." Our own weighty Hallam refuses any decisive pronouncement: "I cannot venture positively to rescind the verdict of history." Most of the great Italians are against her, but we must remember that they were Ghibelline, while she was Guelf; in favour of her are Petrarch, Boccaccio, Angelo da Perugia, Baldus, Niccolo Acciajuoli—but these, we must also remember, were close personal friends. It is indeed like Mary Stuart and Darnley; and will remain, no doubt, as insoluble a problem for historians. My own opinion inclines to a belief in her complicity. Much is said by her champions of her amiability and sweetness; but these are virtues automatically assigned to feminine royalty, and we find no actual testimony to her possession of them. Another argument much used in her defence is that of her pregnancy¹ at the time of Andrew's

¹ Her son, Charles Martel, was born on the Christmas Day following. He died when he was only three years old.

murder. It cuts both ways, for the aberration of women at such periods has produced blacker doings than this. The chief point—and there is not a scintilla of doubt with regard to it—is that with all her heart and soul she hated Andrew of Hungary, and loved Luigi of Taranto. He was her lover, it is true, but she wanted him to be her King as well : he was the only one of her four husbands to whom she not only gave that title, but insisted on giving it.

Well, however it were, Andrew was out of the way. Jane returned to Naples, taking the body with her ; and found herself at once arraigned by Charles of Durazzo, who had, as I have related, married her sister Mary. He called upon the people to avenge their king's murder ; and though the people had had no king, nor any fancy for the prospect of having that one, decency demanded investigation. A trial was begun at Charles's palace, before Clement VI. Many were accused, many tortured, "in fashions too terrific and atrocious for detail."¹ Some of the prisoners had their tongues cut out before examination by Durazzo's orders. He was insistent in declaring Jane's guilt ; others, no less insistent, accused *him*. "If one was guilty, the other cannot have been, for they were deadly enemies." That is the comment of many writers ; and it does more credit to

¹ Philippa the Laundress was among the earliest victims. So awful were her sufferings that she died on the way to final execution. Her son and daughter were done to death amid devilries unspeakable.

their simplicity than to their understanding of a crafty and ambitious nature. There could be nothing astonishing in Charles's knowledge of Jane's complicity in a plot which he had himself instigated. So long as *she* did not know that he had instigated it, (and that is of course a necessary condition), it is far more probable that he would have sought to draw her in than to exclude her, for her guilt would justify all that he might do against her; while his claim (through Mary) to the crown of Naples and the rest would, when claims should come to be investigated, prove at least as good as the King of Hungary's. Hence, beyond all doubt, the torn-out tongues of the possibly dangerous witnesses. Charles was guilty, I am convinced; but I am not convinced that his guilt proves Jane's innocence.

The suspicions of Jane increased, as the awful trial proceeded. Charles kept the public mind alive to every damning circumstance, and at last the queen was driven to write a letter to her brother-in-law of Hungary. "I have suffered such intense torture by the murder of my beloved husband that, stunned by grief, I well-nigh died of the same wounds." These somewhat overcharged phrases were convincing for the Pope; for Louis of Hungary they were but "windy suspirations of forced breath." His letter in reply, which came

only after long delay, is one of the great laconicisms of history.

“JANE,

“The disorders of your past life, the ambition which has caused you to retain the Royal power, the belated vengeance and the excuses alleged, all suffice to prove that you are guilty of my brother’s death.”

Was curtness ever more pregnant? In that single sentence, the claim is as clear as the indictment. Louis meant to wear the crown of Naples. Jane, realising all, married Luigi of Taranto, and fled to Avignon. There she was permitted to plead her innocence publicly before Clement VI. Clement had been torn both ways: Louis was urgent, Jane was urgent—and Jane had Avignon. To have Avignon was, in Clement’s view, to have the inestimable. He made up his mind. He received Jane with open arms, heard her cause, acquitted her wholly, “she was his blameless and beloved daughter”—all, all for Avignon! He got his Avignon. In, June 1348, Jane, needing money to fight the invading Louis, sold Clement the Papal town for 80,000 golden florins (about £60,000 of our money); and so the City of Bells, as Rabelais called it, passed away from the Counts of Provence.

Louis of Hungary had invaded Italy in the end

of 1347, under his famous Strangling Banner—a grim black standard whereon was depicted the murder of Andrew. He had done more than that, for in 1347, paying a commemorative visit to Aversa, the avenging brother had indeed avenged. He had killed Charles of Durazzo in the very window from which Andrew had been hung, or flung! . . . He was actually in Naples itself when Jane sold Avignon; but a strange ally now came to aid her. The Black Death hunted the Black Banner from the land.¹ Just as Jane arrived at the Papal town, Petrarch's Laura died in it of the pestilence; the plague was soon raging there and in Naples, and Louis' army was decimated. He fled the country, leaving the government of Naples to one Conrad de Loup, "wolf by name and wolf by nature," says Honoré Bouche. This man's cruelties were so desperate that the Neapolitans recalled Jane. She came, with her loved Luigi, now Count of Provence. She begged so hard for him to be made King that at last Clement consented: both were crowned in 1352, and Jane, now Queen once more of Naples, reigned there for thirty years, amid an almost incessant turmoil from one side or another of her acquisitive family.

Two Grimaldis had fought for her against Louis of Hungary at Naples; then, in 1358, Rainier

¹ 1348 was the year of the Great Plague.

Grimaldi, the eldest son of Charles I of Monaco, came back to his own country from long campaigning in France. Jane, desirous of attaching him to her service, made him Seneschal in Piedmont—that is, in the provinces of Coni, Stura, Desmont, and Nice, which had been Provençal territory since Charles I of Anjou's time. These provinces were much coveted by the Counts of Savoy, for they separated Savoy territory from the sea. "We have treated Italy as an artichoke, to be eaten leaf by leaf," said Charles-Emmanuel III of the now Royal House of Italy, in very much later years than these. The phrase, consummate in one sense, is in another unjust to themselves, since only under the Savoy has the "artichoke" grown fully globed. . . . These Piedmont lands were the leaf at which they were then most diligently nibbling. They snatched it from Rainier's lips at first, driving him from Piedmont in 1362; but in 1363, after a terribly expensive war, he regained the provinces. He was soon to fight for Jane against a still more resolute foe—that Louis of Anjou whom she adopted as her heir in later years, and who, until she did so, haunted her life unceasingly with his predatory schemes.

In 1368 the war began. Louis engaged as his commander the renowned Bertrand du Guesclin, who, coming back from a successful campaign in Spain, was just then in Languedoc with his band of adventurers. It was the age of the great *condottieri*: no less than three come prominently



From an engraving, after a painting by Féron.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

into our story. Du Guesclin is one ; Sir John Hawkwood, chief of the famous White Company, another ; Francesco Carmagnola—a little later on—the third. Du Guesclin is by far the most interesting of the three, and that not because of his renown as a filibusterer, but because he is one of the great *beaux-lairs* of history—a creature so ugly that, according to his earliest chronicler, “from Rennes to Dinant there was no one to compare with him,” yet a creature, too, so fascinating that he broke woman’s heart upon woman’s heart !

Du Guesclin attacked Tarascon for Louis of Anjou, and as there was treachery within its walls, Tarascon fell. Then came the turn of Arles, a much more important place. Arles held out so gallantly that Anjou, losing heart, sought to win over the brilliant Grimaldi to his own service. Dazzling bribes were offered. Gioffredo declares that Rainier accepted them, deserted Jane, and followed Louis, “and all the more willingly because Louis was soon adopted as her heir by the queen herself. Notwithstanding which,” continues the grim fellow, “Honoré Bouche, without any specific proofs to offer, has elected to believe the contrary.”¹ The documents arranging for Louis’ donations are in the Palace of Monaco, dated variously in May and June, 1368—the year of the Siege of Arles. How did

¹ Nostradamus, quoted by Gioffredo in his own cause, says that *at this time* Jane did appoint a new Captain-General to resist the Angevins—one San Severino.

they get there, if Grimaldi indignantly refused all offers? But we must remember that such transactions were by no means rare in those days; also that Rainier had long and lovingly served France before Jane attached him. Métivier says that he repudiated, "for the moment," Louis' offers, but hinted that after the war he might consider them. The dates upon the documents would seem to prove that the hint was a tolerably broad one. . . . At any rate, Louis of Anjou raised the Siege of Arles, abandoned Tarascon, and retired beyond the Rhône. In 1369, he gave Grimaldi the title of Admiral of the Mediterranean and General of the Maritime Armies on the coast of Languedoc.

By this time Luigi of Taranto had been dead for six years, and Jane had been married for five to James of Majorca. This she had been "advised" to do, and did apparently with some reluctance, for Number Three was rigidly refused that title of King which had been so ardently given to the adored Number Two. James was bitterly offended. He left his consort three months after their marriage, and went to the war in Spain; came back, but "remained always a mere cypher," and died in 1374.¹

Jane married Otho of Brunswick, her fourth husband, in 1375, when she was fifty years old.

¹ Brantôme says that Jane had his head cut off, because he was unfaithful to her.

Three years after her marriage came the Great Western Schism, which lasted from 1378 to 1449. In 1377 the Papal Chair had been taken back to Rome, through the mediation of that extraordinary woman Catherine of Siena, “the illustrious daughter of an obscure Sienese dyer.” It was in 1376, when she was twenty-nine years old, that this Catherine went to Avignon on her great mission. “The Western Babylon,” as men called it, was filled with French cardinals, French legates, French everything, for the Italians despised the scandalous, licentious Court, and kept away from it; the powerful Viscontis were bitterly hostile to the Church; the Sicilians had been on bad terms with it ever since the terrible Vespers in 1282. France was, in short, Avignon’s only friend—and the present trouble was that France, ravaged by the desolating war with England, could not now shelter her Popes as she had once sheltered them. So evident had this long been that already, before Gregory XI, Urban V had retraced his steps to Rome. But once in Italy, he found himself so harassed by the Visconti Vipers that in 1370 he broke down, and fled “home” to Avignon. He died soon after his return, and the cardinals, assembled there, chose again a Frenchman for their Pope. This was Gregory XI, the Pope whom Catherine of Siena brought “back to Rome.” He went there in 1377, and in 1378, before he could carry out his firm intention of returning to France, he died.

It was the extraordinary scene at the Vatican after his death which caused the Great Schism in the Western Church. Italy, by this time, hated Avignon so passionately that she was driven to fight against the Church itself; and the people, crystallising public feeling into a phrase, thronged for hours round the Vatican, crying with one voice, "*Romano volemo lo papa, Romano lo volemo, o almanco, almanco italiano!*" ("We will have the Pope Roman—we will have him Roman, or at least, at least Italian!") The cardinals sat within, and heard, and trembled. The trouble out-of-doors was not the only trouble: factions in their own Conclave were threefold. There was but one point on which they were all in harmony, and that was, *not to elect an Italian*; for the French cardinals (who numbered eleven to one Spanish, and four Italian!) loathed the Roman sojourn, and longed for Avignon again. . . Outside, the cries became ever more menacing, more insistent; inside, the secret disaffections grew with every hour more unrestrained. At last a Neapolitan was suggested—the Archbishop of Bari, very learned and devout. He was of the Legate of Romagna's party—the Legate of Romagna being that Robert of Geneva who was afterwards to play so prominent a part. Bari was duly elected, and then the cardinals again took fright. How were they going to face that cursed, howling mob ("*ces maudits romains*") with the news that *lo Papa* was not a Roman after

all? . . . It had to be done, and one of them went to the window.

“The Pope is elected.”

“His name?”

But at that the cardinal flinched. “Go to St. Pierre and you shall hear.”

In the turmoil, the words *St. Pierre* were all that reached them—and there was a Cardinal Saint-Pierre up for election. He was a Tebaldeschi—a Roman: no matter that he was very old and very infirm as well. *Romano, romano*—that was enough! Off they went in glee to sack his palace, according to the ancient custom. They sacked it thoroughly, and while they were thus busy, Bari was brought to the Vatican. But now the crowd rushed back, eager to adore the new Pope, and the cardinals, again distraught with terror, ran away. Meeting members of the crowd as they fled, they confirmed the mistake: *Saint-Pierre is Pope*—while to their friends they insisted on Bari’s correct and canonical election. Meanwhile, poor plundered Saint-Pierre was trying to keep off the adoring multitude. “I was not elected; I am not Pope, and I don’t want to be!” No one would listen to him; no one came to confirm him. Nearly all the cardinals were gone. Bari, as terrified as they, hid himself in a secret room. . . . But at last the anguished day drew to a close; the mob was weary—might not the dread announcement be ventured now? Such cardinals as remained in Rome decided to proclaim

Bari. No further turbulence broke forth, and, gaining courage, Bari assumed the name of Urban VI, and began that arrogant, detested reign which resulted in the paralysing Schism.

The Queen of Naples was at first delighted that a Neapolitan should be elected. She was profuse in attentions—she sent Urban VI magnificent presents, she despatched to his Court her most distinguished nobles ; but the Pope, wrought upon by Hungary, received them freezingly, and pointedly insulted Otho of Brunswick when *he* arrived. In 1380, Urban went further. He pronounced Jane's deposition, freed her subjects from their allegiance, and preached a crusade against her. But behold ! by this time there were two Popes. Urban might fulminate at Rome ; Avignon had its own pontiff, and he was that very Robert of Geneva to whose party in the Conclave Bari had belonged. For the French cardinals in Rome had in 1378 pronounced the Holy See vacant, ("because the election was made in the midst of a mutinous populace"), had then formed a Conclave and elected Robert of Geneva Pope, as Clement VII. He was much the better choice, but Urban, having the glamour of Rome around him, was followed by all Christian Europe except Spain, France, and Naples.

When the Roman Pope joined Durazzo's party against Jane, Rainier Grimaldi, who had till then

been on his side,¹ went over instantly to Clement. This was in 1380, the year in which Jane definitely excluded Durazzo from the succession, and adopted Louis of Anjou as her heir. She presented him to her subjects as her "son" and successor; but in the next year (1381) Urban answered this defiance by crowning Durazzo at Rome as Charles III of Naples. He soon arrived to take possession. Otho of Brunswick was totally unable to oppose him; "without striking a single blow," Durazzo took Naples on July 16, 1381. Jane was imprisoned in the castle called Château-Neuf, and left with no food; galleys came from Provence to aid her, but they arrived so late that all was lost—she capitulated to the nephew upon whom in early years she had lavished every kindness . . . and he, apt pupil of the savage Magyars, "had her suffocated between two mattresses" on May 12, 1382.

"The races are incompatible." Truly Boniface and Charles, those many years ago, had seen aright; and though they did not act aright, we may well doubt if any human being could have found "the thing to do." Fire and water are more congruous than Hungary and Naples. Let us examine the death-roll of this story alone. In 1345, Andrew of Hungary killed; in 1347, the first Charles of Durazzo killed by Andrew's brother to avenge

¹ In 1379, when Clement VII and his cardinals, hunted from Rome, wanted to retire to France and set up "Avignon" again, Rainier (then on Urban's side) had taken the rebel cardinals prisoners at Mentone.

his murder; in 1382, Jane of Naples killed by the second Charles of Durazzo, as a further vengeance for Andrew's murder; finally, (to carry the story a little beyond our actual range), Charles himself killed doubly, first by steel, and when steel proved tardy in its work, by poison—killed doubly also, in another sense, for his murderers were two furious Queens of Hungary,¹ forced by him to abdicate when he came from Italy in 1385 as Charles III, and set the crown of Hungary at last beside the crown of Naples.

Such was the fate which Robert the Wise dealt out to his lovely grandchild. Surely she must often during her wild, tormented life, have wished, in the sanctioned woman's phrase, that "there were no such things as crowns."

¹ One was Louis of Hungary's eldest daughter Mary, who married Sigismund, the second son of the Emperor Charles IV. She brought Sigismund the crown of Hungary, and she herself was crowned, in her own right, with the title of *King*! The other Queen was her grandmother Elizabeth, who had been so active in the matter of Andrew's coronation in 1345.

CHAPTER V

Sir John Hawkwood and his White Company—The capricious City of Genoa—Carmagnola and the horrible Siege of Cremona—A Grimaldi heroine at last—Pommeline and Claudine Grimaldi.

CHAPTER V

AFTER Jane's death came a long tedious period of fighting all over Italy. First, in 1382, was Louis of Anjou's campaign against Charles of Durazzo—or more correctly, Charles III of Naples, for Louis never wore the Neapolitan crown. The only remarkable circumstances in this fight were the first introduction (by Charles) of the "De Wet" school of tactics into warfare, and the appearance in our chronicle of the famous Sir John Hawkwood and his White Company. Hawkwood fought for Charles; Rainier Grimaldi for Louis of Anjou. The Durazzo tactics were brilliant. They consisted in a continual disappearance from everywhere; moreover, as Durazzo advanced, he had the crops destroyed, so that famine for the French must have ensued if Rainier—evidently an early "best transport-officer since Moses"—had not bethought himself of having his galleys well provisioned. Rainier never won an actual victory against Hawkwood¹ and the wonderful White Men,

¹ Contemporary French chroniclers gallicised amusingly the picturesque name. It became "Aucud!"

118 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

in their glittering steel armour that shone "like mirrors," entirely unprofaned by ornament of any kind, and their banners, scarves, and plumes of snowy white. A brave array! possibly the one outcome of their chief's early training—for Hawkwood had begun life as a tailor's apprentice in London. Now he was what Hallam describes as "the first real general of modern times; and the greatest and last of the Condottieri."

This campaign was ended in 1384 by the death of Louis of Anjou; and in the same year the Grimaldis acquired Antibes from Clement VII, who, still entangled in the Schism, found himself ever more and more in need of money. He had wrested Antibes from the Bishop of Grasse, (who was an "Urbanite"), and now he sold it to the brothers Mark and Luke Grimaldi for 9,000 florins.¹ Luke had been Admiral of Provence under Queen Jane, and Charles V of France had made Mark a Captain-General. These were rich posts; Mark and Luke were regarded as the fortunate ones of the family. At Nice another Grimaldi was, perhaps, envying them. This was John de Bueil, of the branch come down from Andaro Grimaldi and Astruga de Bueil, who figured in an earlier chapter. John was Seneschal of Nice, and Amadeus VII of

¹ Papon says they kept it only eight months, and that Clement then gave it to the Doge of Genoa; but Pemberton declares that the Grimaldis had it till 1608, when Henry IV of France bought it from them for 250,000 florins. Their rule had plainly been a good thing for Antibes.



SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.

Savoy was "approaching" him very strongly for this leaf of the artichoke. Louis II of Anjou was still contending for that weary Neapolitan crown, so Nice was left to the Grimaldi honour—which on this occasion broke down. John handed the place over to Amadeus¹ in 1388, "on consideration of a handsome pension and the hereditary Governorship." One imagines that Amadeus must have granted the latter condition with an apprehension or two! He did, however, grant it; then John, hankering for more wealth and more power, bethought himself of that convenient "strong little place," so near at hand, which once had belonged to his House—and persuaded Amadeus to attack Monaco. It belonged to Genoa, as we know—the city having wrested it from Charles the Great in 1357; and Genoa highly valued it. But she was in her usual tormented condition. Formerly it had been the Four Families: now it was the Eight—for the great plebeians had entered the field, in the shape of the Houses of Adorno, Fregoso, Guarco, and Montaldo. So distraught was Genoa that she forgot Monaco, and John Grimaldi seized it in 1395—"it fell into his hands like a ripe plum." Emboldened by this triumph, John, with his brother Louis, attacked Vintimiglia; but there his luck failed him, and the two were taken prisoners by the Genoese. John

¹ Nice remained with the Savoy; later, Dukes of Savoy, later still, Kings of Sardinia. In 1419 Yolande of Anjou, unable to pay a debt to Amadeus IX, formally, to atone for her defection, abandoned all claims to Nice.

had already made himself obnoxious to the city by his piracies—that ancient Grimaldi failing—and she was soon to be in a position to avenge herself thoroughly. She had reached a crisis—one of many—in her destiny. In 1396 she “offered herself” to France, whose King was then Charles VI. He accepted her, and sent the Count de Saint-Pol as his Governor in 1397; but that appointment was short-lived. The Ghibellines complained that Saint-Pol favoured the Guelfs; civil war broke out; Saint-Pol fled—and the new Four Families became prominent again, with a Doria, (one of the “old” *régime*), joined on to them. The tumult was unceasing; Genoa ran blood. At last the people implored Charles VI to send another Governor, and hinted that this time they expected the best man he had; for Genoa, like a mistress with her lover, was proud of her voluntary submission, and thought herself justified in being all the more exacting because there were no legal bonds. France rose to the delicate situation, and sent Jean le Maingre, Sire de Boucicaut, “one of the greatest men in a great century.” He was a Marshal of France; he had fought under du Guesclin; he was handsome, noble, rich, and proud, “a born ruler, a born hero both in body and soul”; he was married to one of the most beautiful women of her time, Antoinette de Turenne; he was a great knight, the founder of the order of the *Dame Blanche à l’Ecu*

vert¹ . . . even for exigent Genoa it seemed that Boucicaut was good enough! He arrived in 1401, and won all hearts; the city was soon his adoring slave. Boucicaut was firm, just, and severe; "nothing that was cowardly or dishonourable could be endured by him." He soon made acquaintance with John de Bueil Grimaldi, who with his brother Louis had been set free from prison during Saint-Pol's term of office—and had at once recommenced his piracies from Monaco. Boucicaut heard of these, and was very angry. He advanced upon the Rock, surprised it, drove out John de Bueil, and reinstated Rainier Grimaldi in the *seigneurie* which had been wrested from Charles, First Lord, in 1357.

Rainier died in 1407. He had spent but little of his time at Port Hercules—the territory which was "*soon*" (as Rendu insists!) to be uninterruptedly handed down from Grimaldi to Grimaldi; "but which, *till then*, had been avidly coveted and occupied by all parties, but gained only by stratagem and force."

Ambrose, who came after his father, was drowned while fishing in 1422; his brother John succeeded. By this time Genoa had long since revolted again. There had been a general massacre of the French in 1409, when Boucicaut was absent (he was fighting in Milan for the Visconti); the people had taken

¹ Pemberton says that Genoese historians, who thought to do him honour, related of Boucicaut that he hated women. No French memoir of him says anything of this.

the Marquis de Montferrat as Governor ; Boucicaut, hearing the news, had tried to get back to the city, had been repulsed, and had found himself obliged to cross the Alps and return to France. Then had come a spell of anarchy—"Guelfs and Ghibellines like wild beasts without their keepers to restrain them" ; and finally, in 1421, Genoa, Courtesan of Cities, had "given herself" once more to somebody. The somebody this time was Philip-Mary Visconti, that Duke of Milan who bears the unenviable label of having been "almost terrifyingly ugly." He was the most powerful prince that had ever reigned over Italy, yet he was so nervous of the effect which his hideous countenance might have that he could scarcely bear to be seen. Sensitive as he was on this point, however, he did nothing to ameliorate his outward man, for "he was never even passably clean." An unhappy, apprehensive person, Philip-Mary was afraid of lightning and thunder, he was terrified of death, he "distrusted both himself and others." But Genoa had made up her mutable mind ! To this man she offered herself. He, in his turn, accepted her, and sent as Governor the greatest soldier of the time, Francesco Carmagnola—or Busone, as he was really called, for he had exchanged his surname for the name of the town where he was born.

He was the son of a peasant, and had begun life as a shepherd ; now he was Governor of Genoa, "Count" Carmagnola, and husband of Visconti's natural daughter, Bianca. In 1421 that was Car-

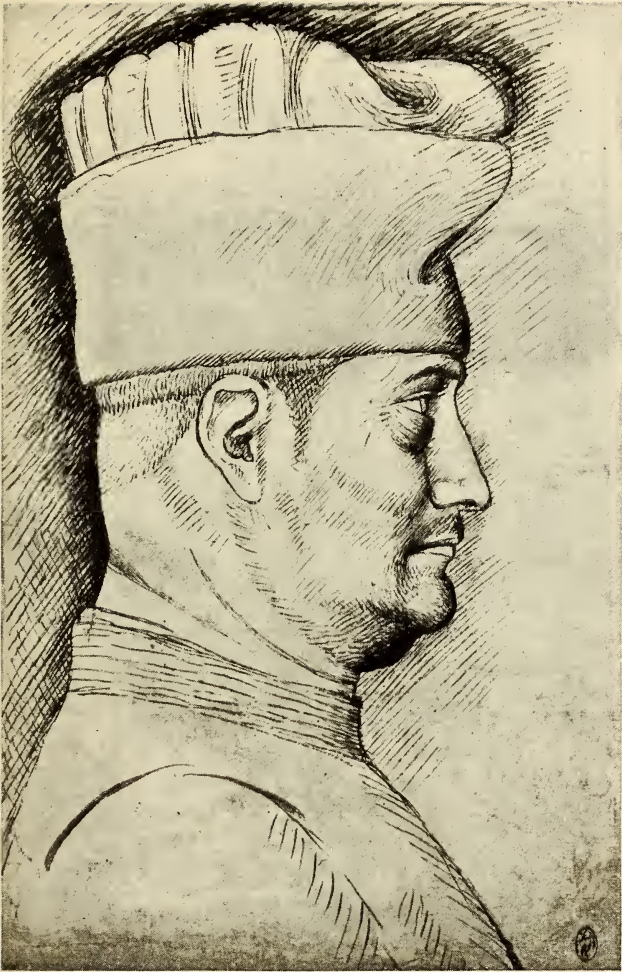


Photo by Giraudon, after the drawing in the Louvre by Pisanello.

PHILIP-MARY VISCONTI.

magnola's position ; in 1425 we find him in Venice, eagerly urging the Senators to sign a treaty or alliance with Florence *against the Duke of Milan!* The change had come about through Visconti's jealousy of his one-time *protégé*. The man was immensely rich—his soldiers adored him ; he must be ruined. But Carmagnola was resolved not to be ruined. He made friends first with Amadeus of Savoy, and revealed to him Visconti's plans ; then in 1425 he went to Venice. Meanwhile, at Milan, the Visconti Viper had revenged himself by confiscating all that property which had first stirred envy in his bosom. It brought in a revenue of forty thousand florins—enormous in those days. . . In 1426 Florence and Venice, as allied powers, declared war against Milan ; and from then to 1428 Carmagnola won victory after victory, until at last the Viper sued for peace. He obtained it ; but in 1431 war again broke out, and there came the terrible Siege of Cremona.

John Grimaldi, as admiral, fought for Visconti in this desperate battle ; Carmagnola was the Venetian general, Trevisani the admiral, and the trophy of war was to be the town of Cremona. Grimaldi's tactics were masterly. He drew the battle close in to the shore, so that the Venetians should lose the advantage of their mariners' experience—for the Milanese were strongest in armed cuirassiers, and these were what, as he had planned the contest, should prove of most importance.

Trevisani quickly perceived the trick, and summoned Carmagnola to join him with the cuirassiers that *he* commanded. But Carmagnola had all the insolence of the too-successful man; he was obstinate and rough-spoken as well; and when Trevisani's panting messengers arrived, he heard them with derision. "Tell him he is the victim of a delusion. Is he a coward, that he should be afraid of a phantom cuirassier?" The messengers went back; the battle proceeded. Soon enough, from the opposite bank of the river, Carmagnola perceived that Trevisani had been the victim of no delusion. The phantom cuirassiers were real cuirassiers; and they were not fighting only with their weapons. They had torches of pitch and sulphur; they had boiling oil and burning tow. "The decks were so slippery with blood and oil that there was no foothold"; quicklime also was used as a weapon: "the horror was unparalleled." He tried then to go, but it was too late. Crushed as they were against the opposite bank, the Venetian ships could not escape to bring over his men: the Genoese sailors had actually grappled *their* ships to the Venetian vessels! Trevisani left his flagship; and coming down the river in a barque, "he loudly accused Carmagnola of having caused the whole disaster."

The Venetians were slaughtered; six thousand men were killed—the Siege of Cremona, one of the most abominable battles in all history, was

over, and Carmagnola was a ruined man. The furious Trevisani repeated his accusations at Venice. In 1432 the Senate summoned Carmagnola, "to confer on affairs of state"; he went, was warmly received, then by some means induced to dismiss his suite—was instantly seized, gagged, bound, sent to the torture, and beheaded on the Piazza di San Marco. . . . Trevisani had been quickly avenged for that insulting message and that paralysing disbelief; and I think that vengeance, if it be admitted to our scheme of things at all, was never more in its place.

But John Grimaldi went back to Genoa in triumph, and was married "with splendid pomp" to Pommeline Fregoso, sister of Thomas Fregoso, who, before the rise of Carmagnola, had been Doge, and was again to rule there in the same high office three years after Carmagnola's death (1435).

The Grimaldi and Monaco story now, for a time, turns into a mere collection of law-papers—very, very dreary and perplexed. There was worry with the Savoyes about the "Turbia boundary." That had begun in Ambrose's time, and was recurrent thenceforth for three hundred years. John Grimaldi, much exercised by the covetous powers around him—Genoa, Milan, Savoy, and the Counts of Provence, all with an eye on Monaco—thought well to put part of his estates under a protectorate.

He chose Amadeus of Savoy as suzerain for Rocabruna and half of Mentone, on condition that the investiture was given to him and his children of either sex, born or to be born, "*à l'infini.*" The deed was signed in 1448. Much trouble came from it in later years through the entirely unfounded claim of the Savoyes to the absolute right. . . . But John kept intact the sovereignty of Monaco; and from there led many campaigns against the old-time foes, those Catalan pirates who were like the little foxes that spoil the grapes for the Lords of Monaco. Troublesome though they were, John made some profit out of them. He forced them to pay the tax of two per cent. on their cargo to which all merchant-vessels in the waters round Monaco were subject. Rendu regards this tax as an arbitrary and unjustifiable proceeding; but Métivier declares that the Lord of the Rock might fairly claim his percentage, since he kept armed galleys along the coast to defend the Gulf of Liguria against the Barbary pirates. One kind of pirate, it seems to me, must be very like another—but I do not know much about them, and the Grimaldis had for long been experts on the subject. John may have been justified.

Among John's best friends were Charles VII. of France, now a very powerful monarch, for the English had at last been driven from the land; and that delightful prince, René of Anjou, "painter, writer, dramatist, and modern dilettante"—the king

who had "conceived a sort of contempt for all that usually flatters the vanity of sovereigns," and who, informed, while he was engaged in painting a partridge, of the loss of Naples, went on painting, persuaded that "to be happy, he must forget that he was a sovereign." It was this René who introduced white peacocks into France, who propagated "the Provençal pink, the roses of Provins, and the muscat grape," who loved the sun so much that to this day a sunny corner in Provence is called "the chimney-piece of King René"—and his memory has kept the mellow flavour of his life. When one reads of a personality like this, one turns in weary impatience from those strident glories of the fighting-man which so tyrannise historians. The spilling of the blood, one murmurs, might well have sufficed without the further spilling of the ink—yet even while we grumble thus, with the Provençal pink between our fingers, the muscat grape between our lips, the white peacock a-glimmer somewhere on the lawns of the imagination, we too must once more take up the task of admiring those admirals and generals that the Grimaldis, for century after century, would persist in being.

John, hero of the atrocious Siege of Cremona, died in 1454 and left one son, Catalan, (was he called after the pirates, one speculates?), and two daughters, of whom the younger, Bartolommea, married Peter Fregoso, nephew of the Doge Thomas whose sister, Pommeline, had been John's bride in 1431.

Bartolommea is the first Grimaldi-born lady who arrests the attention of history. She distinguished herself in 1464 at the siege of the Castle of Genoa by the Duke of Milan. Her husband, Peter Fregoso, was by that time dead. Noted from his earliest youth for his audacity and violence, Peter had nevertheless in 1450 managed to get himself elected Doge. Genoa, under him, was what she always was—a river of blood. Alfonso of Aragon, who loathed him, attacked the city and was driven out, but came back and harassed her for years and years; till Peter, resolved that this scornful, captivating knight should never be his king, once more offered the sovereignty of Genoa to France. Charles VII. accepted it, and sent John of Calabria, René of Anjou's son, to be his Governor; but that arrangement lasted only two years. Fregoso then finding himself free of foes—for Alfonso of Aragon was dead, and his heir, Ferdinand of Naples, had recalled the fleet from before Genoa—resolved to throw off the French yoke. In 1459 he suffered defeat; but he soon advanced again upon the city. Again he was repulsed; but, intrepid in war as in cruelty, Peter Fregoso rode through the streets, calling on the people to arm against the common foe. The furious French pursued and killed him, while from the houses poured a rain of stones upon “one of the most illustrious citizens and dangerous enemies that Genoa has ever had” (1460).

He had not long been dead before the Courtesan of Cities began to think that she wanted a new protector. Paul Fregoso, as ardent and unscrupulous as his brother Peter, had been exiled, but now returned and stirred up feeling against the French. There were tumults innumerable and three or four changes of Doge, before in 1463 Paul established himself in the coveted office. He became unpopular directly, for he was tyrannical and cruel; the towns of the Riviera all united in defying his authority, and joined Francesco Sforza—now, by usurpation, Duke of Milan.¹ Sforza sent a big army against Genoa (1464). Fregoso held the Castelletto, but he soon left it in charge of his brother Pandolf and Bartolommea Grimaldi-Fregoso, Peter's widow, and sailed himself to act as pirate along the Ligurian coast. At the end of forty days, Sforza's general had not yet taken the castle, nor seemed likely to take it; but the "Widow Fregoso," (as Sismondi calls her), had for some time been treating secretly with the Milanese, and the result of her transactions was that she sold the castle for 14,000 golden florins to the enemy, who entered and took possession, Pandolf Fregoso being entirely ignorant of the turn which affairs had taken. This is what the official chroniclers of the Grimaldi family describe as Bartolommea's

¹ Sforza had married Philip-Mary Visconti's daughter; and when the Visconti died, he contrived to get himself recognised by the Milanese as successor to the title, and thus became the stem of a new House which reigned for several generations.

“immortalisation” of herself at the Siege of Genoa in 1464.

John Grimaldi's son Catalan had died in 1457, leaving only one daughter, Claudine, who now, by virtue of her grandfather's will, establishing the female succession, was sovereign lady of Monaco. The will had, however, also ordained that the possible heiress should marry a member of the Grimaldi family, so little twelve-year-old Claudine was at once beset by two acquisitive cousins. One was Lambert, second son of Nicolas Grimaldi of Antibes; the other was James, Baron de Bueil. Lambert was the favourite, for John had designated him in his will; but James, regarding the small Claudine, put his faith in time—since surely she was over-young to marry yet! Lambert, perceiving James's game, stopped it effectually by wedding the child a year after her father's death. Thus, in Claudine's right, he was Lord of Monaco “absolutely and entirely,” together with Roccabruna and the half of Mentone, which he held as fiefs under the House of Savoy. It was quite a happy union, say the chroniclers; “she reigned; he governed.”

Lambert supported Francesco Sforza, and in return for his services was made Governor of Vintimiglia. Sforza at that time held Genoa as “a fief in tenure” from the Crown of France; for Louis XI, when he succeeded Charles VII,

found her too unruly a lady to be worth keeping entirely to himself. He therefore ceded his rights to Sforza, who soon established himself as Lord (1463). All had been tolerably well while Francesco was alive; now, in 1466, when his son Galeazzo was in power, it was evident that Genoa would soon be "off" again. Lambert seized the opportunity of Galeazzo's troubles to make himself independent in Vintimiglia. He succeeded; but Sforza claimed the Duke of Savoy's aid against this revolting Grimaldi. Lambert had been stupid enough to offend Amadeus IX, and Amadeus now sent Entremont, Governor of Nice, to besiege Monaco. Lambert held out for two months, but at last, after a brilliant defence, had to accept capitulation on August 5, 1466.

His defeat had been made almost inevitable by two circumstances. René of Anjou had been unable to come to his aid; and Pommeline Fregoso, Claudine's grandmother, had taken up the historic rôle of the mother-in-law, and was giving Lambert some very bad quarters-of-an-hour. She had ardently desired the guardianship of Claudine, and she had not got it; jealous and offended, she then recollected that by John's will she had rights over the Castle of Mentone. She stirred up feeling there against Lambert. "Woman-wise," says Pemberton, (rather foolishly, for surely what Pommeline did was merely human-nature wise), "she chose the untoward moment," of the Siege of Monaco to induce

132 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

the Mentonese to revolt. What Mentone did, Roccabruna, faithful satellite, always did too, so both towns offered themselves to Savoy. But Amadeus IX behaved beautifully. (Perhaps he disliked Pommeline !) He caused searching inquiries to be made into the reason for this step ; and on discovering the truth, refused to have anything to do with the two towns. Not only so, but he sent Entremont, fresh from his success at Monaco, to quell the rebellion. Mentone and Roccabruna, much astonished at this rebuff, at once gave in and took fresh oaths of allegiance to Lambert. Amadeus, honourable but clear-sighted, remembering the many Grimaldi defections, claimed from Lambert a renewed homage for the towns ; but though he thus underlined his distrust of the family, he plainly bore Lambert no ill-will, for he afterwards made him Captain-General of the naval forces in the Western Riviera.

All these things had filled 1466 with excitement, and once they were settled, Lambert was glad to devote himself to his little State. Liguria at last knew some years of real tranquillity ; and by 1477, Lambert found that he had enough money saved to buy the five-sixths of Mentone which still belonged to his relatives, Honoré and Luke. The Grimaldi heritage was now whole and entire, except for one-twelfth of Mentone, which was in the hands of the elder branch—and this also, in 1489, Lambert purchased for 5,000 golden florins. Thus



Anderson, Rome, Photo.

From the bust in the National Museum, Florence.

**CHARLES THE EIGHTH,
King of France.**

p. 132]

under him were re-united all the rights which the Grimaldis had acquired over Mentone in the time of Charles I (1346).

On the domain in Mentone acquired in 1477, Claudine had a small chapel built to the Virgin. This quickly became celebrated for miracles—so celebrated that Lambert begged Pope Sixtus IV to make an inquiry into the matter. The miracles were pronounced authentic, and the chapel at Carnolès soon became a great place of pilgrimage. Lambert built a church and convent. The monks were to have a special cult of the Virgin—*La Madonna del Carnolès*.¹ The chapel, Pemberton tells us, is now a mere place for lumber and rubbish, and the house built against it is let to winter visitors to Mentone.²

Lambert was Councillor and Chamberlain to Charles III of Anjou, the prince who by his will left Provence and his pretensions to the crown of Naples—that weary, blood-stained gift!—to Louis XI of France. Louis cared little for the latter legacy, but it awakened eager and disastrous hopes in the romantic brain of his successor, Charles VIII—as I shall soon have occasion to relate.

Provence thus returned to the French Crown.

¹ In 1573, the year after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, Pope Gregory XII granted a plenary indulgence to any one who visited for the first time the Church of Carnolès on the Nativity of the Virgin.

² Pemberton's book was published in 1867.

134 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

Lambert lost no time in reminding the youthful Charles VIII of the many Grimaldi claims on Angevin protection—now, as it were, a legacy to France. Charles at once acquiesced, and did everything possible to let it be understood that Grimaldi and all belonging to him were protected by the French Crown. Everything seemed tranquil now; and Lambert settled down to further well-doing for his little State. He enjoyed three years of that; then in 1493 he died, and Claudine, though actually sovereign lady, preferred to invest her eldest son, John, with the government. She “felt old and infirm,” but she was only forty-six, so I must suppose either that women aged with amazing frankness and rapidity in the Middle Ages, or else that marriage at thirteen is the knell of youth—a conclusion at which it would not be surprising to find one’s self definitely arrived. She lived until 1514, and as she had felt old and infirm at forty-six, I fear that at sixty-seven she must have been a very pathetic old lady.

CHAPTER VI

“Le bon petit roy Charles” and his dream—Lodovico Sforza and Beatrice d’Este—Genoa and her ladies—Genoa and her nobles—Farewell to Genoa—The Age of Assassinations: Murder of Lucien Grimaldi.

CHAPTER VI

THE government of John Grimaldi for his mother Claudine, was overshadowed by Charles VIII's expedition against Naples. Charles had succeeded Louis XI, in 1483, when he was only thirteen years old. He was the strangest of beings—said to be only supposedly “his father's son,” and timid, awkward, embarrassed all through his early youth, for his education had been neglected, he could neither read nor write when he succeeded to the throne, and the only place he knew was the Castle of Amboise, where Louis XI had kept him closely confined. The strangest little being to look at, too, like a “quaint elfin child,” very small, very delicate, with “long frail legs which could scarcely support an ungainly body, oddly made up of a broad chest and high shoulders, from which the enormous head barely detached itself.” His features were as inharmonious as his physique; he had a round little chin, thin lips, and a sunken mouth, “which disappeared almost beneath a long aquiline nose, descending from a broad forehead, and separating amazingly large eyes.”

France looked somewhat dubiously on her king when she first beheld him, but she soon plucked up courage and resolved to see only his good points: how bright, how gentle were his eyes, how ardent and how chivalrous was the heart they eloquently spoke for! "And France was right," says the Comte de Ségur; "that heart raged at ignorance, and fought hard to conquer it," and Charles, moreover, like many such dispossessed beings, had the passion for romance, the dreamy, ardent nature which o'erleaps the physical disabilities, and makes for itself a perennial fairyland of triumph and success and ladies' eyes admiring, and glories so transcendent that in their blaze those eyes may well mistake grotesquerie for beauty. The old, old tale of Beauty and the Beast—that was, in a word, the story which had ravished the imagination of *le bon petit roy Charles*.

And to think of Naples was to think of the very home of romance. That legacy from the last Angevin¹ to Louis XI—a legacy ignored by the crafty monarch—became to Louis XI's son the lodestar of life. Historians, intolerant of lodestars, uncomprehending of fairy-tales, speak very bitterly of Charles VIII's expedition. "Posterity can find nothing that serves as an excuse, nothing that causes us to forget for one moment the frightful harm it did to humanity": so thunders Sismondi, who had little indulgence for kings. The Comte

¹ Charles III of Anjou.

de Ségur even has a frown for his hero. "He was a belated child, a puerile genius"—and worst of all, the contemporary chronicler, delightful Philippe de Comines, could only marvel at the earlier success, and scarcely deplore the later disaster. "Everything necessary was lacking. The King, who was only trying his wings, as it were—young, feeble, self-willed—was little aided by either wise councillors or by good commanders, and he had no ready money, no tents nor pavilions. . . . One thing only he had—a gay, brave company of young gentlemen. . . . Thus we must suppose that this expedition was led by God, both going and returning—for the wit of the leaders, as I have said, would not have taken them far." Sismondi, again, sums up. "The fate of Italy in 1494 was decided by an equal contest between incapacity and unskilfulness. Watching the conduct of the Kings of France and Naples, it would have seemed as impossible for Charles VIII to conquer Italy as for Alfonso II to prevent him from doing so." But Charles had powerful allies. He had Florence, who drove out the Medici and opened her gates to him; he had the Pope, Alexander VI; he had Lodovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, that "most complete among the princely figures of the Italian Renaissance."

Lodovico Sforza, called The Moor,¹ was the

¹ *Not* because of his dark skin and long black hair. He had been christened Lodovico *Mauro*; hence he adopted, punningly, both the Moor's head and the mulberry-leaf as his badge.

patron of Leonardo da Vinci, who painted his *Last Supper* at the Duke's request. Leonardo lived for sixteen years at the Court of Milan, and did his best work there. That Court was illumined by the enchanting personality of Beatrice d'Este, Lodovico's child-wife, "*la più zentil donna d'Italia*," who yet has been handed down to history as the Lady Macbeth of Lombardy! "I had known her too long," says Mary Robinson, in her essay on *The Ladies of Milan*, "as a haughty and ambitious woman, accepting with a smile the crimes that placed the crown of Milan on her head. . . And yet I knew she had been dearly worshipped in her lifetime, and long lamented in her tomb."

