

winter, and in summer serves for a bedroom, the beds being generally built one above another, like the berths on ships. Another building, which is used as stable and cow-house, completes the square.

Knubb Erik Andersson, the father, is a true type of the Dalecarlian; his wife is Anna Mattsdotter; the eldest daughter, called after her mother, Anna Ersdotter, is a bright, blue-eyed, good-hearted girl; Margareta and Karin and Maria, and the youngest of all, a fine lad, Anders Ersson, constitute the family.

At this time of the year the people were out in the woods getting hay, but many returned on Saturday evening to spend Sunday on the farm, to go to church, and to meet friends who, like themselves, came for the day.

Not far from Knubb dwelt Ersters Erik Mattsson and his wife, Karin Mattsdotter—a fine specimen of an old couple. Their daughter Karin had a husband in America, and two small children at home: Daniel was a cunning boy, dressed in canary-colored clothes; little Anna was a perfect beauty; no peach ever rivalled the color of her rosy cheeks, and she was as loving and confiding with me as if I were her papa; Kerstin, the other daughter, was a strong, rather masculine girl, but with as good a heart as one could wish to find.

A week after midsummer I was on my way to the fair which was to take place at Mora. I found myself, with several friends whom I had invited to go with me and be my guests, on board the small steamer which plies between Leksand and Mora, which is situated some thirty miles distant, on the extreme northern part of the Siljan Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, flanked with gently sloping hills, dotted here and there with hamlets and farms; four parish churches are found on its shores—Leksand, Rättvik, Sollerö, and Mora. The fair begins on the first of July, lasting three days.

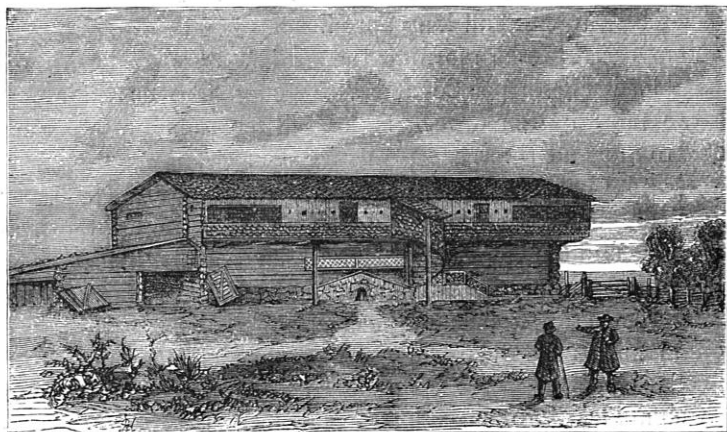
The steamer was crowded with Dalecarlians of both sexes, and the deck was so encumbered with goods that it was with difficulty that one could move from one part to another. Among the passengers were a number of merchants who were going to the fair with their goods, and several Swedish tourists

bound for the same place. Besides others with whom I became acquainted was a young lady from Stockholm, full of *näiveté*, who told me that she had been watching my doings with my peasant friends; then said, abruptly, "Herr Du Chaillu, I like you." I made a bow, and asked how I had created such a good impression upon her. She replied, "It is because you are so eccentric;" and for this I made another bow.

Twice we passed vast numbers of logs, enclosed in floating triangular frames of beams, being towed by a steamer to the outlet of the lake; we saw others at anchor, waiting for a tug. Everybody seemed bound to have a good time; and the hilarity became general, after a certain amount of refreshment had been taken by almost every one on board. One of the farmers from Mora, whom I treated to a glass of beer, was so much pleased that he insisted on my coming to stay at his farm, and offered me, in return, a pinch of snuff. The sail was delightful; and as the white church appeared nearer and nearer the young men combed their hair, and arranged it in what they considered the most attractive way. I did not wonder at these preparations, for the jetty was crowded with fair maidens who had come to witness the landing of the passengers. Numerous vehicles had already arrived, and the people were lodged at the hamlets near the fair grounds, whole families sleeping wherever there was space—even the barns were filled by the crowd. No room could be had at the comfortable inn of the place, the grounds of which were very pretty, with numerous summer-houses under the shade of which people could take their meals or refreshments; and I was therefore delighted by the invitation of Johansson, with whom I found excellent quarters at Noret, receiving a hearty welcome from his old father and mother.

Not far from the landing stands the parish church, much less capacious than that of Leksand, with whitewashed walls shining in the sun. It contains some curious paintings, among which is a representation of the devil on a large scale, with a tremendous horn. This picture gives, I suppose, a good idea of what the people thought the monster was like at the time it was painted, and of the popular estimate of the prince of darkness.

At a short distance, on the other side of the river, is Utmeland, so dear to the Swedish heart, for there the great Gustaf, founder of the Vasa dynasty, was hidden in a cellar by Matts Larson's wife. When those who were seeking his life arrived the wife was brewing the yule ale, and she placed a vat over the trap-door leading below. The vault is the only thing that remains of the old farm-house, but over it a shrine has been built, enriched with historical paintings, one of which is by Carl XV. It was with no little emotion that I descended into this small cellar, as I recollected the history of the monarch and his descendants who have thrown such a halo of glory around their country's name—not among the least the great Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of the Thirty Years' War.



THE ORNASSTUGA.

Every place where Gustavus Vasa was sheltered or hidden when he came to Dalecarlia is pointed out with pride. There is a house in Ornäs, on Lake Runn, south of Falun, still standing, in which Gustavus slept overnight; but its owner, Arendt Persson, an old friend of his, tried to betray him to the Danes, when again he was saved by the traitor's wife, Barbro Stigsdotter, who provided him with conveyance to the pastor at Svärdsjö, where he was safe for the time being.

The Mora costume is picturesque; the women wear red

instead of white stockings, and shorter dresses than those in Leksand, and evidently are not averse to showing the symmetry of their limbs. The skirt is of black homespun wool, often bordered with yellow, and the waist is red; the apron is generally of the color of the skirt, with two or three bright bands at the bottom. On the head they wear a neat handkerchief of calico, nicely ironed, and take great pride in properly tying the knot under the chin. The women part their hair on the back of the head, and the two locks thus formed are wrapped their whole length with ribbons—of a white color in the case of wives, and red for the maidens—and these are bound around the top of the head, forming a sort of crown. The men wear a bluish coat, shorter than that of Leksand, knee-breeches, dark-blue stockings instead of white, and on week-days the vest and long apron.

Very early in the morning the road was crowded with vehicles loaded with people, and with pedestrians on their way to the fair; by ten o'clock at least three thousand were on the ground, and the scene presented a most animated appearance, and very striking from the variety of costume. Over the doors hung skins, shoes, etc., as signs; there were also hardware and dry goods stores, the latter crowded with pretty girls in search of the printed head-kerchiefs worn in Mora and Orsa. Groceries, wool, and even salt pork from America, were bought and sold. The centre of greatest attraction was the jewellery booths, where thousands of silver rings, plain and ornamented, were displayed; for if there is anything a *dalkulla* likes it is to see her fingers well adorned with rings. A large assortment of brooches, thimbles, spoons, and fancy articles was a tempting sight. Few girls bought gold rings, as they were too expensive for their slender means. I gave away hundreds of silver rings to my fair friends. At the inn I kept open table, inviting many to partake of refreshment, and before the evening had over a hundred invitations to different farms. The heat of the sun was intense, and the cool places where lager and wines were sold were literally packed with people. A popular feature was a large tent, where a big bear was on exhibition.

During the afternoon, while among the horses and vehicles, where numerous groups of people were seated on the grass eating their dinners, my attention was drawn to a young couple commencing a flirtation; he ostensibly feeding his horse, she coming to her cart close by, apparently to get something that she had forgotten. Furtive glances were cast around to see if they were watched, for they would have no peace among their neighbors if they were suspected of courting: heretofore somebody had always been in the way, and their eyes only could meet, speaking tender messages; now they could have a little talk. When she said good-bye, the words *icke så brådtom* (not so hasty) made her tarry as long as she could without exciting suspicion. But he will come some Saturday evening (the lover's day) to her father's farm, and show the maiden that her beau of the fair has not forgotten her.

Spirits being sold at Mora, many men had gone to that place to fill their flasks or bottles to take home; but their good intentions were not carried out at the proper time, as the contents had disappeared during intercourse with friends, who in their turn thought themselves bound to return the compliment; the consequence was that soon they all began to feel the effects, and before the close of the day King Alcohol had most of the men as his subjects; but though exhilarated, and some even intoxicated, they were good-natured, and the younger men wanted to make love to all the girls they met, acting as if they were going to kiss them, and often walking with their arms around the maidens' waists. I noticed that none were so far gone as not to be able to distinguish the good-looking ones; but the *dalkulla* is no weak creature—she is fully equal to resisting approaches in a joking way, or suddenly disappearing among the crowd. It was a jovial and characteristic scene, with hardly any disagreeable features—certainly with none of the quarrelling, coarseness, and boisterousness usually accompanying such a festive occasion in more favored southern climes. There are only two fairs in a year, and every one wanted a good time. By seven o'clock the people began to leave, and by eleven the place was deserted. So passed the first and by far the more lively part of the fair.

## CHAPTER XXI.

A Wedding in Dalecarlia.—Arrival at Westanor.—Welcome at Liss.—Preparations for a Wedding.—The Larder well stocked.—Drinkables abundant.—The Bridegroom and the Bride.—Great Number of Guests.—Lodging the Guests.—My Quarters.—Dressing the Bride.—Leaving for the Church.—The Procession.—Imposing Sight in the Church.—Many Bride'smaids.—The Nuptial Ceremony.—Return to Westanor.—Congratulating the Bride and Bridegroom.—The First Meal.—Dancing.—A Lull.—A Week of Festivities.—End of the Wedding-feast.—Giving Presents to the Bride.

ON a bright midsummer-eve I found myself again in Dalecarlia, and in the parish of Leksand, very weary, having travelled night and day from Umeå Lappmark, over a distance of nearly six hundred miles. I arrived just in time for a wedding to which I had been invited, and which was to take place the following day. Towards the close of a brilliant sunset I entered the hamlet of Westanor, and alighted before the farm of Liss. The tall forms of the old riksdagsman and his eldest son appeared on the threshold, with warm words of welcome. Carl, another son, and expectant groom, said, "Paul, I was afraid that you would not be here for my wedding." I assured him that I should have been greatly disappointed had I arrived too late for the ceremony.

I was no stranger at Westanor and the adjacent hamlet of Smedby, and all my friends were glad to see me again. Not the least among them were dear old Tingubb Ole Andersson and his good wife Brita, with their young daughter Anna, and the good people of Skaft, Olars, Nygård, and other farms.

A wedding in Dalarne, when the betrothed belong to the families of wealthy bönder, is no small affair, especially if the parents of the bride and bridegroom rank high socially among their neighbors and in the parish. Invitations are extended personally, by members of the respective families, about two

weeks before the ceremony, and each guest gives a small measure of malt to make ale for the feast.

For several weeks preparations had been made at the Liss and Olars farms for the coming festivities, and knäckebröd had been baked in large quantities; for the last two or three days several girls had busied themselves in making soft bread. Parties had been sent fishing, and returned with the results of their trip. Many sheep and an ox had been slaughtered; there was also an abundance of bacon, butter, and cheese: barrels after barrels of potatoes were lying in rows. Looking at the huge piles of bread and other provisions, I wondered if it would ever be possible for the guests to eat all. The drinkables, which constitute so important a part of a wedding-feast, had not been forgotten, and a large supply was on hand. A great deal of dark and strong ale had been brewed and was stored in barrels, near which were numerous kegs of bränvin, sherry, port-wine, and Swedish punch, and bottles without end. Though I knew from former experience how much would disappear, I felt sure that nothing would run short on this occasion. One of the ancient customs still prevalent is that called "förning." It consists of each guest bringing or sending a contribution in eatables or drinkables to help carry on the feast. Puddings and cakes of all kinds had been sent by neighbors and invited guests. A large arbor of branches of birch-trees had been erected in the yard of each farm, to protect the guests from the rays of the sun, and arches had been built over the gates and doors.

Liss Lars Olsson, the father of the bridegroom, was not only a wealthy farmer (said to be worth about twenty or thirty thousand dollars), but, as we have seen in a former chapter, had been for many years one of the riksdagsmen who represented Dalecarlia; his eldest son, Liss Olof Larsson, had now succeeded him, and was considered a very able man. He was a bank commissioner of the Diet—an office of great trust—and also *nämndeman* (jurymen).\* No two men were more re-

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\* In each härad (judicial district) there are twelve jurymen, elected by the land-owners of the district, who, with the district judge, decide certain cases.

spected in Leksand. The father of the bride, Olars Anders Olsson, a neighbor, was also very much esteemed, and the owner of a large number of acres of good land and forests.

The wedding was particularly agreeable to the two families, for a sister of the bridegroom had married a brother of the bride. Generally the wedding-feast is given only by the father of the bridegroom; but in this case, as it was to be on a grand scale, and the father of the bride was a neighbor, the festivities were to be held at the two farms at the same time. One could hear continually the rattling of plates and dishes, the clatter of knives, forks, and spoons, and the tinkling of glasses sent by neighbors and friends, for no one household could furnish crockery enough for such an entertainment. Tailors and shoemakers had finished their work, especially for this occasion, and the last preparations were taking place.

It was no easy matter to lodge all the guests; but the neighbors came forward, and every dwelling in the hamlet was turned into a lodging-house. There is such pride in regard to hospitality shown to honored guests, that each family did its best; the finest linen sheets and pillow-cases were taken from the storehouse, for it would never do for people to return home with unpleasant remarks on the hospitality of Farmer So-and-so, or to be able to call him and his wife mean people. A small bright-red house, containing a single room, was assigned to me during the week of the festivities. The furniture consisted of two fixed beds, opposite each other, with a window between; but, on account of the great number of guests who had arrived from a distance, a temporary couch also had been put in.

I was the first to retire, and had hardly done so when the bride and the sister of the bridegroom came in, and said, "Paul, are you asleep?" On my saying no, each added, "I hope you will have a good time during the wedding;" and taking off their shoes, and partly dressed, they lay down to rest on the bed opposite mine. This was true Dalarne hospitality—a mark of honor and respect. I was trusted as if I were a Dalecarlian, for the girls said, "We come here to keep you company; we do not want you to feel lonely, for it is not



pleasant to be all alone in a house." Soon after a dalkarl, and a handsome dalkulla to whom he was engaged, came in, and both lay, fully dressed, on the other couch, and fell asleep in each other's arms.

At three o'clock I was awakened by the bride, who had risen and was putting on her shoes; she was going to the house of her future father-in-law to begin her toilet, as several hours are required for this ceremony in Dalecarlia. I got up soon after and asked Carl, the bridegroom, and the old folks if I could go into the room where the bride was being dressed, and all at once said, "Certainly, Paul, you can go."

The girl was seated on a chair, surrounded by several of her companions, every one of whom was either making a suggestion or helping in her toilet. Then would come a pause, and a final judgment be rendered on what had been done. In front of the bride a looking-glass was held by an admiring friend. Now and then the old riksdagsman's wife would come in to see how things were progressing, and to remind the party that the hour for going to church was near at hand.

The wedding costume is like that ordinarily worn by the women of the parish, except that a large quantity of artificial flowers and beads are sewed on the body of the dress; all the brooches that have been given the bride are fastened in front, and for the first time she wears on her head the white close-fitting cap which designates the married state. The groom is distinguished only by a broad white collar falling over his coat; this, with the wedding-shirt, is the gift of the bride.

As the time to depart for the church approached I dressed myself, and for this especial occasion, in the costume worn by the men of the parish of Leksand: when I peeped into the glass to see myself a glow of satisfaction overspread my face, and, with a feeling of vanity natural to men on such an occasion, I really thought I was not ill-looking. When I appeared out-of-doors a shout of delight greeted me, and they said, "Look at Paul—he is not proud; he is now like one of us." I had no idea that this freak of mine would produce such a good effect on my Dalecarlian friends.

As the wedding-hour drew near cart after cart appeared.

A bridal party must be accompanied by a great number of vehicles—the more there are of these, the greater the compliment to the families; every friend is expected to come on wheels, so that the show on the way to and from church may be worthy of the station of the bride. The scene in the lane and around Liss was of a most lively character. A procession was formed, the ex-riksdagsman with one of his married daughters taking the lead; the second carriage, drawn by two horses—a very unusual thing—contained the bride (who held in her hand the psalm-book, carefully wrapped in a large silk handkerchief, which, according to custom, had been given to her a few days before by her intended husband), the groom, and myself: more than one hundred vehicles followed, loaded with people. As we drove along the high-road and passed the farm-houses many people were out to see the procession, and I could hear them say, “Look at Paul in a dalkarl’s dress.”

The church of Leksand that day presented a most brilliant appearance; it was literally packed, and there was hardly standing-room; even the aisles were crowded, and over five thousand people must have been there. As the Midsummer-day is a very popular one for weddings, six other couples were to be united in the bonds of matrimony. From the upper gallery the view was very striking. The couples were near the altar, and the bride’smaids collectively numbered over one hundred and fifty; they were scattered in different groups, however, instead of being near the brides and bridegrooms. They were easily recognized by the artificial flowers and beads on the bodies of their dresses—although these were in lesser quantity than on those of the brides—and by their red maiden caps. The service commenced with a hymn of praise, sung by thousands of voices, accompanied by the great organ; after this all couples to be married went under a red canopy before the altar, where the marriage ceremony was performed with the exchanging of rings. When all was over, the bridal parties and guests got into their respective carriages, and, after a little confusion, our procession started back, the newly-wedded pair now taking the lead, the rest following in the same order as before.

After arriving at Liss, the happy couple were congratulated by the guests, who shook hands with the bride, she receiving all with becoming modesty. In the mean time food had been cooked for more than five hundred persons by the respective parents of the newly-married pair, who were to keep open house the whole of the week. It being impossible for all to eat at once, the most honored guests and nearest relatives were first invited, and I among them. Then came the usual scenes characteristic of Scandinavia: all those specially invited kept themselves modestly in the yard, or in a corner of the room; when any name was called by the host or hostess, the person had to be dragged to the place assigned, often with some difficulty, each thinking the end of the table good enough for him: it is considered very rude to go at once. When my turn came, I imitated the natives—I resisted manfully, and it took five minutes to get me to my proper seat; which taken, I became as gentle as a lamb. The mothers and sisters were in the kitchen, surrounded by servants, serving up and sending in the dishes; the sons saw to it that the guests had enough to drink. Dishes after dishes were passed around, and all were constantly urged to eat more: it seemed to be firmly believed that on a wedding-day one can eat for hours without ceasing, and can drink at least four times as much as on ordinary occasions without feeling the effects.

Among the guests were a couple having a fine farm but no children; and as the fish was passed around I suggested that they should not let it go by, but help themselves, adding that I had come from the North, where the people eat much fish and have large families. This was taken up by the guests in the midst of uproarious laughter, and all shouted and urged them to help themselves, which they did bountifully, amidst general merriment.

I had hardly left the table, and was taking breath in the yard, when I was seized by the father of the bride, who insisted on my following him to his house to take another meal. In vain I expostulated and resisted—eat I must, and drink I must; they would not take no for an answer, and I soon had occasion to ask myself if I could continue this way of liv-

ing for six days more. By seven o'clock the hamlet was decidedly exhilarated; everybody was happy—very happy—for all had on this festive occasion drunk many times to the health of the bride. As it was vacation, the school-house, by permission, had been transformed into a ball-room; three musicians played on violins in one corner, and here hundreds of guests had been invited. Drinking was indulged in *ad libitum*, the young men of the respective families being the bar-tenders, and freely giving whatever was asked for. The dancing continued all night, the bride having to dance with every man; but the bridegroom, who was not in good health, was allowed to go home, otherwise he would have been obliged to do likewise with every woman. The second day dancing began in the afternoon, and again the bride had to be present and dance with her friends. She had laid aside the flowers which adorned her bridal-dress, and instead wore the silk handkerchief in which was wrapped her psalm-book the day of the wedding.

On the third day there was a lull in the festivities for a time, for many of the guests were very tired, some having taken rest only now and then; others had violent headaches, produced by want of sleep or excessive eating and drinking, and were groaning under the pain. This peculiar headache is called *kopparslagare*, as the throbbing pain in the region of the temples is said to remind the sufferer of the thumps given by a coppersmith on a vessel he is mending. I suffered some discomfort from such promiscuous eating and drinking, for with all my care I could not always refuse to skål with a friend—here with a glass of wine, there with beer, then with something else. I stole away to a neighboring farm with friends who also felt exhausted. In one room was a bed where the mother and father lay, and I threw myself upon the other where the daughter was fast asleep.

