HISTORIC TUCKAHOE.

AN ANCIENT MANSION OF THE OLD DOMINION.

The First Framed Dwelling West of the Falls—The Home of Randolphs for Nearly Two Centuries.

Tuckahoe, on the James River, about fourteen miles west of Richmond, is probably, at this time (1894), the best and most interesting specimen of early colonial architecture in Virginia—built by William Randolph, of Turkey Island, the [illegible] about 1690–1698, on a site selected for its beauty, [illegible] in a curve of the river on a lofty bluff, nested amid original oaks and vines, [illegible] with terraces [illegible] through a [illegible] grove to its rowgrounds, it stands to-day a living picture of the past, entranced the visitor with its hallowed associations, presenting in his mind the very reality of the old barons of the commonwealth, rich in their widespread acres, proud of their ancestry, convivial in their customs, yet [illegible] with an unlimited hospitality, maintained almost entirely by their varied home productions.

It is a dream of human happiness passed in the solitude of nature's beauties; separated from the world but surrounded by a [illegible] kindred family and dependants, a miniature kingdom and the nearest approach to perfect freedom, combined with the pleasures and benefits of civilization, in the conception of the mind.

Built on a promontory, with a view of the hazy mountains in the distance and the [illegible] waters of the James with its meandering lines clearly outlined by the heavy forest trees on its banks and the deep green grass of the rich lowgrounds, it yields a poem of rural beauty rarely surpassed. The house is in the form of the letter H, the two perpendicular lines being represented by wings about 25 feet deep and 50 feet long and the horizontal line by a saloon hall way about 24 feet wide and 40 feet long, running north and south with doors opening to the east and west upon massive stone steps, quarried from the neighboring [illegible] and into the wings. Heavy doors [illegible] either at the north or south one [illegible] by the quaint beauty and design of the graceful walnut staircases [illegible]

[illegible] the upper floors, that, at the south, [illegible] for some queer and unknown reason cut off the upper part of the arched doorway to the saloon hall. The floor boards, [illegible] 8 and 10 inches wide, of heart pine, not tongued and grooved, are as perfect and close fitting as when laid, near two centuries ago, while the beams in the attic supporting the Gothic roofs are as sound and large as those of the Gaineo Mills. With the exception of the handmade wrought iron nails which fastened the thick heart shingles and the clapboards on the exterior, and hand-made strap hinges and brass locks to the doors, not a piece of metal was used in the building, the whole structure being held together by wooden pegs, apparently as strong and unyielding to-day as when first driven into the seasoned timber. The foundations for about four feet above ground are of brick, and also the east and west ends of the south wing, while the entire house is wainscoted in panels of black walnut, cut and made on the spot, by English workmen, and now so hardened by age as to be almost impenetrable to nail or tool, but the face of it all smeared by a heavy coat of lead-colored paint, concealing the beautiful grain of the wood, laid on by a former proprietor to satisfy the whim and bad taste of a young and exacting wife.

The ancient structure is two stories, with attic, wine cellars, etc., and stands now as when first erected, excepting that decay rendered it necessary to replace the old heart shingles by slate, which makes no change in the general effect and appearance. On the east, directly opposite the door of the saloon hallway, in ruins, the brick chimney fallen, and the grained arched roof caved in, at the edge of the expansive old flower garden with its boxed walks and queer-shaped beds, stands the small building where Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Mann Randolph, as children together, received the rudiments of education and discipline which finally raised them to the proud political and social elevations of their later years.

On the west stands a quaint building exactly like the school house, devoted to bachelor guests, where their idiosyncratic enjoyments might not interfere with the repose of the more staid members of the household. Running north from this were the smoke-house, kitchen, and dairy, of frame, and at right angles to the west were several brick quarters for the house servants, the quarters for the field hands having been at some distance to the east, near the large barn and stables. Facing the north front of the house is a glorious avenue of spreading elms arching the roadway; and looking through their vista one sees a beautiful avenue of venerable cedars bordering the private road for a quarter of a mile to the highway. Cool springs bubble from the surrounding hillsides, while beneath, it is said, lie rich deposits of the Midlothian vein of coal.

