

THE
INVASION OF DENMARK
IN 1864.

By A. GALLENGA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES" AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF
THE DANISH ARMY.

"Una feroce
Forza il mondo possiede, e fa non parsi
Dritto : la man degli avi insanguinata
Semind l'ingiustizia ; i padri l'hanno
Coltivata col sangue ; e omai la terra
Altra messe non dà."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1864.



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January 9-16.

Two days from London to Hamburg; two days' fighting with the cold, the slowness, the vexations, the pedantries, the disappointments of continental railways; eight hours in Hamburg; two more hours' pull across what was till yesterday territory of the Danish monarchy—and here we are in the hall of the Bahnhof's Hotel, at Kiel, at the head-quarters of Schleswig-Holsteinism. The place is thronged from basement to garret; Schleswig-Holstein patriotism lies here at the rate

of four in a bed ; but I came, thanks to the care of Mr. Ward, the British consul-general in Hamburg, into the keeping of Herr Jensen, a portly, jovial, somewhat noisy and domineering *pater patrice*, who bespoke accommodation for me, and was not to be denied.

It was nine in the evening. I was shown up into a room on the third and last floor—a room with six loop holes for windows—hermetically sealed up from Michaelmas to Midsummer. A waiter lighted two candles ; boots set the wood crackling in the stove ; and an auburn-ringleted, tidy, comely chambermaid smoothed my couch. Having thus disposed of me according to the most approved theory of the division of labour, my three attendants withdrew, and I was left to the enjoyment of my own company.

A German bed ! an under-sized coffin with three feather bags ! What a contrast with my faithful spring-mattresses at home ! And to think that this smothering, sleep-murdering contrivance is the very first pillow I was to lay my head on since I lost sight of dear Dover cliffs six-and-sixty hours ago ! Really, royal Denmark deserves to lose her crown, were it for no other offence than allowing Germany to be her Lady of the Bed-chamber.

I sallied forth early in the morning, and sauntered down the main street of Kiel, ere the town was awake. A slippery town, slovenly, narrow streets, mean houses, meaner shops; a sluggish canal, with huge blocks of ice sullenly floating on its greenish surface; a huge, old brick church, with a broad squatting tower, and at its corners the manifest evidence that a Northern people, and a Protestant, can be as unmindful of the decencies of life and of the reverence due to the house of worship, as that despised Latin race, whom the Emperor Napoleon dooms to what he calls '*le culte des ruines*,' a race 'besotted by popish superstition.'

Out in the air, on the Kiel bay, the Kieler Meerbusen, a glorious sheet of ice, shut in by frost-besprinkled woody bluffs, dotted with gay country boxes in every style of Swiss, Italian, and English fancy or folly. It was a bright morning, bracing with a vengeance, but my blood was all in a glow after a few minutes' smart trot. Past the Tivoli Gardens, past the Bade Anstalt, past the Düsternbroek, I wandered on delighted, till I stood on the terrace in front of the hotel Bellevue. A magnificent prospect, forsooth! the landscape hoary, silent, winter-stricken, the wind unfelt, but heard, moaning mournfully through the stiffened branches of the wide-spreading beech groves. What a paradise this Kieler Fiord must

be for the skater, and how deeply I sighed over this, as over so many neglected branches of my education !

On my return to the hotel, and upon sitting down to table-d'hôte, at the unchristian hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, I found myself a great man.

I must confess, to begin with, that I hate a hotel, and detest a 'round table,' and it was, perhaps, to punish me for my uncharitableness and unsociability that I have had to put up with so large a share of those evils in my lifetime. I object to the rattle and clatter, to the interminable delay between the courses, the variety of nondescript made-dishes, the conventional wines, the din of voices, the confusion of tongues. A human menagerie, different from one of wild animals, is never seen to less advantage than at feeding-time ; and it takes no little amount of sympathy and goodwill to make you endure the close vicinity of a fellow-being in his process of eating and drinking, during those intervals, at least, in which you are not equally employed.

I sat down, cross, and shut up, uncommunicative. I had my grey shooting jacket on, and had hanged my shabby travelling cap on a peg near the door. Not one soul noticed me. Merely to

look at me, nobody would have given a sixpence for me.—Yet I was the ‘great unknown’ for all that.

There were not many at dinner. A great patriotic banquet was to take place later in the evening, and only a few of the uninvited attended the ordinary. There was a parcel of grave, sober-looking gentlemen quietly discussing their victuals, and some interesting topic of conversation—which topic was no other than—not exactly my humble person, but my position in life, and the errand I came on. The officious waiters, of course, agreeably to the freedom of continental manners, joined in, and, indeed, led the talk.

‘He is not arrived yet; he is expected to-morrow—what sort of a man is he? Does anybody know his name? Is not Mr. O—the man? No! Mr. O—is only here for the “Morning Post.” Herr Jensen is said to know the man:—the man has letters for Dr. Loventzen. We must be on the look out for him to-morrow. He is sure to be Danish-*gesinnt*, I’ll be bound. Since that pretty minx, Alexandra, made her triumphal entry into London, all England is raving mad for Denmark.’

So here was the cat out of the bag. I put on a face of brass, and sat as unconcerned as Mont Blanc. Time enough for these good people who

are so glibly talking of the D—l, to make out that they are in the redoubted presence.

•

What are we to understand about the Schleswig-Holstein question? We must look upon it simply as a question of German nationality. The Germans have ventured on this partial movement only as a prelude to a general revolution. What, it may be asked, ails the great German people? What is there to interfere with their inalienable rights, to wound the dignity, or clash with the interests of their country? There is no question in the world more easily and more universally understood than that of nationality. It is the right every human tribe or family has to be mistress in its own house, whenever it suits its purpose, and whenever it has the power to exercise such a right. It is France for the French, Italy for the Italians, Germany for the Germans. The only difficulty—but that is a great one—lies in the definition of the precise limits of a nation. The question to be settled is, where the rights of a nation begin and end—where its pretensions should be resisted as coming into collision with those of other nations.

Now, what nation in the world can be said to be more thoroughly mistress in its own house than the German nation? Take all the purely

German provinces of Prussia and Austria, add the States of the minor Kings, and of all the small fry of Dukes and Grand Dukes, and you have a people of about 40,000,000, the very ox and elephant of Europe, big enough and strong enough not only to hold its own against all odds, but to have the greatest weight on the destinies of the world.

The big house, however, is not large enough to be a comfortable home to the Germans. The time was, under Theodoric, or Charlemagne, or Otho, or Heaven knows what other hero of the Dark Ages, when Germany looked upon herself as heir to all the glories of the Roman Empire, and aspired to lord it over Europe, as the Yankees claim now sovereign sway over the whole continent of North America. The Germans have got into an odd way of confounding Germany with the German Empire, and are wondrously apt to stretch the limits of their present nationality to the full extent of their old imperial ambition. Instead of laying a strong hold on what is indisputably their own, instead of setting their house in order, and bringing their rulers to reason, so as to elicit union and harmony out of that hopeless chaos which they call the German Confederacy, they 'go about seeking whom they may devour,' and have settled upon Denmark as the first easy and convenient prey.

We must not trifle with the true bearings of the question. Holstein is inhabited by what is commonly acknowledged as a pure German race. Schleswig, which was once known by the name of South Jutland, is more of a mixed people, and the most ardent German patriots are willing to acknowledge that the majority of the Schleswigers consist of what, in some of their papers, they facetiously call *Utraquisten*;—men, that is, who are both fish and flesh, or, more properly, neither fish nor flesh, as is too often the case with Border communities, where the population, brought into constant intercourse with two adjoining races, long trodden and ground to dust by the march of armies, and whirled about by the tide of political vicissitudes, easily assumes a motley and amphibious nature. Earnest politicians also avow that even in Holstein, and more so in Lauenburg, some of the great landowners harbour, to say the least, no ill-will against Denmark. But even admitting for a moment that all or most of the Schleswigers, no less than the Holsteiners, are purest Germans, and that they long for annexation to Germany, there always remains the question whether these are the only Germans acknowledging at this moment a foreign sway, and whether Germany is ready, on the principle of reciprocity, to release from thralldom those alien nationalities which, either obey the rule of some

of her princes, or are even compelled to take rank among the members of the German Confederacy.

The thing was tried in 1848 on a very large scale. Germany did not on that occurrence go to war with France for her German children of Alsace and Lorraine, or with Russia for those of Esthonia and Livonia; nor did she ask Prussia to give up the Poles of Posen, nor Austria to come to terms with the Magyars of Hungary. Nay, she even laughed the pretensions of the Deputies of South Tyrol to scorn, when these came, cap in hand, before the Frankfort Parliament, which had summoned them, and respectfully remonstrated that 'they were Italians, not Germans, and could therefore have no business in an assembly professing to have been called together on purely national principles.' And not only were the demands of the Italian Tyrol treated with contempt, not only did Germany assert her own no less than Austria's rights to extend the dominion of her confederacy or empire into Italian lands as far as the shores of the Lake of Garda, but she insisted that 'the natural confines' of Germany were at the Adige and Mincio, that 'she was to have a footing on the Adriatic at Trieste, and that the existence of Trieste would be compromised were Venice at any time to be reunited to Italy.' Venice must die that Trieste may live!

Germany in 1848 could afford to disregard the claims of such weak sister nations as Poland or Italy. She was too prudent to call upon herself the displeasure of France or Russia, and she turned all her energies to the comparatively safe enterprise of bearding Denmark in her den of Schleswig-Holstein. Even in her attack on the Duchies, however, Germany was ill seconded by her Princes, weary of the clamour of her mobs, and of the droning of her bewigged professors, and after a few passes at arms, in which Germany did not even exhibit her wonted valour, the relations between her and Denmark were restored very nearly on the former footing.

Now, what is Germany about? She wants to force us back fifteen years in history. She takes up in 1864 her revolution where it came to an end in 1848. Worstcd in her efforts to put the screw upon her princes, Germany in the latter year endeavoured, though in vain, to involve them in a foreign war, for which the national principle supplied the pretext. Anxious once more to renew the contest with her rulers, she is now again setting up the old war-cry of Schleswig-Holstein. She hopes either to drag her Sovereigns along with her in this conflict, or to overthrow the thrones of such of them as would stem the tide of popular agitation. The question of the Danish succession, the claims of the newly-

proclaimed Duke, have but little to do with the matter at issue. Indeed, I have heard people here saying, with an attempt at such a joke as the German mind can perpetrate, that the Schleswig-Holsteiners 'care but little about Augustenburg or Septemberburg.' The question is wholly national, and it does not turn merely upon this point, whether either of the Duchies, or both, shall continue to form a part of the Danish monarchy, or be made up into an independent State, a member of the German confederacy. The attack is made upon Denmark, but the blow is aimed at Prussia and Austria. No wonder, therefore, if these Powers evince hesitation and mistrust, having so much at stake in the matter, so much to fear from enemies both at home and abroad.

To find a solution to the Schleswig-Holstein question, about 16,000 troops, mostly Hanoverians and Saxons, but acting under the orders of the Frankfort Diet, have overrun all Holstein, and, under their protection, the people have proclaimed Frederick of Augustenburg Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. Schleswig, however, is as yet unin-
vaded, and the Danes make a good show of resistance on its borders. The hostile forces stand with their bayonets turned against each other's breasts at Rendsburg, awaiting the signal for the onslaught.

Now, the points to be cleared on this question are mainly :—1. Whether an attack upon Schleswig is really contemplated by the Germans, and by whom among them. For hitherto we have here only a few Hanoverians and Saxons, and we know not to what extent the government of those two kingdoms, as well as of Bavaria and Würtemberg, ~~are~~ committed to this rash course ; and, on the other hand, the Prussian and Austrian troops, which ~~are~~ slowly coming up, are worse than suspected of intentions more hostile to the German than to the Danish party ; while the Commissioners from Frankfort, knowing how feeble a majority of the Diet they represent, will neither act themselves nor countenance any action on the part of the Duke's embryo government.

2. Whether, should the resistance of the Prussian, Austrian, and other governments be carried beyond the limits of even German endurance, Schleswig-Holstein might be made the pretext for a general rise, and the nation have the power to drag her rulers and their armies in its course, in spite of themselves.

3. Whether, supposing Germany, either in her present state or in the turmoil of a general convulsion, to be capable of a united effort against Denmark, the contest would be limited to the interested parties ; whether the war could be 'localized,' or whether the interference of foreign powers would make up for any

difference in the respective strength of the combatants; or, in other words, what chances there might be of Schleswig-Holstein leading to a general European war.

I shall seek for a solution to all these points of the question in other letters. Meanwhile, the first impression I receive on coming into the scene of action is that there is no probability here of immediate action of any kind. The Schleswig-Holstein question, according to the fashion of all German questions, has no sooner been started than it has come to a dead fix. There is no one here able or willing to proceed one step further: and either the movement must be aided by violent commotions in Berlin, Vienna, or Frankfort, or there will be no deliberate step in advance on the part of either Duke Frederick or his perplexed Ministers; or of the no-less helpless and bewildered, yet solemn and oracular, Commissioners of the Frankfort Diet. Only the hostile troops are in presence, and no one can foresee what sudden *dénouement* the mere chapter of accidents may bring about.

The story of the bridal party turned into stone on its return from church is rather too old to be quoted, even by way of illustration; but it describes with sufficient accuracy the condition to

which the chief actors in this Schleswig-Holstein drama have been brought after the first successful and, to some extent, decisive step which ushered them upon the stage. Here they are, one would say, frozen up for the winter. The Duke, or Prince, Frederick of Augustenburg is here at this house, the Railway Hotel, occupying with his ministers and suite the best rooms on the first floor, in a strictly private capacity, having, as it seems, preferred the ease of his inn to the habitation of the Royal Palace, lately the residence of the Duke of Glücksburg, either because the state apartments could not soon be got ready for him, or, more probably, because the invasion of premises belonging to the Danish Crown seemed to him, or to his advisers, a measure inconsistent with their cautious and expectant policy. Indeed, the existence of so important a personage in this by no means splendid house of entertainment could hardly be suspected by a chance traveller, unless his curiosity led him to inquire the object of those two staid, middle-aged gentlemen, in plain black overcoats and chimney-pot hats, cooling their heels and doing duty as sentries on the steps of the portico at the main hotel-door, shouldering their very ponderous but very harmless schutz-verein rifles, without bayonets, and touching their hats to every person going in and out with that unaffected, cordial civility which

characterizes these Holsteiners, these best-natured, most amiable of all Germans. Those two citizen soldiers are members of a body-guard, composed of the *élite* of the gentlemen of the town, who, from the first arrival of the candidate for Schleswig-Holstein sovereignty, established themselves about the Duke's person, rather by way of honour, than of any real ornament or use. For the rest, the good city of Kiel enjoys the most thorough peace and order, the only movement perceptible in its quiet streets being caused by preparations for what is called the *Kieler Umschlag*, a celebrated annual fair which is to open in a few days.

The fact is, I arrived too late to witness the excitement attendant upon the arrival of his Serene Highness of Augustenburg among his would-be subjects. His first reception by the Holsteiners was, I am told, enthusiastic beyond belief; and the joyful noise which the citizens of Kiel first set up was kept up for several days by deputations from all parts of the Duchy, private persons and municipal authorities vying with each other in their demonstrations of devotion to their chosen ruler.

Here, however, the movement came to a standstill, and every person one meets seems busy with the question, What is to be done next? Holstein is for the present rid of the Danes; the 16,000 Confederate troops which are in possession are

more than sufficient to screen the Duchy from any attack, and, indeed, no apprehension exists of the slightest chance of the expelled rulers venturing upon an outbreak of hostilities. Prince Frederick is Duke of Schleswig-Holstein by popular acclamation; and in Holstein itself there is no one to dispute his authority, with the exception of the two commissioners of the Frankfort Diet, who reside at Altona, and on whom the provisional government of the Duchy, and the command of the troops of the Confederacy nominally devolves. These two worthy gentlemen show the greatest goodwill and deference to the Duke, and evince the utmost readiness to act according to his wish, and in his interest; to play into his hands.

Yet, what is to be the next step? Neither the Duke nor his advisers seem disposed to venture upon any. Men more unfit for bold decisive strokes could hardly be found anywhere. Indeed, it may be said, to the eternal honour of the Germans in general, that there is not in the whole world a people among whom it is more difficult to get the proper stuff for a revolution. The Duke's friends here seem anxious above all things to keep within the limits of legality, and to throw upon the Frankfort Diet all the responsibility of any act which may give sanction to the facts which have just been so easily and so happily accomplished. For instance, the Duke

is a Duke by mere popular clamour, but he could not, or would not, venture upon the convocation of the States of the Duchy, or upon an appeal to the convenient oracle of a *plebiscite* to have that mere popular outcry translated into what might be, or seem, a deliberate and formal emanation of popular will. The Duke is, and has wilfully put himself, by the mere fact of his journey hither, in a position of virtual war with Denmark, but he could not, and would not, think of assembling forces which would, doubtless, however, flock to him on all sides. The experience of 1848 has justly set the heart of every German against the loose bands of volunteers, and any movement in the Garibaldi style would be altogether out of the question; but the Duke has, as yet, no thought of organizing an army, regular or otherwise. The country is garrisoned by the Hanoverian and Saxon troops of the Confederacy, and the zeal and ardour of such of the Holstein youths as might be willing to muster in defence of their country's cause is allowed to cool for want of a proper object. Drilling without arms is, however, I am told, going on in most townships. Again, Holstein has been wrenched from the Danish Monarchy, and is, as it ever was, a member of the German Confederacy; still no one here dreams of proclaiming the Duchy also a member of the German Customs' Union, and Danish custom-officers still sit at the

receipt of their dues at the Altona frontier, keeping up against German trade a barrier which it would seem so easy and natural to overthrow. The Duke, in short, thankful as he is to the Holsteiners for the proffered sovereignty, is as yet unwilling to exercise it by the slightest overt act, and will not stir in the matter until his titles are fully acknowledged by the Frankfort Diet.

The whole of this Schleswig-Holstein matter seems, therefore, just now to be in a 'predicament;' the solution of the old Danish-German riddle may be sought at Frankfort, at Berlin or Vienna, Paris or London, anywhere, perhaps, rather than at Kiel or Copenhagen.

The majority of the Frankfort Diet is in favour of the Duke, as the friends of the latter here fondly persuade themselves; but a German majority, from which Prussia and Austria are excluded, is—a German majority; and no one even here flatters himself that either Prussia or Austria would lend a hand, or even give their passive sanction, to the disintegration of the Danish Monarchy so long as they could help it. These good people have no hope of Austria, the non-German provinces of which they look upon as common enemies to the Fatherland, and none of the Prussian Government, though they strive to draw a line between that Government and the people, as if all the difficulties they have to con-

tend with there arose from the perversity of one man alone—M. von Bismark-Schönhausen. Upon being a little more closely pressed, however, they show no greater confidence in at least a portion of the people of Prussia than in her King and Minister, as they avow the existence of a strong mulish Conservative party, extremely strong both in the State and the army, that *Junkerthum* which resists all progress in the North of Germany, and a few specimens of whom may, perhaps, be found even among the landowners of these patriotic Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein-Lauenburg. Driven from their position as to the North of Germany, these sanguine gentlemen seem to have great expectations from the South. Throughout Bavaria, Würtemberg, and the smaller States, they say (some of them having just travelled through those districts), the enthusiasm of German nationality has risen to fever heat. The very Roman Catholics in those parts have laid aside all their bigotry, and the tide of popular opinion presses so hard upon the rulers of the country, that these latter have, in this instance, been obliged to assume an almost revolutionary attitude at Frankfort, and are even now stirring to force the two great Powers of Prussia and Austria into compliance with their own and the national aspirations.

You see from all that precedes that these good

Holsteiners, who, in my humble opinion, are out of the law, yet who so tenderly shrink from any bold open violation of the law on their own part, do not hesitate, however, in putting their faith in revolutions that may or may not be brewing afar from them. The strong national movement in progress of development throughout Germany, they think, will not fail to compel the Frankfort Diet to do justice to the Schleswig-Holsteiners. The authority of the Diet, backed by the outspoken will of the nation, will overcome all resistance on the part of the Prussian and Austrian Cabinets. Should these latter still be blind to the signs of the times, they would perish in their obstinacy, and German nationality would march to its goal over the wreck of those superannuated monarchies. But were it even possible for the Courts of Berlin and Vienna to keep their footing at home, and forsake the cause of the Fatherland abroad, the remaining States of Germany would set up for themselves; they would re-constitute a new Confederacy of the Rhine, of which the successor of the great Napoleon would be too happy to declare himself the head and protector. It is not impossible that these unnatural and unpatriotic notions (reminding one of the improvidence that would burn down a house to roast an egg) have sprung up in German heads, the result of intrigues to which the ever-scheming

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Wizard of the Tuileries is not a stranger. That German leading men talk about such matters very glibly, that they contemplate in cold blood, and as a last resource, a break up of such national union as still resides in that dull and sleepy Frankfort Diet, is a fact which I could never have believed had not my own ears got very unequivocal evidence of it. The Germans are angry against the whole world about this everlasting quarrel of Schleswig-Holstein. They are mad especially against England, whose sympathies with Denmark seem to them consistent neither with the true political interests nor with the avowed principles of the British nation; and, with the unreasoning spite of a man cutting off his nose to spite his own face, they think they can make England afraid and uncomfortable by threatening to throw themselves into the arms of France.

Such, as far as I can make out in the short time I have been among these people, are the thoughts that rise uppermost in their minds. Till the Frankfort Diet can be brought to something like a resolution, however, the Schleswig-Holstein question is likely to make but little progress, and the world's breathless curiosity will be kept on the stretch, till, perhaps, public attention is turned away to other objects of greater European interest.

I had heard so much of Mr. O——, that I expressed some curiosity to see him. ‘Is he in Kiel?—At this very hotel?—Is that his room?—Is he at home now?’ To all these questions I received an affirmative answer, and sent in my card to the gentleman. ‘Can that be *my* Mr. O——?’ Yes, the same. I had come across him somewhere abroad, and who has not seen or heard of him? Mr. O——, the author, the great traveller, the aspiring statesmen, the semi-official diplomatist; a pleasant acquaintance, too; a man not to be forgotten when you have known him, not to be passed by when you have the luck to fall in with him.

He has known the Prince of Augustenburg, for a long time; was for years attached to the Duke, his father, and the whole family. He speaks of the Prince in terms of considerable esteem, without, however, showing any immoderate zeal for his cause. He gives him credit for great pluck, and steadiness of purpose; the picture Mr. O—— draws of this ‘pretender,’ gives me the impression of a cool man remarkable for more than common deliberation and long-headedness. He is one of your ‘slow and sure.’

Did Mr. O—— express a wish that I should see the prince—or was it I who asked for an introduction? How it came to pass, I know not,

and it matters not ; he undertook to manage an interview.

There is a hitch somewhere, as to the way to manage an interview between the Prince and myself. Wonderful to what an extent these gamblers for thrones push their foresight and circumspection ! ‘ You see,’ said Mr. O——, ‘ every step and word of the Prince is jealously watched ; the most sinister construction is put on his simplest acts. He is, just at this moment, anxious above all things, to give no umbrage to the great German powers. You are an Italian—you understand—a member of the Turin parliament—and, were it known that His Highness gave you an audience—funny enough!—it would soon be found out that you are here on some plot hatching against Austria between the Prince and the government of King Victor Emmanuel.’

Mr. O—— must have detected something like a deprecating smile on my countenance, for he hastened to add—‘ You must see His Highness, nevertheless ; indeed, he has expressed great desire that I should present you to him ; only the interview must be strictly private ; it must not take place in the state apartments upstairs. See that you drop in here about one o’clock this afternoon ; the Prince will chance to call at the same

time ; the meeting will be the most natural thing in the world, and you will draw such likeness of the Prince as your skill may contrive.'

It was by these roundabout, and perhaps not over-dignified, shifts that I was allowed to have a short interview with the great man of this place. Prince Frederick of Augustenburg is, I should think, a personage likely enough to win favour with most of those who approach him. Tall and stately, above six feet in height, as far as I could judge ; well-built, somewhat colossal, not corpulent, with fine aquiline features, a high, not broad forehead, a long face, a good complexion, a rich German head of brown hair, a countenance in the true Scandinavian cast, with light-coloured, slightly-pencilled eyebrows, and light, transparent, sky-blue, serene eyes, *durchlauchtig*, reminding one of purest northern ice—a square, massive chin—an expression of sedateness, amounting almost to slowness and heaviness—an expression well matched by deliberate gravity of speech. He speaks excellent English, but has a very slight, yet very perceptible, difficulty of utterance, apparently caused by some peculiar defect in the front teeth. He is, I am told, less than thirty-four years old. Owing, perhaps, to the striking solemnity of his address, I should have deemed him to

be more than forty. He is very gracious and affable—kingly, in short. From the brief conversation that passed between us, I should feel inclined to think him endowed with a sound understanding, and even more than average ability. There seems to be no dash in him, however. He is a man to profit by a popular movement; not to initiate or lead it.

I was also indebted to Mr. O—— for an opportunity of talking with a tolerably large deputation of Schleswig gentlemen, who have come from various parts of their Duchy, and especially, as they say, laying great stress upon the circumstance—from the *northern* districts, to pay their homage to the Prince. I am not quite sure, but I believe them to be the first who have ventured across the frontier and travelled to Holstein on such an errand. Their mission is fraught with some danger, one would think, and they might get into some trouble on their return, were the object of their journey to become known to their Danish masters.

These gentlemen describe, with a warmth which may be tainted with fanaticism, but which I have no reason to suppose to spring from any other source than earnest conviction, the state of the German part of the population of Schleswig

as far more hostile to Denmark than even that of Holstein; and they assure the Prince that his reception at Flensburg would be far more enthusiastic than what he met with at Kiel. For my own part, I attach but little importance to popular demonstrations, and am rather apt to inquire in whose name, and by whose mission, a deputation appears. These gentlemen, ten or twelve in number, spoke, to do them justice, in very loud, passionate accents, and were sufficiently eloquent on the subject of the grievances their countrymen had to endure at the hands of their Danish 'oppressors.' 'There are not ten, out of the many office-holders in the district, or *Amt* of Flensburg,' they say, 'who are not Danes: all the places in the Government of the Duchy are crowded with these Northerners, whilst no reciprocity is allowed to the Schleswigers in Denmark Proper. Schoolmasters, and even clergymen, of Danish extraction, and unacquainted with the German language, are sent into purely German villages, where, consequently, not only all civil instruction, but even all religious exhortation, is withheld from the people. Popular education, which is advanced with so great a care in Jutland and Zealand, is at the very lowest ebb in Schleswig. Indeed, there is no instruction, no free press, no equitable law and justice, &c., &c.'

These complaints may be more or less well-

grounded, or not at all. As I told these worthy deputies I am interested in the subject, and intend to visit their country with a view to ascertain the real state of affairs. There is no doubt, meanwhile, that in the heat of their harangues these political leaders are rather apt to run into superlatives. A little cross-questioning is sufficient to bring them to abate in their charges (for they are Germans, and as such, instinctively truthful), and to lead them into contradiction with themselves, and with one another. It is difficult for any ruler to be lenient, and even just, with a people who make no secret of their intention to be rid of him at any cost, and on the first best opportunity. Not only between the Government and the people of the Duchies, but between the Danes themselves and the Schleswig-Holsteiners, there have been the embers of secret war smouldering quietly ever since the great Powers put out the fire of open war in 1851-2. Malcontents and demagogues are rife in the best-regulated community; and these, wherever freedom of action is allowed, will blow into a merry blaze those embers which, without their exertions, would crumble into a heap of cold ashes. In Schleswig, where the two races are in more immediate contact, and their hostile passions more ostensibly arrayed against each other, it is just possible that the longing for an

lision as imminent as these worthy deputies represent. But, for my own part, I have no great faith in the revolutionary capabilities of these Northern people, and I verily believe that the Holsteiners themselves would have given no sign of life to all eternity, had not the presence of the Federal troops prompted the hope of, and with it the long dormant desire for, a change.

Prince Frederick of Augustenburg has left the Railway Hotel, and taken up his quarters in a private house in the Neue Strasse. Even this is considered an event by these good Holsteiners, in the absence of matters of great importance. Their Duke seems to have taken a permanent residence among them. His Highness's Ministers and friends—MM. Franke, Somwer, Lorentzen, &c.—have also settled in private lodgings in the same neighbourhood. For the rest, nothing occurs to break through the sameness of the most peaceful and orderly existence of this revolutionized and almost ungoverned country. Deputations from the provinces, both of this Duchy and of the adjoining Schleswig, even from so far north as Hadersleben, follow each other in quiet succession. They are introduced into the Serene presence,

this most sedate and benignant of Royal countenances, then go back to tell friends and neighbours what they have seen and heard. A monster mission of no less than 300 deputies from the Ditmarshes is expected to pay its homage to-day. The North and South Ditmarsh are grazing districts reclaimed from the lands of the North Sea, near the mouth of the Elbe, on the western slope of this plateau of Holstein, and converted into fields of unsurpassed fertility, the products of which yield the principal supply to the market of Hamburg. The Ditmarshers are, in some measure, a self-ruling community, a well-to-do civilized set of men, as, indeed, all the Holsteiners are, and have, it is said, in all ages, harboured an implacable hostility against the Danes, by whom, at the time of the feudal wars between the Lords and *Ritterschaft* of Holstein, and the Crown of Denmark, they could only be subdued after more than 11,000 of their invaders lay slain in the field. It is no wonder these people hail the accession of a local Prince with enthusiasm; and by their visit to the Prince at Kiel they only forestall the intention his Highness had of making the tour of their districts to call forth an exhibition of that devotion on which he was sure he could largely reckon.

In all other respects than these well-meant but, politically speaking, barren demonstrations, the

progress here. The feeling that success cannot depend on his immediate exertions seems to creep to the heart of his stanchest supporters. The deliberations of the Frankfort Diet on the expediency of recognizing his rights to the succession of Holstein are not by the Prince's own friends expected to come to a close for a couple of weeks at the least. Of the ultimate result they affect, however, to entertain no doubt. At the end of that period his sovereign rights, they expect, will be recognized, and the reins of government will formally be placed in his hands. His jurisdiction, however, would, even in the most favourable turn of events, not extend beyond the limits of Holstein. It does not seem possible that the Frankfort Diet would undertake to sanction his claims upon Schleswig, a territory which lies altogether out of the limits of the German Confederacy. The Prince, however, on his coming by what he considers his own in Holstein, would, it is supposed, immediately raise an army of his own, and with that venture on a single-handed attack upon the Danes in Schleswig, leaving it to the German Princes and people to decide whether they would uphold him in the unequal struggle, or whether they would screen him from the consequences of a defeat which might set at nought the expected decision of the Diet. Placed at the head of the Government in Holstein, in short, the Prince

would either perish or involve Germany in a contest with Denmark for Schleswig.

All these, however, are as yet somewhat remote contingencies. The slowness of movement of that blundering Frankfort Diet, the worse than doubtful attitude of Prussia and Austria, the apprehended opposition of the European Powers, and his own irresolution and anxious respect for legality, must for a long time condemn the Prince to inaction; and time, it seems natural to think, is not for him, but against him. The Danes, we are assured, are straining every nerve to prepare for a brave, desperate defence. Their army is mustering on the frontier, stirred by martial ardour, and they are adding all the appliances of art to the natural strength of one of the most formidable positions in the world. The hard frost, which to some extent would favour a German onset at this present moment, by enabling them to march over the swamps and morasses which constitute the moats of the renowned stronghold of the Dannewerk, cannot be relied upon beyond the end of this month or the middle of the next. The winter, I am told, is extraordinarily severe this year, though for my own part I find the cold by no means intense; but, at all events, the climate of Jutland is a maritime one, and the frost, however hard, is not to be as permanently relied upon in North Germany as it

would in the inland wastes of Russia or Canada. Should the Prince even obtain the full mastery over Holstein within two or three weeks, and should he go to work immediately towards improvising an army, he could hardly be ready for the field before the elements had declared in favour of his well-posted and well-armed antagonist.

It is idle, on the other hand, to suppose that the Danes would depart from that wise and cautious policy which induced them to fall back before the troops of the Confederacy a fortnight ago. Their claims upon Holstein must be made good by diplomatic negociation, and no good could come of a collision with the Commissioners of the Federal Diet on lands that are indisputably subject to Federal jurisdiction. Some of the Prince's admirers exalt the courage by which he ventured to come alone and unarmed and take up his abode in a town placed at the distance of no more than four English miles from the Danish outposts. Kiel is garrisoned by a force of no more than 500 Saxon troops, and there is little doubt but if the Danes would risk a *coup-de-main* from Friedericksdorf they might, by a bold cavalry raid, have fallen on the Bahnhof's Hotel, or might even now fall upon the modest house in the Neue Strasse, and possess themselves of the person of the Prince, who is in their

eyes a pretender and an intruder. But the Danes know better, and I should think Prince Frederick has no good reason for apprehensions of that nature. Neither is there any chance of a luckless shot falling from the heights of the Kronwerk upon the German sentries which are facing the Danish outposts on the Eider-bridge at Rendsburg. No deed of rashness likely to place them in the wrong is to be expected from the deliberate and enduring Danes. Their line of conduct is clear and has long been resolved upon, and they will most assuredly leave to their German adversaries the odium of the first outbreak of hostilities.

On the other hand, although the Prince seems to have adopted Charles Albert's famous motto, '*J'attends mon astre*,' and the people—the most orderly, peace-loving, loyal, and conservative people in the world—vie with their chosen Duke in their anxiety to evince the greatest respect to legality, there are political agitators enough in the country who would fain strive to push matters on a little faster and a little further, and these take the lead in the Schleswig-Holsteinische Verein, which holds its meetings in this place. Resolutions were passed in last evening's sitting, by this association, to the effect that an address should be forwarded to all the German Princes, bidding them to allow the Duke to take upon

himself, 'with the least possible delay,' the government of the Duchy, and to prevent, 'by all means that may offer themselves,' the occupation of the Duchy of Schleswig by Prussian or Austrian troops. The meeting also strongly protested against any interference of foreign Powers in this Schleswig-Holstein business, which they looked upon as an exclusively German question, and appealed to all the German Princes to resist any attempt at such interference *à l'outrance*.

Fear and suspicion of the intentions of Prussia and Austria, and faith in all the minor German potentates, especially in the Southern Kings and Grand Dukes, seem to be the leading ideas of German patriots at the present moment. They are fully confident that the national movement for which the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty supplies the watchword, will drag the majority of the reigning Princes along with it; and that while Prussia must either bend or break, Austria will be a prey to convulsions which may tear the Imperial mantle to tatters and sever the German provinces from the Hungarian, Slavish, and Italian elements by which Austria was hitherto empowered to exercise an undue and baneful control over the national aspirations of the German Fatherland. Such, however, I have reason to believe, are by no means the views of Prince Frederick, who, for his own part, is a

personal friend of the King of Prussia, and thinks he can at all times reckon on that monarch's goodwill, notwithstanding the evil influence of the bad advisers who have now the upper hand in the Berlin Cabinet.

The Prince's friends here fully expect that on Thursday (the day after to-morrow) the Frankfort Diet will come to some definite resolution as to the proposal of Austria and Prussia with respect to the occupation of the duchy of Schleswig by the troops of the German Confederacy. The mistrust of those two great Powers in the heart of all patriots is so great that they would look upon such a step as a death-blow to their national aspirations. Indeed, hatred of Austria and contempt for the Prussian Government seem to be the uppermost feelings in German hearts, and they evince towards those two Powers a far greater animosity than against Denmark or any of her alleged supporters. I see a great tendency among these people to build their hopes on such Princes as the Grand Duke of Baden, the Duke of Brunswick, the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, and even, to some extent, the Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg. They show the greatest confidence that the whole of the German people, especially in the south, are ripe for some great revolutionary movement, and trust that Austria, paralyzed by the attitude of Italy

and Hungary, will be unable to stem the tide of German insurrection. Should the Frankfort Diet give its assent to an advance upon Schleswig on the part of Austria and Prussia, matters would speedily be brought to a crisis, for no less than 24,000 Austrians are quartered in the neighbourhood of Lubeck, whence they could come forward to Kiel in two short days' march, and one day more would bring them into the presence of the Danes across the Eider Canal. That the Danes would make at least a show of resistance no man here seems disposed to doubt, though the vast powers that Austria and Prussia could at once muster in the field would seem to preclude the possibility of a long struggle. I only give you the views of the leading men here, and these views have little in them to cheer those who entertain them; for, although they long indeed to drive the Danes from Schleswig, they would not, however, attain the further objects they have in view through the instrumentality of such treacherous auxiliaries as they deem the Government of Austria and that of Prussia. The deliverance of Holstein and Schleswig from the Danish yoke is a great point with them, but it is nothing in itself unless it leads to the overthrow of all obstacles that stand in the way of the reconstruction of their great German Fatherland.

I dined yesterday, by invitation, with a large company, amongst whom were the chief friends and advisers of Prince Frederick of Augustenburg. M. Franke, the 'Minister of the Finances,' was not present, and I have not as yet made his personal acquaintance. He is a tall man, lean, with a thoughtful and somewhat rueful countenance, and looks overworked. He is said to be the soul of the Prince's Cabinet. The one, amongst those I know, who has made the most favourable impression on me is M. Somwer, the 'Foreign Secretary,' as I believe he ought to be styled, a Geheimerath of one of the minor German Courts—that of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, if I mistake not, who has lent him to his Augustenburg friend as a pledge of the very strong interest he, Duke Ernest, takes in the Prince's cause, and of his readiness to ensure its success by all means in his power.

The loan of this privy councillor is, I believe, a favour for which the candidate for the Schleswig-Holstein throne ought to feel greatly indebted to his ducal well-wisher. M. Somwer has tact and fine manners: he is courtly, adroit, gentlemanly, as full of intelligence as of feeling. He would, I believe, conduct the diplomatic business of an organized and recognized State with the highest credit; but precisely because I think him a statesman *par excellence*, I should also consider him as

the last man to head a revolutionary movement, or even to outstep the strictest limits of legality. He is rather a tall man, very slender; of an easy and graceful address. He speaks quickly, but expresses himself with some difficulty in any other language than his own German.

Dr. Lorentzen, our host of the evening, is also, to the best of my knowledge, attached to the foreign department. He is tolerably at home in the English language, and was for a long time in England. He is a Schleswig-Holstein refugee, I believe; one of the few patriots who, after the restoration of the Danish Government in the Duchies in 1850, either chose or were compelled to wander abroad. Dr. Lorentzen has rather the reputation of a scholar than of a politician; and I am not aware that he fills any definite place in his Highness's Cabinet. Indeed, it sounds rather like mockery to call this mere domestic council a Government. The whole business of the secretaries of state is limited to the drawing up of a few officious notes to the Higher Powers; to keep up a clandestine, would-be treasonable, correspondence with the minor Princes; to issue forth proclamations *à propos* to anything, or *à propos* to nothing at all; and to usher in such individuals and such deputations as are suing for the honour of the Duke's presence; or to give fair words to those who are already besetting, and

indeed pestering, him with their applications for places of honour and emolument in time to come.

Another of the stoutest supporters of the Duke's claims seated at our table was Herr Jensen, the brother of the gentleman under whose auspices I came to Kiel three days ago. Herr Jensen is a large, strong man—large and strong as a Holstein horse—with a handsome countenance, a sanguine complexion, a hot German temper; a man with both brain and heart, capable of acting with energy for himself, and of breathing it into others. He is evidently all full of his own thoughts and schemes, talks little, and frets; events and the men who lead them clearly march too slowly for him.

As a contrast to the burly patriot, at least in personal appearance, there sat near him Professor Forchkammer, one of the luminaries of the Kiel University, and the very best specimen of the German professor I ever fell in with. Apart from the question of Schleswig-Holstein, he is one of the most sensible, loving, and lovable men that ever lived. On the subject of the nationality, the indivisibility, the independence of the two Duchies, he is all gall and wormwood, and contradiction easily lashes him into rant and paradox. He is conversant with the English language; acquainted with and fond of England; in correspondence with many English scientific men; but

he cannot understand how the people of England should find it so difficult to take his own view of the great question of the day, and honestly flatters himself that he would talk any rational man into those views, if he only were allowed to argue the subject to its utter exhaustion. It is needless to add that he does not easily get to the bottom of the well where truth lies, and he is apt to be rather prosy no less than one-sided in his arguments. Now, I do not like much to discuss matters with a person who does not admit that there must needs be two sides to any question, and, moreover, who is not ready to prove that he has thoroughly considered what can be said against, as what can be alleged in favour of, the cause he advocates. In order that I may fully agree with a man, I must feel that I am free to differ from him *toto cælo*.

As an Italian, and a patriot, and an old conspirator, who has lived to see the first stone of his own nationality happily laid, I see that I am deemed by the professor and by his friends in duty bound to go with them through thick and thin; but in Italy, it seems to me, we conducted our movements on somewhat different principles, and went to work on a more practical plan. We did not begin by picking a quarrel with Switzerland for the nationality of canton Ticino, merely to show our valiancy against a helpless neighbour.

We simply kicked out half-a-dozen of our worthless princes, and cast our lot with a dynasty that seemed to sympathize with our aspirations, and to comprehend the spirit of the times. We did not unroll old parchments, and stand on the ground of exploded feudal rights. We claimed Italy for the Italians, and made no fuss about disputed succession, or the terms of treaties. We knew very well that on pragmatic or diplomatic grounds the mere people count for nothing. Had the Germans set up the Hohenzollern, as we proclaimed Savoy, we would have rejoiced at the reconstitution of their country as we did at the regeneration of our own. But how could we warm up at the notion of adding one more to the six-and-thirty princes with which the Germans have for so many centuries saddled themselves? Time enough to shout for Augustenburg, when the pretender shows that he has, like Charles Albert, the pluck and the strength to strike a blow, not for Holstein or for Schleswig, but for all Fatherland, and not against weak Denmark, but against Austria and Prussia, and all the other Powers of evil that stand in the way of national unity.

