

## LEONORA CHRISTINA IN THE BLUE TOWER.



LEONORA CHRISTINA.

IT is not a fairy tale that I am about to relate, although its heroine was the daughter of a king and the wife of a nobleman whom this king delighted to honor. But I must tell you who they were before I tell the story, and to do this I must pick out the thread of their history from the tangled web of the time in which they lived. It runs as follows: Leonora Christina was a daughter of King Christian IV. of Denmark and Kirstine Munk, a lady of an ancient and illus-

trious family, with whom he had contracted a morganatic marriage. She was born on the 18th of July, 1621, at the castle of Fredericksborg, and in her eighth year was promised in marriage to Corfits Ulfeldt, an impoverished gentleman of good family, who had traveled in his youth, as was the fashion then, had studied at Padua, and had acquired a considerable proficiency in foreign languages. He had already filled several positions of dignity, and on the marriage of

the king's son Christian was one of the twelve noblemen who were named Knights of the Elephant. Leonora Christina was the favorite daughter of her father, and her marriage to Ulfeldt, which occurred in her fifteenth year, was celebrated at the castle of Copenhagen with as much splendor as those of the princes and princesses. She sold a portion of her jewels and ornaments to pay the debts of her husband, who naturally began to rise in the world. He was made a member of the Great Council, Governor of Copenhagen, and Chancellor of the Exchequer; in 1641 he was sent on a mission to Vienna, where Ferdinand III., Emperor of Germany, made him a count of the German Empire; five years later he was made High Lord Steward of Denmark, the highest dignity and the most responsible office in the kingdom.

Here his history, though prosperous, begins to darken. He accumulated enormous wealth, bought extensive landed estates, jewels, costly furniture, etc., and lived in magnificent style—at the cost of his country. He struck base coin, and, worse than this, he neglected the defenses of the kingdom. The King of Sweden took advantage of this crime, and marched his army into Denmark. There was no army to repel him, for Ulfeldt, at the head of the nobility, refused supplies; so peace was made, and, as might have been expected, it was not advantageous to Denmark. King Christian began to lose confidence in his son-in-law, but he allowed him to retain his offices, and sent him to France on a diplomatic mission. It was not successful, and he was not received on his return. In 1648 Christian IV. was gathered to his fathers, and his second son ascended the throne as Frederick III. The new queen, a Saxon princess, hated Ulfeldt and his wife; but the new king, like his father before him, allowed him to retain his offices, and sent him on a mission to Holland, the question at issue being the Sound Dues, which were not settled till a couple of centuries later. He concluded a treaty with Holland, but it met with no favor at Copenhagen, where it would have been well for him to have remained; for his enemies during his absence had nominated a committee to investigate his past administration, particularly his financial measures. The new court refused Leonora Christina and the children of Kirstine Munk the princely honors they had hitherto enjoyed; and the titles of counts and countesses of Schleswig-Holstein, which her father had granted to her and her children, were not acknowledged by Frederick III. Ulfeldt declined to appear at court, and a false accusation was brought against him and Leonora Christina that they intended to poison the king and queen. The judicial investigation which he demanded came to nothing, and he re-

solved to leave Copenhagen. He had a key made to the Eastern Gate, and one night in July, 1651, he stole out of it, taking Leonora Christina with him in the disguise of a valet. He had already placed his amassed capital abroad, and sent away the most valuable part of his furniture and movable property.

The fugitives embarked on a vessel bound for Holland, which they succeeded in reaching. In a few weeks a royal summons called Ulfeldt to appear at the next meeting of the Diet. In the mean time his offices and fiefs were given to others, and an embargo was laid on his landed property. He went to Sweden, and stirred up the embers of the old strife with Denmark. He was a dangerous adversary, whom it would have been wise to conciliate; but no arrangement could be made between him and his king, so bitterly was he hated by the queen. Leonora Christina proceeded to Copenhagen, but, being unable to see the king, was obliged to quit the kingdom as a fugitive. War was declared between the two powers, and in eight months Denmark was willing to accept such conditions of peace as she could get. They were hard. She had to surrender, besides her fleet, about one-third of her ancient territory—which she has never since regained. Ulfeldt negotiated for the King of Sweden, and of course looked out for his own interests as a whilom Dane. He demanded and received a large indemnity for the loss of the revenues from his estates; and the Swedish king gave him estates in the conquered land, and made him Count of Sölvißborg. New political complications soon arose, which ended in his being shut up with Leonora Christina in a fortress in Copenhagen. They finally procured their liberty by surrendering all their property, except an estate in Fyen, to which they were obliged to repair. After a time Ulfeldt obtained permission to visit Spa for his health; but instead of proceeding thither, he went to Amsterdam, to Bruges, and to Paris. He communicated with the Elector of Brandenburg, who betrayed his communication to the King of Denmark, who summoned him to appear before the High Court of Appeals in Copenhagen; and not appearing, he was condemned to death as a traitor, his property was confiscated, his descendants were forever exiled from Denmark, and a large reward was offered for his apprehension. He concluded to remain with his family in Bruges, where he had many friends. Lavish in his expenditures, he began to be in want of money, and cast about for the means of collecting the sums that he had so freely loaned in his days of prosperity. Among others whom he had obliged in this way was the then Pretender Charles—now Charles II., King of England—who owed him twenty thousand patacoons, or about five thousand pounds. As Leonora Christina was, through her