In later years the James River and Kanawha canal wound its placid way at the foot of the terraces, south of the house, replaced by the Richmond and Alleghany railroad, but so closely veiled is the place by the shielding foliage of its forest giants that its charming privacy is still intact, and the hoarse whistle of the engine is the sole indication of its nearness, and has no effect upon the ghostly appearance of the murdered pedler in the southeast chamber, nor on the frantic bride, who with long, unkempt locks and wringing hands paces the beaten walk to the east of the old building—according to ghostly lore of the place. William Randolph, who had seven sons, gave Tuckahoe to his second son, Thomas, and the family were so numerous and the same Christian names so common, that to distinguish them individually, they were designated by their homesteads, and the descendants of Thomas are known as the Tuckahoe branch, in which the generated homestead remained by direct lineal descent until 1840, when it was conveyed by Thomas Mann Randolph, great grandson of the first Thomas, and Lucy Patterson, of New York, his wife, to Hezekiah and Edwin Wight, of Richmond, probably formerly of Connecticut, and in 1850 by Edwin Wight, to Joseph Allen, of Richmond, and by him to his son, Richard S. Allen, who in 1883, married Miss Virginia Mitchell, of Richmond, and they have resided there since that date, worthy successors of the original owners, taking pleasure and pride in preserving the historical mansion and its surroundings intact and unchanged, together with such of the original mahogany furniture as had passed with the house, so that now the antique, carved high-post bedstead, with its rosty tester, on which our revered Washington reposed his weary form when a visitor at Tuckahoe, still occupies its wonted place in the old-time guest chamber—in which stands a hand-made wooden mantel, nine feet long, beneath which the blazing hickory logs were wont to light and cheer the welcome inmates.

Colonel William Byrd, in his Westover manuscript, mentions a visit to the Randolphs at Tuckahoe, in September, 1732, and since that date few were the prominent people of the State or distinguished visitors that did not gladly partake of the courteous hospitality and generous festivities profusely extended at Tuckahoe. In 1841, Mrs. Allen found that the upper and lower sash in the old pantry had been transposed, and in having them righted discovered, written on one of the old panes of glass, "Thomas Randolph, 1698." On one of the other panes in the northwest room on the first floor are written in diamond:

"Mary Randolph Tuckahoe March 30, 1788."

"Col. Ball 1st Va. Regt."

On another:

"Mary Horsemanden Byrd Westover"

On a pane in the southwest chamber, on second floor.

"Judith Randolph
Nancy Randolph
Jeany Randolph
March 16, 1789."

These were sisters of Governor Thomas Mann Randolph. Judith married her cousin Richard, brother of John Randolph, of Roanoke; Nancy married Governor Morris, of Morrisania, N. Y., and Jeany married her cousin Thomas Esten Randolph. After a century's lapse we find on another pane, "Ella Randolph White, March 25, 1872." She was a daughter of Hon. Albert S. White, U. S. Senator from Indiana, and Harriot Randolph, and sixth in lineal descent from the first Thomas.

AUNT MAHALA.

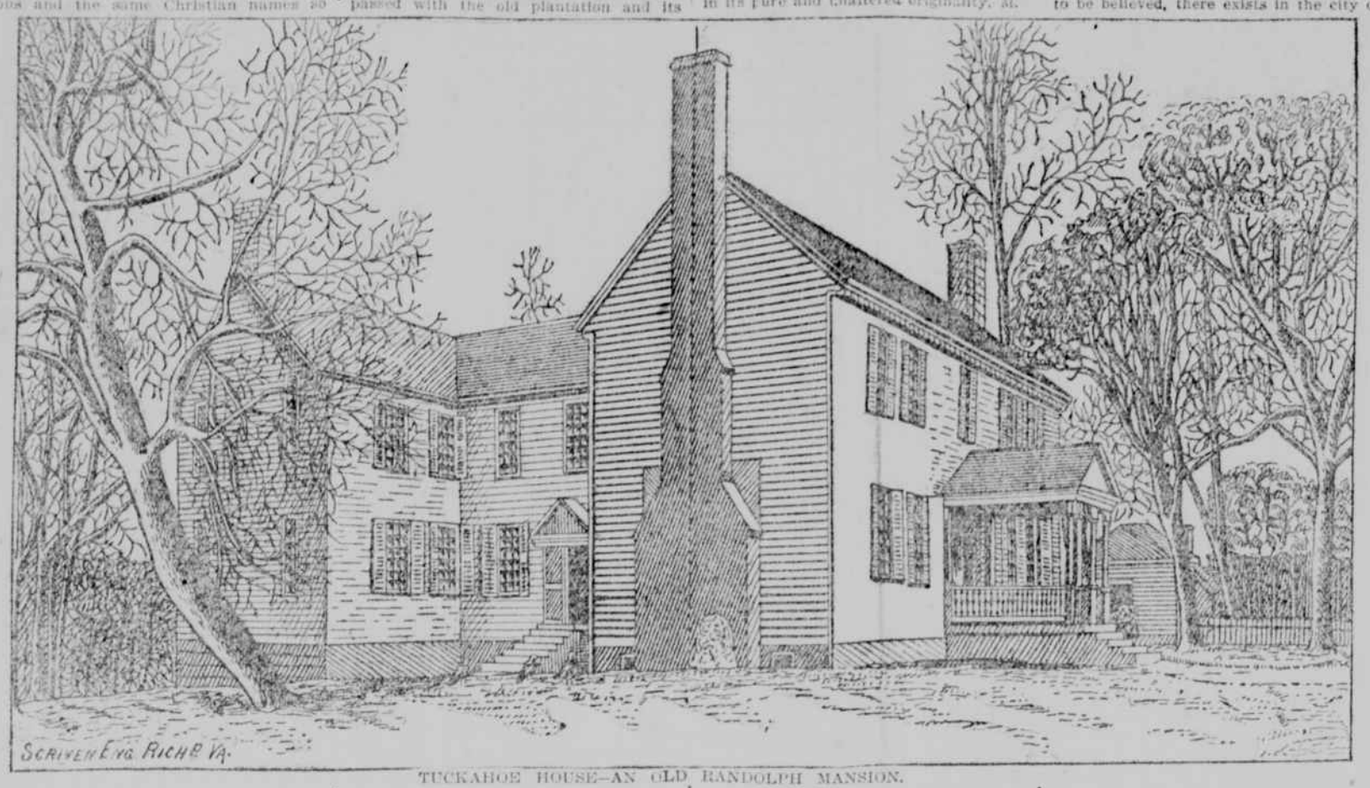
The figure seen in the illustration, standing at the west door of the Saloon Hall is that of "Old Aunt Mahala," born near the beginning of this century, "a personal chattel" of the Randolphs, and who by remarkable coincidence, has lived on, and passed with the old plantation and its various owners, and evidently considers herself an heirloom of Tuckahoe, and is always shown up to the many visitors as one of the interesting antiques of the place.