I was present, yesterday, at the reception of the Ditmarsh deputation by Prince Frederick of Augustenburg. It was to take place in the bath-

ing establishment on the bay, at Düsternbroek, about one English mile from the town of Kiel. I went down on the ice, with Dr. Lorentzen, sliding each of us in one of those sledges propelled by a man armed with a long pole, a swift and very pleasurable means of locomotion; the central hall of the Bade Anstalt, a large square room, with a round gallery encompassing it close under the ceiling, was all hung round with the German and the Schleswig-Holstein colours. About 350 deputies crowded the hall; they were, 14 of the clergy, the schoolmasters, and the country people of that district. The gallery was thronged with the fair sex of the town, gaudily attired. The Prince stood on a platform on which a throne had been hastily got ready for him. He had doffed his great coat and comforter, and was clad in a plain decent black undress—a morning cut-away jacket. One of the gentry, a divine, and a schoolmaster successively addressed their chosen Duke, paying their homage in somewhat long-winded, but eloquent, and, as far as I could judge, heartfelt words. Prince Frederick answered in a very sedate and dignified manner, thanking them for their expressions of love and devotion, and saying that, ‘although their destinies hung still in suspense, and they were without arms, their certainty of success depended on their unshaken conviction of the justice of their cause.’ He then

alighted from his elevated position, and mixed with the crowd, with a kind word for every man, with that ease and affability which shows him no mean adept in the mysteries of kingcraft. What chances of success, to be sure, lie in the mere advantages of personal appearance! Throughout the whole assembly there was not one man that looked so princely as the Prince himself. The tallest of the tall—like Saul amongst the children of Israel—he exhibited, by his noble Scandinavian countenance, a striking contrast with the honest but homely German faces eagerly pressing around them. Surely this man was not intended by Providence to be the leader of a revolution; '*Son métier à lui c'est d'être Roi,*' if only circumstances, over which he has no control, will help him to a throne. Somehow, I think, I do not like him the less for it. — I always entertained a high respect for the memory of the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, to whom the French words I have just quoted were originally attributed. I wish a king to be a royalist, and a nobleman to be an aristocrat. I hate and despise that patriciate out-at-elbows that makes itself cheap to court popularity, and affects democracy to walk to power and distinction over the heads of the mob. Of all demagogues, save me from Catilina, Egalité, and Plon-plon! The Prince once more took his station on the platform, and with a few more words of thanks, dismissed

the assembly. The good Ditmarshers broke out into hearty cheers; the ladies in the galleries waved their handkerchiefs, and, upon the Prince leaving the hall, the crowd struck up the patriotic air, '*Schleswig-Holstein, meer umslungen*,' the notes of which allow no man rest here day or night.

I thought I saw a great deal of genuine emotion among the chief actors in this interesting ceremony and among the bystanders. The Prince was visibly pleased, but unmoved. I am told that, when on the battle-field as a young volunteer, during the campaign of 1849, he showed an equally imperturbable self-possession and cool intrepidity. He is just the sort of man to suit the temperament of these people. Like a Dutch galliot, he will sail fast and far enough with a stiff wind astern. *Il ira loin ce gaillard-là, va!*

CHAPTER II.

SCHLESWIG.

Life in Kiel.—A Café.—General V. Stutterheim.—A Trip to Schleswig.—Herr Mayer.—A Cold Journey.—Winter Scenery.—The Schlei.—The Danes in Schleswig.—National Antipathies.—Life in Schleswig.—Nobility, Gentry, and Commonalty.—Flensburg.—The Police.

January 16-19.

THE sojourn of Kiel cannot be particularly lively at any time of the year : it is more than ever dull at this season. The well-to-do Holsteiners, like most North-Germans, are fond of their country homes even in the heart of their long, cruel winter, and the aristocracy, if they ever gather here at all, only make their appearance for a month or two for the purpose of sea-bathing. The *Kieler Umschlag* is not, as I fancied, a fair, but merely a rendezvous of wealthy people and men of business, to wind up their accounts for the year. My days flow on with sufficient monotony : I work in the morning, ramble about in the afternoon, exploring the country in every direction, walking briskly over the hard-frozen highways. With the exception of the immediate border of the bay, the

land is not interesting: flat and bare, cut out in broad fields which may look very fertile and luxuriant in the summer, past silent hamlets and huge farms which bear the outward appearance of solid well-being. I meet heavy teams of Holstein horses, well-fed and strong, grave and sober, looking as if they never had been, never could be, urged beyond their own jog-trot. The driver behind them takes off his cap before the pedestrian stranger, greeting him with his cordial 'Guten Tag!' There seems to be plenty of food here for man and beast: you meet with no bare feet, no tattered or patched garments, no pauperism, no beggary. If the Holsteiners are at all afflicted with any of the miseries that make up the common lot of mankind, it must be said that they take precious care to hide them.

The long winter evening is the dread enemy most hard to be rid of. I read the papers for hours at the 'Harmonic,' a literary institution, half club, half beer-shop, where patriots promiscuously congregate to solve the knottier points of the world's problems; and more frequently join a party of choice individuals of the quidnunc genus, whose haunt is a kind of cabaret, or Café Chantant, known by the name of its stout mistress, as 'Johanna's!'

The most advanced set of Schleswig-Holstein politicians assemble there; the talk is pro-

digiously loud and diffuse, and the consumption of beer and tobacco in proportion. Occasionally one of the company calls for a bottle of champagne; the sour beverage presently appears; sour stuff—sorry cider or perry—manufactured in Hamburg; deep in its ice-cooler and surrounded by as many long-stemmed glasses as there are persons present. The bottle goes round, the glasses jingle: another bottle is called for, then another, new cigars are lighted, new toasts proposed, and duly honoured, and the carouse is prolonged till every man has equally enjoyed, and contributed his own share to the common entertainment. From time to time one of the syrens who are making the adjoining apartment tuneful with patriot melodies, steps in, all rustling in silk and velvet, all wreathed in artificial flowers and smiles, and levies a tiny tax of imponderable, and indecipherable Hamburg coin, an encouragement to talent which no son of Teutonia would ever dream of withholding. The wine is heady, the beer muddy, the smoke unfragrant, the atmosphere stifling: but the guests are good-natured, and a little wit goes a long way. Long ere they part, they are all ‘brüder,’ and I do believe they really feel, and, at a pinch, would act as such. The German is instinctively kind-hearted; apt to be mischievous only from sheer wrong-headedness.

One of this worthy brotherhood I am always most happy to meet is General Baron Von Stutterheim, a gentleman I should have mentioned amongst the guests of Dr. Lorentzen, at the hotel dinner a few days ago. The General is a Prussian by birth, and played rather a distinguished part as a Commander of a Free Corps, at the time of the first Schleswig-Holstein war in 1848-50. Subsequently he became a soldier of fortune in the most honourable sense of the word, and was trusted by the English Government with the organization of the German Legion that was to take part in the Crimean war of 1854. On the dissolution of that corps at the Cape, the General came back to Europe, and resided at various of the minor Courts of Germany, being especially familiar with those of Coburg, Nassau, and Baden. It was in those small centres of German life, I believe, that the national feeling attained its greatest development, and the General, who is no less intelligent, cool-headed, and practical, than he is earnest and brave, exercised no trifling ascendancy over those patriotic councils. On the first re-opening of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, the 'party of action,' if I may so call it, felt that all the energies of the nation should be turned to the support of the Augustenberg claims. Germanism had identified itself with Schleswig-Holsteinism in 1848-50; when it was thwarted

and crushed by the interference of Austria and Prussia ; it had now a chance of returning to the charge, and it takes the field not so much against Denmark as against those two great German Powers who proved to be the best friends of Denmark on that former occurrence. *

The object of Von Stutterheim's presence in Kiel at this moment is to muster up and to lead into the field a national army for the Prince of Augustenburg, whenever this latter may choose to exercise this first and foremost amongst the prerogatives of royalty. The General, however, has but little faith in the enterprise and resolution either of the Prince or of his Minister. He thinks they are ruining their cause by delay and indecision, and keeps aloof from them, sulking and fretting. Here, at Johanna's Café, Von Stutterheim is an idol, and an oracle. A number of young men, veterans, some of them who have already served, and others mere raw recruits, eager to win the spurs, under the General's orders, come to pay their respects to their intended leader. They are a fine-spirited set, most of them, some of the older ones soldier-looking in a high degree. Titles and high-sounding names are common amongst them, as scars on the nose and bristling mustachios ; it is easy to perceive that, for the most part, they are men of the world, away from home for a long time, and, like the General, accustomed

to follow the trade of arms wherever it may promise to lead to active life, profit, or distinction.

With the General, as with his subalterns, the question of the day is mere matter of secondary interest. Schleswig-Holstein is for them a means not an end. Their real aim is the overthrow of the present German system, by the democratisation of Prussia and to the exclusion of Austria: their faith is in the people, but they think that some of the minor Princes, and the Bund itself, are tools to be worked with advantage. There are Schleswig-Holsteiners, however, amongst the number, and with these, as a matter of course, local affairs are all in all; and, out of deference to these, the Augustenburg claims are held up, and the pretensions of Denmark cried down. It is strange to see how bitter, how violent, these Germans can be when they have managed to lash themselves into a passion. It is not the government of Denmark only, it is not even mainly the government, that is the theme of their withering abuse. It is the Danish people that they paint with the most odious colours, as the falsest, the most treacherous, the most hypocritical set of men in the world. They, these Germans, who are themselves so upright and single-minded, do not scruple to charge their adversaries with the blackest perfidy and duplicity. Even Von Stutterheim,

who has a sound judgment enough in most matters, whilst doing ample justice to the gallantry and the outward courtesy and amiability of the Danes, describes them as perfect wolves in sheep's clothing. He urges me to go, to travel through Schleswig, and see matters as they are with my own eyes; but, in the same breath, he would seem to warn me not to trust my own eyes, as the Danes have a consummate art, a diabolical subtlety, by which they will be sure to wind themselves round me, and to hoodwink me like a baby.

It is decided I am to have a run about Schleswig, and shall set out to-morrow morning. General Von Stutterheim and his friends, afraid to leave me to my own devices, and anxious that I should see things through their own spectacles, have thought fit to supply me with a guide and companion. This is to be Herr Mayer, a native of Holstein, but who long ago bought a large farm at Düttebüll, near Gielting, in that province of Schleswig, which boasts the name of Angeln, and resided there for many years, till upon some difference arising between him and the local authorities, he sold his land, and returned to his own people at Pinneberg, near Altona. Although Herr Mayer has some grievances of his own against the Danish Government, he is a moderate, inoffen-

sive man, not to be unduly swayed by political passions. He was one of the most silent guests in Johanna's parlour, and looked more surprised than pleased at the hatred displayed by some of the company against the tyrant Danes. Evidently in his long intercourse with them he found not a little to like and esteem amongst them. However, we shall see better to-morrow what sort of a man he is.

Professor Forchkammer took me to see the town hospital, which lies out in the open air, on a commanding ground, on the shore of the Kiel Bay. The spot could not have been more happily chosen, nor the building, which has lately been finished, have been contrived, or the establishment be conducted, in a manner more admirably suited to the purpose. One of the professor's friends, a worthy merchant, showed me the schools, high and low, which are flourishing in great number in this rocky capital of Holstein. Public charity and popular education are nowhere in the world under a better management than they seemed to me here, and the gentlemen who volunteered their guidance were not a little proud of the results attained by their country in these most important branches of human civilization. I suffered them to descant on the undeniable excellences of the

institutions to which they called my attention, and then took them short with a few home questions. 'Who built the hospital, who opened the school, who endowed both?' My interlocutors hammed and hawed: 'It was the Danish Government that did this and that, but then it was very reluctant and provokingly dilatory about it.—It had to be stormed and pestered with petitions and remonstrances about it—it did what it did by the aid of municipal and provincial funds; out of Holstein and Kiel money; or, indeed, the Government did nothing, it only allowed the Provincial Board and the Town Corporation to do with their own as it seemed good to themselves.' And they call it little—these good ingenuous people! It is nothing to be said on behalf of a Government that it either spent the country's money in the promotion of the most vitally important branches of public welfare, or that it trusted its subjects with the management of their own business, and ruled after the most approved principles of *laissez-faire* policy! They may well think it nothing, but if I could get them to visit the prisons of Rome and Naples, if they would go and inquire in what state public instruction is, or was, under the Bourbons, in Calabria, or Sicily, then they would know, perhaps, what men really understand by misgovernment; they would be able to see, by contrast, whether the sufferings of this fat, orderly,

well-educated Schleswig-Holstein were so great as to call for violent remedies, and whether the harshness or improvidence of the Danish rule was of a nature to allow the people much hope of bettering themselves by any change.

I have taken leave of General von Stutterheim, and convey with me the firm impression that a kinder-hearted, a more frank or fair man is not to be found out of the whole class of political agitators. He plainly avows that his only object is the unification of Germany, and doubts whether the Schleswig-Holstein movement, as it now proceeds, will be greatly conducive to the fulfilment of his wishes. What avails it to wrench the Duchies from Denmark, claiming them in the name of German nationality, if there is now no German nation to annex them to? Would the General wish the Schleswig-Holsteiners to be associated to the destinies of his own Prussians? Not certainly whilst Bismark-Schönhausen is at the head of King William's council. But, then, Bismark is to be hooted from power in Prussia, and this very Dano-German complication is the very lever with which the weight of tyranny is to be raised from the neck of Germany. So says Stutterheim, and so he thinks. But would it not be better to begin with the beginning? to settle

with the King of Prussia, with all the other Kings and Princes who are in the way of the German nationality? and is there not time enough when that nationality is established to supply its test to such fragments of it as in its general dissolution and dismemberment may have been associated to other nations? Surely Germany should have a home ere it thinks of receiving Holstein and Schleswig as its inmates.

We left Kiel, good Herr Mayer and I, early in the morning of Saturday, and travelled across the Dänische Wöhd, over Gettorf, to Eckernförde, and thence across the district of Schwansen to Maasleben, Arnis, and Cappel, on the narrow gut or creek of the Schlei. From Cappel on Sunday I drove about the territory of the Angeln, first to Gelting, and thence all round by the sea coast came back to the mouth of the Schlei and Cappel. Yesterday, again, I traversed the Angeln district from west to north-east, and by Arrild, Brennsholm, Hardebye, and Husbye, came in a somewhat roundabout way to Flensburg.

Desire to see the country induced me to set out in an open carriage. But the winter had set in with unprecedented severity. Such frightful cold, the people say, has not been experienced in

these parts for twenty-five years. The thermometer, even in the sun, falls down to 10 deg. Reaumur below the freezing point; and just as we left Kiel we met a keen, cruel, cutting north-east wind, which tried our powers of endurance to the utmost—a cruel, killing wind, searching you through and through with its very first blast, running through your cloaks, wrappings, and furs, piercing through skin, flesh, ribs, and lungs, till it reaches your poor heart, where it lies shrinking and quivering in its warm inner chamber, and squeezes it up—crumples it up like Mr. Cobden's famous sheet of paper. After a first day's hard-bought experience we were fain to give up our open phæton and creep into one of the country's close conveyances, where in less than two minutes a thick icy crust shut out the world from us.

There was not much to regret in the look of the country we were compelled to give up. No sooner had we turned our back upon the somewhat hilly and well-timbered little bay of Kiel than the land spread flat and bare before us, not, indeed, a dead level, but a slightly undulated surface, cut up into broad fields, encompassed with bristling hazel hedges, bleak, lonely, monotonous. There was no snow on the ground, but only a sprinkling of accumulated frost, giving the landscape a chill, hoary aspect. Now and then, but at large intervals, we came to a farm-house, a square house

with square outbuildings, enclosing a square court; house and premises covered with tall slanting roofs, one-third house, two-thirds roof, the roofs mostly thatch, overgrown with moss, the only green objects that broke through the sameness of that dreary white waste. Now and then, again, a patch of woodland announced the approach of a gentleman's seat—*Adelgut* or *Rittergut*—and as we drove in sight of the mansion, the loftiness of the beech trees, unmatched in the world, made us regret the niggardly husbandry which has so mercilessly stripped the broad acres far and wide. As we drew near the Schlei, at Arnis, Cappel, and all along the west coast, the country exhibited greater beauty and variety, the swelling of the land was more considerable, there were more frequent signs of habitation, a better culture, and more apparent comfort and well-being.

A short hour's journey out of Kiel brought us to the boundary of Schleswig, on the Eider Canal, where the outposts of the Danes and their custom-houses are now established. The tall and stout dragoon doing duty on the bridge, with his crested helmet and flowing mantle, could hardly fail, as he stood out in the cold haze in the grey of the morning, to remind us of the Majesty of buried Denmark, as it stalks on the English stage in the play. The good, ghostly warrior, however, had nothing to say to us; we have met with no hindrance

on the part of the custom or police officers, either on the frontier or anywhere else hitherto. Travelling is as free from annoyance here in this war-beset country as it is in the quietest districts in England. From the sight of that first dragoon on the Eider Canal, our eyes have hardly ever met anything on the roads, at the inns, at the stations, except Danish soldiers. We found them from their advanced posts on the canal and at Eckernförde, all along the line at Schlei, up to Schleswig, and their central position at the Dannewerk. The people here are quite sure that Denmark, with all its reserves, can bring, and is bringing, about 60,000 men into the field, and they believe that little less than 40,000 are already at their posts in the Duchy. Great efforts were made to keep open the water communication along the Schlei, between its mouth and Schleswig. More than 2,000 Danish thalers have been spent in cutting open the ice, and a steamer is constantly at work cruising to and fro to prevent the water from freezing. As we came to the ferry at Cappel on Saturday night it was with the greatest difficulty, and not without some danger, that the small boat to which we trusted ourselves could force its way through the masses of ice everywhere encumbering the narrow channel which was still open for its traffic, and the steamer, which we could see at a little distance,

had been for more than two hours frozen in. The water in our wake curdled and thickened visibly as soon as it was allowed to be still, and our impression, and that of all about us, was that men would have to give up the struggle with the strength of the wintry elements; but even yesterday morning there came fresh orders from Copenhagen to stir up the workmen, who were slackening in their endeavours, and urging them to keep open the channel of the Schlei at any cost.

I had a particular curiosity to see the district of the Angeln, extending from the long line of the Schlei to the Bay of Flensburg, to become acquainted with a people whose ancestors claim kindred with those Angles of Great Britain whom good Pope Gregory converted into Angels so many centuries ago. My companion was, as I have said, a Holsteiner, who had long lived in this ~~part of~~ Schleswig, and was well known to high and low. Wherever we showed ourselves—at the baron's hall or at the old nobleman's court, at the farm or the mill—the hearty welcome of German hospitality awaited us. The good people called out 'Ach! Da ist der Mayer aus Düttebüll!' One word only was spoken by way of introduction, and the stranger soon found himself as perfectly at home as the old neighbour himself. I must say that it spoke not a little in behalf of the general information of the people,

that as soon as my guide whispered in the ear of mere boors that his fellow-traveller was the Berichter-statter of a great London paper, they instantly looked grave, and treated me with as much regard and deference as if they were aware of the altitude even a mere pygmy attains by climbing up on the shoulders of a giant. I never in so short a trip made so many friends, the only drawback to our mutual satisfaction being, on their part, that I would not drink and smoke enough to qualify for their company—on my part, that I was made to drink and smoke so much more than was good for me. Much have I heard, and much learnt, from these good people in our somewhat hurried intercourse—much that may interest those who wish to know the right and wrong of the Schleswig-Holstein question. It may not be easy for me to give the subject full development in the narrow limits of one letter, but I may be able to return to it in my ensuing correspondence. It is true, also, that my travelling friend, following up the secret instructions which he had no doubt received from his Kiel friends, only brought me into contact with persons of his own way of thinking, so that the *altera pars* may yet have to be heard. But I have questioned and cross-questioned the people to the best of my abilities, and they seem to me so outspoken and ingenuous that, due allowance being made for

the exaggeration of present passion, it is not difficult to bring their own testimony against as well as for themselves.

The people of Schleswig, they say, do not look upon themselves as a pure German race. Nay, they admit that in remote epochs the Scandinavian element might be said to be in the ascendant, and that the time may have been in which Danish was the prevailing language. In the constant contact and friction between the two races, Scandinavian and German, however, they say, the larger, stronger, more highly-civilized and expansive nationality has so trodden down the other, that fully two-thirds of the Duchy are now purely German, and only in the northern districts, along a line which may be drawn from Tondern to a mile or so south of Flensburg, a few Danish families or small tribes are to be found, not mixed with, but simply dovetailed into, the German communities. These Danish clusters are sprinkled here and there even in the Angeln territory, and spots were pointed out to me where the two nations lived side by side,—separate, yet side by side; the Danes, for instance, occupying the upper and the Germans the lower part of the same village. The Schleswigers, as I said, put forward no pretensions to purity of blood. Looking at their outward appearance, it would be difficult to come to any

satisfactory conclusion. In one house, especially among the higher classes, you are met with the blue eye, the long face, the light eyebrows, the tall and slim forms of the Northmen. In another, more usually among the peasantry, you have the round face, the high cheek-bones, the thick-set frame of the sturdy Teuton. But the Germans set great store by their language, and contend that up to 1848 their language and culture were peacefully but irresistibly driving the Danes to the frontier of Jutland. Up to 1848, however, the two nations lived peaceably together, hardly dreaming that difference of descent or idiom could constitute incompatibility of temper or interfere with good neighbourhood. The struggle of that and the ensuing year, however, arrayed the nationalities against one another, and after the peace of 1851-2 the Germans accuse not only the Danish Government, but even the people, of a deliberate design to force back the tide of civilization by *denationalizing* the superior, and thereby morally prevailing race. 'Ever since 1852,' they say, 'the Danes, who anticipated the time in which Holstein might be lost to them altogether, fastened upon Schleswig with all their tenacity, and a party arose among the Danish liberals who went by the name of the Eider party, because they wished to fix the boundary of the Danish nation, if not of the Danish

monarchy, upon the north bank of that river. Under pretext that the races were mixed, or that the Danish element prevailed, they palmed Danish schoolmasters and clergymen, totally ignorant of German, upon communities where the Danish language was utterly unknown. These teachers and divines, aware that they were sent on an unholy and unpopular errand, came into the country harbouring strong prejudices against the people; nay, so aware were the Danes themselves of the obnoxiousness of these appointments that honourable men would scarcely accept them, and some of the ministers sent into Schleswig are no better than scamps, scandalizing by their dissolute conduct this unquestionably most moral people, whom it ought to be their duty to edify. But whatever may be thought of the disreputable character of these priests, it is certain that the mere fact of the want of a common means of communication renders their office as religious instructors utterly nugatory. It is by these means that the Government has succeeded among a most devout people in emptying the churches. As to the schools, not only has Danish been made the ruling and often the exclusive language in the public ones, but even private instruction is interfered with to such an extent that more than two families cannot avail themselves of the services of the same teacher, even at each other's houses.'

I had been assured of these facts in so many quarters, that it was not easy for me to entertain any doubt as to their correctness. Possibly the evil is not so great as it seems to these good Schleswigers; possibly it would not be difficult to find the English in Wales or Ireland, or the French in the Basque Provinces or in Corsica, guilty of the same enormities. At any rate I was desirous to test the accuracy of my friends' statements so far as my own observation extends. My companion, Herr Mayer, was especially anxious that we should be early on Sunday morning at Gelting or Gjelting, in time to attend divine service. 'Gelting,' he said, 'was a strong case in point.' There were not, he assured me, three persons in the whole district who could understand a word of Danish, yet the parson was a Dane and would be sure to preach in his own language. As we drove up from Cappeln, he stopped before the church-door, where a few peasants were lounging, and asked them in what language the sermon would be?—'Dütsch' was the answer, spoken in the low German of the district. This took Herr Mayer a little aback for the moment, but he explained, 'that the service was held alternately in the two languages, and that it was only unfortunate we had come on the wrong Sunday.' He added, however, that 'such German as the clergyman had at his com-

mand was Greek to his congregation,' a fact which may be true of this as of many other German districts, the Hoch Deutsch of the church being often unintelligible because the low dialect is common amongst the half-educated multitude. But the matter here has been looked upon with the jealousy and punctilio of conflicting national feelings. The Germans think that the Danes aggravate their odious measures by an intolerable amount of arrogance and scorn, and Mayer quoted to me the instance of a public functionary in this neighbourhood, 'a Dane who could speak excellent German; but who never went about without an interpreter, as he disdained the use of the idiom of a despised race.' Herr Mayer himself, however, wondered at my being able to understand the patois of the country, as the difference between high and low German presented difficulties which appeared to him insurmountable. He was unlucky, also, in the instances he alleged of the exclusive employment of purely Danish functionaries in the Schleswig territory, for it so happened that the Amptmann at Cappeln was a German and a born Schleswiger, though 'he was so unnatural a foe to his country,' Mayer added, 'that he out-Daned the Danes themselves.'

The ill-feeling arising from these circumstances had not, however, by the confession of the Germans

themselves, hitherto led to any open outbreak, or even to very intense animosity between the two peoples. The Germans not only resisted absorption, but by the mere strength of numbers and of their irresistible vitality, passively absorbed their rulers, all efforts to the contrary notwithstanding; but the death of King Frederick, the revival of the old quarrel, and the anticipation of further changes, have given a new impulse to the national aspirations, aggravating old grievances, and giving rise to new complaints.

The Danes have come down upon Schleswig in great strength. They have made large requisitions, especially in hay, straw, lard, &c., and have billeted their soldiers upon the people most unmercifully. I have found houses at Gettorf, Eckernförde, &c., crowded with more than 200 men each. The exigencies of the war might account for all this; but the Germans ascribe their masters' conduct to a deliberate design to strip them of all they have, to a wish that nothing should be left to the advancing enemy in the event of the Duchy falling into German hands. That there is anything like unnecessary harshness or insolence in the enforcement of these requisitions I have never heard; but I have, on the contrary, been everywhere assured that the

Danes, both officers and soldiers, give evidence of the strictest discipline, and that the people are nowhere subjected to ill-usage. Faithful to his mission, Herr Mayer never fails to make the most of these unavoidable inconveniences of all active warfare. 'Giebt's einquartierung?' is the question he invariably addresses to the people at the door of every house, public or private, we come to, and the answer is that there certainly are soldiers quartered in most of them; but I cannot find out that the people talk of their guests with that black rancour with which, for instance, a Lombard or Venetian countryman would speak of the hated 'Croat.' The Germans are very eloquent about their long-endured indignities, about their implacable hostility, and the certainty that no contrivance of diplomacy, no scheme of a personal union or of a separate Constitution and an autonomous Government would ever reconcile them to their masters; they think that no promise of the Danes could be held binding, no engagement would be sacred to them; they accuse them of innate falsehood and cunning, charge them with all the capital sins, hardly allowing them the boast of bravery, or even of physical strength. To what extent these strongly-cherished antipathies descend among the people I, of course, am hardly as yet able to decide. They seemed to be pretty general, deep, and

intense among the people with whom I conversed, both high and low. Still it must be borne in mind that I have only been brought into contact with a certain set; that I see things as I am made to see them; and even under such circumstances, there is not a little that may be adduced in extenuation of the offence of *lèse nationalité*, with which the Danes are charged. The freedom of speech, and even audacity, of these Germans is something transcending all belief. I have heard them heartily cursing the Danes in the very hearing of Danish soldiers—a fact which does, perhaps, no less honour to the forbearing nature of the oppressors than to the desperate spirit of the oppressed. Strange to say, although the German journals enter freely into every part of Schleswig, those of Holstein, miserably inoffensive as they are by their dulness and insipidity, have, I am told, been forbidden; but for the rest, not only journals, but all correspondence, would seem to be allowed to go freely through the post on either side, and I suspect the alleged violation of the secrecy of letters at the Danish post-offices rests on no satisfactory evidence. Public meetings of more than 20 persons have been discountenanced, but a ‘secret’ assemblage of no less than 60 members of a Schleswig-Holstein Union was held at Flensburg last evening without any interference of the well-informed police.

Deputies who have publicly done homage to the Prince in Kiel live unmolested in Flensburg. Whatever the Germans may say, therefore, and whatever may be thought of the above enumerated grievances, it is difficult to resist the conviction that the Danes have neither the tastes nor the arts of a petty searching tyranny, and that, relying upon the strength of their arms, they never imposed upon their Schleswig subjects a heavier yoke than they were willing to bear themselves. They may have been wrong in their wish to make the Schleswigers a part of themselves, and it is difficult to say into what new errors one unlucky original blunder may have led them; but had the Germans given in to that only point on which it was unluckily so impossible for them to yield, there would scarcely, perhaps, have arisen another subject of difference or complaint between the two races. There is here an affair of nationality, and nothing more.

A most important point, however; I wish I were able to ascertain, for it would give a clear idea of the incompatibility of temper of these two nationalities, which were in so evil a moment joined together: 'while about two-fifths of the Danish army,' they tell me, 'were recruited amongst the German population by conscription, not more than fifteen or twenty officers in the King's service belong to the Duchies,' a proof, if

the fact could be ascertained, either that promotion was not easily open to the Schleswig-Holsteiners in the Danish army, or that the gentlemen of these Duchies shrink from contact with their rulers in the regiments, and such of them as choose the army for their profession, prefer to seek their fortune abroad. I dined with a German baron yesterday, in the neighbourhood of Getting, who told me he had been for fifteen years in the Austrian service, and had still a brother in a Hungarian cavalry regiment. Cases of this kind, he told me, were by no means unfrequent.

On the fact that so many thousand Schleswig-Holsteiners are now mixed with the Danes in the Royal army, the Germans build great hopes for the dissolution of the army itself and the downfall of the monarchy. There are endless tales in circulation about deserters among the Schleswig-Holsteiners, about their mutinies and murder of their officers, and even about a general dissatisfaction among the Danish soldiers themselves—their refusal to work in the trenches, &c. All I can say is, on the one hand, that the Danish Government has certainly marched off a regiment, chiefly consisting of Holsteiners, into Zealand, probably by way of precaution; and, on the other hand, that wherever I have been I have seen well-behaved soldiers, both Danes and Germans,

and have everywhere heard high praises of their good conduct and discipline.

Without at all presuming, at so early a stage of my inquiry, to give an opinion as to the real grievances of these people against their rulers, and as to the expediency of withdrawing them from it by the interference of foreign powers, I must say that it must be difficult for any traveller to withhold his esteem for, and sympathy with, them. The German character, which so warmly recommends itself by its sterling worth and amiable simplicity throughout the extent of the fatherland, seems to reach a higher standard the farther north you come. Assuredly the Danish rule could not be so very tyrannical, since it has evidently exercised no corrupting influence here. Schleswig, like Holstein, is a purely rural community, where the various classes of wealthy landowner, of thriving farmer, and comfortable labourer, live together in amity, bound together by community of interests, without the slightest symptom of fretful rancour or envious ill-will. I met a Herr Von Rumohr at the parlour of an inn at Cappel, as fine a specimen of an old Teutonic aristocrat as I ever saw ; I met him, I say, drinking his beer with a little knot of patriots, amongst whom he took precedence by the obvious right

of birth and station, and by whom he was treated with as much deference as if the word democracy had never been whispered in the world. I visited him at his country-seat, his permanent home for summer or winter, a perfect domestic sanctuary, a haven of such perfect happiness, that it would seem as if even all the blast of political passions could have no power to disturb it. The Baron, whose guest I was at Getting, lives in a kind of court of his own; his steward, his secretary, his doctor, his tutors and governesses, make up almost a princely household, and constitute the only society of the great man from year's end to year's end. I had his stately wife seated on my right hand at dinner; his venerable mother, an octogenarian lady, still dressed in the black silk of a widowhood of more than twenty years' standing, naturally taking the head of the table opposite to him who now reigned instead of her late lord. The whole household struck me as a marvellous piece of still-life—an order of things into which it would seem as impossible as undesirable to introduce innovation. The Baron exercises almost feudal jurisdiction in the district: he has bailiffs, and watchmen, and foresters, whom he entertains at his expense, and who act by his orders exclusively. I did not clearly get at his political opinions—not, at any rate, before dinner—for his position is one of great respon-

sibility, and it would be madness for him to commit himself; but he seemed to me somewhat lukewarm in his Germanism, or rather he was so full of the importance of his own position, as to feel sure that no dynastic or other change could materially affect it. 'Come Dane, come German,' he seemed to think, 'I am always myself—the Baron of Getting.' Alone in his greatness, the Baron seemed to take the presence of an English guest as a matter of commonplace occurrence. The stranger's welcome was courteous but stately; but the ladies and the minor members of the household showed a great deal of *empressement*, and were very curious about England and Italy, and all that outward world of which they had heard so much and seen so little. After dinner, as I hinted, the noble Baron himself thawed, and in the evening the conversation was cordial and intimate. Yet the dinner, although plentiful, could hardly have loosened our host's tongue; for the use of the wines, which were choice, was moderate. The cookery was—what shall I say?—peculiar—intensely German: there was a mixture of sweet and fat to which a man may perhaps become accustomed, but which would scarcely seem a natural taste with any people.

I was for a few hours at another house, at Getting, where I conversed with two brothers, who seemed to me as fine types of the middle

classes of this country, as I could find anywhere. They were tall, fair, looking like twins, as they perhaps were, with highly *distingué* features, and an unmistakable Scandinavian countenance. Yet they were ardent German patriots, and 'quite sure' that the breach between them and their rulers would be irreparable. They gave me clearer notions of the juxtaposition of the two nationalities in the Schleswig districts than I had hitherto obtained from any sources, and brought me to the conclusion, to which they also came, that no line of demarcation really parting the Dane from the German can anywhere be drawn.

The farmers, the mere peasants, a miller on whom we called on the road, all equally seemed to me placed by ease of circumstances, and by education, above the station that they would have occupied in any other community, England not excepted. Their dress was homely, in some instances, but always good and substantial; the houses were clean, plentifully furnished, and only somewhat deficient in carpets, the universally prevailing smoking habits inducing a preference for wooden sanded floors. There is not one parlour in all Schleswig, I observed, without flower-pots on the windows and a canary bird hanging in its cage from the ceiling. These are genuine German tastes, and they follow the

emigrants from these countries far away into the remotest wilds of America.

At Flensburg my dearest friend is a baker, the back parlour to whose shop is a study and library fitted up with such taste, and supplied with so good a choice of books as would befit the bower of a refined University man. Flensburg is a German town, to judge, at least, from the inscriptions on every shop; but parties are divided, and a great deal of political agitation is observable. As in every other place throughout Schleswig there are two rivalisms, which are the clubs and rendezvous of the contending nationalities: the *Stadt Copenhagen* for the Danes, the *Stadt Hamburg* for the Germans. Of course Herr Mayer alighted with me at the latter, and was anxious to introduce me to his old cronies at the drinking *Stube*, and also to take me to a kind of 'public' meeting that was held in a 'private' house, contrary to the police regulations. I pleaded fatigue, however, and allowed him to attend the meeting alone. I am here as a neutral observer, and must take no share in transactions which, however harmless, are at least clandestine.

Herr Mayer came home late at midnight, and woke me up with the startling intelligence that the inspector of the police, an old acquaintance

of his, had evinced some surprise at seeing him in Flensburg, politely inquired what his business was here, and then addressed to him very minute questions as to the stranger travelling in his company. Herr Mayer looked surprised and, as I thought, rather vexed at my evincing no alarm whatever. The fact is, he wished to raise this very natural and I dare say, very innocent interrogatory of the police into a grievance, and give me a high notion of the suspicious and inquisitive nature of the Danish government, but it would not do. Here we have been moving about for three days in every direction in Schleswig, and the hand of government has been nowhere more perceptible than it would have been in the quietest districts of free and peaceful England.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUSTRO-PRUSSIANS.

Precipitate Retreat from Flensburg.—Advance of the Allied Armies.—Disgust and Dismay of the Schleswig-Holstein Patriots.—Retreat of the Hanoverians and Saxons.—Dull time at Kiel.—V. Stutterheim.

January 19–23.

OUR stay in Flensburg and our contemplated further progress through the Schleswig provinces have been cut short by unexpected political vicissitudes. The report spread abroad last evening that the Austro-Prussians have crossed the frontier of the Elbe, bent upon the occupation of Holstein, and the eventual invasion of Schleswig. An outbreak of hostilities has become extremely probable, and even imminent. One of the natural consequences may be the interruption of communications at the Eider, and I must hasten back to Kiel, to receive instructions, and know on which side of the belligerents I am to abide before the freedom and choice is taken from me. I communicated my ideas to my good friend, Herr Mayer, who, for his own part, is by no means loth to bring our journey to a close. He has not,

I see, recovered his equanimity, since it was shaken by his short but significant interview with the inspector of the police, and apprehends that there was no great wisdom in undertaking a trip to Schleswig in such troubled times and in so suspicious a company. I may judge of the fears under which he has been labouring by the anxiety he shows at every departure of the mail to reassure his wife at Pinneberg as to any anxiety on his account, acquainting her with the consoling fact that he is safe and sound, and all goes on as well as it could be reasonable to hope under all circumstances.

We quitted Flensburg this afternoon, Tuesday, February 19th, by the one o'clock train, and reached Kiel in perfect safety at eight in the evening. That dread personage, the police-inspector of Flensburg, was at the station, and called Herr Mayer aside, holding a long confabulation with him. The object of this talk was to ascertain our destination, and make out whether we would tarry on the road, and make any stay at Schleswig or Rendsburg. He, however, handed Herr Mayer to the carriage, and shook hands with him with every expression of friendly courtesy, even taking off his lace-bordered cap with great civility to me. Up to this moment I believe that

his questions arose from pure idle curiosity. At any rate, it is not in this way that a French gendarme or a set of Prussian or Austrian passport officials would have behaved to a foreign traveller, who had either by right or wrong called upon himself their polite attentions. We should have had a summons before the police, a minute scrutiny of our passports, even if we escaped a sudden beating up of our quarters at midnight, the seizure of our papers, money, linen, &c., and, perhaps, the arrest of all who had the ill luck to have anything to do with us, from the banker who cashed our circular notes, down to the 'boots' who gave us a light for our cigars at the hotel door.

Herr Mayer had taken his ticket for Pinneberg, and intended to part with me at the Neumunster junction, whence I was to proceed to Kiel, and he to go home to his wife. The friendship he has conceived for me, however, was stronger even than his conjugal affection, and, changing his mind at the last moment, he resolved upon accompanying me to Kiel. Really there is nothing so good in this world as the heart of these Germans, when once one has made ever so little a breach into it. Possibly, as the very best of men are at all times actuated by manifold motives, there

lurked in Herr Mayer's bosom a desire to narrate to his friends at Johanna's Café, how he had acquitted himself of his task, and what our adventures were, and our hair-breadth escapes. That inspector, I suspect, will haunt the good man to his dying day. Anyhow, the train deposited us together at the Kiel terminus, and we regained our old quarters at the Bahnhof Hotel.

The news of the advance of the Austro-Prussians has produced a very painful impression here, and has thrown great discouragement among the patriot ranks. It is very evident not only that the authority of the Frankfort Diet is unceremoniously set aside by the two great Powers, but also that the Diet gives in to their overbearing pretensions, and falls back from the unequal struggle. Some of those minor princes in whom the national party was so fain to place its confidence, such as the King of Hanover, evince but little hesitation in deserting the country's cause, allowing a free way through their territories to their mighty neighbours. Prussia and Austria as yet maintain their full ascendancy over all Germany, and will exercise in Holstein as much authority as suits their purpose. It is asserted that they will not, for the present moment, interfere with the administration of the Commissioners

of the Diet, or attempt any change in the position of affairs. Their occupation is to be merely military, and the government of the Duchy proceeds with too much order and regularity to justify any recourse to exceptional measures.

The conditions of Holstein, however, and those of the Prince of Augustenburg in it, are altered considerably for the worse. The mere fact that his presence here was winked at by the Frankfort Diet, that the Federal Commissioners allowed the newly-proclaimed Duke so far to venture on the exercise of his rights of sovereignty as to receive the homage of his future subjects, and to lay the basis for the organization of a government and an army—the mere fact that a motion for the recognition of his titles to the succession of the Duchies was shortly to be brought before the Diet—might have some meaning so long as the Diet was virtually in possession of the country between the Elbe and the Eider. But to-morrow the land will be in the power of Austria and Prussia, two States which entertain no doubt as to the validity of the rights of Denmark, but who only wish to bind the Danish king to the observance of engagements entered into fifteen years ago with respect to the internal management of his Government.

As soon as the Prussians and Austrians step in, the Prince of Augustenburg ought to consider himself bound to step out. It is most unlikely,

indeed, that his residence in Kiel as a 'private man,' will be objected to by the new-comers, but his importance, both in his friends' eyes and in his own, will dwindle to very pitiful dimensions; for if Prussia and Austria attain their object, either by war or negotiation, the result of their joint efforts deals a death-blow to the hopes of one, who is in their eyes, a mere pretender. A large deputation of distinguished citizens and of the municipal authorities of several localities in Holstein, are about to proceed this very evening or to-morrow to Frankfort, to solicit the recognition of the Duke's rights on the part of the Diet; but, were even their mission crowned with success, what would be the gain of Prince Frederick even in his new capacity of an acknowledged Duke, if he found himself at the discretion of two great Powers, whose efforts are turned, not to deprive Denmark of the Duchies, but only to establish the terms on which she may be empowered to hold them? That Prussia and Austria are masters of the situation, both here and at Frankfort, and everywhere in Germany, till such time at least as the people make up their minds for a general revolution, no man would attempt to dispute. There are hot-headed patriots here who thought it would be worth while to call to arms a couple of thousand of these Holsteiners and place them half on the Elbe, half on the frontier of Lü-

beck, to intimate to the advancing Austro-Prussians that they could only enter the territory of the Duchies by treading upon their corpses. But to say nothing of the idleness of so desperate a demonstration, and of the difficulty of finding men ready for such an exhibition of self-sacrifice, no time is left even to put such a scheme into deliberation. The Austro-Prussians will be here tomorrow, and all that the Holsteiners can do is to endeavour to propitiate the goodwill of their uninvited guests and auxiliaries by preparing them a noisy and lively, if not altogether a hearty, welcome.