On the fourth day there was a revival, and things went on in the old way till Saturday noon; but nothing was wanting, and food and drink were apparently as plentiful as on the first day. In the afternoon the bride and bridegroom stood in the main room of the largest dwelling-house of Liss, where the guests, who had made preparations to return home, one after

another came to bid them good-bye, and thank them for the pleasant time they had had. Every one, as he left, put in the hands of the bride some bank-bills, which, without looking at, she dropped into the big linen pouch hung, on that occasion, at her side: this was the parting gift, and every guest, according to his means, gave money to the bride. The girls of the hamlet had held a meeting, and all had agreed that each should give exactly the same sum. A popular bride often gets a considerable amount in this manner, which enables her and her husband to begin life quite cheerfully. I thought the custom good, and most practical; so I made an offering, said good-bye, wishing the happy pair long life and happiness, and departed.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Again in Dalecarlia.—On the Road to Orsa.—Pleasant Travelling Companions.—Löf Kistin.—Vångsgärde.—Skradder Anders.—Welcomed at Kaplans.—Pålack.—Mårts.—The Church Hamlet of Orsa.—Consequences of giving a Gold Ring.—Costume of Orsa.—Dalecarlian Names.—The Church of Orsa.—A Handsome People.—Exquisite Complexion of the Young Women.—Orsa a Poor Parish.—The Stock of a Farm.—Hamlets away from the High-road.—My First Introduction among them.—We are great Friends.—Their Loving Letters.—Their great Kindness.—Three Friends.—Large Numbers of Widows.—The Farm of Guns.—Leaving for the Fäbodar.

ONE year had passed away since the wedding of the old riksdagsman's son, and I found myself again in Dalecarlia. The fair at Mora was over, and once more I was on my way to Orsa—and to this day there are no parts of Scandinavia more pleasantly remembered by me. There was in the vehicle Löf Kistin, Per's dotter, a poor widow with a small farm, having more children than heads of cattle, who could by working hard just get along; but, in spite of poverty, she was kind-hearted, and her weather-beaten face was the image of honesty. The other was Smids Kisti, from Stenberg, a pleasant girl, who was returning with the proceeds of a sucking-pig, barely two weeks old, which she had sold at the fair for six kronor—a pretty good price. She was delighted at the thought of swelling the little sum by the proceeds of the fare she was to receive for driving me: she had taken up poor Kistin, who had come to the fair all the way on foot in the morning.

We chatted merrily as we drove along; it was late, so the road was not crowded, and we met only a few women—some carrying their babies slung on their backs by leather bands—or gayly-dressed girls, and young men on the way to their farms. As I journeyed towards Orsa, to see my old friends, I

noticed everywhere the remains of midsummer festoons hanging over the porches, and the faded flowers on the May-poles. After a drive of eight miles we left Lof Kistin before her humble home; as we parted she said, "Paul, no cattle are on the farms now; but I have a milch cow at home, and the children to-morrow will bring you sweet milk and cream."

A little farther I entered the hamlet of Vångsgärde, where, on my former visit, I had been stopped on the highway, while passing his blacksmith shop, by Skrädder Anders Hansson, who owned a fine farm here. He shouted, "Amerikanare, stop your horse—sleep here! you will be welcome on my farm; I have caught some nice fish in the lake, and you will have a good supper. I have a brother in America, and I want you to stop with me. Please tarry, even if it is only for a night; I have a fine horse, and a good house close by, and I will take you to-morrow where you like; I will also give all the milk you can drink." I could not resist his earnest invitation, and my cart wheeled to his farm, amidst the joyous shouts of those around. I was treated royally by Anders and his wife Kirstin. Unfortunately, she spoke only the old *dalspråket* (language), and it was very hard for me to understand her. Anders was one of the best-hearted fellows I ever met. Soon we were quite intimate. There was nothing too good for me, and I passed the night in a little house by the porch leading to the lane. Skrädder was a fair farm; but, besides, my friend was an excellent blacksmith, and his trade yielded him a good living; he had the reputation of being one of the best fishermen, and also somewhat of a hunter. He invited me to come and visit him as often as I liked. "Paul," said he, "I will build an upper story, and there will be your rooms, and you will have a fine view over the Orsa Lake."

But this year the large gate leading into the yard of Skrädder was barred; nobody was at home. Continuing my way, I entered Holn, an adjacent hamlet, and alighted before Kaplans, where my friends, Per Persson and his good wife Kisten, Lars's dotter, received me with open arms, their faces beaming with joy, for they had been looking for me for some days, having heard that I was in Dalarne; little Kisten, a sweet, deli-

cate child, who was as fond of me as I was of her, soon climbed into my lap, and their sons, Per and Hans, were asking me all sorts of questions. Skradder Anders had left word that he was obliged to go to the meadows to mow the hay, and that I must not fail to come and see him there.

In my turn I inquired for my friends: who had been married, and who had died since my last visit; what were the prospects of the crop; while all the time little Kisten was sitting on my lap, and showing me the photograph I had sent to her parents. Meanwhile the mother was preparing a hearty meal for me, and, as I was expected, they had dried some new hay for my bed, which was to be in the loft of the barn. Fresh sheepskins and homespun blankets had been spread over, and when I retired they all said, "Paul, no fleas will come and trouble you." Early the next morning Lof Kistin arrived with a pail of sweet milk.

Many a farmer has a trade. Skradder Anders, as we have seen, was a blacksmith; Kaplans Per was a tailor, and had earned quite a reputation for the making of leather knee-breeches. His small house and farm were neat, and his wife an excellent house-keeper; they were so fond of me that they wanted me to take a meal at least every two hours. These were, of course, very simple, for no cloth covered the plain board; the frying-pan was often put on the table, the butter was served in its pail, to make sure that I should have enough, and there was bread for at least ten persons; they all seemed delighted that they could give me milk, cream, wild raspberries, and other things they knew I liked.

Contiguous to Per Persson's farm was another of the same name which belonged to Hans Olsson, whose family was composed of Anna, Lars's dotter, his wife, a son called Hans, two daughters called Kirstin and Anna, and a young school-master. Near by was Palack. Here the husband was dead, and had left a widow with six children—four girls and two boys; the three eldest daughters, Anna, Kerstin, and Margit, were grown up, and helped in the varied work of the farm; while the younger children, Karin, Anders, and Lars, assisted in their way. I admired the two little fellows: they never grumbled



at what they were told to do, and seemed always eager to help their mother and sisters.

Another farm, almost facing Kaplans, on the other side of the road, was Ullars, belonging to Per Hansson; and farther than Skradder were the farms of Borbos, Bruks, Mångsa, Bogg, and others.

By the shores of Orsa Lake was the hamlet of Lunden. I was very fond of going there to visit Mårts, a poor farm, owned by a worthy widow, Anna Anders's dotter, dearly loved by my friends of Kaplans. Time had furrowed her bronzed but honest face, for she and her daughter Kerstin had to work hard, as the farm was small and its products were not always enough to support them; but they always insisted on my partaking of the best they had. Kerstin has since married a manly fellow, who I trust is worthy of her; but a letter I have received from them tells me that good old Anna is dead.

About two miles from Holn is Orsa Kyrkoby (The Church hamlet), a peculiarly ugly place, consisting of sixty or seventy farms or homesteads, close together, without fields between, and with very narrow streets. In summer the stables attract swarms of flies, which bite so persistently that after three in the morning one cannot sleep. The people do not take any measures to guard against them, and nets are unknown. Mosquitoes are also numerous, and fleas abundant, except at the station. Should a fire occur, with a high wind, the place would be entirely destroyed. The watchman constantly walks the streets while the people sleep, and cries the hours of the night. I was always amused by the old fellow, who had for his companion a young and handsome girl.

The inhabitants of this hamlet were far less hospitable than in others, on account of the crowd, and no milk or food were offered to the stranger. The inn was at that time much frequented; many had come to buy provisions before leaving for their farms. There were several stores, some being licensed to sell beer and wine. The place was a general rendezvous of purchasers, and many of the men rarely returned till they had indulged in several glasses of beer, or in a beverage called Norwegian wine, made of berries, containing so much alcohol

that it took but little to make one tipsy. As the sale of spirits was forbidden, the wine had to be strong. One day the surroundings of the inn were more boisterous than usual. The young men of the beväring had come back, and were celebrating their return home by freely drinking with their friends either of the liquors they bought in the village or the bränvin they had brought with them. The beväring is a military organization, composed of young men between twenty-one and twenty-five years of age, and during that time they have to drill for three weeks the first two years.

On my first visit here I had discovered that the giving of a gold ring to a maiden meant a great deal. Among the many friends I had made at the fair at Mora was a kulla from one of the hamlets of the parish of Orsa, on whose engagement-finger, without knowing its significance, I had placed a ring. A few days afterwards, late one night, I came to that part of the parish near which her family lived; but the affair had entirely left my mind. At the early hour of four o'clock in the morning I was aroused from slumber by a knock at the door. Bidding the person enter—though grumbling at the same time at the disturbance—I recognized a friend at the fair and the father of the girl whose finger I had adorned. "Good-morning, Paul," said he, in a very friendly voice; "I am glad to see you in Orsa. You must come and see us; we live only half a mile from here." Approaching my bed he said, in a confidential voice, "Paul, there is a *stor språk* (big talk) in our village in regard to the ring you gave to my daughter; I come to ask you what is your meaning. Do you really think of marrying her?" I had no such intention, and no idea that I had created such an excitement. The girl was very pretty, and her fair complexion and unexceptional bearing had attracted my attention; from my giving her the ring the good people thought I had fallen desperately in love with her at first sight, and the family had no objection to the match, especially as many from that hamlet had emigrated to the United States. My answer was simply, "We do not marry so hastily in America, and do not bind ourselves in such a way. Your daughter is a very fine girl, and I gave her that

ring simply as a token of friendship. I have given many such as souvenirs to remember me by." Nothing more was said, and the good fellow made me promise to come and see him. When I went to the farm I was received most cordially; but the excitement was great among the neighbors, who thought I had come to ask the hand of the fair Dalecarlian, notwithstanding my protestations to the contrary. Afterwards I was very particular when I gave a gold ring, and took the precaution to give several in the same hamlet, to prevent any gossiping.

The costume of Orsa is very unlike that of other parishes. The coats of the men are of white homespun cloth, and short; Generally two are worn, the under one being without sleeves; this is done for better fitting. Knee-breeches of white leather and dark-blue stockings are worn. All part their hair in the middle. The body of the dress of the women is of bright scarlet wool, allowing the long white sleeves of their chemises, which come to the wrist, to be seen. The skirt is of bluish-black thick woollen cloth, often ruffled in weaving, over which is a fine yellow leather apron, with a border of black cloth at the bottom, or one made of the same material as the dress. The stockings are of white wool; and often queer shoes, with the heel in the centre, are worn. They fasten the hair so tight that in the course of time it becomes very thin at the parting; their head-dress is a colored handkerchief, always smoothly ironed, the knot being tied with great care.

There are but very few names in Dalecarlia, as it is customary there, as well as in many other districts of Scandinavia, to call the children first after their father or mother, then after their grandparents and other relations. Among females Anna is by far the most common; then comes Kristina, Margaretha, Katharina, and Birgitta. These names, except Anna, are spelled in different ways by the Dalecarlians: Kirstin, Kirsten, Kestin, Kisten, Kistin, Stina, Margit, Marget, Margreta, Greta. No one is ever called Katharina—but Karen, Karin, Carin, Kari. Birgitta is always shortened into Brita or Britta. These four names, with few exceptions, are those of almost all the

women ; and the only way to distinguish one from another is by the name of the farm. The same may be said of the names given to men. Anders, Lars, Hans, Olof, Erik or Erick, Jöns, Per or Pehr, and Daniel constitute almost the entire list—the first five being very common.

The parish church, close to the village, and not far from Orsa Lake, is about ten miles distant from that of Mora, and is reached from the latter place by the picturesque highway passing through some of the hamlets we have mentioned. The edifice is of stone, plastered over, and is kept dazzling white inside and outside. The cemetery which surrounds it is also enclosed by a white wall. Sunday is the day on which the tourist can get the best idea of the physical development of the Dalecarlians.

The people of Orsa are, I think, the handsomest in Dalecarlia. The graceful costumes of the men show off their fair proportions. They are strong, tall, and active, as befits the hilly character of their parish. Many of their maidens have that peculiar Swedish complexion which, for clearness, fairness, and freshness, surpasses any I have seen elsewhere. The rose-tints which suffuse their cheeks are as delicate as those of the apple-blossom floating in milk. Add to this the deep-blue eyes, cherry lips, fine teeth—kept very white by chewing the *kåda* (gum from the fir-tree)—fair and silky hair, and you have what may be considered a type of beauty found only in Sweden. In no other countries where the blonde complexion predominates has the blush of the cheeks that exquisitely pink tinge, which gradually melts and diffuses itself into the extremely white skin. This complexion is probably produced by the peculiar climate.

But if the people are handsome their parish is poor, for the farms are small and the families large ; very few of their houses are painted, and they are not kept as clean and tidy as those of Leksand, and have no gardens or orchards near them. Few farms have more than five cows—many have but two, with some goats, sheep, and a pig or two. Poor, indeed, is the family that does not own a horse ; and the ambition of those who have none is to become so rich that they may buy one.

On the highway from Mora to Skattungén Lake branch many narrow, rough roads, leading to numerous hamlets, hidden from sight by intervening hills or woods. There the people are still more primitive and trusty. Among those I have visited are Sandbäck, Wiborg, Oljonsby, Torvol, Maggås, Kallmora, Stackmora, Orsbleck, and others. Even now methinks I hear the voices of welcome which greeted me at the threshold of every farm-house.

The first time I visited one of these was with Skrädder Anders, who wished to introduce me to one of his friends, Gubb Ole Andersson, the owner of a very good farm in Wiborg. What a welcome I received, and how great was the excitement of the neighbors who crowded around me when Anders gave the most minute details of his acquaintance with me—of what he heard the riksdagsman of Leksand and many others of that parish say of me at the fair of Mora. He also spoke of the special letters the governor had given me, among which was one for Mångs Hans Ersson, of their own parish, a well-known bonde of Stackmora; and, to crown all, he assured them that I was one of the best fellows in the world. Such were my credentials on my first acquaintance, and the warm welcome I received from all proved that his speech had the desired effect, and that his friends believed his words.

No introductions were now required in Orsa or anywhere near. Wherever I visited there was joy in the household; I was treated like one of their loved relatives, and the inner life of this warm-hearted people freely made known to me. The broad Atlantic divides us; months and years have rolled by, but the same warm Dalecarlian hearts beat; the old friends still think of me and love me. Often my thoughts wander back to the days gone by—to that pure and loving and trusting nature still found here and there in the midst of our restive and busy world, but especially in Scandinavia. If we cannot see each other we can at least write one to another: and how beautiful are their simple letters! There is no hiding of thoughts, no studied phrases; they come right out and say what they feel, and I never knew how much they loved me until we were parted. How endearing are their expressions!

so much so, that, if it were not for the signature, I would often mistake a letter from a man for that of a woman. I have received as many as three or four hundred letters a year from Scandinavia, many of which I have preserved, and sometimes I love to read them over again, as they bring back vividly to my mind friends that are far away, but who are not forgotten. All of them begin with some affectionate expression, of which I give a few examples:

“My good friend Paul Du Chaillu;” “Best friend Paul Du Chaillu;” “Good Paul;” “My dear friend Paul;” “My dear and kind Paul;” “My dear friend and brother Paul Du Chaillu;” “Best Paul;” “My best friend Paul;” “My kind and never-forgotten Paul, who has a heart which reaches as far as to Dalarne;” “My good friend Paul Du Chaillu;” “Kind Paul Du Chaillu;” “Beloved Paul Du Chaillu;” “My kind Paul;” “My kind friend Paul;” “Always remembered friend Paul;” “My beloved and kind friend Paul;” “Tenderly beloved Paul Du Chaillu;” “My unforgotten friend Paul;” “My beloved friend Paul;” “My dear and beloved friend Paul;” “My dear and kind friend Paul;” “My affectionate, tenderly-beloved friend Paul.”

The letters are signed in the same loving spirit, showing the place which I still retain in their affection. I append a few signatures:

“To our beloved and much remembered friend Paul, for what we have received we sign our names;” “May God grant thee a happy voyage here. I never forget friend Paul;” “We never forget friend Paul;” “Be so kind as to accept this letter with friendly hand, sweet Paul;” “Faithfully and friendly I sign my name;” “Live well, friend Paul. Amen.” “Farewell for this time. Signed by a humble friend;” “Many greetings from all thy friends;” “Live well, my dear Paul;” “Most hearty and dear greeting to my most humble and amiable Paul. Good-bye—live well;” “Do not forget thy friend;” “Signs with great friendship;” “Most friendly greeted from thy true friend;” “With friendship from thy true friend;” “Accept affectionate greetings from a humble friend;” “Good-bye for this time, my kind Paul, signs thy

faithful and never-forgotten ;” “ A thousand, thousand thanks for the letter—it pleased me very much ;” “ I heard that thou hadst not forgotten me, and I had also not forgotten thee ;” “ Now I end my humble letter with a thousand-fold dear and frequent greeting from a true friend ;” “ Forget-me-not—I have certainly not forgotten thee, my friend ;” “ With great friendship signs thy— ;” “ Never forget thy friend ;” “ Most friendly I sign my name ;” “ I can never forget thee, but I often think of thee ;” “ I now must end my letter with a thousand-fold dear greeting to thee, Paul Du Chaillu, and all thy friends ;” “ And may God guard thee over the ocean, if thou wilt travel to us. Live well—be happy ;” “ Paul, thou hast promised us that if God gives us life and health we shall meet next summer ;” “ Live and feel well, my dear and beloved friend ;” “ Most faithful and affectionate friend Paul ;” “ Most sincere and dearest greetings to my heartiest and most amiable friend Paul. Good-bye—live well ;” “ Best friend Paul, I never forget thee. Live well ;” “ Now I send my humble letter with a thousand-fold dear and repeated greeting from a faithful friend.”

From the perusal of the above the reader may imagine the friendly greetings I received when visiting Dalecarlia.

On a warm summer day I bade good-bye to Holn and Vångsgårde, and a pleasant walk brought me to the hamlets of Oljonsby and Wiborg, situated about two miles from the main road. The farms of these two places are scattered here and there, and a stranger does not know when he enters one and leaves the other.

In many parishes or judicial districts there is a public piece of land, like the English common, called *allmänning*, where the people of a hamlet have a right to pasture their flocks and herds. There are also forest commons (*skogsallmänning*). If any one in the parish, wishing to build a house, can show that he does not possess the forest required for his purpose, he makes an official request to the district judge, when he is holding court, who will then issue an order to the jägmästare and to two members of the communal council to have the wood cut for his use.

Almost all the farms were owned by friends of mine, and it would be difficult for me to say where I was the most welcome. I only remember that it was impossible for me to become hungry, for I could not call at any house without having a meal set before me, and to refuse to eat was out of the question; I could not have dared to do so without running the risk of incurring the displeasure of the family. I had eaten with a neighbor, and I had to do likewise with the next, no matter if the repast had been taken but one hour before. There seemed to be a rivalry among all to do the best they could, and outdo each other in kindness to me. When I called at a farm, immediately the husband and wife, the son and daughter, insisted that I should spend the night; and if I had promised some one else before, they insisted that I should not leave their hamlet without doing likewise with them. They wanted their dear friend Paul to be happy, for Paul was in *främmande land* (a foreign country), and they were afraid he would feel lonely and sad. Their love was returned by me, and I also tried my best to please them in a hundred little ways. The simple tokens of remembrance I gave them were appreciated the same as if they had been gifts of the greatest value; and often I think of the hamlets of Oljonsby, Wiborg, Torvol, Sandbäck, Maggås, and of the farms of Gubb, Jempeters, Benjamin, Mikols, Rytter, Bärtas, Guns, Hanser, Bäcker, Karins, Brätt, Lagger, Agdur, Nissa, Finspers, Jemt, and many others, where so many pleasant hours have been spent in the study of those primitive natures, in which I detected every day traits and characteristics which were entirely unknown to me before.

One peculiarity of the country was that whenever I met a dalkulla she would, as a sign of friendship, pull out of her pocket a piece of rock candy and give it to me, or insist that I should take at least a bite; or take out of her mouth a piece of the kâda she chewed, and give it to me to do likewise: to refuse the latter would have been a breach of etiquette.

