

ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR, COPENHAGEN.

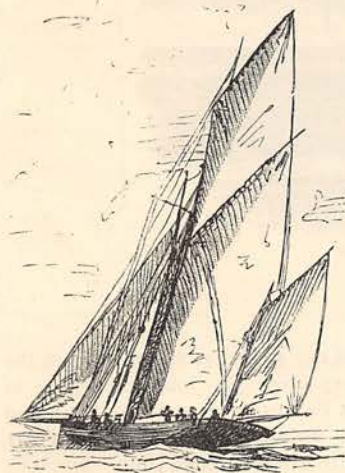
A RUN TO COPENHAGEN.

THERE are two ways of arriving at the capital of Denmark from England: one by sailing round the Cape, where at night the blazing red light warns ships from the dangerous head of the Skagen, and so on through the narrow Sound; past famous Elsinore, into the very heart of the town of Copenhagen; or by boat to Hamburg, then a quick run

are roused from their impromptu couches on deck and seats by the rattling of cups and the scent of hot coffee.

It was a sharp brisk morning in the month of August that we turned up from our berths whilst crossing this Belt, and saw stretched on the deck, looking very cold, but sound asleep, two passengers whom we had left some days before on the Hamburg steamer. We roused them up for the coffee, became fast friends by the action, and Scotchmen, English, and French travelled on together to Copenhagen—the Frenchman away from his people, the Scotchman and Englisher, by their appearance, proving they were still amongst their own race, the name of the Scotchman ending in “son,” more emphatically stamping his origin, for all the Danes are “sons” or “sens,” as Neilson, or Petersen.

After leaving the steamer at Korsør, the train soon runs one through to Copenhagen, but the entry by train is not so striking as by water. The run in from the Sound is full of life; on one occasion we counted fifty-one sail in sight, and often after the wind has for a long time delayed shipping in the Baltic, the sails may be counted by the hundreds. The coastline as Copenhagen is neared is pretty and pleasant. The tints in the sky are delicate, and of greyer hues than our own English skies, and the cloud-forms often more majestic; but all these sights lose their charm as the steamer lifts, and surges onward past the line of little islands with open forts, past the two small islands of Lynetten and Trekroner, that did so much damage to the English in the tremendous fight of



across that neck of land where soon Bismarck is to float his ironclads through to the German Ocean (upon a great ship canal) from the town and port we are hastening to, the quaint, dull little town of Kiel—until 1864 Danish, but now a part of the Fatherland, and the Plymouth and Portsmouth on a small scale, *bien entendu*, of Germany.

Out from this port sail the well-appointed little steamers that pass by the well-named long narrow island of Langeland, across the heaving dark waters of the Great Belt, where the passengers who have come on board at midnight, and failed to find a berth,

Nelson's fleet. On past the grey-green fort of Fredrichholm, with, ahead of us, the clustered masts of the shipping, overtopped by the towers of the town, that stand up clearly against the bright grey sky, as our boat lifts onward into the "haven of merchants:" for such is the meaning of the word Kjöbenhavn, or, to Germanise it, Kaufmannhafen, and in our own spelling Copenhagen.

There is no narrow and tortuous river to wind along in entering this capital from the sea; one disembarks from the steamer in the heart of the town,

names. Was it a hint to the servants either to watch us carefully, or wait on us with particular care? We could not decipher at once its meaning, but accepted the designation; for did we not know that each had his own particular faults, foibles, yearnings, and ambitions? But now one object moved us all, to study and enjoy the home of Thorwaldsen.

This made our first visit to be the church, where stand his apostles, and his wondrous figure, with the outstretched gathering arms of our Saviour. But before entering this Fruekirke we stood for some time to

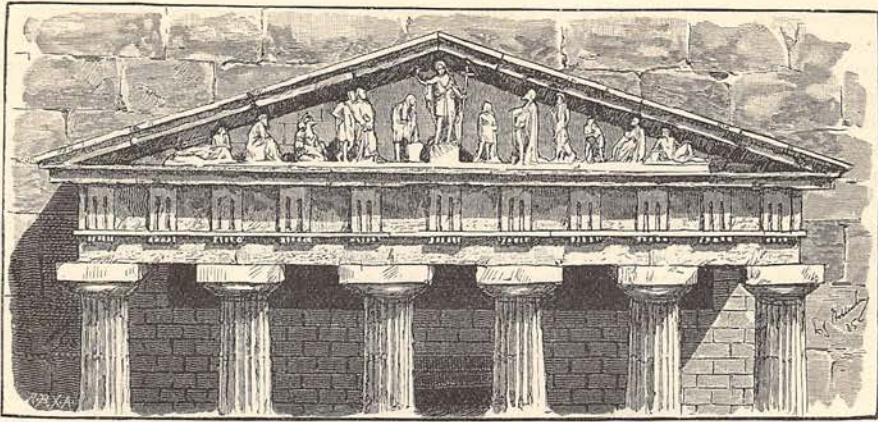


THE THORWALDSEN MUSEUM.