father, cousin to his graceless majesty, it was thought that if she went to England and claimed the money, he would repay it to her. She set out on her journey on the 23d of May, 1663. It was a fatal day for her, for she never saw her husband again. Charles received her politely, promised her all sorts of satisfaction, sent his secretary to see her papers, and so forth—but paid her nothing. The Danish government heard of her being in England, and thinking that Ulfeldt was with her, demanded her extradition. It was ostensibly refused. Satisfied at last that nothing was to be gained by remaining, she took leave of her royal cousin by letter, gave her papers to a lawyer, and set out from London. She got as far as Dover, intending to embark on the same evening for Flanders, when she was arrested and taken to the castle. She demanded the cause of her arrest, but was put off with various reasons. Persuaded that the king wished her to leave secretly, she was treacherously assisted to escape, captured again, placed on board an English frigate, and conveyed to Copenhagen, where, on the 8th of August, she was imprisoned in the Blue Tower of Copenhagen Castle. Her imprisonment was a dreadful blow to Ulfeldt, who fled from place to place, pursued by Danish agents demanding his extradition, and by men anxious to earn the reward for his apprehension, dead or alive. His last abode was at Basle, where he passed under an assumed name, until a quarrel between one of his sons and a stranger disclosed his secret. Not feeling himself safe, he left Basle, alone, at night, in a boat descending the Rhine. Infirm and broken, and laboring under a violent attack on the chest, the night air killed him. He died in the boat, on the 20th of February, 1664. The gold and jewels found upon him led the boatmen to think he was a person of consequence; so they brought the body on shore, and made the matter known in Basle. His sons came and buried him, under a tree in a field—where, no one knows. Such, in brief, was the life and death of Corfits Ulfeldt, the husband of Leonora Christina in the Blue Tower.

Why was she in the Blue Tower? She tried to discover, but without success. She was questioned by the king's ministers on the first afternoon of her imprisonment, and she answered with the skill of a veteran diplomatist. They could learn nothing from her, so they departed, and as they had taken her papers and money, she hastily concealed the trinkets she had about her—a gold watch, a silver pen, which gave forth ink and was filled with ink, etc.—in the holes of her prison. It was a dreary, filthy place, as she saw by the light of a candle in a brass candlestick. It contained a small low table, a high chair, two small chairs, a fir-wood bedstead

without hangings, and with old, hard bedding; it also contained recent and intolerable stenches. The door was opened again, and in came the queen's mistress of the robes, her woman of the bed-chamber, and the wife of the commissariat clerk, Abel Catharina. They carried clothes upon their arms, which she, woman-like, remembered for many a year. These consisted of a long dressing-gown, stitched with silk, made of flesh-colored taffeta, and lined with white silk; a linen under-petticoat, printed over with a black lace pattern; a pair of silk stockings, a pair of slippers, a shift, an apron, a night-dress, and two combs.

"It is the command of her majesty the queen that we should take away your clothes, and that you should have these in their place."

"In God's name!" answered she.

They removed the pad from her head, in which she had sewn up rings and many loose diamonds, and Abel Catharina felt all over her head to see if any thing was concealed in her hair. She found nothing. She next demanded her bracelets and rings, which were given up, except a small ring on the little finger, which was not worth more than a rix-dollar. This was taken also, for the woman said she had sworn upon her soul to the queen that she would not leave her the smallest thing. The poor lady was then stripped of her garments, even of her chemise. They examined her person, for letters, they said, and nothing else, but no letters were found. When they had clothed her in the garments they had brought, they searched her prison, and found the trinkets she had concealed in the holes. They did not observe her diamond ear-rings, nor some ducats she had sewn into leather round one of her knees, nor a costly rose-diamond which she had bitten out of a ring on board the ship, and carried in her mouth. The mistress of the robes laughed at her, and asked her when she sat down if she could not stand, and whether any thing was the matter with her.

"There is only too much the matter with me," she replied; "yet I can stand when it is necessary."

They went away at last with all her clothes, except a taffeta cap; and the prison governor entered with his hat on, and asked her why she had concealed her things, but knowing, as she said, that he was skillful in improving a report, and could twist language to the damage of those in trouble, she would not answer him a word. The table was then spread, and four dishes were brought in, but she had no appetite, though she had eaten little or nothing the whole day. When the dishes had been removed, a girl named Maren Blocks came in, and said she had been ordered by the queen to spend the night with her. The prison

governor joked with the wench, and indulged in loose talk till near ten o'clock, when he said good-night, and closed the two doors of her prison. Maren began to gossip about what the people were saying, and about herself. She was in the queen's private kitchen, and cleaned the silver. The queen could get no one who would be alone with Leonora Christina, for she was considered evil; she was wise, too, and knew future events.

"With all her witchcraft," said the queen, "she is now in prison, and has nothing with her; and if she strikes you, I give you leave to strike her back again till the blood comes."

The credulous creature threw her arms round her neck, and cried out, "Strike me, dear heart! strike me!"

"I will not," said Leonora Christina.

Maren then caressed her, and babbled away until she had wearied Leonora Christina, who said she would sleep. When she had lain a while with her face to the wall, she turned round and saw that the girl was weeping silently. They began again—the king's daughter and the queen's kitchen-maid—and went on talking through the night.

