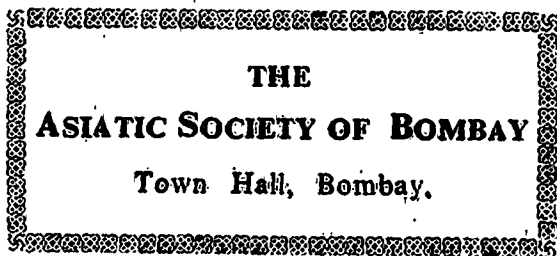
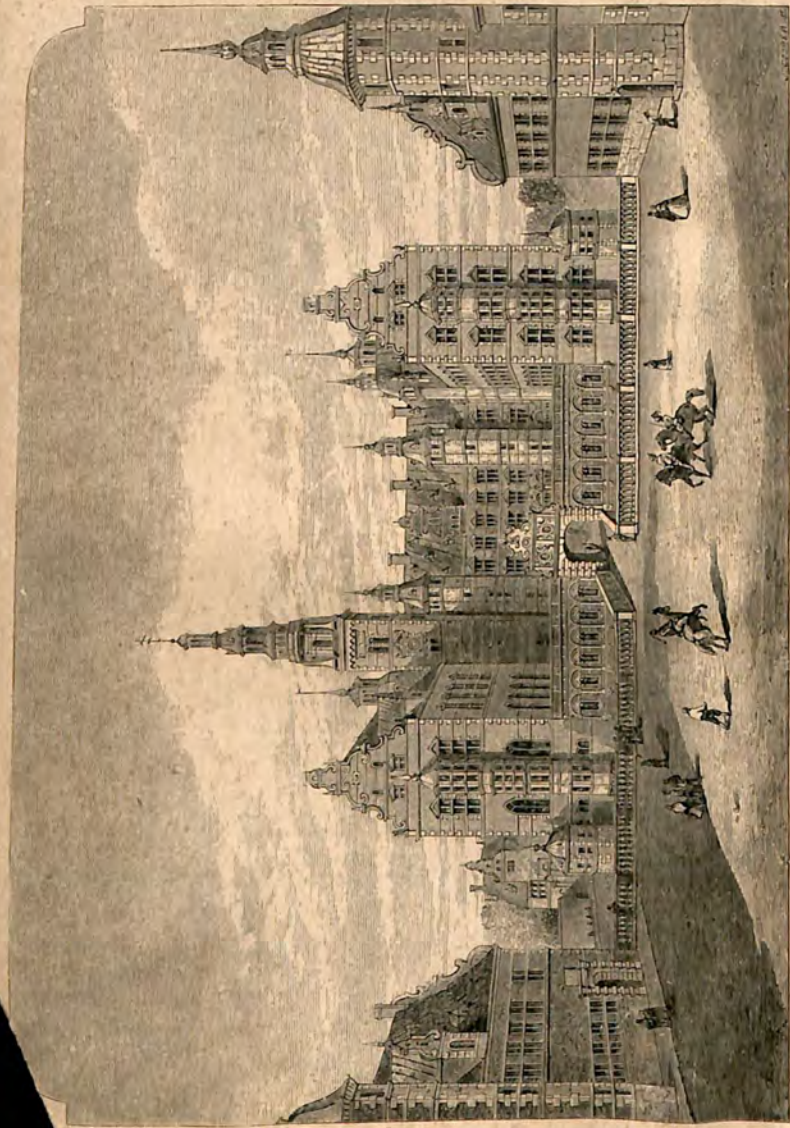




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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.



CASTLE OF FREDERIKSBORG.

A RESIDENCE IN JUTLAND,
THE DANISH ISLES, AND COPENHAGEN.

BY HORACE MARRYAT.

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SKANDERBORG.

p. 78

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SKETCH MAP OF DENMARK.

JUTLAND

AND

THE DANISH ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

Hamburg — The Alster Lake — Lubec — Epitaphia — Drinklage family — Schifferhaus — Travemünde — North German table-d'hôte and cuisine — Sea-baths of Düsternbrook — German economy — Weasel called the King's Daughter — Kiel — Danebrog — Adolf of the Milk-can — Rendsburg — Merodeurs — John Rantzau — A Holstein farm — Châteaux of the nobility.

HAMBURG.

August 3rd, 1858.—We arrived at last, all safe and sound, after a rough and tiresome passage. I really imagined we should never get under weigh, for at the eleventh hour came a cargo of oil-barrels, already marked down upon the bill of lading. There was no help for it, embarked they must be; so we lost the tide, and, after encountering the tail of a storm off the Hanoverian coast, arrived too late to mount the river to Hamburg, had to wait some nine hours till there was sufficient water to cross the bar, and then sailed up the Elbe. On our passage we steamed by a brig, all up on end, a total wreck; and, later, a second, deep embedded in a sand-bank—the results of last Saturday's storm. But all is calm now, and, as we neared the city, the left-side bank became pretty enough, studded with the mansions and fine castles of

the Hamburg merchants, tea-gardens and bathing-machines, trim-cut charmilles and hornbeam-hedges. The whole population appeared to be "taking their teas" out of doors, fearless of rheumatism, and regardless of ague; a difference of climate I opine, as, not three days since, the damp and dew fell heavy towards twilight in Hampton Court Gardens, so, although in a more northern, we are in a drier latitude. Suddenly we arrive at our journey's end. "Stop her!"—fiz went the steam; a flotilla of small boats invades us; in a few seconds we are landed (no customhouse officers, no passports), and are carried off in a droskey to Streit's Hotel, where we purpose taking up our abode for some days.

Twenty-two years have elapsed since I last visited Hamburg; and during that interval it has been partially destroyed by fire. I am lost in wonder at the magnificence of the new-born city—unequaled in the north of Europe—the streets, the arcades, and the buildings rivalling Paris in their magnificence. Then, too, this mingling of town, garden, and water. This Alster lake, surrounded by its splendid series of hotels, after night-fall presents a scene truly Venetian; brilliantly illuminated on all sides, the water alive with flat-bottomed barges, manned with bands of music and joyous supper-parties, hung, too, with Chinese lanterns of grotesque form and varied colouring; they float on, passing and repassing, reflected in the mirror below. Somewhat later, fireworks and rockets, in showers of living gold, come blazing in the distance from the numerous Tivolis and Alhambras which abound in the suburbs of this city. As night advances, the population pours out in increasing crowds, and the cafés—whose name is Legion—can scarcely supply the ice and sorbets so clamor-

ously called for. The waiters look tired and fagged: as for the citizens, they go to bed, I should imagine, never; and we ourselves walked till we could walk no more; and then gazing from our saloon windows on this spectacle, to which we had paid no entrance-fee, felt half-inclined to follow their example. Old Hamburg, what remains of it, Dutch-like and dirty though it be, merits well a visit; its very filth adds to its picturesqueness. The shipping bristles to the canal's edge; the lofty, half-tumbledown, high-gabled houses, consist three-fourths at least of windows, with little hanging turrets and excrescences sticking out from here, there, and everywhere—oratories once, no doubt—now used, according to convenience, for any purpose or none. In the narrowest lanes grow tall wych elms, and hornbeams trimmed into mop-heads; and then, among stink and dirt, you stumble on an open balcony, with double oleanders, flower-pots, and ropes of onions or a vine daintily trailed to the very house-top; and later an ancient mansion, so dark, so gloomy, all deserted save one window, around which an ivy is trained garland-wise, a China aster in a bow-pot, a canary in its cage, telling plainly of woman's occupation and refinement; and your mind runs off to Mieris and Gerard Dow, and pictures in old, long, half-forgotten galleries. The narrow canals are muddy and pestiferous; barges float along their dirty waters, and stop under queer old cranes, to receive from the warehouses above their cargoes of bales or packages. The barge floats on, the crane is drawn up, and, your reverie over, you find the smells unpleasant. It is a *guerre à outrance*—a war to the knife of Nose versus Eyes. You begin to fear you have strayed from your right path; nothing appears

bright to your eyes but the three Mambrino's helmets above the barbers' shops, and nothing clean but the flesh of the fresh-scalded pigs hanging still entire in the pork-butchers' shops all ready for dissection. The flower-girls, in their picturesque costumes, sit and twiddle up their bouquets; the old women jabber, knit, and gossip. They knit all day, and, I believe, the night long too. The children, dirty, hideous, and squalid, left to take care of themselves, get under the cart-wheels, and are in everybody's way. All the world seem in a bustle, with just sufficient time at their disposal to stare at the stranger, and wonder what in the world he's gazing at. You wander on, through lane, over bridge, across canal; at last, surfeited with smells, black gutters and tumbledown edifices, you think of inquiring your way. Nobody will understand your German, till a Vierländerin comes to your rescue: she's used to strangers. You wander left, when told right; begin to despair, consider yourself lost to your family and hotel for ever; when, turning a corner, you stumble on a new-built house—the Pie-corner of Hamburg—where first the fire stayed its wrath, in two minutes gain the new church now in process of building by Messrs. Scott and Moffatt, of Anglican ecclesiastical celebrity, arrive at the Alster lake, breathe fresh air, and again gaze on pure water.

LUBEC.

I have a weakness for departed greatness, and even after an interval of twenty years my recollection of the old deserted city of Lubec—her mediæval architecture—her houses turreted and begabled, staircase-fashion (corbie, the Scotch term it), statued and befriended—

induced us to pause for a day on our road to Travemünde. I had left her a city of red brick—I found her all paint and whitewash, less respectable to mediæval eyes, but still interesting; her churches, with their glorious spires, rival those of Pisa and Saragossa in their stern contempt for the perpendicular; her rath-house, quaint and incomprehensible, with each proud blazon of the once powerful league slung “en pignon” to a separate rosace, is partly Gothic, partly Renaissance, resting on arcades, no two parts alike—the whole, however, blending smoothly in harmony together. Now on that Place, where the commerce of Europe once held its court, a few old women vend their cherries; in that rath-house, where her arrogant burghers debated whether they would deign to accept the alliance of Henry of England, or side with his rival of Scotland—whether they would support the second Christian of Denmark against his nobles, or Frederic against his nephew—what do you find? emptiness and desolation: it is a thing of the past, yet all looks solid and fresh, as in the days of their might and power.

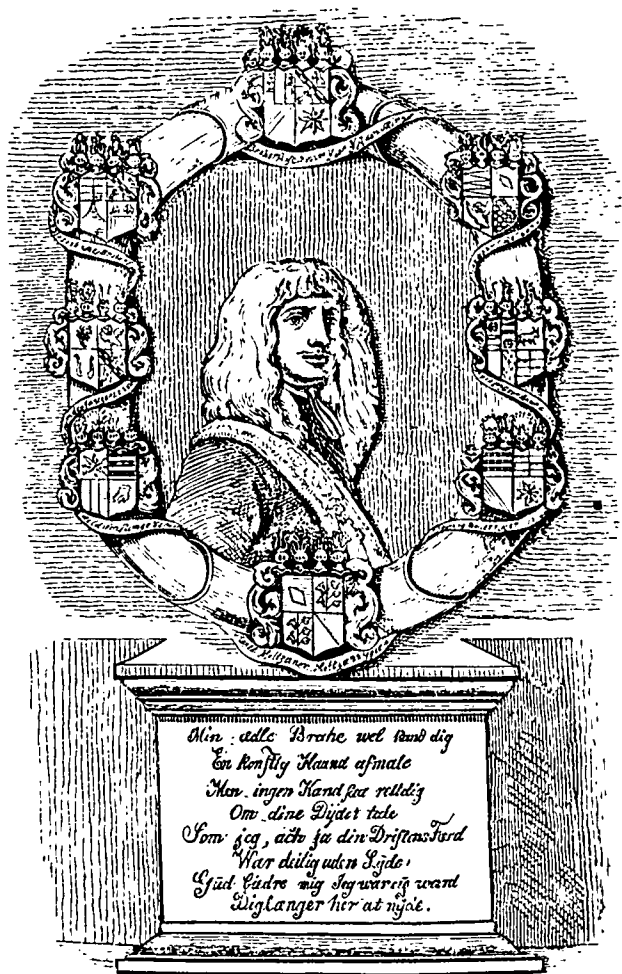
Give Lubec and her grass-grown streets a kick if you will; she is down in the world, fallen from her high estate, and has few friends; but he who neglects to visit her is wrong, for, independent of her Dance of Death, her altarpiece by Hans Hemling—pre-Raphaelite in the minuteness of its execution—and Overbeck’s masterpiece, Christ’s Entry into Jerusalem, she possesses many objects of interest undescribed in Murray. On our arrival we had intended only to pass the night; we ended by lingering several days.

The following day was Sunday. Never in the most Catholic realms of Italy or Spain did I behold Sunday

so ill observed as in these Protestant cities of North Germany. From sunrise to sunset thousands of the people are absorbed in one idea, that of pleasure. Setting all other observances aside, it is neither a day of rest to man nor beast.

The churches are ill filled. We attended the Lutheran service at the Marienkirche this morning, a service I particularly dislike—a standing and sitting congregation—much singing, little praying, and a long-winded sermon, which might have been excellent, but I was unable to follow the preacher, so I looked about me. This church is a good sample of northern build, of exquisite proportions, lofty and élancé, and, like all those belonging to the Lutherans, retains still many attributes of the Church of Rome. It is rich in Gothic screen and fret-work—in angels and figures of the saints as large as life—though I wonder at their still giving place to so apocryphal a personage as St. Christopher. I could scarcely refrain from smiling how the German “housewife” leaven peeps out even in ecclesiastical matters. Above my head were placed the figures of the sisters Martha and Mary, on either side of the Ecce Homo—Mary as a Magdalene (not quite correct that), and Martha with her golden sleeves well tucked up above her elbows, as though she had returned from the act of kneading dough in the kitchen.

The “epitaphia” of the burghers’ families are rich and splendid in the extreme, all hung round with quarterings and emblazonment. None more aristocratic than the ancient burghers of the Hanse Towns. It is at Lubec that the custom first appears, so common in the north of Europe, of hanging the “epitaphium” or framed portrait of the deceased in a gorgeous frame to



EPIITAPHIUM.

the walls of the church—much as we do our own achievements in the country villages of England. They are rich in carvings and highly ornamented. Many of these portraits are excellent, and by first-rate masters. The custom dates from the Reformation downwards, and appears in the north to have nearly superseded the use of stone and alabaster. It may be inferred that after the introduction of the reformed faith—the demand for saints, holy families, and angels having ceased—the artists were glad to turn their talents to account, and this style of monument was found to be less expensive than either stone or bronze.

The sacristan pointed out to us an epitaphium painted by a brother of Sir Godfrey Kneller, also a native of Lubec, to the memory of the family of Drinklage—(Drinkwater, Drinkwasser, Boileau, Bevilacqua—you find them in every country)—who, strange to say, bear for their cognisance a XXX.

We visited the Schifferhaus, an ancient tavern for ship captains, where on the carved stalls you may, among other heraldic shields, observe that of Iceland—a stockfish surmounted by a crown—and old models of naval architecture, dating from the days when the ships of Lubec and the Hanseatic League swept the seas of the Baltic as well as the German Ocean. Then, too, there is the meeting-room of the burghers—a gem of marqueterie—with fine portraits of her ancient burgo-masters, and views of the old mercantile ports of Europe, such as they once were, ranged in panels around the cornices of the apartment.

But the great charms of Lubec are the walks on the ancient ramparts which surround the city—shady walks under a canopy of fragrant limes, now in all their luxu-

riance; they overhang too the river Trave, with her boats and shipping; and on the opposite side, beyond the quays, rise the tall unstraight church spires, and the ancient gateways, and houses of all kinds nodding at each other as though about to topple over, but they don't, and have, I doubt not, been nodding in like manner for the space of centuries. Could you disembarrass the city of its inhabitants and their costumes of the nineteenth century, you might imagine yourself carried back to the days of Hemling and Albert Dürer. All contribute to make you forget that legs will tire, and feet grow sore. Tramp—tramp—we wandered on till we could go no further, so we supped in a tea-garden off sausage and Bavarian beer, came to a ferry, embarked, crossed the river in a boat, and at last regained our hostel.

TRAVEMÜNDE.

The heat of the day was at an end when we quitted Lubeck. A drive of an hour and a half along a shady avenue through a country flat and uninteresting brought us to the sea-bathing village of Travemünde.

As we approach, the Trave appears bristling and bustling with merchant vessels and Russian steamers bound for St. Petersburg, and then later the wide expanse of the Baltic discloses itself.

I find the village much as it was, all lodging-houses and charmilles, little changed and less improved, and the bathers supping out in front of their houses, under the lime-trees, just as I recollect them formerly. We drive to the bath establishment, and find it crowded to overflowing; the landlord can lodge us for three days, then our rooms are let, and we must seek accommodation elsewhere.

After a day's sojourn I feel we shall not regret the change; for though the rustic-built, straw-thatched house is clean enough to satisfy a Dutchman, the heat is intense: shade there is in the extensive garden of the hotel—a luxury, it must be owned, on the sea-coast—but beyond, nothing—a mere waste of sand and stubble. The sea may be Baltic, but it is not salt, and one half fresh Trave water; so after a day's sauntering in the garden, listening to the never-ending polkas of the brazen band, and watching the swallow-tail and Apollo butterflies flitting from flower to flower, we feel all ready again to make a start.

Our table-d'hôte here is a wonderful affair, both as regards company and comestibles. In these days, when, except in full dress, ladies are covered up to their very chins, the sight of a North-German dinner-table, with its fair attendants “*décolletées*” at two o'clock, under a summer sun, is somewhat astonishing; such an expanse, too, of brown throats and arms, for they walk out even in the streets of Hamburg unprotected against the sun's rays. The back view of a table-d'hôte in these parts is quite a sight, though not perhaps an attractive one; the women, from fear of dirt I suppose, hitch up their petticoats behind into a sort of haycock, causing an exposé of their feet, good, solid, and useful for common purposes, capable of carrying them with ease when they weigh sixteen stone, and never breaking down, clad in gray boots, and twisted one within another in most ungraceful fashion.

The old ladies are venerable in their gray hair and plaited caps; the middle-aged have a careworn, household drudge appearance; the girls, well haired and fresh-looking; the children, en masse, unhealthy and ugly.

I feel confident that the make of the North-German men has given rise to the idea of the gigantic proportions of the earlier inhabitants of this country. In books touching on antiquity, topography, &c., we constantly read of thigh-bones dug up in this neighbourhood measuring some unheard-of length, which is brought forward as proof of the degeneracy of the present generation. Let any unprejudiced person merely look at a North-German of the present century, a Pomeranian, or a Mecklenburgher; why, only observe them for one moment—they appear as though split asunder, all legs and no body: it is quite a miracle where they find place to stow away the six meals they devour in the course of the livelong day.

Queer specimens of the culinary art are these dishes of North Germany. Eel-soup, the reptile itself floating along in company with stewed pears, cherries, and spices; shrimps and open tart served together on the same plate; and veal, veal, everlasting veal, till you loathe the very sight of a cow and her offspring.

What with the people, the food, and the heat, we were glad enough to pack up and fly from the so-called sea-baths of Travemünde.

DÜSTERNBROOK.

So we fittid along the railroad back to Hamburg, and thence re-embarked for Kiel, where I had never been before, and had heard say of a sea-bathing place planted on its fiorde side, and where I knew, after sundry consultations with the map, there was no river to dilute its half-salted water.

The name of this place is Düsternbrook; a village—no, I cannot call it a village—for there are neither

peasants, shops, nor native inhabitants; it is rather a congregation of hotels and small lodging-houses, situated at one English mile from the town of Kiel. Nothing can be more beautiful than its situation: a long avenue of trees leads you from the town thereunto, along the fiorde side, alive with steamers, boats, and shipping, the water clear as crystal. You pass by a succession of villas belonging to rich Hamburg merchants, constructed in every form of architecture that fancy can design—Swiss châlets, Lombardian, Gothic, and Renaissance—each planted in its little garden—garden a blaze of gorgeous flowers, and here at any rate kept and cared for as much for the delectation of the world in general as for the proprietor himself. No envious walls hide it from the view of the passer by; it is common property of eyes at large. A small railing separates it alone from the depredations of dogs and schoolboys; the gates are left unclosed by lock or key; and if you ask to enter, or even enter without asking, you are kindly welcomed. Then, on the heights above this range of flowery villas, rise thick beechen woods. A forest behind, green turf and bright flowers to refresh the eye, the blue waters of the fiorde as your foreground—can anything be more charming?—But we are arrived at Düsternbrook.

We had the usual bother about lodgings. At the great establishment—where the band plays, and boats, flag-bedecked, and sailors in duck-white trousers, everlastingly await the orders of the visitors—all was full.

We then tried the Bellevue, a house which well deserves its name, for its site is heaven-like, with no better success; so later we made strong running for a villa—a charming nutshell—just vacant; Wilhelmina's

Lust by name, a very ugly name too (I feel quite inclined to exclaim with Mrs. Quickly, in the Hic, Hæc, Hoc scene, "Out upon Wilhelmina's case!"): but Wilhelmina's Lust did not contain eight beds—indeed I have come long ago to the opinion, that, though nothing is more pretty than a Swiss cottage, nothing is more uncomfortable to live in; those deep, shelving roofs take up half the room—so we ended by pitching our quarters at the Hotel Düsternbrook, an oblong, sensible house, with square rooms, and no corners cut off for outside show or any such vagaries, with a garden and shade, a good, clean, wholesome cuisine, well dressed, and plenty of it.

September.—We are now quietly shaken down in our new abode, and living the usual life of bathers in this world—rise early, very early; off to bathe by six—not an affair of choice, for the bands begin to play and all the world's astir by that early hour. Rise when I may, look out of window in my dressing-gown, I find the Germans up, dressed, and, I hope, washed, drinking their coffee in the garden, and, instead of being proud of my activity, feel somewhat humbled, and sneak off en dés-habille, running the gauntlet of the crowd of coffee-drinkers on my way.

We pass across the garden of the great establishment, embark on a narrow wooden bridge, gain the floating raft on which the bath-cabins are constructed, and plunge headlong into some fifty feet of pure limpid water. It is glorious bathing, and I now no longer regret the tide, which in our own country is always out, or away, or somewhere, at any rate never in, when one wishes it to be. The Baltic is not blessed with one, so it's as well to make up one's mind to its absence.

Breakfast here comes off in the open air—sub tegmine fagi. The German women, who do nothing but knit the livelong day, and the men, who smoke long pipes innumerable, make some odd arrangements about their tea equipage: they pay so much per diem for the use of the cups and saucers and “thé-wasser,” finding their own edibles. It serves to kill time at any rate: first, in the morning, comes a woman from Kiel bearing a covered basket containing long rolls and various petits pains; later arrives the butter-carrier, then the cream, and then a fourth with a basket of what they call “delicatessen”—smoked eels and mackerel. All this may be very amusing, I dare say; but return ten minutes too late from your bath, or over-sleep yourself, your déjeuner is manqué, the milk-woman is no more to be found, or you breakfast butterless; so we prefer taking our own from the hotel direct.

I must say the German ladies are most economical, and turn everything in this world to the best account. My neighbour at the table-d'hôte, who dines well got up, with beautiful blue rosettes (like a horse) in her hind-hair, daily perpetrates “a fine wash” of collars, sleeves, and such like, with the remains of her thé-wasser. Breakfast concluded, she empties the urn into a basin, and, when the articles are cleansed and wrung out, places them to dry on her window-sill, with a pebble on each to preserve them from all treacherous gusts of wind.

The heat is still most oppressive, and during the daytime we lie by; but towards evening and sunset the jalousies are again unclosed, people flock out, carriages come round, and the beechen forests are filled with promenaders, sketchers, and workers. Nothing can be more beautiful, more cool than these beechen

woods of the Holstein duchies—unlike any you meet with in other countries. You must not confuse the woods with the forests: the latter abound in game; the woods, on the contrary, are cleared of all under-wood, the branches lopped off, leaving a thick canopy of verdure above, and a free circulation of air below. Beneath they are one carpet of moss, from which spring the roots of the lily of the valley, the Solomon's-seal, hepatica, and other wild-flowers in abundance; the dormouse, squirrel, and the stoat abound, and the larger falcon-tribe; of smaller birds I have seen but few.

The weasel, or the "king's daughter," as he is sometimes here called, has a happy time of it. No fear of the barn-door for him in luckless company with pilfering pie and robber hawk; for the peasant looks on the weasel as a sacred beast—no, not sacred, but as an animal to be feared. He takes off his hat when he meets him on the road, as though he were a crowned head, and politely wishes him "good morrow;" were he to offend the weasel, it would bring him ill luck, for the animal "spits poison, and spits it long."

Towards nine o'clock all Düsternbrook is in gala—crowds flock to the adjoining Tivoli, an illuminated garden, where nightly dramatic representations are given in the open air; then there are concerts and balls at the different hotels, and people sup out by lamp-light in the garden. But of the gaieties of the place I know but little; we prefer the forest or the water.

KIEL.

The ancient capital of Holstein, still important in a naval point of view, with its picturesque market-place and tall church-tower; overlooking the good and evil deeds of the peasant tribe below, might have interested

us much had we not arrived direct from Lubeck, but we are spoiled for quaint architecture and tumbledown gables, and now look on them as matter of course, just as you do on the stucco and porticoes of Belgravia.

The grim old Schloss, ancient palace of her Counts and Dukes in their day, barrack-like, is relieved from downright ugliness by two tall, slender, octagonal towers, the one capped with a Muscovite onion; as a whole it stands out grand from among the fine old elms and limes "taillés en voûte" of its formal garden.

The city too is now in its dullest mood; her natives absent at the various baths, her students in full vacation. We visited the library of the University,* some 95,000 books open to the world at large, not to be alone read on the premises, but even strangers, on presenting a proper "caution," are permitted to carry off three volumes at a time to their own residences. I wish we had any such privilege in England. This custom is not peculiar to Kiel alone, but general through the north of Europe, in towns, too, scarcely to be placed on a par with our own cathedral cities. Kiel is not a town of sights: in her Marienkirche once hung suspended the Dannebrog, the red banner, with its white cross, which miraculously fell from heaven, leading the victories of the second Valdemar against the heathen Wends. This celebrated banner was lost, all save one rag, in the battle against the Ditmarsken in 1550, and what became of that remaining rag I don't know; so, the glory of her church departed, nought remains in Kiel, even to swell the description of a guide-book. We were

* That the Danes bear no love to this Holstein College the following proverb will show:—"To lie is always a science, as the devil said when he frequented the University of Kiel."

standing idly gazing around, when my eyes were attracted by the epitaphium portrait of a young man with the flowing locks and long guipure tie of the seventeenth century; one of those melancholy beauties, with a sad expression of countenance, like Charles I., Cinq Mars, and a dozen others; sure to die early, so at least one prophesies 200 years after, the event has taken place. I climbed upon a massive sarcophagus to decipher the name and lineage of my hero. Hildebrand Count Horn was his name, born 1625, handsome, accomplished, a wonderful linguist, sent secretary by Christian IV. to the embassy at Moscow, later joined the Venetian forces, and died of his wounds fighting against the Turks in the island of Cyprus, aged thirty-one. "Island sacred to Venus, and a fit burial-place for such a prodigy;" so adds the epitaph, dictated, it appears, by his "mother." He is a most interesting looking person, and of a good Swedish stock, so I advise you if you visit the church of Kiel to find him out.

That anything remains of the ancient city of Kiel to me is a wonder; she has been in everlasting hot water from her youth upwards; ever disaffected, no matter to whom she belonged, ready for a row or a revolution, and not a whit, I fear, now improved in her old age. Her ancient Holstein counts were an everlasting thorn in the side of the Danish sovereign. Still, when the old line wore out, and, untaught by the history of earlier times, it was reformed anew by the third Christian, her modern dukes of the younger branch again carried trouble enough to the tormented house of Oldenborg. Nor do I consider their own position to have been an enviable one. Denmark, their suzerain, on one side, the Emperor and the Hanseatic League on the

other, always at variance with one party, caught and imprisoned in some gloomy old schloss somewhere, and then let out again at the cost of a hardly-raised ransom. Adolf, fourth of his line, became so disgusted with all this turmoil and worry, that, in 1229, he ceded his lands and rights between his three sons, and retired to a Franciscan convent, which he had founded in his own capital. His devotion knew no bounds, and as a mendicant he wandered from house to house, begging bread for the poor of the city in the name of Christ and of the holy St. Francis. It is related that, one day, when Adolf was walking barefooted through the streets of Kiel, a tin can in his hand, begging skim milk for the sick and needy, he suddenly came across his three sons the counts, riding out from the palace in great pomp, attended by a numerous retinue of knights and squires. A sudden feeling of shame seized him, and he hastily concealed the milk-can under his gown; then, quickly recovering his self-possession, he poured the contents of the vessel over his head as the gay retinue passed by, exclaiming aloud, "Art thou ashamed to bear a milk-can for Christ's sake? so then bear over thy whole body what thou shouldest have borne in thine hand alone;" which action was accounted a most holy proceeding by the chroniclers of the day, though one ingenuously observes, "It was a pity to have thrown away so much good milk which was destined for the relief of the poor."

Adolf "of the milk-can" lived to a good old age. His daughter Mechtild married Duke Abel, and later became Queen of Denmark. I am afraid the education of this princess was ill attended to, as is too often the case when parents are fanatically inclined; for when, at the

death of her husband the King, the crown descended not to her children, she took the whole country in great hatred, and in revenge destroyed the royal archives, all the charters concerning the Wends given by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and the bulls of Pope Innocent; she burnt them all, causing thereby great confusion in the country; so says the historian.

It was on this Duke Adolf that, when fighting in the Holy Land, the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa conferred the arms "on a field gules, three nettle-leaves argent, each pierced by a nail of the cross," which cognizance has been borne by the duchy from that time to the present day.

RENDSBURG.

For the life of me I cannot say why I went to Rendsburg—historical associations I suppose, for I remember to have read a long time since a book about the Thirty Years' War and the Merodeurs, from whom we derive the word marauders, followers of the Count de Mérode—how ill they behaved, carrying off the Holstein peasant girls en croupe upon their horses. A more tumbledown, grass-grown, dilapidated place I never came across—all fortress, soldiers, and Holstein canals—built on the river Eider, where I neither saw ducks nor down.

A change here comes over the spirit of our church epitaphia. The oval medallion portrait is replaced by a representation of the Crucifixion, Ascension, or the Last Judgment, painted or carved, sometimes in wood, sometimes in stone. Below stand or kneel the father followed by his male progeny; the mother with her daughters on the side opposed—all gazing with devout mien and countenance.

I was pointed out one erected by a man whose three wives preceded him to the grave; they proved, it appears, no comfort to him in this world, so he caused them to be represented among the condemned in the Last Judgment. The third, a fat florid woman, like one of Jaques Jordaen's, resists most wo-manfully, kicking and scratching the demon who is carrying her off into the flames, her husband looking on undisturbed.

Be it brimfull of historical associations, I advise no one to journey as far as Rendsburg.

ENVIRONS OF KIEL.

So we made many excursions in the neighbourhood of Kiel, for the demesnes of the Holstein nobles are well worthy of a visit. When once you quit the banks of the fiorde and the forests, the country is void of all beauty until you arrive at the village near which the château of your destination is situated. Our first visit was to Rastorf, the residence of Countess Rantzau, a farmeress of note to my eyes, but not one of consequence in these parts, the happy possessor of 480 cows, to say nothing of sheep—red cows of a quasi-Devonshire breed, not remarkable for beauty, but producing admirable milk, later converted into butter, that Holstein butter of which our London markets consume so large a quantity. We left our carriage at a paper-mill a mile distant, and gained the castle through the woods. I am every day more struck with the beauty of these Holstein forests, and imagine how lovely they must be in early spring time, a carpet of flowers—flowers which do exist in our English Flora, but are looked upon as objects of rarity.

The châteaux of this duchy are all constructed on

one plan, a quadrangle round a large court. You enter by a porte-cochère: in front stands the schloss, a large substantial edifice, with a huge portico supported by Ionic or Corinthian columns, flanked by two enormous buildings with high-pitched roofs, each of the dimensions of the abbey church of Malvern. These last serve to harbour the cattle in the winter season, to stable the horses, and to house the carts and farming implements; the upper story a granary for corn, fodder, and other agricultural produce. The fourth side of the quadrangle, that by which you enter, lodges the farm servants and labourers. In the centre of the court is a large green, surrounded by cut limes, on which a round place is paved with stones allotted to the watch-dog and his kennel; no litter offends the eye, and the stupendous size of the buildings gives a dignity and imposing appearance, which removes any idea of outhouse or farmyard. We met the milk-carts laden with milk, the steaming produce of the 480 cows. The labourers were returning from their work. I cannot say much for the tidiness of their appearance, especially that of the women: they possess unfortunately no national costume, and I have always remarked, where "cotonades" come in, cleanliness goes out.

The name of Rantzau stands high in this Holstein duchy, and has ever played a prominent part in its country's history. Of this lineage was the famed John Rantzau, who commanded the troops of the first Frederic against the peasants in Skipper Clemens' days. "Il est fidèle au roi comme un Rantzau," ran the proverb; but that very loyalty led a branch of this illustrious house, in later days, to join the cabal against our English princess, Queen Caroline Matilda. He was a gallant

gentleman, and when once he discovered his mistake he preferred banishment from court and country to countenancing the intrigues of the Queen Mother and her party. He quitted his native land for ever, and is said to have fallen in combat, in the papal city of Avignon, by the hand of an English officer, who had vowed to avenge the fate of this ill-used princess, whom he had accompanied on her voyage to Denmark.*

The homesteads or farmhouses of Holstein are models of concentration: no turning out in bad weather to look after cows, sheep, or horses; everything stands condensed under one building, with a large high-pitched roof, necessary to throw off the snow in winter season. They are very picturesque to look at, built of brick and timber in panels, the bricks arranged in pattern, the woods blackened and varnished. You enter or drive in under a lofty archway, through folding gates, into a sort of oblong hall, which runs the entire length of the buildings, at the extreme end of which is a large open fireplace, ranged with bright pewter plates and china, good shining copper pots and kettles, rivalling a Holland interior in their brightness.

The gable above serves as a granary. Against one side of the hall stand the stable, the cow-house, and the remise; and on the opposite side are the rooms occupied by the family, with muslin curtained windows, well furnished, a stove in each, and in winter double windows. We have visited many of them, and always

* Rastorf is mentioned as the property of the Rantzaus as early as the 15th century, at which period they possessed large tracts of land in the Holstein duchies, where they first settled about the year 1300. At the death of Count Rantzau the property of the family came, by inheritance, to the Rasdorf branch.

found them constructed on the same plan, neat and exquisitely clean, no bad smells, or *désagrémens* of any kind.

Some of the country residences are kept up in a style which would not disgrace an English mansion, could they only procure decent turf. That of Salzau, the property of Count Blome, merits a visit, and contains many pictures, objects of art, &c.; but what is most remarkable is the exquisite beauty of the parquets, inlaid with wreaths of flowers, more fit for cabinets than to walk upon. Blomberg, too, a hunting seat of the same nobleman, on the opposite side of the lake, built in the style of a mediæval *château*, in red brick whitewashed, stands out well by moonlight; by day reminds you of Cremorne. The interior is a gem of fine carving, trophies of the chase, &c.; but the bye roads are execrable, and nothing repays you for wading wheel deep in sand through an otherwise hideous country.

Of excursions by sea there are many,—to the great Holstein Canal, on to the little inn at Knoop, leaving your boat at Altenau and thence on foot. The canal winds and twists like a serpent, and it is strange to witness the effect of huge sails—arriving, as it were, direct—sailing over the dry land—long before you see the water. On the whole there is enough to visit and explore to make the time pass quickly during a few weeks' visit at *Düsternbrook*.

CHAPTER II.

The stuhlwagen — Mediæval corona at Gettorf — The hero of Eckernfiorde — Altarpiece — Louisenlund — Legend of the murder of St. Erik — Runic stones — Portrait of Queen Caroline Matilda.



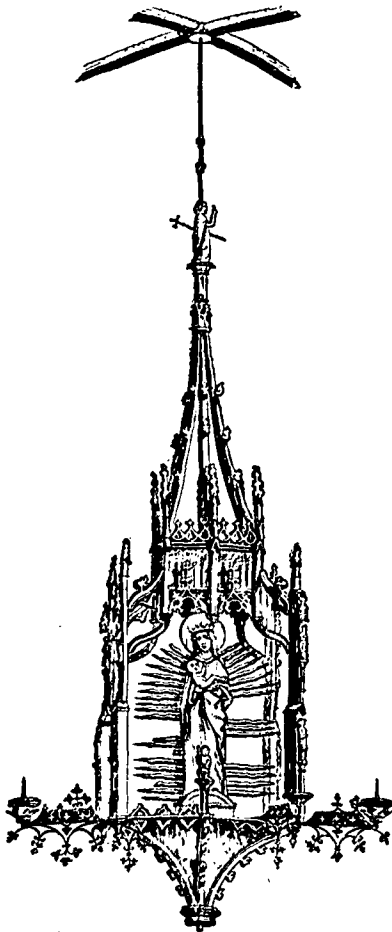
GETTORF.

Sept. 17th.—WE were up and at breakfast by six, for to-day we are bound for Slesvig and North Jutland—the stuhlwagen already arrived; and in case you should be ignorant what that vehicle may be, let me inform you. It is a long narrow basket cart, with seats placed across in ranks, one after the other.

By seven we are en route, pass through Kiel town, up Cow Hill to the right, join a dull and dusty highway flanked by borders of mountain ash laden with their scarlet berries. The road is excellent—straight as an arrow—varied alone by occasional, I may say, frequent payments of barriers,—payments frequent enough to excite the wrath of Lord E—— and other roadside reformers.

There is a marked improvement in the cattle—a dun and cream coloured race now appears. I was at first puzzled by what I supposed to be Druidical remains, standing upright in the centre of the fields, but found them to be stones placed for the beasts to rub against. The Holstein farmer treats his cows as the Scotch Duke did his clansmen; and I have no doubt, in the inmost hearts of his quadrupeds, is blessed accordingly.

After a long interval of never-ending road a ponderous spire appears in sight; we suddenly veer off to the left, and are driven under the arched doorway of the road-



Corona at Gettorf.

side inn into the common remise. Here our driver informs us the horses are to be indulged with the luxuries of rest, brown bread, and water, for the space of half an hour; so we descend,— a troublous awkward descent, too, it is for womankind, — wander out through the clean flourishing village of Gettorf, with its gay cottage gardens, and wonder if people are ever uncomfortable or badly housed in Holstein.

To while away the time, we send for the church key, expecting to find little, may be nothing therein, to repay the trouble of a visit; but on entering, from the roof hangs suspended a

wooden corona, delightful to mediæval eyes, from the centre of which arises a shrine occupied by a carved group of the Virgin and Child. A pulpit of richly

carved oak, elaborate in workmanship and detail, and luckily unpainted. In the centre of the folding altar-piece the image of our Lady again appears, life-size ; and candlesticks—colossal candlesticks—adorn the altar.

The church is pewed, the only symptom of the Reformation ever visible in these parts ; and high aloft on either side rise galleries,—or rather loggie,—destined to preserve the “*pâte tendre*” from contact with the homely pottery of Holstein life. Some of these are supported on arches, with twisted columns richly carved ; small lattices, open and close according to the wishes of the occupants, shading them from the view of the preacher and the world below. These loggie appear to have been raised according to the caprice of separate individuals, and, though beautiful in themselves and comfortable enough, deform the proportions of the building.

ECKERNFIORDE.

The brown bread eaten, we again proceed, the road occasionally varied by traversing a Holstein wood, its sideway a snow-flake of *Parnassia* ; then suddenly we gain a view of the sea, skirt by the bay, and drive into the small city of Eckernfiorde—from the distance, a quaker-like, prudish sort of a town, enlivened, however, by the presence of a bustling sea, active-minded windmills, and the deep-red tiled roof of its parish church. Holstein military in full parade, and tall narrow red sentry boxes on either side of the way, guard its entry.

We rolled up the long narrow street, whizzed round a corner or two to the hotel, and are again requested to alight for half a stunde. The name of Eckernfiorde is familiar to those who have studied the events of the

year 1849; the capture of the two Danish ships of war, "Christian VIII." and "The Gefion," by the Germans, is almost of too recent date to require comment. Forced into the long narrow fiorde by the stupidity of the Danish commander, they at once became exposed to the cannonade of the Slesvig-Holstein artillery. A contrary wind rendered their return impossible, and after a brave resistance they were about to strike their flags, when a midshipman of the "Christian VIII." fired the powder magazine, which immediately exploded, and the greater part of the crew and troops on board perished.* And then came the puzzle—who had gained the victory? to whom was the honour of the day to be accorded? After a council of war among the Germans commanding, it was decided that the glory of the victory should be tendered to the individual of highest rank at that time present in the camp, so the lot fell upon Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, brother to our own Prince Consort, who was henceforth termed the hero of Eckernfiorde. In a later day, H.S.H., after the successful production of an opera of his own composition (its name for the moment escapes my treacherous memory), caused a medal to be struck at Paris, on one side of which is recorded the date of the victory of Eckernfiorde, and on the reverse that of his more peaceful triumph.

We are now out of the land of Hanseatic architecture, of Gothic eaves and mediæval decoration, but the houses have an air of comfort quite seductive. Each long horizontal window serves as a private greenhouse: the people cultivate their flowers with taste; not the flowers

* The "Gefion" was captured and afterwards sold.

of our "crack gardens,"—flowers to talk about, and ask your neighbour if he has got them—Californian annuals and Orchidaceæ—things without smell, or with a perfume deleterious to the nerves of those who grow them; but oleanders, jasmines, myrtles, roses, and auriculas—flowers of southern climes and the old Dutch school, such as our great-grandmothers smelt and enjoyed before us.

Never did I visit a church like that of Eckernfiorde, such an omnium gatherum of fine old monuments of armed knights and high-born ladies, of burghers and their too fruitful spouses; never did I yet come across such keys. Let the Lord Mayor's mace, let the Oxford (Christ Church of course) poker-bearers hide their diminished heads, their weapons of state are very ramrods in size and ponderosity to the keys borne before us by a fair flaxen-headed child. Then the queer latticed pews, some, like sedan-chairs, made to contain one, others to hold families as numerous as that of Jacob, piled here, there, higgledy-piggledy, anywhere, and anyhow: but in one small chapel of this old curiosity shop—for sacred edifice I cannot term it—hangs a carved wooden altarpiece of such exquisite beauty as would turn Veit Stoss himself pale with jealousy, and make Grinling Gibbons wring his hands in sad despair. I shall not attempt to portray it; some things must be seen, felt, and not described. I will only add it is the work of an unknown artist, a pupil of Hans Brüggemann of Husum, and grand-pupil, if I may venture to use the expression, of Albert Dürer himself.

LOUISENLUND.

A two hours' drive brought us to Louisenlund, the summer residence of Duke Charles of Holstein-Glücks-

borg, husband of the Princess Wilhelmina, youngest daughter of King Frederic VI., a handsome edifice, of no particular style of architecture, well placed on the banks of the Slei, as this part of the long narrow fiorde facing the town of Slesvig is called. The gardens of the Schloss are ill kept, the Holsteiners not shining in the art of horticulture, though they love and well cultivate the flowers in their windows. I am quite sick of tawdry dahlias and gossiping sun-flowers staring over each garden-hedge and paling, as if watching and prying into their neighbour's business; and though the women of the country are everlastingly snuffing at them, I never will believe there to be a perfume in a China aster. Louisenlund is a charming residence in summer time, with its dark beech woods, in spring a carpet of lilies, herb-paris, hepaticas; and the bright blue waters of its deep fiordes, waters which could reveal sad tales of murder, treachery, and fratricide. If you have studied the wild chronicles of the North, you must have read of the sons of the second Valdemar by his bad but beautiful spouse, Berengaria, Princess of Portugal. How the memory of this princess is still execrated among the peasants of this traditional land I may later tell you; sufficient now to relate that she bore her lord and sovereign three princes—Erik, Abel, and Christopher—each of whom reigned in his turn. King Erik Plovpenning, as he was called (from the tax he put upon the ploughs of the peasantry), and Duke Abel of Slesvig,* are the heroes of our present story.

* Valdemar for some unknown reason had prevented Duke Abel from receiving the Imperial crown, which the Pope as well as some German Dukes had offered him: a bad policy on his part, as the kingdom might have then remained undivided.

After quarrels and wars, sieges and burnings, not only of hearts, but of cities, a reconciliation took place. The King, trusting to his brother's good faith, went to visit the Duke in his castle. But before entering into details I must relate how King Erik, later St. Erik, according to an old monkish story, had received a warning of the fate which awaited him. During his voyage in Esthonia, the King one night, when in bed and asleep, saw a holy man standing before his couch, who said to him, "Be of good cheer, my brother, I am Venceslaus, and am come to warn you that you shall later become a saint and martyr, as I am; but you must first build up a cloister here in Revel, where as yet there is none." On the following morning the King inquired of the Bishop who on earth this Venceslaus might be: to which the Bishop replied, "Venceslaus was son of a King of Bohemia, who was betrayed and slain by his brother, and was now a saint in heaven." So Erik, after a little consideration, founded the convent in Revel, but made the nation pay the expenses.

From that period he became affected by a presentiment of inevitable evil, and was constantly heard to repeat the Italian proverb — "*Del amico reconciliato dio me guarda, del inimico jo me garderò jo.*" Fearful Italian; but it's what he is recorded to have used. And now to continue the meeting between the two brothers, we will follow the chronicle of Hvitfeldt:—

"After meat time the King played chess with Heinrich Harckvider, and the brothers had a long conversation, mingled with bitter reproaches on the part of the Duke.

"Last year," exclaimed he, "when you burnt and laid waste my fair city of Slesvig, my little daughter

and many other poor maidens were compelled to wander barefoot in the streets.”

“Then,” replied the King, “have patience, oh! my brother. I am now, God be praised! rich enough to give her new shoes.”—“You shall never do so again,” answered the Duke.

A boat was secretly prepared under the castle walls, and the King embarked therein, accompanied by Tyge Bost, Duke Abel’s chamberlain, so that there might be no suspicion. But Lauge Gudmunsen followed him in another boat, and was told that he might do what he would with the King. Now this Lauge was the King’s declared enemy, who had deserted Erik and entered the service of Duke Abel. He rowed after the boat, and when the King heard the sound of oars approaching he asked, “Who comes after us?” One of the men answered, “It is Lauge Gudmunsen.”

“Then,” said the King, “I beg of you, for God’s sake, send for a priest, for I shall surely die.” When Lauge reached the boat’s side he exclaimed, “Yes, oh, King! know that in this very hour you must die!” Erik answered, “I know it well.” And straightway a priest, whom they found in the little chapel of Mosund, came and shrived him in the boat, but with a heavy heart.

Lauge quickly struck off the King’s head with his axe, bound the dead body with chains to a heavy stone, and sank it in the Mosund. The head remained attached by a piece of skin to the body, and two months afterwards it rose to the surface, and was found by the black monks in their fishery. The right hand of the corpse was uplifted above the water, as though demanding vengeance; but the body was found fresh as the first day it was beheaded. The same monks dared

to bury it in their church. Therefore he became considered "holy" by many men and in many places. Such is the chronicle of the murder of King Erik.*

If you care for Runic stones, you will find two in the gardens of Louisenlund; one stands bolt upright, the second lies down; removed, unfortunately, from the place—Wedelsprang—where they once stood. A great mistake this. No stone, unless found, as often occurs, imbedded in some bridge or old castle wall, should ever be removed from its pristine locality; they should stand mysterious—like dolmens on the wild heath—a cause of superstitious dread, if you will, to the peasant. On one of these stones runs the following inscription:—"Thoralf placed this stone near to the grave of Svend, for Erik, his companion, who died when the strong knights besieged Slesvig." On the second, "Isvarin, Ovi, Knubi, and Osfeld, surrounded this tumulus with stones, to the honour of the good Sutri."

Such are the inscriptions. When you have read one, you have read all; and unless I come across any of historic interest, I shall not give them.

We did not visit the interior of the château, which I afterwards regretted, as it contains the most interesting portrait now existing in Denmark of our ill-fated English Princess, Queen Caroline Matilda; not Caroline Matilda, the buxom, joyous girl of seventeen, who, in defiance of her grande-maitresse, would ride through the scandalized duchy of Slesvig, astride on horseback, arrayed in man's costume; †—not Caroline the débonnaire

* Erik was murdered in 1250.

† A so-called portrait of Caroline in her male costume is preserved among the private collection of his present Majesty in the palace of Christiansborg.

and sprightly granddaughter of her fair namesake of Anspach, the most beautiful woman who ever adorned the English throne;—but Caroline, after her disgrace, painted at Zell, refined and melancholy, with soft and clear blue eyes, her story, her misfortunes, stamped upon her face—and that face one to gaze upon.

I have later seen a miniature from this picture—in the possession of H. R. H. the Princess Hereditary of Denmark—and seldom looked upon one more sad and interesting. But we have lingered long enough; the evening is advancing; we must be off. An hour's drive will bring us to the city of Slesvig.

CHAPTER III.

Slesvig — Palace of Gøttorp — Murder of St. Niels — Lord Molesworth the English envoy — Splendour of the Danish funerals — the Liig-predicaner—Skue penge—Costly interment of Christopher Mogensen — Silver coffin of a Reventlow Countess — Tomb of Frederic I. — St. Erik's chest — Restless spirit of Abel — Anscarius, Apostle of the North — Synod of Haddeby — Danevirke of Queen Thyre — Death of Queen Margaret — Krock, "pictor regius" — The Sidney of Flensborg.



SLESVIG.

THIS now fallen capital of the ancient duchy, winding along the fiorde's side—how can I describe it, but as one straggle? A double row of houses scattered along the bay, now together, now at intervals, on ill terms one with another; no compact little streets, no cosy squares; the very buildings, although neighbours, seem to look opposite ways from sheer unsociableness; the whole city appears to be built "outside the barrier," though where the barrier may be becomes a puzzle. From the opposite bank of the fiorde, however, it stands well, with the ancient Palace of Gottorp, white and imposing, backed by the royal wood. It is now a barrack, and its ancient dukes are no more, the duchy fast attached to the crown of Denmark, and the rightful chief seated on a far grander throne, that of the wide-spreading empire of All the Russias. I have seen engravings of the Palace of Gottorp some hundred and fifty years since, when it must have been a grand place, with two

aloes in full bloom standing before the orange-house of its old-fashioned garden.

It was in one of the nine different palaces or castles mentioned by historians that King Niels* met with an untimely end, as indeed did most monarchs in those unruly ages—murdered by the members of some secret guild whom he had injured. On this account he was warned by the burghers not to enter the city; but he laughed at their counsels. “He was not afraid of a pack of shoemakers and tailors;” and, when the tumult arose, they begged him to take sanctuary in the church, but he answered that he would rather die in the palace than that the House of God should be defiled by a bloody action. His attendants rallied round his person, but were all slain, together with their master.

After tracing our way through the long narrow street, we at last approached an ancient gate-tower, surmounted by a lofty spire; the houses become a little more compact and sociable; and then, turning off to the right, we gained the place where stands her ancient cathedral, side by side with a queer tumbledown belfry. The exterior, like that of all degraded brick edifices, is singularly unprepossessing: the colours of the alternate glazed and common bricks have, in the course of years, become assimilated. This shabby exterior little prepared me for the beauties of the church within, which has lately undergone a thorough restoration at the expense of the Danish Government. Restorations sometimes take place too soon; and had that of Slesvig been postponed, it would have no doubt been better carried out, for the northern architects are as

* In 1134.

yet scarcely up to their work; still, on the whole, we must not quarrel—the general effect is good.

The proportions of the church are injured by the chapels on each side being blocked up by solid masonry, which also conceals from view the lower part of the lancet window. These chapels are the “dormitoria” of sundry noble Danish families, and within are placed the coffins above ground, according* to the custom of the country. A mania for splendid funerals existed among the Danes during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Lord Molesworth,* in his ‘Account of Denmark as it was in the year 1692,’ declares that the bodies of the nobles were frequently preserved for years, waiting until either an opportunity occurred or the funds were procured for giving a befitting funeral. Families vied with each other not only in the splendour of the coffins, sepulchral slabs, and epitaphia, but even extended their rivalry to the funeral feast and the sermon; and in Christian IV.’s reign a great matter it was to be interred as a gentleman should be, and to have your virtues extolled, not only in the epitaph, but also in the discourse delivered by the celebrated “Liig-predicaner” (coffin-preacher) of the day, Dr. Jacob Matthisen, whose office was by no means honorary, for, on referring to his Tegnebog or day-book, I find he marks down—“Received two gilt cups, weighing one hundred ounces, for preaching the funeral sermon of the Lady Anna Lange; ditto, a tankard, of one hundred and four ounces, for that of Niels Friis, in Aarhus Cathedral,” &c. &c. Common people presented him with sums of money. The dis-

* Robert Viscount Molesworth was sent to the Danish Court, in 1689, as Envoy Extraordinary from William III.

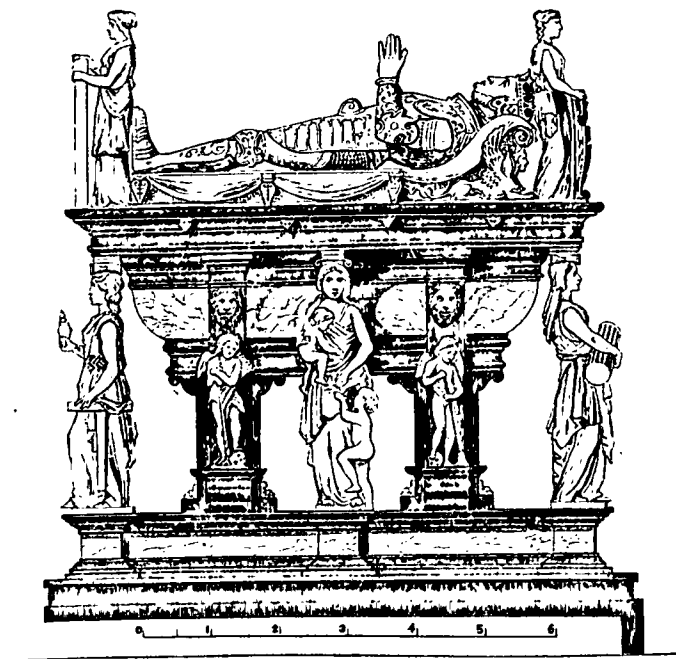
course was afterwards printed and distributed, and, by way of a frontispiece, was adorned with an engraved portrait of the deceased, and of the monument about to be erected to his memory; the portrait after a painting either by Carl van Mander or Peter Isaacs, and engraved by Haelwech, the man of the day. An excellent engraver he was; and the collection of these frontispieces to the funeral sermons have in later days proved invaluable aids towards the recognition of family and historic



Skue penge of John Rantzau.—See p. 20.

portraits, unknown and forgotten. Then small medals, called “skue penge,” were coined, bearing the effigy of the deceased, sometimes in silver, often in gold, and distributed among the relatives and friends. A grand funeral, with epitaphium, a gorgeous coffin, a sermon preached by Dr. Matthisen, your portrait engraved by Haelwech,

and a “skue penge” struck in your honour,—what more could a man expect from his survivors? How he died it is not for us to say; but, at any rate, he was buried as a man of quality ought to be. The most expensive funeral ever known took place in Frederic II.’s reign, according to Holberg. A Danish nobleman, Christopher Mogensen by name, was slain in a naval fight. Cast him into the sea they could not; a noble must be buried in Christian ground; wherefore they sailed with the fleet to Gothland, and laid him in Wisby



MONUMENT OF FREDERIC I.

church, with all honourable ceremony. When the fleet again got under sail it encountered a terrible storm, and sixteen ships sank, with 6000 men and all the officers, two admirals among the number—so people said that “no funeral was ever so costly as that of good Christopher Mogensen, for it caused many thousand living men to become wet that one man might lie dry.”

To give you an idea of the extravagance of the age, I will merely state that many of the coffins in this country are of solid silver. A countess of the noble house of Reventlow lies in a sarcophagus of that precious metal (dated 1680), so rich in silver angels and heraldry of all sorts, that a Jew antiquary from Hamburg is said to have offered to purchase it for the sum of 15,000 dollars—more than 2000% of our English money.

The choir is separated from the nave by a richly wrought iron screen, fitted up on either side with carved stalls, similar to our own English cathedrals. To the right stands the splendid black and white marble tomb of Frederic I. of Denmark, generally termed the work of Caprara, an Italian sculptor, though the original design was executed by Binck,* the favourite painter of King Christian III., who also superintended its erection. It is a monument of great beauty and excellence, the second which exists to the memory of that monarch, for when his first wife, Princess Anna of

* * Jacob Binck was born at Nuremberg, about the year 1490; he was an excellent portrait-painter, and much patronised by King Christian III., and by his brother-in-law Duke Albert of Prussia. Neither could live without him, and there exists a most voluminous correspondence between these two, begging for his return whenever he happened to be at the court of the rival patron.

Brandenburg, departed from this world's cares, Frederic, in his new grief, caused her to be interred in the ancient church of Bordesholm, near Kiel, where the bronze monument of the royal pair may still be seen, lying side by side; but Frederic was only Duke of Holstein then. Later he married a second wife—a Princess of Pomerania—and became King of Denmark by the usurpation and dethronement of his unlucky nephew; so his son caused this fine monument to be erected to his memory; and, instead of placing him between his two wives, as was generally the custom, he lies in a separate place. Frederic was not a popular sovereign, for the feelings of the people sided with the deposed monarch; “he played with religion,” they said, “and was Papist or Lutheran as best suited his worldly interests.” So, on account of this trifling with the word of God, no one could place any confidence in him.

It is related that when the funeral procession of the deceased monarch wended its way up the nave to the vault prepared for his reception, the coffin burst, and water mingled with blood trickled along the pavement; the bystanders, who loved not his memory, shook their heads, and, after the superstition of the day, remarked to their gossips how this omen boded no good to the future weal of the soul of departed majesty.

One of the great events of Frederic I.'s reign was the ravage caused by the sweating sickness, of which 400 people died daily in Copenhagen alone. Ill-bred historians of the time declare it to have been introduced from England; much more likely the effect of their own bad food and living during a long period of civil warfare.

And now let us turn from this monument of Denmark's first Lutheran ruler to gaze on the glory of

Slesvig,—the celebrated altarpiece: the richest, the most exquisite specimen of the carver's art in all the North of Europe; the work of Hans Brüggemann, of Husum, the pupil of Albert Dürer. You will find a book written on the subject, describing each compartment,—scenes in the life of our Saviour.

From a cupboard behind, the sacristan now brings forth a heavy, massive chain: a chain taken from the body of poor, murdered Erik. He was first reported to have died of apoplexy, until his floating corpse left no doubt of his real fate. Many and wondrous were the miracles worked at his tomb, and great the gains of the lucky friars who possessed these holy relics. Later, however, they were removed to Ringsted, encased in a reliquary, and placed in a pillar of that royal mausoleum; and there, after his wanderings, he remained in peace until the occupation of the abbey church by the English.* The soldiers broke the reliquary to pieces, scattered the bones, and what became of them no one knows, for the church was turned into a hay-barn. When Erik was about to die, the executioner, by order of Duke Abel, asked him where he had concealed his treasure? "Tell my brother," he replied, "it lies in an iron chest in the convent of the Gray Brothers of Roeskilde;" and when Duke Abel broke open this chest, he found therein a Gray Brother's cowl, with a cord, and a letter, in the Latin tongue, to the effect that Erik wished to be buried in the habit of that monastic Order. Duke—now King—Abel met with the fate his brother prophesied, for he was later mur-

* In 1807.

dered, and buried in the same cathedral church of Slesvig, with all due honour, as became one of his royal race, but his restless spirit knew no repose; his ghost "walked," causing so much disturbance to the holy community that, with one accord, they dragged him from his grave and reburied him in the "Mose"* (bog) adjoining the town, well pegged down with stakes, after the custom of the country. The place of his burial is still pointed out by the peasants, who fight shy of the neighbourhood, especially after sunset, for they declare he wanders still, and will wander for ever,—a just punishment for the crime of fratricide.

High on the bank behind the town stands the church of St. Michael, scarcely worth a visit, round church though it be, so degraded and stuffed up by latticed gallery and woodwork. I have since seen a sketch of this edifice, as it was and ought to be, among the drawings of the archæological archives of Copenhagen.

But, though Slesvig be no longer capital of the duchy—for Flensburg has usurped her place—she still holds high her head as the mother-town of early Christianity. Here first Anscarius, monk of Corvey, preached the true faith in the land, and founded a little church hard by—some say at Haddeby—though antiquaries have lately come to loggerheads on the subject.† This same little church enjoys also a notoriety perhaps less enviable; for from her walls was proclaimed,‡ by the Synod of Haddeby, the celibacy of the

* Pronounced "Moser."

† This early apostle died A.D. 865.

‡ In the year 1120.

clergy, and all the priests' wives were forcibly ejected from the country—non sine clade gravi—not without a row.* “I should rather imagine not.” So says the monkish chronicler in his Latin verse.

We are lodged at the hotel of old Madam Esselbach, a lady of known reputation. The house is in character with the town, rambling and large; huge, vast ball-rooms hung round with portraits of the Danish sovereigns, and rich, gilded furniture, spoils of the ancient palace of Gottorp.

In the war of '49 Madam Esselbach managed to keep well with both armies. When the Danes were in occupation, her hotel shone pavilioned with the white-cross flag; when the Holsteiners appeared, the banner of the duchies floated from every window. Her loyalty gained her the affection of both armies, till, one day, a Danish officer discovered in a lumber-room the flags of the rival party, and ordered them to be destroyed. Clamorously the good widow protested. “Put me to such a useless expense?” she pleaded; “I must replace them, and, if you are beaten out of the town, what can I do?” So, as the argument proved logical, she was left in possession of her banners.

Her son is now tutor to the Comte de Paris, and we made acquaintance with him,—a gentlemanlike young man, at present on a visit to his native city. To-morrow we quit Slesvig, and embark on the railroad for the rival city of Flensburg.

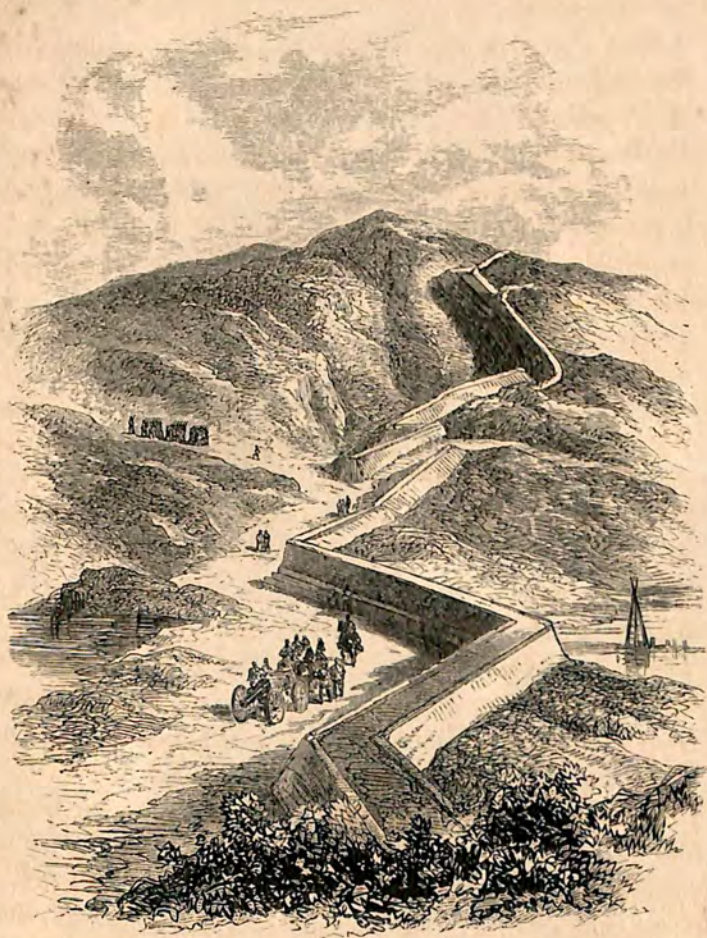
* M. C.—bis decem, Danorum Clerus abegit Uxores dulces—non sine clade gravi. In the Canon, clergymen's wives are spoken of as “*Morbus pestiferus.*”

FLENSBORG.

Our line runs across a barren country, passing, near the first station, the remains of the celebrated Danevirke, the ancient wall constructed in early days to defend the kingdom of Jutland against all invaders. It consists of a mound of earth, stones, and brick rubbish, curious, but not beautiful, to look at, and was once crowned with towers. This wall of defence, similar to that raised against the Picts in North Britain, was partly constructed by Thyre Queen of Gorm the Old—an English princess of whom we shall hear more later;—and when some years since the tomb of the Great Valdemar was opened in the Abbey Church of Ringsted, a plate bearing an inscription was found at the head of the coffin, in which it stated how he was the first who constructed the wall for the protection of the whole kingdom, which is called Danevirke, of “burnt bricks.” At present it is all overgrown, weeds, grass, and rubble. Then, having passed the Danevirke, we steamed across a barren moor and waste, peopled with small tumuli, from which the museum of Kiel derives her collections of stone antiquities, till we arrived at Flensburg.

This city, now capital of the duchy of Slesvig, is not a town of sights—so much the better—but a port of some consequence in a commercial point of view; a bright, clean-looking town, with a future before it; new houses, new streets, rising in neighbourhood to the station. Like many other worn-out places, the railroad has given her a fillip, and, after slumbering for a season, she has suddenly awakened “prosperous.”

The site of the town at the fiorde end is beautiful, and



PART OF THE DANEVIRKE.

on mounting to the Belle Vue Garden you gain a charming view over its purple waters.

On the exterior of the old city gates are emblazoned the arms of Slesvig, two lions azure on a field or, with the motto of the fourth Christian, "Regna firmat pietas," "Piety strengthens the realm;" and again a second shield, a turret, from whose loopholes leap forth two blue lions, which I afterwards (describe it heraldically I cannot) discovered to be that of the diocese of Ribe, of which the town of Flensburg forms, or once formed, part and parcel.

Ancient writers accuse the great Queen Margaret of having ruined the harbour by sinking huge rocks beneath its waters, to protect the town against the invasion of pirate bands.* It was here in the year 1412 this queen died on board a small merchant vessel, in which she had embarked for Zealand, some say of the black pest, others of an internal malady.

But if Flensburg be uninteresting in an historic point of view, she has at any rate given birth to some men of note; amongst whom may be numbered Heinrich Krock, "pictor regius," as he is termed, to Kings Frederic IV. and Christian VI., the most tolerable of the later school of Danish artists. Krock † was son of a merchant of this place. He accompanied the Field-Marshal Gyldenløve, natural son of Frederic III.—in earlier days all the recognised "bâtards du sang"

* 1389. Queen Margaret was not a freetrader—quite the contrary: all subjects were strictly forbidden to trade with either Greenland, the Færoo Islands, Heligoland, or Finmark; the commodities produced in these countries being considered as a regal monopoly—the perquisites of the Royal pantry.

† Born 1671.

bore the name of Gyldenløve, golden lion—to Italy, where he studied for some years; he then employed his talents chiefly in the decoration of ceilings, allegories, and altarpieces, of which some few may still be found in the private residences as well as in the palaces of the kingdom.

The earliest engraver of whom I find mention in Denmark, Melchior Lorch by name, was also a native of this sea-bound city: * not that he troubled much his native town, which he quitted early in life, and pursued his travels to the East; remained for many years at the foot of the Sultan's throne in Constantinople, where he drew and engraved, not only the Grand Turk himself, but his six Sultanas—ugly, bad-countenanced women, one of whom was black—the Grand Vizier, and all the people of the court as well as capital. Curious enough they appear after a lapse of three centuries. A complete collection of his works may be seen preserved in the Kobberstik Museum at Copenhagen.

Not many years since there dwelt in the town of Flensburg an aged maiden lady, whose name for the moment escapes my memory, the last of her race, the first illustration of whose family is well known throughout the land; and, as the anecdote is to the credit of her ancestor, I may as well relate the story:—

“It was during the Swedish wars of the seventeenth century, that, after a battle in which the enemy had been worsted, a burgher of Flensburg was about to refresh himself with a draught of beer from a small wooden bottle, when he heard the cry of a wounded

* Born 1527.

Swede, who, fixing his longing eyes on the beverage, exclaimed, 'I am thirsty; give me to drink.'

"Now the burgher of Flensburg was a kind man, and, though he suffered greatly himself, he replied at once—'Thy need is greater than mine:' and, kneeling down by the side of the wounded soldier, he poured the liquor into his mouth.

"But the treacherous Swede, taking advantage of the unarmed state of his benefactor, fired his pistol as he bent down, wounding him in the shoulder.

"Then the burgher sprang upon his legs, and, indignant, exclaimed, 'Rascal! I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return: now will I punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle, but you shall only have half:' and, drinking off one-half himself, he gave the remainder to his enemy. When the news of this action came to the ears of King Frederic III. he ordered the burgher into his presence, and asked him, 'Why did you not kill the rascal?'

"'Sire,' replied the man, 'I could never slay a wounded enemy.'

"'Thou meritest to be a noble,' said the King, and he caused him to be created one at once, and gave him for his arms a wooden beer-bottle pierced through with an arrow; which cognizance was borne by his children after him, till the family died out in the person of this maiden lady, his last descendant."

Before quitting Flensburg we drove to visit the old castle of Glücksborg, situated at a distance of one German mile, at that moment occupied by his present Majesty and his morganatic spouse, the Countess Danner. The less said about the road the better, for

we left the fiorde and its beauties behind us. As we approached the castle we met crowds of holiday people, some on foot, others in their stuhlwagens.

The King had just returned after an absence of some three days, and wreaths, and garlands, and "vel kommens," testified to the loyalty of his subjects. We drove up to a tidy little inn and there disembarked.

The schloss itself, once a convent, is a large barrack-looking quadrangular building, with three gables, and flanked at each corner by a round tower, extinguisher-capped. It rises from a lake, and is surrounded on three sides with water. It has, I dare say, been venerable, but is now whitewashed. We passed two pleasant hours enough exploring the fine woods which surround the lake.

It was nightfall when we left on our way home; delighted, too, we were with our conveyance, drawn by a capital pair of horses, who plunged and kicked, "lustig," the driver informed me, at the prospect of returning to their stables.

CHAPTER. IV.

Island of Als — Speech of Mogens Mormand — Dungeon of Søndersborg — Imprisonment of Christian II. — Aabenraa — Haderslev — Merry-go-rounds — Old palace — Metal fonts — Moravians at Christiansfeldt — High-stepping horses — Kolding Castle the prison of Albert of Sweden — Pearl-fishing of a Greenlander.



SØNDERBORG.

LEAVING Flensburg at an early hour by the Diana steamer, we reached the Isle of Als or Alsen, connected with the mainland by a bridge of boats, Rhine fashion. As we approached the town of Søndersborg, the grim old castle, now dismantled of all its towers save one, stands out bold on the water side: it was a strong fortress once, and the residence of the Slesvig Dukes. A very small boat receives and then lands a load of passengers, and we among the number scramble out upon the quay, and walk up a long, ill-paved street, till we arrive at the Stadt Hamburg, a hostel of small pretensions, but clean and homely; so we instal the baggage in our rooms, drive off, and in an hour's time again descend at the Post-house Inn, which stands hard by the palace of the exiled Duke of Augustenborg.* Few strangers visit this remote spot; and we ourselves came there in pilgrimage, from the interest we took in the

* The present duke is grandson of Caroline Matilda by his mother Louisa Augusta, and brother to the Queen Dowager, her Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia of Denmark, widow of King Christian VIII.

ancient possessors of the lands. The palace is a spacious building, built on the island coast, with gardens, woods, and all that can make life pleasant. It is now for sale, the Danish government having at last settled the claims of the Ducal family by paying a sum down for the territories.

After dinner we again returned to Sønderborg, and, before quitting the next morning, visited the parish church, which contains some of the most extraordinary specimens of carved and gilt epitaphia I have come across, in one of which I counted as many as twelve or fourteen different portraits, each held suspended from the hands of a golden angel.

The castle of Sønderborg contains little of interest, save the chapel, where stands erect the armour of Duke John and his eldest son. It was a grand mistake on the part of Christian III. to re-establish the duchy of Slesvig in the person of his son; but he took no counsel; and when Mogens Mormand, governor of Aalholm Castle, a nobleman renowned for his free speech, exclaimed to the King, "Now may Denmark say farewell to fair Sønderborg and Als," the speech gave great offence; and although the prophecy never came strictly true, the late possessors did their best in the revolution of '58 to separate that island from the Danish crown.

In this same chapel hangs the genealogy of King Christian III. and his Queen Dorothea, with quaint old portraits of their earlier ancestry. Then passing through a doorway, under the arched monument—a fine white marble bas-relief supported on black columns—of Duke John and his Duchess, Elizabeth of Brunswick, devoutly kneeling, with their fourteen children, you enter the dormitorium of the family.

