

latter days, Queen
y, and, whatever may
be liberal to the poor
as by nature a queen,
in which sovereigns in
elves as much as their
of September, 1796,
ty-seventh birthday.
and, as far as human
live for years. Con-
n all quarters; visitors
; all was gratifying;
n honour of the event
alked into the dining-
er spirits.

Queen's Health!" was
ests with enthusiasm;
e at that very banquet
h warrant. Each year,
day, the queen caused
sh composed of apples,
in fresh warm sheep's
Of this she ate some-
n ensued, from which
The room in which
ated on the first floor
n the third and fourth
ent, looking upon the

deserted air, and some
poorer members of the
owned, laid out in the
rtailles," we exclaimed;
of fragrant limes." In
re many small statues,
y Stanley, an English
he monument of Queen
ilde.

palace, the Norwegian
and which ar ranged a
vegian costumes. The
o strange I could not
egian they are most in-
ndred and twenty years
d the peasant remains
terday—the drummer,
ountaineer from Tron-
the bride—a crowned
arty. I should like to
ight; they must surely
time, and hold dance
ans Andersen can ever
ough his fingers, to me

ates itself into the na-
the lake's side. Here
ere you may hire boats,
oks, with bait according
renowned for its perch.
the open air *vander den*
served on old china—

d on our journey home,
the way, through the
i. The foliage is some-
an admixture of larch
a picturesque village,
olden times there was

astrange custom in Zealand, and may be elsewhere, of
interring a living horse in every churchyard before any
human being could be buried there. This horse re-
appears, and is known under the name of the "Hell-
horse." It has but three legs; but ill luck to the man
who sees it, for it foretells his own death. Hence it is
said of one who has recovered from a dangerous illness,
"He has given a bushel of oats to the Hell-horse."
Further on stands the rustic fishing-house of His
Majesty, with a rude stone kitchen range outside, suffi-
cient to fry your perch—or boil them, if you like it
better. Solyst is a small house on the lake side, where
strangers breakfast or drink their coffee on the ter-
races.

And now we approach Esrom. There stands the
old black jail, and the antique farmhouse, whitewashed,
once her kloster. Our horses stop to water; so we
walk down to the farmyard gates, and enter the court.
Esrom was mother church to Sorø and also to others in
the Island of Rugen. Few and slight are the remains
of her former glory. A convent of Cistercians of
Clairvaux, founded by Archbishop Eskild in the
twelfth century, stood high in rank among the
klosters of Zealand. Here Queen Hedvig found her
last resting-place, and two of the ill-fated offspring
(Magnus and Erik) of Erik Menved and Queen Inge-
bor.

After the Reformation the lands fell to the crown;
the materials of the church were used by that ruthless
destroyer King Frederic for the construction of Fre-
deriksberg. I observed a stone inserted in the wall
bearing his cipher, "F," encircled by the serpentine
"S." (Frederic and Sophia), surmounted by a crown,
the date 1569, a sort of Protestant seal he placed upon
all ecclesiastical buildings which came into his posses-
sion. Another, later, of Christian V., 1697; he re-
paired the onthouses, and wished the world to be aware
of the fact. Some ancient iron cramps in the wall,
*fleur-de-lis*s in honour of Mary, were all that remained
of Roman Catholic times; the carved chairs of its
abbots are preserved in the museum at Copenhagen.
We saw the underground crypt, vaulted and supported
on columns, which undermines the whole building and
keeps it dry in this watery neighbourhood, and the
worthy fathers from rheumatic pains and ague.

XII.

THE PALACE OF FREDERIKSBORG.—THE MERMAID, ISBRAND,
FORETELLS THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIAN IV.—HOUSEHOLD
ECONOMY OF CHRISTIAN IV.—PUNISHMENT OF HIS PECU-
LATING MINI-MASTER.—ROYAL BATTLES.—THE RIDDBERSAAL
—DESTRUCTION OF THE PALACE OF FREDERIKSBORG BY
FIRE.

It was high time to leave Marienlyst: the season
had commenced—an army of waiters arrived from
Hamburg. The restaurant was now open; visitors
poured in by the steamers—called for bottled-beer and
beefsteaks, and, what was more, smoked on the stair-
case; to add to our annoyance, a brass band com-
menced to play from six to eight every morning.

All this movement and bustle would have been well
enough had we not looked on Marienlyst as our own
property for the last six weeks; so, though I was sorry
to leave the glorious bathings in the Sound, we packed
up and started for Fredensborg, where we passed one
night, and the following evening made for Frederiks-
berg, a drive of three quarters of an hour.

No palace existed on this spot previous to the reign

of King Frederic II., who exchanged the lands of the
suppressed convent of Skov Kloster with the celebrated
Admiral Herlaf Trolle for the manor of Hillerød, on
which he caused the earlier castle of Frederiksberg to
be constructed. Of this building little now remains;
its site is occupied by the royal stables and outhouses;
stout stumpy towers, one at each corner of the moat,
it has, wreathed round with iron cramps bearing the
date 1562, and the motto in German of the pious
Queen Sophia.

Frederic II. was, when we consider the age he lived
in, a right-minded, honourable man. In early life he
was much attached to a young and beautiful girl,
Dagmar Hardenberg by name, who, though of noble
birth, belonged to no princely house; make her his
queen he could not, and he was too high principled to
take advantage of her youth, so he remained a bachelor
until he was thirty-eight years of age, when, yielding
to the entreaties of his advisers, he, much against his
will, contracted an alliance with the Princess Sophia
of Mecklenburg. Tradition relates how Dagmar was
present at the coronation of the queen, which took
place in the Frue Kirke of Copenhagen, but, overcome
by her feelings, fainted away, was carried out of the
church, and died shortly after broken-hearted. Two
daughters were the produce of Frederic's marriage,
and, in despair at the non-arrival of an heir to the
crown, he began to regret he had yielded to the desire
of his nobles.

During the celebration of the Whitsuntide festivi-
ties, in the spring of the year 1576, there appeared at
court an aged peasant from the Island of Samsø, who
informed the king that, when ploughing his field by
the sea-shore, he was accosted by a mermaid, who
ordered him to go direct to court, and announce to the
king that the queen should bear him a son within the
succeeding year, adding, "Tell his Majesty my name
is Isbrand, and I am granddaughter of the mermaid
who protected the birth of his ancestress, Queen Mar-
garet." When the king and queen heard this good
news they were greatly rejoiced, and all the court
with them, and the aged peasant returned to his home
laden with presents. And now time rolled on, the
hopes of the nation were verified, and great was the
joy thereat.

It was the 12th of April, 1577, that Queen Sophia,
when walking with her ladies of honour somewhere on
the Roeskilde road, was suddenly taken ill, and before
aid and assistance could be procured, the youthful
Pagan, later Christian, heir to the crown of Denmark,
made his appearance, not under the blue canopy of
heaven, but under a hawthorn-tree, which of course
happened to come into full flower just one month
before its usual period of blooming—a very graceful
compliment on the part of Dame Nature to the new-
born princeling.

Well, great was the joy of the whole nation at the
birth of the wished-for heir, but the hilarity of the
court was somewhat disturbed by a second visit from
the agent peasant of Samsø, with a message from the
mermaid to the king, telling him that, if he did not
at once cease from his habits of inebriety, he would
never live to see his son a grown man; at which
Frederic became exceeding wroth, and dismissed the
messenger this time with no presents, but with threats
and menaces.

The prophecy of the mermaid came to pass after all,
for Frederic quitted this world a victim to his inebriety