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Venskabeligt
A for Forfatter
H. J. J.

CANOE CRUISE

JS

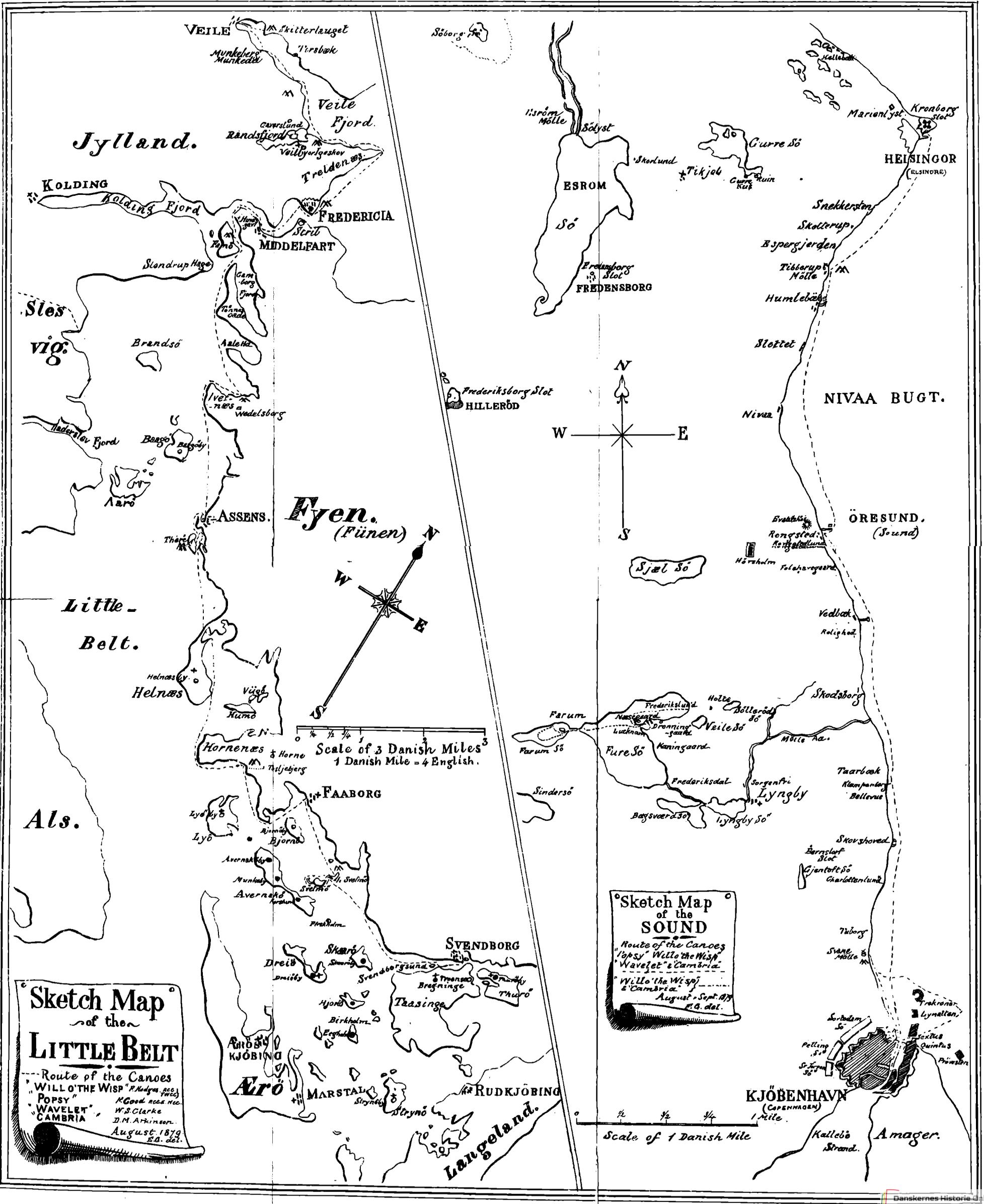
DANISH WATERS.

1879.

*Revised from the original, and printed for private circulation
by the Mate.*

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Jylland.

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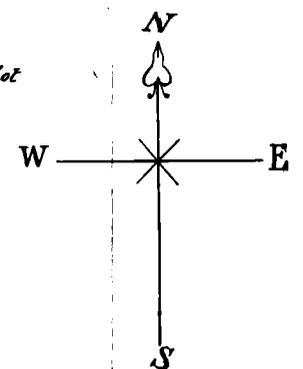
Fyen. (Fünen)

ESROM

HELSINGOR (ELSINDRE)

NIVAA BUGT.

ÖRESUND. (Sound)



Scale of 3 Danish Miles
1 Danish Mile = 4 English.

Sketch Map of the SOUND
Route of the Canoes
"Will o' the Wisp"
"Popsy"
"Wavelet & Cambria"
August - Sept. 1879
D. M. Clarke
D. M. Arkinson
Ed. det.

Sketch Map of the LITTLE BELT
Route of the Canoes
"WILL O' THE WISP"
"POPSY"
"WAVELET & CAMBRIA"
August - Sept. 1879
Ed. det.

Scale of 1 Danish Mile

CRUISE - OF THE NORTHERN - LIGHTS

Sound
Little Belt
Møen
Fur

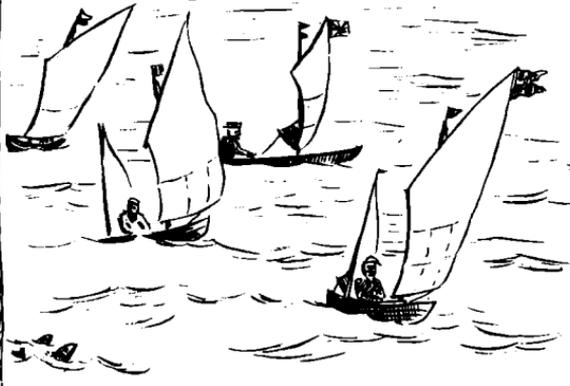
Mæstoso



Der er et yndigt Land, det



staaer med brede Bøge.



- ON -
DANISH WATERS
- AUG - SEPT. 1879
BY F. GOOD.
RCC. E
1869

[Revised from the original, and printed for private circulation by the Maie.]

DEDICATED

TO THE MANY

DANISH FRIENDS WHOSE KINDNESS AND HOSPITALITY

SO GREATLY ADDED TO

THE PLEASURE OF OUR SUMMER HOLIDAY,

BY

F. GOOD, R.C.C.E., *Captain.*

W. F. CLARK, *Skipper.*

F. HODGES, R.C.C., *Mate.*

D. M. ATKINSON, *Doctor.*



A CANOE CRUISE

ON

DANISH WATERS.

ON the 9th of August four canoeists stood on the deck of the s.s. *Artemis*. The lights of Hull were glittering astern, the waning moon tipping the wavelets of the Humber ahead. Before them was a month of freedom, and to three of them the unknown land of Denmark, with fjords, lakes, and sounds, to be explored. Passing over the events of the voyage, on the afternoon of the 12th, the *Artemis* was steaming up the Sound, and at about four o'clock was abreast of Elsinore. The voyage was at an end, and the canoes—*Will o' the Wisp*, *Popsy*, *Wavelet*, and *Cambria*—were lowered one by one into the water, and we were fairly afloat, free to roam where fancy led. A short sail, and we ran into the harbour of Elsinore, which nestles so lovingly under the grey, time-worn towers of Cronborg. A brief stay, and we got afloat again, and, with a brisk

whole-sail breeze, were soon dancing merrily over the clear blue waves. It was a lovely evening, and we thoroughly enjoyed the first day of liberty as our little boats surged along. Past the little fishing villages clustering on the seashore, their white walls standing out brightly against the woods; past little harbours full of red-sailed fishing craft; whilst out to sea the sun glanced on the white sails of many a stately ship, and on the cliffs of the Island of Hven. Sailing thus swiftly, it needs a sharp look-out to steer clear of the salmon-nets stretched on stakes, often far from shore.

