

there was no question as to my safety. I am dead. The police, if they think of me at all, think of me only as dead."

"No, no; they know you are alive, and in St. Petersburg. They are tracking you now; perhaps even I have led them here. Where is the diamond—the Czar's diamond?"

"Here," and he takes the case from his pocket.

"Give it to me, Ivan, give it to me; or, better still, come with me now, and throw it far into the Neva."

"No, no, my dearest; you are overwrought. Let us fly together, but not destroy the only valuable we have, the only means I possess of providing for our safety."

"It is no diamond, Ivan, no valuable, but an explosive—a bomb. Ah!" she shrieks, as he starts and almost lets the case slip between his fingers.

"A bomb!" Ivan exclaims, carefully opening the lid. "A scientific attempt upon the life of the Czar, thwarted by one who would gladly have done the deed himself. Such is the irony of fate!"

"Think of yourself, Ivan, think of me. We are doomed. Give me the jewel, and I will cast it into the Neva. You will have nothing suspicious upon you, no one can remember you, and you at least will escape."

"And you, Olga, perhaps be seized with the jewel in your possession. Never!"

"No, no; I shall escape," and she gently lifts the diamond from its velvet nest.

"Too late!" cries Ivan.

"Why?"

"Hark!"

"Halt!" rings out Tergslof's voice; and the chief himself, followed by a score of military police, bursts into the room.

In an instant Ivan extinguishes the light, and everything is shrouded in gloom, save where the pale beams of the moon, struggling through the grimy sky-light, make a pattern of the window-frame upon the floor.

"Ah, Princess," cries Tergslof, "we meet again. The Third Section is right after all. Seize her!"

"Stand back!" she shrieks, holding aloft the diamond. "Stand back!"

"Seize her! That diamond is a bomb that will blow us to fragments!"

Ivan suddenly steps into the oasis of light, and turning to Olga cries—

"Throw it, sweetheart, throw it. It is better that we should die together. Throw it!"

"Seize her!" foams Tergslof as his men shrink in fear. "Seize her, you cowards!"

Then the diamond leaves her fingers, flashes like a falling star through the beam of light, and strikes the floor.

A deafening roar shook the city, and penetrated even to the banquet chamber of the Czar.

Ere the echo died the Third Section had lost its chief. And Olga and Ivan departed together.



## ROYAL SCULPTORS.



THE LATE COUNT GLEICHEN.  
(Photo: Frederick Kingsbury.)

IT is a far cry back to the days when his Britannic Majesty George II. exclaimed in his rage against those "bainting and boetry" fellows, because one of the former had dared to caricature his G u a r d s. Since then the exercise of b o t h

"bainting and boetry" has become recognised in this our land as an honourable profession. Art has taken its proper place, and, although its enthronement is an event of comparatively recent date, it is looked upon as social treason to decry it. While artists were once scoffed at by the public, and snubbed by their patrons—royal and otherwise—they now occupy positions of dignity, and are respected for the sake of the art of which they are exponents. Art no longer needs royal patronage to flourish; indeed, royalty itself has become its humble servant, and that in some cases in no mere *dilettante* fashion.

Her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort both practised drawing, painting, and etching; indeed, Her Majesty may be classed as an accomplished worker in the latter art. Her children were all trained in the exercise of the pencil and brush, and two of them, at



least, have made a serious study of art in several branches.

Probably the best known Royal artist is H.R.H. the Princess Louise. Besides being an accomplished water-colourist—as her active “honorary” membership of the somewhat exclusive “Old” Water-Colour Society is sufficient to testify—the Princess has turned her attention to sculpture, perhaps the most difficult art for ladies to become accomplished in. The number of successful lady-sculptors working professionally might be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and of these two are members of our Royal Family.

The Princess Louise studied under the direction of the late Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., although in all likelihood she gained her first knowledge of the art from watching the late Mrs. Thornycroft at work. This accomplished lady, the mother of the Royal Academician who stands in the forefront of living English sculptors, was “attached” for many years to the Queen’s household, and modelled all the young Princes and Princesses at various stages of their lives, in addition to producing several charming statues and statuettes of general subjects remarkable for their poetry of conception.

The Princess has a studio in Kensington Palace, and, as is well-known, was chosen by the Committee of the Women’s Jubilee Fund to execute the statue of Her Majesty (illustrated above) which stands in Kensington Gardens as the memorial of the esteem in which “the first lady of the land” is held by her women subjects.

It is a really fine work of art, not intended to be so much a contemporary portrait of the Sovereign as an idealised representation of the Empress Queen. The figure is dignified in its proportions and the whole work bold in execution, and forms an appropriate monument of a good woman, subscribed for by women—the work of a woman.



STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

(By H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.)

Besides this, another public example of the Princess’s work may be seen in the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour—of which it has already been stated her Royal Highness is an honorary member—in an excellent marble bust of the Queen. This we have been enabled to reproduce by special permission of the Council.

