

ing of English people, who will not believe that any good thing can ever originate from outside these islands. So she delivered herself, not once nor twice only, into the hands of the enemy. When Bismarck repeated with malicious glee her most unfortunate remark about their being richer silver plate in many English middle class houses than in most of the Prussian palaces, he did so with a purpose. He was too great a man to indulge in aimless spite. As a young woman, moreover, the Princess lacked that ability to tolerate disagreeables that constitutes at once the high breeding and genuine bonhomie of royal personages. There are Germans to this day who gravely date the late Empress's unpopularity from the unlucky afternoon when, at a review on the Tempelhofer Field, she sent her footman to order a man to cease blowing clouds from the most lugubrious of Hamburg cigars. Queen Victoria would never have done such a thing; though it must not be supposed that there is any hint here that the princess was suffered to grow up arrogant and wanting in simplicity. There never was a simpler character born into this world than that possessed by Queen Victoria, or one beside which a nature inclined to pride could live with less degree of comfort. A keen observer has left us a picture of the home life of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess at the Neue Palais at Potsdam, thirteen years after their marriage. Nothing could have been more charmingly simple.

The first break in this happy family circle had come five years earlier, a loss made, if possible, sadder by the fact that the princess's heart was torn at the same time by the anxieties of the conflict with Austria. In June, 1866, only a few days after the Crown Prince had left for the seat of war, occurred the death of their second son, Sigismund, a child of two. The Crown Princess followed this dear body to the grave, she alone with the coffin in the carriage. The death of the youngest son, Prince Waldemar, in 1879, when he had just completed his eleventh year, came as an even more crushing blow to his father and mother. Neither ever ceased to mourn him while life was left, and right up to the very end the Empress Dowager could not speak the child's name without tears in her eyes. The parents and children repose to-day in the mausoleum erected by the Empress to the memory of her husband, in the park of Sans Souci. Marble busts preserve the features of both children; that of Prince Waldemar bears a strong resemblance to his brother Prince Henry. All accounts agree as to his high intelligence and the sweetness and charm of his disposition. The grief which follows such bereavement betrays the home. With prince and princess home life was best. Whether at the Neue Palais or in Berlin or at Wiesbaden town schloss, where they spent several winters, or in that most beautiful Old World castle at the edge of the Taunus Hills at Homburg, they made their life together and gathered their circle round them.

Comparisons are odious, yet sometimes they are inevitable. Contrasted with the interior ménage of the old Emperor William, the life of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess showed an ideal of domesticity. William I and the Empress Augusta occupied the same palace, Unter Den Linden; the house with the famous window and the hideous furniture. They, however, kept to separate floors. His majesty had the greatest respect for her majesty, but he did not often go upstairs. The artistic taste which dominated over the house was execrable; the tourist who chooses to scamper through its ghost haunted rooms can see that for himself. Nor can it savor of disloyalty to suggest that royal inclinations in the matter of art, in this country also, went along the road chosen by the many. Queen Victoria was at one with nine out of every ten of her subjects, where pictures were concerned. No books ever interested her much; books of a deeper character not at all. The Empress Frederick went with the few, with the "select," if one may be forgiven the use of a hateful word. Herself an artist of no mean order, a student whose receptiveness and intellectual adaptability outstripped the average even of the "select," she would have presented a remarkable figure whatever the circumstances into which she had been born. There can be nothing cynical in the assertion that the gifted woman who occupies a throne becomes twice gifted. Moreover, the Empress succeeded to the mantle of Elijah—her father's posthumous reputation which quickened soonest in Germany. Except Princess Alice, she alone of his children could appreciate and profit by his sagacity; and, prince or no prince, he was among the shrewdest statesmen of his time. Although his astuteness was too often verified after his death not to be generally admitted, the altruism of his nature should have won for him wider recognition among those masses which can but notice such public lives as most obviously touch their own beneficently. Thus there awaited this royal lady in her new home the estimation due to the princess royal of a mighty kingdom, and to the daughter of a statesman whose sound judgment had foreseen the need and the benefit of a united Germany.