The family vault of the Tuckahoe Randolphs lies about 300 yards east by north from the mansion, on the east side of the garden, concealed from view by grape arbors and shrubbery. In it is the dust of Thomas Randolph, and Judith Churchill, his wife; William Randolph, and Mary Page, of Rosewell, his wife; Thomas Mann Randolph and his first wife, Anne Carey, of Ampthill (his second wife, and widow, Gabriella Harvie, married Dr. John Brockenbrough, of Richmond, and is buried by him, at the Warm Springs, Va.); Harriet Wilson, whose father was Mayor of Richmond in 1812, the first wife of Colonel Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr. The last interment was that of William Randolph, who married Lucy Bolling. He came to Tuckahoe regularly for years, with the expressed hope of dying at the seat of his family, but death surprised him elsewhere. His wishes, however, were carried into effect, and he was the last of his family placed in the vault, when the descending entrance was filled and the doorway bricked up. The body of Thomas Mann Randolph, the last Randolph owner of Tuckahoe, lies beside that of his second wife, Lucy Patterson, in Shockoe Hill cemetery, at Richmond.

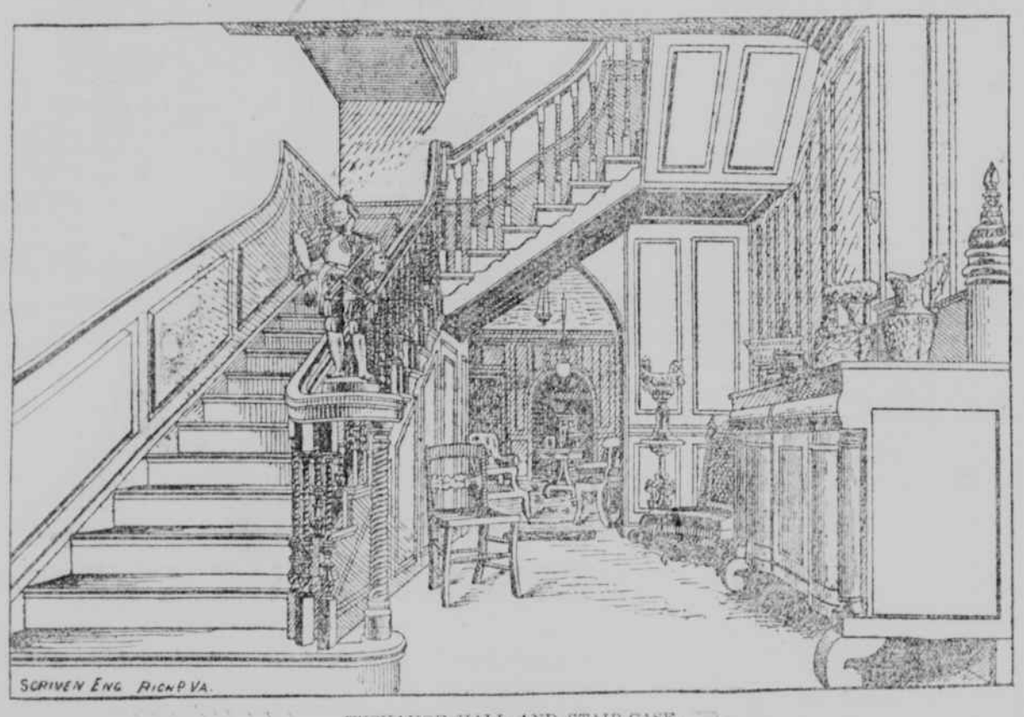
The vault itself was peculiarly constructed, being built beneath the ground, so that the top was about on a level with the surface of the earth. Inside it is a sharp arch, about ten feet deep and seven feet wide, and about six feet high in the centre. The doorway was about five feet high, and three and one-half feet wide, facing the west, and was only accessible by steps from above, the whole being protected by a three-foot brick wall, about twenty feet square, surmounted by half-round brick, an iron gate giving admission on the west. The old wall had become badly dilapidated and was replaced by another in 1853, built, however, of the original bricks.