and is soon in the open square, where stand the King's Palace and other great buildings. The salt, fresh sea-air pervades the whole city, and seems to give a freshness and a purity to both the town and its inhabitants; for there is hardly a city with less vice in its streets than Copenhagen. But the whole population throw themselves heartily into amusements, and few cities can boast of such a collection of museums and galleries, filled with scientific, historical, and artistic treasures. As we were starting forth to visit some of these sights, we glanced at the hotel book, and were surprised and amused to find opposite each of our names, Frenchman, Scotchman, and Englishman, the affix of "*particulier*." The Danish tongue had already caused us some amusement, from its strange mixture of English and German, and this new affix to a name puzzled us considerably, especially as it was also applied to many other

study the figures that our artist has sketched from the tympanum. They represent St. John preaching in the wilderness. The Baptist, with uplifted hand and earnest mien, gathers unto him the cluster of listeners who are grouped attentively around him; but it is within the church that one is impressed with the calm Christian art of Thorwaldsen—the plain, majestic, truthful art; free from all tricks of untruthfulness, and imbued with all power and solemnity. Around the church stand the statues of the Twelve Apostles, each expressive in its especial character.

As we passed out of the church, we strolled round the Gammel hytorf, or New and Old Market, and lingered about for some time amidst the little groups of market women and their customers. One little party of a farmer who was driving with two lady friends, was a curious group; the women had striking blue parasols edged with white, a quiet dress, and bonnets

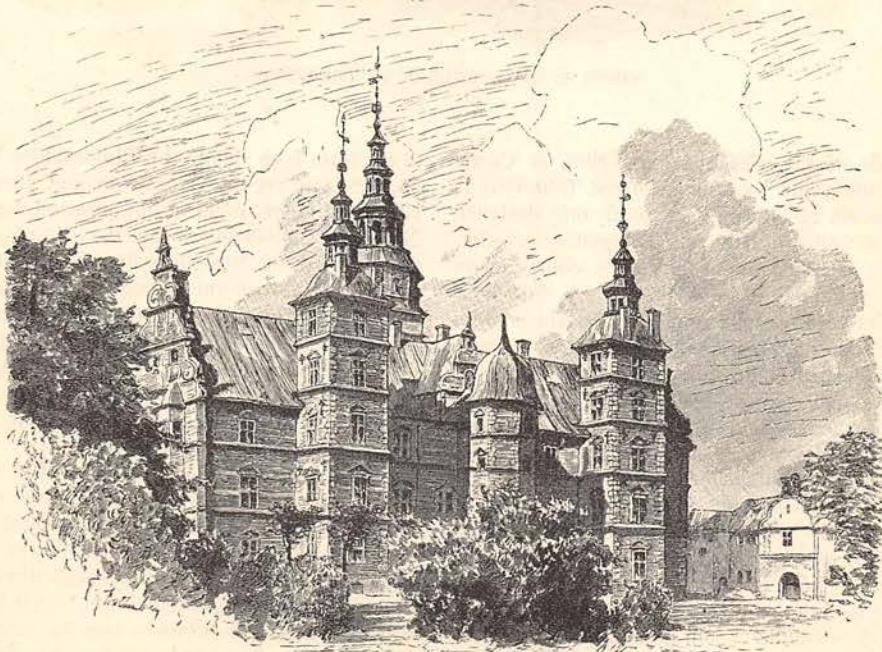


THE PEDIMENT OF THE PORTAL OF THE FRUEKIRKE.

à la Quaker, with cloth falling down over the shoulders from the bonnet. This is one of the oldest parts of the city, but little is left in Copenhagen of the antique; fire and war have swept away nearly all traces of past centuries, but the consequence is that most of the streets are wide and open, and built in uniform style, and in many parts large sheets of water and waving trees make the city very picturesque and pleasant, and there is always the fresh scent of the sea-air pervading the whole town.