Towards sunset a desirable camping-ground presented itself, and we landed where the clear water was rippling on a pebbly beach; a gentle grassy slope and some wood sheltered us, whilst our tent doors opened on the ever-glorious Sound with its fleet of shipping. Soon the sunlight died away from sea and shore, and the stars came out, and the lighthouse at Elsinore and on Hven sent out their rival rays.

A word as to the *personnel* of the cruise. Collectively, we were known as the "Northern Lights," which grandiloquent name had been adopted as the title of a temporary club we had formed ourselves into. Individually, there was the captain, elected not so much for any special merit as from the fact of his acquaintance with the language, and from his having for the previous five years made Scandinavia his cruising ground. Then there was the skipper, from the coat with brass buttons and gold braid which adorned his person, and from his long practical acquaintance with the "great deep." The mate came next, and then the doctor, from his profession. The canoes were all rigged with the Chinese sail, with battens and reefing gear, which under varied circumstances supported its reputation of a handy canoe sail. The *Wavelet* and *Popsy* carried jib-headed

mizens. The stores comprised two tents, of the *tente d'abri* cut. Each canoe carried its own bedding, blanket bags, and waterproof ground-sheet.

After a long discussion as to the best cooking apparatus, it was decided to take a stove for burning wood, with stew-pan, frying-pan, and kettle, a Rob Roy cuisine being also added for use when hurried, or in case no wood should be forthcoming. Tinned meats and soups, compressed tea, tinned cocoa, and sausages were in profusion; carpenter's stores in case of accidents, sewing tackle, candle-lamps for the tents, a lantern, a hatchet (a most important article), and any amount of spare gear. Altogether so well-found a fleet seldom sets out for a month's cruise. An appetising smell proceeded from the stove, where the two cooks—there were two, the skipper and the mate—were engaged in a discussion as to the proper way to fry bacon. However, we enjoyed it when it was done, and our tea-table was spread under a tree, from which the lantern hung. Here let me enter a protest against horn mugs. The captain and the mate between them had provided four, but, being narrower at the bottom than at the top, they were constantly executing somersaults, to the derangement of the tea-table and the tempers of the "Northern Lights." A tin mug, unearthed by the doctor from the recesses of his canoe, proved less volatile in its movements. Then general adjournment to the mate's tent, inhabited by himself and the doctor, and from its superior dimensions and fittings denominated the drawing-room. It is 7 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 6 feet high, made of neat striped material, and with poles, pegs, and waterproof ground-sheet, weighs but 23 lbs. Whisky toddy went round to keep out the damp; then we crawled into our blanket bags, whilst the tent orderly went his rounds with the lantern to see to the tent-pegs and ropes.

August 13.—A glorious sun shone through our canvas walls, and about 5.30 the camp was astir. Opportune arrival of natives with offerings of milk, eggs, and firewood. We shall not easily forget the kindness of the peasantry, who in most cases supplied us, without money or price, with such necessaries of life. Breakfast, and then the work of packing up. This is an operation at first of some difficulty; it seems hopeless to compress all the mass of camping and cooking gear into such narrow limits. But practice soon enables one to make up each parcel in the handiest form. A large waterproof bag, generally called the "grocer's shop," received the biscuit tin, tea, sugar, salt, and other perishable articles, and was stowed in the captain's locker, he also taking one tent and its gear; his tent mate taking half the cooking apparatus with the doctor. The said stove became endeared to us by the name of the "Cockalorum," a corruption of the Danish word for a stove, "kakkelv." Launched once more, and up fly the sails. The *Popsy* is observed to be in distress. Her tack, or rather the screw ring through which it passes, had carried away, and the sail was playing wild pranks about the masthead, to the manifest derangement of the captain, who climbed alternately on to one gunwale or the other as the canoe rolled from side to side. All came right, however; the sail was captured, and a capsize thus early in the cruise avoided. How merrily we bowled along over the clear water, here intense blue as we passed over banks of seaweed lying far below, or limped emerald-green as we sailed over the smooth sand. But the wind steadily increased; down came mizens, then a reef all round, then two, and finally the booms came down on deck, and the fleet went plunging on under Spanish-reefed sails; whilst the glorious panorama of forest-clad shore and fleets of white-sailed ships rolled past us.

Rongsted, where the captain had spent many a happy day on previous cruises, arrested us a while, and we enjoyed a capital lunch and a swim in the bright, cool water.

Another short halt at Taarbæk, where we were made to pay harbour dues—rather sharp practice, we thought, though the amount was trifling. Taarbæk and Klampenborg are beautifully situated, lying along the seashore, a long row of neat little wooden villas, each in its garden, sloping to the tideless sea; whilst behind, a glorious background, rise the noble beech trees and lofty pines of the Jægersborg forest and deer-park, where great herds of deer may be seen wandering through the sunlit glades and cool forest depths. The wind had dropped, and the fleet just crept over the calm sea towards where the towers, spires, and shipping of Copenhagen closed the distant view.

After about five miles, the skipper discovered that he had left his coat—the coat—at Taarbæk, and had to turn back for it. The rest drifted slowly on with sails boomed out, enjoying the sunlit glow on the wooded shores and the almost motionless sails in the offing; when tired of this, the depths below offered their changing panorama, as we seemed to hang suspended above them. From time to time our peace would be disturbed by some swift coast steamer's waves passing close by, with the passengers crowding to the bulwark to catch a glimpse of the little fleet. And so we glided on between the Trekroner, the island battery guarding the entrance to the harbour, and the wooded ramparts, beyond which rose the towers and spires of Copenhagen. Threading our way through a maze of shipping—yachts at anchor, or with white sails spread to catch the last dying breath of evening; coasters from the Danish isles or the thousand fjords of Norway and Sweden; English colliers and steamers lying ready for sea or taking in coal—we came to where the harbour narrows, and a line of

men-of-war out of commission succeed each other in stately rank, and we came to where the steamer *Saxo*, with which we had decided to go the following morning to Svendborg, lay finishing her loading. Struggles with the canoes, and with stupid porters who would seize them by the weakest part, stumbling over up-heaped cargo, tripping over ropes, until our faithful boats at last reposed in comparative peace on the fore-castle, reduced us all to a state of general discomfort, and we were not sorry to change our clothes at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and, with good appetites, to do justice to supper at Tivoli¹ in company with a couple of the captain's friends, who had seen us entering the harbour, and had hurried to meet us on our landing.

August 14.—At six o'clock sharp the *Saxo* let go her moorings and steamed out of the harbour; a lovely morning as we rounded Trekroner and threaded the mass of shipping in the outer road. The low-lying coast of the island of Amager presenting no points of interest, we adjourned to the neat little cabin for breakfast; then on deck, to work at our canoes, finding a hundred little things to do, whilst the passengers looked on, puzzled at our manifold resources as the carpenter's stores were produced. But we were nearing perhaps the most beautiful point in Denmark—Möens Klint. Rising from the glassy sea, the grand old chalk cliff stands sentinel for Denmark towards the Baltic; here in almost overhanging precipices, there broken up into fantastic spires, in their intense whiteness contrasting beautifully with the blue sky, sea, and the green beech woods, clinging wherever their roots would hold, high on the summit, or clothing the sides of the deep gullies which cleft the cliffs from summit to sea. By this time there was nothing more to be done to the boats beyond rifling their very depths to satisfy the curiosity of our fellow-passengers. Courteously invited by

the captain of the *Saxo* to the chart-room, we amused ourselves by overhauling the charts, enlivened by visits from the captain, the mate (last night, when harassed by the responsibility of shipping the canoes and loading the steamer, we thought him a very irascible individual), a good-natured fellow, and the chief engineer, a dapper young fellow, who at each stoppage blossomed out in a brass-buttoned uniform coat and gold-banded hat.

