

the city, the grassy banks assume a more regular appearance; and by and by we perceive batteries and platforms. They are covered with green turf, and there are numerous trees, at intervals, about them; but the grim appearance of many a black muzzle, shows the deadly purpose for which they were erected. We are about to enter the harbour. Midway across the entrance, are two batteries bristling with cannon, called the great and little Crown Islands. When Nelson was here, these Islands formed the centre of support for the line of gun-boats which stretched quite across the channel, and vomited their unceasing discharge of missiles against our gallant countrymen. Some relics yet remain. Those black shapeless objects on the shore, were once tall ships charged with the defence of a brave nation. They are now only the memorials of its misfortunes; and there they will remain, so long as iron fastenings can hold them together, a nobler trophy than ever Greek erected on the field of his triumph. We can bestow but a hasty glance upon these interesting objects, when the Queen of the North, as Copenhagen has been justly called, rises before us in all her beauty. It is but to swing a boom—like a dock-gate—and we have passed from the sea into the harbour. The boom is swung again, and we are in a capacious basin, protected from all winds. On the left are the ships of the royal navy, lying in water as smooth as a mill pond, yet divided from the sea only by the boom we have just spoken of. What majestic objects they are—those war-ships!—yet how reduced in number from the time when Denmark could wage almost an equal fight with Britain. On the right is the Custom-house—the proud memorial of that commerce which the Danes once carried on throughout the regions of the East; and before us, the fantastic spire of the Exchange rises to an invisible point, decorated with a dozen vanes. That spire is the spoil captured by Denmark from the Norwegian. It consists of three enormous metal dragons, whose heads rest upon the tower of the buildings, and whose tails are entwined in one another, until they taper off to form the vane spindle.

We will now suppose the stranger landed, and seated on the hinder bench of a basket-waggon, which swings at every motion of the vehicle, and knocks his shins against the back part of the seat before him. If he have not been used to continental cities, he will be struck by the complete circuit of fortifications which gird the town. These earth walls and moats are now but of little value as guarantees against warlike force; but the trees and herbage which grow upon them may be seen from almost every part of the city; the freshness of their appearance adding not a little to the beauty of the streets. As we drive round between the ramparts and the town, we see many a dark hemisphere projecting from the walls. These are the memorials of the bombardment in 1807. They were built up into the wall by the proprietors when they rebuilt their demolished houses. It is said that one had upon it the expressive inscription—“British Friendship”—a just expression of feeling against an act of our Government, which hardly any circumstances could excuse, and none could justify.

Returning towards the centre of the city, we find ourselves in the vegetable market: a dozen girls hold up as many nosegays, which they beg you to purchase. They are dressed differently from the rest of the females of the place: their habiliments consist of a dark cloth surtout, fitting close to the figure, the seams ornamented with gilt and colored braid; and a multiplicity of shawls of the gayest kind form a sort of cone from the shoulders to the neck; with a bonnet shaped after the most mathematical rules for the formation of a semicircle. These girls come from the isle of Amak, which is connected by bridges with the city. They are the descendants of a colony of Dutch gardeners, who have been settled there for a couple of centuries. They are surrounded by all sorts of women making their purchases, all dressed in the gayest possible manner, but the overwhelming majority in white muslin dresses, red shawls, and white silk bonnets. To those accustomed to the sombre dresses of the females of other countries, nothing can exceed the liveliness of this scene.

Copenhagen possesses all the public buildings which distinguish the capitals of European nations. Palaces, prisons, and churches; a theatre, a custom-house, an exchange, a botanical garden, and a Navy Yard.

The new Palace is very large, but unfurnished: except the stables, where a magnificent stud is maintained. The Rosenberg Palace abounds with historical and natural curiosities. There is a throne-room hung with tapestry of scarlet and gold thread, commemorating the victories of the Danes over the Swedes. There are rarities from the Indies, from Iceland, and from the South Seas. There are specimens of twinery made by English princesses, at the time when the royal families of the two countries were united by inter-marriages—enormous drinking glasses, on which the capacities of courtiers gullets are indicated by marks made with diamond rings—pictures of ladies of the Court of Christian the 4th, all of them rejoicing in carotty locks—bath-rooms lined with looking-glassed, and a hundred other mementoes of the virtues and vices, the pleasures and labours, of an ancient Court. We must not forget a magnificent picture of the King of Denmark presenting a gold chain to Tycho Brahe.

There is a church with a round tower, which is ascended by a winding road, up which, it is said, coaches have been driven; another called the Church of the Apostles, contains the *chef d'œuvres* of Thorwalden's genius; twelve magnificent statues in marble, of the disciples of our Lord, the size of life, adorn the aisles, and the altar is graced by the statue of Christ.

The sight-seeing proper to the day-time, being concluded, we take our dinner, and prepare for the Theatre. The lobby is surrounded by a guard of soldiers, who look almost as shabby as cast-off footmen; and the coachmen and footmen who are bringing the company, are as fine as generals—the costume of a field-marshal (cocked-hat and all) being the favorite livery. The carriages look like second-hand hackney coaches. The theatre within is large and well painted, and the acting good. Surgeons mount guard nightly, to recover