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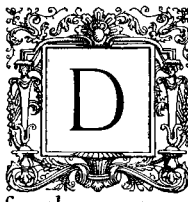


My First Visit to the Court of Denmark

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

DENMARK, December, 1877.

DEAR MOTHER:

 Thank Heaven, we have arrived at last! I have hardly recovered from the thorough shaking-up I had on this terrible voyage, by far the most eventful I have ever made. I dread to think how anxious you must have been, not having heard from us, and how relieved when you got the cable from Bremen saying that the *Mosel* had arrived and we were safe and sound on *terra firma*.

From the moment we left New York we had storm after storm, with high seas and head winds, and I can't begin to tell you of all our discomforts. The boat rolled and pitched fearfully, and from the cabins which gave out into the dining-room the ebb and flow of hat-boxes, sponges, and everything that could possibly get out of its place was incessant.

The racks on the table did not prevent the soup and wine being spilled, and the food was usually spirited away before it got half-way to one's mouth. The water poured through the skylights, making the cabin most uncomfortable. There was no question of sitting on a sofa—one had to be strapped to it. No one could go on deck.

There was a Danish naval officer with us (Captain Wandel), who said that it was the worst gale he had ever seen.

One day, when we were going half-speed through the densest of fogs, we heard the tooting of a trumpet quite plainly. Evidently a vessel was near us, but we could see nothing. Suddenly a great sailing-vessel with all its sails set, making a tremendous splashing through the mountainous waves, loomed out of the fog and bore straight down on us, threatening to cut our steamer through the middle. Our good captain, who had not left the bridge for many hours, happily saw the danger in time and ordered "full speed ahead." We plunged forward and, instead of losing our lives, we only lost the railing from the back of the deck. It was an awful crash and a fearful moment. We were all pale with emotion—even the experienced Danish officer, who confessed that he thought our last hour had come.

The next excitement we had was when we passed the hulk of an iron ship which was all on fire. We could see through the red-hot iron ribs the flames blazing in the interior. It was about ten o'clock in the evening. The sea was a dead calm, and the effect of the reflection of the burning ship in the water, and the flames lighting up the starry heavens, was magical. Could one have forgotten the misery of the people whose lives had been in danger, one could have reveled in this magnificent spectacle. We approached the wreck as near as we dared, and the captain sent out boats to rescue the passengers. Fortunately, al-

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most every one was saved. The poor creatures had been in open boats since the fire had broken out the day before, and had been floating about, waiting to be picked up.

There were many women and children, mostly Hungarian emigrants. They were scantily dressed and shivering with cold and fright. We collected among us everything we could possibly spare in the way of clothing, and gave it to them. One woman seemed quite crazed and went about moaning: "Oh, my watch! Where's my watch?"

During the last two days of these frightful three weeks we lived on canned things. You may imagine how thankful we were to see the shores of England!

At Plymouth we took in coal and provisions. A tug took off the wrecked emigrants. We reached Bremen, where we stayed a day, then took the night boat to Kiel, arriving in Denmark the next morning. We succeeded in reaching "Björnemose," the name of the country place where Johan's parents lived, that same evening. I assure you I was happy to get home.

"BJÖRNEMOSE," December 20, 1877.

DEAR MOTHER:

Denmark looks very friendly under its mantle of snow, glistening with its varnish of ice. It is lovely weather. The sun shines brightly, but it is as cold as Greenland. They tell me it is a very mild winter. Compared with Alaska, it may be! The house, which is heated only by large porcelain stoves, is particularly cold. These stoves are filled with wood in the early morning, and when the wood is burned out they shut the door and the porcelain tiles retain the heat—still, the ladies all wear shawls over their shoulders and shiver. I go and lean my back up against the huge white monument, but this is not considered good form.

The Baltic Sea, which is at the foot of the snow-covered lawn, is filled with floating ice. It must be lovely here in summer, when one can see the opposite shores of Thurö across the blue water.

My new family, taken singly and collectively, is delightful. I shall tell you later about the dear, genial General—my father-in-law—the kind mother, and

the three devoted sisters. *Now*, I shall only write—as I promised you—my *first* impressions.

