

The air is pure, and there are great facilities for healthful exercise.

I think I have previously recommended Worthing as a good summer climate for certain cases. Here, too, the invalid will find a mild, dry, and invigorating winter home, with comparatively few rainy days, but he must be prepared to leave the place in spring.

Hastings too, and St. Leonards, and some parts of Brighton ought to be mentioned as bracing winter climates.

Bournemouth should be mentioned as a good winter residence for the delicate, and none the worse, to say the least, in that its air is impregnated with the balsamic breath of the beautiful pine-woods, that shelter it so well from the north and north-west winds.

If the invalid wishes to go abroad, with the single exception of the "mistral" wind, he will find Hyères one of the driest and purest little towns he can go to.

Cannes has also much to recommend it, but, as a rule, invalids ought to avoid Nice. Taking everything into consideration, I have my doubts of it.

A winter residence at Mentone is highly desirable to those in the incipient stages of consumption and chronic bronchitis. Equally as good, however, is San Remo; and, as a rule, it is a *cheaper* place. Both Malta and Palermo, and likewise Sardinia, are good winter climates of the bracing kind. So are the Canary Islands; nor must Algiers and Tangiers be forgotten.

For those, on the other hand, whose temperaments are nervous, whose air-passages are dry and over-sensitive, and secrete but little, milder and more humid residences are to be sought. Torquay, on the south coast, stands pre-eminent; the climate is mild and the temperature equable, and the air in general soothing. If the patient is very excitable, a residence

near the sea, say Meadfoot, which is well sheltered, should be chosen. After stopping here for some time, he may change to a higher situation. In Penzance, too, will good quarters be found; the temperature here is equable, and also the air is warm. It may, however, be objected that it is somewhat too humid, and that there is too much exposure to high winds. Jersey is likewise well worthy to be ranked among our favourite winter climates of the sedative class. Would the invalid like to visit green Erin? then he cannot do better than sojourn in Queenstown, Cork. It is built on the southern slope of Cove Island, and is built in terraces, so that the patient, according to his strength, can choose his own elevation. Not only do lung cases do well here, but the rheumatic and the dyspeptic benefit also, as do delicate children; for the climate is deliciously sedative, and almost every day all through the winter, plenty of exercise is possible in the open air.

And now, having spoken a good word for England and Ireland as winter climates, the very least I can do is to sound the praises of "puir auld Scotland," if only in a minor key. And hither, if you will come with me, I will take you off down the Clyde at once. We'll soon leave smoky ship-building Glasgow behind us, and enjoy scenery that scarcely can the Rhine rival. Here many a little village nestles prettily among woods, backed by hills that are green all winter—when not snow-clad. But the island of Bute, which we reach at last, to land at Rothesay, is *par excellence* a sedative winter residence, and well repays one for the journey thereto in a hundred ways. We seldom see snow here, the climate is very equable, and there is plenty of shelter, so that exercise is practicable all the winter round.

#### THE HOUSE OF HANOVER: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.



THE Georgengarten at Hanover is one of the most lovely parks Germany can boast of, and can boldly compare to any of our gems—Chatsworth, Cliveden, Knowsley, or Woburn Abbey. Its name, the Garden of the Georges, speaks for itself, and tells us that these royal pleasure-grounds were not laid out for the Fredericks or Williams of Prussia, whose black and white sign-boards are vainly endeavouring to put a Brandenburg label on Guelphic soil and dominions.

The park, which extends from the gates of Hanover to Herrenhausen, once the favourite abode of the Electress Sophia and of the Georges, is cut in two by four rows of majestic lime-trees, which are throwing a more than centenarian shadow on the rare visitors who happen to break the silence of these now deserted grounds. This avenue, a mile long, is unique in Europe by the beauty of the trees and the loveliness of the scenery which gladdens the eye on both sides.

It is the year 1866. The rooms once occupied by the Electress Sophia are again inhabited, and these same

walls which saw the elevation of the House of Hanover to Great Britain's throne, are to be now the mute witnesses of the last days of King George V.'s reign.

Not a chair is changed; the furniture, the pictures, everything recalls Sophia's memory—alone the King's little iron bedstead, and some modern knick-knacks, some *souvenirs*, tell us that the premises have changed their master.

But it is not the outward decoration alone which whispers at every step of Sophia or Leibniz—the spirit of the noble ancestress of the three Royal Houses of England, Hanover, and Prussia, the breath of the greatest philosopher of modern ages, seem still to live within these walls. The political horizon is dark with threatening clouds; rumours of war are disturbing Hanover's peaceful happiness; it is said that the Brandenburgs will allow no German Prince or country to remain neutral in the impending strife between Prussia and Austria, and that King George V. is pressed to choose his side.