And then, the exquisite essayist tells us, she visited the Certosa of Pavia with its rose-red towers, and "straight before me stood the tomb of the Duchess Beatrice. . . To think she is dead, and to think she was a woman! Impossible. She is a lively child. . . Her tumbled curls hang loosely round her shoulders, and stand up in a little frizz above the rounded childish forehead. As she lies there, a look of infantile candour is diffused over the soft, adorable, irregular features. She has straight, brief eyebrows, like a little girl, but her closed eyelids are rounded like the petals of a thick white flower, and richly fringed with lashes. The little nose is of no particular shape . . . it is the prettiest nose at Court. . . The cheeks are round apple-cheeks . . . and round is



Photo by Anderson, Rome, after the painting by Leonardo da Vinci at Milan.

BEATRICE D'ESTE.

the neat bewitching chin. But her chief beauty is her mouth—a mouth with the soft-closed lips of a dear child pretending to be asleep, yet smiling as if to say, ‘Soon I shall jump up and throw my arms round your neck, and you will be so surprised!’ . . . This then is the famous Beatrice! I looked and looked; at last I understood not only her, but the love of Lodovico.” . . .

She died, with barely a moment’s warning, at twenty-one; “and ’tis reported,” wrote Marino Sanuto on January 9, 1496, in his Diary, “that the Duke cannot suffer the sorrow of this loss, for the great love he bore to his wife; and he saith he hath no heart for his children nor for his State, nor for aught under the sun; so that almost is he weary of his life. And, out of sadness, he keepeth his chamber which is hung all in black, and there for a fortnight he hath shut himself in. And ’tis said that, in the self-same night the Duchess died, the walls of her garden fell crashing to the ground, and yet was there neither tempest, wind, nor earthquake; which thing was held by many for a sign of very evil omen.”

Sforza stood in a strangely ambiguous relation to the Court of France. He was the ally of Charles VIII—it was he, indeed, who called the French into Italy; and for Charles VIII was fighting also that brilliant, brave, and beautiful young Louis,

Duke of Orleans, First Prince of the Blood, (afterwards to be Louis XII of France), who, as Sforza knew, considered himself rightful heir to the Duchy of Milan! His claim was through his grandmother, Valentine Visconti—the Sforzas, as I have related, having gained Milan by the usurpation of Francesco Sforza. . . . But Louis of Orleans, though secretly hostile to Charles's chief ally, joined in the Naples campaign and won the decisive victory of Rapallo, where he destroyed the army of Ferdinand of Naples. Ferdinand fled, leaving the contest for Naples to his atrocious son, Alfonso, of whom Comines wrote: "*Nul homme n'a esté plus cruel que lui, ne plus mauvais, ne plus vicieux, ne plus infect, ne plus gourmand que lui.*"

Charles VIII entered Naples in triumph, but Naples had always been easier to win than to keep, and in a few months she had turned against the French. Not only so, but Lodovico Sforza, apprehensive of Charles's further triumphs, had become definitely hostile to *le bon petit roy*. He joined with the Pope, the Emperor Maximilian, the King of Spain, and Venice against the King of France. Charles won a brilliant victory, but his star was down; he failed to take advantage of his success, and quickly retired to France (1495). He died three years afterwards, very suddenly, of apoplexy in a gallery at Amboise, whence he was looking on at a game of bowls. "He was incapable, pre-

sumptuous, and ignorant" (so Larousse gives judgment); "but his sweetness and generosity of character made him universally beloved." The disdainful Sismondi dismisses him in a sentence: "Fortune loaded Charles with glory that he was incapable of carrying." One word, perhaps, will better sum him up: Charles VIII was a *dreamer*—the thing above all others that a king may not permit himself to be.

John Grimaldi fought for him in the Naples campaign, and was with him in the triumphal entry. Charles prized him, as for long the Kings of France had been accustomed to prize Grimaldis—there are the usual flattering letters, appointments, privileges; and when the Duke of Orleans succeeded his nephew these were continued and confirmed, until in 1508 Louis XII began to realise too clearly the value of that "strong little place," and then there ensued various and lasting dissensions with France. But by that time John was dead, and I have still a little more to tell of him before I come to his successor, Lucien.

Louis XII succeeded his nephew Charles VIII in 1498, and in 1499 began his campaign against Lodovico Sforza for the Duchy of Milan. He began, indeed, to assert his claim from the very moment of his accession, by refusing to Lodovico the title of Duke and addressing him merely as Messer

Lodovico, while he styled himself King of France and Duke of Milan. When, in 1499, Lodovico realised that Louis was gaining advantages which must prove decisive, he determined to seek safety in flight, and, "mounted on a black horse, in the long black mantle which he always wore since his wife's death," he left the city. After a stately farewell to his nobles and a long visit to the church where Beatrice was buried,¹ he crossed the frontier and was safe on Tyrolese soil. Louis XII had taken only three weeks to conquer the Duchy of Milan! On Sunday, October 6, 1499, he made his triumphal entry. . . The submission of Milan brought that of Genoa in its train; for the light-o'-love lost no time in once more "making up" to France. In 1502 Louis paid her a state visit. At the moment of his approach, the great bell of the city rang out: this was the signal for all the nobles and leading citizens to go forth and meet him. Among these was John Grimaldi, and with him twenty-five gentlemen, all dressed the same—"that is to say, in long robes of grey damask." These twenty-six were very soberly attired by comparison with the rest of the pageant, which included "all the ladies, young ladies, and beautiful girls," (such are the invidious distinctions drawn by one Jean d'Anton in his History of Louis XII), and was assembled in the Piazza San Lorenzo. They were all, "or nearly all," dressed in white *drap de soie* or fine

¹ Santa Maria delle Grazie.

white linen, "and their garments were different from all others." For the dresses reached only "half-way down the legs or thereabouts, girt under the armpits and at the back"; and on the back, "*elles avaient un feustre que tout le dos leur engrossissait.*" On their heads they had a little circlet of padded linen, and their fair hair was "twisted round it in the manner of a diadem." Their jewels were dazzling; "all about their uncovered foreheads they had much fine gold . . . the fingers of their white hands were full of fine diamonds, and garnished with rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. . . And they had white or red stockings, well drawn up, and shoes of the same colour. . . What more shall I say?" (proceeds the delightful Jean). "They are of medium stature, *rondelettes*, their faces tolerably plump, very fresh and white; in bearing, a little haughty and *fièrettes*, in manner kind, in accost gracious, in love ardent, in speech fecund, and in temper loyal; and withal they know their lesson so well that no one can teach them anything." The gentlemen who companioned these bewildering ladies wore long robes of crimson velvet, "others were in black velvet, and others in damask and camlet." 'Twas a great day, and Louis XII was so pleased with his Genoa that he (among other benefactions) received John Grimaldi most graciously, and made him on the spot Governor of Vintimiglia—by this time, almost an hereditary Grimaldi post.

John was now at peace with everyone, and was

looking forward to a happy future. When Claudine should die, he would be actually Lord of Monaco ; in the meantime, he could feel that he was ruling wisely for her. . . . But suddenly and mysteriously, in 1505, he died : so suddenly and so mysteriously that to this day historians debate the manner of his death. Gioffredo, always grim and always a candid critic of the Grimaldis, asserts positively that he was murdered by his younger brother Lucien. Métivier prefers to assume that Lucien was innocent, since the crime was never proved against him ; but rumour was loud and definite, the people were furious, and Lucien, guilty or not, fled to the protection of the Duke of Savoy, who was suzerain of Mentone and Roccabruna. The Duke behaved oddly. He granted Lucien an "indult" forbidding all investigation into the matter ! Claudine—by this time assuredly very "old and infirm," having run, as we saw just now, so much more than half-way to meet senility—gave him the same mandate to govern for her that she had given John ; but, as even Métivier admits, this proves nothing, for a man who could kill his brother would certainly not hesitate at forcing his mother's hand in his own favour. . . . And thus was Lucien Grimaldi installed as ruler of our Rock.

He came in, without delay, for a fresh *boutade* from Miladi Genoa. She had for some time been sulking. Her nobles, encouraged by the French

Governor, Philippe de Ravenstein—an aristocrat of the old feudal type—had assumed an insulting and despotic manner towards the people. It became the fashion to wear a dagger with ostentatious visibility, and upon the dagger were inscribed the words *Castiga villano*—“Punishment for villeins.” Such a motto could have but one effect: the veriest trifle was all that the people awaited before blazing into open mutiny. It arrived in the extraordinary shape of a basket of mushrooms. A man named Guillon was one day bargaining in the market for these, and had completed his purchase when a member of the great Doria family, coming up, put his hand on the basket and declared that he meant to have it. Guillon clutched his side tightly. “First come, first served,” he protested, but Doria, with his other hand, hit him in the face so roughly that the blood poured down, and told him he might carry *that* away instead of the mushrooms. At the same moment, out flashed the dagger with the detested motto, but before it could reach the townsman he had gathered a crowd around him by his indignant cries. There were soon ten thousand infuriated “villeins” in the streets.

The mob won in the end. They elected eight Tribunes, and, uplifted by their success, revolted against the King of France himself. Louis, apprehensive of losing the place altogether, treated them leniently; but their sedition persisted. “The

148 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

city became a mere den of robbers and rascals ; theft and pillage went unpunished in the turmoil," says Bréquigny ; and finally the Tribunes ordered the troops to go and seize Monaco, whither the nobles (who had of course been exiled) had escaped. The soldiers left for Monaco on September 24, 1506, under the command of one Tarlatino. Poor Tarlatino soon found himself with a bigger army than he had counted on ; for the mutineers, burning with rage against the nobles, *all* flew to "aid" the troops at Monaco ! Artisans, shopkeepers, a motley crew, who "almost caused their comrades to abandon the siege"—for from the first, Monaco had resisted stoutly. But nothing would daunt the rebels. "*Quelque chose qu'on leur sceust remontrer, ne se voulaient départir de leur folle entreprise.*" They had landed at Les Spélugues ;¹ it was an admirable position. Lucien claimed help from the Duke of Savoy and the King of France, for the French flag had been pulled down in Genoa by this time, and a Doge elected from among the people—one Paul de Novi, a dyer, and (according to Bréquigny) "a natural genius."

The Duke of Savoy proved a lukewarm friend. He sent only a few troops, who took possession of La Turbia, which commands Monaco from the landward side. This was on the pretext of preventing the Genoese from establishing their artillery at that point ; but from La Turbia, Savoy could menace

¹ The plateau on which now stands the famous Casino

Monaco as powerfully as he could protect her—and Lucien, already offended by the exiguous friendship of his suzerain, felt suspicion mingled with resentment. Savoy's conduct on this occasion cost his House the Grimaldi allegiance, for Claudine, when she made her will in 1510, forbade Lucien and his successors to do any homage to Savoy; and further, she deprived of their hereditary rights *any* of her posterity who should disobey her in this matter. Homage to the Savoyes was not paid again by the Grimaldis until 1713 . . . Claudine, one sees, was not yet without her spark of the divine fire, "old and infirm" though she had been for so many superfluous years.

The rebels were muddling on, losing their energy for want of any marked success, and the unhappy Tarlatino was struggling with his volunteers, when at last, after nearly five months, Louis XII resolved to lead personally an expedition against Genoa. He arrived at Monaco with three thousand infantry—and no sooner did he arrive than the Genoese gave up the contest. The Duke of Savoy then sent reinforcements to La Turbia, and on March 22, 1507, the Siege of Monaco ended. The Monegasicans attributed the happy issue to their adored Sainte Dévôte, quite as much as to French prestige. She had appeared, they said, in a cloud to the besiegers, and this had so terrified them that they had lost all heart for fighting.

Lucien Grimaldi then joined the French army,

and was with Louis XII on that King's famous triumphal entry into Genoa, "with a naked sword in his hand." Louis, thus symbolic, was received by a weeping and repentant populace; troops of white-gowned virgins met him, bearing olive-branches—and he "seemed touched"; nevertheless he caused gallows to be erected all over the city. Several citizens were hanged on these—among them Paul de Novi, the Dyer-Doge. Louis took back all the privileges that had been granted to the people, and they, still gazing at that naked sword, submitted like lambs. Genoa was bearing out the well-worn proverb of the woman and the walnut-tree, as indeed she had made it her business to bear out all the well-worn proverbs about women. Louis inflicted every humiliation upon her: no trace of independence was left—even her money was struck with the French King's image and superscription. But Genoa escaped lightly by comparison with Lodovico Sforza, who was brought to Lyons in the broad light of day, amid a jeering crowd, and then imprisoned for ten years in a sort of iron cage, refused all books (he had pleaded for a volume of Dante), all writing materials—and "left to die in utter despair, undistracted by any human solace."

We must now, with amused regret, take leave of Miladi Genoa. Not ours to know for how long the walnut-tree method proved salutary. Her history and that of Monaco have henceforward nothing in common. They had been intimately connected for



LOUIS THE TWELFTH,
King of France.

more than three centuries; for the future, "the Grimaldi town will live a more personal life, but not a less agitated one—and that for many years to come."

This period of the Grimaldi story may be called the Age of Assassinations. Lucien had killed his brother John in 1505; in 1508, the Bueil branch lost its chief by the same violent end. George Grimaldi, Baron de Bueil, had been conspiring with Louis XII against his suzerain, Charles III of Savoy. Louis wanted Charles to join the infamous League of Cambrai, which had for its aim the destruction of Venice, and Charles indignantly refused. The French King, much annoyed, stirred up feeling against him in the Comté of Nice, and succeeded in corrupting George Grimaldi.¹ But the conspiracy was discovered, and George was summoned to the Court of Savoy to give an account of his behaviour. Instead of obeying, he shut himself up in the Castle of Bueil, and sent his brother John to Provence to gather troops. In the meantime, however, Louis XII had succeeded in drawing Savoy into the League, so the Seneschal of Provence had to inform the Grimaldi brothers that he could aid them in no wise. George, shut up in Bueil, was hopelessly

¹ Durante, in his *Histoire de Nice*, says that Augustin Grimaldi, then Bishop of Grasse, (which lay in the disaffected region), was active in this plot. As we shall see, Augustin had his reasons for distrusting Louis XII, and I think that this statement of Durante may be strongly doubted.

compromised ; but the castle was capable of a stout resistance—luck might yet turn in his favour, and George kept a good heart. Alas ! he had treated one Spirito Tortoris, his valet, with such rigour during the nervous days of the first bad news that Spirito had “conceived against him such hatred and such a thirst for vengeance that, driven by his blind rage, he one day, while shaving his master, cut his throat with the razor without George being able to utter a word—and so he died.¹” Bouche (quoted by Durante) declares that some historians say this servant was bought by the emissaries of the Governor of Nice, in order to spare the expense of a siege at Bueil. “It must be calumny,” pleads Durante ; “for how can we believe that Duke Charles, called The Good, should have permitted such barbarity, *seeing that George could not escape the hand of justice*” ! He further delights us by adding that “this death put an end to all proceedings against George.”

The ball of murder, set a-rolling by Lucien, was soon to be given further impetus by the goddess of poetic justice herself ; but that was not till 1523, and in the meantime there were unexpected complications. A breach with France was imminent. In 1508—the year after Louis XII’s triumphal entry into Genoa—Lucien Grimaldi’s anxieties on this score had begun. He went to Milan on a visit to Court, and was received with overwhelming gracious-

¹ Gioffredo, *Storia dei Alpi Marittimi*.

ness. The King of France abounded in acknowledgments of the Grimaldi services in general, and Lucien's in particular. That was pleasant enough, but what was ominous was the extraordinary importance which he seemed to attach to the position of Monaco. Of Monaco's position, Monaco's value, he could not, it seemed, stop talking; and always, after a rhapsody in this sort, he would break off to assure its Lord of his continued friendship. Lucien felt hot and cold—for with what kind of man was he talking? With a man who was known to have broken every treaty he had ever made, to have betrayed every ally he had ever had; with the man who had "invented," that very year, the odious League of Cambrai, which aimed at destroying his loyal friends the Venetians. . . . And what, moreover, of Ferdinand of Naples, loyal too, and basely betrayed to utter ruin; of Lodovico Sforza, mouldering in his iron cage at Loches, cut off from every human solace? . . . Lucien bowed low to the royal flatterer, and hastened away to write an urgent warning to his brother Augustin, who had distinguished himself by his prudence and insight during the recent siege.

Augustin was in holy orders. He was a famed theologian, an able diplomatist, very energetic, clear-sighted, and resolute—a most notable member of the family. He hurried to Monaco, and arrived only just in time to close the gates against the French troops! They were of course to have

been introduced as "protectors," sent "to shelter the Monegascons from the attacks of enemies." Augustin shivered the sham to atoms: the philanthropic troops were refused admittance. The King, on hearing this, again summoned Lucien (who was still in Milan) to his presence. The matter was urged as pressing; troops at Monaco meant merely that French authority along the Riviera could be more efficiently maintained. Lucien saw *that* clearly enough, in every implication that it might carry—and unwaveringly supported Augustin's action. Augustin was, in fact, at that moment preparing for a siege. But Louis had no mind for the appeal to arms. An easier way suggested itself. Lucien was arrested and imprisoned in the Castle of Roquette. A pretext for such treachery was needed, and the King found it in the "ancient and fish-like tale" of that two-per-cent. tax on the cargoes of vessels passing through the harbour. Lucien at once offered to submit his case to the Chancellor of France, and abide by his decision.

This was not at all what Louis desired. The matter was dropped, but Grimaldi remained at La Roquette for fifteen months; then, worn out physically and mentally by the confinement, he ceded the cherished point, and signed a paper authorising France to keep a garrison in Monaco. He was at once released, and allowed to go home; but in a month or two the King of France discovered that he could not do without the Lord

of Monaco, and Lucien was summoned to Paris, where the Court then was. “I wish to receive at my Court one for whom I entertain so sincere a regard.” Lucien read, and pondered. Go he must—but he could make a declaration before he went; and he made one, on August 14, 1510, to the effect that anything he might sign after that date in favour of the King of France was null and void if it affected in any way the independence of Monaco. Louis had either heard of this precaution, or else his conscience had pricked him, for in February 1511 he declared by letters dated at Blois that Lucien Grimaldi “had never recognised any master but God,” made him offers of money, and—confirmed the famous two-per-cent. tax on vessels passing through the harbour! . . . Thus for the hour was the breach arrested, but the seeds of mistrust had taken root. Lucien was to remain faithful, but Augustin was to remember—and to realise for himself how little reliance could now be placed upon Gallic friendship.

In 1510, while Lucien was still a prisoner at La Roquette, his mother Claudine had made her will. She left him heir to her States, provided that he obeyed her wishes with regard to the Savoy homage; if he died before his sons were of age to reign, her next son (Augustin) was to succeed as *heir*, not merely as Regent. She begged Augustin,

however, to restore the inheritance to Lucien's sons, if there were any. Failing these, the heritage was to pass to her daughter Francesca, Lady of Dolceacqua, and her sons. Francesca had married a Doria, of the House which had for so long been hostile to the Grimaldis. This clause, called by historians "the fatal Dolceacqua clause," had vital consequences for Lucien.¹

Francesca of Dolceacqua died in 1523, having made her brothers Lucien and Augustin executors of a will whereby she declared her children to be her heirs. Some delay occurred in the payment of her son Bartolommeo's portion, and, "with an evil disposition," he made this a grievance against his uncle Lucien. The ill-will increased, and Bartolommeo soon remembered another testament—Claudine's—with its fatal Dolceacqua clause, which made Francesca and her sons heirs to the Grimaldi States, should Lucien die childless. Bartolommeo remembered, too, that he was of the Doria, those ancient, deadly foes of the Grimaldi House; and further, amid his sinister broodings, bethought him of his famous cousin Andrea, Lord of Oneglia, who was already known as a brilliant soldier, though his undying historical fame was won in later years on the sea. . . . Bartolommeo felt sure that Andrea, like himself, would feel the call of the Doria blood and be ready to do a Grimaldi to death; and he

¹ Claudine died in 1514. Four years later, Lucien married Anne de Pontevez.

does not seem to have been mistaken. He began by gaining to his side some subjects of Andrea Doria, whom he sent to Monaco, begging his uncle to let them stay there, since dissensions in their own country made it impossible for them to live at home just then. The unsuspecting Lucien consented. Bartolommeo next announced a visit from himself. He was going to Lyons to meet the King of France: an expedition to Milan was impending, and he hoped for an appointment. He soon arrived, and showed his uncle a letter from Andrea Doria, which begged him (Bartolommeo) to hasten to France, "*for it was time to execute the project of which he knew.*"

These ambiguous words, and the fact that Andrea's galleys entered Monaco soon after the murder was accomplished, leave little doubt of his complicity, though he does not directly appear in the affair. Bartolommeo paid his visit, returned to Dolceacqua "to make preparations," and on August 22, 1523, requested his uncle to send a brig to Vintimiglia to bring him back to Monaco with his suite. On his landing, Lucien asked the nephew to go with him to mass, but Bartolommeo declined, saying that he had already heard it. After mass, the Palace-party sat down to table. The place of honour was given to Doria. He could eat nothing; his face was deathly, his agitation paralysing. Lucien pressed him to eat; then, finding it vain, bethought him of fetching one of the children to rouse the guest

from his depression. The baby was placed in Bartolommeo's arms, but he trembled so violently that he could not hold it, and it was hastily taken from him.

At last the dismal meal ended. Bartolommeo then asked for Lucien's advice about the journey, and they went together to a cabinet at the end of the gallery, which was a favourite working-room. Just as they were deep in arrangements, the Major-domo came to inform his master that four galleys were making for Monaco along the coast. "They are my cousin Andrea's ships," said Doria, and asked his uncle's permission to send a letter to the commander. Lucien at once accorded it, and the major-domo was desired to take an armed boat and himself deliver the paper. Thus Bartolommeo contrived to get rid of twelve or fourteen men from the palace, for the boat required that number to man it. He then dismissed all the attendants from the gallery, except one black slave, who would never leave his master. Lucien was writing at his table, Doria was standing over him, when there entered a man from San Remo, called Barraban. Immediately after his appearance, Lucien's anguished cry rang out: "*Traditore, traditore!*" The black slave heard, and opened the door of the cabinet, but was afraid to go in—for he saw his master on the ground and the guest of that day's banquet bent over him, "driving a dagger into his throat." While the slave still

trembled at the door, the rest of Bartolommeo's men rushed in and stood around him. He left his victim, and went out with his dagger in his hand, crying exultantly, "Killed, killed!" His people took up the words, and soon Monaco was ringing with the triumphant shout.

The murderer's party now took possession of the palace, driving out the attendants and seizing all the halberds and armour from the guard-room. One terrace, however—the principal one—they failed to capture. There some of the servants had collected, and were answering the shout of "Killed!" by piercing cries of "To arms! to arms!" Soon the inhabitants of the town rushed in an armed crowd to the palace. Doria's people closed the gates and signalled to Andrea's galleys; but though agreed upon and watched for, the signal was not seen, and the Monegascons forced their way into the palace and attacked the assassins. Then Doria made an appeal to the crowd. "What he had done was not for himself: it was for Marie de Villeneuve, the rightful sovereign.¹ Four hundred soldiers would be here in a few hours to hold the place in her name; and Monaco would find her the pearl of ladies." . . . But the people listened with only half an ear. Was their lord then actually dead? They could not believe it.

¹ She was the daughter of John, and was married to Renaud de Villeneuve. She had no valid claim. Even if women were to inherit, Claudine was still alive at John's death; Lucien was therefore indubitably the rightful heir.

Doria had the poor body brought halfway down the staircase, so that they might see for themselves. They saw, and their souls revolted. They howled down Doria, and attempted to seize him ; but he had placed himself in an almost inaccessible part of the palace, every one of his accomplices was armed, and the town was full of his agents. He, on the other hand, was anxious enough, for his troops were not arriving. . . It ended in a compromise. Doria undertook to go away, if the people would answer for his life and for the lives of his adherents. They promised ; and Bartolommeo left on one of Andrea's galleys—furious and despairing, for there was murder on his soul, vengeance on his path, and it had been all in vain : he had nothing whatever to compensate him for the entire destruction of his peace of mind.

His accomplice, Barraban, died in the same year, in very extraordinary circumstances. (My authority is a correspondent of one Antonio Longo, who was Augustin Grimaldi's agent.) This Barraban was at Rouen with some companions, "who perhaps were like himself" ; and one night awoke from sleep, screaming terribly and saying, "Alarm, alarm ! I am dead." His friends hurried to his room, and found him moaning, "I am dead. I am wounded to death. The Lords of Monaco and Dolceacqua came to strike me, and the Lord of Dolceacqua



FRANCIS THE FIRST,
King of France.

stabbed me mortally, saying, ‘Traitor, by your advice I killed my uncle here present.’” The friends undressed him, and found no wounds. It was plainly a haunted dream. But he persisted. “I tell you the Lord of Dolceacqua wounded me in the heart, here, and I can live no longer. Give me something to eat, I pray, for I am feeling very faint.” They brought him food, “and he continued to eat for twenty hours”; saying, in recognition of his companions’ amazement, “that his stomach was on fire, and that he felt sinking more and more.” “I am going to speak with Pilate,” he groaned; and soon after the twenty hours, he died. “Thus perished Barraban: he died the death of a sinner, so that one might say of him, ‘Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?’”

The Lord of Dolceacqua was by that time safe under the protection of Francis I, King of France; but upon this circumstance so great a change in the fortunes of Monaco and the Grimaldis depended that it may best be treated in a new chapter.

CHAPTER VII

Augustin Grimaldi's vengeance—Louis XII and the "*Doubles Etrennes*"—Louise of Savoy and her Astrologer—Francis I of France and the Emperor Charles V—Augustin's rupture with France—The murder of Lucien Grimaldi avenged at last.

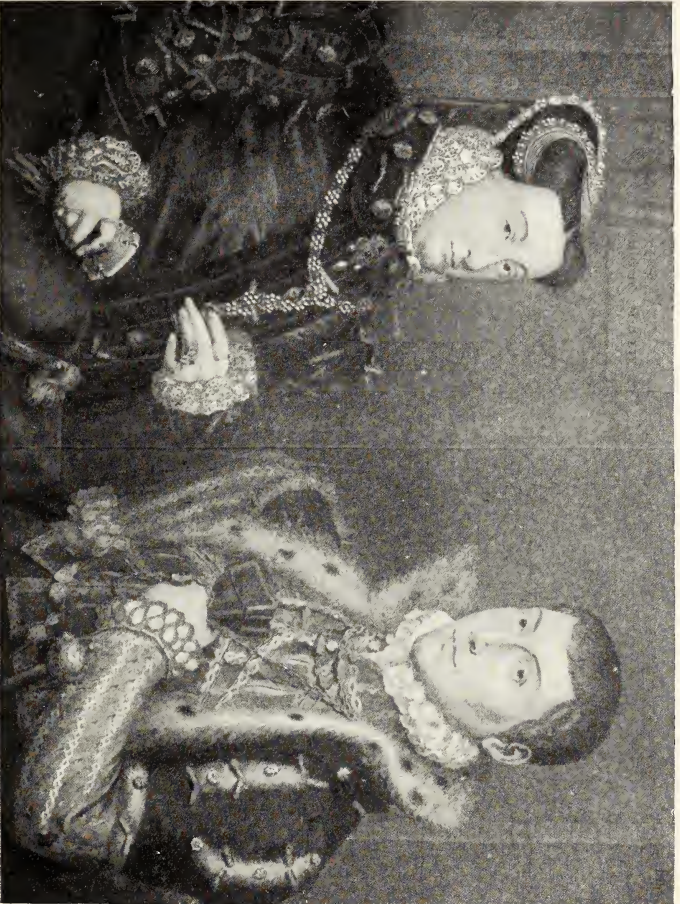
CHAPTER VII

WHEN Bartolommeo Doria left Monaco on his cousin Andrea's galley, he went first to La Turbia, and there was heard to say that he was sorry he had not served Madame de Monaco and her boys in the same way as he had served her husband. Anne de Pontevez had given Lucien two sons. The elder was named Francesco, and on his father's death was recognised as heir, but he died soon afterwards, leaving a younger brother, Honoré, heir-presumptive to the estates and title—for in accordance with Claudine's will, the uncle, Augustin, primarily succeeded. He was, as we have seen, a notable man; and he now adapted himself to his new station in life with a flexibility which attested his genius. It was a very different one from that of Bishop of Grasse and Abbot of Lérins, which had hitherto been his—and the more so, because the first business which presented itself was one of revenge. But Augustin had the "meridian blood" of the fighting Grimaldis, and the long hereditary hatred for the Dorias was in it. He arrived at Monaco in the hour of Lucien's death,

and sent at once to La Turbia to avenge the murder.

La Turbia, however, was partly Savoy territory, and the Savoyes were very tenacious of their jurisdiction in the disputed region. Doria's person was safe so long as he remained there; nevertheless he felt the need of justifying himself in some way, and wrote a letter for the purpose. "It was in self-defence that I stabbed my uncle." That was the plea. Lucien had insulted him—which would surprise no one who was familiar with the Lord of Monaco's "naturally choleric disposition"; and the reason for the insult had been that chivalrous Bartolommeo had declared that the Grimaldi estates ought to belong to Cousin Marie de Villeneuve. Cousin Marie, on hearing of this tribute, behaved badly. She wrote at once to Augustin, repudiating any connection with the champion of her rights. "He fills me with horror," she added, and, in conclusion, denied on her part any shadow of a claim to the estates. . . Augustin was resolved to pursue unrelentingly the murderer of his brother, and to aid himself in this, he appealed to the "two great sovereigns who at that time divided continental Europe between them"—namely, Francis I of France and Charles V, Emperor of Germany.

Louis XII had died in 1515. The last part of his reign was a perplexing period. "He was still,"



From an engraving by George Vertue, after a painting by Lucas de Heere.

MARY TUDOR AND CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

to quote Capefigue's quaint phrasing, "audibly in tears" for his beloved second wife, Anne of Brittany, (the widow of his nephew, Charles VIII), who had died in 1514; and yet he was the victim of a senile passion for the licentious girl of eighteen, Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII of England, whom he had married soon after Anne's death. She was beautiful, selfish, frivolous, and the dissipation into which she dragged him broke his health so quickly that on New Year's Day, 1515, three months after the marriage, he died, saying to her with his last breath, "Mignonne, I give you my death as your *étrennes*." "She accepted the melancholy gift," says Larousse, "and before her mourning was over, married him who had always been her lover, namely, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk."¹

Mary Tudor was not the only woman to whom Louis' death was a welcome New Year's gift. Many years before, an astrologer had drawn a horoscope for the boy-baby of a brilliant young princess—the Princess Louise of Savoy, Countess of Angoulême. She was the daughter of Philip, Duke of Savoy, and of Marguerite de Bourbon. Her husband was Charles, Count of Angoulême; she had been betrothed to him when she was only two years old, and he, twenty-two; they had been married in 1491, when Louise was fifteen. A daughter—the famous Marguerite de Valois—was born in 1492, a

¹ Mary Tudor and Suffolk had a daughter who became the mother of the unhappy Lady Jane Grey.

son, Francis, in 1494, and in 1496, Charles of Angoulême died—poor, heavy Charles, whom his ambitious young wife had found so dull! But she had sought consolation in her son—the incomparable baby of whom that astrologer had prophesied that he should one day be King of France. Louise had listened avidly; and incredible though such a fortune might well have seemed, *she* had not thought it incredible. Was anything too good to happen to that son of hers? Yet the astrologer might fairly have boasted when his forecasting came true—for it had been a very bold one. Nevertheless things quickly began to happen in its sense. Charles VIII's son died at three—and Louise of Savoy felt her heart beat; in 1498 Charles himself died, and left no living child—and now her heart almost stopped for a moment. But soon it was beating fast again—for rage this time. Louis XII married Anne of Brittany, Charles VIII's widow, within eight months of Charles's death! She was only twenty-two, she had had children, she would probably have more. Louise of Savoy could have killed her. . . And soon the dreaded child arrived—but behold, it was a daughter. Instantly Louise's boy was married in imagination to the baby Claude, a plain, sickly, delicate child, but heiress of Brittany and no rival for the crown, since the Salic Law prevailed in France. All was well!

But she had forgotten to reckon with an important factor—the baby-princess's mother. Anne



From an engraving after a picture in the collection of the Château de Beauregard.

LOUISE OF SAVOY,
Duchesse d'Angoulême.

of Brittany, too, had her ideas. *She* dreamed of Claude's marriage with the son of Philip of Austria and Joanna of Spain,¹ converging-point and heir as he was of four great Royal lines. In 1504, Anne did arrange the betrothal, but it never got any further. Louis XII for once opposed his beloved second wife. He desired the same alliance that Louise of Savoy desired; if her son were indeed to be King of France, it was most wise that he should marry the Princess Claude. Manlike, he ignored the bitter hatred between the two women, for in 1514, when he believed himself dying, he left the Regency conjointly to Anne and Louise! To think of the squabbling which might have ensued paralyses the imagination; but in that year, instead of Louis, Anne of Brittany died—and Louise of Savoy felt her heart leap once more. In that year, too, Francis and the little Claude were married; he being twenty, and she ten. Louise had won so far, and now even the marriage with Mary Tudor left her comparatively undisturbed; for Louis, though only fifty-two, was (as Louise wrote in her famous diary) "*fort antique et débile.*" Francis fell in love with the pretty young queen, but that did not matter, so long as he was discreet enough to give her no pretext for——for fathering a bastard-heir on the king. The folly of such a proceeding was forcibly impressed on Francis—and then, before any

¹ He afterwards became the Emperor Charles V—"Charles-Quint."

harm was done, there came on the New Year's Day of 1515, the wonderful "*Doubles Etrennes*." "My King, my lord, my Cæsar, and my son" was King of France : had there ever been such an astrologer !

The other great Sovereign to whom Augustin Grimaldi appealed had no such romantic story. His glamour was of the directly opposite kind, for instead of a series of accidents, it was the majestic destiny of regular inheritance which made "Charles-Quint" the most powerful monarch of the sixteenth century. His father was Philip of Austria, son of the Emperor Maximilian I of Germany, and of Mary, only child and heiress of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, that "last great figure of the Middle Ages"—so obstinate, passionate, rash, and "conjurally faithful." Philip of Austria married Joanna, Infanta of Spain, daughter and heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella, and their eldest son was Charles—who thus inherited, through his grandmother (Mary of Burgundy), the vast wealth of the Netherlands ; through his grandfather, the hereditary dominions of Austria, as well as a solid claim to the Imperial crown of Germany at the next election : and through his mother, Infanta of Spain, the united monarchies of Aragon and Castile, increased by Granada in 1492, by the Two Sicilies in 1504, by Navarre in 1512, and later, by the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus !

His father died in 1506, and Charles then received the Netherlands ; in 1516, his maternal grandfather, Ferdinand of Aragon, dying, transmitted to him the united Spanish crown ; in 1519 his paternal grandfather, the Emperor Maximilian, passed away in his turn, and Charles became Archduke of Austria. He became also a candidate for the Imperial crown of Germany. There were three rivals : Henry VIII of England, Francis I of France, and this Charles I of Spain, as he was then called. Charles was elected, and his victory was the determining cause of the long struggle which ensued between him and the King of France.

Europe was indeed on the eve of a great war. These two were resolute to test their strength against one another, and Italy was the chosen arena—Italy, “ which is almost a theatre of glory for the French at the beginning of a campaign, yet becomes in the end their tomb.” The deadly foes had begun by being allies. In 1515 Francis had drawn to himself not only Charles, but also Henry VIII of England, and had collected forces for a campaign against Milan. Louis XII had lost the Milanese at the battle of Ravenna in 1513 ; Francis was determined to recover it from the Sforza who now again held it. At Marignano, in the very year of his accession to the throne (1515), he gained his object—Milan fell to the French arms. Then, in 1519, came the rivalry for the Imperial crown, and from that time Francis I and Charles V were sworn enemies.

The material for war was ready-made—that weary Milanese claim ; for Charles now felt bound to reassert the ancient Imperial rights. It was this campaign which brought him into contact with Augustin Grimaldi. He had a huge army under the Constable de Bourbon in the Genoese Riviera. For Bourbon had joined the Emperor—Bourbon of the Royal House of France, he who had been almost the personal victor in the great engagement at Marignano, when Francis had regained Milan ! It was Louise of Savoy who had done France and her worshipped son that ill turn. One of the most avaricious and vindictive of women, she had already ruined Lautrec, the famous paladin, against whom she cherished a private spite ; now the Constable de Bourbon was to feel the weight of her grasping hand. She claimed his heritage through her mother, Marguerite de Bourbon—quite unjustly, as most chroniclers think ; but there had been some idea of compromising matters by marrying her to the Constable. That would have satisfied her, for she was violently in love with him ; but he was not at all in love with her—and, more forcibly than politely, he said so. She then became his most embittered foe. The lawsuit dragged on ; an ambiguous judgment was given by the Parliament ; then Duprat, the Chancellor, “her very match,” who ruled her despotically, altered the law in her favour, and Bourbon’s property was provisionally sequestered. It meant ruin for him. In his fury

he turned against France, and offered his sword to the Emperor.

By his treaty with Charles-Quint, Bourbon had stipulated that the Kingdom of Arles should be reconstituted in his favour, and that his first campaign should be in Provence. Monaco was very necessary to Charles, if he were to conduct this war successfully, since for the embarkation of an army it offered incomparable advantages; and Charles knew that Augustin Grimaldi was bitterly offended by the shelter which France had given to Bartolommeo Doria. This mistake in tactics had not been wholly the fault of Francis I. His admiral, Bonnivet, had been requested by Andrea Doria to protect his cousin, and Bonnivet had acted for himself in the affair—judging that Francis would rather risk displeasing the Lord of Monaco than the powerful Genoese Admiral. And so Bartolommeo had been sheltered, Andrea Doria pleased, and the Lord of Monaco irretrievably offended. Charles V seized his opportunity. He had already shown his zeal in Augustin's cause by partly acknowledging the claims put forth by Grimaldi to the Dolceacqua and other Imperial fiefs, which Bartolommeo, the outlawed murderer, had held. He had also pronounced a definite sentence against Bartolommeo: if the fugitive were found in any of *his* dominions he was to be at once handed over to the Lord of Monaco. And now France had made her blazing blunder, and the moment had come for reminding Grimaldi of his own so different

behaviour. Charles accordingly sent an envoy to propose that Monaco should put itself under Imperial protection, and to promise in the Emperor's name that Augustin should be aided in his vengeance against the Doria.

But Augustin hesitated. It was a serious step; his House had been for long attached to France, he was himself a French bishop, he held French property, was in receipt of French pensions. . . And while he pondered thus, the King of France heard of the incident and sent his admiral, La Fayette, to exert French influence against the Imperial cajolement. Augustin temporised. He told La Fayette that he meant to remain neutral, and that every one who wanted to come into his harbour should come. La Fayette took this as an answer, but the Emperor did not, and intimated unmistakably his desire for plainer speaking. Augustin then decided to send a cousin, Leonard Grimaldi, to treat with Charles V in person, for there could be no doubt in the mind of so astute a politician as the Lord of Monaco that the Emperor's was the winning side.

It was certainly the quicker-moving one as well. Not a day was lost in taking advantage of Augustin's step half-way. On June 24, 1594, the Constable de Bourbon ordered an Imperial fleet to enter the port of Monaco.

Andrea Doria, as we have seen, was one French admiral, La Fayette was another; the Spanish

squadron was commanded by one Moncade. The French had the advantage; Moncade was badly beaten off Nice, and so disabled that his fleet was driven to take refuge in the harbour at Monaco. Andrea Doria, burning with rage against Grimaldi, at once bombarded Mentone, ostensibly in revenge for the shelter of Moncade by its supposedly neutral Lord. Augustin was in Mentone at the time, and "a ball passed within a few inches of him." He could not contain his anger at such an insult under the French flag, and openly began offensive measures against Francis. Through his instrumentality five of the Riviera towns—including Antibes and Grasse—took the oath of fidelity to the Empire.

The Imperialist troops then attacked Marseilles, but with no success. The siege was raised after thirty-nine days, and the Imperialists escaped with difficulty to Monaco. Charles V now needed the "strong little place" more than ever, and he pressed forward the execution of a treaty which Leonard Grimaldi (Augustin's *chargé d'affaires*) had arranged. The six articles had been signed, but Leonard had greatly outrun his discretion, and Augustin, on hearing the particulars, wrote to the Emperor and said so. The alienation of the Grimaldis overignty—which was one of the articles—was not to be thought of. The Lord of Monaco would agree to a perpetual alliance, and even to the Imperial right of garrison—but to infeodate Monaco would be to fail in every tradition of the

176 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

House, and would be, moreover, in direct opposition to Claudine's (his mother's) will. On this point he declared himself immovable ; and Charles V at once ceded it.

Every effort had been made to keep the treaty with the Emperor a secret, but Francis I inevitably heard of it, and at once confiscated all "the property, livings, and incomes" which Augustin Grimaldi derived from him. The rupture with France was now complete ; and Augustin wrote a scathing letter to the King, wherein he set forth "the fifteen reasons" which had led him to embrace the Imperial cause. First came the harbouring of Bartolommeo Doria. There were also the bombardment of Mentone, Andrea Doria's subsequent conduct (he had seized two ships and killed one of the Monegascans who thus fell into his hands), and, harking backwards, the treacherous dealings of Louis XII with the former Lord, Lucien. Was he bound (Augustin continued) because of his benefices in Provence, to declare for France? No. The King had not given them to *him*, "for had the King shown him kindness, *comme à tout plein d'autres*, he would not have found the Lord of Monaco ungrateful." Moreover, Monaco had nothing to do with such benefices, and it was as Lord of Monaco that he had done what he had done. Further, "immediately after he was cannonaded at Mentone, he sent to the King a gentleman to demand justice from him for

so great and enormous an outrage ; and in case of refusal he charged that gentleman to quit, in his name, before the King, all the feudal tenures that he held in Provence, *car dès lors en avant, il ne voulait plus luy estre tenu en aucune chose.*"

I can find no blame for Augustin Grimaldi. His treatment of France was not treachery, but ordinary common-sense. Already she had shown herself perfidious ; now she was governed by a monarch "whom no one ever trusted without regretting it." Flamboyant, mean, shallow, and treacherous, ruled by his detestable mother and his ever-changing mistresses, Francis I was in reality a poor specimen of a man and a monarch. He had wonderful soldiers, his reign was the last reflection of the Age of Chivalry ; but he himself can claim no indulgence from history. He broke all his promises, he attempted to pay the ransom of his two little sons in debased coin, he ended the long warfare with Charles-Quint by a treaty—the Peace of Cambrai in 1529, called the Ladies' Peace—"perhaps the most fatal to the honour of France that any of her monarchs have signed." . . . From such a protector Augustin Grimaldi was wise to break away—and "though his acceptance of the Spanish protectorate caused in the end the subjection of the Princes of Monaco, he could not foresee that, nor could he possibly have remained isolated in Europe. He needed powerful protection. His policy was sagacious, if it was not loyal." That

178 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

is Rendu's summing-up of an action, which, in my opinion, needs not even so much of justification.

Monaco moved happily for eighty years in the orbit of Spanish politics, and Charles-Quint, while he lived, was the faithful, even the intimate, friend of Augustin Grimaldi, and of his successor, Honoré I.

