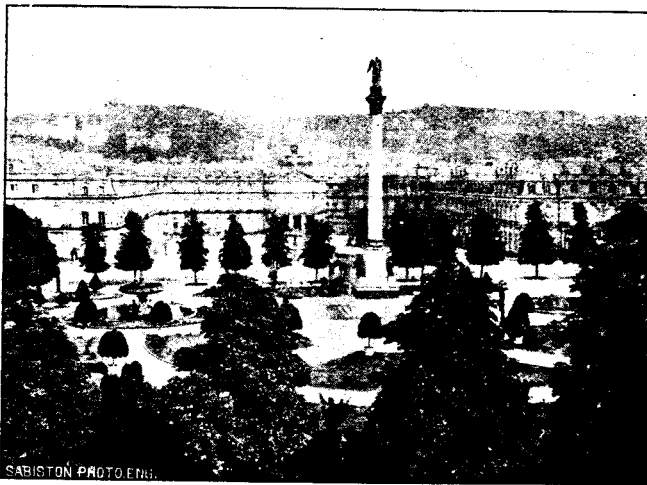




The King's Palace.

by an inclined plane of stone, with narrow strips of wood fastened across it, about two feet apart. The Princess says that when she lived there, the carriage and horses were always driven up this stone passage to the first gallery, where her mother would get in, and then the carriage would go clattering down again, at great risk, I should think, to life and limb.

This same Princess Taxis has rather a touching little history. Born about forty years ago, she lived in the grey old castle with her father, till she was eighteen; then Prince Taxis came wooing the pretty young Baroness, and, as he was handsome, rich, and moreover, a nephew of old Emperor William, you may be sure the Minister did not say "Nay," and so "they were married, and lived very happily" as the Fairy tales say; only not, as the Fairy tales add "for ever after," for the Prince died in Italy ten years later, and just one fortnight after his death a little Prince was born—the first child that had come to them. He is twelve years old now, and such a handsome gallant little lad with a great admiration for his pretty mother. He speaks French and English quite as well as German, and delights in getting hold of any English slang. He made every one laugh one

day by saying, when the Princess came in to luncheon.

"Do you not think my pretty mamma is a 'swell' in her new gown?"

He is crazy about the sea, and anxious to go into the navy but the Princess dreads the separation, and will not encourage the idea. She is such a pleasant unaffected little woman, and quite devoted to the Empress Frederick, who is a great friend of hers, and often visits her. Shall I confess that I have so much of the oft quoted "British narrow mindedness" as to feel far more impressed by the Princess saying to me one

day at afternoon tea, "Oh! take this chair, it is the Empress Frederick's favorite seat when she visits me," than I was by all the favours shown me by the little German Princess herself? I can't account for the feeling, but it existed.

The annual "Messe" (a fair held by the country people at Christmas time) is much looked forward to. It is held in the large "Marktplatz" near the old castle, and just in front of the "Rathhaus" (Town Hall, or Senate House.) It is always a most picturesque looking scene, the long booths, with heaps of blue, yellow and green glazed pottery, the basket ware of all sizes, shapes and colors; the queer beer mugs and pitchers; the tables heaped



A Group of Statuary in the Park.