We live in a manner which is, I fancy, called "patriarchal," and which reminds me continually of Frederika Bremer's book called *Home*. A great many things in the way of food are new to me. For instance, there is a soup made of beer, brown bread, and cream, and another made of the insides of a goose, with its long neck and thin legs, boiled with prunes, apples, and vinegar. Then rice porridge is served as soup and mixed with hot beer, cinnamon, butter, and cream. These all seem very queer, but they taste very good. I asked for oatmeal porridge, but I was told that oatmeal was used only for cataplasms. Corn is known only as ornamental shrubbery, and tomatoes, alas! are totally unknown.

Every one I have met so far has been most kind and hospitable. We have been invited out to dinner several times. I will describe the first one, which was unique as a *début*.

The distances are enormous between country houses in this land, and as the hour named for dinner was six o'clock, we had to begin dressing in the afternoon at the early hour of three. At four we were packed in the family landau, with a mountain of rugs and different things to keep our feet warm. We jogged along the hard, slippery highroad at a monotonous pace, and, as it is dark at four o'clock, nothing could have been more conducive to slumber and peaceful dreams. Finally we arrived. Every one was standing up when we entered the *salon*. There seemed to be a great number of people. I was presented to all the ladies, and the gentlemen were brought up one by one and named to me. They bowed, shook my hand, and retired. I noticed that all the ladies wore long trailing skirts—lilac or gray—and had real flowers in their hair and on their bosoms. Dinner was announced. Then there came a pause. The host and hostess were looking about for some one to undertake *me*—some one who could *tale Engelsk* (talk English). Finally they decided upon a lank, spectacled gentleman, who offered me his arm and took me in.



"BJÖRNEMOSE"—THE HEGERMANN COUNTRY HOUSE

My father-in-law, who was the person highest in rank, sat on the left of the hostess. I thought this peculiar, but such is the custom here. From the moment we sat down until we rose from the table my English-speaking friend never stopped talking. He told me he had learned my language when a boy, but had forgotten a great deal; if he had said he had forgotten it entirely, he would have been nearer the truth.

He wanted to tell me the family history of a gentleman opposite us, and began by saying: "Do you see that gentleman? He has been washing you all the time."

"Washing me?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, the one with the gray hairs and the bird."

I looked about for a canary perched on some one's nose.

"It is a pity," he went on to say, "that he has no shield."

"How is that?" I asked. "I thought every one had a shield of some sort?" To make it clearer to me, he said, "In Danish we call a shield a *barn*."

"Is he a farmer?" said I, much puzzled.

"Oh dear, no! He is a lawyer like me."

"Then what does he want with a barn?"

"Every couple [pronounced copol] wants *burn*," he replied.

"What is it they want?" I asked.

"What do you call *burn*?"

"Burn," he explained, "is *pluriel* for barn. *Eight* barn, two *burn*."

"What?" I cried, "eight barns to burn! Why do they want to burn eight barns? They must be crazy!"

All this will sound to you as idiotic as it did to me, but you will get the explanation at the end of the chapter, as I did—on the drive home—the two hours of which were entirely taken up in laughing at the mistakes of the good lawyer, who did his best.

Our conversation languished after this. My brain could not bear such a strain. Suddenly he got up from his chair. I thought that he was going to take himself and his English away, but after he had quaffed a whole glass of wine, at one swallow, bowed over it, and pointed his empty glass at Johan, he resumed his seat and conversation flowed again.

It seems that Johan had honored him with a friendly nod and an uplifted glass, which obliged him to arise and acknowledge the compliment.

In Denmark there is a great deal of *skaal*-drinking (*skaal*, in Danish, means drinking a toast). I think there must be an eleventh commandment—"Thou shalt not omit to *skaal*." The host drinks with every one and every one drinks with every one else. It seems to me to be rather a cheap way of being amiable, but it looks very friendly and sociable. When a person of high rank drinks with one of lower, the latter stands while emptying his glass.

When we left the table I did not feel that my Danish had gained much, and certainly my partner's English had not improved. However, we seemed to have conversed in a very spirited manner, which must have impressed the lookers-on with a sense of my partner's talent for languages.