Will not the memory of Sophia, who carried under her heart alike the present Guelphic and

Brandenburg race, of her whose daughter was first Queen of Prussia, shield the ancestral cradle of her house? Childish error; modern statesmanship recognises no ties of blood; interest alone runs in the veins of our generation; too often might is right, and right a wrong if you cannot defend it. King George and King William are cousins, Queen Frederika and Queen Louisa were sisters, but what does it matter?

It is the 15th June, 1866, and Prince Ysenburg, the Envoy of King William, has handed at noon the Prussian King's *ultimatum* to Count Platen Hallermund, the Hanoverian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Twelve hours are given to his Majesty to say if he will resign the foremost of his sovereign rights into his cousin William's hands, if he will recognise the military and political supremacy of Prussia, and let his armies be conducted by Prussian generals against Austria, in open violation of the Federal Constitution, which forbids its members to draw the sword against each other. A Cabinet Council, summoned in all haste, and at which all Ministers were present, has endorsed his Majesty's decision to reject an *ultimatum* incompatible with his conscience, honour, rights, and duties, and to renew once more his firm intention to be neutral in the impending strife between the Houses of Habsburg and Hohenzollern.

George V. stands erect in the middle of the room, a picture of manly and majestic beauty—give him a coat of mail, and one might think of his unfortunate ancestor, Henry the Lion, who also lost two duchies—more than Austria, Prussia, Bavaria put together—in defending Guelphic rights against a host of princely parasites, who waited for his fall to pick up the shattered remnants of the Lion's power. King George is tall, broad-shouldered, imposing in his bearing, and would remind one of the Emperor Nicholas, had he not, instead of the Czar's cold and hard expression, the mild and winning one which seems to be an appanage of all Guelphs. His Majesty's features look care-worn, sadly serious, yet there is a calmness all over his face, which only a profound sentiment of religious faith could give at such a moment. Two men are with his Majesty.

The King's trusted right hand, Privy Councillor, Dr. Lex, is tying up a bundle of papers with some red tape, his intelligent and piercing eyes mournfully fixed upon a letter which Count Platen, a tall and aristocratic-looking man, in the great uniform of a Minister of State, is holding in his hand.

It is the answer to the Prussian *ultimatum*—perhaps, thinks Dr. Lex, the death-warrant of Hanover. Even the Count, who has generally a sort of mocking smile on his clever but fawn-like face, seems for once in his life serious. The King gives a deep sigh; then a smile passes over his lips, and turning half round to a life-size portrait of his late Majesty, by Kaulbach, he says—

"I know my father would have done the same."

Then, sitting down in an arm-chair, and giving his hand to Count Platen, who kisses it respectfully—

"I thank you, my dear Count. May the Almighty

give us His blessing.—And you, *mein lieber Geheimer Rath*, go and take some rest, you must want it, after a sleepless night. As to me, I wish to be alone, it will do me good."

Bowing deeply, Dr. Lex and the Minister of Foreign Affairs (with as many stars on his breast as there were signatories to the treaty of '61, abolishing the "Elb-dues") leave the room.

The King, taking with his left hand a square little golden snuff-box, touches with the other an electric bell. One of the ushers, old Mahlmann, with tears in his eyes, opens the door. "A cigar." In a few seconds the heavy silk curtains hiding the passage to the King's drawing-room are pushed back, and Bluhme, his Majesty's valet, brings a cigar in a long peculiar mouthpiece, half paper, half quill, and holding a light, waits till a cloud of smoke indicates that he is no longer needed. The King, passing one hand over his face, leans back in his arm-chair, absorbed in thought.

In the meanwhile the great hall of the castle presents an animated scene and unaccustomed agitation. Ministers of State, generals, foreign diplomats, the great dignitaries of the Court, deputations from the towns and provinces, and many ladies have assembled to hear the latest news, and are waiting for the return of Count Platen and Dr. Lex. All present look overwhelmed with grief; the Ministers, surrounded by an anxious audience, are whispering words of encouragement and hope. The Mayor of Hanover, a tall and energetic man, seems deeply affected, and the members of the Municipal Council, Hanoverian burghers, till that day somewhat liberal and *frondeurs quand même*, appear to have left their imaginary griefs behind, and have hardly words enough for their devoted loyalty.

General Baron Brandis, the Minister of War—a Waterloo veteran, with open, pleasing face—a true soldier of the old school, frank, practical, simple, and little of a courtier, although the favourite of all ladies, is in a corner endeavouring to calm a group of over-excited Countesses; whilst close to him, as if in such days of trouble he was anxious to shelter himself under the wings of a son of Mars, the Minister of State and of the Royal Household, great Marshal Ernst Unico Baron de Malortie, a thin and bilious-looking man, buried in a gigantic tie, and stooping under the weight of twenty grand crosses, is turning his eyes to heaven, his neighbours hearing him from time to time groaning, "*Fürchterlich, fürchterlich!*"

Not far from him the Minister of Public Worship, Baron Hodenberg, a stern and ascetic-looking young man, is explaining with a certain haughty shyness, to some old ladies and Court chaplains, the true duties of Christian women in a great crisis. A little farther off, in animated conversation, are three men, all in the uniform of Cabinet Ministers: one, the Minister of Interior, Bacmeister, by far the most able member of the Cabinet; opposite to him, Dr. Leonhart, a man of superior knowledge, and of as much ambition as versatility, for Minister of Justice in those days, he holds now the same office in Berlin; the third, the young Minister of Finance, Mr. Dietrichs—intelligent, but

with a nervous look, as if he did not feel at home in the bustle of extraordinary events and of extra responsibility.

