

pompous Latin inscriptions detailed their services to the State: how such and such a burgher had been Consul and Senator, had been Ambassador to foreign states; how he had been magnanimous, learned and respected, and—died. Someone told me that until comparatively recent times the descendants of the great old Lübeck patrician families hardly ever married except amongst themselves, and I can well believe it; for they were prouder than princes in the days when Lübeck was not the least of the Hansa towns that ruled the commerce of half the civilised world—and pride of caste dies hard.

And in the evening we boarded the little Swedish coasting steamer and steamed slowly along the narrow canal and the River Trave, down which used to sail a world's commerce, and from whence the old Lübeckers started for so many a fierce sea-fight with Swedes, Danes or other dwellers along the North Sea.

And at the entrance to the river you pass, when the lights are already twinkling, Travemünde, where the Germans play at yachting and at being at Cowes. In the dawning you run along the Danish coast, with beautiful little rocky islands, and enter in the morning into the Bay of Copenhagen, where lies that much burned, much harried and lovely town. Oh, it is a fine beginning to a fine holiday!

Copenhagen's earlier history tells you clearly why it is a fairly modern town, for the whole of its veracious chronicles contain endless references to sackings, burnings, bombardments and so forth. So it stretches a cheerful, bright and sunny Continental City, avenued and gardened, along the sea line, fronting its old enemy Sweden, away through miles of little suburban towns, away to Helsingør—Shakespeare's Elsinore.

Copenhagen honours its heroes with frequent statues of varying merit, but my distinct favourite was Bishop Absolon, who, clad in full chain armour, bestrides a foaming war charger on the market place and swings an episcopal battle-axe over the beloved town he founded. He is a beautiful object lesson in Dreadnoughts: Commerce, in the shape of solemn old apple women below, armed Protection defying all foreign competition above. And according to all accounts, he hammered the raiders of the poor little fishing village Copenhagen was before his time to some account:—

“Kong Christian stod ven højen Mast,
I Røg og Damp!”

is a fine patriotic Danish song, which Longfellow has passably translated. I make no apology

for introducing King Christian separately, for he seems to fill the place of the man of Ross in Denmark. Does anyone remember that poem? Somebody walks through Ross asking who built this almshouse, who laid out these gardens, who provided this seat, &c.? “The Man of Ross each lisping babe replies.” In the same way, every time I enquired in Denmark who built this fortress, this palace, who does this statue represent? what is this picture about? the reply became monotonous: it was Christian IV. In the short time at our disposal we discovered a few other kings, generally engaged in bickering with the nobles or the peasants, or the Swedes, or the northern world in general; but Christian IV. was an easy first in the public eye. He is usually represented with a plait hanging over his right shoulder. Forgive the digression. I should not feel that I had done my duty without paying my respects to the haunting memory of Christian IV.

(To be Continued.)

LADY MINTO'S INDIAN NURSING ASSOCIATION.

The Countess of Minto has become the president of the home committee of this excellent association, and the wife of the Viceroy, Lady Hardinge, has taken her place on the central committee in India.

Colonel Sir N. B. Crooke Lawless has taken over the post of Hon. Secretary in place of Colonel Hutchinson, who has resigned, but who still gives his valuable assistance to the committee.

Six nursing sisters are to be sent out in the autumn, and one leaves in September. These appointments are very good ones. The sisters are well looked after in India and do excellent work. They are all highly-trained women, with varied experience; they hold their C.M.B. certificate, and have had experience in private nursing before they are sent abroad. They have many advantages in India which they cannot obtain at home—large homes provided with tennis courts, etc.; they travel about a good deal in India and Burma, their services being in great demand. Names are now being received by Miss Sidney Browne, R.R.C., Secretary, St. Andrew's House Club, 31a, Mortimer Street, London, W., to whom applications should be made for the autumn vacancies, giving full particulars of training, etc., and enclosing a stamped envelope.

To those desirous of enlarging their experience by working abroad, India is a country that presents many attractions.

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