On our return to the *salon* we found more petroleum-lamps, and the candelabra lighted to exaggeration with wax candles. The lamp-shades, which I thought were quite ingenious, were of paper, and contained dried ferns and even flattened-out butterflies between two sheets of shiny tissue-paper. The *salon* had dark walls on which hung a collection of family portraits. Ladies with puckered mouths and wasp-like waists had necks adorned with gorgeous pearls, which had apparently gone to an early grave with their wearers. I saw no similar ones on the necks of the present generation. After the coffee was served and a certain time allowed for breathing, the daughter of the house sat down, without being begged, at an upright piano, and attacked the "Moonlight Sonata." This seemed to be the signal for the ladies to bring out their work-bags.

The knitting made a pleasing accompaniment to the moonlight of the sonata, as if pelicans were gnashing their teeth in the dimness. The sterner sex made a dash for the various albums and literature on the round table in the center of the room, and turned the leaves with a gentle flutter. The sonata was finished in dead silence. As it was performed by one of the family, no applause was necessary. I was asked to sing, and, though I do not like to sing after dinner, I consented, not to be disobliging. Before taking my seat on the

revolving piano-stool, I looked with a severe eye at the knitting-needles. The ladies certainly did try to make less noise, but they went on knitting, all the same.

The flushed - with - success lawyer, wishing to show his appreciation of my singing, leaned gracefully across the piano, and said, "*Kammerherrinde* [that is my title], you sing as if you had a beard in your throat."

"A what?" I gasped. "A beard?"

"Yes! a beautiful beard," and added, with a conscious smile, "I sing myself."

Good heavens! I thought, and asked, "Do you know what a beard is?"

"In Danish we call a beard a *fugle* [pronounced *fool*]."

"Then," I said, pretending to be offended, "I sing like a fool?"

"Exactly," he said with enthusiasm, his eyes beaming with joy through his spectacles.

This was hopeless. I moved gently away from the man who "talked English."

The candles had burned down almost to their *bobêches*, and we were beginning to forget that we had eaten a dinner of fifteen courses, when in came a procession of servants with piles of plates in their arms and trays of *smörbröd* (sandwiches), tea, beer (in bottles), and cakes, which are called here *kicks*. Everything seemed very tempting except the things handed about by the stable-boy, who was dressed for the occasion in a livery, much too large, and was preceded and followed by a mixed odor of stable and almond soap.

What struck me as unusual was that the host named the hour for his guests to go home. Therefore all the carriages were before the door at the same time.

Johan explained the mistakes on the way home.

"The man with the gray hairs and the beard" (pronounced like *heard*) had been watching me. *Shield* meant *child*! A child in Danish is *et barn*, which sounds the same as *eight barn*. Two children (in Danish) are *to børn*, pronounced *toe burn*. Bird he pronounced like *beard*, because it was written so. A bird in Danish is *fugle* (fool).

Do you wonder that I was somewhat bewildered?



FREDÉRIC VIII.

The late King of Denmark on his favorite mount

January, 1878.

DEAR MOTHER:

After Christmas Johan and I went to Copenhagen, where I was presented to the King and the Queen. I was first received by the *Grande Maîtresse*, Madame de Raben, and three *dames d'honneur*, who were all pleasant but ceremonious. When the Queen entered the room and I was presented to her, she was most gracious and affable. She motioned me to sit down beside her on the sofa. She said that she had heard much about me. She spoke of my

father-in-law, whom she *loved*, and Johan, whom she *liked* so much. She was most interested to hear about you and the children. She had heard that Nina promised to be a beauty.

"If children would only grow up to their promises!" I said.

"Mine have," said the Queen; "they are all beautiful."

She showed me the photographs of the Princess of Wales and the Grand-Duchess Dagmar of Russia. If they resemble their pictures they must indeed be beautiful.

The *salon* in which we sat was filled with drawings, pastels, and photographs, and was so crowded with furniture that one could hardly move about.