THE FIRST FRAMED DWELLING.

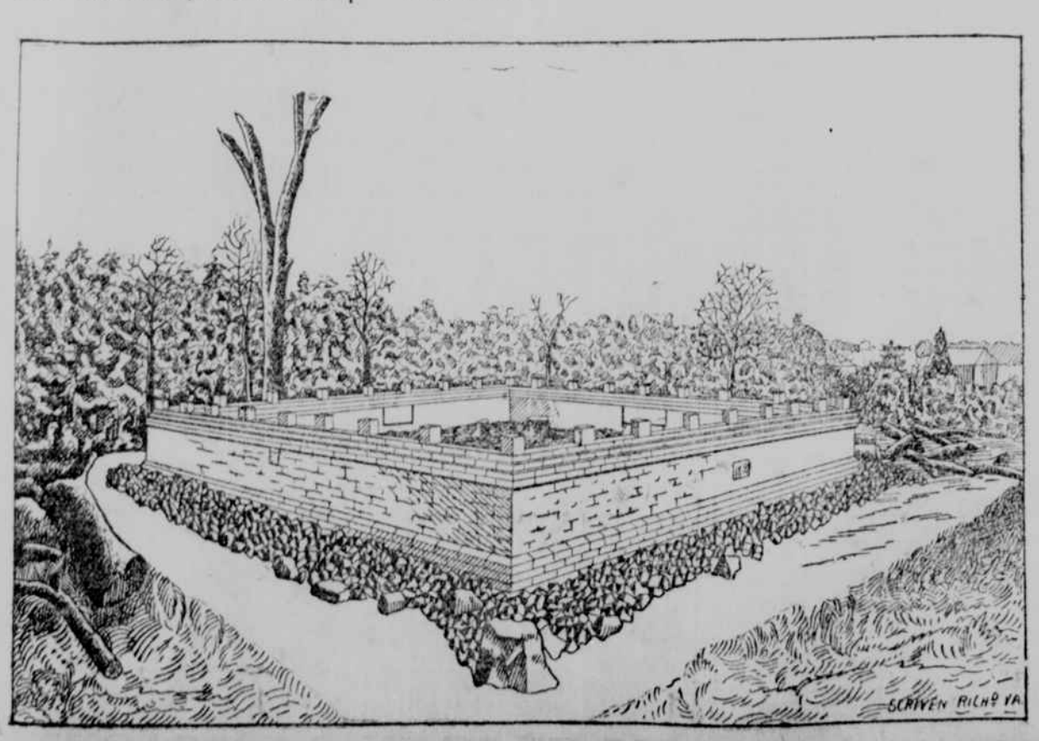
If there is a spot that should appeal to the hearts of Virginians, it is "Tuckahoe," the first framed dwelling west of the "Falls," now Richmond, a frontier settlement surrounded by Indians; seated at a time when for every 500 acres, the law required "One Christian man, perfect of limb, provided with a well-fixt musquett or fuzee, a good pistoll, sharp sheater and tomahawk" to reside on the land; erected, owned and occupied for nearly a century and a half by a family that has furished more able and prominent men than any other in the United States. Well may we take pride in its history and desire to preserve it as one of the most precious heirlooms of the ancient Dominion. But changes have come, and recently Tuckahoe has been sold, and for the first time become the property of a new resident of the State, but we surely can hope that one desirous of owning a home so rich in historical associations, has the delicacy of sentiment and the deep appreciation of the value of one of the few and most realistic monuments of our ancestors that will impress the feeling of proprietorship with the duty of its preservation in its pure and unaltered originality. M.



