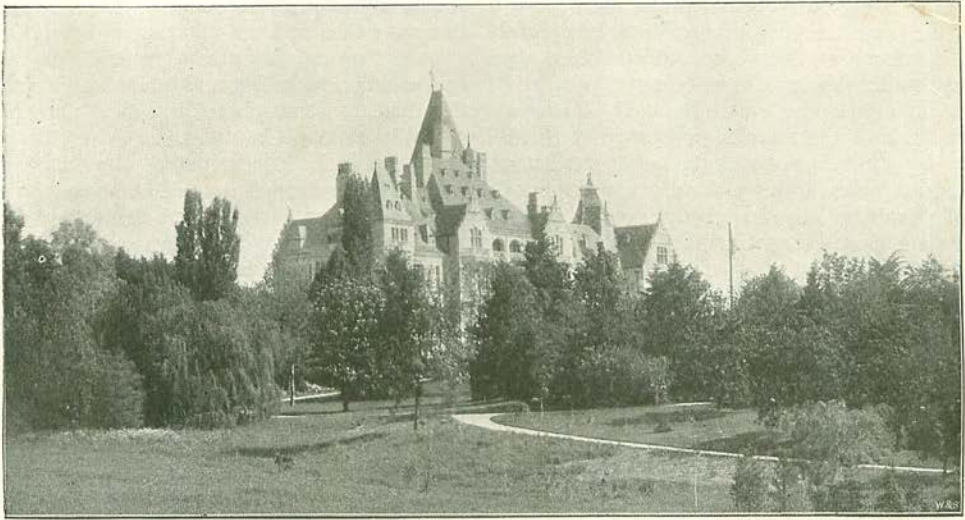


Friedrichshof:

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S RESIDENCE IN THE TAUNUS MOUNTAINS.

BY ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.


(With the special sanction of H.I.M. the Empress Frederick of Germany, who has personally revised the article before publication. This description of Friedrichshof is especially interesting at the present time, when the Queen is staying there.)



From a Photo. by]

FRIEDRICHSHOF.

[Hermann Rückwardt, Berlin.

“N dear old England, Mr. Beavan, there are scores of places far finer than this; its only claim to be considered interesting is that throughout Germany there are few, if any, estates like it, though it cannot vie with the size and splendour of the many Royal and princely castles and palaces of the reigning families in all parts of Germany built in former centuries.”

It was thus that H.I.M. the Empress Frederick, standing midway between the tennis-court and lovely rose-garden, where she had been sketching, modestly deprecated any extravagant view being taken of the grandeur or the beauties of her Castle and its grounds.

Of course, as a loyal Englishman, I replied “that in England public interest in Friedrichshof was intensified by the fact that it belonged to the once Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, whom her native land had never ceased to remember with the deepest affection.”

The roseroy, as I saw it in the bright sunshine, was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. About half an acre in extent, and inclosed partly by a creeper-covered wall,

and on one side by skilfully contrived trellis-work, over which young beeches and roses are trained, this garden resembles those so frequently met with in Scotland, a notable example of which is at Birkhall. It slopes gently upwards, and is divided into a multitude of miniature terraces, whereon half-standard roses are growing thickly in double rows. Ivy and nasturtium mask the edge of the stone-work; the flower-beds are bordered with golden-feather, auriculas, and polyanthus, and the beds themselves are a perfect blaze of such old-fashioned favourites as sunflowers, hollyhocks, dahlias, and marigolds. Perfectly delightful was the sense of repose, warmth, and perfume—a combination peculiar to old-established English gardens in summer.

Beyond the roseroy, and standing in an orchard of fine fruit trees, is a large block of buildings: the stables, built in the style of a Rhenish or Hessian farmhouse. In the centre of the spacious quadrangle—approached through a lofty doorway of carved oak, over which is inscribed the date Anno Domini 1891—is an octagonal stone fountain flanked by flourishing oleanders in tubs. To the left is the coach-house, with a glass shelter projecting from the walls, very convenient in wet weather.

Here are kept, amongst other vehicles, the German coach depicted in the view of the stables, several well-built victorias — black picked out with red—and a pretty little pony carriage for the use of the Empress's grandchildren. Above the coach-house are the men's quarters, most comfortably and conveniently arranged. At the farther end of the inclosure is a stable divided into loose boxes and stalls, where are kept the saddle-horses, the most noticeable of them being "Surprise"—a fine dark chestnut, about 16½ hands, and five or six years old, purchased at Reading by the Hofmarschall, and generally ridden by Her Majesty—and "Commoner" and "Paddy," also used by the Empress, who is still very fond of riding.