A word for the steamers of the United Danish Steamship Company, whose fleet monopolise the trade amongst the Danish islands. Smarter or better-appointed steamers nowhere plough the seas, from the stately craft running on the more important lines to the little *Saxo*, and the still smaller boats which from morn to night buzz in and out of the harbour of Copenhagen, like bees from a hive. Captains and officers seem to vie with each other in giving assistance to us, and this accorded with the previous experience of the captain of the *Popsy* during five succeeding holidays on Danish waters. Last, but not least, one can always be sure of a good and well-served dinner. It was a pleasant day, as we sat in our shirt-sleeves in the chart-house or under the shade of the boats, watching the wooded islands glide past, with their smiling cornfields, red-roofed villages, and white church towers. From time to time we would stop alongside some little town; the mate would plunge into the recesses of the hold to see to unloading some part of the cargo; the townspeople would flock down to meet their friends, or simply to partake in the one excitement of the week—the arrival of the steamer. The chart-room would be invaded by clerks from the shore, and the captain for a time up to his eyes in bills of lading and manifest; whilst the engineer would emerge from the engine-room, dapper and serene, his buttons glowing in the sun, to exchange a word with acquaintances on shore, or enjoy a cigar on deck. So

from island to island, and out on the Great Belt, scarcely a ripple on the sea, all aglow with the light of the setting sun. We pass a lonely island lighthouse, and take up some passengers from a boat, which was lying by—the doctor, as usual on such occasions, saluting the departing boat with his bugle. Dark loomed the forest-clad shores of Taausinge and Thoro, as we threaded our way carefully up the narrow channel leading to Svendborg Sound. A crash and the sound of splintered wood, and the trembling of the *Saxo* from truck to keel, roused the slumberers. We had run into a cutter moored in the narrowest part of the intricate channel, without lights. Luckily, beyond loss of spars and broken bulwarks, no damage was done, and we shortly after glided into the harbour of Svendborg. After a walk through the sleeping town we turned in on board the *Saxo*.

August 15.—“Now the cruise is really begun,” we exclaim, as we sail out of the harbour, and the *Saxo* steams past on her onward way, her deck bursting out in a cloud of waving hats and handkerchiefs, the ensign dipping in our honour; the doctor, at the risk of apoplexy, executing a hitherto undreamt-of combination of calls on the bugle. The morning being yet young, we made fast to a little pier, and strolled through the quaint old town, with its streets running uphill and downhill, and its two old red-roofed churches. Here we provided ourselves with pipes after the manner of the country, which, with their large bowls, seemed capable of absorbing any amount of tobacco, and by their general appearance impart an air of solid gravity to the smoker. Blue spectacles were next purchased, and, as the sun of the preceding day had imparted to all of us something of his fiery aspect, a horrible effect was produced, and the captain had to implore his followers not to use them save far out at sea. Next a shop presented itself, and such a shop!

—a paradise for a canoeist. "From a needle to an anchor" hardly expresses the variety of useful objects which met our gaze. Now we wanted nothing. We had often boasted of the completeness of our stores; but we could not resist, and rushed in, to emerge bearing fishing-tackle which never made acquaintance with the finny tribe, an egg-slice (the mate's fancy), which proved invaluable for the delicious stews which were concocted by the joint cooks, and sundry other articles, which used to turn up from time to time to remind us of our momentary weakness. So down to the waterside, to find the fleet bobbing up and down as the wavelets splashed and fretted against the little pier.

Off at last, with Svendborg Sound before us, and behind us the picturesque town clinging to its hills, crowned by its church spires and backed by forest-clad hills. The captain piloted the fleet to a miniature fishing harbour on the island of Taausinge, the intention being to mount up to Breininge Church, whence he on a previous cruise had enjoyed a view which comprises a vast extent of island-dotted sea and the distant shores of Holstein, besides some sixty or seventy churches. But, rain threatening, the expedition was given up, and the captain requested to ascertain, in a few words, from a fisherman who was drying his nets hard by, the most effective manner of entrapping the local fish, as we then hoped much of our fishing-tackle. Whether the fisherman was too technical in his explanation or too provincial in his language, or feared we should leave no fish for him, the captain could make nothing of him; and with the exception of one attempt at trolling on the part of the skipper, which was cut short by the increasing wind necessitating undivided attention to the main-sheet, we left the fishes to themselves, to wonder perhaps if we ourselves, as we sailed above them, were some strange fish. Svendborg Sound was opening out, and the Little Belt lay before us, with the small islands of

Dreiö, Avernakö, and Svelmö lying in the middle distance, the distance closed in by Ærö, an island of considerable size.

Merrily we sailed along the coast, stopping to lunch at a bathing house, gazed at the while by a group of peasant children. Then considerable discussion over the chart, owing partly to a decided difference of opinion between the captain's and the mate's compasses. However, the island of Svelmö was decided on as our camping-ground for the night, and as it lay some way off shore, and the wind was increasing, aprons were carefully adjusted and reefs taken down, and we plunged along, subject to occasional invasion by an extra large wave. An examination of the chart of the Little Belt will show the peculiar formation of the islands. From most of them extend long narrow reefs of sand or stones, generally but a foot or two over the sea level. In some cases two islands are connected with such reefs. In this case we were running with wind and sea, intending to go between the two islands, Svelmö and Little Svelmö, when we had to haul our wind suddenly on finding our passage barred by a low reef. Again, wishing to round the larger island, we were suddenly brought up by seeing the sea breaking right ahead. So we had to undergo a good washing in the increasing sea until we gybed round the end of the reef, and the next moment floated on smooth water—a strange contrast to the angry white-crested sea, chafing and foaming at the other side of the natural breakwater.

Released from the constant wash of the waves, we shook out reefs, and with the strong wind and the smooth water the fleet darted on at a great pace past the larger island, causing no small astonishment to a party of harvesters on the hill—past the reef which had first arrested our progress—and brought up under the lee of the smaller island. Here we found capital camping-ground on a sandy soil, the best for the purpose, on account of its dryness.

The tents up, our doubts as to firewood were allayed by finding plenty of dry driftwood. It being early, the captain and the skipper determined to try the merits of their respective boats in an all-round sailing race, and a general contribution was made for a prize. All the baggage being out of the boats, they were soon ballasted with boulders from the shore. Started for a run before the wind down to a sloop at anchor about half a mile off, it was astonishing to see the pace the boats attained as they ran before the strong wind with every stitch set. The *Wavelet* got the best start and led round the mark. It was exciting work as, gunwale under and ploughing the water up in feathery spray, the two little boats, lying over like yachts, passed each other on each succeeding tack, came up into the wind, shivered a second, and darted off on opposite tacks again. After the first tack, the *Wavelet* gained ground, until the point of the island was reached, and the doctor's trumpet and the waving of the Union Jack announced to the captain that the skipper had won the day. Then, changing boats, the captain and the skipper enjoyed a grand sail to the larger island in quest of milk and eggs.

We were kindly received by the owner of half the island in his house hard by the strand, who, whilst his wife fetched the eggs, entertained us with schnapps. Then taking down his violin, he played lively peasant dances, his flaxen-haired children dancing in capital step. Then the owner of the other half of the island came in, and the schnapps went round again, and with much hand-shaking and many good wishes, they all accompanied us down to the boats. It was growing dark, and the wind was rising as we raced along, still under full sail, when a wild yell alarmed the captain, and, looking round, he perceived the tall sail of the *Popsy* flutter and sink down. To come round and alongside was the work of an instant, and he found the skipper swimming about alongside

the *Popsy*, quietly unshipping the gear, preparatory to getting in. Whilst thus engaged, our friends from the shore had come alongside in a boat, and the skipper regained his seat. Then we made the discovery that we had only half a paddle each. The *Wavelet* took the *Popsy* in tow, and made sail; but, the latter being heavy, only slow way was made. It was dark and blustery, but a distant light proclaimed the whereabouts of the camp. Still bound together, the half paddles were resorted to, and a responsive shout sent up to the notes of the bugle. It seems the ballast in the *Popsy* had not been properly chocked off, and had rolled to one side, with the inevitable result. Naturally the eggs had got the worst of it, and the bottle of milk had sunk to rise no more. Hot grog was the order of the night, and a capital meal was done justice to.