Agdur Anders, Bärtas Hans, Benjamins Per and I were great chums, and when their work was over we would often meet and pay visits together; once or twice we went and sere-



naded the fair Dalecarlian damsels, whose parents, after awhile, would invite us to come in, and offer little glasses of spirits; and, a chat over, we would depart and visit another farm. At other times we would go to The Church hamlet to buy something, and then before returning would join in a glass of beer. Agdur Anders and Bärtas Hans are now married. Benjamins Per and friend Paul are still single.

I was struck while in Orsa by the great number of widows I knew. It was indeed sad to see so many large families under the care of poor mothers. "How is it?" I inquired. "Paul," they would answer, "money is hard to get; our farms are poor, our children are numerous, and our husbands are obliged to work at the quarries of grindstones; the dust breathed is very unhealthy, and brings on sickness and early death: that is the reason you see so many widows." The mother, in these cases, takes charge of the farm, and the children, always dutiful, help her to the best of their abilities.

Among my good friends, for whom I was full of sympathy, were those of the Guns. This farm was owned by Anna, who had been left with five daughters, who bore the names of Margit, Caren, Brita, Lispet (Elizabeth), and Kisten. Margit and Caren, the eldest, were respectively twenty and eighteen years of age, and, with the rest of the family, carried on all the work of the farm except ploughing and threshing. How hard the older ones labored during the summer, especially during the harvest and mowing time! how happy they seemed when I helped them to stack the hay!

The time to leave the hamlet finally came. The people had collected and dried the alder leaves, as shown by their stained hands; the fields had been weeded, and the furrows for potatoes had been ploughed; and every day many left for the *fäbodar* or sæters.

We will now wind our way among the hills, and spend a few weeks amidst the fragrance of the pines, visiting the Orsa and Rättvik *fäbodar*. Each of these has a name, and those we have visited are called Ecksjö, Skafåsen, Eskåsen, Hamråsen, Utengs Bleck, Höhes, Hjerpåsen, Grunneberg, Hörenberga, Spirisby, Tallhes, and Fjäsku.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Fäbodar or Sæters of Sweden.—Wild Pastures of Dalecarlia.—The Dalecarlians's Fäbodar.—Girls following the Cattle.—Departure for a Fäbod.—On the Road.—Arrival at Hemråsen.—Life at the Fäbodar.—Life by the Swamp-meadows.—Åker Jonas Fäbod.—A Sunday at Rättvik.—Bright and Picturesque Costume of Rättvik.—Social Enjoyments.—Eskåsen.—Departure.

THE fäbodar (sæters) of Sweden occur in very few provinces, as the country is not mountainous, and only north of Stockholm. In Dalecarlia they are very numerous in the forest-clad hills, among which are rich pastures, chiefly in marsh or wet land, which dries up as the summer advances, and along the shores of lakes and ponds: as the water retires, the horse-tail (*Equisetum vulgare*) grows thickly, and of this the cattle are very fond, and are allowed to eat it, though it gives a disagreeable taste to the milk. In these lakelets cattle are sometimes fatally mired in the soft mud, and hence require constant watching by the girls. In many parts of Dalecarlia the forests are almost inaccessible on account of the swamps, and there the moose (*Alces malchis*) roams at will, being hunted for only six weeks in the year.

The fäbodar of Dalecarlia are in many respects unlike the Norwegian sæters, resembling rather hamlets in the forests surrounded by large fenced fields of grass and grain, the cattle often remaining with some of the family till after Christmas, to avoid the transporting of hay. The houses are comfortable and well built, with fireplaces, beds, and necessary out-buildings; in reality they are forest-farms.

During the day the cattle, sheep, and goats are taken to the pasture-land under the charge of a girl, who leads and guides them either by her voice or the sound of a horn (for dogs are not used either in Norway or Sweden at the sæters).

A pocket containing salt hangs from her waist; she knows every one by name, and if perchance one be missing, she calls the absent one by name, and rewards its coming by the gift of a little salt. As she walks along she knits a pair of stockings, for none of her time is idly spent. When a good pasture-ground is reached she seats herself on the trunk of a dead tree or upon a stone, in some dry spot in the shade, knitting as she sings a psalm or a love-ditty, and watches the sun, at whose setting she retraces her steps to the fäbod, where the cows are milked and the cattle housed for the night. To see from the hills a herd pasturing in the swamps and meadows, and hear the tinkling of their bells, brought vividly to mind the charms of pastoral life.

The farm property in Dalecarlia is very much divided; as it is distributed equally among all the children, the division is often so small that it is hardly worth having. With the inter-marriages which have taken place, it has become so mixed up, and each piece of land is so far away from the main farm, that much is wasted to secure a small crop. The government has taken the matter in hand, and is trying to make the farmers exchange properties, so as to unite them all in one. When a farm includes extensive marshes and meadows far away from the fäbod, the only shelter for the hay-cutters is a shed of bark to protect them from the rain. Goats follow them and supply them with milk; and the hay is stacked, to be removed in winter on sleighs to the farm.

I saw in North-eastern Dalecarlia some fäbod of a somewhat different character. A fence enclosed a few acres of pasture-land, which often produces very fine hay; around this were several cattle-pens belonging to different farmers, who club together and put their cattle, sheep, and goats under the care of girls, who on alternate days go to pasture the cows, or remain at the fäbod to make butter and cheese. The price is about one krona and fifty öre for each milch cow for the season, from June to the end of September; there is also a stipulated price for the care of dry cows, goats, and sheep.

Our party from Oljonsby consisted of Per, his wife Kirstin, and Karen and Margreta, her sisters. We had two horses

loaded with bread, flour, cooking utensils, salt for the cattle, and blankets, ten goats and one pig—the latter proving the most troublesome of the party. Per took the lead with the horses, Margreta had charge of the goats, Karen of the pig, and Kirstin carried her baby. At about half way we stopped to eat our simple dinner and make a cup of coffee. The road, though very rough on account of numerous cobble-stones, was passable for carts used for transportation; rude bridges spanned the streams, and, where the ground was swampy, branches or trunks of trees had been laid close together across the road, as on our so-called corduroy roads. I found the weather in these forests very warm at mid-day, and was glad to rest awhile at Grunneberg, at the fäbod of my friend Agdur Anders; and, besides, it would have been a great slight to pass without partaking of the hospitality of his family. Before dark we reached Hemråsen, which has quite a number of houses scattered here and there, with hay-fields fenced around. Soon after our arrival the neighbors—all women—came and welcomed us. As my friends had to go to work the next day, we retired early to the barn, where we at once spread skins on a little hay, and slept in them; for, though the days were warm, the nights were cool.

The life at the fäbodar is a very laborious one. At daylight Per and the women were up and busy sharpening the hand-scythes, and after a meal taken in a hurry went out to mow a meadow about three miles distant, returning in the evening just at dusk. Often from early dawn till evening not a soul remained at Hemråsen, although every house was left open. One day, having lost myself in a swampy forest, and feeling exhausted on my return, I retired in one of the untenanted houses and fell into a long sleep. Great was my astonishment the next morning when I was roused from a profound slumber by Jemt Anna, Per's dotter, from Maggås. How she learned that I was there I could not tell. She said, "Paul, there will be no one here until night, and I did not wish to go before giving you something to eat."

There were days when a great number of people came to tarry only for the night, on the way to some grass-fields. One





A RÄTTVIK FÄBOD.

day came friends Bäcker Anna and her brother Hans, with six goats, on their way to a distant meadow, fairly loaded with the food they had taken for the whole week and the scythes. The goats, which were to provide them with milk, followed like dogs. We agreed that in a few days we would meet at Eskåsen.

Among the fäbodars was one belonging to Åker Jonas Andersson from Rättvik, who, at the time of my visit, was there with Brita his wife; both of them spent their days in mowing grass. The cattle and dairy were under the care of two kullor, one being a daughter and the other Dunkkol's Karin. How pretty these maidens looked in the picturesque costume of their parish—one busy at churning butter, and the other standing before the hearth and attending to the making of cheese, or roasting coffee, while the big brass kettle hung above the fire. When Saturday evening came, Åker's Brita suggested that Dunkkol's Karin, Finsper's Per and his wife, with her two sisters and myself, should go to Rättvik and spend Sunday at the farm of her father. This suggestion was accepted at once by all of us, and at daylight on Sunday morning we were on the way. After a tramp of several hours, chiefly through swampy meadow-land and forests, we reached a lovely tract of country and a good road, which passed through an exceedingly rural and beautiful landscape till we reached Åker in Gulleråsen, where we were received with the usual warm-hearted Dalecarlian hospitality.

The costume of the women of Rättvik is the gayest and the most picturesque of Dalecarlia. The skirt is of a bluish color with a green border; the waist is dark; the woollen apron is gorgeous with transverse bands of white, green, yellow, or blue. The dress is short, in order to display the stockings, or rather leggings, embroidered at the bottom in designs of showy colors, like those worn in Norway at Thelemarken and at Sæterdal. The cap is very graceful—black with red trimmings, or sometimes of snowy-white linen, with two balls falling on the back.

The afternoon was passed in social enjoyment; and I noticed here, as I have in many other parts of Scandinavia, the

fondness of the old folks for the young people. Often one sees a grandfather playing the fiddle for his small grandchildren, who enjoy a dance amazingly.

After leaving Rättvik I wandered from one fäbod to another; I went frequently all alone, surprised that I did not get lost every day in the forests, for many paths led only to swampy meadows. The silence of the woods was broken only by the shrill voices of maids in charge of the cattle, or now and then by the tapping of a woodpecker on a hollow tree.

One Saturday afternoon I found myself at the fäbod of Eskåsen; in the evening the people began to come in from every direction, from their week's work, and early on Sunday everybody was dressed, as if ready to go to church. Each friend insisted that I should come to his fäbod and partake of his cheer; and if anybody had told me the amount of milk and cream and buttermilk I could drink in a day, I could not have believed it.

I did not fail to go and see Skradder Anders, and there I saw the plain wooden cradle in which he had been rocked, with his ancestors before him, with the date cut into the wood, showing it to be two hundred and fifty years old; after which I made visits to most all my friends.

It was, indeed, a great luxury to me to sleep in the barn on the newly gathered hay, and to feed on milk, cream, and the plain food of these hardy farmers, and I felt that my body and mind were strengthened by such a life.

As July drew to its close, many returned to their hamlets to mow the grass and harvest the grain; so, bidding good-bye to the Orsa and Rättvik fäbodar, I wended my way once more towards Orsa Kyrkoby, and thence over to Norway.





A HOME SCENE IN RÄTTVIK.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

North-western Dalecarlia.—Leaving Orsa for Norway.—Garberg.—Elfdal and its Porphyry Works.—The Election of a Pastor.—Contrast between the Elfdal and Orsa People.—Åsen.—From Åsen to Särna.—Crossing the Elfdal River.—In the Woods.—A Storm.—A Leaking Roof.—A Fäbod.—Mosquitoes.—Grund Olof.—Kistin and Charlotte.—Solitary Farms.—Särna.—The Church at Särna.—Remains of Primitive Church Customs.—Jealousy of Parishes or of Provinces.—The last Hamlet of Western Dalecarlia.—Reception by the Pastor.—End of the Carriage Road.—Going to Röros.—A Buggy and Forest Tract.—The Elg-sjö.—An Aged Rower.—Storbo-sjö.—Meeting Fishermen.—Flötning-sjö.—Attempt at Extortion.—The Fæmund-sjö.—Comfortable Quarters.—Old Torbert Mikkelsen.—An Old Farm-house.—On the Fæmund-sjö.—Röros.

THE north-western part of Dalecarlia is covered with large forests, containing extensive swamps and bogs, which make this part of the country difficult of access. The Eastdal River, so called to distinguish it from the Westdal, flows through a very thinly settled country, falling into Lake Siljan, near Mora Church.

Leaving Orsa, I had for fellow-traveller a captain of the Swedish army, a most delightful companion, who was going a part of the way, and we had agreed to travel together to render the drive less tedious, as the country to be traversed was very uninteresting. At first the road was very sandy. We changed horses at the pretty hamlet of Garberg, with its red-painted houses scattered amidst verdant meadows, waving fields, and groves of trees, in the midst of which flowed a stream of clear water, running fast towards the river below. The next hamlet of importance is Elfdal, with an excellent inn, near which are celebrated porphyry works. The most common variety is of a dark-brown color, containing reddish crystals of felspar; other varieties of stones are also worked, especially hyperite and granite. The greatest production of

the place is the colossal vase before the royal summer country-seat of Rosendal. All the labor is done by the country people living in the vicinity.

Here, as in many other parts of Sweden, the living of the church is not in the gift of the Crown, but the pastor is elected by the land-owners. I was there when an election took place; three candidates for the office had preached on the preceding Sundays, for the living was worth having. The excitement was intense, and the church was crowded; the contest was so close between two of the aspirants, that the success of either depended entirely on a gentleman who, being a large property-owner, had several votes to cast, and whose preference no one had been able to ascertain. Though I was not interested in the result, I was in the people assembled, for they certainly did not belong to the fine Dalecarlian stock. The difference was very striking, though only fifteen or twenty miles separated them from the parishes of Orsa and Mora; they showed evident signs of mixture with a Lapp ancestry, for they were short of stature, particularly the women, with prominent cheek-bones and the Lapp nose; there was hardly a good-looking man, and not a handsome woman in the crowded congregation.

Beyond Elfdal the country became more thinly inhabited. Ten miles farther up is Åsen, having a chapel where services take place only a few times during the year, to allow the old and infirm to go to communion.

Here I parted from my companion, who recommended me to Soldaten Smed, owner of one of the best farms in the place. From Åsen to Särna was a long stretch of six Swedish miles, and there was no hamlet between the two places where a post-station could be established. I travelled from there with the soldat's son-in-law, his wife, and their little four-year-old daughter, Maria (who took a great fancy to me), and a deaf and dumb girl, named Kirstin. We had two carts loaded with scythes, food, and blankets, for the family were going to the meadows for two or three weeks. After crossing the Elfdal River at a ferry, and after a long drive, we left the road and went through the forest till we came to a large meadow, fenced all around, with several hay-houses, one of which be-

longed to my friend. We arrived just in time to escape the rain, which soon fell in torrents. We all slept close together, on account of the cold and wet, for the roof was leaking badly. Mosquitoes were as abundant as within the arctic circle. Early in the morning we separated, man and wife going to mow in the meadows, while Kirstin and I went to a fäbod, where the goats had been left, to bring them back to give milk for the mowers. We found there a large enclosure with cattle-pen and houses, and perhaps one hundred head of cattle. All the girls at this place slept on the floor in one house, and Kirstin and I in the evening joined the throng and did the same. On our return with the goats we moved to a shelter roofed with bark, in a part of the forest not far from extensive swamp meadows. The mosquitoes were so numerous that we collected firewood and made as much smoke as we could, to drive them off. The following morning I was left entirely alone in the camp, but not before little Maria was put to sleep and left under my care. They were not gone one hour when she awoke. I succeeded for awhile in amusing her; but finally she began to cry for her mamma. In order to quiet her, I had to carry her and walk in the forest, making her believe that we were going after mamma, and, coming back, to play with her; but I was fast reaching my wit's end to amuse the child, when happily her mother came back, wondering that she did not find her asleep, and when I told her what had happened, she laughed and said, "Paul, you would make a good nurse."

Two days of this monotonous life was all I could bear; so, returning to the main road, I found Grund Olof Olsson, who had come that day from Åsen, according to our agreement, and was waiting for me with a vehicle to take me to Särna. I soon came to Nybodö, a fäbod near the highway, in charge of two maids, called Kirstin and Charlotte, the first being old, and the last young and handsome. Olof recommended me to the care of these women, told them that they must show me the way to the farms, and left. Charlotte could play superbly on the horn, and when she followed the cattle the forest resounded with the airs she knew.

I remained a few days to visit the solitary farms of these woods, in order to study the effect of this secluded life on the character of man. At some distance from Nybodö, on the other side of the road, I came to such a farm, called Räs, surrounded by a few fields and meadows. I could not help thinking how lonely was the life of these people. The old folks were not at home, but a daughter, an intelligent girl, received me very kindly, and prepared a meal for me; she was not afraid, as she had seen me before with Charlotte and Kirstin. Two of her brothers were imbeciles.

Särna is prettily situated on the banks of the river, which here had widened into a lake. It has a parish church, a good inn, and an excellent school, open from October to the end of June. The pastor had been settled here for twenty-seven years, and visited the old church with me. Ascending the pulpit, I saw near the Bible what resembled a policeman's club, at the end of which was a thick piece of leather, the whole reminding one of a martinet. This had been used, until within a few years, to awake the sleepers, the parson striking the pulpit with it very forcibly, thus compelling attention. Near the pulpit was a long pole, rounded at the end, with which the sexton, it appears, used to poke the ribs of sleepers. These two implements, intended to keep the congregations awake, were used extensively in many out-of-the-way places in Sweden twenty or thirty years ago, and here till within a few years, but were discontinued by the present pastor. Now pinches of strong snuff are often offered to the sleeper, who, after sneezing for a considerable time, finds his drowsiness entirely gone.

In one place, where I had been particularly well received, I got a good illustration of the fact that the young men dislike to see the girls of their parish marry with the people of another. Asking my friend who had introduced me if he observed how charming the daughter was, he said, "No, indeed! would you believe it, Paul, she is going to marry a man from Vermland, who came here to get his living, and made love to her on the sly. It is a great shame that she should take for a husband a stranger; as if there were no fine fellows in our parish."

After traversing a distance of over three Swedish miles I came to Idre, a poor hamlet with a few farms scattered far apart. I found the clergyman mowing his field of hay, for he could not afford to pay a man three kronor a day to help him. Leaving his work, he invited me to his house, and presented me to his wife. I was urged to partake of his simple dinner, which I enjoyed very much. Here the carriage road ends, and the traveller wishing to go to Norway must follow the forest paths over the hills.

Wishing to cross the peninsula again from sea to sea, I concluded to go to Rösros, a town noted for its copper-mines, and as being one of the coldest places in Central Norway. Swamps are numerous, and planed logs, often two or three abreast, are laid over the most boggy parts, for horses and people to go over. The first farm we reached was on the shore of a small lake, the *Elg-sjö* (Elk Lake). As a deep narrow stream had to be crossed in order to reach the house, my guide shouted for a boat, but apparently in vain, and I was about to cross on horseback, when a boat came in sight, rowed by an old woman over eighty, but strong and healthy; she had with her two great-grandchildren, who had been left in her care. I offered to row, but she said "no," and pulled both oars with a will and strength which astonished me. Arriving at the farm she shouted, and a girl soon came out of the wood, whom she sent for a horse. Here my guide from Idre left me, and accompanied by the girl, and with another horse, I continued my way through the forest, crossing many swamps. After two hours we came to the Storbo-sjö, whose flat banks are covered with reeds. She hailed a fisherman, who agreed to take me across in his boat, and bade me good-bye by a hearty shaking of the hand after she had received her pay. I was glad to land, for the boat was old, and leaked like a sieve. A few poor farms are scattered on the shores, in one of which I met two idiotic children, one having the goitre—the second case I had seen.