One side of the quadrangle is entirely occupied by a splendid twenty-stall stable, devoted to the carriage horses; and here the

and roofed with solid oak, which material is used throughout the stables wherever wood-work is employed. And lastly, telephones connect the stables with the Castle.

I was taken through the Hofmarschall's residence—a picturesque but unpretentious cottage, close by the stables, and was much struck by the immaculate purity of everything—walls, ceilings, floors, and windows—partly owing, no doubt, to the extensive use of wood-panelling and plain white walls, the dustless atmosphere, and to the absence of coal-smoke in Cronberg.

At Schloss Friedrichshof the windows require to be cleaned outside but once a year. This may seem incredible to Londoners, but it is a fact. In the spring a party of fire-brigade men come from Frankfort with ladders and long hose and thoroughly wash every pane; this suffices until the following year.



From a Photo. by]

THE STABLES.

[Hermann Rückwardt.

excellence of plan is particularly manifested, and reflects great credit upon the designers and upon Baron Reischach, whose knowledge of horses and their requirements is evidently considerable.

To begin with: The ventilation is perfect; it is neither too hot nor too cold. The animals look the picture of health; and ungrateful indeed would they be if it were otherwise, as their every comfort is provided for, including that of a spacious bath-room. So excellent is the drainage, and the facilities for flushing the roughened stone floors so great, that there is an entire absence of disagreeable smell. All the fittings are by Musgrave; and in order to subdue the light, the lower part of the walls is tiled in grey. In short, there is every appliance that modern experience can suggest. Harness and saddle-rooms are panelled

Here, I must explain that Baron Reischach, the courteous Hofmarschall, occupies a position in Her Majesty's "entourage" similar to that of the Master of the Household at Windsor Castle. His office is no sinecure; and right worthily does he fill his high position, and merits the confidence which Her Imperial Majesty evidently bestows upon him.

A short walk along a sunken road takes one from his house direct to the main entrance of "Friedrichshof" (or "Frederick's Court"), which is beneath a stately porch of white stone, whereon is deeply cut in Roman letters this pathetically simple dedication: "Friderici Memoriae."

The choice of the name "Friedrichshof" was due to a suggestion of H.R.H. Princess Victoria. Considerable discussion had arisen as to the most appropriate designation.

"Friedrichsruh" was the Empress's original selection, but as it would have involved the possibility of confusion with Prince Bismarck's place in the far north of Prussia, the Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe's idea on the subject was carried out.

A beautiful candelabrum-shaped fountain in Early Renaissance style, a copy of an ancient one in the garden of Baron "Salvatore" at "Trento," adorns the carriage-drive, and faces a small door which leads to the Hofmarschall's office—a snug little room with vaulted roof, in immediate proximity to the spacious corridor and drawing-rooms on the ground floor. To the left are the domestic offices, built in the old German fashion of timber and plaster. Dwarf shrubs screen the base of the stone wall. At night, tall lamp-posts and quaint bracket-lamps of hammered iron, let into the lower courses of the stonework all round the building, illuminate the approaches with electric light.

Superb is the appearance of this northern frontage. There is no monotony of design. As the domestic portion of the edifice is built at an angle of 135 deg. to the main building, the effect is somewhat that of a courtyard; and the steep slate roof, pierced and lighted up by innumerable little windows with their small panes of glass, gives an indescribable aspect of novelty, especially to an Englishman.

Technically, the architecture of the exterior may be described as Early Rhenish Renaissance, of the period of transition from Gothic to Renaissance—early sixteenth century—of which there are so many examples and remains in towns and villages along the Rhine and the Main, and all over Hesse and Nassau. Bavarian sandstone is used in the facings, windows, doors, etc., the surfaces between being Kalkschiefer, or slate stone, from the Taunus Mountains.

Within these walls are many objects of art and interest, not only

the result of years of indefatigable collecting on the part of the Empress and the late Emperor, but heirlooms, presents, and souvenirs of travels in different countries, and evidencing, in a remarkable degree, their taste for, and love of, art.