August 16.—Still the same fair wind and a bright sun, lighting up sea and shore as we struck camp, and headed for Faaborg. It was a dead run down to the town, lying at the bottom of a bay; we entered the harbour in line abreast, and consigned the boats to the care of the harbour-master, who swore a great oath that no one should molest them. A stroll through the town offered nothing worthy of remark, and we adjourned to the hotel for lunch. Sauntering down to the harbour, we were met by the information that one of the canoes had been upset. Too true, we found the *Wavelet* on the quay, and the harbour-master, in a state of wild despair, wringing out the unfortunate skipper's bedding and clothes. It seems that one Meldahl—we ascertained his name, but his whereabouts was concealed from us, and our vengeance was frustrated—had tempted fate by getting into the *Wavelet*, being at once cast into the harbour. With a cry of despair, the skipper announced that the chimney of the stove was absent. Shortly after the doctor was missing too,

but soon reappeared in a state bordering upon Nature's garb, as he parted the crowd and plunged into the harbour in search of the missing chimney. The search was rewarded by the finding of a waterproof coat, amid the applause of the assembled citizens, but no chimney was forthcoming, and Father Neptune to this day retains this souvenir of the "Northern Lights." Then the doctor retired to his dressing-room; he had appropriated the cabin of a ship hard by for the purpose, and about this time our friend the *Saxo* appeared on the scene, and captain, mate, and the dapper engineer came and sympathised with the skipper.

Stowing away the wet clothes in the *Wavelet*, and distributing a basket of vegetables and a couple of dozen of bottled beer amongst the fleet, we sailed away from Faaborg, the wind meanwhile increasing, so that Spanish reefs were again the order of the day. It was necessary to keep a sharp lookout on the doctor. His ideas of sailing were, to say the least, crude. When the others were taking in reef before a threatening squall, he would be plunging on under full sail, discoursing sweet music on a tin flute. The skipper on these occasions would dodge about him, shouting nautical words of command, "Do slack away your main-sheet, doctor," to which the doctor, cramming away his flute, would reply by letting go his tack, to the peril of his life. However, kind Providence preserved him to us through many dangers. His lack of sailing knowledge was compensated for by many virtues. Chopping wood was to him a pleasing relaxation, and polishing the knives and tin plates until they shone again exercised a strange fascination over him.

Towards evening we were at the bottom of Horne Bay, and there we pitched camp, intending next morning, being Sunday, to go to church at Horne. It was a very steep-to beach, and the sbingle was very slippery. The camping-ground likewise was not so good as the last, being grass

land. A grand stew of tinned beef, tinned soup, and the vegetables, formed our evening meal, after which a drying line was rigged round the stove, and the skipper's wet clothes hung out to dry. A few peasants paid us a visit, one of them promising to bring milk the next morning.

August 17.—Sure enough there he was, with a large can of milk, standing in a pitiless downpour of rain. Seeing no hope of its cessation, we accepted our friend's offer to accompany him to his house. A miserable party we looked, tramping bare-legged up a steep hill lane, now almost a torrent. Arriving at R——'s house—a comfortable farmhouse, with its stables and cow-houses surrounding a large yard—we were welcomed by his wife and daughter Johanna, who speedily lighted a fire in the stove and hung our wet clothes to dry, whilst a mighty mug of ale, like a loving-cup, went the rounds. Then we adjourned to the bakehouse, and, with the aid of a tub and soap and water, made ourselves presentable. Then we were ushered into the dining-room, and we four, our host and his son, took our places at table, waited on, after the manner of the country, by the wife and daughter. A mighty jorum of plum soup will long live in our memory, but not so long as our host's kind and uncalled-for hospitality; fried eggs and cheese followed, not forgetting the inevitable schnapps, whilst a large mug of new milk and another of ale went round the table. We were surprised, before leaving the table, by hearing from the next room some pretty part-singing from children's voices, evidently in our honour. The rain still continuing, we passed the time playing with the children—of which our friend seemed to have his quiver full—the doctor keeping them open-mouthed at his feats of conjuring. Then the eldest son took down his violin, and played many a simple Danish melody, whilst the skipper was cutting out a storm-sail for

Johanna to hem, and our host and hostess gazed on the scene with quiet satisfaction, or ushered in some neighbour to take his share of the mug of ale and to hear all about the "canoe-sailing English sportsmen."

The sun suddenly returned to his duties, and we prepared to leave. The eldest son retired for a time, and emerged in his best clothes; from his shining jack-boots to the feather in his cap, everything showed that he was going on a courting expedition, which indeed he confessed to be the case. And a smart young fellow he looked too, none the worse for his short service in a dragoon regiment. Eliciting a promise from Johanna that she would come down to the camp and have tea, and leaving the clothes to get quite dry, we returned to camp.

Johanna did come to tea, bringing her friend, a fair Danish beauty, who lives in our memory now as "Johanna's friend," and fourteen other ladies with her, who, as they all brought their knitting, seemed determined to make an evening of it. Yet were the resources of the camp equal to the emergency, and the Cockalorum and the Rob Roy cuisine were soon hard at work supplying tea and chocolate for our guests, though the four horns and the tin mug did not go very far amongst so many. Several boat-loads of peasants arrived on the scene, which assumed a very lively aspect, until the shades of night began to fall, and our guests began to leave, each departing boat-load coming in for a bugle-call from the doctor.

August 18 saw us sailing out of Horne Bay, each mast-head decorated with a bouquet of flowers by the fair Johanna, with a pleasant full-sail breeze, and round the headland at the south, after which we sailed out on the blue waters of Helnæs Bay, surrounded by a pleasant hilly country, dotted with villages, and prettily wooded. The sun was shining

merrily on the dancing waves, on the white swelling sails of the fleet, and on the cliffs of the peninsula of Helnæs, towards which we were heading. Making the land, we landed on a small custom-house pier, the flag being hoisted as we sailed up.

After a brief stay we continued our sail down the bay until our course was barred by a long neck of land connecting Helnæs with the mainland. It is about a mile long, and just wide enough for a carriage to drive along; indeed, one was driving along as we sailed up, and, being only a few feet above the sea level, seemed to be driving along the sea itself. Over this obstruction we carried the canoes, and were soon making way, with an increasing wind—looking over our shoulders from time to time at an ominous black cloud which was climbing up the heavens. It grew “rougher and rougher,” and it required constant care to prevent the boats broaching-to, the *Wavelet* especially, having little shear, executing some extraordinary feats of diving and plunging.

We were all glad when the island of Thorö showed clear of the mainland, and we shortly afterwards raced through the narrow Thorö Sound, and into the sheltered bay beyond. The *Popsy*, *Cambria*, and *Wavelet* had shipped much water, the mate alone, being a man of dodges, having an apron worth anything, and so keeping dry below. Turning to look at the sea we had come through, we congratulated ourselves on having attained a harbour of rest; and the waste of white-crested waves seemed to fume and fret over the escape of their prey. The island of Thorö seemed a capital place for a camp, being dry and sandy. The tents looked upon a pleasant prospect—the blue waters of the bay, across which lay the town of Assens, with its red roofs clustering round the octagonal church tower. Whilst the mate and the doctor were making things snug in camp, the captain and skipper sailed into the harbour of Assens, about a mile distant. A voice

from the pier greeted us, " Ah ! passengers by the *Artemis* ! " The newspapers had heralded our approach. The owner of the voice met us on landing, and was recognised by the captain as Consul B., a well-known local sportsman and yachtsman. Leaving the canoes alongside his yacht, the *Sport*, which lay in the harbour, we accompanied him into the town, and returned bearing a piece of lamb and a huge loaf of rye bread. From its specific gravity, it earned the name of ballast amongst us. The wind dropping, we had to resort to the unaccustomed paddle, thus acquiring an appetite for the glorious stew which ensued.