"I've been told," the Queen said, "that you have a splendid voice and sing wonderfully. You must come some day and sing for me; I love music." Then we talked music, the most delightful of subjects. The King came in. He was also perfectly charming, and as kind as possible. He is about sixty years old, but looks younger, having a wonderfully youthful figure and a very handsome face. The King preferred to speak French, but the Queen liked better to talk English, which she does to perfection.

"Have you learned Danish yet?" the King asked me.

"Alas, your Majesty," I answered, "though I try very hard to learn, I have not mastered it yet, and only dare to inflict it on my family."

"You will not find it difficult," he said. "You will learn it in time."

"I hope so, your Majesty—Time is a good teacher."

He told me an anecdote about Queen Desirée, of Sweden, wife of Bernadotte, who on her arrival in Stockholm did not know one word of Swedish.

She was taught certain phrases to use at her first reception when ladies were presented to her. She was to say, "Are you married, madame?" and then: "Have you any children?" Of course she did not understand the answers. "She was very unlucky," the King laughed, "and got things mixed up, and once began her conversation with a lady by asking, 'Have you any children?'" The lady hastened to answer, "Yes, your Majesty, I have seven."

"Are you married?" asked the Queen, very graciously.

"You must not do anything like that," said the King, smilingly.

I promised that I would try not to.

The *Grande Maîtresse* came in, and I thought it was the signal for me to go—which apparently it was. There was a little pause; then the Queen held out her hand and said, "I hope to see you again very soon. The King shook hands kindly with me, and I reached the ante-chamber, escorted by the ladies.

My next audience was with the Crown Princess. She is the daughter of the late King of Sweden (Carl XV.) and niece of the present King Oscar, whom I used to know in Paris. This audience was not so ceremonious as the one I had had with the Queen. There was only one lady-in-waiting, who received me in the *salon* adjoining that of the Princess. She accompanied me to the door, presented me, and withdrew, leaving us together. In the beginning the conversation palled somewhat. I had been warned that it was not etiquette for me to start any subject of conversation, though I might enlarge on it once it had been broached. The Crown Princess was so kind as to speak of something which she thought would interest me, and the conventional half-hour passed pleasantly and quickly.

I had other audiences. The Queen Dowager, the widow of King Christian VIII., lives in one of the four palaces in the square of Amalienborg. She is very stately, and received me with great etiquette. She was dressed in a stiff, black brocade dress, with a white lace head-dress over her bandeaux; she wore short, white, tight kid gloves. She spoke French, and was most kind, telling me a great deal about Denmark and its history, which interested me very much.

As Mademoiselle de Rosen, her first *dame d'honneur*, re-entered the room, I made my courtesy, kissed the Queen's hand, and the audience was over.

Johan accompanied me to the fourth audience, which for me was the most difficult one. It was with the Princess Caroline, widow of Prince Ferdinand, brother of King Christian VIII., who died when he was heir-apparent to the throne. She spoke only Danish to us, so I sat and gazed about, not understanding a word she said to Johan.

She wore flaxen braids wound above her ears, through which the cotton showed like the petal of a flower. She had a lace cap on her head with long lace ends, and these caught in everything she wore—her eye-glasses, her neck chain, her rings and bracelets, and she seemed to do nothing but try and extricate herself while talking. This she did steadily, in order (I suppose) to prevent any one else from talking. She is so deaf

that she cannot hear a word. She had once been burned, and the effects of that, with the mark of former smallpox, makes her face look far from handsome. But all these things have not prevented her from reaching the ripe old age of eighty.

Johan supplied what little there was of conversation on our side. She asked him, "How did you come to Denmark?" He, enchanted to be asked something he could answer, replied that he had come on one of the big German boats, and, to accentuate the fact that it was something *big* he came in, he made a wide circular movement with his arms and became quite eloquent, flattering himself that he was very interesting. The Princess fixed a pair of earnest eyes on him, and said, in hushed tones, "And what became of the child?"

We took our leave. In stooping to kiss her Royal Highness's hand, her cap caught in an ornament I had on my bonnet, and there we stood tied together. Johan tried in vain to undo us, but was obliged to call in the lady-in-waiting, who finally disentangled us.

DENMARK, January, 1878.

DEAR MOTHER:

The Queen of Denmark is an adorable and lovely Queen. I am happy to call her *my* Queen.