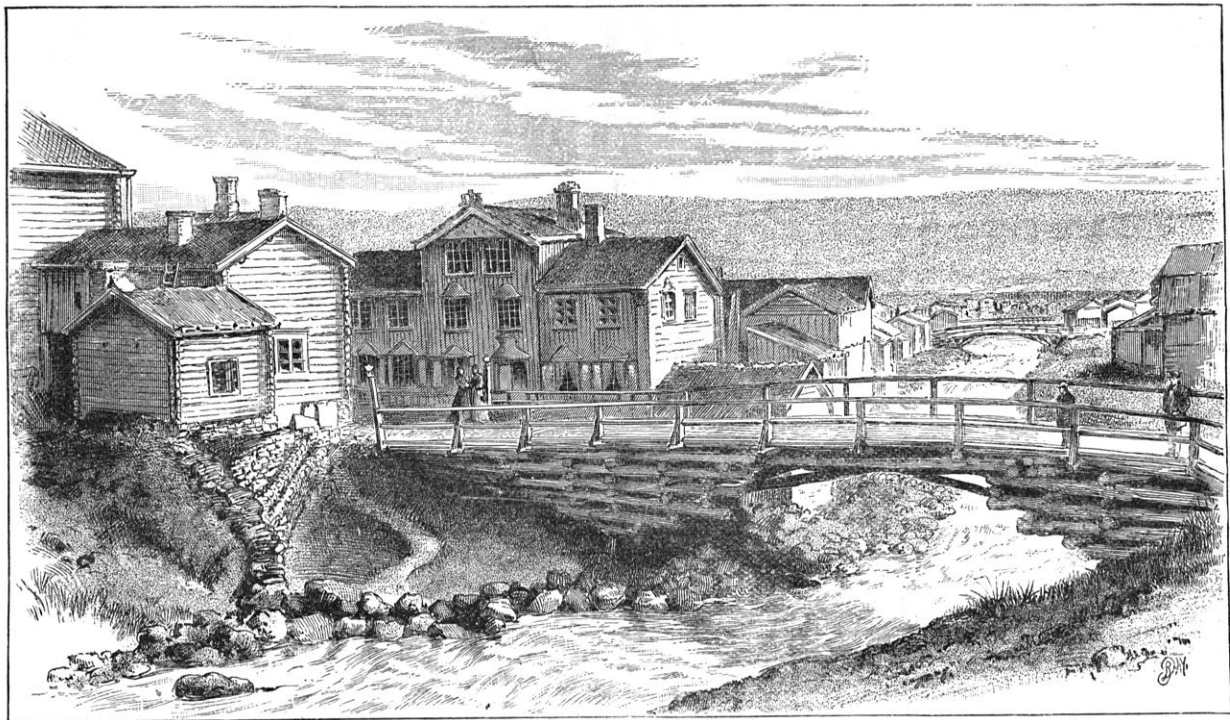
At the Flötning-sjö I experienced an attempt at extortion very uncommon in this country. I spent the night there, having for supper only a bowl of sour milk; on asking the

price, old Jonas said, "one dollar." I declined to pay it; and when I asked him why he charged so much, he answered that he thought I had so much money that I did not know what to do with it, and he fell from one dollar to about twenty cents. It should be said that the owner of the farm was not at home.

I crossed the Norwegian frontier without knowing it, and came to the poor hamlet of Drevsjöhytte, whence there is a road to Fæmund-sjö. The Fæmund-sjö is 2150 feet above the sea, and thirty-five miles long; its outlet, the river Klar (clear), flows into Lake Wenern. This beautiful sheet has peculiar scenery, not possessed by any other Norwegian or Swedish lake; its shores are not abrupt, and in many places are thinly clad with fir and birch trees and fine reindeer-moss; the water is clear, contrasting singularly with that of the dark lakes we had passed, and swarms with fish. I saw several wild reindeer browsing upon its shores. About three miles from its southern extremity is a hamlet composed of four old farm-houses, one of which had been burned to the ground the winter before my arrival. The people were old-fashioned folks, who knew little of the outer world. Torbert Mikkelsen was the nabob of the place, and a fine old man he was; his ruddy face was surrounded by bushy whiskers gray with age; he was dressed in knee-breeches, white woollen stockings, double-breasted waistcoat with shining brass buttons, and a red Phrygian woollen cap. Berit, his wife, was as good as himself, and a true picture of an old matron; her white hair was partly hidden under a graceful peculiar little black cap, worn in that part of the country. The house was large and comfortable, the walls of the general room were painted green, and in one corner was the cheerful open fireplace. Old porcelain dishes and cups, heirlooms of the family, were on a sideboard, a lantern hung from one of the beams of the ceiling, and an old clock stood near the bed; poles adorned with good family linen; a table, two or three chairs, a couple of benches, a loom, and a spinning-wheel constituted the furniture. My bedroom was quaint. The walls were painted yellow (evidently old Torbert loved bright colors), with a red border about three feet from the







RÖROS.

floor, the ceiling yellowish white, and the cross-beams and my bedstead were red.

Torbert was a thrifty farmer, and took pride in having everything in perfect order; he owned eighteen cows, three horses, and thirty sheep; his land was good, and his summer pasture excellent. When I left he would take no money, for I had given a fine silk handkerchief to his wife, and was urged to come again.

A row of about twenty miles took me to the north shore of the lake, which was reached after passing through swamp meadows, and where I remained for a day.

The road to Røros went through a very picturesque country, and here and there we met a few farms. Røros, or Roraas, is a quiet little town of 1900 inhabitants, situated 2000 feet above the level of the sea, with many comfortable houses painted red, and clean streets. It derives its chief importance from the copper-mines, which were worked as far back as 1644. The Storvarts mines are at an elevation of 2800 feet. The Hitter River flows through the centre of the town, the two parts of which are connected by picturesque wooden bridges of construction peculiar to Norway. The logs are supported by the filling at the ends, and also by the braces, as the engraving shows.

From Røros I travelled leisurely down the Österdal valley, often along the shores of the Glommen—the largest river of Norway.

On the last day of August I entered the town of Hamar, on the shores of Lake Mjösen. It had a forlorn appearance; grass was growing in its wide streets; weeds clustered about the church, and the growth of the place seemed entirely checked. In former times it was of great importance, but was destroyed by the Swedes in 1567. Not far from it are interesting ruins—all that remains of its cathedral.

The Mjösen is the largest lake in Norway. It is four hundred feet above the sea, about sixty-six miles long, varying much in breadth, its widest part being ten miles. The greatest depth of water is two hundred and forty fathoms—much below the level of the sea. At the time of the great earthquake in

Lisbon, in 1755, it rose suddenly twenty feet, and fell back almost instantly to its level. In the spring it attains its largest volume, from which it falls eighteen to twenty feet. It has none of the weird aspect characteristic of Norwegian lakes, for the hills slope gently to the water, and are dotted with numerous farms and fields, churches and hamlets; the scenery is pastoral, but not remarkable. Passenger steamers, and others for freight or towing logs, ply upon its waters. In summer this trip is delightful. Its chief places of importance are the small towns of Hamar, Gjøvik, and Lillehammer.

The old teacher of the free-school at Hamar reminded me of some old painting. He wore an old-fashioned frock-coat, a waistcoat buttoned to the neck, and queer-shaped high collar, surrounded by a thick white kerchief with a large clumsy knot. When we entered he was playing the violin. On the black-board the notes of the musical scale were chalked, with the words of a song below them, which the boys and girls were singing to his accompaniment.

The regions of the Mjösen and the Österdal are among the finest agricultural districts of Norway. Many of the people could hardly be called peasants; they had the air of American farmers. They had large, comfortable, well-painted houses, furnished with cushioned chairs, sofas, pianos, and books; surrounded by pleasure-grounds, gardens with summer-houses, and fine barns. They took pleasure in improving their herds of cattle, sheep, and swine; went every year with their families on a visit to Christiania, and set their tables in city fashion. Their linen was starched, and, in fact, many of them might be called gentlemen-farmers, fond of their horses, of fishing, and shooting, and only superintending the work done on their estates.

At the upper end of the lake, on a high hill, is the quiet village of Lillehammer, consisting of three streets, the principal one crossing the river Mesna by a bridge. It contains about 1700 inhabitants, and is a centre of trade, as it stands at the beginning of the high-road to Trøndhjem, at the termination of the valley of Gudbrandsdal, of which the lake is a continuation; and there was a hospital—a well-built two-

story log-house, with large rooms sixteen feet in height, with six beds in each. There were only two patients. It was free to those who were unable to pay, and was under the direction of the government doctor. The bath-rooms and the kitchen were very clean, and it was exceedingly creditable to those who had it in charge.

I was particularly fortunate in seeing the "Fall" of Lillehammer, as the stream was much swollen by rains, and descended in magnificent cascades. The river Mesna, for several hundred yards, tumbled down from a height of hundreds of feet in a sheet of white foam, and in one place passed through a channel only ten feet wide; while the current of air sent the spray flying above the trees and meadows to a great distance. Though far more south than Trondhjem stift, the harvest in this part of Norway is more backward even than beyond the arctic circle. In the first week in September I saw a great deal of rye and barley still uncut; and in the garden of the doctor a few cherries were still on the trees; currants and gooseberries were ripe, and the apple-trees were loaded with fruit.

Once more I found myself driving towards the transverse valleys of the Gudbrandsdal. The weather was now beautiful. I was jolting along slowly, for at the end of the summer season the horses are completely worn out. I had one which, with all my coaxing, would hardly go more than three miles an hour. These station-horses, when there is so much traveling, are very cunning, and are trained to go but four or five miles an hour. They seem to laugh at the harmless whip which is given to the traveller, who gets tired before they do.

My main object in coming so late was to see the old farm-houses. In some of the narrow valleys the harvest was further advanced than in broader ones. The people were busy digging potatoes—men, women, and children being employed; these were assorted as they were gathered, the smaller being put aside for the swine, and the others spread out to dry before being stored in a dark cellar. Every farm had many extra hands, often employed only to help the poor neighbors; but the pay was very small—the men getting only

twelve, and the women eight skillings per day, with food: many preferred being paid in potatoes. It was a busy time for the farmer's wife and her maid in the kitchen, for many extra mouths had to be fed. Bread was made in great quantity, the loaves being of such a size that one was given to each man for his allowance on bread-day. Ironing is done in a very particular manner: the articles are carefully wrapped around a wooden roller, about four inches in diameter and two and a half feet long, and smoothed by an implement called a mangle, of the same size, graceful in shape, elaborately carved, and somewhat resembling a carpenter's plane.

In the Gudbrandsdal valley the farms vary considerably in size; the houses were of one story, with covered porch, consisting of the main room, with two smaller ones, and of a guest-house. The people are poor indeed, some of them possessing neither land nor cows, and having to work by the day; but, I repeat, one never meets any emaciated from hunger; they are strong and healthy, though living on coarse bread, potatoes, sour milk, and now and then butter, but rarely tasting meat.

Leaving the highway just above Laurgaard, in the wild Rusten gorge, I followed a rude mountain-road along the Hövringdal, which led to the mountains where the sæters of that name were situated. The ascent was continuous; at a height of four thousand feet the firs were still fine; I do not know of any other part of Norway where these trees grow at such an elevation. My astonishment was still greater, after reaching the plateau, to see several fields where rye and barley had been harvested. The situation of the Hövring sæters is one of the finest in Norway; there were thirty-five of them, but most of these were deserted, with the doors of the houses strongly fastened. The silence which reigned over these places, and the faded color of the grass, plainly showed that the summer had departed, and that the winter storms would soon blow fiercely over the mountains. I know of no place in Norway so easy of access, and which combines so many advantages for invalids, as this sæter. Visitors can walk long distances without getting into bogs or ascending tiresome hills;

and horseback rides can be taken to a height of almost five thousand feet.

On the 13th of September we had a foretaste of the winter. The wind blew a gale at times, accompanied by heavy showers; but towards night the sky suddenly cleared, and the weather became quite cold; before sunset snow fell. Three men came here with two carts, loaded with ploughs, axes, and other implements of husbandry; they had been sent to plough some of the fields for the following year, and on their departure were to convey to the farm all the butter and cheese which had been produced during the season, and such articles as were not to be left at the sæter during the winter. They arrived just in time to cut a fresh supply of firewood for cheese-making; they wore their best clothes, for, of course, they wanted on their arrival to appear well to the girls of the sæter: one was desperately in love with Ingeborg, but she did not seem in the least to reciprocate it. They lost no time, but put on their working-garments; in the evening Ingeborg left them in possession of her sæter, and came to spend the night at ours.

In the morning the mercury stood at 23°. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the air was still; long icicles were hanging around the roofs of the houses, and the ice was nearly half an inch thick on the shores of the stream where the water was quiet. The following day the few occupants of the sæters were to return to their farms. I reluctantly bade farewell to Marit, Britte, and Ingeborg, and wended my way alone to the valley.

The number of lemmings (*Myodes lemmus*) I met on the road and in the mountains was enormous; many had been trampled by horses' feet or crushed by the wheels of vehicles; and, while walking, I stepped continually upon them. They resemble very much a field-mouse; are about five or six inches long, of reddish-brown color, with blackish stripes, thick bodies, and short legs. Twice during my travels in Scandinavia I had met them in untold numbers, covering vast tracts of country on their migration from north-west to south-east, on their way to the sea, in which multitudes are drowned. Their migra-

tion is periodical, and always from the north; they live in the mountains, and nothing seems to stop them on their onward march except insurmountable obstacles. They live in holes. I have met them as far as  $70^{\circ} 30'$  North. Where they have passed, the country is bare; the grass, the moss, the leaves, and even the branches of the dwarf-birch and willow are eaten up.

In the valley of Selsdal there are several farms near its junction with Gudbrandsdal. Among the principal ones is Ulsvold, which I had hardly entered when home-made beer was brought to me in a solid silver tankard—an heirloom in the family for several generations. While I was drinking, the district doctor made his appearance, having travelled a long distance in a drenching storm. His arrival caused a great stir in the household. A pair of new thick stockings was immediately handed to him to replace his wet ones, and a cup of fresh coffee was prepared. It would have been a breach of hospitality if he had been allowed to depart without having food or refreshment offered.

How primitive is the love-making in many of the regions of Scandinavia! One evening while at a farm, the old folks, the rest of the family, and myself were awakened by knockings at the door, and we heard a voice which we recognized as that of one of the many suitors to the hand of the fair daughter of the house. The following dialogue took place: "Sigrid, will you not open the door for me?" No sound was heard from within; more gentle knockings and supplications; the maiden still remained silent. "Sigrid," continued the lover, "you are such a nice girl! you know that if I did not admire you I would not come so far to see you! can you be so hard-hearted as to send me away? There are no girls in the parish I admire so much as yourself. Please, please open the door; the wind is chilly; I am very tired; I come only to talk a little while with you, then I will go away." Sigrid at last relented, and he was admitted.



## CHAPTER XXV.

Old Farm-Buildings.—Great Durability of Norwegian Log-houses.—Antiquity of many Norwegian Farms.—Runic Inscription found upon Houses.—Primitive Fireplaces.—Houses without Chimneys.—The Rögovn the next most Primitive Fireplace.—Introduction of Chimneys.—The Peis, another Form of Fireplace.—Improvements in Buildings.—New Forms of Houses.—The Nystue, or New House.—Increase of Buildings on a Farm.—Different Use of Houses.—Introduction of Corridors and Covered Piazzas.—Great Care in the Construction of Houses.—The Ramloft House.—The Barfrö House.—The Opstugu House.—Age of some Ancient Stone Churches.—An Old House in Valders.

THERE are no houses of Mediæval Europe that can rival in antiquity the farm-buildings of Norway; their log walls, which have stood the wear of centuries, have proved more durable than those of stone; they seem to defy the ravages of time. They were built of fir-trees from the primitive forests, and some of them date back before the year 1000, and from the seventh and eighth centuries; and some even are of older and unknown ages. The timber has become so hardened that the axe has hardly any effect upon it, for the resin has been absorbed by the fibres of the wood. The logs are often of great width, showing a size of trees not at present prevalent in Scandinavia. Several of these old houses are found with Runic inscriptions—among them one in Numedalen, on the farm Raudland, in Opdals parish, high up in the mountains: here the door-posts are ornamented with carvings like those seen on the stave churches; and in the timber over the door is written the name of the builder, with “Thorgaut built me.”

Many of these old farms have remained in the possession of the same family from that remote period to this day, and in this respect exceeding in age any other landed estates in Europe. The reason why Norway can boast of so many

very old houses is that its inaccessible mountains have been secured from the devastation of wars; and when these took place, the conflicts were chiefly on the water or on the shores of the sea. As there are, within the historic period at least, no remains of buildings anterior to these of wood, it is probable that the earlier inhabitants of Scandinavia lived in temporary structures; their houses were probably made of turf, perhaps variously combined with wood or stone, which have disappeared from decay or various disturbances of the surface. As the people advanced in civilization—the country being covered in most parts with forests—they began to build wooden dwellings.

Most all of those ancient houses are situated in valleys and dales, which, but a few years ago, were accessible only by bridle-paths, and often in out-of-the-way places, chiefly inland—in the Hedemarken, Hallingdal, Sætersdal, Hedal, Vaage, and Lom, in Hardanger and in Jæderen. To this day the life of the people of these regions is most primitive.

It was always a source of pleasure not only to study the inhabitants of the valleys, but also to look at the weather-beaten houses, to see their interior arrangements, and to trace step by step the improvements that have taken place in the art of building.

The most ancient form was called the *ildhus* (house with a fireplace), or *rögstue* (house without chimney, *rög* meaning smoke). They are yet found, though very rarely, in different parts of the country. Another building, *bur*, *bod*, or *matbod*, where the food and clothing were kept, stood near.

The *ildhus* contained only one room, with a stone hearth in the centre of the floor; in the roof above was a large opening called *ljore* (light-hole), for the smoke to escape. In bad weather, when the hole was partly shut, the smoke became almost unbearable.

The hearth is about six feet long and four feet wide; sometimes a high flat stone is put up endways on the side towards the door, designed to prevent the gusts of wind from blowing too hard on the fire. The cooking-pot or boiling-kettle hangs from a swinging beam. In one house of this kind in Eken

parish this beam ends in a dragon's head as an ornament. The furniture in such a house was and is of the simplest description: a couple of fixed bedsteads, fastened to the wall; a long table, usually of a single board surrounded by benches, attached to the wall, and a few wooden chairs. These are very ancient, and made of the trunks of single trees (as shown in the engraving) of peculiar form, and are still used in many places.



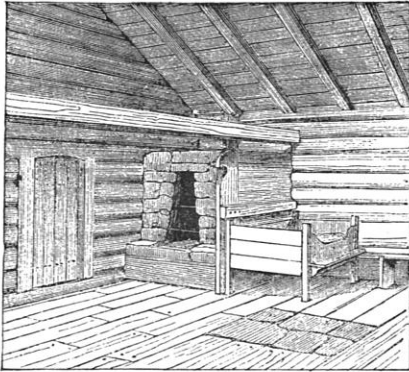
FIRE-HOUSE, WITH AARE (HEARTH).

The next most primitive form of fireplace in the *rögstue* was called *rögovn*. In front of the hole is a projection of the masonry, and when the wood is burned out the embers are raked into a little recess on this shelf, thus allowing the heat to radiate into the room. The *rögovn* is a piece of stonework of the height of a man, and wide enough to admit of a bed being placed on the side of it.

When the *rögovnstue* is to be heated in the winter, it is done in the following manner:

In the morning a suitable quantity of wood is put into the oven—preferably branches, as they burn more fiercely, and throw out the heat quickest; the wood having been piled carefully, so as to give a good draught, the flame soon issues from

the opening of the oven and runs up along the sooty roof in a manner to frighten any one not accustomed to it. When the



RÖGOVN (SMOKE-OVEN). FIREPLACE WITHOUT CHIMNEY.

fire has burned down the embers are raked out on the shelf, as above stated. These consumed less fuel, and were used near the coast, where wood was scarce—the first being more common inland.

The next improvement, and a great one, was the open fireplace with chimney. This form was called *peis*, *spis*, *ovn*, *grue*, *mur*, *sten*, and *skorsten*, in dif-

ferent parts of the country; it is open, with a flue for carrying off the smoke.

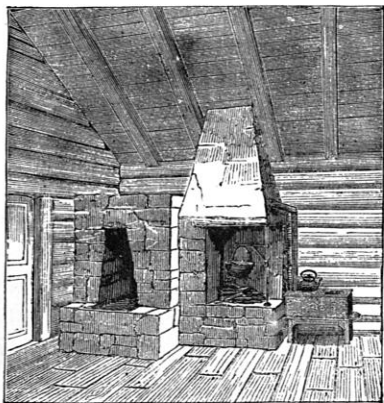
In the year 1493 an inspection was made on the king's farm in Jemtland, which at that time was a Norwegian province; and in the record from the same it is mentioned that the last tenant had built a new dwelling-house, with *skorsten* (chimney, or open fireplace) and all belonging to it. This *skorsten* was undoubtedly the same as the present *peis*—standing in the every-day room, and used both for cooking, warming, and lighting it; and this is the earliest information found of that kind of fireplace in Norway. The latter is placed at some distance from the wall, and is open on two sides, as shown in the engraving. Sometimes a *peis* is found in the room up-stairs, so that guests in winter could have a warm sleeping-room. This *peis* is the form of open fireplace still found everywhere. As is seen in some of the pictures of the book, it is almost always at the corner of a room. No other form will throw out such an amount of heat; but it consumes a great quantity of wood.