Beginning with the library. This noble apartment—leading out of the billiard-room by a small door, whose posts are of Venetian stonework of the fifteenth century—is some 50ft. in length, and is in the Renaissance style. At the end of this room the wall is occupied by a copy of the noble altar picture by Meister Stefan, at the Cologne Cathedral, representing the adoration of the Magi. Close by is the spacious fireplace, with iron dogs, and projecting chimney-cover of Istrian stone in Venetian work, with the Prussian eagle painted in front. The ceiling is flat, recessed, and rosetted, and of solid oak, from which hang massive brass chandeliers. On the top of the book-shelves, which run nearly all round the room, are busts, antique bowls, and Roman vases.

In a Louis XV. cabinet—facsimile of an original once the property of Frederick the Great—is a collection of autographs arranged with the greatest nicety, and of singular interest. Here are preserved the handwritings of the Hohenzollern family, of Royal personages in Great Britain, Austria, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, etc., the sign manuals of statesmen, savants, and artists, and of all who have made their mark in the world's history. Adjoining, in a flat glass case, are gold, silver,



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

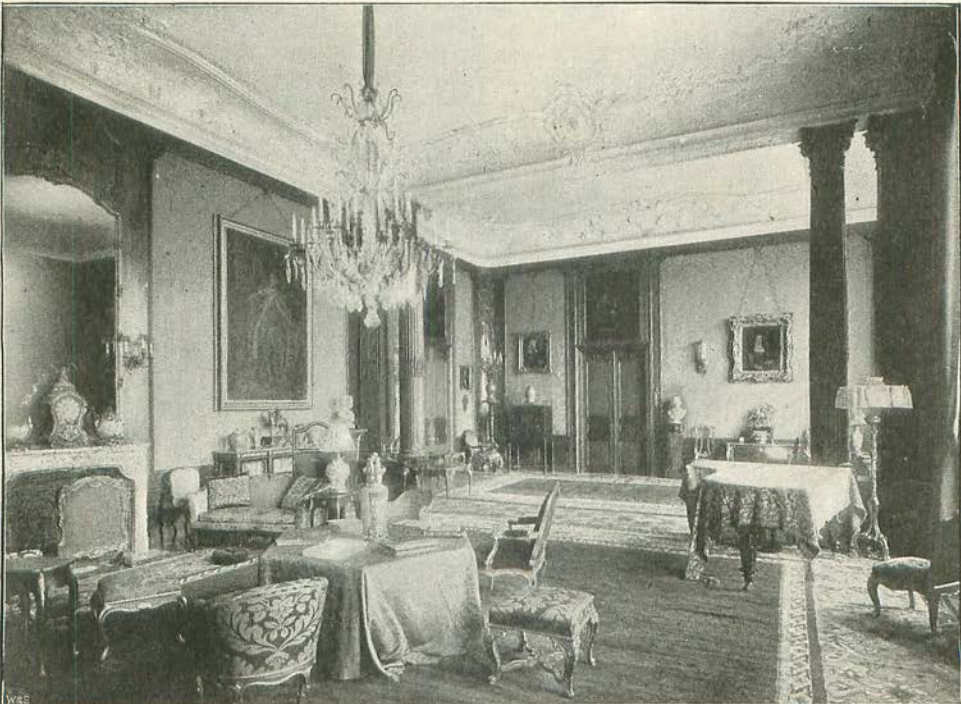
[Hermann Rückwardt.

and bronze medals, representing members of the English and Prussian Royal Family. In a similar case, near the tall windows, are samples of ancient keys. Their workmanship is excellent, and tells of months of such patient labour as the nineteenth century never sees. There are "Chamberlain" keys, which in the last centuries were worn on the coats of great Court officials. But most amusing of all the curios is the combined spoon, knife, and fork which used to be carried about by ladies and gentlemen. In one of the oriels is a sixteenth century carved wooden "seat of honour," somewhat like a throne, with over-arching canopy, and which was always assigned to the chief guest. Each bookcase has five shelves, whereon repose the result of Her Imperial Majesty's gathering together of literature, commenced some thirty years ago. One case is entirely occupied by works dedicated to Her Imperial Majesty, amongst which I particularly noticed the famous Dr. Schlieman's "Troy." Another division is stored with all the books that have ever been written on the Royal Family of England, and on the title-page of each copy presented to the Empress—generally at Christmas-time—by her Royal mother, is an inscription in the Queen's beautiful and characteristic handwriting.