TUCKAHOE HOUSE—AN OLD RANDOLPH MANSION.



TUCKAHOE HALL AND STAIR-CASE.



THE GRAVE-YARD AND VAULT.

The Tuckahoe Randolphs.

As an appendix to this account of old Tuckahoe, we give a brief genealogical sketch of that branch of the Randolph family:

William Randolph, of Turkey Island, was born in Yorkshire, England, and came to Virginia about 1674. He died at Turkey Island 16th of April, 1711, aged sixty years.

Thomas Randolph, of Tuckahoe, second son of William, of Turkey Island, and Mary Isham was born at Turkey Island in 1683. He married in 1710 Judith Churchill, of Middlesex county. Their children were:

William, born at Tuckahoe in 1712 and died in 1745. He married in 1735 Mary Page, only daughter of Hon. Mann Page, of Rosewell, Gloucester county, Va., and Judith Wormly, his first wife. This Mann Page, who built Rosewell, was the son of Col. Matthew Page, of Abingdon Parish, Gloucester county, and Mary Mann, his wife, a rich heiress of Timberneck, Gloucester, who left a great fortune to her son. Thus was introduced the name Mann, which has borne so conspicuous a place in the Page and Randolph families.

This William R was who executed a deed for 200 acres to Peter Jefferson, the father of the great original Democrat, Thomas Jefferson, in manner form as follows:

"This indenture, made the eighteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord Christ MDCCXXXVI., between William Randolph, Jr., of the county of Goochland, Gent., of the one part, and Peter Jefferson, of the said county, Gent., of the other part—Witnesseth, That the said William Randolph, for and in consideration of Henry Weatherburn's biggest bowl of Arrack punch, to him delivered at and before the ensealing of these presents, the receipt whereof he, the said William Randolph, doth hereby acknowledge, hath granted, bargained, and sold, and by these presents doth grant, bargain, and sell unto the said Peter Jefferson, and to his heirs and assigns, one certain tract or parcel of land containing two hundred acres, situate, lying, and being on the north side of the Northana, in the parish of St. James, in the county of Goochland aforesaid, and is bounded as follows—to-wit: Beginning," etc.

Thomas Mann Randolph, only son of William Randolph and Mary Page, was born at Tuckahoe. He married first (in 1761) Anne, eldest child of Col. Archibald Cary, of Ampthill, Chesterfield county, Va. Their children were:

Mary Randolph, the Queen—married David Meade Randolph, of Presque Isle.

Elizabeth—married Robert Pleasants.

Thomas Mann—married Martha Jefferson, daughter of the President of the United States.

William Randolph—married Lucy Bolling Randolph.

Judith—married Richard Randolph, of Bizarre.

Ann Cary, the celebrated Nancy Randolph—married Gouverneur Morris, of New York.

Jane Cary—married Thomas Esten Randolph.

John—married Judith Lewis, of Amelia county.

Harriet—married Richard S. Hackley, of New York.

Virginia—married Wilson Jefferson Cary, of Fluvanna county, Va.

Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, married a second time Gabriella Harvie, of Richmond. Their only son, Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr. (junior of his elder brother of the same name), married first Harriet Wilson, of Richmond. Their children were:

I. Mary Gabriella—married John Biddle Chapman, of Philadelphia; had issue—

(a) Gabriella—married Luis Fotestad Marquis Fonari.

(b) Emily—married Prince Joseph Pignatelli d' Aragon.

II. Margaret Harvie, second daughter of T. M. R. and Harriet Wilson—married Francis A. Dickens.

III. John B. Randolph, lieutenant United States navy—married Miss Timberlake.

IV. Harriet, youngest daughter of T. M. R. and Harriet Wilson, married Albert S. White, United States senator from Indiana.

Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., of Tuckahoe, married a second time Lucy Ann Patterson, of New York, and had issue—

V. Henry—married Miss Wierman.

VI. Clara—married William Key Howard.

VII. Louisa—married George W. Mayo.

VIII. Jane—married Robert Harrison, of New Jersey.

IX. Arthur—married in Scotland.

A Police Protective Tariff.

If the testimony of the witnesses is to be believed, there exists in the city of New York a Police Protective Tariff (to borrow the phrase used the other day by a distinguished ex-mayor of New York), the revenues from which equal the legitimate income of the city. These revenues are divided between various politicians in and out of office. The probabilities are that there is a regular ratio of division, a percentage, as is usual among brigands. He will be entitled to great honor who will succeed in discovering how much of the plunder goes to the ward man, how much to the police captain, how much to the inspectors, to the commissioners, to Tammany Hall, to the district leaders of Tammany Hall, and to the chief and other officers of that organization.—John Brooks Leavitt, in the August Forum.