The prison governor came at six o'clock the next morning, and asked Leonora Christina if she would have some brandy, but she answered nothing. He chattered with Maren, and told her secretly that she was to say she wished to go out for a little time, as she was to go to the queen. When she had gone he pestered Leonora Christina with questions, but she paid no attention to him. Maren returned at eight o'clock, and said that two women would come and relieve her at noon. She had been questioned by the queen, who asked her whether Leonora Christina wept much. "'Yes, indeed, she weeps silently,' I answered, for if I had said you did not weep, the queen would have thought that you had not yet enough to weep for." The women did not come until late in the afternoon. One was the wife of the queen's shoe-maker, and the other the wife of the king's groom. The former was very officious, and offered to solicit the queen for any thing that my lady wanted. Some womanly gear was wanted, particularly a bone box of perfume. It was sent for, and was brought, except the box of perfume, which had been lost. The groom's wife spread the table, but Leonora Christina had no desire to eat. Her meal was made off a lemon and some sugar. The inevitable prison governor sat down with the women, and rattled and jested away until he was tired, when he went out and locked the doors. The next morning he returned, and offered the women brandy, which they drank readily. They then went to the queen, and reported all that had happened. It was not long before the king's min-

isters came again, and began to examine and cross-examine Leonora Christina. The king entertained suspicions with regard to her, and not without reason. "Your husband," said the chancellor, "has offered the kingdom of Denmark to a foreign lord." She asked if the kingdom of Denmark belonged to her husband, that he could thus offer it, and as no one answered, continued:

"Good gentlemen, you all know my lord; you know that he has been esteemed as a man of understanding; and I can assure you that when I took my leave of him he was in perfect possession of his senses. Now it is easy to perceive that no sensible man would offer that which was not in his power, and which he had no right to dispose of. He is holding no post; he has neither power nor authority; how should he, therefore, be so foolish as to make such an offer, and what lord would accept it?"

It was so nevertheless, they insisted, and she knew it well.

"God is my witness that I know of no such thing." She could not make them think so.

"Madame," said the Prime Minister, "confess while the king still asks you to do so."

They continued to question her about her husband, and told her that the king was an absolute sovereign, and could do what he liked.

"See, here I am!" she exclaimed. "You can do with me what you will. That which I do not know I can not say."

They wasted about three hours upon her, and departed. Her dinner that day was a draught of beer. The prison governor and the women dined more heartily, and coarse stories followed in rapid succession. The same scene was repeated at the evening meal. When her bed was made she lay down to sleep, but was wakened by the rats, of which there were great numbers. Hunger had made them bold, and they ate the candle as it stood burning.

The prison governor came as usual in the morning, with more brandy for the watchwomen, who had a whole bottle besides. As Leonora Christina would not reply to his questions, he seized her hand and shook it roughly. "I should like to give him a box on the ears," she thought. Her persistent refusal to speak somewhat discouraged him: he became less loquacious and less merry with the women. Two or three mornings afterward the king's councillors paid her another visit, and insisted as before that she was acquainted with her husband's designs. They asked, if he was found guilty, whether she would take part in his condemnation.

"If I may know on what ground he is accused," she answered, "I will answer to it so far as I know, and so much as I can."

They had some papers brought in to them, and the chancellor said, "There is nothing



further to do now than to let you know what sort of a husband you have, and to let you hear his sentence."

The papers were read, the first being to the effect that Corfits, formerly Count of Ulfeldt, had offered the kingdom of Denmark to a foreign sovereign, and had told him that he had the ecclesiastical and lay magnates on his side, so that it was easy for him to procure the crown of Denmark for him. Then followed the defense of the clergy, who protested that Corfits had never had any communication with any of them, and the defense of the burgomaster and Council in Copenhagen; and last, the reading of the sentence which, without a hearing, had been pronounced against him. The sentence was placed on the bed before her. She wept. Then a prayer was read aloud which had been pronounced from the pulpit, in which he was anathematized, and God was prayed not to allow his gray hair to go to the grave in peace. After the councilors had departed the prison governor came, and the women, and a stool was placed by the side of her bed. "Eat, Leonora; will you not eat?" he demanded, tossing a knife on the bed. She took it with an angry mind and threw it on the floor. He picked it up, and sat down with his dear little women, and crammed himself. He returned in the afternoon to let them out for a time, and read aloud, from a book he brought, prayers for a happy end, for the hour of death, and for one suffering temporal punishment for his misdeeds. He also read a prayer for one about to be burned! Then he walked up and down the cell and sang funeral hymns. His piety ended before the evening meal began, when he was again merry and coarse.

In a few days her first attendant, Maren Blocks, took the place of one of the women. To test her, Leonora Christina asked her to get her some needles and thread, but she refused: for herself she would gladly procure them for her, but it would risk her whole well-being if the queen should find it out, for she had strictly forbidden that any one should give her either pins or needles. "For what reason?" "That you may not kill yourself." Leonora Christina assured her that nothing was further from her thoughts, and the good-hearted creature promised that she should have needles and thread. There was soon another meeting of the king's councilors—not in her cell this time, but in a room above it—to which she was summoned, and to which she was obliged to be helped, she had grown so weak. They questioned her for more than three hours, and departed as wise as they came.

"Now you are to remain in here," said the prison governor; "it is a beautiful chamber, and has been freshly whitewashed: you may now be contented."