In many districts, as wood became scarce, stoves of tiles or iron were introduced. The tile-stove, of which we have spoken before, is of much more recent origin—probably by several

hundred years—than the peis, and is now most extensively used in Sweden. Many of the iron stoves are beautiful, with figures representing religious subjects, and some of an age dating as far back as the year 1600, and used every winter.

In a description of Hallingdal it is stated that, about 1650, houses without chimneys, and with only a hearth, were in general use in that district. In the same is also described a table with rings in the side, by which it could be hung on the wall when not in use; for, when all were seated on the long benches, and the fireplace was in the middle of the room, there was hardly space for a fixed table: that this was so is shown by the saga relating how Asbjörn Selsbane came in and wounded Thore Sel as he stood in front of the high-seat table, waiting upon the king, St. Olaf. It is written in the saga of Olaf Kyrre, King of Norway, that in former times the high seat of the king was in the middle of the long bench, and the beer was handed over the fire burning on the hearth in the middle of the floor; but that he was the first one who had his high seat made on the bench which ran across the room, and that he introduced the *rögovn*, as well as the custom of having cup-bearers standing by the table. Formerly it had been customary, when the king wished to honor any one by drinking with him, for the horn to be extended across the fire to the person thus honored.

As time went on another house was built, called *nystue*, or *storstue* (new house, or large house), while the older one was named *gammelstue*, or *dagligstue* (old, or every-day house). Then the family had a separate room, and the old large house was used only for cooking, and for servants, etc.; then the fashion came, in many districts, of constructing a large num-



OLD PEIS IN A HOUSE IN SOGNE.

ber of buildings for the different uses of the farms. The matbod (larder) was originally a room where all kinds of provisions and clothing were kept—the latter being hung under the roof—and was probably the first of the buildings to receive a second story. Corridors or covered piazzas extended along three sides, and the two stories communicated with each other by steep, ladder-like staircases, as seen farther on in the engravings. These had to be preserved as long as possible as a protection for the door; and as no windows could be put on this side, they were placed in the gable walls. The windows in the ends prevented the house from being extended longitudinally. Afterwards the stairs to the loft were put in the porch, and thereupon followed the arrangement of an upper piazza, with its openings and pierced work, as seen by the engraving in the next chapter. These gave the house a strange appearance. The loft was built expressly for the clothes, that they might be by themselves, and hang high, free from any dampness from the ground. It was important to take great pains to preserve the clothing, as in those times most of their personal property consisted in garments—either wearing-apparel, or for beds. Originally built for these, the upper story soon came to be used also, as it is to this day, as a sleeping-room for guests, and thus got the name bedloft: even during the time of St. Olaf (1016–1030) lofts were in use for this purpose, and from the old sagas it appears that guests, especially the principal ones, slept in them. In a saga it is stated that he had a large *utebur* (outside larder), where he kept all kinds of goods, large chests, many sorts of meat, dried fish, cheese, and all necessary food: he there had his bed, where he and his wife slept. He also arranged in this room beds for his guests, and places for their arms—everything in the best manner; and even to this day, in many districts, the same arrangements are seen. The one store-house was soon changed into two—a larder and a separate bed-house. The larder for a long time retained its simple form, but sometimes it was built larger, with two rooms, each with a door on the gable-end. Great care was taken in the construction of these buildings, and there was always provision for a draught of dry and fresh

air under the floors. To prevent the entrance of rats and mice they were sometimes built on posts, hence the names *stolpebod* and *stabbur*: these required outside stairs. The *stabburs* of Southern Norway are unlike those of other parts of the country; their peculiar shape attracts at once the attention of the stranger, and their dark and hardened weather-beaten walls tell of their antiquity.



STABBUR IN RINGERIKE, WITH GALLERIES.

With time improvements began to take place, and additions were made to the primitive fire-house, and the extension was called *ramloft*, from which the houses now existing take their name. This *ramloft* goes up in a tower-like fashion at one end, with the stairs on the outside which lead to a door opening into the loft, which is a bedroom constructed with peculiar care and of the same size as one in the story below; the primitive, and large, and lofty fire-house remained open up to the roof. There are a number of these in different parts of

the country, but they are more common, though even there but sparsely found, in Lom, where I will take the reader in a following chapter.

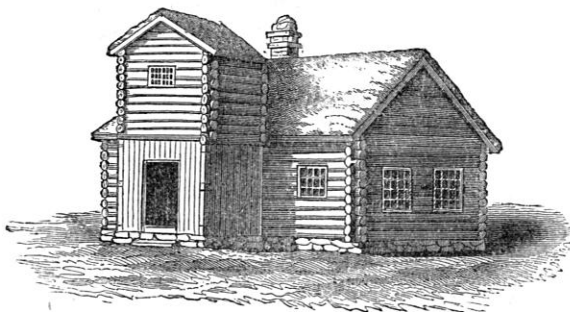
In Hedemarken, on the old crown farm Huseby, in Stange, is an old ramloft house, which, however, now has many recent additions. The ramloft here was divided by partitions into two apartments, in one of which was a small fireplace; in the other, the walls were ornamented by paintings representing tapestry, in imitation of a custom of hanging tapestry on the walls on festive occasions. The paintings give a very good idea of the manner of this ornamentation: above are shown small bars, and from these are hanging gay-colored aaklæder in folds, fastened with cords in the upper corner; there is not much art in the painting, but it is an interesting relic of antiquity. One is reminded by this ramloftsal of the first chapter of Sverre's saga about the "fine loftsalsal" of which his mother dreamed, or of Snorre's story of Asta's love and eagerness, when she was told that her son Olaf (the saint) was every moment expected to return from foreign countries: she rose up immediately, and ordered men and women to get everything arranged in the best manner; she had her women bring ornaments into the house and decorated it, as well as the benches, with tapestry.

Another ramloft house is seen on the farm of Stemsrud, in Grue parish, at Solör, in the valley of Glommen; in one of the timbers is cut the year 1324; it has for several generations been in the family of Kolbjörnsen, who keep it in good condition.

In Northern Österdal is found a peculiar kind of buildings called *barfrö*. This form is also very old, and should the tower be taken away the house would remain intact—a primitive type, with the fireplace in the centre. In front of the door is a square porch, sometimes of horizontal timbers, but oftener of posts, with plank walls; a flight of stairs leads up to a small square room used for clothing, but also as a sleeping-room: this front part is called *barfrö*. The origin can be traced to the ancient Germanic language, now known only by old manuscripts, where its name was *berevrit*, which reads



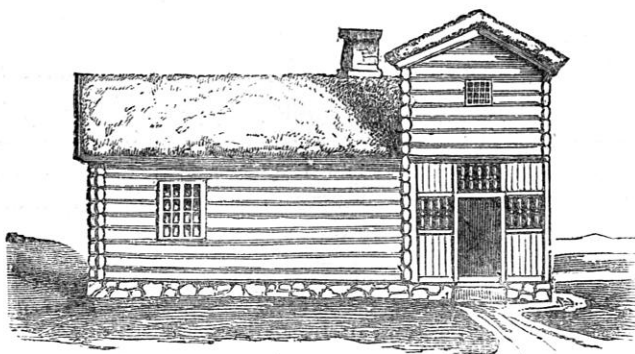
berkfrit. The first syllable is related to the Norwegian *bjerge* (to preserve, to keep), the last is the same as *fred* (peace). In France it is called to-day berfroit or berfroi, hence the English name belfry. The use of this kind of tower spread to



ÖSTERDAL BARFRÖ STUE.

Denmark, and finally to Norway, where it at present is found only in Österdal.

The *opstugu* is the oldest kind of building in Trondhjem stift; next to the *rögstuer* is the *opstugu* still found in Opdal. The *opstugu* is the little room above the porch, and the lower



AN OPSTUGU.

bedroom is very like the *ramloft*, only that the stairs are inside the porch. This arrangement, is now seen only on the older houses and on the smaller farms. Two of these houses can be seen on the high-road from Christiania to Trondhjem,

at the post-stations Drivstuen and Rise. The porch wall, where the entrance-door is, is generally panelled with open pillars over and on each side of the door, giving light and air to the hall.

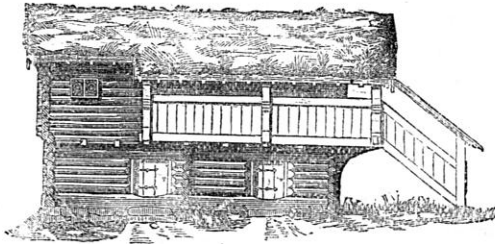
From the engraving it will be seen that the opstugu is similar to the ramloft, the difference being that the stairs on the latter are outside; from which cause again the former had to be divided into a hall and the room: both are built at the transverse end of the house, while the barfrö is a tower entirely outside, and built in the middle of the house—besides, the ramloft has corridors and piazzas. The picture shows the exterior appearance of the opstugu. Properly the little chamber is called opstugu, situated over the small bedroom underneath. The stairway is built in the hall; it leads into a smaller one above, from which one comes to a small sleeping apartment.

On an old stave-church in Tins parish, in Thelemarken, was found in 1822 a Runic inscription—showing, beyond doubt, that the church was inaugurated between 1180 and 1190. The building has been torn down, but the plank in which these runes were inscribed is preserved in the antiquarian collection of the University, and looks as if it could withstand the tooth of time for centuries to come. Næsland's stave-church, taken down 1850, had a similar inscription, showing it to have been inaugurated in 1242.

The farm Korterud, in Eidsberg parish, of the province of Smaalenene, is noted for the very old spar-house building found there. The two entrances on the partition wall are so low that one has to stoop in entering; each is surmounted by a wooden arch, cut out of a single piece, one foot thick; on these arches are carved ornaments with some undecipherable letters; each door consists of hewn boards or planks, and the ornamented iron rings extend over its entire width. Beyond the threshold one has to step down nearly one and a half feet into the house, the floor of which consists of rough logs. Along the three sides were formerly benches of timber, between which and the walls earth was filled in to keep out the wind. Opposite the doors are two windows, and on that part

the floor was one foot higher than the rest, and held a long table made of thick planks; in the middle of the lower division was formerly the stone hearth, traces of which are still seen. In the corner of the room, near one of the doors, is a small closed fireplace, provided with a narrow baking-oven, but it is not now in use; a porcelain stove has later been added. But the sign showing the great age of the house is the hearth in the middle of the room, and with only a hole in the roof, now closed, but which still can be traced by the smoky, and in some places half-charred appearance of the timbers.

In Valdres, on the farm Hande, in West Slidre parish, is a large building which has for a long time attracted attention



BEDLOFT HOUSE IN VALDRES.

for its antiquity; it shows remarkably good timber-work, though there is not much ornamentation or carving. The doors in the lower story open into two low dark rooms (as shown in engraving) without windows, evidently used for provisions; in the floor is a trap-door connecting with the cellar. The principal part of the building is the upper story, divided into two apartments; the larger with fireplace and three windows, but quite dark from being partly surrounded by corridors, suitable for a bedroom, or in the daytime used as a feast hall. The date of its erection is not known; but it is evidently of the same form as another house described on the farm Skjelbred, in Annebo parish, in Jarlsberg, which even in 1751, when a drawing of it was made, was considered as very old, having been the residence of Count Alf, and known to have been standing at the end of the thirteenth century.

Other old buildings of the same kind may be seen on the

farm Finne, at Voss, in Bergen stift; at Oroug, in Askim; and on Lang sæter, in Thrykstad; in Smaalenene (jutul stuer, as they were called by the peasants); at Sorknaes, near the Glommen; at Hofnord, near Hole, in Ringerike; Gavelstad, in Lardal, above the town of Laurvik. These houses were probably identical with the höielloft and jomfrubur of the sagas, also known under the name of skemme.

A good specimen of the jutul stue is found on the farm Uv, in Rennebo, Örkedalen, Trondhjem stift. The saga says that *jutuls* (giants) built the house, bringing the immense timbers on their shoulders from the forests; it is probably over six hundred years old. These logs are among the largest found in old Scandinavian houses.

The Jæderen type (a district near Stavanger) is exceedingly



FIG. 1.—FRONT.

interesting, and possesses characteristics very peculiar. Fig. 1 shows the front, Fig. 2 the back, and Fig. 3 the end of such a one. The window above lights the loft where the provisions

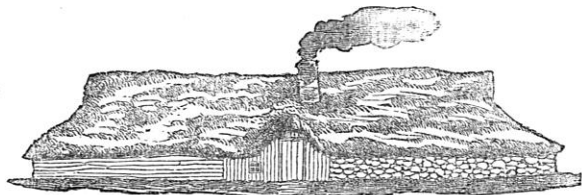


FIG. 2.—BACK.

are kept. Such houses often show the planks and timbers of stranded vessels, timber being very scarce in that district; turf and stone are also used extensively on this account. They are large and comfortable inside. The room proper is built

of wood, with high seat, fixed bench, long table, the master's bed, oven; porch partitioned off, with stairs to the left; kitchen also divided, with back-door and window by its side; in the kitchen the fireplace, from which the oven in the house is filled: there is a bedroom for guests, in which is the clothes chest. This room, as well as the principal one, is built of timbers exclusively. There are additions at both ends of the house, used for preserving turf; there is also a small room on the back of the house, with the wall partly of stone and partly of wood, communicating with the kitchen, and used as a larder.

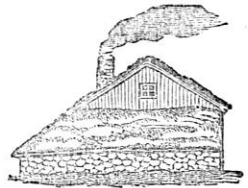
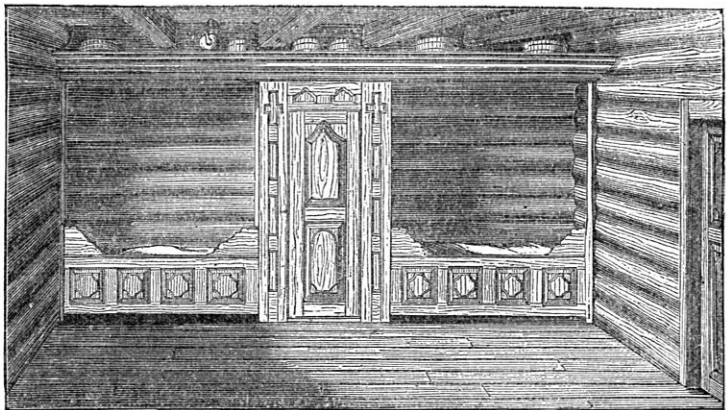


FIG. 3.—END.

The Mandal form of stue (house) presents features quite different from those of any other. The original was a rög stue, with the hearth in the middle of the floor, and a hole in the roof for the smoke. The old house is still left standing, and is used as a kitchen, bakehouse, etc., while between that



ARRANGEMENT OF BEDS IN THE STUE (HOUSE) AT MANDAL.

and the new one is a hall, with stairs for the upper story. The inner arrangements of this new addition are made after the type of the old house; the difference being caused by the substitution of an iron stove for the hearth. The placing of

the beds is peculiar, as shown in the engraving; between them is a closet, generally with fine carvings.

On many an old farm are found chests of different shapes and sizes, made centuries ago, long before closets were built; and in many districts they are still in use. Cupboards and movable closets occur, which are also interesting on account of their age and elaborate carvings.

One often meets with a kind of coverlet called *aaklæder*, sometimes also used as a curtain for hiding shelves and the like. They are made on a loom called *upstadsgogn*, and by a process more like plaiting than weaving. Many of these coverlets, commonly in very bright colors, have scenes on biblical subjects woven into them. Some of them are seen with figures showing that they were made about 1600. They are from Bergen stift, where the manufacture of them is still prevalent.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

The Hedal.—The Farm of Slette.—The ancient Farm of Bjölstad.—Buildings on Bjölstad.—Tokens of Centuries Past.—Ancient Rights of Farmers.—Ivor Tofte.—Life at Bjölstad.—How Servants are Paid.—Saturday's Work.—Sunday at Bjölstad.—Departure from Bjölstad.

WE will journey towards a district where some of the oldest farm-buildings are to be found.

On a pleasant afternoon I crossed on a wooden bridge the turbulent Logen, and soon after entered the Hedal, one of the transverse valleys of the Gudbrandsdal. The leaves of the aspen had already turned, and the bright crimson contrasted finely with the dark coniferous foliage. After a drive of a few miles I alighted before Slette, and, passing a quaint gate, found myself in a yard formed by eight houses of somewhat peculiar architecture. On the left of the enclosure was the dwelling-house, entered by a porch with a pointed pinnacle; a closed piazza protected the upper story; the roof was of earth, upon which the grass grew; it was built of rough logs, darkened and hardened by age. On the lower floor was a large room about twenty-eight feet square, with ceiling ten feet high, supported by eight stout beams, underneath which another beam served as a brace, indicating the strength of construction. In one corner was the common open fireplace: the furniture consisted of a long table, an antique buffet, a few wooden benches, an old-fashioned closet, and a bed. The floor was very clean, and some of the planks were from twenty to twenty-three inches in width; four low windows gave light to the room, and in them stood pots filled with flowers; the walls were painted of a bright yellow, and the ceiling white. A widow, the owner of the farm, was spinning; by her side was her only child, a fair-haired girl of nine years. Two ser-

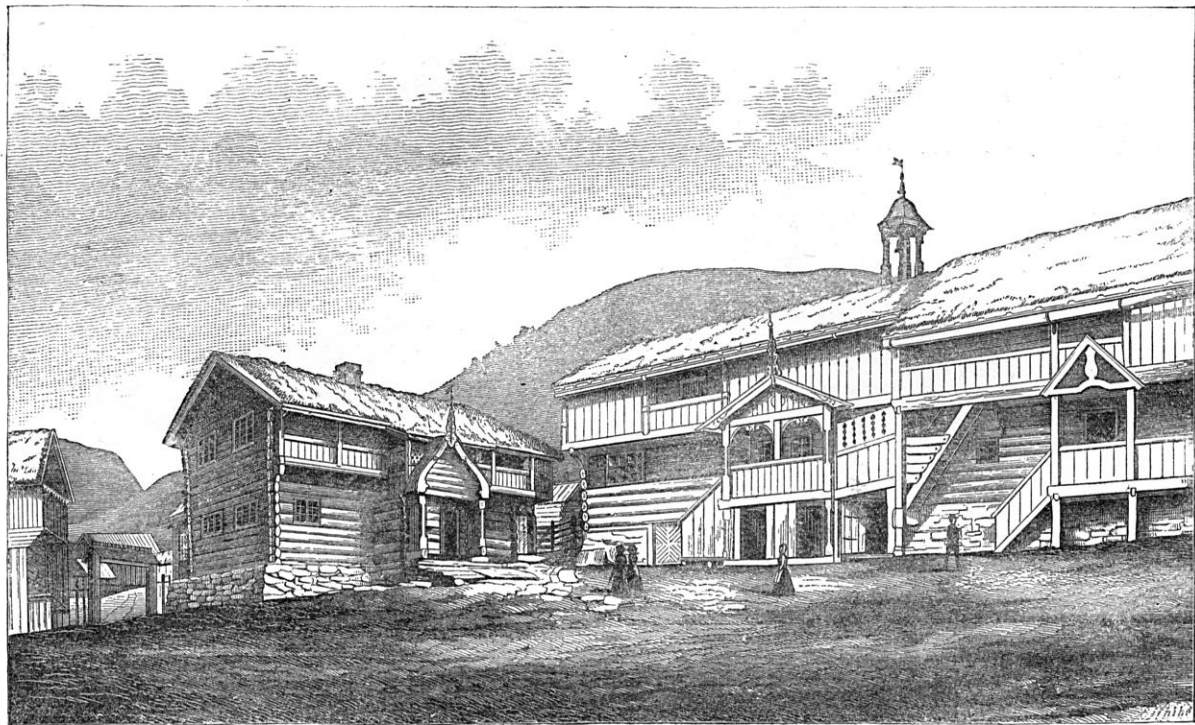
vant-maids were sewing some garments. I excused myself for coming without invitation, but said that her place appeared so strange that I could not resist the temptation of alighting and looking at the house. I was invited to spend the night, but declined, as I was going to a farm farther up. Upon which I was told that I could not leave before partaking of a cup of coffee, which was preceded by a small glass of spirits, given as a token of welcome.

Beyond Slette the farms were numerous. Many of them occupied the summits of rounded hills formed of alluvial soil, all of the same height, and appearing in the distance like a continuation of the terraces. Each one looked like a small village, on account of the number of its buildings. Near the church was the old farm of Heringstad, with its peculiar stabbur and upper piazzas.