A few days after my audience we were invited to a dinner at Amalienborg. We met in the *salon*, before their Majesties came in. When they had made a little *cercle* and said a word to every one, dinner was announced. The King gave one arm to the Queen and the other to the Princess Anne of Hesse—the Queen's sister-in-law. The King and the Queen sat next to each other. There were about forty people at table. Admiral Bille took me in; he talked English perfectly, and was—like all naval officers!—very charming.

The Queen said to me: "I should so like to hear you sing. Will you come to-morrow? I will send my carriage for you, and please don't forget to bring some music."

As if I should forget! I was only too delighted.

The next morning the Queen sent her own coupé for me at eleven o'clock. I felt very grand: all the people in the

street bowed and courtesied, thinking I was one of the royal family. I let down the glasses on both sides of the coupé so that every one could have a chance to bow.

I was at once ushered into the Queen's *salon* by an old red-liveried major-domo who had many decorations on his breast. The Queen was alone with the *Grande Maîtresse*, and, after having talked a little, she said, "Now we'll have some music," and led the way into the ball-room, where there were two pianos. The Queen sat on the sofa, wearing an expression that was half pre-indulgent and half expectant. The *Grande Maîtresse*, who was there, *not* in her official character, but as a musician, accompanied me when I sang "*Voi che sapete*." When I came to the phrase, "*Non trovo pace notte ne dì*," the Queen raised her hand to her eyes, which were filled with tears, and after I had finished, said, "Please sing another."

I spread out the music of "*Biondina*" in front of the eye-glasses of the *Grande Maîtresse*, but the first bars convinced me that if I were to sing *that* song, *she* was not to play it, and, against all etiquette, I placed my hands over hers and gently pushed her off the seat, saying, "May I?"

I confess I deserved the daggers she looked at me, but the Queen only laughed, and said, "You are quite right; you must play *that* for yourself."

The Queen seemed to be delighted, and after some more music I returned to the hotel in the same regal manner I had come.

COPENHAGEN, January 28, 1878.

DEAR MOTHER:

Some days have passed between this and my last letter, but I have been very busy. I have tried to do some sight-seeing—there are many interesting and enchanting things to see here. Then I have had a great many visits to pay, and I go often to sing with the Queen.

Yesterday I lunched at the palace. The Queen had said to me before: "When you come to me, come straight to my room. Don't bother about going first to the *dames d'honneur*. The servant has orders."

So yesterday, when I arrived, the old



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK
Princess Louise of Sweden, now Dowager Queen of Denmark

decorated servant who sits in the ante-chamber simply opened the door of the Queen's private apartments, where I found her and the Princess Thyra alone.

The Queen said, "You will stay to luncheon, will you not?" I hesitated, as we had invited some friends to lunch with us, but that was evidently no obstacle. She said, "Never mind that. I will send word to your husband that I have kept you." Of course I stayed. We had a great deal of music. I sang "Beware" for the first time. The Queen said, "Oh, the King must hear

that," and rang the bell, sending the servant to beg Prince Valdemar to come in.

On his appearing, the Queen said, "Valdemar, you must tell papa that he must come." Prince Valdemar soon returned, saying, "Papa has lumbago, and says he cannot come." The Queen shook her head, evidently not believing in the lumbago, and said, "Lumbago or not, papa *must* come, even if we have to *bring* him."

The King came without being "brought," and I sang "Beware" for him, and then "*Ma mère était bohémienne*," the Queen accompanying me in both.

"Now," said the Queen, "please sing that song which you play for yourself—the one with such a dash." (She meant "*Biondina*.")

"Please, madame," said the King, when I had finished, "sing 'Beware' again."

Then we went down a little side-staircase for luncheon. The dining-room is quite small and looks out upon the square. The table could

not have seated more than twelve people. Besides the King and Queen, there were Prince Hans and Prince Wilhelm (brothers of the King), Prince Valdemar, Princess Thyra, and myself. There were no ladies or gentlemen in waiting, except the King's adjutant.