Francis I, after the Imperial failure in Provence, took Milan "without striking a blow." The Emperor's side had been so discomfited that at Rome lampoons were whizzing about with offers of rewards to him who should find the soldiers of Bourbon, "lost in the Alps." But Bourbon was gradually regaining prestige and confidence, and very early in 1525, his army was once more collected and formed at Monaco. There ensued, on February 24, the Siege of Pavia, "one of the most crushing defeats that France has ever known." "Pavia" (says Métivier) "was a sister of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt." It was on Pavia's fatal day that Francis is fabled to have sent to Louise of Savoy the message which for so long ironic legend has linked with his name: *Tout est perdu, sauf l'honneur*. He never did send it: so much of self-knowledge the later researches of history have granted him. . . He was taken prisoner at Pavia, and sent to Madrid, where he remained a captive for one year.

Charles-Quint wrote, on March 20, 1525, an enthusiastically grateful letter to Augustin Grimaldi. "For your good, great, and loyal duty to us in that fortunate battle against the King of France, we cannot thank you enough, but you may feel certainly assured that we can never forget such a service, and our intention is to recognise it fully." Similar letters had reached Grimaldis in all ages, but few had had such a steadfast heart behind them as that of Charles V. He loaded his ally with favours—of which the most glittering, if not the most solid, was the bestowal upon him of the title "Prince," instead of "Lord," of Monaco. Augustin also received the Marquisate of Campana, one of the most important in the Kingdom of Naples; and by the Treaty of Cambrai in 1529 was restored to all those French lands which Francis I had taken from him.

In 1525, the long-desired vengeance was wreaked on Bartolommeo Doria. During the turmoil of the war, Doria had escaped from La Turbia and shut himself up in a strong castle near Vintimiglia. The Lord of Monaco instantly assembled a force of over six hundred men, marched to the castle, and attacked it with such energy that Doria was soon obliged to surrender. He was taken, and brought to Monaco. There he was tried, found guilty, condemned to death, and, despite Pope Clement V's intervention, executed on July 13, 1525. Rendu blames Augustin Grimaldi's action in this matter. It was justice, he says, but justice without mercy;

Augustin was a priest as well as a prince ; and the Pope's request should, moreover, have been regarded as a command. Also, the priest might have remembered that the Lucien, whom he thus avenged, had acquired his power through fratricide (for Rendu is among the firm believers in Lucien's guilt) ; and, again, Bartolommeo was Augustin's nephew. . . Two wrongs, it is true, do not make a right ; but they often make a very good reason—and my feeling is that Bartolommeo Doria was one of those people of whom it is well to rid the world.

In 1529, Charles V, going to Italy to be crowned by the Pope, landed at Monaco and was magnificently received. An anecdote is current of this visit, which Rendu and Métivier agree in calling "very ill-supported." It relates that Charles, coming out from one of Augustin's banquets and looking down upon the enthusiastic throng beneath the Palace-balcony, suddenly called out, "Hail, inhabitants of Monaco—I make you all nobles!" . . . Notorious as he was, even in that age, for his excesses at table, this story is unconvincing ; for the conferring of nobility was a solemn ceremony, entailing lengthy and meticulous arrangements of all kinds (to say nothing of interminable documents)—and even when drunk, emperors, like happier men, remain to some extent the creatures of custom.¹

¹ There is still to be seen at Monaco the remains of the velvet canopy "with gold *crépines*" which was carried over the Emperor as he went in pomp to the parish-church to hear Mass.



PROGENIES · DIVVM · QVINTVS · SIC · CAROLVS · ILLE
IMPERII · CAESAR · LVMINA · ET · ORA · TVLIT
AET · SVAE · XXXI
ANN · M · D · XXXI

CHARLES THE FIFTH,
Emperor of Germany.

When Augustin died suddenly in 1532, sheer force of habit made some believe that he had been murdered. "Not without suspicion of poison," is the cautious treatment given to the subject by *La Gallia Christiana*. "But who gave the poison?" Métivier inquires, and I must echo him.

Lucien's son Honoré, who succeeded, was only fifteen years old and therefore governed through a guardian-cousin, one Etienne of the Bueil branch, who seems to have been a worthy person. But nothing detains us during the early part of Honoré's reign; I find, indeed, only "two C's," (if I may be permitted to amuse myself with alliteration), and these are the Cactus-pear, and the Cistern: 'tis like a child's alphabet picture-book! The Cactus-pear, otherwise *figuier de Barbarie*, came from Africa, whither young Honoré, aged eighteen, went to fight for the Emperor against the Turks of Tunis, accompanied by his chaplain, a Father Baptist of the Miracle-Chapel at Carnolès. Baptist brought back "six leaves of the cactus-pear" and planted them on the rocks at Monaco, where they flourished, soon surrounding the ramparts with "a green and menacing cincture"—so that the strong little place was now stronger than ever, and the Barbary-fig protected the inhabitants against the Barbary-pirates. . . The second "C" was an even more valuable gift—the famous water-tank called the Great Cistern. It stands beneath the Court of Honour, where it offers a suave challenge

182 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

to the more flamboyant beauties around it—confident enough as to which 'twere better for the Monegascons to do without.

Honoré I, as he grew older, carried out that ancient and peculiar destiny of his House—to “co-operate in the triumph of the Cross of Christ against the Crescent of Mahomet.” He fought successfully at the Siege of Malta in 1565, and immortalised himself on the day of Lepanto in 1571, when he served under Don Juan “of Austria,” that brilliant bastard of Charles-Quint. The Christian triumph at Lepanto was complete; the battle, as Ranke says, was, like the battle of Actium, a decisive struggle between East and West—and the joy of Europe was ecstatic.

Honoré died in 1581, and left twelve children. His eldest son Charles succeeded to an uneventful reign, marked only by a French attempt against Monaco, “that high-quarters of intrigue, and the provision-house of Spain”—which was the aspect now borne by our Rock for Gallic eyes. The Island of Corsica, through two of its natives, played a striking part in this incident; for it was a Corsican inhabitant of Monaco who agreed to betray the town to the enemy, and it was a sudden apparition of the patron-saint, *Dévote*, Corsican virgin and martyr, which so terrified the assailants that they all ran away. As my readers may perchance remember, this was *Dévote*'s second intervention in defence of her burial-place. . . Charles died in

1589, unmarried, and his brother Hercules succeeded to the Principality, and to a burden which his predecessor had scarcely felt—namely, that condition in the Treaty of Burgos¹ by virtue of which the Grimaldis were bound to fight in all wars carried on by Spain. Hercules was at once called upon to redeem the promise, and thus found himself involved in the contest between Philip II of Spain and Henry of Navarre, now become King Henry IV of France.

This was the weary League warfare, which looms so large in the French history of the sixteenth century; and Provence felt the strain more than any other part of the kingdom. “Never did wild beast of the fields, never did flood nor tempest, work such havoc as did this false zeal for religion, which men called *The League*.” Thus does Honoré Bouche revile it; and the more sober Henri Martin has no word in its favour. “The League was the Anti-National party in France; its Catholic principles were ultramontane, Hispano-Roman; France was in reality to be made subordinate to a foreign authority.”

It was through Philip of Spain’s itch for interference with the internal politics of other countries that Spain became a combatant; for to preserve some semblance of authority within the League, the Municipal Governors sold themselves to him. Spain’s monarch was not Emperor besides, as his

¹ Signed in 1524, between the Emperor Charles V and Augustin Grimaldi.

father, Charles-Quint, had been. Charles-Quint had put him up for election, but once there was any question of choice as to a ruler, Philip was foredoomed to failure. He was the most abnormally unlovable man in history. One heart only did he ever win, and into that heart he drove despair: Mary Tudor, Queen of England, his second wife, knew every sorrow that man may heap on woman. His foe in the League contentions was his very antithesis: that Henry of Navarre whom history, against her own knowledge, reason, even desire, has idolised. He was one of those creatures who may "do anything," and, in truth, he did most things—and said them too. "Paris was well worth a mass," and Paris was gained in 1594, and not only Paris but the Pope; for even the Pope succumbed to the never-failing charm—absolved him, recognised him as King of France; then Sully, his great Chancellor, "bought" what remained of the League, and in 1596, the last of the armed bands made their submission.

Provence, in the triumvirate of P's, had held out longer than Pope or Paris. Marseilles refused to recognise the "King of Navarre." The Duc de Guise, sent there as the King's Lieutenant in 1596, found the town held by two tyrants, "two mushrooms that had grown up in a single night"—namely, Charles Cazaulx, a man of low, even beggarly, origin, and Louis d'Aix, "supremely mutinous and seditious." These were the "kinglets of Marseilles," and deep in their confidence was one Pierre de Libertat,

a Corsican, who till now had been known as a zealous Leaguer. The Leaguers wanted the town to fall into Philip II’s hands, and Philip’s galleys were ready in the harbour. But Guise, studying his men, found that in Libertat he had very different stuff to deal with from that which the “mushrooms” presented. He gained him to the French King’s side, and Libertat proved an invaluable turncoat—for he killed Cazaulx in an adroitly-arranged ambush; then, opening the gates to Guise, he obliged Louis d’Aix to fly, and the Spanish to retreat. Such was the importance of this triumph that Henry IV on hearing of it, exclaimed, “Ah, now I’m *really* King!” and instantly wrote one of his incomparable letters to Libertat, expressing his recognition. A statue was erected to “The Liberator of Marseilles,” in which the fact that, as Bouche puts it, “he was deprived of one corporal eye” was shown with a frank affection which almost turned it into a personal charm.

The Spanish fleet fled to Monaco, whither Guise pursued it. Seeing that impregnable rock, the French commander’s mouth watered, as many another commander’s had done. He resolved to take it by treachery, since any other means would be clearly unavailing. On October 27, accordingly, there came from Toulon “five armed fishing-smacks, holding two hundred Provençal soldiers, sent by the Governor of Provence (the Duc de Guise) with the intention of assaulting Monaco *à l’improviste*, and trusting to the secret intelligence which they had

in the town with a certain Captain Cesare Arnaldi of Monaco." This man was to signal to them at a good moment for an escalade. He signalled, and the French planted their ladders, "very large and heavy," in the roughnesses of the rocks, and mounted to the perilous assault—for the cliff (near the site of the present Fort Antoine) was almost perpendicular. They were close to the top, nevertheless, when all at once the ladders were violently pushed back into the sea, and the men with them. . . . The signal had been seen; and Arnaldi was instantly suspected, for he had a daughter at Guise's Court, and had lately been known to go and come between Marseilles and Monaco. He was condemned to death, and the death, "characteristic of the barbarous methods of Spanish justice at that time," was to be attended with every horror. He was to be dragged at a mule's tail to the place of torture, there to be pinched to death with red-hot irons, then quartered, and his limbs stuck up on the ramparts. But though there was a huge price on his head, Cesare Arnaldi was never caught. His father, therefore, was hanged in his place!

The Treaty of Vervins in 1598, between Henry and Philip, put an end to these last convulsive struggles in Provence, and then Hercules I of Monaco settled down to an inactive life. It was bad for him, and worse for Monaco. One chronicler has an exquisite phrase: "Hercules *had the misfortune to abandon himself to his passions, and to disrespect*

neither the wives nor daughters of his subjects." The Monegascons were a rough seafaring folk, not easily controlled when once they realised a wrong, and their wrongs were flagrant and incessant. In 1604, encouraged (as Gioffredo thinks) by the French officials in the place, a party of them, in the darkest hour of a November night, penetrated to the Prince's apartments, caught and pitilessly killed him, then flung his body over the rocks into the sea. He was the third reigning prince of the House who had been killed in the Palace.

He left but one son, an infant, Honoré, and for this baby the assassins ransacked the Palace: he too was to be killed, lest the accursed race should govern them again. In an old Italian chronicle of 1673 (quoted by Métivier)¹ we are told that this child was hidden, "by the acute zeal of a protector of the precious race," in a "*luogo immondo*," whence after the tumult had died away he was taken—and sent, very cautiously and as quickly as might be dared, to the Prince di Valdetare, his uncle, at Milan.

NOTE.—When the Palace was restored under Prince Charles III, a room was opened which had not seen the light for three centuries. This was the one in which Lucien was murdered: Anne de Pontevez had had a double wall built round it.

¹ *L'eroïna intrepida, ovvero la Duchessa di Valentinese: historia curiosissima del nostro secolo, adornata da FRANCESCO FULVIO FRUGONI.*

CHAPTER VIII

The Revolt from Spain.

CHAPTER VIII

THE Prince di Valdetare, who was the maternal uncle of seven-year-old Honoré II, made a zealous search for the murderers of Hercules, and succeeded in seizing ten of them. Five were strangled on December 16, at the same hour in which, a month before, they had killed the Prince of Monaco, and their bodies were flung into the sea from the same place. This was picturesque justice truly—Spanish justice, dramatic, merciless, and swift. The other five were condemned to the galleys—which was probably, though without the limelight, a far more terrible fate.

Valdetare then devoted himself to the task of making little Honoré and his little principality “Spanish.” The boy was kept at the Court of Milan,¹ and every influence he knew was directed to Valdetare’s end ; while Valdetare, as Governor of Monaco, utterly neglected his ward’s interests—whether with any premonition of the evils which would follow one cannot feel quite sure, though he must have been a poor statesman if the danger wholly

¹ Milan was the capital of the Austrian possessions in Italy.

escaped his calculations. His earliest act was to sign a treaty which handed over the garrison in Monaco to the absolute control of Spain. It was to consist solely of a company of Spanish infantry ; the King of Spain was to pay and keep up the troops ; the Prince of Monaco was to be captain of the company, but it was to be chosen by the Duke of Milan, and if any soldiers were guilty of grave misconduct, the Governor of Milan, and not the Prince of Monaco, was to award punishment. The Prince, in short, had no jurisdiction whatever over the soldiers committed to his command. "It was simply a capitulation," says Abel Rendu. And, sure enough, no sooner did the new garrison enter (March 7, 1605) than the Monegascons were expressly forbidden to carry or possess any kind of arms !

Thirty-two years later, one de Sabran, ambassador for Louis XIII to the Republic of Genoa, wrote these words to a friend : "The Spaniard is like the devil. The more power one gives him, the more one does for him—the more he abuses the power and tyrannises over the friend." . . . Honoré II and Monaco might well have been the text of de Sabran's criticism. The yoke was wreathed in flowers, of course—brilliant alliances, Order of the Golden Fleece, dignity of Grandee of the First Class, much property in Spain ; but Honoré, as he grew older and Spain grew bolder, began to feel that an hour of liberty would be worth them all. He appealed to the tyrant-country, he recalled the

Treaty of Burgos—all in vain ; and at last he resigned himself to a waiting game, that hardest of all games for youth and ardour and ambition and resentment. No doubt he played it with a sullen young face, with bitter, curled young lips, for all in a minute Spain turned suspicious, rumours began to creep : “ *The Prince of Monaco meant to ally himself by marriage with his Protector’s foes.*” . . . Honoré was summoned to Milan. He went, and dissembled so well that calumny was silenced, and the good boy was given the Golden Fleece (1616). Three years later, he was married to a daughter of the great Italian family of Trivulzio, that dazzlingly illustrious House which had for so long been an ally of Austria. It was a double bond, for his sister Jeanne had, some twelve years before, been wedded to Giovanni-Giacomo-Teodoro Trivulzio, whose sister Ippolita now became the Prince of Monaco’s bride.

By this time, “ Monaco was Spain’s vassal.” The Spanish soldiers were the masters in her streets, and Milan ruled her councils—for the Prince might no longer nominate any of his officials. The insolence of the “ Spanish devils ” was unheard-of. “ We have come here to command, and you talk to us of obedience ”—that was their answer to any attempt at checking their unbridled licence ; and Monaco and Honoré must bear it all. No redress seemed possible. Money-matters were in a terrible condition. Did Spain now pay her garrison ? Not she ; the Lord of Monaco had to pay. Did she pay

him his pensions? No; and the treasures of his domains in Spanish territory were frequently seized to fill her ever-emptying purse. The boy could see no way of escape. Sometimes the thought of France would stir his heart—France, that old, old friend. . . But then a memory would come to daunt him, of one Cousin Hannibal of the Bueil branch¹ and his attempted revolt against another tyranny. For Cousin Hannibal had not only lost his life, but all the power of his House had perished for evermore.

This had happened between 1599 and 1621, and Hannibal's "tyrant" had been Charles-Emmanuel I, Duke of Savoy. The Bueil branch was turbulent; over and over again its sons had been traitors to their suzerain (whoever he might be), but they had always been forgiven and reinstated in their wide domains. In 1581 they had demanded and obtained from Charles-Emmanuel the erection of their *seigneurie* of Bueil into a *comté*, and Hannibal was the eldest son of the first "Count" of Bueil. The Duke of Savoy had taken the young man to the French Court in 1599, and Henry IV had taken very special notice of him. This had turned the excitable Bueil-Grimaldi head. When Hannibal came home, his arrogance, already excessive, grew until it passed all bounds. He began

¹ See Note at end of this Chapter

to recall publicly the undoubted truth that Bueil had originally been given free of suzerainty, although the House had later alienated its independence in favour of the Savoy. No occasion for reasserting the abandoned freedom was missed by Hannibal, soon Count of Bueil; and at last Charles-Emmanuel's patience came to an end, for this boasting Count had a son, André, no less arrogant than himself, and André now publicly insulted a Savoyard gentleman. Many gentle hints were given, one or two mild sermons administered, for Savoy wished, if possible, to gain his end by a ruse. Would the Count of Bueil, for instance, exchange the Bueil lands for other domains in Piedmont (about the suzerainty of which Charles-Emmanuel was resolved there should be no question), in order to silence the many slanderous tongues which said that he desired to render himself independent of the House of Savoy, his family's long-time friend?

The Count of Bueil refused—and was at once arrested. He escaped, and shut himself up in the strong castle of his patrimony. It was almost inaccessible—and Charles-Emmanuel, aware of that, lay low and awaited his opportunity. Hannibal, after an appeal to Spain which promised well at first but ended in nothing, turned to France, and by a treaty signed in 1617 France took him under her protection. But Charles-Emmanuel was vigilant. In 1618, when the Austro-Spanish forces invaded the Valte-

line,¹ he saw that his moment had come to secure French friendship, which he desired for much farther-reaching motives than those of punishing a mere recalcitrant vassal. Louis XIII eagerly accepted the offer of alliance, for it would aid him in the great object of French policy at that time—the abasement of the immensely powerful House of Austria, whose daughter, Anne, he had married in 1615. He accepted also an offer for another alliance which came at the same time. This was to mate his sister, Christine of France, with the young Prince of Piedmont, Victor-Amadeus, heir to the Dukedom of Savoy. They were married in Paris on February 11, 1619.

Hannibal Grimaldi, when he heard this news, can have had scant hope for his future. France, to be sure, had him under her “protection”—but what was that, in the circumstances, likely to be worth? It proved to be worth nothing at all. Again Charles-Emmanuel bided his time. He waited, for the settling of this little Bueil business, until 1620, when the Huguenot troubles at La Rochelle were agitating his own ally and Hannibal’s protector. For France, facing civil war, would hardly spare a thought for the Lord of Bueil. . . Charles-Emmanuel acted. Hannibal and André were summoned to trial at Nice. They refused to

¹ The Valteline is a long pass leading from the Milanese Territory (then in Austria’s hands) to Bavaria and the Tyrol, where Austria was strongly allied. It was of great strategic value.

appear, and were condemned, in their absence, to death for contumacy, and to the confiscation of all that their family possessed. André, at first ardent in his father's cause, now proved a coward, for he fled to France; but Hannibal, hoping for succour from Louis XIII, shut himself up in another of his castles—Les Tourettes. Alas! Tourettes was not, like Bueil, impregnable. Tourettes fell almost immediately, and the Count was taken prisoner. At Nice he was put to death—tradition tells us by the hand of a Mussulman executioner, "because he had declared that he would rather die by the hand of a Moor than obey the Duke of Savoy." André, having run away, could only be hanged in effigy. That was better than nothing, so it was done—and the people crowded round the gibbet with every kind of outrage and imprecation, children threw mud, and when later the effigy was dragged through the gutters, the Nizzards ran along beside it with shouts of glee.

Thus perished the power of the Grimaldis of Bueil; and Honoré II, Prince of Monaco, did well to ponder on the tale and resolve to emulate, not Hannibal, but that wise watcher of opportunity, Charles-Emmanuel, called The Great, of Savoy.¹

In 1635, the first dawn of hope showed itself.

¹ It was this Charles-Emmanuel who made the famous phrase of "the artichoke."

198 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

Armand du Plessis, Cardinal de Richelieu, had taken up the reins of government in France in 1623. For the earliest two years of his career, his chief aim was the abasement of the Austro-Spanish power. That power, despite the French alliance with Savoy, still held the immensely important Valteline Pass; but Richelieu's troops, joined to Charles-Emmanuel's, dislodged them, and swept the Austrian influence from the region. Then the luck turned. Savoy failed in an attack on Genoa, and this made the French position in the Valteline insecure. The check was serious; Richelieu found himself obliged to arrange the disadvantageous Treaty of Monzon with Spain in 1626—"perhaps the darkest hour of his whole career." . . . Spain, thus triumphant, encroached more and more in Italy, while France, paralysed by the Huguenot troubles, was for the hour helpless; but with Richelieu's victory at the Siege of Rochelle, that complication ended, and instantly (1629) the great statesman was called on to intervene in Italy. The Pope, the Duke of Mantua, Venice, all appealed to France, and Richelieu began his new campaign against Spain in 1630.

Not until 1635 did the French troops come within the Lord of Monaco's reach. In that year the Spaniards seized the Isles of Lérins, which command the Provençal coast. The position was in itself magnificent, and for them was much enhanced by the proximity of Monaco. France

must at all costs regain these islands, and a large fleet was formed for the purpose. Everything augured well; the first fierce tussle in the harbour of Mentone left France victorious, though the Spanish still held the islands; but at this critical moment a squabble for precedence began between her commanders which, for a whole year, turned all her strength to impotence. The Maréchal de Vitry, and Henri de Lorraine, Comte d'Harcourt—respectively military and naval commanders—both desired to be Commander-in-Chief; and these impressive gentlemen were so absorbed in the vital question of precedence that the mere Isles of Lérins were forgotten by every one but the Spanish, now strongly fortified therein, by Richelieu, fulminating periodically from France, and by Honoré, Prince of Monaco, secretly in league with one Henri Grimaldi, Lord of Corbons in Provence, who was serving with the French army. Among the plans discussed by the French commanders, when they happened not to be scratching one another's eyes out, was that of a siege of Monaco; and Honoré, through de Corbons, had intimated that in case of such a thing being attempted, he would be on the French side.

With his close knowledge of place and plans, his help must have proved invaluable, had not the French schemes just then come to the ears of the Spanish admiral Ferrandina, who at once increased the garrison in Monaco by nine hundred men.

Richelieu had hitherto looked favourably upon Honoré's offer ; but he now wrote (on August 29, 1636) to say that in his view the augmented garrison rendered the siege of so strong a place most inadvisable. The Lord of Monaco could not (he added) offer anything worth considering *until* he was free of Spain—for Honoré had asked to be allowed to make a treaty with the King of France, who was to have the Protectorate of Monaco as soon as the Spanish were expelled. Thus the first hope died.

In 1637, a second dawned. The Spanish withdrew their fleet from the Isles of Lérins ; the French at once recovered Santa Margarita (one of the islands) and Vitry and d'Harcourt heroically resolved to "make it up." An interview was arranged, and each, carefully measuring the distance, went half-way from his quarters to meet the other. *Amour-propre* must be saved, though the heavens or France should fall—and fortunately it was neither which fell, but instead the other island, Saint-Honorat, to the French arms. Then the Spanish fled to Monaco, which for the next three years remained a mere Spanish *place d'armes* ; but within it, Honoré Grimaldi was acting as France's spy, and Henri, Lord of Corbons, was passing on his information.

At last the war diverged from the Ligurian coast, and Spanish suspicion, lulled by the three years' apparent quiescence, was once more averted from the Lord of Monaco. The garrison was reduced to its

normal size ; Honoré, eager lynx of opportunity, saw that his hour was come. Henri de Corbons, fully accredited, went to Péronne (where the French camp was) and there concluded a secret treaty which was not to be made public until the Prince of Monaco was emancipated from Spanish thralldom. Honoré was no less subtle than resolute. He knew that the time was at hand, but he knew also how easily Spanish suspicion had ever been awakened, and Valdetare (still alive) now afforded him an opportunity for throwing dust in those vigilant eyes. Valdetare pressed upon him another matrimonial project which would attach him, as was thought, indissolubly to Spain. This was the wedding of his only son Hercules with Aurelia, sole child and heiress of Luca Spinola of the great Genoese House, who was one of the most zealous partisans that Spain possessed in Italy. Honoré consented—and Spain once more felt confident that her mouse could never escape her gilded claws, for most of Aurelia's immense riches derived from the Kingdom of Naples, which had now for long been Spanish property.

Meanwhile France was kept aware of his real intention. He was resolute to strike at once ; and France, magnetised by his unflinching conviction that his star was at last in the heavens, ordered her Governor of Provence ¹ to keep five hundred picked

¹ Now Louis de Valois, Comte d'Alais, who had succeeded the Maréchal de Vitry, disgraced after the Lérins affair, and, in 1637, imprisoned in the Bastille.

202 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

men in readiness to enter Monaco directly the Spanish left it.

All was ready, when again the plot leaked out. Milan heard rumours ; spies were despatched to Monaco, and Caliente, the captain of the Spanish garrison, was ordered to be vigilant. He obeyed too well ; Honoré Grimaldi felt the eagle-eye upon him once more, and contrived to warn d'Alais in time for the expedition from Marseilles to be kept back. Caliente, finding that no ships arrived on the appointed day, wrote to Milan a pæan in praise of the Lord of Monaco's loyalty : "He is more Spanish than I am myself ; but if I see the slightest sign of any action being taken, I shall at once send him and his son as prisoners to Milan." By some extraordinary accident, this letter fell into Honoré's hands, and while it made him all the more cautious in his actions, it struck into his heart such apprehension and fury that his resolve turned to adamant.

He made few confidants—only four : his son Hercules, aged but seventeen, yet already very sagacious ; his secretary, Giovanni Brigati ; Jérôme Rey, the captain of his guard ; and Father Pachiero, *curé* of the parish-church. A French attack on Monaco was still vaguely talked of among the garrison, and Pachiero made a skilful use of this bogey. He announced a *neuvaine* of public prayer to God and Sainte Dévote for the defeat of the French ! These prayers were to be said in the evening, so that

everyone could come to church, and they were to last from the 4th to the 13th of November, 1641. . . Now, on the 13th, the Spanish would be “moving troops” at Monaco—the old ones going to Nice, the new ones arriving thence, and between the departure and the arrival there would be an interval with only two hundred and ten soldiers in barracks.

On the night of the 11th, Honoré brought together in a ground-floor room of the Palace a secret assembly of his adherents—now a small but devoted band, recruited with infinite precautions by Rey and Brigati. They numbered more than a hundred persons. Plans were discussed, and when all was settled, Honoré rose and made a passionate, moving speech. Every heart was aflame—ann, perceiving his success, he turned in a dramatic inspiration to the walls where hung the panoplies of ancient weapons, tore one down, held it on high, and called on each to follow his lead. Soon a hundred hands were waving a hundred weapons—and, in the enthusiasm, somebody let off a pistol. Instantly all were rigid and silent. Would the Spanish devils hear? or even some officious outsider, unwitting of the plot? They waited, struck as it were to stone. . . Nothing but the howl of wind, the rattle of rain—for a great storm was blowing. They separated then, each with a hidden weapon. All was well so far.

But with morning (the 12th) came another alarm. A Spanish page brought Rey a letter which he had

picked up in a corridor—a letter from the Governor of Provence to the Lord of Monaco! It had fallen from Honoré's *justaucorps*; it dealt with the altered arrangements for the despatch of the five hundred. . . The boy could read no French, it was true—but had he brought the letter straight to Rey? That was what no one could know. . . This time the suspense lasted for hours, lasted indeed all through that night. If the Spaniards should keep back the troops next morning——! That would be the sign. There were many sleepless men in Monaco on the night of November 12, 1641. But with morning came the blare of trumpets and the throb of drums: the troops were starting for Nice!

It was the Day at last—the fabled, defamed “thirteenth.” Nothing was to be done until the evening. The faithful would then be at their prayers; the plotters would be shut up at home—all to issue forth at an appointed hour to the rendezvous where the chiefs awaited them. At the rendezvous would be two companies. Thirty men under Hercules were to attack the Spanish quarters; another thirty under Rey were responsible for the Palace. Honoré himself was then to come out with a troop of fifty, and undertake the assault on the great gate of the town. Meanwhile, Pachiero “was fighting in his way as valiantly as any soldier of them all for his little country.” The sermon he preached that night was the longest ever preached by mortal man, and when his breath gave

out, he set his congregation singing. The long hymn ended in its turn—and full on the last note there fell the sound of firing. Shouts of triumph followed. The congregation stared in one another's faces, then, without waiting for blessing or word of dismissal, rushed pell-mell into the streets.

What had been happening outside while they dozed through that terrible sermon, and chanted that interminable hymn? At eleven o'clock, shadows had begun to detach themselves from every house; the streets had swarmed gradually with silent men; two columns had crossed the square. The Spanish soldiers, surprised at their posts, had quickly recovered their nerve, had resisted well. The issue had for a moment been uncertain, but then Honoré came up with his fifty and vigorously assaulted the great gate. Old Caliente fought like a lion. The fifty made a desperate effort; eight Spanish were killed and many wounded; the great gate opened at last—Honoré and his men marched in; and the Spaniards at the two other gates, discouraged by the tidings, gave up further resistance. They were all disarmed and locked up in the Palace—and the faithful, rushing from their prayers, found the French in, the Spanish out, and the Lord of Monaco and Father Pachiero weeping joyfully in one another's arms! Similar tears were soon flowing in every direction; not a street but was ringing with congratulations; "every one felt like a different person; every one felt as if he were issuing from the

tomb.”. . . Next day, Monaco was hung with garlands, and the people sang in the streets.

Spain did not easily accept the altered state of things. Through her friend, Maurice of Savoy, Pretender to the Dukedom,¹ who was Commandant at Nice, she at once sent an envoy to Honoré, promising him satisfaction for all his grievances if he would refrain from bringing the French into Monaco. But Honoré replied—and through the ages one can hear the exultation in his voice—“*Già è valicato il Rubicone!*” The new Protector’s troops soon entered Monaco, and on November 18 a dramatic scene took place. In the presence of the old garrison and the new, the Prince of Monaco laid aside his collar of the Golden Fleece, and, assuming the white scarf of France, declared himself to be now under her protection—at the same time handing back to Caliente the discarded collar, together with a letter for the Governor of Milan.

“If I take back what is mine,” said the letter, “it is but right that I return to His Catholic Majesty what is his. I received the Order of the Golden Fleece as a lien of my servitude, and as my sole recompense for having consigned this place to His Catholic Majesty. Now that dire necessity breaks off that servitude, I return the Collar of

¹ On the plea that Charles-Emmanuel, eldest son of Christine of France, was of doubtful paternity.

the Golden Fleece, that it may be used to decorate or to attach someone who may serve His Catholic Majesty with greater good fortune, though not with greater fidelity, than I have served him."

So ended the long domination. From 1525 to 1605, the Spanish kings had been good friends and protectors; then Valdetare had sown the wind which had blown his fellow-countrymen back across the sea. Ever since the treaty of 1605, Spain had been nothing less than a cruel and avaricious tyrant. . . . When the garrison was gone, the Monegascons met together and vowed to celebrate their deliverance on the 21st of November (the Feast of the Presentation of the Virgin) of every year by a solemn procession through the town—a vow which is still religiously kept.

France had now pushed her conquests in Piedmont so far that Monaco was to her an almost inestimable treasure. Saint-Simon might, in time to come, write disdainfully of "a rock from whose centre its sovereign can, so to speak, spit over his own boundaries"—but size had never been the standard of the value set upon this "strong little place." It was the incomparable position and the impregnability of our Rock which had caused it to be the gauge of so many a conflict, and Louis XIII made no secret of his joy in having won it. In May 1642, Honoré, with his son Hercules, went

208 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

to meet the French King at his camp before Perpignan, and there he was shown every honour that can be heaped upon an "illustrious person who gives a jewel to the crown of a puissant king." On the day after his reception he was summoned to the Royal bedroom, where Louis invested him with the Order of St. Michael; and later, in the chapel, the King drew from the pocket of his *justaucorps* the Order of the Holy Spirit, and, giving it to Honoré, remarked, "My dear cousin, I do not treat you in the ordinary way; I do not insist on the ceremonies requisite to make a Knight of this Order—for you are not regarded in an ordinary light, and I am glad that people should know that your merit and my inclination cause me to act in this manner. Above all, remember that the King of Spain has never given the Order of the Fleece in France, as I now give that of the Holy Spirit in Spain"—for Perpignan was Spanish territory, since it lay in Roussillon, the Spanish province which Louis XIII was then conquering, and which was in that year united to the Crown of France.¹ This happened on May 22, 1642.

A more substantial, if less moving, mark of friendship was the ratification of the Treaty of Péronne, which de Corbons had arranged in 1641. It was of an essentially cordial and intimate character (remarks Sainte-Suzanne); the interests of the Lord of Monaco were guarded with an almost touching

¹ Now the province of Pyrénées Orientales.

care: he was to be absolute master in his own dominions, sole chief of his political government as well as of his domestic administration—"he alone," in short, "commands in his State." Then came the question of compensation for Honoré's Spanish losses, since Spain had naturally confiscated everything which came from her. By letters-patent, Louis XIII gave him the Duchy-Peerage of Valentinois in Dauphiné, the *comté* of Carladez and the *seigneurie* of Saint-Remy in Provence, besides the Marquisate of Baux—one of the richest in Provence—for Hercules, now deprived of his Spanish Marquisate of Campana. And in 1643 the King went further, for he made the Duchy of Valentinois descend in the female line.¹ France, in a word, was "putting herself in four pieces" to repair the wrongs inflicted by Spain, and thus to bind the Princes of Monaco by ties indissoluble—in so far as that can be accomplished in the world of mortal men. The King promised to stand sponsor to the first-born son of Hercules and Aurelia Spinola. This personage arrived in 1642, but Louis XIII died (May 14, 1643) before he could keep his promise—which, however, Anne of Austria faithfully performed through her son Louis XIV. The christening took place at Monaco in October 1643, the boy being, of course, named Louis.

Honoré Grimaldi, as Duke and Peer of France,

¹ The Duchy, not the Peerage, for France does not recognise a peeress in her own right.

210 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

must now follow the great French fashion of the period: devotion to the person of the King. It had become essential to be a courtier rather than a soldier. The Prince of Monaco was nothing loth. He spent much of his time in France, he made friends with the nobles, he learnt the language; his relations with the Court were of the happiest—Anne of Austria would sign her letters to him with "*votre bonne cousine.*" . . . But when he went to Paris again in 1651 for the majority of Louis XIV, the most terrible misfortune of his life marked the otherwise brilliant date. His son Hercules, Marquis de Baux, went one day with his wife and children to the convent of Carnolès at Mentone, and after his visit amused himself in some neighbouring gardens by shooting with arquebuses (some say pistols) at a target. He ordered a soldier of the guard to display his skill in this sort, and the man, eagerly turning to obey, caught the weapon in his belt—it went off, and, after wounding two people, struck the Marquis in the spine. No skill could save him; he died the following day, upholding the soldier's innocence, and begging that he should be punished in no wise. The soldier had tried to kill himself in his despair. He was, despite the dead Prince's wishes, imprisoned for a while, but finally he was set free, and ordered to leave the State. . . Gioffredo, who gives these details, adds that the accident had been prophesied by a monk, and that there was, moreover, a legend current that

some days before, the Marquis had been sitting alone, reading, in a little cabinet near his library, when suddenly there appeared to him "an unknown human form," which asked him what he was doing. He replied categorically that he was reading.

"Read," said the phantom, "and learn, for" (and the sequence seems foolish even for a ghost) "you will very soon have no need of either"—with which words it disappeared, "leaving him for a long while filled with terror and perplexity."

From this period dates the celebrity of the church and convent of Laghetto. Aurelia Spinola, desolated by her young husband's death, lavished great sums on the shrine, which had been rebuilt by a rich Monegascan lady, one Camilla Porta.¹ She, tortured by a painful complaint and pronounced incurable by the doctors, had caused herself as a last resource to be carried to the little ancient chapel—then a mere heap of ruins—and there for three days had prayed without intermission to the Virgin of the Seven Dolours. At the end of that time she returned to Monaco, completely cured. In gratitude she rebuilt the chapel; news of the miracle spread, and Laghetto, still further enhanced by the rich gifts now offered there by Aurelia, became a place of pilgrimage. The town of Nice helped to build a

¹ Durante says she was the wife of a gentleman of Monaco, named Casanova.

212 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

convent in which the Carmes Déchaussés established themselves ; and to this day the place is visited, at Whitsuntide and Lady-Day, by thousands of pilgrims. Provençals and Ligurians, old and young, rich and poor, men and women, troop to implore Our Lady of Laghetto ; the chapel is crammed with *ex-votos* ; “the whole road, from both Turbia and Nice, is a living mass.” In very ancient days there was a little lake (*Laghetto*) at the spot, but all trace of that has now disappeared.

Honoré Grimaldi lived and reigned until 1662. In that year he died, aged sixty-five—loved and regretted by all, for “to an infinite gentleness and a rare prudence, he united much learning and flawless courage. These qualities were still further enhanced in him by nobility of manner and beauty of person. His administration was kindly, even paternal, and the love of the people, which had surrounded him in his life, followed him at his death, which was a personal grief to the entire region.”¹

“Such,” says Métivier, in his first reference to that Rendu who belabours *him* so incessantly, “is the eulogy of a writer who is little to be suspected of any partiality in favour of the Princes of Monaco.”

He was succeeded by his grandson Louis, Duc de Valentinois, who was the godson of Le Roi

¹ Abel Rendu, *Menton et Monaco*.

Soleil, and who, two years before his father's death, had married Charlotte-Catherine de Gramont, daughter of Antoine de Gramont, Marshal and Peer of France, and Marguerite Duplessis de Chivre, niece of the great Richelieu.

With her begins the decline and fall of that irreproachable virtue hitherto so remarkable in the women of the Grimaldi chronicles. She was the too-famous “Madame de Monaco”—heroine of a six-volumed book by the great Dumas, and of a scandalous small pamphlet in a series entitled *Les Grandes Amoureuses*, wherein one Alfred Asseline spares neither her memory nor our susceptibilities any blow that he can deal them. 'Tis *le grand siècle* in full blast, notorious names star every page; and I suspect that after the rigorous masculinity we have hitherto had to deal with, a puff of powder that is not gunpowder, the flutter of a fan or two, the whisper of a petticoat, will bring a smile of relief to lips which must often have been perilously near shaping themselves to a yawn.

NOTE.—There is an amusing passage in *The Sydney Papers* referring to a member of the Bueil branch who visited England in 1615. It occurs in a letter from Sir John Throgmorton to Robert, Viscount Lisle. I give it with the original spellings.

214 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

“ Their cometh over into Englande with this Passage, an *Italian* Gentelman, called Signior Pietra Grimaldy, a Genevois as he sayeth : He braggeth infinitely of his Majesty’s, our dear Master’s, Favour unto him, and produceth a letter which, he sayeth, his Majesty wrote lately unto him. He sayeth he is Cosen unto the Marquis Spinola. I have had Speache with him heare. I protest, I feare he is some Counterfeyte, and hath littell good Meaning in him. He is a verye tall yong Man, littell Beard, full-fased, and the Colur of his Hayre sumwhat whitish ; he is apparelled in perfeumed Leather Doble and Hoose, a sadd-collored ryding Coote lyned with a Purpell-colored wrought Velvett. I think it fytt to give your Lordship Knowledge of him, to the Ende that by you theyre maye be Notis given unto his Majesty that their is such a Personage arrived in his Kingdom.”

(ULUSHING, *this*
24th of October, 1615.)

“He was not ‘a Counterfeyte,’” (says *The Gentleman’s Magazine* for December, 1832), “but a nobleman of immense wealth, Governor of Savoy, cousin of Marquis Spinola. His descendant, John Baptist Grimaldi, was Doge of Genoa in 1752 ; and *his* son, Francis, having died possessed of property in England, his will was proved at Doctors’ Commons in 1800.”

CHAPTER IX

“Madame de Monaco.”

CHAPTER IX

WITH Charlotte de Gramont, Duchesse de Valentinois—later, Princesse de Monaco—our whole atmosphere changes. The gallant girl presents us not only with a fresh type, but with something still more diverting—a fresh point of view. We see a Grimaldi for the first time as “others” saw him, and those others the most highly-developed social phenomena of their epoch—namely, the courtiers of the Court of Louis XIV. Attributes and achievements which hitherto had made unquestioned claims upon popular admiration were by these superfine folk regarded as elementary. All men were brave, all men could fight well, die well—good heavens! they were not so simple as to stop and stare at that kind of thing. What else could So-and-So do?

Our poor Louis Grimaldi could not do anything else. In the chronicles of the time—in the dazzling pages of Saint-Simon, the soberer but no less critical record of Dangeau, above all in that stinging reconstruction of the contemporary mind which Dumas presents as the “authentic memoirs” of Charlotte

218 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

de Gramont . . . in all these, M. de Valentinois or M. de Monaco (as the case may be) cuts a very ridiculous figure. He does everything wrong—wears the wrong wigs, the wrong clothes ; bows wrong, speaks wrong, makes love wrong. Narrow, tyrannical, vain, pretentious, and obtuse, he typifies, for those merciless observers, the provincial “big-wig” at his worst ; and if brilliant malice be at any time excusable, assuredly it is when such a portent has joined the company.

Charlotte de Gramont came of an immensely arrogant family. Her father, Antoine de Gramont, was Sovereign Prince of Bidache and Barnache, Duke and Peer, Marshal of France, and so on—the most accomplished courtier of his age, beloved by Richelieu and Louis XIII. He had married, indeed, a niece of Richelieu—that Marguerite Duplessis de Chivre of whom her husband said, in later life, that she “could give Beëlzebub fifteen points and a bisque.” Charlotte was her father’s born daughter ; all his arrogance, all his insolence, all his lack of moral sense, were hers. She was very lovely—tall, with a notably beautiful figure, “throat and shoulders consummately turned” ; superb ash-coloured hair, black eyes “both sweet and sparkling,” a brilliant complexion, and “something very captivating in my smile when I don’t frown—for when I do, I’m terrifying. My teeth are dazzling and my lips crimson.”



From an engraving by Cazenave, after the picture by Rigaud.

LE DUC DE LAUZUN.

A beauty of the first rank, one perceives, and not handicapped by any diffidence about her charms; highly intelligent, too, though without formal education, for "I was spoilt as a child; it was the time of the Fronde, when people thought little of learning." What chance had our poor provincial with such a girl? and a girl, too, who since her earliest grown-up days had been in love with that "Puyguilhem"—otherwise the immortal Lauzun—whose fame has come down to us as one of the great *beaux-laid*s of history. When the *beau-laid* enters the lists, even well-favoured masculinities find it, as a rule, wise to retire; yet here is a portrait of the youth who, in an arrogant and reckless woman's zenith of beauty, dared to challenge the lover who "in one hour, so intoxicating is his personal charm, can make up to you for ages of torture." . . . A fat, short man, "with eyes like a white rabbit's, a trumpet-nose, and blubber lips," who wore a monstrous uncurled straw-coloured wig, who walked "like a chair-porter with his legs far apart," who had hands "like an accoucheur's or a dentist's, plastered with rings on every finger," and about whom the most remarkable thing was a scarlet face which got as livid as a cock's-comb on the slightest provocation. "M. de la Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère say that this kind of lobster is always very stubborn and superlatively malicious. They are right—so far as *he's* concerned, at any rate. . . ." Charlotte was between nineteen

and twenty, and Louis de Valentinois a little younger, when they met at Caderousse, the country-seat of a de Gramont cousin. Cardinal Mazarin, very intimate with the family, had suggested to Antoine de Gramont the desirability of a Grimaldi son-in-law, and Charlotte had been brought to Caderousse on purpose to meet Valentinois. It was some time before she realised the horrible plot, for though this "bear from the Alps" danced round her incessantly, his conversation was not impassioned.