He Was Well Stocked Up.

It was a little New Hampshire village among the mountains, where the country store served as post office, circulating library, shoe store and everything else combined, that a Boston lady, dancing over the books, inquired, "Have you Browning?"

"No," said the attendant, somewhat regretfully, and not knowing just what kind of an article Browning might be, "we have not." Then more brightly, "we have blacking and blacing, and have a man who does whiting. We occasionally do pinking. Would any of these do?"—Michigan Tradesman.

Current Events.

A young man in the Atlanta jail on a charge of selling liquor without license has professed religion and was baptized in the prison bath tub.

Paris has invented a new shade or color which it calls pelure d'ognon. That sounds better, but does not look better than the English version, "Onion parling."

Residents of Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, are protesting against having that thoroughfare laid with asphalt. They say it is too costly, not suitable, is noisy, slippery, and dangerous, disagreeable in smell, injurious to the sight and dirty, and would damage the property of the abutters.

An appeal is being made for funds to be used in educating in English Hindoo widows, most of whom are girls doomed by caste to solitary lives. A new school is to be opened in Bombay.

According to Mrs. Oberholtzer, there are now 340 school savings banks in this country. Pennsylvania takes the lead, but some very flourishing banks of this kind have been established in Colorado, Kansas, and North Dakota. As a rule 3 per cent. interest is allowed on $3 and over.

Most of the States have had a system of commutation for good behavior of prisoners. Massachusetts is just putting that kind of a ticket of leave law in force. The first subject for clemency is a man now in the thirties, a splendid specimen physically, who fourteen years ago, was given an eighteen-year sentence for burglary. He has been a model prisoner and means to begin life anew.

Mars does not reach its "opposition" until October; but it is already within reach of observation (rising about midnight), and we begin to hear of interesting appearances upon its surface. From the Lick Observatory we get an account of bright points which seem to project from the edge of the planet's disk, and are very likely snow-clad mountain tops, or perhaps clouds of some kind. Also that one or two of the "canals" have been observed, and one of them, Gigas, seen double. As the planet comes nearer we shall probably receive numerous reports of things seen, or supposed to be seen, some by trustworthy observers and others by observers whose imaginations are more powerful than their eyes or telescopes.

AUNT MAHALA—WHO GOES WITH THE PLACE.

OF KINGS AND QUEENS.

HOW ROYALTY AMUSES ITSELF IN THE HEATED SEASON.

The Prince of Wales as a Country Squire, and Emperor William as Yachtsman and Hunter.

(Copyright, 1894, for The Times.)

The kings and queens of Europe spend the heated season in varied ways. The venerable Queen Victoria, for more than twenty years, has usually divided the summer and autumn months between Osborne and Balmoral castles. The former is situated in the Isle of Wight, and the latter in one of the most picturesque portions of the Scottish Highlands. She generally takes her departure from Osborne in the latter part of August, and prolongs her stay at Balmoral until early in November. The life which the queen leads at Osborne is very simple and regular. She takes her breakfast and spends the morning hours either in the marquees placed in various shady spots near the castle, or in the large chalet in the grounds, which is very cool and inviting in hot weather, and to which the queen drives daily in a donkey chair. Sometimes this drive is postponed until after tea, and the queen goes for a short sail on her yacht, the "Alberta." The queen generally confines her drives to the park, which is quiet and cool. The grounds about Osborne castle are well wooded, and a private drive eight miles in length commands every variety of English scenery—the Solent with the Hampshire coast in the distance, and hill, valley, wood and lawn between. Balmoral, where the queen will go in a few weeks, has been her favorite home ever since the death of her husband. She is happier there than in any other part of her kingdom. Balmoral is situated on the right side of the pleasant river Dee, and is a beautiful and romantic estate of ten thousand acres. The queen lives as simply at Balmoral as at Osborne. Her life is more that of an old lady of means than that of a sovereign of the most powerful empire in the world. The queen goes out in the open air every day. Her advancing years have compelled her to give up the long walks of which she used to be so fond, but every afternoon, no matter what the state of the weather, finds her in her carriage.

Often, when the weather is pleasant, she remains out of doors all day, reading or writing in the shade of some fine old tree. In this fashion also she frequently discusses her breakfast and afternoon tea. The peasants of the country side see more of their queen than do any of her other subjects, and the cotters more often claim her attention than do the country gentry. She is very fond of visiting the peasants in their humble homes, and in this connection many delightful stories are told. The queen has a long memory and never forgets any one to whom she has been attracted, no matter what condition in life. Some years ago the queen fell quite in love with the little daughter of one of the cottagers near Balmoral, and her love was returned in ample measure. The child, when she learned that her friend was about to leave for England showed every sign of distress, but the queen soothed her with a promise to bring her a great store of toys when she again returned to the North. When next season the queen returned to Balmoral her carriage was seen to stop at the cottager's door, and the queen, handing the promised toys to her small admirer, said: "See, I have not forgotten you."