Close to the chief entrance is a group of diplomatists, amongst them Baron de Malaret, the French Envoy—a quiet, intelligent, and agreeable man, the same who is at present at the head of the Khedive's, or rather the Egyptian finances; near him, leaning with one hand upon a *guéridon*, and trembling with emotion in his embroidered diplomatic armour, is a shrivelled-up old man, with spectacles, and three thin tufts of white hair, through which he passes nervously his other hand. It is M. de Persiany, the Russian Minister—"Père Siany," as his younger colleagues had christened him. Conversing with him, Sir Charles Wyke, the Queen's representative, who looks as young, elastic, and energetic as ever, but with a sad expression, as if he did not like the turn affairs were taking.

Near the balcony, looking on the grounds, is a group of ladies-in-waiting—one, the imposingly beautiful Baroness von dem Bussche, old Count Hardenberg's daughter; then Frau von Heimbruch, a Saxon beauty; Countess Wedel, the mother of the four tallest men in Hanover, and widow of a Privy Councillor, so stout, that the late King used to say that he had never felt more fatigued than after walking three times round the old Count; then there is the Baroness de Malortie, Prince Bismarck's cousin, herself a Countess Bismarck, and once the shining beauty of the Berlin Court, now the most devoted Hanoverian, but deeply affected to see all she loves divided in two hostile camps; then the Countess Schwichelt, the wife of the most wealthy and most taciturn subject of the King. Shaking hands with every one in the room, is the Lord Chamberlain, Baron Knigge—a little man, with large estates and a son in Prussia—shy, polite, talkative, but careful and hesitating between his loyalty for his two Sovereigns; near the chimney are two silent men, with sun-burned faces, in the green uniform of the Royal Hunt—one Baron Reden, the Master of Buckhounds; the other Count Hardenberg, Master of the Hunt—both crack shots, but neither prodigal of words or thoughts, true types of the old Saxon country noblemen—honest, straightforward, but not learned, nor amusing.

In the background are a host of lords-in-waiting, aides-de-camp, courtiers, and officers of the Guard—amongst the latter, three Princes Solms, nephews of his Majesty, and very popular until the war.

Suddenly, a great commotion. Count Platen and Dr. Lex are leaving the King's cabinet. What are they bringing, peace or war?—that is the question.

Meanwhile the doors of the King's cabinet leading to the apartments of her Majesty are thrown open, and old Mahlmann's trembling voice announces—"The Queen and their Royal Highnesses."

The King rises quickly, and putting down his cigar, opens his arms: a mute embrace says more than words.

Queen Mary, a handsome and graceful woman, is leaning her head on her husband's breast, sobbing violently. Princess Mary, the youngest of the Princesses, has knelt down, and is covering her father's hands with kisses, bitter tears rolling from her lovely and youthful face. Princess Frederika, the very image of her beautiful grandmother, the only sister of the martyr Queen Louisa of Prussia, is leaning proud and erect on the arm of her brother the Crown Prince; she looks pale, but her fiery eyes have no more tears. Why cannot she, like her brother, gird a sword round her tender waist, and face the Prussian bullets at her father's side? The Crown Prince is smiling; it is of his age; the young soldier's princely blood is over-boiling with proud joy to draw the sword for Crown, and home and hearth, and he sanguinely counts the laurels his kingly sire will add to the immortal wreath of Waterloo, Salamanca, and a hundred other battles.

"Oh! tell me, *Männchen*," says the Queen, after the first emotion is past, "is it true, is all hope of peace gone?"

"All! My answer is on the way to Berlin, and at midnight hostilities begin. The army will be concentrated at Göttingen, our *Alma Mater*, and I and Ernst will join the head-quarters to-night."

"But I—we?" interrupted the Queen quickly.

"Your place, *meine Engels Königin*" (a familiar expression of his Majesty), "is here. You three must share the fate of all Hanoverian women whom my soldiers leave behind. Perhaps your presence will induce the invaders to be less hard on my poor Hanover."

"Your will is always mine and ours," replied the Queen; "and God will give us strength to bear this dreadful trial—"

"Come what may," interrupted her Royal Consort, "I feel I could not have acted otherwise, 'as Guelph, as King and Christian'—His will be done!"—and the Queen, the Crown Prince, and the two Princesses echoed—

"His will be done!"