I have no great fancy for these visits, and when once

I had made acquaintance with the silver coffins of Duke John and his wife (great waste of useful metal), was prepared to return; but the guardian had locked the door, and I was in for it. "Come, mount on this step—here," he pointed. We did so, jammed in among the mouldering coffins (a good thick wall of solid masonry separates the Protestant branch of the house from those of the Romish persuasion); then suddenly he removed the lid of a coffin, and displayed to our eyes the withered mummy of a young girl, attired in a black velvet dress and point lace, her fair flaxen hair hanging loosely down, her hands meekly crossed on her bosom—a horrid exhibition; but the form was graceful even in death.

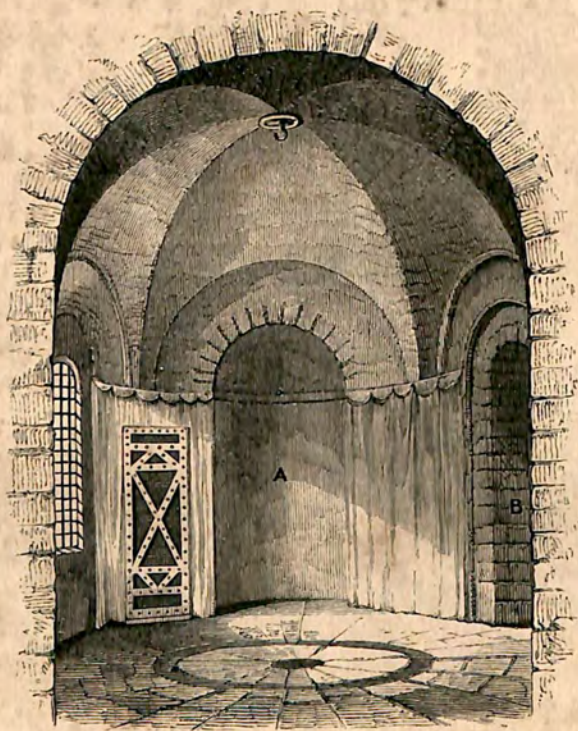
"This is the high-born most noble princess, daughter of Duke John, aged twenty-two," he commenced. I scrambled down as fast as I could, for I saw him prepared to rattle at the lid of another coffin; but we were locked in, and there was no escape. Never was man so impressed with the dignity of the noble dust committed to his care: he spared us not a duke, not a landgrave, not a princeling, adolescent or in swaddling clothes. At last we regained our liberty (I had begun to think of the second Christian and his dwarf), and breathed fresh air again.

And now we must, before quitting Sønderborg, turn to the most interesting period of her eventful history—the long and weary incarceration of unlucky Christian, second of the house of Oldenburg. Of him you will have read much that is false, from German as well as from Swedish writers. Faultless he was not; but perhaps a little too advanced for his century. In

1522 he issued a code of laws * by which he rendered the peasants their own masters—until that time bought and sold and treated like brute animals—by which measure he irritated the great lords. He retrenched the powers and riches of the clergy, and encouraged the doctrines of Luther, which excited the fury of the Church of Rome. He desired to advance the commerce of the burghers, and granted the Dutch prerogatives for trading in the kingdom, which caused the anger of the Lubeckers. So Christian found favour with no party.

How he ruled over Sweden is a different matter; but Christian II. may be accounted, with all his vices, as one of the most enlightened of the Danish sovereigns. Pitching the blood-bath of Stockholm against the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the faggots of Smithfield, and the doings of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, if we take his contemporary sovereigns in that century of blood and violence, when passions ran high, and the new-born faith of Luther first dawned in the land, I do not think he was at any rate worse, if so bad as his neighbours. When Christian delivered himself up, or was rather betrayed, into the hands of his uncle, from whom he had received a safe-conduct, he certainly expected a better treatment, and had little suspicion of the dreadful fate which awaited him. He writes to Duke Frederic thus:—

* When Frederic I. ascended the throne this code of laws was burned as a dangerous book, contrary to good morals. 'The peasants again became bondsmen, and remained so until the end of the last century; and the lords regained their former rights, for which freedom, says Hvitfeldt, himself a noble, 'the memory of the King ought to be sacred to us and our posterity.'



PRISON OF CHRISTIAN II. AT SØNDERBORG.

“Now we come to you, dear lord and brother, as the prodigal son, not alone as to our own dear uncle, but as to our new-born brother, inspired by Jesu Christ, demanding help, assistance, and trust of you,” &c.

He signs himself King of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and addresses the letter to Frederic, King of Denmark. This want of tact affronted his uncle, and only made him more irate; whilst he was about it, he might just as well have done the thing handsomely, and given him all his titles.

You all know how he was brought in a vessel to the island of Als, and lodged in the old castle, at that time a strong fortress with round embattled towers. The door was walled up, his food passed through a guichet above, and a scanty allowance of light admitted through a small, barred window.

In an old edition of Pontoppidan I have seen an engraving of that fearful prison, in which, with a dwarf as his sole companion, he languished, deprived of every comfort, and almost of the necessaries of life. It is thus described by one who had visited the tower previous to its destruction in the seventeenth century. I give it verbatim:—

“The prison was vaulted, and twenty-two feet in width. To the centre of the ceiling was fixed a hook for letting down the prisoners into the vault below, to which a hole in the centre was the only entrance. Over and above was placed a round table, around which the steps of the King had worn a groove in the stone pavement two fingers deep.” (It appears the unlucky monarch paced round and round like a horse in a mill.) “Around the table was a groove two inches deep, worn by the pressure of the King’s thumb.” On the embrasure of the window

the King had engraved from memory with his own hand a view of the Castle of Copenhagen, such as it existed in his more happy days. One treasure he preserved, and one alone, which never quitted him, and that the miniature portrait of his lost love Dyveke—his only consolation; and here, for the space of sixteen years, he paced round and round, weary but still going, for he had no other mode of exercise—on, on, like a squirrel in a cage—till the death of his uncle Frederic brought better times—release, kind treatment, and comfort in the Castle of Kallundborg, from Christian his successor.

AABEN-RAA.

Crossing over the new-built bridge of boats, we quitted the isle of Als and made our way cross-country, occasionally catching a glimpse of the fiorde, its wooded banks and islands, for Graastein, or Gravenstein, a handsome château—so called from the gray stone of which it is built (unwhitewashed)—one of the numerous residences of the exiled Duke of Augustenborg. The village appertaining to the castle has a flourishing appearance even for Denmark—a country where poverty and want are almost unknown. We were induced to leave our carriage by the promise of some wondrous beech-trees in the forest, twenty-five feet in circumference; but we never found them, and the old castellan knew nothing about them, or indeed anything else but his long china pipe, which he removed from his mouth reluctantly to reply to our questions. The château was built by the Grand Chancellor Ahlefeldt, of whom it was purchased. The lake, which now surrounds it, in former days formed a

branch of the sea, and has been separated by a dyke at great expense. Gravenstein in the last century was celebrated for its gardens as well as for its menagerie—at that time, as in England, a necessary appendage to all semi-royal establishments. The lake is situated on a stratum of rotten stone, of much repute for the cleaning of copper and brass—though I must own I quite forgot to examine the matter: and then we made our way on for Aaben-raa, or Apenrade. Country again ugly until we gained the high post-road, which led direct to the city of our destination. A large vessel lay on the stocks in course of construction, and the bathing apparatus still remained for those who were not deterred by the north wind and autumnal freshness of the weather.

I do not think the city of Aaben-raa (open road), as the Danes call it—it bears for its shield three red herrings on a field argent—was ever remarkable for anything particular. It got occasionally burnt to the ground in the middle ages, during the everlasting quarrels between the Danish kings and their Holstein vassals.

The family of Güntherode were in former days the grand possessors of land, and lords powerful of this neighbourhood. High and mighty seigneurs they were, and neither understood a joke nor relished one. I find an amusing account of a lawsuit between Frederic Güntherode, of that ilk, and the parish priest of Biolderup, a neighbouring village. It appears the worthy pastor had kindly succoured some celebrated artist who, during an illness on his passage through the country, to express his gratitude for kindness received, painted an altarpiece for the parish-church—a representation of the Last Judgment. Great was the delight of the

community at this good luck, and strangers came from far and wide to view the picture when completed. Now the artist, after the grotesque manner of the early times, had represented some of the souls in torment under the forms of owls—the cognizance of the Güntherode family. When Frederic saw this he waxed exceedingly wroth, and considered it to be a personal allusion to the spiritual state of departed members of his family, so during the night he broke into the church, accompanied by a body of armed followers, and smeared over the painting with quick-lime, by which it was completely destroyed.

HADERSLEV.

Great was the excitement on the King's high road, which runs straight as the crow flies between the cities of Aaben-rraa and her neighbour Haderslev. Stuhlwagen after stuhlwagen passed us on the way, loaded, certainly not according to postal regulations, with twelve or fifteen individuals, singing and shouting in a state of high glee and merriment, and may be a little inebriety.

The cause was soon explained, for on our arrival we found the whole town in a state of turmoil and crowd—in full fair time. Booths lighted up, dance-music advertised and placarded at each corner of the square, and merry-go-rounds, to my unenlightened eyes of a most novel character, for alternately with the horses were placed green sofas opposite to each other. When all were seated and ready for a start, the trumpet sounded, and each youth, placing his arm around the waist of the fair companion by his side, respectfully saluted her on the cheek; this ceremony over, off they went

round and round, faster and faster, until I wonder their brains did not remain addled for the rest of their existence. This ceremony is *de rigueur*, and if you seat yourself by a woman of fifty it would be considered a high breach of gallantry to neglect its performance; you have no excuse, for if you feel shy there are "cabinets particuliers," as in the restaurants, closed round with curtains, concealing those within from the curious eyes of the bystanders.

The old palace of Haderslev, in which the second Frederic, as well as other Danish sovereigns, first saw the light, has long since disappeared. Christian IV. was married here to his first Queen; and what was worse, it was on his return to the palace of Haderslev that his suspicions were first excited against his morganatic spouse, fair Christina Munk, for, to his horror and amazement, he found the whitewashed walls of the corridor scratched over with caricatures of himself, his wife, and the Rhine Count of Salms—ribald verses, too—his own head adorned with a broad-brimmed hat, and other decorations too significant to be misunderstood.

On the whole, Christian seems to have disliked the palace of Haderslev as a residence, and in his letters dated from that place (never was a man so exact—so precise about little matters) he always seems in a fidget lest household affairs should go wrong during his absence. He writes to his chamberlain:—"You must particularly look after the cook during my absence, and see she orders in nothing. If there is anything you want, write to me direct, and I will send it." The children, he complains, have a bad custom of running down to the washerwomen: "They always love to gossip and

keep company, which they should not. A stop must be put to this, or the women must be turned 'away.'"

Strange details for one of the most magnificent monarchs of Europe to enter into; but Christian overlooked nothing, nor indeed did his father King Frederic II., in whose own royal hand I found a letter "ordering in mustard."


The bell-metal fonts of this country are a feature in themselves—*évasé* in form, generally supported on the shoulders of three monks, or grinning monsters of some kind. They are too large for present use, and inside is



Metal Font at Haderslev. A.D. 1485.

generally fitted a metal dish "*en repoussé*," with Adam and Eve, the spies, or three fishes, thereon, rude in workmanship, though I find them to be of more recent date than I imagined, showing the art to have remained in statu quo later in these Northern climes than in the South of Europe.

If the accounts of the year 1417 be true, Haderslev must have been a gloriously cheap place to live in: butter is mentioned as being then sold at nine skillings a ton, herrings at six skillings for the same weight, a cow for six skillings, and Rostock beer for next to nothing; still, as I find these years of cheapness to have come quick on sundry black pests, inundations—in one of which 100,000 are said to have perished in the duchies alone—to say nothing of “øpror” and all manner of uncomfortable events—I began to fancy, after all, it is far better to pay somewhat dear for our provisions and live in peace and quietness in the nineteenth century.

Breakfast over in the private salon of our landlady—for she would not allow us to feed in the common room, but treated us with distinction as strangers, serving us on her old Copenhagen china cups and saucers, painted over with flowers of a roseate hue, wild anemones and hepaticas, copied from the *Flora Danica*—we turned up, as all lovers of porcelain would do, each separate object to inspect the mark, three wavy blue lines  faithful representations—the two first of the Greater and Little Belt, while the third does duty for the Sound—and then we again started on our journey.

CHRISTIANSFELDT.

Our first stoppage was at Christiansfeldt, a small Quaker-like town, founded, I believe, in the last century, and inhabited almost exclusively by the Moravian brethren. A book has lately appeared written by a young lady educated in these schools, so we felt curious to stop and visit the establishment. The professor was

at dinner when we called, and, though we offered to wait until he had concluded his meal, he insisted on accompanying us instantler. We first visited the boys' school, and were next conducted to the dining-room, hung round with their sketches and drawings framed and glazed, and connected with the kitchen by a guichet, through which most savoury perfumes were ascending. That the Moravians are not anchorites we already knew, and, from what I saw of the dinner preparing for the children, no anxiety need be expressed as to their well-doing in that line. In the first-class room several boys were engaged in a drawing lesson: they rose as we entered, and bowed politely, and were severally pointed out to us by the professor as Jutlanders, Norwegians, Swedes, Dutchmen, and lastly, a large-eyed, hook-nosed Greenlander, son of a missionary, an intelligent little fellow of twelve years of age. We visited the museum, containing herbariums, the produce of the country, a collection of celts dug up in the neighbourhood, and ethnographic objects, presents from pupils long since missionaries far away in the South Seas and Africa. The terms for education, including washing, are 20*l.* per annum, for which sum the pupils are instructed in French, Danish, German, and the girls in music, embroidery, useful household duties, habits of order and cleanliness—a *sine-quâ-non* of the Moravian system. Here, too, they enjoy the advantage of a fine open country, and sea-bathing in the summer season.

On leaving the town we passed a private carriage drawn by a pair of fine and high-stepping dun-coloured horses, with black tails and manes—true North Jutland breed. High-stepping carriage-horses are now scarce,

greatly prized in London, and the world wonders why they are not more to be met with. This is simply an affair of training. In the north of Germany, whence these horses are chiefly imported, you may frequently see the animals exercising on the high roads, caparisoned like the knight's charger of old, with heavy clothing, wearing no blinkers, but large spectacles. These spectacles are strong magnifiers, and each pebble, to the eyes of the deluded quadruped, appears as a granite boulder, so in his youth and ignorance he lifts up his legs high in the air to avoid their contact, and thus contracts that habit of high stepping so much admired, and for which amateurs pay unheard-of prices.

KOLDING.

The majestic ruins of Kolding appeared in the distance, with the little town nestling at its feet, long before we arrived within its walls. The days are still long, and the distances short, so we determined to rest for a couple of hours, and then continue our journey to Veile the same evening.

The castle, one of the most ancient in Jutland, called in earlier days Ørnsborg or Eagle Castle, was built by our restless acquaintance bad King Abel; it is now a blackened ruin, having fallen, like most of the palaces of Denmark, a victim to the scourge of fire during the occupation of Bernadotte. The lofty donjon tower, which rises proudly from the further side, stands still surmounted by two stone figures of warriors in full armour, such as are sometimes to be met with on the Border towers of Scotland. The building itself, of immense extent, is uniform, and devoid of beauty as a ruin save one Renaissance doorway, the entrance to the now roofless chapel.

The view of the fiorde from the plateau in front of the castle-gates is charming, and reminded me of one of the lowland lakes of Switzerland.

The woman charged with the keys ushered us into the grand court, in the centre of which once stood a fountain, Venus on a pedestal; but Venus has long since flitted, and is replaced by one of the fallen warriors who once kept guard on the solitary watch-tower, noon and night. "Who is that?" I inquired of my cicerone. "Hannibal;" and then, pointing to the warrior above, "that one is Scipio." "Scipio! why, what on earth does he do up there?" "He is Hannibal's brother." Well, we live to learn. Observing the Danish arms emblazoned on the shield of the hero, I next inquired how they came there? "Oh, they were both of the house of Oldenborg." So I held my peace, and afterwards found it to have been a fancy of King Christian IV. to place the four heroes, Hannibal, Scipio, Hercules, and Hector, on his house-top, each bearing in his hand a shield emblazoned with the arms of Denmark and her duchies. No wonder the concierge became confused. King Christian III. preferred Koldinghuus as a residence on account of the salubrity of the air; and here his Queen Dorothea, after the fashion of the times, planted a most beautiful garden and pleasaunce long since passed away; in this his favourite palace he breathed his last on New Year's Day, 1559, having previously foretold the hour of his departure, as people sometimes do. A pious and good monarch, his death-bed scene was an example to all those present of how a good man can quit this world, in faith and trust of hopeful future and in peace and goodwill towards all men. It was in this castle that King

Frederic IV. first met at a masquerade the fair Anna Sophia Reventlow; but the story will be better related at Clausholm. We crept down into the dark, noisome prison in the vaults below, where Albert, King of Sweden, paid the penalty of his vulgar, low abuse of the great Queen Margaret by an imprisonment of many years. Queen Breechless, or Monk Maid, he called his cousin Margaret, in addition to sending her a whetstone to sharpen her scissors and needles. Well! he had time enough during his long incarceration in this foul dungeon to invent new nicknames, or may be to repent those he had already fabricated. Pleasant times were those to live in! and how nature sustained itself under such treatment, we luxurious children of the present day can ill understand.

Early in the last century a pearl-fishery was established at Kolding, under the auspices of the mayor. A Greenlander, who professed himself an adept at fishing up pearls "in his own country!" (pearls in Greenland!), was engaged. He dived with great success, but too much, soon sickened, pined, and died, and since that time the oysters of the fiorde have been allowed to rest in peace and quietude.

CHAPTER V.

Constitution of Veile—Queen Thyre the pride of the Danes—King Christian and Mogens Munk—Tradition of Queen Gunhild—Scotch right of pit and gallows—Peter, the Friesland Corsair—Cattle fair—Jellinge—Stones of King Gorm the Old and his Queen—Reign of King Frode the Good—Valley of the Greis—Russian Princesses at Horsens—Torfæus the Icelfander—Family sobriquets.



VEILE.

WE now approach (time it is we did too) some of the fairest scenes of the old Jutland province.

The road undulates across hill and dale, moor and forest. Trim little white cottages, with their black-painted timbers, peep out from amongst the trees. We traverse a pine forest, the first we have seen since our arrival in Denmark. The full moon shines bright; the comet aloft, with his fiery tail resplendent, seems poised in the heavens like a falcon prepared to dart upon his prey. The carriage rolls down a rapid descent, zigzag fashion, for drags are here unknown; lights appear in the distance, and we enter the little town of Veile.

Veile, a city of ancient lineage, which owes its origin, say some, to Queen Thyre Danebod ("the pride of the Danes"), architectress of the Danevirke, or to her son King Harald Blue-Tooth, at the very latest. It had the honour of being burnt by King Abel, and in the thirteenth century gave birth to as mischievous an edict as was ever sent forth from a synod of arrogant

ecclesiastics in any Christian country: * a bull, entitled the Constitution of Veile—"Cum ecclesia Daciana" it commences—in which the clergy threaten to lay under interdict the whole country should the King ill-treat and offend any member of their community, and much misery it caused throughout the realm in later years. It was here, too, † that Christian, second of his name, received from the hands of Mogens Munk, deputed by his order, a paper signed by all that was greatest (and most rebellious) in Jutland, in which, as one body, the nobles for ever renounced their allegiance. No one felt desirous to execute the commission. Munk himself—stout-hearted though he was—dared not express their sentiments openly, but, on leaving the room, as though by chance, he let fall his glove, which was afterwards picked up by a page. Within this glove was found concealed the determination of the states of Aarhus, in a letter addressed to the King.

On arriving at the hotel we found everything in a state of bustle and excitement, caused by a cattle-fair in perspective, to commence on the following morning. Till twelve at night carriages continued to arrive in succession; at two the cocks began to crow, the market people to chatter, and then an end to all sleep and rest.

After breakfast we walked to the church, founded by King Knud—our Canute the Great—to pay our respects to the so-called body of Queen Gunhild. Her life was an adventurous one, even for those ragamuffin ages. ‡ First she appears on the scene as a sorceress in Lithu-

* Dated 6th March, 1256, under the synod held by Archbishop Jacob Erlandsen, most turbulent of prelates.

† January, 1525.

‡ Read her history in Dunham.

ania. She married Erik of the Bloody Axe, son of Harald Haarfager, King of Norway, and is described as beautiful, clever, but cruel and deceptive. She and her husband became so detested that Hakon, brother of Erik, easily deprived them of the crown.

When Erik died she sought refuge with Harald Blue-Tooth (she was then young and beautiful), and by his aid one of her sons regained the greater part of Norway. Gunhild, however, became regent, and endeavoured by all possible means to acquire the whole kingdom. By the aid of Harald she got rid of her son, whom she caused to be murdered in Denmark. The Blue-Tooth then began to fear the power of Gunhild, so he on his side murdered the young prince her grandson. Some Sagas assert that Earl Hakon persuaded Gunhild that her old flame Harald Blue-Tooth was desirous to marry her, and she foolishly quitted the Orkneys, where she had taken refuge, for Jutland. On her arrival she was seized by order of the King, and, after the manner of the day, drowned in a bog, which is still called "the bog of Gunhild." Others declare this story to be unworthy of credit, as Gunhild, who must have been at least seventy years of age, could scarcely have confided in the proposal of marriage from the Blue-Tooth who had murdered her son. Against that argument it may be pleaded, that murder went for nothing in her time, and there is no fool like an old fool. Whatever may have been her fate, it was too good for her, so I could express no sympathy over her body. She lies in a wooden sarcophagus, despoiled of her garments, and black as her own heart in the days of her power and wickedness, like a statue carved in oak fresh from the bogs of Hibernia.

On my arrival later at Copenhagen one of my first inquiries at the Museum of Northern Antiquities was after the clothes of the murdered Queen, which, together with her hair, are there preserved. She seems to have been attired in a leather surcoat of calfskin, sewn together with sinews, of excellent workmanship: indeed, the saddlers and shoemakers of the present day declare they could not have made it better. There also are the wooden hooks by which she was pegged down, to allay all fear of her again rising to torment her murderer. The left shoe was removed too—a very necessary precaution. Her hair is of a light-brown colour, answering to the French “blond doré,” fine, and free from gray; and there are some remains of the woollen shirt in which the corpse was enveloped, on which, curious to relate, though discoloured by some 800 years’ immersion in a morass, the square pattern of a shepherd’s plaid tartan is still visible. There can be no mistake about the matter; though the original colours are, and will always be, a myth, it proves the antiquity of the tartan, and if, as historians assert, Gunhild did come over from the Orkneys, why, in all probability, she brought her shirt with her.

This body was discovered in 1835, in the vicinity of the manor of Haraldskjaer, near Veile, three feet deep in the mose or bog. A distinguished professor, Petersen by name, pronounced it to be that of Gunhild, though now the learned world no longer credit the assertion. I may add, without entering into this vexed question, that since that date many more bodies of “bogged ladies” have been withdrawn from the swamps in various parts of Denmark, which has caused the disbelief of Professor Petersen’s theory. In an adjoining drawer to

that in which the relics of Gunhild are contained, is preserved a leather shoe, containing the mummy foot of a woman, who must have suffered from—what shall I say?—"tender feet," for the interior of the shoe is delicately padded with a soft material, which, on nearer examination, from its silken appearance, I believe not to be wool, but the hair of the pinna; a shell well known on our British coast, as well as in Italy and the Mediterranean. In ancient times the punishment of drowning women in bogs was frequent, not in Denmark alone, but also in Scotland; and from this is derived the right of the Scotch barons to have "pit and gallows" on their estates, as is mentioned in old manuscripts—"constitutum quoque est eodem concilio a rege, uti barones omnes puteos faciendi ad condemnatas foeminas plectandas haberant."

And now, bidding adieu to Queen Gunhild, we paused before the pigeon-holes in the exterior church wall, thirty-six in number, in which were formerly—for they are little more than dust now—exposed to view the heads of sundry "Sø rovere," or pirates, taken prisoners and executed. They formed, say some, part of the band of the celebrated Friesland Corsair—Lange Peter—well known in the West Seas during the troublous reign of the second Christian. With his band of 500 men he swept the waters, destroying the commerce of all nations. He styled himself in his epistles, "I, Peter, Pursuer of the Danes, Rod of the Lubeckers, Enemy of the Hamburghers, and Headsman to the Dutch,"—of which title he was as proud as that of General Admiral of the Fleet. He and his men bore as their cognizance, embroidered on their clothes, "a gibbet and a wheel." How Peter himself ended his life history relates not.

Such an uproar as we find at the hotel on our return, such a smoking of pipes, such a drinking of beer, such a bargaining and disputing, such numbers of persons going off and arriving; as for dinner, we may as well call it supper at once, for I see no chance of getting it. The court-yard is blocked up with vehicles of all kinds; among them stands a coroneted berline, with old-fashioned body, yellow wheels, and a sack of forage fastened on behind for the horses. Between the departure of the soup-tureen and the arrival of the succeeding dish I lounge at the window, and have full time to watch the goings on in the court below. Presently two small cream-coloured ponies are led out for sale, and trotted up before a distinguished-looking gentleman of a certain age, and his son, whose tournure and dress plainly indicate he had made his "voyage de Paris." These are the owners of the ancient berline; two servants, in beard, moustache, and blue livery of antique cut, laced with silver, accompany them, and give judgment on the ponies, who turn restive. Up go the heels of the off one in the air, sending noble, peasant, and landlord to the right about. The other pony (obstinate little brute!) puts down his head between his legs like a Shetland, and stands stubborn; move he won't, one way or the other; and then comes my salmon, so I retire from the window.

The sun is about to set, and visitors are still pouring in, so we turn out and wander down to the harbour, and then, crossing over a most unsatisfactory swamp, moist and treacherous as a sponge to walk upon, execute a cross-country steeple-chase over ditch and fence, till we gain the large open field, where we find the cattle-market in full excitement — cows and bulls, some thousands of which, of all breeds, from the Devonshire

to the small Norwegian heifer, sheeted black and white, stand calmly awaiting their purchasers. The dun and mouse colour, reminding me of the Nivernais, so renowned in France, bore away the palm for beauty; one of iron gray, with a zebra stripe, I at first imagined to be a donkey, but we are tongue-tied in the land, and could obtain no information as to its breed or where it came from. A very pretty sight was this cattle-fair of Veile on the green field under the hanging woods by which the town is surrounded: the Jutland peasants in their old-fashioned cut coats, broad-brimmed hats, and their luxe of silver buttons; the farmers mounted on their stout active steeds, an embroidered horse-cloth placed, for it is a gala-day, under the saddle: and when we had seen enough we returned to our inn through the fair, where the peasant might purchase anything he was in want of, from gingerbread—that staple commodity of all European fairs—not vulgar gingerbread husbands and cocks in breeches, but hearts sugared over with everybody's initials and sentimental mottoes, all couleur de rose, as the heart of youth always is, or rather should be. Veile boots, too, were not wanting; boots whose superiority of make or leather once gave rise to the old saying, "As good as Veile boots"—a preference owing more, I believe, to Kings Christian III. and Frederic II. having both employed a Veile shoemaker, than to any other qualification. Yes, you may purchase everything in these Jutland fairs, even to the double windows, of which you may see heaps all ready framed and glazed, to be bought, carried off, and inserted in the sills at a moment's notice.

JELLINGE.

A hot drive of two hours, under a burning sun, brought us to the village of Jellinge, where, according to the Sagas, in ancient days, King Gorm the Old held his court, and his queen, Thyre Danebod, once possessed a castle. Do not, however, imagine by castle I mean a building of stone turrets and machicolations: in those early times a circular vallum of earth, such as in England we still term "a Danish camp," in the interior of which a timber edifice was raised, formed the residence of Jutland royalty. The history of Gorm "the Old,"* for he is said to have lived upwards of a hundred years, is so mixed up with tradition and romance as to become almost unintelligible: sufficient then it is to say he flourished about the year 900, invaded England like the rest of the Danes, and, after a battle in which he was defeated by King Alfred, was baptized in the village church of Aller, in the Isle of Athelney, under the name of Athelstan, an appellation which he never adopted. He it was, too, who, after subduing the numerous *smaa* or *syssel* *Konge* (petty kings) of the land, first united the various provinces of Jutland under one sceptre. Thyre, his queen, one of the favourite heroines of early Scandinavian story, was, according to Saxo Grammaticus and many of the early Sagas, a daughter of Ethelred, King of England; but some years after, when England was in bad odour in Denmark, people discovered her to be daughter of a petty King of Holstein (*Anglia*). Certain it is she stood out at the time of her marriage, and that stoutly, for that

* The Guthrum of English history, 840-940.

province as her dowry. Be she of English or Holstein origin, her memory is handed down with affection by all historians, early and late.

On our arrival at the village of Jellinge we descended at the gate of the churchyard, which lies between the two gigantic tumuli, or høis as they are called in Denmark, erected to the memory of the king and queen. We mounted them each separately, and from these heights obtained a view over the heath of Jellinge, ground sacred to the lover of old Scandinavian story, wild and mysterious, well studded with small barrows such as we meet on the downs of Dorsetshire and Wilts.

It was on this heath of Jellinge hung, in the days of King Frode the Good, one of the three rings of gold



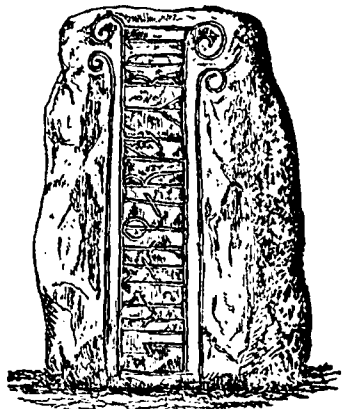
Sepulchral Stone of King Gorm the Old.

suspended to a gibbet, a ring no man dared to steal, such according to tradition was the excellence of the police in his days. But the glory of Jellinge is her sepulchral stones, two in number, carved over with Runic inscriptions. The larger, eleven feet high, a huge block of granite, triangular and misshapen, was erected by King Harald Blue-Tooth to the memory of his father and mother

jointly, and bears on each side the same inscription. You must gaze at this stone for some minutes, constantly changing your position, until the eye becomes accustomed, and will be able to unravel the wild serpent

decorations which trail over the surface, and you will then distinguish among its coils a rude figure of a man surmounted by a glory or nimbus (the points of the cross are plainly visible)—an uncouth and the earliest representation of the figure of our Lord extant in the North of Europe. The inscription may be translated thus:—“King Harald caused these høis to be made to his father Gorm and his mother Thyre, the same Harald who acquired all Denmark and Norway, Christianity as well” (that is, caused his people to be baptized).

The smaller stone was erected by King Gorm himself to the memory of Queen Thyre. It is of granite, five feet high and three broad, and somewhat flat. The inscription runs as follows:—“King Gorm constructed this høi to his wife Thyre Danmarksbod.” This is peculiar, as Thyre is generally supposed to have survived her husband. Either historians are at fault, or Gorm, as was often the case in later ages, may have prepared the barrow and caused the stone



Sepulchral Stone of Queen Thyre.

to be sculptured during his wife's life-time. Old Saxo expresses his opinion that this inscription was never put up by King Gorm, because, he charitably remarks, “he was of too jealous a disposition to term his wife ‘Pride of the Danes.’” But Saxo was a monk, and could be no judge of a married man's sentiments, particularly those of an old one towards his young wife.

There exists a tradition that this stone was erected by Harald Blue-Tooth, Thyre's son; and the peasant will still point out to you on the heath of Bikke a large mass of granite, greater far than that erected to King Gorm, which Harald had selected for his mother's monument; but the devil would not allow it to be moved, and Harald, a fresh proselyte to the Christian faith, knew not how to "lay him," so after a hard battle he was compelled to desist from his design, and Queen Thyre to put up with a stone of more modest dimensions.

These stones stood formerly on the top of the barrows, deeply sunk into the earth. In 1586 the amtman of the province caused them to be removed to the churchyard, which has unluckily caused some confusion, and no man can say for certain now which tumulus is that of King Gorm and which that of Queen Thyre.

On the barrow supposed to be Queen Thyre's, in course of time, a reservoir of water had been gradually formed, and wondrous miracles were wrought at the place, which became a resort from all sides. Some years since the water dried up, and it was determined to clear out the cavity. The searchers first came to a burial chamber lined with wood, twenty-two feet long, and four and a half high, covered in with beams of oak. No remains of bones were discovered, but a chest was found in form of a round coffer, almost consumed by decay. Near it lay the figure of a bird formed of thin plates of gold; a small cup of solid silver, about two inches high, ornamented with fantastic twistings neither beginning nor ending, decorated with serpent-heads or something of the kind; also the rude figure of a warrior in wood, and a panel of the same material with dragon carving. There

is no doubt the barrow had been already rifled, and several of the beams cut through. The discovery too of a short wax candle placed on one of the beams confirms the supposition. Some particles of wool were also found, which may once have formed part of the clothes. These were all deposited in the museum at Copenhagen.

The presence of a horse's bit gives rise to a dispute whether the barrow be that of Thyre or her husband Gorm, nor can the controversy be decided until the adjoining høi be examined, and antiquaries await with impatience the day when his present Majesty King Frederic VII., who takes a most praiseworthy interest in the antiquities of his kingdom, may find time and leisure to superintend the opening of the barrow in person.

Curious to relate, a Runic stone, "faisant suite," as the French say, to those of Jellinge, has been lately discovered near Flensborg, with an inscription which announces the marriage of the daughter of Thyre, a young lady who might have been imagined to have died an old maid except for this discovery, if, indeed, anybody had previously been aware of her existence.

VALLEY OF THE GREIS (GREISDAL).

We varied our return to Veile by driving through the romantic Valley of the Greis—a Danish Switzerland, our landlord termed it. Setting aside all alpine pretensions, it was very pretty and varied, the ground undulating, now verdant, now bare, now crowned with a dense wood of beech and pine. Here and there were small patches of cultivation, picturesque cottages striped black and white and gushing streamlet

turning a watermill with overshot wooden wheels, black with age, tossing the spray into the air; now a waste heath, now a secluded nook where woodcutters saw their wood. The forest is carpeted with the green trefoil leaves of the Siögemad, or cuckoo's meat,* from among which peep forth the leaves of the smaller convallaria.

On leaving the Valley of the Greis we traversed a dreary moor, until half an hour's drive brought us on the high road to Horsens, all alive with carts and carriages, bullocks, cows, and horsemen, returning home from the cattle-fair of Veile.

Of the way I can say little, for we are removed far away from forest, lake, or fiorde, in which are comprised the beauty of all Jutland; but the chaussée is excellent, and we jog on soberly over an extensive plain, highly cultivated, dotted about with farmhouses, churches, trees, cattle, and wells of primitive construction—the trunk of a tree poised across a stake, a heap of stones at one end and a bucket at the other, the whole reminding me of the contents of a Nuremberg toy-box.

As we approached the city of Horsens and its fiorde, we were astonished by the stupendous size of the prison on the heights behind the town, and began to think what a wicked country we must be travelling through to require so large an edifice, and my mind ran back to the days of the Good King Frode and his golden ring, and I sighed when I thought how mankind had since degenerated.

HORSENS.

We stopped at Horsens, and, while dinner was preparing, wandered out through this dullest of all clean

* *Oxalis acetosella*.

and I believe flourishing provincial towns, to visit the church of St. Ib, celebrated for its splendid pulpit of carved oak and ebony, and then later made a pilgrimage to the abbey church, an ancient convent within whose walls lie interred the sisters of ill-fated Ivan of Russia, princesses of Brunswick, who here lived for many a long and perhaps weary year, and later terminated their existence. "*Bonitate Catherinæ secondæ vitam traducerunt quietam.*" Catherine, last of this unfortunate stock, died in the year 1807. These princesses occupied a house on the Place opposite to St. Ib's church, now converted into a brewery. On the whole, when you consider they were born at Archangel, and later escaped the knout and Siberia, I do not think they were to be pitied for ending their days at Horsens, a city in the last century much frequented by the provincial nobility, and which even now betrays an air of better days, and where I have no doubt they were made a fuss with.

Our hotel was once a palace in its day, that of Lichtenberg, a family, the last member of whose race lies interred in the abbey church hard by. Their elevation was as rapid as their fall.

Some time in an earlier century a peasant-boy from the village of Lisbiorg, a clever lad, entered as clerk in a commercial house, and later became himself a merchant and a man of great possessions. He married a lady of high birth, and for service rendered to his sovereign was ennobled; but the name of Lisbiorg, the village which gave him birth, was Danish, and much too vulgar for a nobleman to bear. The king, Frederic IV., himself, as well as his noble spouse, would not hear of it, so they Germanised the name to suit the

fashion of the time * and called him Lichtenberg. The people, however, loved not this change, and declare that from that time the family never prospered, but gradually died out, and their palace is now become the chief hotel of the city.

Before starting we had time enough to wander down to the water-side, and catch a glimpse of the busy harbour and its fiorde, and then again left on our journey; for to-night we must sleep at Skanderborg.

We are now deep in the land of romance and story—historic sites, old castles with their legends, and by-gone tales of families long since passed away. To-day we passed near the manor of Tyrsbæk, once the possession of the noble house of Bryske (pronounced not unlike Briscow)—“onde Bryske” they were called—Bryske the bad; for here, as in France, to each noble family, in its own native province, was applied a sobriquet or epithet. The coroneted Juels—Wind the brave—Friis the faithful—Marsvijn the beautiful—Grubbe the honest—Urne the tranquil—Brahe the lightsome—Lykke the gorgeous—Parsberg the eloquent—Munk the glorious—Bryske the bad. As regards the latter family, I am sorry to say, Niels Kaas, grand chancellor in Frederic II.'s time, declared there had always been in Denmark Bryskes, few in number to be sure, but that

* The Court from Frederic III.'s time became altogether German. Torfæus the Icelander, on being accosted by the Prince Royal in the German language, would not answer him, but bowed and took his leave. Shortly afterwards the King asked him, “Well, Torfæus, have you seen the prince?” “Yes, your Majesty.” “What did he say?” “I don't know.” This answer the King found singular, and after having questioned him the truth came forth. The King, who was Danish at heart, ashamed that the future sovereign could not speak the language of his country, from that time required the prince to learn Danish.

they had never belied their nickname. The rest of the families we shall all come across later in our journey.

At the table-d'hôte we made acquaintance with a Dane, M. de —, who had been in England, spoke our language well, and had a long conversation about the state of the country.

I remarked, "The people are well clothed and well lodged; we have met with no poverty, no beggars, as yet." "As regards that," he replied, "you are quite right; for every one man who dies from starvation, if such a thing ever does occur, ninety-nine die from over-eating themselves." And I believe he was correct in his assertion, for the Jutlanders have a sleek and well-to-do appearance.

The horses then came round, and we started for Skanderborg.

CHAPTER VI.

Death of Queen Dagmar at Skanderborg — Christian IV. a naval commander — Hans the princes' chastiser — A wife of Harald Blue-Tooth — St. Clement patron of Aarhus — Reformation in Denmark — Superstition of the clergy — Legend of St. Niels.

SKANDERBORG.

As we left Horsens we passed to the right a lofty høi planted over with trees, the resting-place of some early Scandinavian hero, and then continued our way by the side of the eternal electric telegraph till we approached Skanderborg, where we zigzagged down the side of the hill, through some pleasing woodland scenery, to the lake on which the town is situated. A causeway across the lake leads to the island on which stands the church, and one tower, sole remnant of its ancient castle; while a similar embankment connects it with the land on the opposite side. A strong and celebrated castle was that of Skanderborg in olden time—a stronghold connected with all the most stirring events of Denmark's story. In an early edition of Pontoppidan I have seen an engraving as it stood—before the destroying hand of man, more ruthless than that of time, laid it low to its very foundations. Goths, barbarians!—Struensee I believe to have been the culprit—how could they ever have had the heart to destroy a building so glorious in itself, and in such a situation—planted, like Loch Leven or Chil-

lon, on an island in the centre of a lake, surrounded by wood, rock, heath, and moor—with such colouring—all that could make it beautiful? Skanderborg, too, a castle famous in history and romance, and sung by the minstrel in the ballads of the Valdemars' day. When Queen Dagmar lay sick in Ribe she cries:—

“ If then it be the will of God,
And I must surely die,
Fetch quick my lord from Skanderborg,
And hither let him fly.”

It was at Skanderborg that King Valdemar stood on his “high lofty bridge” (an exterior balcony or gallery), and spied from afar the “lille smaa dreng” (little page-boy) of Queen Dagmar galloping on the white “ors”—let no one for the future laugh and jeer at those who talk of “orses”—it's pure Scandinavian, and, as such, should be respected. The King imagines evil, and exclaims, “Oh, counsel me, Father in heaven, how Dagmar may be now!” He rides off in such haste—

“ As the king set off from Skanderborg
Thirty squires they swelled his train,
But when he came to Gridsted bridge,
Did the page alone remain.”

. He arrives in time to receive her last words.* 'Tis a charming ballad — and I am thankful I had not read it before I reached Skanderborg, or I should have railed more than I now do against the barbarity of Struensee in destroying so interesting a castle of romance. The destruction, too, was ordered without the sanction,

* Dagmar died in 1212.

or, indeed, knowledge, of the court, for when, many years after, the doctors advised that the young Crown Prince Frederic, later VI., should be sent thither after an illness for change of air, on the Lord Chamberlain writing to desire that apartments should be prepared for his reception, he received for answer that the castle ceased to exist, and had long since been sold for the value of its materials. Many are the events of historic interest which here occurred — far too numerous to mention. Here our own Queen Anne, consort of James I., first saw the light; and Christian IV. passed much of his early life sailing his little boats on the lake, and constructing miniature models of boats and frigates with his own hand — a taste he never lost in after-life. He was prouder of his title of Captain Christian Fredericsen, as he called himself when he visited the North region, at the age of twenty-two, in his ship the “Victor,” than of his rank as Prince Hereditary of Denmark; all the same, he ran his vessel on a rock, and she well-nigh foundered, had it not been for the assistance of an English skipper, who towed her into harbour. His brother Duke Ulrik served under him as mate in this expedition. “Riis gior barnet viis” — the rod makes the child wise — was the motto of their father; and the young princes were here kept in strict discipline under the charge of a certain Hans Mikkelsen, who enjoyed other offices than that of tutor about their royal persons; for in the Royal Library of Copenhagen may still be seen a book written in King Frederic’s own hand (1584 date), with the following notice: — “I gave this book to Master Hans, my son’s chastiser — ‘tugte mester’ — here in Skanderborg.” As it was the King’s

own collection of the Proverbs of Solomon, and of Jesus the son of Sirach, it is plain it was his wish the young man should be brought up in fear of the rod.

We slept at the small inn, and after breakfast sallied out early to visit Leegaardslyst, a farm-house on the summit of a hill behind the town—the town one straggling row of houses. The landlord commenced some long-winded directions, so I begged for a guide. We were told to walk on slowly by the road, and the guide would come “strax”—which signifies “at once.” After wandering three-quarters of an hour, we were standing disconsolate in the centre of a morass, when we were at length joined by a dilapidated cobbler, who had thought necessary to shave and dress himself previous to escorting our party.

He led us by a circuitous route over a waste, bright with the golden flowers of the everlasting, to the entrance of a farm-yard, and thence to the summit of what the guide-book calls an “interesting relic of Scandinavian antiquity,” or, in plain English, a barrow turned inside out, from which we enjoyed a charming view of Skanderborg and the lake, its windings, its islands, pine-forest, and purple water. We then crossed to the other side of the hill, from whence we had a glorious view of the Mos-Sø—a fine expanse of water, backed by the Himmelbjerg, the highest mountain in Jutland, 550 feet in height, well wooded, somewhat obtuse in form. The lake, our very communicative guide informed us, is full of all sorts of good and great fish, and he enumerated at least ten different sorts on his fingers—all Hebrew to my ear. We returned by the opposite side, through the woods, which present evident signs of our approaching northwards, for, though

the beech retain their pristine beauty, the oaks are gnarled, knotted, and twisted in convulsions.

The wild raspberry here abounds; stunted bushes of the creeping juniper; a pretty graceful fern—the beech, I believe it is called, of both sexes; and a large-leaved oxalis about to burst into flower.

The site of the ancient castle is now one part used as a cemetery, the remainder as a botanic garden, in which has been erected a monument to the memory of Frederic VI.

In the church of the town is preserved a Runic stone, discovered near the village of Sønder Vissing, bearing the following inscription:—"Tuva caused this barrow to be erected; she was daughter of Mistivi; she made it to her mother, and was wife of Harald the Good, son of Gorm." Harald the Good—well! a new definition for the Blue-Tooth—an interesting proof that tombstones lied from the earliest days. As for Tuva, I am sorry to say, Harald was a bigamist—had several wives at the same time, if marriage was at all defined in those early days. This Mistivi was a Wendish prince who destroyed Hamburg about the year 986; somebody, I forget who, called him "a dog of a pagan," when he demanded his daughter in marriage, so he laid waste the country even to Brandenburg with fire and sword, setting up his idol—a three-headed walrus—on the hill behind the city. I never can forgive people for removing these stones from their original localities.

AARHUUS.

Two hours' drive across a dreary waste, enlivened by an occasional eruption of barrows, brought us to the city gates of Aarhus. The cupola of her cathedral



CATHEDRAL, AARHUUS.

appears long before you reach the town, at the left entrance of which lies the cemetery, commanding a beautiful view, too, of this lovely fiorde. The Jews enjoy a small one to themselves, on the opposite side of the way. A nasty, dirty, pestiferous town is Aarhus, more beautifully situated though, perhaps, than any city of Jutland; badly drained, or not drained at all; always the first to be attacked by cholera or typhus, and never learning wisdom, when the plague is stayed, from her previous visitation. We are lodged in a dirty hotel on the Grande Place, opposite the cathedral: from my window, peeping above the town-house, now in course of demolition, I can descry on a shield the anchor of her patron St. Clement, slung, en pignon, to the rosace on the tower's side. St. Clement, Bishop of Rome, and martyr, was tied to an anchor and cast into the sea in the days of Trajan. The massive iron anchor floated, but the Bishop himself sank and was drowned. He was specially the patron saint of sailors. Aarhus cathedral in earlier days boasted a spire six hundred feet in height, the loftiest far in all Denmark; blown down by a storm many years since. At the entrance, on the left, lies the chapel of the Marselis family, with some fine white marble monuments of the seventeenth century in the style of Roubilliac. The nave, the choir, the whole church throughout, appears crowded with epitaphia, and monuments of alabaster, stone, and marble, from 1500 downwards—among them the figure of a young lady, in blue lias, dressed Mary Tudor fashion, lying upon her sepulchral slab, attracted my notice. As the inscription was in the Latin language, I did my best to decipher it. It was erected to the memory of Mette Urne. She married young, a happy

wife to Knud Hardenburg; but he was taken prisoner, and died in foreign lands.—[A smudge, so I could not decipher where.] Sad and mourning, she soon followed him to the grave, leaving behind a little daughter [smudge], whom God had given her as a consolation.

Amongst the numerous epitaphia contained within the cathedral of Aarhus is that of Drackenbergh, the Norwegian, who lived until the age of 146, under seven different Danish kings. At 111 he married, and, being left a widower, again entered into nuptial bonds, at 130, with a young girl. He was born in the reign of Christian IV., and died under Christian VII.*

The large folding altarpiece of Aarhus cathedral, with its life-size figure of the Virgin and Saint Anne, and its inscription of "Santa Anna, ora pro nobis;" and again, St. Clement, in triple papal crown, with "Sancte Papa Clemens, ora pro nobis," would scandalize many; but you must bear in mind that in these Northern lands the Reformation was accepted by the people as a political measure, not as an act of conscience.

Frederic I. himself was Lutheran or Papist as suited his own convenience, and when the fiat went forth there was no "oprør;" the people, after years of war and bloodshed, accepted anything for a quiet life, with the greatest apathy and indifference. The saying ran—"It won't make the herrings dear." Christian III., his successor, let down the Catholic clergy gently, providing for the deposed bishops, some of whom adopted the reformed faith, and even married. The nuns were allowed calmly to die out; and very ill in some places they behaved when no longer under surveillance. Many of the aged

* 1772, the year of the fall of Struensee.

monks were provided for. In the churches matters remained much as they were; * but the conventual buildings, being confiscated and becoming property of the crown, were mostly destroyed, or at any rate despoiled of their Romish ornaments. I myself have seen, in the remote villages of the islands, ancient censers of the Valdemerian period preserved in the same vestry cupboard with the sacramental plate, and, on inquiring why they were still retained, have received as answer, "They have always been there." Frederic II. would allow of no dissent, no Calvinistic tendencies; the Lutheran was the recognised religion of the land, and that people must hold to, or nothing. Christian IV., his son, though he was kind to and fought for the fortunes of our "Winter Queen," the daughter of his sister Anne, never forgave his nephew for breaking the crucifixes and images at Prague. One day, on entering a room, in a corner of which he observed hanging a crucifix

* Superstition became more rife than ever, not only among the people, but equally with the clergy themselves, who were looked upon as practisers of the black art, wizards, and necromancers. "A parson who knew more than the Lord's Prayer"—as the term was to designate one who dealt in the black art—was supposed to have gained his knowledge from the Evil One on the stipulation that he never used the word "Amen" in the course of the service. The historian of the province of Aarhus declares that a priest of Østerhaab, near Horsens, was never heard to pronounce it in the course of his life. By this means he gained a knowledge of all that passed in his house. He had in his service a girl who was betrothed to the farmer's servant, and who sometimes stole down into the cellar to draw strong beer for her intended. One evening this girl was missing; everybody wondered, except the parson, who paced up and down the room, laughing in his sleeve. At bedtime he said, "Poor Maren! she has got out the tap, but cannot put it in again." The next morning he took the farmer's servant with him into the cellar; and there the girl was sitting on the ground, her finger in the tap-hole, and could not get it out until her master gave her leave. A strong case of mesmerism!

of the earlier faith, he apostrophized it—"Thank your stars you are safe in Denmark, and not in a church of Prague." So when you are told to look upon the stoles, copes, and mitres previous to the Reformation, hanging cheek by jowl with those of the present day, as here in the cathedral church of Aarhus, you must not be surprised or shocked, but merely look upon it as a proof of the apathy of the nation you are dwelling among, with a quiet surmise to yourself whether their easy way of taking matters for better for worse is not, to say the least of it, less reprehensible than the fanatic passions which stirred the whirlwind, causing destruction, persecution, and misery, in our own native country.

If you be a draughtsman, you will do well to sketch the church of our Lady—Frue Kirke—with its adjoining almshouse—Fattighuus—a quaint original specimen of old Danish begabed brickwork; within, like the cathedral, a very Westminster Abbey of old antiquated tombs.

What families people had in those early days! I may add, what a number of wives! If you closely examine the epitaphia, you may take as an average three to a family of sixteen children;—sons ranged on one side behind the father, the girls behind the mother, and the babes, who died in infancy, spread out upon cushions in front, done up in swaddling-clothes, like the atoms you find in the centre of the stork sugar-tongs; then sometimes, if perchance one of the children be called away at a more advanced age, you will find him represented standing among his sisters and brothers clad in his grave-clothes, while they (not their father and mother, who are always dressed with the greatest decorum) are rigged out in all sorts of feathers and finery.

But though St. Clement be the patron saint of Aar-



FRUE KIRKE, AARHUUS.

huus Domkirke, the city itself stands under the protection of another saint, and he of Danish origin, who, after a lapse of time, has become almost forgotten. I allude to St. Niels—Niels the holy and the sainted—canonised too by the Church of Rome, which our old friend Erik never was, nor were one-half those in the Northern calendar.

It was once, writes an early monkish chronicler, when the Danish King Knud V. sojourned in the town of Haderslev, he was called upon by a renowned soothsayer, who pretended to have read in the stars that on that very night should be conceived a boy who would attain great renown, and be honoured both by God and man. Hearing this, the King was seized with a most ardent desire to become himself the father of that wondrous child; so, passing over a few details unnecessary to relate, the boy Niels was born, but at the cost of his mother's life. He was brought up and educated by the King's sister; and when at an early age it was told to him how his mother had died in giving him birth, he was greatly distressed, and from that hour avoided the companions of his age, renounced the exercise of arms, in which he excelled, and was never again seen to smile—passing his time in lonely places, engaged in fasting and prayer; in fact, he became a regular anchorite, and retired to a monastery he had founded, holding intercourse with no one but his friend Hugo, who became a monk like himself. His death, in 1180, was preceded by a revelation. Hugo, who slept in the same room with Prince Niels, beheld at midnight a troop of young priests enter the bedroom, arrayed in festive garb and purple cloaks, bearing lighted tapers in their hands. At this splendid sight Hugo rose from his bed, kneeled

before the couch of his young master, and related the apparition, asking him what it signified. Then the prince explained to him that the priests were the messengers of heaven, who had come to announce that he, the prince, was to die the following night. And early the next day he sent for all the monks, and took leave of them, distributed alms to the poor, and died that very night, as he himself had predicted. He had desired to be buried in the church of St. Olaf, near the shore—a church he had greatly enriched. But, when he was dead, it appeared to Svend, Bishop of Aarhus, that the place he had chosen was too poor for so great a lord, and, therefore, he proposed to convey his corpse to the convent church of St. Nicholas. But a star was seen falling down from heaven to the east of the church of St. Olaf, which was interpreted to be a fresh command that Prince Niels' last wishes should be carried out: so the Bishop was obliged to yield. And when he had been buried in the churchyard of St. Olaf, there happened in the course of a few years several tokens which clearly proved his holiness.

There had been erected a wooden cross over his grave, and, when it was in a state of decay, a voice was heard repeating—"Cut a new cross out of an oak in the forest of Skielby, and place it upon the grave of St. Niels;" and they did as they had been ordered; but the trunk which they felled in the forest was so heavy that scarce five teams of oxen could drag it to Aarhus.

Near the grave was placed a chest, always open to receive the gifts of those whom he had restored to sight (his *spécialité*), hearing, or any other bodily defect. Once a thief took away two curiously-wrought silver eyes deposited by a blind man who had recovered his sight.

The thief had come from Horsens, and intended to return immediately; but he wandered all night, and at dawn he met a priest, who told him he was still in the church-yard of St. Olaf, never having left the same spot. But when he had confessed his sin, and given back the silver eyes, he found easily his way back to Horsens. Numerous and marvellous are the miracles related to have been worked in the name of this holy man—the only, I may say, respectable, well-conducted saint of the Danish calendar, and great were the riches deposited by the grateful pilgrims in his coffers. Valdemar II., not over-particular, coolly emptied this coffer from time to time, taking possession of all that was valuable, money, silver eyes and ears, &c., leaving those of wax and baser metal to the saint as his portion. The King declared to the priests who remonstrated, that, as St. Niels was of his own blood, he became by law his rightful heir, and that they should share and share alike.

Well, matters went on prosperously: the shrine became richly endowed notwithstanding his cousin's peculations, when, in the reign of Erik Glipping, the clergy, fearing that the perfume from his tomb, as well as the riches of his shrine, might attract the cupidity of Marsk Stig and his robber band from the isle of Hjelm, which lies not far from Aarhus, determined to remove his shrine to the cathedral church. But the saint was greatly incensed at this conduct, and from that time he has wrought no more miracles; all the sweet odour from his bones vanished, and never returned, notwithstanding, to appease his wrath, the Bishop wrote to Rome to request the Pope to canonise him, which prayer was granted. Such is the legend of St. Niels, patron saint of Aarhus.

CHAPTER VII.

Island of Samsø — Denmark's only duke — entombed Bersærcks — Amateur ploughing of Christian IV. — The witches on St. John's Eve — Sprogø the Danish Jericho — Korsør — Peter Skram and the mermaid — Legend of the two church-towers — Absalon the warrior archbishop and statesman — University and royal tombs at Sorø — Ringsted, the Westminster of the Valdemars — Sepulchral brass of Erik and Ingeborg — Tombs of Queen Dagmar and Berengaria.

ISLAND OF SAMSØ.

ON Monday, at eleven o'clock, we embarked on board the good steamer "Jutland," and, after a few minutes' delay, were quietly steaming down the right side of the fiorde. Aarhus looks better from its foul-smelling harbour than it does inland. The cathedral presents its best face to you, with its three-gabled chancel and light slender towers, each capped with an onion, as if fresh transplanted from Moscow. We coasted by the woods, cut out in paths innumerable for the recreation of the inhabitants of the city. Never trouble yourself to inquire where or how a town in Jutland or one of the duchies be situated; take it for granted, if on the coast, snugly nestled at the extreme end of the fiorde; if inland, on the banks of some deep-watered lake, surrounded in either case by woods—such woods as we read of in Shakespeare. And now good bye to Jutland: we steam on tranquilly, the heavens serene, the sea a mirror.

To the left we leave the ruined castle of Kalø, perched

on the island bearing its name—in olden times called Kalf-ø (island); the early Northmen often named these small islands “Calves,” their promontories “Noses” (“næs,” our “ness”). It was a place of note once; but we shall visit it later; and shortly after we pass near Samsø, which in early days gave name to the only ducal title Denmark ever possessed, in the person of the celebrated Knud Porse.*

Christian V. in later days conferred this island on his mistress, Mrs. Sophia Moth, whom he created Countess of Samsø, from whom it descended to her children, the Counts of Danneskiold-Samsø, a name well known in England, and in the possession of that family it still remains. It is a barren, tumultous island, on this side at least—a very Kensal Green of the early Scandinavian era. As we steamed by I wondered whether it was under these mounds that lie buried the heroes who were slain in the far-famed battle of Pagan times. On these summits stood till not long since huge cairns; and a saying there was among the people that oft at night-times fires were seen to blaze around, and a great sound was heard over the whole island from the caverns

* Porse, Duke of Samsø, Sønder Halland, and Holbæk, was much respected in Denmark and Sweden, for he was a quick and clever man, as well as a noble of immense possessions, on account of which he was created duke by Christopher II., of unlucky memory. He was of the ancient family of Hvide—in English, plain White—a race which has brought great men to Denmark, and bore on his shield a silver star; he married Ingeborg, daughter of Hakon V., King of Norway, and widow of Erik, brother of Birger King of Sweden. The title of Duke of Samsø became extinct, for King Valdemar Atterdag refused to confer it, after the death of Porse's sons Hakon and Knud, on any of the family, who from that time retired to the island of Lolland, where they flourished for two hundred years, and became extinct in 1658 A.D.

of the entombed Bersærcks. Here we make our first stoppage, disembark and receive in return a boat-load of peasants, men, women, and children.

It is related of Christian IV., concerning whom there are more anecdotes extant than of all the house of Oldenborg put together, how one day, driven in by contrary winds, he landed west of Nordby, on the island of Samsø. Having nothing particular to do, he laid hold of a plough which was lying idle on a stubble-field, and commenced labouring away for his own recreation. After an hour had elapsed the parson's servant returned from his dinner; so Christian, who had had enough of it, handed over the plough to the man, and, giving him some money, desired him to tell his master that the King had been tilling his land for him. The man, amazed, ran off to spread the news; when he returned, accompanied by all the village, the King was off and away in his ship. But united Samsø agreed with one voice they never had before seen such ploughing.

Now the coast of Funen and later Zealand appears faint on the horizon. The waters of the Great Belt are somewhat troubled: floating buoys—birch-brooms with sticks long enough to mount a leash of Scandinavian witches high aloft in the air—mark the dangerous rocks as we steam by on our course—a very careless, imprudent proceeding on the part of the mariners, placing these broomsticks far out at sea beyond man's reach; so say the peasants from Samsø, who shake their heads; for, on the eve of St. John, they collect all their broomsticks and pokers and lock them up closely till the next day, lest the witches should ride off on them, to I am sure I quite forget where, but

some diabolical place where they are accustomed to hold their Sabbat.

Sprogø, the Jericho of the Danes, to which wretched island bores are mentally consigned, lies midway between Zealand and Funen. To the left the town of Korsør; we pass by; then suddenly the vessel turns bolt round, makes straight for the harbour, and in a few minutes we are safely landed on the shores of Zealand, the most important island of the Danish Archipelago.

KORSØR.

Korsør, or, as it is more generally written, Corsoer (Cross-ear), a small and almost forgotten city of the Danish dominions, once the capital of an amt or province, later disfranchised, slumbered calm and tranquil in her deep decay, until the opening of the railway to Copenhagen awoke her from her trance, and she rose invigorated, with new blood in her veins, the scene of never-ending bustle and commotion.

The hotel, as its affiche announces, is most conveniently situated for those who travel either by boat or rail: and so it is. You steam up to its doorway, and on the opposite side the railway runs under your very window. A cold buffet is in constant requisition from sunrise till sunset, and from sunset till sunrise. Four steamers, independent of our own, lie in the harbour. Two more are visible on the horizon in their inward passage. They start, they arrive, at all hours of the twenty-four, for Kiel, Aarhus, Kolding, Funen, everywhere. Judge then of the quiet of this clean hotel. On one side the steamers ever puffing and whizzing;

you fly to the opposite—from Scylla to Charybdis—the locomotives shriek, bustle, and roar. The earliest train starts this morning at seven, by which we purpose to travel. At five o'clock a newly arrived engine is trotted out to exercise—too high mettled, I suppose, to run alone: it makes a noise by far more disagreeable than those already seasoned, and, until the metal becomes well heated, hiccups, and spits, and snorts as though a glass of wine had gone the wrong way, till you devoutly wish it blown up altogether.

Of the ancient fortress of Taarnborg, on the site of that founded, says tradition, by Svend Grathe, long since sacked and destroyed by the Wendish pirates, one small tower alone remains. During the wars of the Counts in 1535, the inhabitants of Skjelskør, partizans of Christian II., gained possession of this castle by stratagem: presenting themselves as horse-dealers, they demanded audience of the castellan, for the purpose of discharging the custom-dues previous to embarkation for Funen. On the appearance of the castellan they immediately seized his person, and kept possession of the castle for some years, until they were expelled by the forces of Peter Skram, a celebrated noble of those days, surnamed Vøve-hals, or Risk-neck.

Skram is not a pretty name, I allow, but of very old Jutland lineage, and answers to the French Balafre. Peter Skram is one of the great authorities quoted for the authenticity of the mermaid. He and his sailors together are said to have taken captive one of these syrens in a fiorde; and when they let her loose again, as she dived beneath the water, she was heard to sing out at the top of her voice, "Te Deum laudamus."

SORØ.*

By seven o'clock we are en route for Sorø, no longer, alas! our own masters, but slaves to time and steam: we alight to breakfast at a nasty little cabaret, not far removed from the station; for the clean roadside inns of Jutland are here no more to be found,—steam has already done its worst in Zealand as elsewhere.

Cast Ollendorf into the waters of the Great Belt, he will serve you but little now: not one word of German do the natives here comprehend; our Danish grammar had been long since forwarded to Copenhagen; but coffee is coffee all the world over, or something not far removed from it, so we ended by getting our breakfast, and then marched off to visit the Academy, a foundation of Frederic II.'s time, on the lands of a monastery of the twelfth century.

Before giving a description of Sorø, her academy and church, I may as well first relate the legend of the foundation of this monastery as given in the ballad of 'The two Church Towers.'

Sir Asker Ryg, son of Skialm Hvide, was a knight of large possessions, and dwelt near the village of Fienneslevlille. One day, when about to start for the wars, he first went into "the little church to pray," and greatly scandalised was he to find the doorway so low he was compelled to bow his head on entering therein: the roof, too, was of black straw, and the damp and green mould hung to the crumbling walls. Greatly shocked was Sir Asker Ryg;

* The lake of Sorø is celebrated for a fish, said to have been brought over by the monks from Germany, which is nowhere else to be met with in Denmark.

perhaps, had he been more regular in his attendance, he would have already discovered the dilapidated state of the building; so previous to his starting he gave directions to his wife, the fair lady Inge, at that time in an interesting condition, to rebuild the church during his absence, and if she were brought to bed of a boy to erect a lofty church-tower, if only a girl a spire. The lady Inge promised obedience to the wishes of her lord, and off he goes, followed by a numerous train of squires, to fight the battles of his country, and perform prodigies of valour. When the war is at an end he bends his way homeward, and on approaching Fiennesleville his impatience is so great he outstrips all his train, and arrives first alone on the brow of the hill which overhangs the village: he strains his eyes and sees not one tower, but two,—the lady Inge has given birth to twin boys during his absence,—and on arriving at his castle half mad with joy (education cost nothing in those days) he embraced his wife, exclaiming, “Oh thou noble lady Inge; thrice honoured be thou: thou art a ‘Dannewif’!” (a woman who first bears twin sons to her husband is termed a Dannewif). And these twins grew up to be the most celebrated characters of their century—Absalon*

* His Danish name was Axel, but, after the fashion of the day, it was Latinized into Absalon. Absalon was elected Bishop of Roeskilde in 1158. In assuming the episcopal crosier, he did not lay down the sword he had so often drawn to chastise the Wends. He left his episcopal palace to fall to decay, whilst he built upon the shores of his island-diocese rude huts, where he watched night and day, guarding his flock like a true shepherd against the heathen wolves. Even in the dead of winter he cruised along the coasts of Zealand to interrupt the sea-rovers, and was often called from the altar, where he was performing divine service, to march against them. He was once preparing to celebrate Palm-Sunday at Roeskilde, when information was suddenly brought him that a powerful band of Wends had landed from their

the warrior Archbishop of Lund, friend and adviser of Valdemar the Great, and Esbern Snare.

It was Archbishop Absalon who, in conjunction with his brother Esbern Snare, rebuilt and enlarged the convent of Sorø, which greatly flourished during the Valdemerian dynasty, but later fell into decadence, as the epitaph of the last abbot is supposed to express, though I really see no reason why it should more allude to the state of the monastery than to the general transitory events of this world. It runs—

“ Quicquis es humanis noli confidere rebus,
Jam mihi est magnum quin quod esse nihil.”

Then later * the convent was wholly suppressed, and added to the fiefs of the crown, and a school founded for thirty sons of the nobility. Among the many personages of note who have been here educated may be enumerated Frederic III. himself, at that time not heir presumptive to the crown; Prince Valdemar, eldest son of Christian IV. by Christina Munk; and many others.

Charles Gustavus of Sweden, too, here received his early instruction; and when in 1659 he had reduced nearly the whole of Zealand under his yoke, with a proper feeling of gratitude towards the “alma mater”

ships, and were laying waste the country. Absalon hastily armed his church vassals, with as many of the neighbouring peasantry as he could collect, and, making a sudden onset upon the enemy, drove them back to their ships with slaughter. No archbishop of Lund ever equalled Absalon in grandeur, in whose favour his predecessor, worn out with age, abdicated; but Absalon refused the honour. “Nolo Archiepiscopari,” he protested, “unless I may retain Roeskilde as well.” He got his own way, and was henceforth styled “Archbishop of Lund,” “Bishop of Roeskilde,” “Grand Marshal of the realm,” “First Captain by sea and by land.”

* In 1580.

of his childhood, he exempted Sorø from military contribution, and extended to it his royal protection against all outrage.

You enter the university by the Gothic gateway of brickwork, now whitewashed, belonging to the ancient convent. An avenue of trees leads to the church, surrounded by a small cemetery, and in front stands the college; on the other side a handsome building of the present century. The original edifice was consumed by fire in the year 1813. As we entered the court some very small boys were indulging in the recreation of shooting stones and horse-chesnuts from a sling, the traditional amusement of boys of all ages and countries from the time of David to the present generation.

We mount the steps and enter by a long corridor, hung with square portraits of the kings of Denmark from the earliest ages, like those we see on the tables of our kings of England. They are, I fancy, copies taken from a series of engravings I have since seen in the Müller collection at the Royal Library of Copenhagen.

A glass window in the door of each school-room allowed us to peep at the boys engaged in their studies. We then mounted upstairs, and were introduced to their dormitories—large airy rooms with numberless small beds arranged in rows, the windows opening wide and overlooking the lake below. On the first floor were a well-filled museum of natural history, a debating and lecture room. In this room stands the chair of Holberg the historian, and also the Sheridan of the Danish drama, by whom the academy was richly endowed. Several full-length portraits of the kings of Denmark hang on the walls: Christian IV. and V., and Frederic V. and VI., arrayed in their robes of state. Frederic V.

is the beau ideal of dandyism of the last century, a handsome young man with fine large dark eyes. He married first a daughter of our King George II., the Princess Louisa, a name still loved and remembered throughout the country; and to her, I am sorry to say, he made a very bad husband.

As we left the building the boys were assembled in the court-yard, busily engaged in the purchase of buns from the old woman who I suppose enjoys this monopoly. They appeared a gentlemanlike set of youths, and saluted us as we passed, taking their caps off—more than the Eton or Harrow boys would have done. We rested in the pretty garden of the academy, still a blaze of autumn flowers; a splendid weeping *Cratægus* quite dazzled the eye, loaded with its scarlet berries. The trees and flowers seed more abundantly in the north than in the more southern latitudes.

Among the royal personages interred within the abbey church of Sorø is Valdemar Atterdag,* father of Queen Margaret: the full-length figure of white marble, placed there by the piety of his daughter, whom he hated, has long since disappeared.

But the first object of interest is the sepulchral stone of Olaf, King of Norway and Denmark. On a shield is inscribed the lion of Norway, bearing the hatchot of St. Olaf in his paw, surmounted by a skull. King Olaf died early, and was succeeded by his mother, the great Margaret. This youthful Olaf was the first of the Danish rulers who assumed the title of King of the Wends and Goths, and caused the custom of praying for the king and queen in churches to be established;

* He died at Vordingborg in 1375.

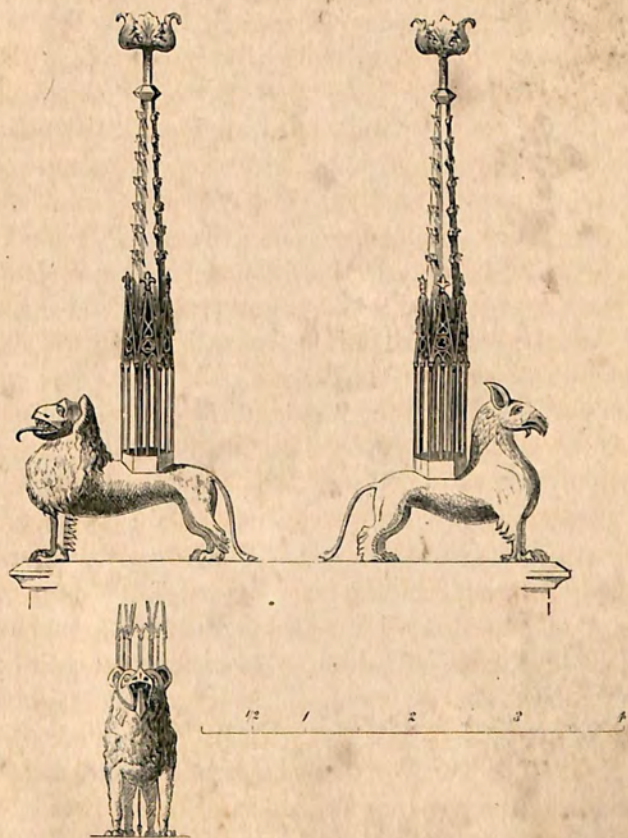
a very wise precaution on his part, for his successors were sadly in want of the prayers of all good men here below. Some time after his death* there arose a false Olaf, who declared himself to be the son of the queen; he was in reality the son of King Olaf's nurse, and divulged many secrets which alone the queen would know, by way of proving his identity. But Margaret declared him to be an impostor; because, as she said, "my son died in Falsterbo palace and was buried in Sorø abbey church, and I myself sent his entrails to be interred in the choir of Lund cathedral" —a very good argument on her part; "but," added she, "let him be examined; if he be my son, you will find a mole between his shoulders." The mole was not there, and the false Olaf was burnt to cinders the day before Michaelmas, near Falsterbo in Sweden.

The most beautiful among these monuments is that of Christopher II. and his queen Euphemia,† daughter of Bogislaus, Duke of Pomerania. The recumbent figures of these sovereigns, lying side by side, are of great beauty and exquisite workmanship. That of Christopher reminds me forcibly of Edward II.'s in Gloucester cathedral. He, as well as his queen, is arrayed in his robes of state, his hair flowing long, his beard pointed after the fashion of our early Plantagenets; his head is encircled by the royal crown, his sword by his side; his features are regular and expressive. The queen boasts

* 1402.

† Queen Euphemia patronised literature in a mild way: she caused the story of Blanchefleur and Fleuris to be put into Danish verse (printed Copenhagen, 1509). It commences—

"Queen Euphemia, in her 'time,'
Caused this tale to be put in 'riim.'"



GRIFFINS FROM TOMB OF QUEEN EUPHEMIA AT SORØ.

of little beauty; her nose, en éventail, betrays her Pomeranian origin; her long wavy hair falls on her shoulders from beneath the regal circlet; her surcoat is rich in jewellery; and her corsage ornamented with octagonal bosses, alternately bearing the lion of Norway and the winged griffin of the Wends. Between these two recumbent figures lies that of a little child, coroneted like its parents, Erik, their son and heir, who preceded them to the tomb. [Behind the head of Christopher stands the lion of Denmark on his four legs, as unlike a lion as may be, from whose back rises a sort of Gothic pinnacle, tapering to a point, made hollow so as to hold a *cierge* of large dimensions, to be burnt at the tomb of departed royalty on certain vigils of the Church of Rome; while behind the queen stands a similar structure, rising from the shoulder of the griffin of Pomerania.