This fact cannot be brought out too strongly, since it explains the mutual jealousy that speedily ensued, the mutual disappointment. Thoughtful Prussians, as is well established by published contemporary letters, hoped great things from the English marriage. Yet in not one of their three wars did they enjoy even the moral support of England, ministerial or popular. The English princess who had come to live among them showed plentiful political sagacity; but her liberal bias was too pronounced for a country situated like Prussia. The German empire will benefit one day by the advent of a ruler similar to Frederick the Noble; but the time is not yet. To put the matter brutally, as it was put to the present writer by a Coburg under-minister, on the same battlefield of Würth, "it would have been an immense 'unluck' for Germany had the Emperor Frederick lived." It was an immense "unluck" for the Empress Frederick that her father died. He would have corrected her attitude toward the epoch of Prussian conquest, which synchronized with her married life. She never understood its inevitableness any more than she could appreciate the absolute necessity to Germany of a figure like Bismarck. "I have cost her many tears," he said once, "and she could not conceal how angry she was with me after the annexations"—of Schleswig and Hanover. "She could hardly bear the sight of me, but that feeling has now somewhat subsided. She once asked me to bring her a glass of water, and as I handed it to her she said to a lady in waiting who sat near, and whose name I forgot, 'He has cost me as many tears as there is water in this glass.'"

"But that is all over now," is the comforting little sentence wherewith the princess is reported to have concluded this *cri de coeur*. But antagonism so deep rooted, so profound, could never end while life lasted. In spite of this lifelong fundamental hostility, the strong natures possessed by both Empress and minister enabled them to respect one another through all their differences. "The Crown Princess is unaffected and sincere," was the outcome of the Chancellor's maturer considerations;

"it is only family sympathies that make her troublesome, formerly more than at present." And again: "She is honorable, and has no great pretensions." He respected her as he had never respected the old Empress Augusta, whom he did not hesitate to call untruthful. It must be confessed—to take but one more incident of the same nature—that he and Moltke had serious cause of complaint against both royal ladies when they set their wits to postpone altogether the bombardment of Paris. Had the French capital held out much longer in 1871, the Germans might well have lost one-half of the fruits of their victory. Mercy and sentiment, however creditable to those who are impelled by such qualities, make for bloodshed in war. "War is always brutal," and when the princess, in the course of a conversation with Pothus, struck the table and exclaimed: "For all that, Paris shall not be bombarded!" she went far to justify Bismarck's lifelong growl against petticoat influences.

Unhappily, such an appreciation as this would not be complete without some references to the estrangement existing at one time between the dead Empress and her eldest son, the present

EARLY AUTUMN SKIES.

AN UNUSUAL PLANETARY ARRAY.

SEVERAL CONJUNCTIONS, AN OCCULTATION AND OTHER CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

A particularly interesting exhibition of planets will be afforded during the next few weeks. At the present time Mercury, Venus, Mars, Uranus, Jupiter and Saturn extend in a procession eastward from the setting sun in the order named, and lie within an angle of about 90 degrees of the western horizon. Mercury is still too close to the sun to be visible, but during the first ten days of October will be fairly well situated for observation. Venus is already the brightest of the lot, and will gain in brilliancy for the next three months. Mars is scarcely discern-

Vega, a little north of westward, is the constellation of Hercules, which has no stars of more than the third magnitude, but is famous for including the most remarkable cluster in the northern heavens. It has been estimated that this globular clump contains nearly or quite five thousand suns, each perhaps as large as our own. On a photograph taken at the Yerkes Observatory last year it was possible to count upward of three thousand. A powerful telescope is needed to resolve this cluster into its component bodies, but even with a small glass it is easily picked out and its difference from neighboring objects readily detected.

The Big Dipper is now to be seen between the Pole Star and the northern horizon, and is pretty nearly right side up. Thirty degrees south of the zenith, at about 9 o'clock, one sees Altair, or Alpha Aquilæ, almost as bright and beautiful as Vega. Altair lies a little further east than Vega. Much further down in the south-east—pretty close to the horizon, in fact—is Fomalhaut, which rises at about 8 o'clock, and thereafter for hours is the most conspicuous star in that region.