The life led by the Prince of Wales during the summer months is a much busier and more varied one than that of his august mother. He usually makes the round of the great country houses of England, where his coming is always eagerly watched for; spends a few weeks at Homburg, and in September takes part in the family reunion of King Christian at Fredensborg. However, the prince is happiest when, for a few weeks, he can bid farewell to the world of form and fashion and spend a brief season in his country home at Sandringham, a typical country house pleasantly situated in a typical English county. Norfolk is the paradise of the sportsman, and its shores are washed by the waves of the breezy North Sea. Sandringham is some distance from the main railroads of the kingdom, but it is still reached without trouble. The prince takes the keenest delight in playing the role of the country squire, and is seen at his best at Sandringham. Three grand social events intersperse his annual stay at Sandringham. These are the county ball, the farmer's ball and the servants' ball. The former takes first place in the annual round of English country life. It is strictly observed at Sandringham house, and yet all entitled to admission receive the most cordial welcome. There is no need to explain the character of the farmers' ball, and many a happy farmers' wife enlightens her city friends with glowing accounts of her first dance with the prince as partner. The servants' ball is as brilliant and joyous an occasion as the other two. On this occasion the prince invariably leads off with the housekeeper, or upper chamber maid, and the princess with the butler, or cook.

The Emperor William of Germany is an enthusiastic yachtsman and hunter, and finds time each summer to devote a few weeks to his favorite pastimes. The war lord of Germany is one man, William off for a holiday on his yacht is another and a very different one. Formality is for the moment completely forgotten, and the Emperor enters with boyish zest into all manner of sport. He meets his associates on an equal footing, and is perfectly familiar with the personal affairs of every member of his crew. He delights to arrange races and trials of athletic prowess between the men, and now and then engages in a wrestling bout himself with some friend. The Empress does not share her husband's fondness for the sea, and is a poor sailor. Her summer outing is passed at Potsdam, either in the palace in the town, or, as the heated season advances, in one of the residences on the height. In August she goes for a fortnight with her family to some modest watering place on the coast, usually the Island of Rugen-on-the-Baltic, where she is joined by the Emperor whenever his duties will permit. I have said that the Emperor is an enthusiastic hunter. His hunting estate in East Prussia is a great forest covering some seventy-five square miles of rough and rocky territory, and abounds in the finest deer that run on the continent. Here the Emperor loves to follow the chase in the manner of the ancient founders of his house. For the mock hunts so popular at Potsdam he has no patience. He is a splendid horseman, and an almost unerring marksman, and cares only for the chase requiring the highest qualities of horsemanship and marksmanship. He devotes at least a fortnight every autumn to the pleasures of the chase.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, has a comfortable but modest villa at Ischl, where he usually passes his summer vacation. His habits are simple and severe, and hunting is the one pastime of which he is passionately fond. There are ample opportunities for the huntsman at Ischl, which lies between Salzburg and Gmundon. The adjacent mountains are steep, thickly wooded and over-running with game. When staying at Ischl Francis Joseph often rises before sunrise to take part in the chase. His ministers visit Ischl only at rare intervals, but the Empress, who is an almost constant traveler, always joins her husband some time in August in order to be with him on his birthday. Sportsmen only are included among the guests invited to Ischl. The Emperor leaves his mountain resort early in September to be present at the grand military manoeuvers. When these are ended he returns to Vienna until October, and then for a month makes his residence in Buda Pesth. He returns to the Austrian capital in November and does not leave it again until May or June, when he goes to Schoenbrunn.

The king of the Belgians and his family spend the summer months at Ostend, where Leopold erected a handsome villa some years ago. The life of the king is a busy and laborious one, and his stay at Ostend is no exception to the rule. He is up before dawn and labors in his cabinet until ten in the forenoon. After that, if the weather is fine, he goes with some of his attendants for a walk on the beach. He is very democratic and mixes freely with the promenaders. He delights to pause before the little cabins on wheels, which are one of the curious features of life at Ostend, and watch, when the doors open, the pretty girls tripping out from their bath. However, the king is soon back at his desk, and here he is again busy until four in the afternoon. After that he goes for a walk on the Estacarde, where he loves to watch the vessels entering and leaving the harbor. His favorite evening pastime, after a modest dinner at six, is to go again to the beach, now emptied of its midday crowd, and watch the retiring rays of the setting sun.