"Mademoiselle, do you like cod-fish?"

"Really, sir, I don't know. I've never eaten it."

"Well, four years ago, I spent *carême* in a Franciscan convent, and they gave me cod-fish twice a day on Sundays."

The black eyes that were "both sweet and sparkling" would, at such ethereal moments of Grimaldi-courtship, encounter the eyes of Puyguilhem—we can figure to ourselves in what a spirit. . . . But not until she was back at Bidache did the full truth come out. "I uttered a cry of terror." But then she laughed till she cried. "That was always the way; he was always either atrocious or ridiculous. When he didn't make me cry, he made me laugh."

She cried much in these first days. There were interviews with Mamma, and a great scene of shutting herself up in her room and eating nothing; then Puyguilhem was told, and he mocked at the very notion of such a rival. They would find a way of escape—never fear! . . . He comes to her

room at night, when everyone else is asleep, and they discuss it. Puyguilhem has a sure device. “Will you give yourself to me? Then you will no longer belong to yourself.” She listens to him; “all that is most seductive, most irresistible: the veiled voice that won so many hearts, the incomparable grace, the look all eager tenderness. . .” Inevitably she consents; he goes, with her promise for to-morrow night, and tosses in at her window a nosegay wet with morning dew, and, hidden in its leaves, a letter “*embaumé des fleurs de l’amour.*” She wears it on her heart all day. Next night he comes. There are roses nodding in at the window, there are trees, a moon. . . In her “memoirs,” she recalls the scene, and contrasts it with the present: “*C’est ainsi que tout change, tout passe, et quand on y songe bien, ce n’est pas la peine de naître.*”

For Papa—absent in the early days of the terrifying prospect—soon comes home, and though she “no longer belongs to herself,” Charlotte has her tremors. Mamma and her stupid *gouvernante* believe that she has submitted; they inform Papa that she loves M. de Valentinois. “No one will make me believe that,” says Antoine de Gramont. “My daughter smitten with such a fellow—nonsense!” But she is to marry him, nevertheless—for the sake of the Principality and the Duchy of Valentinois. The hour comes for her interview, for the Great Avowal: *I no longer belong to myself.* Papa begins by saying that of course she does not, cannot, love the suitor.

She answers proudly, "I thank you, sir. It cannot be—and is not. But I *am* in love."

Papa does not flinch. "Do you take me for a tyrant? I don't force you to care for the fellow. He's a fool, I know; a barrel, I see; a hound, I think. But—become Princess of Monaco, and after that, let *him* be anything Heaven pleases. I shan't care!"

"I'd rather die," she says. "And besides . . . *je ne m'appartiens plus.*" The great confession is made; and Papa bursts out laughing.

He laughs her down; then finds the lover, and feigning not to know that it is he, (though Charlotte, in her anger and mortification, has given the name), informs him that anyone who now runs off with the girl will have nothing *but* the girl—no money, no influence at Court, no favour. . . Papa knows his Puyguilhem: enough has been said.

Puyguilhem plays "the comedy of despair" that night, weeps in her arms, but renounces her—she must submit, must marry the bear from the Alps. . . "It is impossible for anyone to be blinder and sillier than I was. I believed in his tenderness, in his 'sacrifice'; I promised to do what he asked—and from that day I had done with honour, for had I not resolved to give my hand to a man I hated, while I swore to another that I would love him evermore? It was my father's fault. Ah, but he is cruel when he laughs—he is a fiend."

Well, she was married on January 4, 1660, gor-

geously decked for the sacrifice—silver brocade, pearls, priceless laces, a princess's crown, "in the Italian fashion," sent by Mazarin. "Nothing was lacking, except some colour in my face." But the bridegroom made up for that, and "his smile seemed to epitomise all the idiotic things he had ever said, and had still to say." Puyguilhem was smiling, too, but "his eyes were like flames."

By the next morning the keynote of that most wretched marriage was struck. No humiliation had been spared the bride. First there was an "entrance" so grotesque that the lady's-maid was obliged to hide her laughter behind the window-curtains. A nightcap had been donned—a nightcap *en cloche*; a valet and two pages followed the impressive wearer, laden with relics, images, lozenges, bottles of holy water, chaplets: a table was needed to hold them all. "I thought they would never finish with the fussing." But at last husband and wife were alone. Two wax-candles were burning by the bed; impetuous Charlotte blew them out.

"What does that mean, Madame?"

"I don't know, Monsieur."

"Shall I call somebody to light them again?"

"That is not necessary."

He did not perceive her irony; what could such a dullard perceive? Nothing that was subtle, be sure—nothing that was sensitive. . . She fled, with the first streak of dawn, to her faithful maid's room,

threw herself down, wept tumultuously—then, stunned by fatigue and misery, fell asleep on the good creature's bed. But before long she must return to the "fatal chamber"—and lo! the Prince had not stirred. Soon he opened his eyes, however, rubbed them, looked at her, and said, "*Corbleu!* Madame, so now you're my wife, and make no mistake—it's a great honour for you. I warn you from this morning that if you take it into your head to be like your grandmothers,¹ your aunts, and a lot of your other relations, who are worth just nothing at all, you'll find it a very bad look-out."

Charlotte de Gramont heard; for a moment or two could not answer. Then she spoke. "You forget, I think, where you are, and who I am, when you speak of the honour you do me, and insult my family in this manner. *I* should not have provoked so quickly an explanation of this kind—but I accept it. I do not listen to such speeches. I am your wife, it is true, but I am the Duchesse de Valentinois also. I know my duty, in every respect; there is no need for you to recount it."

The gallant Grimaldi listened, all amazed: "with his bell-nightcap flattened by the pillow, he was absolutely indescribable." But he plucked up courage, he essayed to reprove. Charlotte under reproof was an explosive of high power: before they left the room, her Prince was a shattered man.

¹ One of her ancestresses was La Belle Corisande, a mistress of Henri IV.

“From that moment dated the whole course of our common life. . . Was there ever such a sheep? I can never think of him, even now, without shame and fury.”

She would not go to Monaco: that was the first-fruits of the marital tussle. “Monaco and honeymoon—those words together give me goose-flesh.” No, she would follow the Court, and in this resolve her father upheld her. Anne of Austria, the Queen-mother, in one of her silly caprices actually took a fancy to the husband; Monsieur found the wife very much to his taste; Madame, always attached to the de Gramonts, bestowed many a gracious confidence on the sister of Armand de Guiche. Soon she was appointed to be Superintendent of Madame’s Household—that “odd *ménage* of which I dare not say all that I know and have seen.” So Charlotte was Madame’s confidante, Monsieur’s gossip, the King’s admiration, Guiche’s go-between, Lauzun’s mistress—something in fact to everyone, even to the abhorrent husband, for (most unhappily in her view) she was soon the expectant mother of a Grimaldi-baby. But bad as she thought it, she had no idea at first how bad. It dawned on her at last: *she would have to go to Monaco*. The baby must be born there. The “whole tribe” of Grimaldis insisted on that; her father, who hitherto had upheld her in the refusal to exile herself, now came to her room and told her it was no longer to be persisted in. But she should

not stay, he promised her ; she should come back, prettier than ever, having "done her duty," and would thenceforth reign at Court and never be worried again.

She wept, but she went—followed for a week by Lauzun in various disguises, impenetrable to all but her. . . She saw her future Principality at last. "'Tis just a Prince's toy. There are three ships, which they call the fleet ; four guards, whom they call the army ; ten courtiers, whom they call the Court" ; but the view was exquisite—she would have liked to "set Paris down on this rock." All the relatives were there, "gorgeous but ridiculous" ; she had a very large, very gloomy room, hung with curtains that had been looted at Constantinople by one of the crusading ancestors : "nothing could be finer, or more depressing." The husband beamed ; people didn't laugh at him on his Rock ; he was the first person in the land. He displayed the family portraits, dwelt upon the distant dates, the long glory of his House, "as if he were talking to a nobody." She flamed forth. "I know something about ancestors, you may remember. The battle of Roncesvalles wasn't fought yesterday !" But the lovely view could restore her to good-humour ; she enjoyed the universal homage ; "all those dark eyes gazing at me." . . . And at last, the baby arrived—a boy, Antoine, after the father who was a fiend when he laughed at one. Still it was

pleasant to impose the family-name of the de Gramonts upon the Princes of Monaco.

While the christening-feasts were in preparation, Honoré II, reigning Prince, fell ill. Charlotte liked the good old man. “He died in my arms, as it were. I was only just beginning to love him when God took him away, which diminished my regrets, or at any rate *made them as short-lived as my affection had been.*” In that heartless “reflection” we have the very spirit of the age.

So now (1662) Louis I and Charlotte were Prince and Princess of Monaco, and baby-Antoine was Duc de Valentinois. She was soon tired of the festivities, of the long ceremonial harangues in Italian, which she hated to speak, and did not speak : “I answered in French with all my customary assurance, and I never saw so many astounded faces as I saw then.” An old admirer reappeared, M. de Biaritz, known familiarly at Bidache as *Charlemagne*, because he was so proud of his ancient lineage : “’twas as old as the Pyrenees themselves.” Biaritz was strangely, Byronically beautiful — “and why was M. de Monaco so utterly uninteresting ?” . . . But M. de Monaco was to have his turn at last. Coming back one day from driving, our Princess found a new arrival at the Palace : a laughing, closely-hooded lady, holding out an incomparable white hand (“only the Queen-mother’s can equal it in beauty”), and crying in a gay sweet treble : “Guess who I am !” Charlotte guessed at once. It was

Hortense Mancini, that beauty of beauties, run away from her insufferable husband, the Duc de Mazarin. . . Louis I of Monaco was soon oblivious of his wife's infidelities, for Hortense tried her hand on him, "and he went off like a match." Nothing was good enough for the Duchesse de Mazarin; "he was like a little shopkeeper receiving the parish priest. I shrugged, and felt inclined to call her *Mancini*. . . But she was very charming, and kept us up till three in the morning, though she hadn't slept since leaving Paris. She was made of iron, however."

Now that things had arranged themselves in the true *grand-siècle* manner, our Prince and Princess soon returned to Paris. Hortense Mancini went first to Rome, whither Charlotte's husband followed her; then came Paris on the way to England, and he could not rest till he knew she was safe from *her* husband. Charlotte cared not a jot, so long as she got back to heaven. The La Vallière affair was in full flower when she arrived, and Madame and Armand de Guiche were cultivating their garden, too. Lauzun was at Court, Monsieur greeted her as his "lucky star"—and the King. . . The King, already wearying a little of the simple girl who "loved him for himself," cast an admiring eye on the Princesse de Monaco, now handsomer than ever. She was quite ready, but Lauzun was frantically jealous. There were scenes of every

kind ; there was the famous episode of his trampling on her hand with his high-heeled shoe ; there was another in her apartment, when the lover, kept waiting, dashed his fist through a mirror and departed, leaving the splintered glass as sole token of his visit. Finally, there was the trick which ruined all her hopes of being *maîtresse déclarée*. Lauzun found out that the King was awaiting her ; he hid himself in a little room opposite the Royal “back-door.” Up the backstairs came Charlotte, closely veiled, led by Bontemps, the felicitously-named Royal valet. Bontemps tried to open the door ; the King had put the key on the outside, as he always did on these little occasions. He had put it there, but it was not there when Bontemps felt for it. It was in Lauzun’s pocket. . . The valet and the lady trembled outside ; inside, the King was fuming. At last Bontemps ventured to knock. His Royal master came. Explanations, more searchings for the key—no key ! The lovers had to say *au revoir* ; there was no getting in or out at that door that night. They said it—but all was lost. The King never smiled on the Princesse de Monaco again. He did not even grant her the title of *prince étranger* for her husband. He had promised it, but this was the end of all things. Not for twenty years did the Grimaldis get the coveted rank—not till Charlotte’s son Antoine married, in 1688, Marie de Lorraine-Armagnac, “of the Imperial House of Lorraine.”

Meanwhile our Prince was still running after his Mazarine. She was in England now, the star of Whitehall, the rival of "Madam Carwell."¹ A party was forming round her, Madam Carwell was fast losing ground ; Hortense almost had the Parliament at her command, when some madness made her "take up" seriously with the Grimaldi ! Such a rivalry was bound to infuriate any man ; the humour even of Charles II broke down. He was angry enough to withdraw the lady's pension of £4,000. Elated by such an amazing triumph, Louis de Monaco paid it her instead. It was worth *that* to be the acknowledged victor on love's field of the most irresistible man of his period. "So ended the political career of the Duchesse de Mazarin" ; but for all that, Louis Grimaldi was soon cast off—and be sure that nobody in the French Court was surprised. One lady was, indeed, regretful : his wife. Not from sympathy—no. She foresaw her fate. He would be in a bad temper, and he would want her to wreak it on. Too-presageful Princess ! All happened just as she feared ; there was another abominable sojourn on the Rock. "Lovely as the place is, I felt nothing but a mortal *ennui* . . . and his jealousy mounted, mounted like a pyramid." She ran away at last—to Paris, of course ; and he, left behind, could think of nothing better to do than to get a list

¹ Louise de Quérouailles, Duchess of Portsmouth ; in popular speech, "Madam Carwell,"

of her lovers (“it was long, for people gave me many more than I took”) and hang them in effigy all over the Principality. “More than half the men here at Court are decorating the highways of Monaco. How I’ve laughed, and many others with me—the King amongst them!” Charlotte never saw the hanging lovers; no power on earth could now drive her back to her Prince and his Principality. But Lauzun had deserted her; he was wooing La Grande Mademoiselle, whom from childhood Charlotte had detested more than anyone else she knew. “It was a presentiment, no doubt.” . . . Long, long ago, an astrologer had foretold her early death. She died at thirty-nine of smallpox (1678), after eighteen years of marriage. She looked in her glass when she knew that the hour was come. Her face was black, disfigured, and swelled: “*C’est ainsi que tout passe, tout change, et quand on y songe bien, ce n’est pas la peine de naître.*”

CHAPTER X

The Lorraine alliance—The Wars of the Spanish Succession in France—The Goyon-Matignon marriage, and the extinction of the House of Grimaldi *pur sang*—A priceless brother-in-law, and some other relatives.

CHAPTER X

THE Prince of Monaco, weary of the incomprehensible caprices of women, turned his attention after Charlotte's death to that still more puzzling commodity, the Law. For him, however, it presented a certain simplicity: was he not absolute in his own domain? He soon promulgated a complete code, *Gli Statuti del principato di Monaco*, dated in the year of his wife's death (1678). The penal laws of this masterpiece were severe on immorality; hanging was in some cases the punishment for such offences as its maker had suffered from so often—even a naughty song, if it were very flagrant, might bring its author, publisher, and singer to the gallows.

By this time, Louis was grown "as fat as a barrel, and had a great pointed stomach to the end of which he could not see, so that he often pushed people in front of him without knowing that he was doing so." Such is the merciless portrait drawn by Saint-Simon of that "fantastic, arrogant, avaricious Italian" whom he so oddly detested. There was something in the mere name of Grimaldi which could fill his pen with gall. When, in 1698,

at the beginning of the Spanish Succession excitement, Louis XIV gave the embassy at Rome to the Prince of Monaco, Saint-Simon could not believe his ears. "He is not fit for affairs," he cried—and later: "With his absurd pretensions to the titles of *Altesse* and *Monseigneur*, neither of which did he ever obtain, he injured the King's affairs at the Vatican." But other historians—including even our old friend, the freelance Rendu—grant to Louis Grimaldi some credit for the French triumph in 1700, when by the will of Charles II of Spain, Louis XIV's grandson, the Duc d'Anjou, succeeded (as Philip V) to the throne which is still occupied by the Bourbon dynasty.

The new ambassador to the Vatican, on his arrival in 1698, began badly. He had always been prone to lose his head in prosperity; this unexpected compliment from the King of France swept him into the most unbridled and tasteless extravagance. The historic instance is that of the carriage-horses which were shod with pure silver—the shoes retained by but a single nail, so that they might the more easily be lost! Everything was on the same vulgar lines, and the poor little Principality had to pay. Absolute there, he soon confiscated the taxes levied on the valuable olive-oil mills, ostensibly as a temporary arrangement, but it was a temporariness which lasted until the French Revolution; "and such an act," comments Rendu, "has only one name, in all countries and in all tongues,"

In 1700, after the death of Pope Innocent XII—quickly followed by that of the feeble Spanish monarch, Charles II, and the Bourbon accession—Louis Grimaldi got into trouble with the Vatican. The new Pope, Clement XI, showed small favour in the matter to the French Ambassador, active though that personage had been in his favourable election. M. de Monaco left Rome, and complained to the King. By Saint-Simon's account of this "Vaïni-affair," Louis XIV administered a towering snub. "M. de Monaco was ordered to return instantly to Rome." Métivier, quite as prejudiced on the other side, affirms that the King warmly upheld the Prince, "but, as the Pope was newly elected, he thought well to be lenient with everyone concerned." That statement smacks strongly of the official *démenti*, and when the writer adds that the Royal letter to M. de Monaco rebuked him "only for his zeal," we are reminded of Talleyrand's imperishable counsel. *Surtout, point de zèle*: did Louis XIV quote that, by intelligent anticipation? At any rate, the Vaïni-affair may be said to have killed our poor bear from the Alps—it, and the ever-open sore of those unattainable titles, *Altesse* and *Monseigneur*. He died, much chastened, in 1701—not quite fifty-eight years old; and his son Antoine succeeded him.

In 1688, ten years before his father's mission to

Rome, Antoine, Duc de Valentinois, had been married to Marie de Lorraine, daughter of the Comte d'Armagnac, at that time Grand Equerry to the King, and therefore known as "M. le Grand." The rank of *prince étranger* had then been at last accorded—much to the vexation of Saint-Simon. The thing, in his view, ought never to have been done, but if it *was* to be done, "if there had ever been a right moment in which to accord so strange a favour," it was surely when the Principality had first been thrown into the arms of France—that is, in the time of Honoré II and Louis XIII. Saint-Simon's grumble lasts through many pages; he found ever-new fleers as he wrote. "A good but too-numerous House . . . it has furnished to the various European nations officers of every kind, totally without distinction except what was given them by those nations. They have even worn the robe in Provence," (that is, practised as lawyers), "which one can hardly believe that any of the other great Genoese Houses have done." . . . "The possession of Monaco is their one distinction; and its Princes have had no rank in Italy anyhow or anywhere, and consequently in no other country either, until, in 1688, the King made them Princes in France! One may certainly say that they've managed to make a good thing out of a barren rock and an orangery." And finally, in commenting on the marriage of Mademoiselle de Monaco with the Duc d'Uzès, his most renowned gibe at



From an engraving, after a painting by Mlle. de Bresson.

ANTOINE DE GRAMONT.

the Grimaldis is brought off. “’Tis the dominion of a rock from whose centre its sovereign can, so to speak, spit over his own boundaries.” All this *verve bilieuse* because the Grimaldi ladies “had the *tabouret*”—that is, the right to be seated in the Queen’s presence ; and because *Altesse* and *Monsieur* might, by poor fools unversed in the utmost niceties of etiquette, be murmured, illicitly but ravishingly, in a thick Grimaldi ear !

The Duc de Valentinois got very little else besides the much-discussed rank by his marriage. If Charlotte de Gramont had been dissipated, she had at least preserved some outward dignity ; Marie de Lorraine, exquisitely pretty, graceful, and intelligent though she was, had never had any to preserve. “She was born *telle*, and brought up to think no shame of it.” Antoine soon realised his position. “His height and breadth had gained him the nickname of Goliath” ; but even these charms left his Princess unmoved. There were horrible scandals ; Dangeau, in his cold, calm *Journal*, alludes to a confidence made “by a lady at Court¹ to her husband which has caused several lackeys to be dismissed, for her too-perfect candour impelled her to name her lovers.” Weary already as he was of insults from the lady’s family, this last insult from the lady herself drove Antoine to action. Madame de Valentinois was whipped away to

¹ A note to the *Journal* by the Duc de Luynes states that “the lady” was Madame de Valentinois.

Monaco. Like Charlotte de Gramont, she loathed the sojourn there, and she was not so easily restrained as had been that comparative innocent. She ran away, and from Paris put forth an abominable accusation against her father-in-law. "It was from his pursuit that she had been obliged at all costs to escape."

Poor purblind Louis, "*gros comme un muid*," was more amazed than angry at first; but it was not long before the full loathliness of his daughter-in-law's malice broke upon him. Then he declared that he would never see the woman again, never suffer her to be in the same place with him. Two years later came the offer of the embassy to the Vatican, and we may perhaps suspect some wire-pulling from the religious party at Court. For Marie de Lorraine, under the protection of her laughter-loving family, was brilliantly enjoying herself there, while, sequestered at Monaco, were two mortified gentlemen, acutely conscious of their heirless heritage. Antoine, his indignant father safely gone, demanded his wife's presence. At first he was derided, but the d'Armagnacs got anxious when the Archbishop of Paris interfered. Marie was brought back to Monaco. But "she gave her husband only daughters," and be sure she realised fully what that meant. Through her daughter it was that the heritage of the Grimaldis passed to the ancient Breton House of Goyon-Matignon—that the Grimaldis *pur*

sang ceased, so far as that branch was concerned, to exist. If Marie de Lorraine had wished to be revenged upon a family which had harmed her in no wise, but which she had harmed in every way known to woman, she was revenged indeed when, in 1715, she married her eldest daughter to the Comte de Thorigny.¹

Meanwhile there had been another unhappy marriage in the family. Anne-Hippolyte, one of Charlotte de Gramont's daughters and Antoine's sister, was wedded in 1596 to Charles de Crussol, Duc d'Uzès, Premier Peer of France. The ages were very disproportioned. He was only eighteen, "and Mademoiselle de Monaco was thirty-four or five, and looked it." But even Saint-Simon (after the inevitable jeer at a Grimaldi) speaks compassionately of the unhappy lady. "She was a woman of merit and virtue, who deserved a better fate," for the Duc d'Uzès was one of the most detestable men of his period. Her lot was bitterer "even than that of very unhappy wives," and she died, four years after her marriage (in 1700) of an ulcer in the throat, leaving no children.

From the domestic disasters which surrounded him, Antoine de Valentinois, like his father, took refuge in soldiering. Already, in the very earliest years of his marriage, he had distinguished himself

¹ See Note at end of chapter.

242 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

—had fought at Fleurus in 1690 (“the greatest victory ever won by Louis XIV”), had been at the Siege of Namur in 1692, and there gained personal notice from the King, who conducted the siege himself. Later, in 1705 (when he was Prince of Monaco), came France’s struggle to retain that Spanish crown which had so wonderfully fallen on her head five years before. The Duke of Savoy, now allied with Austria against her, drew the attention of the Emperor (Charles VI) to the valuable position of Monaco. Antoine Grimaldi, long before Victor-Amadeus II publicly broke with France, had suspected him of this design, and had indeed, by a timely warning to the French general, Vendôme, brought about the disarming of the Piedmontese troops, which Savoy had intended to lead in the Austrian army (1703). This had precipitated the rupture with France. Now, in 1705, came the French attack upon Nice—the frightful sufferings and devastation, the furious bombardment, the fall of the bravely-defended town. . . Monaco, during this horrible period, proved a useful arsenal for the French. Antoine, who could, by the terms of the Treaty of Péronne, have remained neutral, instead embraced ardently the French cause; and all French historians lavish praise upon him. He gained a solid advantage in the same year, when Louis XIV, then master of the long-disputed territory of La Turbia, acknowledged the Prince of Monaco’s claim, and separated the village from the *comté* of Nice,

uniting it "in perpetuity" to the Principality of Monaco.¹

But with 1706 French fortunes changed. At the battle of Turin, fought in September of that year, France and Spain lost all advantages gained over Austria. The great Prince Eugene of Savoy and Victor-Amadeus came out of the bloody fight with crowns of glory, and "Piedmont was, as it were, the tomb of the French and Spanish armies." Louis XIV signed a treaty (1707) by which the French troops entirely evacuated Italy. France still held, however, the *comté* of Nice, and peace could by no means ensue until Victor-Amadeus had retrieved that leaf of the artichoke. Warfare dragged on. Antoine I never flagged in his loyalty to France; he sacrificed revenues, personal possessions, jewels, plate—all to preserve Monaco, "*cette sentinelle perdue au bord de la mer*," for France, who, drained by the incessant military expeditions of the reign, could bear no smallest part of the cost. And in 1709, to put the final test to his devotion, came one of the most desperate winters which the region has ever known. To this day its awful rigours are remembered. On the night between the 13th–14th of February, the vines, lemon-trees, orange-trees, and olives perished before the very eyes of the people, for "it is their habit to sit up through a frosty night, eagerly watch-

¹ "Perpetuity," however, is a word easier in the writing than in the keeping. In 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, Turbia reverted to the Savoy.

ing the effect on their trees, ruin being inevitable if the frost attacks them. . .” Not till 1713 did Antoine Grimaldi know relief from anxiety. Then the Treaty of Utrecht ended this chapter of the Spanish Succession conflict—“that very pivot of Louis XIV’s reign.” The possession of the Spanish throne was guaranteed to the Bourbons; Austria renounced all claims; France agreed that her crown and that of Spain should never be united. Savoy retrieved Nice and the “for-ever-separated” La Turbia, his claims to Spain (in default of Philip V’s male heirs), were recognised, and he obtained the Kingdom of Sicily.¹ He put in also a claim to the long-coveted Monaco, but this was peremptorily refused, and Antoine’s sovereignty was recognised and confirmed.

Savoy, now King of Sicily, had still a stone in his sling for our Goliath. He claimed again the homage for the 11–12ths of Mentone and the whole of Roccabruna, which had been refused him by the Grimaldis ever since the Will of Claudine in 1510. Antoine resisted hotly, but the question was at last submitted to the arbitration of England and France. Judgment was given for Savoy in 1714. The Prince of Monaco submitted, but he managed to have the detested ceremony shorn of “all that could hurt his pride.” It took place near Turin in 1716, and the vassalage was continued until 1841.

¹ In 1720, by the Treaty of London, the Duke of Savoy exchanged Sicily for Sardinia.

Antoine I had had only daughters, as we have already learnt, by his wretched marriage with Marie de Lorraine. The Grimaldi heritage descended in the female line, by the will of John I (1454); but that will had also ordained that the heiress should marry only a member of the House. There were plenty of cousins to choose from, for, as Saint-Simon said, the Grimaldis were "too numerous." In Spain, Naples, Genoa, collateral branches flourished, but gradually the brilliantly-allied Monaco Princes had come to look upon these gentry as mere "provincials." One of *them* would never do. The brilliant alliances had, it was true, brought little else but glitter into the family—happiness had conspicuously kept away, and so had money. The latter commodity had now become an imperative need. Louis I, by his wanton extravagance, Antoine by his wanton devotion to France, had emptied the Grimaldi coffers: Louise-Hippolyte, heiress to the Principality, would have to make a mercenary marriage.

But where was Antoine to find a rich and high-born husband who would give up his own name, arms, and liveries for those of Grimaldi, (and this was an irrefragable condition), yet obtain nothing but a wife in return—for though Louise-Hippolyte would be Princess, he would not be Prince? Something more must be put into the bargain—and Antoine bethought him of the Duchy-Peerage of Valentinois.¹

¹ The Duchy alone would descend to a woman (see *ante*); the Peerage, not thus descending, would die out with Antoine, unless this was done.

He applied to Louis XIV for power to divest himself of the title, and present his daughter's future husband with it on the wedding-day. Louis XIV assented—and *this* favour was so great that Saint-Simon could not contain himself. Rendu remarks upon the "puerilities and sarcasms" which pepper his chapter upon the Goyon-Matignon marriage: "He details every incident, every intrigue!" But on the other side of the shield, the Matignon renunciations caused widespread irritation. In the Marquise de Créquy's *Souvenirs* we read that the Breton nobility considered the arrangement "most mortifying and abominably unnatural, for in that part of the world the old Celtic name of Goyon is like a clarion." And there were restrictions and conditions, too—for if Antoine should still have male children, the eldest of these was to succeed to the Duchy-Peerage, Louise-Hippolyte's husband retaining the dignity only for his life. The husband's heirs would, in that case, resume their father's original names, titles, arms, and liveries.

Despite all these drawbacks, the Duchy-Peerage was plainly an attractive bribe, for suitors soon abounded. All were well-born, but at first none was rich enough. Much was to be demanded from the chosen man—he was to pay the other girl's dowry, to settle *all* Grimaldi debts, and to compensate Antoine's brother François, Abbot of Monaco, for ceding his eventual rights to the Duchy! The Comte de Roye, the Marquis de Châtillon, Prince Charles of Lorraine,

the Comte de Roncy, were the first lot. From these Antoine selected de Roncy. But alas! Antoine's suffrages alone were not sufficient. Madame de Monaco's were as necessary, and Madame de Monaco, glad of the chance to thwart him, flatly refused them. Louise-Hippolyte, too, declared that she would sign nothing which her mother had not signed. This was in May 1713; by August 1714, de Roncy had retired. "The quarrel," Dangeau tells us, "between M. and Mme. de Monaco was bitter"; but we must concede to Marie de Lorraine the possession of one strong argument—de Roncy's fortune was very inconsiderable. Thus, when in 1715 another suitor came forward, she saw a good opening for an "I-told-you-so." Had it not been well to wait! For this was indeed the very suitor of a matchmaker's dream.

He was Jacques-François-Léonor de Goyon-Matignon, Comte de Thorigny, heir of an incredibly ancient Breton House, which was allied with the Bourgognes, Rohans, Luxembourgs, the Houses of Brittany, Savoy, and Bourbon, which was moreover very rich indeed—and of which he was the only son! Was it possible that so dazzling a young man was ready to drop name, arms, and liveries and take those of Grimaldi instead, for the sake of the Valentinois title, the problematical succession to the sovereignty of Monaco, and—last and least—the bright eyes of Louise-Hippolyte? Amazing as it seems, Jacques-François-Léonor *was* ready,

He dropped and took names, arms, and liveries, and he and Louise-Hippolyte were married at Monaco on October 24, 1715, six weeks after the death of Louis XIV. Five years afterwards, a son was born.

The sparkling Marquise de Créquy, "wittiest and most original of the women of her time," visited her cousin, Louise-Hippolyte, in 1721. She was the sixteen-year-old bride of Louis-Marie-Charles-Arras-Adrien, Marquis de Créquy, known as Louis-le-Debonnaire; and both were connected with the Grimaldis, as the Duchesse de Valentinois was solicitous to remind them. Their reception was effusive; a salvo of thirteen guns was fired in their honour. The Marquis, much amused, demanded of his hospitable cousin, "*À qui elle en avait ?*"—which seems translatable only into "Whom are you getting at?" She answered (and it is the solitary verbatim report we have of a Grimaldi-lady): "Leave me alone, Louis-le-Debonnaire! Wasn't my grandmother's grandmother of your House? All my good looks live in the Créquy quarter of my face—and if you say a word more, I'll have, on your departure, twenty-one guns fired for my neighbour of Jerusalem and Armenia."

This latter object of her gay sarcasm was, more soberly, the Duke of Savoy, Victor-Amadeus II. He was now seventy, and "as knubbly as a bag of nuts"; yet he had dared to fall desperately in love with this delicious Duchesse de Valentinois. He liked to arrive at Monaco quite unexpectedly,

“so as to give her a pleasant surprise,” but roguish Louise-Hippolyte, who loved her young husband dearly and thought Savoy a bore, would have him watched from the moment of his arrival at Nice, so that as soon as he passed the frontier of the Principality, all the Monegascan batteries might roar the tedious news to heaven! . . . So humorous a lady must have immensely enjoyed her brother-in-law, the Abbé Léon de Matignon, (later Bishop of Lisieux), who was the Sir Boyle Roche of France. The Créquy *Souvenirs* abound in anecdotes of this notorious ass. Lisieux is the scene of two of the funniest—Lisieux on the day of his arrival there, when his uncle, not he, was Bishop. Léon was shown the cathedral, and told that the English had built it. He wrinkled critical eyebrows. “Yes. I saw at once that it hadn’t been done here.” Later in the day, he was found superintending the arrangements for his instalment. Among them, were great heaps of straw beneath his windows. “That’s what we do in Paris,” he explained, “to dull the noise of the traffic.”

“But there’s very little noise of traffic here,” observed the Bishop.

“No—but don’t you hate the noise of bells? I do, and would do anything to deaden it.”

His success in every vein was unfailling. Louise-Hippolyte’s first baby arrived while her husband was with the army. Léon, much elated, sat down to write the good news to Jacques. His letter

was finished, the courier was booted and spurred, when suddenly he remembered that he had forgotten to find out the infant's sex. There was no time for inquiries—Léon added a postscript: "In my joy and anxiety, I have quite forgotten to find out whether I'm its uncle or its aunt."

These instances are masterly enough, but there remains a speech which has achieved immortality. In his poultry-yard at Lisieux were some guinea-fowl, which his housekeeper sold at the market price. "And why," he demanded, "didn't you say they were small parroquets? They'd have fetched four pistoles each."

The housekeeper answered in her Breton *patois* that Monseigneur's guinea-fowl did not talk.

"Well," he cried angrily, "and if they don't talk, *they think the more.*" "Hence the proverb," says the Marquise, writing her *Souvenirs* many and many a year after Léon's silver tongue was still.

There were Grimaldi, as well as Matignon, relatives to laugh at. There was handsome, simple Andrea Grimaldi, "tall, with a fine pale skin and masses of curly black hair," who lived at Rome. He was a close connection of the Marquise, but she, unlike her grandmother, Julie-Thérèse Grimaldi, Marquise - Douairière de Froulay,¹ thought the

¹ "I have already told you that I got into the habit of calling her grandmother, though she was only second wife of my grandfather, Philippe-Charles, Marquis de Froulay. . . . In any case, however, she was closely related to us, for she was niece to the Maréchal de Tessé, the eldest of our family." (*Souvenirs*, vol. i.)

Grimaldis as fair game as everybody else. "Grandmother would have been surprised and hurt that anyone could make fun of a Grimaldi—though it would have been quite natural if it had been a Spinola, Doria, or Fieschi." Of handsome Andrea the fun made was, however, almost tender. Andrea was a Romantic. He had been Doge of Genoa, but that had rather bored him; and indeed the Senate of his native city was the grievance-maker of his life. For Andrea had a dream. His dream was of France—oh, to see it! But the Senate did not permit Genoese nobles to leave Italy, and so the poor curly-haired handsome fellow had, at Genoa, spent his days in riding to the extreme limits of the frontier at every point of the compass, merely that he might gaze lovingly, longingly, at the Other One's sea and mountains. At last he left the cruel city; "the open-air captive put himself to prison in Rome." There he found two uncles—one a horrible old cardinal, a miser, "the sort of man who dares not eat lest he might want to drink, the sort of man who keeps his fish-bones"; the other, "a devil of a prelate, whose craze was smuggling—to such an extent that it had to be placarded in the streets that nothing was to be sold to Monseigneur Imperiali, nor might anything be bought from him either." Pasquinades and lampoons whizzed incessantly round the names of these worthies, and Andrea, cured of moonsick dreams, would roar with laughter, for "he was the most natural, simple creature," says his

affectionately patronising Créquy-cousin. No doubt she and Louise-Hippolyte rejoiced, since everything was food for mirth, in having such an odd collection of relatives.

Antoine I died in 1731, and was sincerely regretted—we have Rendu's testimony. "He was the only Grimaldi who shared with Honoré II the rare privilege of being truly popular and truly mourned"; so Goliath made a good end for the male Grimaldis *pur sang*. Henceforth, we find the freelances writing of "the Goyon-Matignons, *called* Grimaldis." But before they came to reign, a female was to show what the distaff-side could do for the honour of the name. Louise-Hippolyte was Princess now; and Jacques-François-Léonor found disconcertingly that the Monegascons were more conservative than Antoine had guessed. For, remembering the will of John I, which ordained that an heiress to the Principality should marry into her own family, they refused to recognise the Goyon-Matignon as their chief. To the Princess's authority *alone* would they bow; and evidently the husband was much offended, for he instantly "retired to Paris," and Louise ruled her State all by herself. Quite maternal in her gentle solicitude for her subjects' well-being, she soon came to be called *la bonne princesse*, but her sweet sway lasted only a year. Then she died, aged only thirty-four, leaving several children, of whom

the eldest, Honoré-Camille-Léonor, was eleven years old.

NOTE on *Marie de Lorraine*.—At the end of the Rue de Lorraine in the town of Monaco, “one notices” (says Abel Rendu) “a charming little building with a charming little garden. Both were designed by the beautiful Marie de Lorraine, wife of Antoine I. Here she condemned herself to a solitary retreat when life together had become insupportable for both—and with good reason. She was extraordinarily fond of it, and called it *Mon Désert*, which name it still bears.” (Rendu’s book was published in 1867.) Métivier, commenting on the same “little building,” tells us that quite close to it was another *nid coquet*, which Antoine, the husband, had had built for “a charming person,” a Monegascan Montespan. . . “The elegance of the *Giardinetto*”—as this house was called—“explains the retreat of *Mon Désert*.”

CHAPTER XI

Honoré III and Catherine di Brignole-Sala.

CHAPTER XI

FOR ten years the hitherto rejected "Goyon-Matignon" ruled for his son Honoré III in Monaco. By the end of three—in 1734, that is—he had gained the magistrates' confidence so completely that they voluntarily signed a declaration acknowledging him as Sovereign Prince. He then adopted the style *Giacomo, Principe di Monaco*, but on Honoré's twenty-first birthday in 1741, this was dropped, and Jacques-François-Léonor became again the Duc de Valentinois. He had seen much warfare under that name, had been at the Sieges of Fontarabia, St. Sebastian, and others during the dispute between Austria and Spain (known as the war of the Quadruple Alliance¹) in 1718–20: that hateful war which was ended by the Treaty of London in the latter year, and after which "Spain lapsed into proud decay." Only one clause in the treaty affected Monaco,² and that not for many years to come: it

¹ The allies were England, France, Austria, and Holland against Spain.

² Antoine I was then alive. He obtained a promise of neutrality from both sides, so that Monaco as a State took no part in the dispute. His son-in-law fought as a private person in the French army.

was the exchange, by the Savoy, of the Kingdom of Sicily for that of Sardinia.

In 1740, just before Honoré's majority, the War of the Austrian Succession broke out. This was the disappointing outcome of Charles VI's famous Pragmatic Sanction, which he had promulgated in 1731 in favour of his daughter, Maria-Theresa, the future mother of Marie-Antoinette. It secured the unity of Austria under Charles's male or female descendants "in perpetuity." All the Powers except France, Spain, and Sardinia had accepted it; and after the War of the Polish Succession in 1733-6, these recalcitrants had fallen into line. But in 1740, on Charles's death, all the jealousies flamed forth as fiercely as if such a thing as the Sanction had never been. By 1744, the turmoil had reached our region; bloody battles were fought at Villafranca and La Turbia, which latter place had belonged to Savoy since the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The Principality figured as France's friend, but took no active part in the warfare immediately around it, for not only had Honoré III guarded his neutrality, but he himself, as a private person, was fighting for France with Maurice de Saxe in Flanders.

In 1741, after presentation at Court, he had gone to join that "brilliant innovator," who had been in the field since he was twelve years old—when he ran away from home to the French army "without telling his mother," as one biographer naïvely informs posterity. Maurice's original military views were

assuredly well championed by events. Fontenoy in 1745 may have been “a victory more of circumstances than of his genius”; but it was followed by Raucoux in 1746, by Laufeld in 1747, by the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom in the same year—until in 1748 the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle put an end to the long rivalry between France and Austria. Despite Maurice de Saxe’s triumphs, this Peace greatly discredited France.

Two Grimaldis fought at Fontenoy—Honoré and his brother Maurice. The latter was severely wounded, and immortalised for it by no less a personage than Voltaire, for we are told that the line in the *Poème de Fontenoy*—

“*Monaco perd son sang, et l’amour en soupire*”

applies to this young man. It awakens a curiosity which we have not elsewhere discovered anything to satisfy. . . Honoré, in his turn, was wounded at Raucoux. It was on the night before this great battle that Justine Favart,¹ an actress engaged in the theatrical company which attended de Saxe throughout this campaign, came forward to announce the next day’s programme in these delightful terms :

“Messieurs, demain, *relâche à cause de la bataille* ; après-demain, nous aurons l’honneur de vous donner *Le Coq du Village*.”

Honoré’s horse was killed under him in this

¹ She was later the victim of one of Maurice de Saxe’s most characteristic rascalities.

fight. His regiment had so distinguished itself during the campaign that after the Peace in 1748, it was given six Crosses of St. Louis, and its Colonel, the Prince of Monaco, was raised to the rank of *maréchal de camp*. This was a dazzling promotion, for Honoré was only twenty-eight years years old. . . In 1751 his father died, and he succeeded to the Valentinois title.

Honoré was thirty-one, and he was not yet married. This had caused many searchings of heart to "the Goyon-Matignon." Was his posterity, after all the sacrifices, not to retain the prize? He had been an indefatigable matchmaker for his son ever since that son's twentieth birthday. There had then sprung up hopes of an alliance with the Maines, but that had fallen through, and the Duc de Bouillon's daughter, Louise-Henriette de la Tour d'Auvergne, had been thought of. This affair got much further; all was settled, only the signing of the contract remained—when suddenly Honoré kicked over the traces. He said it was "on account of her father's obstinacy"; but the angry Duc de Valentinois felt sure it was on account of *his*—for this Grimalditrait was already much developed. Honoré was shut up in the citadel at Arras for several months, as a punishment; he came out, "much embittered, and deeply disgusted with the idea of marriage." It was fifteen years before he thought of it again.