August 19.—Leaving camp standing, we sailed into Assens. The entire population seemed to be assembled on the piers to greet us. The *Sport* and a Swedish schooner lying in the harbour were dressed with flags in our honour. At Consul B.'s we enjoyed a capital dinner, and, as he was about to make a four or five days' cruise in the *Sport* in the same direction as ourselves, we elected him commodore of the fleet with acclamation. After coffee and cigars we strolled through the town and through the tastefully laid-out cemetery, and visited the church, remarking, too, the quaint houses, with overhanging upper storey and curiously carved woodwork. So out of the harbour once more, lying on our paddles, and singing the chorus of " The Anchor's Weighed " with great effect, the commodore leading off three cheers as we made sail. Arrived at the camp, we found several boat-loads of people who had come to see the tents.

The captain entertained a number of peasant children by taking them short trips in the *Popsy* three at a time. After two or three trips he announced that it was the last trip. About six children, not having had their turn, all scrambled into the boat at once, the result being a capsized ; but, the water being shallow, all crawled out safely.

Soon after arrived Consul B. and the daughters of the Burgomaster of Assens, and a little tea-party was soon arranged at the door of the mate's tent. The chocolate was pronounced a success, and a tin of preserved pineapples came in very appropriately, giving cause for the local newspapers to say that we not only carried the necessities but the luxuries of life with us, giving us also credit for the "courage and skill shown in managing their small boats in a stiff wind and high sea."

August 20.—Shortly after breakfast arrived Consul B. and a photographer. The boats were grouped in front of the tents, the two cooks took their places beside the stove, the doctor at his usual recreation—chopping wood—and the captain with a chart in his hand. Consul B., as our commodore, sat in the group. A revenue cutter had been politely placed at our service for the photographer to retire to, and after four attempts we were rejoiced to be set at liberty, and the work of striking camp commenced. The commodore was astonished to see the ease with which the tents, stoves, bedding, &c., were absorbed by the four canoes.

We paid a flying visit to Assens as we passed, to call for a new chimney for the stove, a makeshift one of zinc having melted away. So, with a grand breeze filling our sails, we soon left Assens far in the distance, with better feelings than we entertained towards Faaborg. Heading for Wædelsborg Point, we went through some lumpy water until we rounded the headland, with its fine beech woods coming down to the water's edge. We chose a spot for a camp under the lee of the woods. Towards evening a gale seemed to be threatening, and we rigged extra guys and weighted the tent-pegs with stones. Our precautions were not superfluous, for the wind chopped round and blew strongly on the sides of the tents; and it was almost useless trying to sleep, as each gust threat-

ened to level our canvas homes. Yet, though poles creaked and ropes strained, nothing carried away, and the heavy rain failed to find an entrance.

August 21.—Towards morning the gale abated, and sleep descended on the camp. We were late that morning, and, as we took a long walk through the fine beech woods at the rear of the camp, it was not till about three p.m. that we got under way. We started with a brisk breeze, rather more on the beam than usual. A yacht rounded Wædelsborg Point; it was the *Sport*, with our commodore on board, who, according to promise, had left Assens in the morning. The waves, which, crisp and sparkling, had leaped upon our decks, grew less lively; the wind was failing us. We were nearing the narrowest and loveliest part of the Little Belt. At last we had Denmark on every side. Hitherto our view across the Belt had been bounded by the beautifully-wooded island of Als—Als, where, in 1864, the little Danish army, overpowered by numbers and deserted by Europe, for months kept the enemy at bay. One of the party, at least, breathed more freely when a headland shut out Als and its memories. It was very enjoyable creeping slowly along, with sails boomed out, watching the seaweed far below stretching in fantastic shapes towards the surface, whilst multitudes of jelly-fish floated motionless midway, or disported themselves on the calm sea.

Far ahead, the sun glanced on the white sails of the *Sport*, which stood out brightly against the dark green of the forest-covered shores. The laughing voices of the skipper and the mate echoed over the motionless expanse of water; from far astern came the plaintive notes of the doctor's tin flute; and so the evening drew in, the useless sails came down, and the paddles were resorted to, the skipper and the mate having caught up the yacht. We drew into the narrow sound between

Fyen (Funen) and the little island of Fænó, which might have been an upper reach of some beautiful river, so completely had Neptune yielded himself to the charms of the dryads and other sylvan deities; for the trees drooped over the still clear water which bathed the narrow strip of sand which formed the beach; and yet a man-of-war could have ridden in safety almost within reach of the shore. The commodore dropped anchor, and we quickly got up camp abreast of his anchorage, for the signal "J L" was flying. The commodore had arranged a set of signals for the use of the fleet; the above letters implied a desire on his part to see us on board of his ship. On board we quickly reported ourselves, and found a capital supper spread on a table under the boom, from which swung a lantern. The stars meanwhile had come out, and under the spangled canopy of heaven we did full justice to our host's well-served supper. The more substantial portion of the repast being over, the grog went its round.

It was a fine sight, the commodore's genial face, as he rose to propose the health of Queen Victoria, with many a pleasant expression of goodwill towards England and the English. The captain could with sincerity return the compliment with a toast for King Christian and the Danes. Other toasts followed, not the least enthusiastic being the commodore's health, given by us with musical honours, to the astonishment of a friend of our host's, cruising with him, and the occupier of the island upon which our camp stood, who was one of the party. Then the dark, forest-clad shores echoed to the merry songs which went round, until the skipper of the yacht reported the dingey alongside, and we returned to camp. How it rained and thundered that night! Luckily, we were sheltered from the gale that had sprung up, though when we turned in not a cloud had dimmed the lustre of the stars. And here a word on trenching round one's tent on anything but sand. A slight grip cut round the tent with a fall all leading to the

lowest point, saves many an uncomfortable night to the camper. Every night might be seen the mate and the doctor busy at this necessary work round their tent, one going first with the axe, making a loose cut in the ground, while the other followed with a short piece of round wood, kept for the purpose, which was hammered into the cut by the aid of a stone or anything handy, the result being a neat half-round trench.

August 22.—Through a hopeless downpour of rain loomed the waterproofed figure of the commodore. His cheery voice roused the sleepers, and we were surprised to hear that during the gale the *Sport* had dragged her anchors. Luckily no damage had been done, and he set off in his dingy to the opposite shore, promising to meet us at Middelfart. At last the rain ceased, and the *Sport* got under way for Middelfart, which, though hardly a mile off as the crow flies, is three or four by water. Just opposite lay a beautiful country seat, in a situation of unrivalled beauty. The gardener had just sailed over in a boat to ask us to visit the gardens, which we promised to do, and shortly afterwards set sail and made for the little pier at Hindsgavl, where the gardener received us. Very beautiful these gardens are, with pleasant paths conducting to many a point of view, with the blue Sound below. At last, through leafy avenues, he brought us almost to the end of the point, and then the whole scene burst upon us in all its beauty.

The Little Belt lay beneath us, here making a wide sweep, stretching away into fjords, blue as the heavens above, broken by headlands, dotted with wooded islands, till lost in the far distance, where the forest-clad shores seemed to close in. Clustering villages and white church towers crowned the hills or nestled in the valleys which sloped to the water's edge. Here was enough to justify the spirit of devotion

which has many a time shown itself when the Fatherland has been in danger. And yet so fair is Nature's every feature here, that her very beauty, her deep repose, should have shamed every man's passions. But the scene recalls memories of many a strife. Through long centuries seemed to rise the mighty figure of Valdemar the Conqueror, the first to fight under the Heaven-sent white-cross flag. These peaceful fjords and sounds have borne the ships of Denmark's hero-king, Christian IV., who, with half Europe arrayed against him, and driven out of Jutland by mere weight of numbers, made Fyen his head-quarters, and, sailor-king as he was, found a home on the free waves, and true hearts to man the guns, ready for any desperate work, from the bombardment of Kiel to a descent upon a nest of Imperialist transports. Kolding Castle, at the end of yonder fjord, noble still in its scorched and blackened ruins, tells a tale of the wars amid which the present century commenced. Then the revolutionary wave of 1848, rolling through Europe, had yet force left to burst upon Danish shores, wasting for a time the peaceful hamlets of the Little Belt, but recoiling at last. Then, saddest date of all, 1864 stands out with its cruel memories, when Europe stood by and saw Might proclaimed as Right, whilst smooth-tongued diplomatists suggested compromises, and spoke of the uselessness of resistance, and were disturbed to see the old Viking spirit blaze out once more. Whilst statesmen sat in congress and wearied Europe with their theories, the little garrison in Als stood at bay, and saw many a comrade go to his post on the heights of Dybbøl, never to return, and cannon-balls were crashing through the roof of the house in the gardens of which we stood, and the noble woods burst into flame. All is peaceful now. Nature has recovered from her wounds, the woods are green once more, and the wavelets murmur on the beach below as cheerfully as ever ; but for Denmark,

nothing can blot out the memory of that mournful year. But time flew, and we could not linger longer, though we fain would have done so.