Life has thus far been a very serious and matter of fact business for Wilhemina, the girl queen of Holland. From early in April until late in the autumn of every year she resides with her mother, the queen-regent, at the castle of Loo. Here the life led by the little queen is a very simple and regular one. She is up betimes in the morning and spends the forenoon at her books. After luncheon she drives her ponies, sometimes four and sometimes six, or feeds her pigeons, which will take their food from no other hand than hers.

Alfonso, the boy king of Spain, spends the summer at San Sebastian closely guarded by his mother, the queen-regent. The little king is now eight years old, and has quite a numerous court attached to his person, including two or three stately majordomos and any number of pages and domestics. The royal nurse, Raymonda, who nursed him in his infancy, is still his faithful guardian, and sleeps beside his bed at night. As soon as he is washed and dressed in the morning he is turned over to Raymonda, who conducts him to the queen. When the weather is pleasant he goes for a ride with his mother and sisters both in the morning and afternoon, and often he takes a long plunge in the surf. The king seems to thoroughly enjoy the ease and freedom of his summer sojourn at San Sebastian, and his mother experiences the added pleasure of knowing that in the keen, bracing air of the pleasant Basque watering place the son to whom her life is devoted finds his sweet prospect of one day filling his father's throne.

The Castle of Manoah, in Lombardy, is the home of King Humbert of Italy during the early summer months, here he and his queen live with as little pomp and ceremony as possible. In September they go for a short stay in the Alps, the king to hunt and the queen to enjoy at her chalet of Gressoney the long mountain excursions of which she is so fond. At Gressoney Humbert adopts the costume of the Tyrolese mountaineers and leads a life as simple and hardy as their own. The Italian crown prince spends a greater part of the summer at Capo di Monte, the Versailles of Naples, where he hosts his court. His mother goes every October to Capo di Monte to aid in entertaining his numerous guests, and when later the king joins them, a shoot bear hunt is one of the unfailing features of the merry making.

King Oscar, of Sweden, who loves the good things of life, has several charming country places, and in the early summer divides his time between them. He still retains his love for the sea, to which he was apprenticed in his youth, and every August makes a long cruise along the bold and romantic coast of his northern kingdom.

The court of King Christian, of Denmark, presents a unique and charming spectacle, when, during the summer months, he takes up his residence at Fredensborg, an ancient castle on the shores of Lake Esrom. A magnificent park, combining forest glades with more cultivated and less rugged beauties, surrounds the castle, which has ample accommodations for four hundred people. Etiquette and ceremonial are unknown at Fredensborg. Official receptions and State entertainments are not thought of, and the inhabitants lead the pleasant life of cultivated people seeking relief from worldly cares. Perhaps it is this freedom and abandon which gives Fredensborg so great a charm for the czar. The latter spends a month there every summer, shooting, taking long walks with one or another of his brothers-in-law, listening to music and chatting gaily with the Princess Waldemar, whose clever and lively conversation never fails to amuse and interest him. The prince and princess of Wales and the king and queen of Greece join the family circle which every year, for a brief period, shows the rulers of half the world united in simple, unfettered comity.

King Christian loves to romp with his grandchildren, and at Fredensborg is often seen seated in a very diminutive pony carriage, trusting himself to the care of a very youthful coachman. Sometimes he acts as the willing horse for a still younger driver. Every afternoon he invites his grandchildren to perform gymnastics, and himself enters enthusiastically into their exercises. Queen Louise always takes advantage of having her daughters with her at these family reunions to perform music in common, and often they play eight hands on two pianos, the queen and duchess of Cumberland at one, the Empress of Russia, and the princess of Wales at the other. The Czar, when at Fredensborg, loves to take long walks with his brother-in-law, Prince Waldemar. Often when hunger overtakes them on such excursions they enter the first peasant's house they come to and ask the woman to make them an omelet with bacon, a meal of which the Czar is especially fond, the peasant woman meanwhile remaining ignorant of the identity of her guests until the money paid her for the omelet opens her eyes. Political and military affairs have no place in the Fredensborg calendar. The time there is devoted only to enjoyment of family life. There are games of all kinds in which old as well as young take part—hunting in the forest, sailing and fishing on the lake, and drives in the vicinity. Often the old king himself acts as coachman on a family coach drawn by four horses. The youthful princes and princesses have their own ponies, and are often seen driving or on horseback in the park, but their greatest pleasure is when they can get their big uncle, the Czar, to fight with them on the lawn, although they can never get him to the ground. A special train always stands in instant readiness to start either for Copenhagen or wherever the wishes of the guests may impel.

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