About an hour after the Lyre is in the zenith it is succeeded by the Swan, which has many features repaying careful scrutiny. It is in the latter constellation, by the way, that one finds the star which is the nearest of all to us in the northern heavens, "61 Cygni." Down between the Swan and Fomalhaut stretches the great Square of Pegasus, one of the most easily recognizable landmarks—if one may use the term—of the heavens. The northeasternmost star of this figure really belongs to Andromeda, which carries the gaze northeastward to Perseus. The Andromeda nebula, hardly to be seen with an opera glass, is one of the most suggestive things now visible. Although not so large as the Orion nebula, it is, nevertheless, supposed to have an expanse hundreds of times greater than the orbit of Neptune; and in the concentric circles of that colossal whirl astronomers find striking corroboration of the nebular hypothesis of Kant and Laplace.

Perseus, long famous on account of the short period variable star in it (Algol), derived fresh importance last spring when an entirely new star flamed out there. The Nova has now practically disappeared, as it was expected to do. Algol is probably the easiest variable in the whole heavens for an amateur to observe. Ordinarily between the second and third magnitude, it fades in brightness every three days to about the fourth magnitude, and then recovers its brilliancy. The diminution and restoration together occur within an interval of about five hours. A minimum should be discernible tonight at about 10:40 o'clock. The next two at convenient hours for observation are promised for October 5 and 6, a few minutes after midnight, and October 8, at 9:12 p. m. In some respects Mira, or Omicron Ceti, is a more remarkable star. It represents a different type of variable. Its period is about eleven months. Most of this time it remains invisible. The rise to maximum requires fifty days, and the fall therefrom consumes fifty days more. The latest maximum was due in July, when Mira was not visible in the evening. It now rises in the southeast, about an hour after Fomalhaut, but has so subsided in brightness as to possess little interest for the amateur.

Late in the evening Capella, a particularly brilliant star, comes up in the far northeast, just to the eastward of the Dipper. In October this lovely object, together with Aldebaran, the Pleiades and Orion, will be well situated for observation.

A REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

From a letter to The London Sketch.

You will, I am sure, be glad to learn that I have discovered the final resting place of Robinson Crusoe. He was apparently a worthy tradesman, who lived at King's Lynn, Norfolk, and died at that ancient seaport at the end of the eighteenth century. His grave is in St. Nicholas Chapel there, a fine large church built in connection with the parish church of St. Margaret's. While deciphering some of the inscriptions on the gravestones with which the church is entirely paved I discovered near the font a slab which stated that "Elizabeth, wife of Robinson Crusoe," was buried there in the year 1761. This immediately whetted one's imagination. Lower down the slab said that "Ann, daughter of the above," was also buried there in 1762; and below this—mirabile dictu!—was the following: "Also on this side of the south pillar lies interred the remains of Robinson Crusoe, Upholder, who departed this life on August 6, 1791, in his sixty-second year." We stood spellbound, and did not mind in the least the lack of the final "e," as we knew that our forefathers were not particular about such small matters.

After our first emotions, however, we began to fear that he could not be the genuine Robinson of our childhood, whose thrilling adventures enthralled our fancy. It was evident that this good Crusoe was not Defoe's wanderer, but simply an honest trader in Lynn. Besides, I find on consulting the book that Defoe's hero when he settled down ashore in 1705 was then seventy-three years old. However, Robinson Crusoe's grave is in King's Lynn, and I am glad that I have seen it. Another inscription that seems to savor of a literary character, and may therefore interest you, is the following: "In memory of Mr. Thomas Hollingworth, an eminent bookseller, a man of the strictest integrity in his dealings, and much esteemed by gentlemen of taste for the neatness and elegance of his bindings."

ANOTHER JOAN OF ARC MONUMENT.

From The Paris Messenger.

Joan of Arc is to have another monument erected to her memory. This monument will be at Domremy, her native place, and it is said that after the termination of the autumn manoeuvres the President of the republic will visit the town to assist at the inauguration. Preparations are already being made, especially at Pagny-sur-Meuse, in order to give the Chief of the State a suitable reception.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS FREDERICK AND THEIR CHILDREN. (From the painting by Winterhalter.)