On a side-table were the warm meats, vegetables, and several cold dishes. No servants were allowed in the room. It is the only meal when the family are quite alone together; the serving was all done by the royalties themselves. I felt quite shy when the King proposed

to shell my shrimps for me! "Oh, your Majesty," I said, "I can do that myself!"

"No," said he, "I am sure you cannot. At any rate, not as it ought to be done."

He was quite right. I never could have done it so dexterously as he did. He took the shells off and put the shrimps on some bread—they looked like little pink worms. I did not dare to get up and serve myself at the side-table, and, rather than be waited on by royalty, I preferred eating little and going away hungry.

The King was very gay. He asked me how I was getting on with my Danish. I told him some of my mistakes, at which they all laughed.

COPENHAGEN, *February, 1878.*

DEAR MOTHER:

After our music and luncheon the other day at the palace, the Queen asked me if I would like to drive with her to see Bernstorff Castle, where they spend their summers. I accepted the invitation with delight. To drive with her was bliss indeed.

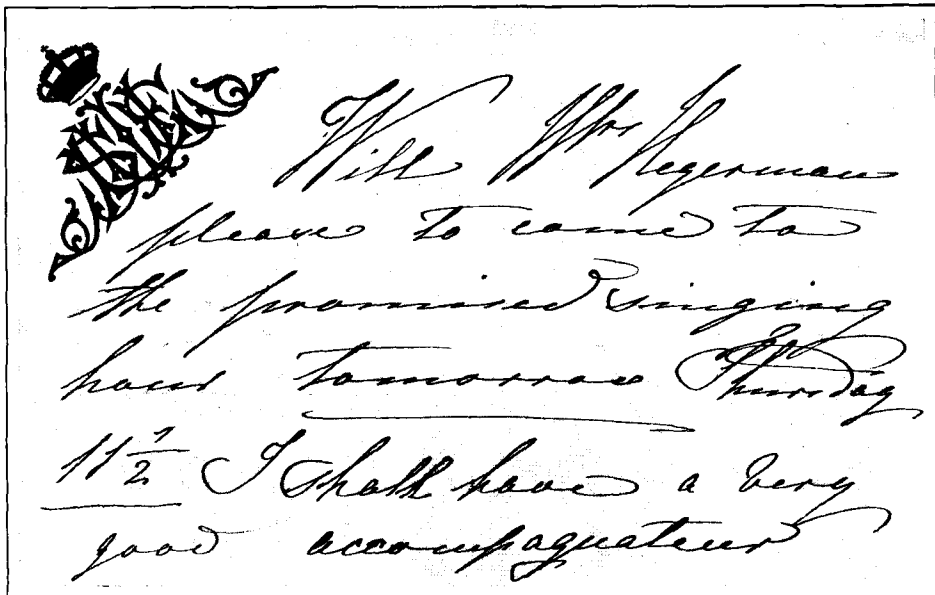
Bernstorff is about an hour's drive

from Copenhagen. When the open landau appeared in the *porte-cochère* the Queen got in; I sat on her left and the lady of honor sat opposite. The Danish royal livery is a bright red covered with braid. The coachman's coat has many red capes, one on top of the other, looking like huge pen-wipers. J. had told me it was not etiquette for any one driving with the Queen to bow. We happened to pass J. walking with a friend of his, and it seemed odd that I was obliged to cut him dead.

When people see the Queen's carriage coming they stop their own, and the ladies get out on the sidewalk and make deep courtesies. Gentlemen bow very low, and stand, holding their hats in their hands, until the royal carriage has passed.

The castle of Bernstorff is neither large nor imposing, but looks home-like and comfortable. The Queen showed me all over it—her private rooms, and even up-stairs where her atelier is; she paints charmingly—as well as she plays the piano.

She pointed out on the window-panes of a room over the principal *salon* differ-



FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE QUEEN'S INVITATION TO MME. HEGERMANN

The note reads as follows: "Will Mrs. Hegermann please to come to the promised singing hour to-morrow Thursday 11½. I shall have a very good *accompagnateur* and would be very happy to hear your beautiful voice *dans tout son éclat* in anything you like to sing. He plays *à l'ore ouvert*, whatever it is, and we shall be delighted to hear you, besides the pleasure my daughter will have in singing a *terzetto* or *duo* with you."