What to a great extent contributed and contributes to damage the enthusiasm of the people of the Duchies is the irresolute and, to all appearance, somewhat pusillanimous behaviour of the Duke and his Ministers, who from the beginning laid all their expectations on the goodwill of the Diet, and showed the utmost reluctance to think, talk, or act for themselves. The Prince himself is, perhaps, the most anti-revolutionary person that ever was. He reads the 'Kreuz Zeitung,' and puts his faith in the friendship of the King of Prussia. His respect for constituted authorities, his regard for legality, and his dependence on the nod of diplomacy are, indeed, commendable princely qualities. But one wonders what on earth could induce a man of such a character to

venture on the course he has hitherto pursued if he was determined to stop half way. No man can serve the people and the diplomatists at the same time. If Prince Frederick hoped that his claims might be recognized before a Congress, what business had he to come to solicit the suffrages of a people, to play with their enthusiasm, and to commit them to a game in which he does not strive to be the winner, and they are sure to be the losers? *Que diable venait-il faire dans cette galère?* Such are the murmurs I begin to hear on the subject of his Highness's supineness and apathy. The prospects of the national party in the Duchies are just now anything but bright; as usual, they are further darkened by mutual dissatisfaction, by mistrust and dissension.

The Saxons left us here this morning between seven and eight o'clock. There is only one railway line at Kiel, the one going southward to Altona-Hamburg. This line meets, at Neumünster junction, a short hour from this, the line which leads from Altona to Rendsburg. From Rendsburg the line proceeds northward to Klosterkro, where it again splits into two branches, of which one soon ends at Schleswig, the other striking off to the westward, to Oersted, Husum, and Tönning. At Oersted another line goes northward to Flensburg,

the utmost limit reached hitherto by the railway in this Peninsula. All that we know hitherto is, that the Saxons have gone to Neumünster; whether from there they will continue their journey to Altona, or whether they will turn towards Rendsburg, is yet matter for speculation. It has been said that the King of Saxony had offered to the Frankfort Diet the aid of his troops to repel the Austro-Prussian invasion; but the commissioners at Altona have as yet no orders from the Diet, and it is quite impossible to believe that that body would give its sanction to a proposal which would lead to a civil collision between Germans on the eve of a war with a foreign foe. The probabilities are that the troops of the Confederacy will keep out of the way of the advancing forces of the two great Powers. The Prussian vanguard was to reach Neumünster to-day, and we may expect to see some of them here to-morrow. Before the end of the month, it is expected, an imposing Austro-Prussian army will be stationed on the frontier of the Eider. The commander-in-chief of the Austro-Prussians is old Field-Marshal von Wrangel, and General Falkenstein is the head of his staff.

All is quiet enough here, but people look with no little anxiety on the possible issue of a contest to which the Austro-Prussian interference comes

to add such an unutterable complication. The movement thus far had been, in the eyes of the so-called patriotic party of the Schleswig-Holsteiners, comparatively simple and natural. They were convinced that they grounded their rights both on the principles of freedom and nationality and on those of justice and legality. For them, Prince Frederick of Augustenburg was, by right of feudal succession, the only legitimate heir of the two Duchies. The attempt of Denmark to denationalize the Schleswigers had, they conceived, filled the measure of the people's ill-will against that Power, and they deemed themselves justified in proclaiming their absolute separation from the Danish Crown, and the accession of their lawful Sovereign. Mind you, I do not by any means assert that they could be borne out in all these assumptions. I am not called upon to give an opinion as to the legality of the Prince's claims, nor as to the pure German nationality of all Schleswig, nor on the right people may have, under all circumstances, to set up national rights against long-established dynastic pretensions. All I mean to say is, that such were their views, and that in these views they believed they would be supported by Germany in so far as Germany may be said to be represented by the Frankfort Diet. They were in daily expectation of a recognition of their Prince on the part of that

Diet, when, by establishing a Ducal Government and raising an army, they thought they could prepare themselves to make good their Duke's rights in Schleswig no less than in Holstein.

So far, what was contemplated was merely a national war between the Duchies and Denmark, which should decide upon whom the sovereignty of Schleswig-Holstein should devolve. Whatever friends Denmark might be able to enlist in her cause, the revolutionary leaders in the Duchies felt sure of the support of all Germany in a quarrel which involved, as they thought, universal German interests. But now the two great Powers of Prussia and Austria, making up between them much more than two-thirds of the might of Germany, take the affair into their own hands, and occupy the Duchies with views not altogether friendly to Denmark, but no less at variance with those of the Frankfort Diet, and of the generality of the German people. With Austria and Prussia there is no question either of nationality or of disputed succession. They are not unprepared to recognize the integrity of the Danish Monarchy; nay, they are in a certain manner pledged to support it; only they think themselves entitled, and even obliged, to meddle with the internal affairs of the Danish Government, and demand the repeal of a Constitution

which the King, perhaps, deemed necessary to the safety and well-being of his State."

Again, I do not wish to sit in judgment upon the conduct of the King of Denmark. I have no presumption to decide how far he was bound to abide by the Treaty of London, how far the November Constitution violated that treaty, or how far he was induced by pressing necessity to depart from the engagements then and there entered into. My only desire is to lay the whole question open before the reader, not from my own point of view, but from that of the most stirring part of these good Schleswig-Holsteiners, who contend they have a right to be heard, and are, they say, determined to make themselves heard at any rate.

Some sympathy, they think, might be shown to the Schleswig-Holsteiners, who, if all their tales were true, were writhing under the sense of wrongs which, in their opinion, had become unendurable, and who, after all, only claimed that right to dispose of themselves which begins to be acknowledged in favour at least of those who show spirit and resolution sufficient to vindicate it. Some regard might be due to the sentimental, though perhaps not wholly unambitious, and decidedly preposterous, aspirations of the Germans, who availed themselves of the opportunity offered by a case of what they deemed in-

disputable right to take the first step towards a strenuous assertion of their nationality, at the expense of a foreign country, before they had agreed upon any plausible national scheme within their own boundaries; but it is utterly impossible to understand the ground and aim of the present Austro-Prussian movement, equally indefensible, as it is here thought, on the score of old diplomatic maxims and of modern liberal principles.

Austria and Prussia invade the Duchies with an intent to recall the King of Denmark to the terms of the London Treaty. But other Powers were parties to that Treaty, and it is not said that these have commissioned the Austro-Prussians to act in their name and with their consent. Austria and Prussia, moreover, acted in 1851-2 as representatives of the German Confederacy, and they are now pursuing a course not only not imposed upon them by the Confederacy, but in a bold and wanton opposition to its wishes. Those two Powers have, in point of fact, the whole world against them—Denmark, the Duchies, the German Diet and people, and the framers of the London Treaty. It is not in a matter of international policy that they move at all; they interfere in the internal management of an independent State. The world would soon come to a pretty pass if one or two Governments, on the

mere strength of their superior armies, were to take upon themselves to decide questions of the home affairs of another Government. It is not from Berlin, and not from Vienna, that men can give sentence upon the difficulties which beset the rulers at Copenhagen, and drove them from one constitutional experiment to another in the hope of reconciling the irreconcilable. To give a Prince the sovereignty over a people, and to prescribe the limits of the power to be exercised over them, is to attempt impossibilities. The dissensions between a Sovereign and his subjects are matter of private concern, and interference with them is as unwise as mediation in conjugal quarrels. Constitutions in behalf of a people have often been made the theme for diplomatic stipulations. The Constitution of Sicily, that of Hungary, of Poland, &c., rested on the faith of treaties, but the violation of such compacts was in all cases effected with impunity, unless the people, who alone were the interested parties, had power to demand their due. It well becomes Prussia, indeed, to stand up for the people's rights, and it well becomes Austria to be a stickler for national Constitutions and the non-incorporation of provinces. It is only a pity Denmark, or some other stronger State, does not turn the tables upon them and take up the cause of the oppressed nationalities groaning under

their yoke. The very Schleswig-Holsteiners, those who are bitterest in their enmity to Denmark, aver that she is unfairly dealt with, and that Prussia and Austria have absolutely no other ground of action against her than the immense preponderance of their forces.

However superior the forces brought against her may be, most people here still expect that Denmark will make a stout resistance, and, if the present thaw continues, by no means an ineffectual resistance. Neither are people at all sure that Denmark will be left single-handed in the struggle, nor have they abandoned all hope that Austria and Prussia may soon find out that there is a limit even to German patience, and that the dignity of the Diet and of the nation is not to be outraged with impunity. The people here, in short, rely not a little on the chances of foreign intervention and domestic revolution. Already the movement in the South of Germany has found powerful and daring leaders, and some of the minor Governments there are said to be contemplating the convocation of a national German Parliament. Unable to cope with the might of Prussia and Austria, and to unite their votes for the choice of a powerful, able, and popular leader, the minor German Powers look up to the French Emperor as their protector, and there is no doubt that a cannon will not be fired on the

Eider if that great monarch only raises a little finger to forbid it.

In the midst of all these doubts and perplexities the position of the proclaimed Duke of Schleswig-Holstein and that of his Government will not be materially altered. The Austro-Prussians, at least, have engaged to interfere with none of the present arrangements of this Duchy. I have already stated my opinion that Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, after giving a proof of excessive daring in coming to this place at first, condemned himself and his people to inaction from no perceptible reason at all, unless it was natural lack of energy and enterprise, or a somewhat inopportune regard for legality, or, again, deference to the King of Prussia, by whose favour the Prince is said to set great store. It is questionable whether the advance of the Austro-Prussians will inspire with good courage and resolution people who have as yet shown but little of it. They still hope that the Frankfort Diet may now be induced to recognize the Duke, in which case the organization of the army will be immediately proceeded with. They complain of the great difficulty, not to say utter impossibility, of finding arms at any price. Some of their best friends, however, are sure that they could have had not only arms, but officers and *matériel*, and even whole corps and armies,

from some of the minor German Princes, who were ready to go to all extremities for the Duke if he would only bestir himself, and act with readiness and decision. Baden, Coburg, Brunswick, and others, I know, were among the most earnest and pressing in offers of that nature.

The expected advance of the Austro-Prussians turns out to be a far more slow and deliberate movement than we had been led to anticipate. The Prussian vanguard was expected to be here this morning, and there was a great commotion at the railway hotel when some of the non-commissioned officers attached to the quartermaster's staff were seen to alight from the train, and lead their horses to the hotel stables. No other soldiers, however, arrived in the course of the day, and it begins to be bruited that none are expected tomorrow. The Prussians were yesterday in considerable force at Segeberg, and encamped for the night at Plön. The Austrians have advanced no further than Neumünster, on the railway line from Altona. Detachments of Saxons and Hanoverians have been marching through the streets of Kiel these two or three days; many of them proceeding by rail to Neumünster; others striking across country, we do not exactly know

whither bound. They are, we are told, to concentrate somewhere at Hohenwestedt, somewhere between Rendsburg and Itzehoe. Even at this moment I am writing, I am called to the window by a shrill bugle note, and see riding past the hotel door, on their way to the westward, a fine regiment of Hanoverian dragoons, fine men, excellently mounted and equipped, their horse-tail-crests dripping, and long blue coats soaked with the heavy, cold, pitiless rain that has just set in, breaking up the hard frost which has been so bitterly pinching us for the last fortnight. Poor fellows! We had half-a-dozen of their officers last evening at the 'Harmonic,' and loud and deep were the curses they uttered, complaining of the hard lot which had doomed them to so many weeks' dull and inglorious service on the line of the Eider Canal, exposed to the hardships of a most inclement season, and of the shabby reward their devotion now meets, now that they are 'shoved away like so many empty bottles,' to make room for those who can better minister to the pleasures of the feast.

This forward movement of the Austro-Prussians, is indeed a stunning blow for that 'party of action' who had sought in the Schleswig-Holstein complications an opportunity for a great general rise throughout Germany. It is looked upon as

a national calamity by the most hot-headed patriots at Kiel, who have taken down all their flags in sign of mourning. A very cold reception awaits the allied troops whenever they may choose to make their appearance. The great mass of the citizens, however, appear to me sufficiently apathetic, and, indeed, they have evinced but little concern in public matters, I should say, at least ever since I arrived, a fortnight ago. Perhaps they are naturally undemonstrative, perhaps they bottle up their enthusiasm for great occasions, which did not happen to present themselves during my stay. The fact is, they go quietly about their business, and seem ready to accept such destinies as may be in store for them. German politicians may well lay their revolutionary eggs ; but it will take time ere their people take it into their heads to hatch them.

Upon the abandonment of the line of the Eider Canal by the Hanoverians and Saxons, the frontier was guarded last night by youthful volunteers from this city, who have been mustering up into battalions of national guards for the purpose. The organization of the Turner-Vereine always enables any German town to get up such a militia at a moment's notice. The Eider Canal, as I before told you, runs at the distance of only three or four English miles from Kiel, and the Danes, who

are on the north bank of the Canal, could, it was feared, carry the town by a *coup de main*, were it left altogether unprotected. A squad of men in drab uniforms, and helmets which seem to me made of tin, or zinc, and who are probably firemen, are doing duty at the Town Hall, where the Municipal authorities have been for two or three days issuing orders for the billeting of the coming troops upon the citizens. No less than 16,000 Prussians, as the report goes, will be crowded into Kiel to-morrow. I have found my excellent friend, General von Stutterheim, in very low spirits. This revolution of the two great German Powers upsets all his plans, and dispels his dearest dreams. A war between Denmark and Prussia is by no means the solution that he would have given to the Schleswig-Holstein question. Although himself a Prussian, he is out of humour with that country, or, at least, with the men who have it in their keeping, and especially with Bismark-Schönhausen. He is disgusted with German rulers, and the people who bears with them, and talks not only of leaving Holstein, but even of migrating to some foreign country, probably to America.

I feel for the brave, upright man; for his intentions were pure and honest, and his views by no means so extravagant as those of some of the younger men about him. Were there many like

him in Germany, that country would have little reason to complain that the whole world conspires to do her wrong, and that even despised Italy has outstripped her in the race of national independence and unity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DANES.

Journey to Copenhagen.—The Wrong Train.—Austrian Soldiers.—Saxon Soldiers.—Danish Soldiers.—Schleswig Conscripts.—Copenhagen.—The British Legation.—Herr H——.—Count Hamilton.—The ‘Scandinavians.’—Female Fascination.—State of Affairs in Denmark.—Herr Grimur Thomsen.—Denmark and Germany.—The ‘Scandinavians’ again.—The Trumpet of War.

January 24 to February 1.

I HAVE been the best part of three days on my way from Kiel to Copenhagen—a fact sufficient to explain the exceptional condition of the country in these stirring times of forthcoming war. I have passed from the camp of the German Greeks to that of the Trojan Danes; from the advanced posts of the Austro-Prussians to the strongly-guarded lines of the Dannewerk. The movements of neutral travellers are as yet unimpeded, and my progress was only delayed by some of those hindrances and petty annoyances that are inseparable from crowded trains, belated steamers, and overwrought post-horses,—the great machinery of locomotion being to some extent clogged and

unhinged, but not wilfully broken up or interfered with.

Part of the delay, indeed, as I must confess to the great disparagement of my reputation as an old stager, was owing to my own egregious stupidity. I took the early train to Neumünster, and waited there for more than two hours; then, upon seeing a train coming up, which *I took for granted* was the one to Flensburg, I ensconced myself in a comfortable carriage, which I had all to myself, and endeavouring to make up for my last bad night in my featherbed at Kiel, fell into a doze, from which I was only aroused by the shrill whistle announcing the slackening speed of the engine. I rubbed my eyes, and looked about me, rather startled to find how amazingly the bay, the towers, and the station of Flensburg looked like the station, the towers, and the bay I had left behind. ‘Is this?’—‘Can this be?’—Alas! it was indeed at Kiel that I found myself, without my luggage, whilst my wiser bags and portmanteaus were unerringly proceeding to the destination to which they had been booked. I had taken the wrong train!

I sulked away morning and afternoon over stale newspapers in the inn parlour, ashamed to show myself about the streets, and only left at seven in the evening, going over the same ground

again, not in the best of humours with the world or with myself.

I had left Kiel on Sunday morning, the 24th, without a single soldier of any description, under protection of its most inoffensive citizen-guard. The Prussians had come no farther than Plön; and I found the Austrians at Neumünster. The train had left me, as I said, for two hours at the latter place, and, having nothing better to do, I sauntered along the endless main street of that straggling market-town, and inspected the whole long line of the Martini Brigade, as, issuing forth from its night-quarters it mustered in several detachments along the road in the grey of the morning. In what part of the empire its regiments are recruited I know not, nor could I make out. I could fancy myself in Wallenstein's camp. My ear was assailed by every variety of uncouth Slavonian jabber, with a mixture of Istrian, Dalmatian, and even Venetian dialects. Dark and dingy they looked, those soldiers, in their grey capotes and clumsy kepys, an ugly set of Croats and Grenzer for the most part, with hollow cheeks and lank bodies, as gaunt and wolfish a set of marauders, to judge by external appearances, as ever was let loose upon an ill-starred country; very good soldiers, I dare say,

long enduring, venturous, amenable to a strong discipline. Their meat was plentiful, their bread excellent, their kettles were boiling—for the gallant fellows thought much of their breakfasts, and little of either morning prayer or morning ablutions,—and they seemed at peace with the good Holsteiners, at whose expense they fared so sumptuously.

Travelling in Germany, or for that matter in Denmark, is slow work, but it has this good in it,—that it allows ample leisure for reflection. I gazed at those low-bred, coarsely-clad, unwashed, scampish-looking instruments of the Kaiser's might; I thought of the hundreds of thousands following in their rear if needed. I added the half million of Prussians and other Germans embarked with them in the same enterprise, and bethought myself of the bread and meat these myriads and myriads had been devouring since the reconstitution of the German States in 1814; I thought of the check they had been on production, of the terrible impulse they had given to consumption in their country, and of the little good they had been to it either for offensive or defensive purposes, the Prussians boasting of no other laurels to their standards than those reaped in the bloodless campaign against the Baden Republicans in 1848; the Austrians wearing out their strength against their master's own subjects,

unable to overcome the unarmed Magyars without Russian support in 1849, unfit to hold a position of their own choice against the French or even against the despised Italians in 1859, driven from fat Lombardy, after no more than a two fields' experiment, leaving their chivalrous young master to console himself as he best could with the fond conceit that 'all was lost but honour.'

And now this million-and-a-half unfleshed Austro-Prusso-German bayonets all are turned against the breast of comparative helpless Denmark, and it may be that those two emulous Powers which never agreed upon any one point since the close of the Seven Years' War, and all the thirty-six Confederate Princes who never were anything but a fagot of loose sticks in matters of home or foreign policy,—it may be, I say, that Prussia, Austria, and the Bund will give proof of great unanimity and go to work with a will now that the aim of all their efforts is to strip a third-rate monarchy of one of its provinces, now that they are six-and-thirty to one, and, as they fancy, the man to be hit 'has no friends.'

At Rendsburg, on the Eider, a few Saxon officers were still at the railway station on the south side of the river. Little dapper officers they were, some of them in sky-blue tight-fitting uniforms, who walked up and down the platform,

jingling mighty spurs, and dragging long clattering swords after them, eager to make as much noise in the world as if they had it all under heel. They were the last troops of the Bund still in the front line, and they were ready to march to the rear as soon as their Austro-Prussian 'betters' should come up to supersede them. Anon the train conveyed us over the narrow, rickety bridge of the Eider, and at once the scene was changed, as if by magic. We stood on Danish soil, and no sounds but those of the Norse language greeted our ears. Tall Danish officers, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, for the most part—as if all sprung from Harold Haarfager—crept into the narrow second-class carriages, stooping to get admittance, and very much at a loss how to dispose of their long legs and of their bright-scabbarded broadswords.

I was not a little struck, from the moment we crossed over to the Kronwerk at Rendsburg, by the universal prevalence of the Danish language; all the more forcibly struck, as I had travelled over a good part of the Duchy of Schleswig only a few days before, and the whole population with whom I came in contact spoke German, the only difference being between high and low German. It was not long before I perceived that German was a tabooed language wherever the lordly Dane showed himself. The nationality of the Schles-

wigers is precisely the great point on which the whole question at issue now hinges, and it is good policy for a native of the Duchy who has both tongues at his command to humour his Northern master whenever he comes into contact with him by the use of the Danish, reserving his German idiom for those patriotic meetings where he drinks his beer to the prosperity of Vaterland.

Nay, the feelings of the Dane have been so soured of late against anything German, that the mere address in that tongue on the part of a stranger who cannot muster one word of Danish, calls forth a scowl upon his interlocutor's countenance, and makes the latter forgetful of his innate courtesy and good breeding; and it is only upon perceiving his mistake, and being assured that no offence was meant, that he meets you on the neutral ground of French or English, and readily puts himself out of his way to oblige you by all kind offers of assistance.

At Flensburg we left the railway, and proceeded by diligence to Apenrade and Hadersleben; hence we crossed the Little Belt from Aaröesund to Assens; from Assens we drove across the island of Fünen to Nyborg; a steamer conveyed us from the latter place to Halsloe near Körsör in Zealand; whence a railway brought us in five hours to this place. Both the Great and Little Belts are now almost entirely free from ice; and

although the steamer chose to stop at Halsloe, and to land us by means of small boats, forwarding us to K rs r by postchaises, we found at K rs r steamers on the point of quitting the harbour; from which we inferred that it must be as easy to get in as to go out, and concluded that the navigation was by this time altogether unimpeded.

All along the road, by land and water, we met hundreds of old soldiers, chiefly from Schleswig, who obeyed the orders lately issued by the Danish Government, calling under arms as a reserve all the men bound to service up to thirty-five years of age. Most of these men seemed aware that there is a language spoken among the gods and one used among mortals. They conversed in German among themselves, and were ready with their Danish whenever there was a chance of being overheard by strangers. Some of them were old sailors, familiar with the Western and Southern Ocean; they spoke English almost as well as their native language; they were an intelligent, well-informed set of men. They told me it was not without repugnance that they undertook this weary journey: that their hearts were with the Germans, and it was very hard they should have to bear arms against their own friends and countrymen; that they should have to follow the standards of those very Danes against whom they fought fourteen years ago.

They added that they would fain have followed the example of many of their friends who had gone over to Holstein, only that they were not so sure Schleswig might not remain Danish, after all, when they would find themselves banished from their homes during their lifetime. They assured me that Denmark would have little cause to be satisfied with their services and with those of the Schleswigers and Holsteiners, which she held in her ranks against their will; that on the first shot being fired they all would pass over *en masse* to the enemy; that the whole of their Duchy was German to the core, and that even some of those belonging to the Northern Provinces who actually could speak nothing but Danish were all devoted to the German cause.

Of course, I did not take these words to the letter, nor did I believe the Danish cause as hopeless as they made it out; what most forcibly struck and amazed me, however, was the boldness and readiness with which they gave utterance to such thoughts before a perfect stranger; for, although I suppose I do not look like a spy or an informer, still I never told them I shared their feelings in any way, nor gave them any reason to believe they could rely on my discretion. Surely some fire must be smouldering where so much smoke appears; and if only one-tenth of what I everywhere hear is true, Denmark will have no

little trouble in guarding against such friends, if ever the day comes in which she is to guide them against her enemies.

I had no letters for Sir Augustus Paget, the English Minister at Copenhagen, but upon introducing myself to him without ceremony, and telling my errand, I was received with a kindness which soon rose to cordiality. In the evening I dined with him, with Lady Paget—a lovely, graceful person, with the slightest possible *nuance* of foreign accent in her pronunciation of the English language—and four of the young gentlemen of the Legation, all of them the very reverse of what one might expect to find in priggish incipient diplomacy—well-bred and easy, amiable, well-informed, and all as warm in their love of the Danes, and in their sympathy for the Danish cause, as ever glorious Sir James Hudson himself was for that of poor Italy.

I found a perfect treasure of a *valet-de-place* at the Hôtel Royal, where I am staying.

After dragging me about in the mud to the Museum of Antiquities, the International Museum, and others of the shows of Copenhagen, he perceived that I was but a used-up, listless traveller,

and learning, I know not how, the nature of my business, he took upon himself to speed me in it, and procured me the acquaintance of the Editor of the *Dagblad*, the *Fädreland*, and others of the local papers which held forth his own principles. *Dagblad* was not at home; *Fädreland* stood before me in the shape of a most noble-looking Scandinavian gentleman, above six feet in height, with lofty brow, satin skin, rich, long hair, and massive square chin, a splendid sample of sound intelligence, and firm will. He could only stammer out a few words of bad French, and would know no German; so, as he wished to dispose of me in the way that might be most advantageous to myself, he sat down at his desk, and soon handed me a few lines, directing my officious guide to take them and me to the gentleman who was to do the honour of the Danish Press to the representative (unworthy) of British journalism in this country.

Everything goes on swimmingly with me in Copenhagen. The gentleman, into whose arms I had thus been thrown at a moment's notice by *Fädrelandet*, took charge of me with a will, and asked me to be his guest in the evening. He inquired how long I had been away from England, and where I had been in the interval. Upon my

answering that 'I had rambled about Schleswig-Holstein,' he stopped me short with a mighty frown: 'What is that?—I know of no *Schleswig-Holstein*. I know of a *Slesvig* and a *Holstein*. You might as well have said that you had travelled through *England-Scotland*. Nothing sounds more grating to our Danish ears than the names of those two Duchies uttered in the same breath.'

The good, stately gentleman was not angry with me for all that. We had a long talk about politics, and I took my leave under conviction that I had to deal with a man with whom it was pleasant to agree, and no less safe to differ.

There was a crowd of guests in the evening, chiefly of gentlemen: conspicuous among the rest was Count Hamilton, the Swedish Minister, a gentleman of old Scottish descent, a personage of the highest distinction in his own country, and enjoying an extensive reputation in this—a tall personage, slender built, dignified, with a high cast of countenance, with somewhat premature signs of dilapidation in his manly beauty.

I was not long in perceiving that I was in the midst of a *coterie* belonging to what is here called the 'Scandinavian party,' a set of men who cherish the notion of a union of the three Northern Kingdoms under one sceptre, and think the present straits of Denmark most likely to call forth such sympathies on the part of their Swedish

and Norwegian brethren, as may hasten this, to them, most auspicious combination. This party has its main strength amongst the well-educated and strongly national Danes; it rallies round the Swedish Count as its natural centre, and its acknowledged organ is the 'Fädreland.' These members, of what one might call 'Young Scandinavia,' evince the most profound respect for the memory of the departed King, *because he was a Dane*, a reflection upon the present monarch, who is almost a stranger in the country, and whose strong German accent, when he speaks Danish, grates most unpleasantly upon the nerves of the most fastidious part of his subjects.

With all the respect I had for these gentlemen and their patriotism, however, it was not any of them that absorbed my attention for the evening. I was seated at dinner at the right hand of my host's daughter, a married lady, the wife of a poet of high renown in this country, and who would have made a poet, a genius, and a hero of the veriest blockhead with whom she had chosen to associate her existence. A fair, slender beauty, with brown hair, with dark blue eyes, with creamy complexion, gifted with a grace and liveliness that would have stood her in stead of the most overpowering beauty, had there even been a lack of luxuriance of form and regularity of features. She conversed with me in excellent

French, and I verily believe she could have made me speak and understand Danish, from sheer sympathy, had she only thought it worth while to try. My heart was in a glow the whole evening; she hardly turned to speak to her left-hand neighbour, hardly took off those earnest, betwitching dark eyes from me for a moment; but she poured her enthusiastic patriotism into my delighted ears by the hour, with a lucidity of argument, a facility of expression, a variety of humour that took hold of my intellect as if it had been a baby, that left me no spirit for controversy, no break for reply, no wish in the world except to look into those heavenly eyes, to listen to that passionate flow of words: Gad! why was I not young, and a free agent, and a man of the sword! This lady would have won over a champion for Denmark that very evening, and my life given for one of those smiles would have won me a place in Paradise.

I find the position of affairs here one of considerable 'tension.' The Austrian and Prussian Ministers have not actually left yet, but they have taken their leave long since, and have only been detained by the difficulties of embarking either here or at Körsör. The navigation, as I said, is thoroughly free at the latter place, and

the two diplomatists are expected to start this evening by the seven o'clock train to Körsör.

So far as I can make out, the Danish Government have put themselves altogether in the right. They have offered to make all such concessions as it is in their power to make. To repeal the November Constitution, in obedience to the demands of Austria and Prussia, by a mere Royal decree would be tantamount to a *coup d'état*, a trespass on the King's part upon all the rights of the Danish people. No monarch could venture upon such a breach of the law with less hope of success than Christian IX., a Prince who has but lately come to the throne, and who, as I said, was looked upon till his accession as a stranger to Denmark. All the Danish Government could propose to do was to refer the matter to the Rigsraad, or national Parliament, which should be speedily called together for the purpose.

The present Ministers are popular here, and they expressed great confidence,—indeed, positive certainty, that they would be able to bring the majority of the Rigsraad over to their views, to obtain their consent to the abrogation of the November Constitution, and to the framing of a new national compact, by which the Duchies should depend upon Denmark on the terms of a mere personal union. No apprehensions are

entertained here of popular movements in the city. The Ministers of Prussia and Austria had, however, it appears, strict instructions to insist upon a full and immediate compliance with their demands, and, as the King of Denmark could not, owing to the above-stated reasons, give in, the march of the Austro-Prussians to the Eider frontier has become inevitable. From their position on the Eider their *ultimatissimum* will be forwarded to Copenhagen, with an injunction to the Danish forces to withdraw from their position in Schleswig. Before an intimation of that sort the Danish Government could no more hear of negotiation than a duellist could consent to explanations when brought upon the ground pistol in hand.

Contrary to the opinion entertained by most people in the Duchies, and to some extent, also, contrary to my expectations, a collision on the Eider appears now to be utterly unavoidable. What the issues of such a conflict may be no man can foretell; for, on the one side, the great German Powers are likely enough to bring into the field what they may consider an irresistible force; and, on the other hand, the Danes are said to have mustered 70,000 combatants in Schleswig. They are almost providentially favoured by the weather, and they are too well known for their bravery not to offer a most gallant, desperate

resistance. Should a first success favour their efforts, there is little doubt but the sympathy of Sweden, and, perhaps, other Powers, may be enlisted in favour of what is materially the weaker side. Let the Danes only be on their guard against defection or treachery of their Schleswig-Holstein soldiery, and, owing to the advantage of position, the struggle may still be less unequal than mere numerical odds may seem to make it.

After all that had been said, and all I had myself written on the strength of the general impression, the expected departure of the Ministers of Prussia and Austria did not take place. It had been positively asserted yesterday morning, and it was generally believed in the diplomatic circles, that those two gentlemen were to leave by the seven o'clock P.M. train for Körsör, there to embark for Eckernförde, but it was later in the day understood that their journey was put off for a day or two. The alleged cause of this delay was the imperfect state of steam navigation, as the Bay of Eckernförde was supposed to be still obstructed by ice. The same, however, was said of the harbour of Körsör; and I had opportunity, as I told you, to see with my own eyes that steamers could leave the wharf at that place with perfect freedom; and what I saw of

the Bays of Eckernförde and Kiel before I left, four days ago, leaves me no doubt that, with the warm weather and the heavy rains we have had since, every trace of ice must by this time have disappeared. It is possible that these two distinguished diplomatists evince greater anxiety about the perfect safety of their movements than would be shown, under the circumstances, by ordinary persons. The simple fact is that they tarry here, and although any suggestion on my part that they may be detained by some hope of a peaceful arrangement of their difference with the Danish Government is scouted and treated with contempt by the knowing ones, although they assure me that, having taken their formal leave of the King, *ils sont censés d'être déjà partis*—still there lurks about my mind some suspicion, which will at least make me very careful to send you a telegram in proper time to assure you that they are actually and bodily gone.

Rumours of an intended arrangement proposed by Prussia to Sweden, with a view to detach the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark, and to unite Jutland and the islands of Zealand and Fünen to Sweden and Norway, so as to form a great Scandinavian empire, have, I am told, circulated in the newspapers, and will have found many unbelievers. I am, however, in a position to assure you, upon very good

evidence, that the Prussian Government have actually made advances in that sense to the Swedish Minister in Berlin. To what extent the head of that Government, M. von Bismark, knew and approved the proposal, I am not in a position to state, for Court and Cabinet are not altogether one in Berlin in every respect; but that the Swedish Minister communicated such an offer to his Government at Stockholm, I believe to be a positive fact, as it is also, I think, a matter of perfect truth that the Swedish Government not only rejected the offer, but resented it as the gravest insult. You know I would not take upon myself to make such statements had I the least doubt as to the sources of my information.

That a dismemberment and the extinction of the Danish monarchy is a scheme that has often busied the brains of German statesmen is a point that admits of no doubt. In Berlin and Vienna, and throughout Germany, Denmark is as plainly doomed as the old sick man upon whose inheritance Nicholas of Russia was in too great a hurry to reckon. The German patriots, whom I found most earnest in the cause of the emancipation of Schleswig and Holstein from Danish thralldom, are by no means unjust to the fine qualities, 'the high spirit, the chivalrous bravery, the genius, and worth' of the Danes. It was and is a generous nation, in their estimation, as far as

it goes. But the Danes, they say, 'reduced to their present condition, are only a small flock, the mere fragment of a nation.' They have a luminous past behind them, and they show a good countenance even in their present reduced circumstances. But it is a nation whose race is run, whose history for one or two centuries only marks a period of not ignoble, but irresistible decline. A nation of 1,800,000 souls, barely surviving the calamities of 1801 and 1807, stripped of Norway, left of her colonies, and placed in one of the most important positions as keeper of the Sound, has no right to live. The Danes are only a branch of the great Scandinavian family. Their aspirations should turn towards a reconstitution of the great Northern Empire. Those three kingdoms which once obeyed one sceptre, and were only torn asunder owing to the improvident misrule of a Danish tyrant, must be yearning for reunion. Give Germany that of Denmark which is German; give Sweden and Norway what is Scandinavian. The only obstacles in the way of such a settlement are a dynasty and a capital. With the exception of Christian IX., who reigns in spite of himself, and of Copenhagen or Stockholm, which might very well become alternate seats of Government, such a consummation would be a real gain and a blessing to all parties concerned, and to all the world besides.

It was as interpreter of these somewhat wild dreams in Germany that the Prussian Government tempted Sweden with the arrangement lately proposed. The Berlin Court and Cabinet are aware of the little popularity they enjoy throughout Germany, but they are also aware that the statesman who succeeded, either by diplomatic craft or by might of arms, in wrenching Schleswig-Holstein from the Danish dominion and adding one more German crowned head to the thirty-six great and petty Princes who occupy so much space in the muster-roll of Royalty of the 'Almanach de Gotha,' would by that territorial addition to the already too wide soil of Fatherland secure for himself absolution from a multitude of sins of misgovernment—past, present, and future. Alive as they are to national feelings for what concerns themselves, the Germans too readily forget that other people also have an individuality which they may be anxious to preserve; that the Danes, however deficient in numbers, boast a long, glorious, and powerful existence of their own; that, however closely allied by blood to the Swedes, however strongly relying on their support in the present straits, they are no more ready to become Swedes, to merge their own even in a kindred nationality, than the English would be, for instance, to amalgamate with the Saxon or Norman people with

whom they claim common descent. The Danes have suffered serious losses,—indeed, they are reduced to a small flock; but they have always held their own in Europe with honour; they knew how to command the respect of their very victors at the time of their differences with Great Britain; they knew how to stand their ground against German encroachment at the time that this odious Schleswig-Holstein question was debated fifteen years ago. Whatever might have become of Turkey without the help of the Western Powers in 1854, Denmark is no sick old man, to give up the ghost without a struggle. It is absurd for Prussia to propose to share with Sweden the hide of a living lion. Were even Denmark alone in the contest, the Dannewerk could not be stormed without shedding torrents of blood. The impending war between Denmark and Germany may eventually lead to a closer union between the three Scandinavian kingdoms; but this union need not be the result of a political subjection to one sceptre, nor of a fusion of three distinct nations into one people. It may be a union springing from native attraction and affinity, resting on the ground of reciprocal esteem, and cemented by a mutual readiness to take up each other's quarrel as a common cause. The three nations may give the world the

while each of the component parts preserves its own individuality, they may be as one to all the rest of the world.

I have been told, but I know not on what authority, that the Danes are busily at work constructing a railway line in the rear of the Dannewerk, from Klosterkro to the Treene. It has even been added that two-thirds of the enterprise are already accomplished. Were this indeed the fact, everyone must feel the importance of such a means of communication along a line of strongholds, which was deemed of too great an extent for the number of its defenders. I am rather far, however, from believing that such a good piece of news can be true; indeed, as far as I can make out, it would seem as if all the works of the Danes for the impending war were in a sadly backward state of preparation.

I have fallen in with, perhaps, the most sensible man in all Denmark. This is Herr Grimur Thomsen, an Icclander, who is at the head of the Consular Department in the Foreign Office. I had letters for him from London, and after asking me to dine with him at Vincent's, the great restaurateur here, he asked me to

spend part of the Sunday with him at a suburban villa he inhabits summer and winter, outside the Oesterbro Gade, near a windmill with five sails. A fifth sail to a windmill is as superfluous as a fifth wheel to a cart, and I suppose there is not such another mill in all Denmark, but then neither is there such another shrewd, and, at the same time, eccentric, man in the whole North as he who took up his abode within the sound of its flapping wings. I had not met with many natives of Iceland before, but I have ample opportunities to see a good number of them at Mr. Thomsen's, as his countrymen here look upon him as their natural head, and are sure of a welcome whenever they seek him out on a Sunday, when he makes it a point to be invariably at home. Mr. Thomsen's tastes are of the simplest, and his habits of the most frugal as well as most hospitable. An inveterate bachelor, he lives thoroughly alone, unless we are to call company two shaggy poneys from his native island, and his faithful Wamba, a fine retriever dog,—all pets, which are instead of a wife and children to him. Such cares as Mr. Thomsen's person requires, and they are very trifling, devolve upon an old woman, who is let into his sanctum as little as can be contrived; but the management of his dumb friends he takes upon himself alone: he is his own groom, stable-

go wherever his master goes, and the poneys have to do with a rider who 'gives them their head,' and allows them to scamper away with him, right, left, any whither, so only that they out-speed the wind in their gallop. The keen, quick-witted Icelfander has nothing in common with his sedate and somewhat slow Danish fellow-subjects. Mr. Grimur Thomsen has a pair of those dull, fishy eyes, in which a stranger can detect no 'speculation,' yet whose range of vision reaches farther than the average human ken. The expression of the face is blank, the complexion sallow, and there is something, as it were, raw and unmellowed about the whole outward man. Not otherwise the inner character: it is not to be fathomed at the first nor the second glance, but it is well worth close study and attentive perusal. Mr. Thomsen is a well-informed man, and all the Norse scholars in England attach the highest importance to his acquaintance. He is a faithful servant to the Danish crown, a clear-headed politician, a sincere patriot. But his sense is too solid to allow any chance for sentiment; his estimate of men and things too accurate to indulge any pleasing illusion. 'You will hear a great deal of rant and cant about our readiness for unlimited sacrifices,' he said to me on the very first interview. 'We are an earnest, steady people enough, and, come what may, we shall do

ourselves no discredit. We shall yield no ground to our enemies, not an inch, that we can withhold. The Germans must look for no concessions on our part; they shall have what they can wrench from us by main force, and nothing more; but neither shall we accomplish our views by pushing resistance to the verge of sheer obstinacy. We are no cravens, I do believe, and know full well what we owe to ourselves; but we are also aware that heroism tempered by reason, valour qualified by discretion, can best enable us to fall on our feet. You will find us no gamblers of the *Va-tout* school.'

I did not talk with another Dane that was able to take things so coolly. Mr. Thomsen sneered good-humouredly at the vapouring of the 'Eider-Dane' party, and at the paradoxes of 'Young Scandinavia.' He has a practical, analytical head. Nothing puts him out so readily as to have to discourse with men whose wishes are fathers to their thoughts.

A proof that, after all that enthusiasm and passion can do, it is only sober reason that rules over human affairs, may be gathered from the fact that both the Danish Government and the people are now acting precisely as if they had taken a leaf out of the book of Mr. Grimur

Thomsen.. On one point I find perfect unanimity among the people I converse with. They will not give up their position in Schleswig, till they have exhausted all their means to hold it. There is no question here of dying in the breach to a man, or only allowing the Germans to advance on heaps of Danish corpses. Nothing of the kind. To what extent it may be expedient, from strategical considerations, to fall back from the line of the Eider Canal, and perhaps from Rendsburg and Eckernförde, is a matter to be left to the judgment of military authorities; but the Danes would as soon dream of giving up Zealand and Copenhagen itself, as of yielding Schleswig on the mere hope of recovering it by negotiation. Their very existence as a state and a nation is, they contend, bound up with their gigantic stronghold on the Eider.

While they turn all their efforts towards the vindication of their rights by might of arms, the Danes are also extremely anxious to make those very rights the theme of endless argument. I have heard all that is and all that may be said on the subject of this irksome Schleswig-Holstein question—all that is said by both German and Dane—and I become daily more and more strongly convinced, not only that there is a certain amount of right and reason on both sides, but also that each of the parties can in a quiet moment be

brought to do justice to its adversary, and to acknowledge the soundness and correctness of the very facts which are brought to bear against its own interests. Only there is, as may be expected, an immense deal of exasperation between the disputants. The mutual charge of deliberate falsehood and duplicity is lavishly dealt out hither and thither, and while a Dane reddens with passion on a stranger merely happening to mention the names of Schleswig and Holstein in the same breath, a German thinks he has set the question at rest if he calls the territory in dispute not Schleswig Holstein—not even Schleswig-Holstein—but plainly Schleswigholstein, flattering himself that by the fusion of the two names in one word and the removal of the obnoxious capital letter he has demonstrated the indivisibility of the Two-and-One Duchies to the whole world's satisfaction!

