

time for repose; there were points of interest in the neighbourhood and they had to be visited.

From Hornback is only an hour and a half's run to Copenhagen, so we spent odd days there and enjoyed what we had missed before. We admired and bought in the very strictest moderation—for prices rule high—the incomparable pottery from the Royal Factory, so simple in design, so exquisite in colour, and with such a lovely glaze. We loitered along the canals, admired the beautiful old Exchange with the curious twisted tower that lies on a busy canal, and the modern Town Hall, a standing proof of what can be done in red brick; and we saw the Royal Palace and the quaint uniforms of the soldiers on guard and oh! so much else, for which I have no time, including hospitals, very clean and up-to-date; also, the Finsen Institute and the gorgeous new State Hospital, then being built, like a small town, and which has since been completed, and fully described in THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING. Then we toured inland and visited the Palace of Frederichsborg, which lies on a beautiful lake, a most wonderful and interesting place. Built on the site of an older castle, a small part of which can still be seen, by the indefatigable Christian IV, in the early seventeenth century, it was gutted and almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1859. By public subscriptions, by grants from King Frederick VII's private purse, the beautiful fabric was rebuilt and restored, but it was a private man—Jacobsen, the brewer, who, at an enormous expense, redecorated the interior, and established a really wonderful national historical museum within its walls. Room after room is filled with pictures, furniture and ornaments, &c., illustrating the different period of Danish national life. We enjoyed it, but it was tantalizing to be able only to skim the surface of all we should have loved to thoroughly explore. The courts and fountains and different points of view of the castle gave opportunity for many snapshots, which I still treasure.

Then another day, we boarded our friendly little train, and ran down to Elsinore, and ferried over to Sweden, and saw, in the market place of Helsingborg that grand, booted, spurred, and perriwigged old general, who "was great in victory, but greatest in defeat." We bought the little painted wooden baskets and spinning wheels the friendly old white-capped women sell—and so on and so on—every day we could spare from Hornback, there was something quite fresh, quite interesting to see. We debated we could easily have

done it, running up to the North Cape, and seeing the midnight sun; but I think we were all too happy and comfortable at Hornback to go away for so long. We enjoyed also the simple, smiling, busy country round: it is the land of small holdings. We admired the thrift, each cow carefully tethered, so that she should eat her patch of grass before she went on to another. We saw the milk cans standing in the road for the collector from the great butter factories; and we greatly admired the little wooden boxes on posts before these lonely homesteads from which the postman on his bicycle collects the letters for posting, and deposits those he brings. They work terribly hard these Danish peasants, but they are a fine, hard race; and, according to all accounts, well educated. The Danish woods are lovely, beech predominates, and they run down to the edge of the water, so that coasting along the shores is very beautiful.

No description of Denmark would be quite complete—for me, at all events—if I did not allude to their amazing sandwiches, really wonderful sandwiches. You sit down, you ask the waiter at some good-sized restaurant to bring you the list of sandwiches. He brings you a printed list of some forty, all different (the most modest little wayside inn would blush to produce a list of less than a dozen); and they are excellent. By judiciously mixing your sandwiches, you can make a perfect dinner of them. When I eat a crumbly ham sandwich at a railway refreshment room, I sigh for the generous choice in Denmark. English people are ceasing to be insular: would it be too drastic a change to introduce a few, just a few, in England? But my paper is running short, I must say good-bye to Denmark. We left so many good friends behind, we carried so many pleasant memories with us; and we also carried a noble parcel of sandwiches to eat on board the boat. Each one of us firmly made up her mind that she would go again; and I live in hopes we shall carry out our promise. In the meantime, I strongly recommend anyone who wants a happy, fresh, inexpensive holiday, to try Denmark.

SWEDISH v. ENGLISH MASSEUSES.

BY A NURSE MASSEUSE.

It has been advanced in the press that, in Harrogate, Swedish masseuses are preferred by the local medical men to Englishwomen. It is not only in Harrogate that medical men have boycotted English masseuses. There are several

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