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ent things that her daughters had written with their diamond rings on the glass: "Farewell, my beautiful clouds!—Alexandra," "Till the next time.—Dagmar." "*A bientôt.*—Willie" (the young King of Greece).

She told me that Bernstorff was the first home she and the King had lived in after their marriage, when he was Prince, and they love it so much that they prefer it to the larger castles. They go to Fredensborg in the autumn. The Grand-Duchess Dagmar and the Princess of Wales, when they come to Bernstorff in the summer, sleep in the room which they shared as children.

I cannot tell you how nice the royal family are to me.

We were present at a state ball at Christiansborg. On arriving we passed up a magnificent staircase and went through many large *salons*, the walls of which were covered with fine tapestries and old Spanish leather, and a long gallery of beautiful pictures, before we reached the *salon* where I belonged according to my rank (every one is placed according to the rules of the protocol).

Their Majesties entered. The Queen looked dazzlingly brilliant. She wore all the crown jewels and had some splendid pearls on her neck. The King looked superb in his uniform. They were followed by the Princess Thyra (the young and sympathetic Princess with eyes like a gazelle), and the youngest son, Prince Valdemar.

The Crown Prince and Princess were already there. She also had some wonderful jewels, inherited, they said, from her mother, who was of the royal family of Holland.

Their Majesties were very gracious to me. The King even did me the honor to waltz with me. He dances like a young man of twenty. He went from one lady to another and gave them each a turn. I was taken to supper by a person whose duty it was to attend to me—I forget his name. The King danced the cotillion. You will hardly see that anywhere else—a gentleman of sixty dancing a cotillion.

The principal street in Copenhagen is Ostergade, where all the best shops are. It is very narrow. People sometimes stop and hold conversations

across the street, and perambulating nurses, lingering at the shop windows, hold up the traffic.

There is a very pretty square called Amagertorv, where all the peasant women assemble, looking very picturesque in their national dresses, with their little velvet caps embroidered in gold, and their Quaker-like bonnets with a fichu tied over them. They quite fill up the square with flowers, fruits, and vegetables, and stand in the open air by their wares in spite of wind, rain, and weather.

Around the corner, in front of Christiansborg Castle, by the canal, your nose will inform you that this is the fish-market, where the fish are brought every morning, wriggling and gasping in the nets in which they have been caught overnight. It is a very interesting sight to see all the hundreds of boats in the canal, which runs through the center of the town.

The other evening there was a large musical *soirée* given at Amalienborg. I don't tell you the names of those who were present, as you would not know them, but they are the most prominent names here.

Their Majesties sat in two gilded arm-chairs, in front of which was a rug. There was a baritone from the Royal Theater who sang some Danish songs, then the Princess Thyra and an English lady and I sang the trio from "Elijah," and a quartette with the baritone. I sang several times alone. There was an English lady, whose name I do not remember, who played a solo on the *cornet à piston*. Her face was hidden by her music, which was on a stand in front of her. After I had sung the "*Caro Nome*" from "Rigoletto," and the English lady had played her solo, the deaf Princess Caroline—who, with her ears filled with cotton, and encompassed by her flaxen braids, sat in front—said, in a loud and penetrating voice, "I like *that* lady's singing better than the other one"—meaning me. Every one laughed. I had never had a *cornet à piston* as a rival before.

DEAR MOTHER:

March 1, 1878.

Our last day here. I lunched at Amalienborg, and was the only stranger

present. The King, who sat next to me, said, "I feel quite hurt that you have never asked me for my photograph."

"But I have one," I answered, "which I bought. I dare not ask your Majesty to sign it."

"One must always dare,"

he answered, smilingly.

"May I 'dare' to ask you to accept one from me?"

He got up from the table and left the room, being absent for a few minutes.

When the door opened again we saw the King standing outside, trying to carry a large picture. His Majesty had gone up to the room in which the picture hung, and the servant who had taken it from the wall brought it to the door of the dining-room, whence the King carried it in himself. The mark of the dusty cord still showed on his shoulder. It was a life-size portrait of himself painted in oil.