Every work in this inviting library has, before finding a resting-place on the shelves, been read and studied by the Empress. One case is given up to works on political economy—which subject Her Imperial Majesty is very fond of—and contains all Jeremy Bentham's productions, a gift from Dean Stanley. There are also many photographs, aquarelles, and engravings, with which a connoisseur might delight himself by the hour together. On the walls are a few paintings—prominent amongst them being a small but charming portrait, by Angeli, of the Empress Frederick as Crown Princess; and a sketch, by Titian, representing Charles V. of Germany.

Out of the library is a small waiting-room, in Louis XVI. style. The walls are hung with slate-coloured silk, long curtains of the same material draping the windows. The mirrors and mouldings are white, with gold. A pretty little girl's face, by Reynolds, looks out from one of the panels, while frames containing numerous miniatures of Royalties tempt one to linger for a closer inspection. The chairs and sofas—with remarkably graceful curves—are partly of modern manufacture, but strictly after the fashion of the period.

Next to the boudoir—as it might also be called—comes the large Green Drawing-room,



From a Photo. by]

THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM.

[Hermann Rückwardt.

a magnificent salon 51ft. by 28ft., lighted by three long windows and one fine bay. Ornamented pillars, as it were, divide it into two parts. A superb carpet, with red ground and deep border, is effectively set off by the highly polished oak flooring—in itself a piece of perfect workmanship—and by the splendid green silk tapestry of the seventeenth century which covers the walls. My attention was specially called to two large pictures: one on each side of the handsome fireplace—George III. and Queen Charlotte in State robes, copies after Van Loo, and a priceless Rubens; the subject being Isabella Brand, the great painter's wife.

There are three doors, over which are flower pictures in panels. Glass cases on either side of the fireplace contain specimens of majolica, delf ware, etc. These cases are surmounted by rare old china on bronze stands. I noticed pictures of Admiral Keppel and of Frederick the Great; a fine astronomical clock, made in Paris from an original of the year 1787; and groups of furniture of the Louis XV. period, in perfect harmony with the Régence architecture of the room. Adjoining the dividing pillars are busts in marble of King Frederick William III. of Prussia, and Prince Waldemar, the Empress's youngest son, who was taken from her at the tender age of eleven. On a marble column stands a bronze bust of Prince Carl Emanuel of Savoy, a present from the King of Italy. Wall-brackets and antique chandeliers, fitted with electric light, shed a beautifully soft radiance as evening falls; and all the principal pictures are illuminated by the same means. Upon a cabinet at the end of the room is a most significant and touching object. During the last illness of the late Emperor Frederick, the Empress had ordered for him an equestrian statuette in gilt bronze, representing Max Emanuel of Bavaria, the conqueror of the Turks. But the Emperor was destined not to see this piece of exquisite workmanship, which arrived after his death. The tender thoughts that touching evidence of her own devotion recalls, one may in silence easily conjecture.

So attractive was the prospect outside, that I was tempted to leave these fascinating art treasures for a while, and see what the garden-front of Friedrichshof was like.

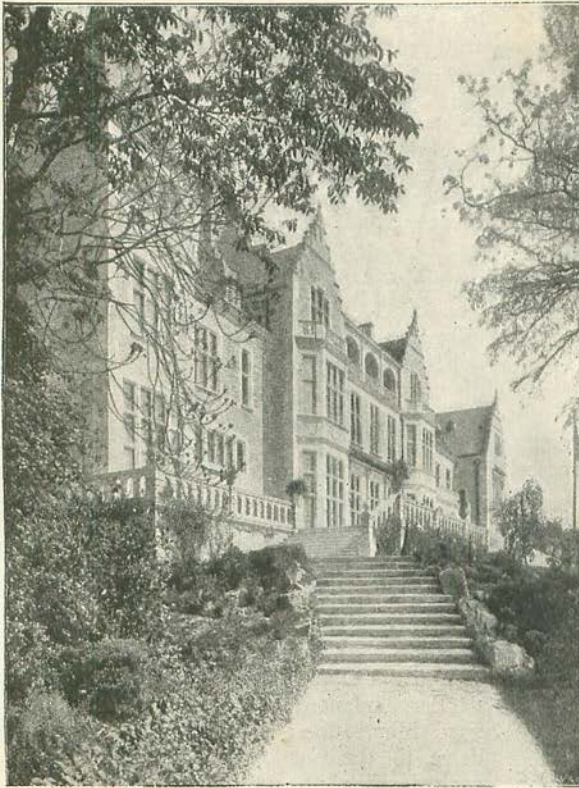
A right noble stone terrace, nearly 200ft. in length, runs along this side of the building, with broad steps in the middle and at each end. On the parapet are palms in classic-shaped metal vases, made in Japan after a special pattern. Grape-vines cluster