But Thorwaldsen was still our magnet, and we made our way back again through some of the narrower streets, and across the bridged waters, to the heavy,

gloomy-looking building, that holds all that remains mortal of the great sculptor, and much, very much, of what is immortal. The exterior of this building, which is at once tomb, monument, and museum, is decorated with frescoes of scenes illustrating the return of the master in triumph to his native city; but the salt air has played sad havoc with their clearness. Within the building is arranged, either in the original marble or in plaster casts, nearly the whole of Thorwaldsen's work; and no one who has not seen this collection can judge of the power, and beauty, and tenderness of this work. Engravings and photographs do not carry the subtle touch with which the



CASTLE ROSENBORG.

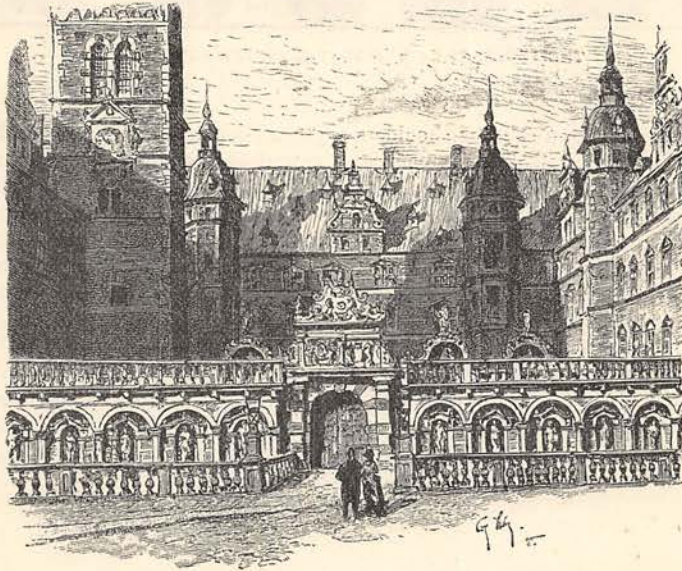
master has animated the marble; even in the well-known and often-copied "Night," one sees a subtle beauty in the original, totally unsuspected whilst looking at copies of the work.

It is difficult in Copenhagen to get away from the name of Thorwaldsen; nearly every public building is in some way associated with it, and when we had strolled away from his tomb, out along the harbour, and again inwards, past the Exchange, with its curious twisted dragon-tails for a spire, we arrived at the building that holds the principal picture gallery of Denmark, but to find ourselves again confronted by the master and his work.

down to the history of our own days, is most fully illustrated by the collection of antiquities contained in the Princes' Palace. No collection in the world is so complete and so well arranged as this one; the only regret to the visitor is that the time allowed for visiting it is so short and so intermittent.

Copenhagen teaches her children the history of their ancestors in the most pleasant and most intelligible manner; not only in these galleries, but also in another that takes up a later period than these early days, so richly illustrated in the Museum of Northern Antiquities.

A walk which gives one a pleasant idea of this side



COURT OF THE CASTLE OF FREDERIKSBERG.

The façade of the Christiansborg Slot, or Castle (that has so often and so lately suffered from fire), is relieved by works of Thorwaldsen, partly only designed by him, and executed by Bissen. The gallery of painting that this castle contains has been compared in importance with the Brunswick Gallery, but it is a far more interesting collection; and to the student of Scandinavian life, costume, and history, many a useful and pleasant hour may be spent within its walls. There are no great masterpieces such as one lingers over at Dresden, or the Hague, or Paris, but there are some good examples worth studying, especially of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

Not far from this picture gallery is a museum of strange, extreme interest to all who like to inquire into the lives led by our Angle forefathers, far back in the days when, to bury their dead, they split up the trunk of a tree, scooped out sufficient room, and placed the body within it, carefully again joining the trunk together, and reverently deposited it in the earth. The form of burial of the earliest times, and so on nearly

of the town is to follow the Philosophers Way, and so on, past near the railway station, and then turn to the right, and follow up the bright, pleasant, fresh, and open Norrevold's Boulevard: past the drilling-ground, until you arrive at the Rosenberg Palace. We have already threaded many of the streets lying within this half-circle, or nearly circle, in our visits to the Fruekirke and the museums; and thus we shall gain a good general idea of the town, with the exception of the pleasant district out more seaward, where stands the Citadel, and where the avenue called the Lange Linie makes a charming sea-promenade.