Emperor. As in the case with Bismarck, here, too, the conflict was between masterful minds; between a fierce national prejudice, that was almost Chauvinism, and foreign sympathies; between authority and too pronouncedly liberal leanings. The son was taught to distrust the Empress's influence over his father; his own convictions seemed to him sufficient reason to conclude that this influence, if it prevailed, would be harmful for the nation. The episode of the Emperor Frederick's illness is subsidiary; no less than that charge of red hussars upon the Neue Palais as soon as the breath was out of the unhappy body. These are undercurrents to be mercifully forgotten, as we forget the tragedies of private lives, of happy uncrowned lives. There came forgiveness and reconciliation. And now there is the peaceful grave amid the lakes and trees of Potsdam. And the world is all the poorer for the passing of a sincere and high minded life.

NEED OF A "WORLD ETHIC."

From The London Chronicle.

A profoundly interesting article by Graham Wallas occurs in "The Inquirer" for the last week in June. It is entitled "Religion and Empire," and it is an attempt to discover "whether there exists at this moment a 'world ethic,' a moral conception of world relations corresponding to the New World politics." He comes to the conclusion that it is almost impossible to answer "yes" to that question. He points out how there is not even a working rule in the British Empire for dealing in the same way with populations of the same kind; how the traditions which obtain in India and in the Sudan, owing to the genius of Burke and the example of many of the heroes of Anglo-Indian statesmanship, of ruling the natives in their own interest by not allowing the governors to own land, is directly contradicted in South Africa, where the natives are not allowed in practice to own a single acre.

"It is easy," he says, "for men to speak of themselves as practical politicians, and to despise philosophy and ethics and religion as unpractical, but the present state of things in China is the clearest possible proof that the civilized world cannot possibly exist without ethical considerations." His conclusion is that some "world ethic" must arise. "Now that we know the little ball on which we move as we know the streets of our native town, the possibility of our living for future generations like rats fighting each other in a narrow pit may be, one hopes, too dreadful for us to face. And not only must that sense of limitation come home to us, but we shall be tempted—nay, we shall be compelled—to look beyond our globe out into the great expanse of the heavens, and try to bring our human needs, our human passions into relation with the eternities of space and time."

ble by the naked eye, and Uranus needs a glass to reveal it. Jupiter is the most conspicuous object in the southern skies in the early evening just now. The distance between the giant planet and his neighbor Saturn has perceptibly diminished in the last few weeks. In November Jupiter, Saturn and Venus will be close together.

The crescent moon, then but a day old, crept past Mercury on Friday evening last. Tonight, at about 10 o'clock, it will approach within a degree and a quarter of Venus. This should prove a beautiful conjunction. But a more unusual event will be the occultation of Mars the following evening. Although the moon will be but four days old, it will still be wide enough to hide the ruddy planet completely. The closest approach to Jupiter will be only four degrees, and this will occur after the planet has set on Friday night. The moon and Saturn will be in conjunction Saturday evening.

For general star gazing the early part of the week should furnish the best opportunity of the coming fortnight, because little interference from moonlight need be anticipated. Spica, which held a commanding position in the western skies in July and early August, has now disappeared. Arcturus in the northwest, and Antares, in the southwest, set a little later. Glimpses of them may be caught between 7 and 8 o'clock, if the horizon can be clearly seen. Arcturus, though not the brightest of the stars, is believed to be the biggest of them all, and to be rushing through space at an almost incalculable speed. These two circumstances impart to that orange hued orb a peculiar interest. Antares, in Scorpio, is tinted like the rose, but if one can bring to bear on it a glass of four or five inches aperture he can separate from the primary orb a tiny green companion.

Lifting the eyes to the zenith at about 8 o'clock, one will now find there the great white star Vega, in the constellation of the Lyre. Winnecke found a small companion of Vega in 1874, but a few years ago, after Barnard went to the Yerkes Observatory, he surpassed that performance by discovering a much smaller and closer one. Between Arcturus and Vega one may readily pick out the elliptical series of stars forming the Northern Crown. Still nearer to