Let us now turn to Archbishop Absalon, who lies interred under a sepulchral slab near the high altar;* the original tomb, of white alabaster, no longer exists; the present slab was placed here by Bishop Urne in the sixteenth century. Not many years since in the old Chamber of Art at Copenhagen existed a skull and tibiae reported to have belonged to Absalon. When these relics were shown to King Frederic VI. one

* When the altarpiece of Sorø church was to be painted, the twelve professors of the Academy agreed to sit for the twelve Apostles; but when it came to the point, no one would represent Judas; so twelve peasants were summoned from an adjacent village. The same difficulty occurred, and the painter had to try for models in another village. At last a cobbler was found who agreed to be painted in the obnoxious character; but from that time he was avoided by his companions, took to drink, and came to an untimely end, which the superstition of the day set down as a judgment.

day, he was greatly scandalized, and exclaimed, "Absalon deserved better of his country than to be made the gaze of fools," and straightway gave orders that the head should be replaced in his coffin at Sorø. So the great and the learned went down to Sorø, and with much ceremony the sarcophagus of the departed prelate was raised from the vault and the lid unclosed, when, to the amazement of all present, there lay Archbishop Absalon with his head well fastened on his shoulders; the skull which had so long passed current as that of the warrior prelate was no more than some "memento mori" of a Cistercian monk of the convent; and as for the tibiæ, they proved, on examination, to belong both to the right leg. The searchers, however, removed from his finger the pontifical ring of gold, enriched with a sapphire, as well as a chalice of silver-gilt which was placed upon his breast. These authenticated relics are preserved in the sacristy of the church of Sorø. Though Archbishop Absalon does sleep sound, he appears to be irascible even in death. This, the following story, related by Hans Jansen, Bishop of Ribe, once Rector of the Academy, will show, at the same time that it gives some idea of the superstition of the clergy. The Rector was accustomed to pace after sunset the Allée des Philosophes—as the lime-tree walk is termed—solacing himself with the music of his flageolet. One evening, accidentally finding the doors of the church open, he entered, and, standing before the tomb of the Bishop, after playing him a favourite air, exclaimed,—“Well, Absalon; what do you think of that?” Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when out of his grave bounced the infuriated prelate, in full pontificals, crozier in hand. The Rector took to his heels, pursued by the ghost,

and gained the church-door just in time, banging it behind him, for Absalon struck it such a violent blow with his crozier, the very walls trembled. When the coffin of Absalon was opened one hundred and twenty years afterwards the crozier was found snapped in twain.

We now passed through the city-gate, or what is dignified by the name of such—an archway through a private house—into the highway, on our road to Fiennesleville, the seat of Sir Asker Ryg and the twin church-towers, at the distance, we were told, of an English mile; but it turned out to be a Danish one, and we lost our way in the woods, wandered about for two hours, got swamped in a morass, and ended by coming out of the forest some twenty yards distant from where we had entered it; so returned, in a state of intense disgust, to the little cabaret, in time to catch the train for Ringsted, which we reached in half an hour.

RINGSTED.

We crossed a green field before arriving at the deserted city of Ringsted, founded, so says tradition, by a certain King Ring,* in the darker period of Scandinavian history. A grass-grown miserable place it is, with a barrack-like hotel; but we have several hours to wait, so must make the best of it. To the left stands the convent church—the Westminster of the Valdemerian

* King Ring, when wounded severely in battle, determined to die; so he ordered the dead bodies of his warriors to be placed in a ship, together with that of his queen, Alpol, and seated himself at the stern. The ship was loaded with pitch and sulphur and set on fire, and so he sailed out to sea. Then he plunged his sword into his body, and perished. A høi was raised in his honour.

dynasty: so we enter and look around us; but there is little to see and admire; for though twenty kings, queens, and princes here sleep in peace, they all died, unfortunately, before monuments came into vogue, were bricked up somewhere in the vaults below, and, except for the flat stone slabs which record their memory, might just as well be anywhere else. Let me except, however, the splendid sepulchral brass of King Erik Menved and his queen Ingeborg,* the sole remaining specimen of the engraver's art now extant in Denmark, and this is supposed to be of Flemish workmanship. By a whimsical fancy, the faces of the monarch and his queen are, or rather were—for that of the king is wanting—formed of white marble, overlaid with plates of silver; on the whole, these brasses are in good condition, minus some pieces broken off, as curiosities, by the English soldiers during their occupation of the abbey. This Erik Menved, as he was called from his constant reply of "Certainly"—like the "Est-il possible?" of our Prince George, his descendant—was an unlucky sovereign, though not a bad one as times went. His wife was a princess of Sweden; and great was the joy at their marriage, bearing peace, as the people imagined, to the tormented country:—

“ They blessed God—both queans and men,
Many times—that Ingeborg had come to this land ! ”

But hers was a life of sorrow, as I shall later relate.

I have already told you how the relics of St. Erik were carried from Slesvig to Ringsted, and how the English soldiers destroyed his coffin and scattered the bones; but

* Erik and Ingeborg both died in the year 1319.

it was not of much consequence, for, on examination, two which remained proved to be those of an ox. The monks of Slesvig were too wily to part with relics of so great a value.

For a place of such historic interest, I know no duller one than Ringsted. When tired of the brasses, I was reduced to admire the bier of elaborately-carved oak which has borne the deceased inhabitants to their last resting-place for some centuries.

By whom the convent of Ringsted was founded would be a matter of small import to us, had it not been by a party of English Benedictine friars brought over by our Canute the Great.

It was in the year 1131 that Duke Knud Lavard was murdered, in the forest of Haraldsted hard by, by his cousin Magnus, son of King Niels. Now, this duke enjoyed so great a popularity, that, to avenge his death, his murderer was straightway banished from the kingdom, and never ascended the throne. The people had decreed that the body of Knud should be interred in the cathedral of Roeskilde; but King Niels, fearing a mutiny, refused. He was therefore buried without pomp in the adjoining church of Ringsted. Before long, stories grew rife—how a spring of pure water had sprung forth from the place where the duke was murdered, as well as where his body had rested but one moment on its way to the church. Here was founded a chapel; and King Erik Emun gave later large estates to the convent in honour of his murdered brother.

Passing over the puzzling and troublous times of the disputed succession, we find King Valdemar I., son of the as yet uncanonised saint, causing his father's body to be exposed, by way of exciting the people in his favour;

and, in the year 1169, Stephen, Bishop of Upsala, being at Rome, procured his canonisation from Pope Alexander III., at the request of Valdemar, who, with all speed, placed his father's body in a shrine of great magnificence, and, when times became more tranquil, the ceremony of his canonisation took place. King Valdemar appeared surrounded by all that was greatest in the land; and, the enshrinement once over, the history of his sanctification was read aloud, after which the people sang, with great joy—"Praise to the Lord, who has ordained St. Knud to be the patron of Zealand!" and the King, by way of killing two birds with one stone, caused his son Knud, a child six years old, having first arrayed him in purple robes, to be at the same time elected his successor.

The convent assumed the title of the abbey church of St. Knud of Ringsted; and from this period became the favourite burial-place of the Valdemerian dynasty. So great was the success of the Sainted Shrine, that Bishop Absalon, jealous of the increasing prosperity of the convent church, by way of making a diversion, caused an old cousin of his own—who had been assassinated by her husband, nothing more—to be routed out from her grave and canonised (not at Rome) by the name of St. Margaret, and placed in a shrine in the chapel of our Lady at Roeskilde.

Some few years since, at the restoration of the church, the tombs of the early sovereigns were opened in the presence of his present Majesty, and a long account has been published by Professor Worsaae of the discoveries made; the skeletons were measured from head to foot, and—the fingers, the skulls—nothing escaped the observation of the learned antiquaries.

When the tomb of Valdemar the Great was first uncovered he was still perfect, but immediately crumbled to dust—so I was since told by an eye-witness: the measure of the body answered well to the description given by the chroniclers of his time, when the Germans cried, “He is a real king, worthy to possess an empire, but our Emperor is a princeling and a mannikin.” They were splendid men these Valdemerians; and it was not until the marriage of the second of his name with Berengaria, Princess of Portugal, that the race began to degenerate.

In earlier days the bodies of the departed great were enveloped in leather shrouds, as we constantly find mentioned in the ancient ballads. Indeed, sometimes the ghosts make their appearance fresh from the churchyard bearing their coffins on their backs by way of a covering, because they had no “skin.” In later days silk was adopted as preferable. I have already in my description of Skanderborg made allusion to Queen Dagmar—Joy of the Danes—as she was termed, for her real name was Margaret. She was a Princess of Bohemia, daughter of King Ottocar. You recollect the old ballad,

“In Ringsted reposes Queen Dagmar.”

We left King Valdemar riding off post haste to Ribe; he arrives in time before she died, and is met at the palace-gate by little Kirsten, “sister of Sir Charles of Rise.”

“Now hear you, gracious lord and king;
You must neither grieve nor lament;
For to you this day a son is born,
Cut from Dagmar’s side.”

Dagmar is made to prophesy all sorts of evils, which later occurred to the realm after the King's second marriage with Berengaria; but as the ballad was composed for her, we may believe as much as we please on the subject.

Christian humility was not the fashion of the day; for when the dying Queen saw her attendants shedding tears around her couch, she consoles them with the following words:—

“ Let no man dare have fear for me ;
I have no bad thing done,
Save that I my small silken sleeves
Have laced upon a Sunday.”

A lucky woman was Queen Dagmar, who could say so much for herself. A saying of this queen to a messenger who brought tidings of the cessation of a bloody war is still remembered:—“How beautiful are thy feet which announce the glad tidings of peace!” The memory of Berengaria, on the other hand, is as much execrated as that of her predecessor is revered. They sleep side by side, and so great was the hatred of the people, that, after death, they severed Berengaria's head from her body, and, when her coffin was opened, a large round stone was found in its place on her shoulders. She, too, was the first of the whole party whose body was found enveloped in silk. But if Berengaria, or Bengjerd as she was called—the term is now synonymous for a bad woman, as we ourselves derive an opprobrious epithet from the name of the Conqueror's mother—if Berengaria was detested in her lifetime, the beauty of her skeleton, the exquisite smallness of her hands and feet, sent the whole of anatomical Denmark into a frenzy of delight. Strange it is how in this traditionary

land old customs are handed down, and, like a machine, the peasant does what his father has done before him, without even asking the reason why. Hvitfeldt relates how in his time the people still sang a song the refrain of which ran—

“Shame be to Bengjerd and honour to the king.”

And in much more modern days my old friend Professor Thomsen told me, that, when a young man, while lingering in the abbey church of Ringsted, he observed a peasant, on entering the sacred building, to drop on one knee and murmur a prayer at the tomb of Dagmar, and then, rising with a “God bless you, good Queen!” he turned sharply round to the other side, and spat on the sepulchral stone under which Berengaria slumbers. He could give no explanation, he said; he followed the custom of his forefathers.

If you are not already tired of tombs and coffins, I am; so we will pass over the remaining ones, and, joyful as Rasselas to quit the Happy Valley, steam off by train to Roeskilde.

CHAPTER VIII.

Roeskilde — Bishop William and King Svend — Tombs of Queen Margaret and her successors — Dorothea, wife of two kings — Queen Juliana of Brunswick — Pilgrimage of James I. to Roeskilde.



ROESKILDE.

WHEN you gaze on the gushing fountains of pure crystal water, which rise, limpid and plentiful, on all sides from their natural sources, you will easily understand how King Roe, of fabulous memory, attracted by the abundance of this precious element, as well as by the advantage of its favoured site, founded here the ancient capital of Denmark, the time-honoured city of Roeskilde. It was night when we arrived, and, lighted by the comet and his fiery tail, we made for the inn, a long, low, one-storied, narrow house, fronted by a charmille cut up in arches above the lattice window, and there slept, as best we could, half smothered under a hecatomb of duvet. There is something pleasant, says the Prince de Marsillac, in the misfortunes of one's best friends. So, when I read how in her palmy days Roeskilde possessed thirty churches, of which two only now remain, I own I did rejoice inwardly. There is a great deal too much to be seen in this world, or, rather, too much in the same place, while others are found wanting in interest. This cathedral has been so often described, that it is almost superfluous to recur to the subject; still, as it must be mentioned, I will endeavour to avoid old matters.

William, an Englishman by birth, Bishop of Roeskilde in the days of King Harald, brother of Canute the Great, first constructed here a small wooden church, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and in the time of Sweyn—Svend Estridsøn, as the Danes call him—one of stone was erected in honour of St. Luce, or St. Lucius, pope and martyr, whose skull is still preserved in the Scandinavian Museum of Copenhagen. How the church became dedicated to St. Luce instead of the Holy Trinity I will now explain. In those early times there dwelt in the fiorde of Roeskilde a horrible sea monster, who ravaged the country, feeding on mariners and young maidens. In vain the holy brethren of the Trinity implored him to depart, only to go just a little higher up some other fiorde; a change of air might be of service to him. He resisted all entreaties, all conjurations of bell, book, and candle, declared he would remain there in *sæcula sæculorum*, and gobble them up into the bargain, unless he were straightway gratified with the head of St. Luce the martyr, for which he felt himself seized with a most uncommon "longing." The monks, not relishing the idea of being devoured, at once despatched an embassy to Rome to implore the loan or gift of the holy relic, to deliver them from their pain and terror. Their request was granted, and permission given to retain it. The monks, not too much at their ease, in grave procession bore the skull to the banks of the fiorde, and, placing it on board a boat, left it to the sea monster, and then, taking to their heels, scampered off to their convent as fast as their legs could carry them. The precious relic had the desired effect; the monster was never heard of more; but strange to say, he went off on his travels, leaving the head behind

him. So you now see why St. Luce became the patron of the cathedral church of Roeskilde.

Within the walls of this stone church was interred the body of King Svend, and Bishop William himself slept near his friend and master. In process of time the church was enlarged by a succeeding bishop; and when the new building was wellnigh finished, the tomb of Bishop William was removed to make room for the columns of the choir. Now the prelate waxed wroth in his cerecloth at this indignity put upon him, the founder of the sacred edifice; but he remained quiet until night, when he appeared arrayed in his robes before the sacristan, who slept within the building. "The Bishop might well have contented himself with the honour of building the choir," exclaimed he, "without disturbing my bones, and removing me from the neighbourhood of my beloved friend and companion King Svend. On account of his piety I refrain to avenge myself on him, but the church shall feel the effect of my wrath." So saying, he struck the walls with his crozier, and down they fell about the ears of the alarmed sacristan, who escaped, by a miracle no doubt, scatheless from among the ruins. Sceptical people pretended the walls were badly constructed, while others laid the blame on the impiety of the architect, who had neglected to bury a living lamb beneath the altar-stone, without which, as all men in Zealand well knew, the building was sure to sink.*

* The ghost of the animal is known as the "Church Lamb;" and when a little child in the parish dies, the church lamb comes and dances before the threshold of its mother's house. This custom was peculiar to Zealand. In Funen there exists only one church under the protection of a "Lamb;" each of the others has its "Church Sow."

But, whether it was the fault of the Bishop or the lamb, the choir had to be built up again. All Bishop William required was to be left alone, and ill came on those who interfered with him. When, in the sixteenth century, Bishop Urne, a most meddling prelate, caused his bones to be disinterred and placed in a pewter coffin in a hole of a pillar of the choir, over which his portrait was painted in fresco (you can see them there now through the grating); the workmen deposited his remains profanely in a corner. Then, suddenly, there exuded from the relics a smell—not of old bones, but a perfume so divine all men declared it was too delicious. They snuffed at his skull, they smelt his cross-bones—it was a fascination too powerful. Strange to say, wash, scrub, do what they would, the perfume clung to their hands—impossible to free themselves from it; and now commenced the punishment of their audacity. One of the offenders became dumb, and died at the end of three days in exquisite torment, of a malady which commenced by his nose; another in vain did penance, and publicly confessed his fault; none of the offenders escaped; the last died after three months' unheard-of suffering. So you see Bishop William, friend of the good King Svend, was not a person to be trifled with.

We have all read the story of the sacrilege committed by the above-mentioned monarch—how, enraged at the harmless jest of his courtiers at a banquet, he caused them to be slain next morning before the altar during the performance of matinsong; how Bishop William, horror-struck at this iniquity, publicly excommunicated the King at the church door as he was about to enter; how the officers of the King would have slain the Bishop, but Svend, seized with

remorse, forbade the deed, and, retiring home to his palace, clad himself in rags, and returned next day to the church, humbly demanding permission to enter therein, kissing the very steps of the holy edifice; how Bishop William wept at his pitiable state, and went out to meet him, and, after a public confession and the payment of a large sum of money, absolved him from his sin, and from that time a great friendship was struck up between the two, and the Bishop vowed he would never survive the death of his friend and sovereign; and when the news of King Svend's death* reached his ears, and the body was on its road from Jutland, he went forth to meet it, and when he came nigh he left the carriage and gave up the ghost on the wayside. No wonder, after such a proof of affection, Bishop William did not like being removed from the neighbourhood of his ancient companion.

Roeskilde, after a period, succeeded the abbey of Ringsted as the royal place of sepulture, and has so continued ever since. The reason given for this change is simple. After the time of the second Valdemar, alabaster monuments came into vogue, instead of the brick sepulchres of the earlier ages, and the church of St. Knud was found too small to contain them; added to which the Abbot of Ringsted, in the time of Christopher II., took part with the rival, Duke Valdemar, in consequence of which he and his queen were buried at Sorø, where Olaf lies also; Queen Margaret herself

* King Svend Estridsøn died 1076; he was nephew of Canute the Great, and sent a fleet, under his brother Esbern, to assist the revolted Anglo-Saxons, but Esbern was bought off by William the Conqueror.

was, by order of her successor, removed to Roeskilde. Still there was for some time a feeling in favour of St. Knud on the part of the monarchs, and Valdemar himself bequeathed a sum of ten marks in white metal to say a daily mass and to keep his annual festival, on which day the monks of the cloister were to be regaled with a tun of German (Rostock) beer and three "strong flesh repasts."

The whole length of the building is uninterrupted, except by the altar which stands under the centre of the further transept, which adds much to the general effect; carved stalls of great originality and quaintness, put up by Queen Margaret, on each side of the choir, displaying the proportions of the cathedral to the greatest advantage.

Passing behind the altar of rich Dutch workmanship, we come to a marble sarcophagus, on which lies extended the effigy of the great Queen Margaret, who first united under one sceptre the three Scandinavian kingdoms: the most interesting monument of the royal series, erected to her memory by her nephew and successor Erik.* Over the tomb of Queen Margaret hangs the hook from which was suspended the stone sent by Albert King of Sweden to that Queen to sharpen her scissors. This was removed by the Swedes in 1659. Margaret lies extended on her back, her hands meekly folded across her bosom. At her feet are placed a skull and cross-bones. Her features are regular and of great beauty; the compressed lip expressive of determina-

* Erik's real name was Henry. Queen Margaret caused it to be changed to Erik from policy, as more agreeable to Norwegian and Danish ears.

tion of character. She is small in stature, somewhat below the middle height. On her head she wears the regal circlet; a rouleau of hair, twisted with gold, binds her brow; two short bandeaux, brought down on each side of her face; a long veil hangs pendent from the circlet; massive gold bracelets adorn her wrists, and she wears a girdle of the same precious metal, with five pendent chains, from each of which is suspended a ball, or pomander-box, to contain perfumes and other matters. The broken alabaster figure of her brother Duke Christopher of Lolland, only son of Valdemar, lies unrepaired in one of the adjoining chapels.* He is said to have died from the effects of a wound in the head from a Lombard in a naval engagement in 1359; but it is certain he lived some years later, half-witted: his brain never recovered from the effects of the injury.

The sword of King Christian I. still hangs in the chapel of the Elephant. He lies interred by the side of his predecessor King Christopher the Bavarian,† whose widow Dorothea‡ he had espoused “to make

* It was broken, with those of Harald Blue-Tooth and Svend, in 1420, and at the same time Bishop William was removed into his pewter coffin.

† Christopher was beautiful in face, but short and fat in figure; and when he walked through Stockholm by the side of his grand chamberlain Carl Knudsen, the people remarked that Carl was handsome and more fit to bear a crown. “Don’t walk so near me,” said Christopher, jokingly; “for the people say you should be king, not I.” With all his joking he never forgave it. Knud got dismissed from his office, and was later exiled in Viborg Castle. Sovereigns love not to be overshadowed by their attendants.

‡ Dorothea was daughter of John of Brandenburg, the Alchemist, as he was called; not that he ever made any gold; on the contrary, all his substance passed away in the prosecution of his experiments; and it was the joke of the day, that the Queen, when she espoused her first husband, King Christopher the Bavarian, had received her dower in smoke. Scarce were their nuptials celebrated when a letter arrived

matters right," thereby saving a jointure to the Crown lands of Denmark. Some years later his coffin was opened: folks were not quite certain as to his whereabouts or whether it really was him, when a learned historian, who was present, exclaimed, "Are three of the front teeth wanting?" On examination of the skull such was found to be the case. "That will be the mark!" exclaimed the savant; "King Christian the First lost three of his front teeth in the battle of Brunkeberg."

The splendid monumental tombs of Christian III. and Frederic II., father of Queen Anne, wife of James I., by Floris of Antwerp, resemble much those of Francis I. and Louis XII. at St. Denis, but are finer

from the Soldan of Egypt, dated Babylon, offering to meet Christopher in his large ship "Zephyro," "and then marry you to my beautiful daughter and heiress, Zerzina; wherefore we send you this letter, with presents:" among which is enumerated, "a golden vase, filled with real balsam." The balsam was gratefully accepted; but the letter came too late, and, as the chronicler remarks, "Babylon would not have been a convenient dower for a Queen of Denmark." At the death of her first sovereign Dorothea wished to marry a young Dane, Knud Gyllonstjerne, and tried to get him elected king. The Count of Oldenborg, however, was the successful candidate. To make matters straight, he proposed to the dowager, who straightway dismissed poor Knud, with apologies: but she would be a queen. There was no great harm in her; she was very saving, and lent her money to her husband (a "purse without a bottom" he was termed), not at high usury, for that was unlawful; but she took Holstein and Slesvig in pawn, and made a good thing of it.

Queen Dorothea visited Rome on her way to the Holy Land; but, tired with her journey, got Pope Innocent VIII. to dispense her from going further, provided she would give a sum of money to the hospitals. She wished her youngest son Frederic to be reigning prince, in preference to his brother John. Hence a Swedish chronicler declares,— "After Christian I.'s death, did Queen Dorothea, the second Jezabel, endeavour to take the life of her son Johannes with a roasted hen which is poisoned."

still; and that of Frederic IV. and his queen is by a sculptor named Gerken. This monument, 'as well as that of Christian V., are florid specimens of the allegoric taste of the last century,—effective as a whole, but as a composition ludicrous. Our own Queen Louisa has a monument executed by Stanley; and from that time the coffins stand ranged in the chapels, covered with mouldering black velvet, powdered over with the crowns of Scandinavia. A statue by Thorvaldsen, cast in bronze, has been lately erected to Christian IV. It is a fine work of that illustrious sculptor's chisel, but ill adapted for a church. While the great Margaret lies with closed eyes and meekly clasped hands, awaiting the day of judgment, Christian stands looking thunderbolts around, with one leg stuck out, as if about to stamp from sheer impatience. It is characteristic of the man, but better suited for a public Place or bridge. Many are the Northmen who lie here interred,—Saxo Grammaticus among the number, old monk of Sorø, chronicler of the Valdemars.* When I visited Roeskilde I found Professor Worsaae and a knot of savants busily engaged in grubbing for his tomb, but without success; the coffin of the humble monk had, in earlier days, given place to some later comer.

Before leaving the cathedral, the guide will lead you down the steps into a vault below, and display to your view the six coffins of the infant children of King Frederic VI., and some bystander will look mysterious, and declare how they all met an untimely end through the intrigues of Juliana of Bruns-

* Saxo died 1204. He was secretary or chancellor to Archbishop Absalon.

wick, the widowed Queen of King Frederic V., she who caused the disgrace and fall of Caroline Matilda. They will tell you—some, that the children were changed; others, that they were put an end to; how the ambitious queen, desirous to secure the succession for the offspring of her own son, having already failed in her endeavours to destroy King Frederic himself in his childhood, gained the lady of honour of the Crown Princess and others, and so attained her object. They will relate to you that the Frue von Munster—this same lady—later committed suicide (which is true) by hanging herself in the corridor by the chapel of Frederiksborg; that the midwife and the physician also both came to an untimely end by their own hands; and then tell you a story of a pretender who arose and proclaimed himself King Frederic's son, changed at nurse.* They will relate you all this and a great deal more, as they have already to me, and I, for my part, believe not one word of the story. The youngest son of King Frederic VI., who lies in the little coffin here before you, was born one year after the decease of the Dowager Queen herself. Children, if not well cared for, did—even in the earlier part of this present century, as we all know, before calomel was invented—drop off like flies; and if you look at the genealogy of the house of Oldenborg, you will find that the three eldest offspring of Juliana's own son, the Arve Prinds,† died when infants also.

No; Juliana has enough to answer for without

* This pretender was later provided for, and sent off to the coast of Guinea.

† Heir presumptive.

adding the crime of child-murder to the list. Still you will find many people who yet credit the assertion and will relate it as a fact; myself, after having studied the question pretty deeply, dismiss it as unworthy of belief.

When James I. of England visited Copenhagen, he made a special pilgrimage to Roeskilde, in order to converse on matters of theological doctrine with Nicholas Hemming, a celebrated theologian, who, on account of his Calvinistic tendencies, had been removed from his office of Professor of the University of Copenhagen.

Then Bishop Paul Matthias preached before him a learned discourse in Latin, with which, as well as with the assemblage of priests of the diocese, who came to do him honour, King James expressed himself much gratified.

The bishopric or stift of Roeskilde was suppressed at the Reformation, and later a Bishop of Zealand appointed.

This city—in old books written Rothschild—furnishes a patronymic to the Rothschild family, who, in the last century, emigrated from Denmark. A Jew, on going to another land, where Solomons and Levis were plentiful as strawberries in June, was called, to distinguish himself, Solomon of Bamberg, Levi of Frankfort, and so on, till he ended by assuming as a surname the birthplace of his ancestors.

Having lingered long enough, we now gain the station, and in one hour are landed at Copenhagen.

CHAPTER IX.

Copenhagen — Slagheck, the barber archbishop — Sigbrit, the maîtresse mère — Education of Christian II. — Yule pig or money - box — Foundation of Copenhagen — Marriage of Queen Margaret — Her governess and castigatrix — Queen Philippa of England — Her gallant defence of the city — Palace of Christiansborg — The Exchange.

COPENHAGEN.

October.—IF you be desirous to explore the town of Copenhagen, you cannot do better than start direct from the railway station, and, proceeding towards the gates of the city, pass through a double avenue of elms by the obelisk erected to commemorate the abolition of feudal servitude by King Christian VII.*

On either side of the way stand the Tivolis, Alhambras, and various places of amusement in which the Danes so dearly delight in the summer season, and which abound in the suburbs of Copenhagen.

We now traverse the Vesterbro, cross the moat which surrounds the ramparts, and enter the city, passing under a swing bridge which connects the fortifications.

But before continuing our walk, to prevent disappointment, let me put you on your guard not to expect too much, nor be guided by your first im-

* When in the year 1788 the freedom of the serfs was proclaimed, unbounded was the enthusiasm of the peasants, who harnessed themselves to the waggon and drew to their destination the masses of Bornholm marble of which the obelisk is composed.

pression of Copenhagen. Few houses of ancient date remain, and it was not until I grew acquainted with the city in detail that I discovered how really picturesque it was, with its misshapen Places (Pladser), its spires, and its canals alive with shipping running up into its very heart. We pass down the Frederiksborg-street—a bad approach; but Copenhagen, like all fortified towns, boasts of no handsome entry. The pavement you will have already found out is atrocious, and such an apology for a trottoir—a narrow strip of flag inserted among the rougher stones. A *droit du pavé* exists here as in other places; I never could understand it myself; the whole etiquette appeared to consist in shoving me into the adjoining gutter. We now pass through the old market (Gammeltorv), where once stood the small but quaint Raadhuus destroyed in one of the numerous conflagrations from which the town has suffered. In the centre stands a fountain in metal, which now no longer plays, and though allegorical—I forget the subject—is neither imposing nor beautiful.

It was on this Gammeltorv that took place the execution of the well-known Dietrick Slagheck, Archbishop of Lund, Christian II.'s most unworthy minister. Strangers in all ages have risen to the highest posts in Denmark, and Dietrick, a barber's boy, by backstairs influence—for he was cousin to Sigbrit—soon, like Olivier le Dain, rose to power. A dangerous councillor he proved; but he suffered for it later and was made the scapegoat of his master. When on his way to the place of execution, he met on the Høibro bridge Master Jasper Brachman, one of the council, to whom he exclaimed, in the Latin tongue, "Farewell, Master Jasper! such are the rewards of our labours."

“No, no,” replied the chamberlain, horrified at the idea of being associated with the condemned archbishop, “No, no; the punishment of your sins—the punishment of your sins.” If he began life as a barber, he died like a prelate, clad in robes of velvet and scarlet hose. On mounting the scaffold he was fastened to a ladder, and then turned off into the flames. King Christian, not quite at his ease as regards the justice of the sentence, drove out of town for a day’s change of air, and Sigbrit herself never opened her window during the whole day, which made folks remark, “it was queer she, who had been brought up to fried herrings, salt fish, and such like, should be squeamish concerning the smell of a roasted archbishop.”

On we continue down a street gayer and more frequented than the last, till we arrive at the Høibroplads, commonly called Amagertorv, where the vegetable market is held, and the Amak and Zealand peasants may be seen in their pretty costumes—some at their stalls, others mounted on their rustic carts.

The shops are in no way remarkable; but you will admire the poulterers’ cellars, hung with a grand display of stag, chevreuil, black game, and capercailzie.

The lofty embattled tower of St. Nicholas overlooks this square. On it the watchmen keep nightly guard, and give the alarm in case of fire; nor is this service a sinecure, for scarce three days elapse without a conflagration breaking out in some quarter of the town or other, and oft in the dead of night the slumberers are awakened by a loud shrill whistle and the repeated cry of, “Brand—brand—brand” along the street. Then each window opens in succession, and people inquire “Where?” and if in the neighbourhood, they turn out of bed and

place a tub of water before their doors: if the answer be Vesterbro, or Nørrebro, or some place far away, they close their casements and quietly resume their sleep, unless curiosity lead them to visit the scene of the conflagration. These watchmen were first established by King Frederic II., and the song they chant the night long was composed by Bishop Kingo.

The Amagertorv is picturesque as a whole, and you must not fail to remark a gabled Renaissance dwelling-house, with the date 1616, built by a burgomaster of Copenhagen, called by the common people the House of Dyveke; or rather that of her mother Sigbrit, Christian II.'s prime minister. Curious rise that of a huckster (hugerske), as she is termed by the historians of Amsterdam, in which city she first sold apples and vegetable roots. And queerer still it must have been to have seen the nobles of the realm standing bareheaded in the snow, outside her house, on this very Plads, waiting their turn to gain an audience. A clever woman was Madam Sigbrit, as the Danes call her, suppressing her Dutch patronymic of Willums; for she not only reigned supreme over the King, but was also much thought of by his consort Queen Elizabeth, who appreciated her devotion to the Royal family. Then, too, she was a Dutchwoman, a nation for which the Queen always showed a great preference. To her care they confided the education of their eldest son Prince John. But if she was liked by the Royal family and toadied by the officers of state, she was detested by the people, who, after the manner of the day, looked upon her as a witch. They declared how one day her young charge Prince John, out of curiosity, took a bottle which stood on the window, in order to examine its contents, when it fell out of his hand and

broke; the devil flew out of it, and a storm of thunder burst over the whole city. Her great unpopularity was caused by the "rumpe" tax, placed by her advice on the head of every living person (a somewhat Irish proceeding); added to which she cleared the town of Copenhagen of the "poor scholars"—a set of mendicants who attended the schools. They wore a coat or cloak open at one side, and bore so bad a reputation the proverb went, "So many coats, so many thieves." The King, by her advice, issued an ordinance by which no boy was allowed to attend the school who could not pay his own expenses, and had all the others driven out of the town.

When in the year 1522 the Lubeckers appeared before Copenhagen, Sigbrit, in the absence of the King, went out with her maid to see the fleet; but when by the water-side she met two drunken countrymen, who fell upon her, beat her black and blue, and, reproaching her for having misled the King, got her out to sea and ducked her well. Luckily, the King passed by on his return from Solberg and saved her; but on entering the gates of the city several men of Roeskilde, who lay in wait, fired at her; however she escaped without damage, and the drunken peasants were beheaded.

When the King went to Norway* he carried off everything, even to the copper ornaments on the spire of the palace. Sigbrit, to avoid being torn to pieces by the people, was conveyed on board ship in a wooden chest. Christian appearing out of spirits at the ugly state of his affairs, she consoled him, saying, "If you can no longer be King of Denmark, I will make

* A.D. 1523.

you burgomaster of Amsterdam"—a fine promotion, remarks Hvitfeldt in his chronicle.

What became of her none can say—she disappears entirely from the face of history; but when Frederic I. besieged the city of Malmø, he excepted Sigbrit from the general pardon conferred on the inhabitants, in case she should be still there. He might have saved himself the trouble, for she had long since escaped, and no one could tell of her whereabouts.

To the left runs the Østergade—the Bond-street of Copenhagen; but we will leave it to its flaneurs and continue our course, first starting with astonishment at a well-known sound whispered in our ears, very like "Old clo," "Gammel kløder:" it is shortened and compressed, till it resembles the well-known cry of our London dealers in discarded vestments.

It was in this Høibroplads that Christian II. received his early education, and an odd one it was and curious as displaying the simplicity of the times.

At an early age a canon of Copenhagen, John Hyndze, was appointed his tutor, and the prince himself was sent to lodge in the house of Hans the bookbinder, whose wife, Bridget, a worthy old soul, looked after his health and personal comforts, and here he was visited by the canon daily.

"A strange education for a king's son," observes Hvitfeldt, "and very different from that of our day, when nothing can be found good enough for the offspring of royal parents."

It appears the young prince played about with the other boys of his age in the streets; so to keep him out of mischief the canon made him accompany him to matins and evensong, and there he stood in the choir,

he the heir to three mighty kingdoms, along with the poor children. When it came to King John's ears that his son stood and sang in the choir with others as a "fattig Pebling," he waxed wroth, and a short time later the prince is handed over to a new tutor, furnished by his brother-in-law, Joachim of Brandenburg, who terms him "a beautiful learned man." The boy would climb up to the roofs of the houses and over the highest walls. In vain his tutor bade him "take care; he who climbs the highest will fall the lowest." He replied, "Low places only suit low people, but high places are for the high." When he was eighteen years of age the prince declared himself quite sick of learning, and we find him "bribing the palace guard" to leave open doors at night, whilst, like our own Prince Hal, he went knocking about in the burghers' houses, wherever he could find "the best wine and the prettiest girls to talk to." When this came to his father's ears, he summoned the young scapegrace before him, and administered him such a dose of good advice, followed up by a severe flogging with whips, that the prince fell down "paa bare knæ," and, imploring pardon for his offences, declared himself reformed for ever.

But we approach the Slotsholm or "Ile du Château." On either side of the bridge the fishwives hold their court, and gossip and squabble, much like their sisterhood of other lands. The boats crowd up to the very bridge, some laden with sand, some with salmon fresh from the coast of Sweden, the former an untidy commodity to sell so near a royal residence; others again with pottery, common pottery for household use, from the island of Bornholm, the darker kind the produce of Jutland. Two little children, satchel on

back, descend the steps of the quay, enter the boat, and timidly announce their wants to the owner of the wares. The man points to a basket in the corner of the vessel; they investigate its contents, and, after much hesitation, return, each triumphantly bearing a "juul sviin" (yule pig), as it is called, with a slit down the middle of his back; this unclean beast serves as a money-box, but the money once deposited therein cannot be recovered without its destruction.

Before us rises the Palace of Christiansborg (Christiansborg Slot), a vast, heavy, unsightly pile of buildings, flanked on one side by the Thorvaldsen Museum; to the left of the palace stands the Chancellerie, and beyond the Exchange (Børs), with its quaint spire of twisted dragons, the pride of the capital. But we are going too fast, and before proceeding further it is as well you should learn something of the early history of the town you are now visiting. We stand on classic ground; and if you do not mind resting on the banks of the quay, I will endeavour while you repose to give you some slight information as to the origin and foundation of the capital of Denmark.

On the island where we now stand, in the year 1168, our old friend Archbishop Absalon constructed a fortress, which bore the name of Axellhuus in compliment to its founder.* It was later changed to that of Steileborg, or Wheel Castle, from the fact of the strand before its gates being selected as the place of execution—breaking on the wheel (steile), or some such pleasant operation—of the pirates from Rugen and elsewhere,

* See note p. 96.

who infested the northern seas and laid waste the Danish Archipelago. One of the towers of the original building existed in the earlier part of the last century, and served as the royal kitchen previous to the destruction of the palace by King Christian VI. and his Queen Sophia Madalena. By degrees a flourishing village arose round the fortress, which in the year 1254 received extensive privileges from Christopher I., and was erected into a city; but Roeskilde continued the capital of the island of Zealand until the reign of Christopher the Bavarian. This sovereign exchanged certain lands with the Bishop of that diocese, and, considering the locality admirably adapted for the interests of shipping and commerce, he established himself there with his court, made it his capital, and from that period it has been called Kjøbenhavn, or the Merchant's Haven. Her ancient rival gradually declined, the whirlwind of the Reformation giving a "coup de grâce" to her existence.

Among the earlier events of interest which took place at Copenhagen, I find mentioned how in 1363 there was a "right goodly royal party of prindsen, kings, and illustrious princes, as well as nobles from all parts, assembled to witness the nuptials of the Princess Margaret, daughter of King Valdemar Atterdag, with Hakon, King of Norway." Swedish historians declare Margaret to have been of a dark complexion, by no means well-looking. After her marriage she went, accompanied by her husband, to Norway, where, on account of her tender years, a governess was placed over her, the lady Martha, daughter of St. Bridget; very strict, too, she was, and often made Margaret, a married queen, smart under the rod. In after life a steady affection

continued to exist between the queen and her early castigatrix.

Of the endless and innumerable sieges this devoted city has undergone I will merely call to mind that which took place in the days of Philippa of England, worthy sister of the hero of Agincourt.* Philippa was second daughter of our English sovereign, Henry of Lancaster, and was married to Erik the Pomeranian, a match which Queen Margaret gave herself much trouble to bring about.†

Copenhagen was attacked by the Hanseatic League, and the town would have fallen had it not been for the courage of Philippa. "Queen Philippa," say the Chronicles, "held Princes' Day at Copenhagen, and invited to the castle the soldiers and young men of the city, who had fought against the Wends and Hanseaticers, and, after counselling them to render good service to the lord their king, dismissed them to enjoy something which we cannot find in the dictionary, but imagine to be "a regular good blow-out." Her conduct inspired the citizens with such enthusiasm, the enemy were compelled to retire.‡ Joyful at her success (Erik was then

* In the year 1428.

† At the time of her betrothal Philippa was too young to leave her country, and it was not until two years later (1406) she arrived in Denmark. Among the numerous retinue who accompanied her we find Richard Earl of Cambridge and Sir Edmund Courtenay; and to convey the queen to her new home, they equipped "decem naves et quatuor balingeres." The marriage ceremony and coronation took place in the city of Lund.

‡ After Queen Philippa's entertainment the youth of the city became "pot-valiant;" and hearing the Hanseaticers had come supplied with salt to cure the beef they hoped to capture in Denmark, they brought down a cow to the floating-bridge, and dared the besiegers to come and pluck one hair out of its tail.

absent in Sweden, or, as Swedish historians assert, lying concealed in the convent of, Sorø), Philippa invested Stralsund with a fleet of seventy-five ships: fortune declared against her; after a hard-fought battle she returned to Copenhagen, her squadron destroyed: and now it is related how Erik, unmindful of her former success, in his rage struck the queen; at that time advanced in pregnancy. Indignant at this treatment, she retired to the convent of Vadstena, where she died some few months after, and was buried in the chapel of St. Anne, which she herself had founded, and where her sepulchral slab may still be seen.

Erik caused a Domkirke to be built at Vadstena in her honour, and gave 1100 nobles towards the expenses of its erection, with particular directions for masses to be said and sung for her "soul's weal," to say nothing of psalms selected by himself, about "Regina coeli." The way of the world, nothing more. The worse a man treats his wife in this life, the finer the monument set up to her memory after death.

Some historians affect to deny this story, or urge in Erik's defence the Jutland law, by virtue of which a man was authorised to flog his wife and children with his hands but not with weapons. As Philippa left no heirs, King Christian I., after a lapse of nearly twenty years, inherited the remains of the "rose noble,"* long since converted into small change.

Notwithstanding the ill treatment of Queen Philippa, the English government appears to have continued on comfortable terms with Erik. In 1431 Henry VI. sent

* Philippa brought her dowry in one rose noble, which weighed 100,000 ducats.

an embassy to Denmark—Master William Spreen, doctor of both laws; Sir John Grimsby, Knight: the plenipotentiary powers are dated Westminster, November 27, 9th year of the reign, and signed by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, England's "custos." There were some little grievances to settle, but I don't see the King of England got much advantage by it; for though he is very civil and talks about the relationship through the high-born Philippa, consort of his "good friend" King Erik, and a lot more beside, he is met by a storm of complaints against the English shipowners, who for the last twenty years have sailed and fished in unlawful seas, and trafficked with the islands—Iceland, Färoe, Shetland, Orkney, Greenland, &c.—fancy Denmark forbidding us to sail and trade to the Orkneys, or anywhere!—the complaint ending in a "summarium" of the damage caused during the said twenty years, which amounts to 2329 "lœster fisk"—pounds of fish—each pound being equal to sixteen of the present day: add to this a few more "damages," and the "summa summarium" of the bill presented is 217,348 rose nobles. Strange to relate, the English Government declined to liquidate the debt. Some two years later, however, Henry VI. forms a treaty of alliance with "his dearest uncle, the King of Denmark;" no end of matters promised on both sides, to which, in all probability, neither paid the slightest attention.

But to return to the Slot. Molesworth, in speaking of Copenhagen, says, with the exception of the buildings of Christian IV.'s time, they are all mean and of "cage work," half timber, half plaster. The palace he describes as the worst in the world, inferior to those of the nobility; it was a fine old feudal schloss, adapted

to the troublous times in which it was constructed, as you may still see by the old engravings, though certainly not in the style of Sir Christopher Wren, then the architect par excellence. In the year 1720 the old edifice was demolished by Frederic IV. ; and, while yet scarcely raised from its ruins, was again laid low to satisfy the craving for magnificence and luxury, the besetting sin of Queen Sophia Madalena. That this fair princess lavished the public money with a reckless hand no one can deny, but it should be borne in mind that she was not only the wife of an absolute sovereign, but also the wife of one of the most consummate bores that ever existed. The queen from very weariness launched out into extravagance ; palaces of unprecedented grandeur rose at her beck and nod ; she did too much, but all she did was well done and in good taste, and, in this particular, it is to be regretted that later monarchs have not followed her example.

The palace of Madalena was completed and taken possession of by the court in 1740, amidst the greatest possible rejoicings of the people (so at least asserts the Danish Vitruvius), and medals were struck in honour of the event. This palace also was consumed by fire in the year 1794, and for some time remained a heap of ashes. It has often caused much astonishment how Frederic VI., considering the dilapidated state of his finances, should have rebuilt this edifice in so costly a style, too large for the necessities of his court and kingdom. He had much better have reconstructed it after the earlier design of his fair predecessor ; it would have then still remained an ornament to the city and a credit to the architect ; it is now neither one nor the other. But Frederic VI., it appears, had received a

promise from the Emperor Napoleon, that in reward for his so-called neutrality he should receive the kingdom of Sweden, and be crowned King of all Scandinavia. "King of Scandinavia!" exclaimed his Majesty, "and no palace to live in! send for the court architect at once." His orders were obeyed; they planned and planned, and the present unsightly Palace of Christiansborg is the result of their consultations. Lucky had it been for King Frederic if Mrs. Glasse's well-known recipe had been then published, or at least translated into Danish; he would have saved a mint of money to the country, and the pangs of disappointed ambition to himself. The crown of Scandinavia was never fated to rest on his royal brow. The elected house of Bernadotte reign supreme in Sweden; and Norway after an union of more than 400 years was wrested from the Danish crown and handed over to the possession of her rival. But I must not be unjust to the memory of Frederic: to him the peasants of Denmark owe their emancipation from feudal servitude: like many others he was ambitious in early life and suffered from it: he lived much among his people, and retained their affection to the last. From what I have heard related, he resembled much his maternal uncle George III. of England in character, amiable and kind in disposition, with a certain touch of his Britannic Majesty's obstinacy.

Do not, however, imagine the Palace of Christiansborg to be a building useless as it is ugly. Besides the state apartments, not often occupied by the royal family, it harbours within its walls the two Chambers of Parliament, the Gallery of Pictures, and, in a building apart, the Royal Library. As we are here, you may as well pass through the great court of the palace, heavy, cumbrous,

and ungraceful. The outer court, circular in form, is the remains of the earlier edifice of Madalena. You can visit the royal stables and inspect the white horses, true albinos, with roseate eyes and ears, used by the King on state occasions. When these cream-coloured horses came into fashion I cannot say; Christian V. drove light iron-grays, with black heads, tails, and manes. To the right lies the splendid riding-school. This court is muddy in winter and dusty in summer, always untidy; it is used I believe for exercising the royal stud. The Danes do not understand the adaptation of unoccupied space to the ornamentation of their capital. A fountain, however, has lately been erected in the centre, and cut limbs have been planted round the edge, which, after a time, will take away from the deserted look of this dreary waste, and give even the palace a more habitable appearance.

A bridge across the Frederiksholm canal connects the Ile du Château with the town; and, turning to the right, we arrive at the Prindsens Palais, a handsome edifice, now the receptacle of the numerous museums—ethnographic among the rest, the finest in Europe; the dresses, &c., of the Greenland and northern tribes are especially worth visiting—under the direction of Professor Thomsen, who, with other learned men, has apartments allotted to him within its walls. This palace was erected for Christian VI. when Crown Prince, and it was here that Queen Madalena must have planned and dreamed the future magnificence which she so well understood to put into execution. In the adjoining Storm Gade is situated the British church, hired or borrowed from the Moravian brothers; and opposite to it, in the old hotel of the Counts of

Holstein Ledreborg, is preserved the Museum of Natural History, now about to be joined with that of the University. The collection of Northern birds, of the various species of the grouse tribe, in their summer and winter plumage, as well as the ducks from the islands, are interesting to the sportsman or one learned in ornithology.

Let us now return to the Bourse. Stop first and admire its graceful twisted spire, unique in Europe. Tradition relates how Christian brought over—some say the four dragons, others the stone ornamental copings of the building, from Calmar: but tradition is apt to embellish, and I am always sceptical as regards Danish legends about Swedish affairs, and vice versâ. The building, however, is a glorious memento of the era of Christian IV.* Well did that monarch understand the style of architecture adapted to the climate of his country; he built for posterity, and his works have lasted, and will last for ages to come, when those of more modern architects have long since passed away.

But before we enter, notice how well the spire of St. Saviour's, with its twining external staircase, stands out in the background of Christianshavn. The Exchange was purchased in 1858 from the Government by the merchants of Copenhagen, with the express condition that they should place it in a thorough state of repair and never make any alteration which should detract from the character of the edifice; and well they have redeemed their pledge. The great hall has been admirably restored in the style of the period; over the fireplace stands a bronze statue of King Christian him-

* It was founded in 1624.



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self, similar to that in the cathedral church of Roeskilde; here it is well placed, and in keeping with the building. The panels of the walls are being gradually filled with well-executed frescoes; two of which were completed when I last visited the interior of the building—one an allegory, Justice, scales, &c.; the second, a mining scene, with workmen, imps, and trolles, all labouring hard at work together — “Archi-Scandinavian.”

CHAPTER X.

Monuments of Juel and Tordenskiold — Death of Frederic VI. — Street of Coffins — Barsel of Queen Elizabeth — The Round Tower — The Frue kirche — University — Bombardment of Copenhagen — Carnival in the island of Amak — City ramparts — Legend of the buried child — Golden House of the King's alchemist — The Grønlandgade.



A FINE autumnal day and a bright sun,—we cannot do better than continue our promenade of yesterday ; it's such a comfort to have done the town, and to feel at liberty to bend our steps, with a free conscience, wherever inclination leads us. Turning down the Gammel Strand, we pause for a moment, near the bridge, again to admire the Bourse, peeping out from among the rigging of the various cutters anchored in the canal. How picturesque it appears—what a study for an artist! You will not care to walk through the Butchers' Market, unless you be an agriculturist, and fatten your own beasts. We must turn to the right, where stands the Holm Kirke, a work of Christian IV., but sadly mauled since his time. The doorway alone gives any token of the Renaissance period ; but the monarch's cipher still adorns the building, and his favourite legend R F P, which the people, with that spirit of contradiction so universal in all countries, translated, since the days when Madalena scattered the public money with so lavish a hand, as “Riget fattes Penge” (“The kingdom misses the money”). In the mortuary chapel attached to this church are monuments to the

two celebrated Admirals—Juel and Tordenskiold. Admiral Juel stands within a grille; on each side are bas-reliefs of white marble representing the naval actions in which he figured, with long complimentary verses by Bishop Kingo.*

Smaller, and far less imposing, is the medallion, on a painted wooden framework, erected by Frederic VI. to the memory of Tordenskiold, the engravings of whose admirable portrait by Denner you may see exposed for sale in the printshops of Copenhagen. He is the beau ideal of northern beauty, with long flowing hair, unpowdered, carelessly gathered together by a riband behind—a splendid specimen of the Scandinavian race.† The history of Tordenskiold is too romantic to be passed over, and just such a story as all Englishmen delight in.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century there lived at Tronyem a burgomaster, John Wessel by name, with a flourishing family of eighteen children and straitened means. Twelve were sons, of whom Peter, the tenth in number, and hero of our story, was born in 1691. Hard were the struggles of poor John Wessel and his wife to maintain their numerous olive-branches, and I am afraid young Peter proved himself an ungrateful pickle. His parents apprenticed him to a tailor, but at the end of a few weeks he was dismissed

* Juel was the favourite page of Frederic III. when Bishop of Bremen. He entered the Dutch navy, and served under Ruyter and Van Tromp. In 1656 he returned to Denmark with a high reputation, became General Admiral, Knight of the Elephant, and died, full of honours, 1697.

† The original is in the possession of M. de Lindholm, Chamberlain of the Prince Hereditary.

as incorrigible. When our hero had attained the age of thirteen, Frederic IV. paid a visit to Norway. Peter, whose time lay heavy on his hands, made acquaintance with the servants of the king's household; and when the royal cortège departed, he suddenly disappeared to reappear shortly a vagabond and friendless in Copenhagen. The tale of the Norwegian boy who had concealed himself in the hold of a ship came to the ears of the royal confessor, who, taking compassion on him, employed him as a servant about his person; but Peter had inwardly determined to enter the navy. Nothing daunted, he wrote to the king, and was soon inscribed as an apprentice at the royal wharf.

After several voyages he was so highly praised by his captains, he became midshipman, but still in the merchant service. He is described as a very "Mother Carey's chicken;" his spirits rose with the tempest itself, and, when fear and terror agitated all minds, he alone appeared to derive gratification from the turmoil of the elements. When the war broke out between Denmark and Sweden, as it invariably did some fifty times in the course of each century, Peter demanded permission to enter the royal navy, and was at once appointed to the command of a vessel called the 'Worm,' bearing four guns. Endless are the anecdotes related of his daring: on one occasion he met with an English privateer: "If that frigate were Swedish," he exclaimed, "I should take it; but the English have too much practice and fight too well for me to hope for an easy conquest." The vessels engaged, and a hard-fought battle ensued, such as always took place, and will take place, when Danes and English meet in naval warfare. "I have no more powder,"

cries Tordenskiold ; so he sends a flag of truce on board requesting the English captain to lend him some that he might continue the battle, or, if he would not, begging him to come on board and receive the respect due to so gallant an enemy. The Englishman declined, so they drank to each other from their respective vessels, and cheers rose from the Danes as the captains raised their glasses, vociferously returned by the delighted British sailors.

In 1716 Peter exchanged by a patent of nobility the plebeian patronymic of Wessel for the higher-sounding appellation of Tordenskiold (or Thundershield), and was later named Admiral.

After the peace of Frederiksborg he visited Germany ; and having called to account a certain Colonel Stahl, a sharper, who had fleeced one of his countrymen at cards, by inflicting on him a sound thrashing, he was afterwards induced to give him satisfaction. The morning of the duel Tordenskiold rose cool and careless as ever ; in vain his servant implored him to take a sword of greater strength than the small rapier he wore by his side : he refused. The duel took place, and, unaccustomed to the finesse of a fencer, he fell, pierced by the rapier of his adversary, in the 29th year of his age. He was the Danish Bayard of his century—"sans peur," and I believe also "sans reproche."

" For Denmark thunders Tordenskiold.

Let each to heaven commend his soul and die."

Far be it from me to treat with disrespect the memory of his brother Admiral, illustrious Juel ; but Juel was a man of noble parentage, and suffered in early life none of those difficulties our hero so bravely overcame ;

added to which, be it Dick Whittington or King Bernadotte, I always do delight in him who, from no beginning, raises himself in this world, and dies at the top of the tree, be it royal oak or humble bean-stalk.

We follow the course of the dull, boatless Holm Canal, on the opposite side of which rise long, low, high-pitched roofed, yellow buildings, with mysterious black shutters, ever closed—something to do with dockyards and naval stores—to the Royal Opera House. Here the canal turns off at right angles, and disappears among the “back slums” of the old wharf. The Opera House is a shapeless building, half-rebuilt, half-pulled down, to be cased with stone or stuccoed some day. I believe Denmark to be the only country where the stage is perfectly respectable: to play or dance at the Royal Opera House, a woman, like *Cæsar’s wife*, must not even be suspected. We now stand at the entrance of the Kongens Nytorv, or King’s New Market (formerly called Hallands Aas), though no market at all is ever held there. It is shapeless, but the general effect is imposing, and must have been more so in earlier days, before the destruction of the double avenue of cut limes which formerly surrounded the garden, in the centre of which stands the equestrian statue of Christian V., erected in 1688. This statue is allegorical, and requires a key. The horse is trampling on a monster, which was once called Sweden: but as Danes no longer trample on their neighbours, but live in peace and amity, the monster is now styled Vice, or something else. At the bombardment of 1807 a cannon-ball struck the right arm of the statue, since which time the king holds his sceptre downwards.

Passing by the ugly Military High School, about to be removed, we arrive at the Charlottenborg Slot, a building

of no great beauty, but interesting, in an historical point of view, to us English; for here resided our Princess Louisa, with her husband then Crown Prince; and here was born her eldest daughter, Sophia, the beautiful Queen of Sweden. Charlottenborg was founded by Ulrik Frederic Gyldenløve, the Field-Marshal, half-brother of Christian V., who conferred upon him the castle of Kalø we passed on our way from Aarhus, where he only slept, however, one night: disgusted at being surrounded by an inundation, he hurried off as fast as he could, and, carrying his castle, or rather the materials, with him, constructed the present palace, which he later sold to the widowed queen of Christian V., from whom it derives its appellation.

The Newhaven (Nyhavn) Canal, crowded with shipping, runs up to the very entrance of the palace. Passing by the Thott Palace, now the hotel of the Russian Minister, a building of some architectural pretensions, within whose walls are contained the small but valuable cabinet of pictures, chiefly of the Dutch school, the property of the Moltke family, we reach the St. Anna Plads, a promenade lately planted with trees, at the end of which is a wooden jetty, from which the steamers embark and disembark passengers for Lubec, Kiel, and fifty other localities. Copenhagen, like her sister London, is sadly in want of quays. You arrive anyhow, nohow: but great improvements are contemplated.

Observe that tower in the dockyard opposite, surmounted by a crane. There, after the bombardment of 1807, stood the English Admiral, while he superintended the destruction of the Danish vessels still uncompleted and in the stocks. A splendid eighty-four was destroyed among the rest, and from its remains

found floating about the water the Danes constructed a small brig, christened by the appropriate name the Phoenix.

Proceeding down the Amaliegade, in which we are now located, and which boasts three stripes of flagstones inserted in its trottoir, we arrive at the Amalienborg Plads, which might be made one of the prettiest squares of its size in Europe. The original Amalienborg Slot underwent the usual fate of all edifices, royal and plebeian, in Denmark—it was destroyed by fire in 1689, during the performance of an Italian opera. A large concourse of people had assembled to witness the representation, as well as the court and all the royal family: a lamp was accidentally overturned, the fire caught the wood-work, and in one moment the whole building was in a blaze. In the confusion and crush of the exit nearly three hundred persons perished; and when Molesworth visited Copenhagen he declares there was scarcely a family of consequence in the capital that was not in mourning for one of its members. The four pretty palaces which replaced this earlier building were built by the families of Schack, Moltke, Brockdorff, and Levetzau, who again sold them, after the conflagration of Christiansborg, 1794, to the royal family, who found themselves without a roof to cover them. One of them is now occupied by Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, the amiable and virtuous widow of Christian VIII.; a second by the Landgrave of Hesse, husband of the Princess Charlotte, and brother to the Duchess of Cambridge; the third was offered to the Prince of Denmark, who does not at present occupy it; while the fourth does duty as the Foreign Office.

On the whole it is a charming little Place; and were

not the pavement the most atrocious in all Copenhagen, and the space around the statue of Frederic V., erected to his honour by the merchants of the capital, too confined, I know few of its size equal to it.

In the year 1839 a silent and saddened multitude stood breathless and anxious before the windows of the palace where Frederic VI. lay on his bed of agony. He was much beloved, and a general feeling of sorrow pervaded the whole population, who awaited with anxiety the termination of his sufferings. Suddenly the window is unclosed, the grand marshal appears on the balcony, and, breaking asunder his rod of office, exclaims, "Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi." Alas for the feebleness of human sentiments! The Prince Hereditary, now Christian VIII., inhabited the palace which stands on the opposite side of the octagon; volte face turned the assembled crowd, and huzzas and cries of joy and enthusiasm greeted the accession of the new monarch to the throne.

And now on to the Langa Linea, passing by the splendid hospital of Frederic V., the gate surmounted by the royal crown and cipher, on which the sparrows hold their court in large numbers, squabbling and fighting for place and precedence like their betters. One part of this hospital is set aside for the higher classes, who can there obtain rooms for a reasonable sum, and are admirably attended, without deranging their own establishments, or, in case of infectious disorders, spreading death and disease among their families and domestics. Leaving the villanous pavement, and crossing the quincunx of trees, we arrive at the Langa Linea, one of the prettiest promenades possessed by any capital of Europe: so fresh is the air, so bright and exhilarating the scene

along the banks of the Sound, on some days teeming with ships from all ports and climes. To the left rises the citadel, with its moats and fortifications; you can visit it if you will;—it affords a charming walk. Forewarned is forearmed, saith the proverb; and before trusting yourself to the seduction of its ramparts, call in mind that it is circular in form, and wander not round and round (as I did on my first visit) like a horse drawing water in a well, or a bewildered cockney in the maze of Hampton Court.

At a distance from the land may be discerned the far-famed battery of the Three Crowns (Trekroner), the construction of which was scarcely commenced in 1801; it rose only à fleur d'eau. Guns however were planted on it, and did good execution against the fleet of the enemy.

We return again by the Toldboden into the Bredgade, near the centre of which stand to the right, in a vast deserted place, now used as a stonemason's yard, the ruins of the marble Frederiks Kirke—remaining, and for ever I imagine likely to remain, uncompleted. This church was commenced in the reign of Frederic V., after the splendid designs of Jardin, a French architect. The State could ill afford the erection of so expensive a building, and Struensee stopped the works, actuated, doubtless, by praiseworthy motives of economy: as it was, he only disgusted the public by the dismissal of some hundred workmen, gained the ill will of the clergy, and the sums of money economized by him were wantonly lavished by Count Brandt* in illuminations and court fêtes of un-

* A more singularly displeasing face than that of Count Brandt I seldom recollect to have seen depicted,—proud and discontented.

wanted splendour and extravagance. The architect, too, was dismissed, unpaid and ungratified, in a manner which caused universal indignation. Struensee was, there is no doubt, beyond his age. He did a great many good things, but in a most disagreeable way, was careless of wounding the prejudices of others, and in all his actions showed a violence and want of tact which soon rendered him most unpopular throughout the country. On either side of the street leading into the Amalienborg stand two palaces;—one the property of Prince Frederic of Hesse, the other of the Prince Hereditary; and higher up, adjoining the British Legation, stands the handsome hotel of Count Schimmelmann. A Saxon by birth, he commenced life as a boatman on the Elbe, plying his trade between Dresden and Hamburg, and rose to be minister to Christian VII., and Count of the Empire. We pass down the Dronninge Tvergade, by the side of the Moltke Palace, once the residence of Queen Juliana, on our way to the Rosenborg Gardens—but we must stop half-way.

If Pompeii can boast her Street of Tombs, Copenhagen can vaunt her Street of Coffins—Adlergade by name. Turn the eye where you will, black funeral cellarets meet the eye; advertisements of “Smukke ligkister” (pretty coffins) to be sold, all ready, or made to measure. Glazed frames expose to view shrouds and grave-clothes, pinked out ready,* and stamped in holes, like the broderie Anglaise in a work-

* I doubt whether ladies be aware that some twenty years ago, when the fashion of pinking flounces and other finery came into fashion, the art was almost lost, except in one department, and that their silks and tartalanes were stamped out together with the shrouds at the undertaker's. Later the dyer took up the art as a spécialité.

shop window; from the short petticoat of the little child, to the cravat with flowing bow of the male adult. Let us fly from this scene, and breathe fresh air among the limes and lilacs in the Rosenborg Gardens — not the old garden it once was, with cropped yew, and gay plate-bandes, fountains, and orange-trees, but a wilderness of trees, affording grateful shade in the summer season.

We have still much to see. I will lead you to the Place of the Gray Brothers (Graabrødretorv), where once a monastery stood, long since swept away, and within whose church reposed the infant children of King Christian II., Maximilian and Philip. Queen Elizabeth bore three sons in one year, John, the eldest, and these twins. Sigbrit, who was present at the “Barsel” of the queen, and not over particular in her speech, lost her temper at the sight of them, and remarked loudly in the hearing of everybody present, “If the queen goes on in this way, the country will be neither rich nor large enough to support so many Heerkens,” which, I believe, in old Dutch signifies “little gentlemen.”

Later on this Place rose the stately palace of the minister Corfitz Ulfeld, son-in-law of Christian IV.,*

* Corfitz Ulfeld was a noble of high birth, of one of the most ancient families in Denmark. His father Jacob had seventeen children; Corfitz the tenth. Hoffman gives a curious engraving of Jacob and his wife at dinner, surrounded by his family; their dog Albinus seated on a chair by itself; which dog some declare to be no dog at all, but to represent either a natural daughter or one of his daughters who changed her religion. The original painting was presented by the States of Holland to Jacob Ulfeld, together with 1000 dollars, on the termination of his embassy in 1621. Of Corfitz, who married Eleanor, third daughter of Christian IV. by Christina Muunk, we shall hear much later.

razed to the ground at the period of his disgrace, and on the spot a small obelisk was raised, the inscription on which proclaimed "shame and ignominy to the traitor Ulfeld." This monument was again removed (it now lies hid somewhere in the cellars of the Scandinavian Museum), and gave place to a butchers' market. What a matter-of-fact age we live in! We next proceed towards the University, by the street in which the Post Office is situated. Mark well that corner-house—a wine-shop from time immemorial. Here was bred and born the boy Schumacher, son of the proprietor, a wine-vendor, later known throughout Europe as Count Griffenfeld, the minister and adviser of Christian V.

Tacked on to the Church of the Trinity, erected by Christian IV. for the University students, the Round Tower stands before us, built by the engineer Steenwinkel of Emden, itself intended for an observatory, though now no longer used as such; and here, previous to the fire of 1728, was preserved the celebrated globe of Tycho Brahe, together with his mathematical instruments, brought over from Germany by Prince Ulrik. You gain the summit by a broad spiral staircase, like that of the castle of Amboise,—no steps, an inclined plane; along the sides of which are ranged numerous Runic stones, recklessly removed from their original localities. Without inscriptions to tell whence they came, or what they signify, they stand dirty, useless, and neglected, but are to be removed to the new gardens of the University Library when completed. Opposite to these Runic stones is the sepulchral slab of Dyveke, of which I shall speak elsewhere. Up this spiral staircase Czar Peter is said to have driven four in hand: how he turned at the top is a mystery to me;

but so tradition declares.* In the roof of the church is contained the Library of the University, rich in Icelandic Sagas and treasures of inestimable value. At the bombardment of 1807 a cannon-ball struck and passed through the roof of the library, knocking to shivers an ancient treatise of Hugo Grotius—'De Pace et Bello.' Adjoining stands the Regenz, the residence of some hundred Danish students. In the centre of the quadrangle rises a splendid lime-tree, and from its court you gain a better view of the round tower, and Christian's celebrated "rebus" inscribed thereon, carved on stone, the joint clumsy work of that monarch and sundry learned professors of his favoured University:—"DOC-TRINAM ET (written in long letters without a stop), JUSTITIAM (represented by a long sword); DIRIGE—JEHOVAH (in Hebrew characters); a heart ♡; CHRISTIAN IV. In plain English—"May God direct justice and learning in the heart of Christian IV."

Continuing our course we arrive at the University: a hideous, monstrous building, whose ugliness is only surpassed by that of the adjoining church of Our Lady (the Frue Kirke), a building unworthy to contain those exquisite productions of Thorvaldsen, his Christ, the Apostles, and the Kneeling Angel, —chefs-d'œuvre I will not insult, by describing within their prison. To this merited abuse the Danes will reply, "Why did you bombard the old church?" I admit there is some logic in this; but the kindest act we could now perform to their capital would be to return and knock over the new one and the University into the bargain. It is incredible how

* "In summer time after supper people delight in running up and down the Round Tower as hard as they can."—Monkish Chronicle.

so much ugliness came to be concentrated in so small a space.

The earlier church of Our Lady was founded—or, at any rate, completed—in the reign of Christian II. A short time before the lofty steeple was finished, a quarrel took place between the master carpenter and his journeyman, who declared himself to be as good a workman as his master. When the ornament was to be placed on the extreme end of the spire, the master carpenter ordered a board to be made fast and laid across. He then went to the end and did what was necessary, leaving his axe behind him. He returned, and ordered his journeyman, if he considered himself equal to him, to go and fetch the axe. The man complied, lost his balance, came down headlong, and was killed. In consequence of this accident the ornaments of the spire were badly fixed, and fell the following year,—an omen which, in the superstitious feeling of the age, was regarded to have reference to the future fall of the monarch himself. The Frue Kirke, with the exception of the choir, was destroyed in the fire of 1728, which consumed the University, five churches, the Hôtel de Ville, and 1650 houses. Within its walls took place the coronation of the earlier sovereigns of the house of Oldenburg, as well as the installation of the bishops, which ceremony was conducted with great pomp in the presence of the Court. In 1716 the Czar Peter of Russia assisted at one, to his great satisfaction. This church contained many fine monuments. The tower was an admirable specimen of the Renaissance, surmounted by one pointed flèche, spitted with crowns and fantastic ornaments, like truffles on an aiguillette.

· Once, when the steeple of Our Lady was out of

repair and likely to fall, Christian IV. ascended to the top, to see with his own eyes how the matter stood (no one else would), and later gave directions to the workmen how it should be fastened together and sustained with iron crampions. But now for the sad untimely fate of Our Lady's Church. In 1807 three bombs from the hostile battery struck her graceful spire; the whole instantaneously fell with a crash, and the first knowledge of the mischief perpetrated was conveyed to the inhabitants by the shouts and hurrahs which rose—drowning even the roar of the cannon—from those remarkably mischievous specimens of humanity our British sailors.

There is wind enough in Copenhagen, Heaven knows! but at the corner of the Place by the Frue Kirke more than anywhere, and I will tell you why.

The Devil and the Wind went out one day together, and, when they came to the corner of this Place, said the Devil to the Wind, "Wait a little for me, for I have an errand in the Bishop's palace." He went in, but found himself so much at home he forgot to come out again; so the Wind is there still waiting for him.

The first idea of establishing the University of Copenhagen is to be attributed to King Erik the Pomeranian, perhaps at the suggestion of his Queen Philippa. Before this period the Danes studied at Paris, where they had especial colleges for their use. The required sanction was obtained from Pope Martin V.; and the Archbishop of Lund, metropolitan, was desired to select a fitting site for its construction. Neither Erik nor his successor King Christopher found time or leisure to follow up the idea, and its first inauguration took place in the reign of Christian I., on

his return from a visit to Rome in 1474. The Pope then reigning at the Vatican, Sixtus, fourth of that name, renewed the permission. The papal city appears to have been much edified by the humility of the Danish monarch, as well as delighted by the rarity of his gifts, which consisted of dried herrings and codfish, both most valuable for Fridays' consumption and the season of Lent, and of a quantity of ermine-skins, at that time most rare productions; indeed, two-thirds of the Holy Conclave were obliged to content themselves with "peau de chat." The gifts were considered well chosen and acceptable, and Christian returned not only provided with leave to establish a University, but endowed with a "golden rose," a present from the Pontiff himself, to say nothing of numberless relics of inestimable value.*

The inauguration of the University took place, with great pomp, in the Frue Kirke; the statutes were framed by the Archbishop of Lund; and crowds from Iceland, Norway, and North Germany, as well as Danes without number—bishops, professors, gentlemen, and even ladies, together with the king and queen—in the enthusiasm of the moment inscribed their names as students on the books of the new foundation. The University received protection from King John, as well as from King Christian II., who issued ordinances forbidding the nobles to educate their sons in foreign parts.†

* The ivory altarpiece presented by the Pope to Christian I., when in Rome, was in the possession of Anne Krabbe, the celebrated bas-bleu of her day, by whose care many of the ancient ballads of the country were preserved. It is now in the Museum of Northern Antiquities.

† No one appears to have paid attention to these decrees, for from 1546 to 1746 many of the Danes frequented the University of Padua. I find a long list of names, among which is that of Erik Rosenkrantz.

At the time of the Reformation it fell into decay, and in the year 1538 was almost closed. Christian III., however, supported it, and, aided by the counsels of Luther and Melancthon, reformed its statutes, and summoned to the country many celebrated professors, assigning sundry church-lands for their support; he also decided that for the future the Grand Chancellor of the kingdom should be styled "Protector" of the University.

The University enjoyed the favour of Christian IV.; and to him the students owe, besides the lodgings of the Regenz, many pecuniary advantages. James I. of England, on his visit to the University, presented it with a silver cup, the melted remains of which, consumed by the before-mentioned fire of 1728, may still be seen in the Scandinavian Museum.

Without approaching too near—for the building itself is of brick, mutilated, tumbling down, degraded—let us gaze for one minute on the imposing tower of the church of St. Peter, completed in 1666, in the architecture, not very pure, of the existing period. It has, however, a "cachet" of its own, and rises majestic with its cupola-shaped spire resting on massive golden balls. This church was sadly damaged during the bombardment of 1807, and many years elapsed before it was restored so far as to be available for use.

Having "lionized the interior of the city conscientiously," before we take our evening stroll along the ramparts let us indulge in a few calm, unprejudiced observations on the before-mentioned and often much-blamed "bombardment of the city of Copenhagen."

I have, of course, read the English account, and since my residence in Denmark have carefully studied the numerous pamphlets published at Copenhagen shortly

after the event, as well as several of more recent date. I have no national prejudice on the subject: on the contrary, residing in the city itself, with "pleine et entière jouissance" of a cannon-ball—triste souvenir—inserted in the very masonry of the house we inhabit, I almost feel as though bombarded myself.

Under the then existing circumstances, I cannot see how the English Government could have acted otherwise. It was a painful necessity. They had received from the most reliable sources certain information that the Emperor Napoleon, about to occupy Holstein with his army, would, if once master of Zealand, seize the Danish fleet and employ it against our country for the invasion of Great Britain and Ireland. The demand made for the deposit of the Danish fleet under our care until the conclusion of the war was peremptorily refused to Lords Gambier and Cathcart: perhaps the terms in which it was made were somewhat galling to the spirit of Danish independence. They were, however, not only refused, but followed up at once by a proclamation on the part of Count Brockdorff, declaring the confiscation of British property, the annulment of debts due to British subjects, and forbidding, as illegal, all correspondence with them. This was not likely to mend matters.

Frederic, the Crown Prince—unlike his heroic ancestor King Frederic III., who, when advised to quit the besieged capital in 1659, replied, "I will remain and die in my nest"—demanded his passport and rejoined the royal family located at Kiel. Of the corps diplomatique, the French legation alone remained.