But the history student must not omit to enter the Palace of Rosenberg, whose vane-capped towers break the line of the clear northern sky. Here the various rooms are fitted up and furnished in the style of the various periods from the year 1448 downwards. In the words of Beavington Atkinson, "each hall becomes as it were a tableau, wherein may be read the history of the country;" and he continues: "as door after door opens, the visitor seems introduced to the private

apartments of successive Danish kings. Whatever they most prized appears as fresh and as living as if the monarch were still alive."

There are other museums in this richly-endowed town, that illustrate other phases of human existence, notably the Ethnographical collection, that proves the life of the savages in distant islands of the sea to be the same to-day as that of our forefathers in past ages. But space here compels us to leave these collections of life in the past, to enable us to take a passing glance at the life in Copenhagen of to-day. Besides these places of amusement and instruction, such as the galleries and museums, there are numerous places of resort in and around Copenhagen that are crowded, especially in the mid-summer season, by the people and their visitors.

The summer is but too short ; for even in August the nights are clear and frosty, and thick wraps are a comfort to even chilly Englishers. One of the pet places of resort is the sea-side village of Klampenborg, where the scenery is very pretty : sloping hills dotted with picturesque little villas, and away, beyond the grey leaping waves of the Sound, the not far-distant shores of Sweden. The little steamboats that run out to these pleasure-resorts are crowded on bright summer days, and the run out and home again enables one to study well the various classes who are enjoying the little trip. Some of the boats go on to Elsinore (as we spell it), and longer sea-trips may be made in small but well-found boats to Malmö, Stockholm, Lubeck, or Rüssia. In fact, Copenhagen is a good place from which to explore the Baltic and its towns and islands.

Another favourite resort in an exactly opposite direction is the Frederiksberg Palace, which may be reached by tramway. This is another of the palaces whose architecture is picturesque, and speaks of the date when Denmark was a power in Europe, and when no ship dare pass the toll of Elsinore without saluting and hauling up, and paying the dues. Many a state

paper in the seventeenth century from the King of Denmark to England is upon this subject, requesting that such a captain who has eluded the tolls may be punished on his return to England ; or stating that such ships have been found carrying war material to the enemy Sweden.

Frederiksberg (like Rosenborg and Kronborg) has the courtyard, with its broken surrounding roof of gables, and towers, and pinnacles, that remind one of some of the later Scotch castles, and the castles on the Loire.

As one notices the influence of French architects in Scotland, so one traces the influence of Scotch architecture in these Danish castles ; they all much resemble each other. At Frederiksberg there is no historic museum to occupy the traveller's time, but as he is returning to town he will pass by the gateway of the place more frequented than any other by the Copenhageners, and perhaps one of the best-arranged resorts for amusement that can be found in Europe.

Here at Tivoli crowds of all classes of Danes are to be met, from the King down to the peasant and the artisan. Amusements are provided to suit all tastes and all nationalities, for nearly every European language may be heard here.

We discovered the meaning of the curious title of "*particulier*" before we left the city : it was but their fashion of writing down those who give no profession. We but too soon left Copenhagen by steamer for Lubeck ; and ran past in the lingering northern twilight where—

"The tall white cliffs of Moen's Isle arise
From out the dark and heaving Baltic Sea,
And speak into the traveller's lingering eyes
Of England : thy ally, as she should be."

And the sight of these cliffs, so like our own white southern headlands, was our last glimpse of hospitable, pleasant Denmark.

JAMES BAKER.

THE VOICE : HOW TO KEEP IT IN HEALTH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



THE subject of my paper this month is one that should be of interest to all ; but more particularly, perhaps, to those who speak in public, or who sing either in public or in private. Yet I greatly doubt if even fifty per cent. of our vocal musicians know how the different notes are produced, or anything at all about the anatomy of the larynx. To many of our sweetest singers, indeed, the voice is a *vox et preterea nihil*.

"Why should I bother my head," I fancy I hear some one say, "about the anatomy of the larynx, as you call it? If anything is calculated to banish the romance from music, anatomy is."

But stay, I reply. There are one or two things that every speaker and singer wishes to do : one is to strengthen and sweeten the voice, another is to preserve its mellow tone, and a third to be able to keep in voice as long as he lives. Now, without some little knowledge of the working of that wonderful natural musical instrument, the larynx, it will not be so easy for him to effect what he desires in the matter of voice.

"The larynx," says the great comparative anatomist Chauveau, "is a very short tube, which gives passage to the air during respiration and is also the organ of voice."

The italicising is mine, and I take exception to this portion of the sentence. So far it is right enough ; but, for the sake of being practically useful to my readers,