on the balustrade of the steps, and on the lower terrace are pomegranates, orange-trees, and oleanders in tubs. To the left stands a fine iron flag-staff painted red, bearing aloft the small square flag of the Empress Frederick—a black coat of arms on a red ground. I noticed that the letters F and V and V and F, lovingly united by a cord to a heraldic shield in the centre, are delicately carved on the walls of the Castle. Violets, pansies, and heliotrope fill the air with fragrance from the beds at the foot of the terrace. Descending, one walks over a gracefully undulating plateau of trimly-kept lawn, bordered by irreproachably tidy walks made of crushed quartzite, and ornamented by silver beeches, acacias, and rare conifers. The ground gradually slopes away through a kind of uninclosed orchard, towards the road which intersects this side of the domain, and where hedges of roses face young chestnut trees linked together in the most charming fashion by pendant vines.

At this point is the pretty lodge—built in the old German style—keeping guard over the handsome gates of highly wrought iron-work. Opposite is a flourishing "Cedrus deodara," planted by Her Imperial Majesty, 23rd May, 1890; and along the carriage drive to the Castle are specimen conifers, each bearing on its dated iron tablet the name of its particular Royal planter.

Throughout the grounds, wherever there is a suitable spot, rock-work has been arranged, and planted with yews, junipers, and holly. Shady walks of young oaks and chestnut trees abound, together with seats, that from their inviting sheltered position seem to compel one to rest. In these nooks, the stillness is broken only by the pattering of falling acorns, the discordant screaming of young jays, the musical twittering of black-birds, and the striking of the Castle clock.

At the back of the Schloss is the tennis-court, screened from observation by an arbovitæ hedge, approached under the canopied shade of two fine chestnut trees. As I passed by, H.R.H. the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and one of her brothers were playing a game of tennis with Baron Reischach and his wife, while the little five-year-old Prince Waldemar—only child of Prince Henry of Prussia, the Empress's second son—dressed in sailor costume, was dancing about with the Hofmarschall's children, and characteristically asking them in excellent English to come and play at soldiers. He is a beautiful and most intelligent child, and one of the prettiest sights



From a Photo. by]

THE TERRACE.

[Hermann Rückardt.

imaginable was the gravity with which he was constantly endeavouring—not always with success—to lift his little sailor cap in response to the salutes of soldiers, servants, and subordinates generally. His mastery of English is perfect, and his intonation remarkably clear for so young a child.

Just beyond the tennis-court is a vigorous young Wellingtonia, planted by the Emperor William during one of his visits; and it was here that I awaited an audience with Her Imperial Majesty. Herr Walter—Director of the estate—suddenly informed me that the Empress was approaching, a servant, clad in the Imperial livery of dark blue and silver, having but an instant before conveyed a similar intimation—and in a few moments I was in the presence of the Empress Frederick of Germany.

Her Imperial Majesty did me the honour to communicate much valuable and deeply interesting information about her estate, facts that were afterwards supplemented from other and absolutely reliable sources.

"You have no idea," said Her Majesty, "how rough the place was when I came here; the first thing that had to be done

was to create the roads." In fact, every decent road in Cronberg has been produced through the energy and liberality of Her Imperial Majesty.

The Empress proceeded to tell me in a few words how she became possessed of the Cronberg estate. She had, she said, visited the place but once, in the happy days when, as Crown Princess, her home was at the old Homburg Schloss. "And then," added Her Majesty, with indescribable pathos, "came the year 1888! And after that I did not care to live at the big Castle in state. Besides, I felt that I must have a place that I could absolutely call my own, which I could occupy my time in superintending." Therefore, inquiries were made regarding Cronberg, its climate, soil, and suitability for planting. A report was duly made; and, acting with characteristic decision, the Empress forthwith elected to purchase the house and grounds where "Friedrichshof" now stands, from Dr. Stiebel, son-in-law of the late Herr Reiss, a wealthy manufacturer of Manchester, who constructed the short line of railway

that connects Frankfort with Cronberg. The property then consisted of but a few acres, surrounded by small freeholds, over which many inconvenient rights-of-way existed, some continuing to this day. Several of these proprietors were bought out, thus bringing the total extent of the estate to two hundred and fifty acres.