Afloat once more, a few tacks brought us round the point, and we were soon running into the harbour of Middelfart, following each other in line. The *Sport* had arrived some time before us, and already lay in the harbour, with the signal hoisted to "come alongside commodore." Lunch at hotel, and a plunge from the bathing-house into the deepest and clearest of water, took up all the time we could spare, as we wished to push on to Fredericia, lying on the opposite shore. So the fleet set out, and, the wind falling light, we all made fast to the *Sport*, which had hoisted a spinnaker to catch the evening breeze. It was pleasant to be towed along, reading, smoking the pipe of peace, or half dozing, whilst the doctor and the mate held a tin-flute contest, and the commodore stood in the stern of his yacht and surveyed the fleet under his command with approving eye. Strib, the termination of the railway on the Fyen side, was passed, and it was curious to see the trains being transported bodily across the narrow strait.

Nearing Fredericia, the skipper and the mate paddled off to find a good camping-place, the captain and the doctor yielding to the temptation of bottled beer on board the *Sport*, and so being taken into the little harbour, where shortly after they were joined by the others, who reported the shore to the south unsuitable; and thus it came to pass that it was nearly nine before we landed, and hurriedly got up camp on the point to the north of the harbour.

Next morning more rain, and another visit from the commodore. We found we had camped on the very ramparts of the citadel, for Fredericia has played her part as a fortified place. A soldier came and asked us by what authority we had pitched our tents there. Being referred to the English

flag waving proudly over the mate's tent, he seemed satisfied, and departed. The rain had ceased, and the commodore proposed a walk through the town. We found we were close to a guard-house, and we asked the officer to allow a sentry to keep an eye on our property, which request was politely acceded to.

Fredericia is as dreary as most half-deserted fortified towns, but it is rich in memories of that glorious July day in 1848, when the Danish army, strong in the right, burst out of the encircling ramparts and scattered the rebel army to the winds. In the town-hall we saw a large picture of the battle at the moment of victory. Outside is the bust of Bülow, the commander-in-chief; then the noble statue, by Bissen, of the Danish "Landsoldat," erected by the nation in memory of the day; then to a sadder monument, the great grave in the churchyard, where lie five hundred brave soldiers, who died that day for the Fatherland. Their names are all engraved on the stone coping running round the tomb—simple pleasant names most of them, from many a far-off village or sea-girt isle.

Denmark's peaceful hamlets mourn you ;
Denmark's lakes, in murmurs low,
To the waving, sighing forests
Tell your story as they flow.

Farewell to Fredericia ! The broad expanse of the Cattedgat lies before us, and we sail merrily under the wooded shore, the *Sport* further out to sea, with the signal flying for "independent sailing." Very independent the sailing became when we rounded Trøldenæs, and, entering Veile Fjord, met our first head wind—and such a wind too ! We tried to tack up the fjord, but as we got further from the land the rougher it grew, we took to the paddle, and landed to discuss the situation, which it was impossible to do

afoat ; for, did we stop a minute, if only to sneeze, we found ourselves rapidly proceeding astern. So we landed on a beautiful smooth sandy beach, close to a cliff, which, however, soon sloped down to the beach, and revealed an undulating and well-wooded country beyond. A farmer who was passing asked us to lunch at his house hard by. Whether it was our friend's schnapps, or the sun, or both, we felt uncommonly lazy, and, climbing up the cliff, we lay on the top and basked, watching the changing colours of the waters of the fjord, which fumed and fretted on the smooth beach below.

The northern shore is extremely beautiful, being broken and hilly, and everywhere clothed with luxuriant forest. At length a move was made, and we again faced the remorseless wind, and laboured along under the shore, after trying again to tack. Towards evening the wind dropped, and at last we found ourselves floating on smooth water at the bottom of a bay, and landed in a little valley, which offered the only open place on the wooded shore. Here we camped, finding the ground damper than we liked ; but, relying on our waterproof sheets, we decided not to change.

August 24.—Being Sunday, we betook ourselves, at the early hour of 9 a.m., to the neighbouring village of Igeskov, or Veilby, prettily situated on a slope overlooking Rands Fjord, a lake-like extension of the Veile Fjord. Entering the church, we noticed a grave and stately stork standing solemnly on his nest on the top of the tower, thinking perhaps of the past. Here was enacted the closing scene of the battle of Fredericia. The left wing of the rebel army, finding its flight arrested by the waters of the Rands Fjord, turned upon its pursuers, trying in vain to arrest their onward rush.

This quiet village re-echoed to the din of a house-to-house

struggle, the church itself being taken and re-taken. Very calm and peaceful was the little village church now, as the sunlight streamed through the windows, and the pastor stood in his black gown and white ruff, and made the sign of the cross in blessing the simple village congregation.

After church we took a walk across the embankment which has been thrown across the entrance of the Rands Fjord, and had lunch at a little inn on the opposite side, then by another way to our tents again. Again the same remorseless wind, and we feared we should never join the commodore. The skipper manfully sticks to the tacking, and makes fair way. The captain, hoping to better his condition, throws his painter on board of a sloop which was beating up the fjord. After being dragged backwards and forwards for some time, the painter suddenly snapped as the sloop went about, and the captain joined his comrades labouring along under the shore. Gaining a more sheltered bay, we determined to make an early camp, and found a charming spot at the entrance of a little valley with a fine background of hills and woods, amongst which we roamed after pitching tent, enjoying the glimpses of sea and forest, and the glorious effects of sunlight over all.

August 25.—An early start was made, and we determined to reach Veile or die in the attempt. But we found that, though the wind was against us, it was lighter, and we did some satisfactory tacking, meeting the *Sport* running out of the fjord; but, alas! the commodore had been obliged to leave by train, after waiting for us a whole day at Munkebjerg, with his signals flying and dinner ready. We lunched at Munkebjerg, a newly-erected restaurant, beautifully situated, and commanding a splendid view over the fjord and the leafy foreground, and at the head of the bay the red roofs of the town of Veile, and the wooded hills of Greisdal beyond,

called the "Switzerland of Denmark." Thence was but a short run to Veile, the channel to the harbour being very narrow, and buoyed at intervals. It is only about twenty yards wide, and it was amusing to watch the struggles of the local craft to tack up. We of course had no such difficulty, as we could ignore the buoys and sail on the shallow water beyond. The harbour itself is a long and narrow canal, ending in a sort of dock.

We thoroughly explored this lively little town, awaking a certain amount of interest, as the newspapers had already announced our approach. We heard from a sailor who had been at Stockholm of two canoes having been there lately. These would probably be the *Pearl* and the other, whose cruise was reported in *The Field*.

Sailing out of the harbour, with the intention of seeking a camping-ground, we were assailed by a remorseless downpour of rain, which blotted out the hills and shores, and soon reduced us to a miserable condition; and, taking counsel, we made for the harbour again, left our boats in a neighbouring boathouse, and made for the hotel. We had reason to congratulate ourselves, as the rain settled down to a steady downpour, and we made ourselves remarkably comfortable, making friends with an Englishman who had wandered to Veile in search of old houses, quaint carvings, and the like.