All this is merely childish; but if you come to more serious inquiries you find, for instance, that the Danes—those who are fair and rational among them, at least—by no means insist upon the illegitimacy of Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, or upon themorganatic nature of his father's marriage, which would debar him from all right to the paternal inheritance. That marriage was most assuredly a *mésalliance*, and as such it would be considered only semi-legitimate in a German

feudal court, but it was acknowledged as valid by the then King of Denmark, and the Prince would not, therefore, have his rights of succession challenged in this country, and merely on that ground. Likewise, the Danes are not quite sure that the father's renunciation would altogether be binding upon his offspring. But they contend that no protest was entered by Prince Frederick against his father's deed until very lately, although the Prince has been of age for the last fourteen years at least, and although, by living with his father, he has received and enjoyed his own share of that consideration, of that mess of potage, for which the Duke of Augustenburg sold his birth-right. They add that both father and son were in 1848-9 in arms against their lawful sovereign and country, and that, as guilty of high treason, they would have forfeited their right to their property, so that the 3,000,000 rigsdalers which they then accepted were in consideration for their abdicated rights, not for their ceded estates; that, after all, even supposing that Prince Frederick was not legally bound by his father's act, the *moral* obligation arising from long acquiescence, and from the solidarity of domestic interests, ought to deter him from preferring his claims at the present moment.

All this as to mere rights. For what concerns the exigencies of a mixed nationality in Schles-

wig, the Danes allow that, taking the test of mere language, there are, or there were before 1858, 150,000 persons in the Duchy who spoke German, and 45,000 whose idiom was mixed, besides about 30,000 Frisians, leaving 170,000 who were indisputably Danes by their tongue. Admitting these facts, and enumerating with great minuteness the towns and districts in which the different nationalities prevailed, the Danes contend that all their institutions, administrative, judicial, ecclesiastical, and educational, had been framed with such nicety and punctiliousness that the purely German or purely Danish districts were allowed the fullest possible enjoyment of their respective tongues, while in the mixed districts the Government invariably, in all its acts, made use of both languages, and allowed each individual the choice of his own language—to such an extent, indeed, that, ‘in the event of a judgment being referred to the decision of the Crown, the case was argued before the King’s Council in the same language in which it was given.’

At the same time that I willingly believe all this to be perfectly true, I also incline to admit that there may have been some ground in the complaint of the Germans, that their nationality was unfairly dealt with in the mixed districts, especially for what concerns the schools and churches, for you rarely come to localities in

which the two races, or, if you prefer, the two idioms, are so thoroughly blended that it becomes next to impossible to establish a strict and correct line of demarcation; and there are persons thoroughly at home in both languages, who do not hesitate to declare now for the one, now for the other, according as interest, subserviency, spirit of contradiction, or even mere whim prompts them.

That the Danes should at all times have been anxious to number as many of their people in Schleswig as by any strain of ingenuity they could contrive was but too natural. That duchy and the frontier of the Eider were and are held by them as essential to the existence of their monarchy and their nation. They had for a long time been indifferent to the silent and peaceful, but incessant, encroachment of the expansive German nationality; and the time was, in the palmy days of German learning and culture, when not only Schleswig, but the whole of Denmark Proper, was being rapidly Germanized; but now, when intellectual and moral ascendancy becomes the pretext for political absorption—now that Denmark has put forth a glorious literature and civilization of her own—a reaction against Germanism was inevitable, and all political engines were set to work to regain the ground that had been unwittingly lost.

The Danes conclude all their arguments with a

strong assertion that they must either be masters of Schleswig or themselves cease to be. 'What is the element of 150,000 or even 200,000 people of mixed or doubtful race to a nation of 40,000,000 like Germany,' they say, 'if put in the scale against the very existence of a nation and country like Denmark, already dwindled down to the narrowest proportions? Schleswig is nothing to Prussia, to Austria, or the German Diet; it is all in all to Denmark. Where is there in the world a nation, be it France, Italy, or Spain, some of whose people have not been and are not sacrificed to the exigencies of political arrangements and of frontier security? Are not the Ticino people Italians, and the Genevese French, and the inhabitants of Berne and Zurich Germans? Ought Switzerland to be blotted out of the list of nations to give her neighbours all they could claim on the score of mere language? Or is it because Denmark is weak that a different weight and measure should be applied in her case, and a treatment put upon her with which no other country would put up? If so, the whole matter is reduced to a mere question of force, and the Danes will yet show that they are not so helplessly at the mercy of their enemies as these latter were too hastily led to suppose.'

The Germans acknowledge the justice of all these pleadings, and they conclude that Denmark

has no longer a right of existence ; that it has in reality already ceased to exist ; and she should consent to a partition which, while giving Schleswig as well as Holstein to Germany, should join the other provinces of the kingdom to Sweden. But this question of a fusion of the Scandinavian races is a complex one, and it would be worth while to inquire what the Danes, the Swedes, and all the rest of Europe have to say to it. I shall touch on that subject in a subsequent letter.

The conviction that diplomacy can achieve nothing for them, that an appeal to arms will be inevitable, and that they will have to bear the brunt of it alone, gains strength among the Danes. There is a strong party, indeed, as I before told you, who have faith in the Swede, and expect to see these Northern allies coming to the rescue at the eleventh hour. The speculations of the promoters of this kind of *Pan-Scandinavism* are not without interest, and it may be worth while for me to make myself, to the best of my abilities, the interpreter of their views.

A Scandinavian kingdom in the North of Europe, a German empire in the centre, with Switzlerland and Italy in the South, would, these men conceive, constitute such a strong line of

natural allies as would best check the restless ambition of France on one side, and the towering might of encroaching Russia on the other. With a view to some such future arrangement, these 'Scandinavians' would be fain to meet the Germans half-way, so far at least as to give up Holstein altogether, retaining the Eider as the natural frontier of the Northern kingdom. On the other hand, however, there is a set of more thorough and uncompromising Danish patriots who cannot dissociate the love they bear to their country from the duty they owe to their King, and to these the project of a united Scandinavian kingdom appears not only a disloyal and treasonable scheme, but a mad, impracticable dream, against which, they say, all the bloody traditions of the past, all the present antipathies of the lower classes of Swedes and Danes, and all the interests of the great Powers, chiefly of England and Russia, would be arrayed. These are of opinion, not only that Denmark should continue to exist, but that it should remain as it is, or was, and are loth to listen to any proposal not only as to the cession of any part of Schleswig, but even as to the surrender of Holstein. The boundaries of the Danish Peninsula, to their mind, were traced by nature at the Elbe; Denmark should fight for the whole of it to the last drop of her blood. Time enough to surrender to hard necessity what

may be lost after a decisive defeat; but so long as the strength of the Monarchy is unbroken, to talk of concessions, of new combinations, of the extinction of a nation which boasts so many centuries of glorious history, is a wickedness hardly to be excused on the ground of insanity.

Such, I believe, are the different feelings with which the various parties of this brave Danish people are about to meet their German foes in the field. This divergence of opinion, I need hardly add, is purely theoretical and speculative. Practically, the Danes will no less be of one mind as to their duty to their country and Sovereign. Even those who would wish to come to terms with Germany by the sacrifice of Holstein are most unshaken in their determination not to give up one inch of Schleswig territory. Schleswig is an integral part of Denmark, and were it even desirable, and possible to join Denmark in one great Northern State, it would surely be bad policy, the 'Scandinavians' think, to give up the Danish bride's dowry, or part of her dowry, at the very moment of her contemplated wedding with her Swedish bridegroom.

I was in bed at an early hour, as is usually the case whenever the cruel world will allow me to indulge my own tastes, when a letter from Sir

Augustus Paget came to inform me that ‘ Marshal Wrangel, the Commander-in-chief of the Austro-Prussians, had intimated to General de Meza, the Danish commander, that “ he, Wrangel, had received orders to occupy and administer the Duchy of Schleswig.” General de Meza answered that his instructions were to defend the Duchy. The King of Denmark, together with his Prime Minister, M. Monrad, was about to start for headquarters that very night at one o’clock. The Austrian and Prussian Ministers had at last quitted Copenhagen that very evening by the seven o’clock train.’

I could only leave on the morrow evening at the same hour, and my preparations were soon made. Sir Augustus Paget had already presented me to M. Quaade, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, with whom I had had about half-an-hour’s interview—a sharp-visaged diplomatist, extremely courteous, looking very wise, and possessing in a very high degree *le talent pour le silence*. I was also to be introduced to Bishop Monrad, the President of the Council of Ministers, but events put that honour out of the question for the present moment. Mr. Grimur Thomsen had recommended me to Colonel Ankjær, the Under Secretary at the War Department, and this latter gentleman supplied me with an excellent ordnance map of the Duchy of Schleswig in three sheets, and with

a letter for General de Meza at headquarters. At seven o'clock in the evening on Monday, the 1st of February, my three black leather bags, and myself, took our places in the train for Körsör. There a steamer was ready to proceed to Sønderborg in the Isle of Als, or Alsen, and I was off at ten the same evening.

CHAPTER V.

THE DANNEWERK.

Arrival at Schleswig.—Position of the Danes at the Dannewerk.—Missunde.—Bustrup.—The King at Outposts.—The Danish Troops.—Schleswig and the Dannewerk.—View from Castle Gottorp.—Movements of the Austro-Prussians.—Difficulties and Dangers of the Danish Position.—The King's Departure.

February 2-5.

I LEFT Copenhagen only on Monday evening, and arrived here after twenty-four hours' journey, to find that I was one day too late to witness the first outbreak of hostilities. I was received at headquarters with a courtesy and cordiality which, I am sure, would have been nothing surprising under any circumstances among officers belonging to the Danish people, but which may be, to some extent, in my case prompted by their desire to evince their gratitude for the sympathy with their cause entertained, as they believe, by the generality of the English nation.

The King has been here since Monday, at three in the afternoon, and resides at the Castle of Gottorp. Bishop Monrad, his Prime Minister, is

with him. The headquarters are in Bjelke's palace, the property of Duke Charles of Glücksburg. The Commander-in-Chief, General de Meza, lives close by, in what is called the Prince's Palace. Every house in the town is, of course, swarming with officers, and all hopes for your correspondent to sleep otherwise than in his blanket are for the present very faint indeed, as the good Madame Esselbach, the landlady of the Hôtel Stadt-Hamburg, where I am writing, has herself no place where to lay her head.

The position of the Danish army, even by the account of its leaders, is far indeed from reassuring. A variety of circumstances contributed to bring the Danes into the field unprepared; they avow that they have not 50,000 men in their lines; how much less than that they really may have I did not inquire; had I been told I should not consider myself authorized to state it. The line they defend is altogether too long. The central stronghold of the Dannewerk (or as the Danes call it, *Dannevirke*) alone is, as I told you, more than three Danish miles ($13\frac{1}{2}$ English) in length. Its forts are no less than twenty-seven in number. They have, besides, their left wing on the Schlei, 24 English miles, and the whole extent between the Dannewerk and Frederickstadt on the right, fully as long. The Prussians made their first onset yesterday (Tuesday, the

2nd) at Missunde (or Mysunde), and this would seem, for the present, their deliberate point of attack. They came up from Kiel to Eckernförde, the Danes falling back before them as the enemy advanced, and taking up their positions at Holm, Kosel, Ornum, and other villages constituting the outposts of Missunde. Missunde commands the pass on the narrowest point of the Schlei, and consists of a group of forts, four or five in number, rising on both sides of the water. The Danes had no more than a regiment and a half on the spot, a force of about 2,000 men, under Lieutenant-General Gerlach, who commands the first division on this side. The engagement began at ten o'clock in the morning, and the Danes, outnumbered by the forces which were brought to bear against them, were compelled to abandon the outposts, and to seek shelter under the cannon of their forts. The fire from these forts slackened the onset of the Germans, and the Danes were enabled to regain their position at the outposts. The combat was kept up till four o'clock in the afternoon—we may say until evening, as the day happened to be uncommonly murky and gloomy. We have, as yet, no account of the casualties in the rank and file; of the officers, one captain was reported killed, and one lieutenant severely wounded; it is believed since dead; another captain, no

Prussians, it is said, left their dead on the field.

There is every probability of a new engagement this morning, and the army will be in readiness to march by three o'clock after midnight.

To return now to the many disadvantages of the Danish position. In the first place, as I said, their numbers are almost absurdly inadequate to their wants. It is impossible for them to assemble in sufficient numbers at all the points which may be menaced by their multitudinous foe, and the means of communication from one end of the line to the other are still in a very backward condition. The railway from Flensburg is entirely placed at the service of the military, and closed against common traffic. I could only travel from Sønderborg to this place in a postchaise. This railway, as I told you, comes down from Flensburg to Husum and Tønning, and there is a short branch starting from Wallsbüll, half-way between Husum and Tønning, to Frederickstadt. From Oersted, again, a point between Husum and Schleswig, the railway line continues its course to Rendsburg. Upon reaching Klosterkro, a place at about two miles from the town of Schleswig, it sends forth a short branch up to its walls. But the important junction of Klosterkro lies just out of the lines of the Dannewerk, and it is difficult to say how long it may be held against the

enemy. The whole of the country between Frederickstadt and Holinstedt on the western end of the Dannewerk is now a flooded swamp. Behind the Dannewerk, from Schleswig to Holingsted a railway had been projected; but the news I sent you from Copenhagen that this railway had been pushed on with such vigour that two-thirds of the work were ready proves, on the spot, to have been premature; the railway is as yet in a very backward state, if, indeed, anything has been achieved about it. Had it been completed, it would have the power of actually doubling the Danish forces by enabling them to gather in large masses on any threatened locality; but the long frost, which fatally retarded all the labours of the Danes in the trenches, equally interfered with this part of their operations; and the movements of the army will not be aided by this contrivance. I left Copenhagen in a tolerably sharp frost on Monday evening, but found a thaw and a fog at Sønderborg, when I landed on the following morning. The weather has been boisterous, but not cold, the whole of Tuesday, and it rained, or rather drizzled, in the evening when I arrived, as it still does. The thaw we had for the last eight or ten days has not been as active in the service of the Danes as I was inclined to believe. The ice in the narrow or shallow waters had no time to break up, and the rain which fell

upon it again froze upon it, making with it a compact mass over which, on many points, it is still possible for the Austro-Prussians to march.

The armament of the Danish forts is by no means the best. They have not one rifled cannon in their whole line, and they actually had this morning no more than 100 charges for each of their guns on the Missunde forts. Great efforts are being made at the moment I am writing to send large loads of ammunition to that place, to be ready for the expected attack of this morning.

Were all these disadvantages not sufficient, the Danes have besides to contend with the evil spirit of the German population of South Schleswig, many of whom volunteer their services to their fancied Austro-Prussian liberators as spies. A flank movement projected against the assailants of Missunde yesterday morning failed owing to the timely information the country people gave to the Germans of the well-combined march of the Danes. Schleswig itself, the Danish headquarters, is almost altogether German by language, and is what is here called '*Deutsch-Gesinnt*.'

Against all this variety of evils the Danes have nothing to oppose but their undaunted valour and the confidence of ultimate success. They see that they are left alone in the fight, and they know that the world is only likely to help them to the extent of the power they may have to help themselves.

It requires no trifling heroism to keep up the *morale* of any army against the consciousness of such an unexampled inferiority in numbers, twenty to one, which are the odds in the present contest.

As far as I have had time to see yet, the troops which I met all along my line of march are made of the very best soldierly stuff. Tall, strong-built, earnest, somewhat phlegmatic, they are men seemingly disposed to do their duty, evincing no elation or enthusiasm, but perfectly in the hand of those who have charge of them. They are well armed, excellently equipped, well protected against the inclemencies of the season, and supplied with all that may be desirable for a winter campaign. There is a certain heaviness—I might almost say awkwardness—in their movements, probably owing to the fact that they are for the most part recruits just called out from the reserve, and taken from the pursuit of their peaceful avocations. Probably my eyes, accustomed to the alacrity of the movements of French, Italian, Prussian, and American troops, are more unfavourably impressed by their Northern school of drill than might be the case with anyone having only the experience of British troops. The Danes bear no slight resemblance, both in their physical appearance and in their bearing and gait, to the English.

There has been a second attack on the Danish position yesterday, Wednesday, the 3rd, in the afternoon. A large force of Germans, chiefly Austrians, made a smart onset on the outposts of Bustrup, about one mile and a half from this place. After the affair of Missunde, on Tuesday, the Danes did, indeed, look forward to a new trial of strength yesterday morning, and were out on their lines full two hours before daylight, in a cold, pitiless rain. The whole of the wet, sad morning passed off quietly, nevertheless, and just as some of the drenched officers rode in between two and three o'clock for a hasty meal, the sky cleared, and immediately the din of battle began. And there was 'mounting in hot haste,' galloping of orderlies to and fro, marching infantry, trotting dragoons, rattling carts—all that hurry-scurry which is most marvellous order and method to the initiated eye. As I walked leisurely past Castle Gottorp towards the suburb of Fredericksberg, a group of officers passed me, and the personage at their head was pointed out to me as King Christian IX., King of Denmark—a spare, thin figure, in the uniform of a general officer. I had only a side view of him, and a hurried one. I saw a middle-aged man, a very little above the middle size, with brown hair, dark beard, a thin, somewhat sharp, yet benevolent, *distingué* face. He had three or four aides-de-

camp with him, his 'Hof-Marshal,' as they called him, and behind him trudged, rather heavily, his Excellency Bishop Monrad, the President of the Council of Ministers—the only man in plain clothes. The royal party, ourselves, and a few of the idlers about town, went as far as the barrier of Fredericksberg, an elevated spot, whence—nothing could be seen. The sound of cannon and rifle was, however, clearly distinct, not only to us, but to the whole town, which shook with it. All along the road strong pickets of infantry were drawn up in reserve. Squads of ambulance men bearing long poles went forward on their melancholy errand, singing and frolicking, the wretches, 'as merry as undertakers,' while the really fighting men maintained a quiet demeanour, resolute, but silent; heedless of danger, but not unaware of it. Soldiers get used to stand to be shot at, I believe, but the best of them don't like it. The day came to an early close, however, and the firing slackened between five and six till it came to a sullen grumbling end before we had reached our quarters for the night.

All that we could learn with tolerable distinctness about the fight was that the Austrians had pushed very boldly between the trenches of the Bulstrup outposts, and the Danes had gallantly stood their ground, till night parted the combatants. The affair was not very serious. The

Austro-Prussians evidently intend to keep up a running fight along the whole long line of the Dannewerk, trying now this point and now that, hoping to wear out the watchfulness and perseverance of the Danes, and come in at last by surprise, at some unguarded spot, forcing their way through some gap in this too extensive panoply of the Danish line of forts, either by surprise or by the pressure of overwhelming numbers. The Danes, who are only a small flock, are likely enough to succumb to the constant exertions which incessant alarms, the trying weather, and the necessity of ubiquitous movements, demand of them. The Austro-Prussians have an inexhaustible supply of fighting materials. They can come into the onslaught every day with fresh men. To say nothing of the consciousness of vastly superior forces, they may feel sure that by mere endurance they will get the better of their adversaries. Even in the opinion of Danish officers, the fall of the Dannewerk is a mere question of time.

The position of the town of Schleswig is a very strong one: it is the centre and key of the whole of that line which, as I have before stated, runs across the Cimbrian peninsula, from the mouth of the Schlei on the east to Frederickstadt and the mouth of the Eider on the west.

The creek or inlet of the Schlei (or Slien, as the Danes call it), after running in a broad channel from its mouth, only contracting at various points, and especially at Rabölsund, Kappel (or Cappeln), Arnæs (or Arnis), and Missunde, expands into a broad surface, like a lake, upon leaving the latter-named place, and spreads far and wide up to the town of Schleswig. Schleswig is a long straggling city of one street, built on both sides of the Schlei, along its banks at the western end. The Castle of Gottorp, rising in a central position at the westernmost point, between the Altstadt and the long suburb of Fredericksberg, is surrounded by the same waters of the Schlei on all sides, and has very extensive wooded hills, its chase and pleasure grounds in the rear. From the southern shore beyond Fredericksberg the Schlei throws out one of its branches, and forms another inland lake, called Hadeby Nor; but between Fredericksberg and Hadeby the inlet of this inner sheet of water can be crossed on a bridge, I believe, of pontoons. From Missunde to Hadeby, and to the end of Hadeby Nor, at Over and Neder Selk, the Schlei is thus only a vast moat to the town of Schleswig and its suburbs. Firm land is only to be found to the west of Hadeby Nor, and there you come immediately upon the outposts of Bustrup. The main bastion of that name is the second of the long line

of forts constituting the Dannewerk, the very first being situated immediately outside the suburb of Fredericksberg, right on the border of the lake. What the Austrians attacked last evening was only an outwork of Bustrup, which bears the name of Bustrup Forwærk, and their onset was made from the height called Kongeshøj and the hamlet of Vedelspang. Had they even stormed the outwork, and Bustrup itself, Schleswig would not easily have fallen into their hands. The environs of this town, for many miles round, are diversified by gentle undulations, attaining here and there the dignity of hills to the height of 100 to 120 feet. All the most important positions on these hills from a point behind Bustrup, down a line going almost directly from north to south, are crowned with forts supporting each other, and constituting the line of the Great Dannewerk, from No. 3 to Nos. 10, 11, and 12. From the latter point the line proceeds in a south-westerly direction down to No. 19 (the Little Dannewerk), and there are eight more forts, completing the great work as far as Hollingsted on the Treene. Besides these main strongholds, the Danes have erected batteries all round the great fiord or lake, at Altstadt and Holm, on its north bank, and, in the middle of this broad sheet of water, they have a fort on the islet called Mevenberg, at about half-a-mile from the north part of the town, at Altstadt,

the batteries of which sweep, not only the whole lake-like surface, but also the surrounding shores, and the roads and avenues leading hitherward.

To what extent the attack of the Austrians at Bustrup yesterday afternoon was earnest and deliberate, I have no means to ascertain; but it is hardly credible, after what I told you of the position of Schleswig, that they would hope to carry the town by a *coup de main*. The Austro-Prussians, I believe, are only skirmishing, reconnoitring, feeling their way all along the line, reserving themselves to decide upon some decisive onset when they shall better have ascertained the position and appreciated the real strength of the Danes, and when, on their own side, they shall have allowed time to their forces to come up in such masses as to bear down everything before them.

It is with these views, I believe, that they have again been giving the alarm to the Danes at various points this morning ever since daybreak. We hear random firing of cannon all along the line, but it never comes to anything like the close rattle with which we were entertained yesterday afternoon. The Fort No. 12, at the angle between the Great and Little Dannewerk, has been made, I am told, the object of a more marked onset, but hitherto without results.

That the Danes here are on their guard against the chances of a sudden surprise is matter of certainty. The beautiful avenue of trees leading to Castle Gottorp is being cut down to make barricades, and the same has been done yesterday on the great *chaussée* leading from the old city to the suburb of Fredericksberg—a *chaussée* which for some hundred yards in length is closely flanked by the lake on both sides. There is no doubt that were the Austro-Prussians by any chance to force their way either at any point across the Schlei, or through any of the gaps between the too many forts of the Dannewerk, not only the town of Schleswig, but the whole position and the safety of the Danish army would be in jeopardy. The main portion of the Duchy would have to be abandoned, and the King's forces could only hold the position of the little peninsula of Sundewitt, at Düppel, near the isle of Alsen, or further north, at Fredericia.

What we witnessed here yesterday may be set down among the mere amenities of war. So far as we might judge from the sound, there was from early morning firing all along the line. We could hear the cannon from the Dannewerk, where, as we were told, attempts were made upon the outposts of Fort or Battery No. 12, a fort placed at

a spot where the lines of the Great and Little Dannewerk intersect each other. Some firing went on on the side of Missunde also; but it was a slack, random fire, resultless and apparently objectless. The most earnest effort was made upon the immediate position of the town of Schleswig itself, and we had to put ourselves to no great inconvenience to behold the engagement from beginning to end. From the upper windows of our hotel, Stadt Hamburg, and from the *chaussée* leading from it to Castle Gottorp and the suburb of Fredericksberg, but especially from the summit of the castle itself, we were enabled to survey every movement, both on the Danish and the Austro-Prussian side.

Castle Gottorp is a huge square pile of buildings, constructed in a modern barrack-like style, and surrounded by lower wings, or pavilions, which, like the main portion of the central structure, are, in fact, used for the accommodation of troops. Inside the court are a few round turrets, the remnants, probably, of the original edifice in olden times, and in front, in the centre, over the main entrance, there rises a square tower, which may have been the keep, surmounted now by a turret of great height, from which we saw the whole country stretched out like a map before us, as far as the eye could reach.

In front of us, facing the east, we had the broad level of the water of the Schleswig Fiord, or Schlei, with the town branching out on both its banks; on our left the Altstadt as far as Holm; on our right the suburb of Fredericksberg, as far as the pontoon-bridge of Hadeby, with the inner lake of Hadeby Nor, reaching far to the south, answering on one side the purpose of a vast moat to the forts of Fredericksberg, of Bustrup, and the cluster of the Great Dannewerk. Beyond Hadeby, in a perfectly straight line, carving its way, as it were, through the vast undulations of the ground, stretched the main road to Eckernförde. To the left of this road the shore rose in long woody bluffs, with the villages of Fartorp and Steckswig lining the heights. At the foot of these Fartorp and Steckswig heights the broad sheet of water of the Schlei was hemmed in by large sandbanks on either side, forming a narrow sound, called Steckswig-Snævering, to expand soon afterwards into a still broader surface, widening into a great round bay to the south, which, in fact, bears the name of Store Bredning (large widening), and on the north-east gradually contracting itself to wind through the narrow pass of Missunde. Nearer to us, in the centre of what I must be allowed to call a lake, between the Altstadt and the Fredericksberg suburb, and not much more than half an English mile distant from the Altstadt shore, lay

the low, narrow islet of Mevenberg, a mere slip of land, bristling with batteries at the water-edge.

The whole country to the south of the Schlei, from a little beyond Hadeby to Missunde, is already occupied by the Austro-Prussians, and from where we stood we could distinctly see the Prussians, three lines deep, posted on the Fartorp and Steckwig heights. From those heights their artillery, at about ten in the morning, opened fire on the island fort of Mevenberg, which immediately answered with becoming spirit. A couple of hundred shots were expended on each side in two or three hours, with no loss of life or limb on the Danish side, but with damage to the Prussians, as we are told, of one or two cannon dismounted. It is likely, I should say, that the enemies have hitherto only field-pieces on their position. One of their shells, however, fired from Fartorp, flew over the Mevenberg, and fell on the ice, a few yards from the bank at Altstadt, to the great amusement of some of the Schleswig boys, who ran to pick up the fragments. The distance from Fartorp to the nearest point of the Altstadt can be no less than a mile-and-a-half English.

So far as can be made out of the Prussian move-

ments, it would seem that they are bent on attempting to cross the Schlei; availing themselves of that narrow channel, which, as I have said, separates the low sandbanks on either side opposite to their positions at Fartorp and Steckswig, and which I have already designated under the name of Steckswig-Snævering. The surface of the Schlei is still covered with thick ice in all its expanse; but from the foot of Castle Gottorp, where we stood, we could see the breach which has been kept up by the Danes by sheer might of axe and steam, a blue serpentine line, which follows the windings of the deeper channel of the Fiord, coasting like a moat the little island fort of Mevenberg, and running off in the direction of Missunde, to follow the meanderings of the Schlei all the way to its mouth on the Baltic. Whether the Austro-Prussians will have it in their power to let their pontoons slide down the ice as far as the water-edge, and there throw a bridge over the channel from ice crust to ice crust, time will show. To effect this operation they will have to stand the fire of the batteries at Vinding and Fysing, two villages lying on the northern shore, and sweeping over the sandbanks opposite to Steckswig.

Should the Austro-Prussians prefer making an experiment of the power of their artillery, it is very probable that with heavy pieces they could from Fartorp silence the batteries of Mevenberg, and

lay the Altstadt of Schleswig in ruins: little gain to themselves, this latter feat, but no joke to the inhabitants, who would thus be ill requited for their alleged German propensities.

Such, if I have succeeded in conveying my mind to the reader, is the position of the contending parties at Schleswig, on what I may call the water-side. Inland to the south of the Fredericksberg suburb, and to the west of Hadeby Nor, the Austro-Prussians, who have their headquarters under Marshal Wrangel, at Krop, face all the line of the Dannewerk, and turn their main efforts against that cluster of forts which bears the name of the Great Dannewerk, from No. 1 at Fredericksberg, to No. 12, which was the object of their onset yesterday. Opposite to Bustrup and Bustrup Forværk, they are posted at Kongshøj, or King's Height, and in other localities offering the advantage of elevated ground, and placed at no greater distance than a mile from Bustrup, not quite two English miles from the very centre of Schleswig and Castle Gottorp. It was at this point, at the Bustrup advanced posts, that the action was so warm on Wednesday afternoon. The Austrians pushed so boldly forward on that occasion that, had they been aware of their advantage, or had they had

daylight enough, there might have been some ground for the kind of panic which spread about in Schleswig that the enemy might possibly carry the town by a *coup de main* that very night.

The hasty barricading of the Castle Gottorp Avenue, and of the Chaussée between the old and new town, prove that some apprehensions were entertained even in high quarters, and a still stronger proof of the danger which the town ran is the departure of the King, who left us in the night or early morning, it was said, for Flensburg. The officers here, among whom his Majesty is not too popular, comment rather severely upon this conduct of the King, and ask to what purpose Christian IX. inconvenienced himself by travelling hither all the way from Copenhagen if he was to go back so soon, on the first appearance of danger, without as much as showing his countenance to the men toiling at the outposts, and without, indeed, achieving any greater feat than the promenade in the mud described by me in a former letter. It is not thus, they say, that their good *Danish* King Frederick VII. would have behaved in such emergency! The danger to the King, no less than to the whole army, is, however, by no means trifling. Were the Austro-Prussians to find their way across the Schlei, at

some unguarded point, they might be on the flank and rear of the Danish army before this latter had time to effect its retreat to their last stronghold of Düppel and the Isle of Alsen. A timely backward movement, and the abandonment of the Dannewerk, is not, perhaps, a very remote contingency.

The bravest Danish officers cannot shut their eyes to the disadvantage of the extremely long line they have to defend, and to the scantiness of the troops they have to employ for that purpose. Whatever may be said of the numbers of the Danish army, I have reason to believe that not more than 30,000 men are at the present moment on the line—a line for which 150,000 combatants would not be too many. The amount of work falling to the lot of so small a force, encamped against such fearful odds, is not only wearing out the moral strength, but actually exhausting the physical powers of the Danes. Were the men even equal to their hard task, over-exertion would soon tell, and is now telling, against the horses. The inclemencies of a winter campaign begin to show their effects even upon the robust frames of the Danes. It is calculated that out of the whole of their army, 1,000 are already *hors de combat*. A few have been killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; but by far the greatest number are laid low by illness, most of them victims

to the ague, the result of their exposure to this severe, yet fickle climate. We had on Wednesday heavy rain, with dark, lowering skies; yesterday a bright morning, with gusts of cold wind and showers in the afternoon. To-day a fall of snow, half-melting on the ground. The Austro-Prussians, more imperfectly clad and sheltered even than the Danes, must be exposed to greater sufferings; but men are cheap with them, and they can stand threefold the same losses without inconvenience. Their casualties on the field are described as very severe. I have seen Prussian and Austrian prisoners brought in, but not in very large numbers.

Just as I am about to close this letter, heavy firing is heard on the side of Hadeby.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RETREAT FROM THE DANNEWERK.

Evacuation of the Dannewerk.—Sensation in the Army.—
The Retreat.—Endurance of the Army.—Affair at
Bilskov Kro.—German Versions of these Events.—The
German Army and the Government.

February 5-10.

A WEEK has barely elapsed since I left Copenhagen on my way to the headquarters of the Danish army, and landed from Körsör at the wharf in front of the dismal-looking old Slot, or Castle of Sønderborg. I was then only anxious to be in time to witness some of the incidents to which the fight for the Dannewerk seemed so sure to give rise, and now, here I am, already, back again at Sønderborg, at the end of six days, after seeing the close of that fight.

I was at Schleswig on Friday evening, the 5th, somewhat disposed to lay aside all expectation of any great events for the night, although there was a talk about a contemplated attack on the part of the enemy, when an artillery officer with

whom I had become intimate, and with whom I had dined and sat after dinner that very day, came back after a few minutes' absence, and with an altered voice, and under the strictest reserve, told me that 'the Council of War, upon receiving positive intelligence that the enemy had been that very day reinforced to the full extent of 35,000 men, had resolved upon the sudden abandonment of the position of the Dannewerk, and an immediate retreat upon Flensburg and Alsen.' He asked my word of honour not to telegraph the sad news for the whole of that night, but it was a superfluous precaution; the whole telegraphic establishment at Schleswig was already packed up in vans at the head of the retreating columns, and I since found the same measures had been taken at Flensburg and everywhere on the road till I came to this place, where I am assured all telegraphic communication with England is interrupted, not only at Sønderborg, but at Copenhagen itself.

I was not the earliest, but certainly by no means the latest, to receive a hint of the intended backward movement of the Danish army. One of the brigadiers in command placed himself at the head of his column at ten o'clock in the evening, with the full understanding that he was to march to the advanced posts at Fredericksberg and Bustrup, when, on the very ground he

received orders to take the road to Flensburg. The surprise, the humiliation, the rage of the Danish officers may better be conceived than described. I did not see them breaking their sword blades on the ground, as I saw French officers do on the marble tables at the Milan *cafés* after the armistice and Peace of Villafranca, but the indignation of these Northmen, although less demonstrative, was no less heartfelt and genuine. They all asked, 'Why was not the Dannewerk given up on the first summons by Wrangel if Denmark was not sufficiently strong to defend it with honour; and if there was a chance of a generous, however ultimately unsuccessful, resistance, why were we not at least allowed to strike a blow for that costly line of citadels; why were we made to quit the spot like a duellist who refuses to condescend to any reasonable apology before appearing on the ground, then flies the ground just as the time has come when there can be no retreat without ignominy?' They allowed, indeed, that the line was too long, the defending army too small, the disproportion with the enemy too great, and that by tarrying on their position the Danish army might have been taken in the rear by some of the Austro-Prussians breaking through the line of the Schlei; but all these difficulties could and should have been foreseen from the beginning, more than ten days ago. Nothing,

since Wrangel's intimation had been met with such bold defiance, had occurred to alter the position. Either that position was too weak to attempt any defence whatever, or such defence should have been pushed up to the broadest exigencies of honour, regardless of consequences; the Dannewerk should not have been given up without at least some deed of arms worthy of the high respect with which the world had been taught to pronounce the name of that stronghold. The conduct of the Government and of the Commander-in-Chief appeared to the Danes inexplicable, and they thought that their warlike fame had been sacrificed to the pitiful shifts of a craven home policy, or to the treacherous intrigues of a remorseless foreign diplomacy.

I had nothing to fear for myself had I made up my mind quietly to await the arrival of the Austro-Prussians at Schleswig, but I was, in a certain manner, attached as a correspondent to the Danish army, and made it a point of honour to follow its fortunes, wherever they might be. All the mines of Potosi, I felt sure, could not at that pinch have helped me to a horse or a conveyance; but the friendly captain, to whom I was already indebted if I ever got a chair to sleep in or a table to write at since I had come to head-

quarters, offered me a seat on his military van, and I have been travelling with him ever since. They had given him the post of honour at the rear-guard, and it was past ten o'clock when we set out with his battery on the road to Flensburg.

The weather had been soft and sloppy for the last five or six days at Schleswig; but the snow, which had been falling in large sluggish flakes on the Friday morning, began to gain consistency before we set out in the evening; the wind rose, keen and boisterous, from the north-east, and at its very first blast the state of the atmosphere and the look of the country were changed as if by magic. The snow thickened and hardened on the ground; the road became smooth and bright as glass; horses and men slipped dreadfully and fell almost at every step. Not one horse in the whole Danish army was rough-shod that night; on the contrary, the shoes both of saddle and draught-horses were worn smooth by the last five or six days' incessant march on muddy ground, and the progress of the army met with terrible hindrance at the outset. The wind was so chill and violent, the pelting snow in our faces was so blinding, that in spite of my multitudinous wrappings I soon found my seat in the open van

intolerable, and alighted, together with the motley crowd from thousands of vehicles (not two of which were covered), and took my place in the line of march by the side of my brave captain, who had also quitted his saddle, and was tramping along, now at the head, now at the rear, of his battery.

Those who were altogether too weak to walk, had not to be covered, but actually buried under a whole pile of blankets, from under which they were still heard moaning and groaning, complaining that 'they were being numbed and stiffened with the cold.'

It was not long before our march began to exhibit, on a small scale, some of the horrors of the famous retreat of the French from Moscow. The night was dark, the cold terrible; the thermometer, I dare say, did not mark more than four or five degrees below the freezing point, but the chill in our veins told a very different tale, and the slipperiness of the road was perfectly awful. The snow, which was falling thick and fast at frequent intervals, lay in the fields three or four inches deep, and fringed the trees in the forests with the most picturesque fretwork; but it was trodden to the thinnest layer by all the feet, hoofs, and wheels of a whole host, till it listened like

ice in the occasional gleam of some pale star, as one or two peeped out in the sky through the gaps opened in the mass of clouds by the fitful blast. Dragoons, artillerymen, all who travel on the saddle, were dismounted, even led-horses were put to the direst exertions to keep their footing; draught-horses had to be held up, and cannons, caissons, and ammunition or luggage-waggon to be dragged by the sheer strength of men, whose tread was no steadier. The falling of men and beasts, the cracking of wheels and axletrees, was prodigious. It took us full nine hours to go over the first mile-and-a-half (less than seven English) of ground. Morning broke upon us long before we were half way between Schleswig and Flensburg, and we reached the latter place about four o'clock P.M. on Saturday, having accomplished the whole distance of twenty-two English miles in eighteen hours. The halt at Flensburg was of only two hours. Soon after dark we were again toiling onwards in the direction of Krasau and Gravenstein. We reached the latter place at about eight A.M., after a second night rehearsing all the horrors of the previous one in an aggravated form, and only came to the end of our journey here at sunset last evening, after little less than eight-and-forty hours' unmitigated suffering. The cutting wind, the drifting snow, the darkness, the slipperiness of the roads, were the

same throughout. Even at Sönderborg, even in the streets and open places of the towns and environs, where horses had to be picketed and the soldiers to lie by their side as they best could, men and cattle had to strive hard with the treacherous ground, they had to weather the furious storm as Heaven sent it, not a few of them cursing in their hearts the madness of kings, who must needs go to war at all, and must needs, too, take it into their heads to wage war in deep winter!

I have touched, in a few words, and without the least exaggeration, on the hardships and difficulties the Danish army had to contend with in its retreat, because I think, on the whole, that this retreat was effected in as admirable order as could be expected under the circumstances, and these brave troops evinced throughout a hardy spirit and a manly endurance above any high praise that my poor pen could bestow upon them. We had not gone half-a-mile from Schleswig before we found a very heavy piece of siege artillery forsaken on the road. The eight horses which dragged it had become, owing to the state of the roads, as powerless as so many new-littered kittens, and all the efforts of the men to share the work with them had proved unavailing. In the

same manner, as we advanced on ~~our~~ dismal march, we, who were in the rear, came up with broken carriages, dismounted caissons, and horses fallen never to rise. The obstruction to our progress was indescribable. We moved inch by inch; it was one step, two steps, and a halt, and especially at night, as we approached some kro, or publichouse, the throng of conveyances, especially of sutlers and other camp followers of every description, who insisted upon stopping on the highway to feed their cattle, could not be broken through either by entreaty or menace, by love or force. There they lay, a medley of waggons, *chars-à-banc*, ambulance vans, loads of straw, gigs, coaches and omnibuses, carriages ten deep, twenty deep, pell-mell with their unharnessed horses, and troughs, sieves, buckets and bags of corn on the road; in the ditches, across the edges, jammed up into so dense, and wide, and strong a barricade, that neither a charge of infantry bayonets, nor the tread of cavalry hosts, nor yet the shot and shell of the enemy's cannon could have made a breach through it. Human selfishness, improvidence, cowardice, could not fail to exhibit their most hideous features on this occasion as in other great calamitous occurrences. I passed wretches on the road, on the second night, who lay on the stones by the wayside, regardless of the snow that was covering them

like a pall. I roused some of them, shook them, spurned them, trying to awaken them to their danger, but in vain, and went my way, shrugging my shoulders, speculating on the awaking which might or might not await them in the morning. How many may have perished by the cold, how many of the horses and how much of the *matériel* were left behind, I have no means to tell, but I am sure all was done that human valour and determination could achieve. Not a little confusion indeed reigned during the night, but order came in the morning. The battalions of infantry marched steadily and compactly in their ranks; the men, who in the midst of their sufferings had no reason to complain of hunger, toiled on resolutely; the houses, hospitably open to them on the road, did not lure them to unreasonably long delays. Whenever any delay or obstruction on the road occurred of any inconvenient length, the sight of an officer—the clear, sharp, ringing voice of my friend the artillery captain, for instance, who showed throughout an energy and strength of will perfectly indomitable—had on the few laggards all the effects of a trumpet. Up they started, ready and willing, more instantly amenable to duty and subordination than any other troops I ever marched with. I have now seen regiment after regiment coming in, not much the worse for their forty-eight hours' dreadful

wear and tear. Most of the field pieces, also, have been safely conveyed to their new positions, though the same may not be said of some of the heaviest ammunition waggons. General Wilster, who commanded at Frederickstadt, has been able to bring all his garrison to Sönderborg without the loss either of one man or horse, or even of any part of his heavy siege train.

In the midst of all this magic drama of the retreat from the Dannewerk occasional flashes of comic incident—the little bit of broad farce—were not wanting. The oddity of the head gear, the variety of skull caps, hoods, wrappers, and blankets, with which every man strove to shelter himself from the wintry blast, according as his fancy suggested or his means afforded, gave the whole train a quaint, ludicrous appearance. The few men who lay exhausted in the waggons, swathed and muffled, were covered with the thick falling flakes till they looked like statues or ‘snow men,’ and altogether there was something so ghastly and unreal in the whole mass of men and things that in the state of my imagination at the time, disturbed by long unrest, I jumbled together the present with a distant past, and the whole scene made me at times fancy I was moving along a train of masquerading carriages on an

Italian *corso*, such a one, for instance, as I saw last year at Turin just a twelvemonth ago. The blinding snow that rattled in our faces enhanced the illusion, by the resemblance it bore to the *coriandoli*, or pellets of chalk, which the merry-makers fling at each other in their rude frolic. Only the procession was silent and sulky, so that it was rather the ghost of a mummary than the thing itself. I saw burly officers of a fine dragoon regiment, groaning under the weight of their helmets, and struggling with their ponderous top-boots,—men who are light as birds when in the saddle, but who have no more legs than the Queen of Spain is supposed to have,—I saw them, I say, blundering and stumbling along the road the whole way, puffing and panting, tumbling also occasionally (I had myself two rather heavy falls on the villanous hard ice, besides an awkward *spill* from a waggon on leaving Flensburg)—and swearing rather savagely at the unwonted, and to them unendurable mode of locomotion; but here they were at dinner last evening safe and whole, all of them laughing at the sore trial they had to submit to in their forty-eight hours' stroll, and not a little vain, in their heart of hearts, at the feat which they had, willy, nilly, been able to accomplish.