Let us see what there was to make her

contented with her new abode. It was a chamber seven paces long and six wide; there was in it two beds, a table, and two stools; it was freshly whitewashed, which caused a terrible smell; the floor, moreover, was so thick with dirt that she imagined it was of loam, though it was really laid with bricks; it was eighteen feet high, with a vaulted ceiling, and very high up there was a window which was two feet square. In front of it were double thick iron bars, besides a wire-work which was so close that one could not put one's little finger into the holes. This wire-work had been thus ordered by the Prime Minister so that no pigeon might bring Leonora a letter! Tired and weary with her examination, she wished to rest, but before she could do so a bedstead had to be taken out of the Dark Church, as it was called, and brought thither. Her two attendants withdrew after supper, and another woman named Karen was placed with her. The prison governor bolted two doors before her inmost prison. There was a square hole in the innermost one secured with iron cross-bars, and he was about to attach a lock to this hole, but as Karen said she could not breathe if it was closed, he contented himself with affixing locks to the door of the outer chamber and to the door leading to the stairs. Clearly Leonora ought to have been delighted with her new prison.

Sometimes in her reveries she scratched at the walls which inclosed her, and Karen imagined that she was confused in her head. It was reported to the queen, who never failed to send messengers during every meal-time, when the door was open, to inquire how it fared with her, and what she said, and what she was doing. Her strength decreased so that she appeared to be dying, and rejoiced at the prospect of her end. She asked for a clergyman to give her the sacrament, and the king's court preacher, Magister Mathias Foss, was sent to perform the duties of his office. He embraced the opportunity to exhort her to unburden her conscience. She might rest assured, he said, that in this world she would never see her husband again, and that therefore she ought to tell what she knew about his treason. She knew nothing about it, but commended him to the Almighty, who knew her innocence. When she had received the Lord's Supper, Magister Foss comforted her and bade her farewell.

The prison governor began to persecute her again, by expressing his belief that she entertained an evil opinion of the queen. He inferred this from her saying, when he said that the king had ordered that whatever she desired from the kitchen and cellar should be at once brought to her, "God preserve his majesty; he is a good sovereign: may he show clemency to evil men!" "The

queen is also good," he remarked, to which she had made no answer. He tried to turn the conversation on the queen, but could not draw a word from her. Finally he annoyed her so that she exclaimed, "*Dieu vous punisse!*" "Ho! ho!" he replied, misinterpreting her words.

She remained in bed, partly because she had nothing with which to employ the time, and partly because of the cold. When she had been in prison two months, the Danish Princess Anna Sophia was betrothed to the Electoral Prince of Saxony, and on the morning of the day when the festivities were to begin, Leonora Christina said to her woman, "To-day we shall fast till evening." She thought of the instability of fortune, and that she who twenty-eight years before had enjoyed as great a state as the princess, was now lying a captive close by the very wall where her bridal chamber had been. Toward noon she heard the trumpets and kettle-drums, and said,

"Now they are conducting the bride across the square to the great hall."

"How do you know that?" asked her woman.

"My spirit tells me so."

As the trumpets sounded she mentioned the different courses they announced, and remarked again, when the kettle-drums sounded in the square, "We shall have no dinner to-day." She was right, for it was half past seven that night when the prison governor came and excused himself by saying that he had asked for the dinner, but could not get it, because all hands in the kitchen were occupied. Evidently she is a witch, thought her woman, and Leonora Christina was willing to let her think so.

Some time after the departure of the Electoral Prince it was determined that a wooden effigy of her husband should be subjected to capital punishment, and on the forenoon of the day on which it was to be performed her chamber was opened, swept, cleaned, and strewed with sand. The queen wished to have the wooden statue brought into her outer chamber, and so placed in front of the door that it would tumble in to her when the inner door was opened; but the king would not permit it. Toward noon her woman came in, and walking to her bed, stood as if startled, and said, hurriedly,

"Oh, Jesus! Lady, they are bringing your husband!"

The news terrified Leonora Christina, who raised herself in the bed, and stretched out her right arm, which she was not able to draw back at once. She remained sitting, as if paralyzed, and without speaking a word.

"My dearest lady," said the creature, "it is your husband's effigy."

"May God punish you!" exclaimed Leonora Christina.

Then she was silent again, for she was very weak, and hardly knew where she was. In the afternoon she heard a great murmuring of people in the inner palace square, and saw the effigy brought across the street on a wheelbarrow, and placed in the tower below her prison. It was wofully treated by the executioner the next morning; but no sound came from it. At the mid-day meal the prison governor told her woman in the outer chamber that its head had been cut off, and its body had been divided into four quarters, which were placed on wheels and attached to the gallows, while the head was exposed on the town-hall. This was repeated three times loudly, that it might be heard by Leonora Christina, who tried to console herself by thinking that this treatment of the effigy was a token that they could not get her husband; but fear asserted its sway in spite of her.

When she had been in prison about seven months the prison governor assumed a gentle manner toward her, and said, "Now you are a widow; now you can tell the state of all affairs."

"Can widows tell the state of all affairs?" she asked.

"I do not mean that," he replied, with a laugh. "I mean this treason."

"You can ask others about it who know of it. I know of no treason."

He handed her a newspaper, and let her read it, chiefly, she thought, because her husband was ill spoken of in it. She returned it with the remark, which was as just then as now, "Writers of newspapers do not always speak the truth." They did in this instance, as far as the death of Corfitz was concerned. She now began to be troubled about her children, who were fugitives and in a foreign land, and sat up sleeplessly whole nights in her bed, praying to God for a gracious deliverance.

