





LILLIE DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE
Reproduced from the portrait painted in 1880 by B.C. Porter.

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NOTE

MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE, the writer of these letters, is the wife of the recently retired Danish Minister to Germany. She was formerly Miss Lillie Greenough, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she lived with her grandfather, Judge Fay, in the fine old Fay mansion, now the property of Radcliffe College.

As a child Miss Greenough developed the remarkable voice which later was to make her well known, and when only fifteen years of age her mother took her to London to study under Garcia. Two years later Miss Greenough became the wife of Charles Moulton, the son of a well-known American banker, who had been a resident in Paris since the days of Louis Philippe. As Madame Charles Moulton the charming American became an appreciated guest at the court of Napoleon III. Upon the fall of the Empire Mrs. Moulton returned to America, where Mr. Moulton died, and a few years afterward she married M. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, at that time Danish Minister to the United States, and later periods his country's representative at Stockholm, Rome, Paris, Washington and Berlin.

THE ALPHABET OF A DIPLOMAT

<i>Ambassador</i>	A man, just a little below God.
<i>Attaché</i>	The lowest rung of the ladder.
<i>Blunder</i>	How absurd! Why, <i>never!</i> ...
<i>Chancellery</i>	The barn-yard where he is plucked.
<i>Chief</i>	The cock of the walk.
<i>Colleagues</i>	A question merely of time and place.
<i>Court</i>	Where one learns to make courtesies.
<i>Decorations</i>	The balm for all woes.
<i>Dinners</i>	The surest road to success.
<i>Disponibility</i>	The Styx, whence no one returns.
<i>Esprit (de corps)</i>	The corps is there, but where is the <i>esprit</i> ?
<i>Etiquette</i>	The Ten Commandments.
<i>Finesse</i>	A narrow lane where two can walk abreast.
<i>Friendships</i>	Ships that pass in the night.
<i>Gotha (almanack)</i>	The Bible of a Diplomat.
<i>Highness</i>	<i>His, Her</i> , make a deep courtesy.
<i>Ignoramus</i>	A person who does not agree with you.

<i>Innuendo</i>	An obscure side-light of truth.
<i>Joke</i>	Something beneath the dignity of a diplomat to notice.
<i>Knowledge (private)</i>	<i>News</i> which every one already knows.
<i>Legation</i>	Apartments to let.
<i>Letters (de créance)</i>	The first impression.
<i>Letters (de rappel)</i>	The last illusion.
<i>Majesté (lèse)</i>	Too awful to think of.
<i>Majesties</i>	Human beings with royal faults.
<i>Nobodies</i>	People to be avoided like poison.
<i>Opulence</i>	When in service.
<i>Pension</i>	Too small to be seen with the naked eye.
<i>Poverty</i>	When out of service.
<i>Quo (status)</i>	Diplomatic expression, meaning in French, <i>Une jambe en l'air</i> .
<i>Ruse</i>	A carefully disguised thought as transparent as a soap-bubble.
<i>Secretary</i>	Furniture easily moved.
<i>Traditions</i>	A door always open for refuge.
<i>Traités (de paix)</i>	A series of dinners paid for by a lavish gov-

ernment.

Uniform

A bestarred and beribboned livery.

Visits

The most important duty of a diplomat.

Wisdom

Good to have, but easily dispensed with.

Xpectations

A tree which seldom bears fruit.

Yawn

What a diplomat does over his *rappports*.

Zeal

Something a diplomat ought never to have too much of.

The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life

WASHINGTON, 1875-1880

WASHINGTON, *November, 1875.*

Dear Mother,—After my hurriedly written letter of the 24th you will know that we have arrived here safely. My first introduction to my first post as diplomat's wife was made unwittingly by a gentleman walking with a friend just behind me. "Who is that gentleman?" said he, indicating Johan. "That? That is the Minister of Denmark." I, struggling with an arm-load of flowers culled from well-intentioned friends at different stations on the road, my maid and Johan's valet bringing up the rear with the overflow of small baggage, passed unnoticed. Now we are quite established here, and I have already commenced my diplomatic duties. There seems to be no end of card-leaving and card-receiving, and a list of rules on etiquette (the Ten Commandments of a Diplomat) as long as your arm. I never knew of anything so confusing. I try to remember the things that I must do and the things that I must not do. How many cold shower-baths of reproof have I already received; how many unruly things have I already done! We are invited to many dinners, luncheons, and entertainments of all kinds. I am knee-deep in engagements, actually wading in them. The engagement-book you gave me is already overfilled.

We were very much amused at the collection of newspaper cuttings you sent us. Johan thought the one describing him as "a massive blonde of magnificent proportions, whose pure heart and clean hands had won all hearts in Washington" [previous to winning mine], was much too personal. "The medals [his prized decorations] were not his fault, and should not be laid up against him; and as for the gold key which he wears on his back, it is considered a great honor, as few Danes have had it conferred on them, being, as it is, the key of the king's own bedchamber, and giving the wearer the privilege of entering there when he likes."

Another one which amused us says "the bride is to be congratulated on having annexed as fine a specimen of a viking as any one could desire, and, although she has not secured a golden crown for her marble brow, she has secured a name that ought to be good for a 'three-bagger' on any diamond, and that just to see it written on a

hotel register makes any hotel clerk faint." Johan asked me what a "three-bagger" was, but I could not tell him. Then the worst one! "Mr. de Hegermann is envoy extraordinary and parson to his Danish 'nibs.'" Johan was horrified at this *lèse majesté*. We looked the word "nibs" out in the dictionary, only to find that in cribbage "nibs" means the knave of trumps. This made matters worse; to call his sovereign a knave—even of trumps—seemed too disrespectful.

It was very nice of Norris, your Cambridge grocer, to placard the fruit in his shop window in our honor. "Lindencrone beauties" and "the Danish pair" show a certain amount of humor which ought to be applauded. Such a pun goes to my heart. I hope you encouraged him by buying them all and can tell me what a "Danish pair" looks like.

It would take more than one letter of mine written on foolscap paper to tell you of our colleagues and friends. I can do it in sections when I have time. But, oh, when can I get the time!

I have had my "audience" (Johan calls it an "audience"; I call it a "call on Mrs. President Grant at the White House"). There was nothing formal or formidable about it. Mrs. Grant and I sat on the sofa together and talked generalities. Johan could not tell me what to expect. He said *his* audience with the President had been a surprise, unprecedented by anything he had ever seen. As it was his first post as Minister, he had pictured to himself that it would be somewhat like the ceremonies abroad—very solemn and impressive. Of course he was in his red gala uniform, with all his decorations. A hired landau brought him to the steps of the White House, which he mounted with conscious dignity. His written speech, nicely folded, he carried in his hand. In Europe there would have been a crowd of gorgeous chamberlains to receive him, but here he found a negro, who, on seeing him, hurriedly donned a coat and, with an encouraging wave of the hand, said: "Come right along in, sir. I'll let them know you're here, sir." Johan was shown into a room and waited with patience until the President and Mr. Hamilton Fish came in. Mr. Grant was dressed in a gray walking-suit and wore a colored tie; and Mr. Hamilton Fish (Secretary of State) had evidently just come in from a walk, as his turned-up trousers signified.