The Austrians, we are told, only entered Schleswig at four o'clock in the morning of Saturday; but it was not long before they gave chase, and we had them in our rear before we were ten miles on our way. They met, however, with not a few of the difficulties we had to contend with, and although we hear of frequent skirmishes on the whole of the long and wide line of retreat, still I have not been able to obtain certain information of any serious engagement except at a place between Oversö and Bilskov Kro, at about four or five miles from Flensburg, on the very road we had followed from Schleswig, where two regiments of infantry, the 1st and 11th, with two field pieces, under Colonels Müller and Beck in command of those two regiments, came into collision with a widely superior force of Austrians—who had, we are told, some squadrons of hussars and 16 cannon with them—and made good their ground for some time, twice attacking the enemy and sustaining the shock of the cavalry with the bayonet, but falling back at last, after suffering severe losses, especially in officers. All the staff of one of the companies of the 1st regiment was left on the well-contested field.

The main part of the Danish army is now concentrated here, relying on the natural strength of this sea-girt little island, and on the outworks at Düppel, which guard the only approaches to the

narrow sound, on the mainland. The enemy is close on their track, and at the moment I am writing I hear the hurraing of the various detachments, which are marching to the outposts in the expectation of a brush with the Austrians. It is rather odd that so little should ever be heard of the Prussians. With the exception of their first not very successful attack on Missunde on Tuesday last, the troops of that nation have hardly been seen or heard of anywhere at the front, and all the toil and honour of the campaign seem to have been left to the Austrians, in whom the Danes recognize worthy adversaries, while they speak of their Prussian foes with contempt.

Altogether, I do not believe any army in the world could have behaved more honourably under so great a variety of untoward circumstances than the Danes have done in this unfortunate retreat. Should any chance be offered them of retrieving their losses by any trial at all amounting to fair fight, I have no doubt they will acquit themselves to the fullest credit, and if the Austrians or Prussians choose to employ all their overwhelming strength against this position of Alsen, where their vast superiority of numbers will avail them less, they may find out that the Danes are not as easily dislodged as it seemed

good to their leaders that they should be at the Dannewerk.

The whole population along the road, and even at Flensburg, gave proof of the utmost sympathy with the toiling and suffering troops. Every door was open; food and assistance of every description were everywhere at hand, a proof either that the Danes are not so implacably hated by their Schleswig subjects as their German friends describe them, or that the kindest feelings of humanity had got the better of political animosity.

A file of German and other papers have been handed to me, wherein I find several bold assertions calculated to mislead the public as to some points of the greatest importance respecting the retreat we have just accomplished.

In the first place, it is not true that it was the achievement of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, in throwing a bridge across the Schlei at Kappel, that determined the abandonment of the Dannewerk. The retreat of the Danes was effected on the evening of Friday, the 5th, at eleven,

and the bridge across the Schlei was only begun at five, o'clock on the following morning, when not one man on the Danish side remained to dispute the passage of the fiord.

The real motives which led to the backward movement of the Danes are still to a certain extent a mystery. Still the reader may arrive at his own conclusions, simply by taking into account the following dates.

The King, with his Prime Minister, left Copenhagen on Monday, the 1st, and had a twenty-four hours' start of me, but they tarried somewhat longer on the road; so that they only arrived on the following day, a few hours before me. On the Wednesday afternoon, the affair of Bustrup took place, and the King, as I said, walked to the outposts. He, however, quitted Castle Gottorp during the night or very early in the morning; at least, he was not anywhere about Schleswig at 8 A.M. In the course of the day, in the afternoon, a council of war was held, in which the evacuation of the Dannewerk position was put into deliberation. The proposal was accepted, with the only dissentient vote of General Lüttichau. I have been assured that the council was informal, as the different commanders of the corps did not attend it. In the course of the night, orders were despatched to the superior officers in command at Kappel, Frederickstadt, and other points on the

line, and these, thanks to that timely notice, were enabled to effect their retreat in greater safety than the main body of the troops at Schleswig. In Schleswig itself, as we have seen, the command to march upon Flensburg fell on the army like a clap of thunder; still, even there, the various corps would have been withdrawn without the least molestation, had it not been for some of the officious patriots in the town, who hastened to inform the Austrian commander outside Bustrup of the occurrence. The Austrians had some difficulty in crediting the astounding news—they were afraid of a *guet-à-pens*; and it was only, as I stated, at four in the morning that they ventured into the forsaken place. It was later than that, I repeat, before Prince Frederick Charles proceeded to his construction of a bridge.

A second assertion, which must be flatly contradicted, is that of the Danes asking for and obtaining three hours' armistice under pretext of bringing in their wounded, and profiting by this respite to steal away from Schleswig. The Austrians left their wounded for two nights on the field at Bustrup, and fired upon the Danes, who were moved by feelings of humanity to issue forth to the relief of the poor sufferers. That the officers at the outposts may eventually have come to some mutual understanding between them for such a purpose is indeed possible, though nothing

whatever is known about it here; but what is quite certain is, that I left Schleswig with the very last troops of the rear at about eleven o'clock on the evening of Friday, and not one word was ever spoken about a suspension of hostilities.

As soon as they obtained possession of Schleswig, the Austrians, it is true, set out in pursuit of the slowly-retreating Danes, and came up with them at break of day; but it is not true, however, as it has been blazoned forth in all the German papers, that they gave battle to the Danes at Idstedt, and that they defeated them with great slaughter. There was no serious encounter between the two armies before they came to the neighbourhood of Bilskov Kro, or Oversö, on the Saturday afternoon, the 6th; and there, it is not by any means true, as it has been gratuitously asserted, that 'the Danes lay in ambush for their foes.' The simple fact is, that the Austrians came up somewhat suddenly with the Danish rear, and these, with a resolution of a wild beast at bay, turned round upon their pursuers, and fought them with a valour which cost them much blood, but covered them with honour. Idstedt, it should be remembered, is at least twelve miles from Oversö, and it is impossible the misstatement should be caused by a mere confusion of names.

The same may be said of other battles, which, if we believe the fertile imagination of the tele-

graph, ought to have strewn the whole distance between Schleswig and Dybböl with dead and wounded. The real truth of the matter is that the Danes retired in admirable order, considering the terrible hardships they had to contend with; and as the Germans had also their own share of difficulties to overcome, the pursuit was not so fruitful in trophies to their arms as people have been led to believe. A great deal of the *matériel* of the Danish army fell, it is true, into their hands; but it was not taken by hard fighting. The slipperiness of the roads, the encumbrance of the thoroughfares, and the utter exhaustion of men and beasts compelled the Danes to abandon not a few of their heaviest impediments, among which were some of the 84-pounders which were paraded with so much pomp along the streets of Hamburg. But the field-artillery was all brought in safe here, and General Wilster, who had such a chance as a few hours' start on an unencumbered road gave him, conveyed from Frederickstadt to Sønderborg all of his heavy artillery and ammunition that he deemed to be of use.

Whatever judgment men may come to with regard to the conduct of the Danish Government and of General de Meza as to the defence of the Dannewerk, there is no doubt the conduct of the army, both during the few days of the conflict and during the forty-eight hours' awful retreat, was such as

only could be expected of one of the most warlike and long-enduring among the European races.

And yet, although the spirit of the army is most assuredly anything but broken, and the wish to continue the struggle is father to the hope that the struggle should continue, I fancy I can descry symptoms of milder and more conciliatory views in high quarters. The King is about to leave us to-day, and his proclamation, which was published yesterday, and must reach England long before this letter, breathes, as you will see, no very implacable or desperate resolution to shed blood. Indeed, there are not a few here who look upon the whole war in Schleswig as a mere farce, in which his Majesty Christian IX. has been playing a prominent part. The retreat from the Dannewerk, they surmise, was a settled matter at the time that the King left Schleswig on the night of Wednesday, the 3rd, two days before orders were given for the evacuation of the Dannewerk. His proclamation, which here bears the date of the 8th, was already out in the Copenhagen papers on the 6th. It bore in Copenhagen the signature of Monrad, the Prime Minister, which is here suppressed, and some sentences about 'all hopes of foreign aid being abandoned,' which have been carefully expunged in the later publication at headquarters. Altogether the King and Government are charged with having unfairly dealt

with the army. The word 'trêason,' which was shouted by the Copenhagen mob at the top of their voices, is uttered here in low, but ominous murmurs. I do not suppose, however, that there was any treachery in the case—only great irresolution and helplessness. The Danish Government thought it was due to their honour to resent the peremptory intimation of Field-Marshal Wrangel, and to make some show of defending the Dannewerk. They hoped by such spirited conduct to win the applause of Europe, and to determine the movement of those allies who had flattered them with vague hopes of succour.* But when they clearly understood, though too late, that foreign aid was altogether out of the question—that they were alone in the struggle—and that their small army was not only unequal to the task of holding the Dannewerk, but even ran the greatest risk of being attacked in the rear and having its retreat cut off—they gave orders for a retreat, which, to say nothing of the stain it left on the honour of the Danish arms, caused them losses as severe as a pitched battle.

The noble behaviour of the army, and their heroic endurance of the hardships of that disastrous march, saved it from the worst consequences of blundering generalship.

CHAPTER VII.

DYBBÖL AND ALSEN.

The Danish Army.—The Dybböl Position.—Søndevad.—Als.—The Sund.—Broagerland.—Improvvidence of the Danes.—Appearance and Character of the Danish Soldiery.—Prospects of the War.—Eagerness of the Danes for the continuation of Hostilities.—Actual Strength of the Danish Army:

February 10-17.

THE Danish army has by this time reached the safe shelter of this insular position. The Austro-Prussian advance has come no farther than Rinkenise, or Ringene, to the south-west of Gravenstein, or Graasten, more than six hours' march from this place. The apprehensions of an intended attack on their part are dying away, and I seize this first moment of comparative security to lay before the reader the military and political position of affairs as we see it here.

The main force of the Danish army after its disastrous retreat from the Dannewerk was concentrated upon this point, and the whole Duchy of Schleswig was left an easy prey to the close-pursuing German invader. We found the King

here, and one of the very earliest acts of his Government was the removal of De Meza, the General-in-Chief, and Kauffmann, his head of the staff. The former was superseded in his functions by Lüttichau, lately Commander-in-Chief of the Artillery, the only one in the Council of War at Schleswig whose vote was against the abandonment of the Dannewerk. The present head of the Staff is Major Stjernholm, who hitherto filled the same office at the head of the first division.

It occurred to these gentlemen, and to the others trusted by the King with the management of military affairs, that the little Isle of Alsen was too small a field for the operations of the Danish army; and the encumbrance and confusion were indeed intolerable from the beginning. A portion of their forces—4,000 men—chiefly cavalry, were, therefore, directed to pursue their march by land to Fredericia, in Jutland, and others will soon be shipped off from this place for the same destination, to take up their position on the frontier of that province. 12,000 men are all that is considered necessary to the protection of Alsen,—all that the little isle can harbour and accommodate.

Hostilities have recommenced since our arrival at this place, and we have almost daily skirmish-

ing at the outposts. In a somewhat sharper encounter yesterday afternoon, the 10th, the Danes had five men killed, and above a score wounded; amongst the latter, an officer.

Assuming that the war is to go on, I deem it advisable to give a few particulars about the position in which the Danes await their enemy for a final trial of strength. Were we to have a series of deeds of arms in this neighbourhood, the reader might be glad to have become familiar with names which may belong to the history of 1864, as intimately as they were connected with the warlike episodes of 1848.

If you let your eye run over the map of this Cimbrian peninsula you will see among the many creeks, inlets, or fiords, which indent the whole eastern coast, two somewhat parallel sheets of water, bearing in the German charts the names of Flensburger Meerbusen, and Apenrader Meerbusen. The land, between these two fiords, of Flensburg and Apenrade, narrows at a point between Adsböl, near Graasten, and Ballegaard, and forms the peninsula of Söndevad, or Sundewitt, from the main portion of which another minor peninsula branches off, having its isthmus between the broad sheet of water called the Nyböl Nor, and the little bay, Wemmingbund.

This smaller peninsula bears no name on the maps, but from its chief town, or village, Broager, it is generally called Broagerland. Facing Söndevéd, and separated from it by a sound of unequal width, lies the isle of Als, or Alsen, watered north and south respectively by the fiords of Apenrade and Flensburg at their mouths, and on the east by a channel of the Little Belt, which severs it from the larger island of Fünen. The Alsener Sound enters broadly from the north, between the coasts of Söndevéd and Alsen, but after a short south-eastern course, it divides itself into two branches; one penetrates deep into Alsen, forming the bay or fiord of Augustenborg; the other follows an almost straight southern course, contracting itself between the peninsula and the island as far as this little town of Sönderborg.

Alsen is enough of an island to be safe on all sides but one against any approach from an enemy unable to cope at sea with Denmark. The exposed side is, of course, the coast on the sound opposite to the Söndevéd peninsula, and especially the narrow part of it, between Arnkielsöre, at the mouth of the Augustenborg fiord, and the southern end of the Gut, where it is bridged over at Sönderborg. Now, the extreme length of Alsen from north-west to south-east in

twenty English miles. The sound from end to end does not exceed thirteen miles, and its narrower part, from Arnkielsöre to Sønderborg, may be about six English miles long. The width of the sound at its northern end varies between one and two English miles, but the narrow Gut, which constitutes the real Sound, is contracted between the coasts to the almost uniform width of about a quarter of a mile, and at its narrowest points, as, for instance, at the Sønderborg bridge—the width is only 120 to 150 yards.

A Power like Denmark, in possession of the sea, can at its pleasure so crowd the narrow waters which encompass this islet as to baffle an enemy attempting with mere land forces to gain a footing upon it. Beyond Sønderborg and its bridge, however, the Danes occupy on the Söndevad mainland the strong position of Düppel, or Dybböl, a kind of *tête de pont*, consisting of a long line of trenches, by which they can not only defend the bridge at Sønderborg, but also dispute the enemy's progress across the isthmus of the Söndevad peninsula. Were the Austro-Prussians, advancing from their present position at Flensburg upon Ringenees and Graasten, to make a strong onset on the Danish outworks at Dybböl, they might perhaps carry that position by main strength of numbers, though the ground there is

hilly and open, and the Danes, making the best of the advantages offered them by Nature, have enabled themselves to sweep the ground with the cannon of their forts with deadly effect. Still, were the Germans even to carry their success so far as to possess themselves of Dybböl, of East Dybböl, and of the whole mainland, they would find themselves in presence of the sound, contending with the fire that would open upon them not only from the coast of the island, but also from the shipping of every description which, from the open waters of the broader sound in the north, and of the mouth of the Flensburg fiord on the south, would be brought to bear against them.

The game which was too unequal between the two belligerent parties so long as the fifty miles' line between the mouth of the Schlei and that of the Eider at Frederickstadt was the field of action, becomes now anything but unfair, when the line of operations is limited to the length of six miles, and when the superiority of the Danes at sea has a chance of counterbalancing the enormous preponderance of their enemies on shore. If the Danish force of 30,000 to 40,000 men was inadequate to the task of manning the whole of the 27 forts of the Dannewerk, it will be found more than sufficient to line the banks of the Alsener Sound, especially as the defence of

the sound may depend rather on maritime than on military exertions.

The Isle of Alsen is now connected to the mainland not by one bridge, but by two, for a second pontoon-bridge has been lately thrown across the sound at Sønderborg. Immediately across the bridges the grounds rise rather abruptly till they reach the culminating point at Dybbøl-bjerg, or Dybbøl Hill, about a mile from Sønderborg. At this point, all across the land from the mouth of the little bay bearing the name of Vemmingbund, to the narrowest part of the Als Sund, at Surlykkegaarde, the Danes have thrown a line of forts and bastions, armed by about 100 heavy cannon, and extending about one-and-a-half mile (English) in length. The Danish position across the water, intended merely as a *tête de pont*, constitutes a triangular peninsula, having for a basis the line of fortifications at Dybbøl, and for the two sides the banks of the two inlets, the Vemmingbund and the Als Sund, with its apex at the bridges of Sønderborg.

Out of Sønderborg, and beyond Dybbøl, the Danes have their outposts, at about three miles' distance. The road that goes over the Sønder-

through the narrow defiles of the Dybböl Hill, on reaching its summit, divides itself into two branches; the one proceeds straight to the village of Dybböl, hence passes on to Nübel, or Nyböl, and coasting the sheet of water which bears the name of Nyböl Nor, leads to Flensburg, over Atzbüll, Gravenstein, and Rinkenise, or, according to the Danish denominations, which I shall hereafter endeavour to follow, Adsböl, Graasten, and Ringence; the other branch turns northwards to Sattrup, or Sottrup, all across the Sundewitt, or Söndevad, peninsula, towards Aabenraa.

The Austro-Prussians are at Flensburg; they have pushed their outposts to Graasten and Adsböl, and have been seen at Nyböl on the southern, and Sattrup on the northern road.

The Söndevad peninsula, as I before stated, has its isthmus between Adsböl on the Nyböl Nor, and Ballegaard; on the broad channel of the Als Sund; and from it the other minor peninsula branches out at the south, bearing the name of Broagerland, the isthmus of which lies between Nyböl and the Vemmingbund. The sea that surrounds this minor peninsula is free and open on the side of the Vemmingbund on the east, and on the Flensburg fiord on the south and west, but it becomes contracted at Egern-

into the sheet of water called Nyböl Nor, and watering the districts of Nyböl, Adsböl, and Graasten.

Had the Danes been ready with their fleet and land forces they would have kept possession of the narrow Egersund, and thereby not only have forbidden their enemies the entrance into the minor peninsula of Broagerland, but by sending their vessels into the Nyböl Nor, they might have harassed the movements of the invaders, who, from Adsböl to Nyböl had to follow a road bordering upon the water. Their enemies, however, were beforehand with them. Coming up from Ringences to Trappen, they found at Alnor, before they reached Graasten, a road leading to the Egersund, they possessed themselves of the ferry over the narrow strait, threw a bridge between the two banks, and crossed over into the minor peninsula of Broägerland, across which they can push, by Skodsböl and Smöl, to the Danish position at Dybböl, gaining thus a third avenue to that position, besides the main road from Nyböl and the northern road from Sattrup.

The loss of the Broager peninsula and of the Nyböl Nor, greatly to be regretted as it is, enables the Danes, however, to direct all their maritime efforts to co-operate with their land

in the Vemmingbund and the Als Sund. The power of the Danes at sea is by no means very considerable. They have only one ironclad steam vessel, or Monitor, the Rolf-Krake, and expect two more of the same structure from England. They have also two plated schooners, the Absalon and Esbern Snare, but only with 2½-inch plates. The gunboats in these waters are by no means numerous, and the fleet is scattered about in the Baltic, either chasing German merchant vessels, or cruising before the German ports in a vain attempt at blockading. By the aid of numerous steamers, however, the Danes have it always in their power to transport detachments of their land troops from place to place, and land them wherever they may do the best service, in the flank or the rear of the enemy.

Of the excellency of the Danish troops, so far as the mere build and frame of the men are concerned, no doubt need be entertained. Most of them are tall, stalwart youths, with white faces, ruddy cheeks, rich flaxen hair, of which they wear long, thick crops down beyond the collars of their coats; they have the complexion of women combined with more than manly power of endurance. The rigour of the climate seems to make no impression upon them. We had snowstorms

all the way from Schleswig, incessant snow-storms ever since we reached Sønderborg. Out in the country the snow lies on the roads in heavy drifts; but the men toil through it, day and night; they stand on it, lie in it, as if it were their own element. They are all cheerful, good-humoured, fond of song, and march to the tune of their favourite air, '*Den tappre Land soldat.*' Their clothing is substantially good, and admirably suited to the climate. Their warm grey, drab, or light-blue overcoats come up to their very ears, and fall down to their ankles. The infantry are armed with excellent rifles (rather short; I should think, both as to barrel and bayonet), mostly of Belgian manufacture. Denmark has no rifle regiments, nothing to correspond with the *Bersaglieri* of Italy or the Zouaves of France. They tell me all their foot soldiers are good shots with their rifles; still, they may not be a fit match for the Styrian and Tyrolean sharpshooters, with whom they have to contend, whose swiftness of motion the Danes have had occasion to admire, and whose dead shots have already had such terrible effect among their officers. The Danish cavalry is not numerous; the greatest part of it marched by land from Schleswig to Jutland. Here we have two regiments of dragoons and a few hussars. The

pieces for each battery. The horses, both saddle and draught, are good, large sized, and somewhat heavy, but fit for the hardest work.

The powers of endurance of this stout Northern race surpass all belief. They are out in all weather, as thoroughly at home in snow and ice as in rain and mud. They are no unworthy descendants of those Cimbrians who astonished the Romans of Marius so many centuries since by sporting half naked in the snow and making sledges of their shields to slide down the icy slopes of the Alps—a rehearsal of the frolics they were wont to indulge in at their Northern home. Those whom the clouds have drenched in the night, the wind, please God, will dry by day. I have just now praised the length and width, the thorough fitness and comfort of their great overcoats; they are made of coarse spongy cloth, however; they must drink in the moisture greedily and only let it off leisurely. I have no great faith in their thick Wellington boots either, and I would rather see foot soldiers supplied with the good light shoes and tight gaiters of the Zouave. No mere shoe leather can be proof against many hours' trudging in deep snow, and the boot, which is at all times too hot and hard for pedestrian exercise, is besides apt to become

a reservoir in very heavy wet. The men, however, set great store by their boots, and most of them have a second pair of them peeping out of their knapsacks, besides the one they have on. They are not to be weaned from their present predilections, and nothing is more common than to hear several of them about town pittle-pattling with their heavy *sabots*. Soaked or nipped, or numbed as they may be, however, these Danes always evince the same degree of manly impassibility. They stand, they lie, they march as they are bidden, never, apparently, heeding any of the scourges with which Heaven may please to visit them. Their mutual good-nature, their deference to their officers, their goodwill and courtesy to all men, never belie themselves on the road or in barracks, under canvas or in citizen quarters. There is no instance, I believe, of a complaint against any of them. The fact is, they are all educated, civilized men. They have a self-respect and dignity which stand them instead of the most efficient discipline; and they are treated by their superiors with a familiar friendliness which could only be safely shown to men who know their places. Their usual demeanour is not gay, not boisterously gay, I should say. Their march is steady and silent, always in compact masses; I hardly saw any voluntary stragglers or laggards even in the

disastrous retreat from the Dannewerk. They seem to have a natural instinct for order; they fall into their ranks as it were by mere force of gravity. They may be relied upon for stonewall firmness, I believe, for unshaken fortitude under the direst trials. Anything like dash and impetus, what the French call *élan*, is not, I should think, to be expected of them. There is, let me be understood, nothing like gloom or sullenness, nothing of the hang-dog look about them. They indulge in a song at times, crack their joke, and have their subdued talk to while away the weariness of their long Danish miles; but, on the whole, they are a quiet, earnest, imperturbable set. They march without sound of drum, and make scanty use of the trumpet. To see one of their squadrons of Dragoons walking their horses at a sober pace, sitting on their saddles bolt upright, demure, ~~mate~~, each with a china pipe hanging from his mouth, the pipes all like each other, and as much a part and parcel of their uniforms as the broad slouched brim of their helmet, and the shroud-like, turned-up collar of their great cloak, is a remarkable sight, refreshing, edifying.

However great the severity of the weather may be, exposure to it does not seem to tell greatly

upon these robust Northern frames. Indeed, I am rather inclined to conclude, upon experience, that the winter season, with all its pinching and nipping, is by no means the most unhealthy in the year. Certainly, a week under the walls of Mantua, or on the banks of the James River, in July or August, would make greater havoc in an army than a six months' puddling in this molten snow. There are not by any means so many on the sick list as might be expected. A few hundred between sick and wounded lie in the hospital here in Sønderborg, and as many in Augustenborg. The Castles, or *Slots*, in both places have been partially fitted up for their accommodation, and their wards are not yet filled. I visited Augustenborg a few days since, and out of 400 beds 100 were yet unoccupied. The patients in the hospital receive the very best treatment, and indeed the whole management of the ambulance, intendance, and commissariat is above all praise. The Dane is, without contradiction, the best fed soldier on the Continent of Europe. No wonder I see such burly frames, such rosy complexions everywhere about me. Even throughout the hardships and disorders of the retreat from the Dannewerk, as I believe I told you, hunger was not among the evils to which the troops were exposed. Crowded as the whole army now is in this mere speck of an

island, the same provident care screens it from all wants. House-room is not plentiful ; indeed, a regiment is billeted upon every village ; every farm or hut is invaded, and the soldier-guests far outnumber their peasant-hosts. The very King, when he was here, gave up his state apartments, such as they are, in the Castle, for the accommodation of soldiers, and, contenting himself with one of the humblest private houses in the town, sent all his household on board the steamer 'Schleswig' in harbour, to take as little room for himself and his as he possibly could. With all this, however, we are awfully packed ; and the thronging of men, horses, and vehicles in the streets and on the highways is so great that one or two hours' complete obstruction of the thoroughfares is by no means an uncommon occurrence.

The war in Schleswig is proceeding rather lamely. Men show but little inclination to fight against each other, having enough to do to contend with the inclemency of hostile elements. After five or six days' incessant snowstorms, we had yesterday a raw, blighting, easterly wind. To-day we have a thaw and heavy rain. The streets in Sønderborg, and the trodden roads for miles round the town are cut up by deep ruts and

holes ; men and horses plunge knee deep, splashing and floundering in slush and mire.

I rode yesterday to the outposts, and saw a battalion of infantry crouching under such shelter as a large wood, bare and bleak, could afford them, cooking their dinners in a ditch with their bivouac fires, while about 2,000 paces farther their pickets stood out in the merciless blast, with the biting snow drifting right into their teeth, almost doubled up under the cruel sensation of intense cold. These outposts were on the road to Nyböl, between three and four miles from Sønderborg, and from the ground where I pulled up my steed I could descry the beautiful woodlands encompassing the Nyböl Nor as far as Aldsböl and Graasten, with the fine white Slot, or Castle, of Graasten, the seat of one of the Counts Moltke, conspicuous above the stripped branches of its glorious beech trees. The Prussian outposts, I was told, were only a quarter of an hour's walk from the Danish pickets, but, however much I strained my eyes, I could see no living being. There has been no movement on either side all yesterday, and none to-day. Indeed, it requires no common amount of bloodthirstiness to think of poking at each other with bayonets in such weather. As to the firing of cannon or musket, the poor people have trouble enough to keep their powder dry, and they may thank their stars, what with

snow and rain, if their very pipes are not put out.

I was out again at the outposts to-day, and visited some of the forts and bastions on the Dybböl line. Some of them are highly finished, with moats and palisades, and mounted with sixteen 84-cannon. They have excellent heavy block-houses for the accommodation of the soldiers, and are kept in the very best trim. Some of those I have not seen are not, I am told, in the same state of completeness, and more than 2,000 men are kept constantly at work all along the line. A certain degree of unreadiness, a disposition to neglect timely precautions, and to put off necessary work to the eleventh hour, seems to be a besetting sin of the Danish War-office, and to pervade every branch of the service. The Danes have a well-grounded reliance on their stout valour and physical strength, and are a little too apt to think, perhaps, that the mere weight of the hammer of Thor is sufficient to baffle all the cunning fence of the most dexterous adversary.

I have also ridden to several points on the Sound, and there, also, all along the narrow channel, the Danes have constructed, or, I should say, are constructing forts and bastions commanding the opposite coast. The country all round is

beautifully undulated, and as it draws near to the water-side on either side of the bridges, it swells into broad sweeping heights which deserve the name of hills. Here, at the Sönderborg bridges, the advantage of elevation is wholly on the other side, where the Dybböl Hill rises, crested with its windmill, immediately across the Sound. But close on the rear of Sönderborg, on the northern side, towards Ulkeböl, the ground is also lofty and swelling, and the slope down to the water-edge is so steep that no attempt has been made to construct a road along the margin of the Sound, and all communications between Sönderborg and the various forts on the banks take place through inland roads.

The nature of the soil is throughout such as to enable the Danes to make the best of their position. Standing upon some of the forts of the Dybböl line I could see the country stretching out vast and bare before me. I had the Vemmingbund distinctly visible on my left, the Alsund on the right, and the whole panorama of the Söndevad peninsula in front, as far as Nyböl and Sattrup, where the Austro-Prussians have their outposts. As far as eye could reach the land was mostly bare of trees, and in the immediate vicinity of the Dybböl line the Danes have been and are busily removing hedges and fences, and filling up ditches, so as to have a clear field for the sweep-

ing fire of their artillery, and the charges of their cavalry.

This same ground was, as I said, the field for many battles in 1849. But at that time the Danes had nothing to depend upon except the natural advantages of their position. The heights of Dybböl and Nyböl were taken with much bloodshed again and again on either side. Most of the present fortifications of the Danes have been the work of latter years. By the addition of all the appliances of art to the contrivances of nature the Danes think their stand upon their ground will be long and glorious. It will take a great deal of time and blood to the Prussians to take Dybböl, they think; and even were they to gain the opposite heights, they might, indeed, fire upon Sönderborg and lay it in ashes, but they have no chance of ever crossing the Sound,—not, at least, until they have either wings like birds, or can wrest from Denmark her maritime superiority.

And now, when I have tried to the best of my powers to give an idea of the new position and disposition of the Danish army at Alsen, the question rises as to what chances there may be of its strength being put to the test. This is matter of mere political speculation. The Austro-Prussians demanded on the last day of January, that

possession should be given to them of the Duchy of Schleswig, and, upon the Danes refusing to evacuate it, they proceeded to occupy it by main force. The grounds set forth for this invasion were that the two German Powers wished to hold the Duchy as a pledge for the fulfilment of certain engagements entered into, as they contend, by the King of Denmark, in accordance with the terms of the Treaty of 1852. Now, the result of one week's disastrous campaign has been to place in the hands of the Germans the whole of the Duchy of Schleswig, with the exception of this little Isle of Alsen, which is rather a dependency upon than an integral part of it, and the position of Dybbøl on the mainland, which is merely an outwork of Alsen, considered as a stronghold. The aim of the Austro-Prussian expedition is attained, and there is no reason why a suspension of hostilities should not immediately ensue, unless they insist with characteristic German obstinacy and punctiliousness in shedding torrents of blood to possess themselves of this mere insignificant corner, or unless they hope to put the screw on the King of Denmark by extending their operations into Jutland, a territory to which they never laid any claim, and which has absolutely nothing to do with the Schleswig-Holstein question.

The Austro-Prussians have, it is true, marched through the Duchy to Apenrade and Hadersleben.

and have reached Kolding on the very borders of Jutland. The navigation through the Little Belt of Middlefart is interrupted by the Prussians, who have planted their batteries on the narrowest part of the strait, on the Stenderup coast. The Danish transport ships are compelled to go all round the island of Fünen on their way to Fredericia.

Still it is not likely that the Germans will think of crossing the Jutland frontier; on their side the war ought to be considered at an end, and the subject in dispute might safely be referred to diplomatic arbitration. But it is otherwise with the Danes, who have little to hope from negotiation, now they would come into Court as the conquered party, while they think that their enemy's victory is by no means assured, and that their own time to retrieve their fortunes and to balance gains and losses has come. 'The Austro-Prussians possess the whole Duchy, they can overrun the whole peninsula,' the Danes allow; 'but they will hardly be free in their movements without masking the strong position of Alsen by placing an army of observation of 20,000 men on the isthmus of the Sundewitt peninsula at Gravenstein, and investing Fredericia on the Jutland frontier with 10,000 more.' By their command of the sea the Danes flatter themselves they will always have it in their power, not only to land small forces of 6,000 or 7,000 men, wherewith to

harass their enemy at the various points where the inlets or fiords of Kiel, Eckernförde, the Schlei, Flensburg, Apenrade, and Hadersleben offer them many advantages, but also to carry on a destructive maritime war against the German ports in the Baltic, and their shipping in all the Northern Seas. Already the Danish cruisers have fallen in with more than one fair German prize, and an embargo has been laid on the vessels of the enemy's mercantile marine at Elsinore. 'The war,' the Danes contend, 'is in a great measure at an end for the Germans; but it is only beginning for themselves.' Yes, no doubt, the Danes are very anxious for a good fair trial of strength with their enemies, and the mere apprehension of a cessation of hostilities is gall and wormwood to them. They feel sure that the advantages of their present position here fully counterbalance the fearful numerical odds by which they might so easily have been overwhelmed at the Dannewerk. The constant march, the incessant outpost duty, at the latter stronghold wore out their strength and spirits; but here the service is done alternately by the various regiments, which are thus allowed sufficient rest, and are quartered at their ease about the farms of the island. Under such circumstances the soldiers are lively and merry, and eager for the fray. Their antipathy is especially strong against the

Prussians, in whom they recognized the foes they combated in 1849, and to whose ambition they refer all the calamities of Denmark. Next in favour to their martial air, '*Den tappre Landsoldat*,' is the other song, '*Nu skal vi da atter med Preusserne slaes*' (Now we shall fight the Prussians again), which they sing with great spirit and exultation, loud enough to be heard at the outposts on the other side. Two hussars of the Ziethenschen regiment were brought in prisoners yesterday, and the satisfaction with which the Danish soldiers gazed at their Prussian uniforms spoke volumes as to their feelings.

There was a rumour at headquarters to-day that the enemy had gathered in great numbers at Sandbjerg on a narrow point of the Sound opposite to Rönhave, with an apparent design to throw a bridge across, and gain a footing on the island. There are large woods at Sandbjerg, and farther up at Storeskov, which might well aid their operations. The resistance against such an undertaking on the part of the Danes would be very stout.

We have here tidings from Tönning, Husum, and Tondern, assuring us that in those and other

towns, where there are no German troops, a part of the population have risen against the Danish Government, and driven out its officials. Some of the fugitives are here at headquarters. Wherever the Austro-Prussians are quartered, no reactionary movements are allowed, although at Eckernförde, we are told, Prince Frederick of Augustenburg was proclaimed Duke, in the presence and with the acquiescence of the Prussians.

The whole of the third division of the Danish army has left us, part of it embarking directly for Fredericia, and the remainder crossing over the Ferries into Fünen, to march across that island, through Middlefart to the same destination. The Commander-in-Chief of that division, General Wilster, was still here yesterday, but has in all probability followed his troops in the night. The Danish army is thus virtually divided into two. However active the communications between the headquarters here, and General Wilster's staff in Jutland may be, the movements of the latter officer must, to a great extent, be left to his own discretion and responsibility.

The Danish army consists of three divisions, commanded by Generals Gerlach, Du Plat, and Wilster. Every division has three infantry bri-

gades, each brigade composed of two regiments, with two battalions to each regiment. A Danish battalion musters 800 men ; a regiment, consequently, 1,600 ; a brigade, 3,200 ; and a division, 9,600. Each division is, besides, provided with two field-batteries, about 400 men, and half a regiment of dragoons, about 300. Altogether a division, in its perfect state of efficiency, consists of no less than 10,300 men. The three divisions make a total of 30,900.

There is, besides, a fourth, or cavalry division, under the orders of General Hegermann-Linderkrone, consisting of three cavalry brigades, each brigade of two cavalry regiments, each regiment of six squadrons, with 120 men for each squadron. This would make a force of 720 men for each regiment, 1,440 for each brigade, and 4,320 for the whole division.

All this does not include four reserve regiments of foot and the artillery reserve. On the whole, taking into account the losses the army has suffered in dead, wounded, and prisoners during the week's hostilities on the Dannewerk, the few stragglers on the retreat, and the sick in hospital, it may be safe to compute the number of actual combatants on the line to something between 25,000 and 30,000, some of the reserve having lately come up from Copenhagen. I am inclined to think that the latter number is nearer the

truth ; but armies, as everyone knows, never are on the ground what they appear on paper, and I would not undertake to assert that the *cadres* of every battalion or regiment in the Danish army are quite filled up. A very fine battalion of grenadiers of the King's Guard, and a squadron of 120 gigantic cuirassiers of the life-guards, whom I so greatly admired at Copenhagen, are still in the capital, kept there, I suppose, for mere show.

The Danes, as I before stated, have only infantry of the line ; nothing like riflemen, sharpshooters, Zouaves, or Bersaglieri. All their foot soldiers are armed with excellent rifles, and all are said to be capital shots. There are peculiar evolutions for light infantry, however, for which all infantry men are not equally fit, and which require a great amount of special training. In Italy, for instance, the Bersaglieri corps, which was once one battalion, and now consists of twenty-three regiments (so useful has its action been found in late campaigns), is almost wholly recruited among the mountaineers of Piedmont, Lombardy, Liguria, &c., as the inhabitants of the plain are deficient in that hardihood, agility, and activity which are required for all the running, leaping, crouching, and crawling indispensable in *tirailleur* service. Many of the very mountain lads that are entered in the Bersaglieri corps

have soon to be made over to the infantry of the line, as they, too, often break down under the severe exertions by which their powers of endurance are tested. Possibly the Danes, however strong, are not sufficiently agile and supple for that kind of work.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE IN SÖNDERBORG.

Tandslet Parsonage.—Nationality in Alsen.—The Germans in Schleswig.—The Sound.—Rönhave.—Herr v. Rosen.—Sönderborg.—The Danish Officers.—The Hôtel Reimuth.—Pauline.

February 17, 18.

I DROVE out to-day about eight miles due east to pay a visit to a friendly artillery captain, who is billeted at a '*prestegaard*,' or parsonage, the guest of a pastor or parish priest of one of the villages almost on the other side of the island. The morning was dry and sunny, and the country, more than half cleared in twenty-four hours of the great mass of snow which umbered it, was to be seen at as great an advantage as it ever could be at this time of the year. There is hardly a square mile of dead level in the whole island, nor is there anywhere a hill or even a swelling of the ground where a wheel need be locked, or which a horse would not take at full gallop without the least strain or distress. It is, like the whole of the east coast of the Danish peninsula, a broadly undulating surface, cut up in large hedge-enclosed fields,

fringed here and there, at great distances, by lofty woods, and dotted at still greater intervals by villages, generally occupying the crests of the wavy soil; each village a mere cluster of large farmhouses, straggling upon an extensive area, with, in most cases, a neat, whitewashed church on the culminating point—a church half hid within a clump of trees, and surmounted by a diminutive spire, in some instances facing a clumsy, wooden round building, doing duty as a belfry. On a rival eminence you see often a windmill with its wings sprawling in the air.

The parsonage, the church, and the little community where I spent this day must not, I believe, be taken as a fancy specimen of an Arcadian or Utopian Danish village. The well-being of the whole of this peninsula, and still more of the two islands of Denmark, is everything that the most sanguine philanthropist need desire. I have now travelled about for nearly six weeks in the dominions of his Majesty Christian IX., and neither in town nor country have my eyes been saddened by the sight of one beggar. The parsonage which offered me hospitality this day was as snug and sweet a home as even the church, always pitching her tents in the fat of every land, would be willing to pronounce unexceptionable. The pastor had travelled in distant countries, and, like a man of taste and sense, had surrounded himself in his

house with keepsakes and remembrancers of the lands he had visited; his walls were hung with good copies of oil pictures, capital old engravings, favourite views of mountain sides, bays, buildings, or popular scenes. His wife could read English, and spoke excellent French, to say nothing of Danish and German, which are both to some extent native languages to her. The lady has been, and is still, lovely; with soft dark eyes, 'as big as saucers,' smooth black hair, and a somewhat delicate complexion, which gives her the look of an exotic in this bleak climate. More winning manners I have known nowhere. She has five healthy children, one of whom, the bashful, romping coquetting Karl, six years old, won my heart at first sight. The cares of the household, the bringing up of the children, the management of the extensive glebe farm, ecclesiastical and parochial duties, and the supervision of the school, do not so utterly engross the time and attention of this worthy couple as to make them unmindful of intellectual luxuries and the embellishments of life—a polyglot and eclectic library, flowers, and a piano, upon which the fair lady of the house showed herself not merely a clever, but actually a first-rate performer.

From the manse we proceeded to inspect some of the farmer's courts, '*gaards*' as they are called, consisting of four buildings enclosing a square

space, in a style common both to the Duchies and the other more purely Danish provinces. The order, the neatness, the welfare of man and beast in these humbler abodes left little to envy in the more refined tidiness of the pastor's home. We visited stables and cow-houses, dairies and laundries, and I had to acknowledge how backward agricultural life is still in many English districts when compared to the solid comforts of this sober and patient Northern people. A scientific reader of the 'Gardener's Chronicle' might possibly miss some new-fangled piece of machinery in the rural implements, or wish for the introduction of 'short horns,' or other improved and improvable breeds. But I, who am a mere Goth in all matters connected with husbandry, could only be struck with the sight of wealth and plenty, and admire the instinct for the beautiful which creates in a mere peasant a love of books and plants, and affords him the means to indulge it.

The Island of Alsen, or I should rather say Als, is purely and exclusively Danish, and so is the adjoining mainland up to Flensburg and Aabenrau (Flensburg and Apenrade). I spoke here to middle-aged women, who had been brought up in strictly Danish households, and who understood not one syllable of German, when they were

sent to schools where all branches of education were carried on in the latter language to the utter neglect of their native idiom. This order of things has been partly inverted since 1848, and now it is the so-called German population in certain mixed districts who complain of having the Danish language forced upon them in church and school. The truth of the matter is, however, I have now reason firmly to believe, that the Danish Government was fully bent on doing justice to both nationalities, and was almost under the necessity of displeasing both. Germanism and Danism have been for centuries encroaching and trespassing physically, intellectually, and morally on each other; the tide of civilization has set in, now from north to south, now from south to north, with an alternation which was all the more irresistible as it was pacific and imperceptible. The two races crept into each other on their boundaries, and it is as difficult now to trace a line of demarcation between German and Dane in Middle Schleswig as to part fresh from salt water at the mouth of the Amázon or Orinoco, where the broad stream from the remote Andes blends with the strong tide from the tropical gulf.