When she grew calmer she remembered that she had secreted a needle; so she took off the ribbons of her night-dress, and with the silk embroidered a piece of cloth with different flowers. Then she drew threads out of her sheet, twisted them, and sewed with them.

"What will you do now when this is finished?" demanded her woman.

"Oh, I shall get something to do. If it is brought to me by the ravens, I shall have it."

Could she do any thing with a broken wooden spoon? One which had its bowl half broken off was shown her. "I could do something with that, if I had only a tool for the purpose."

The prison governor was told of her desire for a knife. "She wants no knife," he said, brutally. "I will cut her food for her." They were afraid she would injure herself, or them. Once she asked for some scissors

to cut her nails. "What! what!" he exclaimed; "her nails shall grow like eagles' claws, and her hair like eagles' feathers!"

"Oh," she thought, "if I only had claws and wings!" She finally persuaded her woman to look in a corner in the outer room, where the rubbish was thrown, where a piece of glass was found, and a piece of a pewter cover which had belonged to a jug. By means of the glass she made a pin with two prongs out of the spoon-handle, on which she made ribbon, taking the silk for it from the border of her night-dress, and she bent the pewter in such a manner that it afterward served her as an inkstand. To amuse her woman, who found the time heavy on her hands, she made a set of dice out of nuts, placing two kinds of numbers on each, and with these they played. She made the ace with a large pin which the woman had given her in a moment of good nature, and rubbed chalk into it so that it could be readily distinguished. While the silk from her night-dress and stockings lasted she was always at work, netting on the pin that it might last for a long time. She chalked out pictures on a piece of board, and on her table, and wiping them away, made rhymes, and composed hymns—pious, solemn hymns—which were as strong as her own brave heart. One, which was a favorite with her, and which she often sang, was in German—a language that her two tormentors did not understand.

It was not long before the woman obtained possession of her embroidery, on the pretense of showing it to a former waiting-maid who was deeply interested in her misfortunes. It was carried to the queen.

"She might have something given her to do," said the king.

"It is not necessary," replied his tender consort. "It is good enough for her! She has not wished for any thing better."

One day late in the autumn the prison governor came to Leonora Christina, and sitting down on her bed (for she was ill), began to tell her about a palace which she had occupied in her days of prosperity, and which was being pulled down, that they might erect upon its site a pillar to commemorate the shame of her dead lord. "The beautiful palace! it is now down, and not one stone is left on another. Is it not a pity, my dear lady?"

"The king can do what he will with his own," she replied. "The palace has not been ours for some time."

If she was saddened by what he had told her, she concealed her sadness, and he soon departed. He treated her more courteously after this, and said that the king had ordered him to ask whether she wished for any thing from the kitchen, the cellar, or the confectioner, and, if so, to give her what she wished. She begged him to thank his majesty

for the favor shown her, and praised his goodness to her. "The queen is also a dear queen," he said; but she made no answer. Some time after, he gave her an order from the king, that she should ask for any clothes and linen that she required. She received what she asked for, except a corset, which the queen would not let her have. She obtained a bottle-case, with six small bottles, in which was sprinkling water, head water, and a cordial, and her majesty was displeased thereat. When she saw, however, on the lid of the case an engraving, representing the daughter of Herod with the head of John the Baptist on a charger, she laughed, and said, "That will be a cordial to her!" This engraving set Leonora Christina thinking that Herodias had still sisters on earth.

Her needle-work having being taken from her, she cast about for something to divert her mind; and remembering that the potter who had placed a stove in her cell had left a piece of clay in the outer room, she begged her woman to get it for her. She mixed this clay with beer, and moulded various things out of it, a portrait of her woman, small jugs, vases, and the like. It occurred to her to try whether she could not make something on which she could place a few words to the king, so that the prison governor would not observe it; and she moulded over the half of the glass in which wine was brought to her, made it round below, placed it on three knobs, wrote the king's name on the side, and underneath the bottom these words: "*Il y a un.....un Auguste.*" At length the prison governor asked her what she had done with the clay, and she showed him the portrait of her woman, which pleased him; then a small jug, and last of all the goblet. "I will take all this with me," he said, "and let the king see it; you will perhaps thus obtain permission to have somewhat provided for your pastime." This was at the mid-day meal. He did not return at supper; but the next day he told her that she had nearly brought him into trouble. How so? "I took the king a petition for you!" The queen did not catch sight of it, but the king did at once. "Gracious king, I have brought nothing in writing." His majesty thereupon pointed out the French words on the bottom of the goblet, and, as the queen began to question him sharply, defended him, as the invention pleased him. He was a gracious sovereign, was his majesty, and if he could only be certain that Leonora's husband was really dead, she would not remain long where she was.

The health of the prison governor began to fail, and in consequence he grew pious and meek, so that one day when he was going to communion he stood outside of her outermost door, and taking off his hat, begged her forgiveness. He had done much to annoy her; but he was a servant.

"I forgive you gladly," she answered, like the noble lady she was.

