

gardens, planted at the termination of the village, for the Danes have no conception of the grandeur of isolation in their country residences; provided one side looks on a wood, a lake, or a garden, the entrance-court may be "cheek by jowl" with the humblest cottage. A dozen clipped lime trees form their idea of an approach, with a pavement like the "pitching" of our Saxon forefathers. At Fredensborg the entrance-court is paved; the stones run up to the very lime avenue, to the pedestal of the statue of Peace, by Wiedewelt, now all blackened and lichen-grown, which cost—I am afraid to say how many thousand thalers to His Majesty King Frederic IV., founder of the palace. Stone—stone—stone! not an ell of verdant turf to refresh the eye. Then, too, the palace, of brick and stone copings, never boasting of any architectural beauty in its most palmy days, has been most ignominiously and glaringly whitewashed.

"Don't visit the interior," said the Elsinorians; "not worth seeing." I didn't dispute the point, but followed my own devices. There are rich old cabinets and mirrors, finely-carved sofas and consoles; a bureau of marqueterie, much used by our friend Juliana, an exquisite piece of furniture, falling to decay among the rest. The hall where the celebrated treaty was signed (though this has now become a disputed point) is grand and imposing. I was sorry to see the roof defective and the water streaming in over the pictures painted to celebrate the event. The palace is a most habitable abode; the bedrooms have all separate exits into the gallery which surrounds the great hall—an uncommon luxury. The pictures are the refuse of the royal collections; among them I observed one good portrait of the founder Frederic IV., and a charming full-length likeness of the Arveprinds, son of Juliana and father to Christian VIII., a beautiful boy.—Frederic the Hunchback he was popularly termed. At the age of eleven he fell down the staircase at Amalienborg, injured his spine, and never recovered from the effects of the accident. There is also a portrait of the brother of Queen Juliana, the celebrated Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Jena.

Of all extraordinary puzzle-brained inventions is a frame arranged like a Venetian blind, with portraits of sovereigns of the house of Austria, painted on triangular pieces of wood. First the Emperor Joseph; pass your hand, turning the wood, Maria Theresa comes out; turn again, and the Emperor Francis makes his appearance. We were pointed out the "growth" of King Frederic VI., pencilled on the door-posts, and, courtier-like, were profoundly astonished how his Majesty had increased in stature from the year '78 to that of '83.

We next visited the Royal Chapel, fitted, in accordance with the date of the building, with closets and pews—no questions of sittings here—the royal household all arranged and marshalled according to rank and precedence, their offices registered on the doors; women on one side, men on the other; ladies of rank, maids, &c., down to the wives of the very stablemen. Then on the male division, hof-marshals and kammer-junkers, physicians, cooks, "the livery" of his Majesty, "livery of her Majesty"; the whole concluding with the stable-folk. The royal closet is situated on the floor at the end of the chapel, beyond the seat allotted to the grooms—a disagreeable vicinity; but years since—thanks to snuff-taking—noses were less sensitive than they are in the present generation.

Here, at Fredensborg, in her latter days, Queen Juliana held her court right royally, and, whatever may have been her faults, was kind and liberal to the poor and to those around her. She was by nature a queen, and loved the pomp and state from which sovereigns in the present age withdraw themselves as much as their position allows them. On the 4th of September, 1796, the queen celebrated her sixty-seventh birthday. Juliana was strong and robust, and, as far as human foresight could foretell, might live for years. Congratulations, offerings, arrived from all quarters; visitors from the court, from Copenhagen; all was gratifying; and when the banquet prepared in honour of the event was announced, never had she walked into the dining-room with firmer step or in higher spirits.

The toast of the day, "The Queen's Health!" was proposed, and drunk by the guests with enthusiasm; all appeared *coulour de rose*; but at that very banquet Juliana had signed her own death warrant. Each year, on the anniversary of her natal day, the queen caused to be served to her a national dish composed of apples, thick and glutinous, immersed in fresh warm sheep's milk—a dish she much affected. Of this she ate somewhat too freely. An indigestion ensued, from which she could never be relieved. The room in which Juliana breathed her last is situated on the first floor of the left wing, as you approach the third and fourth windows from the *corps de bâtiment*, looking upon the court.

The palace has a melancholy, deserted air, and some of the rooms are lent out to poorer members of the nobility. Its gardens are renowned, laid out in the old French style. "How like Versailles," we exclaimed; "with its statues and avenues of fragrant limes." In the so-called Marble Gardens are many small statues, of no particular excellence, by Stanley, an English artist, the same who executed the monument of Queen Louisa in the cathedral of Roeskilde.

Then there is the lion of the palace, the Norwegian amphitheatre, in three tiers, round which are ranged a series of stone statues in Norwegian costumes. The appearance of this assembly is so strange I could not help laughing, but to a Norwegian they are most interesting. It is now one hundred and twenty years since they were placed there, and the peasant remains dressed as though it were yesterday—the drummer, the priest, the fisherman, and mountaineer from Trondheim, Bergen, and elsewhere; the bride—a crowned bride too—all the wedding party. I should like to watch them by the pale moonlight; they must surely become animated from time to time, and hold dance and revel together. How Hans Andersen can ever have let such a subject slip through his fingers, to me is a mystery.

The French garden amalgamates itself into the native woods, which run down to the lake's side. Here is situated the skipperhus, where you may hire boats, sail or row, fishing-rods and hooks, with bait according to your fancy. Esrom lake is renowned for its perch.

We dined at the little inn in the open air *under den Linden*; a good little dinner, served on old china—three mares, coffee included.

At seven o'clock we started on our journey home, taking Esrom and Solyst on the way, through the woods by the bank of the lake. The foliage is somewhat relieved this evening by an admixture of larch and birch. Our road ran by a picturesque village, proud of its healing spring. In olden times there was