On one point, however, my expectations have been utterly and most satisfactorily disappointed. I had been so often and so generally assured by my German friends that the soldiers recruited in

Schleswig and Holstein would be sure 'to pass over to the enemy, or even fire on their Danish officers,' that I had almost been induced to believe it. Yet the retreat from the Dannewerk offered the best chances for mischief to the disaffected, and here we have whole battalions of Schleswigers, with not one man missing, and as attentive to their duties, as ready to follow their officers against Prussians and Austrians as any of the soldiers of the 1st Regiment, who are enlisted among the Copenhagen citizens.

By all accounts that reach us from the invaded parts of the Duchy of Schleswig, it would seem that the Austro-Prussians are bent on discountenancing all revolutionary movements and so-called patriotic demonstrations so far as their occupation extends. It was only on their first arrival at Eckernförde, Schleswig, and other towns that, in the midst of the enthusiasm got up among the German party for the reception of the 'brotherly' troops, and in their anxiety to mind their own special business, which was the attack on the Dannewerk, the commanders of the two invading armies were compelled to allow the demagogues their full swing. But now, it would seem, these same commanders find themselves more fully at their leisure, and they have very

clearly intimated to the Schleswigers that they will bear no hand in any political innovation, and, limiting themselves to administer the country as much as possible according to its old laws and institutions, they will leave the future destinies of the Duchies in the hands of those whom it may concern. For my own part, there is no stronger conviction in my mind than that the Schleswigers, and even the Holsteiners, are a people not to be moved to any revolutionary act, except by a very strong pressure on the part of foreign agitators. Had Denmark been left alone with her subjects, I feel sure, whatever the feelings of nationality might be in the heart of some of them, that the Schleswig-Holsteiners would never have given very alarming signs of disaffection ; for it is undeniable, on the one hand, that they could under no German Government have attained so great an amount of well-being, culture, and real freedom as they enjoyed under their Danish rulers, and, on the other, that they were fully aware how well-off they were, and their contentment was, to say the least, commensurate with their native loyalty and submissiveness, their love of order, and respect for constituted authority.

It is idle to say that they were kept quiet by main force ; it must not be forgotten that the two Duchies constituted two-fifths of the Danish Mo-

narchy, and a population of that strength supported by all the national party in Germany would have been fully equal to a contest with the Crown of Denmark, had that Crown exercised any tyrannical sway over them, had the discontent been so rife among them as German newspapers described it.

We are in actual armistice here, though in daily expectation of a renewal of hostilities. I was desirous yesterday to see what ground there might be for the belief, rather generally entertained, that the Austro-Prussians, in their apparent state of inaction, meditated a great stroke—no less a feat, indeed, than throwing a bridge across the Sound from Sandbjerg or Storeskov. I rode out, consequently, through the western district of Ulkeböl and Kjær, as far as Rönhave and Arnkielsöre. The little triangular piece of ground, which lies between the Sound and the Augustenborg Fiord, has its base between Sønderborg and Ulkeböl and its apex at Arnkielsöre. It is hilly, or at least, boldly undulated as far as Kjær, but it sinks down almost to a dead flat at Rönhave. As I approached the latter place, the signs of habitation, which were not very frequent, in what is called Ulkeböl—Westermærk, and Kjær—Westermærk, almost entirely disappeared. The terri-

tory of Rönhave, up to the extreme point of the triangle at Arnkielsöre, is but one vast farm, and the *gaard* or court, where the gentleman-farmer, Herr Rosen, resides, is the last habitation, if we except the Skovfogedhus (Forester House), half-a-mile farther north. Herr Rosen sallied forth on horseback, on seeing me ride past, and overtaking me in the fields, brought me back to his house, introduced me to his young, comely wife, and treated me, an utter stranger, with that hospitality which is so prominent a feature in these people's character. The rural population is scanty everywhere in these regions, notwithstanding the great fertility of the soil. There seems to be nothing like small farming in Denmark, a circumstance which, coupled with a provident administration, and the all-pervading spread of education, accounts for that total absence of mendicity, or indeed sordid poverty, to which I alluded in a former letter.

Standing on the door-sill of the court of Rönhave, or on the skirts of the woods at Arnkielsöre, I could distinctly see over the water a few Prussians moving about in the woods of Sandbjerg and Storeskov. Those woods belong to a fine landed estate, the property of one of the many branches of the Reventlow family, and the Slot or Palace of Sandbjerg rises, close to the water-side, on the opposite shore,

about half-a-mile from the house at Rönhave. In the pleasure-grounds and the chase at Sandbjerg the Prussians have lodged themselves, and altogether I may have counted about 100 of them, infantry men. The pickets on duty on the Danish side, and Herr Rosen's farm-labourers assure me that no artillery, pontoon, or bridge-equipage was anywhere to be seen. The evidence of their eyes or mine goes for nothing, however, for very extensive operations might be carried on under cover of the bare but dense plantation. The width of the Sound, which, as I said, does not exceed 150 yards at Sønderborg, is rather more than twice as great on the narrowest points opposite to Rönhave and Skovfogedhus. What means modern engineering may have to bridge over a sheet of water nearly a third of a mile in width, competent persons may judge, only keeping in mind, however, that the depth of the Sound is from 80 to 100 yards at the least, and the current runs at the rate of about three miles an hour. Wherever I went, all along the Sound, on the slope of the banks, trenches were being thrown up, as fast as the nature of the hard-frozen ground, and the inveterate slowness of the labouring soldiers could allow, and at the water-edge rifle-pits were being dug for picket service. The Danes have hitherto no proper forts on the Sound, because they relied, as they still in a

great measure rely, on the aid of their gunboats ; but their field-batteries are drawn up in the very best order at every farmhouse, and could be brought to bear on any threatened spot in not many minutes.

Not only along the Sound, but all along the line at Dybböl, on the mainland, the Danes are striving to add artificial strength to what is already naturally a very strong position. They keep, I am told, no less than 6,000 men at work. Every time I ride to outposts, that is, almost daily, I see new bastions raised, new fields levelled, palisades reared at the *tête de pont*, and huts constructed behind the forts for the accommodation of the troops. Brave as the Danes are on the open field, they seem aware that their *forte* lies rather in defence than attack, and in this present instance they are but too much justified in seeking in earth bastions a vantage ground to counterbalance the enormous numerical superiority of their adversary. May be all these active and extensive operations will be made in vain, and armistice and peace be concluded before these new 'Danes' works' be quite ready for use ; but the Danes themselves, soldiers and officers, will, as I told you, hear no more about the cessation of hostilities.

Preparing and waiting for such contingencies as fate may have in store, is, no doubt, weary work, and the poor soldiers, who are all spirits and glee whenever an alarm is sounded, or the signal is given for a sally, droop and mope sadly when there is nothing of the kind going on. The toil, the outpost and picket duty, and the exposure to the inclement weather are still the same, whether there be fighting or no fighting; but the leaven, the *fun* of the thing, is in the fighting itself, in the chances of falling in with the hated enemy, winging a 'saucy Prussian who comes here where he has no business,' or knocking over a 'stolid Austrian who meddles with things which concern him even less.' The Danish soldiers are not boisterously merry, neither have they a gloomy, dissatisfied look. They do their work patiently, steadily, mostly in silence, as men who do not shirk duty, but are not over-fond of it. Many of them, it should be borne in mind, are middle-aged, 'reserve' men, lately recalled to the standards, hardly weaned from their peaceful avocations and the sweets and comforts of home. But even among the younger set you do not generally see the upright bearing, the lively glance, the resolute mien of the thorough-bred soldier. You would say they are all peasants lately taken from the plough. Robust frames they certainly have, more than average stature,

strong-knit limbs, thick round shoulders; they are a well-fed set, thriving upon their victuals. Such puffy cheeks, such rosy complexions one could hardly expect to see in grown-up men; men, too, exposed to all the hardships of a toilsome campaign in most unpropitious weather. The blood and race are the same as the English. Imagine so many thousand recruits taken out of the agricultural districts of York or Lincoln, and subjected only to a three or four months' drill, and you have the Danish army, such as it is. Whenever not hard at work as skirmishers or as diggers in the trenches, they have harder work of it to kill time, whether they be quartered at the farmhouses scattered all over the island, or allowed to idle about in the streets of the town.

Was there ever such a town in the world as Sønderborg?—a country town of about 4,000 inhabitants, a shapeless mass of mean brick tenements, squeezed in between the hill and the Sound, crowned with half-a-score of flapping windmills on the summit, and choked up with ships and shipbuilding at the bottom; a long, narrow main thoroughfare, and still narrower cross-streets sloping down in all sorts of oblique direction to the water-side, with another smaller parallel one, both ending in the neighbourhood of

the heavy, gloomy castle; old-fashioned houses with a curious variety of quaint gables and slanting roofs; a few paltry shops, selling all sorts of wares, and china pipes besides, with a hard pavement of sharp flint stones, now slippery with ice, now sloppy with mud, and more generally deep buried under a snow, offering the advantage of being both slippery and sloppy at the same time.

If the place affords but few resources to the common soldiers, what shall we say of the officers, or of us few civilians privileged to consort with them? I said that the Danish private is not unlike a raw Englishman of Saxon extraction. The officer, chiefly sprung from the upper ranks, often reminds one of the haughty Norman whose ancestors 'high-mettled' the blood in the veins of the Thane and Franklin of the Heptarchy. Fine auburn hair, brown hair, not unfrequently even raven-black hair, clear bronzed complexion, and aquiline features are less unfrequent among them than I could have expected to find. Of course, the Danes are a mixed race, like all other Europeans, and you have here as great a variety as you might perhaps see were you to step over the lines to the other side. The German element is perceptible among these German-haters, who have been in past times German-worshippers. But there is among them a type which I am inclined

to look upon as the real Scandinavian prototype, and which is distinguished by length of face, fine-chiselled features, the bearing of command, the sharp, ringing voice, the slender but elegant and well-proportioned figures which may be traced among the descendants of Norman nobles, whether you seek them in these three Northern kingdoms, or in the British isles, or in Normandy, or among the Acadians of North America, or even among some of the oldest baronial houses in Naples. Whether fair or dark, stout or slim, however, these Danish gentlemen are all remarkably well-bred and courteous, and intercourse with them is certainly most agreeable. There is hardly one of them who cannot converse either in French or English, to say nothing of German, a last resource for the stranger unfamiliar with their own idiom. Well, we few civilians having business in Sønderborg are as much at home with the officers as we choose to make ourselves; welcome to share such fare and accommodation as they have to put up with; roughing it, and, if the word must be said, 'pigging' it with them agreeably to the exigencies of the war and of a semi-state of siege. We share their crowded rooms with them at the hotels, where we have to put up with German beds and French washstands; shin-breaking bedsteads, smothering featherbeds, stifling at the centre, freezing at the extremi-

ties; washstands with mere cups for basins, scanty allowance of water, cobweb towels; unattended apartments, nests of dirt, abodes of confusion. We sit down with our military friends at their mess, where we have soups and meat, the meat not every day roasted, to the great vexation of the Danes, with whom boiled beef is spoilt beef, and among whom such a dish is as unpopular as it ever was at the Knightsbridge Barracks; the soup, once a week, a 'sweet soup,' a compound of stewed prunes, rice, and fat, of which, whoever has once tasted is sure to remember it for his lifetime. A French wag of our party contends that the soup is made with 'liquorice juice.' Whatever it may be, there is nothing in the world more abominable, and a greedy gentleman of my acquaintance who seemed not to object to it, and who ate my plateful besides his own, was sick with it for two days. Finally, we are admitted to the amusements of the officers in the coffee-rooms, where they kill the time with very, very long whist, beer, and pipes, making the atmosphere of the close, hot apartment so dense and heavy as to outdo the deep outside fog which frequently visits us as one of the many phases of east wind, snowstorm, heavy rain, and other amenities of this wintry climate.

Life out-of-doors ought to be a relief, and the country in summer must be as pleasant as the

almost incessant alternation of land and water can make it; the water coming home almost to every hamlet and farmhouse in the shape of Fiord, Sund, Nor, or Vig, running water, stagnant water, high tide and low tide, with fine old timber growing up close to its margin, and white country mansion or castle mirroring itself on its surface. The land well tilled and fruitful, swelling up in smooth round undulations, nowhere bold or abrupt, but nowhere tame and unpicturesque; a land sufficient, as it would seem, for the owner and the labourer, presenting everywhere the signs of peace and plenty, of comfort and contentment, a land the dweller wherein accepted the hard lot of a long dreary winter, and seemed thereby to have redeemed himself from all other evils flesh is heir to. But the country at this time of the year has but little to repay persons fond of exercise, and skating itself is spoilt either by snow or thaw every second or third day. Work enough for our military friends to go out morning and afternoon to shoot and be shot at; work enough for us to go and see them at it. For the rest, half-an-hour's ride on a hard, frosty ground is rather a hazardous, a walk in deep snow or mud a very toilsome, amusement. Do what we may, our choice lies between a sore trial of our fortitude out-of-doors, or an heroic exercise of our patience in-doors. Of course phi-

osophy consists in trying everything by turns, and taking the world as it is, and I must say that grumbling and ill-humour are by no means rife among us. Still, it is rather a dog's life, on the whole, and it is no wonder, on the one side, if the Danes long for an attack—an earnest, decisive attack—which may relieve the dulness of their quarters; and no wonder, on the other side, if the Germans prefer to put their enemies to a long ordeal of *ennui*, which may wear out their spirits, and tire them of what is most likely to prove in the end an unprofitable, as it now most assuredly looks like a hopeless, game.

One of the objects of interest in the midst of this weary monotony is, with us men of the pen no less than with the men of the sword, Pauline, the gipsy waiting-maid in the Hôtel Reimuth, where many of us are quartered. Pauline is one of those beauties in the 'knock-me-down' style, such as 'Eothen' describes meeting in the plague-stricken market-places of Smyrna or Cairo. She has all the roundness and richness, the suppleness and elasticity of form, the snake-like modulation of movements, of which Wendel Holmes has given so striking a picture in his fantastic tale of 'Elsie Venner.' Pauline is a native of Aabenraa, but she can scarcely be the offspring of grave

Scandinavian parentage. A drop or two of the 'Kjoeltring' (rascal) blood of those wandering, tinkering, fortune-telling, thieving, Tartar tribes, which still haunt the wilds of the Cimbrian Peninsula, must certainly flow in her veins. She has the most perfect Grecian nose that ever was sculptured, rich, full lips, and a complexion in which the mantling blood neutralizes the rather dingy tint of the velvety skin. We are, of course, all in love with Pauline. Indeed, it is impossible to look at her, as she stands by the side of her old-maidish, lackadaisical mistress, Miss Reimuth, ready to hand round the viands that the latter is either ladling or carving out for her guests at the head of the 'Round Table,'—it is impossible, I say, to see Pauline washed, and smoothed, and trimmed, as she generally is after mid-day, without acknowledging her splendour as a diamond of the very first water. With all these inestimable advantages, Pauline is the handiest maid-of-all-work, the most self-immolating of drudges. Hard times have come for the Reimuth Hôtel, as for all houses of accommodation in Sønderborg. All men and women in the place talk about having to do the work of twenty, but Pauline is the one who *can* do and does it. Without her as an ally against dust, and slops, and all abomination, what could any of us do? How would we even get through our noon meal without her hundred

hands, without the graceful ease with which she whisks her rustling crinoline behind our chairs, anticipating rather than ministering to our wants?

We are all in love with Pauline, all privileged to flirt with her to our heart's content; but, somehow or other, there is not a man of us all, be he Dane, English, or even French, who is not ready to enter the lists and break a lance in vindication of Pauline's purity; not out of mere bravado—no, but from sober, honest conviction. Pauline has a betrothed lover somewhere in the army, away in Jutland, I believe—one Christensen, and she is one day, I doubt not, to slave for him as she now fags for the whole world. Meet her in the morning, after her three hours' rest, all dishevelled, untidy, jaded, livid, haggard with overwork, and you will hardly recognize the demure queen whose innate stateliness and grace spurned you, on the eve by candlelight, as she returned your admiring gaze with a half look of scorn, with a faint yet unmistakable frown of displeasure shading her magnificent iron-grey eyes.

There is no end to our use and abuse of Pauline; no amount of scolding, of ordering her about, right and left, that she will not put up with on our part. We call her *Schlange*, *Zigeune*—all the bad names that the German or Danish dictionary may suggest. She is ready with her tongue,

amazingly quick in repartee, for she is full of natural talent, and with a little washing and scouring she could easily be polished up so as to grace a court or a stage; but she is not to be ruffled by ill-treatment, not to be put out by impertinence. The chiding of her mistress and the sight of wounded soldiers passing before her window are the only incidents by which I ever saw her moved. Something singular, self-asserting, elevated, there is certainly latent in the brain and heart of that poor servant-girl. . It is not pride, no rebellion against the lowliness of her station, no consciousness of beauty, no reliance on her powers of fascination. She simply stands on what is due to her as a human creature, who gives others as much as, and more, than she owes. No one has a right to offend her, and she takes no offence. There is not a shadow of coquetry about her. Accustomed to the homage of as many as come within the spell of her radiant loveliness, she seems to perceive that her success is greatest where her exertion is least. You can neither please nor bore her with your compliments; she submits to them as a matter of course, as something unavoidably mixed up in her lot in life, together with the mop, broom, and pail-work which makes up its daily rounds.

I am sure there is not a man amongst the officers of the whole Danish army, or amongst

the best sort of its camp followers, who will not hold Pauline as one of the brightest, strangest, and—why should I not say it?—dearest remembrances associated with his sojourn in Sönderborg.

CHAPTER IX.

EGERNSUND.

The 18th of February.—The Rolf-Krake at Egersund.—
Fighting in the Woods.—Invasion of Jutland.—Prospects
of the War.—The Germans in Schleswig.

February 19-21.

THOSE of my readers who have had patience to read through my foregoing letters will have gained, I should hope, a sufficiently distinct knowledge of the respective positions of the belligerent parties here to be able to follow the events which took place yesterday, the 18th, and to set a proper value upon their importance.

From Flensburg and Aabenraa, as I before said, the Prussians, advancing through the Sondeved Peninsula, between the two fiords which take their names from those towns, had come up by the south road from Flensburg, through Ringences, Graasten, and Adsböl, as far as Nyböl; and by the northern road from Aabenraa, through Ullerup and Sattrup, they had pushed their outposts as far as the woods of Sandbiereg on the

which concentrate upon the Danish position at Dybböl, the Germans had left the main southern road at Alnor, between Ringenæs and Graastæn; and from Alnor had taken possession of the Egersund, throwing a pontoon bridge across that narrow strait, and thus advancing into the minor Peninsula of Broagerland by Skodsböl and Smöl, they came by a third road upon the Danish position. We heard a few days ago that Marshal Wrangel had moved his headquarters up to Ringenæs, and that some of the Prussian outposts had advanced into the Broager Peninsula as far as Smöl. The day before yesterday about 100 of them were seen in the woods of Sandbjerg and Storeskove, on the Alssund, whence they fired on the Danish pickets across the strait, but without any result, as, apparently, without object.

All these movements, however, evinced on the part of the enemy some desire to break through the monotony to which they have condemned themselves since they first came in sight of the fortifications at Dybböl, and we all went to bed on the night of the 17th with the expectation of being awakened by the noise of an attack in the morning.

You may remember, perhaps, that on my first trying to lay before you the position of the Danes at Dybböl, I expressed my surprise that

they should have allowed the enemy a free and easy entrance into the Broager Peninsula, as I thought that the Danes, by their command of the water, might so strongly have occupied the Egersund as not only to hold that strait against any force, but also to send flat-bottomed gunboats, if they had any, into the Nyböl Nor, and molest their enemy in his advance along shore, on the road from Adsböl to Dybböl.

These precautions were not taken; the Prussians were freely let in across the Egersund and into the Broager Peninsula. The question now was how they could be driven out of it again, or how they could be caught there as in a trap.

How many of their troops have actually ventured into the Broager Peninsula we have no means to ascertain. That they had got so far as Smöl, however, was well known; and the Danes, thinking the net was full, thought it high time to draw it up. Yesterday morning, at an early hour, the cannon was heard. It was the Danish iron-clad, or Monitor, 'Rolf-Krake,' which had steamed up to the Egersund in the night, and at the break of day opened fire on the bridge thrown by the Germans across the Strait. The 'Monitor,' it appears, could not, owing to the shallowness of the water on the Alnor side, and to some formidable batteries on the headland opposite, advance near enough fully to accomplish her purpose. She

could not even get in sight of the bridge, which was completely masked by the round cape at the entrance on the strait. She fired 72 shots, and was answered by the German batteries with more than 150; several of the enemy's shells took effect, it is said, though without materially disabling her; one of her officers received a contusion, and two sailors were slightly wounded.

It would seem, in the meanwhile, that the Prussians, uncertain of the issue of that struggle which might have cut off their retreat across the Egersund, felt it incumbent upon them to secure an open way through the isthmus of the Broager Peninsula, by an open attack on the outposts of the Danish position at Dybböl.

A glance at the map, and the knowledge that the outposts of the Danes are at Dybböl, and those of the Prussians at Nyböl, will satisfy the reader that the ground between Dybböl and Nyböl, which correspond exactly to the neck or isthmus of the Broager Peninsula, is a kind of debatable ground, occupied by the pickets of either party, and in the permanent possession of neither. By far the greatest part of this ground is covered by large woods, bearing, to the north of the road, the name of Stenterup Skov, and to the south of the road that of Boffel Kobbel. Yesterday morning, towards eleven o'clock, the Prussians marched out of Nyböl in a large force,

and, after a short skirmishing, they drove in the Danish pickets, and established themselves in the Stenterup and Boffel woods. By this movement they gained full command over the isthmus of the Broager Peninsula, and secured an easy escape for their troops at Smöl, had these been 'caught in the trap' laid for them by the Danes, in the event of their retreat being cut off at the Egernsund by the destruction of the bridge.

The possession of the Stenterup and Boffel woods were not given up by the Danes without a spirited struggle. About twelve o'clock at noon the alarm sounded through the streets of Sønderborg. It is one of the peculiarities of the Danish army that it boasts not a single drum, with the exception of the Royal Foot Guards at Copenhagen, not a man of whom has as yet reached the camp. The alarm was, therefore, given by the trumpets, and, in a few minutes, three regiments of infantry were pressing to the bridge towards the scene of action. On approaching the woods, however, they found the enemy disposed to give way before them without striking a blow, and before three o'clock the Danish pickets had recovered the position from which they had been driven in the morning. The morning skirmish cost the Danes five or six dead and thirty wounded; among the slightly wounded an officer.

great moment as to its immediate results, but full of serious meaning if we either consider the designs which brought it about, or the remote consequences it had or might have had. Had the 'Rolf-Krake' obtained its intent, and had the Danes at the same moment held their position on the isthmus, the Prussians in the Peninsula would have been without any means of egress, and would actually have been 'caught in the trap' into which they had rashly ventured. The Danes would, at the same time, have repaired the blunder committed by them on their first retreat, of abandoning without resistance that little Peninsula which is of so much importance for their whole position.

I have been to-day on board the 'Rolf-Krake.' She is a powerful ironclad, with two turrets or cupolas, armed each of them with two 64-pounders. Her length is 120 feet, and she is at least 34 feet broad. Her engine is nominally of 250-horse power; but can bear a far greater pressure of steam. She can run nine knots an hour in smooth water, but her officers have no high opinion of her as a sea-boat. Indeed, they think that the attempt to combine sailing powers with the efficiency of a Monitor has been crowned with but indifferent success. In heavy weather in the Baltic, or the

German Ocean, she would have no great chance. On the other hand, she is too deep in the water to be of great use in shallow inland seas. She could go safely through the Egersund, but could not venture any distance into the Nyböl Nor. She lies now in the Sound, near the opening of the Vemmingbund, whence she can wander at her pleasure to any part of that small but deep bay. She has her steam always up, and is ready for a start at twenty minutes' notice. It is not likely, I should think, that she will soon renew her experiment at the Egersund. Her mission for the future will rather be to watch the movements of the Prussians in that Broager Peninsula from which they will probably never be dislodged, and to act on their right flank in the event of their attack on the Dybböl position. She suffered more damage in her late spirited attack than the first reports had led us to believe. She is now being very rapidly and thoroughly repaired, however, and we witnessed the evolutions of her turrets and guns, which were performed with great speed and precision. All the officers and most of the men are familiar with the English language, and we were entertained on board with as great a cordiality as if we had been countrymen.

It was a fortnight last night since the main

strength of the Danish army marched out of Schleswig, beginning its toilsome and disastrous retreat from the Dannewerk. It will be a fortnight to-morrow evening since the Danes sought the safe shelter of Alsen, and of the redoubted position of Dybböl, the great outwork of their sea-girt fortress. The Austro-Prussians were then in hot pursuit, and they have ever since stood face to face with the Danish pickets on every avenue concentrating from west, north, and south, upon this place. Yet the two hostile forces have been ever since almost completely at rest, and the last sanguinary affair was the brush between the rear of the pursued party and the van of the pursuers, at Bilkskov Kro or Oversö, on the evening of Sunday before last. Of course, when I say this, I take into no account some occasional unavoidable and almost involuntary exchange of shots at the outposts, nor even of the skirmish of last Thursday, the 18th, of which I have just given an account, and which was altogether of the Danes' own seeking.

Why the Prussians should keep so quietly within their lines, why the invasion of the Duchy of Schleswig, which began with so much ardour and vigour on their part, should come to a standstill before the bastions of Dybböl, is precisely the problem with the solution of which men's minds are busy here.

That the position at Dybböl is formidable, and that the Germans are aware of its strength, is matter of certainty, for they turned all their endeavours against it in 1849, when it had hardly more than its natural advantages to rely upon, and were driven from it again and again. It is extremely natural for them to wish to put off their attack until they have brought up all the heavy material they can muster; but a fortnight is a long lapse of time for the accomplishment of such a task, with the present means of locomotion they have at their command, those means which enabled them so soon to prepare for the storming of the Dannewerk. On the other hand, they must be aware that the Danes on their own side are not idle, but are adding bastion to bastion and trench upon trench, so as to make assurance doubly sure. All that the engineers here asked was just a fortnight's breathing time, and during this interval new works have risen as if by magic, and whenever the assailants are ready they will be quite sure to find the defenders fully as ready for them.

As day follows day and no news is the news, we begin to think that the expected attack will never take place, and we have been all this time tossed about between the hopes and fears of an armistice till the declarations of diplomatists in various countries set our minds at rest on that

score. The Germans will not cease from hostilities, yet they will not dash their heads against the ramparts at Dybböl. Possibly they wish to carry on the war on softer ground in a different quarter. We have positive intelligence, indeed, that two days ago they crossed the frontier line which separates the Duchy of Schleswig from Jutland, and our anticipations of hot work there are so general, that I have been more than once on the point of taking my berth in one of the steamers sailing regularly more than once a day to Fredericia.

The invasion of the northern part of the Peninsula—of that purely Danish province which is neither, like Holstein, a member of the German Confederacy, nor, like Schleswig, a territory ‘indissolubly united with it,’ as the Germans would have it, and which, indeed, was not even incidentally mentioned in that Treaty of 1852, the terms of which the Austro-Prussians have undertaken to enforce,—the invasion of Jutland, I said, seemed to the people here too monstrous a breach of all laws to be justified even by the exigencies of the most internecine war. That the two German Powers who have now the whole of Schleswig in their hands except this little island, and the four square miles of ground adjoining it on the mainland, should not think they had accomplished their great object until they held lite-

rally every inch of Schleswig at their discretion, might be possible, and the war might be expected to go on to the utter annihilation of the army sheltering at Alsen. But what passes all belief is, that seeing themselves, with all their enormous superiority of numbers, unequal to the task of reducing Alsen and Dybböl, they should, without even as much as venturing upon one assault, seek easier conquests elsewhere, and try to strike Denmark in a more vulnerable part, shrinking from no ungenerous measure to put the screw upon her, and bring her to terms by all means in their power, and with all possible speed.

It is certainly not in the power of Denmark to guard all the frontier of Jutland, and the Austro-Prussians will find it as easy to overrun it to the very end of the Peninsula as they found it to occupy all Schleswig after the fall of the Dannewerk. But, on the very frontier of that province, at Fredericia, there is a position as likely to brave their efforts for a length of time, as Alsen and Dybböl have evidently stemmed the tide of their too ready victories in Schleswig. The fortress of Fredericia, together with the little peninsula in which it rises, aided, like this place, by inlets of the sea favouring the naval operations of the Danes, is, as it were, a third Dannewerk, offering no greater temptation to an unenter-

prising enemy chary of his blood than the place before which the Germans are now skulking with far more discretion than valour.

The Danes are evidently anticipating great feats of arms on the Jutland frontier, and they are straining every nerve to throw the best of their forces into Fredericia. You are aware that the best part of their cavalry, in their retreat from the Dannewerk, never came in here at all, but marched on from Flensburg through Aabenraa, and Haderslev into Jutland. Since then 4,000 men at first, and subsequently the whole of the third division, were shipped off from Sønderborg to Fredericia, and I saw this morning a beautiful regiment of dragoons, nearly the whole of the cavalry that we had here, embarking for the same destination. Alsen and Dybbøl are at present all but disarmed and powerless for offensive purposes, and, although the 12,000 men, infantry, and artillery, that we still have here are more than sufficient to hold the place against all odds, still it is not a little to be regretted that, in the event of an attack by the enemy and of his defeat, no means should be at hand for efficient pursuit. Probably the removal of all these troops with such reckless haste to the North reveals an intention on the part of the Danes to carry on operations on the open field in Jutland. The disparity of numbers, and even the inferiority of

weapons, particularly rifle and cannon, would seem to preclude the hope on their side of any warfare on a large scale. What they could not accomplish behind the Dannewerk bulwarks and the deep waters of the Schlei they can hardly expect to do on the wide plains of Jutland. They may harass the Germans with a few weeks' *petite guerre*, truly ; but even for that kind of work their somewhat unwieldy infantry and heavy cavalry do not seem well suited. Sooner or later Fredericia and her peninsula will be as closely invested as Alsen and Dybbøl now are, and, that being the case, it remains matter of uncertainty whether the Austro-Prussians will try their strength against Fredericia any more than against this place, or whether they will not rather mask both places, and, by avoiding all conflict themselves, and putting all conflict on the part of the Danes out of the question, lord it all over the Peninsula from Kiel to Aalborg.

I do not think there can be any doubt as to the power the Germans have of driving the Danes utterly from the field if they choose to put forth sufficient forces for that purpose, although the Danes themselves fondly believe that the subject admits of dispute. The position at Dybbøl and the peninsula at Fredericia present but a narrow approach to the invader ; but that very narrowness of approach, favourable as it is for defence,

is no less unfavourable for offensive purposes. The garrison, shut up in its corner, and caught, as it were, in a trap, can only attempt a sally in one direction, and there the enemy awaits it on a strip of ground almost as narrow as the approach to the fortress itself. Posted on the neck of the Sundewitt peninsula, for instance, between Adsböl or Ballegaard, or even nearer us, between Nyböl and Sandbjerg, the Austro-Prussians have a line of only four, or, in the latter case, three miles to guard against the Danes. Supposing the Germans to be no more than 20,000 on this line, they would always be as two to one against any force that could attempt a sortie from Alsen and Dybböl; and the isthmus of the Fredericia peninsula would be even a closer field for a sallying garrison to try its strength on. Were even 20,000 men insufficient to completely mask, invest, and shut in the fortresses, the Germans might easily sit down before each of them with 40,000 or 50,000, and they could still command 50,000 more for the easy subjugation of the unarmed population. The Danes seem inclined to put their trust in ships, and think that, while leaving in their two strongholds a sufficient number of defenders, they could land small forces here and there so as to harass the enemy on many points and wear him out by incessant desultory warfare. All this, however,

would not lead to a happy termination of the struggle in their favour; it would not put an end to the foreign occupation of all their mainland. The siege of the two fortresses and a series of guerilla exploits would be all that Europe might look forward to for six or eight months or a year to come. At the end of that period the Danes would still be where they were a fortnight ago; they would still have to repurchase their own peninsula, or such part of it as the Germans might feel inclined to restore, by accepting such conditions as a conqueror has it in his power to dictate. Without achieving their victory by the reduction of Alsen and Fredericia, the Austro-Prussians would reap all the benefits of complete success. They are under no necessity, and it certainly is not for their interest, to shed another drop of blood by their own act, and such injury as the Danes might still inflict upon them would have no greater effect upon the vast body of their troops than the sting of a gnat on the huge bulk of an elephant. Still, the Danes reckon, and very reasonably too, on the chapter of accidents. The invasion of Jutland, they think, has filled the measure of their enemy's iniquities. The indignation of Europe cannot long remain passive in sight of so flagrant a violation of all legality. Nothing can be stronger than the conviction in the hearts of these poor

Danes that help must turn up for them from some quarter or other. It grieves me more than I can tell to be addressed by officers and soldiers, when they think they have made it out that I am an Englishman, with such words as, 'Why should England suffer us to perish? Why do not the English come to the rescue?'

The Danes, however, have something to look forward to more promising to their cause than the help of foreign nations, and that is, dissension among the Germans themselves. Jealousy between Austria and Prussia, the attitude of the Bund, the ambition of the minor Princes, the revolutionary tendencies of the German people, everything engenders a belief that their enemy cannot long act unanimously against them, if they will only persevere to the end; and with such prospects before them there is no doubt that the Danes will fight on and endure. Their position does not appear to them more hopeless than it was in 1849, when all was lost and all was eventually regained.

Although we know next to nothing of military matters beyond our foremost lines at Dybbøl, we hear not a little of what concerns the political condition of the Duchy of Schleswig since the best part of it has been given up to the trium-

phant invader. There are many people, it seems, to issue orders and to dictate the law from Rendsburg to Hadersleben, but it is very questionable whether there is any man able to make out what is wanted of him, or willing to submit to the ruler's will, even when it is very clearly conveyed to him. There are three nominally acknowledged Powers in Schleswig, and there are a variety of secret agencies striving to bring them all into collision, to counteract one by the other, and to undermine their authority. Here, the Prussians countenance a proclamation of Frederick of Augustenburg; there, the Austrians forbid it. To-day, the Schleswig-Holstein flag is pulled down; to-morrow, it is the German black, red, and gold tricolour that becomes particularly obnoxious. Marshal Wrangel snubs a deputation from a National Verein; and Prince Frederick Charles, his Royal master's cousin, hob-nobs with them. A Prussian General declares that not one of the Danish officials shall be removed from his post. An Austrian commander winks at the mob breaking into the unfortunate Amtsmann's house, and spiriting him away in the dead of night on the snowy high road, with helpless wife and family tramping at his heels. The Schleswig-Holsteiners were anxious to be united to Germany, but they are not a little astounded at having drawn three Germanies on

their neck: It was always an arduous task to serve two masters; but here is a case of three patrons to be obeyed, the behests of each of them in flat and flagrant contradiction with the good pleasure of the others.

Holstein, as I told you, was governed by the Danes entirely through the instrumentality of native officers. Left to itself by the withdrawal of the Danish army, that Duchy continued to be the compact and well-organized State that it always was, fully equal to the task of self-government. In Schleswig the placemen were not exclusively Danes, but mostly attached to Danish interests, and, as I expected, the advance of the German 'liberators' could not fail to drive them from their places, striking thus at the foundations of social order, and plunging the country into hopeless anarchy. General Gablenz, applied to at Schleswig, at Flensburg, and other places, by the citizens who were only anxious 'to hear and to obey,' answered that 'he was a soldier and no statesman.' Since that time statesmen have followed in the wake of soldiers. Commissioners of the great Powers have taken upon themselves the administration of the province, but these Commissioners know nothing of the mind of their Royal and Imperial masters, for the good reason that the said masters know nothing about their own mind themselves.

Hence everything is provisional, arbitrary, and contradictory; what was done yesterday is sure to be undone to-day, and to-day's measure will not fail to be defeated by some new disposition to-morrow. A swarm of adventurers, the so-called patriots, either of the Duchies themselves or from some of the adjoining States of sympathizing Germany, are besetting the Commissioners' doors, all eager for the good things that may lie in their gift. For one of these hungry hounds into whose mouth a bone may be thrown a hundred are sent empty away; and these do not easily go back to their kennel, but keep whining and snarling, appealing to the Bund, to the great and little Fatherland, to Heaven and earth, against the Austro-Prussian dog in the manger, who hesitates about devouring Schleswig, and will not suffer it to be devoured by others.

However natural and even reasonable may have been the yearnings of the Schleswig-Holsteiners after union with what they call their country, it is not likely that they will at any time fall under any German Government one-tenth as good, as provident and liberal, as that of their late Danish masters. The Danes, as I have had frequent occasion to show, carried their leniency to their disaffected subjects to a fault. There was hardly a country in the world where freedom of speech and action was carried to a

greater extent. Not only privy conspiracy and rebellion but even arrant treason were winked at. Flensburg patriots, as I saw with my own eyes, went over to Kiel to swear allegiance to the Prince of Augustenburg, both in their own name and in that of their townspeople, and they came back to their homes unmolested and unchallenged. The Danish soldiers billeted upon the country-people were as inoffensive, as respectful, as indifferent to the sour looks of their hosts, as tolerant of ill-disguised insult and ill-treatment as so many angels. After all the convulsions of 1848-9 there was hardly an instance of a political prosecution in Denmark. Some of the self-banished patriots shunned their country, as they had left it for their country's good; but Denmark had no Spielberg nor Nisida. Amnesty was extended to nearly all who would accept it.

It is not so with the men, justly or unjustly, accused of Danish sympathies who are now tarrying in the Duchies. The so-called patriotic leaders hunt them down without mercy, they set up a mad-dog cry after them, and the Austro-Prussian rulers, who ought to see justice done to all parties, are too ready to back these curs in their full cry. A newspaper is forcibly suppressed in Hadersleben because 'it was published in the Danish language;' and the 'Flensburger Zeitung' is bidden to publish Copenhagen news

as 'foreign intelligence,' under the heading 'Ausland.' The number of citizens, office-holders, schoolmasters, and clergymen who are compelled to seek shelter from popular fury, either here, or in Jutland, or even in the enemy's country, at Hamburg or Lubeck, becomes daily more alarming. The Schleswig-Holsteiners were tired of their Danish King Log, but have little reason as yet to be satisfied with their Austro-Prussian King Stork. They are disappointed, wrathful, and fretful, and they vent upon those who can make no resistance a displeasure which they dare not exhibit before the new taskmasters they were in so great a hurry to have among them. The national German party are anxious, above all things, that the Duchies should be thoroughly and radically revolutionized. It suits their purpose to exaggerate the ill-feeling of the people against the Danes, to rouse them to all sorts of riot and mischief. Nor are the Commissioners of the two great Powers, especially the Prussians, at all earnest in their endeavours to allay popular fury. There is no man in Schleswig-Holstein, no man in Prussia, Austria, or the minor German States, who clearly knows what he is driving at, or what would answer his purpose best. A vague instinct prompts almost all parties to give mischief full swing, that time may show what is to come out of it all,—what

chances each may have to fish in the waters all have contributed to trouble.

Talk of personal union, of new Constitutions aiming at an equitable acknowledgment of the claims of rival nationalities! Why, if Schleswig-Holstein ever come back to Denmark, its present occupiers will take care that it shall be so fully disorganized and subverted that Denmark herself will find it hardly worth having.

CHAPTER X.

DYBBÖL VILLAGE.

The 22nd of February.—Attack on Dybböl Village.—Danish Sick and Wounded.—A Burial at Sønderborg.—The Flensburg Lion.—Dybböl Village.—Peculiarities of Danish Warfare.—An Election.

February 22-28.

THERE was an alarm here this morning, the 22nd, at half-past nine o'clock. Nothing more welcome to break through the dulness of our garrison life. There was no 'roll of the alarm drum,' for, as I told you, sheepskins are banished from the Danish army; but a few notes from bugles and trumpets told us that the enemy was up and doing, and that it was high time for the Danes to bestir themselves in their turn. Column after column marched beneath our windows, almost inaudible, on account of the thick layer of fresh-fallen and fast-falling snow on which they trod. Presently there was running of orderlies to and fro, the muffled rolling of cannon and waggons, the stir of thousands of men, noiseless and ominous.

We walked down the town to the bridges,

crossed over to the *tête de pont*, and toiled up the slippery ascent leading to the top of Dybböl Hill. Some score of wounded men and officers passed us, on their way to the town hospital or 'lazaret,' conveyed on stretchers, or in rough country carts, which jolted them dreadfully. I do not know what impression their wan countenances, their haggard eyes, in some instances swimming in death, their hands pressed on their bleeding chests, and their dumb look of agony wrought on the fine fellows who tramped or pranced along with us, outward-bound; but to us non-combatants the sight was heartrending. The troops moved on with their wonted steady look, nevertheless, the notes of their martial air swelling up to their highest pitch, and the ranks were only momentarily broken as some of the soldiers halted and addressed now this now that of the sufferers in the carts, in whom they recognized friends or acquaintances, or dear ones, perhaps, belonging to them by nearer ties, but soon fell again into their ranks after a pressure of hands and the exchange of a few cheering words. We were hardly out into the open country beyond the palisades, however, before the glorious roar of the cannon drove all melancholy thoughts from our minds.

The Prussians, we soon learnt, had come in great force out of their quarters at Niböl; they

had made a vigorous onset on the Danish outposts, and, driving them before them with much slaughter, had occupied the village of Dybböl. From Sønderborg, as the reader must by this time be aware, about three quarters of an English mile, the road leads to the Dybböl Windmill; another quarter of a mile higher and farther is the top of Dybböl Hill, and across the whole crest of the hill, from the Vemmingbund to the Alssund, there lies the position of Dybböl, ten bastions in a row, presenting about 100 cannon on a line about a mile-and-a-quarter in length. As you begin to go downhill westwards you come, a little more than half-a-mile farther, to the village of Dybböl, the main body of which, however, does not lie on the road, but a little to the right—a straggling village, with church, parsonage, and school-house; like most other places of the same kind in this country, a cluster of large farmhouses with barns, courts, and all manner of rustic buildings, intersected by a variety of by-roads and lanes, a perfect maze of broken ground not to be easily threaded by a chance wayfarer. Between the village of Dybböl and that of Nyböl there lies a distance of about one English mile and a half, most of it encumbered by woods on either side, bearing the name of Stenterup Skov on the right, and of Boffel

lies also the isthmus of the Broager Peninsula, now in the hands of the Austro-Prussians.

