

still some apprehensions, fearing the formal and ceremonious stiffness which I imagined to be inseparable from all Prussian families.

arrived in Anholt on January 11, at ten o'clock A.M., and all my fears were speedily removed by the very kind manner in which I was received by my husband's brother and his numerous family.

Prince Alfred zu Salm-Salm, Duke of Hoegstraeten, Rhein and Wildgraf, &c., &c.—all his titles may be seen in the Almanac of Gotha—is, notwithstanding all his pompous titles, a very simple, unpretending, kind, and very polite man, who did not look upon me as a stranger, but treated me from the first moment as a sister, so that I felt at once at home.

Schloss Anholt is an extremely old, extensive, imposing-looking Castle, built around a tower, which stood there before the Christian era, having been erected by the Romans. The whole Castle is like Amsterdam, built on wooden piles, which have become like stone in the course of time. The whole ground around is swampy, and by digging only one foot deep water is to be found. The Castle is surrounded by a splendid park, which is improving every year, and protected by a moat with drawbridges, which are drawn up every night.

The house contains very fine halls, with an