He said, "Will you accept this?"

I could not believe my ears. This for me!

I hesitated.

The Queen said, "My dear, you must take it, since the King desires it."

"But," I replied, "how can I?"

Her Majesty answered, "Your husband would not like you to refuse. Take it!—*you must!*" and added, "The ribbon [the blue Order of the Elephant] is beautifully painted"—as if the rest were not!

The Princess Thyra said, "Papa has only had six portraits painted of himself. This one is painted by Mr. Shytte. I don't think that it is half handsome enough for papa. Do you?"

"Well," said the King, "I shall have it sent to your hotel." I could not thank his Majesty enough, and I am sure I looked as embarrassed as I felt.

As we were going away the next day, this was my last visit to the Queen. On bidding me good-by she pressed something into my hand and said, "You leave me so many souvenirs! I have only one for you, and here it is."



THE PRINCESS THYRA
Sister of Frédéric VIII.

It was a lovely locket of turquoises. On opening it I found the Queen's portrait on one side and the Princess Thyra's on the other.

She kissed me, and I kissed her hand, with tears in my eyes.

We return to "Björnemose" to bid our parents good-by; then farewell to Denmark.

We leave in four days for New York.

The Back Door

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.



It was a hot midsummer afternoon in New York. I was at the club with Levellier, White, and Buchanan. We were watching Buchanan try to construct an epigram.

"Men make love," said Buchanan; "women make marriages."

"They have created the institution of marriage, that's evident," I agreed, "because its advantages are all on their side. They also may often do the marrying. Naturally. But with the exception, of course, of vulgar schemers, they cannot marry a man against his will."

"Why, Talbot Sims!" Buchanan protested. "I tell you they always can; and generally do."

White and Levellier, both of whom are married men, looked at each other. "Those two young bachelors," said White, "are like chickens, Levellier—little unborn chicks in the shell theorizing on bugs."

"There was Hickens's marriage, for instance," said Buchanan, not heeding them.

The mention of Hickens's name reminded me that my sister-in-law had asked me, weeks before, to find out for her all about Mrs. Hickens, who had taken a place in the country, next to my brother Niblo's. I therefore requested Buchanan to tell me the story.

He knew very few details. "But just to show you what sometimes happens," he said, "she even came here once after him, to this very club." His voice took on a low, thrilling, ghost-story tone. "One day about two months before they married I was reading at that big table in the up-stairs library, with Hickens working opposite to me, listing the technical terms of arctic travel (he was a vocabularian, you know—he made those vocabularies that go in the backs of books), when old William tiptoed softly in and muttered, 'Beg pardon, sir, Mr.

Hickens; they's a lady waiting at the door to see you, sir.'

"A lady?" said Hickens. 'Here? What's the matter with you, William? What lady?'

"Old William said he understood that it was Mrs. Hickens.

"Holy Yagguit!" exclaimed Hickens, calling upon some arctic deity, I believe; and informed William that there must be some mistake—there wasn't any Mrs. Hickens. Then they whispered a long time about it, and finally William showed Hickens how to leave by some rear entrance."

"I never knew she followed him here," White interrupted.

"Even if she did," Levellier said, with some feeling, "part of Buchanan's story is wrong, I'm sure. Madge Hilliard was impulsive, like all the Hilliards, and when she wanted anything she couldn't but think it was probably best for everybody that she should have it; but she wouldn't have sent up word she was Mrs. Hickens. It was no such bare-faced pursuit as Buchanan makes out. She was simply a very lovely, earnest creature who felt sure Hickens needed her, and was unconventional enough to show that she was fond of him. I always admired her immensely. Anybody would."

"I admired her too, so far as looks were concerned," said Buchanan. "I called on her once with Hickens, hoping to help him. It was mighty hard work. Hickens kept telling her that he wasn't at all the kind she thought him, and cared only for vocabularies, but of course you couldn't make a woman in love believe that. My corroborations and my assurance that he was quite a stupid chap, really, had no effect—she simply thought I was ill-natured. The call was a failure.

"What finally precipitated the marriage was that night at the theater when an usher put her and her sister, Lady