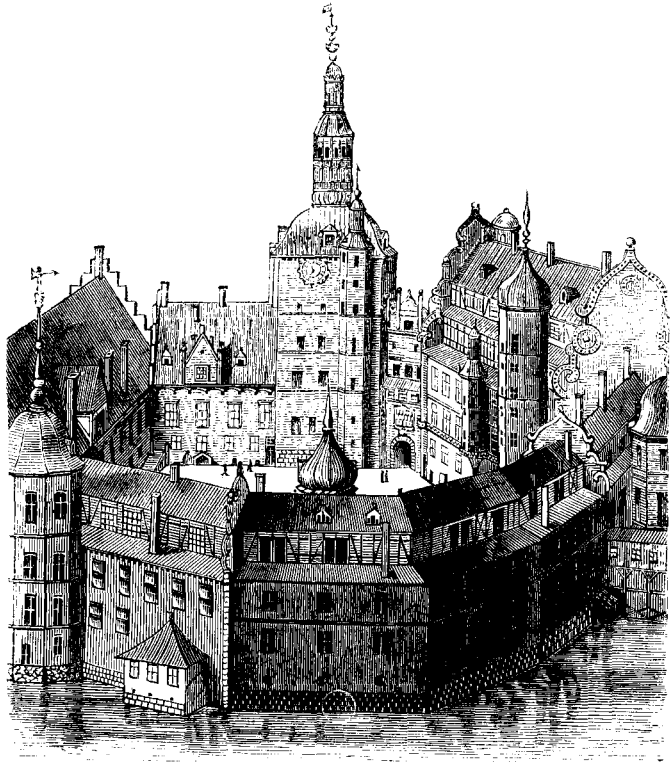
This irritated her woman, who called him an old fool, and said she supposed she ought to ask pardon too. "I wouldn't do it for God's bitter death! No, no!" Then she taunted Leonora Christina with her bad temper. "It is said of you that in former days you could bear but little, and that you struck at once. But now—" She stopped.

"What more?" demanded her mistress. "Do you think I could not do any thing to any one, if I chose, just as well as then, if any one behaved to me in a manner that I could not endure? Now much more than then! You need not refuse me a knife because

I may perhaps kill you; I could do so with my bare hands. I can strangle the strongest fellow with my bare hands, if I can seize him unawares; and what more could happen to me than is now happening? Therefore only keep quiet!"

The woman kept quiet, but she needed another lesson, which was soon given to her. She had a habit of pouring beer on the floor, and though forbidden to do so, persisted in it. So Leonora took her by the head, and pushed it back with her hand. She was frightened, for she felt as if her head was falling off. "That is a foretaste," said Leonora Christina.

In the third year of her imprisonment the prison governor ordering May-trees to be placed in her chamber, she broke small twigs from the branches, rubbed off the bark with glass, and softening them in water, laid them to press under a board, and when they were flattened she fastened them together, and formed them into a weaver's reed. An attendant gave her a little coarse thread, which she used for a warp, and taking the silk from the new stockings they had given her, she made some broad ribbons of it. One of the trees was tied to the stove, and the other she fastened to her person, her woman holding the warp. The health of the prison



THE OLD CASTLE OF COPENHAGEN, SHOWING THE BLUE TOWER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BACKGROUND.

governor now failed so rapidly that he had to be brought up the stairs by two men. Leonora begged him to remain below and rest, assuring him that she would go nowhere. He took off his cap and bade her farewell, and she never saw him again.

There was another prison governor, and another, the last being addicted to buffoonery and strong drink. Her woman behaved, if possible, worse than before, swearing, like the virago she was, on the least provocation. She heard one day that rope-dancers were to exhibit in the inner castle-yard, and lamented that she could not get a sight of them. Leonora Christina told her that she would arrange it so that she could, and taking the bedclothes from the bed, she placed the boards on the floor, and set the bed on end in front of the window, with a night-stool on top of it. In order to get upon the bedstead the table was placed beside it, and a stool by the table in order to get upon the table, and a stool upon the table in order to get upon the night-stool, and a stool upon the night-stool, so that the two women could stand and look comfortably, though not both at once. The woman climbed up first and gazed her fill. Then Leonora Christina followed her. She saw the rope-dancers, and was amused by their antics, and she saw the



faces of the king and queen, who were standing in the long hall of the palace, and wondered that they never turned their eyes to the place where they knew she was.

At last her woman sickened, as the first prison governor had done, and another woman was sent to take her place. She had known Leonora Christina in her prosperity, having been in the service of a councilor's lady who had been present at her wedding: she remembered the display of fire-works and the festivities on that occasion, and wept as she spoke of them. She was anxious to do something to employ her time; so Leonora Christina brought out her endless ends of silk from night-jackets, stockings, etc., and a flax-comb, made of small pins fastened to a piece of wood, and they set to work. The last prison governor was no improvement on the first; for, in addition to his buffoonery and his coarse jests, he was drunk nearly every day at dinner—so drunk, indeed, that he rarely came of an evening. As his drunkenness increased, he would lie on the woman's bed and sleep, with the key of the cells by his side and the principal key close by. Leonora Christina had half a mind one day to take the keys while he was sleeping and go up the king's stairs and give them to the king. But she reflected that she would not only gain nothing, but might be more closely confined, so she desisted. Once, when his tipsy fit was on, he tried to caress her. She thrust him away with her foot, and forbade him to come into the chamber unless he was sober. He remembered enough when he was drunk to stay in the outer chamber, where he went to sleep on a stone bench, and where his underlings used to come for him, after her doors were locked, and drag him down the stairs. One of these underlings, named Christian, was a murderer who was sentenced to death; but as the murdered man's widow would not pay for his execution, he remained in prison. He was an insolent villain—so insolent that when Leonora's dishes were brought, he used to cut the meat and help himself to the pieces he preferred. His drunken master allowed him to do so—for he had become his master. He could not endure that they should laugh and be merry, for he thought he was the cause of it. He used to bring Leonora Christina newspapers in exchange for her wine; but in one of his mad whims he kept them back for some weeks. At length he brought her woman all that he had withheld, and they were given back to him. "My lady has done without them for so many weeks, she can continue to do so." He tore them in two with his teeth, tore open his coat so that the buttons fell on the floor, threw some of the papers into the fire, and howled, screamed, and gnashed his teeth. He raved at Leonora Christina, he threatened her—in a word, he did every thing that he could to

annoy her; but she mastered him by her sense and her courage, as she did all who came in contact with her.