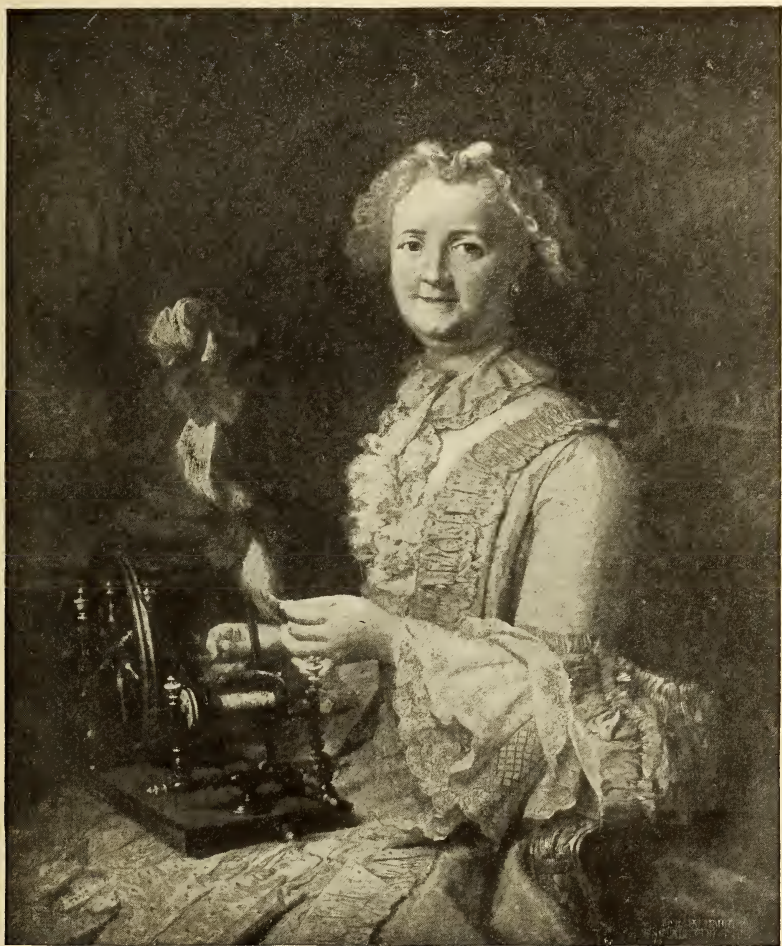


Photo by Braun Clement & Cie., Paris, after the painting by Chardin.

MADAME GEOFFRIN.

But at thirty (1750) he fell in love with a beautiful Italian Marchesa whom he met at Versailles. This was Anna, Marchesa di Brignole-Sala, daughter of the great Genoese House of Balbi, and renowned all over Europe for her loveliness. She was very gifted, very cultured also; Paris talked not only of her looks but of her brains. At the *salons* of Madame Geoffrin, of the Marquise du Deffand, she was eagerly welcomed—so long as she did not insist on bringing her husband with her. He was dull, uncultivated, the merest of *maris*. Anna was acquiescent: nobody could want the Marchese, she clearly saw. He must stay at home, and console himself with the one little daughter, born in 1739—Marie-Catherine, likely to be pretty some day, but, at eleven, rather uninteresting for any length of companionship.

Marie-Catherine, timidly admiring at a distance a lovely but unaccountable Mamma, poured out all the treasure of her sensitive little heart upon the despised Marchese. "Never was there any one so kind, so tender. I can never love him enough!"¹ They would cling together after a scene, and "cry a great deal"—for Anna made scenes and tears incessantly. She always had made them, but in 1750 the scenes, the tears, took an inexpressible note of bitterness. . . . At eleven we do not understand much, but we notice that a gentleman, the Prince of Monaco, comes very, very often to see Mamma, and that "scenes" for us

¹ *Lettres de la Princesse de Monaco*, in the Archives at Monaco,

and Papa are frequently the consequence of his visits.

The liaison, indeed, was by that time beyond doubt. Anna, ardent and imperious, cared sincerely for her lover ; he, “*d’un caractère ombrageux et sournois,*” cared more for himself than for anyone or anything on earth. All the egotism and tyranny of the Grimaldis were his ; “he was hard under a silky exterior, obstinate, tortuous, ambitious.” Most people disliked him. He was known to be brave, but bravery was his only virtue—and, as we know, Versailles took bravery for granted in everybody. Nevertheless, brilliant Anna Balbi had lost her heart. She did not lose her head ; “she practised some decency, rare in those days, in hiding her passion” ; the Marchese di Brignole-Sala was not the open scoff that most husbands were. Being so Gothic, it was necessary to throw dust in his eyes—and in truth “he never wholly knew the extent of his unhappiness.” In 1754, Honoré joined Anna at Genoa. The Marchese could not get him out of the house ; there were resounding quarrels, but no public scandal, for the little daughter, fourteen now, was used as a “third” during the frequent visits. What could the husband say, if Marie-Catherine were so often present when the Prince was with Mamma ?

Perhaps Mamma had not noticed how pretty Marie-Catherine was growing. Tall, slender, supple, graceful inexpressibly ; golden Italian hair, deep blue eyes with an “atmosphere” around them, delicate

rose-leaf skin . . . Mamma may not have noticed ; but in a year or two, on one of the many visits to Paris, Paris noticed. Paris said, " She is as lovely as an angel." At the *salons*, all eyes were now fixed on the daughter instead of on the mother. Madame Geoffrin's daughter (Madame de La Ferté-Imbault) was a close friend of the simple, modest maiden's, who was so lovely, so high-born, and so overwhelmingly, incredibly wealthy—a fortune of two millions. Every one was talking of her, and soon Anna perceived that Marie-Catherine was too great a success. She ceased to take her out ; she would not suffer the rivalry of sixteen—let other people look after the child !

. . . I hesitate here ; the tale is too ugly. . . How had it come about, the rivalry that indeed was insufferable ? Was it in those days at the " Red Palace " in Genoa, or after the first Parisian triumphs, that such a thing had developed ? There is no record of the horrible wooing ; all we have is a little yellowing letter (which de Ségur, her biographer, has held, " not without emotion," in his fingers)—a letter in a trembling, childish script :

" I promise and vow to M. le Prince de Monaco that I will never marry anyone but him, no matter what may happen. Paris, November 29, 1755. Signed, MARIE-CATHERINE DI BRIGNOLE."

. . .
Sixteen—and that promise ! . . . How it came

to Anna Balbi's knowledge we are not told. Her fury was ungovernable; small wonder that it was. Jealousy, we may do her the justice to suppose, was not the only motive; such an outrage would leave few feelings unmoved. But, whether by her influence or not, the Prince wavered—finally, in 1756, gave up any present intention of marrying Marie-Catherine, and sought the hand of Mlle. de La Vallière.¹ Again it fell through; and in the failure, Honoré III felt many a cold shoulder at that Court of Versailles where the Grimaldis were so persistently unpopular. . . . At first Anna Balbi had laughed a good deal at the Court-snubbings. Then, for some reason, she experienced a “change of heart”; she began to feel sorry for *le pauvre enfant*. Next, with that subtly-chosen phrase, a maternal solicitude manifested itself. Finally, Anna was hand-in-glove with her *filz bien-aimé*, and the marriage with Marie-Catherine became her chief object in life. Since *she* had been won over, there was little hope that the girl would escape; the father might fight, but would scarcely win. He fought hard. The full infamy was not assured to him, but he knew enough to feel a shame, horror, and indignation which left him almost unhinged. Anna soon had occasion to write to her *filz bien-aimé*: “I believe he's going crazy,

¹ This was the granddaughter of Louise de La Vallière by her son Louis-César, Duc de La Vallière. The mother was a Crussol d'Uzès, so she was a connection of the Grimaldis already.

and has been for a long time." He sent insulting letters to the suitor—so insulting that that tortuous personage feigned to withdraw in high offence. It was a feint merely; soon the thing began again. The father was in agony. Even if there were nothing else, the man was detestable—and he was twenty years older than the dear daughter. But Anna wore him down. Mistress of fury, she was mistress of "nagging" too; and the man has not been born who comes victorious from that ladies' battle. One day, the Marchese sent for Marie-Catherine, and implored her—poor helpless, fond Papa!—implored her to tell him *exactly* what she desired. . . It was all over then. Marie-Catherine, seventeen and goodness knows what besides, said that she wanted to marry the Prince of Monaco. Was she afraid of Anna, too? or was she afraid to break a promise? or did she like the idea of being a Sovereign Princess? Whatever it were, Papa had his answer; and he and she "cried together for a long time."

Even then, the preliminary troubles were not done with. Honoré's "insatiable avidity" found fault with the marriage-contract; Anna was angry and scenes began again—this time with the bridegroom-elect. He kept quite cool, but "all his terms were accepted in the end." . . . They were married—he, by proxy, as being too high in rank to go to Genoa—on June 15, 1757. Then the bride set out in a galley to meet her husband; but as they reached the shore, etiquette, now on

the Brignole-Sala side, intervened. Anna declared that the Prince must come on board and take off his bride. The Prince's dignity forbade him to go farther than the landing-stage. Passionate discussion, stormy weather, little sea-sick bride, fuming Mamma, wretched Papa, detestable and inflexible bridegroom—what was to be done? Marie-Catherine might still have been rescued—for a rupture was imminent—had not a too ingenious Balbi-uncle devised a bridge of boats, whereon bride and bridegroom could meet half-way! So all vanities were saved—and all else was lost.

She must have been a silly-sweet creature at this time. Candid and timid, sensitive, eager for love, ready to be all his . . . yes! but without character, without humour. Read a letter, written in 1760, when the husband (who tyrannised her relentlessly) was away:—"I do have my hair curled so that I may look nice, but I only care for looking nice when *you* are here. I promised a journal of what I do; as for one of what I think, you can easily make it for yourself: I think only of you."

Sweet, no doubt; but she was twenty-one and a mother—her son, Honoré-Charles-Maurice, was born in 1758. . . . When in later years she looked back upon this period, she recognised the error into which she had fallen, and quoted bitterly, in another letter to the husband, a proverb new to me but unforgettable: "*If you make yourself into a sheep, the wolf will eat you.*" Docility cloying as this

is truly dangerous diet for any tyrant, whether man or woman; all the more so because, if the slave be not an imbecile, it cannot last. Marie-Catherine derived from her intelligent mother as well as from her amiable father, and in the very year (1760) of that silly letter, her mother's blood began to stir in her. It may have been because the husband *was* away, and she had leave to think, to breathe freely. . . . Whatever the reason, when at the end of the year he summoned her to Paris, and she came, he found in his wife no longer a slavish schoolgirl, but a clear-eyed, free-souled woman. That was a kind of wife he did not want. Surprise soon changed to annoyance—annoyance to violence—and then, with her wonted promptitude, destiny produced The Man.

Our Princess of Monaco was presented at the end of 1761, and made a sensation. She was a peerless beauty now, and her grace was incomparable. Troops of admirers followed her every movement. She smiled serenely on all, and smiled serenely only—until their ranks were joined by Louis-Joseph de Bourbon-Condé, Prince of the Blood, twenty-five, a widower, “most popular,” a little shy and reserved, not handsome but attractive, despite his red hair and his blind eye (a family defect) “that no one would have noticed.” . . . On Condé, the Princess of Monaco soon learned to smile—not serenely.

The husband did all he could to help. Jealous

of every other man, he was not jealous of Condé. He took Marie-Catherine to all the festivities at famed Chantilly, and the host was discreet: he flattered *le mari*, and *le mari* fawned on him. Other things, moreover, had begun to interest Honoré; on his Norman estate of Thorigny, he had taken up horse-breeding. Soon that became his passion. He got "horsey," he dressed like a groom, (so long since did men exhibit that recurrent craze for imitating their servants' attire!), he wrote curt letters by his secretary to the adulated beauty in Paris. . . Has it not all been recounted a thousand times, in all ages, in all forms? Platonics at first, but their names in every mouth, and anonymous letters raining upon the horsey gentleman at Thorigny; a rush to Paris, a frightful scene, a terrified Princess; then, "a long torture of espionage." In 1767, great doings at Chantilly, the Prince and Princess of Monaco among the guests, "but his jealousy made the visit an agony." He nearly killed her, he threatened to throw her into the moat; ¹ she offered to "give up" Condé, told the husband he might open her letters; then at last flamed forth, and wrote the letter with the proverb already cited. Home then—and hell. Mistresses openly kept, a horrible *fracas* at the theatre, when the Prince was hissed out by the indignant audience; but Marie-Catherine, grown desperate, had

¹ *Déposition des témoins: Première plainte de la Princesse de Monaco.*—ARCHIVES NATIONALES.

set tongues wagging too. . .¹ In 1769 she left her husband's house in Paris, and went to a convent at Mans. The mother then intervened and patched up a truce, but this merely precipitated the inevitable, for the Prince of Monaco now declared that he would leave France for ever, and shut his wife up in the Principality. She should never leave the place again. That was the end. He was absolute in Monaco; his wife would be defenceless—Monaco would be not only a prison, but almost certainly a tomb. She resolved to appeal to France; she lodged the *Première plainte de la Princesse de Monaco*, putting in France's hands "her liberty and her life," and at eleven o'clock in the morning of July 26, 1770, she left her home again, this time never to return. She went first to a convent at Bellechasse; next day, moved to the Assumption Convent, and stayed there till January 16, 1771.

While she was there, French history was in the making. In December, 1770, came the famous Suspension of the Parliament of Paris—firstfruits of the Dubarry's forced campaign against the Duc de Choiseul. Condé, like all Condés, was mixed up in the movement against the monarchy; they were Princes of the Blood, yet "seditious by birth." This one had publicly embraced the cause of the Parliament (so detested by Louis XV), had exiled

¹ Horace Walpole, in a letter to Madame du Deffand, calls her "the prettiest woman in France, and the most inclined to be curious."

himself from Court, and protested from Chantilly. On hearing the news, he rushed to Paris, distraught with anxiety, for on the 10th, the judgment in the Princess of Monaco's *plainte* was to have been delivered; the husband had no case, it must have gone in her favour—and here was the Parliament dissolved! M. de Monaco was threatening to fling his wife into a carriage and take her to the Principality; Marie-Catherine, in her terror, had made a personal appeal to Condé. . . What was he to do? Choiseul was down, but what if the “most popular” Condé should try *his* influence?

Condé reassembled the Parliament! He promised the magistrates that all should be well; they believed, and at their first sitting under his auspices, (on December 31, 1770), they made a unanimous pronouncement in the Princess of Monaco's favour. A week later they were “out” again, the King had disavowed Condé's action—but Marie-Catherine was *femme séparée*.

Her story now diverges from what ought to be mine. She lived openly with Condé at Chantilly until 1779; then left the palace (for his children by the first wife were unfriendly to “*la madame*” as they called her, and the strain grew tense) and went to her own Castle of Betz, at that time purchased so that she might have a home of her own. Condé, fashionably unfaithful, cared for her, nevertheless, devotedly; there was much quiet happiness at Betz. In 1789 came the Revolution. After the

fall of the Bastille on July 14, Condé, his son, and grandson (the ill-fated Duc d'Enghien) left France precipitately—the first of the *émigrés*. She went too, became a vagabond Princess, soon became a beggar Princess, for Betz had to be sold, and “the heiress of the Brignoles found herself as poor as the poorest of the Condéens.” No matter; she followed Condé and his “Army of Princes” in their long crusade against the Revolution—adored by them all, admired by Goethe, who saw her in 1791, and was completely captivated. “No man could have resisted her,” he wrote in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*. She was fifty-three then!

In 1795 the Grimaldi died; in 1808, from Wanstead House, Essex—the refuge offered them by hospitable England in 1801—she and her lover were married, after a forty-eight-year public liaison. They were both old and ailing, but still devoted; in *The Jerningham Letters* we get a vivid little picture of them. Edward Jerningham was permitted to pay her a visit (“a most rare favour”) in 1809. She was seventy-one, confined to her room with gout. “I marched in, very proud, to a very dark room. The Princess was in a low armchair by the fire, and the Prince on a still lower stool by her side. . . . She was most gracious, *thanking me particularly for all my goodness to the Chevalier Grimaldi.*” (The italics are mine.) The Chevalier de Grimaldi was doubtless a “Count Charles-Philip-Augustus,” to whom reference is made in *The Gentleman's Magazine*

for December 1832, as being a nephew of "Louis, Bishop of Noyon, for many years a resident in Paddington Street and York Buildings, Marylebone." This Charles-Philip-Augustus lived "for some years with the Prince de Condé at Wimbledon." . . . So Marie-Catherine had kept her tender heart—and moreover, Honoré III had been a prisoner of the Revolution. No doubt even husbands were forgiven when that happened to them.

She died in 1813, aged seventy-five, and was buried in the Catholic Chapel at Somerstown (near Wimbledon) "by torchlight, where a grand solemn dirge was performed" (*sic*). The Regent of England paid the funeral expenses, for the Prince de Condé was too poor. . .¹ "She knew but to love and to suffer," says de Ségur, pleading for indulgence. Not a very great deal of indulgence is needed; and the lachrymose epitaph might more truly have been framed: "She knew how to love, to suffer; to escape, and to be happy." At fifty-three, Goethe had been amazed to find her "so young, lively, and joyful." Only those who have found the best that life can give are of that company at that age.

¹ Her remains were removed to France on the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814.

CHAPTER XII

Death of the Duke of York at Monaco—Some Grimaldi marriages—
The French Revolution—Monaco proclaims itself a Republic.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT had Honoré III been doing all this time? In 1760 (while Marie-Catherine still wrote sentimental letters to him) he had settled a long-litigious point—the Turbia limits. For three hundred years this had hung in the air. The Savoy—now Kings of Sardinia—wanted to confine the Principality to the “Rock” merely, which would have meant that the town of Monaco were isolated from the rest of the Grimaldi estates—that is, from Roccabruna and Mentone. The Prince could not have gone to either without passing over Savoy territory. “Turbia,” in short, was to reach to the very walls of the town of Monaco. The Charles-Emmanuel of Honoré III’s day agreed, in 1760, to drop the absurd pretension, and a satisfactory delimitation was arranged.

In 1767, right in the middle of the first “Condé-crisis”—the year of that visit to Chantilly when he threatened his Princess’s life—Honoré III entertained a distinguished guest, the English Duke of York, brother to King George III. He came on from Paris, where he had been only moderately

appreciated. Madame du Deffand “had been afraid they would laugh at him”—and so they had, though not as much as she had feared. One story had caused a good many titters—of how a courtier had pointed out to His Royal Highness the Mesdames de Choiseul, Gramont, Mirepoix, Beauveau, and Châteaurenaud—the last being nearly seventy. Those, he was told, were the “King’s Ladies.” The Duke of York considered them. Then he said that he liked Madame de Choiseul, didn’t dislike Mesdames de Gramont and Beauveau, could tolerate Madame de Mirepoix—“but as for Madame de Châteaurenaud, I admit that I can’t understand it.” . . . Versailles delighted in the *malentendu*, explained it by “*cette langue atroce*”—was that how they “put it” in English? Paris was soon laughing too, so Horace Walpole must not be left out: his faithful gossip duly reported.

Fresh from his Parisian *éclat*, the Duke of York arrived at Monaco. Yet no—not fresh, for the poor Prince had suddenly been taken ill on his way to Italy. That indeed was why he had landed at the Principality. He was most solicitously received and tended, a beautiful room was prepared for him, every care lavished—but in eleven days he died.¹ An English frigate was sent to bring his body back to England, and the funeral procession

¹ The room in the Palace where he died is called The York Chamber, and is still shown just as it was prepared for his reception. See also Note at end of chapter.

at Monaco was very impressive. George III was touched by all the kindness and respect ; he soon sent Honoré a present of six magnificent horses. The Duke of Gloucester, too, sent six horses, saying that these had been his dead brother's favourites, and would therefore (he thought) be doubly valued by the Prince of Monaco. The gifts were doubtless highly welcome to the horse-breeder of Thorigny whom I have already described ; and they were accompanied by an invitation to visit the Court of St. James's. This was accepted, and next year (1768) Honoré went. He had a delightful two months : brilliant receptions, bells ringing "for two hours" at Portsmouth on his arrival there, visits to Woolwich and its Arsenal, to Greenwich and its Hospital—he especially admired that—a great dinner at Lord Granby's beautiful house on the Thames, where "there were exquisite wines," (says a letter from one of his gentlemen, preserved in the archives at Monaco), and a feast which began at four o'clock and "did not finish till very late at night."

In 1770 came the decree of "Condé's Parliament," in the Princess of Monaco's favour. Her husband was so enraged by this (narrates the indispensable Marquise de Créquy) that he had erected in the town a gibbet, whereon hung the effigy of a certain *valet-de-chambre* whom he suspected of having furthered the intrigue. He had had the man tried in Monaco ; but a warning from France that if he pursued this French subject he would

lose his Duchy of Valentinois, reduced him to the device of the gibbeted effigy. In this he was merely imitating Louis I, who had decked Monaco with dolls representing Charlotte de Gramont's reputed lovers ; and Honoré, with his solitary toy, was still more lost to all sense of humour, for the thing was kept in perfect repair—new clothes continually, newly painted face, and circumstantial inscription beneath, "which he used to go and look at every day." . . . Certainly the Grimaldis had original notions of displaying an injured husband's dignity.

In 1777, the eldest son, Honoré-Charles, Duc de Valentinois, married Louise-Félicité-Victoire d'Aumont, who was Duchesse de Mazarin in her own right, by inheritance from her mother, Louise de Durfort. The mother had been beautiful, rich, and magnificently generous ; "yet somehow," says the Marquise de Créquy, "completely ridiculous. She could do nothing and say nothing without being laughed at ; but she was a pattern of wisdom and virtue by comparison with the daughter." The Grimaldis were now fatally unlucky in most of their marriages. Rendu characterises this lady as "a demon of licence and debauchery" ; Pemberton says that "her acts were too dark to bear recording"—and, (to succumb again to the incomparable Marquise), she was clearly not only evil, but surpassingly thick-headed as well.

The two ladies met in one of the Revolutionary prisons during the Terror of 1794. Madame de Créquy's room took fire one night, and she fled to the Duchesse de Valentinois for refuge. "I found her tête-à-tête with a big pie, and fanning herself with a silver plate." She was delighted to see the Marquise: "My mother always thought you such a clever woman, and I do so hate dull ones." She went on to make confidences—chiefly about her various lackeys; then, tiring of that, she touched upon books. André Chénier had once been asked to choose some for her. He—simple, male thing!—having observed that she always dressed "in the pastoral manner," (garlanded and beribboned hats, for instance), had selected literature to match—idylls, eclogues. . . "I don't know," she now reflected, yawning behind the silver plate, "why the poets always put their shepherds and shepherdesses in the bracken. I've been at many picnics with the officers at Monaco, and I can assure you that bracken isn't a bit nicer than anything else." Later, she recalled a visit to Sophie Arnould, when Sophie had brought off one of her most scabrous *double-ententes*. It was subtle, however, as Sophie's worst abominations were apt to be, and it had left the Duchesse de Valentinois unscathed. "Sophie seemed to me quite the reverse of piquante; indeed, I should call her rather prudish." If the story could be printed here——!

Louise-Félicité got out of prison on the Ninth Thermidor ; divorced her husband, under the Directory, for incompatibility of temper (a sufficient ground with that administration) ; married successively various obscure persons—four or five being finally alive at the same time ; and died “raving mad” in 1826. She had had two sons : Honoré, afterwards Honoré V, and Florestan, who succeeded his brother as Florestan I.

Joseph, the second son of Honoré III, married in 1782 Françoise-Thérèse de Choiseul-Stainville, daughter of a very *galant* dame. This universally loved lady was known as “Madame Joseph de Monaco.” Once more it is from the Marquise de Créquy that we get our most vivid impressions. These two, already friends, met in another Revolutionary prison. The Marquise was delighted with the encounter. “Although Madame Joseph de Monaco was naturally sensible, religiously inclined, and charitably disposed, she was also very witty. Her fancy was gay, although her heart was sad—a very attractive type of person.” Next door to her in the prison was lodged a too-too musical family. She suffered martyrdom from their efforts, and could not understand why, for she *had* been passionately fond of music. The Marquise de Créquy, sympathetically listening to her plaint, wondered, on her side, why she now hated “light”

compositions, while the more intense ones could still enchant her.

Princess Joseph said at last, quite simply, "as if it was scarcely worth saying"—

"Music hurts me terribly, in fact, since I have lost my youth. *It gives me emotions without giving me affections.*"

"If," comments the Marquise, "she had understood other things as well as she understood psychological ones, she would have been an extraordinary woman. She was always kind and good, but she could no longer feel friendship, for she had known love too much, and too often. The superlative excludes the comparative."

This hint is all we have of scandal about "the delicious Princesse de Choiseul-Stainville." She is more often described as "an angel and a martyr"—for she died on the Revolutionary scaffold in the Great Terror of 1794. Her husband had taken her *en émigrée* in the early days, but their two children had been left behind, and Françoise-Thérèse was a devoted mother. She went back to the little daughters, was at once arrested as a suspect, managed to escape, but was again arrested and brought before the Tribunal of Fouquier-Tinville on the seventh Thermidor, year II (July 26, 1794). André Chénier was with her. It was at the very height of the Terror, when the tumbrils came nightly to the Luxembourg prisons with the list of the *Fournée* (the "batch") for the morrow.

Princess Joseph was condemned to death. A friend advised her to declare herself *enceinte*, for that was one way of possible escape for women. It gained time : they were not guillotined till they had brought forth their " patriot " for *la patrie*. She yielded at first for the children's sake ; then, " remembering her long separation from her husband, and the consequent injury to his honour," she insisted on writing to Fouquier-Tinville to beg for a moment's audience. When her letter was gone, she broke a pane of glass in her cell, and with the sharp-edged fragment cut off her lovely fair hair, so that her daughters might have it as a memento. Fouquier-Tinville did not come. She wrote again then, and told him that she had lied, that she was not *enceinte*. Soon afterwards " her name sounded down the long dark corridors." She turned very pale, then swiftly asked for some rouge, lest they should think she was afraid. She was not twenty-seven years old. Thirty hours after her execution came the fall of Robespierre. . . Not many even of those noble deaths were nobler than hers of whom the Marquise de Créquy wrote that she " was of the kind who believed that diamonds were born in their settings, and fruits in their baskets."

The Revolution had meanwhile swept the Principality of Monaco away. Already in 1790, the Communes of Monaco, Mentone, and Roccabruna

had demanded the same powers as had been assumed by the National Assembly. Hitherto these communes had been merely consultant, "auxiliaries of the Sovereign, to whom they conveyed the wishes of the people." They could *vote* nothing—not even taxes. Honoré III yielded, granted the reforms. Thenceforth the three communes were to have legislative, administrative, and political powers, the Prince retaining only the executive. . . . No sooner were the new councillors elected than they abolished all feudal rights and privileges! The Prince, therefore, became a nullity. He left Monaco for Paris—an old man now, aged seventy, and gifted with sufficient insight to know that he, at least, was leaving his home for ever.

Soon he lost the Valentinois Duchy, for the National Assembly, in 1791, abolished all privileges. He made an attempt to save it by pleading that his fiefs had been given him in compensation for losses in Spain, not as free gifts from King Louis XIV. A decree was given in his favour by the Diplomatic Committee, but before it could be executed came the Tenth of August, and amid the terrible scenes which followed, the Prince of Monaco's claims were forgotten.

The Principality went next. In 1792, the three communes declared Monaco, Mentone, and Rocca-bruna to be Free Towns, then proclaimed the Republic, and decreed "the perpetual downfall of the sovereignty of the House of Grimaldi." On January 19,

1793, these communes further declared themselves to be a Republic. "A ridiculous parody!" cries Rendu, and indeed it was nothing else, as the National Convention plainly showed in its answer to their three deputies, who came asking for its "alliance." There were only two articles in this Treaty of Alliance *pour vivre*. The first, "There shall be peace and alliance between the French Republic and the Republic of Monaco." The second—which shows a puzzled sense of humour—ran thus: "The French Republic is delighted to make the acquaintance of the Republic of Monaco." . . . What else was there to say? But a month later the French Republic found something else to do. It annexed the Republic of Monaco! (February 14, 1793).

This valentine was the free gift, it is true, of the new European Power; an ardent letter had been written—"The happy moment of being united to you will be our bliss and glory"—but it was a case of making a valentine of necessity, for Monaco would certainly have been forced to unite itself before long. Nice had already demanded union (January 31, 1793); and soon "the municipalities forming the *ci-devant* Principality of Monaco" formed instead a district of the Eighty-fifth Department of the Republic—formerly the *comté* of Nice, now the Département Alpes-Maritimes.

Even this abjection left the infatuated Monegasans unsatisfied with humble-pie. The name of

Monaco recalled many glorious, but too arrogant, memories: it was accordingly altered to the ancient "Fort Hercules," following the mania for antique nomenclature which then prevailed. In a Republican geography for the year II, we read that Fort Hercules was "the capital of a little principality, which could not have sufficed to sustain its prince's state; but as he had property in France, he used its revenues to do good in the region. *But what 'good' is worth our liberty?*"

Honoré III, despite his age and growing infirmities, was arrested in 1794—at the same time as Madame du Barry—and kept prisoner till the Ninth Thermidor. A sad, resigned old man, he died in his home in the Rue de Varennes six months later (1795), leaving his two sons to work out the destiny of the fallen House of Grimaldi. Rendu writes his epitaph. "He was a gentleman of intelligence and distinction, but of dissolute morals; praised for his luxury and magnificence, but detested for his arbitrary rule." . . . Did the "Lady of the Condéens" (then, with her Prince and his army, passing a terrible winter in misery as great as any of the Republicans) spare a sigh for the man to whom, in her young foolish wifeness, she had written, "I only care to look nice when *you* are here"?

NOTE.—On the same day that the Duke of York was found to be dangerously ill, and lay in bed at

the Palace, there appeared outside the Grotto of "*La Vieille*," a pleasure-yacht which had persistently followed his ship. A young and lovely woman landed, and the yacht sailed away. As long as the Duke's illness lasted, a white form was to be seen daily, standing at the mouth of the Grotto, with her eyes fixed on the Palace. Then came the day on which the English ship in the harbour dropped the flag to half-mast. Instantly the white form vanished in the sea.

The Monegascons are very loth to pass the place at night. Its name of *La Vieille* is probably a corruption of *La Veille*, for this was formerly a sentinel's post. It lies just outside Monaco on the road to Mentone.

CHAPTER XIII

Honoré IV and Honoré V—The Sardinian Protectorate—The Monopoly of Bread.

CHAPTER XIII

HONORÉ-CHARLES-MAURICE, succeeding to the headship of his House in 1795, succeeded, apparently, to nothing else. The Principality was gone, a mere district now of the 85th Department; the French fiefs were gone too—though there still was hope that the Government would pay the indemnity awarded to his father in 1791. In Monaco, the ancient, memory-haunted Palace of his ancestors had been pillaged, confiscated, transformed into a hospital for “the wounded of the Army of Italy”—General Bonaparte’s soldiers. The rich artistic treasures had been sold by public auction, and so the furniture, plate, and pictures which had been accumulated through centuries were scattered all over the country.¹

There was little, truly, to elate the heir. He was miserably poor, an epileptic, and continually the

¹ The Palace remained a hospital for several years; then, from 1806 to 1814, it was turned into the Mendicity Depot for the Maritime Alps. When in 1814 it returned to the Grimaldis, it was unimaginably dilapidated. Later, when the princely purse had been replenished in the various ways which are to be set forth, “much was got back and restored to its former place.”

hearer of most lamentable gossip about his divorced Duchess—that Louise d'Aumont who was such an inveterate marrier-again. Living humbly in Normandy, he had perhaps only two consolations: the affection of his brother Joseph,¹ and the promising career of his elder son, Honoré-Gabriel, who was serving in the "*belle armée*" of the Rhine. This Honoré-Gabriel was severely wounded at Hohenlinden in 1800; he fought with Murat in Germany in 1806, and in Spain in 1808. Napoleon (by that time Emperor) then offered him the post of Grand Equerry to Josephine. He accepted it, served her devotedly, and after the Divorce, on being offered the same function with Marie-Louise, refused it, and continued in Josephine's Household until 1814.

During the twenty years that Monaco was incorporated with France, her history was "the banal tale of any small town." The English attacked her in 1800 (for her arsenal made her a valuable prize), but the French troops at La Turbia came so quickly to the rescue that the English ones fled—setting fire as they went to the long train of gunpowder which had been spilt in the hasty shipment of such ammunition as they had succeeded in seizing. There was an awful explosion, in which many women and children were killed. This was the one notable event in

¹ Joseph was A.D.C. to the Earl of Moira in his attack on France in 1795. He had been one of the first emigrants. He married again, after his Princess's heroic death, "the widow of Major Welbore Ellis, of the 53rd Foot" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, December 1832).



From a lithograph by Delpech.

LOUIS-JOSEPH DE BOURBON,
Prince de Condé.

p. 290]

Monaco during the long Napoleonic warfare—“and,” says Métivier, “it has never been forgotten.”

In 1814 came the fall of the Empire, and the restoration of the Bourbons under Louis XVIII. Napoleon’s spoils were shared amongst the Powers ; and Monaco, sadly unimportant as she now was, had like to be forgotten. That would have meant, as matters stood, her incorporation with Sardinia, a third-class power, and moreover, “a little monarchy which, its master being the Duke of Savoy, was traditionally hostile to her.” For the Powers, restoring the *comté* of Nice to Piedmont, would good-humouredly have thrown Monaco in, had it not been for the “interested intervention” of Talleyrand. This phrase is persistently—and with no word of explanation—used by all Monaco’s historians in alluding to Talleyrand’s “spatchcocked” phrase in the Treaty of Paris : “*Et le Prince de Monaco rentrera dans ses États.*”¹ One would like to discover Talleyrand’s reason : no search has revealed it. Perhaps he could do nothing without being suspected of *arrière-pensée*, perhaps he valued Monaco for the key she made to Italy, and reckoned that the French Protectorate would be re-established—as it was. Thus, at any rate, the Matignon-Grimaldis recovered the heritage that had been lost for twenty-two years.

But there was a crumple in the rose-leaf. It was Europe which “ratified for the past and confirmed

¹ He scribbled this at the bottom of one of the pages.

for the future" the Grimaldi sovereign-rights, and re-established the French Protectorate: Europe, and not "*les deux maisons souveraines.*" Thus Métivier, with something too much of official suavity, brackets together Royal Bourbons and Princeling Grimaldis! The question of the Protectorate should have been left (he argues) to "the two sovereigns"; Europe's interference supplied an evil precedent, which, later on, the Kings of Sardinia used to the full.

Honoré IV was too ill to reign; he delegated his brother Joseph. This Prince was cordially liked. He came, to find a Principality much exhausted by the continual passage of Napoleon's troops, and still more by the incessant conscription—but much embellished, also, by many marks of the great man's genius, such as the Quay at Mentone, the St. Louis Bridge, and, above all, the renowned Corniche Road. The pre-Revolutionary administration was restored. The Prince was absolute, but his Governor-General lived at Monaco, and took all drudgery off his shoulders; there were an Under-Governor (*sous-gouverneur*) at Mentone, and a Bailie at Roccabruna. Finances were controlled by an *intendant-général*. Justice was in the hands of an Auditor-General, or *juge supérieur*, who presided at the Criminal Court, and heard appeals against the Podestàs, or head-magistrates, of the three towns. These had charge of civil justice. Police organisation was entrusted to the consuls of each commune. A Grand Council, composed of "Notables," discussed

the local needs of the communes, and the Prince was the final arbiter of their labours.

Everything, then, depended in the last resort on what the Prince was like, "and," says Rendu, "he was, alas! frequently lacking in all that was needful for his country's happiness." Yet (as he admits) even at the worst there had hitherto been four things in Monaco's favour.

1. Moderate taxation.

2. Free Trade with France.

3. The personal wealth of the Princes, their sojourn in the Principality, and their frequent generosity.

4. The French Protectorate.

The third favourable condition was now a thing of the past. The Princes had lost all in the Revolution. With this condition gone, it was sadly probable that, unless the Prince were one of the "good Grimaldis," numbers one and two would go also. Joseph's few months of power promised well for the land, but a few months was all he had. Very soon the heir, Honoré-Gabriel, claimed his right to govern for his father—a right which it was impossible to question. In January 1815¹ he was accordingly invested with Administrator-General's functions, and he left Paris for Monaco in February.

He passed Cannes on the night of March 1, about eleven o'clock. Suddenly his advance-courier

¹ Honoré IV was then alive. He died (some say he drowned himself) in Paris in 1819.

was stopped by several armed men, and asked his master's name. Soon afterwards "a personage" came to the Prince's carriage, and requested him to get out. He naturally refused. The personage drew nearer, took off his hat with an air, and said, "Prince, the Emperor has just disembarked ; he is here and wishes to see you." Honoré, looking more closely, recognised General Cambronne, a faithful follower of Napoleon. He got out then, prepared for anything. Cambronne took him to a bivouac-fire, and there, in very truth, sat "the Emperor." It was the Escape from Elba !

"Hullo, Monaco, where are you going ?" (Thus, if we believe Hector France, did Napoleon greet the traveller.)

"Like you, Sire, I am going to look up my old Kingdom," answers laughingly the former Grand-Equerry.

"What an odd meeting—two Majesties out-of-work ! But are you not unwise to take the trouble ? In less than a week I shall be in Paris—and I fear I shall have to take your throne from you, *mon cousin*. So come back with me. If you make a point of living at Monaco, I'll appoint you there as sub-prefect."

"You overwhelm me, Sire. But I think I should enjoy my restoration—however short a time it may last."

"I'll give you three months ; and keep your place at the Tuileries for you."

Obvious opportunity for an obvious reflection : I leave my readers to make it for themselves.

No sooner did "Monaco" arrive at Nice than he informed the Sardinian Government there of the great encounter. This act is considered treacherous by his biographers ; but I find no mention of any compact of secrecy with Napoleon at the Cannes interview. That being so, I cannot forget that Honoré Grimaldi was human, and who could resist the telling of such news? His "treachery" led directly to the sending of English troops to Monaco. They had happened to be at Nice, and the Governor-General for the King of Sardinia instantly despatched them thither. On March 13 they arrived, under the command of a Colonel Burke, ostensibly in the interests of Europe and the Holy Alliance,¹ but that was of course the merest pretext. Europe was not concerned about Monaco : were there not an Anglo-Sardinian army at Nice and an English fleet in the Mediterranean? It was really Savoy, nibbling again at that long-coveted leaf of the artichoke, and the Governor-General at Nice had but "donned the complaisant cloak of England."

The Monegascons, remembering 1800, were very hostile to the English garrison. Honoré protested, demanded an explanation from the Court of Sardinia—but that was all he could do, and he did it with no result. For now came the Hundred Days, the

¹ This was between Austria, Prussia, and Russia, "for the maintenance of peace and establishment of existing dynasties."

second flight of the Bourbons, and Waterloo—and no one could remember the Prince of Monaco's grievance. The English, in fact, occupied Monaco during the Hundred Days. After Waterloo, fresh treaties were drawn up for everyone and everything, and Sardinia made another attempt for the desired "strong little place." And at last she did for a time almost possess it! The second Treaty of Paris (November, 1815) declared that the relations re-established between France and the Principality of Monaco should "cease in perpetuity," and the Protectorate be transferred to Sardinia. This, says Métivier, was the direct consequence of the Powers' interference between the "two sovereigns" in 1814. The Holy Alliance now followed that example, and "delivered the Principality to the one Power whose ambition was dangerous to her." Honoré IV (still at that time titular Prince) could not resist, but "he feared for the future—and 1848 showed that he was right." Future pages will demand an opinion of our own upon this point of Sardinia's complicity in the events of 1848.

The French Protectorate had lasted one hundred and seventy-three years, and had brought nothing but good to the region. The people disliked the change; Sardinia knew this, and Victor-Emmanuel I showed much desire to ingratiate himself. The Treaty of Stupinigi in 1817 was the seal of the Sardinian Protectorate. Its tone was conciliatory;

it was almost a copy of the "intimate" Treaty of Péronne, signed in 1641 between Louis XIII and the second Honoré. True, it re-claimed the feudal homage for the 11-12ths of Mentone and all of Roccabruna—one of those usages which the Revolution had swept away all over France; but already, in 1816, Honoré IV had yielded that point. There had been no one to defend him, and he had known it: the Treaty of Paris in the year before had delivered him over, bound, to Sardinia. . . . Otherwise, the Stupinigi paper was meticulously friendly; all (besides the homage) that Sardinia ostensibly gained was the right to garrison Monaco.¹ Soon she began, however, to show her claws. There was in the town a prosperous tobacco-manufactory with many workers, producing excellent stuff in quantities sufficient to make exportation well worth while. Sardinia declared that this exportation injured her treasury, and Honoré IV (to the amazement of all his chroniclers) supinely permitted the works to be closed. Not only so—but soon all fabrication, importation, or trade in tobacco was forbidden in the Principality. Sardinia's *gabelles royales* were to deliver to the Prince's agents what was needed for the inhabitants' consumption, at cost price. Thus neither the Prince nor the Sardinian Government would gain any advantage over each

¹ The troops were housed in the former Convent of the Visitation, "*au bout des états.*" This had been built by Charlotte de Gramont in 1673, and is the only trace left of her in Monaco.

other, but the Prince would gain all that there was in Monaco—and Monaco, for *her* share in the bargain, would simply be filled with “unemployed.” Nor did Honoré IV even attempt to obtain a compensation for his subjects, or to indemnify them in any way for this Sardinian monopoly.

MONOPOLY. The word is written—the word which was to be the keynote of Monaco’s future for many years. When Honoré-Gabriel came as his father’s delegate to rule over the Principality in 1815, desperately extravagant yet despoiled of home and treasure as he was, he found the people ready to make any sacrifices to help him. “He was greeted as a father,” says Rendu; “but he did not adopt his subjects as his children.” He at once revived all the abuses and oppressions of feudal times; the Principality became his chattel, its inhabitants his serfs. “In twenty-five years, he appeared thrice in Monaco, for a few days each time—then fled, taking his booty with him. He was the cause of the public misery, but he dared not be the witness of it.” That is his indictment by Norbert Duclos, in a pamphlet¹ stuffed with documents as a firework is stuffed with explosives—but burning with a purity and intensity that fireworks do not know. The little book is almost

¹ *De l'annexion de la principauté de Monaco à la Sardaigne.* 1854.

incredible in the reading. Wrath, stirred by every page, is incongruously now and then relieved by mirth—a mirth ungenial, smiling with curled lips indeed, yet irresistible at tale of such shameless devices of rapacity. Let us examine one or two of the methods whereby Honoré V filled the purse that was to be emptied in Paris.

Nothing was common or unclean: he accepted the street-sweepings. In 1816 these were adjudged to belong, “like all other property,” to the Prince. Pipes, cards, straw-hats were soon drafted into the list—no one might sell such things except the Royal monopolists. The slaughter-houses were next seized, and the sale of meat made “exclusive”; then vermicelli, the staple food of the populace, was sold to a foreign speculator, who alone might retail it; finally, the four oil-mills possessed by the Commune of Monaco were confiscated for the Prince, and private proprietors were obliged to shut their works, have their olives crushed by the Royal mills—or else pay a severe penalty. Linen, too: the Prince’s mills only might sell, and of course the stuff was inferior, and the price high.

But still the Royal purse was all too slender, and for a space invention failed. Direct taxation, in so small a kingdom, could not produce enough, monopoly was not producing enough: what should the poor Prince do? Was there not a blessed thing called *indirect* taxation? It must at once

be tried. . . . The Principality, especially the region round about Mentone, produced great quantities of fruit, olives, oils—so great that they could not be consumed, and must be exported. The way to opulence was clear. Crushing export-duties were put on to all fruits, essences, and oils. The proprietors would be ruined, for the import duties at the other end, (namely, in France and Sardinia), were heavy; but the proprietors did not matter—only the Prince mattered, and the Prince got his money. The proprietors *were* ruined, and of necessity their workers with them; but all were helpless, for Honoré, in Paris, rigorously forbade his subjects to address any kind of complaint to him, however great the provocation. “He organised ruin,” says Duclos, “and permitted only silence.”

By the official historians, his “absenteeism,” so far from being an aggravation of his wrong-doing, is set forth as the excuse for all. “If he had but been able to be there!” they wail. He was able to be there, I answer. “But the Palace was unimaginably dilapidated,” cries Métivier. “But, *as a peer of France, he was obliged to reside in that country for a part of the year,*” falters the ridiculous Sainte-Suzanne. Métivier is at least worth answering. The Palace was dilapidated, but it was not in any sense ruined; this Prince who “made philanthropy his hobby,” whose “one thought was to better the condition of the ‘dis-

inherited' " . . . such a Prince should surely not have found it impossible to shelter his head in his Principality at some time during the twenty-two years that he was Honoré V! The plea of absenteeism, as urged by these distracted gentlemen, infuses some pity into one's contempt for their whispering humbleness. Were they then so "put to it"? was *that* all they could find?