A small inclosure at the back of the Schloss on the slope of the hills was rented, to prevent the Castle from being too much overlooked. But the pine forests, which stretch away in every direction right and left, being communal property, no attempt was made to attach any portion of them to Friedrichshof.

Herr Reiss's old villa was in greater part pulled down, and without intermission for four years—from 1889 to 1893—the work of drainage, road-making, building, and planting went on with unabated vigour, providing employment for a great number of people, resulting in a noble country-house and well-laid-out grounds, which latter promise to be in twenty years' time, or less, a real arboretum.

When talking on the subject of trees, Her

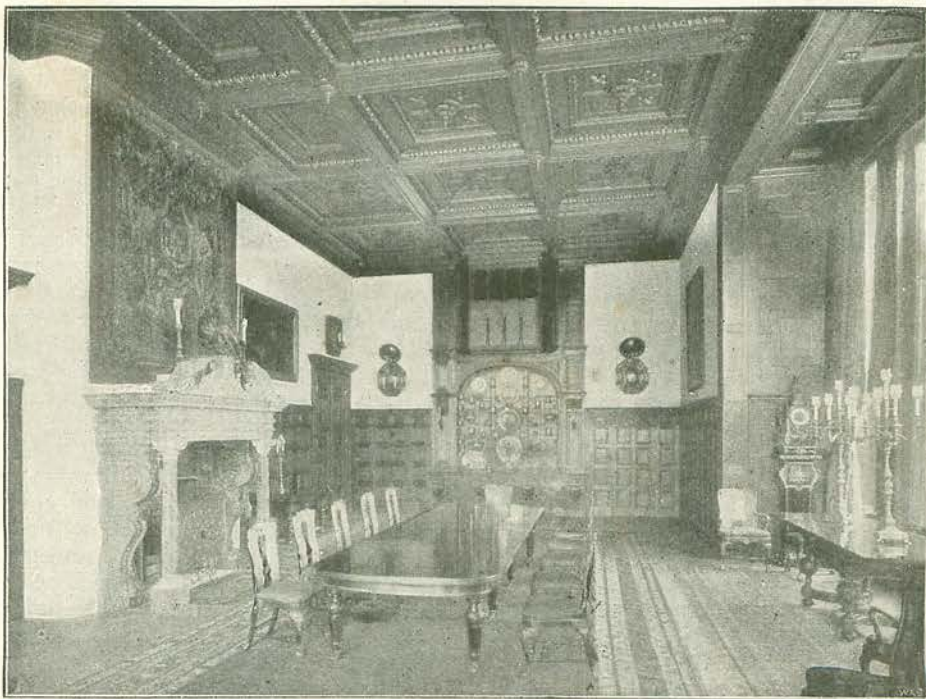
Majesty told me that the sweet chestnuts round Cronberg are almost the only ones in this part of Germany. All large and perfect specimens of conifers that stood about the old house have been retained; and one noble Wellingtonia, as straight as a dart, and fully 80ft. in height, particularly excited my admiration.

But to return to the Castle and the large dining-room, where the table laid for dinner—which is generally at 8 or 8.30 p.m.—looked extremely pretty, with its silver ornaments and lovely flowers. At this particular season roses are immensely to the fore at Friedrichshof—the favourite evidently being “La France”—and are everywhere to be seen in bowls and vases.

It is a noble *salle des festins* and of ample dimensions—44ft. in length by some 23ft. wide. Early Renaissance is still adhered

to, and supporting a most impressive bust of the late Emperor Frederick. In Ancient Rome, the Lares and Penates occupied the chief place at the sacred family hearth, where a fire was kept perpetually burning in their honour, the “Lar being represented by the image of some departed member of the family, who had been a good man during his lifetime, and who was supposed to take an interest in, and to preside over, living concerns.” With like tenderness of imagination may many a guest partaking the Empress’s hospitality, while contemplating the counterfeit presentment of “Frederick the Noble,” and thinking of that which used to be, recall the lines:—

I see thee sitting crowned with good,
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Hermann Rückwardt.