August 26.—A threatening sky, covered with lowering, drifting clouds; nevertheless we embarked, and made over to a point opposite the harbour. Before starting, a mishap befel the captain, who, descending to his boat by a ladder down the quay wall, slipped, and executed a splendid somersault into the harbour. A dry shirt was immediately fetched by a charitable bystander, and towels, with which the luckless captain retired to a neighbouring boathouse to change, after which he sailed off to the point, where he found

the others had already fixed on a camping-ground—the sloping lawn of a sort of restaurant was allotted to us by the kindness of the proprietor. Here camp was soon established, and independent sailing was the order of the day.

Returning from a run into town, the captain found the others had introduced themselves to a troop of young ladies, who, with their chaperones, had come for a picnic, but, on account of the frequent showers, had retreated to the restaurant, and in a large dining-saloon indulged in various intricate games. The arrival of the *Popsy* was the signal for a succession of trial trips in the canoes, with young ladies as passengers. A boatful setting out for Veile, the captain, with a fair passenger, was enticed away, and, arrived in town, had to stop for tea, after which a downpour of rain caused him to prolong his stay until after supper; and it was not until nearly midnight that he rejoined the camp, to find that the others had been enjoying a lively dance at the restaurant with the aforesaid young ladies. The captain brought with him the opinions of the press, which, or rather translations of which, were always diligently committed to the log by the skipper. The Veile papers had been very civil to us, and, after describing minutely our boats, tents, gear, &c., finished up by remarking that we were all four “hospitable and smart young men.” No doubt they had heard of our little afternoon tea parties.

August 27.—Our last day in Veile, and much we regretted to leave this pleasant little town and its lovely surroundings; but we had had no news from Copenhagen about steamer, and thought it best to get back. From Veile we might well have continued the cruise along the Jutland coast, or taken the train to the Silkeborg Lakes, a lovely chain of lakes, each a gem in itself, lying amongst heathery hills and forest-clad slopes, where the captain had spent some pleasant days a

year or two before ; but the steamer *Veile* lay in the harbour, and our boats were soon on board. Much waving of handkerchiefs and many good wishes from the friends we had made during our short stay in Veile, as the steamer loosed her moorings and steamed down the narrow harbour. Our demonstration consisted in waving the English flag and the stirring notes of the doctor's bugle. It was a pleasant run down the fjord, giving us an opportunity of admiring the beautiful northern shore with its wondrous wealth of forest. Towards evening we were passing the Island of Samsö in the Cattegat, and at six in the morning landed in Copenhagen.

August 28 was spent in Copenhagen. The city is too well known to need description, though it is considerably changed in the last few years, owing to the ramparts having been levelled and the space covered by fine streets of houses in the Parisian style. We stayed at the Hotel d'Angleterre, which is splendidly situated in the principal square of the town, where eight or nine streets converge. Close by is the new theatre, a fine building, in general effect not unlike the *Nouvel Opéra* at Paris. Finding that the *Artemis* had passed on her homeward voyage, and that we had a week before us, and the free life we had been lately leading having given us a distaste for hotel life, we decided on another short cruise.

The question of the route led to a discussion, and eventually to a dead lock. The captain, knowing that in the island of Möen he would find a country house and a party of friends, voted for an adjournment to that island and its neighbouring waters ; the skipper supported him. The mate and the doctor wished to try the inland lakes in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen. Each party holding to its own plan, it was at last agreed to separate ; and on

August 29 we were early astir, and went down to the steamer shed where the boats had been left, and made a rough division of goods and chattels, the stove falling to the lot of the captain and skipper. A cart was obtained, and we drove through the streets to the station "quite unconcerned," as the newspapers informed us—which must have been in appearance only, as the rough pavement from time to time caused the canoes to jump wildly, whilst we tried to hold them down. At the station, several railway officials concentrated their attention upon us. We were to pay so much per cwt. The canoes duly weighed, the captain requested them to deduct 50lb. apiece, being the amount of personal baggage allowed for each passenger. The claim was allowed, only we must take out from each canoe enough to weigh 50lb. In vain the captain tried to convince them that it would be much the same thing to deduct 50lb. from the weight of the canoes. No; they must have their way. As we had plenty of time, and the officials seemed to have little else to do, we gratified them, and it was amusing to see the expressions on their faces as we unearthed 50lb. of "personal baggage" apiece, consisting of the stove, some tins of meat, a bundle of tent pegs, which, with a few other miscellaneous stores, were solemnly weighed and added to until the amount was made up. They were then put into the guard's van, and the train started. We felt a certain sadness as we left the mate and the doctor on the platform, with their canoes lying ready to be put into the train which was to take them to the Zealand lakes.

A long and tedious journey through South Zealand, past Roeskilde Cathedral with its twin spires, the Westminster Abbey of Denmark, with a passing glimpse of Roeskilde Fjord, where the captain had enjoyed a pleasant cruise last year, brought us at last to Vordingborg, where a little steamer was in readiness to take us to Stege, on the island of Møen.

A perfect hurricane was blowing, and frustrated our intention of sailing part or the whole of the way. The sound is very pretty, and at last, at the bottom of a deep bay, appears the tower of Stege Church, and we soon ran alongside the little quay, at the entrance of a sort of lake three or four miles long, which stretches out behind the town, and is joined to the sea by a narrow inlet. Here, as expected, we found a pleasant welcome.

Our stay on the island of Möen can hardly be considered a part of our cruise. We certainly did pitch our tent in our friend's garden, which slopes down to the lake. Under any other circumstances it would have been a paradise for campers, as potatoes and other necessaries of life grew hard by; but we soon found that, though we persisted in (to our friends' ideas) our mad resolve to camp out, and slept under canvas, it could scarce be called a camping out. A washing basin and jug made their appearance, with clean towels, from the house; garden seats, conveyed an unwonted air of luxury to our surroundings; and, lastly, a barber made his appearance at our very tent door to shave us. Very pleasant, however, was the life. Though it continued to blow a gale, rendering it impossible for us to venture upon the open bay, yet we used to have pleasant cruises with lady passengers under the lea of the shore, and the skipper, ballasted with boulders from the beach, astonished all beholders with his dexterity as the *Wavelet* flew over the dancing waters. We got up a little regatta for our friends, the first event being a sailing race round a triangular course. As it was blowing half a gale, it was an exciting race, and was cleverly won by the skipper. An upset race followed, which was won by the captain, an old hand; and so the honours were divided. The prizes were, for each, a beautiful set of silk flags made by our fair friends.

A pleasant day was spent in a drive to Möens Klint, the fine chalk cliff mentioned before. Beautiful as it is when viewed from the sea, much more so is it when seen from the forests which clothe its landward slopes. The contrasts between the white cliffs, here precipitous walls, or there shooting up from the sea in fantastic spires, with the blue of the sea and sky and the green beech woods is very fine. The hours we devoted to it should have been days, and we left it regretfully as the setting sun was turning the white cliffs into gold, and glancing athwart the trunks of the trees as we drove homewards through the forest, past little lakes sleeping in its quietest depths, and out into the open country once more. Music, merry little suppers and dances to wind up before we turned into our tents by the lake side, where the moonlight tipped the wavelets with silver, made us regret the day when the steamer for Copenhagen arrived and we had to leave Möen and our kind and hospitable friends behind.

A pleasant run to Copenhagen—the *Zampa* being a fine, well fitted-up steamer. Not the least pleasant was our meeting with the mate and the doctor, and our mutual detailing of adventures. They, too, had had a fine time. Acting on the suggestion of the captain, taking train to Holte, they had made for Fure Sö, a beautiful lake about ten miles from Copenhagen, where the captain on his first Danish cruise had spent several happy days. They had pitched camp on the sloping lawn in front of Dronninggaard, a fine old country seat, long deserted and almost a ruin.

