

Red Prince and their elder born, of whom it can be said that the small child at the mother's knee, the very baby in her lap, are already each wedded, each the mother and father of a fourth generation; and yonder are Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse with their children, taken very shortly before her death, while the noble womanly face was still in its prime.

In the drawing-room opening into the billiard-room stands the Queen's grand piano, finely inlaid. Round a great recess in a semicircle are slender graceful marble figures. These are the poetically devised statues done by Mrs. Thornycroft of the young princes and princesses already referred to at page 125. In addition to the figures taken from the masque there are others of Princess Helena as Peace (p. 54), in a flowing robe, bearing in her hands the symbolical olive-bough and berries; and of Princess Louise as Plenty (p. 52), with one foot resting on a sheaf of corn, and clasping in her arms the classic cornucopia laden with fruit; of Prince Arthur as a hunter (p. 76), in tunic, baldric, and buskins, his *couteau de chasse* at his side, a long spear in one hand, and in the other a hunter's horn half raised to the lips, in keeping with the listening, expectant air of the whole pose; and of Prince Leopold in a fisher's short breeches (p. 117), his entire figure bent back, as if dragging ashore the net from which a few small fishes have fallen. A fit centre to the circle is the charming marble likeness of the baby, Princess Beatrice (p. 160), in her marble cradle, shaped after a nautilus shell. The little one is represented as nearly nude, with the child head leaning forward, one dimpled hand on the breast, the other hand and arm thrown over the shell, one leg and foot resting on the curved end, as if to propel the ideal boat.

Among the other pictures at Osborne is a lovely fanciful allegory, in which Princess Helena appears as "The Amazon" (p. 30). The picture, by Winterhalter, was taken when the Princess was four or five years of age. We hear of her elsewhere at this date as a particularly chubby, rosy child, and the painted face is full of youthful artlessness and innocence. Above the clustering curls is placed a helmet, and one small hand is grasping and supporting against the soft round shoulder a shield of warlike proportions.

The bookshelves have been filled according to a catholic taste in poetry and fiction, English, French, German, &c.

Among the gems of the drawing-room is the Sleeping Beauty turned to stone, with her lovely young head thrown back, her lips apart in the depth of her hundred years' slumber, and her small hands relaxed so that the fatal distaff is lying on the ground at her feet. Another tribute of genius, somewhat strange in this neighbourhood, is Delaroche's "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," brooding darkly over the abdication of his empire at hand.