to, as in most of the principal rooms on the ground floor. Its walls are panelled with the choice oak used so extensively throughout the Castle. High up at the northern end is a music gallery, suggestive of mediæval halls, and below it is an alcoved recess, wherein are displayed rich old silver tankards and salvers. But the chief feature of the room is the noble columnar marble mantelpiece, projecting 5ft. from the

Breakfast is served—usually at nine o’clock—in a delightful octagonal-shaped room overlooking the main approach to the Castle. A vaulted ceiling produces the effect of an old baronial hall, which is increased by the presence, in a large glass case, of a collection of rare “Elector glasses,” like enormous tumblers, richly painted with representations of processions of dead and gone Electors, with their doubled-eagle coats-of-arms. The



From a Photo. by]

THE OCTAGONAL BREAKFAST-ROOM.

[Hermann Rückwardt.

floor is of black and white marble, the chairs are covered with green leather, and the breakfast table is round. Against the wall, facing one another, are two cases full of fine old faience, soup tureens, plates, jugs, etc.

Returning from the dining-room, a door, with gilt pillars on its further side, opens into the grand corridor (68ft. by 11ft.), thence to the hall (45ft. by 35ft.), giving in combination a splendid promenade of over 100ft. Like the breakfast-room, the floor is of black and white marble, tessellated. The walls are hung with old tapestry. Resembling in this respect almost every other room, it is furnished with carved chairs, etc.

In the Great Hall is a truly magnificent stone fireplace (Italian Renaissance), on each side of which stands an immense carved wooden candlestick. Here, as in the Green Drawing-room, the furniture is so skilfully arranged as to create a most comfortable, homely appearance, in spite of its great size. A low wooden gallery—in which is a lovely American organ—overlooks the door at the back which leads to the large “withdrawing room.” Large beams of oak form the ceiling, giving an air of solidity and a certain

ecclesiastical tone. Carved and painted coffers are ranged against the wall, and the space above is occupied by an ancient piece of Brussels tapestry, the subject being that of Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, to whom the priests are attempting to offer sacrifice. Just beyond this stands a tall Louis XVI. clock, richly gilt à quatre couleurs. The windows here, as in the library, are composed of small panes of stained glass with Swiss and Gothic armorial bearings.

In that part of the house devoted to reception-rooms there is but one first or upper floor, approached by an ample and straight staircase, with a gallery and corridor above. Here, *en suite*, and of comfortable size, are the guests' apartments, furnished with an entire absence of uniformity—the hangings, carpets, chairs, etc., being all of different colours; indeed, hardly two pieces of furniture, and certainly no two chimney-pieces, are alike.

One lovely room faces the east, and commands a magnificent view. Near it is another, occupied by the Emperor William during his recent visit. Adjoining is an apartment with an exquisitely carved old German “four-poster,” its richly wrought hangings the work of the Empress and the late Princess Alice.

Here, on the south side of the Castle, are Her Imperial Majesty's drawing-room, boudoir, and *chambre à coucher*, with a private balcony overlooking the garden.

I commenced this article by remarking that the great interest in Friedrichshof rests upon the circumstance that it is the residence of our once Princess Royal. A reference, therefore, to Her Imperial Majesty's personality is appropriate.

There is a striking individuality in the Empress Frederick's character. Her nature is kindness itself, manifested in a thousand ways unheard-of by the outside world. In the hamlet of Cronberg she is as well known in the humble dwellings of the poor as her Royal mother is at Balmoral. Her sympathy with the needy is no mere sentiment, but ever assumes a practical form. The welfare and happiness of the people are, and always have been, the purpose of her life.

When Crown Princess, she caused a hut hospital to be erected at Homburg, for the reception of the poor wounded soldiers during the fearful struggle of 1870-71, and—as did also the Empress Augusta—personally looked after their housing and nursing. At Cronberg she has established two sisters from the Victoria House at Berlin (a training school for nurses founded by the Empress). These two sisters nurse the poor of Cronberg and neighbouring villages. The Empress has given a site for a much-needed hospital for the use of the district.

Her Imperial Majesty's appearance is not now so familiar in England as that of other members of the Royal Family; and, in my opinion, photographs do not do justice to her. She possesses a charming geniality of expression, and a particularly kindly look about the eyes, in which respect she resembles the Prince of Wales. When moved by the recital of some sorrow or trouble, sympathy imparts great pathos to her voice—at all times a pleasant one.