For my own part, I shall always believe that the Crown Prince, then Regent, sacrificed his capital to his own

hopes of personal aggrandisement in the formation of a kingdom of Scandinavia. Strange to say, the inhabitants themselves, though threatened for three weeks, could never bring themselves to believe that the bombardment would take place. The first rocket thrown into the town killed a little girl sitting working at her bedroom window; the second killed her mother, nursing her child at the street-door. These missiles seemed to have a particular spite against the female sex. Fires broke out in every direction; the conduct of the pompiers and fire-brigade was admirable, though few, very few, survived to tell the tale. On the second day the inhabitants fled to Christianshavn in the island of Amak, 100 persons lodging in the same house; 305 houses were consumed by the flames, the cathedral was totally destroyed. Of the number of women, children, and the aged who fell victims to the power of our guns, without counting those who died in defending the city, I decline giving any account: the statistics vary, and are, we may hope, exaggerated. On the fourth day, at eleven o'clock, the capitulation of the city was signed by General Peymann, who was afterwards disgraced, deprived of his decorations, and dismissed the Danish service by the petulant Crown Prince, as a reward for his continued brave defence of the capital and his humanity in preventing further loss of life and its entire reduction to ashes by the cannon of the enemy—a capital, too, which the prince himself had deserted and left to undergo its fate, unsupported in its calamity by the presence of its actual sovereign, for Christian had long before sunk into a state of lunacy and mental aberration. Whatever may have been the conduct of the English Government, that of the Crown Prince tells—

and will for ever tell—badly in the pages of modern history.

Permission must be obtained before visiting the Dockyard and Arsenal. The former is somewhat spacious for the size of the present navy, but there are signs of improvement going on; a new dock of stone has been lately completed, capable of containing a man-of-war of the first magnitude, and now honoured by the occupation of a disabled Russian frigate. In comparison with the dockyards of England and France, there is, of course, little to be seen, but, what there is is well arranged and the work well executed. The Arsenal contains a large collection of guns, swords, cutlasses, halberts, &c., from the earliest ages, arranged in chronological order. The similarity of terms used in the two services cannot fail to interest the Englishman: the *jolle baad*—jolly-boat; *aare*—oars; *at ro*—to row; *om bord*—overboard; *mast*, &c.

High in the roof of a mysterious-looking edifice is preserved a collection of models of frigates, &c., from the earliest times downwards. Among them are two, hung with small faded garlands, constructed by the royal hands of King Christian IV. himself. Like the Czar Peter, he entered thoroughly into the mysteries of shipbuilding, and his navy profited by his knowledge of its technicalities.

We will leave the Dockyard by the gate which leads to the separate town of Christianshavn, founded by Christian IV. on the island of Amak. Christianshavn has a sad deserted appearance—an air of having seen better days. Many of its houses have in their time been inhabited by people well to do in the world. The palace of the long-since extinct Oriental Company looks

degraded and forlorn. It is built of red brick and white stone, and has some architectural pretensions. Christian IV. sent an expedition to the East Indies, under Ove Giedde, a nobleman of ancient family. Giedde negotiated with the King of Tanjore the cession of Tranquebar, where he built a citadel, and formed the only Danish settlement in the East. He returned after three years' absence, with the treaty engraved upon plates of silver. The church of St. Saviour, designed by Christian IV., was completed during the reign of Christian V. It took three kings to build it. With its external spiral staircase, in the distance it tells well, but, once approach it, an uglier brick edifice, the tower excepted, can scarcely be conceived. The interior is vast and lofty; it contains a splendid organ, richly carved, supported by two elephants.* The balustrade which surmounts the gilt-capped marble font is quaint in conception, supported by the white marble figures of small children, crying, laughing, praying — doing, indeed, almost everything that little children can do — and, unlike those of Thorvaldsen, most discreetly dressed.

The island of Amak (Amager), on which we now stand, was, as you have, I dare say, heard, colonized in 1516 by Christian II., who established here a party of Dutch, hoping, by their example, to encourage the art of horticulture among his subjects. It has been styled with justice the "jardin potager" of Copenhagen; the inhabitants still retain the ancient costume as worn by their Friesland forefathers.

* Here was interred Countess Viereck, with whom Frederic IV. made his first "conscience marriage." She died 1704. See Frederiksborg.

On Shrove Tuesday, up to the days of King Christian V., and may be later, the Court were accustomed to hold a carnival in the island of Amak, disguising themselves in the habits of North Holland boors, with great trunk hose, short jackets, and large blue capes; the ladies in blue petticoats and odd head-dresses. Thus accoutred, they got up into common country waggons, in each a man before and a woman behind, and drove off to a farmhouse in the island, and there danced to the sound of bagpipes and fiddles, having first partaken of a country dinner off earthen platters and with wooden spoons, all etiquette being laid aside, and little regard paid to Majesty or quality. At night they drove home by torchlight, and were entertained at the Comedy, and partook of a grand supper, spending the evening in the same habits, which they never put off till the next day.*

Two bridges connect this island with the town of Copenhagen: one leads into the street before the Bourse. You should observe the arms of Christianshavn over the archway: a blue tower, three crowns, the cipher of King Christian, its founder, supported by two lions. The view from the canal on this side of the bridge is novel to the eye; you take the city from a different point, backwards. But we will cross over the second bridge, and so gain the ramparts, by which the whole city, including Christianshavn, is surrounded.

It is a pleasant stroll on a fine bright morning along the ramparts of the city, laid out with avenues, and commanding the adjacent country. If the weather is hot, you bend your course under the shade of the thick-planted trees; in colder weather, the sun is always there

* Molesworth.

on the highest embankment, and the wind, too, sometimes. Should you wish to prolong your walk by one-third, take in each bastion within the compass of your promenade : you can measure your exercise by rule, and all without absenting yourself from the neighbourhood of the city. On each bastion stands a gigantic wind-mill, ever hard at work ; for wind is not to be classed among the wants of Copenhagen : a broad ditch lies below, affording admirable skating in frosty weather, and drowning, too, when the ice is rotten. The country, though flat, is not ugly ; the foreground is composed of water and wood, with the tall houses of the newly built suburbs in the distance, together with Nørrebro church : all these objects combined remind you of an old Flemish landscape ; and more so in the winter season, when the snow lies thick upon the ground and the ditch is frozen.

Concerning the construction of these ramparts there is told a story so horrible I can hardly give credit to its truth, but the Danes themselves relate it. It appears that the earth crumbled down, giving way as fast as the workmen built it up : the engineers themselves were at fault, so they determined to consult a wise woman, who declared the mounds would always continue sinking unless a living child was buried underneath. So they prepared a recess of brickwork under the ramparts, and decorated it gaily with evergreens and flowers, and placed therein a little table and chairs, with toys, and dolls, and sweetmeats, and a tree lighted with many little tapers ; and having enticed a little girl of five years old, they clothed her in new garments, and brought her to the bower accompanied by a band of music ; and whilst the child in her delight played with the dolls and toys, the masons quickly closed up the aperture with

solid brickwork, and shovelled the earth over it: from that time the ramparts sank no more.

In the engravings of Copenhagen, of the year 1587, the walls, machicolated and embellished with numberless round extinguisher-capped white towers, still existed. They now extend from the entrance to the harbour at Christianshavn opposite the Langa-linea, until they join the citadel on the other side of the town.

Within that heavy-looking old red brick house, with massive stone window-copings, reminding you of the Dutch architecture of William's day, once resided Tycho Brahe, the northern luminary of his century. This almost sole remaining house of historic interest in Copenhagen the Danes have shown the good taste not to destroy. It is converted into an almshouse for aged men and women. The building is now under repair, and is being considerably enlarged, in a style of architecture similar to the original construction. I did not visit the interior.

As we continue our ramble, the houses in the street below appear all windows. I defy the occupiers to wash and dress unseen, they are so overlooked from the heights above, and possess no retreat. Now comes the Rosenborg Slot, with its three weathercocks, which always point in different directions; sometimes, though rarely, a reconciliation is effected between two of them, but it is of short duration. Down the street to the right, at the corner of which stand the splendid barracks of the foot guards, is a small low-built house, called "The Golden House," where, in the days of King Frederic III., dwelt the king's alchemist, Burrhi by name, as necessary an appendage to northern royalty of those days, as dwarf, court fool, or negro page.

We now approach the end of our stroll. Look on that little quartier, consisting of twelve streets of toy-box houses, ranged in symmetrical regularity, the domicile and pépinière of Denmark's navy, founded by Christian IV., who loved and protected his sailors. Since the reign of that monarch there they dwell, live, and flourish, as the crowds of small boys, fighting, wrestling, and playing in the Grønlandgade, to which we now descend, will fully testify.

My task as cicerone is at an end: you have seen all—perhaps you will say, too much; at any rate, you have visited in a desultory manner everything that is to be viewed, admired, and condemned in the city of Copenhagen.

CHAPTER XI.

Notice of Thorvaldsen—His Museum—Genius of the New Year—His illustrations of Anacreon—The Mercury, Adonis, and Hydre-dreng—The Hall of Christ—The Guardian Angel—The Angel of Baptism—The last cabinet, with relics of Thorvaldsen.



THE THORVALDSEN MUSEUM.

November.—BERTEL (or Albert) Thorvaldsen was born in Copenhagen, November 19th, 1770. His father Gatsbalk was of Icelandic origin, by trade a shipbuilder, and a carver of images for the navy. The child received his education in the free school, and played about the streets together with other boys of his age. In after life he often related with pleasure how one day, playing on the Kongens Nytorv, he was arrested for some mischievous action, and conveyed to the guard-house, from which, after much fear and trembling, he was dismissed with a strong reprimand. Every morning he accompanied his father to the wharf, and early displayed so decided a turn for sculpture and drawing, that he was, in his eleventh year, placed at the school of the Academy of Arts, where he obtained successively the different prizes of the Academy. On one occasion, while contending for the great gold medal, he was suddenly seized with a fit of discouragement, and left the room by a back entrance; luckily, he encountered on the staircase Professor Abelgaard, who forced him to return; he did so, and gained the prize. To this medal

is attached a travelling stipendium, and the young artist now first quitted his native country for Italy. From early morn till twilight he worked without repose, and when he arrived late at the osteria he contented himself with the remains left by his fellow students.

The period of his stipendium was at an end; he had accomplished a statue of Jason; strangers frequented his studio, admired his work, lauded his talent, but ordered nothing. The day of his departure arrived; he was about to quit Italy at the very moment he began to profit by the advantages derived from his residence; the carriage, with the luggage already corded, stood at the door, when his fellow-traveller was unexpectedly compelled to defer his journey, his passport not being en règle. On that one day's delay hung the fate of Thorvaldsen's future career. The following morning Mr. Hope, having heard of the rising talents of the youthful Dane, visited his studio; he at once appreciated the merits of the statue of Jason, and ordered it to be executed in marble, for the sum of 800 zechins. Thorvaldsen himself had fixed the price at 600. Mr. Hope advanced him a considerable sum to commence the work.

And now a new epoch commences in the life of Thorvaldsen—orders poured in from all sides, even from his own countrymen, who at last discovered his talent. The Royal Commissioners for building the new Palace of Christiansborg and the Frue Kirke became liberal in their orders.

One inveterate enemy, however, pursued Thorvaldsen—the Court architect, Hansen, a German by birth. He it was who constructed all the hideous edifices of his time, by which the Danish capital is so fearfully dis-

figured—the palace, the Frue Kirke, and others—and he might rightly be termed the architectural curse of Copenhagen. Jealous in disposition, he determined, as he expressed himself, “to keep little T. under water.” He did so, as far as he was able. Other princes and people, however, recognised Thorvaldsen as a great artist; the Italians styled him “Il maestro dei bassirilievi.” In the year 1820 he was greatly distressed on receiving a letter from Mr. Hope, inquiring if he would ever send his Jason. Dissatisfied with the first statue, he had destroyed it, and commenced a second, which, however, remained more than twenty years unfinished. He now rallied his energies, worked with incredible celerity, and masterpiece after masterpiece was sent forth from his studio.

Thorvaldsen frequently revisited his native country, and in the year 1838 resolved to quit Italy and establish himself in Denmark. To convey himself as well as his works to Copenhagen, the Danish Government placed at his disposal the frigate “Rota.” The day of his arrival was celebrated as a national festival. The roads were crowded with boats; and, though the day was damp and foggy, at the moment Thorvaldsen left the frigate, and was received by the cheers of his countrymen, a splendid rainbow burst forth, adding to the attractions of the scene. Apartments were allotted to him in the palace of Charlottenborg, looking out on the Botanical Gardens; and here he resided during the remainder of his life.

Thorvaldsen was no courtier: overwhelmed with invitations, to prevent jealousy he gave orders to his servant Wilkens, the present custode of the Museum, always to accept the first invitation, whether from prince or artisan; and it was Wilkens’s duty to tell him each

day where he was to go. One morning, Christian VIII., having visited his studio, before leaving invited him to dine the following Thursday. Thorvaldsen looked at Wilkens, who was standing near the door, and asked, "Can I?" Wilkens, somewhat embarrassed, replied, "Ørsted." "I thank your Majesty," said Thorvaldsen, "but on Thursday it is Ørsted's* birthday, and he would be hurt if I refused his invitation." Frank and simple in his language, he was somewhat too much so in his letters. Once, in Italy, a prince of royal blood, who owed him a considerable sum of money, seemed disinclined to discharge the debt. At Thorvaldsen's request, one of his countrymen indited a letter, in his name, demanding payment: the style of the epistle was too humble: Thorvaldsen quickly tore it up, and wrote instead, "Your Royal Highness, I must have my money."

Unspoiled by the attention and respect he received, he continued simple-minded and child-like to the last. He passed much of his time at the manor of Nysø, in Zealand, the property of Baron Stampe, where a studio was built for him in the garden, and where he executed many of his later works.

Thorvaldsen died suddenly 24th of March, 1844. His funeral was conducted with the greatest solemnity. First in the procession walked a deputation from the navy. On the coffin, borne by students and artists, were laid his numerous decorations; and it was covered with garlands placed thereon by the queen and princesses. The little children of Copenhagen subscribed together their skilings, and purchased with the proceeds a garland of

* Minister of State.

silver leaves to place upon the bier. All delighted to honour him,—the high, the humble,—the rich, the poor,—the old, and the young.

When the funeral procession arrived at the church of Our Lady, the king, the prince, and magnates of the land, all left their seats, and accompanied the coffin to the altar. All Denmark came forward on that day to attend the funeral of one they had loved and respected when living, and whose unrivalled talent added to the glory of their country.

By his last will, with the exception of a sum bequeathed to his natural daughter, he left all his property to found a museum for his works and collections in Copenhagen, the inauguration of which took place in 1848.

Thorvaldsen never married. He was for many years engaged to a Miss Mackenzie, a young Scotch lady, to whom he was much attached; but the course, however, of his true love ran not smooth, and the marriage was broken off.

In accordance with his expressed desire, he lies interred within the inner court of the building. An oblong box of polished granite, planted with ivy, covers over his remains. He requires no more. Like Sir Christopher Wren, he may exclaim, “*Si monumentum æqueris, circumspice.*”

The Thorvaldsen Museum was built partly at the public cost, the sum bequeathed by the illustrious sculptor proving insufficient to defray the expenses of its erection.

Of the exterior of the edifice itself I will say little; it is hideous in every point of view, and one of the numerous examples of the folly of transplant-

ing the architecture of sunny Greece and Italy to a northern clime. It is a blot to the city of Copenhagen. Around the outer wall runs a colossal fresco, in true Etruscan tints, on a dark background, which depicts the arrival and disembarkation of Thorvaldsen, with his various works of art, in the capital of his native country. The Dying Lion, the Angel, Countess Østermann, Pope Pius, Ganymede, huge yellow bales marked A. T., rise in profusion, reminding me somewhat of the slides of a magic-lantern. This fresco now appears somewhat ludicrous, particularly as many of the figures are likenesses of well-known individuals: could they be covered up for a century, they would be highly interesting at the expiration of the period; greatly, however, to the credit of Copenhagen small boys, they remain uninjured—undecorated with “spectacles on nose,” or pipes suspended to their mouths.

A long corridor surrounds the spot where Thorvaldsen lies interred; the pavement tessellated; the ceilings blue and starry; against the walls, which are dark and in good relief, are placed many of the sculptor's largest works.

It is always pleasant on entering a strange house, of whose contents you feel profoundly ignorant, to stumble on an old acquaintance: it puts you in good humour, and carries back the mind far away to days gone by, and scenes half forgotten rise fresh to your memory. Such were my feelings when, on entering the corridor, my eye lighted on the Lion of Lucerne dying on the fleur-de-lys of France, erected to the memory of the faithful Swiss guard who fell on the 10th August, 1792, in the defence of France's sovereign. Then comes the celebrated frieze the Triumph of Alexander, executed by Thorvaldsen in expectation of the proposed visit of

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Napoleon to Rome. Napoleon never came. One copy of the frieze is at Copenhagen, in the palace of Christiansborg, one at Rome, the third in the villa of Count Sommariva, on Lake Como. At the conclusion of the frieze the artist introduces himself—the last figure—in conversation with a Grecian soldier. The Sermon of St. John the Baptist now decorates the unseemly church of Our Lady: the head of the woman seated, with a child, on the right-hand side, is the bust of Vittoria Cadone, the celebrated Roman beauty, who, picked up as a child by M. Kæstner, the Hanoverian Minister, became the admiration of the seven-hilled city.

Many are the busts of the great—more of the forgotten; among the former that of Napoleon apotheosised, crowned with bay-leaves, borne aloft on the wings of the imperial eagle. This is admirably executed, and of classic beauty.

In the adjoining vestibule stand many of his well-known statues—that of Gutenberg, now in the public Place of Mayence; of Pius VII. seated in his papal chair, which we have all seen, but not admired, in St. Peter's at Rome; of Eugene of Leuchtenberg, of Maximilian of Bavaria, both at Munich; and of Joseph Poniatowski, intended to be erected at Warsaw, but the intention was never carried out. What became of this statue no one knows; the revolution broke out; the pieces forwarded from Rome in detail disappeared; perhaps, like the statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, they may be again discovered and brought to light in some succeeding century.

Within the cabinets which we now enter are contained the gems of the collection; and here you may linger hour after hour, and at each succeeding visit drink

in fresh beauties. The bas-reliefs are exquisite, all gems of loveliness: of his statues I infinitely prefer his males to those of the female sex. Thorvaldsen was no admirer of the Rubens school of beauty, and perhaps his fault lay on the other side; his young girls are emblems of purity and innocence, somewhat too thin and unrounded even for youth. His Psyches and his Hebes are charmingly designed, but his full-grown women are mostly failures. We now enter cabinet the first, where, along with the Ganymede, too chétif, if I may use a French expression, stands encrusted in the walls the pretty bas-relief which forms the well-known frontispiece of each Danish almanac, "The Genius of the New Year." From his arm hangs a garland of spring flowers, in one hand a sickle, in the other some wheatears and a bunch of grapes; while his skated feet glide over the sign of Capricorn in the Zodiac which surrounds him.

"The Ages of Love" would reconcile the most determined old bachelor to the existence of infantine beauty and squalling babies. Psyche, seated near a wicker basket of Loves, distributes them to mortals of all ages: the Loves peep out and struggle between the wicker bars; a small child, curious, of course, wants to know what he is too young to understand; he would like to play with them—he lifts the covered cloth and peeps in. His sister, older still, from an undefined sensation, bends forward to the embrace of a small Cupid who tries to reach her. From that age all marches en règle—Adolescence and Manhood; Middle Age holds a Love indolently by his wings,—she no longer cares about it; Old Age (he ought to be ashamed of himself) stretches out his arms, but Love laughs at him and flies away, refusing to be caught by decrepitude. A copy of this

charming work is in the possession of Lord Taunton, one of Thorvaldsen's earliest friends and patrons.

There is a luxe of beauty in the second cabinet—"The Infant Genii making music:" "Love stealing from the couch of Psyche asleep:" and prettier still, "Psyche, lamp in hand, peeping at Cupid in bed." "Love cherishing the Serpent of Hygeia" was struck to celebrate the "silver marriage" of King Christian VIII. and his amiable Queen, Caroline Amalie of Augustenborg. In this cabinet are contained five or six more bas-reliefs: Love, always Love, the subject, and all charming to gaze upon. "The Dance of the Muses on Mount Helicon" is in his early style; the drapery tells of Canova's school, somewhat meretricious. "Venus," a pretty Venus, too, though I have seen others I like better; she looks modest and pure. Three copies of this statue were sent to England, and all, strange to say, came to grief: one in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire now wears a golden bracelet to conceal her damage; those of Lord Lucan and Lord Taunton both met with accidents on their voyage from Italy. "Love taming the Lion:" fearlessly he flogs him, as a schoolboy would his Shetland pony, while the king of quadrupeds trots along quiet and passive.

"Love drinking wine with Bacchus;" not the youthful Bacchus, but Bacchus crowned with smilax wreath, still beautiful, though half besotted. "Love harboured by Anacreon:" admirably are expressed in the marble the old man's care and tenderness for the frozen child, who, viper-like, pierces the breast of his protector with his winged shaft. "Jason carrying off the Golden Fleece"—the property of Mr. Hope: Thorvaldsen is said to have much improved on the plaster cast; it

is, however, as it stands, a fine expressive statue, somewhat high-hipped, like the Apollo Belvedere.

And now we come to four bas-reliefs destined to adorn the pedestal of the statue of Achilles, which was never executed. In that of "Briseis carried off from Achilles" the figure of the enraged hero is admirable: he sits convulsed with passion, stamps with rage, clenches his fist till the veins swell ready to burst.

In the bas-relief of "Hebe serving wine to Hercules" the Hebe is the prettiest of all Thorvaldsen's females; not the modest Hebe, but Hebe bright and sparkling, patroness of modern barmaids: she froths up the wine, or whatever it may be, for Hercules, who holds out his cup, and evidently enjoys being chaffed. "Mars under the influence of Love" is a fine group; a beau ideal of manly beauty made a fool of. In "Homer singing before the people," Thorvaldsen has introduced his own likeness and that of Lord Taunton. "Hector reproaching Paris:" the soft effeminate Paris, his limbs relaxed by indulgence, his muscles unstrung; Helen, calm and insidious, takes the part of her lover; while Hector, active and vigorous, a man of thew and sinews, forms an admirable counterpart to his listless brother.

Who does not know "Night," one of Thorvaldsen's fairest conceptions? Night, crowned with poppy-heads, wafts softly through the air two children, one dead and hanging nerveless in her arms, while his brother sleeps calmly: the very marble breathes sweet sleep; you feel that the infant will wake up at break of day refreshed and invigorated. This bas-relief might act as a narcotic to the invalid; there is something soporific in the very act of gazing on it. In the space of four hours did Thorvaldsen compose and execute this most charming of his

works. He sat as usual, his dog Teverino on one side, his cat on the other—they always bore him company—and worked away while the spirit was on him. “Day,” too, the companion, he composed the same afternoon. Day, bright and fresh, her face washed in dew, scatters her glittering flowers; they sparkle as they fall: the infant genius, her companion, must be the very child who slept so calmly in Night’s arms, the beau ideal of health and vigour. Copies of “Day” and “Night” were executed for the late Lord Lucan.

“Love stung by a Bee:” no Spartan child was Cupid; he rushes in an agony of pain and terror to Venus, roaring most lustily. Thorvaldsen loved greatly the Odes of Anacreon, and has portrayed them all, or nearly so. Again, we have “Venus, Cupid, and Mars in the forge of Vulcan:” calmly sits Venus and cajoles her lord and master; he, duped by the wiles of his faithless spouse, quietly forges the arms destined for his rival, while Cupid, childlike, plays with the finished javelin.

And now we approach the gem of the collection, the “Mercury,” pronounced by all judges to equal the finest productions of Grecian art—“Mercury about to slay Argus:” stealthily he draws his weapon; in his left hand he holds his pipe, as though about to play. In form, perfection; not one ounce of superfluous flesh has he; a fit messenger of the Gods, ready to fly at a moment’s notice; his features are of exquisite but of a bad beauty, for Mercury was god of thieves as well: no woman could ever love such a face, or, if she did and trusted him, Heaven help her! for sorrow would be her lot. Thorvaldsen, one day walking in the streets of Rome, saw a young Roman boy talking with some girls selling fruit; the attitude struck his fancy, and from it

he composed his statue of Mercury. I know no work of his, or indeed of any sculptor, to be compared to this: the original is in the possession of Lord Ashburton.

In the adjoining cabinet stands the statue of the Princess Bariatinsky, ordered by her husband: half the money was paid to the artist in advance, but the statue when completed remained in his studio. The prince died, and when, many years later, it was claimed by his son, his claim came too late; the statue had already been removed to Copenhagen, and the Danish Government refused to cede the original: the prince was therefore compelled to content himself with a copy executed by Bissen. The attitude of the princess is dignified and commanding; the drapery, a masterpiece of art, falls naturally, apparently without any arrangement. In this work Thorvaldsen excelled himself. The funeral monument of the youthful Bethmann Holwegg is a strange jumble of the sacred and profane: the dying boy extends to his brother his civic crown. What is a civic crown in these matter-of-fact days? is it a sort of German freedom of the city in a snuff-box, or what? His genius stands behind him, a beautiful figure: on one division are his mother and sister, convulsed with grief; to the right the Goddess Nemesis, the river Arno, and a lion, to decipher all which an Œdipus would be required: it is a pity to see so much good work expended on such an enigma.

Then we have the genius of matrimony, Hymen and Cupid, in honour of the marriage of his present Majesty and the Princess Wilhelmina. The rejected statue of Lord Byron we all know, so long unpacked in the Custom-house of London, now at last housed in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The poet

is here done justice to; he looks inspired, his mouth half opened, his dress—in spite of the unbecoming character of modern male attire—hangs easily upon him, and under Thorvaldsen's chisel becomes inoffensive, if not graceful. "Ganymede feeding the Eagle of Jupiter:" one of the prettiest of the sculptor's conceptions; the face of the boy is beautiful, while the eye of the eagle flashes fire in the very marble. Endless are the bas-reliefs of Loves, each prettier than the other: well was Thorvaldsen termed the sculptor of Love; no one ever equalled him in the number of such compositions.

"Adonis,"—the original is in the Glyptothec at Munich, —graceful and listless, tired after hunting: the marble is I hear much improved upon, and I hope refined. Beautiful though the statue be, it does not bring to my mind the hunter boy from whose blood the graceful wind-flower sprang: he is somewhat too fleshy, and resembles more the pampered favourite of Hadrian, the young Antinous.

On, on! we must not linger:—and now we have the "Herds Boy" (Hyrdreng), own brother to Adonis. While Thorvaldsen was engaged in the execution of the Adonis, the model long reposed in the attitude here represented: so enchanted was Thorvaldsen with his pose that he struck him off at once, seating his dog Teverino by his side. It is one of his very best productions, and rivals the "Mercury," though I for one can never allow that it equals it. Mercury is the triumph of the ideal, and cannot be put in the same category with the graceful model of a Roman peasant. Any day, on traversing the Campagna, or by the shores of the Mediterranean, your eye will light on fishers, shepherds, groups endowed with a grace, an abandon

of limb, the natural effect of a sunny clime, not to be acquired by the most studied lessons of an accomplished ballet-master. The Hyrde-dreng is nature in all her freshness, as mankind would always be were it unencumbered by the conventionalities of civilization. Mercury is nature refined, idealised, a composition of the highest order of art. The statue of Thorvaldsen leaning on Hope is dignified, and is said to be an admirable likewise of the sculptor. "Why did you so represent yourself, leaning on Hope too, at your advanced age?" inquired a friend. "Because," replied Thorvaldsen, "in modelling my own statue, I thought right to assume the severest style of Æginætan art: I could not idealize myself as I might another, it would have appeared ridiculous."

Having finished with gods and nymphs, with heroes ancient and modern, we enter the "Hall of Christ." Universal was the genius of Thorvaldsen: in his Mercuries he equalled the sculptors of early Greece, and now, in subjects of higher interest, he awes you with the solemnity of his productions. In Italy, Spain, and other Roman Catholic countries, our Lord is mostly represented in his agony, nailed to the cross, sad and painful to gaze upon; here, He stands, dignified yet benign, surrounded by the Twelve Apostles; mild and exquisitely beautiful in countenance, he extends his arms to those who seek consolation, and appears as though he were pronouncing the divine words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." There is something encouraging in his attitude; tenderness and goodness are expressed in every feature. I prefer the plaster cast in this museum to the marble statue itself in Our Lady's church: the cast

stands uncovered against the dark background, while the statue is disfigured by tawdry velvet hangings. Of the figures of the Twelve Apostles, that of St. Paul is perhaps the most striking : his attitude, unlike that of the Redeemer, is one of warning and reproof ; deep thought is expressed on his countenance ; he has thought much, and perhaps, like all converts, somewhat harshly of mankind ; he would frighten, drive the sinner to repentance. Opposite to St. Paul stands St. Peter, keys in hand : a fine face, but not the intellect of his fellow Apostle ; and there Thorvaldsen showed his judgment. St. Peter was not a man of education ; he was the humble lowly fisherman, from whose mouth the truth came. St. John, beautiful, youthful, holy, writes down the word from inspiration ; St. Matthew from dictation. Charming is the statue of St. James the younger, with his palmer's hat and staff : joyful he sets forth on his journey to preach the truth, love and goodwill towards man ; no thought of the future, no anticipation of imprisonment, torture, and death overshadows his countenance. These statues are all of them more or less admirable. I merely mention those which appear to me most characteristic of the individuals they represent.

Two bas-reliefs in this salle are worthy of remark, and interesting from the histories attached to their execution. One, "The Guardian Angel," is symbolical of Thorvaldsen's own history and early life : the angel is represented as sending the child forth into the world, shadowed by her own protecting wing. The other is "Christian Charity." A ruined Norwegian merchant, Gumrums by name, in the earlier part of the present century, wrote to Thorvaldsen, imploring him to save him and his family from utter starvation by giving him one of

his bas-reliefs, which he might dispose of, and by the proceeds recommence some new trade or occupation. Thorvaldsen, ever open to the appeals of his countrymen, composed the bas-relief of "Christian Charity:" it arrived too late; the merchant had already sunk under the weight of his misfortunes; but his children benefited by the kindness of the artist, and received the price of the marble bas-relief now in the church of Our Lady at Copenhagen.

Having finished with all sacred subjects, let us again turn to the profane—to the "Kneeling Angel" *—for sacred I cannot term her—pronounced by Thorvaldsen himself to be his best work. Well, it would be arrogance on my part to contradict him: beautiful it is, no one can deny, but not the beauty of holiness. We read how the artists of the middle ages, before composing the portrait or statue of some holy saint, watched, fasted, and prayed, until they worked their ideas into a state of mental extasy, and then were delivered of those gems of the ideal holy and undefiled, such as Raphael painted, the glory of each southern gallery. So did not Thorvaldsen. He thus expressed his ideas to a friend: "My statue shall be half woman, half angel." The real woman, his model, was present before his eyes, and the angel, a mere creation of the brain, was nowhere; so the daughter of man got the best of it. The angel is a woman, such as we have all of us seen, and that right often; a woman, too, who would grow fat early in life, soon "show her stays" and lose her figure. Were there anything sacred about the matter, English ladies would never

* The Angel of Baptism (Daabens Engel) forms the baptismal font in the Frue Kirke.

have converted this baptismal font into a drinking fountain for their dogs; and in nine houses out of ten in England, where you find lapdogs, there will you also find "The Kneeling Angel" of Thorvaldsen.

As we mount the staircase, before us midway stands the colossal Hercules—Hercules every inch of him—more interesting to anatomists than to the world in general. Three several times did Thorvaldsen nearly lose his life during the execution of this huge colossus: stepping back from the figure to observe the effect of his modelling, he fell headlong from the scaffolding to the floor beneath; each time, by good fortune, uninjured. The corresponding corridor above contains more statues, more bas-reliefs, many repetitions of those we have visited below. One cabinet holds his original models; while in the remaining are exposed to view the various collections of pictures, statuary, coins, gems, Etruscan vases, &c., bequeathed by him to his country, and directed by his will to be kept for ever separated from other similar collections. Among the pictures, chiefly of the modern school, some good, others purchased from a charitable feeling from poorer artists, hangs his own portrait by Horace Vernet, executed at the very time he modelled the bust of that celebrated painter. An excellent honest face was Thorvaldsen's, with a benign expression, fine broad expansive forehead, altogether characteristic of the North. Among the Roman antiquities you will find two small arrowheads of the Stone period, encrusted in gold, worn as amulets round the neck, as preservatives probably against witchcraft. These were discovered in Italy, far removed from the region of their origin.

And now we approach the last cabinet. Step gently,

you are on almost sacred ground. You may imagine yourself in the salon of the artist himself. Here are arranged his furniture, his pictures as they existed in his lifetime, his tables, chairs, his very inkstand. Fifteen years have elapsed since his spirit fled; it seems as though he left them yesterday. Protected by a glass-case stands the model of a head of Luther, unfinished, on which the sculptor worked the very day of his death. Against the walls hangs his last sketch, an *ébauche* in crayon—the Genius of Sculpture seated on the shoulder of the statue of Jupiter; among the portraits is a family group of his daughter, her husband Colonel Paulsen, and her children, boy and girl. The latter was not destined to reach woman's estate—she died not long since: of the boy I know nothing.

There is something solemn and touching in this finale to our wanderings: it brings the sculptor home to your mind, and I have always observed that visitors leave this chamber somewhat quiet and subdued, speak little when there, and in a voice half whisper. Before quitting the building let us pay a short visit to his old servant Wilkens, now custode of the museum.

I did so early one morning before the crowd arrived, expressly to see some sketches from the hand of Thorvaldsen. After inspecting several, the old man's heart warmed on the subject, and, unlocking drawer after drawer, he displayed to me various relics of his beloved master. There was the heavy uncouth silver watch—his property when he first left his native city for the South; a better one, purchased in later and more prosperous days; and lastly, a gold chronometer, the gift of an English friend. Then there were his spectacles with broad silver rims, implements of various kinds,

and lastly, the plaster cast of the sculptor's hand, taken after death, between the fingers of which is inserted the very spatula he used in the moulding of his last work, the head of Luther.

Admirable is the arrangement of this museum—a credit to the talents of the illustrious man who adorned it with such glorious produce of his art, and not less a credit to the country who appreciated him as he deserved, and, setting aside all jealousy of rank, birth, and precedence, acknowledged and treated as the “first personage of the kingdom” the son of an humble carpenter, Bertel Thorvaldsen.

CHAPTER XII.

Who's who in Denmark — Creation of the titled nobility by King Christian V. — Danish patronymics — Simplicity of the Danish names — Surnames only recently adopted — Antiquity of the name of Grubbe — Families of Scotch extraction — Royal Picture Gallery — Rantzau le Beau — Zeemann, the sailor artist — Journal of Albert Dürer — Portraits of Prince Henry and Charles I. — Carl v. Mander and A. Wuchter — Pastels of Professor Juel.



WHO'S WHO IN DENMARK.

December.—THE orders of titled nobility exist only in Denmark since the reign of Christian V. Previous to the year 1670 the titles of Baron and Count were unknown : all those who were of noble birth, "armigeri," or created so by letters patent, were styled "noble," without any extra distinction. The favourite minister of King Christian, by whose advice this revolution was created, was probably not unwilling to exchange his plebeian name of Schumacher for the more high-sounding appellation of Count Griffenfeld, by which he is chiefly known in history. In 1671 he created nine Counts and twenty-five baronial houses.

The nobility was then divided into three heads—Counts, Barons, and those who bore no title at all. Among these last were many of the oldest families of the kingdom, who refused to be parties to the monarch's innovation. Certain privileges were granted to the new-made Counts and Barons, and thirteen Counties (Grevs-

kaber *) were created into fiefs, which the Counts held as vassals of the Crown. They had the rights of "sanctuary" within their own domains for all crimes except "lèse-majesté"—the right of "treasure trove" on their estates, as well as "flotsam et jetsam," with exemption from taxes and all ordinary imposts. Each county was held by feudal tenure, and a fine was payable at the death of the proprietor, according to the regulations of the charter by which it was held. The county of Langeland paid a purse of red velvet containing 400 gold rose nobles; Laurwigen three iron guns; in the same manner as the small seigneuries of the Channel Islands and many ancient manors of England are still or were formerly held of the Crown.

The privileges of the Barons were much less than those of the Counts, and at the proclamation of the constitution of 1849 these (with the exception, perhaps, of that of sealing their letters with red wax) were abolished.

The only instance of the rank of Duke being conferred upon a subject occurs in the person of Knud Porse, Duke of Samsø and South Halland, of whom we have already made mention. †

It was not until after the reign of Frederic I. that the Danish nobles definitively assumed patronymics. Previous to that time they merely continued to be called

* These were Danneskiold-Laurwigen and Danneskiold-Samsø, both bestowed on sons of royalty—the first on the son of Frederic III. by Margaret Pappen; the second on the son of Christian V. by Sophia Moth: both bore the traditional name of Gyldenløve (see p. 43). The remaining Counties were Reventlow, Holstein, Langeland (Ahlfeldt), Wedellsborg, Jarlsborg, Knuthenborg, Gyldensteen, Schackenborg, Rantzau, Frisenborg, and Scheel. The fiefs of Laurwig and Jarlsborg were lost with Norway.

† See p. 91.

by the name of the father, with son or sen added, and were only distinguished by their coats of arms.* The Danish patronymics are singularly short and undistinguished, and the older the family the uglier they are. It is not to be wondered at that, on the creation of the titled nobility, Christian, as well as the individuals ennobled, were glad to smarten up their names into something more imposing than those they had received from their fathers before them. I have copied out a few from the Armorial, which somewhat struck my fancy, and give them, chrysalis as they were, and butterfly as they become:—

Hansen	1686	becomes	Rosenkreutz.
Hassius	1718	„	Lillienpalm.
Hansen	1748	„	Lilliendal.
Marselius	„	Gyldencrone.
Meyer	1721	„	Meyerkrone.
Nielsen	1679	„	Rosenpalm.
Piper	1695	„	Løvcrone.
Pott	„	Pottendorff.
Smit	1676	„	Lillienschiold.
Wesel	1716	„	Tordenskiold.

And many others.

It is amusing to see what favour lilies, roses, lions, crowns, and thunder, enjoy in the newly-selected appellations.

I do not consider this change of name to have been an affair of vanity so much as of necessity: it was quite requisite to strike out something new from the insupportable confusion arising from the numerous branches of the same families. In the Danish Armorial I find, under the head of Nielsen, 19 different coats of arms, 9 distinct families of Andersen, 14 Bagge, 8 Basse, 10

* As late as 1591 many of the nobles are still designated as Mathisen (Krogenos), Maurisen (Bølle), &c.

Bugge, 23 Jensen, 18 Jonsen, 10 Munk, 19 Olafsen, 10 Skytte, and many other families in equal proportion.

The town of Copenhagen swarms with Jensens, Hansens,* Petersens, Thomsens, and all possible "sens." Were it not for the Germans, I scarcely know what would become of them. When a peasant woman—say Catherina—captivated by the attractions of Hans the butcher, or of Niels the tailor, entered into the bonds of wedlock with one or the other, she forthwith bore the name of the trade of her husband, and henceforth became Catherina Butcher, or Tailor, as the case might be.

Very few names of real Danish origin are to be found among the titled nobility. They consist chiefly of the families of note who have been naturalized in the country since the year 1659; still some do exist of pure Danish descent—as Bielke, Bille, Brahe, Hardenberg,† Rosenkrantz, Thott, Trolle, Ulfeld, &c., though even among these are some of Holstein extraction.

But now let us turn to those who, less euphonious, are noted among the oldest families of the kingdom. Many are marked as "Gammel familie uddod"—extinct—and I am sure for those who are blessed with sensitive ears it's a mercy they are so:—"And (duck), Alf (elf), Begger (pitch, old Danish), Bolt (bolt), Bier, Blaa (blue), Daa (doe), Demp, Dan, Eek, Fleb, Fos (waterfall), Flue (fly), Gagge, Glib (net), Glob, Glud, Glug (hole), Grib

...* It is only of late years that surnames have been adopted by the common people. A law was issued by which every one was ordered to remain somebody's son in *sæcula sæculorum*; and as more Hans had sons than other individuals, Han-sen is the prevailing name among the lower orders.

† The name of Hardenberg occurs as far back as 1095; Ulfeld in 1396.

(vulture), Grip, Grim (soot), Gamm (vulture), Griis (pig), Greb (dungfork), Hø (hay), Iis (ice), Kalf (calf), Knæ (knee), Knat, Kud, Krum (crooked), Moth, Myg (gnat), Müus (mouse), Myrk, Naes (nose), Neff, Neb, Oxe (ox), Pee, Pig (spike), Prip, Quie (heifer), Rod (root), Rud, Skaal (cup), Saxe (scissors), Skytte (marksman), Slet (plain), Sot (sickness), Splid and Split (discord and rent), Stud (bullock), Strud (end), Ran (robbery), Snubbe (1388), Steak, Stick, Suur (sour), Svab, Sviin (hog), Taa (toe)—excessively ancient and now unhappily extinct. Fancy writing an elegy on the “last of the Toes”! *

The names of the great Norwegian families were just as simple. I find enumerated among those of Christian I.'s time Smør and Ost—butter and cheese.

Many of the earliest and most ancient Danish names are common in England, and are in all probability of Scandinavian origin: as they are all “noble” here, there can be no affront in supposing so:—Achesen, Baad (boat), Bagge, Basse (wild boar), Beck (streamlet), Bing (bin), Biel, Budde (messenger), Bølle (Buller, bilberry), Brand (fire), Brun (brown), Burns (1680), Byg (buck), Bourke, Dene, Due (dove), Galt (boar), Felden, Fleming (Olaf dictus, 1316, old record), Foxe (1268), Franke, Hind, Heye (hay), Frost, Graa (gray), Drage (dragon), Flint, Dyre (deer), Klerk, Keith (knot), Kidd, Green, Haar (Hore), Hair, Hare (1333), Hoste (cough), Jesson, Knap (button), Krabbe (crab), Krag (crow), Lang (law), Lester, Moss, Munk, Myre (ant), Orm (worm), Paak (Poke), Paris, Pike, Piper, Portman

* As so many of these names, and those of the following paragraph, translate themselves, it is unnecessary to give their meaning.

(1471), Jermin, Pott, Romer, Seefeld,¹ Stær (starling), Tideman, Todde, Winter, &c.

The family mentioned as *Ældgammel* par excellence is that of Grubbe, one of the oldest in the kingdom, and, strange to relate, this said name, certainly not imposing in its sound, bears in England the same palm of antiquity as its Scandinavian cousin. Many years since, when Lord Lansdowne; as Lord-Lieutenant of Wiltshire, neglected to place on the list of magistrates the name of a certain Mr. Grub, a perfect ferment was excited in the county. The then youthful Lord Kerry, astonished at the excitement, inquired somewhat sneeringly, "Pray who is this Mr. Grub?" The answer he received was, "Mr. Grub possessed lands in the county of Wiltshire centuries before Lord Lansdowne's family was ever heard of in Ireland."

Among the list of noble families I find many of Scotch extraction, who have settled in Denmark during the middle ages; but, strange to say, not one Irishman.

First on the list of Scots appears the name of Sinclair, of whom there are two families. In the year 1380 Henricus de Sancto Claro attested, as one of the council of the kingdom, that Erik was alone heir to the crown of Scandinavia: in 1389 he was created Count of Orkney by Erik, who was then associated in the government with Queen Margaret. This family bear arms nearly similar to those of the Scotch Sinclairs—a cross engrailed, quartering four ships with three masts. The later family of this name, who settled in 1607 at Sinclairs Holm, bear as their arms four lions rampant over a cross engrailed.

The Sandersons, too, stand high, ennobled by Erik of Pomerania; Dunbar in 1646; Duncan 1685; Durham,

an admiral, died in 1598; Balfour and Arnold in the last century; Forbes 1560; Keith, a General under Frederic V., 1771; Lockhart, one of the earliest Scotch settlers in Denmark. Of English settlers I have found no mention. Two Frenchmen, de Fontenay by name, distinguished themselves as admirals in the Danish service — a most remarkable event in the page of northern history.

PICTURE GALLERY AT CHRISTIANSBORG PALACE.

From time to time I love to visit a second-rate gallery, where no first-class pictures of the Italian school entirely engross your attention, and prevent you from poking among artists good in themselves, but of less account in the world's opinion. This I found to be the case in the Royal Gallery, which, though by no means rich in first-class works, contains much to please in the Dutch and Flemish schools. The pictures of the Italian masters are few, and those, for the most part, have been sadly injured by injudicious restoration. It was raining "shoemakers' boys," as the Danes say, the morning of my first visit. I went, perhaps, not prepared to be pleased; but, when my eyes first lighted on a St. Catherine by Luini, bearing a palm in her right hand, and behind her the wheel on which she suffered martyrdom, recollections of Milan and her Gallery rose up before my memory, and I already felt in a better humour. King Louis of Bavaria, who well knows what he is about, offered a large sum of money for this picture. It has, however, suffered, like the rest, about the forehead and throat. It was purchased from the Gallery of Cardinal Valenti, some

hundred years since, by the King of Denmark. Copies of it exist in the Borghese Gallery, as well as in the Palace of Hampton Court. Add to this the picture of "Cadmus sowing the Dragon's Teeth," by Salvator Rosa—a work highly esteemed, though more to be admired for the excellence of its painting than interesting in itself; a second, by the same master, of "Jonah preaching to the Ninevites," executed by order of Christian IV. for the chapel of Frederiksborg; a "Murder of Abel," by Luca Giordano; and some heads by Carlo Dolce,—and you now know what in the gallery is best worth looking at of the Italian school.

When Cardinal Valenti brought over his pictures from Italy to Antwerp, art was at a discount; after his death the collection was disposed of by his heirs, and the cream of the Dutch school I am about to describe were chiefly purchased at his sale. The "Christ at Emmaus," by Rembrandt, which has been engraved by Jean de Frey, is highly thought of; but I have never as yet been able to see it in a good light, so cannot judge of its qualities; the portrait of a young Dutchman of rank, called in the Nagler catalogue "his own portrait," by the same author, in velvet toque and sunny locks, is admirable.

The "Judgment of Solomon," by Rubens, is the glory of the gallery; but, as often occurs in large easel pictures, the one half, containing the bad mother, the soldier, and living child, is so infinitely superior in composition to the rest of the picture, that Solomon, in all his glory, is, together with the real mother, thrown quite into the shade; added to which, in the bad mother you recognise the sweet features and fair form of your old acquaintance Helena Formann. The

drawing of the soldier and child, scimitar in hand, is excellent; the infant hangs so boneless—so helpless, and the man is, in contrast, such a display of muscle, that you feel the sword must come down; it takes away your breath.* In one corner of this picture is inscribed, around a coat-of-arms, “Mons. Josias de Ranzau, Maréchal de France, me l’a donné;” though who “me” was nobody knows—supposed to have been some Holstein nobleman. This Maréchal de Rantzau was a Dane of noble birth, who took service under Louis XIII., and was so highly in favour with the queen that the northern gossips of the century asserted him to have been the father of Louis XIV. himself. That Rantzau was a man of great personal attractions—fair-haired, a true son of the North—an engraving of his portrait, after Rousselet, leaves no cause for doubt.† There is another excellent painting by Rubens, the portrait of Matthew Irselius, an aged abbot of the St. Michael’s convent at Antwerp, died 1629, which was painted by Rubens to adorn the superb monument of his old and intimate friend, constructed of white marble; but nothing looked well inserted in such a

* An original pen-and-ink drawing of this picture exists, in the possession of Mr. Hartzler, in Hamburg; it has also been engraved by Cornelius Visscher.

† “Rantzau le Beau” he was called, though his beauty became later sadly mutilated, for he lost a leg, an eye, an arm, and an ear in Flanders, Arras, Dôle, and elsewhere, but died in his bed, at Paris, aged 41, in 1640. Folks say he wore a sword with an enchanted handle, an heirloom descended to him from his great-grandmother Anne Walstorf, who was called by a mountaineer to aid his wife in childbirth underground, in return for which he presented her with a nugget of gold, which she caused to be made into a herring. This herring later formed the handle of Josias Rantzau’s sword, and bore him good luck whenever he used it.

frame, everything appeared dark, so Rubens executed the picture in his most glowing colouring. The convent was suppressed in 1793, and, during the occupation of Antwerp by the French, was turned into a stable. What became of the epitaphium I know not; the picture disappeared, and eventually found its way into the collection of the King of Denmark.

The portrait, by Vandyke, of an English lady of the court of Charles I., holding in her hand a rose, is a great beauty. I was unable to find out who she was. By Both there are two good pictures; one, a Sunrise in the environs of Terni, with groups of shepherds driving their cattle by the side of the streamlet, is a glorious specimen of this favourite master; Woodburn, when at Copenhagen, some years since, pronounced this painting to be one of the "imperial pictures of Europe." The second, a Muleteer descending a mountain pass, warm and sunny, has been considerably injured.

Of Aldert van Everdingen * little is known out of Denmark. A Dutchman by birth, he was much employed in the painting of ceilings in Holland, as Verrio and La Guerre were in England somewhat later. Wishing to procure employment, he determined to visit that country, and try his fortune, after the restoration of Charles II. He expected probably to find protection among the Cavaliers, perhaps from the king himself, whom he had met with in Holland during their exile: he embarked on board a merchant vessel, and somehow, encountering a terrific storm, got wrecked (the sailors must have been drunk or the compass gone distracted to steer so far out of their course) on the

* Ob. 1675.

coast of Norway. Here a new light broke upon the Dutchman; accustomed to the formal scenery and stagnant canals of his native land, fascinated by the glorious aspect of the fiordes and forests, he remained many years in the country where chance had cast him, and turned his talents from "sprawling gods" to the study of the wild nature by which he was surrounded. His works are almost exclusively to be found in Denmark; and five charming landscapes of Norway's wildest scenery are to be met with in this royal gallery.

A setting Sun in Switzerland, by Jan van Hackaert, is another of Woodburn's "imperial pictures;" while, by Ruysdael, a general favourite with all lovers of the Dutch school, there are several charming representations of scenes in the wild Ardennes, of torrent and rock, with frowning heaven, menacing both man and nature. One of these pictures has been engraved by P. Schrobers. A group of flowers, freshly gathered, though some hundred and fifty years since, by Van Huysum, live and bloom immortal on the canvas—those old Dutch flowers of bygone times, carnations, poppies, narcissus, auriculas, and rosebuds, burst into healthy blossom, with birds'-nest, snail, and butterfly, worth all the orchidaceæ of the present century.

Of Lucas Cranach there are many curious and interesting specimens; among them a portrait of Luther and Catherine Bora, his wife.

In Dutch sea-pieces the collection is very rich; the taste of Christian IV. and his descendants naturally turned that way. The works of Dobbels, the master of Backhuysen, are much esteemed and rarely met with, and of him we have here one fine specimen. The pupil

himself is a charming painter, and seems to be more ready with his pencil. Maat, Kleeger, and Zeemann, all excellent. The latter began life as a common sailor, without a name, fatherless, but with a talent for painting. Whom he belonged to nobody knew or cared; his shipmates called him "René." Finding he could turn his talent to greater advantage on land than on the ocean, he set up on his own account and adopted the patronymic of Zeemann, in allusion to his former occupation.

It would be tedious to describe the numerous cabinet pictures by well-known masters, such as Gerard Dow and Mieris, of whose pencils there are excellent specimens; the portrait of Ulrik Frederic Gyldenløve, the Field Marshal, date 1662, an exquisite little painting by Mieris, will bear comparison with the best works of this minutest of all artists.

By Denner, too, "a Savant reading at his desk in his dressing-gown," the only pleasant work to gaze upon that I know of by this artist, who spares, generally, neither the imperfections of youth nor age. Denner was much employed as a portrait-painter in Denmark, where he resided for fifteen years; and in the year 1717 he is said to have painted, at Husum, twenty portraits of the reigning sovereign, Frederic IV., by whom he was invited to visit Copenhagen, where he spent ten months. Among the numerqus interiors of the Dutch school, I must not omit a most exquisitely-finished painting by Slingelandt, entitled "The Interior of a Dutch House." Slingelandt was a pupil of Gerard Dow, and an amateur artist, a man of wealth and position, Burgomaster of Utrecht, who, painting for his own gratification, had time to finish his work with the care

and attention which artists who earn their living by the pallet-brushes can seldom afford to bestow.

There are many admirable portraits of the Dutch school ; of works of historic interest there are few, and those duplicates of the pictures contained in the Castle of Frederiksborg. A small head, by an unknown artist,* of the unfortunate Christian II., capped with a red velvet beret, like Edward IV. of England, I must not omit to mention. Few sovereigns appear to have been more often painted, and well painted too, than Christian II. and his family ; but that is easily accounted for by his wanderings during his exile. Albert Dürer, in a journal, mentions how he sat to him at Brussels, and how he dined at a great banquet given in his honour by the Regent, Margaret, in company with the Emperor and Queen of Spain. "The next day, Lady-day, 1521," says he, "I drove to Brussels, sent for by the King of Denmark. I gave the King of Denmark the best of all my prints, worth five florins, but I spent two florins eating and drinking, one stiver for dishes and baskets ; also I saw how astonished the people were when they saw that the King of Denmark was such a fine man, and they marvelled that he should travel through his enemy's country with only two people. I also saw how the Emperor had ridden to Brussels to receive him with great honour and pomp." A collection of engravings by Albert Dürer, very fine impressions, are preserved in the museum of engravings at Copenhagen ; they are all signed with the monogram of the painter,

* All they know is, that he followed in the suite of the Archbishop who conducted Elizabeth of Austria to Copenhagen at the time of her nuptials.

and date from 1508 till 1520, the year previous to his journey. Some of these are on iron, others on stone, but the best are on copper. Those on iron, far inferior to the rest, date from 1512-16. Although the engravings themselves are admirable as works of art, you are quite taken aback at the ugliness of his models, both male and female, as well as the want of breeding displayed in his horses. The portraits of the early reformers, Melancthon and Erasmus, sour-visaged old fellows, do not render the collection more attractive. There is every reason to suppose this to be the collection mentioned by Albert Dürer in his journal.

Christian II. also dwelt for some weeks at Wirtemberg, in the house of Lucas Cranach, who painted him a genealogy with his portrait bust thereon.* Quentin Matsys and Jean de Mabuse were also employed to paint Christian and his family; and pictures by these masters were forwarded as presents to King Henry VIII. of England, and to Christian's sister Elizabeth: what became of the English portraits none can say.

Until I called to mind that the mother of King Charles I. was a Danish princess, the light-hearted Anne, I wondered how so many portraits of our early Stuarts came to be lodged in Denmark. Anne was proud, and justly so, of the beauty of her offspring, and forwarded, until the year of her death, numerous portraits of Princes Henry and Charles, as well as of their sister Elizabeth, to her brother, Christian IV. The greater part of these are preserved in the National Portrait Gallery

* An engraving from which is preserved in the Kobberstik Museum at Copenhagen, after the portrait of Christian II. by this master, as well as one from a painting by Binck.

at Frederiksborg, where they are arranged in chronological order. Two, however, hang suspended in the Royal Gallery, one of Charles I., then Prince of Wales, by Mytens. He is represented with short-cropped hair, much as young men now wear it, with moustache and budding beard, clad in a dress of violet velvet, braided in green; he wears a starched ruff of the Jacobian period; the love-locks, and that indescribable expression of melancholy so fascinating in the monarch of Vandyke's pencil, are here wanting. He appears ill at ease, and has a sort of unfledged appearance. A second portrait, by Paul van Somer, said to be of the same Prince at a more tender age, I believe myself to be that of his brother Henry. He is seated on a throne in his robes of state, holding in his hand a white rod, a small brown and white spaniel at his feet—a fine, handsome, beardless boy of eighteen, with short-cropped hair, full lip, sullen expression, an air of obstinacy, and little animation, but a face which, animated, would become highly attractive. He looks bored in his starched lace ruff, collar of St. George, and rosetted shoes, and I dare say felt so. The small brown and white spaniel dog which plays at the feet of Charles (in Mytens's portrait) is not of the race which derives its name from that monarch, and which we so often see represented in his portraits as well as in those of his successors. It more resembles that which in former days existed in France, and which enjoyed as great a celebrity as the black and tan do at present in England. These little spaniels went by the appellation of "Mignons Henri III.," having been much affected by that monkey-loving sovereign, and are often to be seen represented in his portraits, as well as in those of his mother, Queen Catherine de Medicis; the race is now almost entirely extinct,

and to be met with only in the possession of one or two noble French families, who guard them with the same jealousy as the grandfather of the present Duke of Norfolk did their black and tan brethren. I never had the good luck to meet but with one of these little creatures, and a more exquisite little animal I never beheld, scarcely larger than a rat, brown and white, with ears like silk training on the ground; the little creature almost disdained to walk, but when it did it scampered and ran like a fairy.

In reply to my inquiries whether Denmark possessed any painters of note in earlier days, I was informed "No. Many Dutch artists settled in Denmark in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and our portrait-painters, who have been always excellent, received their education in Holland, but we have no national school of our own." The first whom I find mentioned is a certain Peter Isaacs, who flourished in the reign of Frederic II. A Dane by birth, his father was Dutch Consul at Elsinore, and had a numerous family; Peter, one of his sons, turned painter, and his portraits were much esteemed in his day. His portrait of Christian IV. is by far the most flattering to the personal appearance of that monarch as a young man; most of these have been engraved by Haelwech. But, though Peter excelled in portrait-painting, he was a man of no inventive genius; he painted huge supper-parties in the so-called style of Paul Veronese, and servilely imitated the coarsest groups of Rubens and Jordaens' clumsiest allegories.

Next on our list appears Carl van Mander, a Dane by birth, but of Dutch origin, court painter to Christian IV., all allegory and sprawl, but an admirable painter of portraits, as many in the Frederiksborg Gallery attest,

as well as the engravings of others, long since destroyed by fire and damp, by Haelwech and Schalten, of which a large collection still exist.

Some few years later Abraham Wuchter* appears on the scene, an artist of first-rate merit; but from the reign of Christian IV. downwards the art of painting gradually declined, and the masters of the Dutch school were gradually replaced by the effective trumpery style of the French court painter. Krock, of Flensburg, I have already alluded to, though I never recollect; except once in the dark, to have come across any of his works, and that, an altarpiece, was a poor imitation of the Flemish school. The Danes, like the Chinese, appear to be wanting in originality of talent, and, unless displaced from their own country, never seem to succeed. Much of this may be accounted for by the German feeling which has pervaded the court from the time of Frederic III., when foreigners were encouraged to visit Denmark, and not only held the highest appointments of the realm, but also were employed in all services, to the prejudice of the inhabitants of the country.

The reign of Christian IV. was the golden age of art in Denmark; under his patronage not only were painting, sculpture, engraving, as well as architecture, brought to the very highest pitch of perfection, but in his own family the arts appear to have been cultivated with considerable success. His youngest daughter, Eleanor, was a pupil of Carl van Mander, and a most accomplished carver and modeller. Duke Ulrik, too, his fourth son, showed much talent, as is affirmed in a letter

* All strangers sat to Wuchter, among them Lord Edward Mountague, "Præfect classis Reipublicæ Angliæ," and our English Admiral, during an interval of negotiations for peace.

dated Breslau, Nov. 1, 1633, from the Imperial court painter, Bartholomew Ströbel. He painted a portrait of Wallenstein Duke of Friedland, which was engraved by Simon de Pas. Frederic III. also, as well as Count Valdemar, cultivated the arts with some success, though carving in ivory appears to have been the chief hobby of the former. Before concluding, I must not omit to mention Professor Juel, who flourished towards the latter end of the last century.* He studied in Paris for many years, and on his return to Denmark became the court painter. How any one man managed to complete the legion of portraits, all admirable, which bear his name, I can never understand. I infinitely prefer his pictures executed at Paris about the years 1760 and 1770 to those of a later date, when he had too much business on his hands to complete his works with the care and attention devoted to his earlier productions. His pastels are of exquisite beauty ; but few now remain, the major part having been ruined by want of care, and injudicious exposure to damp and light in uninhabited apartments.

On the whole, you may while away a few agreeable hours, if you be content with what is really good of its kind, in the Royal Picture Gallery at Copenhagen.

* He died 1802.

CHAPTER XIII.

How we lived in Copenhagen — Flytte-dag — The poulterer's shop — Domestic economy — The furriers' shops: eider-down — Vieux Da-
nois porcelain — Jewellery of the peasants of Amak — Danish love
of locomotion.



HOW WE LIVED IN COPENHAGEN.

January, 1859.—My choice of Copenhagen as a winter residence arose chiefly from its geographical position; it appeared a convenient pied à terre for one anxious in the ensuing spring to visit Jutland and the islands of the Belt, with a prospect of Sweden and Norway in the distant horizon of events. Stockholm is unapproachable after the winter sets in, so, without further debate, we made up our minds on the subject. I had always imagined that strangers visited and wintered at Copenhagen as they do in Frankfort, Dresden, and other European capitals; great, therefore, was our surprise when informed that such an event had never yet occurred within the memory of man. The corps diplomatique looked upon us as demented, while the Danes themselves were all wonder and amazement at the extravagance of our idea. On our arrival we descended at the Hôtel Royal, and there we remained comfortably housed for the space of five weeks, and on most reasonable terms. My old friend Madam (I forget her name), who kept the hotel some twenty years since, had lately been gathered to her fathers, rather an advantage than otherwise, for in an inn new proprietors infuse

new blood, new improvements, and new paint into the establishment, and the public are gainers thereby. We were soon deep in the horrors of house-hunting: here, as in Paris, people inhabit flats, which said flats are only let from 19th October to the "Flytte-dag" of the following April, and so on. There is no means or possibility of hiring rooms for one month or three months, as in other towns. Six months is the time allotted by law, and for six months you must take them; this term expired, the town of Copenhagen resembles the English game of post when a general post is proclaimed, and all the company in motion, one individual being left disconsolate without the wherewithal to rest himself—in which direful situation I really thought we should find ourselves at the eleventh hour; thanks, however, to the assistance of friends, we were at last comfortably located. In hiring an apartment at Copenhagen you hire the bare walls, and not always the bells of the house; some of ours flitted with the last occupant, and those we did find rang nowhere—where they could be heard at any rate. You then arrange with the tapissier to furnish for a certain sum: you choose what you require, and have marked down in the agreement that if you want more later at any time he is to supply it; but do not fancy your miseries end here. The tapissier furnishes neither carpets, curtains, china, glass, nor batterie de cuisine; these articles you must hire or purchase, or send over from England, as best suits you. The transit from Hull by sea is next to nothing, and no difficulty is made at the Custom-house for objects already used. Do not imagine the police to have shown the delicate attention to housekeepers of arranging that servants are to be hired at the same period as houses; nothing of

the kind. Servants engage themselves from November 1st; we consequently were compelled to remain from the 19th of October till that day living out and about at a restaurant anyhow, till we were tired out, and our one man and maid, whom we had brought with us, were by no means in the most amiable of tempers. At last, however, "the pig did get over the stile," and we were fairly settled at Copenhagen.

Living is decidedly not dear here in the capital; meat of the best quality varies from fivepence to sixpence per lb.; poultry and game are abundant and cheap; and an entire stag may be purchased for about 1*l.* English money. In the way of birds, the Danes, like the French, eat everything, and I own my feelings received a fearful shock one morning on being offered for sale, price sixpence, twenty little bullfinches tied together on a cord, and, on my indignantly refusing to purchase them, the offer was followed up by the exhibition of a bunch of silk-tails as they here call them, the Bohemian waxwing,* with somewhat sober plumage and lovely little yellow tails—a bird which the English naturalists value at fifteen shillings the skin to purchase, though, I dare say, if I had made a speculation in them, they would not have paid me more than sixpence. It is a curious fact that these little birds visit Denmark but once in seven years, and never lay their eggs further south than Lapland.

Firing, wood, coal, and turf, are all reasonable enough in themselves, but the servants and the stoves combined, manage to consume an unheard-of quantity. At the commencement of the season you get in a supply

* *Bombacilla garrula*.

which, in your delusion, you imagine is to take you through the winter; never mind what the quantity may be, it never lasts beyond Christmas. The woodhouse is sure to be in some out-of-the-way place where nobody has any command over it.

Denmark, as we all know, possesses colonies of her own—two small West India islands, St. Croix and St. Thomas, the latter “a hotbed of fever;” the former furnishes sugar, as well as other produce, so groceries are on the whole cheaper than in France, much on a par with those of England, and less adulterated.

Servants' wages are low, as, indeed, they ought to be, torments that they are; and the cooks, whether they profess to understand their business (of sending everything out of the house), with a kitchen-maid under them, or engage to do everything themselves, are equally detestable. Passing on from the cook to the cuisine, although the native cookery of Denmark is far behind that of France, and of indeed many parts of Germany, I never recollect to have eaten so little rubbish as during my stay in this country: go where you will, travelling in the provinces, or residing in the capital, you are sure to meet with clean wholesome food, roasted, or rather baked, and boiled, with good compôtes and salad; the fare may be simple, but it is always eatable.

The milk and cream at Copenhagen are execrable—adulterated first by the peasant, then afterwards by the retailer, and boiled into the bargain. A little French law would be here serviceable.

The Danes fabricate all manner of consoling drinkables—to begin with, the celebrated cherry cordial, of which Molesworth makes honourable mention; at the same time he complains that the meat tastes of nothing,

and, whether it lie with the beast or the cook, the same fault is to be found to the present day.

A real Danish dinner rather confuses your appetite by the queerness of its arrangement, fish and sweets being served all out of order, and the roast frequently making its appearance long after the guest has satisfied all cravings of hunger. On the whole, you may conclude that living at Copenhagen is reasonable; the fault lies with the individuals themselves if they are cheated. The Danish ladies, even of the highest rank, are excellent ménagères, and look after the servants with a sharp eye, so that, when they enter the service of foreigners accustomed to domestics who know their business, the native servants, even if honest, are apt to run riot from want of proper directions; and you may be certain of one thing, that the better class never enter into the service of perambulating English—birds of passage, who, after a six months' sojourn, pack up their baggage and are off again. Now we came to Denmark to amuse ourselves, not to look after servants, and suffer accordingly.

The shops of Copenhagen are good enough, and, on the whole, not expensive compared with the prices of other capitals. Indeed, articles of French manufacture are here sold at the same price as at the Montagne Russe and other shops in Paris, where you pay for the house-rent in addition to the price of the article itself.

The furriers, whose windows also partake of a museum of natural history, being filled with wellnigh as many stuffed foxes, ermines, and birds as they contain muffs and tippetts, are well worth visiting—not that the more expensive furs, as sable, are to be pro-

cured, but there are many kinds which do not appear in our English market, and are new to the eye of an English visitor. The Greenland fox, with its fur of a bluish hue, powdered with white, is of great beauty, and not to be met with in our own country; as also the Norwegian squirrel, the same breed, I believe, as the gray American, but of a much darker colour, with a black tail. Then there is the white fox, and many other varieties too numerous to mention.

The furriers display much taste in their bedside carpets, footstools, &c. &c., fabricated of a mosaic of skins; the morsels that are cut off are thus turned to a very pretty account.

The breast of the sheldrake and other ducks is employed for children's muffs, and the sum of 4s. British would purchase a most respectable one; but the eider duck here forms the staple commodity of a furrier's trade; independent of its furnishing the "duvet"* so common in Germany, which invariably falls off in the course of the night, leaving the unlucky occupant of the bed half perished with cold, the skin of the flapper, or young duck previous to attaining its plumage, is much used for cloaks, muffs, &c. &c. Large blankets are formed of the skins sewed together, the same on both sides. These are as warm as they are light, and the furriers get them up with great taste, ornamented with a border of sheldrake feathers. *Martyrs to gout or rheumatic ailments, to whom the weight of bed-clothing becomes insupportable, find these eider-down

* Holger Jacobæus writes:—"In Tolsted kro, where travellers are taken in, was the bed so heaped up with feathers (duvets) that I almost required a ladder to mount upon it."

coverlets invaluable acquisitions. They vary in price from 2*l.* to 3*l.* sterling.

In the month of December I attended the annual public auction of Greenland skins, Polar bears, deer, foxes, &c. There was no great variety, and I returned home half devoured by fleas and by no means satisfied with my visit.

Denmark is not at all a "pays industriel." I have seen table linen made by the peasants, somewhat coarse, but prettily fashioned; and there appears to be a cotton manufacture at Randers in Jutland,—at least I see Randers stuff advertised in the shop windows. Gloves of all kinds are excellent here and most reasonable, varying from fourteen pence to sixteen pence a pair. They may be rat or cat skin for what I know, but everybody here wears them, and, as they are well made and durable, we are only too glad to follow the fashion. •

The silversmiths, though not equal in richness to those of England, are far superior in the solidity and design of their wares to those of France and Germany. In the private houses you meet with much plate of antique design, and to this style of old silver they keep; I have seen candelabras and other articles exposed in their windows, which would not disgrace the silversmiths of our own country.

Of the Royal China Manufactory, out of respect to 'Pottery and Porcelain,' I shall say little. The *pâte* is not equal perhaps in colour to that of Sèvres and Meissen, but the forms are pretty and the painting good, and what I admire is that the views on the plates are national views, and the flowers chiefly copied from the 'Flora Danica,' a splendid work of some twenty volumes on the wild flowers of Scandinavia. But the most in-

teresting objects to be purchased in this manufactory are the copies of Thorvaldsen's figures and bas-reliefs, in white biscuit. Every six months an auction takes place of those articles in which a slight flaw has been detected, though these defects are invisible to the eyes of the world in general, and you may then purchase for the sum of five or six dollars figures which sell at the price of ten or twelve at the manufactory.

In the bric-a-brac shops you may occasionally meet with specimens of the Vieux Danois, now much appreciated and sold at a high price. Many of the figures are most original—market-women with their geese, fish-wives, &c.—and form a good contrast to the Watteau and Boucher models of the early Dresden. The vases are exquisite both in form and painting, and the earlier artists seem to have greatly excelled even the Saxon in raised flowers; I have never seen them equalled. Some of the models have been copied from our own Chelsea, probably from figures brought over from England, either by Queen Louisa, or later by Caroline Matilda.

The peasant girls of Zealand occupy themselves much in the manufacture of a species of guipure lace, sewn together with linen cut into crosses, stars, and various patterns: collars and sleeves of this fabric may be procured at the lingerie shops of Copenhagen; they are cheap enough, and possess a cachet of their own.

In the Vogumager Gade is the shop of Jacobsen, who works for the peasants of Amak; the brooches, pins, and ornaments worn by the inhabitants of that island may here be obtained at reasonable prices.

The print-shops of Copenhagen are essentially national in their productions: views of the public

buildings, and scenes from Jutland and the islands, as well as the costumes of the country, abound, as also lithographs from many of the original portraits in the Gallery of Frederiksborg.

The Danes are national in their feelings, and a thorough knowledge of the history and romance of their country is early instilled into their minds.

Flytte-dag depends upon Easter, which this year falls late, and allows us an extension of ten days over the real six months to the 28th April, when all Copenhagen will be again in motion.

I believe this love of locomotion to be the last remnant of the old Viking spirit of the Danes. They can now no longer seek adventure far and wide, but the ruling passion will out; so, reduced in the area of their wanderings, they flit twice a year, from one street of their capital to another, working out by these means the native restlessness which might otherwise lead to trouble in these days of order and government.

CHAPTER XIV.

Castle of Rosenberg — The Horn of Oldenburg — Marriage ceremonies of King Christian II. — Badges of the Armed Hand and the Garter — Trial of Christina Munk — Funeral of Vibeke — Rise and fall of Griffenfeld — Queen Louisa of England — Juliana Maria — Fate of Caroline Matilda — Her portraits — Tapestry of the Ridder-saal — Regalia — The silver lions of Denmark.

CASTLE OF ROSENBERG.

THE Castle of Rosenbörg, built by Christian IV., is of red brick and stone, in the style of Italian Renaissance, grafted on the ancient Gothic of Northern Europe. It is a fine specimen of the period, and is unspoiled by modern improvements either within or without. An idea generally prevails among the English that it was constructed after the designs of Inigo Jones, but of this there is no proof either by plan or record. It is certain that Inigo was attached to the person of Christian IV., who took him over to England on his celebrated visit to his brother-in-law, James I., and then introduced him to the notice of the English Sovereign; but whether Inigo furnished the plan for Rosenborg is a point upon which the chroniclers of the time do not enlighten us: At the period of its construction the palace stood in the centre of spacious gardens, at a distance from the city. On the extension of the fortifications it became enclosed within the bastions, and is now unfortunately, on the rampart side, obscured by ugly modern edifices, while a frightful

guard-house, tacked on to the original gateway, disfigures the entrance. The jewels, miniatures, and portraits have been re-arranged in chronological order, under the direction of Professor Worsaae, lately appointed warden of the castle. Rosenborg is now a deserted palace, a fidei commissum and museum of the house of Oldenburg. In the last century it formed the first halting-place of the King, who inhabited it for a fortnight in the early spring, previous to continuing the Royal progress to Frederiksborg and other residences.

You enter the palace by a long corridor, with richly wrought ceiling adorned with pendants, such as one sometimes meets with in the old country houses in England of the same or of a previous date.

