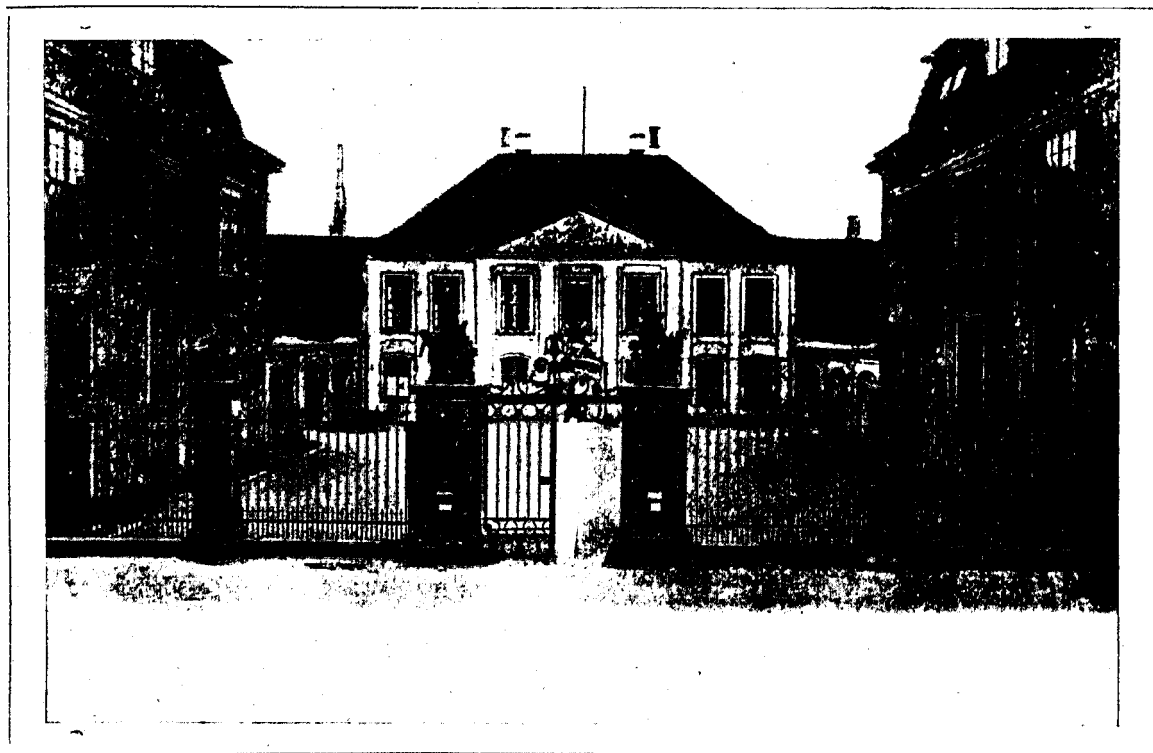


go out alone and explore. Don't make tracks, just wander around. Keep friend Baedeker well in hand, he will tell all about pleasures and palaces, but what you observe for yourself you will alone find entrancing, and for the majority of your questions he has no answer. For instance, why all the little boys you meet are so cherubic? why they have such curly pates and chiselled noses? and why, without impertinence, their blue eyes flash smiles at you? And why their little sisters are so much less lovely? Is it because their mothers disguise their natural graces? The fact that so many little maidens take their walks abroad in short sleeved, crude coloured gowns, and wear cotton hose with horizontal stripes, after the

Old, yet blooming, extraordinarily fine and fresh. I just longed to hail one of those carts, and seated beside a dignified dame, drive away with her into the open country, and extract from her the secret of her wonderful type, and learn why her eyes are as dark as night, and her cheeks like fruits and roses. Then by-and-bye you will remember you are to meet a friend, which you do, and together you are enticed by the sight of most delectable delicacies (the Danes are great at confections), into a little shop in the busy Bredgade. Here for a few pence you partake of more delicious coffee, spiced apple pasties, almond cakes, and fairy cream cake flavoured with rum, while through the open door you can watch the world go



FREDERIKS HOSPITAL, COPENHAGEN.

fashion in which we were made hideous in our youth, may account for their lack of *esprit*. Then with delight you will turn an eye upon the horses—cabs, carriages, carts, traps, drays, and artillery waggons—here on the bridge all pass you to and fro. What horses! So fat, and sleek, and cared for. How well they step out, and without restraint, how high they carry their handsome heads. Oh! the Danes must be a dear people. These splendid beasts, with flowing manes and tails, are a proof of merciful men. And there perched on the edge of their market carts, carefully driving their good horses, are to be seen old women, very sombre in attire, wearing the country woman's black silk coal-scuttle bonnet. Unless one takes a long peep right down the tunnel of their head gear, their faces are not visible. But to peep is irresistible, and the faces are worth it.

by. The Bredgade is a street of fine facades, and just opposite beautiful wrought iron gates and railings, intersected by stone pillars surmounted by carved escutcheons and vases attract the eye. Beyond is to be seen a picturesque building square latticed and red tiled.

We are informed that this beautiful building is the Frederiks Hospital—the oldest Hospital in the city—and that between the hours of three and four visitors may enter. Of course, we at once cross the street, are permitted without trouble to pass through the gate, and to wander at will in search of important medical persons, who are not to be found (there are no hospital Matrons in Denmark). Finally we are conducted to the room of a Superintendent Nurse, who consents to show us the hospital. We introduce ourselves as nurses from London—and receive a dignified

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)