A little farther on was Bjölstad, a very old farm, owned by the Tofte family from time immemorial. It was late when I reached its yard: the dim light of the moon made the buildings appear still more fantastic. I thought, as I looked at those silent walls with piazzas, of the scenes which, in former times, must have taken place within. On our left, after entering the gate, was the stue or dwelling-house seen in the engraving, built of logs, rough on the outside and inside, and set upon a thick stone foundation. This house was about forty feet long and thirty wide, and along three sides of the upper story ran a piazza partly enclosed by boards; the entrance, as at Slette, was through a fine old porch (*dörsval*) with elaborate carvings, from which a steep staircase led to the piazza above. Here was a room occupying almost the whole breadth of the house, its dimensions being fifteen feet in depth and twenty-six in width. It contained a bed, but no antique furniture; the hall was hung with winter fur-coats, robes, blankets, and other articles of apparel.

In the yard two houses formed one side of the square; these were more odd, and more antique in appearance than the one we had left, especially the belfry, dark piazzas, porches, and ladder-like stairs—the hard logs seeming to defy the ravages of time. Their stone foundations were high, and in





BJÖLSTAD.



the first house the basement was used for keeping the milk, cheese, and butter. Firm stairs led to a sort of porch, with carved wood-work, and thence to the rooms of the first story; by a staircase like the one before mentioned I reached the gallery above, which was enclosed by boards, with an opening above, seven feet long by eighteen inches wide, to admit light and air. Some of the rooms on the upper floor contained beds, but others had no furniture whatever; in one of them eight working-men slept. This house had formerly evidently stood alone; but it has long been the custom in Gudbrandsdal to add new houses to the old ones, and join them in some way or other. The piazza of the second house was reached by very steep stairs. In one of the rooms the panes of glass were very small, and the frames which held them were of lead. Two other old houses formed the opposite side of the square; the lower part of one was used as a stable, and contained eighteen stalls; this was thirty feet long, and had three doors, the centre one leading to a passage where the hay was placed in the mangers on each side. The next one was a quaint building containing two rooms on the first floor, in one of which the flour provided for the use of the family was stored in leather bags, each of which was numbered; there were in the same apartment huge piles of flat bread. A staircase led to the upper story, which contained one large room, in which the meat was kept—a large supply of which had been left over from the previous year; the killing-season for the next winter had not yet arrived. Among these stores were a great number of sausages, twenty-two halves of pigs, blood-puddings, sides of bacon, and several dried shoulders of sheep and goats, besides a lot of cheese. To complete the square was the guest-house, of more modern date, about sixty-five feet long and forty wide; a wide hall, lighted by a window at the end, ran through its centre, and on each side were two comfortable bedrooms; a steep flight of stairs led to the upper story, where the arrangements were the same as below. Everything was scrupulously clean; not the smallest spot could be seen upon the white pine floor, and the polished wood of the logs inside appeared so new that one might have fancied they had been

laid but a few years before, although the house was finished in the year 1818. This building was erected upon a strong stone foundation, and its cellars were spacious. These walls were of the heaviest kind, and proved to last, as we have seen, for centuries. The beams supporting floors and ceilings were of great strength, and the logs of the sides were joined with great care, as were the posts supporting the piazzas; the birch-bark on the roof was carefully laid, and on this the earth covering had been placed.

Near the yard was an old house which was used as a granary, the grain being stored in large wooden compartments. There was a large building for the cows, on the declivity of a hill, and also constructed on a stone foundation: in this were housed eighty-eight cows. Close by was another, with twenty-eight. It would be tedious to go through a catalogue of the numerous houses upon this farm; for, besides those forming the yard, twenty others were scattered about, used for the storage of hay, sleighs, wagons, carts, and for blacksmithing, etc.

Among the interesting and useful structures found on every farm is that where the grain is dried before being stored (the kiln); an oven, used also for baking, is built in the centre, and on each side were long troughs, about three feet wide and a few inches deep, in which grain is placed to dry by the hot air. If not thus treated it would mould, on account of its humidity.

Wherever I went on this farm tokens of past centuries met me on every side. Here was a spot where once stood a cemetery and a church; the latter, one of the first erected in Norway, had disappeared, no trace of it remaining except one of the old doors. Now and then are seen relics of former times; among them two crosses, like those of Gotland, which once stood over tombs, their Runic characters, partly obliterated, attesting their antiquity. I saw a piece of a wooden cross, kept under the house, with the letters and date, "T. T. S., 1735," meaning "Tord Thord's son;" this cross had been placed above the grave of one of the Tofte family.

Bjölstad, besides being the largest farm in Hedalen, was also

a sort of post-station. It was of great extent, comprising within its boundaries large tracts of mountain-land which, though not of much value, had extensive forests of birch and good grazing-lands; several sæters belonged to it. The land under cultivation for grain, as on almost all these mountain farms, was not very great. Tofte planted about seventy-five acres with grain, and his farmers the same number. Butter and cheese were the chief products of the farm, and large quantities of hay were required for the stock during the long winters; in harvest-time, forty or fifty extra hands were employed; in winter, nine girls, twenty men, and four lads composed the household. Machinery is very little used, and cannot be at all in many districts, on account of the rough and stony character of the soil. The richer farmers are therefore under the necessity of helping their poorer neighbors, and of employing their daughters and sons for awhile; otherwise their reputation would be injured, and a good name is precious to them.

My host did not know the exact dimensions of his estate, but said it extended far back into the mountains. He raised horses, and among the thirty-three he had in his stables pointed with pride to one of a chestnut color, which had won the first prize at the fair in Christiania; some of his ponies were very fine animals. There were several husmænd, who either paid a stipulated sum each year, or performed labor for a certain number of days.

Bjölstad and other farms have been for centuries in the possession of the Toftes. The cause of these estates remaining for so long a period in the same families is due to two laws, which are so ancient that the time of their enactment is lost. These are the *Åsædesret* (homestead right), and the *Odalsret* (allodial right). The first is the right of the eldest son to inherit the farm after his father; he, however, being obliged to pay the other heirs their share of the estate, the value of which is given by the father, or else it is estimated far below its valuation. If the former be dead, his eldest son takes it, and so on. If the first named has left no son, his eldest daughter inherits, etc. If a farm is of such a size that several families can exist on it, the father is al-

lowed to divide it among his children, under such conditions, however, that the eldest son or daughter shall not receive less than one-half of the farm. The second (the Odalsret) is the right, when a farm is to be sold, of any member of the family to buy it—or, if sold to a stranger, their right within ten years to redeem it at the price paid, with the additional cost of the improvements; if there is any controversy, appraisers are appointed. A later law has modified this, so that an owner selling his farm may determine whether he renounces for himself and heirs this right.

This fine old farm narrowly escaped a transfer to other hands two or three years before my visit; but Ivor was able to buy it by asserting his Odalsret. These two rights are held on to very tenaciously by the Norwegian bönder as safeguards, as many have told me, against the absorption of their land by the rich people of the cities, or capitalists, who in time would destroy their small homesteads, and unite them into vast landed estates.

An unpretending man was the actual owner of Bjölstad; he was forty-six years of age, and a bachelor. He was dressed in a bluish-black frock-coat, of homespun material, with high-necked waistcoat, and pantaloons of the same material, and a bright-red woollen Phrygian cap. He wore the same garments all the year round, except that on Sunday he had a newer suit. At meals Ivor Tofte presided at the head of the large table, as the chief of the household, eating at the plain red-painted board with his men and maid servants, in the honest, simple, and patriarchal way of the olden time. This primitive custom exercised a beneficial influence, and banished the disparities of social distinction. His orders were always conveyed in a quiet way, without show of authority, which made them the more pleasant to those who received them.

On these large Norwegian farms everything goes on like clock-work. There is a rule about food—certain days having fish, meat, sausage, etc., etc. The supper is very simple, and invariably consists of the thick porridge called *gröd*, made of meal or grits boiled in water, and served in wooden dishes, with several bowls of sour milk. The people eat with wood-

en spoons, and help themselves from the same dish. In summer, during harvest-time, home-brewed ale is given to the men. There are two dinners a week with meat, the others with fish—potatoes always being served with these.

In the Hedal Valley, and at Bjölstad, each girl employed by the year received two pairs of shoes, one dress, two bodices, one skirt, three other undergarments, and three or four dollars in money, with wool enough to make two pairs of stockings. A man received one coat, two pairs of shoes, two shirts, one pair of pantaloons, one pair of stockings, two pairs of socks, and ten dollars a year. The male day-laborer had in summer eighteen skillings, or a mark; in winter, twelve skillings with food; and the girls received from eight to twelve skillings. Money has great value with these mountain people, and in the districts remote from the sea is not easily obtained; they have generally little to sell, but enough to eat. The house-keeper here was paid eighteen dollars, but had to provide herself with clothing and shoes. Saturday is house-cleaning day, for everything must be in order for Sunday. The floors are washed, the tables scrubbed, and everything made tidy. The girls make their toilets and change their clothes. About four o'clock the men stop work, shave themselves, put on clean linen—looking forward with impatience for the evening, as Saturday is the lover's day. As soon as it is dark they start to visit their sweethearts, often having to go a long distance; they take great care lest the neighbors know what girl they are courting, for gossip is then let loose, and the girl becomes shy: this is not always easy, as the boys are watching, and there are many prying eyes and busy tongues among the villagers.

On Sunday, immediately after breakfast, every one is attired in holiday clothes. Here many of the men, even the lads, wear swallow-tailed dress-coats, made like the rest of homespun cloth, their heads being covered with a long woolen cap. The shoes are particularly well-polished and greased. In the evening there is a dance. I was much amused by observing that, whenever one of the girls wanted to go out, she would call two or three others to accompany her—being

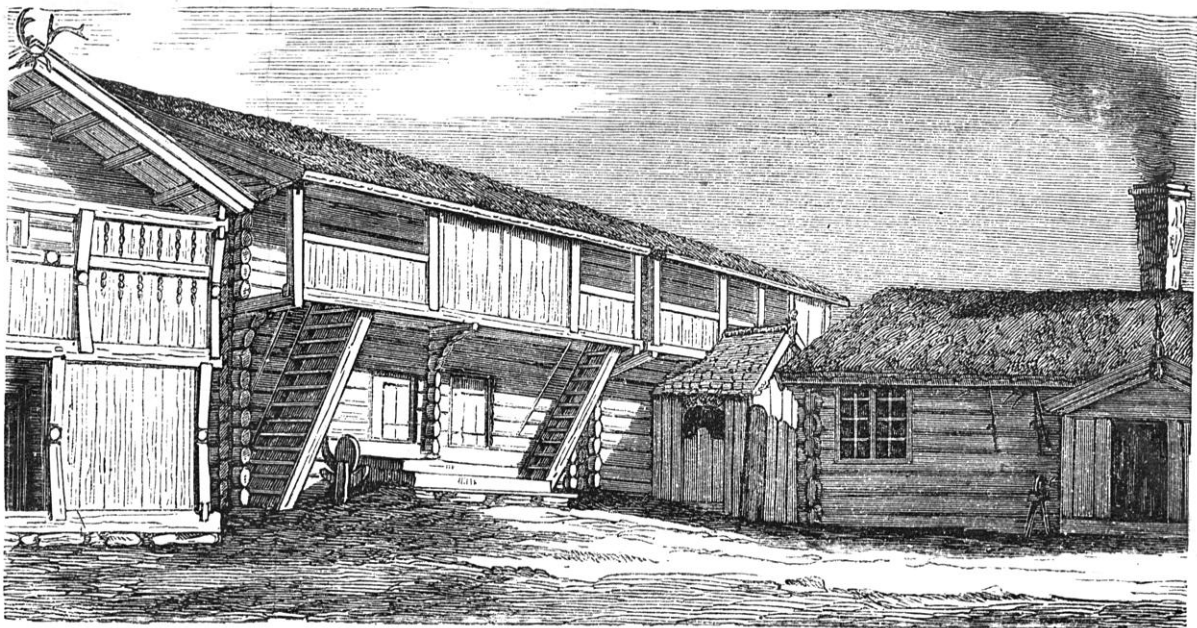
afraid the company would suspect she was seeking a chance to talk with a lover—for the girls and the men in this quiet place were continually on the watch to discover love affairs. The dancing ended at ten o'clock, for there was much work to be done on Monday.

From the old farm of Bjölstad the narrow road continued on the left bank of the Trykja—upon whose shores were several little grist-mills; the hills were clad with coniferous trees, but a thick fog prevented me from seeing the summits of the mountains. We kept ascending till we came to the little Bjölstad Lake, which we passed on our left, and soon reached the summit of the ridge which divides the Heddal from the Ottadal.

The descent was very abrupt and picturesque, and the Otta River was crossed on an old bridge supported by piers of logs filled up with stone.







COURT-YARD AT SANDBO, IN VAAGE.

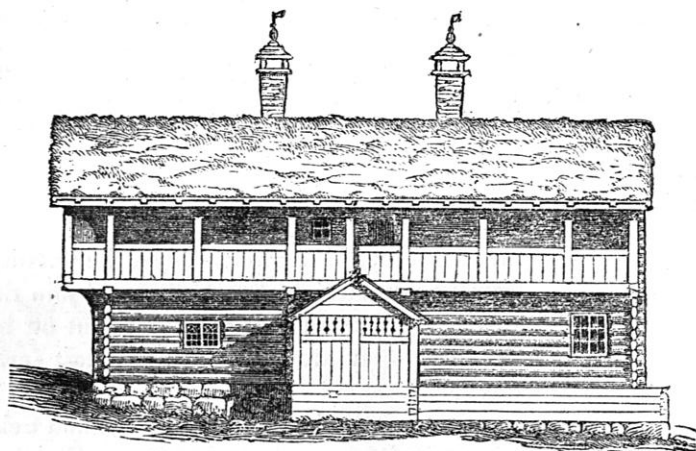
## CHAPTER XXVII.

The Ottadal.—A Region with Old Farm-houses.—Old Buildings on the Farm of Sandbo.—A Kind-hearted Doctor and his Wife.—The Vaage Lake.—The Tesse Falls.—The Farm of Håaakenstad.—Ascending the Valley.—The Church of Gardmo—its Antiquity.—King St. Olaf and Thorgeir.—Why Thorgeir built the Church.—St. Olaf's Iron Bracelet.—Old Paintings.—One of the Descendants of Thorgeir.—The Church of Lom.—A very hospitable Dean.—The Loms Eggen.—The Hard Winter of 1868.—Snow Avalanches.—Loss of Life.—An Historical Region.—The Olaf Saga.—How St. Olaf converted the People to Christianity.—The Ramloft House on the Farm of Lökkre.

FROM the Gudbrandsdal there is a grand valley, the Ottadal, which extends westward in a straight line, and would join the southern branch of the Nord fjord if it were not shut off by the mountains. In that valley are many of the oldest farm buildings of Norway.

The Ottadal at its opening lies between the Hedal and Selsdal, from which it is separated by mountain ranges. Crossing the Logen, one is struck at once by the difference in the aspect of the two streams—the Otta being of that peculiar color which showed its glacial origin, while the other is perfectly clear. The drive from the farm of Aasor, which takes its name from the mountains on the other side, is very fine. We changed horses at Snerle, where the river becomes a lake; on approaching the church of Vaage the mountain scenery is truly grand as Kopfjeld and Kvitingskjölen burst into view, with their large patches of snow. In the neighborhood of the church of Vaage are a number of very old farms, and among these is Sandbo. As one enters the yard, the dark color of all the buildings impresses him at once with the antiquity of the place. On the left is the matbod or larder, with a reindeer horn. Two high step-ladders lead to the piazza of the next house, while beyond is the most ancient building, the old Ild house, which has been improved, and there the family resides.

The engraving shows a house on one of the farms of Sandbo. What is especially to be pointed out is its being a kind of transition from the old to the new. The principal entrance-door is not situated on the wall of the room itself, but first opens into a hall. This hall has several advantages; it better protects the room-door than a corridor, so that rain and wind do not strike in every time the door is opened, and it also



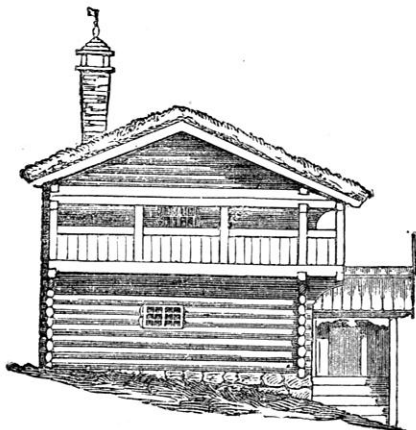
HOUSE AT SANDBO.

makes a nearer connection between the different parts of the house; one does not need to go out in the corridor to pass from the old part to the new, or to the stairway leading to the loft.

At the relay-station of Sve I made the acquaintance of Dr. R—— and his young and accomplished wife; they were not yet settled, and had been there but a short time. I could not leave without partaking of their hospitality. The doctor insisted that I should take his cariole, which had springs, while mine had none. It was in vain that I expostulated, and before I knew it he was himself loading the vehicle, his wife helping him; if I had been their brother they could not have been more in earnest for my comfort.

At Vaage the Findal Valley joins the Ottadal; the road here branches, one fork going northward to Lesje, in Roms-

dalen. A little above the church the river is crossed by a bridge, and the road follows the left shore of the Vaage Vand, 1120 feet above the level of the sea. Farther on the country becomes more barren, and the These River, coming from the These Vand, 2700 feet above the sea, tumbles down in a series of beautiful falls—the last one from a flat surface. Just beyond is the Storvik farm.



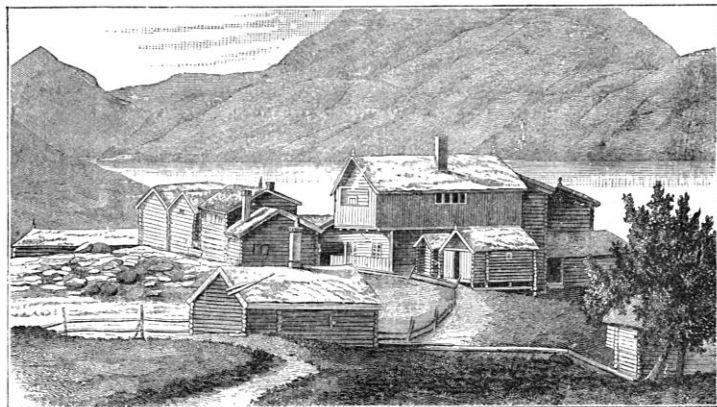
SIDE VIEW OF HOUSE AT SANDBO.

In Findalen, not far from the church of Vaage, is Haakenstad, one of the largest farms in the parish. This farm has, like Bjölstad, a very large number of houses, amounting to thirty-three. Among them are a grist-mill, three stables for horses, others for cattle and sheep, two wagon-sheds, two granaries, smoke-house, kiln, houses for warming water for feeding the cattle and for a laundry, several barns with even three stories, and a dwelling for male and female servants.

A drive of about four hours from Vaage brought me to Gardmo, an old farm, not far from which, on a tongue of land issuing into the Vaage Vand, stood the old church of Gardmo, or Garmo. Opposite the same rose the mountains of Skardhö, with a few farms at their bases; while behind, on the other side of the lake, a huge mass of hills culminated in the Kvitingkjölen and its glacier, rising to a height of 6276 feet.

This old church was erected in the time of St. Olaf, is built of logs, and surrounded by a walled cemetery; the sight of the logs, hardened by age, carries one back to the time when Christianity dawned upon the land.

King Olaf went across these waters to Thorgeir (the old) at Gardmo, in Lom, and the latter, as a token of gratitude, built a church to the saint's memory on his place; the oldest parts of the present Gardmo church are the remains of that one. The church was small, and the additions made to it from time to time had given it the shape of a cross: remains of the Roman Catholic symbols formerly in use were still visible. Among the interesting relics I saw an iron bracelet, said to have belonged to St. Olaf: above the altar hung a painting of the Lord's Supper, inscribed with the words the Saviour uttered when he broke the bread and poured the wine; under that painting was written "Henning Garmo, Tore Siversdatter, 1735," in common letters. Above it was a picture of the Crucifixion.



STORVIK, NEAR VAAGE LAKE.

The ceiling above the altar was painted in gorgeous colors, and the walls were decorated with twenty-two paintings illustrating different scenes in the life of Christ. The dates of these pictures ranged from the year 1710 to 1735, and one was inscribed 1746; all were gifts from different persons.

The most interesting portion of the building was that built in 1130: there was a sort of box high up on the left, entrance to which was gained by a ladder outside of the church. In the graveyard lay the remains of some of the ancestors of the families I had visited, their line of descent dating back to a time long before this place of Christian worship had been built. The old and historical Gardmo farm is owned by one of the descendants of old Thorgeir, and dates still farther back. The owner received me kindly, but the house was far from clean.