Passing through the audience-chamber, empanelled with pictures by Dutch artists, you come to the room in which Christian IV. died*—a room whose Cytherean decorations scandalized Wraxall when he visited the palace. In this and an adjoining cabinet are preserved the valuables of the sovereigns of anterior date, as well as those of the founder himself.

First on our list comes the celebrated horn of Oldenburg, the work of a German artist, Daniel Aretæus by name, a native of Corvey, in Westphalia, executed about the year 1455, by command of Christian I., whose intention it was, had he succeeded in his office of mediator between the Chapter of Cologne and their Archbishop, to have presented it as a votive offering to the shrine of the Magi in that city. The negotiation failed, and the horn remained an heirloom to the house of Oldenburg, in the capital of which duchy

* 1648.



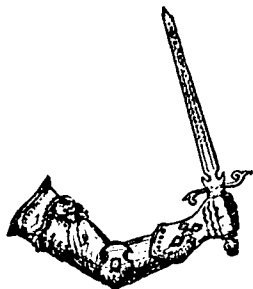
HORN OF OLDENBURG.

it was preserved until its final removal to Copenhagen. It is an exquisite specimen of the goldsmith's art, of silver gilt, enriched with ornamentations in green and violet enamel, representing scenes illustrative of feudal domestic life in the fifteenth century. An ancient gold ring, enriched with a rough sapphire, once served as the nuptial ring of Elizabeth, daughter of Philip le Bel of Austria, wife of King Christian II., who certainly, independent of her unlucky lot, underwent as disagreeable an espousal as ever bride was fated to endure; for, on her arrival, Bishop Urne treated the assembly to so long a discourse, that, the rain falling heavily,—it lasted the greater part of the day,—king, queen, and court got wet through, and all their fine clothes and feathers were spoiled. At the time of her coronation, too, Elizabeth was sick of a tertian ague,* so she was crowned at home in the ante-chamber, where an impromptu altar was made with two chairs placed before and two behind. The ceremony, notwithstanding, appears to have been grand enough, and the banquet by which it was succeeded lasted four hours. As regards the menu, there were thirty-three dishes on table, five of which, however, were only made for show, not to be eaten.

Curious and rich are the specimens of the jewellery of Christian IV.'s period, especially two bracelets of gold, one enamelled and set with rubies, at each joint engraved with the cipher of the monarch, surmounted by a crown; the other of equally beautiful workmanship, intermixed with plaited hair, once the property of Anne Catherine of Brandenburg, his queen. But it would be tedious to catalogue the jewelled mirrors,

* 12th August, 1515.

sacramental plate, toys and toilets in gold enamel, glyptics of rock crystal and other precious stones, the properties of these sovereigns. Among them you will



Armed hand.

observe some badges of the "Armed Hand," a mailed arm, in green enamel, enriched with diamonds—a decoration of great beauty, and one which Christian IV. gave only to his especial favourites. It is very rarely seen suspended round the neck even of the numerous worthies, or rather notabilities, for which his long reign was so remarkable. Here, too, are preserved the collar and linen stained with blood worn by King Christian in the naval battle off Femern,* in which he received twenty-three wounds, and lost his right eye; also the badges of the Garter of the various Danish sovereigns who have been invested with the order—the earliest, from its workmanship, I imagine to be that of King John, who received it from Henry VII.; likewise the robes of the order sent by Queen Elizabeth to King Frederic II.—robes which he positively declined to put on, to the great scandal of her ambassador, Lord Willoughby.

In company with numerous likenesses of Christian IV. and his first queen is an interesting miniature of Kirstine or Christina Munk, to whom he wasmorganatically married in 1615, and by whom he had a numerous offspring; and in a small allegorical portrait of Christian, painted on wood by Van der Venne, you

* 1644.

may see the whole family group complete, amongst whom appear Ulfeld and his wife Eleanora.

It was in the garden of Rosenbørg that Christian first assembled his council, as well as his family, his mother-in-law, old Ellen Marsviin, and the children of Christina herself, and made known to them the nineteen points on which he thought fit to accuse Christina. Hannibal Sehested,* his son-in-law, and Corfitz Ulfeld, who afterwards married his daughter Eleanor, the two best speakers of the day, were deputed as advocates, the latter for the defence, the former for King Christian. They grew so excited, that, ere long, both were engaged in a pitched battle before the Court-house. As for the proceedings and the accusation made before Christina's mother and her children, no historian has ever been able to make head or tail of it. Everybody spoke at the same time, and the continued exclamations of "Grandmamma," "Your Majesty," "Lady Ellen," interrupting each other, renders the whole affair a confusion; but, when the trial was over, Christina was found "not guilty." †

* There is a good portrait of Hannibal Sehested by Carl van Mander, engraved by Haalwech. Sehested was son of the Chancellor Sehested, at one time ambassador, together with Jørgen Brahe, to King James I., when they got into a quarrel, about precedence, with the envoy of the Duke of Savoy. The Danes held out; and it was said at Court they were foolish to make a disturbance at the very time their sovereign was sadly in want of friends. Both ambassadors dined with the King at Havering, and were served by the officers of the King's guard, to whom they gave ten gold pieces, and they, on their side, received from the King a present of 200 gold ounces. Hannibal was sent as ambassador to Charles II., who wrote a long letter in his praise to King Frederic IV. He found favour also in the eyes of the great Louis himself, who created him a Count of France, with leave to add to his arms, on a "chief azur, three fleurs-de-lys or." He was later employed (1664) to conclude a treaty of peace between England and Holland.

† Christian IV. never forgave Corfitz Ulfeld his successful pleading

This acquittal did not, however, serve her much, for she was deprived of her rank of Countess of Slesvig-Holstein, no longer prayed for in the churches, and banished to an old manor-house in Jutland, where she was kept in a sort of imprisonment—iron bars to her windows—with orders for the future to style herself Mrs. Christina, of Boller.

One of the arguments brought up against King Christian at the trial by Corfitz Ulfeld was his connexion with Vibeke Kruse, once tire-woman to Christina. From this period Christian lived entirely with Vibeke, who, though far from beautiful, won his sincere affection by her gentle qualities. No sooner, however, was the King dead, than the Munkites drove her out of the castle, and demanded that she should be charged with “calumny” against their mother; but we hear no more of her until, on the following 6th of May, appears an entry in the journal of Dr. Laurits Jacobsen, the king’s confessor:—“This day was the Lady Vibeke’s coffin interred in the church outside the north gate of the city.” No grand funeral for her; * though, in Dr. Matthisen’s ‘Tegnæbog,’ I find good proof that no one plied this celebrated “Liig predicaner” with better things than poor Vibeke. “Roe and red deer, carp and salmon, tons of apples, hams, large pike, pots of Rhine wine, wild geese, even to a ‘stalled ox,’” all which presents were gratefully received, but she died too late, and got no funeral sermon.

in favour of Christina Munk, as may be seen by his complaints in his letters to the Chamber, 1647.

* One of the allegations against Ulfeld was that he sent the body of Vibeke to be interred at night in the cemetery outside the town allotted to the poor.

Among the effects of Frederic III.'s time—whose enamelled cipher brooches, with pendent pearls, are well worthy of notice—are many miniatures of high interest, by an artist named Prieur, a painter of great merit. That of the sovereign himself, 1663, is of great beauty, as well as one of Charles II. of England and the Duchess of Cleveland. Further on, somewhat in the background—as she deserves to be—in a corner, sneaks Mrs. Sophia Moth, mistress of Christian V., the only portrait of her, I believe, extant—a fair-haired, insipid beauty, and one whose fame is not free from reproach for her share in the fall of Griffenfeld. She received, so declare the scandal-mongers of the day, sundry sacks of gold as bribes to use her influence with her sovereign in compassing the overthrow of a minister to whom Denmark owed much. Daughter of the Royal physician, she was created Countess of Samsø, and was mother of two Gyldenløves, of whom all historians speak well. Molesworth says, “The young gentlemen are handsome and hopeful, and looked upon as necessary ornaments to the crown.” On these children Christian V. conferred certain privileges, giving to them and their descendants the title of Excellency, as well as precedence over the rest of the nobility, with an extra fleuron on their coronets, and permission to wear the scarlet liveries, which put the nobles in a passion if it did nothing else.

In an adjoining room is the portrait of Christian V., embroidered in silk by Eleanor Ulfeld during her rigorous captivity at Copenhagen in the Blaataarn, or Blue Tower; around the portrait is worked the following inscription in Danish verse:—“Behold here a king of angelic mind, who governs his people and his

country in virtue and piety; behold a great monarch, whose head is worthy to wear for a thousand years all the crowns of the universe." Awful flattery! but, like the starling, she "could not get out."*

A miniature of Queen Anne of England and her husband Prince George deserves notice. The portrait of Anne, a gem of beauty, fat, fair, and pretty, with pouting lips and lazy eye, in all the freshness of early youth, gives promise of an indolent disposition easily led. She could be peevish, too, at times. Prince George, admirably wigged, a thorough gentleman; I believe few people have an idea how very handsome Prince George was in his youth—handsome as an animal, with no expression or intellect depicted in his countenance.†

Lastly, the enamelled portrait of Griffenfeld, the celebrated minister, by whose advice Christian V. created the titled nobility, to console the old families for the loss of their feudal rights—a very wise coup d'état on his part, for fearfully were the earlier sovereigns trammelled by the arrogance of their nobles; but like all reformers Griffenfeld became unpopular, and his ruin was soon compassed.‡

* A portrait of Christian IV., by Eleanor Ulfeld, sold at an auction for ten rix dollars three marcs; one of herself for eighteen rix dollars; and that of Corfitz Ulfeld for twenty-five rix dollars ten skillings.—See Catalogue of the Museum Klevenfold.

† In the Kobberstik Cabinet is preserved a curious engraving of Queen Anne—though where the original be I know not—with the motto, "Je pourrez être Reine et mère du Roi."

‡ The power of the nobility must have been great in Ulfeld's day for him to have said to the Queen of France, "There is no real nobility in France, where the king can send a noble to the Bastille; in Denmark, on the contrary, he could not compel a nobleman to go out of his own house."

His rise, as always occurred in those ages of necromancy, was foretold by an old woman when he was a child in his nurse's arms:—"You hold a golden apple in your hand, my son; take good care not to let it fall." After the death of his father he was taken into the house of Bishop Brochmand, who presented him to King Frederic IV., by whom he was given a pension of 300 dollars to travel. He visited England, and became so esteemed by the learned, that his portrait was placed in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where he pursued his studies—not an uncommon event in those days says Molesworth. On his return he became secretary to Vice-Chancellor Wind.* One day, having a letter to deliver to the king's page, he desired to speak with the king himself, and, having succeeded, told Christian his history, and from that day his fortune was made. By his talents he rose to the highest offices in the state, and possessed the entire confidence of the king.

Louis XIV., in speaking of Griffenfeld to the Danish ambassador, is reported to have said,—“I cannot refrain from testifying the great esteem in which I hold the great Chancellor of the Danish kingdom, whom I look upon as one of the greatest ministers of Europe.” Griffenfeld made the ancient nobles feel his power, and they formed a plot against him, at the head of which was Sophia's Moth. The weak king was gained by the conspirators, and Griffenfeld was arrested on unfounded charges. One of the accusations brought

* Son of Admiral Wind, who, conjointly with Christian IV., commanded in the engagement off Femern. Admiral Wind died six weeks after from the wounds he had received.

against him was that of having endeavoured to get created an English peer. His defence was admirable, but his doom was already sealed; he was condemned to first lose his hand, be decapitated, and broken on the wheel.

The sentence was ordered to be carried into execution on the 11th of June. Griffenfeld lost none of his courage, but received the sacrament. Everything was done to make him feel uncomfortable; in the evening his grave-clothes were brought to the prison, and the following morning his coffin, the outside of which was covered with pitch, and the inside with cotton. When he had tied up his hair (or rather taken off his wig) his escutcheon was broken to pieces by the executioner, who exclaimed, "This is not without cause, but for your bad deeds;" whereupon he replied without hesitation, "What the king has given me he has now taken away." When he had finished praying and given sign to the executioner to cut off his head, the general adjutant cried out, "Stop! his Majesty in his mercy spares his life;" to which Griffenfeld replied, "The mercy is more cruel than the punishment: I have not escaped death except for a more cruel fate;" and he begged later through the medium of Count Schack to enlist as a common soldier. He died at Tronyem, where he had been removed from the castle of Munkholm on account of his serious illness, after a rigorous imprisonment of twenty-one years. Hue and Cry representations by Huusmann, of the execution of the "once Count Griffenfeld, now Peter Schumacher," were not wanting, and I have seen several preserved among the Müller collection of engravings in the Royal Library. The ex-minister is certainly not represented to ad-

vantage—kneeling without his wig before the block, in presence of his executioner, Lutheran priest, and coffin: a look of pleasure is depicted on the face of the bystanders. Above the vignette stands a medallion portrait of the criminal, with the doggel,—

“With him has Fortune played as with a ball,
She first has tossed him up, and now she lets him fall.”

The king missed his talented minister, and one day said at a cabinet council, “Griffenfeld alone knew better what served to the wants of the state than my whole cabinet.”

The objects of the time of Frederic IV., though beautiful, are chiefly of local interest: compliments from sovereign to elector, from emperor to monarch; pistols from Louis XIV., swords from Charles XII. of Sweden; added to which is the celebrated collection of Murano glass presented to Frederic by the republic of Venice, and brought by him from Italy. There are also fine specimens of the engraved German glass, and the golden mounted ruby beakers are of exquisite beauty. In a small picture commemorative of the coronation of this monarch is represented a negro boy holding by a chain a huge mastiff, the king's favourite dog. It is related that the page had orders to hold the animal during the ceremony; but, dazzled by the splendour of the scene, he stared around forgetful of his charge: suddenly, at the moment when the primate was about to place the crown upon the brow of the king, the dog, fancying some mischief was intended to his master, sprang from his keeper, and to the consternation of those present rushed to the throne, and, placing his fore paws on the knees of the sovereign, growled

defiance to all the court, displaying his sharp white teeth ready to devour the bishop at the first movement made to continue the ceremony: it required the authority of the king himself to pacify the mastiff, and to induce the frightened officials to proceed with the coronation.

And now with Frederic V. commences an era of peculiar interest to England and the English visitor. The portrait of this monarch* we have already commented upon in the halls of the academy of Sorø; but here side by side he hangs with his first queen, Louisa,† daughter of George II. of England. Of a noble presence, nez en l'air, her head thrown back, her portrait is the ne plus ultra of regal dignity; conscious of her birth as a daughter of England should be, conscious of her beauty as a woman, and perhaps of the admiration she could never fail to command, she stands, beautiful, beneficent in expression, void of all Russian hauteur and German morgue. I returned twice to gaze upon this portrait, and felt proud to see a princess of our royal stock stand out as a constellation among the coarser specimens of German royalty. "She was as good as she was beautiful," observed the custodian: "even now, and she died in 1757, the peasants will still relate to you anecdotes of her goodness. She gave ten thousand crowns annually out of her pin-money in pensions alone. And to think by what a bad woman she was replaced! It was a sad day for Denmark when she died." There are many souvenirs of Queen Louisa, besides two snuff-boxes with her miniature painted on a purple ground.

* Frederic V. in his youth bore a strong resemblance to his mother Queen Madalena.

† The portraits of Queen Louisa as a girl, at the period of her marriage, by Pond, are charming.



Queen Louisa of Denmark.

She devoted much of her leisure hours to the occupation of turning and carving in ivory, of which are here preserved many specimens.

We now turn to the successor of our English princess, Juliana Maria of Brunswick, married to Frederick V. the year after the death of his former queen. In countenance somewhat handsome (and I have seen other portraits far more flattering than that of Rosenborg), in expression villanous, of a bad beauty, fine bust, and well rounded arm, a want of shade about her face, she appears a woman capable of fascinating any man around whom she spread her toils—for heart she had none—and driving him to perdition in this world and the next; dangerous she looks, and dangerous she proved herself to be. Juliana held no place in her husband's affections.

The story of the intrigues by which she compassed the ruin of our English princess Queen Caroline Matilda, and organized the plot which terminated in the death of Struensee, are too well known to require repetition. But I will quote the account given by Wraxall in his memoirs, 1775, in which year he visited Copenhagen:—

“ One night, at a grand ball at the palace, the queen, after dancing as usual one country-dance with the king, gave her hand to Struensee for the remainder of the evening: at two o'clock in the morning she retired, followed by him and Count Brandt. The queen dowager, and her son Prince Frederic, hastened to the king's private chamber, where he was already in bed: they knelt down beside him, and implored him to save himself and Denmark from impending destruction, by ordering the arrest of those they termed the authors of

it. The half-imbecile king at first was most unwilling. Count Rantzau came to the door of her Majesty and knocked; a woman of the bed-chamber was ordered to awake the queen and inform her she was arrested. Caroline, seizing the infant Princess Louise * in her arms, endeavoured to gain the king's apartment, but without success; she was then hurried into a carriage half undressed, and confined like a state prisoner in the castle of Kronborg, from which she was released by the argument of a strong fleet sent from England."

From this period all good feeling between the courts of England and Denmark ended, the bombardment of Copenhagen in later days tending little to restore the cordiality between the two countries, who for so many centuries had been bound together by the strongest ties of family alliance.

I find, date July, 1771, a memorial from Peter Als to Struensee, concerning a portrait to be painted of Queen Caroline Matilda, with the Prince Royal on her knees, for the Duke of Gloucester. Als begs to know, in what the first designs displeased, and suggests to paint her either as a goddess or Amazon, or else in the style of Vandyke, or in the gala costume of the day. The last was adopted, and the picture, a small full-length, is in the Royal Collection at Copenhagen. • The Duke of Gloucester, on his visit, gave the queen unpalatable advice, and the portrait was never sent. Als also mentions having painted a picture of the queen the same year, which she gave as a present to Count Rantzau, who subsequently arrested her.

At the conflagration of the palace of Christiansborg

* Mother to H. M. the Queen Dowager.

in 1795, eight different portraits of Caroline Matilda, by Angelica Kauffman and other artists, were consumed. At the period of her disgrace they were removed from the state apartments of the palace to a lumber chamber in the upper story, and there perished in the flames.

The portrait of Caroline Matilda, which here hangs in the cabinet of Christian VII., side by side with that of her mad ill-countenanced husband,* is unworthy of a glance.

With the eighteenth century expires the good taste and fine appreciation of art of the Danish monarchs: the bijouterie and cabinet-work of the earlier period is now replaced by the clumsy decorations, cotton umbrellas, and dancing pumps of the late King Frederic VI.

But we must visit the Riddersaal, with its richly decorated ceiling and its ancient tapestry, the work of the brothers Van der Eiken. This tapestry, which was made at Kiøge, five miles Danish distant from Copenhagen, about the year 1690, represents the victories of Christian V.: it is of admirable execution.†

* Two engravings of Christian VII., after Pilo, one as a little child, and again as a youth, bear much resemblance to the queen his mother, though the madness is already perceptible in his eye, and later cannot be mistaken. Angelica Kauffman and Mrs. Ashby alone tone it down in their portraits.

† Relative to the tapestry manufacture of Denmark, we give the following extract from Fuller:—

“The making of tapestry was either unknown or unused in England till about the end of the reign of King James, when he gave two thousand pounds to Sir Francis Crane to build therewith an house at Moreclark for that purpose. Here they only imitated old patterns, until they had procured one Francis Klein, a German, to be their designer. This Francis Klein was born at Rostock, but bred in the Court of the King of Denmark at Copenhagen. To improve his skill he travelled into Italy, and lived at Venice, and became first known to Sir Henry Wootton, who was the English Lieger there. Indeed there

In front of the throne stand the coronation chairs of the king and queen, placed under a dais; that of the king is formed of the ivory of the narwal. It was constructed by order of Christian IV., and was first used at the coronation of Prince Christian (called V.), elected to the throne during the lifetime of his father, who survived him.

Within this castle of Rosenborg is contained the regalia of the country, among which appear brilliant and dazzling the jewels of Queen Madalena; she bequeathed them to the country with whose money they had been purchased.

The crown of Christian IV., by Thomas Fiuren of Odense, of gold enamel and jewels, is perhaps the finest specimen of the goldsmith's art in the seventeenth century now extant. It is no longer used, being that of

is a stiff contest between the Dutch and Italians which should exceed in this mystery; and therefore Klein endeavoured to unite their perfections. After his return to Denmark he was invited thence into England by Prince Charles, a virtuoso, judicious in all liberal mechanical arts which proceeded in due proportion. And though Klein chanced to come over in his absence (being then in Spain), yet King James gave order for his entertainment, allowing him liberal accommodations; and sent him back to the King of Denmark with a letter which, for the form thereof, I conceive not unworthy to be inserted, transcribing it with my own hand as followeth, out of a copy compared with the original." We spare the reader his Majesty's Latin epistle.

"I perceive that princes when writing to princes subscribe their names, and generally superscribe them to subjects. But the King of Denmark detained him all that summer (none willingly part with a jewel) to perfect a piece which he had begun for him before. This ended, then over he comes, and settled with his family in London, where he received a gratuity of an hundred pounds per annum, well paid him until the beginning of our civil wars. And now fervet opus of tapestry at Moreclark, his designing being the soul, as the working is the body, of that mystery."—Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 353.

an elected sovereign, open. The crown of Christian V., first hereditary monarch, very inferior as a work of art; is closed. His queen, not being of the Lutheran persuasion, could not by law be crowned Queen of Denmark: the queen's crown is of Madalena's time. The sceptre is of exquisite workmanship.

Arranged around, stand, or rather crawl, the three colossal silver lions of Denmark. These royal quadrupeds, like our own beefeaters, form part and parcel of all regal ceremonies, joyous or lugubrious. They emigrate to the cathedral church of Roeskilde and accompany the deceased sovereign to his last resting-place, and again appear at Frederiksborg at the coronation of his successor.

CHAPTER XV.

The Danish language—Its difficulties—Its similarity to the English—The Vikings true ancestors of English—Raven of Odin—The Norman lions. ●



THE DANISH LANGUAGE.

SELDOM in the course of my numerous wanderings have I felt so helpless as I did on my arrival in Zealand. Whilst travelling in the duchies, and even in South Jutland, our German, such as it was, proved of service to us; but the Belt once crossed, we became the most isolated of mortals. This state of affairs was insupportable; and, as we were likely to remain some months at Copenhagen, we determined, on our arrival in that city, at once to put our shoulder to the wheel, and pick up something of the Danish language. For my own part, I abominate learning anything, and always did from my youth upwards. I like to pick up a language anyhow, and with as little trouble as possible; so, after some debates on the subject, thanks to the kindness of Professor Thomsen, a student of the University was discovered not a whit more fond of study than myself, with a voice clear and ringing as a bell (N.B.—Never engage a language-master with a contralto voice; they mumble their words from the depths of their stomachs, and you never catch the pronunciation). We studied occasionally, translated old ballads and the passages I required from various books, walked about, visited the

museums and the galleries, and, as his knowledge was universal, I was very content with my bargain, and without any hard labour acquired a considerable knowledge of the language.

A six months' trial convinces me that Danish is not to be picked up so easily as French or German ; in the first place, in the society and shops, all the world speak either English or the above-named languages. The grammar is simple enough ; but the pronunciation most irritating. After reading aloud for half an hour you feel a sensation in your mouth as though you had been eating sloes. The Danish language abounds with consonants, many of which are never pronounced ; the *g* and *j* are slurred over in a most inaudible manner. The *d*, except at the commencement of a word, is either never pronounced at all or as *th*. The *th*, in the imperfect tense of the verbs, is most disagreeable ; for example, the word *arbeidide* (imperfect of the verb *arbeide*, to work) is pronounced *arbeithethe*. Why, it is as bad as the "thirty thousand thistles" when four or five words of this genus come together. When we had triumphantly mastered the auxiliary verbs, my student proposed that we should conjugate the verb *To love*. "My good fellow," I replied, "twenty years ago I would have done so with pleasure, but now it would be perfectly useless to me ; suppose we try something more useful—let's conjugate the verb *To eat* ; and so we did. It is impossible to go through your A B C without being struck by the analogy of Danish with our own native tongue, and more so still when you devote yourself to the ballads and literature of the early centuries ; and I am informed that the laws of King Valdemar's time have even more resemblance still ;

the terms which we now use having become obsolete in Denmark, just as "the English of the New Englanders" appears antiquated to London society of the present century, though all those quaint expressions were court parlance in the days of Charles II. One of the very early chroniclers declares "the English language, as they spoke it in the time of Canute the Great, differs only a little from the Danish, because the Angles had come from Jutland, wherefore their language was called by the writer Cimbric, and this they spoke in the provinces which lay north of the Thames."

Without entering too deeply into a subject beyond my depth, I merely remark that when later we visited Jutland we were still more forcibly struck with the great similarity of the two languages; and recollect one thing—we none of us understand one word of North country patois: and beyond the fact that the Danish Jo (yõe) is the ancestor of the classic Yau of the north country boor, I am perfectly ignorant on this subject.

Unfortunately, people are too apt to exaggerate these resemblances; and when Bretons assert they find themselves "quite at home" on the Cornish coast and among the mountains of Wales, and Danes declare that the Yorkshire dialect is as familiar to them as their mother tongue, you must make allowance for a little embellishment. Professor Worsaae having written so excellent an account of this vexed question in his work, unluckily out of print, entitled 'The Northmen in England,' no more need be said on the subject; still I own I have no patience with the Anglo-Saxon party, who wish to ignore the Northmen, and prove that the greatness of England is to be derived from a fallen German race. Who in their senses will for one

moment allow that the maritime glory of our country, the dominion of the waves, could ever descend to us from German forefathers—a race incapable of crossing a duck-pond without being sea-sick; or our love of colonisation from a race who never possessed a single colony of their own? The Vikings of old—blackguards though they might be—were fine, bold, dashing fellows. They cared little to settle, but were ever ready to seek new adventures—to launch forth on the unknown seas in quest of prey and conquest; they robbed—they pillaged, murdered, burnt, laid waste—they struck terror far and wide.

“A furore Normanorum libera nos O Domine!” was added by the helpless Saxon to the Litany of the ninth century; still, as they have long since passed away, let us forgive them their failings, and only admire what was glorious and heroic in their deeds, the romance and poetry of their existence. Your stay-at-home people, full of “sweet home” (mutton 10*d.* a pound) and other like domestic comforts, may descend from Anglo-Saxons, if you will; but our sailors, our explorers, our missionaries, our adventurers of all sorts, have, depend upon it, running in their veins a dash of the Sea-king of Scandinavia. Why, the duchy of Normandy itself, conquered by the Scandinavian Vikings, under Rollo, derives its name from the Northmen (Normans); and William the Conqueror, his descendant, is represented on the Bayeux tapestry as advancing to the battle of Hastings (a town named after the Northman pirate, Hasting), his banner borne by a mailed knight—a banner, semi-circular in form, from which hangs a fringe of nine points, in the centre a bird like the raven of Odin, of a blue-black on a yellow ground. After the conquest of

England this raven-mark was entirely abandoned by the Norman kings, and in Denmark itself was later replaced by the white-cross banner of the Danebrog.

The Danes, on their side, endeavour to prove too much, and pretend that the leopards of England are of Scandinavian origin, having been introduced into the country by the Northman duke; now William, if he bore any at all, had but two on his shield, and the third is of later date, came in with the province of Aquitaine; but the early northern chroniclers stick at nothing—they declare the three blue lions of Denmark, symbolical of their dominion over the Great and Little Belts and the Sound, to have been borne by Dan, Mikillati the Splendid in the second or third century of the Christian era.

CHAPTER XVI.

Museum of Northern Antiquities — The Age of Stone — Scandinavian dust-hole — Age of Bronze; its artistic productions the work of some Eastern tribe — Ornaments characteristic of the period — Needles, and objects of the work-table — Bronze diadem — The golden horns — The Age of Iron — Chain mail — Silver cup of Queen Thyre — Swearing-rings — Bractea coins — Law of treasure trove — The Catholic Era — Queen Dagmar's cross — Crowns of the Northern Brides.



THE ROYAL MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ANTIQUITIES.

SOME forty-five years ago, when Münter, Bishop of Zealand, applied to the Danish Government for a building in which to place the collection of Scandinavian antiquities, his request was received with jeers by the ministers of the period. "A building!" exclaimed they; "why, a chest of drawers would contain your whole collection." Nothing discouraged, the antiquaries continued their exertions: and a royal edict has since been issued, by which all antiquities of precious metal discovered in the kingdom are declared to be the property of the Crown. The clergy of the different parishes have received orders to see them forwarded to Copenhagen, and the finders are rewarded according to the full value of the articles. The harvest once over, the wheat stacked or gathered into barns, the season of excitement for the antiquaries commences. Scarcely has the ploughshare broken the first sod when rumours of treasures turned up in Jutland, Funen, Zealand, and other localities, are rife, and small parcels directed to the

Conservator of the Museum of Northern Antiquities daily arrive. This very week a *trouvaille* of great magnitude has been made in the neighbourhood of Flensburg—the relics of a battle-field—part of which will be placed in the almost infant collection of that city, the remainder sent to Copenhagen.

The excellence of this collection, unrivalled in Europe, is owing to the indefatigable exertions of Conferenzraad Thomsen, who for thirty or forty years has held the direction of the Museum. He occupies a suite of rooms in the Prindsens Palais, which, uninhabited by royalty for the last half-century, is applied by the Government to this national purpose. This aged professor, a “beau vieillard” with silvered locks, is devoted heart and soul to his duties: his knowledge on all subjects connected with Denmark and its possessions is astounding. He speaks English admirably, and is always at his post, ready and anxious to explain and display the precious treasures committed to his charge.

I was one day gossiping with him in the Ethnographic Museum, when suddenly he touched me on the arm: “See,” he said, pointing to three blue soldiers, who, catalogue in hand, were examining the collection, “this is a triumph to me. Twenty years ago no soldier would have quitted his beer-shop to visit a collection of art. I met those three men as I entered, and saw them club their skillings together to purchase a catalogue, and now see how attentively they examine everything. I am more proud of acting cicerone to men such as these than to a Grand Duke of Russia:” and off he went and addressed them, explaining the contents of the cabinets, until they passed on to another room.

“Whatever people may bring me, be it of value or

not," continued he, "I always treat them with courtesy, and show myself pleased with the desire they evince to be of service; were I to act otherwise to the man who offers me a trifle, the same man, should he at any future time discover an object of value, would not trouble himself to bring it to me."

The Pagan Division of the Collection of Northern Antiquities is classed under three heads: *—

THE AGE OF STONE.

THE AGE OF BRONZE.

THE AGE OF IRON.

1. THE AGE OF STONE.—To the age of Stone the three first rooms are devoted. The date of this period is apocryphal, and to my inquiries on the point Professor Thomsen replied, "We know nothing, so it is useless to speak on the subject."

In earlier days, before the attention of antiquaries was directed to these matters, all objects in stone were accounted as holy relics of bygone ages. The wedges are even now called by the peasants "Tordenkile,"—thunder-wedges; and as early as the Bronze age, among the stores of a necromancer dug up, together with "eye of newt and tongue of frog," rats' tails, and other devilries fitted for the caldron of Macbeth's witches, was found an arrow-head of flint, enveloped in a leather case, evidently intended to be worn as an amulet round the neck. In Italy the same articles have been discovered, encased in gold, to be worn in similar fashion, as I have mentioned in my account of the Thorvaldsen Museum. In England also such objects are looked

* There exists no catalogue of this collection.

upon by the common people as having formed part and parcel of the cabalistic appendages of the necromancer of the middle ages.

The materials employed for making the various implements of war and of household use are flint and granite : articles of the latter material are more rare than those of the former : bone is also met with, as well as amber ; and pottery, of a rude nature, but graceful in form, adorned with simple ornamentation.

The sepulchral chambers of this period are found to contain the skeletons of the dead, with earthen vessels, ornaments of amber, spear-heads, and other articles in stone, placed around. It was not until a later date that the practice of burning the bodies of the dead came into vogue.

In the first room as you enter the Museum are the utensils of stone in an unfinished state — wedges, hatchets, knives, arrow-heads, together with the whetstones upon which they were fashioned. A quantity of these were discovered in a mass in the island of Anholt. The second chamber contains a large collection of hatchets of all sizes and dimensions, supposed to have been used for the felling of trees—in form that of a wedge, such as we now use, but broader ; some, with no regular end, are supposed to have been fastened to a handle of wood ; others are bored with round holes, pierced either through the centre or the narrow end of the axe. In the cabinet of the first division are many specimens in which the hole is merely commenced, or the place marked out, previous to handing it over to the workman. Others have been broken in the process of boring, and are marked for a second trial. Of chisels there are two varieties, some being square and narrow,

and others hollowed out in a most artistic manner. The saws are of great beauty, of flint, and jagged at the edges with the greatest regularity, resembling the vertebra of a fish, from which the model has evidently been derived.

Of knives for household and other purposes there are several forms. Some are double-edged, and some have square handles, *évasé* towards the hilt, with an almost imperceptible ornament running down the centre; others have no handle at all.

One specimen is of great rarity—a sickle-shaped blade, with straight handle; and many of a half-moon form, not unlike the currier's knife, or the barbarous *media luna* used in the Spanish bull-fights to hamstring the wretched animal when he refuses to attack the matador.

The harpoons of flint are elegant in form, the arrow-heads heart-shaped and triangular, notched at the edge with a delicacy almost incredible; some, long and narrow, are inserted into pieces of bone. The jaw of a stag is preserved, in which remains fixed the broken head of a flint arrow: the animal, it is conjectured, continued to live, having been only slightly wounded.

One case contains a collection of ornaments in amber—girdles, necklaces, &c.—all discovered at the same time in one locality in Jutland, probably the contents of a shop. Some of the necklaces are strung with considerable attention to design, and do credit to the taste of this early period of Scandinavian history.

A large collection of oyster and other shells, dug up en masse, were first claimed by the geologists as the relics of early times; it was a regular stand-up fight—Antiquaries versus Geologists; but, after a care-

ful investigation, the antiquaries gained the day, and the shells were handed over to the custody of the Northern Museum. The oysters, mussels, &c., were found to be all single shells, the periwinkles to be empty. Bones were also mixed among the heap—those which had contained marrow were split asunder, plainly proving they had been used as food; and bearing, as well as some fragments of pottery, marks of the action of fire. The whole mass proved to be nothing more nor less than the contents of a Scandinavian dust-hole.

2. THE AGE OF BRONZE.—That copper was discovered and came into use previous to iron there can be no doubt. The former metal is found in an almost pure state, and was used by the Asiatic tribes in the first ages of history. Subsequently they endeavoured to render it more hard by an admixture of tin. This produced the bronze of which we read in the earliest writers of the ancients.

Tubal Cain is mentioned in the book of Genesis as the “instructor of every artificer of brass and iron,” which must lead us to infer that iron was known from the most remote ages in the East, though not in more northern countries.

In the Scandinavian Museum of Copenhagen the implements of the age of Bronze are supposed to belong to a period previous to the birth of Christ, and to have been the work of an entirely different race of men from those of the Stone age, probably a nomadic Oriental tribe, which emigrated from the East and passed away, giving place in later times to some more powerful invader. While the axes and sledge-hammers of their predeces-

sors, ponderous and unwieldy, attest men of strength, of thew, and sinew, the delicate-hilted swords of this age are too small to be grasped by modern hands, the girdles and bracelets too narrow to encircle the waists and wrists of ladies of the nineteenth century. It is evident they belonged to some small-limbed race, like the Hindoos of the present day, who had no connexion with their predecessors. Still the use of this newly-discovered metal did not entirely supersede that of stone; the material, on its first introduction, was too costly for the poorer inhabitants. They profited, however, by the designs introduced into their country by the artificers of bronze. The hatchets of this period are novel in form, and of marked superiority in execution to those of the earlier period, plainly showing that the workman did not hesitate to take his models from articles cast in the more valuable material.

Ornaments of gold were introduced at the same period, and soon among the richer inhabitants superseded the use of amber and bone. Of silver we have no mention; it was as yet unknown, and only occurs intermixed in the ore of the native gold. Of glass, the few beads that have been discovered merely serve to prove the existence of the material.

The workmanship, in an artistic point of view, is so superior to that of the Iron age, as to make one almost regret the introduction later of this metal.

The custom of burning the dead now prevailed; the ashes of the deceased were collected and enclosed in cones of pottery, or small stone cists; his arms, household utensils, and ornaments were ranged around within the barrow or hœi. Frequently when these objects were of

gold or of bronze, highly wrought, the survivors, anxious to retain the property for their own advantage, but at the same time desirous of continuing on pleasant terms with the ghost of their departed relative, caused miniature models of the originals to be cast in bronze or gold and ranged them around the urn; in the place of the larger objects of more considerable value: so particular were they in their imitations that you find miniature swords, the hilts plated with gold, or twisted round with gold wire—facsimiles of the original weapons. In some cases, however, the surviving relatives were superior to any such meanness, as is attested by ten splendid cups (skaal) hammered out of solid gold, and richly engraved, which have been discovered in tumuli—two at Boeslunde near Slagelse, five in Funen in 1685, and three in Jutland. They are very beautiful, and must have been the property of personages of high rank and great possessions.

The ornaments characteristic of this period are four in number—the spiral, the double spiral, the ring, and the wave, of which the spiral is said to be the most ancient. The serpent decoration is of later date, when it appears to have been almost universally adopted. That these objects of bronze are of northern workmanship there can be no doubt, as many of the paalstabs and celts have been discovered with the mould over which they were cast still inserted within them. I recollect, some two years since, a discovery of a manufactory of these articles was made near Lannion in Brittany, on the banks of the adjoining rivière, as they there term a fiorde; and I am afraid to say how many tons were brought to light, and for the most part melted down, in an incredibly short

space of time. I had the good luck to procure some specimens, one of which retained the mould in a similar manner to these I now mention.

The contents of a smith's shop are very curious, comprising not only the tools he used and the articles he fabricated, but many of his moulds, together with heaps of broken, worn-out bronze, about to be melted down for re-casting.

Let us first glance over the domestic implements, previous to examining those of warlike use. We will give precedence, as is due, to womankind, who really appear to have been, in these remote ages, perfectly supplied with all the necessary wants of the work-table, scissors alone excepted. Of needles in bone and bronze we have many—some without eyes; these were used only to perforate, the thread being drawn through by tweezers; others have the eye pierced through the centre, and some, the later ones, at one end, like those manufactured in the present day. They are not quite as fine as Mr. Kirby's *ne plus ultra* diamond-drilled eyed; but recollect in those times "thread 1300 yards for 3*d.*" was not, and Scandinavian ladies darned their Vikings' winter stockings, if they wore any, with the sinews of beasts, or narrow strips of hide, like those used by Queen Dido when purchasing the land for the site of Carthage. The same cabinet contains a golden needle, the only one in the collection. Stilettoes for piercing holes in the "*broderie Scandinavaise*" are also common, as well as bodkins and pincettes or tweezers, such as we still see in foreign dressing-cases. Only last week I was introduced by Conferentsraad Thomsen to a pair of these latter articles, in solid gold, which had just been forwarded, and were about to be valued at the Mint,

and, as soon as registered, to be placed in goodly company with the sister needle I have before alluded to. Needles and pincettes, with a knife, are usually discovered in the same locality. Decidedly, there is nothing new under the sun. Only imagine my astonishment at beholding a bronze ring, suspended to which hang a pair of these same pincettes, together with one of those nasty little foreign-looking spoons, inseparable from every French and German *étui*, for cleaning out the ears. Buttons we have in considerable variety: some of bone, of a quatrefoil pattern, others of amber; heaps of various forms in bronze; some also of gold, stud fashion, like the tawdry Brummagem jewellery of modern times.

But I am forgetting the knives, of which there is a large provision: they are rather small, with a bent handle, and very rude in form. Others resemble those of the present day, a little old-fashioned, and look as though pulled out of the socket of their handles by that most ruinous of all inventions, the knife-cleaning machine. To some, rings are attached, evidently intended to be worn from the girdle; one has a pincette dangling from the same ring, and a something else, *châtelaine* fashion; on some are engraved representations of ships, such as the Vikings sailed in, with dragon prow (*vide* tapestry of Bayeux); and on one, by the side of said ship, swims a little fish, of whose ichthyological name I am unable to inform you.

Of the ornaments worn by females, and perchance by men also—for the latter are or were as fond of finery as the softer sex—there is an extensive assortment: bronze diadems, after the fashion of the goddess Juno, or of those worn by the Russian Ambassadress at the drawing-rooms in London; large and solid twisted rings

for the neck, one of triple circlet, most ponderous to look at, but less heavy to wear, being hollow and stuffed with wool; large hair-pins of gold, a foot in length, terminated in a coil; and bracelets, plain and twisted.

One cabinet puzzled me much. It contained what to my ignorant eye appeared a collection of wire elastics, rampant from some dilapidated arm-chair, and I began to imagine the Scandinavian Vikings slept upon spring mattresses, as we degenerate mortals of the present day. These said elastics were, it appears, worn as armlets, and served as preservatives against sword-cuts, and at the same time as money: you measured off a piece of your armlet, according to the value of the article purchased. Anything more irritating than these machines crawling up one's arms I can hardly imagine. The same species also is there in gold, and whole cases of rings of similar form and precious material. A pin or brooch for fastening the dress or plaid is a facsimile of those worn in the Highlands in the present day.

Let us now turn to the heroes of the age of Bronze.

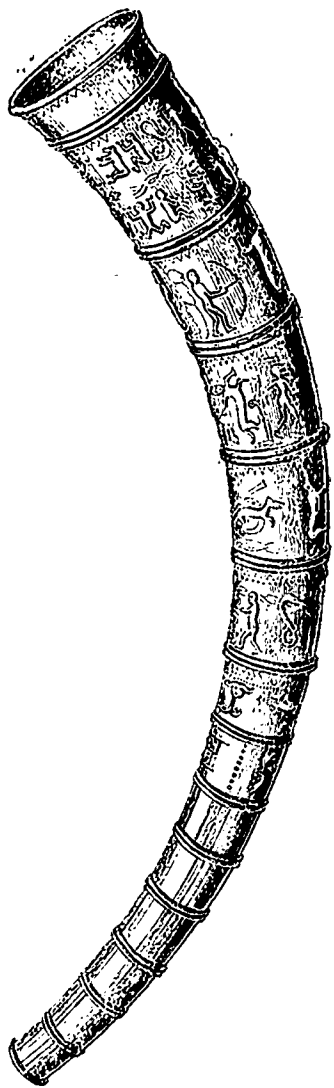
Of swords this collection boasts of upwards of 300—some long, but the greater part not exceeding two feet six inches in length, short like the Highland dirks, two-edged, the blade thickest towards the middle. The hilts are often ornamented with plates of gold, overlaid, for at this period the art of gilding was undiscovered: they appear as though ivory had been inserted between the plates, as we often now see. The scabbards were of wood, covered with leather both without and within. One sword, discovered near the Liimfiorde, in Jutland, is of bronze, and of exquisite workmanship. As the gem of the collection, it is honoured with a small case lined with black velvet.

Of bronze shields there are several, from 19 to 24 inches in diameter. The handle is formed of a crossbar within the hollowed boss. These shields were only used by persons of the highest rank, being most expensive: they are mostly formed of wood, with bosses attached to the centre. One is ornamented with bosses hammered out; another with the double spiral decoration, from which issue two serpents with bird-like head—an ornament most rare at this period. Still the representations of animals and the human form do now commence. I find three in the museum: one, the figure of a man, forming the handle to a knife; the other two, also figures of men, I discovered in a case of objects like harness, the use of which is unknown. One of these appears to be a sort of tumbler, turned inside out, like the clown at a circus; the other, with bronzed helmet, is kneeling with one hand on his heart, most sentimental.

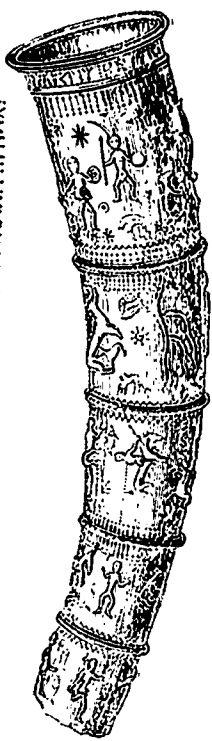
But I am forgetting the *bâton de maréchal*, a large bronzen axe, 16 inches in length and 10 inches broad at the edge, handsomely ornamented with raised knobs, and partly overlaid with gold. It was evidently cast for ornament, not use, being too light and delicate to crack the skull of an enemy, but very ornamental for state occasions. It is composed of a very small portion of metal, cast on a nucleus of clay, extending to the very edge, and is a wonderful specimen of the artificer's skill. Artists of the present day assert they could do no better, if as well.

Strange to relate, of helmets only one single relic has been discovered—a chin-piece—plated with gold and ornamented with spirals.

And now come the horns. Wild Hunter of the



МѢСЯЦЪ НЕРСЯ И СѢВЕРЪ И ПАРЪ И ПАРЪ И ПАРЪ



GOLDEN HORNS.

No. 1, found 1639. No. 2, found 1737.

Hartz Mountains, ghostly Knight of the Ardennes, Robin Hood, Little John, and all such worthies, bow your heads. Never did I behold five bugles such as these. The cow-horn of the Polish serf may be longer; but I'll back the "luurs" of the Scandinavian against all rivals. They are beautiful and graceful, reminding you of the legends of romance; indeed, of everything unlike the present utilitarian century. They are supposed to have been war-trumpets, by which the signal for attack was given. If stretched out, they would be upwards of six feet in length; the disk is adorned with circular bosses and ring ornaments, and a bunch of bronze pendants is attached to the end, near the mouthpiece. I had one of them removed from its case for my inspection. When the mouthpiece is inserted between the lips, the horn traverses the shoulder and encircles the whole body. The sound is somewhat dull, as may be expected. These horns or some of them were discovered at Wedellsborg, in the island of Funen.

Every day, at the hour of closing, all the objects of gold are removed from the cabinets and concealed in some secret fireproof place, unknown to any but the attendants. This is a most prudent precaution, for in 1802 two horns of solid gold were stolen from the Kunst cabinet of Christiansborg, by a jeweller named Heidenreich, and were melted down before the robbery was discovered. The robber was imprisoned for life, and a long imprisonment it proved, for he lived to be eighty years of age.

The circumstances attending the original finding of these golden horns were singular. In the year 1639, near Tonder, in Slesvig, a young peasant girl, by name Katharina, as she was returning home one evening, re-

marked something sticking up out of the ground by the side of the road. Imagining it to be a piece of wood, she passed it by without examination. Some days later, walking along the same road, she struck her foot against the same object. Seeing it to be something curious, she endeavoured to pull it from the earth, and having, after great efforts, succeeded in extracting it from the ground, called to her companions to look at what she had found. They all laughed at her, declaring it to be an old hunter's horn, and advised her to leave it where she found it. This she refused to do. Having had the trouble of dragging it out from the earth, she determined to carry it home. She then washed it in the river, and, when rubbed and freed from the mud which adhered to it, it was believed to be brass. Everybody ridiculed her; but she took one of the rings which hung from the horn and sold it to a goldsmith in the village, who discovered it to be of gold. The mayor of Tonder, having questioned the girl, caused excavations to be made at the same place, but without success. At last the rumour came to the ears of Christian IV., then on a visit to his son the Crown Prince at Glückstadt. Christian purchased the horn from the girl and presented it to the Prince. The Prince placed it on his buffet, and amused himself with his court in endeavouring to quaff its contents at a draught. This feat, however, no one could accomplish, as the horn contained three pots and a half of wine. It weighed seven pounds, and was worth about 450*l*. It is now supposed to belong to the first or an earlier Iron age.

In the year 1737, twenty-five steps from the place where the first horn was found, a peasant, by name Erik Lauritzen, whilst removing mould, at six inches from the

surface struck against the second horn and took it up. Finding it to be of gold, he presented it to Count Schack, owner of the land, who gave it to Christian VI. The King sent the peasant 25*l.*, the value of the horn being 500*l.* The man was so delighted with His Majesty's liberality, that he wrote twice to thank the King for his kindness.

The celebrated poet, Adam Oehlenschläger, composed a funeral elegy on these horns, when they had been stolen and melted down, so touching that it brought tears into the eyes of all antiquaries who perused it. For this reason I have not translated it, as it might have been too much for the reader's feelings.*

3. THE IRON AGE.—We now enter into the third period of Scandinavian history—an era more difficult to describe and puzzling to comprehend than the two preceding ages. I do not myself believe that, as Christianity progressed among the Northern nations (from A.D. 826 to A.D. 1000), native talent advanced with the civilization of the country. Models were procured from foreign parts, chiefly from the East: few were of original design. The merchants of Scandinavia extended their commercial expeditions to the city of Novgorod, at that time the chief mart of Oriental and European traffic, exchanging the ivory of the narwal and the amber of the Baltic for the produce of the East.

The Varangian guard,† all-powerful like the Janissaries

* A model of one of these horns has been lately executed in silver gilt by M. Dahl, of Østergade, and presented to the Museum of Northern Antiquities by his Majesty King Frederic VII., and it is whispered that the companion is likely to follow.

† The Varangian guard was chiefly formed of English Danes, who

of later years, surrounded and by their presence protected the tottering throne of the Eastern Emperor, and by their constant connexion with Constantinople inundated the North with coins and ornaments of the later and degraded period of Byzantine art.

Our old friends, too, the Vikings, of glorious memory, after spreading fire and devastation far and wide—pushing their marauding adventures even to the coasts of Italy and Spain—returned loaded with spoil and plunder, and then, when, wearied with the chains of home and domestic life, they were about to set out on some fresh expedition, they buried and concealed their treasures in some secret place, unknown to all, even to the wives of their bosoms. There—the owner slain in some robber fight—they lay for centuries hidden in the bowels of the earth, and are now occasionally turned up by the plough. The fact that the objects were procured from so many different sources renders it very difficult to determine which may be really of Scandinavian origin.

The mode of burying the dead, too, at this period of history, seems to have been in a state of transition—a question vexée, as the French term it. Urns of pottery have been frequently discovered, containing the ashes of the deceased, with the iron sword, bent or broken, laid across the top of the vessel. It is probable that many people remained constant to the old-fashioned habit, disliking new-fangled ideas, as certain old English ladies of the last century insisted on not being buried, as was then the law, in a woollen shroud, thereby causing

deserted Britain after its conquest by the Normans, and took service at Constantinople. They were styled by the Greeks "Hatchet-bearers" (*τρεχέουχοι*), from the arm they used, which was called in England the Danish axe.

a fine of 20*l.* to be paid from the pockets of their residuary legatees to the government of the country.

It was in Denmark that the ancient custom of burning the dead was first discontinued. It is known to have prevailed much later in the adjoining kingdoms of Sweden and Norway. According to the Icelandic historian, Snorro Sturlesen, who some 600 years ago wrote a chronicle of the Kings of Norway, Dan Mikillati was the first who, by his own direction, was interred whole, unburned, together with his war-horse, armour, harness, and other accoutrements. The Vikings are declared by the Sagas to have been burned in their ships, the very vessels which had carried them proudly over the billows, through storm and tempest: over the ship a tumulus was heaped, a grand idea—(Nelson should have been sunk in a 74)—but no traces of these interments have as yet been discovered in Denmark, though Professor Thomsen informs me that in Sweden, near Sigtuna, the remains of a ship have been brought to light from an excavated barrow. On the other hand, to meet with a human skeleton, with axe, sword, the bones of a horse, harness, stirrups, and other accoutrements, is no uncommon occurrence.

The cases of this department of the museum contain large collections of all warlike implements—swords, javelins, arrow-heads, instruments for the shoeing of horses, &c., of corroded iron—interesting to the true antiquary, but to unlearned minds like my own suggesting uncomfortable ideas of “marine stores and receivers of stolen goods.” I may be a heathen—I can’t help it: rusty iron has no charm for my eyes; it is rusty iron always. The swords are of larger dimensions than those of the Bronze age, the hilts frequently adorned with plates of

gold, some even of solid silver—a new feature in the history of metallic art. Then we have shields and helmets, few in number—for iron soon rusts and perishes—and some small remains of chain armour. Formerly this kind of armour was imagined to have been first introduced into Europe from the East at the time of the Crusades; but a discovery, made last year, in the neighbourhood of Flensburg, of several pieces of chain mail in a morass, together with coins of the Emperor Vespasian much worn, and others of Commodus fresh as though from the mint, will, it is supposed, set this question at rest. The relics of a battle-field discovered at Allesø, in the island of Funen, show that even in these early days the cleanliness and creature comfort of the Scandinavian soldier were not unattended to, for side by side with broken javelin and battered helmet lay numerous combs of bone, good sized and strong.

The bronze of the Iron age is far inferior in design, execution, and quality, to that of the preceding period: a few, very few articles of stone, still occur in the “finds.”

Of bronze—or we must now rather term it brass—we have a bunch of keys of simple design, like the house-breaker’s picklock, strung on a ring; others more advanced and intricate: diadems, too, one massive and fastening behind with a pivot cross. This may possibly have adorned the helmet of some warrior; but I rather imagine it to have been a woman’s ornament, uncomfortable if you will, perched up probably on a cushion or plait of hair, in the style of the Roman Empresses—for these Northern beauties boasted and still boast of great capillary attraction. It could have been, however, scarcely less ponderous and headachy than the diamond fenders by which we are still constantly dumfounded at the

birthday drawing-rooms of Her Majesty in this the nineteenth century.

Money in these early ages was unknown in Denmark. The first coin struck in that country was in the reign of Svend, father of Canute the Great, about the year 1000. Large masses of foreign money, however, have been discovered in various places—Cufic, Byzantine, Roman, German, and Anglo-Saxon (Danegelt) mixed together—with bars and ingots of silver and gold, rings suspended to others of large dimensions, broken bracelets, chains, and necklaces. In a small case near the window you will see exposed the “find” of this description, made in Falster, near Vaalse, some thirteen years since.

Glass, too, now appears, not of home manufacture, but imported from other countries. Beads of this material, both coloured and mosaic, are numerous. Four of a large size are supposed to have formed knobs for the handles of swords. Then we have drinking-horns, graceful in form, both in bone and in glass—the latter opalized by the effect of long interment. Among many glasses of various design and colour, one specimen arrived only a few days since, moulded in the same diamond pattern that is used in the French cabarets at the present day.

Of silver laid on to iron we have the remains of a girdle, in good preservation, and javelin-heads ornamented with silver double-circular spangle ornaments,* shining bright from among the rusty but more useful metal. Then come two small vases of Roman work-

* The same ornamentation is used by the inhabitants of Borneo in the present day to mark the number of enemies who have fallen by the hand of the possessor. In the Ethnographic Museum I have seen spears with twenty or thirty of these double-circular spangles of silver.

manship, tastefully engraved, and a silver cup, an inch and three-quarters high, taken from the grave of Queen Thyre Dannebod, at Jellinge, ornamented with the serpent decoration. Fibulas of every form and fashion, lyre-shaped, sword-shaped, in endless variety; an ancient coin scratched over with Runic inscription; silver scales; Eastern-looking beads, and rings with pendent brelques; small hatchets, and other implements. Bracelets, plain silver band, with perpendicular bark-like ornament; netted, twist, and chain of every device invented since the creation of the world; one, too, of a suspicious horseshoe form, worn perhaps for luck; then others of serpent coil, more massive still, rich and exquisite in design. A necklace composed of rings of netted chain-work, similar to the bracelets, very beautiful and perfect in execution, at the same time both massive and delicate. The more you examine the more you are astonished at the beautiful workmanship of the articles displayed before you.

And now for the gold ornaments. You admire those large massive "bracelets" as you call them; so did I till I knew better. They are the swearing-rings of the ancients, and hang, as you may see on examining some of the figures on the early bractæ coins, to the collar of the warrior; on these he placed his finger when taking an oath on any solemn occasion, which oath he would break in twenty-four hours afterwards with very little hesitation. Gold embossed beads, trumpery and Palais-Royalish in taste; leopard-headed ornaments with jewelled pendants; collar ornaments of filigree with bractæ attached, all betray their Byzantine origin.

A girdle of solid gold, but beaten very thin, once adorned the statue of some favourite idol: it is very

handsome, and must have been difficult to purloin, being made without a joint.

Splendid and massive are the neckrings, rich also in ornamentation; bracelets of exquisite and artistic beauty, and in great variety; rings of twist and coil, some so large as to cover the whole joint of a colossal finger: one is formed of two griffin's claws, meeting in the centre; another a sort of quatrefoil composed of four diamond-shaped lozenges. A curious—very curious—ring of thick and heavy gold, enamelled with Runic characters, too ancient to be deciphered, was discovered in the neighbourhood of Bergen and made its way to England; thence it went to Paris, where it was repurchased and is now in the Scandinavian Museum at Copenhagen.

The bractææ coins, or imitations of them—sometimes Cufic, sometimes Byzantine—are very interesting: many have Runic inscriptions. The coins are enclosed within a border, with a loop to attach them on to the collar. On some are represented the god Thor, and what do you imagine he is doing? Why, applying his thumb to the end of his nose, his four fingers extended in the air. I never knew before how ancient this custom was, or whence the naughty little boys derived this excessively low-bred habit.

But it would be an endless task to describe in detail the innumerable relics of this collection. The ancient adage "that riches beget riches" is here fully exemplified: each week, each day, adds to the treasures already accumulated. And shall we ever possess in England such a museum of early national antiquities? I doubt it, even if space be allowed in some future building at Kensington, unless some antiquarian member of Parliament take up the matter and introduce a change

in the law of treasure trove. Until that be effected, all objects of the precious metals discovered will be broken and consigned to the melting-pot. The poorer classes will not recognise the justice of manorial claims, nor is it to be wondered at.

Some few years since, when Professor Worsaae accompanied His Majesty the King of Denmark to Scotland, he remained some days in Edinburgh for the express purpose of inspecting the museum of that city. One morning he was informed that somebody desired to speak with him in private. An individual was introduced, who stated that he understood Mr. Worsaae was in the habit of purchasing antiquities, and offered him a splendid armlet—a serpent coil, heavy and massive, the gold alone of which must have been worth, at least, 20*l.*, but for which he asked only a 10*l.* note. He had dug it up whilst tilling his land, and, being aware that he would receive no remuneration from the rightful owner, was anxious to get rid of it in secret. Mr. Worsaae, even had he been willing to do so, could not of course, being there in a sort of public capacity, purchase anything in an underhand manner. He mentioned the circumstance to some of the Edinburgh antiquaries; inquiries were prosecuted, but too late; the armlet had already become the prey of the melting-pot.

THE FIRST CATHOLIC ERA.

We now enter upon the first Catholic era, of which the specimens are fewer than those of the Pagan period:—early croziers of the narwal horn; a whole cabinet of mannikins and cock-horses of bronze, very rude and delightfully unartistic, new to my relic-loving eyes, meant to contain water to pour over the priest's hands

at the conclusion of the celebration of mass; a regiment of censers, engraved with beautiful Runic inscriptions, the more interesting because no one can understand them; then we have an ancient Byzantine altar, reliquaries, and candlesticks, all of the same style, enamelled with fleurs-de-lys and other symbolical devices; crucifixes and crosses, Queen Dagmar's among the number; the carved door of an ancient Icelandic church—all allegory—an armed knight introducing Christianity, falcon on shoulder, the lion crouched low before the foot of the cross. In the second panel the knight fights lustily with Paganism, a many-headed dragon, aided by the lion—the meaning of which I don't quite understand. But I must not forget to mention the crucifix of narwal ivory, bearing an inscription that it was once the property of Gunhild, otherwise Helena (the names are synonymous), daughter of King Svend, and niece (or sister) to Canute the Great. The existence of this princess is only known by this record, no mention being made of her in history. In the adjoining room are two splendid iron swords, with ivory carved handles, of serpent decoration, of the time of our King Canute; ancient anchors, chain armour, and weapons of all kinds; two cases of drinking-horns, among them that of the first abbot of Sorø, most unecclesiastical in its measure. Queen Margaret's cup, too—her favourite ten-sided rosace drinking-cup of silver, partly gilt; queer ivory-handled knives and ancient silver spoons; to say nothing of one of those wonderful ponderous iron casques, with a sort of curtain (such as ladies have on their bonnets, only going all round) of the same metal, and one cross slit to look out of.

Mounting the staircase, we come to more Roman

Catholic relics, altarpieces, and carvings:—two St. Georges and the Dragon, large as life (one of which is by Brüggeman); armour and shields, battle-axes, two-handed swords, more jewellery, more carvings, painted missals, parchment deeds, seals of abbeys and kings; Runic almanacs and monkish calendars; more censers, with, this time, intelligible Runic characters; chalices of fine workmanship. The ivory portable altar of Christian I., presented, in 1474, by him to the Pope. It represents the life of St. Olaf; and a most disturbed life his must have been, too, for everybody seems knocking or cutting off everybody else's head. In more recent times the Pope returned this offering to Frederic IV. when he visited Italy, as being more valuable to him as a relic of his ancestor.

We now enter the great salle; but, before examining its contents, let us admire the tapestry, a chronological gathering of the kings of Denmark, beginning with whom I can't exactly say, for one part is missing (burnt, as 'everything is sooner or later in Denmark), and another part is at Frederiksborg Castle; but it ends with Christian IV., represented as a boy, with the Castle of Kronborg and Elsinore in the background. I love old tapestry, and delight to examine it, and to make out all the kings, arrayed in their crowns and sceptres, looking so natural in the open air. Erik the Pomeranian, evidently en retraite in Gothland, his crown all topsyturvy in the mud; Christian II., looking very miserable, his crown off, too, and his sceptre broken in two, cracked by a blow from his uncle and neighbour Frederic I. Nothing like this sort of thing to make you study history. And then these hangings were the work of two Scotch brothers, of the name of King, who settled

in Denmark; they prospered, too, for the grandson of one of them became not only Bishop of Zealand, but one of the most popular of Danish poets.*

Numerous are the objects of interest in this room—the carved wooden tankard, the rich bed from Jutland, the jewelled toys; the golden apple or orange, of which you touch the spring, and it falls into twelve “pigs” or divisions, each for a different perfume; the ornaments worn by the peasants of Jutland, of Sweden and Norway, of Amak and the Färoe isles; also the goblet, half melted by fire, presented by King James I. to the University of Copenhagen. One of the attendants now opens the cabinet containing the almanac of Christian IV., with his own journal and remarks, and the autograph of Tordenskiold; the petition written on blue ribbon by the daughters of Ulfeld, praying for the release of their mother; and many other treasures.

By this time you imagine you have seen everything in the museum—it is near two o'clock, and you are about to start; when, at the last moment, arrives Professor Thomsen, followed by a crowd of attendants armed with a perfect forest of keys. “Come here! come here!” he exclaims; “I will show you something. You see, when I purchased this cabinet it was empty; but it had once contained spoons and tankards, so spoons and tankards I determined to have;” and, opening the door, there they were, dozens of Apostle and christening spoons hung around it, complete. “Come on! come on! I will show you what gave me most trouble of all to

* Bishop Kingo (he smartened up his name with an *o*) lies buried in the church of Frangde in Funen, with an elegy inscribed on his tablet from the pen of Ingemann; he married three wives one after the other.

collect ;” and, unlocking the door of a similar ebony cabinet, he displays to our admiring eyes the “Crowns of the Northern brides :” ancient Icelandic, modern Icelandic,—ancient Norwegian, modern Norwegian,—ancient Swedish, modern Swedish ; all of silver-gilt, and of very curious workmanship. It was a real labour of love with the Professor to procure them. These crowns are usually either heirlooms in wealthy families or the property of the parish. In this case he had really cause to rejoice in the misfortune of his friends : one family about to emigrate to America gladly resigned their hereditary possession for an equivalent in money ; the priest of a consumed parish-church considered the sale of the ancient ornament a necessary evil to repair the damage of the flames. Each crown has its history, added to which let me state that this bridal gear is not always required ; pure and spotless must be the reputation of the maiden who durst appear and challenge the scandal of her village compeers ; luckless the girl who would clothe herself in undeserved plumage—the bridal crown and veil may be recklessly torn from her head by the indignant bystanders. No disgrace attends those who affect nothing, and often out of twenty brides scarcely two bear this symbol of maiden purity !

CHAPTER XVII.

Environs of Copenhagen — Baths of Marienlyst — Palnatoke, the Danish William Tell — Receding foreheads of the eighteenth century — Elsinore — The so-called Hamlet's tomb — The Hammer-mills — Grave of a Scandinavian dog — Legend of the cuckoo.

ENVIRONS OF COPENHAGEN.

A BRIGHT sun and a frosty morning in January induced us to visit the Palace of Frederiksborg, two miles distant from Copenhagen. January is not the month usually selected for roaming through uninhabited houses; but I was anxious to see a portrait of Sophia Madalena, Queen of Sweden,* of which Her Majesty the Queen Dowager had spoken to me. How bright the country looks on a fine frosty morning! how bracing the air! It is quite refreshing to quit the city. We passed by the square reservoirs of the water company, now firmly frozen over, where myriads of small boys in sabots, with satchels on back, were diverting themselves with the pastime of sliding (I trust not on their way to school). We then zigzagged off into a cross road, turned off by a butcher's shop—*slagter-mester* in Danish. He lives next door to the carrier, who announces to the public how daily he conveys "parcellen" of all sorts to and from the town. Near the gate of the palace gardens stands

* Wife of Gustavus III., daughter of Frederic V. and Queen Louisa; married the same day as Caroline Matilda, and nearly as unhappily.

an admirably-executed statue of Frederic VI., the most popular and most beloved monarch that ever sat on the Danish throne. It is said to be an excellent likeness, in the frock-coat, semi-military, in which he walked and talked daily in that very locality—a residence he much loved. The palace is well placed, and commands a splendid view of Copenhagen and its environs. Frederiksberg contains little to repay you for the trouble of wandering through dismantled rooms, beyond a portrait of the late Queen Dowager by Juel, and the full-length of the Queen of Sweden, by I know not whom. Whatever be the fate of Frederiksberg, be it inhabited again by some future sovereign or converted into a public museum, the government are wrong to allow it to fall into decay. I was shocked to see the fine stucco ceilings, gems of their kind, falling down from sheer neglect. They can never be replaced, and are fine specimens of the handiwork of an earlier century. The woods around the palace are charming, even at this season. The woodcutters were hard at work, thinning and carting away the trees, near the little Norwegian hut and bridge. There was life and freshness in the scene. Frederiksberg was built by Frederic IV. when Prince Royal. The pheasantry and “fauconnerie,” for which the king received yearly supplies of birds from England, from his uncle Prince George of Denmark, has long since disappeared.

The environs of Copenhagen are beautiful; and the drives to the Deer-park, where in summer-time a fair is held, and the so-called Hermitage of Madalena, well repay the trouble. Frederiksdal on the lake, and Lyngby, with its palace of Sorgenfri, the residence of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager; the forest of Jægersborg; Charlotten-

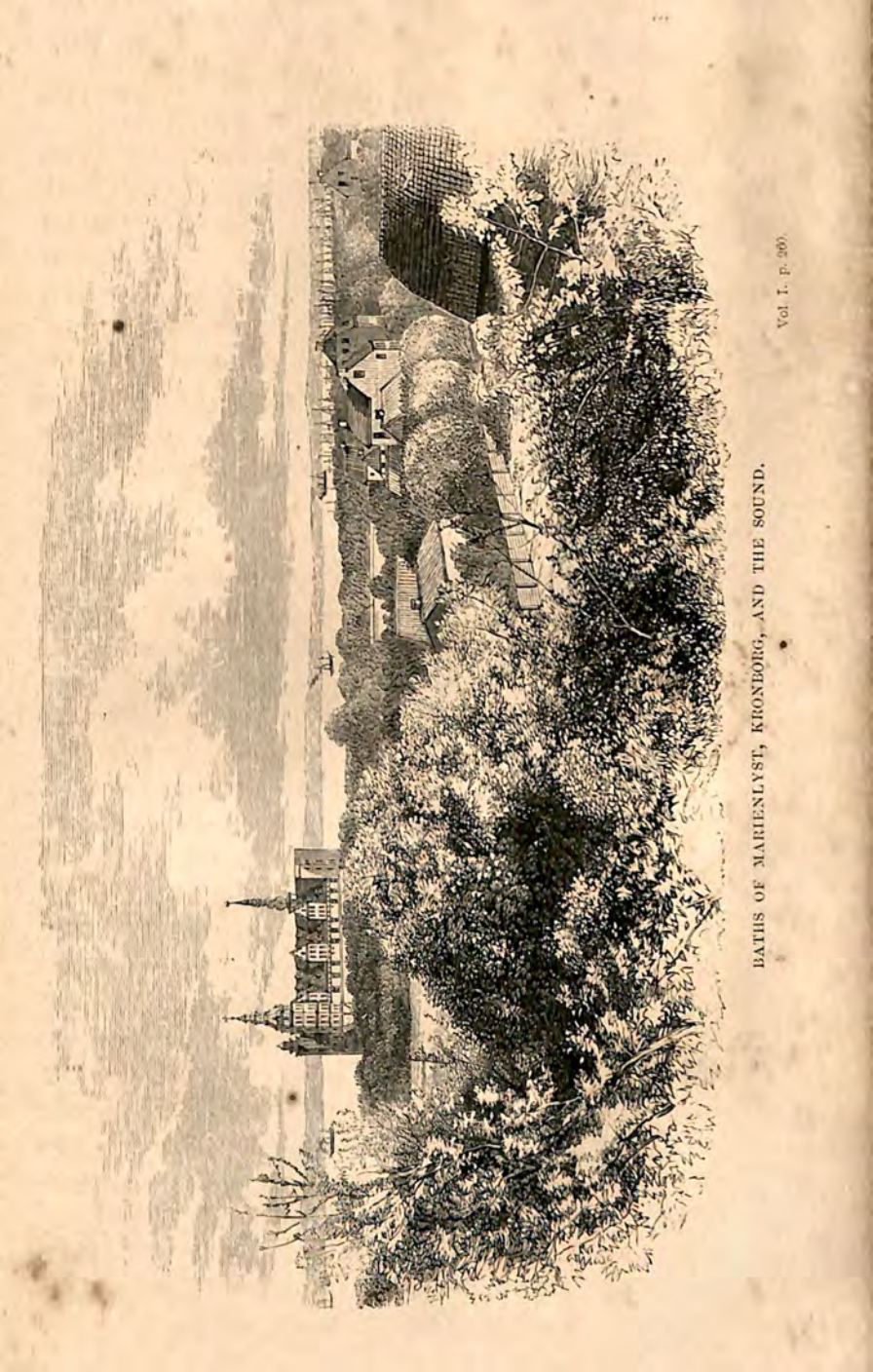
lund, where the fireworks blaze of a summer's eve; the bathing-place of Klampenborg, on the Sound—all form agreeable promenades on an idle day; but there is nothing more to say about them. Blue fresh or blue salt water (as the case may be), beech-trees, deer, a villa residence—when you have described one, you have said all that is or can be said about them. But the neighbourhood of Lyngby is a Vale of Tempe, and in early May the market-women come into town bearing baskets loaded with the lilac flowers of the *Primula farinosa*, mounted into little nosegays. The steamer to Elsinore will leave you at Bellevue, from which you may visit in a carriage the prettiest sites in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen.

MARIENLYST.

April 28th.—Flytte-dag has at length arrived, and to-day we leave our apartments in the Amaliegade, according to law, clean swept and garnished. It's an awful affair quitting Copenhagen. For the last three days cartloads of furniture have been carried off in succession, gradually reducing us to the strict nécessaire of chairs and bedstead (I myself retired at once in dignity to my old quarters at the "Royal"). We are, however, at last under way, and embark on board the fast steamboat "Horatio," which in two hours' time lands us at our destination. The weather is bright, but the wind easterly, and its sharpness gives proof of having passed over the broken ice of the northern latitudes. Vegetation has not advanced for the last three weeks. The buds of the horse-chesnuts swell, look ready to burst and unfold their leaves—but don't. They will all come into leaf in the space of twenty-

four hours. It's wonderful—like magic—"a northern spring," so people constantly tell me. Well, it may be; but, like the "good time" of the ballad, "it's a long time coming." Our fast steamer was once a yacht—built for pleasure, now turned to profit; she glides through the water like a serpent. We pass, to the right, the island of Hveen, where Tycho Brahe once held his court, and then later, like other mortals, grew out of fashion. The Danish coast is lined with fair country seats, embowered in beechen groves; Skodsborg, the summer residence of his present Majesty; that of the Landgrave, and many others; then the church-tower of Elsinore appears. Kronborg later, grand and dignified, guards the entrance into the Sound. We turn round, suddenly, enter the harbour, and in a few seconds are landed on the jetty.

April 29th.—We are now completely established at Marienlyst; somewhat cold, if the truth be told, but where to go at this season of the year became a puzzler. Too early to travel, heartily tired of Copenhagen, we were glad of a change, and spring is sure to come some time or other. I must now give you some description of our present abode, which is situated at a half-hour's distance from the town of Elsinore. The house is of considerable architectural pretensions, built what the French call "à mi-côte," or, in plain, intelligible English, half-way up the hill, overhung and surrounded by luxuriant woods. The garden in front, with its avenues of clipped limes, forms the public promenade of the natives. Beyond, from our window, we gaze on the dark blue waters of the Sound, ever gay with its numberless shipping, frigates, steamers, and merchantmen. Old Kronborg stands isolated, with her picturesque irregular



BATHS OF MARIENLYST, KRONBORG, AND THE SOUND.

towers, and the coasts of Sweden appear scarcely at a stone's throw; the Kullen hills in the distance; the rival town of Helsingborg, with her massive square watch-tower, looks poor and mean, quite cut out by the frowning turrets of her Danish sister.