After all, it does not seem so many years ago since that memorable occasion to which the late Emperor referred, when speaking to Mr. Beatty Kingston. "You were," said he, "only a boy on that eventful day, the happiest in my life. I am reminded of it every time I hear the 'Wedding March,' and that is why I would rather listen to that tune than to any other that ever was written."

The Empress Frederick's habits are simplicity itself. Like all the Royal Family, she is an early riser, and delights in plenty of fresh air and open windows. In the morning she usually rides until twelve o'clock, and passes the remainder of the day in studying, painting, and receiving visitors. She is most energetic in all she undertakes, and personally superintended the important work involved in the building of the Schloss, the stables, and the outbuildings, so ably planned and carried out by Herr Ihne, the well-known Berlin architect.

The Empress is very tender-hearted, and will not—if she can prevent it—allow any living thing on the estate to be disturbed or killed. One day a leveret—which used to amuse her in the quiet early hours of the summer mornings by disporting itself beneath her window—ceased to put in an appearance, lured, probably, by relatives and friends to fields and pastures new. The Empress was quite inconsolable, and closely questioned Director Walter as to the cause of its sudden disappearance. On this occasion, however, he was able to com-

pletely clear himself of any suspicion of having carried into effect such designs as he might legitimately have entertained against a possible injurer of many a young and valuable tree—but the mystery surrounding the youthful hare's neglect of his Imperial mistress was never solved.

Her Imperial Majesty is fond of painting. Her studio, with a capital north light, is just above the entrance to the Great Hall, and here she hopes to spend much of her time. At Bagshot Mansion, hanging over the fireplace in the great hall, may be seen an excellent example of her work—the subject being a portion of the Palace at Potsdam. In music, she was the pupil of Sir Michael Costa, and she is an enthusiastic lover of Handel.

Amongst the numerous visitors constantly coming and going at Friedrichshof, the most frequent are two of the Empress's married daughters, who live not far off—Princess Margaret, married to Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, being at Rumpenheim, near Frankfort—a spot where H.R.H. the late Duchess of Cambridge used to relate her mother had witnessed the great Napoleon on a white charger returning after the battle of Hanau, in 1813—and Princess Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe, at Bonn.

In conclusion, I may remark that Friedrichshof is only the summer residence of the Empress Frederick. During the winter she lives in Berlin, at her palace, Unter den Linden.

As I took my leave of Cronberg, I noticed that the thick clouds which all day long had rested upon the Taunus Mountains—"range beyond range of swelling hills and iron rocks"—and had blotted out both Cronberg and Friedrichshof, gradually rolled away as the sun set, leaving the Castle—half-way up the slope—clear to the view in all its fine proportions; while every pane of glass on its southern front reflected back, as from countless diamond points, the rays of the westerling light.

Thus may brightness and sunshine be the after-lot of the august lady who rules with beneficent sway over her country domain; and may every trace of past sorrow gradually fade away. Eldest born of England's Royal Family, destined for a position hardly less exalted than that of her Royal mother, admirably fitted by temperament, education, and training to rule over a great nation, gifted with a liberality of disposition and breadth of view, added to a kindness of heart calculated to endear her to all, a Providence—before whose decrees potentates and people alike must bow—willed that these qualifica-

tions should be otherwise employed; and dashed from her lips, ere it had been hardly tasted, the jewelled chalice of Imperial rule.

But much remains to her who, released from the responsibilities of a throne, has, perhaps, all the more influence for good. As the golden link which connects the two great Teutonic nations of the world, before whose united navies and legions no possible combination could stand, who may calculate the good Her Imperial Majesty may effect!

The Princess, born in "dear old England," and who—in the



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AND HER GRANDSON, PRINCE GEORGE OF THE HELLENES.

From a Photo. by J. B. Ciolina, Frankfort.

words of the late Prince Consort—"united to a husband of her choice, passed to a distant country" many years ago, did not, in so doing, cease to retain the affections of the Queen's subjects. Alike in her early married life, in the struggles which brought about the unity of Germany, as the devoted consort of one of the noblest men that ever lived, and as the widowed Empress, she has ever possessed the sympathy and admiration of the land of her birth; where all will recognise the touching fitness of the simple dedication of her splendid Castle: "TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK."

*Victoria
Empress Frederick
& Queen of Prussia*

*Prince George
of the Hellenes
eldest son of the
Crown Prince &
Crown Princess of the
Hellenes*