The truth is that, here in my record, the official gentlemen are out of court. Documents are forthcoming for every assertion made by Rendu and by Duclos. Both admit the personal charm of the oppressor; he was cultured, intelligent, dignified; "by the witty and stately delicacy of his language, one would have believed that he was anything but the intractable despot he was." He could write well; his mind was active, and theoretically progressive; political economy was his favourite study—he published in 1839 a pamphlet against pauperism: *Du paupérisme en France, et des moyens de le détruire.*" . . . For he was ardently hostile to workhouses: poor folk should not by any means be shut up. No! They should have a *maison de secours*, such as he founded at Mentone in 1820,¹ where soup and clothing were daily distributed—and every property-owner in the country should keep it up according to his means. And that those might be accurately reckoned, an inquiry

¹ When he had become the actually reigning Prince. (See Note *ante*.)

into them should be made every three years. The Prince's own contribution should be voluntary : a safe arrangement, *hein?* It was quite safe : the Prince never gave "even a piece of his own coin-
ing." The gibe here is at the proverbial *sous de Monaco*. Towards the end of his reign, Honoré began to coin five-franc pieces and *sous*—a process by which he gained thirty per cent. from the monopolists to whom he sold the rights. These gentlemen soon tried to circulate the Monegascan money in Marseilles, where it competed with French money and caused much irritation. The French Government ordered the circulation to cease, and as a consequence the coins were soon refused everywhere. "The popular mind instantly said *Base coin*," though there is a certificate of the pieces signed by the French official examiner which affirms them to be free of alloy, the silver indeed being of greater worth than its face-value. Nevertheless, all the world still titters at the *sous de Monaco* : *monaco* has come, in French slang, to stand for "base coin." . . . But let the reader smile for the last time at Honoré V—for I am going to tell of the *exclusive des céréales*. That was what the people called it, until they learned to call it Starvation. Let us call it the Monopoly of Bread.

The Principality produced little or no corn : all was imported. In 1816, the harvest was bad ; there had been rain and cold ; the crops were ruined—

and one Chappon,¹ formerly a purveyor to the army, was lingering (out-at-elbows now) in Mentone, when it occurred to him and Honoré that both might make their fortunes by a "corner in wheat." Chappon was appointed sole purveyor to the Principality in the famine-year of 1817. Express prohibition was made to the inhabitants of providing themselves elsewhere with corn, flour, or bread. Is there any need to describe the state of things? We shall but find an exaggeration of what the history of monopolies has shown in every age: abominable stuff, high prices, ever-growing oppression of those who must buy. For soon the people might not even "do without." If families were thought to consume too little bread, (thus laying themselves open to the suspicion of buying it elsewhere), domiciliary visits were made, law-proceedings taken, persecutions of all kinds invented. And travellers must leave behind at the frontier any bread from elsewhere that they happened to have with them; masters of ships even, making a better voyage than they had allowed for and arriving with bread and biscuits in the locker, must throw both away—else ships were confiscated and a fine of 500 francs inflicted. Moreover, oil-mills were seized and converted into flour-mills; a small indemnity, offered to the owners, was never paid; a necessary road was made *at the expense* of those who

¹ "We are ashamed to say he was a Frenchman," says Rendu, "penniless at Mentone; but he was soon enriched by the money and the malediction of everybody."

lived on the river-bank. Once finished, they found themselves taxed at the rate of fifteen per cent. a year to keep it up.

The ordinance for the Monopoly of Bread, dated December 3, 1817, was not repealed for twenty-five years. It were tedious to fill these pages with the list of other oppressions, for none that ingenuity could discover was left untried. The half-starved folk began to leave the land. At once an ordinance forbade anyone to go out of the Principality without a passport—which cost three francs ; this device in effect taxed a simple evening-walk, for the frontiers of the Principality, except along the coast, were all within gunshot range. Trees were next to be cut down only at the Prince's profit. All crops were sold at a price fixed by the police, and the Prince took one per cent. After ten o'clock at night, no one might leave the house without a lantern ; if he did, he paid a heavy fine. . . . But the cattle-laws, again, were genuinely amusing. The births of all beasts must be registered ; it cost the owner twenty-five cents every time a lamb was born. If that lamb—or any other of the animals—died, the death must be recorded, so that an official might go to make sure, by viewing the body, that the "dead" had not in reality been sold or eaten. For stating that the death was genuine, this official, in plain language, blackmailed the owner ; and "as no one was believed but the police," he might as well pay up at once.

In a word, from a population of 6,500, Honoré V, that Philanthropist among Princes, contrived to extract a Civil List of 320,000 francs a year. About 80,000 of this sufficed for the State expenses; the rest was spent in the Prince's private enjoyments in Paris—included possibly therein, the payment for publication of a pamphlet on Pauperism and the Best Means to Destroy it. He died in 1841, and was buried at Monaco: Monaco was good enough for that. On his grave he had desired that they should inscribe the words: "*Ci-gît qui voulut le bien.*" A Mentonese gentleman, regarding them one day soon after they had been set up, finished the epitaph. "*Sans l'avoir jamais fait,*" he said reflectively, and (as it seemed) involuntarily.

CHAPTER XIV

Florestan I and the Revolt of Mentone.

CHAPTER XIV

HONORÉ V had never married. His brother Florestan succeeded him in 1841, at the age of fifty-six. He had had a vicissitous existence. Forced into the army by his father (Honoré IV), he had broken the long family tradition of courage: in the army Florestan had wholly failed to distinguish himself. He had then tried the stage, but there also he had had an inglorious career as “a walker-on at the Ambigu,” says de Jolans—a Grimaldi chronicler who now makes his first appearance. Nevertheless, Florestan kept all his life a passion for the boards; to be thought a delicate critic of the theatre was the one ambition of his feeble, storm-tossed life. He married in 1816 a “Frenchwoman of very obscure origin,” according to Larousse; but faithful Métivier affirms that Marie-Louise-Caroline Gibert de la Metz was “of the *bonne noblesse* of Champagne.” She ruled her husband, and through him the Principality, with an iron hand. When he succeeded as Florestan I—does not his choice of a Royal name from his four baptismal ones (Tancrede-Louis-Roger-Florestan)

give us the measure of the man?—everything passed into her keeping. He was not allowed to meddle with her ordinances. Sign them he must, but there his part began and ended; to read was supererogatory, for nothing that he might chance to say would be considered by Caroline. So he drifted on: “not a bad fellow”; “one of those men of whom we say nothing, because there is nothing to say.” All, then, depended on what the Princess Caroline was like. Honoré V (Métivier tells us) “had looked forward to her being of much service to his brother.” Rendu has his comment ready. “Truly Honoré was right; she was of his school; the two were mutually comprehensible. . . .” The history of the Principality until 1847 is epitomised in those words.

There were high hopes in the earliest days. The new-comers were fervently greeted in Monaco and Mentone—horses unharnessed, carriage joyously dragged through the streets. “Long live Florestan!”—and Florestan, at Mentone, was implored to get out of the carriage and come, as it were, to his new subjects’ hearts. He was nervous; there had been cries, “Down with monopoly!” as well as the other cries—but finally he consented, and, standing in the midst of them, he promised to grant his people’s desires.

The *exclusive des céréales* was at once abolished. Chappon Brothers—for it was a firm now—“hastily withdrew, pursued by the hooting and derision of

the whole population." The deadly monopoly-bread was no longer the food of the people—but even while they rejoiced over this, they saw that what had been given with one hand was to be taken away with the other. For grinding was still to be done by the Royal mills alone, and the taxes on grain and flour were increased. So with all else : if one oppression were abated, another instantly sprang up. The annual princely revenue remained the same—320,000 francs.¹ Sardinia looked on, but not then did she intervene ; and by 1845 the people, seeing no help anywhere, had fallen into utter torpor. Efforts had been made at first. Addresses were presented from Mentone, begging for the Sardinian institutions and pointing out the desperate state of affairs : the ruined orange-and-lemon trade, the dilapidation and disorganisation of the town, for there were no funds for public improvements—even the town-clock had run down and could not be repaired ; the pavements were in holes, the slopes leading to the church in ruins, the public school was too small to hold the children. . . . " We have been unable to forget that it was not so formerly,"—would the Prince hear ?

He replied in these words : " I will hear nothing. I am come to govern you, and I need no counsel."

One of the Mentone deputation said, " We are

¹ From January 1, 1843, to December 31, 1847, Florestan had 1,500,000 francs—that is, 300,000 francs a year—*solely* from taxation in Monaco. (Rendu.)

at least fortunate, Prince, in that Your Highness has heard the expression of our wishes and our wants.”

“Your wants I know!” was the Prince’s answer, and as he spoke, he walked away.

He walked away, and Caroline took the stage as the Monopoly-Queen. Her *début* was brilliant and original. She cornered Education. A public school was organised. The fees were exorbitant; poor or even moderately prosperous middle-class folk could not afford them; few scholars appeared, and the princely purse grew no fatter. But soon an ordinance changed all that: children were not to go anywhere else to school, nor might their parents give them private lessons. (*Decree of January 25, 1843.*)

Her second essay was the famous affair of the Oil-Mills, which began in 1845. There had been trouble about the crushing of the olives. The Royal mills were so unpopular that proprietors chose to pay the heavy penalty rather than use them; and one in the Carei Valley, near Mentone—the great olive-district of the region—was therefore given up, and sold to a company at a very high price. No sooner had they settled down to work than Caroline built her monstrous “Model Oil-Mill” in the heart of the Carei district! It was the very latest thing; it had an engine of such power as no other mill in the whole country possessed.

Owners were now "invited" to send their olives to be crushed by this pattern establishment, but the "friends of routine" (in the delightful official jargon) flatly refused. 'Twas but beating the air. An ordinance was issued. Olives in the raw state were to be sold *ONLY* to the Most Serene Chamber for one whole year.

But this time, Caroline had gone too far. Public anger blazed out at last—and blazed so fiercely that the Government was obliged to shut its Model Oil-Mill.

Caroline had not been watching the signs of the times. The hour had struck—"but she heard not the bell." Things like these were not going to be done any more in Italy, for Italy had awakened to her destiny. Already, in 1821, even little oppressed Mentone had stirred in her sleep. The Liberal explosion of that year in Piedmont had brought the opening of the eyes: Mentone had made common cause with the insurrectionists, had actually decreed her union with Italy! Honoré V had crushed the movement there, as Austria had crushed it elsewhere; nevertheless, 1821 was the beginning of the end for both.

Two years later, Charles-Albert of Savoie-Carignan succeeded to the Sardinian throne. He was a lover of liberty, eager for reform, and a man of insight as well, for he foresaw the inevitable combat with

Austria—although he refused to defy her at Mazzini's bidding in 1846. In that year came the election of Pius IX to the Papacy, and his famous edict, granting liberty and reform to his subjects. Sardinia and Tuscany were quickly obliged to follow his example—and Mentone (which suffered far more from the oppression of Caroline than did the Royal Residence, Monaco) soon resolved to enter the insurgent ranks (1847).

Charles-Albert had promised the desired reforms to Sardinia a few days before his birthday-celebration on November 4. As he was the Principality's Protector, it was not unnatural for the Mentonese to cross the frontier and take part in the festivities—greater than usual on this great occasion. On their return they formed processions, cried "Long live Pio Nono! long live Carlo-Alberto!" illuminated the town, and two days later, went in a body to the Governor of Mentone's house. The Governor was one General Villarey, "whose whole career was one system of persecution." He was universally detested, but he was Caroline's right-hand man; no redress from any edict of his was to be hoped for. He now promised, however, to communicate the people's desires to the Prince (who was of course in Paris); and in ten days the Prince's answer came. "On his return to Monaco he would consider the reforms demanded." These reforms were to give to Mentone the liberal institutions which Sardinia now enjoyed.



From an engraving by Antonio Marchi.

CHARLES ALBERT,
King of Sardinia.

p. 314]

But Villarey had in reality received two despatches from the Prince. One was for public hearing ; the other (“ most confidential ”) was in effect the same secret message as was sent, in much more modern times, to another official in another similarly disaffected country : *Do not hesitate to shoot*. . . . And even the public despatch left much to be desired. The people heard, and pondered. Did they not know their Florestan, their Caroline ? This was not enough. “ On my return to Monaco ” : no ! He must come *now*—he must come in answer, in immediate answer, to their cry. Had not the times changed !

He came to Monaco on December 9—and shut himself up in the Castle, forbidding the authorities and people of Mentone to appear before him. A deputation braved the decree, went to the Castle : he refused to see them. Deep anger succeeded to the popular disappointment. The streets were now paraded by the people, chanting Italian hymns of liberty and crying “ Down with Florestan ! ” The Sardinian troops looked on, entirely passive. What were their thoughts ? The contrast must have occurred to them between their own Charles-Albert and this sulky, cloistered tyrant. How long would Mentone suffer him ?

Meanwhile, at the Castle in Monaco, one of the Mentone “ notables ” was trying to make the Prince hear reason. This was Charles Trenca, a citizen of noble birth, great wealth, and ardent liberal

convictions. He was in the Grimaldi service—had been in it since 1819. Charles-Albert had noticed him, when he went in 1841 with the Duc de Valentinois on a mission to Turin, and had bestowed honours ; as a consequence, when Trenca returned to the Principality, Florestan offered him the post of *contrôleur-général des finances*. Trenca had hesitated—but accepted. Soon afterwards, he was sent to Turin again. This time, “Sardinia sounded the Prince, through Trenca, on the subject of ceding the Principality.” Caroline was furious—scented treachery. Trenca at once resigned, and demanded a public inquiry. “He had never made any secret of his sympathy with the Court of Turin, but *that* did not spell treachery : was not Sardinia the Protector ?” The affair died down. Trenca was not permitted to resign, and there was no public inquiry. All this had happened in 1844 ; now, in 1847, here was Trenca pleading the rebels’ cause—and here were the Sardinian troops, the Protector’s troops, apathetically looking on at sedition. . . . Florestan put the inevitable two-and-two together, and immediately deprived Trenca of office.

That Trenca was the “paid agent” of Sardinia I do not for a moment believe. That he was her *un*-paid agent I do not for a moment doubt. Sardinia wanted the Principality ; Trenca wanted liberty for his native town—Florestan stood in the path of both, and there was only one way to get what both wanted. That was to encourage the ¹⁷revolt

of Mentone. By fair means liberty would never be obtained, then it must be obtained by “foul.” The dilemma has presented itself to most liberators of little peoples, and has been solved in like fashion; the same epithets have been hurled from the oppressor’s side, the same unmeasured hero-worship poured forth on the other. Trenca was neither a vulgar traitor nor a calumniated angel; he was simply a determined man who took the one way open to him if he would save his fellow-citizens from a despotism which was sapping their very existence. “He worked in the dark!” shrieks the official writer. He worked in the dark because he could do nothing else if his people were ever to see the light again.

For days and weeks the Prince and his son, Charles de Valentinois, promised, “promulgated,” vacillated. Villarey was dismissed; reforms of a sort were made, but they were so negligible that they merely fanned the popular fury. Florestan finally called upon Sardinia for her protection against his own subjects. She sent troops under one General Gonnet, and these troops were met by a procession of citizens, carrying before them the bust of Charles-Albert. The troops were armed, the Mentonese defenceless; orders were to fire on the rebels, but forward the rebels went, knowing it might be death—or liberty. As they came up to the Sardinians, holding the King’s bust high before

them, the soldiers "suddenly with one accord saluted their Carlo-Alberto's effigy. Then there rose up a shout of triumph and joy from the people such as those valleys had never heard before." Gonnet, declaring that "Mentone was not disorderly," withdrew his men at once to Monaco, and assured the Prince that peace would not be broken. . . "He too was the paid agent of Sardinia," cry the official historians. I think he was ; but my sympathies are wholly with Sardinia in this episode. Whatever her ulterior designs, she was at the moment acting as no decent Government standing in any close relation to the Prince of Monaco's could have refrained from acting. Something had to be done, in short—and she was unmistakably marked out to do it.

There is a delightful anecdote, just here, of some Mentonese sailors whom the furious Caroline summoned to her presence. She received them with soft words—her object was to win them over—but they were not to be corrupted. She then accused them of pandering to wealth. Their spokesman answered that wealth had long been unknown to Mentone, and, "moreover," he added, "we are all like one person ; we are all, do you see, *like the five fingers of one hand.*" He spoke the truth, and Caroline almost recognised it. Shortly afterwards, the Prince issued "the Charter of the Sardinian Constitution." . . . Such a bitter mockery it was that the people did not even read it through. It was torn down and trampled in the mud.

That was in the middle of February. On the 22nd, there broke out in Paris the February Revolution of 1848; on the 24th, Louis-Philippe fled, as Mr. William Smith, from Paris in that "common hackney cab." . . . The flame of the French revolt spread over Europe; Italy, so long smouldering, swept into a banner of fire. Charles-Albert, "all alone," declared war against Austria; Pius IX fled from Rome, fulminating against the Italian alliance; and Young Italy, looking to the "one sovereign who had not betrayed her," held out her hands to Sardinia.

Not only Young Italy, but our tiny towns of Mentone and Roccabruna were "looking to Piedmont." A few days after Louis-Philippe's flight the Sardinian flag was hoisted; a National Guard was formed, with Charles Trenca at its head—and on March 31, 1848, Mentone and Roccabruna declared themselves Free Towns. They asked Sardinia for protection, Charles-Albert assented, and on April 3 his troops came back, this time with the definite intention of defending Florestan's "own subjects," if necessary, from *him*.

The Mentonese Revolution was over, and over without violence or bloodshed. Never again—though not then was it fully realised—would a Grimaldi rule over the Two Towns. The long oppression was finished, the ancient heritage dismembered. "Before God and before men," cries Rendu, "neither intrigue nor Sardinia made this

revolution : it was born of the nature of things : it was the work of despair"—and I think that no reader of the "ordinances" so grimly set forth by Norbert Duclos can gainsay him. He had visited the district in 1845, and had seen with his own eyes the terrors of the awful *régime* : "neither despotism nor monarchy—unparalleled, unknown before in any country."

Monaco had stood aside from the Mentone movement. There had always been some jealousy between the towns—between the barren, dominating Rock and the fair, productive region, flowing as it were with oil and orange-juice. The Princes had spent in Monaco any of the Mentone spoils that were spent out of Paris, and Monaco had deferentially eaten of the Royal crumbs. Moreover the Residence was there, and Charles de Valentinois had made a rich marriage in 1846. Some day the Palace might be restored, the Prince might live in the land ; then there would be the sweets of office, the joys of "Court-life." . . . So the Rock reasoned, and the masters, finding it their only refuge, clung desperately to its cheaply-bought loyalty. From 1848 onwards to the final escape, Monaco and the Princes Florestan and Charles plotted incessantly to destroy the newly-won peace and prosperity of the rebel towns. So soon indeed as the May of 1848, Mentone was obliged in self-



From a drawing by A. L. Collins.

MONACO: THE PRINCE'S PALACE.

p. 320]

defence to decree the perpetual banishment of the Prince, and all his family, and all his descendants.

The desire of the Two Towns was for annexation to Sardinia. The organisation of a separate government was too heavy a task, all oppressed and degraded as they so long had been. By unanimous vote—five hundred and sixty-eight voices for, and *none* against—the Grand Council asked the Court of Turin to annex them. Charles-Albert at first agreed; but France showed so much hostility to the step that it had to be abandoned for the moment. That was Caroline's doing; she still had friends in Paris. Soon, however, Turin wavered. Twice it seemed that the wish of the Towns would prevail; Trenga moved incessantly between Turin and Paris . . . but then came the overwhelming disaster of Novara,¹ and all such matters were indefinitely put off. In 1852 hope smiled again. Louis-Bonaparte, Prince-President of the French Republic, answered sympathetically an urgent appeal from the Towns.

But again war-clouds obscured the issue; the Crimean expedition of 1854 caused our little corner of the earth to be forgotten—and, to make a long story short, the definite annexation to Sardinia was never accomplished. The sympathy of Louis-Bonaparte—now Napoleon III—turned again to Italy in 1858. He made terms with Cavour

¹ Charles-Albert was defeated at Novara in 1849. He abdicated on the battlefield in favour of his son, who thus became Victor-Emmanuel II of Sardinia, and later, First King of United Italy.

whereby he pledged himself to support Victor-Emmanuel against Austria ; among them was the cession of Nice and Savoy to France, in return for the possession of the North of Italy by the King of Sardinia. All the world knows the story of that struggle : Magenta, Solferino, and the astounding Conference of Villafranca, when triumphant, victorious France, Victor-Emmanuel's sworn ally, laid down her arms, (though the war was scarce begun), and the Emperors of France and Austria agreed by word of mouth, without a single witness on either side, to the Confederation of Italy under Pius IX ! (1859).

Of course it did not last, for nobody was, or could be, satisfied. Italian Federation was an idle dream. In 1861, after Garibaldi's glories in the South, Victor-Emmanuel II of Sardinia was proclaimed King of United Italy.

But before this consummation, there arose in 1860 the question of the ceding of Nice and Savoy to France. Victor-Emmanuel was to get Lombardy in exchange—a good bargain for him, though Savoy was the cradle of his race. The Treaty of Turin was signed in 1860 ; Savoy and Nice were called upon to ratify by their votes the cession to France. It was a bitter disappointment to the Mentonese, for they loved Italy as only that land can be loved. But annexation to Sardinia was not offered as the alternative ; the alternative was a return to the Grimaldis. . . . There were six hundred and ninety-

five votes for the annexation to France, and only fifty-four against.

The fifty-four votes, though, gave Charles Grimaldi a pretext for demanding compensation. Napoleon III, when Prince-President, had discussed the question of this indemnity with the Piedmontese Government, then on the point of annexing the towns. The Piedmontese offer had been refused by the Prince, but the discussion had created a precedent which Napoleon could not now disregard—and he wanted Mentone badly, so close as it was to the Italian frontier . . . What, then, would the Prince of Monaco take for the Two Towns—for the dismemberment of his heritage?

The Prince, unable any longer to blind himself to facts, sold the Two Towns to France for four million francs (February 2, 1861).

CHAPTER XV

Charles III—The reigning Prince and Princess.

CHAPTER XV

FLORESTAN had drifted out of the world in 1856, leaving the still unsettled question of Mentone and Roccabruna to Caroline and his only son, Charles. In 1854, this son had made an attempt to regain the lost Towns—a personal attempt in a gorgeous carriage, drawn by six horses and blazoned thickly with the Grimaldi arms. He was in full uniform when, at six o'clock on an April morning, he drove up to the principal hotel. Not a soul was in the streets. Charles and his aide-de-camp looked eagerly about, but did not alight. At last half-a-dozen men approached and broke into a feeble *Vive le Prince!* It was the concerted signal. Thirty or forty men now ran up, unharnessed the horses, and dragged the carriage through the streets, carrying the Grimaldi banner before them, and shouting “*À bas le Piémont!*”

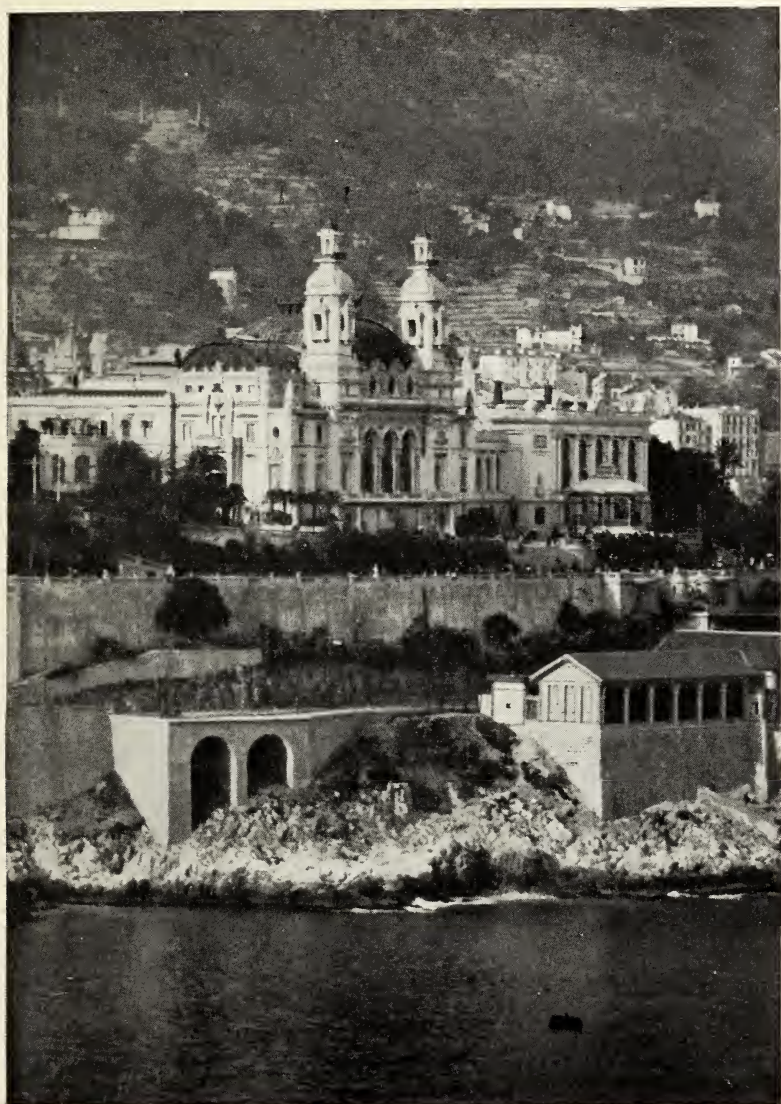
Charles Trenca was dead—had died the year before. The Towns had been, as it were, re-born since the revolution; no one could enter them and glance even casually around him, without perceiving the beneficent change. The silent in-

dictment of Grimaldi-rule was louder than if proclaimed by trumpet; yet there was still, it seemed, a "Grimaldi party" in Mentone—the sort of party that may be guessed. It was not the sort that wins even moral victories. The "rising" in favour of the Duc de Valentinois was a rising *pour rire*. Before evening fell, he was a prisoner in the fortress at Villafranca. After four days' seclusion there, instructions came from Turin to set him free, but he was obliged to return to Paris—"though I had the intention of going in the opposite direction." For his attitude was now that he had been merely "passing through," had stopped but to change horses.

"In full uniform, in a state carriage, and with no luggage!" smiled the courteous Mayor of Mentone, listening to the tale. "Nor have I heard that Your Highness made any protest against being dragged, in his horseless equipage, through the streets?"

This was positively the last appearance of a Grimaldi in the Free Town of Mentone. Florestan would perhaps more skilfully have stage-managed it, but the *dénoûment* would have been the same in any case.

Charles had ruled since 1848—for Florestan in that year delegated all his powers to the heir. Caroline, though she still influenced, was no longer



THE MONTE CARLO CASINO FROM THE SEA.

sole mistress, for her son had inherited her "energy and decision." He showed these plainly at the Villafranca negotiations in 1859, when he refused to recognise any French Protectorate over the tiny domain now left to him ; and Napoleon III, with fingers itching for Mentone and Roccabruna, acquiesced in the absolute sovereignty of Monaco which Charles III demanded—a sovereignty which, theoretically, prevails to this day.

Moreover Charles had taken, three years before the Villafranca meeting, the first step towards the present unique distinction of his estates. He had looked around him, after his father's death in 1856, at the dismembered heritage, and had realised that nothing could be got by commerce from his *joujou de Prince*. How, then, *was* money to be got? The answer came to him in a simple formula: "Why should not Monaco, like Mentone, have her winter-season and her *bains-de-mer*?"—and he at once set to work at developing his property in this direction. It were unjust to refuse to Charles some credit. Such development might well have been tried long before—and since no one could at that time foresee the course of events in Germany, nor the emergence of M. François Blanc from the wreck of the Kursaal at Homburg, Charles may be acquitted of the worst results of his enterprise. It called for a good deal more "energy and decision" than he possessed to make of Monaco what the *famille Blanc* has made of it.

And Charles really needed money. True, he had made a rich marriage in 1846, when the Comtesse Antoinette Ghislaine de Mérode, of a most distinguished Belgian family, had consented to become Hereditary Princess of Monaco. She had been a good deal disappointed with her new glories (relates Hector France) when she saw the dilapidated Royal residence which awaited her; perhaps she had resented the *déception*, and refused to spend her money in the region. Whatever the cause, by 1851 the Grimaldis were pulling the devil by the tail. They were living in the Principality—in the Palace, one gathers, for “Charles, his wife, and his son” (the present reigning Prince)¹ “had only three rooms and an audience-chamber, the latter in a deplorable condition, furniture rickety, coverings in rags; lackeys in tattered liveries, no horses, no carriage; and they breakfasted on red herrings, and dined on anchovy-toast and olives.” A heart-rending picture, and one in which neither Caroline nor her son Charles could perceive any such beauty as that of poetic justice, for instance; so when a friend came from Paris on a short visit of condolence, and offered his advice as well, he was eagerly heard. “Set up gambling-tables,” said this personage. “Then you can ruin other people’s subjects; since,” he added, perhaps a little unkindly, “you’ve ruined your own already.”

That advice had been given so long ago as 1851,

¹ He was born in 1848.

but not till 1856 did it flower into action. Charles III, as we have seen, succeeded in that year, and at once sold a concession for building *bains-de-mer* and a casino to two speculators, Messieurs Duval and Lefevre. These gentlemen risked—and lost—200,000 francs on the affair. A casino was built opposite the Place du Palais ; but the Prince had exacted too heavy a toll—the concessionnaires went, ere long, into liquidation. They revived, however, and in 1858 began the present building on the Plateau des Spélugues. The young Albert-Honoré, Hereditary Prince, laid its first stone. It was to have been called the Elysée Alberto, but the name finally selected was Monte-Carlo, in honour of the sovereign. Money began to come in, but Charles's exactions kept pace with it ; the concessionnaires were soon calling him *Le Brochet*—The Pike, after a fish notorious for the Grimaldi characteristics. Then, in 1863, appeared M. François Blanc, and in a flying visit bought casino, concessionnaires, and plateau ; in 1870 he returned, and this time purchased Principality and Princes for a term of sixty years.

I enter now a region of such wild invective, such unbridled scandal, that the very ink turns pale. Little scarlet books, bigger green ones with defamatory names upon the cover, pamphlets, articles, broadsheets—all informed with a passion of

wrath—swarm upon the desk. To no one is left a shred of character, past, present, or to come. The chronicle of voracity is naught beside the chronicle of vice : none known to poor humanity since the earliest ages is left unhinted at, or indeed (more precisely) unaffirmed. That anyone should be accepted as the legitimate child of his father becomes an almost unthinkable event ; every man has a shameful past, and every woman a shameless present ; no one, in the last resort, has any aim but to get rich and to hoard or squander his riches ; loathsome diseases infest all bodies, and loathsome vices all souls. Such reading is more tedious even than such living can be ; I do not propose to convey very much of it into my pages. As a matter of atmosphere, the thing has its importance ; but history will take as little detailed account of the makers of such miasma as of the street-sweepings which a Prince of Monaco once claimed as his perquisite. Yet the little books are frantically sincere. It is a veritable crusade against evils which cannot have their sole existence in the imagination of the authors.

Blanc, at any rate, was a convicted swindler long before he first emerged from Homburg in 1863. His offence had been fraudulent use of the telegraph, by the corruption of employés, for the transmission of stock-exchange news from Paris. The Criminal Code of 1836-7 had no penalty for the particular fraud which was proved against him and

his twin-brother; they got off, therefore, with "seven months." Once at large again, they used the hundred thousand francs they had amassed in creating the Kursaal at Homburg. This flourished beyond their anticipations; but already by 1860, François Blanc, keen-witted and almost "second-sighted" for such matters as he was, had foreseen the revulsion of feeling in Germany which arrived, full tide, ten years later. After the war in 1870 came German Unity; and the Emperor William I at once put down gambling all over his Empire.

Blanc, as we have seen, had in 1863 provided against this turn of the wheel. He now emigrated to Monaco, "with his army of croupiers," determined, since he had bought up the place, to be absolute master there. Much could be done with the ravishing spot, but Blanc, brilliant financier that he was, (our own Lord Brougham considered him the most brilliant of his time), saw that enormous sums of money must be spent on doing it. "Intensive cultivation"—yes; the Rock should become an Eden. He sowed fifteen million francs without turning a hair—or a *centime*; but the ground responded in good time. Blanc, when he died in 1877, was worth two hundred million francs. He sighed on his death-bed, turning remorseful eyes to the priest. "I have not worked hard enough; I have not made enough money for my children." Let us hope that there was spiritual consolation ready for the touching *meâ culpâ*.

334 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

And what had Charles III, Sovereign Prince of Monaco, been worth? what had François Blanc paid for *him* in 1870?

They fought for the mastery awhile, but Blanc was bound to win. Soon it was settled. He was to be absolute; Charles was to be paid 500,000 francs a year, and all his expenses—and he was to get half the profits made by the Casino as well. The Casino was bound to defray all the costs of “keeping up” the place: roads, gardens, promenades. It was also to *pay the police*, and to “*remunerate*” the *magistrates*; to keep up the Prince’s guard of a hundred men: and to provide the Governor-General’s salary. Not a single tune could now, it will be perceived, be called by the Sovereign Prince—for he paid no single piper. Such were the terms upon which that “energetic” scion of the House of Grimaldi, Charles III of Monaco, sold himself and his Principality to the expelled croupier of Homburg.

As long ago as 1866, a petition from Nice, signed by six hundred merchants and proprietors, had been addressed to the French Senate, begging that the gaming-tables at Monte-Carlo might be closed. It had been ignored: France had no jurisdiction. In 1869 the Monegascons themselves had protested—had even, in a mild sort of way, revolted. Charles had taken fright, and had thought seriously of taking flight as well; but Blanc, already potent in his counsels, (though not till 1870 absolute master), had

induced him to sign a decree *abolishing all taxes*. “*Vive le Prince! vive M. Blanc!*” had been the inevitable consequence; and thenceforth roulette has paid for everything in Monaco—taxes, police, music, magistrates, and the rest.

There were two more fruitless petitions from other Governments. First in 1876; then in 1882, five years after Blanc’s death. Casimir-Périer, President of the French Republic, was active in this latter; Italy and England supported him. Casimir-Périer personally approached the Prince. Charles was then totally blind, but he evidently retained the much-vaunted energy, for his reputed answer was: “I am a Sovereign Prince, recognised as such by all the States of Europe. The day I am obliged to shut the tables, I shall abdicate in favour of the German Emperor, who will accept, I know.” France retired: doubtless there was nothing else for her to do. . . . When Charles died in 1889, it was said that he had been devoured by remorse for the condition of “his infamous Principality.” Dumont, who tells this tale in *Le Prince Rouge et Noir*, wastes little sympathy on him. “He was blind, and to that extent helpless in the rascally hands that led him on—an unhappy and harmful puppet”; but over such *pantins* we do not stop to mourn, even should we happen to believe in their anguish. Assuredly Charles III might well have wept at leaving such a legacy to such a son—but death-bed repentances have gone out of fashion, even for Royalties.

336 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

Albert-Honoré-Charles (Albert I), the present reigning Prince of Monaco, was born in 1848; he was therefore forty-one when he succeeded his father. In 1869, he had married an Englishwoman, Lady Mary Victoria Douglas-Hamilton, daughter of the eleventh Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. She was a girl of nineteen when she was wedded to the then Hereditary Prince. His mother, Antoinette de Mérode, had died in 1864—before the Blanc rule began; his grandmother, Caroline the “Corner”-Queen, was still alive¹; his aunt, Florestine, worthy daughter of her mother, and at that time the two-months widow of H.R.H. Prince Frederick of Würtemberg, was deep in his counsels. With a Caroline and a Florestine to encounter, the very young and very wealthy Lady Mary might as well have walked into a den of hyenas. She suffered ignominy, torture; she was as it were imprisoned in the dreariest part of the Palace, and besieged for her money. The object was to force her to make over her fortune to her husband. She was worked upon, preached at, humiliated, in every fashion known to such women and to the priests who were their instruments. But with all her young pride and resolution, she resisted. Lady Mary never signed the *donation de biens* which was daily represented to her as the one means whereby to acquire her husband’s “confidence.” . . . Possibly she had come to know him well enough not to desire it.

¹ She lived until 1879.

In 1870 her son was born—the present Hereditary Prince, Louis-Honoré-Charles-Antoine. She adored him; her maid would sometimes find her in the morning, kneeling beside his cradle, “having passed the whole night in tears there.” . . . At last, a public scandal drove her to action. She fled with her son to Florence. They tried to take him from her, but this attempt was foiled—some of the pamphleteers say by the intervention of a Russian Princess; others, by an extradition treaty. Yet she kept him only for a time. In 1880 Charles III, on Albert’s solicitation, declared the marriage to be dissolved. He had power in Monaco to make a *civil* marriage null and void; but Dumont points out that this one was celebrated in France, not in the Principality. The Church of Rome had, however, already annulled the religious marriage: I think Dumont is here whipping a dead horse. With the dissolution, at any rate, came the obligatory renunciation of Lady Mary’s child, and for her, despite the sorrow this must have caused, a happy disappearance from our story.

In 1889 Albert, then reigning prince, married Alice, Duchesse de Richelieu, daughter of the great Hamburg banker, Salomon Heine—Henri Heine’s famous “rich uncle.” What, one speculates inevitably, would the Knight of the Holy Ghost have thought of his new connection? It would have inspired him with many a flier, one may at least be sure.

338 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

The Duchesse de Richelieu was wealthy; her fortune amounted to fifty million francs. Though questionably beautiful, she is described as remarkably graceful and intelligent, a witty talker, a good listener, an accomplished and artistic woman of the world. Dumont grants her all these qualities; but when the eulogists add to the list "a proud and upright nature," and "a steadfast constancy in friendship," he protests in no measured terms. Assuredly, does she possess the disputed virtues, her life at Monaco must be uncongenial to her—must at any rate have been so in the time of which he writes (1900). Around her was then a "Court" which polite speech hesitates to characterise. Dumont hesitates not: I refer the curious reader to his vivid pages. Of M. and Mme. Edmond Blanc, of Prince Constantin Radziwill and his Princess (*née* Louise Blanc), of Prince Roland Bonaparte—"M. Rufin," as Dumont styles him by preference, with the inevitable gibe at his legitimacy—married in 1880 to pretty, wistful-faced little Marie Blanc, who died in suspicious circumstances two years later . . . of this nobility and its hangers-on, he has nastiness upon nastiness to narrate.

Roland Bonaparte is the son of Prince Pierre, the black sheep of that far from snowy family—Pierre, married to Justine Rufin, a plumber's daughter, after many years of unmarried life together. "Princess Pierre Bonaparte," come over with her husband to pick up money in London,



From a photograph.

ALBERT, PRINCE OF MONACO.

p. 33E]

opened a milliner's shop in Bond Street in 1872. She did not prosper; she was more amused by telling card-fortunes than by selling hats. Roland was to be Emperor of the French some day; meanwhile Princess Pierre signed agreements with forged names, and had finally to leave England at midnight in a cart driven by her son—for at all the railway stations policemen were eagerly looking out for her. . . . This lady would not, one hopes and indeed believes, have made precisely a congenial companion for the Princess of Monaco.

Alice Heine was credited, in the earlier days of her marriage, with the desire of shutting the tables at Monte-Carlo when the actual concession should expire in 1913. On the contrary, in January 1898, the concession was "by her influence" (to quote de Jolans) extended for fifty years from the August of 1898, on the following conditions:

1. Ten millions to be paid *immediately* to the Prince.
2. Fifteen millions to be paid in 1914.
3. Five millions for the works on the Condamine.
4. Two millions for the projected building of the new Opera-House.
5. A subsidy of twenty-five thousand francs for each performance given at the Opera—twenty-four a year.

Moreover the Prince, already receiving almost two millions a year from the Casino, was further to get five per cent. of the receipts when these should exceed twenty-five millions.

340 The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers

The Princess is known as an ardent amateur of music—hence, no doubt, the careful provisions for the Opera's well-being. Her compatriot, the composer known as Isidore de Lara—and, a good many years ago, the idol for a season of London drawing-rooms, where he would sing his own compositions¹ in a manner peculiar to himself—is the star of Monte-Carlo music. His opera, *Messalina*, was produced there, amid enthusiasm—and whisperings of many kinds. Two hundred thousand francs were spent, it was said, on the production, which took place just before Holy Week. Among the whispers was one hinting at the Prince's dissatisfaction with many of the arrangements . . . but, here as elsewhere, since the Casino paid, the Casino (and Princess Alice) called the well-advertised tune.

It only remains to speak of Albert I's oceanographic discoveries. Dumont of course assigns them all to somebody else; but I do not take Dumont with any high seriousness. In the *Bulletin Scientifique* for 1889,² however, I find a well-known *savant*, M. Alfred Giard, commenting on them thus: "A few quarts of sea-water . . . do not suffice to wash out the stains of the blood of those who have killed themselves at the gaming-tables. Still, we must admit extenuating circumstances to a man who spends nobly an ill-gotten fortune;

¹ Among them, the too-popular *Garden of Sleep*, now to be heard on antiquated barrel-organs only.

² Volume xx.



From a photograph.

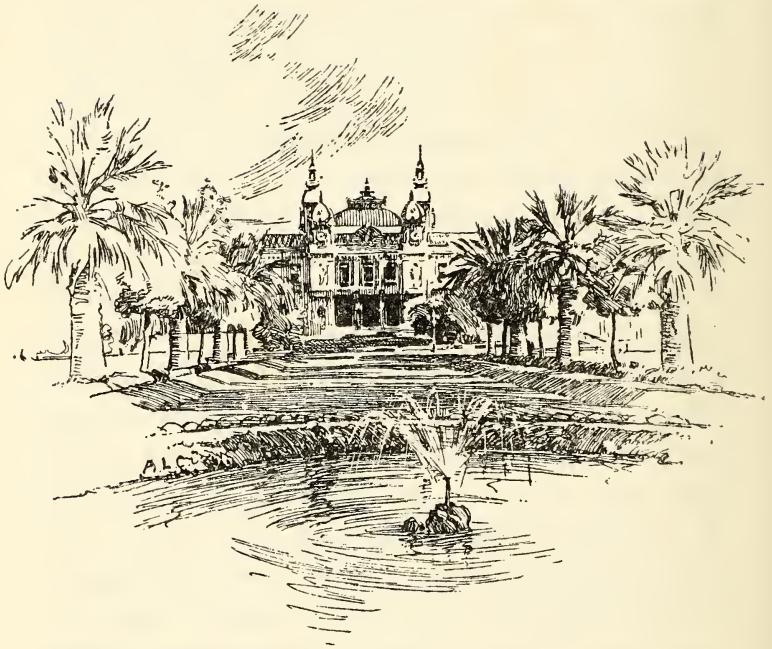
ALICE, PRINCESS OF MONACO.

P. 34c]

and from the scientific standpoint, every one would applaud such an example, if it were but shown with a little more modesty."

There let us leave the Prince of Monaco.