Palnatoke (Danish Knave of Spades, now, as well as William Tell), the most celebrated skater of his age, one winter's eve, when intoxicated, laid a wager with Harald Blue-Tooth that he would skate down the Kullen Hills. Next morning, when he was sober, the king insisted on his performing the feat. "It is my certain death," answered Palnatoke; "but better die than break my word." So he mounted the hills to fulfil his promise. Down he came with a fearful rapidity to instant destruction; but, luckily, the band of one skate giving way arrested his descent; he arrived in safety at the bottom, and escaped in a little ship which was lying in wait for him.

Palnatoke was greatly skilled in archery; so Harald Blue-Tooth ordered him to shoot an apple off his child's head, declaring that if he missed it he should forfeit his life. Palnatoke desired his boy to be steady—not to flinch. He cleaves the apple in twain, and the child is unscathed. But he has three arrows, and owns his intention, had he failed, to have shot the contriver of the death. This story, with all due respect to the Swiss, is related in the Sagas, some four hundred years before William Tell was born or thought of.

Marientyst boasts of a certain historic interest, particularly to us English, for here was founded, early in the fifteenth century, a Carmelite cloister by our English princess Queen Philippa, of whom the Danes think so much, and of whom we her countrymen know so little.

Then came the Reformation; monks and nuns were swept away, and the convent and its possessions fell to the Crown of Denmark. The site was charming, and later Frederic IV. here constructed an Italian villa, where he resided in the summer season. From him it passed into the possession of the Counts Moltke, and again became royal property and a dower apantage of Queen Juliana Maria, from whose second name it derives its present appellation.

Yes, from these very windows Juliana, in her joy and bitterness, may have gazed on the prison of her victim Queen Caroline Matilda, and triumphed at the success of her intrigue.

Well, Juliana died; Marienlyst still continued royal property, but was deserted. Apartments were granted therein to various dowagers, directors of the Sound dues, &c., until the year 1850, when the present king determined to convert it into a sort of Chelsea Hospital for soldiers mutilated during the war. This idea was, however, never carried out: the invalids preferred residing in their own houses, and the property, with its adjoining woods, was then purchased by the town of Elsinore, who have relet it on a lease of ninety-nine years to its present proprietor Mr. Nathansen. The establishment opens on the 1st of June, so we are sure of a month's quiet at any rate. The bathing here is excellent, and I have no doubt, when more known (for it is now in its infancy), Marienlyst will become one of the most favourite watering-places of Northern Europe.

We inhabit the premier. The "bel étage"—not according to rule, but on account of the view—is on our second; a suite of apartments richly painted and decorated in the style of the last century; medallions of

Frederic and Juliana surmount the mirrors,—he in all the pride “*d’une beauté insolente*,” she so handsome you could almost pardon her wickedness in later days. Here are the dining, reading-rooms, and restaurant. Views of Venice, not quite Canaletti, adorn the walls,—pleasant to look upon as old acquaintances, not as works of art. The view from the windows is glorious, and (the palace being built *mi-côte*) you walk out from thence across a wooden bridge straight into the woods above. On our staircase stand two large white glazed Fayence busts of Christian VI. and his son Frederic V., in all the glory of elephants and periwigs,—goodnatured faces, with the “*front fuyant*” so remarkable among all monarchs from the commencement of the eighteenth century. Look at the Bourbons, the Austrians, George III., and now the house of Oldenburg—all alike. The forehead recedes, giving an “*air moutonnier*” to their Majesties. How is this to be accounted for? Christian IV. and his son have intellectual faces; Louis XIII. and XIV. are not wanting. The Stuarts have foreheads straight and broad enough to contain the well-known hereditary obstinacy of their race. Unless the nurses of that century indulged in some peculiar bandaging or manipulation of the infant head, like that which exists among certain tribes of the Red Indians, this formation can only be attributed to the weight of the pigtails attached to the wigs by which their youthful heads were disfigured.

Run your eye over a gallery of royal portraits of the later centuries, and you will see boys of the tenderest age, hardly able to toddle, bewigged and dizened out like men of seventy. It is not at all impossible that the weight of a pigtail, before the head was thoroughly

closed and developed—still soft—might produce this malformation of the forehead. Royalties, in those days of etiquette, too, suffered more than humbler mortals. Be this the reason or not, when pigtailed went out foreheads came in again, as we may see by their descendants the monarchs of the present century.

We mount au second. A door leads you direct into the woods, now carpeted with the flowers of the guul fugls melk (yellow bird's milk*), and terraces by which the palace is dominated: charming retreats in summer season, where you may enjoy those two luxuries so seldom found combined—shade, and the fresh, bracing sea-air. You turn to the right, and before passing through the open gate which leads into the forest find yourself in front of a raised mound, once surmounted by a cross (partly fallen), the so-called "Hamlet's Tomb:" no more his place of sepulture than that of Jupiter. Indeed, its origin dates from within the last thirty years. Hans Andersen assured me that, when he was a scholar at Elsinore, it existed not. In the good old times, when the Sound duties still were, and myriads of ships of all nations stopped at Elsinore to pay their dues and be plundered by the inhabitants, each fresh English sailor, on his first arrival, demanded to be conducted to the tomb of Hamlet. Now, on the outside of the town, by the Strand Vei, in the garden of a resident merchant, stood and still stands a hoi or barrow, one of the twenty thousand which are scattered so plentifully over the Danish dominions. This barrow, to the great annoyance of its possessor, was settled upon as a fit resting-place for Shakespeare's hero.

* *Ornithogalum luteum.*

Worried and tormented by the numerous visitors, who allowed him no peace, he, at his own expense, erected this monument in the public garden of the Marienlyst, caused it to be surmounted by a cross and a half-erased inscription, fixing the date of Hamlet's death the 32nd of October, Old Style, the year a blank. Admirably, too, it succeeded. The British public were content, and the worthy merchant allowed to smoke his pipe in peace under the grateful shade of his charmille.

It is, however, most singularly disagreeable to have now, at the eleventh hour, one's feelings wounded, one's illusions upset, and to be told suddenly how Hamlet, instead of being a "beautiful Danish prince," in "black velvet and bugles," and dying at Elsinore, was nothing but a Jutland pirate, son of a rubbishing "smaa konge" of the isle of Mors, in the Liimfiorde. It is all of a piece with Hannibal not melting the Alps with vinegar—an historical fact pooh-poohed by those learned in chemistry of the present century. But I hope to tell you more of Hamlet hereafter, when we again visit Jutland.

The monks of the convent of Marienlyst distinguished themselves greatly at the period of the Reformation, especially one Paul Eliasen, commonly called "Turncoat"—Vende-kaabe. He was nobody then, but later was made Protestant Professor of Theology in Copenhägen. Another monk, Franz Wormordsen, became the first Protestant preacher in Scania—Skaane the Danes write it—much to the credit of Marienlyst, for she was but a poor convent.

Afterwards, within the domain of the monastery hard by was founded a hospital for foreign seamen, and in the days of Christian IV. our garden was known by the ap-

pellation of "Kronborg's Lundehave," and here the king possessed a "lyst" house, where he loved to pass his leisure hours and drink his wine in company with Mrs. Karen Andersdatter, whose son, Hans Ulrik, one of the Gyldenløves—a distinguished man—became later governor of the Castle. As for poor Karen, she grew bleary-eyed, had to wear spectacles; so the king married her off to a parson. You will see her portrait at Rosenborg—not the lady with pearls in her hair: she's another, Kirsten Madsdatter, who died suddenly while sitting at her looking-glass, braiding those very ornaments among her golden tresses. An awful warning to bad Qvind-folk and others.

Christian IV., in his journal of May 5th, 1629, notes down: "I Christian IV. went from Frederiksberg to Kronborg. A little boy opened the door by the chimney of the kitchen, out in the garden-house (Kronborg Lundehave); and when I sent to see who was there, there was nobody." Not very alarming, but he was always seeing visions. Here too he made his "cure" and took his powder for "epileptic fits." Not that he suffered from them more than you or I. He got drunk, tumbled down like his neighbours, and on his recovery declared it was "epilepsy." No one contradicted his Majesty: it was not etiquette: so he believed it and betook himself to powders,—powders composed of "scrunched malefactors' skulls," mingled with some bygone nostrum: the greater the villain, be he hanged or decapitated, the more efficacious the remedy.

Capital punishment still exists in Denmark: none of your new-fangled philanthropic guillotines, but decapitation, as in days of yore, by sword and block; and now, even in the present century, when an execu-

tion takes place either in the island of Amak or Møen, the epileptic stand around the scaffold in crowds, cup in hand, ready to quaff the red blood as it flows from the still quivering body of the malefactor.

Along the coast extends for miles a beechen forest with walks cut out for the delectation of the visitors: no underwood—a shady canopy overhead, under which the exhilarating sea-air circulates. The beech are now leafless, but the ground is carpeted with green mosses, through which pierce the delicate flowers of the snowy wood-sorrel with its trefoil-leaf, and the wood anemone, its petals varying from rose to white; in the marshy parts below we find the golden heste-hov (horse's-hoof*), lamba blom,† fruers særk (our lady's smock‡), and the fladstjerne;§ the pale green leaves of the lily of the valley and the conval|| have already protruded themselves, but shiver and tremble in the blast as though they had acted unwisely; the cowslips (koe-driver, cow-driver, as they here call them) and the oxlips—shame on them for their effeminacy!—tuck their blossoms sturdily under their stalks within their coronal of leaves, determined to bide their time and not be caught committing any imprudence.

“Visit the Hammer-mills,” said Hans Andersen; “it is a charming walk.” And who is a better judge of what is picturesque than Hans Andersen? one of nature's poets; none of your taught admirers of the beautiful, blessed or rather cursed with an artistic eye, a bore to everybody. We were not destined to arrive there on our first attempt: we passed the glass manu-

* *Tussilago farfara*.

† *Saxifraga oppositifolia*.

‡ *Cardamine pratensis*.

§ *Stellaria*.

|| *Convallaria bifolia*.

factory on the sea-shore—very black it looked, with its smoke curling languidly in the clear atmosphere—and then turned off to gain the road. The beech-masts had sown themselves, and were springing up in thousands; and here we met two unlucky pigs, tethered in the forest, left to cater for themselves, as though in October: poor wretches! they ran up, evidently very hungry, as soon as they saw us, grunting their complaints most energetically. In this wood you will find a little dog's cemetery—small mounds of earth and heaps of stone, such as a Scandinavian dog should lie under. Danish ladies are apt to be sentimental, but in a ménagère fashion, as the following anecdote will show. One day, observing a small tombstone in the Botanical Garden,—erected to the memory of a lapdog by a lady of rank, said the gardener,—I knelt down and deciphered the inscription, which ran thus:—

Here lies Giordano, a faithful friend,
Born at Rome in the 7th year of Pius VI.'s pontificate,
Died at Copenhagen in that remarkable winter when
sugar was sold at 45 sk. the pound.

Requiescat in pace.

We were attracted by a pine wood to the left; it was not the direct road, but womankind was sure we could get round somehow; and so we did, and lost our way, and after some two hours' walking found ourselves near where we had set out, so gave up the Hammer-mills: but it was very beautiful—the forest diversified by mysterious dark blue lakes, full of fish they say; somehow I should not like to bathe in their waters; they have a taarn-ish look, as though occupied by gigantic efts, and all sorts of abominations, such as one sees in Italian apothecaries' shops and necromancers' houses in

the theatre. We came across no deer, no game. Before the year '50 these forests abounded with stags, chevreuil, hares, &c. ; now there are only foxes. These they shoot. Each year his Majesty gives a grand battue, and invites the foreign ministers accredited at his Court to assist at the execution. Last autumn the English Minister carried away the palm before all competitors,—shot more foxes than anybody. “C'est evident,” said the Danes, “il est tellement habitué chez lui.”

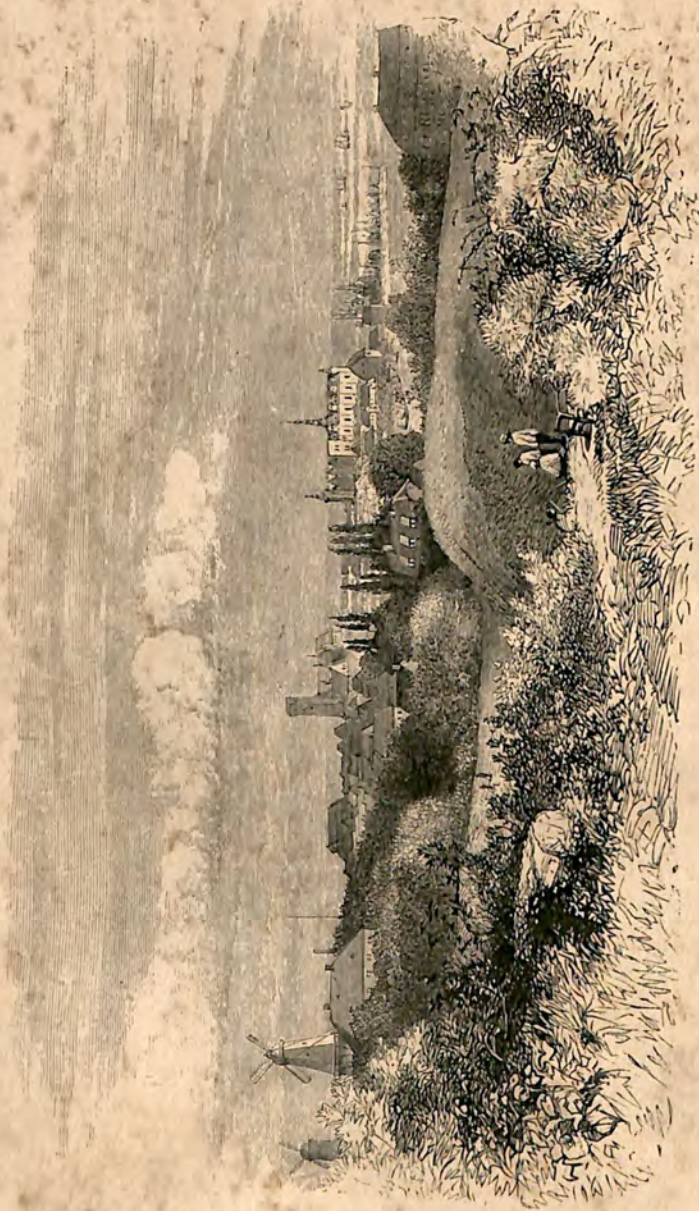
Our walk to the Hammer-mills and the village of Hellebæk did, however, come off two days later, and well it repaid our trouble. Suddenly, among the rich woodland scenery you come on a little village, with turning water-mills, gardens, and homesteads of almost Dutch neatness. This is the German colony—the congregation of St. Mary's—established by the celebrated Count Schimmelmann, in the last century, for the manufacture of arms. He appears to have understood business, as on its establishment he contracted to supply the government with 10,000 stand of arms annually: his descendants do so still, and will I believe so continue.

The village of Hellebæk extends along the sea-shore. A miraculous draught of fishes had been taken two nights before in the nets; every garden, every piece of waste ground, was hung with cod and flounders, split up, drying in the sun. In each cottage window blossom splendid tree carnations; the rose de la Hollande and the Ardoisée, one mass of flowers. We returned by the sea-shore, and found the fluffy blue anemone—the “spring cow-bell,”* as it is here called—growing in the sea-sand.

* *Pulsatilla vulgaris*.

As we strolled through the woods, the voice of the cuckoo rang shrilly through the air, entirely, too, devoid of Danish accent. Many naturalists declare that the notes of the singing-birds differ according to the climate in which they dwell. Perhaps I am hard of hearing, for I have never yet found it out. But if you wish to know why the cuckoo builds no nest of its own, that I can easily explain according to the belief in Denmark.

“When in early spring-time the voice of the cuckoo is first heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand and asks the question, ‘Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be married?’ and the old folks, borne down with age and rheumatism, inquire, ‘Cuckoo, when shall I be released from this world’s cares?’ The bird, in answer, continues singing, ‘Cuckoo!’ as many times as years will elapse before the object of their desires will come to pass. But as some old people live to an advanced age, and many girls die old maids, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her, that the building season goes by; she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of the hedge-sparrow.”



ELSINORE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The town of Elsinore — Story of Dyveke and Christian II.—Her death — Execution of Oxo — Holger Dansk's spectacles — The fairy Morgana — The castle of Kronborg — Embassy of Queen Elizabeth — Marriage of James VI. of Scotland — His assumption of the Tudor badges — Prison of Caroline Matilda — The "green-bone" — Anecdote of a stork.



ELSINORE (HELSINGØR).

May 3rd.—WE have this morning lionized the town of Elsinore. It boasts of nothing remarkable; its streets are narrow; the long, low, many-windowed houses are of respectable appearance; many spacious, boasting an air of better days. On the whole, it reminds one of some old rotten borough, once a stronghold of corruption, now deprived of its iniquitous corporation, fallen from its high estate. The lately built Raadhuus is a building of considerable pretension, modelled on the red brick Gothic peculiar to these northern climes—a most creditable edifice, but (there is always a but) badly placed in the centre of a long street, half concealed by the adjoining houses. Its construction was a regular job; one side of the neighbouring square was offered to the authorities for a trifling sum; the proposition was, however, negatived by the chief magistrate of the place,—“It would be too far removed from his own dwelling; he had become fat and unwieldy, and could not bear moving.”

Elsinore possesses two churches, both of great antiquity, of red brick, well proportioned, but externally

fearfully degraded. That of St. Olaf once piqued itself on its spire, which was blown down, in 1737, during a hurricane, which seems to have sent half the church-steeple in Denmark toppling over like ninepins; either the hurricane was very violent, or the spires badly built.

The interior is rich in carved and gilded altarpiece and ornaments of papistic times. Then there is the epitaphium of somebody who saved Denmark from the Swedes—so said the custode; but when I heard who it was from, I no longer troubled myself about it. Denmark was always being saved from the Swedes—quite an every-day occurrence. In the adjoining cloister-church of St. Mary lies, or rather once lay, interred Dyveke, the celebrated favourite of King Christian II.

Some historians relate that Dyveke died at Elsinore, otherwise it seems a strange place to have selected for her sepulture, when we consider the way in which her mother Sigbrit had treated the inhabitants of this city.* Dyveke, from all accounts, was much too simple-minded a girl to think of bequeathing her body to be buried anywhere.

Whilst I am on the subject I may as well give some account of Prince Christian's first meeting with his favourite in Norway, where he was sent by his father King John.†

* They had incurred her displeasure by refusing to receive a body of Dutch colonists she was anxious to establish there; in revenge she removed the Sound duties to Copenhagen.

† Christian got himself excommunicated by the Pope or clergy for causing the death of a bishop whom he had imprisoned on the accusation of having taken part in an oprør. The bishop cut his shirt into strips and let himself down from the window, but, being of a corpulent tendency, the rope broke; he fell to the ground and broke his leg.

According to Hvitfeldt, when at Bergen, young Prince Christian was informed by Archbishop Walkendorf that there lived in the town a very handsome Dutch girl, well-grown and modest, considered the beauty of the place. Her name was Dyveke or Dovekin, and she lived with her mother Sigbrit, who kept a huckster's shop there. So the prince invited her to a party with the principal burgomasters and their families. There was dancing, and he first danced with another girl who stood by, a friend of Dyveke's, and later with Dyveke herself, and was as happy as Paris when he first saw Helen. The more he looked, the more he was charmed; but, says the chronicle, "this dance caused him afterwards to dance away from the three kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden." Dyveke later accompanied him to Copenhagen, together with her mother, but for some years after King John's death nothing more is heard of her. She lived quietly enough, in consequence of the remonstrance of the Emperor Charles V. at the time of the marriage of his sister Elizabeth. The Emperor wished to insist on her dismissal, but Christian got into such a passion, the minister dared not return to the subject. Svaningius declares that both Dyveke and her mother lived a long time poor and hated in Copenhagen until

He managed to creep as far as a hollow tree, and hid himself therein. When his flight was discovered on the following day, the prince mounted his horse in pursuit of him. By the aid of bloodhounds he was soon discovered in a most wretched state; but Christian, instead of pitying him, "blew him up," and threatened his life. The bishop answered, he considered himself to be perfectly at liberty to escape if he could, and would do so again: he died, however, of his injuries a few days after. Christian behaved cruelly, there is no doubt, but not worse than the rest of the world in his century.

the love of the king again awoke. He then built for her the house in the Amagertorv called "Sigbrits Palais," to which I have already alluded. According to an old record, Christian wished to create Dyveke Duchess of Zealand; but she, in her simplicity, when she heard it, fell down on her knees, and implored him not to expose her to the ridicule of the nation by such an unseemly joke—"very unlike the favourites of the present day," remarks Hvitfeldt. Dyveke died suddenly, two days after a grand banquet, at which she had assisted, in the castle of Copenhagen: poisoned, it was supposed. Torben Oxe, the governor of the castle, had promised to send her a basket of cherries from his estate in Funen. These cherries arrived at the office of his secretary Faaborg, a monk, whilst he was busily engaged making out his accounts. Now, Faaborg was at a nonplus; he had fearfully cheated his master. At this moment the confessor of Queen Elizabeth entered, and, finding him so engaged, tore out several pages from his books, by way of rendering any settlement impossible. Having thus got the monk into his power, he poured a vial of poison over the basket of cherries, the fatal result of which was the death of Dyveke. Faaborg was hanged, but later, when Christian wished to accuse Torben Oxe of the crime, mysterious lights were seen, after nightfall, around the gallows upon which Faaborg had been executed: quite sufficient to prove his innocence; and the king ordered his remains to be taken down and receive honourable burial in the cloister of the Gray Brothers at Copenhagen. Some attributed Dyveke's death to the jealousy of the Queen Consort, others to the family of Torben Oxe; who, madly enamoured of Dyveke, had announced his intention of

marrying her. To the king he was already odious, who one day, long after Dyveke's death, asked him, as in joke, if it were true he was beloved by the deceased Dyveke. Torben replied imprudently, "Yes; it was true." Christian then determined on his destruction. He was thrown into prison, accused of adultery against his sovereign, and brought before the senate, who found him innocent. The king, still more enraged, declared that, "If Oxe had the head of a bull, he should lose it;" dragged him before a jury composed of twelve peasants of the island of Zealand, and made in person his charges against Oxe. Intimidated by his menaces, the jury declared, "It was the actions of the accused, not they, who condemned him." Christian, in his rage, considered these words as condemnation enough. Neither the entreaties of the nobles, nor those of Elizabeth, who, with the highest ladies of her court, threw herself at his feet, imploring the pardon of Oxe, were of any avail. He was beheaded, declaring his innocence to the last.

Dyveke's remains did not long rest in peace at Elsinore, for, when Christian II. came to grief, Knud Gyldenstierne,* cousin to the murdered Torben Oxe, caused her body and tombstone to be removed from the church and placed at the entrance of his manor of Thinggaard, in Jutland, with orders that every one, on entering therein, "should spit on the granite slab and curse the name of Dyveke,"—a poor revenge, but characteristic of the

* He was imprisoned with Oxe, but liberated on condition he never again appeared at Court. The last words of Oxe on the scaffold were—"Almighty Father, Creator of heaven and earth, have mercy upon me and my dear brother Gyldenstierne."

ruffian times he lived in.* There it remained for centuries, and it was not until some few years since it was removed from Jutland to Copenhagen, and inserted, nobody knows why, among the Runic stones in the ascent of the Round Tower. It consists of a massive stone slab of granite, sculptured with a cross; the inscription obliterated.

The government have lately voted a sum of 80,000*l.* for the enlargement of the harbour of Elsinore. Whether the town will once more regain a portion of its former prosperity is a problem which time alone can solve. Frederic II. was a great patron of the city, and the privileges he granted to it added much to its flourishing condition. He seems, however, to have been a most arbitrary gentleman, and interfered in all matters—many beneath a sovereign's notice, though his ordinances were well-judged in themselves.

In 1572 he writes a letter to the magistrates of Elsinore with his own royal hand, expressing his virtuous indignation at the dissolute conduct of the "Qvindfolk," and commands a proclamation to be issued, ordering all such like to quit the town. Should they return, for the first offence they are to be soundly and publicly scourged; for the second have their ears cut off; for the third to be sewn into a sack without more ado, and tossed into the Sound. Something like legislation that! This sovereign seems to have had an eye to sanitary amendments; for he again, 1575, writes and forbids the keep-

* This appears to be a Danish custom. See the case of Queen Berengaria at Ringsted. A tombstone, which is always moist, every one who goes into the church spits upon, for "there a dog lies buried." What can this superstition mean?

ing of swine, or loose dogs being allowed to run about the streets of the city.

The walks in the neighbourhood of Elsinore are charming, particularly that along the Strandvei, by the shore of the Sound—a succession of country houses and fishing villages, and well-kept gardens bright with flowers: they have a well-to-do prosperous air, as everything has in Denmark. An hour's walk brings you to a maisonette called Dahlsborg, beyond which you turn to enter the forest of Egebæksvang, a favourite summer drive of the Elsinorians.

KRONBORG.

A ten minutes' walk, avoiding all dusty roads, across the common or waste land which runs down to the seashore—in England it would have been the paradise of geese, cricketers, and donkeys, but here it is deserted, except by the sharpshooters, who keep up a cross-fire, practising at their targets from eight o'clock till six of an evening—brings us to the castle of Kronborg.

The road lies between two dirty stagnant ponds, dignified by the appellation of Holger Dansk's Spectacles: if they fitted his face, he must have had one eye considerably larger than the other. Instead of snoring away his time within the dungeons of Kronborg—his beard growing into the marble table—he had far better employ his leisure moments in cleaning out and sweetening his "brille;" but he only appears, they say, when Mr. Sørensen (the Danish John Bull or Brother Jonathan) really requires his services. Effectual drainage and sanitary reforms are sadly behindhand, and looked upon as new-fangled vagaries by the inhabitants of the island of Zealand.

If in your early youth you have devoured the 'Fabliaux et Contes,' 'King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table,' and other legends of old Romance, you will recognise in Holger Dansk,* or rather Augier le Danois, an old and favourite acquaintance. Some few years since I brushed him up when I visited the ruins of "La Joyeuse Garde" and the classic sands of Avalon, on the coast of Brittany. The French romancers assert him to be still confined at Avalon, together with King Arthur, held in durance vile by the enchantments of the fay Morgana. Occasionally she removes from his brow the Lethæan crown, when his services are required to fight against the Paynim for the good and welfare of Christendom.

Morgana, she of the Fata, was own sister to our good King Arthur. With other mighty fairies, she assisted at the birth of Holger the Dane; later she loved him. Seduced by her blandishments, he espoused her: no good ever comes of marrying an old woman, be she mortal or fairy. Holger the Dane slumbers in the dungeons of Kronborg, not at Avalon, as the French would have it, no more than King Arthur, who we all know received Christian burial at Glastonbury; but French romancers do tell such wicked stories. Endless are the traditions, numerous the ballads, of the exploits of this the favourite hero of Danish story: when invoked, after much pressing, and, I must own it, exacting first the promise of "a good dinner and plenty to drink,"

* Oluf, called God-dreng, who reigned before King Ring, is by Adam of Bremen supposed to be the real Holger Dansk: he accompanied Charlemagne to the Holy Sepulchre, and helped to place Prester John on the throne of India.

he has frequently come to the assistance of fair maidens in their trouble and distress, and fought their battles with his enchanted sword, mounted on his good steed "Papillon." Morgana, the fay, has never deserted entirely the country of her beloved: she still sports and exercises her witcheries to favoured mortals, when least expected, among the barren heaths and wide-spreading moors of the ancient provinces of Jutland.

I have no intention, however, of visiting his prison down below: the wind is east, my limbs are rheumatic—let younger people be more adventurous. But we pass the drawbridge and enter the second gate of the castle. Verses in the Danish tongue by the Scotchman, Bishop Kingo, and the more illustrious pen of Tycho Brahe, adorn the portals and celebrate the erection of the buildings. There is one thing sure in this world—monarchs never allowed their good works to be hid in secret: on every side you see inscriptions, in letters of gold, announcing how Christian V. restored this, and Frederic IV. whitewashed that. But I must give you some account of the history of the castle.

There is no doubt but, from the earliest period of history, a castle of some kind, built for the protection of the Sound, existed on the site or near where Kronborg now stands. In the year 1238 the preceding fortress of Flynderborg—situated at the other end of the town, near the Strandvei, named after the flounders, of which quantities are taken in front of the batteries—was in a state of excellent repair. This fortress being found unsuited to the exigencies of the times, King Frederic II. determined to rebuild it on a scale of unprecedented grandeur: the whole of the expenses were to be discharged from his privy purse, and the building was to cost his

subjects, "not one penny." This was more easy of execution to Frederic, first crowned Protestant sovereign of Denmark, than it would have proved to later monarchs. He had made a good haul of suppressed monasteries, church lands, plate, and treasure—was flush of money, and did not mind spending it. The existing castle was then commenced in the year 1577, and completed in the course of nine years. Bishop Kingo and Tycho Brahe both sung its praises, and the talents of Rubens were called into play—somewhat later I imagine—for the decoration of the chapel. The castle is strongly fortified with double-bastion, moat, and rampart, after the manner of preceding ages.

Kronborg possesses one great advantage over the other Danish buildings of the sixteenth century: it is built of fine sandstone, the only specimen in the kingdom. Though quadrangular and four-towered, it is relieved from all appearance of formality by the quaint onion pagoda-like minarets by which its towers are surmounted. The lofty clock turret,* too, rising from its centre, higher than those which flank the corners, adds to the dignity of the building. Few castles in the space of three hundred years have suffered so little from modern additions and

* In the year 1538 the citizens of Lund received orders to pull down the stone churches in disuse since the Reformation, and forward the materials to Copenhagen to be employed for the building of the new castle; and again, in 1552, a second supply was sent. Even Laura Maria, the big bell purchased with the legacy of Bishop Absalon, was not spared; she got cracked on the journey, was melted down and recast into two little ones, which still hang in the clock-tower of Kronborg. Laura Maria was looked upon almost as a saint, and Valdemar Atterdag, who believed in nothing, when on his death-bed is said to have roared out in a paroxysm of pain, "Help me, Sorø! help me, Esrom! help me, Laura Maria, you big bell of Lund!"

improvement: one tower has unfortunately been destroyed. In an old engraving from Puffendorf, of 1688, I see the original had already been altered: it was an eyesore, but, in accordance with the style of the remainder, capped and ornamented. It, however, fell into decay during the reign of Frederic VI., at that unfortunate epoch when taste was bad taste, and art atrocity: it was repaired—square and hideous—a fearful monument of the age. Formerly it served as a telegraph, now as a powder magazine; and unless it be blown up, or the powder becomes damp, will, I fear, remain untouched. You enter the interior court through a richly ornamented gateway, guarded by statues and overhung by a beautiful oriel window, enriched with the arms and ciphers of its founder. Opposite to you stands the chapel (the works of Rubens have long since disappeared); the fittings of the time of Christian IV. have been lately restored, not too carefully. It is curious to trace, as you can by the turret to the right of the clock, the gradual transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance. The whole of the ornaments are of the latter period; but there is still occasionally a sort of feeling as if the architect was not quite decided in his views: whether he was or not, Kronborg is one of the most perfect specimens of its era—unspoiled, untouched, and unrepaired—to be met with in Europe. It has long ceased to be occupied as a royal residence. One side is alone retained for the use of His Majesty; the rest is occupied by the General Commandant, the officers, and the garrison. Above the entrance of the clock-tower, surmounting the ornaments, appears the head of a huge mastiff, holding in his fore paws a heart-like shield, with the cipher of Frederic II., and below

the favourite device of the King, "T. I. W. B., Treu ist Wiltbratt." The same Wildbratt, whose portrait is above, was the favourite of King Frederic, and bit everybody save his royal master. Over the other door appears the device of his queen—good Queen Sophia of Mecklenburg—"Meine Hoffnung zu Gott allein" (My hope is in God alone). Within the dungeon of the corner tower, that of the restoration—adjoining the wine-cellars of Christian IV., where a jolly fat tun carved in stone above the entrance leaves no doubt of its identity—was situated the torture-chamber in days gone by: none of your papistical virgins, who enticed you to their arms, and, larded like a fricandeau, then stuck you brimfull of penknives, but good wholesome Protestant thumbscrews, boots, and wooden horses, and scavengers' daughters, such as Queen Bess, of glorious memory, and our earlier Tudor sovereigns, to say nothing of later Stuarts, loved to employ on their rebellious subjects who refused to convict their masters, rightfully or wrongfully, and bring them to the block—and very persuasive implements they were, I doubt not. In the centre of the court once stood a fountain, tossing the water high in the air; judging from the old engravings, it must have been very ornamental. Some thirty or forty iron hooks, fastened into the wall, remain, once the larder of King Frederic, hung, when game abounded, with deer, hare, and capercaillie—like Bolton Abbey in the olden time—a pretty scene, only too near the torture-chamber. After the peace of 1659, when Skaane was lost to Denmark for ever, the windows of Kronborg Castle, which commanded a view of the Swedish coast, were walled up, to exclude a sight which caused so many heartburnings.

Let us now turn to a few events connected with

English history which have taken place within these walls. Among the first is the embassy sent by Queen Elizabeth to King Frederic II. In the sixteenth century resident ambassadors at the court of Denmark were unknown; and although a good feeling was entertained between England and that country, still no regular treaty of alliance can be said to have existed. In the year 1579 Queen Elizabeth, somewhat alarmed at the hostility of the King of Spain, the intrigues of Catherine de Medicis, and of the partisans of the imprisoned Mary, determined to strengthen her relations with the Northern powers, and, by way of conciliation, announced to King Frederic II. in a Latin letter, penned by her own hand, that on the 24th April of that year he had been elected a member of the Chapter of the Order of the Garter, 363rd Knight from the period of its institution.

For various reasons, which Queen Elizabeth explains to the satisfaction of King Frederic,* it was not until the year 1582 that Lord Willoughby d'Eresby (son of the Duchess of Suffolk), accompanied by Garter King of Arms, the Somerset Herald, and a numerous suite of attendants, was despatched from England as ambassador extraordinary to invest the King of Denmark with the insignia of the order, and endeavour at the same time to adjust sundry little commercial grievances; but Elizabeth, with a good taste and delicacy of feeling I should hardly have given her credit for, in her letter of instructions to Lord Willoughby, desires him not to

* He it was who discovered and forwarded the letter from Erik XIV. of Sweden to Philip II., by which it was brought to light that Erik was at the same time soliciting the hand of Queen Elizabeth and of her ill-fated cousin Mary Stuart.

“importunate the king on such an occasion,” but to put himself in relation with those members of his council His Majesty shall think fit to appoint.

The embassy landed at Elsinore on the 22nd of July ; but it was not until the 19th of August that the installation took place in the castle of Kronborg, in consequence of the Danish king declaring that, although he accepted the order, he positively refused to be dressed in the full costume, to allow the garter to be buckled round his leg, or even to take the oath. He would receive the order and dispense with the ceremony ; he hated all fuss and bother.

Such was the cause of the delay, and great the consternation of Lord Willoughby and his followers at so unheard-of a decision on the part of the monarch ; and the good offices of Charles Dantzay, ambassador from Charles IX. to Frederic II., were then called in aid to arrange the matter amicably. The ambassador writes to Queen Elizabeth, “To satisfy his misconceiving opinion, I informed him how honourable the order was”—and, in fact, he enters into such a tirade of its turns and points, and of the multitude of renowned emperors, kings, &c., winding up the whole by sending the king a doll dressed up as a knight should be, together with a copy of the statutes of the order—that Frederic, fearing more correspondence, for very peace sake consents to publicly accept the insignia, only he insists on putting them on himself.

After interminable negotiations the French minister asks to deliver “the loving commendation” of Elizabeth to the Queen of Denmark. This Lord Willoughby refuses, suspecting, though he declares it only contains proofs of Her Majesty’s affection, he might read them

on the way.* Dantzay cites "precedents," but without success.

On the 19th of August "the king, very royally prepared, received the habits with his own hands, and, with great contentment, accepted and wore the garter;" and moreover promises to forward to England the document of the oath, with "many loving and affectionate speeches to Her Majesty and all of the order." What more could be expected? Then they fired cannon, and there was a royal feast, and very beautiful fireworks. Orders are given to present the poor of the town of Windsor with ninety gold dollars in the king's name, according to custom. This largesse is refused by the ambassador—the Roman Emperor and the King of France having omitted to give it at the ceremony of their installation.

On the following day Lord Willoughby dines with His Majesty, and after dinner the king declares himself a true friend to the English queen and a severe enemy to her foes, and expresses a wish that Her Majesty would give to his son (later Christian IV.) one of her royal blood in marriage.

Of this demand we hear no more, though what alliance could have been more advantageous to English interests than a marriage between the families of the two greatest Protestant monarchs of Europe? and where could a fitter spouse have been found for the youthful Christian (born 1577) than the daughter of the Earl of Lennox, the fair

* Lord Willoughby was perfectly right not to let Queen Elizabeth's letter out of his own hands, for Dantzay writes to Catherine de Medicis "that he suspects the Queen of England of desiring to strengthen the Protestant alliance," and adds he "will leave no stone unturned to discover what she is after."

and unfortunate cousin of Elizabeth, niece of Queen Mary, the Lady Arabella Stuart? but Elizabeth, childless herself—jealous of all who came near the succession of the English throne—loved not the aggrandizement of her relatives; she preferred keeping them under lock and key, imprisoned in her own dominions. Though she paid no attention to his wishes in that respect, Elizabeth appears to have remained on most comfortable terms with the Danish sovereign; they redress their mutual commercial grievances, have a long confab about that everlasting nuisance, now happily suppressed, the Sound dues,—all which matters were amicably adjusted by John Herbert, at Haderslev, in 1583.

Then there is a mutual exchange of presents. King Frederic, in a Latin letter, dated Vordingborg, thanks Elizabeth for a couple of pointers, whose good qualities the king praises greatly, and begs her acceptance of certain “Icelandic dogs, fit for hart-hunting.” He asks the queen to send him some “good English amblers,” because in his advancing years he finds it more commodious to ride such horses than any others, and offers the queen in return a carriage for four horses or more (I wonder what a Danish carriage of the sixteenth century could have been like), that should be as commodious as a sedan.*

* Carriages appear to have been considered articles of luxury in Denmark to a late date, for I find, in 1664, Frederic III. presents one to his favourite Hannibal Sehested, as well as to Archbishop Svane, “to distinguish them from other people.” No sooner was this innovation made, than “the stones became too hard for folks in general” (and indeed they are so now, as those who have resided in the city of Copenhagen can testify), and those who could not afford to keep horses got sedan-chairs; and a certain Angelo Tonti, an Italian, was summoned to contract and furnish the town with chairs.

Frederic and Lord Willoughby hit off matters admirably,* and appear to have become great friends. In 1583 he sends the king as a present the portrait of Queen Elizabeth,† together with several English pointers, a hunter, and other trifles. In a letter to Frederic, 7th October, 1587, Lord Willoughby tells how in hard fighting in Holland, without other weapon than a sword the king had given him, he met with a Spanish captain of cavalry, who, though armed with spear and sword, gave himself up as prisoner; but he broke on this occasion the point of his sword, and a blackish horse, which Frederic had frequently mounted himself and presented to Lord Willoughby, was shot in the battle.

In 1588 was celebrated in the castle of Kronborg the marriage by procuracy of King James VI. of Scotland with Anne, daughter of King Frederic II. of Denmark. Anne was then in her fifteenth year. Marshal Earl Keith acted as proxy. This marriage settled the vexed question of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, pawned to Scotland when the Princess Margaret married King James III. Christian III. meditated an ex-

* He is said to have returned to Denmark several times on various missions (1584, 1585).

† Concerning the subsequent fate of this portrait we have no accurate information; but in the gallery of Frederiksborg there hangs a well-painted portrait of a lady, which bears her name. She is dressed in the Spanish costume of the century, a black figured velvet. The hair or wig is of a reddish hue, and studded over with pearl pins,—her age may be from forty to fifty,—and round her neck hangs a fine string of pendent pearls, answering much to the description of that so meanly purchased for one fifth of its value from her cousin Queen Mary. This picture differs from those we generally meet with of Queen Elizabeth, and is far more flattering in consequence of the shadows being put in by the artist, who is supposed to be Jonas van Cleves.

pedition against Mary of Guise, then Regent of Scotland, for their recovery, and later offered to repay the 50,000 florins for which they had been pawned; but Dantzay, by order of Catherine de Medicis, put a spoke into the arrangement, and they were never redeemed. We all know the history of King James's adventures, and how the real marriage took place at Agershuus, in Norway. The royal couple then visited Denmark and passed a month in the castle of Kronborg, where they assisted at the nuptials, 19th April, 1590, of the queen's elder sister, the Princess Elizabeth, with Henry Duke of Brunswick. Which were the apartments occupied by King James and his bride during his residence no one can say—the interior of the building has been much altered since that period, the stories divided for the occupation of the garrison—but in all probability it was the suite called the apartments of Christian IV., now set apart for his present Majesty. They are not remarkable for their size, but contain fine chimney-pieces, with the cipher of the sovereign, and the doorways are ornamented with marble and richly-carved ebony. Tales are still current in Elsinore of the drinking bouts held by King James and his brother-in-law Prince Christian in the halls of Kronborg—how they fell intoxicated under the table, rolled into the ditch, &c.

On the exterior of the castle, called Frederic III.'s battery, under the windows of the upper story, runs a cornice richly ornamented in the style of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, in the divisions of which are represented medallion portraits of certain personages of the royal family of Denmark. Among them that of King James himself, with his peaked beard, side by side with the full features of his consort Queen Anne :

in the divisions of each side are sculptured two Tudor roses, and in the ornamentation of the cornice is constantly introduced the portcullis of the same family. The date of this cornice is unknown; but it was in all probability put up to commemorate the nuptials of the King of Scots with the Princess Anne of Denmark.

Lucky for James was it that the embassy of Lord Willoughby to Kronborg took place some few years before his marriage, and that this Scottish assumption of the English badge came not to the ears of the Virgin Queen. Tudor he was in all right by his ancestress Margaret, in the female line, and nearest heir to the English throne; but Elizabeth, when the succession was mooted, brooked no child's-play. How she would have stormed had she known it, and sent a fleet perchance to intercept the return of James to his dominions! and the youthful Anne might have found a prison in Fotheringay, and a jailer in that exceeding unpleasant individual Sir Amyas Paulet. Such are the souvenirs of King James I have met with in the chronicles of Kronborg.

One day, when on an excursion to the back slums of the town of Elsinore, I came on a small, narrow lane, dignified with the appellation—in honour, I suppose, of the royal marriage—of Anna Queen Street.*

* Many of the letters of King Christian IV. are dated from Kronborg, a residence to which he was attached; and it was from here that Christina Munk, very uncomfortable at the gloomy state of her affairs, packed up her jewels and her valuables, and was on the point of escaping to Sweden, in which affair two of her maids, "Stumpy Dorthé and Miss Maria," appear to have been implicated, as Christian writes with his own hand ordering their dismissal; "they may go where they like, and be paid their wages;" better in luck than "the lazy cook-boy who is idle and don't attend to his business," and is ordered to be kept in irons.

Haying finished with pompous pageants and royal nuptials, we come to a sadder period of Kronborg story. Scotland still mourns the fate, and proclaims the innocence, of Mary Stuart, the murdered Queen; and had she not been a Papist, England—yes, intolerant England—would have long since done her justice. France, who, in the last century, vented her venom, her calumny, against the *Autrichienne*, now exalts the memory of Marie Antoinette to that of a saint and martyr. So, in Denmark, all voices proclaim together the innocence, and deplore the fate, of the youthful queen of Christian VII., our English princess Caroline Matilda. Here in Kronborg was she confined a prisoner, torn from her palace in Copenhagen, half-dressed, in the middle of the night, expecting daily to suffer the fate of Struensee and Brandt, until the arrival of a fleet from England effected her liberation. Accompanied by the Commandant one morning (General Lunding, the hero of Fredericia—military men will tell you all about it),

I must say he looked into everything,—writes to the coppersmith to make a brass brandy-kettle to contain twenty-four gallons, as well as milk-tubs, but this time the handles are to be made of iron. Christian was not more free, however, from superstition than his neighbours, for in Laurits Jacobsen's journal, 13th August, 1647, I find marked down, "I was called to Kronborg Schloss this morning at six o'clock, where the king had caused to be fetched an old woman from Malmø, by name Karen Rege-holdis, who had nursed the lady Vibeke in her illness. She was examined in Secretary Krag's presence, before the clergy of the castle, and asked if she could really tell if Vibeke were bewitched or not? She desired that they should give her one of 'Vibeke's shirts.' So they gave her 'a very old one;' she buried one-half in the ground, but the other she took with her to Malmø and back again. She then answered, 'that the witchcraft had been done in Skaane, and money paid for it, and that it had been done by one who would forswear the king and betray the land,' which announcement made everybody at court very ill at ease."

I visited the apartments in which she was confined on her arrival—two small rooms on the ground-floor, one overshadowed by the bastion, the other looking on the courtyard of the castle. Later, I believe, the commandant placed his own apartment at her disposal; and in the small octagon closet of the lighthouse turret, which terminates the apartments of Christian IV., it is related how the captive queen passed hours and days with anxious brow and straining eye, gazing at the waters of the Sound, in momentary expectation of the appearance of the fleet from England, she having received some secret tidings of its coming. No relics of her incarceration here remain: the ancient furniture of the palace was unluckily removed, destroyed, and neglected in Frederic VI.'s reign. He detested Kronborg, and never visited Elsinore; these recollections of his mother's imprisonment were odious to him, and the royal apartments fell into decay. General Lunding, with that true courtesy always to be met with by strangers in Denmark, begged us not to quit without first mounting one of the towers to admire the view: we did so; and glorious it was. The castle, Sweden, the Sound at our feet, with her myriads of shipping—even the insignificant town of Elsinore from above looked picturesque, with her quaint staircase-gables and high-pitched roofs; the ascent was rather fatiguing up the circular staircase.

...The ramparts of Kronborg form our favourite walk of an evening. You require a "tegn" or card to visit them—your compliments to the General, and a dollar to the soldier who brings it. This is one of the few complaints I have to make against the Danish Government; they are much too exclusive, and close to

the public many of the most enjoyable walks. Those who by their position are entitled to the possession of these cards seldom or never use them, while others to whom the admission would be a boon are deprived of the enjoyment. But, as I said before, the ramparts of Kronborg are charming: before them the fishers everlastingly ply their trade—flounders, and a fish called “green-bone,”* a horn-fish, are their prey. Had Shakespeare, searched the world round he never could have selected so fitting a locality for the ghost-scene. I can see the ghost myself—pale moon, clouds flitting o’er her, frowning castle, and the space necessary to follow him; but the romance of Kronborg is over; her bastions are redolent with deep-purple violets, and the roseate buds of a statice—Krigskarl, or the Warrior, they here call it—which looks as if it should be something better, but will, I dare say, turn out common thrift after all. When the fishing-boats return at sunset, a little girl runs down to the shore side, and waits; as they pass by, a small flounder is thrown to her from each boat; she gathers them up in her apron, and then returns to the castle. I wonder if this be a relic of hereditary blackmail, exacted in former days by the governor from the fishermen who cast their nets under the shadow of the fortress. A man-of-war enters the

* The horn-fish, called “green-bone” on account of the colour of its bones, forces its way into the Baltic from the North Seas through the Sound early in the spring, at which time it is thin and poor; it returns, however, in the month of October, weighing some pounds more than on its previous voyage; you might boil it down in its own fat. The manner of taking these fish is singular; they are timid by nature, and afraid of the nets: no sooner does the shoal approach than the fishers commence a regular bombardment with stones, and so frighten them into their meshes.

Sound—boom, boom ; what a row the guns do kick up, shaking my very window !

13th.—Old May-day. The storks arrived this morning, so we may really expect summer ; for storks, unlike mortals, are never wrong in their calculations—odd birds they are. It must be a curious sight to witness one of their gatherings previous to departure at the approach of winter. A friend of mine came across an assembly of four hundred perched on the eaves of a farm-house in Zealand, and watched their proceedings. Before starting they passed in review the whole flock, and singled out and separated the aged and weakly from the rest, and then, with one accord, pounced upon them, pecking them literally to pieces ; this ceremony over, they started for Egypt. How they got their reputation for filial piety I cannot imagine. I heard a curious anecdote about them a few days since : an English manufacturer, settled somewhere in Zealand, amused himself by changing the eggs laid by a stork, who annually built her nest on his house, for those of an owl. In due course of time the eggs were hatched, and he was startled one morning by a tremendous row going on in the nest of the parent storks. The male, in a violent state of excitement, flew round and round his nest ; the female chattered away, protecting her nestlings under her wings : it was quite evident that the stork was not satisfied with the produce of his helpmate : there was something “louche” about the whole affair ; he would not recognise the offspring. After a violent dispute the male flew away, and shortly returned, accompanied by two other storks—birds of consequence and dignity. They sat themselves down on the roof, and listened to the pros and cons of the

matter. Mrs. Stork was compelled to rise and exhibit her children. "Can they be mine?" exclaimed the stork. "Happen what may, I will never recognise them." On her side Mrs. Stork protested and fluttered, and vowed it was all witchcraft—never had stork possessed so faithful a wife before. "Alas! alas! how seldom the gentle sex meets with justice in this world when judged by man or, in this case, by stork kind. The judges looked wondrous wise, consulted, and then of a sudden, without pronouncing sentence, regardless of her shrieks for mercy, fell on the injured Mrs. Stork, and pecked her to death with their long sharp beaks. As for the young owls, they would not defile their bills by touching them; so they kicked them out of the nest, and they were killed in the tumble. The father stork, broken-hearted, quitted his abode, and never again returned to his former building-place. Six years have elapsed and the nest still remains empty—so stated my informant.

CHAPTER XIX.

Expedition to Sweden—Helsingborg—Marriage of King Erik and Ingeborg—Mineral waters of Ramløsa—Valdemar Atterdag and his castle of Gurre—His impious speech—Queen Philippa reforms the coinage—Destruction of the storks.



HELSINGBORG.

May 16th.—THE storks were right: the wind veered round to the south, a refreshing shower of rain has laid the dust, the air is soft and balmy, and vegetation imperceptibly bursts forth in all the glory of a northern summer. To-day is a birthday in the family, so we celebrate it by an expedition to Sweden. If birthdays are to be celebrated, let them be, like John Gilpin's, out somewhere, not at home—Bell at Edmonton better than nowhere; so we started at twelve in the steamer, and were in twenty-five minutes in Helsingborg. I can't say much for the town—a most deserted, deplorable affair altogether: most of the houses have been lately rebuilt and the streets widened; they only look more unsociable in consequence. We adjourned to the inn—you might have put two Danish hostels of the same calibre inside. It reminded me more of France—all straggling and disconnected: a large salon, at the end of which were placed two beds not three feet long. "Why, it's impossible anybody can sleep in such atrocities!" we exclaimed. On examination, we discovered they were made to draw out; so they may have the advantage

over their Danish neighbours—'twould be difficult were it otherwise, the art of sleeping being not "well understood" in Denmark. In the early ballads a deserted damsel or afflicted queen invariably lies down on her "bolster blue," than which nothing can sound more uncomfortable. If, after threats, tears, and implorations, you do manage to get a bed long enough for a moderately grown individual, in revenge it will prove narrow as a coffin; the clothes too are narrower still; and you have either the choice to be pegged down, like Queen Gunhild in her mose, or pass a weary night, the blankets and coverlets everlastingly tumbling off. The only remedy is to procure a double supply, and place them transversely; you can then move and turn yourself like a wheel on your own axis.

Helsingborg boasts of one church similar to most of these northern countries, with rich carved altarpiece and pulpit gorgeously gilded and picked out in divers colours. There is a fine double monument—a gravestone of blue lias, and an epitaphium of the same material—to Steen Bilde and his wife, of the end of the sixteenth century; in the latter the "nobilis heros," as he is styled, is represented engaged in prayer, armed cap-à-pie.

The lofty square tower I see from my windows proves to be the sole remains of the once strong castle of Helsingborg. We mounted it; and in a terrible tumble-down state it is. In one of the rooms, called the chapel, the guide showed us what he called a rack, with four huge rings attached to it: it may be so; but I believe it to be nothing more than a large door dismounted from its hinges. It was very windy on the summit; the Swedish coast is flat and bare.

To the right lay, embosomed in woods fronting the sea, Hamilton House, the country residence of Count Hamilton, a Swedish nobleman, descendant of one of those brave Scots of ancient lineage, soldiers of fortune, who joined the Protestant banner of Gustavus Adolphus, and at the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War adopted Sweden as their country. I know nothing of the Castle of Helsingborg, its legends, and its histories. In the city of Helsingborg (1296) was celebrated the marriage of Erik Menved with the Princess Ingeborg, concerning the splendour of which ceremony the chroniclers descant greatly; damask and cloth of gold, mead and ale, wine both white and red, drums and trumpets, dances and tournaments, but above all towered in beauty Duke Erik, the queen's brother, "a true angel come down from heaven." Skaane was a Danish province until the peace of 1659, so Helsingborg castle was allowed to fall into decay, Kronborg sufficing for the protection of the Sound; it must, however, have been of great extent, as the ancient moat, still existing at a considerable distance, proves. We returned home by the wells, whose waters our cicerone declared were most efficacious for liver, rheumatism, consumption, and all manner of opposite complaints: good for something they must be, for such double-distilled essence of corroded marine stores I never saw running in any country.

The women sat employed at their looms (I looked in at one window) in the fabrication of strong brown Holland pocket-handkerchiefs with a white border. I wish the King of Denmark would cause some thousands to be distributed among the respectably dressed population of his good city of Copenhagen; it would be much to their advantage and civilization, and a most paternal act. On

our way to the hotel we purchased a pound of the "bonbons" for which the town of Helsingborg is justly celebrated—don't forget that.

RAMLØSA.

At four o'clock we drive (Councillor Roth, the Hanoverian consul, had kindly placed his carriage at our disposal) over to Ramløsa mineral-waters, at twenty minutes' distance from Helsingborg. I had never heard much about them except that they were out of fashion, so we were most agreeably surprised on our arrival. The springs are situated in a glen, most picturesque to look upon—the hotels, bazaars, &c., in a forest on the plateau above. There are numberless wooden houses and chalets planted about in every direction. Here the birch and ash predominate over the beech. We wandered about the forest and glen for some time, bright in all the glory of the new-born foliage—a carpet of lilies bursting into flower and fragrance, varied by patches of the yellow wood-anemone,* the blaae simmer,† and other offspring of the forest. Independent of its walks, its wooden houses, its cheapness, its flowers to pluck, and its vipers to shriek at, Ramløsa boasts of one advantage seldom found combined except in the baths and wash-houses of London town: you are near the sea, the waters are ferruginous; you can wash your exterior and

* *Anemone ranunculoides*. The last time I found this plant growing wild was upon the mountains at the convent of Laverno, near Florence. I suppose the vegetation of an Italian mountain differs little from a Danish wood. The *Hepatica* again, in the South, is an Alpine plant, as also the *Primula farinosa*,—common, all three, in the plains of Zealand.

† *Hepatica*.

iron your interior by the same occasion—kill two birds with one stone. The season commences about the 20th of June, and lasts until September. The baths are still well frequented, though their heyday is over; and the balls are so arranged, that, while the higher classes waltz and polk within the *salle-de-danse*, the peasants profit by the same music, and enjoy their recreation on the green without. I can imagine this a most enjoyable place in summer-time. We had prolonged our walk beyond the boundary of those cut out for the visitors, and suddenly came on to swampy ground in the glen below. “Don’t go there; you’ll get wet, and catch your deaths,” exclaimed Prudence: we paid no attention, and were rewarded; for we found the lilac-flowers of the *Primula farinosa* blooming in all their glory, the leaves and stalks of the plant fresh powdered. We dragged up a basket-load, and, on our return home, planted them in the white china spittoons, with a pair of which each bedroom at the *Marienlyst* is provided; and there they blossomed for many a day.

Some twenty or thirty years since *Ramløsa Wells* were much frequented: then there were gaming-tables; and Oscar, at that period Crown Prince of Sweden—young, handsome, and gallant—visited them every summer season. But time rolled on, and Oscar grew old like the rest of us, married, and came no more; then he bethought himself how wicked roulette was, how iniquitous too was *rouge-et-noir*, and consequently suppressed the tables. The men now voted *Ramløsa* slow, and deserted its shady groves; the ladies too—particularly those of Copenhagen, who had always derived “such benefit from its waters,” and the society of those Frenchmen of the north, the Swedish gentlemen—sud-

denly discovered it was unhealthy ; there was a miasma which rose from the glen after nightfall ; during their last visit they had decidedly felt a touch of intermittent fever : so the wells grew out of fashion. Be that as it may, I know no place like Ramløsa ; it has a cachet of its own, though deprived of the charms of gambling-tables, and unhonoured by the presence of the once youthful and gallant Crown Prince of Sweden.

We returned to Helsingborg, embarked on board the "Horatio," which, after a ten minutes' passage, landed us safe on the pier of Elsinore.

Friday, May 20th.—Common-prayer day, the "holy-day" par excellence of the Danish church—dactylised hōlidäy—a commemoration of something very dreadful, nobody seems exactly to know what—fire, pestilence, or tempest ; each individual will give you a separate account. As I am only a stranger, it's no affair of mine. I shall ever look on it as the first day of spring ; all the old people appear for the first time in the open air. Up till to-day they sent forth their children, like doves from the ark, to see if spring really did approach, and they returned bearing branches of fresh-opened beech to ornament the domestic hearth as token of the coming spring, bringing, as they call it, "the summer into town ;" you met them in procession, like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane. To-day, for the first time, they returned branchless ; so spring is, I suppose, really come.

GURRE.

Saturday, 21st.—Drove in the afternoon to Gurre, three quarters of an hour distant, a place of historic interest, though little remains now to gratify the eye.

It is, however, so mixed up with legend and romance you soon pardon its shortcomings. In days of yore there here existed a small summer castle of King Valdemar Atterdag, Queen Margaret's father—a mere hunting-lodge, as the remains of the foundation testify—flanked by four round towers, and moated, after the necessities of the day. Built on the banks of the Gurre lake, surrounded by glorious beechen forests teeming with game of every description, no wonder the sportsman king loved to sojourn there; and often would he impiously exclaim, "If God gives me Gurre, I do not care for heaven!" Tradition relates how, in punishment of this blasphemy, night after night, from sunset till crow of cock, King Valdemar is doomed to hunt through the adjoining forests mounted on a black horse, with dogs having fiery tongues. Since 1850 game has become scarce in Zealand; and sadly must he grieve at the revolutionary extinction of stag and hare in the royal preserves; and more still when he witnessed the demolition of his favourite castle by the ruthless hands of his German descendant, King Frederic II., to be rebuilt into the towers of the new-constructed palace of Frederiksborg. There was something mean and pitiful in this destruction of old castles, royal and historical, residences of their ancestors, for the sake of a few barrow-loads of bricks and stone, to which the Danish Sovereigns (Frederic II. and Christian IV. especially) were much given. Our ancient fortresses in England, as well as those of France, met with a nobler finale. Tonquedec, that glorious ruin in Brittany, fell by the order of Richelieu: a hundred others shared its fate. Raglan, Goodrich, and all that tribe, sustained sieges against Cromwell, known, and oft told, in England's

story. Pulled down for their materials! and by a king, too, rich in the spoils of the Church.

The peasantry will relate to you many a legend of Valdemar and Tovelil (the Rosamond of Danish romance), here concealed in the stronghold of Gurre Castle. I am sorry to destroy the illusion; but this never was. Tovelil—the Tovelil of ballad and old tale—was of earlier date. Erik the Pomeranian affected his castle of Gurre; and in the late excavations made by his present Majesty coins of his period were discovered, with other relics, among the ruins.

The first decent coinage*, Denmark ever possessed was that of Erik the Pomeranian. The money of Queen Margaret's reign was disgraceful to any country even in the fourteenth century—silver pieces stamped with the effigy of majesty, as works of art inferior to the contremarcs of a Parisian theatre. In the absence of King Erik in the Holy Land, our English Philippa, greatly disgusted at the rhymes and pasquinades sung throughout the land ridiculing the clipped money of the day, took the matter in hand. Who should be a better judge than she?—her dowry one large gold rose-noble; and at her own expense she produced a coinage creditable to the country over which she reigned. It is curious to relate, 9000 English nobles of the Queen's dowry were devoted to the re-purchase of Gothland, the last refuge-place of her husband King Erik.

* Up to the period of King Svend, father of Canute the Great, no coins were ever struck in Denmark, though frequently money is discovered in England coined by the Vikings who settled themselves in the northern counties 200 years previous to the reign of King Svend. Anglo-Saxon and Cufic coins are generally dug up together, and by the former the date of the "finde" is determined. Sometimes a coin is found scratched over with Runic characters.

The ruins of Gurre are, alas! nothing: four round holes where the towers once stood, the plan of the castle just discernible; and the well below—where the fair Anna of Jutland, of whom we shall hear later, may have quaffed her morning draught—now half stopped up with rubble, teems with horse-leech and eel—most unpalatable to look at, and worse, I should imagine, to taste; so we quitted the ruins and invaded the forest by the lake side—Valdemar's Lund, as it is still called. The sun was up and about, so we had no fear of ghosts; and if King Valdemar had appeared, we should not have dreaded him—his spirit could not have felt otherwise than gentle in such a sylvan scene, among those gigantic beeches, which may have seen his day.

The waters of the lake were somewhat low, and we ran a chance of getting bogged by its banks; but the landscape was exquisite—so soft, so mild, like a picture by some pupil of Claude Lorraine who had never visited Italy, and contented himself with such beauties as the north of Europe afforded. A stork has built his nest on the roof of an adjoining cottage. I dare say his ancestors were there in the days of Valdemar. Last season a sad event occurred: the storks, when homeward bound, came to grief and destruction. While crossing the Belt, a sudden storm arose; the younger birds, foolhardy, would set forth; the more prudent bided their time in Funen. The novices paid for their rashness; upwards of a hundred corpses were found floating on the sea, and later cast ashore: twelve nests or upwards, in this neighbourhood alone, remain still untenanted.

CHAPTER XX.

The Island of Hveen — Tycho Brahe and his golden nose — The Uranienborg — “Magister Jacob” pays him a visit — Walkendorf, and the dogs of Tycho Brahe — His persecution — Rantzau “the learned” — Tycho Brahe’s days — His death at Prague.



THE ISLAND OF HVEEN.

TYCHO BRAHE and his golden nose*— who has not heard of his fame? Something connected with the sun and the stars, beyond which most of us know little about him. So, having got him well up, we took boat from Elsinore, and with a favourable wind were, in two hours’ time, landed at the island of Hveen, but, when we got there, found nothing to see: not a vestige of the far-famed Observatory save its foundations. The palace was pulled down by one of Tycho’s successors, and the materials carried over to build a castle in Funen. All we could do was to come back again, not much gratified by our visit to a desert isle, the habitation of a few peasants.

Sprung from an illustrious line of ancestors, among whom he numbered the well-known Saint Bridget, Tyge or Tycho first saw the dawn of day in the year 1546. He was son of Otto Brahe, lord of Knudstrup in Skaane, and later governor of Helsingborg Castle, the man who was supposed by Queen Mary to have witnessed the confession of Bothwell in the fortress of Malmø. Tycho was the eldest of ten children, and adopted by his paternal uncle

Jørgen Brahe. His parents declined to part with him, so he was kidnapped by his uncle, who gave him a good education, and sent him later to the University of Copenhagen. The eclipse of 1560 made a great impression on his mind, and he turned his attention to the study of astronomy, much to the disgust of his family, who looked upon such a pursuit as unworthy of a nobleman, and immediately removed him to Leipsic, where he was placed under the charge of Wedel, the translator of Saxo, as a boy who had imbibed "low tastes, and required the strictest watching."

After his return to Denmark his uncle came to an untimely end; he was drowned in an attempt to save Frederic II. from imminent danger, caused by the breaking of the bridge over the canal to the isle of Amak. Annoyed by the slights of his relations and jeers of the nobles, Tycho quitted Denmark, and at Rostock lost his nose in a duel with some young nobleman who spoke disrespectfully of his tastes or of the moon. From that time he replaced the gift of nature by one of gold, very unbecoming, and which gave him the appearance of a wizard. I have seen many engravings of Tycho Brahe after Falck and Heyne, and certainly his appearance was far from prepossessing. In disgust he resolved to renounce the stars, when the comet of 1572—an ominous year in the history of Europe—set him all agog again. He then married a poor peasant-girl from his estate of Knudstrup, virtuous and beautiful, a *mésalliance* which only added to the fury of his relations, who never would allow the marriage to be legal, and only looked upon it as "boelskab." We find the Lady Anna Bryske writes in her 'Slægte Bog' (book of genealogy), "The eldest of Otto Brahe and Frue Bille's sons was

never married. He was a wondrous astronomer, and died in Prague in Bohemia." In another genealogy it is said, "He never married, but had by a bondwoman eight children, who followed him to Germany, where two died before their father; the other six, four daughters and two sons, survived him."

Frederic II. gave him the island of Hveen,* and here Tycho constructed a château and observatory, which he styled Uranienborg. The country people looked on him with awe; what with his mechanism and his golden nose, they regarded him as a magician, added to which he proved a hard and rapacious lord of the soil. But this was the fashion of the day.

No one visited Copenhagen without paying their respects to the astronomer. Tycho, however, was not a well-bred host, and treated Duke Henry of Brunswick with great rudeness when at the period of his marriage with the daughter of Frederic II. he visited his island. With James I. of England he appears to have got on better. James passed a week at Hveen, and desired the astronomer to ask him a favour, to which Tycho replied by begging a copy of Latin verses of the King's own composition. "Magister Jacob," as Henry IV. of France nicknamed him, delighted at the chance of displaying the elegance of his Latinity, immediately complied. Luckily, they are not lost to posterity:—

"est nobilis ira leonis
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."—*Jacobus Rex.*†

* This little island lies between Zealand and Skaane. Hoffman says it was called by the English mariners "the Scarlet Island," because Queen Elizabeth was said to have offered for it as much scarlet cloth as it would take to cover it.

† "Est nobilis," &c., appears to have been a standing dish of King

The king then granted him the privilege of "copyright" in Denmark (as far as Scotland was concerned) for the space of thirty years—the earliest instance recorded in history—and presented him with the very hounds which later were the cause of his downfall; for Tycho's first quarrel with the minister Walkendorf arose from a kick given to one of these royal dogs. Tycho burst out into such violent abuse of the culprit, the minister never pardoned him, and from that day compassed his ruin. Among the bitterest of his enemies may be numbered his own brother Axel, who looked upon his family as degraded by the pursuits of his relative.

With the reign of Frederic II. ended the good fortune of Tycho. One visit alone did Christian IV. ever pay him, on which occasion he gave the astronomer his portrait, which compliment Tycho returned by presenting him with a globe of glass.

During his residence at Uranienborg the best artists were engaged in painting his various instruments. In 1586 Hans Knieper was employed in decorating his telescopes, on which are represented mountains and the setting of the sun. Another artist of the day, Tobias Gamperlin, was employed to paint Tycho's own portrait on his instrument called "Quadrans muralis," or "Tychonicus."

In 1596, the year of the coronation of the youthful

James, for I find it again, date 1590, in a Psalm-book given by Frederic II. to Henrik Ramel, governor to Christian IV., and later ambassador to England, together with autographs of Frederic II. and all his family. Queen Anne writes, "Tout sarrest en la main de bien. Anna princhesse & Dennemarek, 1588." This book is now in the library of Count de la Gardie.

king, the stars were already out of fashion; not one of the notabilities who visited Copenhagen made the accustomed pilgrimage to Hveen, and now the influence of Walkendorf became visible. Tycho was pronounced "a bad Christian;" for eight years had elapsed since he had received the Holy Communion, and, worse still, he lived on with a woman of low extraction, who was not his wife. The University (always a body of sycophants) scoffed at his treatises; his revenues were no longer paid, and he was compelled to quit Denmark. He wrote from Rostock a suppliant letter to Christian IV., imploring his aid, to which the king replied harshly.

Tycho then went to his friend Henry Count Rantzau, known in his time as "Rantzau the learned," and passed a year with him in his château of Wansbek, near Hamburg. Here it was he wrote in the album of his host those beautiful Latin verses known as 'Tycho's Lament,'* which on reading in later years caused Christian to shed tears of remorse. While at Wansbek he received an invitation from the Emperor Rodolph to visit his dominions, and, after lingering on in hope of a recall to Copenhagen, he, in 1599, proceeded to Prague, where he was given the choice of three palaces and a pension of 3000 gulden.

Tycho did not long survive his exile. Two years later, when at a party at Count Rosenborg's, he was suddenly

* TYCHO BRAHE'S ELEGIA DE EXILIO SUO.

Dania quid merui? quo te patria, læsi
 Usque ades, ut rebus sit minus acqua meis,
 Scilicet illud erat, tibi quo nocuisse reprimar
 Quo majus per me nomen in orbe geras.
 Dei age, quis pro te tot tantaque fecerat ante
 Ut retreat famam cuncta per astra tuam.

taken ill, and expired, after five days' suffering, on the 24th of October, 1601, aged fifty-four. The Emperor quite forgot his promise of providing for his family, but gave him a splendid funeral, and a marble monument was erected to his memory by his relatives, on which he lies extended in full armour, as a gentleman should be, with his motto, "Non videre sed esse." No allusion to the stars*—nothing so vulgar; a skue penge was later struck in his honour.

Tycho Brahe was not free from the superstition of the age; indeed, at one time he turned his attention to astrology. Thirty-two days in the year did he consider as unlucky; one for matrimony (some folks consider many), another to fall sick upon, a third to set out on a journey, and so forth; these days were known under the name of "Tycho Brahe's days." †

If you follow my advice, you will never take the trouble of visiting the island of Hveen.

* The prejudice against science seems to have gradually faded away, for among the engravings of the Brahe family I find the portraits of one or two of its female members of later date, who bear a star upon their brow in honour of the astronomer.

† These were—

January 1, 2, 4, 6, 11, 12, 29.

February 11, 17, 18.

March 1, 4, 14, 15.

April 10, 17, 18.

May 7, 18.

June 6.

July 17, 21.

August 20, 21.

September 16, 18.

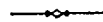
October 6.

November 6, 16.

December 6, 11, 18.

CHAPTER XXI.

Kirstine Rostgaard and the Swedish officers — Fredensborg, or the Castle of Peace — Frederic the Hunchback, the Arveprinds — Death of Queen Juliana — Tragic story of Adrienne, Countess of Bevern — Norwegian amphitheatre — The Hell-horse — Esrom, its convent and lake.



THE PALACE OF FREDENSBORG.

Monday 23rd.—THE weather is bright. It would be imprudent to defer any longer excursions within the limits of our neighbourhood, so this morning we started for Fredensborg. We drove past Gurre (the carriage-hire of last week might have been spared). Our road then lay through the Marianalund Forest; the foliage golden green—uniform, unartistic, if you will—and most unpaintable. How happens it that what is most fair in Nature seldom succeeds in art or meets with the approbation of a painter? I always say, and shall say, that eyes essentially artistic have no real appreciation of Nature. They look on her as secondary to art, and would reduce the glories of creation to the scope of their own smudgy little pallet-brushes, and what they can't paint and do justice to declare not to be worth looking at.

But the carriage stops by the wood-side. We are at Rostgaard Sø. At the foot of the hill, fringed with the feathery flowers of the bukblad (bog-bean),* lies a small

* *Menyanthes trifoliata*.

blue taarn, of that peculiar blue unproduceable by Prussian, cobalt, or ultramarine, by Irish eyes, or the reflex on a raven's wing: a blue of its own; I must term it "mose blue,"—a tint produced by the reflection of the sun over the waters of a dark morass. The labourers are engaged cutting deep into the swamp; they carry off the black mud in their carts and spread it in thin layers to dry, to be used as fuel for winter consumption. These morasses become dry as touchwood in summer season. A few days since, some boys engaged in searching for plovers' eggs, desirous to frighten the parent birds from their nests, set fire to the barren turf: the conflagration extended wide, and caused great anxiety before it was effectually extinguished:

We stand by a circle of stones, the centre of which, of large dimensions, is inscribed with the cipher H. R. and the date 1659, denoting the scene of some forgotten story.

You may call to mind, perchance, how, in my mention of St. Olaf's church, I somewhat disrespectfully pooh-poohed the epitaphium of some native hero who once saved Denmark. It was that of Rostgaard. He never saved Denmark, yet the story of his fair wife (the Danish Penelope) must not be passed over.