In the prosperous times, before the war with England in the early part of the century brought Denmark almost to the verge of bankruptcy, Dronninggaard was the country seat of a rich banker in Copenhagen, great-grandfather of the captain of the "Northern Lights." It was celebrated for its gardens, and for the hospitality which kept it full of

guests, many bearing names celebrated in the world of politics, literature, or wit. Amongst others was a young man who had come to Copenhagen under an assumed name, with a letter of credit on the owner of Dronninggaard, who, liking his manner and appearance, kept him there for some time before he resumed his solitary wanderings through Northern Europe. Later on in the century this young man became Louis-Philippe, King of the French. The old sundial in front of the house has kept its silent record of many a long year since the days when Dronninggaard was at its prime, as represented in old pictures in the possession of the family. They represent the house from different points of view, with yachts sailing about on the bay, and powdered and pig-tailed beaux with *chapeaux à la*, escorting powdered and patched belles along the trim walks.

All this is changed now; the yachts have vanished like the phantom ship, the summer-houses and Chinese pavilion in the garden have crumbled to dust, and the beaux and belles have made their last bow; but the ever-fresh charms of sparkling waves and green woods remain unchanged. So pleasant did the mate and doctor find their quarters that they never shifted camp; and, making friends with the gardener, who placed at their disposal rich stores of vegetables and fruits, they often left the camp to sail across the lake, and by a little river into the peaceful forest lake of Farum, or coast round to Frederikslund, where the present proprietor of the property lives, and who received them kindly, and visited them in return.

But our happy days in Denmark were drawing to a close, and, finding we had yet two days to wait before the *Severn* could arrive, we, after devoting the next day to Copenhagen, felt the restraint of city life, and took to our boats for a last cruise. The captain had a solitary sail far beyond Trekroner, and spying a Russian frigate at anchor, went alongside, and

was politely asked on board by the officers, and shown all over. She was the *Swetlana*, and was acting as escort to the Crown Prince of Russia, who was on a visit to Copenhagen.

Sailing back again, he fell in with the others, who had (by permission) established themselves in a gentleman's garden, and had decided to stay the night there instead of going back to Copenhagen. It was a capital place, a miniature harbour, across which was a light suspension bridge to a little island, occupied by a charming little summer-house, about 12ft. square. Happy thought! as the *Severn* might put in an early appearance next morning, why not sleep in the summer-house, which, with its curtained windows and benches, would be perfect luxury to us dwellers in tents? Permission was soon obtained. The captain went into town by tram-car (the lines ran close to the garden), and enjoyed a splendid performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Royal Theatre. Returning, he found the others very merry, having just come in from supper at the house of a neighbour of the owner of the garden, followed by an impromptu dance. The moon was shedding her silver radiance over the sleeping waters of the Sound, not a ripple on the surface. We jumped into our boats and paddled about for some time, and then turned in.

September 6.—Our last day in Denmark dawned brightly; earth, sky, and sea were arrayed in their brightest colours, as if to bid us linger. A careful inspection of the vessels coaling in the harbour showed us that the *Severn* had not yet arrived; and, as she must pass Trekroner before entering the harbour, we could not fail to see her, so we made ourselves easy, and leisurely packed the boats for the last time. We sailed out to a yacht at anchor, belonging to our kind entertainer of the previous evening. We stayed on

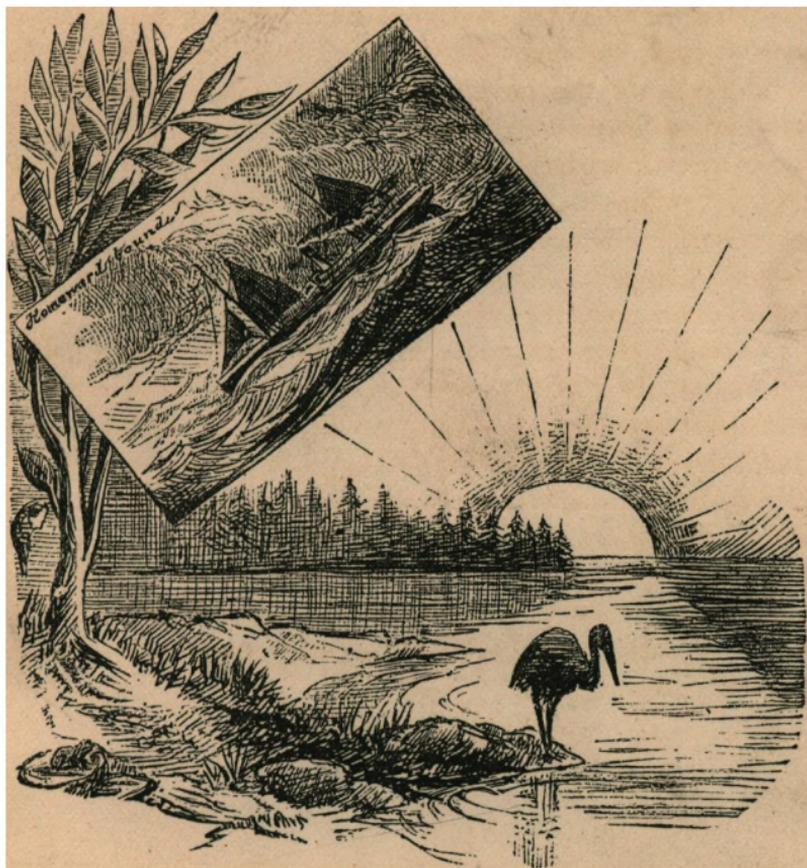
board some time, dividing our attention between bottled beer and the telescope, with which we kept a sharp look-out on Trekroner. About this time two dingies put off, each propelled by a fair maiden. Nothing loath, they were transferred to the canoes, the captain and mate managing the dingies, and a merry fleet we were, bobbing up and down on the blue wavelets, whilst the yacht got up anchor, and surged slowly on under her jib.

Saying farewell to our fair friends, we got up sail and ran for Copenhagen; but the wind fell light, and we lay on a calm water, much amused by the evolutions of a kindred spirit, who was propelling a strange-looking double canoe, he himself being seated high aloft on a sort of chair. As he passed us he politely took off his hat to each one of us, as if this was an ordinary meeting in the street. We returned the compliment, and the double-canoe man passed on his way, looking from behind as if he was walking on the water. Paddling into the harbour, the tower of Vor Frelser's Church attracted our attention. The spire is ascended by a corkscrew staircase, winding its way outside up to the top. A proposal was immediately put and agreed to, to ascend the spire and take a last look at Copenhagen. But we could not walk through the streets, as we were collarless, and generally disreputable in appearance. However, a complicated system of canals brought us to the very foot of the tower, and, after a painful struggle up ladders, emerged upon the corkscrew staircase.

The first thing that caught the captain's eye was the *Severn* rounding Trekroner. The view is very fine, especially as we saw it on a bright, sunny day, when the blue waters dotted with many a ship, the busy streets and red roofs of the city, from whence spring many a tower and spire, and, stretching to the far horizon, the forests of North Zealand, made a glowing and varied picture.

Once more afloat, but feeling like soldiers about to surrender their swords. The *Severn* was hard at work coaling. Never did a finer breeze blow, or crisper waves kiss the bows of our canoes as they flitted round the *Severn*, like moths around a candle, until, one by one, they ran alongside, and their white wings were folded for the last time. It was with a pang we saw our faithful canoes consigned to the dark depths of the hold, and shortly after the anchor was weighed as the evening shadows fell, and the *Severn* steamed away from Copenhagen. From that moment the "Northern Lights" collapsed, and in various attitudes fell asleep on the cabin sofas. The captain alone had the energy to give a farewell glance at Elsinore as we passed—Elsinore, which had so often greeted him with her sunny smile.

So ended the cruise of the "Northern Lights," a cruise which had been a thorough success, and will often gladden with its memories the coming winter. Very muddy did the Humber seem, and very forbidding its low shores, after the crystal waters and wooded shores of Denmark. We found a couple of brothers of the paddle at home, and over the charts, and soothed by the pipe of peace, we spent our last evening together in fighting our battles o'er again, and recalling the many agreeable incidents and the many sunny days of our Danish cruise.



FAREWELL I