

centre from which to take one's bearings. When practicable, we always lunched at the Lange Linia Pavillion, and I can recommend it. It is not expensive. You sit in a large room, half a verandah, before a great window that opens on to the beautiful harbour of Copenhagen, dotted with yachts and steamers, and in the distance you see square-rigged merchantmen coming up the Sound, with the blue of the Swedish coast in the background. The food—and it is good—tastes doubly good in such surroundings.

Then there is Tivoli, beloved of the Copenhagen residents, where the band plays and the gardens are illuminated at dusk, and where one also can get good food and watch the solemn Danes enjoy themselves, for though they are cheerful, they are a serious race.

It was a hot and windy day when we travelled down to a little town lying on a fjord, Roeskilde, where stands the old red brick cathedral, in which rest the Christian kings and queens of Denmark, the stubborn old heathen lie elsewhere. In handsome chapels are buried the Fredericks and Christians of modern times and the Waldemars and Eriks of an older age, and the Margaret who ruled over all the three northern kingdoms. There are fine statues, fine pictures and fine monuments to the rulers of the stormy little northern kingdom, but perhaps the most touching tribute was on the grave of the old king who had but lately died and been buried. Amongst all the gorgeous wreaths and tokens was a withered bunch of heath flowers, and on the paper tied to the bunch my sister translated "It is but small, but it is from Schleswig-Holstein, but it is from the trenches of Duppel." These trenches the Prussians carried when they heavily defeated the Danes with much slaughter in 1864.

Then we wandered down to the fjord, found a little inn, made an excellent lunch, and watched the boats on the water. Since we visited Roeskilde I hear that a fire has damaged the Cathedral badly—how badly I do not know, but it is a thousand pities, for there was a nation's history in the clustered tombs of Denmark's Westminster Abbey.

From Copenhagen one day we took the train that runs along the coast through one charming little suburb after another, with woods and gardens running right down to the sea, till we came to Elsinore. There we saw the ferry that carries the whole train bodily over to Helsingborg, the Swedish town on the coast opposite, and the fine old castle of Kronenburg, now used as barracks. In its deepest cellar, as every reader of Hans Christian Andersen

knows, sits old Holger Danske, the champion of Denmark, clad in full armour, with his great beard growing through the table on which he leans. When Denmark is in deadly peril he will arise and shiver the table as he withdraws his beard—and stride forth to defend and save his country. We did not see Holger Danske, we only saw a fine statue of him in a neighbouring park, and we remembered, as was only right for English people, that here Hamlet saw his father's ghost, also we were shown a miserable little stream, and were told it was Ophelia's. Here, however, we all became firmly sceptical. Unless the unfortunate Ophelia had laid herself flat down and resolutely kept her head under the thin trickle she could *not* have drowned herself. So we declined to accept the stream.

Then we mounted a casual little train that stopped in the street for its passengers and ran along the coast again to our destination. Each carriage had a platform on which you could stand and watch the woods, and the sea, and the charming little wayside stations glide past. One station, "Olaf's Ruh," I think it was, had a station mistress in charge—a cheerful, pleasant and capable looking woman. One little station had no one at all in charge. When you wanted to start from that station you just walked on to the platform, pulled a string, hitched up the signal and the train stopped for you. So simple. No one to strike. In about half-an-hour we reached the terminus, "Hornback," where there was a real station, and room for the train to shunt. I have seen many places I want to visit again, but about Hornback there is no doubt—I shall go again—and walk along the sandy village lanes, and bathé in the very restless sea, and live in a beautifully clean restful fisherman's house—at Fru Pedersen's for choice—I shall take my delicious morning coffee at the one and only confectioner's, and have a gorgeous and satisfying lunch daily at the little hotel that overlooks the sea. I shall see the little quay—rather like Lyme Regis Cobb, from which the fishing boats start. I shall wander amongst the firs and heather that fringe the shore, and I shall lie for hours on my favourite point—quite happy—watching the square-rigged timber boats I have so often seen at Southampton Town quay, and thought rather unwieldy craft, tacking (and they do it beautifully) as they all must when they pass my point. Hornback is a satisfying day-dream and memory of a pleasant dwelling place and kindly, genial friends.

But the restless enterprising spirit of our party did not allow an excessive amount of

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