Leaving Gardmo, the road winds along the valley towards the church of Lom, some ten miles farther. The view was superb. The bottom of the valley was quite flat, and at times presented a pretty broad expanse: numerous sand-banks were seen in the lake. In the distance, on the left bank of the lake, Loms Horungen rose to 5500 feet, with numerous farms at its base; still farther up, on the right, was Loms Eggen, 6570 feet. It is not so much the height of these mountains, as their massive grandeur and the sombre colors, which impress the observer.

At the foot of Loms Eggen, on an exceedingly well-formed terrace, stands the church of Lom, at the junction of the Bæverdal with the Ottadal. This church is built of logs, and is of great strength; it contains several paintings—one of 1608, another of 1650, and others from 1710 to 1740.

Near the parsonage, which was a large and commodious dwelling, was a pleasure-ground, with walks winding among rocks and groves of birch-trees; and the river Bæver formed a fall through its narrow rocky channel on its way to the lake.

I was received warmly by the *provst* (dean), who was quite a learned man, and spoke English fluently. Several friends were on a visit. Our host produced enormous pipes, and passed them around among the guests, who seemed to enjoy smoking very much. The weather being very cold, toddy was also served. The ladies were busy with their needle-work while we were talking, and did not seem to dislike in the least the clouds of tobacco smoke.

The Loms Eggen rises like a huge promontory to a height of 6570 feet, and 5314 feet above the Lom church. On its northern side is the Ottadal, which is merely a continuation of the Vaage and Lom valleys westward, while the Bæverdal, starting from the same point, takes a southerly course.

The weather had suddenly become cold, and heavy overcoats were very comfortable while driving. In the Skeaker Valley, but not far from the church, my attention was drawn to a part of the mountain-side which was perfectly bare, and the provst gave me with great emotion the following explanation:

“In 1868 there was a very hard winter, and in this district snow fell almost incessantly for three or four weeks, until on the sides and tops of the mountains it attained an enormous depth, and cut off all communication. On the 8th of February, the weather having suddenly cleared and turned very cold, a huge avalanche came down the mountains, carrying everything before it—earth, trees, rocks—and leaving all behind it bare.” Then he pointed to a pile of stones which marked the site of a little farm which had been swept away; the whole family, father, mother, and two children, had been crushed by the mass of snow, and only this heap of rocks had been left to tell the story. Then he added: “I heard of the accident a few hours after it occurred; I called all the male population of the district together, and mustered all the horses on the farms, and we went to digging while the other people were watching, for fear of more avalanches. We dug all day on Saturday and a part of Sunday, before we came to the ruins, but the people and the cattle were all dead.”

Continuing on our way, the provst again pointed to some other ruins—the remains of another farm swept away by the avalanche; the father of the family had gone to Trondhjem, leaving his wife and three children, but when he came back he could find neither family nor home; an avalanche had overwhelmed all except his mother, who had escaped as by a miracle. I saw a new house near the ruins, in which the bereaved man was living alone, mourning for the dead. The



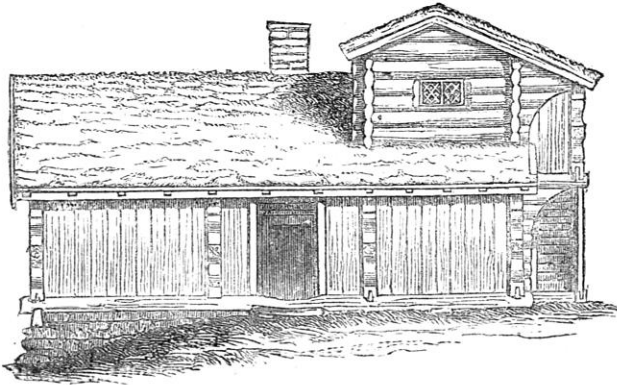
provst also told me that in Bæverdal two persons had been buried by the snow; and he added, with feeling, "It was a dark winter for us; sorrow came to the door of many a household."

There is also another road along the lake where one can drive as far as Skeaker, going eastward through the Ottadal, following the lake. Farms are found as far as the Juran lake. There is also a bridle-path going to Stryn, in Sogne. Several exceedingly wild valleys open into the Otta, the most interesting being the Lunderdal and Tundradal. The lakes of the Otta valley are encased between the Loms Horungen and Loms Eggen.

This region is full of historical reminiscences: here the inhabitants were Christianized by St. Olaf. The visit of that king to Lom is described in the Olaf saga: "The king stopped overnight on the farm Bö, near Lesje, where he ordained priests for that district; he then went over the Loradal and came to Stava Brækken ridge, and remained there awhile; below this ridge lies a farm called Bö or Böje, a river called Otta running through the valley; and the neighborhood on both sides is called Lom. The king could see along the valley, and said, "It would be a great pity if one should be forced to burn this beautiful country." Then he passed down into it with his men, and stayed overnight on the farm *Næs*, and lodged in a loft, where he slept. It is said that the king remained there during five nights, and summoned before him the people of Lom, Vaage, and Hedalen, and sent messages that either they would have to come and be baptized, and abjure heathendom, or else see their farms burned, or try their luck in arms against him; and in the former case they must give him their sons as hostages, which they, however, ought to consider as an honor, and not as a compulsion. And it is related that nearly all the bönder came to the king and were reconciled with him, but those that did not fled."

On the farm of *Næs* is found the house in which St. Olaf slept more than 860 years ago, but unfortunately it was changed some forty years since; before this it was a ramloft, like that at Lökkre. It is to this day known as St. Olaf's house.

At the head of the Ottadal, here called the Lom Valley, the country is very thickly settled. Among the many old farms is that of Lökkre, which has the latest ramloft house that has been built in that region. Here the stairs leading to it are on the outside, from which a door opens into a bedroom of the

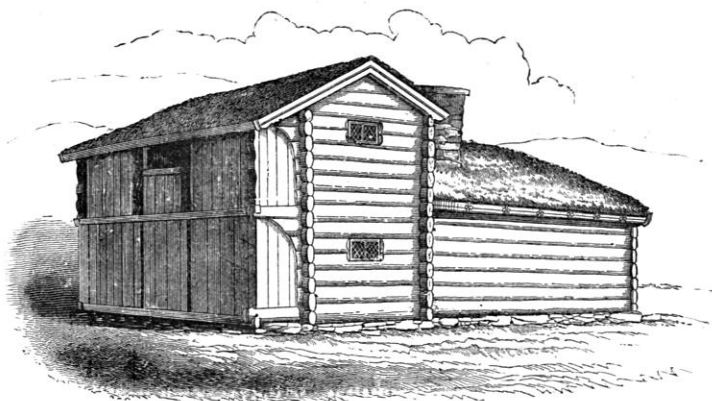


FRONT OF RAMLOFT HOUSE AT LÖKKRE.

same size as the one below. The drawing shows the covered corridor-like piazza peculiar to all the houses on the Gudbrandsdal, concealing the walls, but here the lower gallery is entirely closed. On the transverse side the building is also enclosed by a piazza in two stories, and there are stairs leading to the ramloft. The picture represents the length of the structure, but the log-wall of the lower story is hidden by an outside corridor with parallel wall, having only an opening in the middle, through which is seen the door of the house—this being one of the most striking traits of the Gudbrandsdal houses; but generally they are more or less open, and not with a closed wall like this one.

The house proper, or every-day room, is large and lofty, without ceiling. On the crown cross-beam is marked in the wood, E. R. S. (Esland Rolf's son), 1769. The whole house is twenty-nine feet long, not including the piazza. The large room is twenty feet long and twenty-three wide, and the height from the floor to the crown of the roof is thirteen feet.

To the left of the entrance is a large closet, used by the mistress as a cupboard; along-side of it is the high seat of honor, with a smaller closet to the left and above it, in which the master keeps his papers under lock and key. The space on the wall above the high seat is occupied by book-shelves, which on festive occasions, according to old custom, are covered by an aaklede (described in Chapter XXV.), a kind of bed-spread woven in bright colors. In Lom five of these, with biblical figures, are still used for the purpose. One has the year 1620 woven into it. Next to the small closet is a long



REAR OF EAMLOFT HOUSE AT LÖKKRE.

bench fastened to the wall, and in front of it the large table with another bench running the length of it opposite the first one. In the left-hand back-corner is the master's bed, with a fixed seat next to it. In the inner right-hand corner is the fireplace, and on the other side of the bedroom door a stationary bench; and in the room below the ramloft stands a bed, with a few steps leading up to it. As a general rule, the beds in the houses are fastened to the walls. Often there are separate sleeping-houses for guests, containing a larder or storehouse in the lower story, and bedrooms above.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Wildest and Highest Mountain Region in Norway.—Height of some of the Peaks.—Difference between Swiss and Norwegian Mountains.—To Jotun Mountain.—The Bæverdalen.—Protection against Avalanches.—From the Visdalen to Galdhøpiggen.—View from Galdhøpiggen.—The Leiradalen.—The Lang Lake.—The Gjendin Lake.—Its Scenery.—The Bes and Rus Lakes.—The Bygdin Lake.—A Hunting Region.—Lake Tyen.—A Snow-storm.—In a Predicament.—Appearance of Fishermen.—Deserted Sæters.—End of the Journey.

THE wildest and highest mountains of Norway are the Jotun, known also under the name of Jotunheim, "the home of the giants," between Lom and the great Sogne fjord, culminating in Galdhøpiggen, 8300 feet above the sea.

Among other high peaks of this range are Glittertinden, 7860 feet; Leirhø, 7400; Heilstuguhø, 7550; Tykningssuen, 7550; Tjærnhultinden, 7530, and Beshø, 7400 feet. In the Horungerne, which are included in the Jotun, the highest peak, Skagastøltinderne, rises to 7860 feet. Besides these there are a large number of peaks of hardly less altitude. The peculiarity of the Jotun is that several of its mountains are pointed. In this superb group, which covers over sixty square miles, are found many fields of perpetual snow, deep valleys with immense glaciers falling into or overhanging them, and lakes several thousand feet above the sea. This region affords some of the grandest pictures of Norwegian scenery.

The difference between the mountains of Switzerland and Norway is this: those of the former are much higher, more bold and pointed, and sharp in the outlines of their thousand fantastic forms. On the other hand, the Norwegian mountains have a grave and sombre character, appearing like a gigantic stony wave, with a peak here and there, impressing more by their vastness than their height and ruggedness. In Norway the valleys are less numerous, and separated by broad

masses of mountains, generally excavated by ice. In Switzerland narrow ridges divide one valley from another.

Let us now wander awhile in the Jotun mountains and the Visdal and Leiradal valleys.

In order to reach them from Lom, one must ascend the Bæverdal by a rough carriage-road as far as the farm of Rösheim, situated on the shore of the furious Bævra, 1559 feet above the sea, and 300 above the Vaage Lake. This valley is enclosed on the north by the mountain ridge called *Loms Eggen*, and on the south by the *Galdhöerne*. The lower parts of the surrounding slopes are covered with birches interspersed with firs.

Looking at the incline of the mountains, the stranger can realize the dangers to the inhabitants of that district from avalanches or snow-slides, which are not uncommon. Little stone huts, hardly peeping out of the ground, and protected by hillocks or by the configuration of the ground, with sometimes a little window for light, have been built as places of refuge.

Rösheim is near the Visdal. This valley is flanked on both sides by grand mountains, snow-fields, and glaciers; on the east the Glittertinden peak rises proudly above the sea; on the west is the majestic Galdhöpiggen, divided by two chasms into three peaks, almost surrounded by dark, insurmountable walls, around which is a sea of snow.

From the Visdal the ascent to the top of the Galdhö is comparatively easy. A number of sæters are met at about four English miles, at a height of 2775 feet above the sea, the path ascending all the time till the common birch vegetation ceases, and wild birch and willows take its place. These disappear as the snow boundary is neared. The mean altitude of the Galdhö plateau is between 6000 and 7000 feet.

After a tiresome tramp over snow, ice, and rocks, the Galdhöpiggen is reached, several hundred feet above all other peaks. At its base is a sea of snow glaciers. There are terrible precipices towards the Styggebræen, and chasms and fissures are seen in the masses of ice. Galdhöpiggen stands like a round snow cupola, overlooking all, bounded by precipices almost on every side.

The view is superb; about the horizon is spread a panorama not to be forgotten—to the north range after range, and the Romsdalshorn, the mountains of Dovre and Snehætten; towards the east, the Runderne and Österdal mountains; in the west, the Horung; and across the Visdal the shining Glittertinden, with snow-fields and glaciers in every direction; in the south the Jotun, with their wild, sharp, pyramidal peaks.

The entrance to Leiradal is a few miles west of Rösheim, by the Bæverdal Valley. In the east it is flanked by the Galdhøpiggen, and in the west by the Veslefjelds, rising 6366 feet. At the entrance of the valley are found some sæters, 2900 feet above the sea, at the base of the dark mountains. Near the top is a small lake surrounded by rocky shores. Not far distant is Kirken, a queer-shaped mountain, which seemed to have a girdle round it towards the summit. Below is Leira Vand, a charming lake 4736 feet above the sea; we skirt its borders, where one of the glaciers of Smörstab Peaks meet its water. Leira Vand forms the top of the water-shed of Leiradal; crossing a ridge, which divides the water-shed, one comes to two lakelets, which flowed towards the Gjendin Vand. Here was presented a wild scene—masses of rocks of every size and shape being piled upon each other on the left, while on the other towering mountains clad with snow and glaciers were seen.

Soon after we came to the Lang Lake, about five miles long. On the left side were fine pastures, where the cattle of the sæters come to feed, while on the other were the Skarvdal mountains with their glaciers, rising to a height of 6140 feet. The murmur of the wind, water-falls, and torrents, and the dash of the waves as they strike against the shore, sound mournfully enough when heard under a gloomy sky. Nature is still and solemn, and only now and then during the short summer is the voice of the lonely maiden of the sæter heard to break the silence of these solitudes.

The Lang Vand falls into another lake—the last link in the chain, with wilder surroundings—in a cascade from seventy-five to one hundred feet in height. Far below is the Aadal Valley, the descent to which is rapid, over diluvial soil, passing

some sæters; and here grass, the dwarf birch, juniper, and wild willow are seen once more; and at last the Gjendin Lake is reached. In this lonely place is a poor solitary sæter, built of rough stone; quite near is a log-house, owned by the Turistforening Society, where the members can find shelter. This lake is 3155 feet above the sea; it is eleven miles long and one mile wide, running east and west, and is surrounded by snow-clad mountains, in the midst of which are several glaciers. The mountains flanking its northern point, covered with perpetual snow and ice, present magnificent scenery; at the foot of these lies the Rusvand. Wild, indeed, is nature there. The Beshö, a mass of rocks, lies between the Bes and the Rus lakes; the latter is separated from the Gjendin by a narrow strip of rock, which might be called a saddle, from which can be seen at a glance the Gjendin, lying 2000 feet below on one side, and the Bes, 800 feet on the other. From these heights one can go down to Bes sæter, 3110 feet above the sea, and then follow the Sjødal—one of the beauties of Norway—and reach Hedal, which we have visited before.

A few miles from Gjendin is Lake Bygdin, 3520 feet above the sea, and about fifteen miles long. It was late in the season when I found myself there; the first two weeks of September had gone, the sæters were deserted, and the narrow stone huts built for the men who roam with cattle were empty. The stillness of the place was disturbed only by the cries of a few gulls: even these would soon leave, for winter was at hand, and, though the sky was bright and the grass green, a snow-storm might come any day. This region is much frequented as a hunting-tract by the people of Valdres, but no sportsmen were to be seen.

Still farther is Lake Tyen, 3596 feet above the sea: lonely enough was this region with its deserted sæters. Coming to a small house built by the Tourist Society, I being one of the members, my guide and myself prepared ourselves to take shelter under its roof for the night. We hobbled our horse, and after a simple meal lay down on the hay, covering ourselves with our overcoats; the air was cold and still (30° F.). At three o'clock we were awakened by a high wind, which we

could hear whistling fiercely around our dwelling. The panes of glass in our hut were covered with snow, and we were in the midst of a great snow-storm. Erik jumped up from his bed to look after the horse, but the animal was gone. He tried to find him, but in vain—for, on account of the thick snow falling, he could not see, and when he returned he said, in a desponding way, "The horse has gone home." "Gone home!" said I; "how does he know the way?" "Yes," he said, "he has gone." The poor fellow was dejected enough, for his horse could not go fast with his hobbles, and in the darkness might have lost his way in the mountains. The horse was part of his fortune, and he no doubt thought it would have been difficult to raise the money to buy another one. As I was the cause of the trouble, and had come here contrary to his advice, I made up my mind to buy another horse for him if his was lost, and told him to write to me in Christiania, if he did not find the animal. The drifts grew higher and higher, and I began to wonder how long the storm would last; he at once consoled me by saying that it was too early in the season for a heavy fall. He was right, for towards noon it cleared. I fired gun after gun to call the fishermen, and increased the charges to make the detonation louder, but no boat was in sight. At last one came, and it was agreed that the two fishermen should take me to the road which crosses from Lærdalsøren over the Filefjeld.

Erik was to go in search of his horse, and take his family and the cattle back to the farm, and I was going in the opposite direction. As we shook hands, I told him to remember me kindly to his wife, and recommended him again not to fail to write in case he had lost his horse. I knew the good fellow was too honest to write a lie, and that, if he found the animal, he would not tell me he had not.

The distance from the southern extremity of the lake to the high-road was about three miles. Wending our way through the deep snow, it had become cold, the mercury standing at 22°, and after awhile I saw with joy the telegraph-poles along the road: several paths leading to pastures branched off in various directions, and birch-trees became abundant. We passed



by the Hagesæt sæters, consisting of several stone huts and houses overlooking the valley. Here, too, the dwellings were deserted, the doors were made fast, and a dead silence reigned; the busy life of the sæter was over, and the merry laugh of the dairy-maid was heard no more. From there a short walk brought me to the high-road, near the base of the Filefjeld. It was the 19th of September, and my summer rambles over the mountains were ended for that year; I found myself again on the shores of the Great Sogne fjord, having crossed once more from the Baltic to the North Sea, between the sixty-first and sixty-third parallels of latitude.

II.—23

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Large Swedish Estates.—Fine Chateaux.—Art Treasures.—Spoils of the Thirty Years' War.—Knight's Hall.—Simplicity of Life.—Lake Mälär.—Drottningholm and its Paintings.—Drottningholm Park.—The Island of Björkö.—An Ancient Place.—The Palace of Gripsholm.—A Magnificent Portrait-gallery.—Historical Faces.—Sad Tales of Gripsholm.—Erik XIV.—The Town of Strengnäs.—The Home of Axel Oxenstjerna.—The Jäder Church.—Eskilstuna.—The Hjelm Lake.—Örebro.—Engelbrekt.—Vesterås.—Strömsholm Canal.—Sigtuna.—The Chateau of Skokloster.—Valuable Treasures.—Relics of the Thirty Years' War.—The Province of Södermanland.—Wingåker.—Chateaux of Stora Sundby and Säfstaholm.

STRANGERS travelling in Sweden, unless they make it a special object, have but a faint idea of the great number of large landed estates, castles (*slott*), chateaux, and fine country-seats which are entailed in the families of the old nobility, many of whom bear names illustrious in the history of Scandinavia and of Europe. These estates are found in the midst of fertile tracts, and not farther north than the province of Upland; they become more numerous from Lake Mälär southward, while in the southern part of the peninsula they dot the country everywhere.

Many of these ancestral homes, built in the fourteenth century, are picturesquely beautiful, surrounded by superb woods, meadows, fields, and clear lakes and streams. Within their walls the halls are filled with art treasures; paintings by the old masters of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, French, and other schools are abundant. One meets gems by Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Hobbimas, Guido, Vandyck, Claude, Correggio, Salvator Rosa, Poussin, Snyders, Ruysdäel, Wouverman, Lely, Ehrenstrahl, Paul Veronese, Wertmüller, Velasquez, Pietro di Cortona, Zuccherro, Leandro Bassano, Backhuysen, Paul Potter, Mignard, Domenichino, Jordäens, and Camphuysen; be-

sides several Swedish artists, among whom are Pilo, Lauræus Martin, Sandberg, Lundberg, Taraval, Claude Lorraine, Pash, Breda, Roslin (portrait-painter), Borgognone, Zorg, Vanloo, Chardin, Boucher, Louthembourg, D'Oudry, De Raoul, David Kraft, Adam Behn, Bremmer, etc., etc. The noble historical portraits bring up vivid pictures of by-gone centuries with kings, queens, princes, statesmen, warriors—men of great repute; old ladies, sweet and beautiful women, whose faces appear to smile upon those who look at them, with tints as fresh as if their likenesses had been painted yesterday.