I began by saying that it was not a fairy story I was about to relate, and I have satisfied my readers by this time, I suppose, that such is the case. I have related the imprisonment of Leonora Christina in the Blue Tower with more circumstantiality than I shall henceforth indulge in, partly to show its extraordinary character, and partly because she has done so herself. The first year of it made a deeper impression on her memory than those which followed, and which came and went like whirling, thickening snow-flakes, "seen rather than distinguished." Another woman was placed with her, who was a drunkard as well as a slattern and a thief, and whom she endured bravely, as she did every thing. In the sixth year of her imprisonment (February 9, 1670) the king died suddenly. She heard the palace bell toll at noon, and knew what it meant, but her woman did not. "That might be for the king," she remarked, "for the last time I saw him on the stairs getting out of the carriage he could only move with difficulty, and I said to myself that it would soon be over with him. If he is dead, you will have your liberty, that is certain." Leonora thought otherwise, for she was well acquainted with the ways of kings and queens, and she was right. She wept, however, as became a dutiful subject, and in time was allowed to wear mourning.

One afternoon in the end of April her door opened and the prison governor came in with some ladies, who kept aside until he had said, "Here are some of the maids of honor, who are permitted to see you." She did not know the first lady, but the second, a Lady Augusta of Glücksburg, she recognized at once. She also recognized the third, who was the Electoral Princess of Saxony; and the fourth, who was the reigning queen, and had been described to her. Her majesty supported herself against the table as soon as she had greeted her, the electoral princess remained at the door, but Lady Augusta, who was more curious and less squeamish, ran up and down into every corner. "Fie, what a disgusting room this is! I could not live a day in it. I wonder that you have been able to endure it so long."

"The room," answered Leonora Christina, "is such as pleases God and his majesty, and so long as God will, I shall be able to endure it."

Her ladyship began to chat with the prison governor, who was half tipsy, and he replied with silly speeches. She then asked Leonora Christina if she was plagued with fleas, and was told that she could be supplied with a regiment, whereupon she swore that she did not want them. The electoral

princess picked up a book and asked Leonora Christina if it was hers. She answered that it belonged to a woman whom she had taught to read, and gave the princess her fitting title of serene highness.

"You err!" exclaimed Lady Augusta; "you are mistaken, she is not the person you think."

"I am not mistaken."

The queen looked sadly on, but said nothing. She gave her hand to Leonora Christina, who kissed it and held it fast while she begged her majesty to intercede for her, at any rate for some alleviation of her captivity. Her majesty replied not with words, but with a flood of tears. The electoral princess wept also very sorrowfully; and when they had reached the outer room, and Leonora Christina's door was closed, they both said, "It is a shame to treat her thus." They shuddered, and each said, "Would to God it rested with me. She should not stay there!" Lady Augusta urged them to go away, and reported their visit and what they said to the queen-dowager, who declared that Leonora Christina had herself to thank for it, and had deserved to be worse treated than that.

When the funeral of the king was over, the queen-dowager left the castle, leaving the king more freedom than he dared to exercise in her presence. Through the intercession of her chaplain he granted Leonora Christina another apartment, and she received two hundred rix-dollars as a gift to purchase such clothes as she might desire, and any thing she might wish for. She expended some of this money in books, and excerpted and translated various matters from Spanish, Italian, French, and German authors. She read for a purpose, or a purpose came to her while she read, and that was to translate into Danish an account of the female personages of different rank and origin who were mentioned by these authors as valiant, true, chaste, and sensible, patient, steadfast, and scholarly—qualities which she possessed in their fullness, and which made her famous among the strong women of the world. Before the year was ended the queen's mother, the Landgravine of Hesse, came to be with her daughter during her confinement. She visited Leonora Christina with her ladies, and promised to do all in her power to shorten her captivity; and when her daughter was in the perils of childbirth she went to the king and obtained from him a solemn promise that if the queen gave birth to a son she should receive her liberty. A son was born, and when all present were rejoicing at the event, the landgravine said,

"Oh, will not our captive rejoice?"

"Why?" asked the queen-dowager. And the promise was mentioned to her.

She was so furious that she was ill. She

loosened her jacket, and said she would return home; she would not wait till the child was baptized. The king persuaded her to remain, but was obliged to promise, with an oath, that Leonora Christina should not be liberated. The landgravine was angry, and declared that a king ought to keep his vow. The queen-dowager answered,

"My son has before made a vow, and this he has broken by his promise to your serene highness."

"If I can not bring about the freedom of the prisoner," said the landgravine, "at least let her, at my request, be removed to a better place, with somewhat more liberty. It is not to the king's reputation that she is imprisoned there. She is, after all, a king's daughter, and I know that much injustice is done her."

"No, she shall not come out; she shall stay where she is."

"If God wills," said the landgravine, "she will assuredly come out, even though your majesty may will it not."

