

finest, being a model of perfection. It is a resort which combines the character of a natural with an artificial forest. This is the favorite resort of the better classes during the summer months. It is a truly beautiful spot, replete with pleasant, shady drives, retired walks and sylvan shades. Nestled here and there among the luxuriant foliage is found a lake, a fountain, a statue—or some other work of beauty “lends enchantment to the view.” Other than the large parks around the outskirts there are many inviting little nooks throughout the town which offer their inviting shade to the weary pedestrian and ever much enhance the attractiveness of the city.

Yes, Berlin is thoroughly modern. She has no St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, no Notre Dame, no St. Peters, no cathedral like that of Milan, Strasburg or Cologne—wonders which the world have gazed upon and admired. There is a dearth of those grand relics of the past, although there are many fine edifices embracing all the higher attributes of modern art and architecture. Yet they lack the classic grandeur of those antiquated piles so much revered by the world and recognized as the greatest achievements of architectural magnificence.

Standing in front of the Palais Royal and looking west is obtained a view of the Linden, not unlike the magnificent boulevards of Paris, a street one hundred and ninety-six feet in width and planted down the centre with a magnificent avenue of lime trees. Its length is one mile from the Palace to the Brandenburg Gate, beyond which lies the charming “Thiergarten.” This is the handsomest and busiest quarter of the city, comprising the most interesting historical associations, finest buildings and palaces of royalty. It is lighted by electricity the entire length, one row of lamps extending down the middle of the avenue in the centre and one on each side of the street, besides the wealth of light coming from the stores, hotels and palaces which flank both sides and render the thoroughfare as bright as day. The effect is grand, especially on a summer night.

To the left of the Linden towers the Emperor's palace, the birthplace of Frederick the Great, a huge rectangular gray structure containing six hundred apartments. The building is six hundred and fifty feet in length and three hundred and eighty wide. It rises in four stories to a height of one hundred feet, with a dome on the west rising 230 feet.

The general effect of the building is massive and imposing, but it has received little of the plastic embellishments that were at first intended, and shows the diversity of taste in architecture since it was founded in 1451 by Frederick II. Most of the monarchs since the foundation of the castle have endeavored to alter some defect or make some addition according to his own ideas, both internally and externally, and the process of renovation has continually gone on until

we find the gigantic pile in its present condition, not even now what was at first contemplated, but still a magnificent building in every respect, and rich in elegant detail. The interior, from beginning to end, is one of dazzling beauty.

Facing the palace on the north, lies the pretty “Lustgarten,” with an elaborate equestrian statue of Frederick Wilhelm III standing like a mighty sentinel in the centre. On the east is the Dome Cathedral, of no particular importance other than it is the church at which the Emperor worships and the resting-place of several members of the royal family. To the north rises the Royal Museum, a Greek structure with a handsome Ionic portico of eighteen columns, an admirable building and considered to be the finest in Berlin. The approach, a broad flight of stone steps, is beautified by a huge bronze statue of “A mazon defending herself against the tiger” on the right, while to the left is the imposing equestrian group, “The Lion Combat.”

In the rear of the royal or “old” museum, as it is styled, lies the new museum, connected with the former by an elevated passage which crosses the street. This museum is of later origin, and while its exterior calls for no particular praise, the interior is gorgeously decorated. But in my opinion the most interesting and magnificent of these three buildings, which stand here in a group, is the National Picture Gallery, located a little to the east of the last-mentioned building. Occupying the centre of a well kept plat of ground, it is embellished with statues, flower-beds and fountains, surrounded by massive Doric colonnades just outside of this winds the river. The building resembles a Corinthian Temple and is 200 feet long by 105 feet wide, elevated on a basement 39 feet in height. The front has a portico of eight massive columns, and there are statues by some of the best masters. Surmounted on a huge appropriate pedestal in front of the facade, and at the head of the imposing staircase leading to the main entrance is an equestrian statue of Frederick William IV, in accordance with whose plans the gallery was erected. The nucleus of this famous art studio was formed by a gift of 250 paintings, given to Emperor William I, and the institution has continued to grow to its present size. It now contains something over 500 works, representations of the various styles and epochs from the most celebrated schools of art and by no means lacking in masterpieces from the most renowned painters the world has yet produced. The walls are beautified by many cartoons and drawings from the brushes of celebrities, and in every niche and corner stands a group of statuary.

Coming back to the broad “platz” in front of the palace, from where we turned aside to look at the museums and gallery, let us continue down the street. Here we go over the palace “brücke” crossing an arm of the river, richly decorated by

eight groups in marble, over life size, illustrative of the life of a warrior. To the right is a large, square structure known as the Arsenal. It encloses a glass-roofed court 125 feet square, and has a large marble statue of Borussia in the centre. The sides are occupied by French cannons and flags, trophies of the late war. The exterior is finished in sculpture, in the keystones of the arches of the windows and doors being finely cut heads of warriors. The inside owes much of its interest to memorials which the victorious Germans carried away from Paris in the year 1814, and in the memorable war of 1870-71. Many cannons, flags, models of old French fortresses, mining and other engineering implements and a case of the medals claimed to have been rescued from the famous Napoleon during his hasty retreat from the field at Waterloo are there open to inspection.

Across the street and a few steps farther down stands the palace of the late Emperor, William I., a building of solid appearance and not overburdened with ornamentation. Immediately in front, and in the middle of the boulevard, rises a bronze memorial of Frederick the Great on horseback. This is said to be one of the handsomest monuments of its kind in Europe. The pedestal bears allegorical representations, the four corners being adorned with figures of “Moderation,” “Justice,” “Wisdom” and “Strength,” emblematic of the character of the great hero.

There are several buildings on the street in this vicinity; for instance, the Universitat, palace of the Crown Prince, Royal Opera, etc. Passing on we reach the historical Brandenburg Gate, one of the chief features of the Kaiserstadt. It is the entrance to the city from the “Thiergarten,” and is built in imitation of the Propylæa at Athens. It stands 85 feet high and is 205 feet in width, being supplied with five distinct passages separated by massive Doric columns. The middle passage is reserved for the exclusive use of the royal family. On each side stands a miniature Greek Temple. Surmounting the structure is the colossal “Quadriga of Victoria”—the historical horses and chariot captured by the French in 1807 and carried to Paris, but restored in 1814. A little beyond, down a fine avenue of limes, is seen the monument “Victory,” erected in celebration of the victories gained by Germany over her unlucky neighbors. It is a grand pile of granite and polished marble, 200 feet high. The base is a magnificent colonnade, upon the marble walls of which are pictured in mosaic figures partly allegorical, partly historical, scenes from the war of 1870, and the restoration of the German empire. Mounting the pinnacle the “Goddess of Victory” as a protectress stretches forth her wings to her brave sons. Not a German subject looks upon this emblem without his heart swelling with pride for his dear old “Vaterland.”

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