When in the year 1659 Kronborg was in possession of the Swedes, Hans Rostgaard, together with Parson Gerner, student Tikjøb, Steenwinkel the Danish engineer, and the English Colonel Hutchinson—who had been bribed by the Danes for the sum of 1000 ducats to desert from the Swedes—formed a plan to retake the castle. Student Tikjøb endeavoured to gain Copenhagen in a boat, charged with letters and despatches relating to the proposed attack. He was, however, boarded

by a Swedish vessel, when to save the letters intrusted to his care he fastened them to a stone and cast them into the Sound. As ill luck would have it, the string slipped, the stone sank, and the papers floating on the water were picked up, read, and the plot discovered. Hutchinson immediately took refuge on board an English vessel. Steenwinkel was taken and met with the just punishment of his double treachery. Rostgaard took horse, but, finding himself pursued, when he reached the spot where this circle of stones now stands he killed his charger, slipped out of his clothes, cast his plumed hat and his sword into the lake—thereby deceiving his enemies, who, imagining he had been killed, ceased in their pursuit—and he in disguise gained Copenhagen.

His fair and youthful wife inhabited her manor of Rostgaard, at a short distance from Elsinore, one of the most beautiful residences in the neighbourhood. A widow (for such she was supposed to be), young, rich, and pretty, was too great a prize in the matrimonial market to escape the notice of the Swedish officers. • A company was now quartered at the manor-house, and the whole corps, from the colonel down to the beardless ensign, commenced paying their addresses to her. Kirstine Rostgaard was a *femme d'esprit*, and well she played her cards. Reveal her husband's existence she dare not: the soldiers would have no longer treated her house and gardens with the consideration they now showed, each hoping, in course of time, it might become his own possession.

When pressed by the most ardent of her adorers, she begged for time—she was so late a widow, and, though she had her troubles with Rostgaard, still she owed it to her own self to wait till the year of mourning was

expired; and then she coquetted so cleverly that each individual of the whole band imagined himself to be the favoured one. "How," she asked, reproachfully, to the colonel, "can you imagine I could look for one moment on that beardless lieutenant, with blue eyes and pink cheeks, like a girl in uniform, when you, a proper man, are present? But be prudent; think of my good name." To the younger officers she termed the colonel "*vieille perruque*;" and so on, till the year elapsed and the peace was signed; she then made them a profound reverence, thanked them for the consideration they had shown to her goods and chattels, introduced to them her resuscitated husband Hans Rostgaard, and showed them the door most politely.

Such is the history of Rostgaard. Kirstine died soon after and he married a second time. He is represented in his epitaphium, with his two wives, a rose, and a skull.

The Esrom lake appears in sight; we arrive at the village of Fredensborg, halt at the inn, order dinner, and then proceed to visit the palace and its far-famed gardens, planted at the termination of the village, for the Danes have no conception of the grandeur of isolation in their country residences; provided one side looks on a wood, a lake, or a garden, the entrance-court may be "cheek by jowl" with the humblest cottage. A dozen clipped lime-trees form their idea of an approach, with a pavement like the "pitching" of our Saxon forefathers. At Fredensborg the entrance-court is paved; the stones run up to the very lime avenue, to the pedestal of the statue of Peace, by Wiedewelt, now all blackened and lichen-grown, which cost—I am afraid to say how many thousand thalers to his

Majesty King Frederic IV., founder of the palace. Stone—stone—stone! not an ell of verdant turf to refresh the eye. Then, too, the palace, of brick and stone copings, never boasting of any architectural beauty in its most palmy days, has been most ignominiously and glaringly whitewashed.

The origin of the palace—"Castle of Peace," as its name implies—was this. King Frederic IV. and his Queen Louisa of Mecklenburgh were accustomed, when they desired a little rest and quiet, to drive over from Frederiksborg to a farmhouse in the manor of Endrup, dine, sup there, and fish in the Esrom lake, with no other attendants than the worthy farmer and his wife, whose portraits, depicted in their farmhouse kitchen, you may see among the extensive collection of rubbish which adorns the walls of the state apartments. Gradually royalty became satiated with the delights of farmhouse fare; they determined to build—just a mere nothing—a maisonette. An architect was summoned, plans laid out before the august eyes. "Too small! too small! no place for my ladies of honour!" exclaimed the queen. The ladies of honour entailed ladies' maids, and the overhofmarskal aides-de-camp. "And suppose a foreign ambassador should arrive—such a bore to return to Frederiksborg to receive him." And so, like Mr. Briggs's loose tile in 'Punch,' the buildings, or rather the plans, were enlarged and added to, and in the year 1720—year of the signature of peace between Sweden and Denmark—was completed the present not beautiful, but most comfortable of all royal residences in Denmark—the Palace of Fredensborg.

"Don't visit the interior," said the Elsinorians; "not

worth seeing." I didn't dispute the point, but followed my own devices. I plead guilty to a taste for visiting the interior of uninhabited houses, royal, patrician, and plebeian: it's the taste of an idle man—a flaneur, perhaps, who has nothing better to do; but I like a fine suite of rooms, richly-moulded and painted ceilings, and in all the buildings of Frederic IV. you have these to perfection. I never saw his plaster-work surpassed in any country. Then there are rich old cabinets and mirrors, finely-carved sofas and consoles; a bureau of marqueterie, much used by our friend Juliana, an exquisite piece of furniture, falling to decay among the rest. The Danes are fearfully ignorant on these subjects, or, rather, the royal "mobilier" is in the hands and under the direction of people unfitted for the charge and ignorant of its value. They should follow the French fashion,—establish the "Garde meuble de la Couronne;" have the furniture sorted according to its date, and a sale or bonfire made of the rubbish. I am certain that in the three or four deserted royal palaces I have visited, with a little judgment and restoration, there would be found sufficient furniture to render them habitable and a credit to the country. Sneer, if you like, but the history of civilization is as much illustrated by the furniture and objects of luxury of its century as by the progress of manufactures, machinery, guns, cannons, and implements of war. The hall where the celebrated treaty was signed (though this is now become a disputed point) is grand and imposing. I was sorry to see the roof defective and the water streaming in over the pictures painted to celebrate the event. The palace is a most habitable abode; the bedrooms have all separate exits into the gallery which surrounds

the great hall—an uncommon luxury. The pictures are the refuse of the royal collections; among them I observed one good portrait of the founder Frederic IV., and a charming full-length likeness of the Arveprinds, son of Juliana and father to Christian VIII., a beautiful boy,—Frederic the Hunchback he was popularly termed. At the age of eleven he fell down the staircase at Amalienborg, injured his spine, and never recovered from the effects of the accident. There is also a portrait of the brother of Queen Juliana, the celebrated Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Jena.

Of all extraordinary puzzle-brained inventions is a frame arranged like a Venetian blind, with portraits of sovereigns of the house of Austria, painted on triangular pieces of wood. First the Emperor Joseph; pass your hand; turning the wood, Maria Theresa comes out; turn again, and the Emperor Francis makes his appearance. We were pointed out the “growth” of King Frederic VI., pencilled on the door-posts, and, courtier-like, were profoundly astonished how his Majesty had increased in stature from the year '78 to that of '83.

We next visited the Royal Chapel, fitted, in accordance with the date of the building, with closets and pews—no questions of sittings here—the royal household all arranged and marshalled according to rank and precedence, their offices registered on the doors: women on one side, men on the other; hof-damerne (ladies of rank), hof-damerne piges (maids), &c., down to the wives of the very stablemen. Then, on the male division, hof-marshals and kammerjunkers, physicians, cooks, “the livery” of his Majesty, “livery” of her Majesty; the whole concluding with the stable-folk. The royal closet is situated on the floor at the end of the chapel, beyond

the seat allotted to the grooms,—a disagreeable vicinity ; but years since—thanks to snuff-taking—noses were less sensitive than they are in the present generation.

Here, at Fredensborg, in her latter days, Queen Juliana held her court right royally, and, whatever may have been her faults, was kind and liberal to the poor and to those around her. She was by nature a queen, and loved the pomp and state from which sovereigns in the present age withdraw themselves as much as their position allows them. On the 4th of September, 1796, the queen celebrated her sixty-seventh birthday. Juliana was strong and robust, and, as far as human foresight could foretell, might live for years. Congratulations, offerings, arrived from all quarters ; visitors from the court, from Copenhagen ; all was gratifying ; and when the banquet prepared in honour of the event was announced, never had she walked into the dining-room with firmer step or in higher spirits. “How well her Majesty looks !” whispered the courtiers one to another ; “a wonderful woman of her age ; she will live till she is eighty, if not longer.”

The toast of the day, “the queen’s health !” was proposed, and drunk by the guests with enthusiasm ; all appeared couleur de rose ; but at that very banquet Juliana had signed her own death-warrant, though she little suspected it. Each successive year, on the anniversary of her natal day, the queen caused to be served to her a national dish—“æble-grød og faaremelk”—a compôte of apples, thick and glutinous, immersed in fresh warm sheep’s-milk : a dish she much affected. Of this she ate somewhat too freely. An indigestion ensued, from which she could never be relieved. Her death-knell already sounded ; and now, as she saw her

end approach, sick in mind and in body, knowing not where to turn for comfort and consolation—for her trust was not in heaven—the sight of this pomp and parade, in which she so much delighted, her attendants, her guards, her sumptuous couch—all became odious to her. She sighed for repose and for the solace of one kindly spirit on whose affection she could rely. Among the numerous attendants of the queen was a certain Juliana Maria Jensen, her namesake and goddaughter, who filled the office of “dame lectrice” in the royal household. Brought up from her earliest youth and educated by the bounty of Juliana, she was much attached to her royal mistress, by whom she had been ever treated with kindness and affection.

To her the dying queen now turned. On her bed of agony the regal apartment was insupportable. She caused her bed to be removed, and herself, sick and sinking, to be transported to the room of her favourite attendant. The staircase was narrow and steep, the chamber small: with difficulty the bearers mounted the narrow steps leading to the chamber; to enter the doorway they must have literally shaken the dying queen in her bed: but her will, while still alive, was law, and no one dared to oppose her commands. Here in this small chamber, alone with her humble attendant, she passed the last hours of her existence. The reputation of Juliana has always been that of a bad woman, but she appears to have been made the scape-goat of the sins of her century, and the accusations against her are so atrocious I cannot help believing many of them to have been unfounded. When I hear that she administered poison to Frederic VI. in his

infancy, how the physician saved his life, but that his hair turned white from the effects of the deleterious mixture, I look upon it as a fable. The poison which was strong enough to turn a child's hair white would have first made an end of his existence. Juliana had a difficult part to play: married in early life to a widowed monarch, inconsolable and a drunkard, step-mother to an idiot and a vicious one, mother to an only son—a lovely child, contrasted with his elder half-brother—she fell a prey to the toils of those who desired to use her as a tool, and to the dictates of her own ambition. To act rightly in her exceptional position would have proved difficult to a well-disposed, right-principled woman: impossible for one of her intriguing nature. The room in which Juliana breathed her last is situated on the first floor of the left wing, as you approach the third and fourth windows from the corps de bâtiment, looking upon the court.

But the concierge looks mysterious, unlocks a heavy door, and ushers us into a corridor. We can just discern the light at the bottom of a narrow quadrangular well staircase; a door at the top of the landing-place leads into a bedroom adjoining. "What a ghostlike place!" we exclaim. "You are right," he replies, with a solemnity of manner (quite gave me the creeps): "this is a ghostlike staircase, where, in the days of King Frederic V., a German margravine fell down from the heights to the cellar below, and died on the spot; her ghost has since taken possession of these stairs, and frightens all those who pass by. But you have all heard the tale of the Countess of Bevern and her sad death?" No, we had not; had seen her name upon a closet in the Royal Chapel,—so begged him to relate

the story. Adrienne, Countess of Bevern—Bevern? who was she? you will ask: why, Juliana was of Brunswick, of which family there existed a junior branch, Brunswic- (I spare you the intervening appellations) Bevern—Frederic the Great married the eldest of the Beverns. Adrienne was young, beautiful, and a coquette, lady-in-waiting to Queen Juliana, and betrothed to Kammerjunker Fechner, one of the dowager's gentlemen-in-waiting. All went on smoothly until there arrived at Fredensborg a lady with her son, Harald Lynemark by name. He was twenty years of age, handsome and accomplished. Before long he was a constant guest at the palace, where he was no favourite among men, though much petted by the women, and became a serious cause of heartburnings to the betrothed kammerjunker as his rival with the fair Adrienne.* His passion was returned, though the fickle fair one dared not yield to his entreaties to break off with her affianced bridegroom. One morning a rumour was spread that the countess had disappeared since the preceding night, and her corpse was later discovered at the bottom of the black staircase. A wound in her left temple corresponded with 'a stone lying at the foot of the steps below. How she had got there nobody could tell. Fechner mourned deeply her loss, and, after her interment, left Denmark. There was no suspicion of foul play; the whole matter was a nine days' wonder, and soon forgotten.

• One day, as Lynemark was walking with a friend in the Fredensborg garden, he encountered his tailor, who peremptorily demanded payment of his bill. This the youth refused; the tailor, furious, took from his pocket a piece of stuff, and declared his intention of going

before a magistrate and revealing something he knew concerning him. This he immediately did, and Lynemark was arrested and lodged in the jail at Esrom. The piece of stuff which the tailor possessed proved to be part of the dress worn by the countess on the very day of her fatal accident. Lynemark, -by the aid of his friend, escaped from prison, and, before his departure, related to him the story of the countess's unhappy end. He said she had consented to give him a meeting, in which he in vain persuaded her to break with Fechner, remove to her estates in Holstein, and there espouse him. She had promised to give him a definitive answer that very night, but came to no decision. Miserable at her want of feeling, he was about to quit her, when she opened the door of the staircase and followed him out; he endeavoured to seize from her hair a little knot of ribbon, and succeeded; she, on her side, tried to regain it, and, with a jerk, snatched it from him, reeled, lost her balance, and fell headlong down below. In vain he tried to save her: her dress gave way, leaving in his hand the remnant discovered in his pocket by the tailor. She fell with a piercing cry. Frantic, he rushed after her; she still breathed, pressed the hand of her lover, endeavoured to raise herself, sobbed, her head fell heavily on his shoulder, and the chill of death spread over her—she was dead! Lynemark was afraid to confess the truth, so kept silence. He later escaped to France and thence to Naples, where a Neapolitan noble, jealous, but afraid to fight him, denounced him to the police as member of a secret club. He was tried and sentenced to be shot; his mother died of grief soon after.

The palace has a melancholy, deserted air, and some

of the rooms are lent out to poorer members of the nobility. Its gardens are renowned, laid out in the old French style. "How like Versailles!" we exclaimed; "with its statues and avenues of fragrant limes!" In the so-called Marble Gardens are many small statues, of no particular excellence, by Stanley, an English artist, the same who executed the monument of Queen Louisa in the cathedral of Roeskilde.

Then there is the lion of the palace, the Norwegian Amphitheatre, in three tiers, round which are ranged a series of stone statues in Norwegian costumes. The appearance of this assembly is so strange I could not help laughing, but to a Norwegian they are most interesting. It is now 120 years since they were placed there, and the peasant still remains dressed as though it were yesterday—the drummer, the priest, the fisherman, and mountaineer from Tronyem, Bergen, and elsewhere; the bride—a crowned bride too—all the wedding party. I should like to watch them by the pale moonlight: they must surely become animated from time to time, and hold dance and revel together. How Hans Andersen can ever have let such a subject slip through his fingers, to me is a mystery.

The French garden amalgamates itself into the native woods, which run down to the lake's side. Here is situated the skipperhuus, where you may hire boats, sail or row, fishing-rods and hooks, with bait according to your fancy. Esrom lake is renowned for its perch. Our time, however, was too short to fish, and I was glad of it. I hate fishing when ladies are of the party; they always expect you to worm their hooks for them,—an operation I am not partial to. In a secluded spot near the water's edge, within the walls of a small

fishing-house, tradition relates that the minister Guldberg, in concert with Juliana, concerted the ruin of Caroline Matilda and the overthrow of Struensee: they were there safe from all listeners and spies who might have betrayed the conspiracy.

We dined at the little inn in the open air "unter den Linden:" a good little dinner, served on old china—three marcs, coffee included!

SØLYST AND ESROM.

At seven o'clock we started on our journey home, taking Esrom and Sølyst on the way, through the woods by the bank of the lake. The foliage is somewhat relieved this evening by an admixture of larch and birch. Our road ran by a picturesque village, proud of its healing spring; but as the water runs through the churchyard, I had no fancy to test its virtues, and would prefer most ailments to cure by such a remedy. In olden times there was a strange 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 reappears, 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, sufficient to fry your perch—or boil them, if you like it better. Sølyst is a small house on the lake's side, where strangers breakfast or drink their coffee on the terraces.

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, in defiance of the opposition of two furious watch-dogs, 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 12th century, it 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 Ingeborg.

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 Frederiksborg. 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 possession. Another, later, of Christian V., 1697: he repaired the outhouses, and wished the world to be aware of the fact. Some ancient iron cramps in the wall, fleur-de-lisé 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. Then out came the proprietor, Councillor —, and, politely carrying a lantern, showed us 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. He took us into his garden

—rich, fertile ground ; two nightingales sang among the bushes, answering each other with their clear vibrating melody, sweet as the choral strains which rose to heaven from the cloister church in old papistic times. Nine o'clock—still light, but dusky : it was half past eleven before we were safely landed at Marienlyst.

CHAPTER XXII.

Odinshøi—"Oldenborgers"—Madalena's palace at Hirschholm—Education of Christian VI.—His marriage—Bonfire of the Archives—His household—Court etiquette—Yawning-stocks—Madalena's extravagance—The Hanoverian duchess—Court preacher—Death of Queen Louisa—The poet Ewald.



ODINSHØI.

Wednesday, 25th.—A DRIVE to Odinshøi by the Hammermills (you can tea at the keeper's lodge if you will),—I need not say how beautiful.

Odinshøi is the highest eminence on this part of the Danish coast: why it is so called I am unaware; I hear of no tradition about Odin.* We arrived in time for the sunset; the atmosphere was not clear, nor were the ships passing through the Sound numerous: sometimes in summer time 300 sail through at the same time. The Swedish mountains appeared more distant than usual. We were just ready prepared for a grumble (oh the gnats and pest of cockchafers! called by the Danes "Oldenborgers," in compliment, I suppose, to the reigning family), when the sun burst forth from behind the

* Odin was a lawgiver, in his way, and imposed a "nose" tax over the land; but he was a bad economist, for he ordered that every one should be buried with his valuables. Considering the dull life great people are supposed to lead, Odin was not to be pitied, for on his shoulder sat two ravens, Hugin and Mugin by name, who flew round the world every morning, and on their return related all the gossip they had collected to their master.

violet clouds, and fell into the Kattegat—a long pillar of fire, gilding the waters with (as Milton has it) “heavenly alchemy.” Drive to Odinshøi by all means, and make a drawing of that pretty striped house near the Hammermills, under the large oak-tree, with the overshot wheel and the cart always ready prepared, in a most picturesque attitude.

ROSTGAARD.

Thursday, 26th.—Well up in Rostgaard, we determined to visit his manor; so jumped into the steamer, and in twenty minutes we landed at Humlebæk, which derives its name from some old fabulous Danish king, Humle (Hops), said to be buried under the adjoining høi. The manor is now in the possession of Mr. Bruum, and celebrated for its “apiarium,” arranged on the Austrian system—paternal—but despotic.

I do really from my heart pity the poor bees, who in these times are compelled to make honey by rule, without a voice on the subject—deprived of their annual excursion with their queen in swarming-time; no escape to the beech-tree or eaves of the nearest farmhouse, hanging like a hedgehog from the branches, and seduced home or caught in a hive to the dulcet sound of poker, tongs, and shovel, sakbut and psaltery—a foolish waste of time, like May-day, country fairs, and Christmas mummings, put down and abolished. Now we save your lives—don't kill you with sulphur—so remove the partition, and just please to swarm into the adjoining box according to rule, and give no more trouble to anybody.

Here is a jolly little inn, with garden, looking on the Sound, where you may breakfast, tea, and eat fresh

shrimps. The manor gardens are open to visitors: rich in ornamental flowering shrubs, lake and platebandes. In the wall lay imbedded some stones engraved with the arms of the ancient possessors through two generations. On the whole, Rostgaard manor and a pretty widow of nineteen—the Swedish officers could not have done better.

HIRSCHHOLM.

Saturday, May 28th.—I could not leave Elsinore without visiting the site where once stood Hirschholm, the most splendid of Madalena's palatial creations; so we took the steamer, and in one hour were landed at the village of Rongsted; from whence we pass through a forest—a very wedding nosegay of white flowers; Skovstjerne or forest star,* and bifolia, the most delicate and youngest of the conval tribe, we found blooming for the first time. We stop to gather them by the way; a half-hour's walk it should have been to the palace, but somehow or other time slips on unconsciously. Lilies abounded not, for a girls' school had picnicked that day in the forest, and we saw them bright and happy looking, in their round hats, with their mistress, seated on the turf, tying up their nosegays. We now came to an obelisk, decorated with cornucopias tumbling inside out, very symbolical—erected in 1761,† to celebrate

* *Trientalis Europæa*.

† Molesworth, speaking of the Danish peasantry, says: 'They are absolute slaves in Zealand, as in Barbadoes, with this difference, that they are not well cared for, and suffer greatly from the quantity of soldiers who are billeted upon them—a nuisance of which our English yeomen complained in olden times, when they were domineered over by the Danish troops; and the name of 'Lazy Lordane' became in after times a byword. Previous to the

the manumission of the royal serfs appertaining to the widowed Queen Sophia Madalena, most creditable to her memory, some twenty-seven years, too, before serfdom was finally abolished by her grandson ; then we arrive at a square deserted place, backed by fine woods, surrounded by water, in the centre of which a hideous church marks the spot where once stood Denmark's Versailles, the far-famed palace of Hirschholm.

There is absolutely nothing to see, beyond the interest attached to the locality : it boasts no site, no commanding view ; like Versailles, it was the triumph of art and the handiwork of man, or rather woman ; Nature lent no aid, or, by her smiles, countenanced, Madalena's extravagances. Still, when horse-chestnuts blossom, and the fruit-trees scatter their petals like roseate snow-flakes on the turf below—when spring is young and verdant, and the sun shines brightly, Art may snap her fingers at Nature—she planted them—you no longer think about the ups and downs of this world—its mountains and its valleys—but content yourself with the beauties before your eye, such as Hirschholm, riant in her desolation, now still affords you. We visited the church—as ugly as Calvin himself could have desired. The sacristan pointed out to us a broken, old, carved oak chair, once covered with stamped leather, as a relic of Caroline Matilda, and turned it round to exhibit the initials C. M. and a crown (burnt by himself, I dare say,

peace of 1669," he adds, "the peasants were well to do : in every house you would see a piece or two of silver plate, gold rings, silver spoons ; and the women wore gold ornaments ; and quantities of feather-beds and bolsters, not only to lie upon, but cover them in lieu of blankets." The peasantry of Denmark have neither lost their taste for one nor the other.

with a red-hot nail) on the back of it. We were tired and hot, and glad to adjourn to the village inn and get something to drink. In the common room of the inn hangs a portrait—well executed too—of Juliana, bearing date 1755, with a complimentary inscription, regretting, although her features were portrayed on the canvas, her virtues could not be expressed also; and Tyge Wilsted was grateful; to him Juliana had proved a kind patroness—she had honoured his house with her presence, and granted it a free licence to sell beer.

Hirschholm appeared animated: hussars in their uniforms paced about, and rough-riders galloped their unbroken chargers around the rotten Champ-de-Mars, appearing and flitting picturesquely among the trees. So, as 'it is too sultry to return, suppose we sit down quietly on the grass, and I will tell you something about the early history of the place, which I can best illustrate by giving a slight sketch of the court and times of its foundress Queen Madalena.

Frederic IV., as we all know, was a loosish sort of an individual, and did not live happily with his queen, Louisa of Mecklenburg, a gloomy, jealous-minded woman—at least there is every reason to suppose so; otherwise he would have scarcely, nine years previous to her decease, have married * with the left hand Anne Sophia Reventlow, daughter of his grand-chancellor—a most extraordinary proceeding on his part, even in that century of slack morality. Queen Louisa, as was natural, considered herself an injured wife. Had she been less gloomy and disagreeable, this catastrophe probably might have been

) * And not the first, for he had previously contracted his "conscience" marriage with the Countess Viereck.

averted: but "what's done can't be undone; and all Louisa had to do was to remain quiet at Copenhagen, and bring up her son Christian in the way he should go, and not let him turn out a ne'er-do-well like his royal father." So Queen Louisa, and Catherine Buchwald the grande maîtresse, laid their heads together and presided over the heir-apparent's tuition. His education appears to have been modelled on the Chinese system, with a little dash of the old Venetians, who, though they did not cramp the feet of their womankind, caused them to wear heels of so lofty an altitude as to prevent them from walking otherwise than with difficulty. The young prince was set down to his studies—dry dissertations on theology, most incomprehensible to his youthful mind—and made to recite prayers so sentimentally worded that he forgot the commencement of each sentence long before he came to the conclusion. His attendants were aged, sedate men; he had no companions of his own age; was never allowed to see strangers. His dress was, like his education, strait-laced: he was arrayed in tight, stiff jackets; neck and throat bound tight-laced round with a stock, the very essence of buckram, preventing the circulation of his blood; his gaiters cut into his very flesh; his small-clothes scarce allowed of his seating himself; while his extra high-heeled shoes, hard and tight, lamed him, and a full-blown peruke weighed down the budding inspiration of his youthful brain. Not much chance of the prince running a muck, is there?

He grew up under his mother's petticoat-government German to the backbone: in person small, thin, and weakly, with a peculiar shrill-toned voice; he knew nothing of war, was shy, and expressed himself

with difficulty. In the spring of 1721 Queen Louisa died, and in the autumn of the same year Christian, then twenty-two years of age, espoused Sophia Madalena, daughter of the Margrave of Brandenburg.* She was proud as she was poor; and, without loving her husband, tormented him by her eternal jealousy. From her portraits, I should judge her to have been a perfect gentlewoman—one of those women to whom beauty was no object if she only chose to be pleasant and agreeable. Vain she was, but she never painted. The somewhat dissolute court of King Frederic was thrown into positive convulsions of amusement when the 'Gazette' first appeared announcing the appointments in the household of the newly-married couple. Madalena has selected as her hof-ladies the four ugliest women of quality to be found in the capital of Copenhagen. They now retire to the small castle of Horningsholm, accompanied by their ugly attendants, where we will leave them to bicker and squabble until the death of their royal father,† which occurred some nine

* The king, wishing to celebrate the occasion with the greatest possible rejoicings, ordered a display of fireworks of unprecedented magnificence. The paper necessary for their fabrication being difficult to procure, Frederic issued orders to all the towns, governments, cloisters, &c., to forward their archives to Copenhagen. Carts upon carts arrived from all quarters full of the ancient records of the kingdom, which were quickly sacrificed for the enjoyment of one moment.

† Frederic IV. saw with his own eyes, and, with all his liberal ideas of matrimony, governed well. Every Tuesday from 10 till 11, and on Sundays before going to church, he went to a chamber where everybody could go to him and lay their complaints before him. On the table stood a box to receive petitions; and when the hour of audience was over, the box was carried to his cabinet, and he looked over its contents himself in the evening. His economy was great, and he did not wantonly give away pensions, which in 1729 only amounted to

years later. The first act of the new monarch was to send flying about her business the Reventlow Queen, who had shown them great kindness on their arrival from Germany, and stood their friend on all occasions with her royal consort.

As for Queen Madalena, she had no time to regret her father-in-law; she had her coronation to look after, and a fine coronation it was, cost two millions of specie to the country; all her family came over from Germany to witness it, and then, finding the climate of Denmark conducive to their good, remained there altogether; among them, her mother the margravine. Germans arrive now like cockchafers: Denmark, very much disgusted, &c. "We must really establish something like etiquette," declared Madalena; "how well they manage these things at Versailles!" So she publishes her ordinances, and that of her dinner appears to us common mortals to have been dignified in the extreme, but singularly inconvenient, especially if she cared to dine hot: the hofjunker first cuts up her meat, while a kammerherr stands behind her chair; he then delivers it to the page in waiting, who passes it on to the kammerherr, who gives it to the queen. "We must imitate the splendour of the Saxon court!" cries Madalena. "We must insist on the people going to church!" exclaims King Christian; and each went their own way about gaining the object in view. The one pulls down

11,150 dollars. Frederic, with all his immorality, was the restorer of the royal finances. When he died (1730) he left thirty barrels of gold in the treasury, which, considering the sum he gave for the building of Copenhagen after the fire, is enormous; when he ascended the throne the country was eleven barrels in debt.

the new-built castle of Copenhagen, the other inflicts a fine on those who absent themselves from Divine service. Twice must they attend by law each Sabbath ; the gabsstocken (yawning-stocks) are placed at the church door, in which the victim convicted of a second offence is compelled to stand fixed with his mouth open. The gates of the city are closed* until four o'clock, at which hour the Lutheran Sunday terminates ; the Christmas yule log anathematised ; while "at ride sommer i by,"—the Danish May-day festival of the farmers—put down as an offence to Heaven. Smarting under the irritation of this new Popish dominion, the world became more wicked than ever—freethinkers or hypocrites. But while Christian torments his people, Madalena builds and dresses and runs in debt too ; for in 1739 we find a letter, dated Hirschholm, addressed to the minister Schulin, in trouble and tribulation. Her debts amount to 33,000 dollars, her pension a modest 18,000. What can she do ? The king orders her income to be stopped until the debt is discharged—15,000 annually, leaving her a mere nothing. The money she must have ; how Schulin got her out of her difficulties chroniclers inform us not. Old Horningsholm must now come down—Horningsholm, where she spent her early married life, with her four old frights the ladies of honour—and a new Versailles erected, to be styled "Hirschholm," in honour of a stag shot by Madalena's own fair hands—you may see its antlers still preserved in the castle of Rosenborg. "But, your Majesty, it's a morass ; you must drive in piles ; the expense will be

* This custom of closing the gates during Divine service was prevalent in Christian V.'s time.

enormous!" "Let the piles be driven; the expense, forsooth, at Baireuth!" (Madalena! Madalena! you forget the only two pair of silk stockings you brought over with you from Germany; don't talk to us of the splendours of Baireuth.) So piles without number were driven in, and the walls of Hirschholm rose from the morass below. Study the Danish Vitruvius, and you will see it was a glorious palace, and decorated with all that wealth and taste could supply: pictures, gems of art, within; gardens, woods, and lakes without; all contrived to make life a paradise. We hear once how, during the absence of King Christian VII. on his travels in Germany and elsewhere, the three queens* passed their time "very comfortably together" in good fellowship at Hirschholm. Then Madalena had built Sophienberg, by the sea-side, on the banks of the sparkling Sound, and a hermitage in the deer-park,—as much a hermitage as the Monument on Fish Street Hill; goes and dines there in summer occasionally, and at the change of courses the table disappears below, carrying away the ladies' fans and kerchiefs, the salt-cellars, &c., and then another appears, all fresh decorated with the succeeding course.

But Madalena has her troubles—troubles of her own making too: she is stern and repulsive with King Christian—bores him for money, for places, and what not, for her German followers—German, all German, even the doctors: in all we imitate the court of Saxony, except in its morals. And though Christian occupied himself with the reformation of his people, he did not set them an example. There came over

* Madalena, Juliana, and Caroline Matilda.

to Denmark about this time a certain Hanoverian duchess — Øst Friesland, I think they called her, the queen's own sister. Christian had known her in former days, and would have liked her better than the stately Madalena; but the duke was still living. Madalena found it out, and became jealous. And now, a widow in her trouble, not a penny in her purse, she arrives; and Christian, like a good brother-in-law, assigns her a pension, as well as an apartment at Fredensborg. Tongues wag; the brow of Madalena becomes more clouded; she leads her architects and lady's-maids a terrible time of it. The poor dear duchess falls sick; the king becomes more attentive; she refuses all medical advice; people shake their heads; Majesty insists; she is persuaded to consult the court physicians (not Madalena's, you may feel sure); and, after a cure which entailed a short seclusion, derives infinite benefit from his remedies, and is restored to society more radiant and lovely than ever. About this time I find the king's confessor, Frunen, a very low-bred man, preaching a sermon before the court, all about King Herod and John the Baptist. How Madalena and her ladies must have looked and winked, and how Majesty must have fidgeted on his chair, in the royal closet! Greatly incensed at such conduct, the king, forgetting his wisdom, desired Frunen for the future not to be personal, but to preach about drinking, Sabbath-breaking, or any fault he was exempt from. On the following Sunday the preacher made matters worse by selecting for his text Gal. iv. 16, "Am I now then become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?" This was more than the king could stand: he peremptorily dismissed Frunen from the

office of Royal Confessor, and caused an edict to be read to him by the Council, forbidding him to perform his office as a clergyman, but to employ himself in the instruction of youth for the future. So much for rebuking sovereigns from the pulpit in the eighteenth century. But to finish the story. In the year 1766 good King Christian died;* the fascinating duchess † had gone to her last account. Madalena was now "Enkedronning" (widow queen); she could no longer build palaces, so she lived in them, and cottoned together much with her German daughter-in-law, intriguing Juliana. Then appeared there suddenly at the court of Denmark a "Qvinde" person, who declared herself to be daughter of the defunct sovereign and her of the ravishing eyes, the widow-duchess of Øst Friesland. Count Danneskiold received her papers. The offspring of royalty declared herself born in 1744 (year of King Herod and her Grace's indisposition), and styled herself Anne Sophia Madalena Frederica Ulrica —why, her name alone proclaims her a princess. How she was delivered over to Countess Schack, sent later to Norway, thence to Amsterdam, where a merchant treated her as his own daughter; how she first became acquainted with her parentage; how she had possessed

* Old people at Hirschholm, ever delighting in the marvellous, would assert, up to a few years since, that Madalena, in her jealousy, made use of some charmed drug, which she applied with a camel's-hair brush to King Christian's lips when asleep, in the hope of regaining his affections, and thereby caused his death.

† A portrait of this fascinating duchess, or may be a copy by Tyroff, hangs in the Rosenborg collection,—engravings of which may be found in the before-mentioned Müller collection. Without being endowed with any extraordinary beauty, she appears what she was, "a charming widow."

her father and mother's portrait enriched with diamonds, and a pension of four hundred dollars yearly till their death, when she went down with a run, and became maid-of-all-work to an apothecary; she then sold her diamonds to come to Denmark. The Council examined her claims, and pronounced her an impostor. It was not likely during the life of Madalena her claims, if true, would be allowed. She was condemned to be scourged as an adventuress, and branded with a B as an impostor (Bedragen). Her sentence was, however, remitted to perpetual confinement in the prison of the island of Møen, one hundred dollars yearly being allowed to procure her better food. So much for claiming a royal descent.

And now Madalena is growing old; her palmy days are over; she makes her will and a list of her jewels in a red-morocco-bound book. I have seen it in Rosenborg,—plain, clear, fair German characters, no blots, and, what is more rare, correct spelling into the bargain. Her house was now in order: she must resign her palaces, her plaisances, and her pomp;* she dies in her castle of Christiansborg, 27th March, 1770, in the seventieth year of her age, two years before the story of Caroline Matilda. By her will she bequeathed her jewels to the country, and begs her descendants to preserve the buildings she has erected, as such works of art add to the glory of the nation who possesses them.

Hirschholm increases in beauty, and queens love it much. Louisa, our English princess, the darling of

* This she kept up in her widowhood, for when she visited Slesvig, in 1751, to meet her brother the margrave, her suite consisted of 300 carriages.

the Danish people—"good Queen Louisa," as she is still called—passed many happy days here before Frederic grew faithless: not that he ever ceased to love her—but his heart, like that of many other men, was capacious, had room for her and other women too. Frederic was a *roi galant*; conjugal fidelity was not the order of the day; and Louisa, though the court of her father George was far from pure, really did suffer from her husband's conduct. On her marriage, when she arrived at Altona, she dismissed all her English attendants; not a word of Danish did she know, but she surrounded herself by Danes, learnt quickly the language, which again became the fashion at court after the lapse of half a century.

It was, writes an eye-witness, a touching sight to see some thousand people every day on their bare knees (*paa bare knæ*) in the court before the castle, imploring Heaven to save her. She was willing to die, for her husband's infidelity had embittered her life. The effects of the birth of a dead son* terminated her existence in the winter of 1751. She was in her twenty-seventh year. *Requiescat in pace*. And now Juliana rules the roast and her besotted king, and

* In the Müller collection I found a curious engraving of the "barsel" of Queen Louisa, dated 1749, by Haas of Hamburg. The queen, whose troubles are just over, is represented in her bed, the footboard carved with her cipher. On one side the new-born child (later mad King Christian) in a cradle, in the act of being crowned by an angel; by his side stands the nurse, with a basin of caudle on the table before her; while above appears the stork, bearing a swathed child in his beak. On the other side, the king and his courtiers offer their congratulations to the queen; above, an angel who blows something from his trumpet in High Dutch, which, as I do not understand the language, I regret being unable to translate.

fine stories they tell of her; but she too becomes a widow, and retires to the pleasant shades of Fredensborg, and Caroline Matilda, fifteen years of age, reigns in her stead, wife of Christian VII., a debauched half-maniac prince, who has, however, at first the good taste to admire his English wife, and would have done so longer had he remained uninfluenced by his worthless favourites. Like Queen Louisa, she dismissed on her arrival her English attendants, but she never loved the Danish language. Caroline Matilda is thus described by a Danish writer of the day: "A majestic person, with well-shaped head and pretty complexion; clear blue eyes, large and shining; good mouth, full underlip; hair, silvery white, in profusion:" an heirloom transmitted to her son (does not this vindicate Juliana?);* a tendency to embonpoint already visible. Molbech, who, after the fashion of the day, shows her little favour, continues: "She had good abilities, flighty, fond of pleasure (fifteen years of age!), friendly and loveable when she chose, a quick comprehension, indifferent to politics and intrigue; when aroused, passionate and vindictive (she had reason to be so), quite astonishing for a person of her phlegmatic temper. She liked her own way and to rule (I should think so, a queen!) in her own circle, and had no real religion about her." Such is the description given of her. Unprotected, without a friend in the most dissolute court of Europe, she was ill fitted to war against the venom of her enemies.

A road to the right, across the forest, leads to the country place (Frydenlund) of Struensee, sacked by the

* See p. 318. Frederic inherited the white hair from his mother.

enraged populace at the period of his execution.* One avenue still bears the name of Matilda's Road.

At Hirschholm King Frederic VI. passed his early youth, running about shoeless, barefoot, like a peasant boy, in company with a farmer's son. He was delicate from his birth, and Struensee, a doctor by profession (hence dates his intimacy with the queen shortly after the marriage), insisted, by way of fortifying his constitution, on relieving him from all the trammels of royalty, and allowing him to run wild in the meadows and forests of

* Struensee and Brandt were both arrested, and detained in the most rigorous confinement. The former was loaded with chains about his arms and legs, and at the same time attached to the wall by an iron bar. With Count Brandt the king had previously quarrelled at the palace of Hirschholm, and challenged him to fight. This the count naturally declined. When next they met the king repeated the defiance, and called him "coward." Brandt behaving with temper, as befitted a subject, the half-mad king became ungovernable, thrust his hand into the count's mouth, seized his tongue, and nearly tore it out, half choking him; Brandt in self-defence (as who would not?) bit the king's hand. A reconciliation however was effected by Struensee, and Christian promised never again to allude to the subject. The crime now charged against Brandt was that of having lifted his hand against the "sacred person of his sovereign;" the punishment for which by the laws of Denmark was "death." His lawyer is said to have made an admirable speech in his defence:—"Frederic II.," he remarked, "when he unbent among his nobles, as he frequently did, was accustomed to say 'The king is not at home,' then all etiquette was banished from the court; but when it pleased him to resume his royal dignity, he again exclaimed 'The king is at home,' and the courtiers at once comprehended that all licence was at an end. But what," added he, "must we now do, when 'the king is never at home'?" A bold speech for a lawyer of the last century; it is needless to add, he never rose to the high office of Chancellor of the kingdom of Denmark. Struensee and Brandt were both beheaded, their right hands first amputated; and their skulls and bones, in 1775, when Wraxall visited Copenhagen, were still exhibited at one mile distance from the city: later the scaffold was disposed of, and the wood now forms the staircase of a small country house near the spot where it once stood outside the town.

Hirschholm.* He grew up, lived to the age of seventy, hale and active to the last, though thin as a skeleton. In 1808 Frederic ascended the throne of his maniac father. One of his first acts was to destroy and raze to the ground the splendid palace of Madalena. He hated its very name; he had been too strictly kept there in his youth. All Denmark grieved. A sale took place. Fearful was the sacrifice of works of art; furniture, china, once the property of three successive sovereigns, sold for a song, many since repurchased at a heavy price as historic relics for the castle of Rosenborg. Much of the Vieux Danois china was purchased by our late minister Sir H. Wynn, and sent to England. All collectors and artists continue to deplore the ruthless sacrifice of the collected treasures of Hirschholm. From time to time objects turn up, and I have seen † a splendid timepiece, of ebony, inlaid with Bristol stones—a present to Queen Caroline Matilda on her marriage, either from some English corporation or from her brother King George III.—purchased for a trifle from a peasant in the island of Bornholm. Nothing now remains but the “chapelle expiatoire”—I can call it nothing less—built from the stones of the outraged building.

But the sun is about to set: we must move on. Supper in the garden of the hotel awaited us at Rongsted. Before leaving we scrambled up the Ewalds

* There exists a series of engravings of Frederic VI. and his sister Louisa Augusta, Duchess of Augustenborg and mother of her Majesty the Queen Dowager, playing in the rooms and gardens of Hirschholm, when under the domination of Queen Juliana. Nothing can be more ungraceful than the costume or the children.

† In the possession of Mr. Rainalls, English vice-consul at Copenhagen.

høi, where the poet of that name once sat inspired. I know nothing about him, but understand him to be very fine and a favourite; he died, as poets do, early in life. Our stuhlwagen waits; a fine pair of Jutland horses, new to harness, carry us off along the Strandvei at a rattling pace. We pass Sophienberg—what remains of it, a one-storied wing. The nightingales answer each other in the beeches; we stop to listen; the croaking of the frogs overpowers their notes. A huge fox, with such a brush, runs across in direction of a farmhouse hard by—give a “View halloo!” if you will: no use, he doesn’t understand you. “Gare mes oies!” We pass by Rostgaard and its bees, now asleep—queen, drones, and all; Egebæksvang, the pretty Dahlsborg, where lodgings may be had, adjoining the wood, in summer season,—Bois de Boulogne of Elsinorers; the black cross, “where many sailors have found rest,” cast up drowned on the coast. A new proprietor dared to disturb their allotted cemetery; scarce had the plough cut the first sod, when a fit of apoplexy removed him from this life. On, on! it has struck eleven by Kronborg time, and was past midnight before we gained Marienlyst.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Giant's Grave—Sjoberg, the château-fort of Zealand—King Valdemar and Tovelil—Her death—Valdemar's grief, and imprisonment of Queen Hedvig—Anne of Jutland—Birth of Queen Margaret—Her meeting with her father—His paternal wish and death.

NAKKEHOVED.

June 1st.—THE season now opens. A general bustle for the last three days has pervaded Marienlyst; detachments of waiters from Hamburg—a new importation of housemaids—such a suspending of lamps, and such regulations! A band of music played this morning under our window from six till eight. Then there is to be a grand opening dinner to-day, with speechifications and jollifications of all sorts. 'Tis quite time for us to “plier bagage” and depart. For the last five weeks we have enjoyed the palace to ourselves, “monarchs of all we survey,”—look on it as our sole property: now, in the eleventh hour, the bustle commences; we meet strange faces on the staircase; hear the tinkling of a piano not our own; smell the savour of dressed cutlets for others' eating; nay, occasionally the whiff of a cigar, smoked upon the balcony, invades our salon. All which doings appear to our despotic minds as personal insults to our dignity: had we arrived after the commencement of the season, all this would have been as a matter of course; now we look

upon ourselves as injured mortals, much to be compassionated.

To avoid all hubbub and toasts, we determined to make one last excursion from Elsinore, and see Nakkehoved, taking Søborg lake and castle on our way home. All the world had recommended us to see Nakkehoved; what there was to be seen I could never clearly understand. A "paradise among the sand," one termed it, "an oasis in the desert," "a giant's grave;" the proprietor's father buried there. A two hours' drive along the sea-shore, pine-woods, and heather—quite a change—brought us to our destination. Some twenty years since Nakkehoved was a barren waste, and the father of the present proprietor amused himself with planting and bringing the adjoining tract of land into cultivation with the most perfect success. It is situated on a promontory, as its name Nakkehoved (nape of the neck) implies, commanding a glorious view of the Kattogat—superior far to that of Odinshøi. By the edge of the cliff he has constructed a summer-house, furnished with a large table, where visitors are allowed to picnic. Here we dined, the master of the place kindly furnishing us with dishes, plates, &c. After dinner we walked to the "Giant's Grave," one of the numerous stone sepulchres formed of detached rocks placed together to be met with in this country. The father of the proprietor caused himself to be buried on this spot, not wishing in death to be separated from the scene of his earthly creation.

A flock of wild geese, tamed, as well as ducks, dwell happily established in houses on a small pond; each morning at sunrise they fly out to sea; at sunset return to roost.

SØBORG

After bidding adieu to our civil host we drove on to Søborg, whose village stands at some three miles distant from Nakkehoved. No ruins of the castle were visible, so we got out at the church-gate, and endeavoured to persuade a small white-pated child to conduct us to where the "gammel slot" once stood. He hesitated, consulted with another urchin, and hand in hand, as if for protection, they preceded us to the desired spot. I found nothing but the foundations and court-pavements, but, expecting nothing, was not disappointed. The king some nine years since, 1850, made considerable excavations here; and when I was at Frederiksborg, his Majesty did me the honour to show me a collection of old sword-blades, javelins, keys, &c., he had himself discovered during the progress of his excavations. Søborg Slot, as well as Søborg Lake, possesses no intrinsic interest in its present state beyond the romance attached to a site so famous in Denmark's story. The castle and its surrounding forests are no more, and the lake may soon be erased from the map of the country, the greater part being already reclaimed and brought under cultivation — somewhat sedgy it must be owned, and emitting towards nightfall miasmas, telling of fever, and highly prejudicial to the health of the surrounding villages; but before many years elapse corn will grow and wave where the fishes now swim and the moor-frog croaks. Last night it appeared a very Vale of Tempe, so floweryfied, brilliant with blossoms of the globe ranunculus,* called

* *Trollius Europæus*.

in Denmark Engblomme, or meadow bloom, shaking their golden heads to the evening breeze, and other marshy treasures — a California to the botanist. If the prosaic Danes continue to destroy their forests and drain their lakes for filthy lucre's sake, their country will lose half its charms; in these consists their strength. I have often thought, were mankind less farinaceously inclined, how much more beautiful a world we should live in.

We entered the village-church,—the door was open; and allow me to recommend it especially to the notice of the ecclesiologist—not for its external gabled quaintness, but for its internal arrangement. It consists of two aisles, without nave; three massive columns, running down the centre of the building, support the double-vaulted roof; the whole terminated by a small, short, obscure apse or chancel. This arrangement is new to me at any rate.

So now, as I have a long story to tell you about Søborg, let us at any rate remove from the misty neighbourhood of the morass, Jack o' Lantern's kingdom. We have a three hours' drive before us through Esrom and the forest, and, if you are not afraid of sheet lightning, I shall have plenty of time to finish my story before we are safely housed at Marienlyst.

Of the origin of Søborg I can tell you but little. It was standing strong, fair to gaze upon, in the year 1270, at which period of our northern history Erik Glipping, or the Winker, in a peck of troubles, occupied the throne of Denmark; he sometimes honoured this ancient castle with his presence. Søborg can never have been accounted among the plaisances of her native sovereigns rather as a state prison, built on an

island, surrounded by water and almost impenetrable forests. It was the strongest "château fort" in the island of Zealand, a most convenient lock-up house for successively turbulent Counts of Holstein (Adolf of the Milk-Can, in 1201, among the number) and contumacious archbishops, like Jens Grand, a most mischievous prelate, who tasted a little wholesome incarceration within its towers towards the latter end of the 13th century, 1294-5. It was reckoned by far the most ancient castle of Zealand, and over its gateway—an entrance about as palatable to those who passed within as that of the far-famed Traitor's Gate in our own White Tower of London—was seen inscribed—

Vixit Aristoteles, et Alexander dominatur,
Dum per gentiles castrum Sjøborg fabricatur.

A sad fib, the first hexameter; but mark well in the second the term "gentiles." Denmark, like England, Brittany, and Hungary, had her untitled nobility—her "gentiles homines"—by birth, not raised to the honour by patent, like the noblesse of France and Germany. "Gentilis homo" is the expression still used in Brittany by law, when speaking of the members of her most illustrious families.

When I related to you the story of Gurre, I mentioned how that castle had been the favourite residence of King Valdemar Atterdag, and how his name stood connected with a certain Tove—not the Tovelil of the ballad, as some supposed her. Since then, after a careful examination of various most confused authorities, obscure enough to drive a man demented, I see my way clear through the romance, and here give it, for it is as much connected with

Sjoberg as elsewhere. King Valdemar Atterdag succeeded his father Christopher II. after most troublesome times. There had been an interregnum, and a pretender, a Valdemar of Slesvig, Duke of South Jutland, proclaimed, and then deposed—all manner of disagreeables; so, to make matters straight and comfortable, they married King Valdemar to Princess Hedvig, the ex-crowned pretender's sister—an alliance most politic, but at the same time most disagreeable to the prince: he hated her, and she was jealous; also had she reason, as we shall later see.

Previous to his marriage the king had a love affair with a certain Tove, a lady of noble birth, a Putbus of the island of Rugen, to whom he was most tenderly attached. At the time of the king's marriage Tove resided at Hjortholm (near Frederiksdal, one mile from Copenhagen); later she removed to Gurre. During the absence of King Valdemar in one of the numerous warlike expeditions in which he was engaged, Tovelil is said to have died, having met with foul play, it is supposed, at the hands of Queen Hedvig.

Now the chronicle relateth, when the king came home from the wars he felt quite sure that the queen was guilty of the death of Tovelil; proofs, however, were wanting, so he bided his time, and sought a speedy opportunity to avenge her. For that reason he sent Queen Hedvig's favourite, Folquard Lovmandsøn, on horseback to Nyborg with a letter; and from the instructions contained therein, he no sooner arrived than he was put into irons, and forced to jump into a barrel studded with sharp nails, in which he was turned round until death released him from his agony. The queen, who was compelled to witness the execu-

tion of her favourite, as well as his subsequent funeral, exhibited such excessive grief, and spoke in so inconsiderate a manner on the occasion, that King Valdemar, who only sought for a convenient opportunity to gratify his vengeance, accused her of infidelity, and condemned her to perpetual imprisonment in the castle of Søborg—an unjust sentence in the opinion of all historians.

In former days there was shown in the castle of Nyborg a prison which went by the name of Folq' Lovmand's room, in which, according to the local tradition, he had been confined for an adventure with some princess or queen, and afterwards put to death; the queen, forced to witness his execution, had been immured alive, and her restless spirit still haunted the castle as a punishment for her misdeed. Queen Hedvig is now safe locked up in Søborg—not bricked up; so there we must leave her, and turn again to King Valdemar, overpowered with grief at the loss of the "Dove:" so excessive was his sorrow he could by no means be persuaded to part from the dead body. He caused it to be laid in a rich coffin, and carried it about with him wherever he went, and had it every night placed in his bed. This conduct might well excite suspicion, and indeed in much later times would have been ascribed to witchcraft. One of the courtiers then undertook, during the king's absence, to examine the corpse, and found an amulet, which Tove's mother had given her, suspended around her neck. This amulet he removed, and, strange to say, from this moment the king would never see the corpse more, but ordered it to be buried directly. His affection was now transferred to the courtier, whom he never allowed to leave his side. This constant attendance, flattering

though it might be, became at last insupportable, and to rid himself of such an uninterrupted attendance he cast the amulet into the waters of a lake near Vordinborg. From this moment Vordinborg became dear to Valdemar, and he built a new castle there on the site of the old. His affections were now divided between Vordinborg and Gurre, which occasioned frequent journeys betwixt these places. The remains of a long paved road constructed by him—an atrocious pavé it is too—running through the whole length of Zealand, from Vordinborg to Gurre—still exist in the neighbourhood of the latter castle, as well as in other places, and are called by the peasants “Valdemar’s Road.”

The spot where the courtier cast away the amulet, among the morasses in the neighbourhood of Vordinborg, Valdemar caused to be filled up, and here he built his “Lille Gurre.” His affection for the places where he had lived with his beloved Tove continued until the day of his death, some twenty-three years later.

And now we must return to jealous Queen Hedvig, like our own Eleanor of Aquitaine, held in durance vile for her supposed iniquities. She had borne to her lord and king since the time of her marriage five children, of whom two only survived—one, Christopher, Duke of Lolland, a miserable, half-grown stripling, to die some ten years later (we are now in 1352) a maniac.* In 1350 a second heir, a Valdemar, appears—to the

* See p. 116. An earlier Margaret reached her fifth year and died. Ingeborg came to life's estate; married Duke Henry of Mecklenburg; became mother of unhappy Albert of Sweden, who dared to oppose himself against the will of the lioness of Calmar. Then came Catherine, who died an infant.

joy of Denmark, who fear for young, puny Christopher, and love not the Mecklenburg succession: he too is carried off; the nobles of the realm look grave. The king has quitted his royal consort, and will not allow her name to be mentioned before his face.

According to the chronicle, one fine day as the king was about to mount his horse he fell into deep thought, and continued to stand with one foot in the stirrup. At last one of his servants ventured to inquire why he was thus standing. The king replied somewhat impetuously, "Either discover what is now passing in my mind, or never appear again before my sight." So much for indiscreet curiosity. The servant, in a despairing mood, fearful of "warning," wandered forth into the forest, and there fell in with a man seated by a large fire, probably a charcoal-burner. The man inquired why he was so downcast; and when he had heard the story, desired him to tell the king "that Sweden would perhaps come to Denmark if he would again see his cast-off queen." The servant brought the message to his sovereign; but Valdemar waxed wroth, and vowed he would never see her more. One day, as the king was hunting near Søborg, where Queen Hedvig was at this time incarcerated, he met with a beautiful girl in a green dress, of whom he became enamoured. This girl, Anna of Jutland, was in the queen's service, and, by previous concert between the nobles and Hedvig, arranged to change clothes and rooms with her mistress; it was not until some time after that Valdemar discovered the deception. In due time Margaret, destined later to unite under one sceptre the crowns of Scandinavia, made her appearance. Queen Hedvig gained little, by this addition to

her family, in her husband's affection; he only hated her the more. She remained a prisoner within the turrets of Søborg for twenty-one more long, weary years, when she was released by death, in 1374. She lay buried for many a year in the churchyard of Søborg—"she, a queen, among the peasants of low degree. Over her grave was placed the trunk of a timber-tree, rudely fashioned, as large as a coffin (such as you still may see in the remote villages of Jutland). On this humble memento was carved with a knife the figure of a queen, bearing a crown upon her head, and a long veil;" at which old Hvitfeldt is greatly scandalised, remarking how in his days even burghers' wives have monuments of alabaster.

King Valdemar never loved his daughter Margaret any more than his imprisoned queen. Nor did he ever set eyes upon her until she was six years old, when, riding through the forest of Søborg, he met a little girl with black eyes and brown hair, busily wreathing herself a garland of flowers. Struck by her appearance, the king took her up and placed her upon his horse before him. "Now where shall we go to?" said the king. "Let us go to court," replied the child, "to see that bad king who so ill-treats my mother, a prisoner in the castle of Søborg." "Who art thou?" inquired the king. "I am Margaret." The king then entered the castle gates, saw his queen for once and the last time, and had the child, of whom he had taken no notice, removed to Copenhagen. He used to declare that Nature's wits had gone a wool-gathering when she formed his daughter Margaret,—she should, he said, have been a "Karl," but somehow or other by a small oversight she came into the world a woman. He is

related, on his death-bed, to have regretted that he had not suffocated her when an infant in her cradle; after the expression of which paternal wish he turned his face to the wall and died—the only event of his long, checkered life he was unable to defer “*atterdag*,” or, in plain English, till the day after.

Queen Margaret, on her accession to the throne of Denmark, caused the remains of her mother to be removed from their humble resting-place in Søbørg churchyard, and laid within a stately tomb in Esrom cloister. But the reed bends to the storm when the giant oak is uprooted. The glories of Esrom are departed long since—the whirlwind of the Reformation, and Frederic’s craving after “old materials” for his new castle of Frederiksbørg, compassed the abbey church’s destruction. The cemetery of Søbørg is green and smiling—flowery too its garden graves—its ancient church as quaint as ever. Queen Hedvig might have still slept here in peace. Where is she now?—no man can tell; the very dust which now rises from the turning of our wheels may be perchance her particles.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Palace of Frederiksborg — The mermaid, Isbrand, foretells the birth of Christian IV. — The crowned herrings and Sjø monk — Household economy of Christian IV. — Punishment of his peculating mint-master — Royal battues — The Riddersaal.



FREDERIKSBORG.

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 bottle-beer and beef-steaks, and, what was more, smoked on the staircase; to add to our annoyance, a brass band commenced to play from six to eight every morning. Not that we could complain of its disturbing our rest, for the sun does that long before—comes tumbling into our bed-rooms before three, a living river of light. In England it rises calmly and sedately; here, on the contrary, it gets up in a hurry, and I now perfectly understand the old Danish belief, that, if you rise early on Easter-morn, “you will see the sun dance in the heavens.”

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 bathing in the Sound, we packed up, and started for Fredensborg, where we passed one

night, and the following evening made for Frederiksborg, 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 Herluf Trolle for the manor of Hillerod, on which he caused the earlier castle of Frederiksborg to be constructed. How he built this castle I have elsewhere told; pulling down for the sake of the materials half the historic strongholds of his ancestors, to say nothing of abbey churches which had fallen to the Crown.

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,

* See p. 282.

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.

Now, in these early Protestant days, Whitsuntide was a great festival in Denmark, and throughout the whole of Northern Europe; theatres there were none, but the students of the university of Copenhagen were accustomed to come down to the court residing at Frederiksborg, and play before the king and queen dramas on sacred subjects, chiefly derived from the Old Testament, resembling the mysteries still prevalent in the remoter villages of the primitive duchy of Brittany.

During the celebration of these festivities, 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 Margaret."

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.*

It is astonishing the sort of way in which great ladies did lie-in in former days—here, there, and everywhere. Francis I. made his first appearance under a walnut-tree near the brandy-burning city of Cognac, and his rival, the Emperor Charles V., in a strange place in the palace of Ghent; and now Christian IV. first sees the light in an open field under a hawthorn-tree. I am afraid arithmetic was at a very low ebb; ladies might know that two and two made four, but beyond that their powers of calculation were very limited.

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 aged 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.

Frederic believed the warning to be true, for he was the most superstitious of men, and had a terrible fear of omens and apparitions. Some years before his death “two crowned herrings” (I can find no better description of

* This thorn was destroyed towards the commencement of the present century.

them) were taken by some fishermen in their nets while fishing in the Sound, and brought to the king as curiosities. Frederic chose to consider these fishes as omens of some great misfortune, so he caused them to be bottled and sent to Lund, where all the learned professors and soothsayers were desired to ascertain what the misfortune was they predicted.

The sea, too, seems to have been singularly productive in these days. The capture of the celebrated SØ monk in the Kattegat greatly disturbed his peace of mind, and I don't wonder at it, if he imagined the expelled friars had gone and established themselves in the depths of sea below: then there would be an end to all commerce and shipping; such storms as they would raise—more dangerous far than when above water! This monk was taken in the year 1554, and you may see an engraving of him in a book by Rousselet of Lyons, 'De Piscibus Marinis.' The original drawing was given to him by no less a person than "that virtuous lady Margaret de Valois, Queen of Navarre," who had it from a Danish nobleman. He certainly had the cowl of a monk, and a very ugly face beneath, with all due piscatory appurtenances. What it really was I can't say, not being learned in ichthyology; it made, however, Frederic and his superstitious court feel very uncomfortable. The prophecy of the mermaid came to pass after all, for Frederic quitted this world a victim to his inebriety before the youthful Christian had attained his eleventh year. On the whole he was one of the best and wisest sovereigns Denmark ever possessed—a little arbitrary in his ordinances. He is said, during the course of his life, to have read the Bible through twice "from Genesis to Revelations," which, consider-

ing what a deal he had to do, and that reading was somewhat of an effort in those days, was very much to his credit.

The earlier castle of Frederic II. was of small dimensions, and his son Christian IV. determined to erect on the same site a building of unprecedented splendour. When the plans were submitted to his council, they all exclaimed at the extravagance of the design, and prophesied that the king would never be able to put into execution so expensive an undertaking; but Christian laughed at their fears, and not only completed his palace, but, with a sort of bravado, erected a summer-house in the adjoining forest, which he termed his spare penge, the produce of his economies. There can be no doubt he did things at a cheaper rate than most sovereigns, for he was a practical man—saw to everything, even to the most minute details: he employed no master of the works; he every Saturday night paid his workmen their wages himself, seated on a stone in the wood hard by, which is still pointed out to the visitor. In the volume of the correspondence of Christian IV., lately published at Copenhagen, you will find many curious letters showing how he, the Louis XIV. of Denmark, did not disdain to enter into the smallest details of household economy, turning everything to the best account; though, on the other hand, whenever he did anything, he did it well, and the monuments of his reign remain still, untouched by the ravages of time, while those of his successors have long since passed away.

In the year 1615 Christian wrote to the Chamberlain, enclosing him sundry packets, marked A, B, and C, containing diamond and ruby hatbands and buckles—

one mounted like an oak-leaf, the other in the form of a leopard—for the three princes his sons; at the same time he sends an order for the latter to make a band of silk to fix them on, and gives many directions about their sword-hilts. Later he writes instructions for the court-mourning to be worn by the princes for Duke Adolf of Holstein:—"I send you black cloth, and other stuffs, to be used for Prince Frederik and Ulrik. The cloaks are not to be made too long, and the cuffs to be lined with green." N.B.—He sends an old bed-gown of his own, to cut up for lining. If any of their scarlet stockings are faded or discoloured, you may send them to the dyer to be dyed black, as we cannot get them so small here. If there be any left of the cloth, Christian Ulrik may have a black suit also of the same." (Christian Ulrik was his eldest natural son, at that time only five years of age, so his going into mourning was a matter of little or no consequence.) Again, he sends three ells of sable for collars for the children's cloaks, and a piece of silk, out of which they are to get more than one suit of clothes; a piece of lace, out of which four collars are to be cut the same size and manner as Prince Ulrik's Spanish; they must contrive to get two pairs of manchettes out of the same. Clearly there was little chance of cabbaging in the royal establishment in Christian IV.'s time; not only does he look after the material, but he also keeps the tailors in order—"complains that they give the work out to the journey-men and boys, instead of doing it themselves;" so desires each tailor to be had to the palace, and locked up in a separate room until the work is completed.

To his numerous offspring in early life he appears to have been an affectionate father, looking after their

health and ailments with a most motherly interest. He sends medicine for Prince Christian to Antvorskov, "Christellinum Tartari," when he is sick, but cannot get the pomegranates. "The doctor ought to have such things with him, particularly as his journey is paid; that is what we keep him for, and nothing else." He thanks God the measles are well out; should the children catch the small-pox they are to be placed separaté from Kirstine Munk, his "heart's dear Kirsten," as he now terms her; and do not forget to tell the "little drummer-boy" he must not go into their room. When the hofmesterin complain that the food given to the children is not as good as it should be, he orders it to be "looked into;" and, afterwards, a new clerk of the kitchen is engaged (he had trouble enough in getting a cook), who is required to take a solemn oath "to keep a truthful account of fish, butter, flesh, &c., and to see that no followers are allowed in the kitchen, or broken victuals carried out into the town."

But, melancholy to relate, the children of Christian IV. scarcely appreciated the paternal anxiety of their father, as regards their health, greater far than that of mere common mortals; for I find a letter in which he writes word:—

"As Doctor Arsenius thinks it proper that Duke Ulrik and Frederic shall take medicine, and I hear they do not like it, and do not take it with a good will (twenty-four pills before breakfast is the favourite prescription of a modern Danish Esculapius),* and as I

* The early Danish doctors were nothing to speak of. The remedies of a certain Master Henno Harpestreng, a very celebrated physician of his day, are published; where, among all manner of "dragon's blood

cannot go to them before Monday at noon, you will see that it is already taken before that time. Tell them that they must take it, and be pleased with it." The latter order appears somewhat arbitrary.

There is no detail which he considers beneath his royal dignity to notice. On Christmas-day the prince is to go to Fredensborg, but only one page is to accompany him; this page is not to take his bed, but may have one suit, and a change of linen. Dr. Jasper, the tutor, may go where he pleases during the children's vacation, but must be back by New Year's Eve. The chamberlain is to take great care the children do not drink cold water after playing, when they are warm. Frederic may drive in the little carriage with the prince. "You will come down after church, and bring the tailor with you; as for the new-appointed equerry, he can sleep in the stable to be near at hand."

When a monarch condescends to enter into such small details as these, there can be no doubt that his money will go further than when he trusts everything to the hands of others, and such was the case with Christian.

Who was the real architect of the existing palace none can say. It may be inferred that Christian employed many different artists to design plans, and adopted them according to his pleasure. In the church of the adjoining village of Slingerup hangs the epitaphium of John of Fribourg, which declares him to have been the architect of Frederiksborg, followed up with a

and devilries," may be found "a cure for eye-sickness:"—"Mix up the white of an egg with soot from the stove, and rub your eyes with it night and morning"—a favourite remedy still, and most efficacious, say the old women of the country.

modest remark, that, when the palace no longer exists, his name would be remembered. In all probability John of Fribourg, Steenwinkel, David Balfour, Inigo Jones, all in the yearly service of the Danish king, shared alike in its construction.*

We arrived by the long avenue to the gate-house, passing to the left the old-fashioned garden which runs down to the edge of the lake, from which the palace rises imposing with its lofty towers. These towers of Christian IV.'s days are unique in Europe, with their lofty caps, half spire, half cupola, spitted with crowns, and surmounted by turning vanes.

The gate-house under which we now pass is of stone and connected with the castle by a corridor supported on six arches, which traverses the moat, in the style of Chenonceaux: this is the only portion of the building constructed in stone-work. In a room close to the gate-house was situated the mint of Christian IV., for he coined his money under his own eyes, and, when struck off, the gold was brought in sacks to his own apartment, whence he saw it poured down a shaft, which still exists, into the treasure-room below. Monstrous sharp was King Christian, as his mint-master, John Engelbrecht by name, of peculating mind, found to his cost; for, convicted of cheating his royal master, Christian made no trial, no fuss, but ordered out the culprit into the courtyard of the castle, and there on

* Many English and Scotch were in the service of Christian IV.: among them David Balfour, a Scotchman of noble family, was director of the dockyard; Rubbens (Robins), an Englishman, at a salary of 60 rix dollars for house-rent, and 900 yearly pay; James Dunbar; Patrick Dunbar (whose portrait I found in the Müller collection, 1593); and many others too numerous to mention.

an improvised block of stone (which the custode will point out) chopped off his head with his own royal hands. A royal executioner! few malefactors are so honoured. The skull of the unlucky mint-master was shown us in the treasure-room below, which we visited—walls of Cyclopean thickness, and iron-banded doors—divided in two pieces. Whether the king “en amateur” gave the head an extra chop, splitting it in twain, as a cook does a lobster’s body, tradition does not relate; he composed, however, a doggrel on the subject, which being translated signifies—“Our mint-master would have cheated us; but we have cheated him, for we have cut his head off.”

Passing along the moat-side, we arrived at another gateway into the outer court, built of red brick, stone mullions and copings, much in the style of Hampton Court Palace. To the right, in face of the castle, stands the lofty clock-tower, and then, turning to the bridge, you arrive at the splendid Renaissance gateway, richly ornamented and decorated with the shields and armorial bearings of Christian himself, and those of his Queen Anne of Brandenburg; the latter with unicorn supporters. On the sides of this arch are engraved numberless child’s shoes—a jeu d’esprit of the monarch-founder as heavy as the stones themselves. His advisers called his palace “Child’s-play,” and declared he could never put so expensive a plan in execution; when the building was completed, to show that he was no longer an infant, and had put away his playthings, he caused the gateway to be so ornamented—or something of the kind. Christian’s “rebus” was too deep for me. A screen-work of brick, enriched with twelve niches, each containing a stone statue, separates

the "cour d'honneur" from the moat. Very grand is the inner court: to the right stands the chapel, above which is placed the Riddersaal; in front an ornamented marble loggia, filled with statues of the same material, and richly ornamented with copper. This gallery is known to have been erected from the designs of Steenwinkel. Christian seems to have had no idea of allowing the artists engaged in his service to remain unemployed, for I find in one of his letters he sends orders "to Hans Steenwinkel to make at once two copper cheese-tubs, the size of a common salver-dish"—a strange order, at which a royal architect of the present century would be considerably affronted. In former days the mullions of the windows were gilded; two or three have been restored some years since—a barbarous taste, imitated in later days by the Russian Empress at her palace of Tzanko Celo.

Turning to the right, we now enter the chapel through its highly-wrought doorway. The sacred edifice is long and narrow, too narrow perhaps for the beauty of its proportions, and is surrounded by a gallery: it is gorgeous in Renaissance fret-work, gorgeous in its gilding and colour, all of which tone down together, one with another, into a harmony which commands your admiration. The royal closets below are of exquisite marqueterie; the high altar a chef-d'œuvre of ebony, mother-o'-pearl, and goldsmith's work; the pulpit a gem of richness.

Above, adjoining the organ, richly carved, painted, and gilded,—all in character with the building—is the royal closet, lined with ebony, marqueterie, and empanelled pictures by Dutch artists of mérit (Peter Lastmann, A. von Neelland, Werner van der Falkaert, and Peter Isaacs)—chiefly sacred subjects, with the exception of

one. by Reinhold Timm, a drawing-master of Sorø, in which Christian is represented clad in his shroud, praying before our Saviour, who appears in the clouds above. The artist had first portrayed the king in his robe of state, but Christian ordered it to be changed, and the crown and sceptre may still be discerned peeping out from beneath the paint. The ceiling is of ebony, from which hang pendants of ivory, many the handiwork of Christian himself.

In this closet stands a table of Florentine mosaic, in which you will observe a round hole pierced on one side, the work of Czar Peter. He could not believe it was inlaid; so, practical and disagreeable (what a nuisance the man must have been!), he bored a hole with his dagger, just as a child pulls to pieces the works of his watch, or some toy set in motion by simple mechanism. On the window you will see engraved, by the hands of King Christian VI. himself, the words—"Make haste and save your soul." Here in this royal chapel is solemnised the coronation of each Danish sovereign. The silver lions from Rosenborg come down for the occasion, as well as the chairs of silver and the horn of the narwal.

The favourite reward of the house of Oldenburg was a gold medal with the image of the sovereign, which was attached to a gold chain and suspended round the neck of the wearer, such as you may frequently see in the ancient portraits of the sixteenth century. Many of these are still preserved in the possession of the families to whom they belonged. A large collection may be seen in the Royal Cabinet of Medals at Copenhagen, some of them of the earlier sovereigns. That of Frederic II. was of great beauty, the portraits of the

monarch and his queen, as well as the light fretwork frame by which they are encircled, being white, tastefully picked out in coloured enamel. Along the gallery up stairs are suspended the shields of the knights—"most noble order of the Elephant"*—one of the most ancient orders of chivalry existing, and of which all crowned heads, Highnesses Royal and Serene, together with the leading diplomatists of Europe, are members; and further down those of the Grand Cross of the Dannebrog.† After the death of the knights the shields are removed to the Riddersaal below, a fine oblong room of Christian IV.'s period, vaulted and supported down the centre with columns of marble, and hung with black and gold stamped leather: this once formed the banqueting hall, where after the great hunting parties King Christian dined, together with his brother huntsmen.

It is still the custom at the dinner which succeeds a

* Old chroniclers try to carry back its origin to the days of Canute VI., in the 12th century, and declare it was instituted during his war in the East against the Saracens; but this must be looked upon as a fable. Christian I. really did establish it; but it was not till the time of Christian V. that it attained its highest splendour, was reorganised, and rules and regulations formed much after the manner of the Garter. This order was given to Philip Meadows, Cromwell's ambassador. Charles II. forbade him to wear it under pain of expulsion from the Council. To the great disgust of Christopher Parsberg, who writes three letters on the subject, Meadows endeavoured to sell the decoration, which was valued at 500*l.* Parsberg, as he refused to return it, is ordered to pay the money. Meadows then asked 2000*l.*, but ended by accepting 1000*l.*

† The Dannebrog ranks second in order; and though it owes its real foundation to Christian V., is supposed by some antiquaries to date from the days of Valdemar the Great—about as true as the history of the Elephant. That decorations of this kind were given by earlier sovereigns is probable, just as Christian IV. constituted the Order of "the Armed Hand;" but it was never followed up by their successors.

royal battue to call over the list of game killed by the sportsmen present, and fines are inflicted on conscientious persons who fire not on foxes, or on blunders who shoot hen pheasants, which fines become the perquisite of the gamekeeper.