I bear no commission to denounce or applaud the world-renowned Casino. We should all of us, no doubt, play there on any occasion that we found ourselves in the Principality—and probably be but too eager to denounce it then. The sinister roll of the suicides (two thousand since 1860), the horrors of the funeral arrangements, so vehemently recounted by de Jolans and Dumont, when the bodies are thrust into the ground, in an unplanned wooden box, to a grave which stands daily ready dug, and which the digger cannot find twenty-four hours later; the thousand devices for plucking the rich pigeon and putting to flight the too-observant one; the chain of influences whereby every weakness, every vice, of poor humanity is turned to the account of the Tables and their owners, *La Société des Bains de Mer de Monte-Carlo*—"in Paris," observes Dumont, "we have a word to designate that type of man"—these denunciations I shall leave to more apostolic voices. But for all my potential readiness to contribute to their exchequer, I confess that I find it difficult to respect the "Red-and-Black Prince and Princess," that Royal Pair who live on roulette—as played by others.



From a drawing by A. L. Collins.

MONTE CARLO: CASINO AND GARDENS.

INDEX

A

Acciajuoli, Niccolo, 101
 Achilles, Silver bowl of, Phœnician description, 7
 Adelaide, widow of Lothair—
 Rescued and married by
 Otho of Germany, 50
 Adorno, House of, 119
 Adorno, Marquis, 35
 Adrian V, Pope, 65
 Aix-la-Chapelle, Peace of, 259
 Aix, Louis d'—Knight of Marseilles,
 184, 185
 Albert-Honoré-Charles (Albert I):
 Accession, age at, etc., 336
 First stone of Monte Carlo laid
 by, 331
 Marriages:
 First—Lady Mary Victoria
 Douglas-Hamilton, 336—
 Flight of Lady Mary, dis-
 solution of marriage, 337
 Second—Alice, Duchesse de
 Richelieu, 337
 Oceanographic discoveries, 340
 Alençon, Count of, at Crécy, 88
 Alexander VI, Pope—Alliance with
 Charles VIII of France against
 Naples, 139
 Alexandria, Vespasian proclaimed
 emperor at, 13
 Alfonso of Aragon, Attacks on
 Genoa, 128
 Alfonso II of Naples, 139, 142
 Amadeus VII of Savoy:
 Nice surrendered to, 118-9
 Support of John Grimaldi in
 seizure of Monaco, 119

Amadeus VIII of Savoy, Carma-
 gnola's overtures, 123
 Amadeus IX of Savoy:
 Conditions of suzerainty of
 Roccabruna and half of Men-
 tone, 126
 Revolt of Grimaldi in Vin-
 timiglia—Siege of Monaco, 131
 Revolt of Mentone and Rocca-
 bruna against Grimaldi—
 Policy of Amadeus, 132
 Anderson, 35
 Andrew of Hungary, marriage and
 murder of, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98-
 100, 113
 Angoulême, Charles, Count of, 167
 —Death, 168
 Angoulême, Louise of Savoy, Coun-
 tess of, *see* Louise of Savoy
 Anne of Austria:
 Honoré II of Monaco, relations
 with, 209, 210
 Louis I of Monaco, Caprice for,
 225
 Marriage with Louis XIII of
 France, 196
 Anne of Brittany, Wife of Louis XII
 of France:
 Daughter, birth of, 168—
 Matrimonial schemes, 169
 Death, 167, 169
 Anselme, Père, 35
 Antibes:
 Donation to Grimaldi alleged,
 37, 39
 Oath of fidelity to German
 Empire, 175
 Sale to Grimaldi by Clement VII,
 118

- Antiquity of Monaco, 3
- Antoine I, Prince of Monaco :
- Birth, 226
 - Marriage with Marie de Lorraine-Armagnac, 229, 238
 - Daughters only born of marriage, 240-1, 245
 - Relations with his wife :
 - Disputes as to marriage of heiress, 247
 - Mon Désert* and the *Giardinetto*, 253
 - Military career—Loyalty to France in War of Spanish Succession, etc., 242-4
 - Regret of subjects at his death, 252
- Aristotle, 6
- Arles, King of :
 - Bozon, proclamation of, 28
 - Louis, son of Bozon, accession, 28
- Arles, Siege of, 107, 108
- Armour, Weight of, 42
- Arnaldi, Captain Cesare, Attempted betrayal of Monaco—Escape, execution of his father in his stead, 186
- Arnould, Sophie, 279
- Assassinations, Age of, 151
- Asseline, Alfred, 213
- Astarte, 4
- Augsbourg, Diet of, 54
- Augustin Grimaldi, Lord of Monaco :
 - Accession, 165
 - Benefices and lands in France, 165—Confiscation, 176—Restoration, 179
 - Bueil conspiracy against Savoy, alleged share in, 151 *note*
 - Character and ability, 153
 - Claudine, Will of, place in Succession under, 155
 - Doria, Bartolommeo, murderer of Lucien Grimaldi, vengeance on, 165-6, 173—Execution of B. Doria, 179
 - France, breach with—Causes, etc., 153-4, 165, 166, 173-8
 - Sudden death—Suspicion of poison, etc., 181
- Augustus Cæsar :
 - Monument erected at La Turbia in celebration of conquest of Liguria, 11
 - Region subject to, 10
- Aumont, Louise-Félicité-Victoire d', Duchesse de Mazarin, married to Honoré-Charles Grimaldi, 278
- Character, stupidity, etc., 278, 279
- Divorce and subsequent marriages, 280, 290
- Imprisonment during the Terror, 279—Release, 280
- Madness and death, 280
- Austrian Succession, War of, 258
- Grimaldis, part taken by—Campaign of Maurice de Saxe in Flanders, 258-9
- Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 259
- Aversa, 99, 105
- Avignon :
 - Sale to Pope Clement VI by Queen of Naples, 104
 - See also* Papacy

B

- Baal, 4
- Balbi, Anna, *see* Brignole-Sala
- Baldus, 101
- Barbary fig—Introduction into Monaco by Father Baptist, 181
- Barcelona, city of Catalan pirates, 77
- Bari, Archbishop of—Election as Pope, 110, 111
- Barnabas, first preacher of Christianity in Maritime Alps, 14
- Barraban, accomplice in murder of Lucien Grimaldi, 158—Death at Rouen, 160-1
- Basset, Ralf, 70
- Bastille, fall of, 271
- Baux, Marquisate of—Conferred on Hercules Grimaldi, 209
- Bavaria, Duke of, encroachment on Germany, 49
- Beauveau, Madame de, 276
- Belisarius, 22, 23

- Berengers, 28 :
 Competition for throne of Italy, 30-2
 Deposition of Berenger, King of Lombardy, 50
 Marriage of Beatrice, daughter of Raymond Berenger, 62
 Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence :
 Presentation of Monaco to Genoa, 43
 Treaty with Genoa resigning all claim to Monaco, 61
 Bergen-op-Zoom, Siege of, 259
 Biarritz, M. de—Affair with "Madame de Monaco," 227
 Bishops taken prisoners and loaded with silver chains—Guelf and Ghibelline conflict, 62
 Black Death, Louis of Hungary driven out of Italy by, 105
 Blanc, M. and Mme. Edmond, 338
 Blanc, M. François :
 Career before appearance in Monaco, 329, 332
 Purchase of Monte Carlo and Principality of Monaco, 331, 333—Terms, 334
 Blanc, Marie—Circumstances of death, 338
 Blanchetache, 87
 Boccaccio, 96, 101
 Avaricious member of Grimaldi family depicted as Ermino the Miser, 71-4
 Boccanegra, Simon :
 Character, 79
 First Doge of Genoa, election as, after refusal of office as Abbot, 78-9
 Hostility of the Four Families, retirement of Boccanegra to Pisa, 79
 Siege of Monaco, 89
 Treacherously poisoned, 91
 Bonaparte, Louis, *see* Napoleon III
 Bonaparte, Napoleon, *see* Napoleon I
 Bonaparte, Prince Roland, 338
 Bonaparte, Princess Pierre—Career in England, etc., 338-9
 Boniface VIII, Pope, 93
 Bonnavet, Admiral—Shelter given to Bartolommeo Doria, 173
 Bontemps, 229
 Bouche, references to, 28, 35, 101, 105, 107, 152, 183, 185
 Boucicaut, Jean le Maingre, Sire de :
 Appointment as Governor of Genoa—Character and position, 120
 Repulse in attempt to regain Genoa for France, 121-2
 Boundaries of Monaco—Difficulties with Savoy concerning Turbia boundary, 125
 Bourbon, Constable de :
 Breach with France, treaty with Charles-Quint, 172, 173
 Marignano, prowess at, 172
 Bourbon, Margu rite de, 167
 Bourbons, Restoration of, 291
 Boyer de Sainte-Suzanne, references to, 35, 91, 208, 300
 Boyer, Father, discovery of head of Augustus at La Turbia, 11
 Bozon :
 Administrator of Kingdom of Provence, 27
 Poisoning of first wife, 27
 Proclaimed King of Arles—Character of rule, 28
 Bozon, Louis :
 Accession to Kingdom of Arles, 28
 Unsuccessful efforts to dislodge Saracens from fortress of Fraxinet, 30
 Brandon, Charles, Duke of Suffolk—Marriage with Mary Tudor, 167
 Brant me, references to, 96, 108
 Bread, Monopoly of, 302-4—Nominal abolition, 310-1
 Br quigny, reference to, 148
 Brigati, Giovanni—Part played in Honor  II's revolt against Spain, 202, 203
 Brignole, Marie-Catherine de, married to Honor  III of Monaco :
 Beauty, character in early life, etc., 261, 262-3, 266, 267
 Circumstances of courtship and marriage, 263, 265
 Parents, attitude of, 264-5

- Brignole, Marie - Catherine de
(*cont.*):
- Condé, Louis-Joseph de Bourbon-, liaison with, 267-8
 - Breach with Honoré III, appeal to France, 268-9
 - Decree of Separation by Parliament of Paris reassembled by Condé after its suspension, 269-70, 277
 - Life with Condé, 270-1—
 - Marriage in England, 271
 - Death—Funeral expenses borne by English Prince Regent, 272
- Brignole-Sala, Anna, Marchesa di—
- Liaison with Honoré III of Monaco, 261-2
 - Marriage of her daughter with Honoré III, action in regard to, 264-5
- Brougham, Lord—Opinion of François Blanc, 333
- Bueil, Astruga de, Wife of Andaro Grimaldi, 118
- Husband excluded from will, 74
 - Purchase of Seigneurie of Illonza—Refusal of Illonzians to do homage, 75
- Bueil Branch of House of Grimaldi, *see* Grimaldi
- Bueil, Seigneurie of, 76
- Burgos, Treaty of, 175, 183
- Burke, Col.—Commander of English troops sent to Monaco in 1815, 295
- C
- Cactus-Pear, introduction into Monaco, 181
- Cadiz, 4, 6
- Calabria, Charles Duke of:
- Fascination, 96
 - Succession difficulties owing to death of, 94
- Calabria, John of—Governor of Genoa, 128
- Calais, Siege of, 89
- Caliente, Captain of Spanish garrison of Monaco in 1641, 202, 205, 206
- Cambrai, League of, 151, 153
- Cambrai, Peace of, 177, 179
- Cambronne, General, 294
- Campana, Marquisate of, conferred on Augustin Grimaldi, 179—
- Confiscation, 209
- Canossa, Castle of, humiliating penance inflicted on Emperor at, 53, 54
- Capefigue, reference to, 167
- Carladez, Comté of, conferred on Honoré II of Monaco, 209
- Carmagnola, Francesco:
- Condottieri*, age of, 107
 - Governor of Genoa, 122
 - Position at Milan ruined by Visconti's jealousy, negotiations with Savoy and Venice, 123
 - War against Milan:
 - First campaign, success of, 123
 - Siege of Cremona, disaster at—Fate of Carmagnola, 123-5
- Carnolès, miracles at, 133
- Carobert of Hungary:
- Crown of Naples, heir to—
 - Excluded from succession, 92-3, 94
 - Death, 97
- Carthaginians driven westward by Phocæans, 8
- "Carwell, Madam" (Louise de Quérouailles)—Rivalry with Hortense Mancini, 230
- Casimir-Périer—Request for closing of Monte Carlo gaming tables, interview with Charles III of Monaco, 335
- Catalan Pirates, Grimaldi warfare against, 77-8, 85, 126
- Tax imposed by John Grimaldi, 126
- Catherine, mother of Luigi de Taranto, 98
- Catherine of Siena, return of Papacy to Rome owing to mediation of, 109
- Cavour, 321
- Cays Cavaliere, Francesco and Bertrand, feud with Bernabò Grimaldi, 75-6
- Cazaulx, Charles—Knight of Mar-seilles, 184, 185

- Chappon—Inventor of the Monopoly of Bread, 302—Withdrawal of firm, 310
- Charlemagne :
 Destruction of Lombard rule—Proclamation of Charlemagne as King of Lombards and Franks, 25
 Roman Emperor, coronation as, 25, 49
 Saracens kept in check, 27
 Charlemagne's Empire, Partition, 27
- Charles I of Anjou :
 Appearance and character, 62
 Count of Provence by marriage, 62, 63
 Naples and the two Sicilies conferred on Charles by the Pope—Loss of Sicily, 63
 Wars in which Charles was engaged, 63
 Genoa, war with, in aid of exiled Fieschi and Grimaldi, 63-5
- Charles II of Anjou—War with Genoa in support of Monegascan Guelfs, 65
 Abandonment of allies, purchase and bestowal of Monaco upon a Ghibelline, 65-6
- Charles III of Anjou, Legacy to France of Provence and pretensions to crown of Naples, 133, 138
- Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, 170
- Charles II of England—Rivalry with Louis Grimaldi, 230
- Charles VII of France, 126
- Charles VIII of France :
 Anne of Brittany, marriage with, 167
 Character, appearance, education, etc., 137-8, 143
 Death of son, 168
 Grimaldis, relations with, 133, 143
 Naples, expedition to, 138
 Allies, 139, 141
 Rapallo, victory of—Entry into Naples, 142
 Retirement to France—Death at Amboise, 142, 168
- Charles the Bald of France, 27
- Charles V, Emperor of Germany (Charles I of Spain) :
 Descent and inheritance, 170-1
 Emperor of Germany, election as (1519), 171
 Matrimonial schemes of Anne of Brittany, 169
 Milan, campaign against, claim to Milan, etc., 171, 172
 Monaco, relations with :
 Doria, Bartolommeo, murderer of Lucien Grimaldi, action in regard to, 166, 173
 Friendship with Augustin Grimaldi and his successor Honoré I, 178
 Visit to Monaco in 1529, 180
See also Spain and Monaco
- Charles I of Monaco—"The Great," 81, 85
 Catalan pirates, warfare against, 78, 85
 Criminals and bankrupts, asylum for—Description of Monaco under Charles Grimaldi's rule, 86
 Family, 92
 France, support of against Edward III of England, 86
 Crécy, Grimaldi wounded at, 88
 Siege of Calais, 89
 Naval and Military power of Monaco, increase in—Territorial acquisitions, 91
 Surrender of Monaco and retirement to Mentone until his death, 90, 91
- Charles II of Monaco, 182
- Charles III of Monaco :
 Absolute sovereignty demanded and secured at Villafranca, 329
 Accession to power 328
 Casino and bays-de-mer, establishment of, 329—Building of Monte Carlo, 331
 Sale of Principality to François Blanc, 331—Terms, 334
 Character, 329, 335
 Marriage, 330

- Charles III of Monaco (*cont.*):
 Mentone and Roccabruna, attempt to regain, 327-8
 Old-age, blindness and death, 335
- Charles III of Naples:
 Louis of Anjou's campaign against, 117
 Introduction by Charles of "De Wet" school of tactics into warfare, 117
 Murder of, 114
- Charles III of Savoy:
 Bueil conspiracy against, 151
 George Grimaldi of Bueil, question of complicity in murder of, 152
 Cambrai, League of, 151
 Lucien Grimaldi, protection of—*"Indult"* granted, 146
- Charles II of Spain, Will of, 236
- Charles Albert of Savoie-Carignan:
 Accession to throne of Sardinia, reforms promised, 313-4
 Novara, defeat at, 321
- Charles-Emmanuel I of Savoy:
 Bueil's, Count Hannibal of, attempted revolt against, 194-7
 France, alliance with, 196
 Phrase of *"the artichoke,"* 197 *note*
- Charles Martel, 36
 Governor of the Franks, title, 24
 Refusal to help Gregory I against the Lombards, 25
 Saracen invasion, repulse of, 27
- Charles Martel, son of Queen of Naples, 101 *note*
- Château-Neuf, Castle of, 113
- Châteauneuf and Les Spélugues—
 Towers built by Pertinax for protection of Port of Hercules, alleged, 14
 Plateau of Les Spélugues the present site of Casino, 14 *note*
- Châteaurenaud, Madame de, 276
- Châtillon, Marquis de, 246
- Chénier, André, 279, 281
- Childebert, King of the Franks, 36
- Chivre, Marguerite Duplessis de, 213, 218
- Choiseul, Duc de, Dubarry's campaign against, 269
- Choiseul, Madame de, 276
- Choiseul-Stainville, Françoise-Thérèse de—Married to Joseph Grimaldi, 280-1, 282
 Execution during the Terror, 281-2
- Christianity, Introduction into Maritime Alps by Barnabas, 14
- Christine of France, Marriage with Victor-Amadeus of Savoy, 196
- Claude of France:
 Birth, 168
 Marriage, schemes for, 168, 169
 Marriage with Francis I, 169
- Claudine of Monaco:
 Accession and marriage, 130
 Eldest son, delegation of power to, 134
 Lucien, delegation of power to, 146
 Will, provisions of, 149, 155-6, 165, 244
 Year of death, 156 *note*
- Clement V, Pope, 93
 Intervention on behalf of Bartolommeo Doria, 179
- Clement VI, Pope, 102
 Legate sent in 1344 to govern Naples, 99
 Trial and acquittal of Queen of Naples—Purchase of Avignon, 102, 104
- Clement VII, Pope, Election of Robert of Geneva as, 112
- Clement XI, Pope—*"Vaini-affair,"* 237
- Comines, Philippe de, references to, 139, 142
- Condé, Louis-Joseph de Bourbon:
 Liaison with Marie-Catherine, Princess of Monaco, 267-8, 270—Marriage, 271
 Opposition to the Monarchy, 269
 Parliament of Paris reassembled by, after suspension of 1770, 270, 277
- Coni, Province of, 106
- Conrad III of Germany—Frederic Barbarossa named as heir on condition of establishing Italian and Imperial rights, 56-7

- Conrad of Lorraine, restoration of Italy to Berenger, 50
- Corbons, Henri Grimaldi, Lord of—Agent to France for Honoré II, 199, 200
- Treaty of Péronne, conclusion of, 201
- “Corniche,” 11
- Corsica :
Legend of martyred Sainte Dévote, 14-7
- Order of Knighthood created by Paoli—Chevalier de Sainte Dévote, 17
- Crécy, Battle of, 87-9
- Cremona, Siege of, 123-4
- Créquy, Marquis de (Louis-le-Debonnaire), 248
- Créquy, Marquise de :
Souvenirs of, 246, 249, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282
- Visit to Monaco, 248
- Crimean War, 321
- Curli, 65
- D
- Dame Blanche à l’Ecu Vert, Order of, 120
- Damietta, Siege of, 41
- Dangeau, references to, 217, 239
- Deffand, Marquise du, 261, 276
- Desmont, Province of, 106
- Dévote, Sainte, Patron-Saint of Monaco, 14-7, 149, 182
- Dolceacqua, Lord of, *see* Doria, Bartolommeo
- Doria, Andrea, Lord of Oneglia
Assistance given to Bartolommeo Doria, murderer of Lucien Grimaldi, 156-7, 160, 173
- Mentone, bombardment of and subsequent conduct, 174-6
- Doria, Antony—Joint command with Charles Grimaldi of fleet raised to aid France against England, 86-8
- Doria, Bartolommeo, Lord of Dolceacqua—Murder of Lucien Grimaldi, 157-9
- Complicity of Andrea Doria, 156-7, 160, 173
- Grievances against Lucien, 157
- Doria, Bartolommeo—Murder of Lucien Grimaldi (*cont.*):
Object of crime alleged, restoration of Marie de Villeneuve, 159—Letter of justification, 166
- Retreat from Monaco, 160, 165
- Protection by Francis I of France, 161, 173
- Vengeance taken by Augustin Grimaldi, 179
- Doria Family, 61, 65, 68, 78, 120
- Grimaldi succession, place in, under will of Claudine Grimaldi, 156
- Hostility to Grimaldi House, 156
- Marriage with Grimaldis notwithstanding family rivalry, 86
- Riot provoked by a Doria, resulting revolt of Genoa from France, 147
- Douglas-Hamilton, Lady Mary Victoria — Marriage with Albert I of Monaco, 336—Flight to Florence, dissolution of the marriage, 337
- Dubarry, Madame
Arrest during French Revolution, 285
- Campaign against Duc de Choiseul, 269
- Duclos, Norbert—Indictment of Honoré V, 298, 300, 301, 320
- Dumas, references to, 213, 217
- Dumont, references to, 335, 337, 338, 340, 341
- Duprat, Chancellor, 172
- Durante, references to, 151 *note*, 152
- Durazzo, Charles Duke of—Murder of Andrew of Hungary
- Charge against Queen of Naples—Question of complicity of Charles, 102-3
- Killed by Louis of Hungary in revenge, 105, 113
- Durazzo, Charles Duke of (son of above):
Runaway marriage with Mary of Naples, 98
- Succession to crown of Naples as Charles III—Imprisonment and murder of Queen Jane, 113

- Durazzo, Charles Duke of (*cont.*):
 Murder of Charles by two
 Queens of Hungary, 114
and note
- Durazzo, John Duke of—Heir to
 Provence failing Dukes of
 Taranto, 95 *note*
- Durfort, Louise de, 278
- Duval and Lefevre, Messieurs, con-
 cessionaires of bains-de-mer
 and Casino at Monte Carlo,
 331
- E
- Ecluse, Naval battle of, 86
- Edward III of England, struggle
 against—Grimaldis fighting
 in support of France, 69,
 86-8
- Elizabeth of Hungary:
 Coronation of son, efforts to
 arrange, 99
 Murder of Charles III of Naples,
 114 *note*
- Enghien, Duc d', 271
- Entremont, Governor of Nice:
 Monaco, Siege of, 131
 Roccabruna and Mentone, sent
 to quell rebellion in, 132
- Ermengarde, daughter of Louis II,
 27
- Este, Beatrice d', 140-1
- Eugene of Savoy, Prince, 243
- Eutyclus, 15
- Exclusive des Céréales*, *see* Bread,
 Monopoly of
- Executions—Spanish methods in
 the sixteenth century, 186
- F
- Fabius Maximus, 38
- Fabius Valens, 13
- Favart, Justine, 259 *and note*
- Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain,
 170, 171
- Ferdinand of Naples—Betrayal by
 Louis XII of France, 153
- Ferrandina, Admiral, 199
- Ferté-Imbault, Madame de La,
 263
- Fieschi Family, 61, 68
- Flight from Genoa after Guelph
 defeat—Alliance with Charles
 of Anjou against Genoa, 62,
 63-4
- Fleurus, Battle of, 242
- Florence:
 Alliance with Charles VIII of
 France against Naples, 139
 Venice and Florence—War
 against Milan, 123
- Floristan I of Monaco:
 Accession, 309-10
 Character, career before acces-
 sion, 309
- Exactions and oppressions—
 Nominal abolition of Bread
 Monopoly, etc., 310-3
- Marriage, 309
- Revolt of Mentone, *see* Mentone
- Situation on his death in 1856,
 327
- Folietta, Ubertus, reference to,
 86
- Fontarabia, Siege of, 257
- Fontenoy, 259
- Fort Hercules—Name substituted
 for Monaco during French
 Revolution, 285
- Founder of Monaco, Hercules as,
see Hercules
- Fouquier-Tinville, 281, 282
- France and Monaco:
 Breach with France, Causes,
 etc., leading to establish-
 ment of Spanish Protector-
 ate of Monaco:
 Aggressive policy of Louis XII,
 relations with Lucien
 Grimaldi, etc., 152-3,
 176
- Attempts to force a garrison
 on Monaco—frustration,
 153-5
- Murder of Lucien Grimaldi,
 protection of murderer by
 France, 161, 173
- Augustin Grimaldi's appeal
 to France and Germany,
 166
- Francis I's attempts to
 counteract German in-
 fluence 174

France and Monaco :

Breach with France :

Murder of Lucien Grimaldi
—Protection of murderer
by France (*cont.*) :

Open breach—Acceptance
of German Protectorate,
173-8

Reasons stated in Augustin
Grimaldi's letter to Francis
I, etc., 176

Return to French Allegiance:
Duration of French Pro-
tectorate, 296

Struggle for Monaco, *see*
Spain and Monaco—
Revolt

Bueil, Count Hannibal of, re-
volt against Savoy—French
action, 195-6

French attempt on Monaco
during reign of Charles II, 182

Huguenot troubles at La Rochelle,
196, 198

League warfare :

Anti-national character of
The League, Spanish sup-
port, etc., 183

Guise's attempt on Monaco—
Failure, 185-6

Provence, resistance of—
Marseilles secured for Henry
IV by Libertat, 184-5

Submission of The League
(1596) to Henry IV, 184

Treaty of Vervins, 186

Monte Carlo gaming tables,
Petition for closing of—Peti-
tion supported by Italy and
England, 335

Napoleon I and the Napoleonic
Wars, *see* that title

Plainte of Princess of Monaco—
Decree of Parliament of Paris,
269-70

Revolution, 270

Abolition of Principality of
Monaco, 282-3

Name—Fort Hercules sub-
stituted for Monaco, 285

Republic of Monaco—Alli-
ance with and subsequent
annexation by France, 284

France and Monaco :

Revolution (*cont.*) :

Condition of Monaco on
accession of Honoré IV,
289

Revolution of 1848, 319

Turin, Treaty of—Nice and
Savoy ceded to France 322—
Compensation paid to Charles
Grimaldi, 323

France, Hector, references to, 14,
17, 294, 330

Francis I of France :

Character, 177

Horoscope, 167, 168

Intrigue with Mary Tudor, wife
of Louis XII, 169

Marriage with Claude of France,
169

Milan, campaign against, Battle
of Marignano, etc., 171

Monaco, relations with, breach
with Grimaldis, etc. :

Doria, Bartolommeo, shelter
given to, 161, 173

refer also to France and
Monaco

Pavia, defeat at, captivity at
Madrid, etc., 178

"Tout est perdu, sauf l'honneur"
message, 178

Franks :

Charles Martel, *see* that title

Lombard rule in Italy destroyed
by, 24, 25

Fraxinet, Saracen Fortress, *see*
Provence

Frederic II of Germany :

Excommunicated for neglect of
Crusader's vow, 58

Learning, wit, etc., 59

Marriage with Yolande, heiress
of Jerusalem, 58

Frederic Barbarossa :

Accession to Crown of Germany
—Conditions, 56-7

Cruelties, 57

Grimaldis fighting for, 41

Milan and Dependencies re-
duced—Formation of Lom-
bard League, 57

Repulse of Barbarossa at Battle
of Legnano, 58

- Fregoso, House of, 119
 Pandolf at Siege of Genoa, 129
 Paul, Doge of Genoa—Cruelty of rule, revolt of towns of Riviera, 129
 Peter, Doge of Genoa, 128
 Marriage, 127
 Sovereignty of Genoa offered to France, subsequent revolt, 128
 Pommeline :
 Marriage with John Grimaldi, 125, 127
 Revolt fomented at Mentone and Roccabruna, 131-2
 Thomas, Doge of Genoa, 125, 127
 Fréjus, 35
 Froissart, reference to, 87
 Froulay, Marquise-Douairière de (Julie-Thérèse Grimaldi), 250

G

- Gades (Cadiz), 4
 Colonisation by Phœnicians, 6
 Garibaldi, 322
 Gemonian Stairs, 13
 Genoa :
 Abbot or People's Magistrate, refusal of Simon Boccanegra to accept office, 78
 Alfonso of Aragon, attacks on city, 128
 Bank of St. George, origin of, 80
 Catalan Pirates, hostilities against, 77
 Doge :
 First Doge—Simon Boccanegra, 79
 Hostility of the Four Families—Retirement of Boccanegra to Pisa, 79
 Morta, John de—Election, 79
 Re-election of Simon Boccanegra, 89
 Revolt against nobles—Election of a dyer as Doge, 148
 Faction fighting amongst leading families, 61, 68, 78, 119

Genoa :

- France, sovereignty of :
 Charles VI—Governors sent by France, 120-1
 Revolt and massacre of the French, 121-2
 Charles VII—Submission and subsequent revolt by Doge Peter Fregoso, 128
 Louis XII—visit of state, 144-5
 Revolt against France by Genoese populace after rising against own aristocracy, 147 148
 Louis XII's expedition—Triumphal entry into Genoa, etc., 149-50
 Monaco, attempt by rebels to seize, 1506, 148, 149
 Grimaldi Expeditions against, 80, 85
 Guelf and Ghibelline Conflict, position with regard to, 60-2
 War with Charles I and II of Anjou, 63-5
 Milan, Dukes of—Sovereignty of Genoa :
 Sforza holding Genoa as a fief of France, 130
 Visconti, sovereignty of, 122
 Ownership and Occupation of Monaco, 43-5, 61, 91-2
 Revolts against aristocracy, 78
 Estates of nobles restored—Grimaldis and others forbidden to come within ten miles of the town, 79-80
 Guillon and member of Doria family affair, 146-7
 Saracen Invasion, Protection by Genoa of towns of Ligurian littoral, 25
 Siege of Genoa—Castle sold by Bartolommeo Grimaldi to the enemy, 128, 129
 Venice, rivalry with, 77
 Geoffrin, Madame, 261
 George III of England—Acknowledgment of Prince of Monaco's kindness to Duke of York, 277

- Germany :
- Decay of Royal power—Difficulties of Emperor with nobles of wavering allegiance, 51, 55-6
 - Origin of Kingdom of Germany, 49
 - Rival Candidates in 1519 for Imperial Crown, 171
- Geryon's Cattle, Capture of, 4
- Giard, M. Alfred, on oceanographic discoveries of Albert I, 340
- Gibbon, references to, 12, 22, 58
- Gibert de la Metz, Marie-Louise-Caroline—Married to Florestan I of Monaco, 309-10
- “Corner Queen,” rule as, 312-3
- Mentonese revolt—Interview with Mentonese sailor, 318
- Persecution of Lady Mary Douglas-Hamilton, share in, 336
- Gioffredo, references to, 29, 35, 37, 38, 69, 75, 76, 88 *note*, 107, 146, 187, 210
- Giotto, 96
- Glandevès, 75
- Gloucester, Duke of—Acknowledgment of Prince of Monaco's kindness to Duke of York, 277
- Goethe—Admiration of Marie-Catherine de Brignole, 271, 272
- Gonnet, General, 317
- Goths :
- Erroneous use of word “Goth,” 21-2
 - Invasion of Gaul, Pillage of Monaco, etc., 22
- Goyon-Matignon, Jacques-François-Léonor de, Comte de Thorigny: Marriage with Louise-Hippolyte, heiress of Monaco, 240, 241, 245, 247-8
- Matrimonial schemes for Honoré III, 260
- Military career, 257
- Monegascons' refusal to recognise—Retirement to Paris, 252
- Rule as regent for Honoré III—acknowledgment as Sovereign Prince, 257
- Gramont, Antoine de, 213, 218
- Grimaldi marriage for his daughter, insistence on, 221-2
- Gramont, Charlotte-Catherine de (“Madame de Monaco”)—Marriage with Louis I of Monaco, 213
- Birth of a son—Antoine, 226
- Character, appearance, family and education, 218-9
- Convent of the Visitation built by, 297 *note*
- Honoré II, affection for, 227
- Intrigue with Lauzun, 219, 220-2
- Lauzun's desertion, 231
- Monaco, life at, 226, 227
- Monsieur and Madame, relations with, 225
- Quarrels with her husband, 224-5, 226—Final rupture, 230
- Return to Paris, 228
- Relations with Louis XIV—Lauzun's jealousy, etc., 228-9
- Smallpox, death from, 231
- Gramont, Madame de, 276
- Granby, Lord—Dinner given to Honoré III of Monaco, 277
- Grasse, Bishop of, 118
- Grasse—Oath of fidelity to German Empire, 175
- Gratien, 16
- Great Cistern, 181
- Greek Fire, Description of missile, 26
- Gregory I, Pope, 24
- Gregory VII, Pope, 52, 53, 54, 55
- Gregory IX, Pope, 62
- Enmity against Frederic II for neglect of Crusades, 58
- Gregory XI, Pope—taken back to Rome by Catherine of Siena, 109
- Grimaldi, House of,
- Alberguetta, 74
 - Ambrose, 121
 - Andrea, 250-2
 - Anne Hippolyte—Marriage with the Duc d'Uzès, 241—Death, 241
 - Antibes, acquisition of, 118

Grimaldi, House of (*cont.*):

Antonio :

Catalan Pirates, defeat of, 77

Defeat at Loiera, loss of independence of Genoa, 80-1

Avaricious member of family immortalised in *Decameron*—

Tale of Ermino the Miser, 71-4

Bartolo, Governor of Calabria, 68

Bartolommea :

Marriage, 127

Siege of Castle of Genoa, conduct at, 128

Beatrisetta, 74

Bernabò, 74, 75-6

Bueil Branch of Grimaldi Family :

André—Share in attempted revolt against Charles-Emmanuel of Savoy, 195, 197

Etienne, 181

George—Conspiracy against Savoy, 151

Siege in Castle of Bueil, murder by valet, 151-2

Hannibal—Attempted revolt against Charles-Emmanuel I of Savoy, 194-7—Execution, 197

James, Baron de Bueil, 130

John de Bueil :

Capture and surrender of Monaco, 119, 121

Vintimiglia, attack on—Taken prisoner by Genoese, 119

John de Bueil, Seneschal of Nice—Surrender of Nice to Amadeus VII of Savoy, 118-9

Catalan, 127, 130

Charles I of Monaco—"The Great," *see* that title

Charles, son of Charles The Great, 92

Chevalier (Count Charles-Philip-Augustus)—Residence in England, 271-2

Collateral branches, 245

Country aristocracy, Grimaldi belonged to, 61

Grimaldi, House of (*cont.*):

Delfina, 74

England, Grimaldis fighting against in support of Philip VI of France, 69, 86-9

Escutcheon and coat-of-arms, 41, 67

Extinction of House of Grimaldi *pur sang*, 240-1

Extravagance—Andarone Grimaldi excluded from his Wife's Will for prodigality and bad management, 74

Flight from Genoa after Guelf defeat, 62

Florestine, widow of H.R.H. Prince Frederick of Würtemberg, 336

Fortification of Monaco, refuge of debtors and criminals alleged, 80

Francesca, Lady of Dolceacqua—Place in Grimaldi succession under will of Claudine, 156

Francesco "Malizia," 66, 68, 76 *note*, 165

Monaco retaken from Ghibellines, 66-7

Franchino—Seizure of ancient patrimony during war with Genoa, 64

François, Abbot of Monaco, 246

Gaspar—Military prowess at Siege of Genoa, 68

Giballin :

Fort from which Grimaldi conducted campaign against Saracens, 39

Saracen stronghold on Mount Maurus taken by, 33, 34-5

Territory conquered presented to Grimaldi alleged, 33, 34-5, 39

Guelf and Ghibelline Conflict :

Grimaldis as leading Guelfs, 61, 64

Robert of Naples—Guelf service promised in return for protection for a period of ten years, 68

Grimaldi, House of :

Guelf and Ghibelline Conflict
(*cont.*) :

War with Genoa :

Charles I and II of Anjou
supporting Monegas-
can Guelfs, 63-5

Abandonment of Monaco
by Charles II of Anjou
—transfer of Monaco
to Ghibellines and re-
covery by Guelfs, 65-7

Grimaldi Expeditions, 80, 85

Guglielmo, 74, 76

Henri, Lord of Corbons, *see*
Corbons

Hercules, son of Honoré II :

Marriage, 201

Shooting accident, death by,
210-1

Honoré, 132

Jeanne—Marriage with a Tri-
vulzio, 193

John Baptist, Doge of Genoa,
1752, 214

John, son of Rainier :

Accession to Monaco, 121

Catalan Pirates, warfare
against—Tax of 2 per cent.
enforced, 126

Marriage, family, etc., 125

Milanese Admiral at Siege of
Cremona, 123-4

Joseph :

Marriages, 280, 290 *and note*

Rule of Monaco as his
brother's delegate, 292, 293

Julie-Thérèse, Marquise-Dou-
airière de Froulay, 250

Lambert, *see* that title

Leonard—Mission to Charles-
Quint, 174, 175

Louis, 119, 121

Luke, 70-1, 132

Luke—Admiral of Provence, 118

Mark, Captain-General under
Charles V of France, 118

Naval and Military achieve-
ments, 69

Origin of House of Grimaldi :

Disputed genealogical tree
drawn up by Vénasque, 35-7

Lofty Italian origin, 41

Grimaldi, House of (*cont.*) :

Pietra—Visit to England,
Letter of Sir John Throg-
morton, etc., 213-4

Piracies—Grimaldi exploits, 65,
69, 80, 86, 120

Prince—Title conferred on Au-
gustin Grimaldi after Pavia,
179

Prince étranger—Rank accorded
to Antoine Grimaldi on his
marriage, 229, 238

Rabella—Secret Service Officer
of Robert of Naples, 68

Rainier, *see* that title

Rinaldo—Military prowess at
Siege of Genoa, 68

Saracens, mission against, 40-1,
see also subheading Giballin

Sovereignty of Monaco :

Abolition—Republic of Mon-
aco, 284

Date of Sovereignty—con-
flict of opinion as to earliest
date, 37, 44, 64

Origin of Sovereignty :

Donation by Otho—presen-
tation to "a Grimaldus"
of town of Antibes and
fortress of Mourgues (al-
leged), 37, 39

Saracen stronghold taken
by Giballin Grimaldi—
conquered territory
presented to Grimaldi
by William of Pro-
vence, 33, 34-5

Deed of gift, question of
authenticity, 35, 38-9

Purchase of Monaco by
Charles Grimaldi, 85

Restoration of Princes by
Treaty of Paris, 1814, 291-2

Spécieuse, 42

Troubadour member of family—
Luke Grimaud, 70-1

Women—Distinguished allian-
ces, 41-2

For reigning Lords and Princes,
see their first names

Grimaud or Grimault, Gulf of (St.
Tropez), 29, 35

Grimoald, son of Pépin d'Héristal, 36

- Guarco, House of, 119
 Guelf and Ghibelline Conflict :
 Battle cries, "Guelf" and
 "Ghibelline" first used as, 59
 Bishops taken prisoners and
 loaded with silver chains—
 Guelf defeat, 62
 Genoa, position with regard to
 conflict, 60-2, 63-5, 122
 Grimaldi, House of, *see* that title
 Origin of—Origin of terms, 49,
 55-6
 Original significance forgotten
 as rivalry grew fiercer, 60
 Guesclin, Bertrand de :
 Commander of Forces of Louis
 of Anjou in campaign against
 Jane of Naples, 106-7
 Ugliness and fascination, 107
 Guiche, Armand de, 225, 228
 Guillon—Dispute over basket of
 mushrooms with one of the
 Dorias, revolt of Genoa from
 France resulting, 147
 Guise, Duc de :
 Attempt to surprise Monaco, 185
 Mission against the Leaguers of
 Marseilles, 184, 185

H

- Hallam, references to, 42, 101, 118
 Harcourt, Comte d', 199, 200
 Hawkwood, Sir J., and his White
 Company, 107, 117-8
 Hecatæus of Miletus, reference to,
 9 *and note*
 Heine, Alice, *see* Richelieu, Alice
 Duchesse de
 Heine, Henri, 337
 Henry I, the Fowler, 49
 Henry III, Emperor—Reform of
 the Papacy, 52
 Henry IV, Emperor :
 Excommunication and dethrone-
 ment by Pope Gregory VII,
 52
 Penance done at Castle of
 Canossa, 53-5
 Henry IV of France :
 Character, etc., 183, 184
 Hannibal, Count of Bueil, notice
 of, 194

- Henry VI, Emperor, 58
 Confirmation of Raymond Ber-
 enger's presentation of Mo-
 naco to Genoa, 43
 Henry VIII of England :
 Alliance with France and Spain
 against Milan, 171
 Candidature for the Empire, 171
 Henry Jasomirgott, 55, 56
 Henry the Lion, 55
 Henry the Proud, Duke of Bavaria
 —Claim to Crown of Suabia,
 55, 56
 Hercules :
 Mythical Founder of Monaco—
 Phœnician Theory, 3-4
 Origin of confusion between
 Greek and Phœnician Her-
 cules, 9
 Origin of name "Hercules," 4
 note
 Hercules I, Prince of Monaco :
 Accession, 183
 Character, 186
 Murder by his subjects, 187
 Vengeance taken by the
 Prince di Valdetare, 191
Herculis Portus—earliest name of
 Monaco, 4
 Hildebrand, *see* Gregory VII
 Hiram, Navy of, 6
 Hohenlinden, 290
 Holy Alliance, 295 *and note*, 296
 Holy Roman Empire, Origin of,
 51
 Honoré I of Monaco, 165
 Accession, 181
 Campaigns against the Turks,
 181, 182
 Death, 182
 Honoré II of Monaco, 36
 Attempted murder by assassins
 of Hercules I, 187
 France, sojourn in, 210
 Louis XIII, meeting with at
 Perpignan, French Orders
 conferred on Honoré, etc., 208
 Marriage—Alliance with the
 Trivulzio, 193
 Revolt against Spain, *see*
 Spanish Protectorate
 Summary of administration—
 Death in 1662, 212, 227

- Honoré III of Monaco (Honoré-Camille-Léonor):**
 Birth, 248, 249
 Character, 262, 285
 Date of accession, 253
 England, relations with:
 Duke of York's visit and death at Monaco, 275, 276
 —Acknowledgment by George III and Duke of Gloucester, 277
 Visit to England, 277
 Horse-breeding at Thorigny, 268
 Intrigue with Anna, Marchesa di Brignole-Sala, 261-2
 Marriage with Marie-Catherine di Brignole, 265
 Circumstances of courtship and marriage, 263-6
 Rupture with his wife, 268-9
 Vengeance on servant suspected of furthering his wife's intrigue, 277-8
 Matrimonial projects:
 Goyon-Matignon's schemes, refusal to fall in with—
 Imprisonment at Arras, 260
 La Vallière, Mlle. de—abortive project, 264
 Military career with Maurice de Saxe in Flanders, wounded at Raucoux, etc., 258, 259, 260
 Revolution in France, loss of all power as Prince, departure from Monaco, 283
 French fiefs, loss of—compensation decreed, 283, 289
 Imprisonment during, 272, 285—Release and death, 271, 285
- Honoré IV of Monaco (Honoré-Charles-Maurice):**
 Birth, 266
 Date of Accession—Condition of heritage, etc., 289
 Ill-health, 289, 292—Delegation of power to his brother Joseph, 292
 Marriage, 278—Divorce, 280, 290
 Paris, death in, 293 *note*
- Honoré V (Honoré-Gabriel):**
 Arrival in Monaco—Meeting with Napoleon I on his escape from Elba, 293-4
 Information given to Sardinian Government, 295
 Claim to govern for his father, 293
 Exactions and oppressions—
 Absenteeism, monopolies, export duties, etc., 298-305
 Grand Equerry to Josephine—
 Fidelity to Josephine after the divorce, 290
 Military career, 290
 Pamphlet on pauperism, 301, 305
 Summary of reign—Death and epitaph, 305
- Hugo, King of Italy:**
 Saracens, successes against, while Governor of Provence, 30
 Vicissitudes as King of Lombardy and King of Italy, 30-2
- Huns, 24**
- I
- Illonza, Seigneurie of, purchase by Astruga Grimaldi—Refusal of Illonzians to do homage, 75**
- Importance of Monaco in early days, 9**
- Innocent XII, Pope, 237**
- Investitures, War of—Origin, 55**
- Isolda, 100**
- Italy:**
 Battleground of France and Germany, 171
 Liberal explosion in Piedmont, 1821, 313
 Pius IX, federation under, 322
 Union under Victor-Emmanuel, 322
- J
- James of Majorca, 108**
- Jane I, Queen of Naples, 91**
 Alteration of succession—Policy of Charles II of Anjou and Boniface VIII, 92-4, 113