Another Royal sculptor is the Empress Frederick of Germany. She also, like her sister, is an accomplished painter, and, although, of course, not engaged “professionally,” is a sculptor of no

mean ability, she having recently devoted herself with great energy to the work. At her castle at Kronberg, as well as at the palace at Berlin, she has furnished large studios devoted almost entirely to work at the modelling stool. Her efforts are said to be worthy of the highest praise, and if they are at all equal to her paintings the praise is certainly well merited.

One of the most picturesque figures of the artistic world up to about three years ago was that of H.S.H. Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, a nephew of her Majesty. Count Gleichen, to give him the title by which he was better known, as





BUST OF THE QUEEN IN THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

\* (Executed by H.R.H. Princess Louise.)

may be seen from the portrait published herewith, bore a striking likeness to Henry VIII. Of fine presence and genial character, Count Gleichen was withal an indefatigable worker as a sculptor. He was one of the few artists that the Navy has given us. Born in 1833, he served with honour, first as a midshipman and lastly as a captain, in our premier service, gaining fighting experience in the Baltic, the Crimea, and in China, where he was severely wounded. He resigned his command in 1866, and devoted himself with diligence and enthusiasm to art. From 1868 to the year of his death he was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, producing work full of vigour in his studio at St. James's Palace. The plate—still on the door—announced the fact that he was not to be seen till four o'clock in the afternoon, and the mass of material completed and in progress at his death bore eloquent testimony to his unceasing capacity for work. When it is said that from 1868 he produced 253 complete works, his industry can be imagined. The principal works he executed were the magnificent life-size statue of the Queen now at Holloway College, and the colossal Alfred the Great at Wantage. In his studio, to mention one of the many interesting works, is a charming

statuette of himself in his working attire, standing by the modelling stool, on which is a bust of his daughter, H.S.H. the Countess Feodora Gleichen.

The Countess has followed worthily in the footsteps of her father, and now occupies the position of one of the leading lady-sculptors of the day. A member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and an honorary member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, she is an artist of undoubted ability. From her childhood, when she was accustomed to watch her father at work, she has been an industrious disciple of art, but it is only since the Count's death that she has worked professionally as a sculptor. She occupies her father's studio, and, surrounded by the evidences of his industry, she finds in them inspiration for, and an incentive to, her talents. She, too, is unflagging in her zeal for work, and has on hand at the present time several important commissions. Principal among these is a life-size statue of the Queen, destined for the Jubilee Hospital at Montreal. In this work she exhibits her characteristic unconventionality. The Queen is not represented as the monarch solely, but as the kindly Empress-mother. Attired in Royal robes, she has one arm encircling a little child who has fallen asleep with his head on her knee, while, on the other side, is another child with one arm in a sling, sitting on the steps of the throne gazing lovingly up at the



H.S.H. COUNTESS FEODORA GLEICHEN, R.I.

(From a photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.)





H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.  
(A Bust executed by H.S.H. Countess Feodora Gleichen.)

Queen's benevolent face. The whole composition is full of tender sentiment, and will be a valuable addition to the art possessions of the Dominion. In the studio, too, is an incomplete monument of her father. Executed in relief, it represents the Count in his naval uniform in a recumbent position; this is intended for Sunningdale Church, where the Count lies buried. Another work in hand is a memorial to Admiral Tryon, the unfortunate victim of the *Victoria* disaster.

At the Academy this year the Countess Gleichen was represented by a bust of the Princess of Wales, and at the New Gallery by a charming statuette of Lady Henry Bentinck. But the finest work she has yet accomplished is undoubtedly the figure of Satan, which was in the Academy Exhibition of 1894. The reproduction here given will show the daring originality of the design.

The Countess is indebted, of course, for her early training to her father; but she has supplemented this by an assiduous attendance at the Slade Class at University College, and several visits to Italy. It was there she gained the technique of her art, but the "Satan" alone is sufficient to

show that she has the innate genius of an artist, without which all training counts for nothing.

The last instance I shall give of royal exponents of sculpture is that of the late Prince Louis Napoleon, the Prince Imperial. In his short life he proved himself an efficient artist, although few of his works are in existence, most of them no doubt being destroyed in the insensate wrecking of the Tuileries by the Communists. He had Carpeaux for his master, and the principal evidence of his skill existing is a representation of a French grenadier clasp- ing a flag to his breast, which he is defending from the advancing foe. This, together with a bust of his tutor, M. Lemonnier, is in the possession of M. Croisy, a French sculptor. It may be interesting to state that before the fall of the Empire Carpeaux modelled a beautiful statuette of the Prince and his dog, which was thought a fitting subject for reproduction in porcelain at Sèvres. Before it was ready for publication, however, the Empire was dead, and it was decided to alter the title of the work. "The Prince Imperial," by Carpeaux, is unknown, but a copy of the work, "L'Enfant au Chien," will prove the self-same.

ARTHUR FISH.



SATAN.

(Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1894. By H.S.H. Countess Feodora Gleichen.)