Some hundred and fifty years since matters were differently arranged, as we read in Molesworth:—

“Then proclamation is made, if any can inform the king (who is both supreme judge and executioner) of any transgression against the known laws of hunting that day committed, let him stand forth and accuse. The accused is generally found guilty, and then two of the gentlemen lead him to the stag, and make him kneel down between the horns, turning down his head, and removing the skirts of his coat, which might intercept the blows; then comes his Majesty, and with a small long wand gives the offender several lashes, whilst in the mean time the huntsmen with their brass horns, and the dogs with their loud openings, proclaim the king’s justice and the criminal’s punishment: the whole scene affording diversion to the queen, ladies, and other spectators, who are always assisting, and stand in a circle about the place of execution. This is as often repeated as there happen to be delinquents, who, as soon as the chastisement is over, rise up and make their obeisance.” To which chase all the foreign ministers and strangers of distinction are invited.

Mounting a winding staircase, you now enter the Riddersaal—like all rooms of this date, long and somewhat low; the ceiling a most elaborate work and one of exquisite beauty—gilded and painted after the manner of the day. Twenty men were occupied

during seven years before this work was brought to a termination. The Swedes are accused of carrying off the silver capitals and bas-reliefs of the lofty black marble chimney-piece, as well as of destroying the "Minstrels' Gallery," during the war of 1659, but those who ought to be well informed declare they were melted down by the Danes themselves when in want of money. The tapestries have been removed, waiting until they can be repaired, but the room is hung round with full-length portraits of various potentates of Europe, perhaps the least interesting series of the collection. I may allude to some of them hereafter.

One of the most beautiful apartments in the palace is that termed the council-chamber, gorgeously decorated in the taste of the last century, and hung with the portraits of the house of Oldenburg down to Christian V., by Daguerre.

It is in this and an adjoining room that his present Majesty keeps his private collection of Scandinavian antiquities—a collection of great interest—the greater part being the produce of his own researches.

When I first went to Frederiksborg his Majesty graciously invited me to remain on a visit, and the following morning did me the honour to show me the collection in person. The King is a zealous antiquary, and has lately published a small pamphlet on the means adopted by the ancient Scandinavians for removing those enormous stones used in the erection of their dolmens and giants' chambers.

Externally the castle of Frederiksborg has suffered but little, and the good taste of the present King has caused to disappear the additions and alterations of succeeding monarchs. But the interior has fearfully suf-

ferred at the hands of the fair Madalena, who tore up the marble floors and removed the chimney-pieces to adorn her phantom palace of Hirschholm. The fine pendent ceilings have mostly been covered over or destroyed, and beyond the Riddersaal and the chapel—both gems of art—Frederiksborg can boast of little which calls to mind the artistic taste of its founder.

But you may pass a pleasant time enough, lodged at the small hotel, wandering through the neighbourhood of the castle. Mount to the extreme end of the fine old but somewhat neglected garden, and you will gain a glorious view of the palace and the lake: then there is the bath-house of King Christian, and the “rocking stone” which lies half imbedded in the earth by the forest side; and further removed still, a site cleared out in the forest, with massive stones ranged round, where according to tradition some peace was signed, which I do not call to mind.

CHAPTER XXV.

Gallery of Historic Portraits at Frederiksborg — King Christian I. and Queen Dorothea — Her strange head-dress — Adolf of Holstein, the suitor of Queen Elizabeth — Portraits of Queen Sophia of Mecklenburg — Marlok of Christian IV. — Prayer-book of Christina Munk — Family of Christian IV. — Christian IV.'s visit to England — Portraits of the Stuarts — James I. — His Queen — Prince Henry — Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia — Charles I. and his three sons — Henrietta of Orleans — Electress Sophia — Air *débonnaire* of the House of Hanover — Caroline Matilda and her well-known verse — Sophia Amelia, the enemy of Eleanor Ulfeld — The Countess Viereck and the Reventlow Queen — Karen Sehested, the governess of the children of Christina Munk — The blue ribbon of Osten.



HAVING finished with the castle and its history, let us now turn to the National Gallery of historic portraits preserved within its walls.

It was some nineteen years ago that the idea was first suggested of arranging the portraits of the various palaces of the kingdom of Denmark into one National Gallery, and placing them in the Palace of Frederiksborg, at that time unoccupied by the Royal Family. A valuable collection was at the same time bequeathed to the nation, brought together at a period when these objects were looked upon as little less than lumber and treated accordingly.

Many of great value had been consumed in the conflagration of Christiansborg at the end of the last century; and the full-lengths which now adorn the Riddersaal were the few which were rescued from the

flames. Professor Hoyne, who kindly accompanied me to Frederiksborg, and made known to me the masters—for there is no catalogue—received orders, in the year 1831, to arrange the gallery in chronological order, putting aside all portraits of doubtful origin and authenticity; since which time little or nothing more has been done.

In the billiard-room, adjoining the Riddersaal, hang a collection of small octagonal portraits of each successive sovereign and his queen, placed there after their death: the earlier are by Dutch artists, Heinbach and Getton; the later are by those of the period in which the death of the sovereign took place.

Our list commences with Christian, first sovereign of the house of Oldenburg, and his Queen Dorothea of Brandenburg: these portraits are not original, but copies of very early date (from frescoes), previous to the year 1500. Queen Dorothea is no beauty, and wears on her head a strange head-dress formed of linen, with a sort of gag of the same material across her mouth, such as is still worn by the peasant women of the island of Læsø, as well as in parts of Jutland, as a preservative against the injury caused to their lungs by the “flying sand.”* The next portrait of merit is that of Christian III.† in a black velvet beret of the period, side by side with that of his Queen Dorothea, both by Binck, date 1550. Of Dorothea of Saxony we know but little, save that she refused the younger brother of her husband, Duke John, after Christian’s death, a very wise determination

* Of Christian II. and his queen there are copies from Hooernrenbouts portraits in the archives of Brussels.

† With his motto, “Aller von Gott.”

on her part, for he was much her junior. She it was who bequeathed a silver buckle to the Court-house of Copenhagen to be worn by the maidens of the town on their wedding-day.

King Christian himself was one of the best sovereigns Denmark ever possessed; and when we consider the time in which he lived, when religious dissensions rendered all the world inhuman, too much cannot be said in his favour. His conduct to his cousin Christian II., as well as to the Roman Catholic clergy, I have elsewhere alluded to; and when at the last Copenhagen surrendered, after unheard-of privations, and he entered the city with his victorious army, he was so affected by the state of the inhabitants that he sent off his officers to the camp to procure provisions, and gave orders that none of his attendants should sleep that night until every one had partaken of a hearty meal.* Next on our list come his daughter Anne and Augustus of Saxony, - by Lucas Cranach the younger, both admirably painted.

No one who regards the portrait of the younger Adolf, first of the line of Holstein-Gottorp, and his sons' sons from generation to generation, can doubt for one moment from whom the late Emperor Nicholas derived his almost demigodlike beauty: splendid fellows they were—the finest race in Europe. Adolf the father, son of Frederic I., bears round his knee the garter of England, for he ranked among the most assiduous of the suitors of our Virgin Queen; who, though

* It was in this siege that the burgomaster Hans the Bookbinder, when summoned to surrender, replied: "As long as the citizens have two arms left, they will fight with one and rebuild the walls with the other." To the women of the town, who implored him to capitulate, he replied, "It is too soon; you have not yet devoured your children."

she declined him as a consort, was so touched at his disappointment she invested him with the order of the Garter as a consolation.

The portrait of Frederic II. in a black dress and starched ruff, by Peter Isaacs, is highly characteristic of that monarch—he looks the very pattern of decorum, although his face, red and puffy, tells of strong liquor.

Passing over the pendent portrait of his queen, Sophia of Mecklenburg, seated, with her emblazoned missal on a prie-dieu beside her, by the same artist, as well as a smaller one, taken when young, by Knuber,* we turn to the gem of the gallery, a third portrait of the queen, by Jacob van Dort, dated 1626, a half-length. She is here represented as an aged lady, with calm serene brow and pale blue eyes, her hands clasped before her; she holds in her hand a pair of green gloves with white gauntlets; she is dressed in black, her jewels a few pearls, and her husband's cipher; the crown lies on a table by her side. Nowhere have I seen so charming a portrait, so exquisitely painted, so true to the life and character of this pious queen. A widow before her son had attained his eleventh year, the regency was refused her by the nobles, and her son Christian IV. removed from her tutelage. Perhaps had she guided his early youth he might have proved a better man. In later days, when his fortunes became adverse, she built and fitted out, at her own expence, a large man-of-war, called the Sophie,

* A Flemish painter from Antwerp, of whose works there are several, who was summoned about this period to Kronborg to prepare the cartoon of the tapestry now hanging in the upper rooms of the Northern Museum of Copenhagen.

and gave it to the nation, and came to his aid, lending him the sum of 50,000 specie out of her savings.* So good a manager was she that she died 'worth upwards of 2,000,000 of ready money, and was accounted the richest queen in Europe, according to Sir James Howell, who was English minister to Denmark at the time of her death.†

I can well understand King Christian VIII. never visiting Frederiksborg without exclaiming, "Now I must go upstairs and pass half an hour in the society of Queen Sophia."

Here is also an admirable portrait of her son Christian IV. by the same artist, taken at the age of twenty. The earlier portraits of this sovereign by Peter Isaacs, of which we have one hanging in the Riddersaal, together with his queen, painted at the period of his marriage, as well as others, of which engravings still exist in the Müller collection, though the originals have disappeared, are far more flattering to his personal appearance than

* Queen Sophia seems to have been the constant companion of her son in his journeys through his kingdom. In Christian IV.'s journals of the years 1614 and 1615 there are frequent notices of "Drog jeg met Frue Moder fra Frederiksborg til Roeskilde;" and again, in the 'Tegne Bok' of Jensen the blacksmith, we find:—"1623, Sept. 29th, came the king and his mother, Queen Sophia, with the young prince and his brothers, to Elsinore; at the same time, the king's mother was borne on a little chair, with a canopy over it, through the town to Lundegaard's garden."

† This picture was the property of her daughter, the Princess Augusta of Holstein-Gottorp, a great patroness of the arts, and was discovered by Professor Hoyne hanging in the Riddersaal of the palace of Husum, together with many others—the room at that time used as a granary. To the love of this princess for the arts is to be attributed the recognition of many portraits in this historic Gallery; for she caused a genealogy of the alliances of her house, as well as of her progenitors, to be executed from original paintings, which now remain as archives to the existing collection.

those of later date. Fashions change too: the king in his younger days wore his hair frizzed up something in the Valois style, later hanging down curled, cut short over the forehead, and long at the sides. You observe that pigtail hanging down on the right side of the head, jauntily terminated with a red bow. Christian was affected by a sort of *plica polonica*, a long mat of hair like a horse's tail distended with blood, which could not be cut off; it grew larger as he grew older—Marlok it was called in Danish—so he made the best of it, tied it up coquettishly with red ribbon; and his courtiers, although they could not improvise a *plica*, wore the same tress like their sovereign, and it is generally supposed that marloks were the fashion of the day.

The most characteristic portrait of Christian here is that by Roswyk, stepson of Carl van Mander. His present Majesty resembles greatly both in face and figure the portrait of his royal ancestor. Queen Anne, his queen, of whom we know and hear very little, hangs by his side, and near again his faithless spouse of the left hand, fair Christina Munk, a fine woman, with milkmaid face and gold-powdered hair, clearly an attractive person, by Jacob von Dort, 1624.*

It is singular in this relic-loving land how few souvenirs of Christina Munk are to be met with. I only know of one, and that her prayer-book preserved

* The journal of Christian himself, in which he noted down his daily expenses, helped much to identify the masters of the reign, who never signed their pictures otherwise than by a monogram; but on referring to this journal (Christian wrote shorthand-fashion, very difficult to decipher), entries are discovered, "Paid to the widow of Jacob von Dort, for the remaining sum due for the portraits"—so much—which led to the deciphering of the masters.

in the Royal Library at Copenhagen—a book bound in gold and blue enamel; in the centre is her coat of arms, supported by two golden enamelled lions, one of which holds in its claw the coronet of a countess over her escutcheon. On the first leaf the king has written his name, with the date 1617, Kronborg, 22nd September, and her own name under it. There is also in her own handwriting, “22 Nov. 1617, Kronborg: Oh Lord God, grant that token, that it may go well, so that those who hate and shame me may see that you are with me.” Christina wrote this book herself in the space of two months. The autography is plain. Two leaves are written by her daughter Eleanor Ulfeld. Beyond, we find, “Dieu conforte mon cœur, 1638.—1637, 5th of December, three-quarters before nine, was my son Christian born. God grant that he after this life may inherit eternity.”

Of the other children of Frederic III. we have, by Peter Isaacs, Prince Hans: he died young; a charming face. Augusta, the patroness of the arts, a good portrait by Jacob von Dort; she is represented with a spotted carriage-dog couched at her feet; the only proof we now possess of these dogs being of Danish origin.

Her elder sister, our own Queen Anne, by Gerhardt: Anne, queen of all extravaganza and caprice in the way of starched ruff and monstrous farthingale, on which sits perched a small black terrier dog; she wears a red powdered wig; above is inscribed the motto, “*La mia grandezza viene dal eccelso.*” *

* I find a curious letter from Father Robert Arnherbenius, a Jesuit, dated Brunswick, 16th Sept. 1608, giving an account of the happy conversion of Queen Anne of Denmark to Romanism, addressed to John Stuart, Prior of the Scotch College of Ratisbon.

We will now turn to the family of Christian IV., twenty-two in number they are said to have been. First on our list comes heavy Prince Christian, his son and heir, who died childless and before his father, a victim to inebriety, the besetting vice of the age; this portrait is a copy after one by Carl van Mander, the original of which hangs in the Valdemerian Slot, in the island of Thorseng. Christian, who was elected heir to the throne and crowned during his father's lifetime, was a great favourite with the king, and never yet was prince so often painted. I was looking over a series of engravings of this besotted prince, first by P. Visscher, later by Haelwech, and found them as good as a 'Rake's Progress,' marking from year to year the progress of vice telling upon his countenance: first he appears a handsome lightsome boy; gradually he swells out, bloated from the effects of drink; and later, before his death, pale and drawn, like a victim to delirium tremens. Then comes Frederic III., by Abraham Wuchter; his brother Ulrik, youngest son of the first batch, who died at the age of twenty-two, killed by a shot in Slesvig, an interesting youth, by Ströbel, a German artist of some celebrity. At the period of the second marriage of Christian IV., I find by his correspondence that the children of Queen Anne were kept separate from Christina Munk and her offspring, and Christian appears to have transferred his affections to his second family, sufficient to cause jealousy between them. Prince Christian, the heir apparent, seems to have never been friendly towards his mother-in-law, and to have spoken disparagingly of her to the servants, counselling them to disobey her,—“Do what you will you will get no thanks.” As long

as their father lived all went well; Christina's children dined at the king's table in company with their governess Karen Sehested, bore the title of Count and Countess of Slesvig-Holstein, and were prayed for in church. The most interesting of this family by far are Count Valdemar and Eleanor Ulfeld, both of whose portraits by Carl van Mander are exquisite paintings. Valdemar, were the story of his misfortunes and his romantic life unknown to you, would not fail to attract by his grace and youth.

Then we have the race of Gyldenløves, sons of the Karens, the Vibeke, and the other "Ladies of Rosenborg," as fine a set of youths as you could wish to see—all of whom distinguished themselves more or less, especially the youngest, Ulrik Christian, who fell at the siege of Copenhagen in 1658: they are painted mostly by Abraham Wuchter, who, by the pains he takes, evidently approves of his models.

Other male offspring had King Christian, who do not form part of the royal collection; among them the celebrated Don Gorgen Ulrik, a renowned adventurer, who turned pirate, and ended by getting his skull cracked in a fray with a brewer in the streets of Copenhagen. Christian's daughters were numerous—eight by Christina Munk, and two by other ladies—and all married to various noblemen of his Court.

But any interest they may have inspired is so entirely swamped by the fortunes of their youngest sister, fair Eleanor, wife of the minister Corfitz Ulfeld, that their memory has almost become forgotten; but as her story belongs to another reign, we will pass her over for the present.

It was in the year 1648 that Christian IV. died, in

that most oriental of chambers in the Castle of Rosenborg. In Laurits Jacobsen's journal I find noted, 28th of February, "the King sykkede more and more—spoke no more—and in the evening, at half past six, died, with his hand on my arm." He declared himself, on his death-bed, "a captive to God; that he had always had God in his mind;" and he departed, so say the historians, with "a perfect consciousness, and as a true Christian." *

Having now finished with King Christian and his family, we will turn to a series of portraits of the Royal House of England.

The relations between Denmark and England had for centuries been most friendly, even before the sovereigns became connected by the ties of family alliance. Christian IV., however, as his ambassador Niels Krag writes him word, appears to have unintentionally wounded the feelings of the Virgin Queen, for she complains how he signs his letters only "Christian," while she on her side had always subscribed herself "your good sister Elizabeth;" and how she intended for the future to change her signature, and sign in another manner. After much entreaty the queen allowed herself to be pacified, and the matter was satisfactorily arranged; and later at a ball the queen danced beautifully; she said it was to show him that she could dance; she had left it off for many years, but she wanted him to tell his king that she was not so weak, and that she could dance and be merry yet.

* Frederic III. was no favourite with his father. When, on his deathbed, Christian was asked if Duke Frederic, at that time at Flensburg, should be sent for, he replied, "No; I have no desire to see him."

From the time that James ascended the throne of England the greatest intimacy was kept up between the two Courts.* Christian twice visited his sister, and the stories of his drinking bouts were common enough: an English author says that never had so pleasant and friendly a monarch visited our shores, nor with so many servants who conducted themselves so well; winding up that “blessed is the country who possessed such a king:” though at the same time I must not forget to mention that Christian left 30,000 dollars drink-money to be divided among the royal household. His journal of his visit to England is short and concise. “On Sunday I and the king and queen heard service in the grand hall; in the evening a comedy was play’d in the same hall. On Saint James’s day had to go to church, and wear the collar of the Garter.” But two days afterwards he attends a bear and bull fight; plays in the Tennis Court, and drinks much liquor in the evening with the King of England. On the 2nd of August Prince Charles attended him to Gravesend on his departure, and his sister, the queen, sends him a beautiful diamond ring by her chamberlain Kerri (Carr, Earl of Rochester); and on the 10th instant he lands in Halland, and drives to Elsinore.

First on our list comes James VI., “King of Scotland,” as it is named, in the costume of the period, his

* The Parliament, say the historians, were at that time pretty well satisfied with King James, and granted him a considerable sum of money to pay the expenses of the reception of his brother-in-law: the presents given to the embassy amounted to 4655*l.* Admiral Skeel, who accompanied King Christian in 1606, and had previously visited England as governor to Prince Ulrik, received a chain value 100*l.* from King James.

head capped by a beret, a sickly frightened boy of some twelve years old, such as you may have imagined him to be—well flogged by the Puritan birch of Buchanan, and snubbed by cross old Lady Mar. Then comes a family group of three full-lengths—James, King now of England, really a well-looking man with a comfortable air of prosperity about him, in health too, and free from care; and his partner Queen Anne, who hangs beside him in a white dress, with a feathered fan in hand, and a flaxen wig, this time almost albino, stands outrageous in the extravagances of her farthingale. King James himself does his best to vie with his royal consort in the amplitude of his galligaskins. These two paintings are by Somers, and must have been sent over as presents to his brother-in-law by the king soon after his accession to the throne of England. James can now afford to make presents, no longer writes letters in most elegant Latin to borrow money of his Danish relatives, which said letters King Christian heaps into his rubbish-basket, to be picked up by a curious secretary, and preserved by his descendants in Copenhagen.*

There is a third portrait of James I., not equal to those by Somers as a work of art, probably a copy sent over to Denmark—a half-length—in a white dress; perhaps the most characteristic of the three: he is now an aged man, with a discontented sawny expression of countenance, most unprepossessing.

Of Henry Prince of Wales, his eldest son and short-lived heir, there are three portraits—first as a sickly child, borne down by the weight of his long brocaded

* Later in the possession of Kammerherr de Bornemann.

dress; again as a youth, still sickly, with long effilé fingers and transparent hands, this time arrayed in full suit of armour damascened in gold. The third portrait forms one of the family group above mentioned, by Somers; here he is arrayed in the dress of the period—red stockings; he bears the garter round his knee, the George hangs suspended from his neck: a change for the better has come over him, he is lightsome and joyous, with hidden laughter in his eye—perhaps it was merely the flickering of the candle.

His sister Elizabeth, Princess Royal of England, first appears as a girl of fifteen, in a costume similar to that usually worn by her mother, with gold powdered hair, a small dog at her feet—no Stuart could be painted without a dog—by some unknown artist of no merit, probably when on a visit to her brother at Ham House, as both the portraits are executed at the same period. Then after a long lapse of years she reappears (date 1634), in an exquisite portrait by Honthorst, who was master to her daughter the Princess Elizabeth, many of whose works, in the days of the Palatine's poverty, he is reported to have disposed of under his own name. Elizabeth here is represented as Queen of Bohemia—a widow of two years—an exquisite portrait; her eyes are large and sad—true Stuart eyes—like those of her brother Charles; her hair is frizzled on each side of her face according to the fashion of the day; a black widow's veil hangs down from her head behind, her linen secured with small black rosettes, her ornaments, earrings, and necklace of pearls. This portrait of the highminded but unhappy queen was painted at the very moment when her troubles were at their

climax, and when the French agents of Richelieu, taking advantage of her sorrow, endeavoured to persuade her "for the interest of her sons" to join the party in England against her brother Charles I. "Rather," she exclaimed, "than act so, I would see them dead at my feet." This must have been the last of the royal portraits sent over to King Christian IV.; indeed all the previous ones mentioned must have been forwarded before the death of his sister Queen Anne. Then we have a third portrait of Elizabeth—Honthorst the younger (William), an inferior artist to his brother—taken at that time of life when no woman should ever be transmitted to canvas, the intermediate period of life when women are no longer young and still refuse to appear old; her troubles, her anxieties, have now done their worst, her features are pinched and drawn, and she looks—oh! so discontented.

Of Charles I. a small cabinet picture; as a young boy, in gilded armour, caracolling on a small white pony among the courts of the old palace of Whitehall; and later a most exquisite full-length of a young man, with moustache naissante, in age twenty or thereabouts; the face is pale and delicate, soft melancholy eyes, a sad expression, hair short cropped; he is attired in black, the George suspended from his neck, the jewelled garter round one knee, the other encircled by a blue and silver ribbon with tie and hanging ends; similar rosettes adorn his shoes; his gloves trimmed with deep gauntlets of gold embroidery; a guipure ruff around his throat: in the background through an open window appear ships of war in the distance. Great doubts exist as regards the authenticity of this portrait. If it be not Charles Stuart,

it must be Villiers Duke of Buckingham, Lord High Admiral of England: he was, as you know, an especial favourite of Queen Anne of Denmark, and Christian may have brought over his portrait on his visit to England.*

Charles II., James II., and their younger brother Harry of Gloucester, who died almost immediately after the restoration: a true Stuart the latter, with large expressive eyes. The three brothers are all dressed alike, clad in black armour, under which appear orange-coloured tunics. James, then Duke of York, in the exuberance of his affection to his sister Mary—for their portraits must have been painted at the Hague during the visit of the three brothers in 1655-6—bears upon his helm a splendid panache of orange-coloured feathers; a badge, in later days, he was not likely to regard with approbation. Then we have Mary, their sister, by Honthorst the younger; and Mary Princess of Orange, mother of King William, a widow at nineteen.

From this time—indeed I may say from the period of Christian IV.—the portraits degenerate. The Dutch school of itself, as well as the Danish, formed under Carl van Mander, A. Wuchter, and others, gives way to the Court painters of the French school, showy, and attractive if you will; but against the first of these painters we must not complain, for in the portrait of Henrietta of Orleans, daughter of Charles I., by Daguerre, we have a very gem of beauty. Her fate is too well known to require commentary, poisoned by the Chevalier de Lorraine

* By referring to engravings in England I have since discovered this portrait to be that of Buckingham; as well as a smaller one in the Stuart Chamber, supposed to be a member of the Palgrave family.

in a cup of chicory-water. She sits dressed in a loose robe of velvet and point lace; behind her a velvet curtain powdered with fleurs-de-lys; with one hand she beckons (and such a hand too and arm!) to a negro page, while a second, gorgeously arrayed, sits crouching at her feet: her eyes are perhaps somewhat far apart, her hair dressed in bouffant curls. No wonder she has been the heroine of each successive chronicler—so beautiful in life, her fate so sad.

Prince Rupert of Pfalz is coarse and heavy: others of the Palgrave family, unfortunately not named, are more Stuart-like in eye and feature. Next comes the old Electress Sophia, grand-looking, with arched brow; though the blood of her Palatine father has obscured her Stuart beauty: a noble old lady she was; her conduct towards the exiled son of James II. was admirable. Queen Anne of England as a girl, gay and sprightly looking, before she became heavy and stupid. George of Denmark, by Aaron Straalt.

King George II. and his glorious Queen Caroline of Anspach. With George II. died out any family resemblance to their ancestors of the house of Stuart; and from Queen Caroline—here painted, they say, by Kneller, in a scarlet robe slashed with ermine—our English royal family inherited that “*air débonnaire*” for which they were so distinguished—an air accompanied with great beauty of countenance for three generations, and still extant in the person of a living princess, H.R.H. the Princess Mary of Cambridge. Of the daughter of Queen Caroline, Queen Louisa of Denmark, I have often elsewhere spoken: there is also her sister, the beautiful Princess of Hesse-Cassel.

This characteristic beauty of the earlier house of

Hanover is again transmitted to the daughters of Queen Louisa and King Frederic V., the fair Queen of Sweden,* and the Landgravine of Hesse.† George III. in his robes of state, by Ramsay—as fine a young man as you may wish to see—air moutonnier; and again, later in life, with Queen Charlotte. Charlotte of Mecklenburg—old Queen Charlotte—in her early youth was not without her charms—see her portrait in the Palace of Herrenhausen, near Hanover—well made, but no features beyond her eyes, teeth, and complexion. Had she been a Frenchwoman and a coquette, the queen would have been a fascinating woman till late in life—still, as fascinating women of that kind always turn out, a plain old woman; but Queen Charlotte was quiet and domestic; she loved her husband and her children, was “awfully proper” and straitlaced; and as a matter of course became hideously ugly.

Last comes Caroline Matilda, here done justice to; an earlier painting by Juel, rather inclined to embonpoint, joyous and buxom, decidedly a very pretty woman; again in a winter costume, trimmed with fur, and a mob cap, most unbecoming to her Majesty.‡ In an adjoining cabinet you see inscribed upon the window frame the well-known verse, “Oh keep me innocent, make others great.” Only gaze at her portrait, at the innocent bonhommie of her face, and you may see at once

* See p. 257.

† The Landgravine bore a striking likeness to her grandmother Queen Caroline.

‡ The engravings of Queen Caroline Matilda, by Cotes (1766), published in England after her death, are unlike the jovial character of this unhappy queen; they were evidently “sentimentalised” to suit the feeling of the day.

that her very joyousness of disposition, her very love of fun and thoughtlessness, would prove her ruin in the corrupt court into which she was thrown at the early age of fifteen. More Englishwomen lose their reputation on the Continent by actions proceeding from the liberty they enjoy in their own native country than from any real guilt.

With Caroline Matilda and her mad spouse Christian VII.* terminates our series of portraits of the royal family of England.

I do not think we have yet alluded to Sophia Amelia, the imperious consort of Frederic III, a Brunswicker by birth, and aunt, if I recollect right, to our own sovereign George I. of England; here she stands, painted by Abraham Wuchter, in a scarlet dress, fan in hand, as though dictating and laying down the law to somebody; she liked herself to be called "the beautiful Queen of Denmark" in foreign parts; she is tall and fair, but a wishy-washy sort of woman, and high-shouldered; and from her the present royal family of Denmark inherit the projecting chin and under jaw which characterise the house of Oldenburg. She was, however, a woman of great courage, and during the siege of Copenhagen she rode together with her husband, armed as a man, the bullets whistling around her head: her gun and sword are still shown in Rosenborg.† With all her masculine courage she was at heart a

* When Christian VII. was in London the Duke of Northumberland invited him to his country house (Sion, I suppose, not Alnwick), and caused the whole of the road to be lighted with coloured lamps. He became also a goldsmith, as well as a Doctor, in Oxford.

† The best portrait of Frederic extant is by Carl van Mander, engraved by Haelwech.

woman, and a bad woman too: she it was who compassed the ruin of poor Eleanor Ulfeld, her unlucky sister-in-law; she could never pardon her grace, her attractive manners, and her supreme beauty.

It is related how, some few days previous to the coronation, Eleanor, when in the queen's dressing-room, in her gaiety of heart took up the royal crown, which had just arrived from Paris, and placed it girl-like upon her own head, admiring herself in the polished mirror before her; perhaps she thought how much better the royal circlet would become her brow than that of Sophia Amelia. "Be quick—take it off!" exclaims one of the affrighted attendants,—“the queen, the queen!” Eleanor in her agitation let fall the crown; in its unlucky tumble one fleuron was broken. Now the goldsmiths of Copenhagen were not skilful in their art; no one was found capable of mending it; there was no time to send it to Paris, and Queen Sophia was compelled to wear it patched up as best it could be, clumsily too, for the damage was plainly visible to the eyes of the bystanders.

So many of these royal personages have already come before our notice, that we may pass them over without comment. Frederic IV., by Rigaud, painted as a young man when on a visit to Paris; again we have him by Solomon Wahl, also later by Denner. Louisa of Mecklenburg, first queen of Frederic IV., by Dawren, a German painter of no worth, but highly the fashion in his day: he possessed more medals, orders, chains, and decorations than any field-marshal in Europe. Then comes the Reventlow Queen, by Wahl—pretty, silly doll of a woman, highly characteristic. Louisa is dead, and she, “crowned queen in her stead,”

caresses with her pretty taper fingers the royal circlet. Another of Queen Louisa, as a young woman, is well-looking enough, large round eyes, fine complexion, and good figure; she was four years older than her husband, and, in her early days of matrimony, jealous as a tigress. She knew well he had previously entertained in his early youth a deep passion for a virtuous Italian lady of high family, a Countess Velo, and would have married her, but she was of the Roman Catholic persuasion. The recollection of this affair only rendered the queen more furious: when she suspected him of infidelity, she is said to have threatened him with a "loaded leaden pistol" pointed against his head. Matters went on well enough as long as Louisa was young and fresh; a pretty woman with a loaded pistol—desperately jealous—flatters a man's vanity; but when Louisa, as you may see by her later portrait, lost the *éclat* of her youth and turned yellow, Frederic would stand it no longer;* he became desperately enamoured of the daughter of the Prussian Minister Viereck. Queer morals certainly were those of the eighteenth century. In the presence of her father, of the cabinet ministers, and councillors of state, the king espoused his love with the left hand, and created her Countess of Antvorskov: this was called a "conscience marriage"—most people would call it bigamy. She died in childbirth the following year.† Then

* The earlier portraits of Louisa of Mecklenburg, engraved after Peter Schenck, are very pretty; the best of her rival, Anne Sophia, are by Larguilliere.

† In a letter from her father to Count Wartenberg, explaining the contract of marriage between the King of Denmark and his daughter, to be submitted to his sovereign, he says—"The marriage has been

later came the affair of the Reventlow Queen, as disgraceful a history as ever occurred in the annals of any civilised country.

Christian VI., by Krock of Flensburg, with one leg stuck out, looks as though about to do the thing he most condemned in this world—dance a minuet.

We trace many persons of historic notoriety: Anne of Austria, the Grande Dauphine, by Mignard; the Grande Mademoiselle, by Rigaud; Elizabeth and Catherine of Russia, by Vigilius Ericson, a court painter of Saint Petersburg, much in vogue in his day. Passing over Sophia Madalena, that Queen of Queens; Frederic V. and Juliana, by Pilo, a Swedish artist, much given to drinking, like his royal patron, with whom he loved to carouse, we come to the last room but one—dramatis personæ of Carlyle's last history: Frederic II. and his queen, "eldest of the Beverns," fat and pretty; he had no reason to make a fuss about marrying her. Her father, the choleric King of Prussia, and Queen Sophia, sister to George I., ever intriguing after the English marriages. The Prince of Brunswick-Bevern himself; George II. and Caroline of Anspach; and last, not least, Wilhelmina of Baireuth—Wilhelmina the witty, the spirituelle, writer of memoirs; she was not strictly a beauty, but very clever-looking; she wrote down everything that came into her head; judged people on

consummated in presence of the Ministers and Councillors. He hopes the king will not have 'mauvais sentiments' on the subject; that he has consulted the Bible, and he does not find a single word by which a king and sovereign prince is forbidden to have more than one wife—it is only the obstinacy of the Church. His Excellence has no idea how the conduct of his daughter is approved of by everybody," &c. One of the arguments brought forward was, that Luther and Melancthon had allowed an Elector of Hesse to have two wives.

the spur of the moment, not always justly ; but it is to be wished people would only write memoirs half as amusing. And then the royal collection terminates with the brown-eyed wife of the Arveprinds, father of Christian VIII., and the members of the present royal family now living.

Along the corridors of the same étage hang the portraits of Denmark's worthies, all who are illustrious by name, by land and by sea—senators, men of science, poets, painters, divines, statesmen, from the time of the Reformation downwards. Hans Tausen, the so-called Danish Luther. Then come all the ministers of Frederic II.'s times : Niels Kaas,* the virtuous Chancellor of Frederic II. ; Gyldenløves, and Rosenkrantz, and Bjielke—names well known in Denmark's history. Tycho Brahe, as illustrious by his talents as by his birth ; there he hangs with his long moustachios and his golden nose, the joint plainly visible. Look at that hideously ugly woman, red-haired and richly dressed in black velvet and gold buttons, the costume of the sixteenth century—that is Karen Sehested,

* When Niels Kaas was dying, the young King Christian, who esteemed him greatly, visited him some hours previous to his decease. The Chancellor told him that he had promised his father when on his deathbed that he would do his best to see the crown firmly seated on his son's head ; "but death," he said, "prevents me from satisfying my desire. I am, however, proud before my death to give to your Majesty the key of the cabinet where, since the death of your father, the crown, globe, and sceptre are preserved. As I am about to quit the world, I will hand them over to your Majesty alone. Receive them as from God. And wear in your season the crown with honour and glory ; hold the sceptre with wisdom ; bear the sword with justice ; and preserve the globe with judgment." Christian was greatly affected at the time, and perhaps later forgot the good advice of his dying Chancellor. Niels Kaas was interred in Viborg cathedral.

gouvernante des enfans of Christina Munk; a strong-minded woman she was, of noble birth and great possessions; in her hand she bears a birch rod, all ready for action—a rod which I have no doubt in its day struck terror into the hearts of Prince Valdemar and fair Eleanor Ulfeld; still, with all her ugliness, she was a favourite with the elder princes.*

Griffenfeld, by Abraham Wuchter: he is of a handsome countenance, with long flowing locks, a bright clever face; this portrait has been lately well engraved. Then there is a portrait of Maria Motzfelt, old Mrs. Schumacher, his mother, the beau ideal of a femme bourgeoise of the period; she lived to see her son rise to the highest honours of the state; but she lived too long, for she lived to witness his downfall.

Old acquaintances too now turn up: parson Gerner,

* I find a curious letter of Prince Frederic (then Archbishop of Bremen) to his old governess, not very episcopal:—

“Dear old Karen Sehested.—My messenger being in Denmark, I cannot but write to you these lines. I should like to be with you myself, and speak with you and others. I am now just prevented, but hope soon to be there. I thank you much for the goose, sausages, and corned goose, as well as the white biscuits and gruel and other good things, also for the hypenen ort.

“Dear little Karen Sehested, send me some of your strong water, if you have some. Give my compliments to your sister, with a thousand good-nights, and wish all my friends good-night. I have no more to write you, save that I am your affectionate old

“FREDERIC.

“Nieuhuus, 9th April, 1635.

“P.S. I hope you will answer this. I feel the want of the Copenhagen ladies' society here; here there are none but old and worn-out things. Heaven knows how I long to go to a wedding in Copenhagen.

“My compliments to Corfitz Ulfeld, and others you know to be my good friends.

“God be with you.”

the companion of Rostgaard, and his wife; he lived to die a bishop. Old Pontoppidan, Archbishop of Tronyem, without whom we should have known but little of Denmark and her dominions, with his long moustache, ruff, and flowing locks, by Abraham Wuchter: there is much character in his countenance and beetling brow, well engraved by Haelwech. Niels Juel, the gallant admiral, in full gala costume as Knight of the Elephant. Then later we have the ministers and admirals of the day, Tordenskiold and others, all by Denner, painted, as you may imagine, in full powdered wigs to the very life. Among them is the portrait of Osten, a diplomat of Christian VII.'s time, Knight of the Dannebrog, Knight also of the Elephant: as regards the blue ribbon there hangs a tale. When Christian VII. was in one of his fits of madness, his delight consisted in being wheeled about by his courtiers in a barrow. Osten one day was requested by the monarch to give him "a ride." To preserve his hands from injury the diplomat fastened his white ribbon round one handle of the barrow: the vehicle, unequally poised, nearly upset, and the king cried out, "Why, Osten, you'll overturn me!"—"How can I roll your Majesty properly," replied he, "when I have only one ribbon to attach to the handle of the barrow?" So the king took off his own blue ribbon and presented it to the minister. When the ride was at an end, Christian asked for his ribbon back again. "No," says Osten; "what's once given can never be taken away: I'm Knight of the Elephant:" and so he remained. More riff-raff of the period: Schimmelmann; le petit Holk; Guldberg, enemy of Caroline Matilda. Struensee, fine featured, but of a discontented expression; his memory should be popular with a certain party in

England, for he it was who, on his own responsibility, without consent of the clergy or even their advice, published a decree authorising the "marriage with a deceased wife's sister"—a law still in effect, provided always both parties can produce their certificates of vaccination. Torfæus the Icelander; Vitruvius; Weidewelt the sculptor; Thorvaldsen, loaded with orders: when the artist first saw his portrait he exclaimed, "Why, you've dressed me out like a Christmas tree." Holberg, Ewald, and Oehlenschläger, the poets; admirals and generals by the dozen; authors of each successive age; a room full of doctors and physicians; sculptors, poets, men of science, authors—all have their place in this most complete of national portrait galleries. It is to be regretted, however, whilst they were about it, they did not procure better copies, even of these men unknown to the world at large. Ask for whom you may, you may have some trouble in finding him, as there is no catalogue, but he is there somewhere.

When we, however, think of our own fifty-seven national portraits, we cannot help feeling ashamed of our backwardness, and grateful to Lord Stanhope for the energy he has shown in arousing the spirits of the nation to the advantage of so necessary an addition to the national collection of the country.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Frederiksværk — Scourge of flying sand — Marriage, and murder of a bride — Giant's grave of Udleire — White doe of King Frode — Hiarne, the poet king — The bridge of Værebro.



FREDERIKSVÆRK.

Tuesday, June 6th.—LEFT Frederiksborg early so as to avoid the midday heat and breakfast at Frederiksværk, a drive of three hours, and not an interesting one either. Our road ran near the banks of the Arre-Sø, the largest as well as the ugliest lake in Zealand, bare and déboisé, the few oak copses we did pass by entirely unleaved, as though November, by the ravages of the cockchafers. These insects, it appears, make a triennial descent upon Denmark, and then disappear for the two succeeding summers. That they have greatly increased in number in latter days is to be attributed to the wanton war made by the farmers against that most useful of all animals, the hooded crow, which destroys their grubs. The waters of the Arre-Sø are not cerulean, like those of her sister lakes, but of a muddy yellow. They have never recovered their natural complexion, strange to relate, since the scourge of "flying sand"—a sort of geological epidemic, which takes place occasionally in Denmark, but which, luckily, has not visited Zealand since the reign of her second Frederic. A whirlwind of flying sand—like the simoon in the deserts of Sahara—spreads devastation around, ruining for years to come

pasturage, garden, and all possible cultivation. We were growing tired of our drive when we arrived at the village of Kregome, whose churchwardens, with the traditional good taste of that valuable body of men, have just painted the tower of their quaint gabled church a bright salmon colour, and the body white. Here we first caught a peep of the Roeskilde fiorde, and then hurried down through a shady wood, postilions jaggling the horses' mouths all the way, to the town, if so it can be called, of Frederiksværk, once celebrated as a royal manufactory of arms, now sold and turned over to the hands of common mortals. Christian VI. had a tiny palace in the woods hard by—where had he not one?—lately purchased, with its adjoining gardens, by a Danish merchant for the sum of 1000*l*. Were I an intelligent individual, which I don't pretend to be, I should have forthwith visited the manufactories and written about the highly interesting processes of forging, burnishing, and what not, screwed a ha'porth of statistics out of the directors who conducted me round, and been most proud as well as pleased at imparting my knowledge to you and other people who care, in all probability, as little about it as myself. I did, however, no such thing. *J'ai fait mes preuves*. For the last thirty years have inspected two-thirds of the manufactures of Europe—bouche béante—from the scrunching of copper at Fahlun to the polishing of sword-blades at Toledo; am just as wise as ever; could make nothing if I tried, and don't want to—it's not my business—I never yet understood the principle of the knife-grinder's wheel.

When we had discussed our fresh prawns and coffee—N.B. said prawns in Denmark do not taste of the salt sea, like our own—we permitted ourselves to be lionized

over the woods, and along the endless lime avenues: were pointed out the Arre-Sø, much improved by a beechen framework, and then scrambled up a høi—Maglehøi they term it—commanding the Roeskilde as well as the Ise fiorde, its opposite coast, even to Rørvig, a place of note in bygone days, where the ancient sovereigns of the land were elected.

A curious history is related in the archives of the police to have occurred at Rørvig in the middle of the last century.

A Russian man-of-war anchored one day at the entrance of the fiorde. Denmark was at peace with all countries, so its appearance excited no remarks. The fishermen of the village examined it through their glasses, and then thought no more about the matter. The parson went to his bed as usual, when suddenly he was awakened by armed men in masks standing round his couch. Holding a loaded pistol to his head, they ordered him to dress and follow them to the church, where there was a marriage to perform. Trembling he accompanied them to the church, which he found to be already brilliantly illuminated, and many personages assembled around the altar. And now the bride and bridegroom make their appearance; a man richly dressed, evidently a person of consequence—he looks gloomy and abstracted; the bride a fair young lady of great personal attractions, sad and pale as alabaster. The ceremony is commenced, the marriage-ring placed on the lady's finger, vows exchanged, "until death do them part;" all is now over, when suddenly a flash, followed by the report of a pistol, resounds through the sacred edifice—a shriek, one piercing shriek, from the scarcely married bride, who falls dead in the arms of the surrounding

attendants. The worthy pastor saw no more. Horror-struck, he allowed himself to be hurried home, more dead than alive, to his humbled dwelling, where he remained a prisoner in his chamber until released by his female domestic. When he rose and gazed on the placid waters of the fiorde, the Russian frigate was no longer visible; she had weighed anchor before sunrise, and a fresh breeze had borne her from the coast. Without delay the affrighted priest posted off to Copenhagen to relate the mysterious event to the bishop. A purse of gold left beside the pastor's bed—the blood still visible on the church-floor—the extinguished lights in the corona—all affirmed the truth of his assertion, and no more, for the affair to this day has never been elucidated.

Queen Dagmar once possessed a castle in these parts—Dronningholm by name—later pulled down by King Frederic II. to help in his picnic castle of Frederiksborg.

We had intended proceeding on to Frederikssund by steamer; but arrived the day of its nondeparture. Not caring to remain, though an artist might find amusement for days in the vicinity, and could not be more agreeably lodged and fed than in the small hotel of the place, we ordered horses—sun high in the heavens—and, at the imminent risk of ruining our complexions, again started on a two hours' drive; a breeze from the fiorde, however, refreshed the air, and we reached Frederikssund, a dull little town. After dinner we again started for Udleire to visit a certain "giant's grave," as they here call it. Dolmen after dolmen we passed, some tumbled over, others in good preservation, surrounded by a circle of stones.

The cave of Udleire is situated a stone's throw from

the road, within the bowels of an ordinary barrow, in no ways distinguished from its numerous brethren. Two small urchins appeared, key and fat-lamp in hand, to unlock and conduct us within the chamber; but we ourselves were provided with wax candles. The door is unclosed; on bended knees we creep through a narrow passage, and suddenly find ourselves within a stone chamber of considerable extent, lofty, seven paces long, perfectly dry, all interstices between the large stones being filled up with a solid masonry of rubble.

FRODSBORG.

And now we drive on to Frodsborg, where, within a neighbouring barrow, are said to repose the remains of King Frode the Good, who flourished about the period of our Saviour's birth—a time when, says the historian, all the world was at peace and all the monarchs "Good."

The peasants still talk about King Frode;* his reputation for goodness having resisted the course of ages. Not that they know much about him; but he is a household word amongst them. Christian IV., who was always seeing visions, is related one day to have met, while hunting near Fredensborg, a white doe of exceeding beauty in the forest. He was prepared to fire, when the animal marched right up to him and showed round her neck a collar bearing a Runic inscription:—"You must not injure me, for King Frode the Good spared my life and gave me peace." The country people place implicit faith in this story.

* "Frode God og Kong Valdemar,
Del van el ægli Løvepar."

Frode may have been very good at home in Denmark, but he committed terrible ravages in England, and mercilessly thrashed the wild Irish of his day. When he died, so great was the grief in Denmark, they could not elect a successor; but later they came to the determination that he who composed the best epitaph to his memory should be considered the person most fit to succeed him. Here was a pretty state of things—a kingdom going for a song. The bards and the Skalds from all parts tried their talents, and, after much argument, the prize—Denmark and her dependencies—was adjudged to the poet Hiarne. Frode the Good was laid under the hill on which we now stand—Frode-høi it is called—a heap of stones raised to his memory. The epitaph composed by Hiarne, inscribed on them in Runic characters, runs as follows:—

The Danes carried the body three years round the land,
 King Frode the peaceful and the good;
 So willingly would have seen both woman and man
 That he longer should have reigned over the land.
 There lies buried the warrior, so strong.
 By Værebro these stones are seen.
 Under open Heaven, in the wild field,
 There repose the lord's bones.

The stones exist no longer. They were removed some two hundred years since to repair the bridge of Værebro, concerning whose erection there hangs a story:—All well-educated people are aware that, when the devil does talk in Denmark, he never speaks anything but German, and that very bad German too. It appears, in early times, just after the Reformation, the Lutheran priests were in the habit of keeping pet devils confined in a box to aid them in their arduous duties. No

wonder, poor fellows! for the church had been cut down, and her revenues seized. Now, one of the neighbouring priests wrote to his brother of Værebro to beg the loan of his pet, which the worthy pastor willingly accorded, tied him up in his box, and confided him to the care of a peasant, with strict injunctions not on any account to open the box. The curiosity of the bearer being excited, the temptation proved too strong for him: he would only just take one peep—out sprung the devil. “Vas sol ich makken? Vas sol ich makken?” exclaimed he; and as the affrighted peasant did not at once reply, he set to beating him black and blue. “Build a sand-hill as high as Roeskilde domkirke,” roared the man. That was soon done. “Vas sol ich makken?” again inquired the impatient demon, and fell to with his thumps. “Build a new bridge over Værebro.” The devil complied, selecting as the keystone the epitaphium of Frode the Good. The bridge was soon completed. “Vas sol ich makken? Vas sol ich makken?” “Jump into the box!” exclaimed the alarmed peasant, lest he should be beaten to death. In jumps the devil, down closes the box, the string is quickly pressed round the cover, and the box, devil and all, conveyed to the neighbouring priest, its destination—the peasant only too glad to be quit of his burden. Such is the fate of King Frode’s stones.

...

As we drove back, the sun was sinking behind the roof of Frederikssund. Even that insignificant-looking place looked picturesque, irregular, running out on a promontory into the water. Now cross the ferry, and leave marsh and moor for forest scenery. A horseman appears in sight mounted on an iron gray, who

much objects to our passing him, rears on his hind legs ; the rider tightens the reins—over they go—no harm done—up again ; rider loses his temper and gallops furiously by, and when we arrive at the somewhat unpromising “ kro,” or roadside inn, we find him safe and sound, and speaking English too, and he orders us horses for the next day from Frederikssund, returning good for evil. Where does not “ la proprieté se niche ” in Denmark ? We mount a ladder into an imaginary hayloft, where we find small clean bed-rooms with whitest of linen, and we go to bed with open windows ; the nightingales in the adjoining wood singing us to sleep.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Jægerspriis — Ingeborg and Erik — Danish cemeteries — Swan with the golden eggs — Draxholm, the prison of Earl Bothwell — How he came to end his days there — The church of Faareveile, where he is buried — Bonfires on St. John's Eve — Sacred well of St. Helena — The "Meiri" — Gigantic tun of cream.



JÆGERSPRIIS.

Wednesday, June 7th.—THE more modern château of Jægerspriis succeeded to a building of very early date on the ancient manor of Abrahamsstrup, a hunting-lodge and favourite abode of Danish royalty. It was while here residing that Queen Ingeborg—whose sepulchral brass, with that of her husband Erik Menved, we saw at Ringsted—lost her only child of fifteen weeks old, last of a numerous family. It was accidentally thrown from the chariot in which she was driving, and some authors report that King Erik, furious at the death of his son and heir, mounted the chariot, and, seizing the reins himself, drove his unlucky queen to the convent, where she ended her days shortly after, a prisoner for her fault. It is much more probable that Queen Ingeborg herself, brokenhearted, retired to the monastery of her own accord, after the fashion of the day. It is a nice old place. Jægerspriis, reminding you of some English Elizabethan manor-house, with moat and stagnant water. After the year 1846, when the crown lands of Denmark were made over to the

nation, his present Majesty purchased the château and its dependencies, and presented it to his wife, the Countess Danner, whose arms and coronet, a bunch of lilies on an azure ground, with the device "La fidélité est ma gloire," appears sculptured above the entrance.

The apartments are not shown to the public; but the countess had good-naturedly sent us an order to visit them, and a more enjoyable residence, fitted up with all that modern luxury and good taste can desire, cannot be found in any country. That the Northman has not forgotten his cunning in the art of carving we were here made aware of in an exquisite cabinet of some pale-coloured wood, executed by an artist of the town of Frederiksborg. With the exception of the king's "fumeur," hung with ancient stamped gilded leather, all is here of modern days. The gardens are extensive, with summer-houses and fish-ponds; the temperature of the former really leads one to imagine they were constructed for winter residences. Jægerspris was one of the dower-houses allotted to our English Queen Louisa, who never lived to enjoy its possession; later to Juliana and her son the Arveprinds, grandfather of his present Majesty, who erected within the pleasure-grounds a series of monuments to the memory of Danish worthies, giving the whole the appearance of a suburban cemetery.

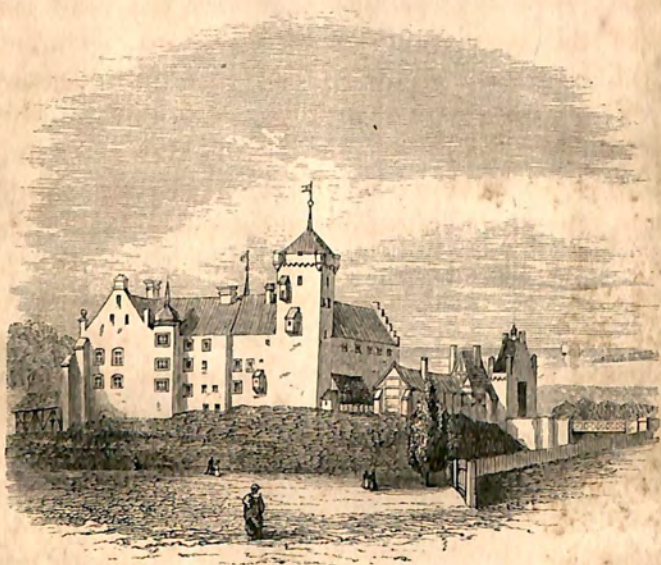
SKIBBY.

It was a six hours' drive to Holbæk. Our first halt was at the village of Skibby, where our horses stopped to water. While some sought the shade and protection of a lime charmille, I clambered over into the church-garden, for such I must term it, gay with flowers.

Still the Danes do not shine in cemeteries. Above each grave they raise an oblong mound of earth,—a Scandinavian custom, handed down to them from their forefathers; in the middle of this they plant their flowers, leaving the borders unedged and most untidy. In some places, in the centre of each grave they form a medallion of sand, like the bottom of a bird's-cage: what for, I never could divine. Later they become neglected, tended only once a year, on All Saints' Day.* The small gravestones are in good taste—a crucifix or a square tablet, resting on a heap of rocks, with ivy planted round. And now, as we proceed, passing by the ancient manorial mansion of Krabbesholm, the country improves: not beautiful, but richly cultivated, undivided by hedge or fence; patches of corn, patches of peas, grass, and the inevitable mose, give a varied colouring to the landscape. The flat land undulates its little best; a barrow or stray menhir adds to the excitement. Then we have peeps at the fiordes—very blue—and sunny woodlands. Roeskilde's spires, too, rise trim up always when least expected; villages and gaards, churches and cattle; she-storks astride upon their nests, evidently on the look-out for the return of their mates from a foraging expedition. We saw him—foraging, indeed! much more like amusing himself—whilst his wife waits dinner at home. All the feathery tribe appeared assembled in gala: wagtails and wheatears, finches and larks, sandpipers and webfooted bipeds beyond my ornithology. And

* In 835 Pope Gregory established All Saints'-day, to be kept on November 1st, and decreed that people on that one day of the year should visit the tombs of their relatives.

once we missed our way—the postboy was new to the road, and signposts exist not in Zealand—and came down to a place termed Deepmill, a site to have sent a landscape-painter wild; and then, leaving blue fiorde, green forest, birds, meadows, and villages, we tumbled into the old high road, dusty and tiresome, and in an hour arrived at Holbæk. Not far from Holbæk is situated the hill on which dwells the swan who sits brooding over three golden eggs, each egg the value of a king's ransom (en Konge Zøsen). This swan may be oftentimes seen in the neighbourhood; but no one dare pursue it, for once, when a man spied it, he followed early and late, and at last fired a shot at it near the hill; but he missed the bird, and when he returned he found his house burnt to the ground in ashes. A dinner, and horses on to Faareveile. But where did we intend sleeping? inquired the host. At Faareveile kro. Impossible! too small, no accommodation. We would, then, try the kro of Svinninge and go on to Adellersborg next morning. Determined to have our own way, we at last arranged to travel all night, and keep on our carriage to take us to Kallundborg the following day. The kro of Svinninge looked highly promising with its neatly-kept garden when we stopped to bait. We then left the high road, and before long the imposing château of Adellersborg appeared in sight, well placed among the surrounding woods. We are now in a private demesne, pass through lodges; numberless cows graze on very coarse grass, but the cream is rich, the butter excellent: what more can you desire? As we approach the borders of the fiorde—calm and tranquil are its waters—on a little promontory jutting out into the sea stands a whitewashed gabled church and its spire of



OLD CASTLE OF DRAXHOLM (AFTER RESEN).

ancient date, simple and unadorned, but made to paint, the village church of Faareveile, within whose walls repose the mortal remains of the Earl of Bothwell, the so-called husband of Mary Stuart, who died a prisoner, some say a maniac, within the walls of Draxholm,* where he had been privately removed by the King of Denmark. I had written previously to Baron Adeler Adelsborg, possessor and lord of the barony of Adelsborg, requesting permission to visit the vault and inspect the remains of the Scottish earl. On our arrival, before adjourning to the hotel, or rather kro, we called at the parsonage house, to inquire at what hour we could visit the church on the following morning. We were kindly received by M. Garde, the worthy pastor, who would not allow of our going to the inn, and informed us that we were expected at the castle by Baron Adeler, who had returned that very day. We arranged the matter at last. The ladies remained at the parsonage, and I was driven up, in the carriage of the minister, to Adelsborg, where I was most kindly received, and reproached for allowing the rest of the party to remain at the village below. It appears that the Baron had written to invite us to Adelsborg; the letter had arrived some days after our departure from Elsinore; so it was settled that I should remain till the following evening and accept for all the hospitality so kindly proffered.

DRAXHOLM.

June 9th.—The ancient castle of Draxholm, or Dragon's Island, was, in former days, the property of

* In the year 1578.

the Bishops of Roeskilde ; the huge mass of buildings are still something ecclesiastical in their appearance, surrounded by a moat, and of no architectural beauty. The great tower, which I see in the old engravings of Resen, was destroyed by the Swedes in 1658 ; the chapel gutted during the War of the Counts, 1533. It is the intention of Baron Zeutphen Adeler to restore it to its former state, and, from what I have seen of his buildings elsewhere, there is no doubt it will be executed in a creditable manner. The appellation of Draxholm became later merged in the barony of Adelsborg, created in favour of a descendant of the illustrious Admiral Carl Adeler, whose portrait by Carl van Mander,* in black armour, decorated with the orders of the Dannebrog and St. Marens, adorns the walls of the lately-restored chapel of the castle. Of an ancient Norwegian family, he was Admiral in the Venetian service, commanded the galleys of the Republic against the Turks, and was later summoned to Denmark to take the command of the navy. The Zeutphens are of Dutch extraction ; a family who distinguished themselves in the Spanish service fighting against the Moors of Murcia and Granada.

Before we proceed to visit the church of Faareveile, I may as well explain how Bothwell came to end his days within the prison of the castle of Draxholm.

It was in the year 1567 that sentence of death was passed by the Scottish Parliament on the Earl of Bothwell, at that time resident in the Orkney Islands, having under his command a squadron of five light-armed vessels of war, with which he performed such direful acts of piracy as to cause a general consternation

* Engraved by Haelwech, and also in the present time.

among the English merchants. In their endeavours, during a terrific storm, to escape from an armament sent in their pursuit, two of his vessels managed to enter the harbour of Kamsund, in Norway. Bothwell here declared himself to be the husband of the Queen of Scots, and demanded to be conducted into the presence of the King of Denmark. Such is the account given by English historians. Now, however, that Bothwell is safe arrived in Norway, it is as well to consult the account given by the Danes themselves. In the '*Liber Bergensis Capituli*' we find the following notice:—"Sept. 2, A.D. 1568, came the King's ship '*David*,' upon which Christian of Aalborg was head man; she had taken prisoner a count from Scotland of the name of Jacob Hebroe of Botwile, who first was made Duke of the Orkneys and Shetland, and lately married the Queen of Scotland, and after he was suspected of having been in the counsel to blow up the king: they first accused the queen, and then the count, but he made his escape, and came to Norway, and was afterwards taken to Denmark by the king's ship '*David*.'"

The accusation of piracy made against the Scottish earl was never credited by Frederic II. or his advisers. Bothwell had hired two "pinks" when in Shetland of Gerhard Hemlin, the Bremois, for fifty silver dollars a month, commanded by David Wodt, a noted pirate; in which he arrived on the coast of Norway, in a miserable plight, his own vessel having returned to Shetland with his valuables on board to fetch his people. Erik Rosenkrantz, the Governor, thought necessary to summon a jury of the most respectable people of the town, "twelve brewers of the bridge," to inquire into the earl's case, and how it was he had become associated

with so well-known a pirate. Some of the crew affirmed they knew of no other captain than one Wodt, to whom the pink belonged. The commission add, that this Hamburger (as Bothwell styles him in his narrative) was a well-known pirate.

Still they suspected the earl was about to go over to Sweden, a country at war with Denmark: they accordingly recommend that he should take an oath that he would keep peace towards his Danish Majesty's subjects, as well as towards all those who brought goods to his Majesty's dominions. On this account only Erik Rosenkrantz sends him a prisoner to Copenhagen. This was no doubt the origin of the accusation of piracy made by the Earl of Murray against Bothwell by the mouth of the infant king, aged eighteen months. The earl had come to raise men in the north to aid the royal cause. Indeed, so satisfactory was his examination on this point, it is mentioned in the 'Liber Bergensis' that two days after his examination—

“28th Sept. Erik Rosenkrantz gave to the earl and his noblemen a magnificent banquet;” and again, “the earl repaired to the castle, and Erik received him with great honour.”

On the 17th of the same month, however, is noted a circumstance of a less agreeable kind:—

“Mrs. Anna, Christopher Trandsøn's daughter, brought a suit against the Earl of Bothwile, for having taken her away from her native country, and refusing to treat her as his married wife, although he by hand, word of mouth, and by letters, had promised her so to do, which letters she caused to be read before him. And inasmuch as he had three wives living—first herself; then another in Scotland, of whom he had rid himself

by purchase; last of all, the Queen Mary—Mrs. Anna was of opinion that he was not at all a person to be depended on; he therefore promised her the yearly allowance of one hundred dollars from Scotland, and gave her a pink, with anchors, cables, and other appurtenances.”

The Lady Anna resided in the palace of the Governor, her kinsman: under existing circumstances the meeting must have been singularly unpleasant.

On the 30th of September comes our last notice—“The earl was conducted to a ship and led prisoner to Denmark, that is Malmø-huus.” This assertion is not quite correct, as Bothwell remained in Copenhagen until the 30th of December, when he was consigned to the custody of Biørn Kaas, Governor of Malmø-huus, together with his companion, Captain Clarke. Here he remained, well treated, with a liberal allowance from the King of Denmark, indulging in potations with his comrade which later brought him to death's door. Many were the requests from the Queen of England and the Scottish lords to Frederic, demanding that the earl should be handed over to their custody, to which the Danish Sovereign always replied by a refusal. “If they chose to proceed against him, they were at liberty so to do, but judged he must be by Danish laws.” It is related how, after a season, being brought to a state of weakness from the effects of a dangerous illness, his conscience tormented by anguish and remorse, he made, in the presence of several witnesses, a confession of his share of Darnley's assassination, exonerating Queen Mary from any participation or knowledge of his crime. Mary, in a letter to her ambassador on the subject, writes the names of those before whom the attestation

was made, to be—"Otto Braw, of the castle of Elcembre ; Paris Braw, of Vasku ; Monsieur Gullensterna, of the Castle of Fulkenster ; Baron Cowes, of Malinga Castle : " so Miss Strickland gives them. I have this morning consulted a Danish nobilier to see whether I can, among the manors once in possession of these families, find any names similar to those here given. The spelling is obscure, but really not worse than that of a foreigner of the 19th century, if he attempted to write down the names by ear.

"Otto Braw, of the Castle of Elcembre," stands for Otto Brahe, of the Castle of Helsingborg, of which he was governor,—father of Tycho Brahe. He died, however, in 1571. His son Steen was at that time alive, and resident near Malmø—indeed, the whole province of Skaane teemed with his family, lehnsmend and governors, high in authority. "Paris Braw, of Vascu," I take to be Brahe of Vidskovle, a château near Christianstad ; "Gullensterna of Fulkenster," Gyldenstierne of Fuletofte, probably Axel, son of Mogens Gyldenstierne, stadtholder of Malmø, and himself a governor ; while for "Baron Cowes, of Malinge," read Biørn Kaas, Governor of Malmøhuus, whose son Jørgen was possessor of Meilgard in Jutland.

In the copy of Bothwell's confession preserved in the Scotch College in Paris these names are again differently written. The Swedes, to whom Skaane now belongs, possess again an orthography different from the Danes. You will not find them written in two books alike. After a lapse of fifty years nothing can be more puzzling.

It was in the year 1573, after the confession, that Bothwell was removed to Draxholm, and treated as a

criminal: though of that no documentary evidence exists, it may turn up some day. M. de Dantzay writes word to Charles IX. that the King of Denmark, up to the present time, had well treated the Earl Bothwell, but a few days since had caused him to be put "en une fort mauvaise et estroite prison." In the month of November, the same year, he again announces, "le Comte de Baudouel, Ecosais, est aussi decedé." Bothwell, however, did not die till April 19th, 1578. According to the chaplain of Draxholm, Frederic, tormented by the demands of Queen Elizabeth and the Scotch Regent for his deliverance into their hands, allowed the report of his death to be circulated, and so put an end to all worry on the subject.*

In the chronicle of Frederic II.'s reign, Resen, under the year 1578, after stating that Frederic II. caused the dead body of his father to be removed from Odense to Roskilde, continues, "At that very time the Scottish Earl Botwell also died, after a long imprisonment at Draxholm, and was buried at Faareveile." †

That the Scottish queen, in her damp prison of Fotheringay, receiving her intelligence in secret, should have been misinformed as to the Christian names of the

* I. Les Affaires du Comte de Bodwel, Duc des Isles d'Orquenay, ou Relation, adressée au Roi de Dannemark, de sa Persecution et de ses Aventures, avec les causes des Troubles en Ecosse depuis 1559 jusqu'en 1568, donnée à Copenhaguen la veille des Rois 1568.

† According to an old MS. in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, Captain Clarke died in the month of May, 1576, also at Draxholm; this it is supposed may have added to the confusion as regards the date of Bothwell's decease. In the archives (De la Gardie collection) there are letters from James I., Anne, her secretary Fowler, as well as the two Melvilles, dates 1594 and 1595, to Charles Barnekow, governor of Malmø, about the Bothwell rebellion. "Bothwell s'est retiré en France," writes James. Was that Bothwell's natural son?

Danish noblemen who were summoned to the sick-bed of Bothwell, is not surprising;—such a confusion, too, as exists in these ancient genealogies; such an intermarrying between the families of Kaas, Gyldenstierne, and Brahe; such a changing and exchanging of manors by sale, by dowry, by gifte maal and morgen gaffue (marriage settlement)—my head, before we had finished our researches, became a very chaos.*

The prison of Bothwell is now the wine-cellar of the castle, and the iron ring to which he is reported to have been attached a maniac stands inserted in the wall between two shelves of the wine-bins: on one lies crusty port, in the lower Château Lafitte. What a tantalizing sight for his wine-loving spectre, should he by chance revisit the seat of his former prison! Bothwell died at Draxholm two years after his removal thither, and was interred in the parish church of Faareveile.

It is not my intention to enter on the defence of Queen Mary, be pathetic, and talk of her virtues. This has been ably done already: first by Prince Labanoff, and later in the charming work of Agnes Strickland. Every argument has been worn threadbare to prove her innocence, except one, and that is the clumsy stupidity of the whole proceeding. To me it appears preposterous that Mary Stuart, a woman of talent and finesse, bred in the Court of France, own daughter-in-law to Catherine de Medicis, would ever have participated in so clumsy an affair as the barrels of gunpowder in the Kirk o' Field. We all

* The very early Danes made these settlements the morning after the consummation of the marriage; in our more matter-of-fact days ladies prefer having these little matters arranged beforehand,—hence our wealthy dowagers of the nineteenth century.



FAAREVEILE.

know how subtle were the poisons in those days, and how easy would it have been for Mary, had she desired it, to have instilled death in a purple harebell or bunch of mountain heather, and have presented it to her lord when sick of the small-pox, through which she so tenderly nursed him. Of these subtle poisons the Scotch knew nothing, nor indeed the English either. Hemlock and simple infusions (King John, if I recollect right, was poisoned by a toad squeezed into his wine-cup by a doctor monk), easy of detection, were the climax of their art. In the present century adulteration does more havoc than the Borgias did in the middle ages.

FAAREVEILE.

At eight o'clock the carriages come round, we drive to Faareveile, pick up the ladies of the party, and adjourn to the church. On the iron-bound door appears the dragon, titular patron, I suppose, of the place. The interior is simple, of good architecture, with pulpit and altarpiece of Christian IV.'s date, and in sound repair—telling of a resident landlord who prides himself in the prosperous appearance of all around him. And now they raise a folding trap in the chancel; a ladder leads to the vault below: on the right lies a simple wooden coffin encased in an outer one for protection; the lid is removed, a sheet withdrawn, uncovered within which lies the mummy-corpse of Scotland's proudest earl. The coffin in earlier times reposed in a vault of the chapel of the Adeler family, but was removed by the baron to its present place for the convenience of those who desire to visit it without intruding on the dormitory of the

family. It had always for centuries been known as the tomb of "Grev Bodvell" by sacristan and peasant. When the wooden coffin was first opened the body was found enveloped in the finest linen, the head reposing on a pillow of satin. There was no inscription.

Now I am no enthusiast, and take matters quietly enough, but I defy any impartial Englishman to gaze on this body without at once declaring it to be that of an ugly "Scotchman." It is that of a man about the middle height—and to judge by his hair, red mixed with gray, of about fifty years of age. The forehead is not expansive; the form of the head wide behind, denoting bad qualities, of which Bothwell, as we all know, possessed plenty; high cheek-bones; remarkably prominent, long, hooked nose, somewhat depressed towards the end (this may have been the effect of emaciation); wide mouth; hands and feet small, well shaped, those of a high-bred man. I have examined the records of the Scottish Parliament, caused researches to be made at the British Museum,—the copy of his "Hue and Cry" is not forthcoming: no description of Bothwell exists, save that of Brantôme, who saw him on his visit to Paris, where he first met Mary during the lifetime of King Francis, and he describes him as "the ugliest and awkwardest of men." Concerning his grace I can say nothing, but I do not think his corpse belies the description of the French historian. And now, duly satisfied with the inspection, having first severed a lock of his red and silver hair as a souvenir, we let close the coffin-lid, and again mounted the staircase. Bothwell's life was a troubled one; but had he selected a site in all Christendom for quiet and repose in death, he could have found none more peace-

ful, more soft and calm, than the village church of Faareveile.

VEIRHØI.

We now drove to the Veirhøi, one of the highest points in Zealand. Such a view met our eyes when we arrived at the flag-staff! On one side the Lammefiorde, the town of Roeskilde, the rocks on the coast of Sweden, to the west; the waters of the Great Belt, Kattegat, and Jutland, in the distance; before us lay the island of Seirø, the property of a peasant; there was made the best silver "finde" of this new year. When in the Northern Museum of Copenhagen ask for the Seirø finde—a rich wrought silver chain, to which hangs suspended en breloque the hammer of Thor; several bracelets, some hung with ring-money; two brooches or fibulæ of quaint design, on one a dragon in the act of devouring a snake; Cufic coins, and one Anglo-Saxon, date 950, fixing the epoch of the jewels.*

I stood chapeau bas, from pure respect; and then my eyes fell on a blackened stone. "That," said Baron

* The peasants relate odd stories about the church bells of the island of Seirø, which were carried off by the Swedes in the great war under Christian V., and suspended in a steeple of the city of Gottenborg. Little good, however, came of it,—ring and peal hard as they would, they could never make them sound as long as they wanted them to ring for divine service; but no sooner was the church door shut than "Ding dong bell" they set off, never stopping the livelong day; so, to be rid of their bargain, they sent them off back again, and gladly paid the expenses. The clergyman of Gottenborg wrote thus:—"And I hope and trust, just as the bells have sounded in the foresaid town, they may henceforth during many years in their own home be rung peacefully for the performance of the service of God:" which letter, says the Danish Aller, was long preserved "in originalis," by F. Rostgaard and his heirs, in the last century the owners of Seirø. •

Adeler,* "is the stone on which the bonfire is lighted by the peasants on St. John's eve—an old custom handed down to us from the earliest time. It is a beautiful sight; on every hill a fire is lighted. We can from this spot count eighty or ninety at a time." How this bonfiring escaped the anathemas of the Reformed Church I know not. The sacred well of St. Helena, near Tidsvilde, whose waters effected most marvellous cures, was a favourite place of pilgrimage to the simple peasantry on St. John's-day—a custom which, as well as the erection of small crucifixes by the well's side as thank-offerings, continued long after the Reformation was finally established in Denmark. In vain the prelates forbade, under pain of punishment and fine, the continuation of such Popish practices: it was of no use. "Why," exclaimed the boers, "should we pay for doctor's stuff when good St. Helena furnishes us with water much more efficacious, free of all expense?" As late as 1716 an edict from Roeskilde was published forbidding the erection of these obnoxious crosses under pain of I don't know what. The bonfires were winked at.

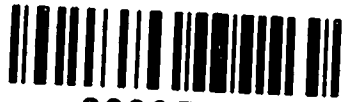
We returned to the castle to lunch; a charming residence, fitted up with all possible comforts, nothing too fine for use—family portraits and collection of stone antiquities found in the barony itself. Then we visited the gardens, rich in roses; in the potager I observed a row of the *Helleborus viridis*. This plant is found indigenous in some parts of England, near the ancient hunting-lodges of our Plantagenet sovereigns, and was used in the days of archery for poisoning the arrow-heads.

But the "Meiri" is the glory of the place—new

constructed buildings in the national style of architecture, highly ornamental—water running, hot and cold, in all directions. Three hundred and forty cows form the establishment; to each milkmaid is allotted twenty cows; and the servants, farm dependants, and all, sit down to dinner each day, a hundred in number. 120 lbs. of butter is made every morning in summer: pats as big as cart-wheels, yellow as saffron, though none is added. Near the doorway stood, colossal, a tun of cream—not quite as large as the Heidelberg, but fit to bathe a Roman empress or to drown some milk-and-water Clarence.

And now the sun is set we bid adieu to our hospitable host and his amiable daughter, charmed with their kindness, having spent a most pleasant day at Adelsborg. A three hours' drive brought us to Kallundborg.

END OF VOL. I.



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