She, at least, was not afraid of the queen-dowager. So she rose, and went out of the room.

Leonora Christina's prison life continued what it had been for the next four years. At last the king (his mother being absent, no doubt) allowed a large window to be made in her inner chamber—or rather he allowed an old window to be reopened, for it had been walled up when she was brought thither. She was also allowed a stove. The queen was more gracious. She sent her some silk-worms, which were returned to her by Leonora Christina, when they had done spinning, in a box which she had covered with satin, and upon which she had embroidered a pattern in gold-thread. It was lined inside with white taffeta, and on the lid, embroidered in black silk, was a request that she would loose the bonds of Leonora. But it was not to be yet. There was no change in her life during the next eight years. The queen-dowager was harder than ever. She insulted the ministers of state, when they ventured to intercede for her—called them traitors, and pointed to the door. She was angry with the king because he had allowed Leonora's window to be reopened, and because he gave her money to dispose of herself. She heard that she had a clavicordium, and was very angry about that.

"You must not have it," said the prison governor to Leonora Christina.

"Let it remain," she answered. "I have permission from his majesty, my gracious sovereign, to buy what I desire for my pastime with the money he graciously assigns me. The clavicordium is in no one's way, and can not harm the queen-dowager."

He tried to pull it down, but she would not permit him to do so.

"You must let it remain until you return me the money I gave you for it; then you may do with it what you like."

"I will tell the king that."

He did, and his majesty laughed, and said, "Yes, yes."

At last the queen-dowager began to fail, and in the twentieth year of her imprisonment in the Blue Tower, Leonora Christina saw her fall from the chair in which she was drawn to the royal apartment. Her weakness increased daily, but she would think herself strong. She appeared at table always much dressed; but between meals she remained in her apartments. She died on the 20th of February, 1685. She did not think that death would overtake her so quickly; but when the doctor warned her to the contrary she requested to speak with her son. But death would not wait for the arrival of his majesty, so that the queen-dowager might say a word to him. She was still alive, and she was sitting on a chair; but she was speechless, and soon afterward, in the same position, she gave up her spirit.

After the death of the queen-dowager the name of Leonora Christina was much on the lips of the people. Some thought she would obtain her liberty, while others thought that she would be removed to some other place, and not set free. She waited and hoped, and about a month after the funeral of the queen-dowager bethought herself that she possessed a portrait engraving of the king's grandfather, Christian IV., and proceeded to illuminate it with colors. When it was finished and framed, she wrote these words on the back:

"My grandson and great namesake,  
Equal to me in power and state,  
Vouchsafe my child a hearing,  
And be like me in mercy great."

The portrait was presented to the king. The people talked more and more of her. They were certain that she would soon be set free, and some went so far as to say that she was already, and asked the warden of the tower at what hour he had released her. She hoped and waited until the morning of the 19th of May, 1685, when word was brought her that the lord chancellor, Count Allefeldt, had sent the prison governor a royal order for her release, and that she could leave when she pleased. She gathered and packed up her prison treasures, and awaited the arrival of her sister's daughter, who was to accompany her late in the evening. She sent a good friend to the queen, to ask if she might be allowed the favor of offering her submission to her majesty (whose apartments she could enter through a secret passage so that no one could see her), but the queen sent word that she might not speak with her. At ten o'clock her niece came, and they left the tower together. The queen

stood on her balcony, and tried to see her, but it was too dark; besides, she wore a black veil over her face. The palace square was so full of people that she could scarcely press through them to the coach that was waiting for her. She was free at last—free after an imprisonment of twenty-one years, nine months, and eleven days in the Blue Tower.

### COLONSAY AND ORONSAY.

"Now lightly poised, the rising oar  
Disperses wide the foaming spray,  
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,  
Resounds the song of Colonsay."

IT was one of the last days of July, 1872. We had been steaming slowly all day in the steam-ship which, starting from Glasgow, makes its weekly circuit among the smaller islands of the Eastern Hebrides. Passing the rock and castle of Dumbarton and the rock of Ailsa, around the Mull of Cantyre, in sight of Jura and Islay, we were at midnight off the island of Colonsay. The night was dark, and as we approached the island from the steamer in a row-boat, only the dim outlines of the rock-bound coast could be seen. But lights were flitting on and around the small stone pier, and cheery voices of friends, who had been watching and waiting for hours, welcomed our arrival. The greetings were cordial, for I was accompanying, on his return home from the Highland fair, Commander Stewart, late of the Royal Navy, the son-in-law of the good old laird of the island, Sir John M'Niel. But it was at once evident that something more than the rude and hearty hospitality of former days awaited us, for we were transferred to a well-appointed private coach, and driven rapidly to the home of the laird, in the centre of the island.

As we were driving along, now climbing slight hills, and now winding through dark ravines, we could hear occasionally the sound of Highland voices, and realized, though in a small degree, the weird feeling of the traveler in other and former times. For the Gael is still here, cherishing and practicing, though in a modified form, some of the customs and habits of his fathers. The respect for and obedience to the chief remain, though not absolute, as in ancient times. The manse and the kirk are as of old, and the minister preaches in the Gaelic tongue, which is still the common language of the people. But modern civilization has here found a home, and great changes for the better have come to the children of those whose principal delight was to engage in the chase and in war, and who acknowledged no law save the command of the chief. The wild and charming scenery remains as of yore. The waves of the stormy Atlantic surge and roar around its high and rocky shore. The voyager on