Up to this morning the Danes occupied the village of Dybböl without fortifying it, and they threw out their advanced posts through the woods on the right and left, quite in sight of the Prussian pickets on the main road near Nyböl and on the isthmus of the small peninsula on the shore of the Vemmingbund. The inhabitants of Dybböl, as a matter of course, have all long since deserted their houses, a great many of which have already been demolished, and either designedly or accidentally burnt to the ground—a fate which has equally befallen the greater number of the scattered country houses for miles round. Even as I came home at seven o'clock last evening, after a long ride, my eyes were saddened by a red glare which told us too plainly of some dreadful conflagration precisely in the direction of this same village of Dybböl.

Well, the village of Dybböl had been occupied by the Prussians, and the Danish outposts had been driven in just as we reached the summit of Dybböl Hill, at half-past nine. But by this time the bastions nearer to the village, Nos. 6 and 8, placed at hardly half-a-mile's distance from the first houses, opened such a well-sustained fire upon the Prussians that these, after feebly answering with their field-artillery, began to fall back to the

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woods, and were soon hidden from view. The whole of the Danish army had in the meantime turned out; regiment after regiment, closely massed together, moved forward, but upon reaching the woods they found that the enemy had abandoned them and, under their cover, slunk away to their own lines at Nyböl. Both armies have thus regained their former positions.

The action was unimportant in its results—a mere reconnaissance in force on the part of the Prussians. The Danes had only two regiments engaged at the beginning of the fray, but one of them, the 22nd, lost no less than 100 officers and men dead and wounded. The losses of the other regiment, the 18th, were hardly less severe, and, I am told, not a few of the men at the outposts (300, it is supposed) fell into the enemy's hands. On the other hand, the Prussians left many dead and dying on the field—heaps of them. The Danes fought with great bravery; a young officer of the 22nd, at the head of his company, charged the enemy with the bayonet with a headlong valour which is even now the theme of every man's eulogy here. The little Danish army went into and retired from the field in high spirits, and looks forward to a new trial to-morrow with an ardour which I have not yet seen before among these poor, overwrought, and overmatched men, either at Schleswig or in this place.

The game we are looking on at here is not a very exciting or edifying one, but neither is it altogether destitute of a certain amount of grim and painful interest. It is not real, regular war, but it cannot be said to be anything like a *bonâ fide* armistice. We are placed between the Prussians who are afraid, and the Danes who are unable, to fight—the latter, reduced to numbers too insignificant to venture far from their own line of fortifications; the former, too prone to listen to that discretion which is said to be the best part of valour to make a brave dash at a position which, however strong, is open to the onset of a storming party, and makes no pretensions to be impregnable. But, although we have nothing like a general deliberate action to record, or, perhaps, even to expect, although time, and the better counsels it never fails to bring, lack of proper mettle on the one side, and iron necessity on the other, must sooner or later lead to a suspension of hostilities, and bring the quarrel upon that field of diplomatic intrigue and chicane from which both parties still shrink with Teutonic and Scandinavian obstinacy, still there is enough of the horrors of war about us to keep our humane susceptibilities on a perpetual stretch; there are outpost skirmishes, firing upon each other's pickets and filching, as it were, each other's

of what modern warfare ought to be, where not a drop of blood should be sacrificed, not an ounce of gunpowder should be burnt, without a well-laid plan, a plausible purpose, and a tangible result. I hope I do not overstate the number of dead and wounded on the Danish side, since the retreating army was concentrated upon its safe shelter of Alsen and Dybböl, nineteen days ago, if I set them down at about 300 or 400. Only a few of these lie in the various hospitals which have been hastily got ready for them at Sønderborg, Augustenborg, and other places, where I frequently visit them. By far the greatest part of those who can bear removal are sent to quieter quarters in Fünen, in Zealand, or as far as Copenhagen itself. It would be impossible to deny the Danish sanitary department of the army the praise of great skill and care in the treatment of the sick and wounded. Almost all the poor sufferers I have seen give proofs of that calm and silent endurance which is characteristic of all Northern races. The wounded, especially, are invariably cheerful and sanguine. They sit up in their beds as strangers go past, enter willingly into particulars of the hurt that prostrated them, solicit, if unable to hold a pen, the aid of charitable persons to write to their friends at home, and for the rest they are proud, and, I may say, glad, of having given their blood for their country,

and only long to be free to join the ranks to run new risks of life and limb for what is to them, without contradiction, the holiest of causes. They are on their own soil; they stand or fall for their hearths, and homes. The blessings of Heaven upon them; their blood on the head of those, whoever they may be, who provoked an unjust or even an unnecessary struggle!

These thoughts occurred to my mind yesterday, the 25th, as for the first time since we came here I found leisure to attend the ceremony, which is here performed regularly twice a week, Monday and Thursday, of consigning the dead to the turf of Sönderborg churchyard. The church of Sönderborg, a large but unadorned and somewhat barn-like edifice, only conspicuous for a tall slanting roof and tiny wooden spire, after the common fashion of local ecclesiastical architecture, rises on a culminating spot on the hill, only overtopped by the various summits where windmills are erected, and by a bastion or battery called the Church battery, and destined to guard the narrowest passage of the Sound, in the event of the Dybböl position falling into the enemy's hands. The view from the platform in front of the church is most extensive, charming even at this bleak and gloomy time of the year. It commands a

long reach of the Sound towards the north; to the south-west and south the broader sheet of water called the Vemmingbund, with the open sea as far as the round headland terminating the Broager peninsula, and the strip of land enclosing the Hörup Hav. In front, looking westward, it is only bounded by the waving eminences of the Dybbøl position, crested most of them with their batteries, and sweeping at will a vast extent of the open country beneath. The landscape was in the main yesterday white with snow, but here and there the eye rested on dense woods, the dark bare timber of which broke warm and genial through the monotony of that desolate winter scene. The churchyard at Sønderborg must be in the summer a lovely spot, a large tract of table-land, planted with thriving beech trees, tall and tapering; rather, indeed, a park-like cemetery of modern times than the narrow 'God's acre' which ancient niggardliness squeezed up between church and parsonage, and set apart for the city of the dead. There was about a battalion of soldiers gathered on the spot, a military band, but very lately sent hither from Copenhagen to cheer the dulness of our beleaguered existence, the officiating chaplain, a few officers, and still fewer idle spectators. The soldiers seem fain to pay the honours to their dead *en famille*. It was by them that the grave was dug. Their carpenters made

the coffins. I saw them at work near the very camp-kitchens where their comrades were cooking their victuals. Their own hands conveyed their beloved dead to their last abode, lowered them into it, threw the mould upon it. The bodies to be interred were two-and-twenty. The coffins were taken one by one from the deadhouse where they had lain for the last three days. Rough, uncouth boxes they were, smeared with coarse red paint; but still they were coffins, and I could not help admiring the piety and charity which in the midst of the toils and cares of a disastrous warfare, in the midst of incessant and exhausting labours at the trenches, in the barracks, on the field, found leisure to provide the noble slain with six boards and a score of nails, in obedience to the Northern notions of funeral decency, and with a loathing (which I can respect, even if I do not understand it) to give dust to dust with nothing but a shroud between what was flesh and the earth with which it must so soon commingle!

Well! the coffins issued forth from the deadhouse one by one, each borne by six stout men, whose strength seemed barely equal to the exertion the dead weight demanded of them; one by one they wound round the avenue leading to the cemetery, till the whole sad convoy had passed under the gate leading to the mournful field where their burdens were to be laid. As we

walked in the rear of the slowly-moving procession, with the harsh notes of the bugles grating on our ears, we went past more than one monument erected in commemoration of the Danes who perished in the field during the war of 1849-50 ; men who fought and suffered in this same Schleswig-Holstein quarrel, which they flattered themselves their blood had for ever settled, and which now opens afresh, athirst for new blood, and with no good prospect of a more satisfactory or more permanent arrangement.

A monument of that description, by the way, was raised soon after 1849, at Flensburg, and it bears, as a trophy in honour of the many dead that lie under it, a colossal bronze Lion of Denmark. The report goes round the Holstein papers that the Prussians have pulled down, or intend pulling down, the harmless memorial ; but the Danes here have too good an opinion even of their enemies, to deem them capable of such an act of wanton Vandalism.

While we were discussing such matters, in an under-tone, awed by the simple solemnity, the funeral convoy had reached the goal of its short journey, the coffins were laid with reverent care, one by one, in the spacious grave, not piled up one upon another, as it is done with the poor at Bethnal-green or Hackney, but all side by side in several rows, like the cells in a beehive, till

everyone lay in its appointed place, according to their numbers, the coffin of a Prussian among those of his death-reconciled foes, and the last of the coffin-bearers, helped by the hands of his comrades, emerged from the deep trench which was soon to be levelled over the bodies. The chaplain, a pale, slim young man, with the sallow face of a deep student, stood now upon the brink of the grave, and his prayers and exhortations sounded very solemn and imposing, and his blessings on the brave ones who die for the sake of their Fädreland and his well-timed allusions to the One who died for the common Fatherland of all mankind, were listened to in deep silence and with visible emotion by the assembled soldiers, a single-minded set of men, the best part of whose valour is a sense of duty and loyalty, fostered and sustained by religion. Presently the last burial prayers were said, the first shovelful of earth rattled on the coffins, three volleys of musketry rent the air, the band struck up a livelier tune, and the living turned from the dead, striving to withdraw their thoughts from the affecting scene they were leaving behind by applying themselves to the duties that lay before them.

I received this moment positive information that the bronze Lion at Flensburg has been

removed. The outrage of which the Danes here stubbornly, and to the last, refused to believe their enemies capable, has been actually committed, and with the utmost aggravation of the offence by the manner of its perpetration. Some of the good citizens of Flensburg, aware of the evil intention of the Germans, sent a deputation to the civil commissioner Zedlitz, hinting that, if the monument was an eyesore in the eyes of the Prussians, it would immediately be removed by themselves and placed somewhere out of sight. Their prayer, however, was not listened to; the unfortunate lion was hurled from its pedestal, it was dragged in the mud, broken up, and mutilated. Its head and tail were paraded triumphantly, as we are here assured, about the streets of Altona and Hamburg. Surely all Europe may wish the Germans joy of their glorious trophies!

Those who would wish to see even a commonplace example of what may be called the 'horrors of war' should ride, as I did yesterday for the twentieth time, through the solitude which was till a month ago the village of Dybbøl. Dybbøl, to judge it from the appearance it bore even in deep winter, must have been a kind of Danish 'Sweet Auburn.' Two or three scores of thriving and substantial farmhouses, scattered on little

more than an English square mile of the richest land, on the broad undulating skirts of a hill about 120 feet high, with glimpses of glittering sheets of water both on the Sound and on the Nyböl Norside, constitute a landscape of rural beauty not the less to be valued and cherished, because it is the common boast of most of the localities of the eastern coast of this happy Cimbrian peninsula. The style of building, even of the meanest peasant dwellings is a perfect marvel to the beholder. The people's love for a thatch, as the best shelter in their opinion, both for winter and summer, their preference for high-slanting roofs, quaint gables, vanes and chimney stacks, do not detract from the solidity of the masonry, from the neatness and elegance of the design of even the most unpretending abode. There is no such thing as a hut or hovel in the whole land, not an ill-fitting or shattered door, not one broken pane of glass in the small, low casements. Tidiness and comfort, most fastidious cleanliness in barn, stable, and dairy, flower-pots behind the window, and bird-cages hanging from the ceiling, all that can go towards making a mere house a home, was contrived here. The subduing influence of a severe climate seems to have a softening effect on man and beast. There is hardly a horse here but seems to be born thoroughly broken; you can scarcely fall in with

a snarling dog, hardly with one that will bark even in fun. There is a friendliness, a good-nature, a thorough sterling honesty, which bind all living creatures, and render them fair and considerate towards each other, happy and well-pleased with each other. It is not a little to be said in favour of Denmark, that war can be waged here without marauders, camp followers, or other bad characters; without the price of a single article being enhanced by the sudden and extensive demand. The closer I come into contact with it, the more intimate I become with it, the stronger grows my sympathy with this plain and unpretending, but real and well-grounded Danish civilization. You meet hardly a man here but seems to be contented, and deserving to be so, and desirous, as far as in him lies, to contribute to yours and everybody's contentment. Whatever may be said about the force of climate, however much I may myself feel inclined to ascribe to it, it is evident that much of this universal well-being must be owing to the discipline of wide-spread education, and good, provident, liberal government. No matter what Hamlet may say of the Danes of his own time, it is a fact that I never have, in seven weeks, seen a single tipsy soldier in the Danish army. The public-houses, or *kros*, in Alsen or Sundewitt, or,

in the map—a proof of the small extent to which they are allowed to flourish. Such of them as I have visited are a mere shelter for travellers, not a lounging place for loafers. The Danish beer is thin and wholesome, and their schnaps hardly fill the tiniest thimble-like glasses. The Danish boor is fond of home, and finds in the bosom of his reading family sufficient resources against the weariness of long winter evenings. The Lutheran religion, free from wrangling dissent, sits easy on this earnest, single-minded people; each village forms but one congregation, one community. The church is the bond of union; the clergyman is the common father, teacher, and friend. A Prestegaard, or Priest's Court, is but a model farm; the clergyman is but one small degree removed above the common hinds that constitute his flock. No doubt such institutions are the offspring of paternal despotism in olden times; but such results are not the less blissful for the present, no less compatible with the exigencies of modern freedom and the tendencies of perpetual progress. And no trifling proof of the real happiness of these Danes lies in their very unconsciousness of its inestimable value, in their readiness to take it for granted that they are no better off than other people, their willingness to believe that their quiet enjoyment of existence is the common lot of all mortals.

But I perceive that while thus tempted to give you an idyl about a living Danish village I was losing sight of my object, which was to write an elegy on a dead one. Dybböl was all I have been describing up to the 8th of February; but Dybböl is no more. The inhabitants have migrated *en masse*, I know not whither. The door of every cottage is wide open; the straw lies, a blackened litter, upon every threshold. Many of the houses are still standing, the thatch has in most instances escaped the fire that has wilfully or accidentally been set to it here and there. But the silence and desolation are the more eloquent from that very absence of dilapidation which tells of violent ruin or natural decay. The Danish soldiers have neither wantonly destroyed nor profaned the humble dwellings; the Prussians, who were only for a few hours in possession of the place, have had no leisure for much mischief; but chill and squalor seem immediately to set in in the home from which man, its soul, has departed. A few minutes' leisurely ride through the lanes and alleys of the dead village took me to the church, now, like most ecclesiastical edifices in Alsen and Sundewitt, turned into barracks, and I stepped into the churchyard, where soldiers were busy digging rifle-pits and rearing small trenches out of the very mounds under which the 'forefathers of the hamlet slept.' Dybböl

church is a large, strong edifice, with a massive square tower, and its churchyard has a commanding aspect; it answers the purposes of an excellent outwork to the Dybböl Hill bastions. It is sure to be a hotly-contested spot, and the brave men that were turning the sod were, perhaps, only preparing the graves on which they might fall never to rise. I had no sooner set my foot on the desecrated 'God's-acre' than an angry voice warned me that the Prussians were lurking about hardly 300 paces from the spot, and that no man could stand erect on the sward without being made a target to their cursed rifle balls. The scene outside the village is even sadder than in the thick of its habitations. Not a tree is left standing; not a hedge, not a garden, not a field, has escaped the trampling hoofs, the deep cutting wheels, the wear and tear of ruthless, remorseless war. A short month of military occupation, even by friendly troops, has turned Dybböl into a wilderness; it will take many years' unbroken prosperity to restore it to its former bloom. So much for those who make a cockpit their residence, who choose their home on a battle-field!

The longer I live among these Danes the more strongly I feel inclined to award them the palm as the people, of all people on earth, among whom

the simplicity of patriarchal morals is to be found associated with the most thorough refinement of civilized manners. We dined yesterday with a large party of officers, a score of them, at a great farm about half-a-mile out of town, bearing the name of Sönderborg Ladegaard, where most of them are quartered. The farmer is the father of twelve daughters and one son. Most of the girls (I may well say young ladies, of an age varying between nineteen and four) waited upon the company at table. At the head of the long and large board, sat the farmer himself, his second wife, looking like a sister to her eldest step-daughters, and the said daughters' governess. The whole bevy of the maidens and women wore strict yet elegant mourning, in honour of the deceased King, and with utter disregard of the order of the present King, declaring the mourning period to be at an end. The neatness and taste of those sable garments, the dressing of the hair, all the gestures and movements of the fair Hebes, bore the marks of good taste and good breeding. The style was faultless. Some of the girls were tall, slender beauties; most of them had dark hair and light-grey eyes; they moved about with an elegance of deportment which kept the eyes of their military guests admiringly yet respectfully riveted on them. The young beauties are seldom addressed, and never without that

quiet homage and deference which have at all times been characteristic of Northern chivalry. The only liberty the youngsters take consists in whispering to each other the words 'Raven's wing' and 'Golden crown,' under which appellations they designate the first and second daughter, alluding to the colour of their hair. With the small fry of the family, the little Camma and the still younger Hannah, every man is free to romp to his heart's content. Those girls, their mother and governess, are used to the solitude of their farm life; they are not very ready with their tongue, and a deep scarlet mantles their cheeks whenever any of the company engages them in conversation. Yet they go through their domestic and hospitable task with unerring tact and inborn grace. Were time allowed to break the ice, and to still the flutter of their maidenly emotions, they would prove themselves equal to sensible talk on many topics. The books on their drawing-room tables, the fine prints on the walls, the piano in the corner, and the exotics trained with care in the window-sill tell you that. Your French or English, in which they will not venture to answer you, is by no means unfamiliar to them. Their governess comes out of a first-rate Copenhagen Normal School, and is an accomplished linguist.

‘How long shall we be kept here idling?’ This is a question only to be answered by another question: ‘What is going on across the lines?’ It does not seem that anyone here knows anything about the enemy’s movements; it does not seem that anyone cares about knowing. May be, by this time, the Prussians are draughting out volunteers and forlorn hopes, to venture on their great general assault: may be, they are only toiling about their heavy artillery, to make ready for their terrific bombardment. We are thoroughly in the dark here, and having already wasted three weeks, in the expectation of events which never came to pass, we are afraid to go lest the great drama should happen to be performed the moment our backs are turned, and just as we have quitted our stalls among the spectators.

The Danes, I am told, are the only people in the world who carry on a war without the aid of spies; partly because they will not admit that for the truly brave there can be such a thing as a surprise, and they profess themselves ready for their foe whenever he may choose to appear, by day or night; partly also because a man willing to serve as a spy is as hard to find in Denmark as that famous long-necked camel in Sparta. There are trades and callings to which a Dane cannot be made to stoop: dirty work which he leaves undone, unless he gets a stranger to do it

for him. You find no Danish waiters at a Copenhagen hotel. A native of the country has no objection to domestic service, but he cannot bring himself to be everybody's servant. The part of the clown or harlequin never was performed by a Northman on a Northern stage. A Dane has no horror of the theatre,—nay, he is a passionate lover and cultivator of the dramatic and even choregraphic art, but he cannot, for the life of him, grin from ear to ear; his ideas of personal dignity revolt against any exhibition of mere buffoonery. Even in the Middle Ages, when a jester was an indispensable article of furniture in a Royal household, the Court of Denmark invariably imported its Hans Wurst from Germany. Now a spy's business has nothing in common with a Boots' outstretched palm soliciting vails, or with the wild grimaces of a pantomimic actor. Men of the highest character, patriots most heroically devoted to the best of causes, have deemed their employment in the 'secret service' of a camp as meritorious and honourable as any display of gallantry in the field. But there is something in the mere name of a 'spy' from which a Dane shrinks with unreasoning instinct. The spy's path is a crooked one, and his step is stealthy. The action in itself is mean, and cannot be raised in the estimation of its perpetrator by the consciousness of loftiness of motive. All

my efforts to smuggle a letter through the outposts, so as to gain three or four days upon the circuitous route followed by the mails through Zealand and Sweden, have been unavailing, owing to the same invincible squeamishness even on the part of the poorest persons here to lend themselves to what they stigmatize as an 'under-hand intrigue.' The feelings of the Danes in these matters are akin to those of that honest mountaineer who, being sent from one of the Forest Cantons to explore the nakedness of their enemy's land, boldly knocked at the gates of the hostile city, and announced himself as '*Der Spion von Uri!*'

Two mails came in yesterday from Copenhagen, conveyed by a single steamer, and bearing upwards of 12,000 letters, 2,000 parcels, and 2,000 money-orders for the army. It is reckoned that during these last eighteen days, since the army came over to Alsen, every man has, on an average, received six letters; that every man has got at least one money-order, or registered letter with money, and a parcel containing linen, shoes, flannel, eatables, drinkables, &c.—anything that the love of friends at home can deem conducive to their comfort or pleasure: interesting facts all these, proving that everyone of these peasant soldiers, no less than everyone of their peasant kindred, can read and write, and bearing evidence,

also to the anxious love and earnest care with which the active good wishes of parents, brothers, wives, sisters, or sweethearts, follow the defenders of the country. There are hardly any illiterate persons among old or young in all Denmark; and the soldiers have been, for the most part, either too lately recruited, or too recently recalled to the standard, to be weaned from the domestic affections which have so strong a hold upon Northern hearts. It is beautiful; it is most laudable! Pity it overtasks the strength of the clerks of the town and camp post-offices, both of which fell into the most grievous disorder from the beginning, and seem hardly in a fair way of recovering from it. The latest arrivals from England here bear the date of the 17th inst.—eleven days old! It is almost as far as America!

Yesterday was election-day for Denmark, and also for all of Schleswig that still remains to Denmark—*i. e.* for the Island of Alsen. We have two electoral districts, or ‘circles,’ here—one consisting of the two boroughs of Nordborg and Sønderborg, having its hustings and polling-place at the *Raad-Huus*, or Town-council Hall, in the latter place; the other assembling all the country voters at Augustenborg. Placed as they are in all the throes of a war which is to decide

their fate, busy with the accommodation of an army outnumbering their population, turned out of house and home from anxiety for their own safety, the Alseners took, it must be avowed, no very strong interest in the choice of their representatives at the Copenhagen Rigsraad. About sixty or seventy electors met, at 11 A.M., at the Sønderborg Town Hall. The burgomaster of the city was presented by one of the citizens as a 'fit and proper' gentleman to support the interests of the borough. An *avocat* Somebody was ushered in on the other side as a no less 'highly-qualified' candidate. The two competitors belonged to the same political party, and were ready to vote for each other. Both of them addressed the meeting—the office-holder in a few manly words, the man of law at intolerable length. A show of hands was then called, when, with the exception of four, all persons present—probably to avenge themselves for the bore inflicted by the long-winded orator—stood up in favour of the burgomaster. The advocate declared himself satisfied, and the victorious candidate was declared to be duly elected. At Augustenborg, only one gentleman solicited the people's suffrages, and got them without opposition.

CHAPTER XI.

WEARY DAYS.

Inaction.—A New Commander-in-Chief.—Backwardness of the Prussians.—Ill-humour amongst the Danes.—Suspicions.—An English Officer on the Dybbøl Position.—The Weather.—Electric Light.—War with Snowballs.—Foreign Correspondents.—Strangers in the Camp.—Japanese.—Danes and Swedes.—Prospects of Pan-Scandinavism.—Depression amongst the Danish Troops.—Distribution of Orders.—Departure from Sønderborg.

February 29 to March 11.

To a man sent forth to be a narrator of events, there surely can be no task more irksome than to have to sit idly awaiting events. It is hard for a newsman to come before his readers with a chilling 'No news.' He feels it peculiarly mortifying and aggravating, as if it were his business to make news, and as if his empty budget could be laid to the charge of remissness on his own part and dereliction of duty.

On what spot on this side of the Atlantic are the eyes of Europe more anxiously riveted than on this little capital of the Isle of Alsen? Behold! the Austro-Prussian army operating against

Sönderborg, and its outward position at Dybböl, numbers, as we have here every reason to believe, no less than 42,000 combatants. The contending parties have been in presence for more than a score of days, and nothing has occurred to diversify day from day, except a few insignificant and almost undesigned outpost affairs, which count as little in the history of a war as the mere relieving of sentries and calling out the muster-roll.

Notwithstanding the frequent assertions of the German papers to the contrary, we are by no means sure that the Austro-Prussians will ever screw up their courage to the sticking-point, and attempt a storming or a bombardment of the Dybböl position. Their object hitherto has obviously been to wear out the Danes by incessant alarms and petty skirmishing, making the best of their superiority of numbers, which enables them to come up with ever-fresh troops against the scanty and over-worked detachments of their weaker antagonists. In all the not unfrequent encounters to which I had occasion to allude, the Danes have invariably exhibited the strong, sterling stuff they are made of, and have done all that could be expected of mere men. They have always either stoutly held or promptly regained their ground, and cannot, therefore, be said to have been worsted on any occasion. Still, they have suffered severe losses—possibly more severe

than those of their foe in actual numbers, certainly incomparably more fatal and irreparable to an army whose numbers are already so unequal to the task that has been set to it. Two hundred dead and wounded, 300 prisoners, are a formidable item to be subtracted from the army whom we may have here about us.

The Danes are brave men, and, as such, apt to be rather deficient in vigilance, foresight, and cunning. They have to deal with a subtle enemy, especially with the Austrian—~~proverbial~~ for the craft with which impetuosity of attack is always enhanced by suddenness of surprise. The Danes found out now, rather late, that their outposts had been pushed too far forward, that they had been too heedlessly laid, now on the skirts of a wood, now at the meeting of two roads, now in other spots favouring the stealthy onset of the foe. More provident measures have been adopted of late. The outposts have been partly drawn in; the ground has been carefully studied, so as to take advantage of the localities most suitable for a good look-out; the fields have been bared of all their hedges; barricades, abattis, palisades, and trenches, all that can stem violence or foil stratagem, has been duly considered. Henceforth the Danes will not be caught napping; and there will either be no more fighting, or it will be more deliberate and probably more decisive.

There has been a long and somewhat stormy sitting of the Council of State at Copenhagen, which, we are told, very nearly led to a Ministerial crisis. The matter in discussion was the final dismissal of General de Meza, and the appointment of his successor. De Meza, as you are aware, had from the beginning the supreme command of the Danish army, and he gave the orders for the retreat from the Dannewerk. From the moment the King and his Prime Minister, Bishop Monrad, had, on account of that backward movement, to face the indignation of the army at Sønderborg and of the mob at Copenhagen, the ruin of the ill-starred commander was resolved upon, and the wily statesman at the head of affairs had openly pledged himself to consummate it. De Meza was, as you may remember, recalled from his command immediately upon the arrival of the army at Sønderborg, and his post was occupied by General Lüttichau, the former Commander-in-Chief of the Artillery. At the same juncture, Kauffmann was superseded by Stjernholm at the head of the Staff. All these, however, had been mere temporary arrangements, and it was high time the Government at Copenhagen should come to definitive resolutions. A sense of justice and the consciousness of the real nature of the transactions at Schleswig enlisted, it would seem, an

General, and prompted him stanchly and generously to plead his cause. But the Prime Minister was inexorably bent on the immolation of his scapegoat, and made of the removal of De Meza a Cabinet question. He carried his point as a matter of course, and the acknowledged author of the retreat from the Dannewerk disappears altogether from the scene of his exploits at the head of the Danish army. At the same time General Lüttichau is also relieved from the supreme command, which he only held in a provisional capacity, and resumes his former place at the head of the artillery. Our new General-in-Chief is Gerlach, who had hitherto only the command of the first division; Stjernholm retains his position as permanent Chief of the Staff; and his predecessor, Kauffmann, will, it is said, have the command of a brigade. The only victim in the case is De Meza; and it is observable that as, in the first moment of excitement and perplexity, choice was made of Lüttichau, because he was the only man in the Council of War who had stoutly voted against the retreat from the Dannewerk, so now, that men's minds are in a calmer mood, and that retreat begins to be looked upon as matter of stern necessity, the man to be put forward is Gerlach, simply because he chanced to be absent from the Council, and had therefore no occasion to

give any opinion on that sad but inevitable measure.

Nothing is seen or heard of the Prussians, and it is only by a strong effort that we can bring ourselves to remember that we are here in a state of war and siege. The conduct of the enemy appears to my Danish friends utterly inexplicable. The German and other papers are all full of the resolution of the Prussians to make up for the secondary part they were made to play at the taking of the Dannewerk by some portentous achievement against the position of Dybböl. The Austrians who reaped at Bustrup, Oversö, and elsewhere such laurels as were to be obtained in this ignoble campaign of four against one, were induced to fall back on the second line, and leave the post of honour to their Prussian allies. The bastions on the heights at Dybböl were, as those same papers asserted, to be stormed at the first onset, and the very Island of Alsen could not be safe against the enterprising ingenuity of Prince Frederick Charles, who could as readily throw a bridge over the Sound in this vicinity as he did over the Schlei, between Arnis and Cappeln.

Somehow, however, events have not as yet justified these great vaunts. The Prussians came, saw, but did not conquer. Their petty skirmish-

ing at outposts achieved but little towards carrying the Dybbøl forts at the point of the bayonet. We were then given to understand that the Prussians were 'preparing themselves.' Their heavy artillery had not arrived; it was for their pontoons they were waiting. A terrific cannonade was to be the prelude of their savage onslaught. Nothing was to begin till all could be achieved. The storming of the bastions, the passage of the Sound, the annihilation of the Danes, were to be accomplished at one blow. All measures were taken for a full, immediate, and decisive success. The 22nd of last month, then the 26th, were the days appointed for the mighty deed. But all these days passed, the month itself came to an end, and the inaction of the Prussians became daily more absolute and complete.

'What is the meaning of all this?' my Danish friends ask. 'Has Prussia resolved upon wearing us out with *ennui*, and, without offering or accepting an armistice, does she shrink from a conflict which would have no political results? Is this merely a show and mockery of war, and must the lives that have been and are being sacrificed be looked upon as mere counters in the deep game that politicians are playing behind the soldiers' backs? If the Prussians were so bent upon achieving the occupation of Schleswig, if it seemed to them that nothing was actually done until

Dybböl and Alsen were reduced, why do they not come on? Their own turn has come; their Austrian allies have made room for them. The best chances are offered them for retrieving the inglorious past. They are face to face with us—double and treble our number, strong in the advantages of all the most formidable contrivances of modern artillery. How is it that they are afraid to come on?’

The word ‘afraid,’ as applied to the armies of that nation whose destinies the Great Elector and Frederick II. grounded on the excellence of their military organization, seems really too absurd. But the Prussian army is young and inexperienced. It has had but rare chances of distinguishing itself since 1815. Its first trial at Missunde was not very encouraging—nay, some people describe that encounter as a positive Prussian defeat. It takes time to bring into action raw regiments, whose officers have seen as little fire as their men. I am not by any means disposed to believe all I hear; but some of the Danes, who were far advanced at the outposts on the 22nd (the day on which the Prussians made a forward movement on the village of Dybböl, and when they had four infantry brigades, with cavalry and artillery, against two Danish regiments), assure me that they could see on the other side of the lines, Prussian officers urging

their men on with the flat of their swords, that they could hear them calling their men 'craven hounds' and all sorts of ignominious names, but without inspiring them with sufficient pluck to bring them to face the heavy cannon that began to open fire upon them from the bastions at Dybböl Hill.

I repeat it is ridiculous to suppose that the long-meditated and often-announced attack of the Prussians should be put off day after day simply from disinclination of the soldiers of that nation to come to the scratch. But that such is the interpretation the Danes begin to feel inclined to put on the sluggish movements of their adversaries is a fact that I can vouch; and it is always in the power of the Prussians to give the lie to such disparaging surmises by making good their boasts by brave deeds.

It does not seem conceivable that if the Prussians at any time intended to try their strength against Dybböl they should deem it a good and wise counsel to waste so much precious time, allowing the Danes full leisure to complete those works of fortification which on our first arrival, three or four weeks ago, were yet in so imperfect a state. What could, early in February, be done by 40,000 men, may soon be, in March, beyond the achievement of thrice the number. The whole line is now ready; and the same

alacrity has been exhibited by the Danes in the erection of batteries along the Sound on the Alsen side, from the Church and Castle of Sønderborg down to Kjoer and Rönhave, and as far as the extreme point of Arnkielsöre. For any remissness that the Danes may have been guilty of at the outset of the war, the still greater slowness and most unaccountable inertia of their adversaries make ample amends. There seems to be a resolution on the part of the Prussians that, if there is to be a struggle at all, it should be put off until all the defensive contrivances of the Danes may contribute to render it in an extreme degree fierce and desperate.

If we may rely on the information that reaches us from Germany, the grand day appointed by the Prussians for a mighty effort against Dybböl is the 11th inst. They are now, according to the same authorities, working hard at their own trenches and erecting their own batteries, making ready for a cannonade which is to silence the fire of the Danish bastions. Eight days is a long time to wait, however, for people who have been for nearly a month in daily expectation of an attack, and who have not forgotten that first the 20th, then the 26th of February had been with

the same confidence named by those same German papers as the days that were to usher in the beginning of the end, and that both these days and others passed without one ounce of gunpowder being burnt, except in some of those outpost skirmishes, in that wanton shooting of sentries behind the bush, which may, perhaps, be among the inevitable evils of war, but which certainly do not further its objects or hasten its termination.

With a view to avoid these deplorable encounters, the Danes have drawn in their outposts considerably within the woods of Stenterup and Boffel, and, especially on the south, have fallen back close almost to their line of fortification on the skirts of Dybböl Hill. Towards the north, however, they still hold Dybböl village, stretching up as far as Rageböl. Yesterday a large column of infantry, with two field-pieces, marched from the latter place upon the little wood which bears the name of Rageböl Skov, drove the Prussians from its cover, and established itself in the wood, with the determination to cut it down, an operation which has by this time been accomplished. The attack on the wood cost the Danes four men wounded and an officer. After levelling the wood with the ground, the Danes will probably again fall back on the almost adjoining villages of Rageböl and Dybböl, having

thus a clear ground before them all round their outposts.

For people who are sent out to fight and who are debarred from fighting,* nothing is more natural than to speculate upon the why and wherefore there should be no fighting. There are some of the Danish officers whom I see daily, who have all this time been very sceptical as to their own Royal Government on the one side, and those of Austria and Prussia on the other, ever being really in earnest about this outbreak of hostilities, to which the force of circumstances and the impatience of their subjects brought them. 'There was a power in Germany and a power in Denmark,' they think, 'far greater than that of the rulers who sat at the helm of the public business. The Schleswig-Holstein question was a point of honour to be settled by a mortal duel between the two nationalities. The Germans looked upon the Duchies as a rallying point for all their aspirations after unity, liberty, and aggrandizement; they sought in the vindication of claims grounded upon musty charters and pedantic quibbles a means of self-assertion and an opportunity for joint action. The Danes clung, if not to Holstein, at least to Schleswig, with the tenacity of despair, and thought that their very

existence was wound up with the possession of the Eider frontier. The animosity of the dispute was not to be allayed by the moral authority or by the material strength of the respective Governments. The two nations were rushing to war with or without the consent of their rulers. To avoid being dragged, these latter took, or pretended to take, the lead in the warlike movement. By placing themselves in the van of the German armies, Austria and Prussia snubbed the Bund, dumbfounded the national unions, and felled their Augustenborg idol. Denmark, on her own side, humoured the proud feelings of her brave people, assumed a lofty tone, and made a great show of her determination to nail her flag to the bastions of the Dannewerk; all this was mere make-believe. The Dannewerk was given up after three days' skirmishing, a luckless General was made the scapegoat, and now a new feint is made of a desperate defence of the ramparts of Dybböl and Fredericia. The Prussians came up to those ramparts breathing fire and vengeance; yet a month goes by and the contending parties stand face to face, as if spell-bound, without exchanging one blow. It is a position of affairs that no one clearly understands; upon which, therefore, everyone deems himself authorized to put the very worst conclusion. It seems evident that there exists somewhere a disinclination to

fight—nay, a determination not to fight. Such is by no means the disposition of the troops on either side; for the Danes, for their own part, are burning to blot out any blemish, which may cling to their fair escutcheon in consequence of their loss of the Dannewerk, and the Prussians are smarting under the bitter consciousness that the fight at the Dannewerk reflected no credit on their arms, and that they have their honour to retrieve. What stays the hands of the combatants in their own despite is the deliberate act of Berlin, Vienna, and Copenhagen, where wily statesmen, flattering themselves that their own turn has come, that they have regained their ascendancy over those stormy factions which had almost shaken the reins from their hands, are now planning some compromise, patching up some arrangement, in which it may be possible for themselves, for their people, and for the European Powers to acquiesce, and in the meanwhile have made up their minds that the mischief of war should go no further, and that the armistice which they dare not proclaim in words should, *de facto*, be observed on either side.

I rode yesterday, March 3rd, along the whole line of the ten bastions, spreading out like a fan on that triangular piece of ground of which the

Sönderborg bridges are the apex. I had with me an English officer of high rank, who has made the science of military engineering the pursuit of a whole life, and who came to inspect the works as an amateur, and the conclusion he came to, after a careful survey, was that the Dybböl line is one of immense strength; so strong, indeed, as he expressed himself, that 'the Danes have only to shut the door and take the key along with them, sure that their bastions would take care of themselves by the sheer advantage of the ground.' The activity of the Danes in adding strength to their stronghold exceeds all belief. Besides forts and bastions they have, during these last few days, erected a sufficient number of wooden barracks to enable two or more regiments to encamp outside the town, and right in the centre of the position at Dybböl Mill, so as to be ready on any emergency to support the regiments doing duty at the outposts. The same unwearied alacrity is shown by the Danes in the rearing of batteries along the Sound. There are no less than eleven already in a fair condition of defence, from those at Sönderborg Church and Slot, or Castle, to those at the extreme point at Arnkielsöre. I visited most of them to-day with the English officer above mentioned, and we were for a long time especially inspecting the works which are going on at Rönhave and Skovfogedhus, or Fo-

rester's-house, the two spots where it is most likely that the Germans may be induced to try to throw a bridge across from the opposite shore at Sandbjerg and Storeskov. The probabilities of their making such an attempt, and, what is of greater moment, of their carrying it to a successful termination, seemed to my intelligent military English friend very slight. The width of the Sound at the above-named narrowest points is no less than 800 *alen*, or about 1,600 English feet, and the depth of water in mid-channel, where the current is very strong, is 72 feet. Before the Prussians could dream of throwing the bridge, they would have to silence all the batteries on the Danish side, and, besides, all such gunboats as would not fail to attack them from the Northern entrance to the Sound at Årnskiølsø. Unless they can, by sheer superiority of their cannon, obtain at least twelve hours' uninterrupted quiet, the work of throwing the bridge would be a very arduous achievement. The shores on either side of the Sound, at this end, are very flat, and the batteries of the Prussians would have to be laid on low ground, offering no material advantage over those of their adversaries. Up to this time, I have been assured, nothing is heard or seen that may in any manner induce a belief that the Prussians are preparing for an attack on this quarter. Their patrols are indeed to be seen daily in the

woods of Sandbjerg and Storeskov, from the safe shelter of which they amuse themselves by constantly firing at the Danish pickets, and at the workmen busy in the construction of batteries. Their rifle-balls have done no injury to the Danish soldiers as yet, and the latter have been instructed by their officers to take no heed of all that useless popping, and on no account to answer the enemy's fire. The cold blood and forbearance with which these good Danes submit to these orders, standing to be shot at without wincing, is truly admirable.

The country is in a great measure free from snow, but the air is still raw, and we have not seen the sun for ten days. The larks in the clouds, however, give us hope of forthcoming spring.

Experiments are being made here in the evening with electric light, with a view to apply it to warlike purposes, to watch the enemy's movements in the night, and to enable the artillery of the forts to fire in the darkest weather. With what practical results such contrivances may be attended we shall learn in time. In the meanwhile the exhibition affords some entertainment.

to the people here, who are somewhat at a loss how to get rid of the long evenings, notwithstanding the performances of a dramatic company with ballets, which has followed us all the way from Schleswig.

Two Austrian regiments, a force of about 4,000 men, have been added to the 42,000 Prussians, who have been for the last four weeks confronting the little Danish army at Dybböl. The newly-arrived troops have taken up their quarters at Sandbjerg. The Danes here are quite sure that their Prussian foes, mustering as they did a force twice as large as their own, would never have had the pluck to face the heavy cannon of the Dybböl bastion, unless their Austrian allies came to inspire them with a little of that dash and that spirit which distinguished them at Bustrup. The coming up of the Austrians, therefore, has been hailed here as the harbinger of that long-expected and long-protracted attack for which the Danes are praying so fervently; and from some rumours of a great stir in the enemy's camp, which have been spread at headquarters this evening, the great event of the campaign may even be looked for to-morrow. We have, however, so often gone to bed with similar anticipations, and have so constantly awakened to disappointment in the

morning, that I think we may sleep with an easy mind for this and for many a night to come. An attack upon the lines at Dybböl, if we consider the cares that have been taken to add to their naturally formidable strength, and the enormous forces which are now arrayed against them, would be so tremendous and so really epic an affair, as to deserve a prominent place in military annals. But I really question whether such a slaughter as it could not fail to occasion will be allowed to come to pass in our age. Already the best opportunities for action have been suffered to go by. The nights have been for the last week or two unusually dark, and the weather is gloomy and muggy enough even by day to allow a storming party to creep unobserved almost up to the cannon's mouth. The war, ever since we came here from the Dannéwerk, has been a mere make-believe; and it is impossible to resist the conviction, that, while the belligerent parties affect to reject all proposals of an armistice, and wink at the useless effusion of blood at the outposts, the work of diplomacy is going on behind the scenes, and protocols are already preparing for signature.

