

under the great Herder, and a great and good woman Empress Augusta was in the highest sense.

The famous historian, Mommsen, who has just passed to higher spheres, was pointed out to me in the Berlin University Library. It was a pleasure merely to have seen so great a man.

I met and became very intimate with the Countess S—ky, and we corresponded in French for several years. She was a literary lady, spoke several languages, and Russian was her native tongue. We usually conversed in German. Her husband was an officer of high rank under the Czar Alexander II.—father of Marie, Duchess of Edinburgh—who was assassinated in 1893.

The famous Princess Dolgorouky, whom Alexander espoused six months after the death of his Empress, went to Paris to educate her two children. On the Emperor's death she cut off all her hair and put it in his coffin. She paid a visit to Rome while we were there, to visit her sister. She was called the most lovely woman of Russia, with magnificent auburn hair, longer than her figure, and large blue eyes.

My friend the Countess S—ky was tall and beautiful, with large, soft grey eyes, and she sang and played the harp well. The Countess invited me to spend the winter with her in St. Petersburg, and offered to present me at the Royal Court. Here a splendid opening offered to study the North and the brilliant Court of Russia. I finally accepted the invitation and "promised" on one condition—for I could not leave the path of duty—namely, if Rubinstein stayed at home. He was President of the Conservatory of Music in St. Petersburg, and I proposed to myself to place my companion under his training for the season. But Rubinstein came to Germany and we heard him more times in

Leipsic than I can say. So I was obliged to console myself with my friend's photograph and her charming letters.

Once I had occasion to make a six hours' journey by train alone, from the mountains to Berlin. I took a carriage for ladies only, and soon after entering it, another lady appeared upon the scene. We met total strangers, but we parted life-long friends. She was the distinguished Baroness M—, well known both in Berlin and Vienna. It was quite amusing how we broke the ice of silence. My mountain address was on my toilette-bag. "O," she exclaimed, "I see you come from Thale. The Baroness X— has been marrying her daughter there. Is the bride young?"

"Nineteen," I replied.

"Nineteen!" she cried; "why, I thought she was young!"

I laughed so immoderately that she seemed puzzled. "Why," I said, "do you not think nineteen young for a girl to marry? She has had little time enough to learn all she ought to know."

"Frightful! terrible! I fancied the bride would be about sixteen, which is already quite old. Think how old nineteen makes her mother! And I was her bridesmaid! *Ay-di-mi!* It seems but yesterday. Who would have believed it?"

I had to describe the wedding, for I knew the Baroness X—, the toilette of the bride, the jewels, and so on, ending with the donkey which marched in the bridal procession decked in flowers and ribbons, then the *dejeuner* in the garden salon, and all the rest of it.

We were now embarked, and we each knew subjects to interest the other. Like sensible persons accustomed to much travel, we both had a natty luncheon-basket, and we divided our delicacies, while the hours flew by. It turned out that she "scribbled now and then." She