- Jane I, Queen of Naples (*cont.*):
 Beauty, character, education, etc., 95-6
 Danger of position, runaway marriage of Duke of Durazzo with heir-presumptive, 98
 Hungarian efforts to press forward coronation of Andrew of Hungary, etc., 99
 Grimaldis in service of Queen of Naples, 105-8
 Heiress of Provence—Will of Charles II set aside, 95
 Marriage with Andrew of Hungary, 94-8
 Marriages subsequent to death of first husband, 104, 108
 Misery of situation, Petrarch's description of, 98
 Murder of Andrew of Hungary—Charge against Jane, flight to Avignon, 99-104
 Recall of Jane to Naples—Luigi de Taranto made King, 105
 Succession to Crown of Naples: Adoption by Jane of Louis of Anjou as heir and exclusion of Durazzo, 113
 Durazzo crowned by Urban VI as Charles III of Naples, 113
 Urban VI and Naples—Deposition and death of Jane, 112, 113, 114
 Jerningham, Edward—Visit to Marie-Catherine de Brignole after her marriage to Condé, 271
 Joanna of Spain, 170
 John I of Monaco:
 Campaign against Naples, share in, 143
 Charles VIII of France, relations with, 143
 Genoa, presence at on occasion of Louis XII's state visit, 144
 Appointment as Governor of Vintimiglia by Louis XII, 145
 Murder, supposed—Suspicion resting on Lucien Grimaldi, 146, 151
 Will, provisions of, 245, 252
 Jolans, references to, 339, 341
 Juan, Don, of Austria, 182
 Julius Cæsar, 10
 Justinian, 22
- L
- La Bruyère, reference to, 219
 La Fayette, Admiral—Mission to Augustin Grimaldi, 174
 La Garde-Freinet, 29
 La Grande Mademoiselle, Lauzun's courtship of, 231
 La Turbia:
 Battle at, 258
 Boundary of Monaco:
 Delimitation arranged between Honoré III and Charles-Emmanuel of Savoy, 275
 Difficulties with Savoy, 125
 Louis XIV, conquest by, union in perpetuity with Principality of Monaco, 242
 Origin of name, 11
 Position commanding Monaco from landward side, 148
 Savoy, jurisdiction of, 166, 243 *note*, 244, 258
 La Vallière, Mlle. de—Marriage project with Honoré III of Monaco, 264
 Laghetto, Church and Convent of, 211
 Lambert of Monaco:
 Appointments—Governor of Vintimiglia, etc., 130, 132, 133
 Carnolès, Church and Convent built, 133
 Marriage with Claudine and succession as Lord of Monaco, 130
 Purchase of part of Mentone, 132
 Revolt against Sforza—Surrender of Monaco, 131
 Lamberts, 28
 Lara, Isidore de—Musical productions at Monte Carlo, etc., 340
 Larousse, reference to, 309
 Laufeld, 259

- Lauzun ("Puyguilhem") :
 Intrigue with "Madame de Monaco," 219, 220-2
 Desertion of "Madame de Monaco," courtship of La Grande Mademoiselle, 231
 Jealousy of the King, 228-9
 Personal appearance, 219
- Legnano, Battle of, 58
- Lemprière, reference to, 12
- Lepanto, 182
- Lérins, Monks of, 17
- Les Spélugues and Châteauneuf—
 Towers built by Pertinax for protection of Port of Hercules, 14
 Plateau of Les Spélugues, the present site of Casino, 14 *note*
- Libertat, Pierre de—Liberator of Marseilles, 184-5
- Liguria, 61, 78, 132
 Conquest by the Romans, 10
 Lombard conquest, 23
 Narses the Eunuch, recovery of Liguria from Barbarians, 23
 Period of prosperity, 21
 Provence included in province of, 27
 Saracen invasion, 27
- Ligurians, 4, 9
- Loiera, loss of Genoese independence at, 80, 81
- Lombard League, formation of, 57
- Lombards :
 Alboin, invasion of, 23
 Dominion in Italy, period of—
 Hatred by Italians, 24, 25
 Longbeards, origin of nickname given by Italians, 24
 Place of origin, 24
- London, Treaty of, 244 *note*, 257-8
- Longo, Antonio, reference to, 160
- Loria, Roger de, 85
- Lorraine-Armagnac, Marie de—
 Marriage with Antoine Grimaldi, 229, 238
 Character, 239
 Failure to bear a son, 240-1, 245
 Marriage of heiress, disputes between husband and wife, 247
Mon Désert, 253
- Lorraine-Armagnac, Marie de (*cont.*) :
 Monaco, sojourn at and escape from, 239-40
 Return to Monaco, 240
- Lorraine, Henri de, Comte d'Har-court, 199, 200
- Lorraine, Prince Charles of, 246
- Louis I of Anjou :
 Adopted as heir of Queen of Naples, 106
 Grimaldi, Rainier, title of Admiral of the Mediterranean, etc., conferred on, 108
 Hostilities against Naples and Provence—Bribes offered to Rainier Grimaldi, 106-8
 War against Charles III of Naples, 117
- Louis II of Anjou, 119
- Louis XI of France, 130, 133
- Louis XII of France :
 Accession, 143
 Anne of Brittany, marriage with, 167, 168
 Cambrai, League of, author of, 153
 Savoy, Charles of, bringing into League, 151
 Character, 153
 Charles VIII's Naples campaign, share in, 142
- Genoa :
 State visit to, costumes, etc., 144-5
 Suppression of revolt, triumphal entry, etc., 149-50
- Matrimonial schemes for the Princess Claude, 169
- Milan :
 Claim to, 142
 Expedition against—Submission of Milan and Genoa, 143-4
 Loss of, 171
- Monaco, importance attached to, dealings with Lucien Grimaldi, etc., 143, 153, 154-5, 176
 Garrison, attempt to force on Monaco, 153-4
- Tudor, Mary, marriage with—
 Death, 166-7, 169

- Louis XIII of France :
- Anne of Austria, marriage with, 196
 - Godfather to Louis Grimaldi, promise, 209
 - Savoy, alliance with, 196
- Louis XIV of France :
- Admiration of Madame de Monaco—Lauzun's trick, 228-9
 - Duchy-Peerage of Valentinois, Prince of Monaco permitted to divest himself of in favour of his heiress's husband, 246
 - Godfather to Louis Grimaldi, 209
- Louis XV of France—Relations with Parliament of Paris, 269
- Louis XVIII of France—Restoration, 291
- Louis-le-Debonnaire, 49
- Louis of Hungary :
- Marriage negotiations, 94, 97
 - Murder of Andrew of Hungary :
 - Reply to letter from Queen of Naples asserting her innocence, 103-4
 - Revenge—Invasion of Italy, murder of Charles of Durazzo, 104, 105
- Louis-Philippe—Flight from Paris in 1848, 319
- Louis I of Monaco :
- Birth—Godson of Louis XIV, 209
 - Character, appearance, etc., 217-8, 220, 223, 235—Saint-Simon's portrait, 235
 - Date of Accession to Principality, 227
 - Legal studies—Code promulgated in 1678, 235
 - Lorraine's, Marie de, accusation, 240
 - Love Affairs :
 - Anne of Austria's caprice, 225
 - Mancini, Hortense, liaison with—Rivalry with Charles II of England, 228, 230
 - Marriage with Charlotte-Catherine de Gramont, 213, 220-3
 - Relations with his wife, 224-5, 226
- Louis I of Monaco—Marriage with Charlotte-Catherine de Gramont (*cont.*) :
- Vengeance for infidelities, 231, 278
 - Rome, embassy to—Extravagance displayed, etc., 236, 240
 - Success, question of—Death due to Vaïni-affair, 237
- Louis - Honoré - Charles - Antoine, present Hereditary Prince of Monaco—Birth, 337
- Louise-Hippolyte, Heiress of Monaco :
- Marriage question—suitors, disputes between her parents, etc., 246-7
 - Marriage with Jacques-François-Léonor de Goyon-Matignon—Conditions imposed, etc., 240, 241, 245, 246-8
 - Passion of Victor-Amadeus II of Savoy, 248-9
 - Rule as reigning Princess—Early death, 252
- Louise of Savoy, Countess of Angoulême, 167
- Bourbon, Constable of, ruin of, 172
- Lucien Grimaldi, Lord of Monaco :
- French aggression—Lucien's relations with Louis XII, etc., 152-5, 176
 - Genoese expedition of Louis XII, share in, 149-50
 - Installation at Monaco, 146
 - John Grimaldi, murder of, suspicion resting on Lucien—Action of Duke of Savoy, etc., 146, 151
 - Marriage with Anne de Pontevéz, 156 *note*
 - Murder by Bartolommeo Doria, 156-61
 - Avenged by Augustin Grimaldi, 165-6, 173, 179
 - Reopening of room in which murder took place, under Prince Charles III, 187
- Luigi of Taranto, 98, 102, 108
- Marriage with Queen Jane of Naples, crowned King, 104, 105

M

- "Madame de Monaco," *see* Gramont, Charlotte Catherine de Magdeburg, 24
 Magenta, 322
 Mahomet, 25
 Malta, Siege of (1565), 182
 Mancini, Hortense :
 Louis I of Monaco, liaison with, 228, 230—Rupture, 230
 Rivalry with "Madam Carwell" for Charles II of England, 230
 Manfred—Dethroned by Charles of Anjou, 63
 Marie-Louise of Austria, 290
 Marignano, 171, 172
 Marseilles—Siege by Spanish forces, 175
 Martin, Henri, reference to, 183
 Mary, granddaughter of Robert I of Naples—Marriage, 94, 97, 98-9
 Mary of Burgundy, 170
 Mary of Valois, 96
 Massima, Duke, of Rome, 38
 Matignon, Abbé Léon de, Bishop of Lisieux—Anecdotes from *Créquy Souvenirs*, 249-50
 Matilda, Countess of Tuscany—Devotion to the Holy See, 53-4
 Maurice of Savoy, Envoy to Honoré II on behalf of Spain, 206
 Maximilian I of Germany, 170, 171
 Hostility to Charles VIII of France, 142
 Mazarin, Cardinal, Grimaldi-Gramont Marriage suggested by, 220
 Mazarin, Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de, *see* Mancini
 Mazarin, Louise d'Aumont, Duchesse de, *see* Aumont
 Mazzini, 314
 Mediterranean Coast — Harbour fortresses established by Phœnicians, 6-7
 Melkarth or Hercules—Phœnician theory of founding of Monaco, 4, 6
 Meloria, Battle of, 68
 Menelaus, King of Sparta, 7
 Mentone and Roccabruna :
 Bombardment of Mentone by Andrea Doria, 175
 Claudine's Chapel—Miracles, 133
 Purchase by Grimaldis, 90, 132
 Residence of Charles Grimaldi after surrender of Monaco, 91
 Revolt of Mentone and Roccabruna from Monaco, 132, 313
 Desire for Annexation by Sardinia, Sardinian flag hoisted, 319
 French hostility, desire never fulfilled, 321
 Florestan I, reply to demands for reform, etc., 314-5, 317
 Charter of the Sardinian Constitution, issue of, 318
 Free Towns, declaration as, National Guard formed, 319
 Monaco, abstention from revolt—Explanation, 320
 Recovery, Attempts at :
 Charles III's attempt, 327-8
 Decree of perpetual banishment against Princes of Monaco, 320-1
 Trenca, Charles, action of, 315-7
 Turin, Treaty of—Cession to France, feeling in Mentone, 322-3
 Compensation paid to Charles III, 323
 Savoy, Suzerainty of—Homage claimed in respect of Mentone and Roccabruna, 126, 146
 Claudine of Monaco, Will of—Homage forbidden, 149
 Confirmed by Arbitration in 1704, 244
 Renewal of claim by Sardinia, 297
 Succession of Rainier and Charles Grimaldi as joint Lords, 92

Mérode, Comtesse Antoinette-Ghis-laine de—Marriage with Charles III of Monaco, 330—Death, 336

Métivier, references to, 35, 36, 37, 44, 67, 108, 126, 146, 178, 180, 181, 187, 237, 253, 291, 292, 300, 309, 310

Milan :
 Conquest of city and dependencies by Frederic Barbarossa, 57
 Genoa, humiliation of—Disaster at Loiera, 80-1
 Louis XII of France, conquest by, 144
 Lost by Louis XII (1513), recaptured by Francis I (1515), 171, 172
 Sforza and Visconti, *see* those names

Mirepoix, Madame de, 276

Monaco *et ses Princes*, 36

Moncade, Spanish Admiral—Defeat off Nice, 175

Moneghetti, Plains of—Fortifications of Septimus Severus, 14

Monæcus—First application of epithet to "Port of Hercules," 9

Mons Maurus, 29, 31, 33, 34

Montaldo, House of, 119

Monte Carlo :
 Atmosphere of scandal, etc., 331-2
 Building of Casino, etc., 331
 Purchase by M. François Blanc, 331—Extension of concession in 1898, Conditions, 339
 Requests that gaming tables should be closed, 334-5
 Suicides, roll of—Funeral arrangements, etc., 341

Montferrat, 58

Montferrat, Marquis de—Chosen as Governor by Genoese, 122

Monzon, Treaty of, 198

Moreri, 35

"Mourgues"—Provençal name for Monaco, 37, 39

Murat, 290

Muratori, 101

N

Name :
 Earliest name, 4
 First application of name *Monæcus* to "Port of Hercules," 9
 "Fort Hercules," reversion to, during French Revolution, 285
 "Mourgues"—Provençal name, 37, 39

Namur, Siege of, 242

Naples :
 Angevin rule, period of, 63
 Appointment of Conrad le Loup by Louis of Hungary, 105
 Charles VIII of France, Campaign of, 138-9, 141-2
 Succession to Crown of Naples, etc., *see* Jane I

Napoleon I and the Napoleonic Wars, 290
 Empire, fall of, 291
 English attack on Monaco, disastrous explosion, 290-1
 Escape from Elba—Interview with Honoré V of Monaco, 293-4
 Warning given by Honoré to Sardinian Government, 294, 295
 Hundred Days—English occupation of Monaco, 295-6
 Traces left in Monaco, 292

Napoleon III :
 Grimaldi claim to absolute sovereignty, acquiescence in, 329
 Italy, alliance with—Campaign of 1858 and Conference of Villafranca, 321-2

Narses the Eunuch—Liguria won back from barbarians, unpopularity, etc., 23

Nero, 12, 13

Nice, 106 :
 French attack (1705), 242
 Petition for closing of Monte Carlo tables, 334
 Saracen pirates, Nice freed from, by Giballin Grimaldi, 39-40
 Surrender by John Grimaldi to Amadeus of Savoy, 118-9

- Nice (*cont.*):¹
 Turin, Treaty of—Cession to France, 322
 Noli—Grimaldi fief, 65
 Nostredame, Jean de, reference to, 70, 71
 Nostredamus, reference to, 107 *note*
 Novara, Battle of, 321
 Novi, Paul de, dyer elected Doge of Genoa, 1506, 148—Hanged by Louis XII, 150
 Noyon, Louis, Bishop of, 272
- O
- Occupations, Protectorates, etc., of Monaco, *see* names of Towns and Countries
 Octavius, *see* Augustus Cæsar
 Odos, 28
 Oil Mills, affair of, 312-3
 Olive-tree, introduction by Phœcæans, 9
 Otho, defeat by Vitellius, 12
 Otho of Brunswick, 108, 112
 Otho the Great :
 Accession to throne of Germany as most powerful sovereign in Europe, 50
 Marriage, 50
 Presentation to "a Grimaldus" of town of Antibes and fortress of Mourgues alleged, 37, 39
 Restoration of Empire of Charlemagne, 51
 Saracens, expulsion of from Europe intended, 32
- P
- Pachiero, Father—Share in revolt against Spanish Protectorate, 202, 204, 205
 Padua, 57
 Palace of Monaco :
 Decay of, 300, 320
 Use made of, during and after the French revolution, 289 *and note*
 Pannonia, 23 *and note*
 Paoli, 17
 Papacy :
 Holy Roman Empire, struggle with Papacy, 51
 Reform of Papacy by Henry III, 52
 Revolt of Papacy—Henry IV excommunicated and dethroned by Papal Bull, 52
 Penance done by Emperor at Castle of Canossa, 53-5
 Schism in Western Church, cause of—Popes at Rome and Avignon, etc., 93-4, 109-12
 Hostility of Italians and Sicilians to Avignon, position of France, 109
 Papon, 35, 38
 Paris, Treaty of, 1814—Monaco restored to Grimaldis, Talleyrand's "interested intervention," 291
 Paris, Treaty of, 1815—Sardinia, Protectorate of Monaco given to, 296
 Patroclus, Funeral of—Phœnician description of silver bowl offered as prize to runners, 7
 Patron-Saint of Monaco, *see* Sainte-Dévote
 Pavia, 57
 Sieges of, 25, 178
 Pemberton, references to, 37, 121 *note*, 133, 278
 Pépin d'Héristal, 36, 38
 Péronne, Treaty of, 201, 242
 Pertinax, 13-14
 Perugia, Angelo da, 101
 Petrarch, 96, 98, 101
 Petrarch's Laura — Death from plague, 105
 Petruccelli della Gatina, 54
 Philip of Austria, 170
 Philip VI of France :
 Crécy, Battle of, 87-9
 Supported by Grimaldis against England, 69, 86-9
 Philip, Duke of Savoy, 167

- Philip II of Spain :
 Character, failure as candidate for the Empire, etc., 184
 France, relations with—Intervention in League warfare, 183
 Philip V of Spain, 236
 Philippa the Catanian, Governess of Princess Jane of Naples—Encouragement of sneers at Hungarian party, 97
 Torture and Death, 102 *note*
 Phocæan occupation of Tyrrhenian coast, 8-9
 Phœnician Theory of founding of Monaco, 4-7
 Phœnicians—Characteristics, Colonisation of Mediterranean Coast, etc., 6-8
 Pippin—Conquest of Lombards in return for Frankish Crown, 25
 Piracies by Grimaldis, 65, 80, 120
 Pisa, 62
 Pius IX :
 Election to Papacy—Edict of liberty and reform, 314
 Flight from Rome in 1848, 319
 Italian federation under, 1859, 322
 Plague, Louis of Hungary driven out of Italy by, 105
 Plessis, Armand du, Cardinal Richelieu—Policy, wars with Spain, etc., 198
 Polar Star, Greek name for, 5
 Pompey, 10
 Pontevez, Anne de—Marriage with Lucien Grimaldi, 156 *note*, 165
 Double wall built round room in which Lucien Grimaldi was murdered, 187
 Porta, Camilla—Rebuilding of Shrine of Laghetto, 211
 Poverty of Principality of Monaco, 245
 Exhaustion after Napoleonic Wars, 292
 Pragmatic Sanction, 258
 Pretenders to various Crowns—Rival Dukes and Kings blinding and poisoning each other, 28
Prince étranger—Rank accorded to Antoine Grimaldi on his marriage, 229, 238
 Prince of Monaco—Title conferred on Augustin Grimaldi after Pavia, 179
 Princes and Princesses of Monaco, *see* their first names
 Protectorates of Monaco, *see* names of towns and countries
 Provence :
 Avignon, sale to Pope Clement VI by Queen of Naples, 104
 Charlemagne's Empire, partition of—Provence assigned to Lothair, 27
 Count of—Full title, 43 *note*
 Dialect—Arabic words and phrases, 40
 France, Provence left as a legacy to, 133
 Kingdom of Provence :
 Formation, 27
 Included in Kingdom of Arles, 28
 Piedmont, provinces included—War with Counts of Savoy, 106
 Provinces included in, 27
 Religious Wars—Opposition to Henry IV, 184
 Saracens — Establishment in Provence, fortress of Fraxinet, 27, 30
 Site, conflict of opinion as to, 29
 War made upon Saracens by William, Count of Provence, 32
 "Puyguilhem," *see* Lauzun
 Punic Wars, 10
- Q
- Quadruple Alliance, War of, 257
 Quéroutilles, Louise de—Rivalry with Hortense Mancini, 230
- R
- Radziwill, Prince and Princess Constantin, 338

- Rainier Grimaldi, Admiral :
 Piracies in seas of England, 69
 Retirement to Noli after abandonment of Monaco by Charles II of Anjou, 65
 Victories at Meloria and Salerno, 68
- Rainier Grimaldi, son of the Admiral, 70
- Rainier of Monaco :
 Joint lord of Mentone, etc., 92
 Louis of Anjou :
 Bribes offered to Grimaldi to desert service of Queen of Naples, 107-8
 Campaign against Charles III of Naples, service in, 117
 Naples, service of, as Seneschal of Piedmont, 105-6
 Reinstatement in Monaco and death, 121
- Ranke, reference to, 182
- Raucoux, Battle of, 259
- Ravenna, 23
- Ravenna, Battle of, 1513, 171
- Ravenstein, Philippe de, Governor of Genoa in 1505, 146
- Reinaud, reference to, 35
- Rendu, references to, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 41, 44, 45, 64, 67, 81, 126, 178, 179, 180, 192, 236, 246, 252, 253, 278, 284, 285, 298, 301, 303 *note*, 310, 319
- René of Anjou, 126-7, 131
- Republic of Monaco—Alliance with France followed by annexation, 284
- Restoration of Princes of Monaco by Treaty of Paris (1814), 291
 European intervention, 292
 Organisation of restored Principality, 292
- Rey, Jérôme—Part played in Honoré II's revolt against Spain, 202, 203
- Richelieu, Alice, Duchesse de, Marriage with Albert I of Monaco, 337
 Character, fortune, "Court," 338-9
 Extension of Monte Carlo concession, attitude in regard to 339
 Music, amateur of, 340
- Richelieu, Cardinal de—Policy, wars with Spain, etc., 198
- Richilda, 27
- Robert, Friar, 96
- Robert of Geneva, 110 :
 Election as Pope at Avignon, 112
- Robert I of Naples—the "Wise," 91 *note*, 92
 Alteration of Succession, *see* title Jane I
 Aspirations to throne of Italy—Policy aided by Genoese dissensions, 68
 Grimaldis, loyal service of, 68
 Year of Death, 95
- Robinson, Mary, reference to, 140
- Roccabruna, *see* Mentone and Roccabruna
- Rochefoucauld, reference to, 219
- Roman Conquest of Liguria, 10
 Monument erected at La Turbia, 11
- Roman Road from Nice to Mentone, track followed, 11
- Roncy, Comte de—Suitor for hand of Louise-Hippolyte, heiress of Monaco, 247
- Rovra, Castle of, 76
- Roye, Comte de, 246
- Rudolph of Transjuran Burgundy, 30
- Ruffo, Margharita, 85

S

- Sabran, reference to, 192
- Saint-Pierre, Cardinal, 111
- Saint-Pol, Count de—Appointment as Governor of Genoa, recall, 120
- Saint-Remy, Seigneurie of, conferred on Honoré II of Monaco, 209
- St. Sebastian, Siege of, 257
- Saint-Simon, references to, 207, 217, 235, 237, 238, 241, 245, 246
- St. Tropez, 29, 35
- Sainte Dévote, Patron-Saint of Monaco, 14-7
 Interventions on behalf of Monaco, 149, 182

- Sainte-Suzanne, references to, 35,
91, 208, 300
- Salerno, Battle of, 68
- Sambracia, Gulf of, 35
- San Severino, Captain-General appointed by Queen of Naples, 107 *note*
- Saracen Invasions of Europe, 25-6, 27
- Arabic words and phrases, introduction into Provençal dialect, 40
- Expulsion of Saracens :
Nice freed from infidels, destruction of Little Fraxinet, 39-40
Otho's, Emperor, intended expedition, 32
- Giballin Grimaldi's ardour in Saracen-hunting, 39
- Greek fire—Secret filched by treachery from Romans of the Eastern Empire, 26
- Ligurian littoral, towns clustered together under protection of Genoa, 25
- Provence, establishment in, *see* Provence
- Repulse by Charles Martel and Charlemagne, 27
- War cry—Arab "shout of onset," 26
- Sardinia :
Catalans, revolt against, 77
Given to Savoy in exchange for Sicily, 244 *note*, 258
Kingdom of, *refer* to Savoy and Sardinia
- Savona :
Rising against nobles, 78
Surrender to Simon Boccanegra, 90
- Savoy and Sardinia :
Genoese attack on Monaco in 1506, conduct of Savoy—Results, terms of Claudine's will, 148, 149
La Turbia :
Boundary of Monaco, difficulties concerning, 125
Jurisdiction of Savoy, 166
Mentone and Roccabruna, claim to homage for, *see* Mentone
- Savoy and Sardinia (*cont.*):
Mentone, revolt of, action of Sardinia, 317-8
Provinces of Piedmont coveted by Counts of Savoy—Struggle with Rainier Grimaldi, 106
Sardinian attempts to secure Monaco :
Intervention of Talleyrand in 1814, 291
Protectorate conferred on Sardinia by Treaty of Paris, 1815, 296
Stupinigi, Treaty of, 296-7
Tobacco works of Monaco closed, 297
Trenca employed to sound Florestan I, 316
Sardinian declaration of war with Italy, 319
Sicily handed over to Savoy by Treaty of Utrecht, 244—Exchanged for Sardinia, 244 *note*, 258
Turin, Treaty of—Cession to France of Nice and Savoy, 322 *for* reigning Dukes, Kings, etc., *see* their first names
- Saxe, Maurice de—Military successes, campaign in Flanders, etc., 258-9
- Ségur, Comte de, references to, 138, 139, 272
- Septimus Severus—Fortifications on Plains of Moneghetti, 14
- Sforza—Dukes of Milan :
Francesco—Siege of Castle of Genoa, 129-30
Genoa held as fief from the Crown of France, 130
Galeazzo—Revolt of Lambert Grimaldi, 131
Lodovico (The Moor) :
Ally of Charles VIII of France, 139, 141—Change of policy, 142
Beatrice d'Este, mourning for, 141
Flight from Milan, 144
Imprisonment in iron cage at Loches by Louis XII, 150, 153
Leonardo da Vinci, patron of, 140

Sicily :

Angevin rule—Sicilian Vespers,
63

Handed over to Savoy by Treaty
of Utrecht, 244—Exchanged
for Sardinia, 244 *note*, 258

Sidonians, 7

Sidonius, reference to, 22

Sismondi, references to, 100, 129,
143

Slavs, 24

Solferino, 322

Solomon, King, 6

Sophia, Empress—Insulting mes-
sage to Narses, 23

Soprani, reference to, 71

Sous de Monaco, 302

Spain :

Charles VIII of France, hostility
to, 142

Phœnician trade with, 6

Spain and Monaco :

Establishment of Protectorate
over Monaco — Fighting
with France, etc. :

Augustin Grimaldi, Charles
V's overtures to, 173, 174

Burgos, Treaty of—Result of
Leonard Grimaldi's mission,
174, 175, 183

Naval action off Nice, bom-
bardment of Mentone, siege
of Marseilles, etc., 175

Pavia, Siege of, 178—recogni-
tion of Augustin Grimaldi's
services, 179

Revolt of Monaco under Honoré
II, causes, etc.—Struggle
between France and
Spain :

Abuses and extortions of
Spanish rule, futile protests
by Honoré II, 192, 193, 207

Childhood of Honoré II,
Valdetare's rule—Garrison
handed over to Spain,
191-2

Doubts aroused, Spanish sus-
picions, 193

Dispelled by Honoré's mar-
riage, 193

Garrison of Monaco in-
creased, 199

Spain and Monaco: Revolt of
Monaco under Honoré II—
Doubts aroused (*cont.*):

Marriage of Honoré II's
heir, suspicions allayed
by, 201

French campaigns against
Spain, effect of troubles at
La Rochelle, 198

Honoré II's overtures to
France through Grimaldi of
Corbons, 199

Lérins, Isles of, struggle for,
quarrels of French com-
manders, 198-200

Marseilles, attack planned
from—Further delay, 201-2

"Moving of Spanish troops,"
plot to admit French during,
202-4—Success, 205

Roussillon, conquest and an-
nexation by France, 208

Termination of Struggle—
Yearly celebration, etc.,
206-7

Compensation for Spanish
losses, 209

Spanish Orders, etc.,
Honoré II's letter re-
turning, 206

Treaty of Péronne, terms, etc.,
208-9

Spanish Succession, War of—Part
played by Monaco :

La Turbia conquered by the
French and handed over to
Monaco, 242—Reversion to
Savoy, 243 *note*, 244

Louis I of Monaco—Embassy to
Rome, 236-7

Loyalty and sacrifices of
Antoine I, 243

Nice, French attack on, sur-
render, etc.—use made of
Monaco, 242

Savoy's breach with France—
warning given to Vendôme by
Antoine Grimaldi, 242

Spinola, Aurelia—Marriage with
Hercules Grimaldi (Hercules
II), 201

Laghetto, shrine of, gifts to,
211

- Spinola Family, 61, 65, 68, 78
 Monaco conferred on Niccolo Spinola—Guelf and Ghibeline conflict, 66-7
 Sale to Charles Grimaldi in 1338, 85
 Strategic Value of Monaco, 207
 Street sweepings claimed as perquisite by Honoré V, 299, 332
 Stupinigi, Treaty of—Terms, etc., 296-7
 Stura, Province of, 106
 Suabia, Duke of, 49
see also Frederic Barbarossa

T

- Tacitus, reference to, 12
 Talleyrand, 237
 Re-establishment of Principality of Monaco, 291
 Taranto, Luigi of, *see* Luigi of Taranto
 Taranto, Philip Duke of, 95
 Tarascon—Surrender to Louis of Anjou, 107, 108
 Tarlatino—Commander of Genoese expedition against Monaco, 148, 149
 Tarshish or Tartessus, legendary riches, 6
 Tessé, Maréchal de, 250 *note*
 Theodoric the Great, description by Sidonius, 22
 Thorigny, Comte de, *see* Goyon-Matignon
 Throgmorton, Sir John—Letter to Viscount Lisle concerning the visit to England of Pietra Grimaldi, 213-4
 Tobacco Works of Monaco, closing of, 297
 Tortoris, Spirito—Murder of George Grimaldi, Baron de Bueil, 152
 Tour d'Auvergne, Louise-Henriette de la, proposed marriage with Honoré III of Monaco, 260
 Trenca, Charles :
 Action on behalf of Mentone in its revolt from Monaco, 315-7, 319, 321
 Dismissal from office, 316
 Death, 327

- Trevisa, 57
 Trevisani—Venetian Admiral at Siege of Cremona, 123-5
 Trivulzio, Italian house of—Matrimonial Alliances with Honoré II and his sister Jeanne, 193
 Troy, 7
 Tudor, Mary, sister of Henry VIII :
 Intrigue with Francis, afterwards Francis I, 169
 Marriages, 167
 Turenne, Antoinette de, 120
 Turin, Battle of, 243
 Turin, Treaty of, 1860, 322
 Tyre, 4-5
 Tyrrhenian Sea, *see* Mediterranean

U

- Urban V, Pope—return to Rome and subsequent flight to Avignon, 109
 Urban VI, Pope :
 Election of, 110, 111, 112
 Jane of Naples, deposition of, 112
 Utrecht, Treaty of—Terms, etc., 243 *note*, 244, 258
 Uzès, Duc d'—Marriage with Anne-Hippolyte Grimaldi, 241

V

- Valdetare, Prince di :
 Honoré II, wardship of—Support of Spain, etc., 187, 191-2, 201, 207
 Murder of Hercules I, Vengeance for, 191
 Valentinois, Duchy-Peerage of :
 Conferred on Honoré II by Louis XIII of France, Duchy descending in female line, 209
 Husband of heiress of Monaco, Power given to confer title on, 246
 National Assembly, abolition by, 283
 Valerius, 13
 Valois, Louis de, Comte d'Alais, Governor of Provence, 201 *and note*
 Valois, Marguerite de, 167
 Valois, Mary of, 9

- Valteline Pass, 195, 196 *note*, 198
 Vénaque Ferriol, Charles de, 35-7
 Vence's *Martyrologie*, 17
 Vendôme, 242
 Venice :
 Charles VIII of France, hostility to, 142
 Member of Lombard League, 57
 Rivalry with Genoa, 77
 War against Milan, 123
 Ventos, Sale of Mentone to Charles Grimaldi by, 90
 Verdun, Treaty of—Allocation of Germany to second son of Louis-le-Debonnaire, 49
 Verona, 57
 Versailles, Crusaders' Gallery at, 41
 Vervins, Treaty of, 1598, 186
 Vespasian—Proclamation as emperor, Overthrow and death of Vitellius, 12-3
 Vicenza, 57
 Victor-Amadeus I of Savoy—Marriage with Christine of France, 196
 Victor-Amadeus II of Savoy :
 Breach with France, 242
 Claim to Monaco—Claim refused, 244
 Passion for Louise-Hippolyte of Monaco, 248-9
 Success in Italy, 1706, 243
 Utrecht, Treaty of, territories obtained by Savoy, 243 *note*, 244, 258
 Victor-Emmanuel II of Sardinia :
 Alliance with France against Austria—terms, etc., 322
 King of United Italy, proclamation, 322
 Nice and Savoy, cession to France in exchange for Lombardy, 322
 Vidones, 28
 Viennois, Province of, 27
 Villafranca, Battle at, 258
 Villafranca, Conference of, 322
 Villani, references to, 62, 88 *note*
 Villarey, General—Governor of Mentone under Florestan I, 314, 315
 Dismissal, 317
 Villeneuve, Marie de, daughter of John Grimaldi—Claim on behalf of put forward by Bartolommeo Doria, 159 *and note*—Repudiation, 166
 Vinci, Leonardo da—work at Milan, 140
 Vintimiglia :
 Attack on, by John and Louis Grimaldi, 119
 Boccanegra, Simon, surrender to, 90
 Governorship conferred on John Grimaldi, 145
 Visconti of Milan—"Vipers," 81, 109
 Bianca, 122
 Philip-Mary :
 Sovereignty of Genoa, 122
 Ugliness and nervousness, 122
 War with Florence and Venice brought about by discarded protégé, 123
 Vitellius :
 Gluttony—Epithets applied by historians, 12
 Otho defeated, 11-2
 Overthrow by Vespasian—Death, 13
 Vitry, Maréchal de, 199, 200, 201 *note*
 Voltaire—Poème de Fontenoy, mention of Maurice Grimaldi, 259

W

- Walpole, Horace, reference to, 276
 Warfare :
 Maritime Alps, Warfare in, in centuries immediately preceding and succeeding Christian era, 10-4
 Tactics introduced by Charles III of Naples, 117
 Weiblingen, original form of word "Ghibelline," 56
 Weinsberg, Battle of, 56
 Welf, original form of "Guelf," 56
 Welf III of Bavaria, 56

- William, Count of Provence :
 Saracen stronghold of Fraxinet
 taken, 32-3
 Territory conquered by Grim-
 aldi presented to him alleged,
see Grimaldi—Sovereignty
 Winter of 1709 in Monaco, 243
- X
- Xenophon, 7
- Y
- Yolande, heiress of Jerusalem—
 Marriage with Frederic II of
 Germany, 58
- York, Duke of, brother to
 George III :
 Paris visit—Opinion of the
 "King's Ladies," 276
 Stay at Monaco, 275—Illness
 and death, 276
 Acknowledgment by George
 III and Duke of Gloucester
 of Prince of Monaco's
 kindness, 277
La Vieille Legend, 286
- Z
- Zurita, 88 *note*

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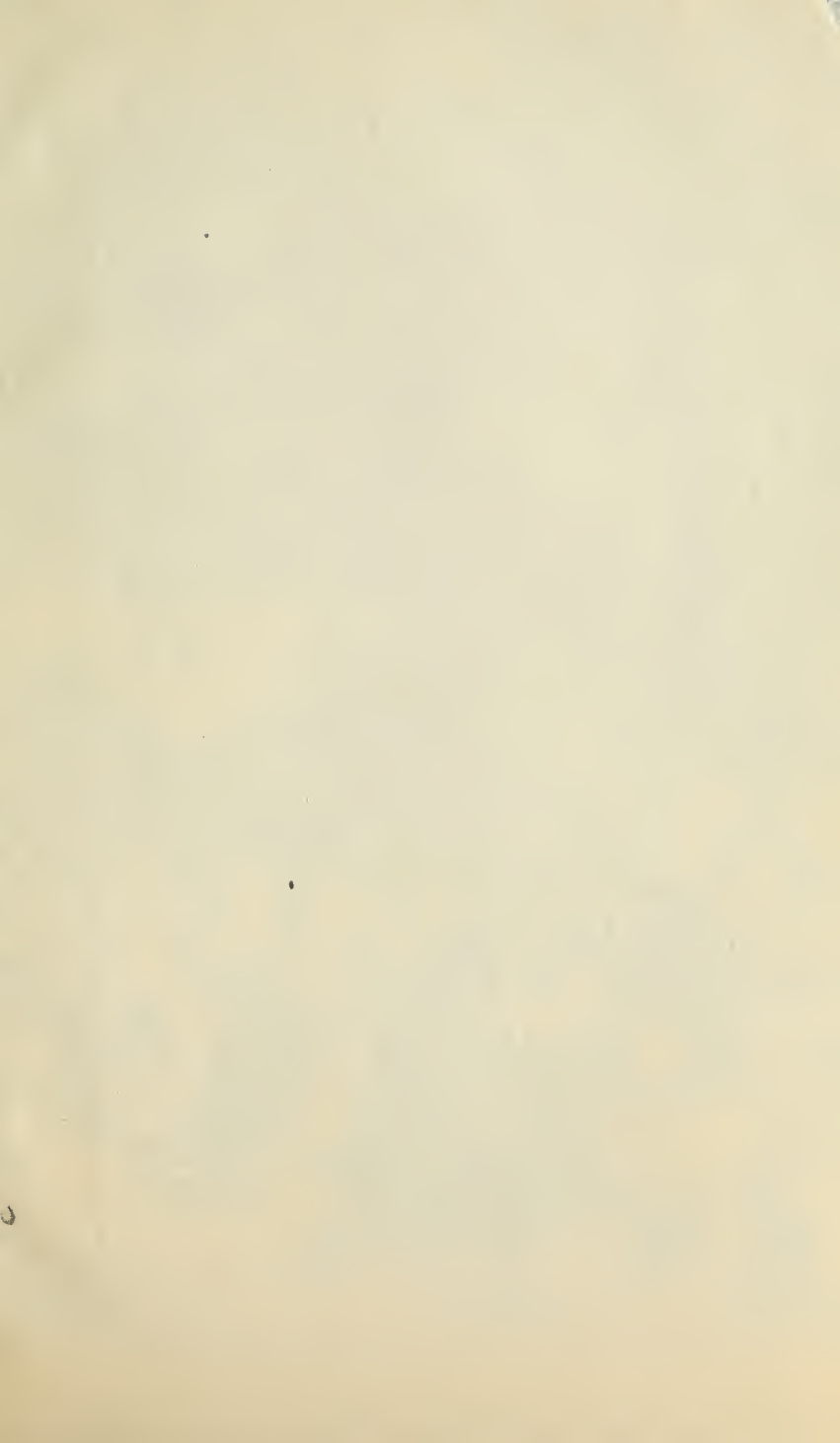
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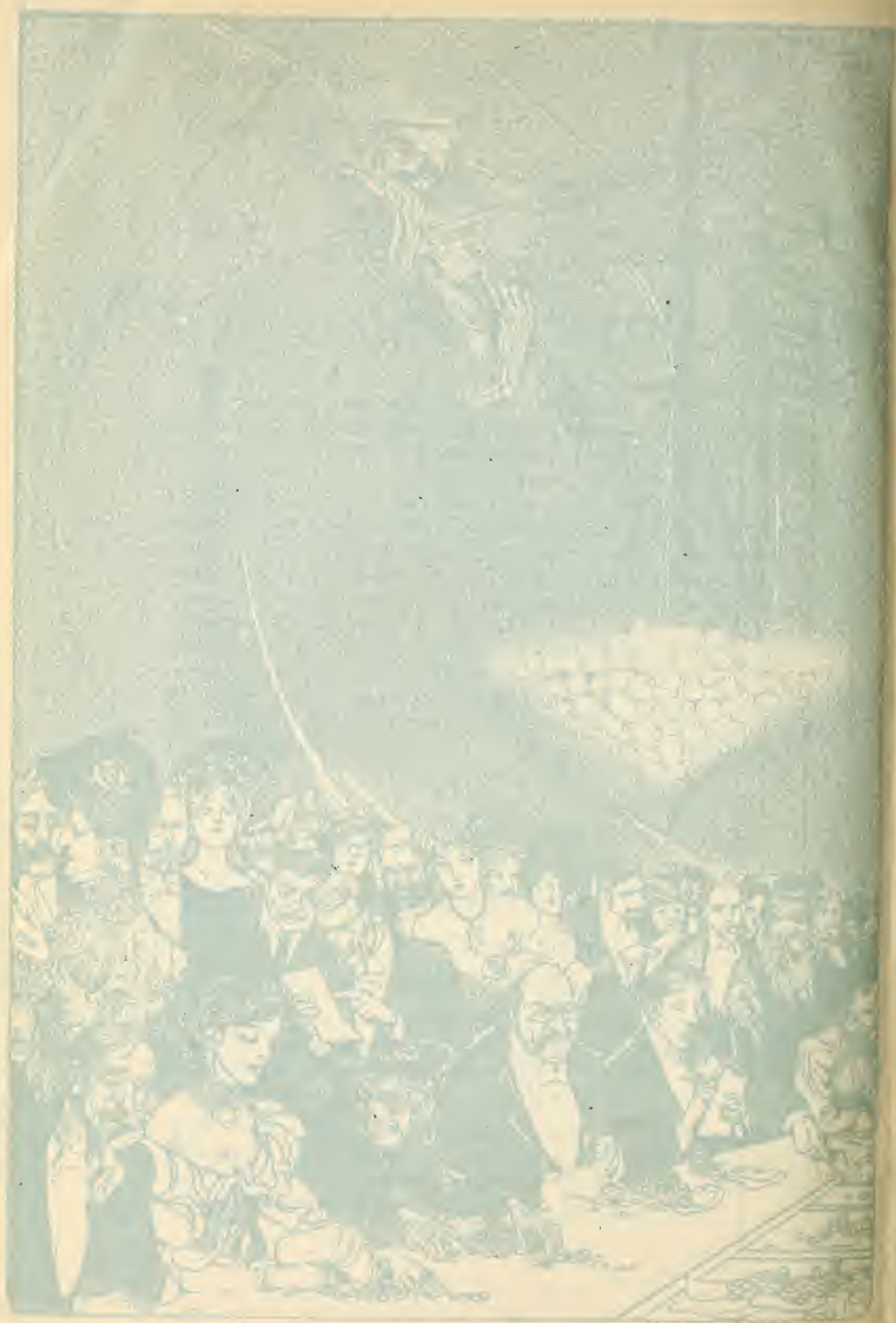
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