Bloodshed in dribblets we have almost daily. The operation of relieving the pickets from duty hardly ever takes place without an exchange of rifle shots by way of mutual good-by. In some

instances, however, the innate good-humour of these Teutonic people gets the better of the fell intent with which they watch each other's movements, and I am happy to have it to record that yesterday Danes and Prussians, instead of popping with their rifles, were actually pelting each other with snow-balls, with the high glee of schoolboys released from their task.

We begin at last to see some symptoms of activity on the part of the Prussians. I was out to-day, March 9th, on horseback, and stood at the outposts on the summit of the Avnbjerg, a hill rising on the left of the road, at about an English mile from the bastions at Dybböl. Up to the present moment the Danes are strongly posted on the Avnbjerg, and will certainly not give it up without contest. Standing close to the Danish pickets on the brow of this hill, I could distinctly see, across the waters of the Vemmingbund, all along the crest of the Broager peninsula, swarms of Prussians, busy throwing up the earth, apparently rearing trenches previous to placing their batteries in position. Great efforts are made by them at the same time to raise earthworks at Rageböl, on the right of the Danish position. They evidently aim at an attack on the two wings of the Danish line, well knowing that

they could have no chance of success against the formidable centre.

From the 1st of February to the 18th, the British and Foreign press were represented at the Danish headquarters by your own correspondent alone. I and two of the gentlemen belonging to the Copenhagen journals made up the whole of the reporters' staff at Schleswig, and all along the disastrous march from that place to this. Since the last-named date correspondents have come in in great force, not only representatives of the London press, but also lively essayists and *feuilletonists* from Paris, men who come here wild with expectation, to see a fight, but who soon find it is themselves who have to fight with bad accommodation, worse fare, and the unconquerable weariness and unprofitableness of existence. Not a few are those who turn tail against such formidable antagonists, and quit Sönderborg only two or three days after their arrival. A man must have no common luck if he finds as much as a bed or a sofa at any of the hotels or private houses about town. And even when a room is to be had, twenty to one the hapless wight is driven out of it by noise and discomfort, and, above all things, by the all-pervading, all-smothering, abominable dirt. Some of these strangers, of a more adven-

turous, or, as they believed, more practical turn of mind, thought that they had hit on a capital expedient by repairing to wooden walls — *i. e.* taking up their quarters in some of the steamers, several of which are always moored alongside the wharves, as convenient for all purposes of business in Sønderborg as any of the best houses in the centre of the town; but since it happened to one of them, on his return from a jolly party late at night, to find that his abode had put up steam and was off hours before, taking away with her his dear bags and portmanteaus, and leaving him to spend the night in the muddy streets as he best could, a steamer has been voted a very poor makeshift, and only to be valued on the principle which determined Dr. Johnson's preference for 'the best thing in Scotland' — *i. e.* as a means of getting out of it.

We are cheered every day by the arrival of foreign visitors—occasional English tourists in quest of a sensation, and to-day, March 11, we have even two of the English of Asia, two Japanese gentlemen, naval officers of rank, as I am told, who are making the tour of Europe to improve their minds and become acquainted with the progress of civilization in every branch, and who have been brought hither to see the practical

uses of that art of killing which, notwithstanding all the efforts of Peace societies, will always be held to be the noblest of human pursuits, and call forth the greatest efforts of the ingenuity of all ages and countries. I have seen these two interesting wanderers, two little men with boxwood complexions and monkey faces, but courteous, intelligent, bowing to and smirking at anyone who honours them with a call, half-choked by the smoke of a little parlour in the *Holsteinisches Haus*, and striving to keep up a conversation with the whole world, notwithstanding the grievous disadvantage of their knowing no language but their own, and having to rely on the aid of an interpreter they picked up in Holland, who neither understands nor speaks anything but Dutch. With all this drawback, however, these wise men from the far East have already managed to see all the Danish outposts and bastions between breakfast and lunch, and are now off to visit the Rolf-Krake, riding at anchor at about half-a-mile's distance in the Sound.

The most interesting of all strangers, however, are the Swedish and Norwegian auxiliaries, chiefly land and sea officers, eager to evince their sympathy in behalf of the common Scandinavian nationality, by placing their swords, and giving their lives, if need be, in the service of Denmark. The authorities at headquarters, penetrated as

they are with their sense of gratitude for this fine exhibition of brotherly devotion, are very much at a loss how to turn these natural allies to any practical use, or, indeed, how to dispose of them. They are all officers of high rank, officers and gentlemen; must be treated as honoured guests, must be supplied with good quarters, bed and board—all conveniences not easily to be come by here on any terms; must be mounted on good horses, and taken the whole round of the sights of the camp; yet they bring to the Danish cause nothing whatever besides their epaulettes and their good swords.

It is not a score or two of majors and colonels that Denmark is in need of. Indeed, any officer above the rank of a lieutenant can be put to no immediate use, ignorant as he must needs be of the peculiarities of the drill, of the discipline, and, to some extent, also, of the language of the soldiers he would have under his orders. It is not officers, but soldiers, that Sweden should send, and these not by scores or hundreds, but by many more thousands than the whole great Scandinavian peninsula can afford. The time was when not only Sweden, but many other European Powers, by merely lifting up a little finger, could not only have saved Denmark, but also have averted the evils of a war, of which we have seen the commencement, but cannot easily

foresee the end. 'Had the fleet of any great maritime nation made its appearance in Kiel harbour only two months ago, or had it cruised before the mouths of the Elbe or the Oder,' the Danes say, 'it is very questionable whether the Austro-Prussians would even have dreamt of venturing across the Eider; and had 20,000 or 25,000 men joined the little army mustering behind the bastions of the Dannewerk, those who crossed that "old frontier of the Roman or German empire," might have been glad to retrace their steps, foiled and broken before that formidable barrier.' Twenty-five thousand men, or even twice that number, would not now enable the Danes to take the field with any great hope of regaining their ground against the terrific odds that united Germany has it always in her power to concentrate against them. To resume the offensive in the Cimbrian peninsula would be the work of a first-rate Power only, and the sympathy of the Swedes, were it even to take the shape of the largest contingent, would produce no general and permanent effect. As the Danes have nothing of moment to expect from the Swedes they have greatly abated in their enthusiasm for these their natural auxiliaries, and the dreams of the so-called Scandinavian party have been in a great measure dispelled by the chilling reality. Indeed, although many of the highest classes in both countries se

battent les flancs pour se donner de l'enthousiasme, or, in other words, rave a great deal about this instinct of union of the people of the three Northern kingdoms, there seems to be but little attractive tendency in the masses, and little love lost between them. The traditions of mutual wrongs and misdeeds, the remembrance of atrocious acts of tyranny exercised by Denmark in Sweden, and the turns of bad neighbourhood of Sweden towards Denmark, are still green in the memory of the lowest ranks of either country; and deep-rooted prejudices, illiberal antipathies — those ill feelings which are apt to be particularly envenomed by too close a neighbourhood and by ties of kindred, would raise, as it seems to me, very strong obstacles in the way of the much cherished scheme of a great Scandinavian empire.

Nor is the reliance of the Danes on those mighty Powers who really could bring relief any longer very firm or sanguine. As they suppose that Sweden is held in check by England, so do they believe that England also is hampered in her movements by her suspicions of France. Their fate and the fate of the world, they think, hangs on the good pleasure of that silent, unfathomable potentate who is so slow in making up his mind, and so quick in changing it; and unless God so

takes pity on them as to throw discord into the councils of their German enemies and to array them one against another, and make either or both the easy prey of France, they feel that further resistance, however necessary to their honour, will hardly be conducive to their interests; that they are not only doomed ultimately to fall, but also to be utterly ruined and beggared in their fall. The feeling of isolation, of the desertion of their cause by all the mighty of the earth, the consciousness of the appalling inferiority of numbers, begin, I think, to exercise their depressing influence even upon the common soldiers of this brave, patient, but hard-trying Danish army. Inaction, or at least dreary and plodding and, to all appearance, purposeless work, wears out a soldier's spirits more than any amount of toil and danger encountered in active warfare. The Danish soldiers are submissive, even-tempered, even cheerful in their own quiet way; they trudge out every morning up to their knees in mud, without drum or trumpet, with no other music than an occasional snatch of their own martial airs sung in chorus; they come back at night, drenched, fagged, listless, like men who will do their duty at any cost, but who find that duty, and its unchanging rounds, and its dreary continuance—and life itself—a burden.

Something occurred to-day to diversify the dulness of this uneventful existence. Two or three regiments were mustered together on the high grounds near Dybböl Mill to witness the distribution of medals and crosses awarded to some of the men and officers of the 3rd and 18th Regiments, and of an artillery company, who distinguished themselves at the affair at Missunde. The weather was unpropitious. It always is in this luckless climate; the people will have it that it is 'more unpleasant this year than it ever was within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.' But I have been accustomed to remarks of this kind in all countries and at all seasons whenever the elements are at all out of order, and have learnt to distrust the memory of that same 'oldest inhabitant.' The weather was unpropitious, as I was saying; the rain came down in pelting showers, driven by a gusty wind into our faces, and the land, upon which the sun's face has not smiled for a fortnight, was one great sea of unfathomable mud. The spot, however, was well chosen. The Dybböl Windmill is the centre of the great Dybböl position. Towards the west the view is everywhere bounded by bastions bristling with cannon. But on the north, south, and east it extends widely over the Sound, the open sea, the Vemmingbund, the mean but not unpicturesque town of Sønderborg, a very Dutch

toy village, and almost the whole Isle of Alsen, a wavy surface of brown fields, dotted here and there by a few white streaks, the remnants of waning snow-drifts, with large tracts of dark forest mantling the highest summits, and sloping down with a graceful sweep to the water's edge. The troops, drawn up in long lines on the uneven crest of the Dybböl eminence, presented a goodly sight, the men all wrapped in their great high-collared over-coats, with their rich sandy hair reaching far down beyond the nape of their necks (an unsoldierly habit, from which Scandinavian vanity is not to be weaned), with their air of usual earnestness and patient resignation, enlivened for the occasion by the expectation of the ceremony they had been brought to attend.

Presently, General Gerlach, the Commander-in-Chief, an old man, but who contrives to keep up a youthful look by dint of wig and the paint pot, rode up at the head of a numerous, prancing staff; our only band struck up a few notes, blown by the high wind into empty space, and the General, after equally wasting in the air inaudible words, proceeded to the business of the day. Each of the candidates for distinction stepped up to him at the head of the company to which he belonged, and which was made to share in a certain manner the honour bestowed upon the individual, and the 'bauble' was in all

cases accompanied by kind and affable words. The troops, in the end, defiled before their chief; there were livelier strains of music, loud hurrahs, a chorus of the *Tappre Land-soldat*, and four men went back to town, their hearts beating under the dear Dannebrog, and their comrades roused to emulation of their deeds by the hope of a reward which, as it would seem, Denmark is too wise to cheapen by too lavish a bestowal of it.

Were there no better chance of active warfare than we have had for the last month, or than we have at present, this distressingly dull place would wear out the most heroic powers of endurance, and I greatly doubt whether devotion to their duty on the part of the non-Danish press, or even the sense of patriotism on the part of the Danish, would give any of us patience to abide here another week. It is perfectly killing work, and the reading public, we humbly suppose, would be no gainers by our utter extinction. For my own part, at any rate, I am at the end of all patience, and intend, by way of a change, to go and see whether there be greater chance of a stir at Fredericia.

CHAPTER XII.

FREDERICIA.

A Journey through Fünen.—Strib.—Middlefart.—The Little Belt.—The Position of Fredericia.—The Town.—The Citadel.—The Bastions.—Affair of March 7th.—The Oversvommelsö.—The Intrenched Camp.—The Sound again.—Back to Sønderborg.

March 12-16.

I do not know whether there is in my face something exercising on the battle-field the same influence that Italian sailors attribute to the *Fuoco di Sant' Elmo*, having the power to still the angry waves whenever it appears in the midst of a storm ; but this I know, that all my campaigns have been bloodless, beginning with the famous 'diplomatic' expedition of the Fourth Corps, where I arrived with Prince Napoleon three days after Solferino, and with Garibaldi's scamper through Calabria, where I helped to storm a kingdom with postchaises and railway trains, and ending with this war in Denmark, where provinces are lost and won almost without firing a shot. We had the broiling sun and the choking dust to contend with in Italy, we have the blind-

ing snow and the nipping frost to put up with in this Cimbrian peninsula; but as to bloody fields, thundering cannonades, and doughty deeds of arms, they are sure to be a blank wherever I am to be the chronicler. I left Sønderborg yesterday after five weeks' weary inaction. I come to-day in sight of Fredericia to find everything as still and quiet as if in a cloister of monks.

Five hours' hard steaming in the teeth of a boisterous wind conveyed me yesterday, March 12th, from Sønderborg, in Alsen, to Assens in Fünen. I slept in the latter place last night, and posted in the forenoon to Strib, opposite to Fredericia. A walk of three miles along the shore at the entrance to the Little Belt brought me towards evening to Middelfart. The drive from Assens to Strib, along the western coast of Fünen, was rather enjoyable. The aspect of general well-being which strikes the traveller at every step on the Danish mainland becomes more thorough and pleasing as he visits the islands. However bitterly the purely German and the mixed subjects of the Crown of Denmark may complain of absorption and incorporation in the Scandinavian nationality, they cannot deny that civilization marks the greatest progress where Danish institutions have attained their utmost development, and that such amount of self-government as the Duchies have been allowed has only

had the effect of leaving them a long distance behind in almost every branch of material improvement. The roads in Fünen and Zealand, as well as in Jutland, are better managed, and free, moreover, from the nuisance of those beggarly *schlagbaums*, or toll-houses, which bar the wayfarer's progress at every second mile wherever German is spoken. The pavement in this little town of Middlefart is infinitely smoother and cleaner than either in Kiel or Flensburg. The farmhouses are snugger and tidier, the hedges are more carefully trimmed; in one word, the pure Danes are about half-a-century in advance of their Dano-German fellow-subjects in almost everything that constitutes the pride of modern society.

We had some glimpses of sunshine, for a rare treat, this morning, in spite of, or thanks perhaps to, the bullying north wind, which was blowing great guns; and our walk along the Sound on dry shingle and seaweed was a great relief after the many miles we have been trudging in the mud at Alsen and Sondeved. This evening, however, in the first lull of the wind, the heavens put up their wonted scowl, and we have a fresh fall of snow and a new beginning of winter. The Danish larks heed it not, truly, and the birds along the hedges chatter with their new-chosen mates as if willing rather to go by the Roman

Calendar, than to consult a Northern thermometer. Valentine's-day has long passed, and if they wait for more genial weather, there may never, perhaps, be such things as warm nests and domestic happiness, and the hope of perpetual succession.

I was anxious before I crossed over to Fredericia to inspect the shores of this Sound, and see what chances the Austro-Prussians could have of bridging over the Little Belt, and carrying the war from the mainland into the Danish islands. The very best maps and the minutest descriptions convey no distinct notions of localities. You must see with your own eyes, you must measure the ground with your own steps, to satisfy yourself as to the real width of the water, the height of the hills, and the more or less accessible nature of the shores. We had a clear day, as I observed, and as we drove down to Strib from the brow of the hill the eye compassed at a glance the long winding sheet of water for a stretch of many miles, as it glittered in the sun, blue and limpid, in spite of the blast that vexed its surface and lashed it into angry foam. From the height above Strib, and from the pier in which its point terminates, we could see the town and fortress of Fredericia, a mass of red brick, about 2,000 Danish ells (*alen*), or 4,000 English feet, across the strait. To our right the sea widened till all

sight of land was lost ; to our left the Sound again stretched into a somewhat broader reach, contracting almost insensibly as it swept with a graceful curve between the round point of Långsodde, on the Jutland coast, and the bluff of Rubeck's Mill on our way to Middlefart. The Fünen shore slightly recedes as you near this little town. Like most Danish places of this description, Middlefart consists of one long winding street, with its houses close to the water-edge. Beyond the town there is a rise in the ground : a hill clad with dense woods, a lovely spot, constituting the pleasure-grounds of a mansion of some pretensions, the last dwelling of Middlefart. From the skirts of these woods to the opposite shore at Snoghöi is the narrowest point of the strait, and here, in peaceful times, plies the ferry, which has given Middlefart its name and importance ; this is the nearest approach between the continental and the insular dominions of his Danish Majesty, the only means of uninterrupted communication between his provinces when the ice chokes up the harbours, and puts an end to steam navigation. At this place the strait is only about 2,000 ft. broad, half the width that separates the point of Strib from the citadel of Fredericia. Beyond Snoghöi, on the Jutland side, and Store Hindsgaard on the Fünen side, the shores again go asunder, and the Little Belt

widens never again to come into as close a proximity. The Danish engineers are quite sure that to throw a bridge over the strait at any point, would be, owing to the width between the shores, to the depth of the water, and the rapidity of the current, an utterly impossible undertaking. The Alssund at the Sønderborg bridges, be it remembered, is only from 130 to 150 yards broad, and at Rönhave and Storeskov, where the Prussians are, perhaps, entertaining some vague scheme of crossing by the aid of their pontoons, the width does not seem to exceed one-half of the narrowest point between these coasts.

On Tuesday last, however, the Austrians pushed forward against Fredericia with overwhelming forces, and driving the Danes before them at Gudsö, at Taarup, Bredstrup, Stallerup, and other places all across the isthmus of the peninsula of Fredericia, they invested the fortress, occupying the towns of Stoutstrup and Erritsö, at about two English miles' distance from the town bastions; and spreading all along the coast, they tried the range of their rifled cannon by throwing shells from Snoghöi into Middlefart, and from the coast near Erritsö into Strib. There was no great harm done at either place; Middlefart does not even seem to have been reached at all, and of the fourteen shells that were thrown against Strib, only a few fell upon the pier, ter-

minating the long tongue of land on which the village is built. The terror of the inhabitants was very great, nevertheless, and both places were deserted in a few minutes. The Austrians, however, seemed to be satisfied with their temporary advantage. They fell back from Erritsø and Stoutstrup, and the fears of the Strib and Middlefart people were so soon allayed that not only did I find to-day all the houses inhabited, and the streets crowded by people clad in their Sunday best, but many of them were gathered near the sentries on the piers, straining their eyes against the opposite shore, where Austrian patrols were sauntering leisurely close to the water-edge, as inoffensively and as peaceably disposed, to all appearance, as the Prussians who are to be descried in the same indolent attitude from the Dybbøl Heights, or from the Rönhave woods across the Alssund or the Vemmingbund.

Altogether there certainly never was so odd a war as this since men dug iron out of the bowels of the earth to shape it into deadly weapons to be turned against each other's breasts. The Danes, who are so surprised at the inactivity of their foes that they do not even profit as much as they should by the breathing time allowed to them to complete their preparations, cudgel their brains to account for the strange phenomenon, and, naturally enough, attribute it to dissensions

among the German Powers, to divergence in their aims and views, to uneasiness on the part of Prussia on account of the designs of France, and apprehension on the part of Austria of an attack in Italy, or, finally, to the influence of diplomacy, which will allow no decisive blow to be struck till the Danish Rigsraad has pronounced its fiat on the November Constitution, and a chance is given to the King's Government of stooping to terms acceptable to its perhaps not unrelenting adversaries.

All that is obvious, however, is that the war is at a standstill. It matters little from what cause or for what purposes. If the secret of the inertia of the Austro-Prussians is to be sought in the great material strength of the two strongholds in the presence of which they stand, and the conquest of which must be achieved by materials and preparations which require in this wintry weather twice as much time as they would in a more propitious season—if a warlike solution of the problem is difficult to find—the arrangement of the quarrel by diplomatic negotiation will prove to be a scarcely less arduous undertaking. The watchword of the Danes is 'No surrender.' They will not yield an inch beyond what absolute overwhelming force may wrench from their grasp.

We have been kept for twenty-four hours in sight of this promised land of Jutland, because the wind was on Monday and the whole of yesterday too stormy to allow either ferryboat or steamer to get over the 4,000 feet of water which separates the point of Strib in Fünen from the pier at Fredericia. We only came across last evening, the 13th, just before dark, and are only now returned from a first excursion to the citadel and bastions of the place—almost an heroic feat, considering that it had to be achieved by wading in the mud to our knees, and struggling against the wind and rain, catching hold of trees, posts, and cannon, to save ourselves from being blown into the air.

Fredericia, or as the people like to call it, 'Fridritz' was founded in the 17th century by one of the Danish kings, Christian IV. or Frederick III., I believe, an able and ambitious Prince, who was swayed by Constantinian notions, and fancied he could build on the strait at the entrance of the Little Belt, a great city which might rival the glories of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and might become a kind of central metropolis of his kingdom, superseding Roeskilde and Elsinore, or even the more modern Copenhagen, as a seat of Government. The spot was not inaptly chosen, inasmuch as the new town rose on the very nearest point where the

insular possessions of the Crown of Denmark come in sight of its mainland dependencies, the very point where communication by water can best be kept up under the most inauspicious phases of the long Northern winter. Notwithstanding the thousand and one reasons militating in favour of the King's choice, the seed of his future capital seems to have fallen on an ungrateful soil, so that Fredericia, like Washington, Carlsruhe, the Hague, and ever so many residences, stands as an evidence of the powerlessness of monarchs to gather their subjects round any given spot—as an evidence that towns are born and not made. The desolation of the place as a city is something not to be conceived, and it is not relieved, even at the present moment, by the thousands of soldiers straggling through its silent thoroughfares, *rari nantes* in its squalid quagmires. As a town made to order Fredericia is, of course, rectilinear and rectangular. Hardly two-thirds of the area are built over, the houses are low and mean, and look all the lower and meaner on account of the magnificent breadth of the ill-paved streets. Much of the space is taken up by fields, gardens, and even woods; you would say that half the houses have gone out of town, and the remaining ones, pining for air and longing to follow, have fallen into consumption

would say that the whole town was built of snow, that its tenements on the sunny patches are melted away, and those in the shade have dwindled down to mere muddy heaps, to vanish altogether with the rest before the breath of the first thaw-wind.

A melancholy failure as a city, Fredericia preserves some of its importance as a fortress. Here and at Dybbøl the sinking fortunes of Denmark came for shelter against prevailing hostile forces in 1849, and hence they issued forth triumphant. With all its shabby and squalid appearance, Fredericia still enjoys the boast of a maiden city. The tide of invasion broke against its bastions at the time of the first Schleswig-Holstein struggle. It may be beaten back again now, when once more Schleswig and Holstein are in hostile hands, and plunder and devastation run riot over the plains of defenceless Jutland.

The position of Fredericia is one of the happiest that could be selected for military purposes. The place was founded at a time when town and fortress were used as one and the same word, and the Prince who aspired to create a great city took also good care to lay the foundation for a mighty stronghold. The town is all out at sea,

an almost equilateral triangle, with two of its sides on the water, and the third side inland, bending out in an arch, a row of bastions presenting an uninterrupted front, armed with, it is said, no less than 200 cannon. The length of each of the three sides is about the same as the distance across the strait to Strib—*i. e.* 4,000 feet, a little more than two-thirds of an English mile. On the extreme point, where the two sides meet at an angle, lies what is called the Kastel, and is merely the rough sketch of a citadel. Arsenals and barracks are built there, and there is a strong battery close to the water-edge, commanding the strait; for the rest, the citadel is merely a shapeless mass of unfinished earthworks, save only on the western side, a little above the so-called Oestrebo, or Eastern-pier, where a good battery turns its pieces northward to sweep the grounds along the coast. At different intervals, as you proceed from the citadel towards the bastions crowning the city from the north-east to south-west, advantage is taken of all bends and turnings in the shore, to bar the way by trenches and palisades; the bastions themselves are masses of earth with moats and escarpes, constructed with a solidity which I never saw equalled, and the cannon mounted on the embrasures are of what was only ten years ago the heaviest and most efficient description. So far

as the first cursory view enabled me to make out, all the contrivances of defence have been concentrated on this eastern side of the fortress, because it was naturally more vulnerable, and it had very nearly proved fatal to the garrison which defended the place in 1849. Besides the line of bastions, batteries, trenches, ditches, and palisades, calculated to hold the ground inch by inch on the entrance and within the town up to the very furthest point of the citadel, the Danes have this year conducted an intrenched camp along the coast, outside the town on this eastern side, stretching as far as the Trelde Western Wood, and flanked on the land side by five bastions. In 1849 the Germans crept along shore from Trelde, they advanced upon and occupied the Danish *exerceer-platz*, or drilling-ground, built there their own trenches, and drew their parallels, and while bringing the town to the greatest straits they turned also their batteries upon the Sound, and greatly interfered with the free intercourse of the Danes at sea. It was to guard against the repetition of such operations that the Danes posted themselves strongly along shore outside the town, on their old parade-ground, relying upon their intrenched camp both for warding off too close an attack upon their main line, and also for securing the free navigation of the Sound. On the north-western and western

side Fredericia till lately relied for her safety, first on the marshy ground which extends almost from the immediate neighbourhood of the Kolding-gate to the towns of Erritsö and Stoustrup; then upon a deep line of ravines intersected by small lakes and large swamps, which, from the neighbourhood of Gudsö, run all across the neck of the peninsula as far as the little inlet of Randsfiord, or Little Strand, a branch of the broad bay of Veilefiord.

This outer line was, however, lost on Tuesday last, in consequence of events, of which I must be allowed to give a summary account.

The Austrians had hitherto taken up their positions at a considerable distance from Fredericia, and the Danes, with that carelessness which seems to be peculiar to them, and which has caused them some rather important losses in prisoners at Dybböl, had spread their outposts several miles outside the town at Gudsö, on the south, close to the Kolding-fiord, and towards the Veilefiord on the north, occupying thus the neck of the whole peninsula. The Austrians appeared in very large forces on the 7th, directing their attacks on Veile on the north, and on the west, through Bredstrup, and through a minor road, which from Havreballegaard converges in the same direction towards the villages of Stoustrup and Erritsö. The Danes perceived from the

outset that they had to deal with vastly superior forces, and they fell back in the very best order, skirmishing even while they yielded ground. The Austrians pushed forward as far as Stoustrup and Erritsö, and there established themselves, at the distance of less than two English miles from Fredericia. The desultory fire at the outposts cost the Danes about 150 between dead and wounded ; among the latter General Wilster, the Commander-in-Chief at Fredericia, Captain Hoffman, the Chief of the Staff, and two officers of the Staff. A shell fell close to where the General stood, killed his horse, and stretched him on the ground with two wounds, and prostrated also Captain Hoffman, with a wound in the leg, which will necessitate amputation, and may, it is feared, cost the brave officer his life. While the main force of the third Danish division were thus effecting their retreat, Captain Taue, who was with his company posted at Gudsö, receiving no timely intimation of the movements of the enemy, tarried on the spot till, by the occupation of Stoustrup and Erritsö, the Austrians had cut off his retreat. Aware at last of his critical position, he advanced on the high road in the direction of Snoghöi, whence he might hope to cross over to Middlefart, but was soon hemmed in and overpowered by the enemy, to whom, after a gallant resistance, he had to surrender with the

whole of his company, about 200 men. Satisfied with their success, the Austrians, with a few Prussians, who seem resigned in all this campaign to play the part of jackal to the lion, fell back from the position they had occupied, and only their patrols are to be seen now and then about the grounds of Stoustrup and Erritsö. On this side, however, Fredericia, as I have said, has little to fear from the enemy's attacks. The lands between the latter-named villages and the city gate are all marshy, and as you near the town you come upon a rill of no great importance, but which, being dammed up at its mouth, causes an inundation (*oversvømmelsö*), defending like a great moat the whole line of the western bastions. To the north of this flooded ground the country lies bare and flat, an easy field for the practice of the cannon of the whole line, and where danger might again arise against the city on the north-east the Danes have, as I said, provided by their outwork of the intrenched camp.

Notwithstanding the swampy nature of the grounds to the west and north-west of the main bastion line, the Germans in 1849, profiting by the drought of the summer, advanced from Stoustrup and Stallerup, reared batteries, and con-

structed parallels to within a short half-mile nearly all round the place. Fredericia ran about that time her greatest danger, and then it was that the Danes, gathering courage from despair, ventured on that glorious sally which not only baffled the besiegers in their attempts against the town, but inflicted upon them that memorable defeat of the 6th of July which had so great an influence on the final issue of the war.

Although the season is now calculated to give the utmost importance to the natural defences of flood and swamp, and although the artillery on the bastions is of a far more formidable calibre than that which lined them in 1849, the Danes show great unwillingness to allow their foe any chance of approaching their stronghold as easily as they did on the former occurrence, and as they have pushed on their outworks on the north-eastern side by their intrenched camp, so they have taken up on the side of Erritsö and Stoustrup those very positions which had fourteen years ago become the basis of the enemy's operations.

I have been little more than four-and-twenty hours in Fredericia, but I think I have quite done with it. The never-failing kindness of the officers at headquarters greatly contributed to expedite my business. They were my indefati-

gable companions in my rambles on foot; they mounted me, and gave me their assistance, as the best of guides, when I rode. On the evening of Monday I presented myself at headquarters, and was most kindly received by the chief of the Staff, Colonel Reich, who, not only in the name of the Commander-in-Chief, General Lundig, gave me full permission to view the place within and without, but personally commended me to an Artillery officer of high rank, Major de Rekke, who, as I said, put himself and his horses entirely at my service. I have said all this simply from a desire to convey to the English people an idea of the high regard and benevolence with which the representatives of their press are treated by the Danes. The love of this people for England and the English has outlived all the sad vicissitudes of 1801 and 1807, and is not to be repulsed by the 'cold shoulder' the English Government, according to their views, has turned upon them in this their hour of hard trial and sore affliction.

On leaving the Kolding-gate yesterday, the 15th, we soon came to that 'Oversvommelsö,' or inundation, which, as I said, answers the purpose of a great outward moat to the western line of bastions, and opposes an impassable barrier to any enemy attacking the fortress on this side.

The great ditch is above an English mile in length, and its width sometimes exceeds 1,000 feet. It is too deep for either foot or horse to attempt to ford it, and as its dammed-up waters are fed by a perennial stream, rushing with arrowy swiftness through it, it is not greatly to be affected by the most prolonged summer drought. Wherever the moat is bridged over for the convenience of the high roads or *chaussées*, the pass is guarded by batteries protected by tolerably solid trenches. Barely a short half-mile beyond the flooded ground we left the foremost Danish pickets behind us, and had nothing between us and the Austro-Prussian outposts, which were nowhere visible at that moment, but which, we were assured, are always lurking in the woods in the vicinity of Stoustrup and Erritsö,—but a slender zone of debatable ground, across which rifle-balls are frequently exchanged on either side. Upon leaving the King's or Northern Gate, almost in contact with the town bastions, you have the intrenched camp, occupying what was formerly the drilling-ground, and extending a trifle more than an English mile between the City Gate and the Trælde Wester Skov. That wood, also, is in possession, if not of any enemy's corps, at least of their patrols, who employ their time in closely watching the movements and vainly striving to disturb the works of the Danes.

The intrenched camp of the Danes on this spot may be looked upon as a kind of second Dannewerke, and it was undertaken, I believe, after the fall of that great national bulwark, and the retreat of its defenders to the narrower fields of action offered to them by Dybböl trenches and the bastions at Fredericia. The camp is made somewhat in the shape of a rectangular triangle, with the right angle inland, and the hypotenuse on the sea. It is strengthened on the land side by earthworks or batteries, provided with moat and palisade, and armed with cannon of a good large calibre; a breastwork for the infantry runs also all along the line. The five forts or ramparts are so constructed as to be invulnerable only in front. They are not only completely open behind, but have been so placed as to be fully exposed to the fire from the town bastions; so that even in the event of the enemy succeeding in possessing himself of one or all of them, he would always be unable to hold them or lodge himself in them.

Strong as the present reduced line of Fredericia is, it is certain that it has been seriously impaired, owing to the loss, on Tuesday last, of that second outward line which from Gudsö followed a ravine crossing nearly the whole isthmus as far as Randsfiord, or Little Strand. By the occupation of

Erritsö and Stoustrup, the Austro-Prussians have not only advanced their patrols on the western side within little more than half an English mile from the city gate, but have also established themselves at Snoghöi and Sanddal House, whence their artillery command the Sound all across to Middlefart and Strib, and either have, or can at any moment, put an end to all traffic and intercourse of the Danes between the coasts of Fünen and Jutland on this side. Had the Austro-Prussians been able to do what they did in 1849—*i. e.* possess themselves of the ground now occupied by the Danish intrenched camp, Fredericia could have been completely blockaded by land and sea; the same hostile batteries which had power to bombard it from the north and west would also have been able to sink any vessel making for its harbour, either from the other side of the Sound or from the open sea.

As it is, although the northern side is safe, and will be so as long as the Danes hold their intrenched camp, great annoyance may at any moment be occasioned both to the city and to the places across the Sound by the occupation by the enemy of Snoghöi and Sanddal House, on the western coast. I have told you that a few shells, thrown almost by way of a first experiment upon Strib and Middlefart, had the effect of frightening the population of these two places, and deter-

mining their flight. Not a few of them have been to some extent reassured by the subsequent silence, and have returned to their desolate homes ; but they all live like men placed at the mercy of a pitiless foe—prepared at any moment to seek refuge in some place of security, to which the wisest of them have already removed their families, goods, chattels, and all they care for in the world.

I came back to Middlefart to-day in the afternoon, desirous once more to see the Sound at its narrowest point, and to try to catch a glimpse of the Austro-Prussians, whose patrols, I was told, are daily showing themselves along shore on the other side. I walked from Middlefart to Kongebro, or King's Pier, the very spot where the ferry crosses from Fünen into Jutland when the sea is too rough to allow the usual traffic by Strib or Middlefart. I ascended the hill which further contracts the Strait for a short distance, and the brow of which commands the opposite shore far and wide, and has lately been armed with well-constructed batteries. I had scarcely set my foot on the hill-crest, when I saw a score of Prussian hussars prancing gaily on the beach, their sabres glancing bravely in the bright evening sun, and their light chargers frisking and capering in the

keen, bracing air that betokened a frosty night. They were escorting some lumbering conveyances, which might be heavy artillery or ammunition. The Danes looked at them through spy-glasses behind their trenches, and I asked them, by way of pleasantry, 'whether they did not think their pieces could knock over a few of those cavaliers for our entertainment.' But they answered, with some severity, that 'they were soldiers and not murderers, and left the shooting of pickets and of outpost sentinels to their uncivilized enemies, who seemed to delight in such work and be proud of it.'

I had written thus far, and was preparing to sit down to supper, when a friendly officer brought the news that a brisk cannonade had begun at Dybböl on Tuesday, and had continued this day. Although I have not slept in bed for two nights at Fredericia, because no bed was to be had, I shall be off in a few minutes, hoping to reach Sønderborg in the course of to-morrow, or at the latest on Friday, when a steamer leaves Assens for the Isle of Als.

APPENDIX.

BOMBARDMENT OF SÖNDERBORG.

THE gentlemen connected with the French Press, whose abrupt departure from Sönderborg at the time of the bombardment was described as an 'undignified skedaddle,' were seriously hurt by the harshness of that expression which, they thought, impeached their personal courage. The author is too glad to disclaim on his part any intention to give them offence; and, in justice to one of them, submits that gentleman's own account of the part played by him on that occurrence, from which it may be seen that the author's statement is borne out in all its particulars.

'On écrit de Horuphaff, en rade, 3 avril, à "La Patrie :"—

'Au moment où je vous écris, dix heures du matin, les Prussiens sont, depuis seize heures, occupés à donner un cruel démenti à mes paroles relativement au rôle que leur artillerie paraissait jouer. Ils bombardent Sonderbourg, une ville inoffensive, une ville ouvrière toute remplie de femmes et d'enfants. Leur feu, qui toute la journée avait été assez vif contre les batteries danoises, a subitement changé vers six heures, et de gros projectiles ont commencé à pleuvoir sur la ville. Un des premiers est tombé dans la cour de ma maison, presque sous mes fenêtres; un second, puis un troisième, ont suivi de près celui-là, ceux-ci étaient à coup sûr dirigés sur la maison occupée par le général en chef, maison qui touche à la mienne. Comme je demeure au rez-de-chaussée, et que l'air de la cour devenait malsain, je sortis dans la rue en compagnie d'un ami.

'Ici le spectacle commençait à prendre de grandes pro-

portions. Les Prussiens, qui paraissent connaître à fond les dispositions topographiques de Sonderbourg, lançaient une quantité de gros obus au milieu de la grande rue, qui tous éclataient à la hauteur du quartier-général; la foule effrayée, sortait en toute hâte des maisons, chacun emportant quelque gros paquet de linge, des utensiles de cuisine

‘ Je me souviens encore avec émotion d’une charmante petite fille qui suivait sa mère en jetant partout des regards curieux; la mère pliait sous le faix d’un fardeau de linge, l’enfant tenait dans ses bras un petit paquet et des joujoux, toutes deux marchaient vite; un instant elles s’arrêtèrent près d’un soldat couvert de boue qui venait du combat et s’apprêtait à y retourner; ce soldat était sans doute le chef de cette famille fugitive.. Il serra les deux mains de la mère, embrassa l’enfant, les regarda toutes deux, puis brusquement s’enfonça dans les rangs. Il était à peine tourné qu’un grand cri retentit; j’approchai; l’enfant venait d’avoir le ventre ouvert par un éclat d’obus, et la mère, à genoux à côté d’elle, prenait à pleines mains les entrailles qu’elle s’efforçait de contenir. Des yeux je cherchai le père : il était dans les rangs une main sur ses yeux, l’autre sur son fusil, qu’il serrait convulsivement. Une charrette approcha qui était pleine de paille, on y déposa le corps de l’enfant; la mère suivit oubliant son fardeau et pleurant.

‘ Nous avons respectueusement salué cette immense douleur. En moins d’une demi-heure, cent épisodes, tous navrants, se succédèrent. Voir souffrir des hommes, ce n’est rien; mais des femmes, des jeunes filles; et les gens qui accomplissaient ces massacres et ceux qui les avaient ordonnés ont eux aussi des femmes et des enfants! Ce bombardement, cette agression a débuté sans qu’aucun avis préalable eut été donné. Sonderbourg n’était pas une ville assiégée : ces cinq batteries non encore achevées, qui devaient la défendre, n’ont pas tiré un seul coup de canon. Les Prussiens ont donc gratuitement commis un acte de sauvagerie telle que, plus tard, on refusera d’y croire.

‘ A huit heures du soir, trois incendies se sont déclarés,

un dans le camp baraqué au delà du Sund, les deux autres dans la ville même.

‘ La grande rue, éclairée par les reflets du feu, présentait un aspect étrange ; toutes les troupes de réserve y étaient rangées en lignes le long des maisons, des charrettes pleines de paille allaient et revenaient au milieu de la chaussée ; celles qui revenaient laissaient derrière elles une traînée de sang, elles étaient pleines de blessés dirigés sur Augustenbourg. Peu à peu la confusion arriva, bien que le stoïcisme des soldats ne se démentît pas un seul instant ; c’était merveille de voir ces hommes rester immobiles et froids, sans tressaillir même quand un obus éclatait au-dessus d’eux. C’est pourtant une chose sinistre qu’un obus, on entend d’abord un sifflement particulier qui déchire le tympan, puis quand le sifflement cesse une détonation a lieu. Malheur alors à qui se trouve près de là. Un boulet passe et tout est dit, les éclats d’obus s’écartent, sautent, rejaillissent, et vous font de ces blessures horribles dont on ne meurt qu’après plusieurs jours. Ici ce n’était pas seulement un, mais dix obus qui tombaient à la fois avec une justesse de tir effrayante. “ Est-ce que nous allons rester sous une pareille cascade ? ” me dit mon ami.

“ — Je n’en vois pas l’utilité, et je n’en sens nullement le besoin,” répondis-je ; “ nous devons nous conserver afin de pouvoir au moins écrire ceci.”

“ — Faisons nos malles.”

‘ Comme nous allions pour faire les malles et dire adieu au lieutenant-colonel Février, qui se trouve en mission ici, un de ces projectiles incommodes dont je viens de parler siffla tout à coup derrière nous. Mon ami se jeta derrière un tas de paille, je pris mes jambes à mon cou pour en faire autant derrière des broussailles, l’orage éclata, tua deux soldats qui passaient et coupa les jambes d’une vieille femme.

‘ Cet incident nous rendit si expéditif dans la confection de nos malles, qui se composaient d’un sac de voyage, qu’en un clin d’œil nous fûmes prêts pour le départ.

‘ Ici commencèrent de grandes difficultés : il fallait se

frayer un passage au milieu d'une masse compacte d'hommes, de chevaux et de voitures, et l'on remuerait, je crois, plus facilement l'obélisque qu'un soldat danois à son poste. Je tenais d'autant plus à quitter Sonderbourg que, selon toute probabilité, le bombardement devait être le précurseur d'un assaut ou plutôt d'un débarquement par les troupes prussiennes. Malgré la bravoure des Danois, l'issue ne peut être douteuse ; ils sont un contre dix et leurs ennemis peuvent se renouveler chaque jour.

Enfin nous avons réussi à trouer la masse et à pouvoir marcher autrement qu'en pivotant sur nous-mêmes ; il faisait un temps affreux, il pleuvait, il ventait et nous enfoncions dans la boue jusqu'à la cheville ; tout autour de nous des femmes pleuraient silencieusement ; ces malheureuses, déjà chargées, trouvaient encore des forces pour porter leurs enfants. Derrière cette foule qui fuyait, le canon grondait, l'incendie projetait de lugubres lueurs, des obus passaient en sifflant, quelques cris aigus, de ces cris de souffrance qui vous transpercent le cœur, retentissaient ; c'était la désolation de la désolation.

C'est avec ce sinistre cortège que, vers dix heures du soir, nous sommes arrivés à Horuphaff, une pauvre ville située à une lieue et demie de Sonderbourg ; c'est là qu'arrivent les vapeurs ; à tout hasard, nous sommes montés à bord d'un de ceux-ci ; notre nuit s'est passée à écouter la cannonade. Ce matin, elle continue, et nous apprenons qu'aucune tentative de débarquement n'a eu lieu.

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