Many of these portraits were presented by the persons themselves to some member of the families whose walls they now adorn. Besides valuable paintings, the halls are often filled with many gems, cabinets, old furniture, clocks, arms, shields, and curiosities of all sorts—the spoils of the Thirty Years' War, and other famous campaigns, brought or sent home by the victorious generals of the Swedish army.

Some of these chateaux contain a Riddarsal (knight's hall), often of great magnificence. There, in olden times, the armor of the knights was kept, and on the walls there are niches or compartments, where the harness of mail was kept bright and shining; in them are also often large and valuable libraries. Not unfrequently they are built with several towers and pinnacled roofs, and surrounded by a moat, with stately avenues of linden, elm, horse-chestnut, or other trees leading to them; while flower-gardens and greenhouses add their charms to the scene.

I have noticed a growing opinion throughout the country in favor of abolishing the *Fideikommiss* (entailed estate), and allowing the children to divide equally the property of their parents. I have but little doubt, unless there is a revulsion of feeling on this subject, that the law of entail will be abolished; and indeed no estate can now be entailed.

If fortunate enough to be invited as a guest, the stranger is surprised at the simplicity of life, and the unostentatious manners of the family; the hostess quietly superintending the house, and a friendly feeling existing between the landlord and his tenant, or the laborer on the estate. The urbanity of

the superior towards his inferior is delightful to see, and could be imitated with advantage in many other countries.

I have been in no country where its inhabitants did not believe themselves, for one reason or another, more religious or moral than the rest of mankind; the same may be said of different religious sects. I have also remarked that the nobility everywhere think themselves—in blood, antiquity, or deeds of valor—superior to those of other lands. They of course do not declare this in words; but their manner and actions in speaking of foreign lands indicate, unmistakably, such an idea.

Any one who has studied the history of Scandinavia sees indubitable proof of the remote ancestry of many Swedish families, and in no country can there be found a more brilliant record of deeds of valor and consummate generalship.

We will now wander awhile by the Mälär. There are no lakes in Scandinavia around whose shores are clustered so many historical reminiscences, so many mementos of the past, from the Stone Age to that brightest epoch of Swedish history, the period of the Wasa Dynasty—under which Sweden rose to the rank of a great power, and exerted a governing influence in the councils of Europe. Sailing by the shores of lovely islands, the traveller passes a spot once celebrated as a heathen site, or sees a town whose church or cathedral recalls the palmy days of the Roman Catholic power in mediæval times, when the monks owned the best of the land in almost every country.

At a distance of about seven miles from Stockholm is the island of Lofö, one of the largest and most beautiful found in the Mälär; on its shores is built Drottningholm, a handsome royal residence. The foundation of the present castle was laid by Queen Hedvig Eleonora, of Holstein, the widow of Charles X., who was the first king who dared to cross with his army on the ice between the Danish islands, and who led it victorious into the heart of Poland, and it was finished during the reign of her son, Charles XI., 1660–'97. The builders of this noble structure were Nicodemus Tessin, the elder and the younger. The palace is an imposing edifice, built near the water, and commands a fine view of the lake and

of its rocky and wooded shores. Avenues of lindens diverge in different directions towards charming spots. The grounds are laid out either in the old French, Dutch, or English style. From the terrace a flight of steps leads to a garden—which reminds one of France—ornamented with vases and groups in bronze and marble of considerable merit, with several fountains, artificial ponds, and water-avenues where swans live and breed. There is a Theatre de Verdure (the French name has been kept), a most unique and charming structure, built by Gustavus III., with stage and room of clipped trees and turf, where that sovereign loved to act French plays—for the language of France was then and is still the one spoken at court and used in official documents. There is also a maze of complicated walks, hidden by trees and bushes; a Swiss cottage; Flora's hill, with the statue of the goddess; the Kina slott, or Chinese castle—a sort of plaything—built in 1752 by King Adolf Frederick, and presented by him to his queen, Lovisa Ulrika, on her birthday. This building is filled with Chinese curiosities. And near the so-called Canton Village, composed of a number of villas, was a factory hamlet, where the manufacture of steel and iron ware was carried on—conducted by that king himself, probably then the most skilled locksmith and turner in Sweden.

Ascending wide steps leading to the palace, one enters a hall recognized at a first glance by its decorations as the work of Tessin. A noble staircase leads to the rooms above, where several hours can be pleasantly spent in looking over the paintings, tapestry, collections of china, and portraits of King Adolph Frederick (1751-'71) and his beautiful blue-eyed wife, Queen Louisa Ulrika, sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia. Her letters to her "*très chere maman*," the Queen of Prussia, which are numerous and written in French, teem with the love this remarkable woman had for the arts, and show also the great interest she took in Drotthingholm.

The "*Salle des Contemporains*" contains the pictures of recent sovereigns, among them good Queen Victoria in her youth, Napoleon III., the Empress Eugenie, etc.

One pauses before the fine portrait of Peter Olsson, a re-

markable man in his day, when Sweden had a Parliament composed of the four estates of the realm—the nobles, the clergy, the merchants, and the peasants.

Farther westward from Drottningholm is the island of Björkö, a famous port in the later centuries of the pagan era. On the northern extremity are still seen numerous remains of the old *Birka*. The earth there is filled with coal and ashes, among which are sometimes found household utensils, ornaments, and arms, with immense numbers of animal bones; thus, to a certain extent, making these heaps correspond to the so-called “Kjökkenmöddinger” of older periods.

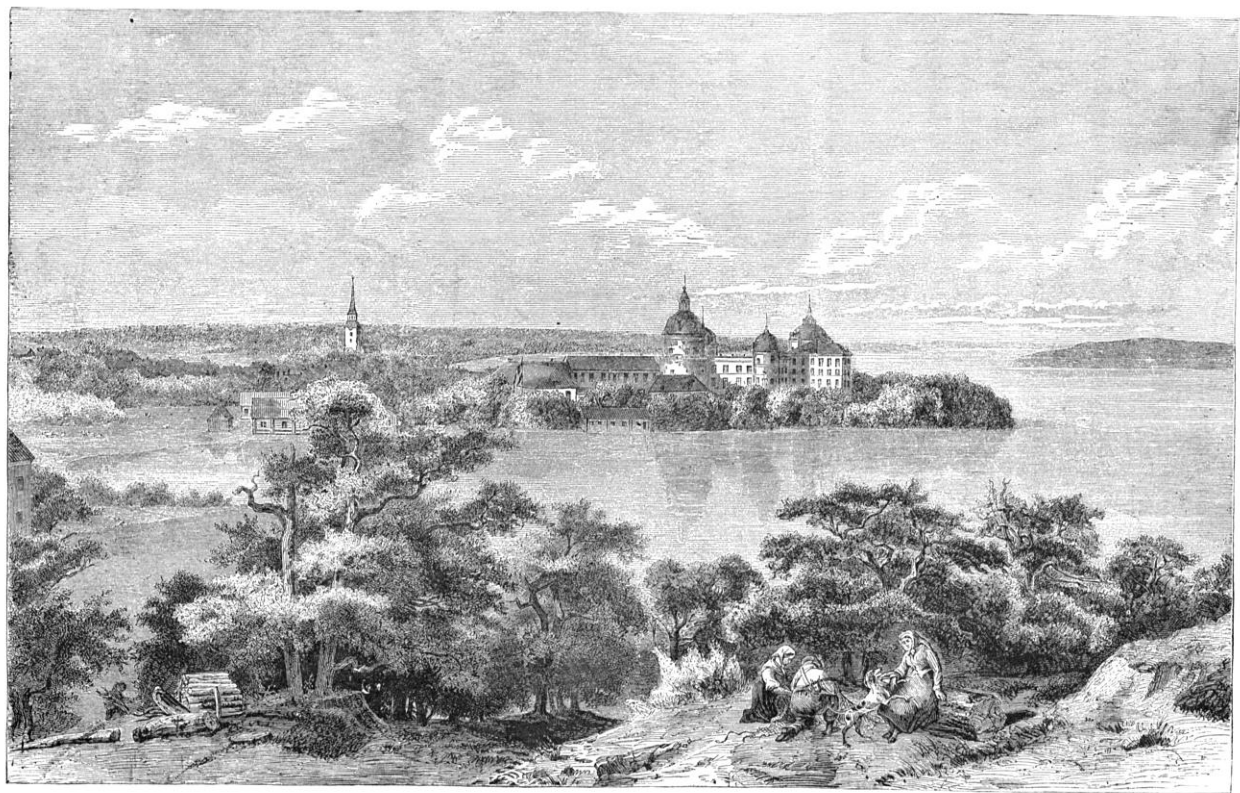
As the inhabitants of the town were often exposed to the attacks of Vikings, and could not meet force with force, they had tried by fillings to render the entrance to the harbor difficult. On the east side is still seen a rampart with openings for entrances, and which no doubt also surrounded the town on the south side, but has long been obliterated, and given room for arable land.

The hill on the west end of the town was similarly enclosed except on one side, where it was so steep that fortifications were considered unnecessary. This wall differs from those of similar forts in the Mälar Valley, in that it is not made of loose stones piled upon each other, but of a stone wall covered with earth. This place offered perhaps the last refuge for the inhabitants; in spite of this, however, it was finally destroyed. This event must have happened after the year 936, when Bishop Unne, of Bremen, died there, and before 1070, when it is related that it was so nearly annihilated that its site could hardly be distinguished.

It is said that there, in the year 829, Christianity was preached for the first time to the Swedes by Ansgarius. A stone cross was erected in 1834 on the shore to commemorate the event.

In the biography of Ansgarius—a monk sent from Corbey, France, to Hamburg, where he became archbishop of the city, and made an Englishman named Simon the first bishop in Björkö—written by Rimbart, probably a contemporary of his, *Birka* is mentioned as an important port, situated in the





GRIPSHOLM.



land of the Svear, where many rich merchants dwelt, and where there was an abundance of all the good things of this life, and enormous treasures. He further relates that the inhabitants, at the time of an unexpected attack by the deposed King Anund, who came with the Danes, took refuge in a fort lying close by the town; as, however, the fort was not very strong, and the defenders few, they entered into negotiations with Anund, and he promised them peace in consideration of 2000 pounds of silver, which were without difficulty collected and weighed out to him.

Adam, another chronicler of this time, says that Birka is a town situated not far from Upsala, the most renowned heathen temple of the Svear.

On the shores of the Gripsholm fjord, near the village of Mariefred, stands the old and stately palace of that name. The former structure was built in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and was destroyed in 1434. The estate afterwards came into the possession of Sten Sture the elder, then regent of the kingdom, who afterwards gave it to the cloister of Mariefred, from which it was taken by King Gustaf Erikson Wasa I., who erected the present building, which was finished in 1537. The four towers were named after the four sons—Erik, Johan, Magnus, and Karl.

In the outer court-yard lie two large cannons of beautiful workmanship, called by the people the boar and the sow, taken by Count Jacob de la Gardie at Ivanogorod, in Russia, in the year 1612.

To the lover of history a pilgrimage to Gripsholm, which may be called the pantheon of the Wasa family and of their contemporaries, is of great interest. This collection of portraits, numbering about two thousand, is of its kind, I think, the finest and most valuable in Europe, for it includes a wide range of sovereigns, and men and women of note unrivalled in number. Some of these are even anterior to the Wasa family, and are five hundred years old. Here are found the portraits of Gustavus Adolphus, of the diplomatists of the Peace of Westphalia, the councillors of Charles XI. and Charles XII., the sovereigns who reigned at the time of Gustavus III., many

distinguished persons, both Swedish and foreign statesmen, kings, queens, beautiful and ugly women, etc; besides there are numerous curiosities—old furniture, precious wall-papers, rich silver vessels, etc.

There are portraits of the Stures, once regents of Sweden. On the 1st of May, 1471, a general Diet met in Arboga, where Sten Sture the elder was with acclamation chosen to be regent and chief of the kingdom, mainly because the Swedes were unable to agree upon a native king, and also because a large, and for the time being omnipotent, party would under no conditions have a continuation of the union with Denmark and Norway.

On November 11th, 1497, King Johan of Denmark and Norway was also accepted as King of Sweden, on account of the ascendancy of the Union party in Sweden. In 1501 he was again deposed, and Svante Sture elected regent. He was not related to Sten Sture the elder, but of another family. He died in 1512, and was succeeded by his son, Sten Sture the younger, who was, however, not chosen at any general Diet, but only by the chiefs of the then all-powerful native party. He died in January, 1520.

There are several portraits of Gustaf Erikson Wasa, who reigned 1521 to 1560—a man of uncommon ability, energy, and of undaunted courage, the founder of the Wasa Dynasty. He was the progenitor of a line of warlike kings, during whose reigns appeared a succession of generals of most brilliant military genius, which perhaps has not been equalled before or since. Grandfather of the great Gustavus Adolphus, his life is most remarkable and romantic. He was in early manhood a fugitive from the Danes, who oppressed his country and who sought his life—often not knowing where to lay his head—going here and there, trying to make the people rise and throw off the yoke of the foreigner—meeting with disappointments, but never despairing, and dying full of honor. In an interesting likeness painted by his son Erik he is represented clad in the steel armor, inlaid with gold, which he wore at the battle of Brunkeberg. In another he is represented with a white flowing beard.

Sigrid Eskilsdotter Banér, married in 1475 to Magnus Karlsson Wasa, grandmother of the founder of the dynasty, is represented as a young and beautiful girl.

We notice the three queens of Gustaf Wasa—Catherine (his first), daughter of Duke Magnus of Saxe-Lauenburg, mother of his eldest son, the unfortunate Erik; Margaret Lejonhufvud, mother of ten children; Catherine Stenbock, two portraits, one representing her as young and beautiful, another in her old age.

The Knights' Hall is one of the most interesting in the palace, for there the visitor sees the contemporaries of the first Wasa. Among the most prominent portraits are those of Francis I. of France, Henry VIII. of England, Charles V., Emperor of Germany, Queen Isabella of Denmark, wife of Christian I., daughter of Archduke Philip of Austria and Johanna of Castile, and sister of the Emperor Charles V. Among the French are Henry IV. and his great minister Sully, Marie de Medicis, Anne of Austria, Louis XIV. and XV., the Duchess of Orleans, the Prince of Conti, Princess Mazarin, the great Condé, Henrietta of England, the Countess of Soissons, La Valliere, Cardinal Fleury, and many others. One pauses before Charles IX. and his first wife, Maria de Pfalz, and Kristina of Holstein, his second, the mother of Gustavus Adolphus.

Here are the faces of many of the contemporaries of Gustavus Adolphus, the last male direct of the Wasa. On the 25th of November, 1620, Gustavus Adolphus II. was married in Stockholm to Princess Maria Eleonora of Brandenburg. Her father was Electoral Prince Johan Sigismund of Brandenburg, and her mother was Anna of Prussia. The young queen was distinguished by an uncommon beauty; her hair was dark, forehead, nose, and eyebrows highly arched, the eyes large and deep blue, the figure petite, the temper lively and condescending. Also the sweet Ebba Brahe, the first love of the great hero, and who reciprocated his affection, but who, through the queen-mother, married Jacob de la Gardie while Adolphus was waging war against Poland. Oxenstjerna, the famous chancellor, has two portraits; the generals of the

Thirty Years' War; Charles X., the successor of Gustaf Adolphus, also a great warrior; his queen, Hedvig Eleonora of Holstein-Gottorp, whom he married in October, 1654; Charles XI. and his wife, Ulrika Eleonora of Denmark; Charles XII., Adolphus Frederick, Louisa Ulrika.

England is well represented. Not the least interesting are the portraits of Henry VIII., Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, and of the Georges, etc., etc. Erik XIV., the son of Gustaf Wasa, in one of his love-letters to Queen Elizabeth, states that she is wrong in supposing that he wished the hand of Mary Stuart.

One sees Frederick II. of Prussia, the Emperor Joseph of Austria, Charles of Spain, Stanislas, the last King of Poland, Sigismund of Poland, Christian IV. of Denmark, Philip IV. of Spain, and the seventy Ministers of the Peace of Westphalia, which terminated the great Thirty Years' War.

In a large hall are portraits of celebrities of the period of Gustaf III. (1771-1792). These paintings are the presents of the sovereigns of that time to their dear brother: among them are Maria of Portugal, who founded the Brazilian empire, and Maria Theresa of Austria. The great Catherine, in one picture—sent by her to Gustaf—is represented as a fine old dame. In another she is a young woman, with her infant Paul, and Peter the Great by her side. One stands thoughtfully before a beautiful likeness of Marie Antoinette, by Wertmüller, a portrait and historical painter, born in Stockholm in 1751. In 1770 he went to Paris, where he created quite a sensation, and among other things painted the unfortunate queen and her children, about which Madame Campan in her memoirs says that it was the most striking likeness of this queen she had seen. After having remained in Paris some twenty years he returned to his native country; but in 1800 again went to Paris, and thence to Philadelphia, where he married, and died in 1811. No doubt many gems of the great artist are to be found in America. A sincere friendship existed between Marie Antoinette and Gustaf III., and in the Gustavean collection are found several of her letters. The landgraves of Hesse, and other German princes, now entirely

forgotten, are numerous; also Catherine Opaluska, queen of Stanislas Leczinski, a beautiful woman; William of Orange, Queen Anne, and a most ridiculous portrait of six court-ladies of Queen Ulrika's court, represented with heads over the bodies of hens.

At the death of Gustaf Wasa, Gripsholm came into the possession of his son Charles, who afterwards ascended the throne under the title of Charles IX. The old castle has many sad tales to tell. From the Knights' Hall, descending through a narrow staircase, you enter a vaulted cell where the victims of the blood-bath of Linköping were once incarcerated. In one of the towers is a room with three windows overlooking the lake; here Johan, one of the sons of Gustaf Wasa II., was imprisoned by his brother Erik—who had previously gone to England—for rebellion, and remained there three years. Queen Elizabeth wrote to the latter in 1565, inquiring the cause of his brother's imprisonment, and saying that she would be glad to see him again reinstated in the favor of his king.

The four sons of Gustaf Wasa were violent in their disposition; Erik was subject to terrible fits of ungovernable passion. Dissatisfaction having arisen in the country on account of the imprisonment of Duke Johan, King Erik, of a very suspicious mind, feared the hate of the nobility, and especially the jealousy of the Sture family. A report was spread that a conspiracy, at the head of which these nobles were said to be, was soon to break out. Svante Sture and his sons, together with Erik Stenbock, Sten Erikson Lejonhufvud, and others were put in prison in the castle of Upsala. Soon after Göran Persson, the evil-minded adviser of the king, whispered into his ear that Johan had escaped from prison, and at the head of his supporters was on the way to Upsala, then the royal residence, and that he came with the intention of revenging himself. Erik then lost all control over himself, and ordered the execution of the prisoners. With his own hand he gave Nils Sture several thrusts with his poniard; he did not even spare his former teacher, Dionysius Beurresus, who was warmly attached to him, and sought to calm his excited mind. There-

upon came repentance and despair: he fled, disguised in the garb of a peasant, and avoided all the people he met. After having in some measure regained his senses, he sought to appease the relatives of the murdered nobles by valuable presents; and these also announced that they would not revenge themselves on the king, because they laid the blame on his adviser, Göran Persson. During this state of mind he had been



ASPÖ CHURCH, ON THE ISLAND OF TOSTERÖ.

persuaded to set his prisoner at liberty. Johan received back his duchy (Finland), and a reconciliation between the two brothers took place. But Erik soon gave new causes for dissatisfaction, and Göran Persson regained the confidence of the king, who demanded back the presents he had given to the families of the murdered nobles. He married Katarina Månsdotter, who was of low birth, and publicly crowned her

as queen: this caused great dissatisfaction among the nobility. Around Johan the disaffected assembled, and Duke Charles also joined them, whereupon Erik, deserted by all, was captured in 1568, and adjudged guilty of high crimes, and kept a prisoner for nine years, until he, in 1577, was poisoned upon the order of Johan at Örbyhus. Several years of his captivity was passed at Gripsholm.

After leaving Gripsholm, following the indented shores of the Mälar, one comes to the old historical town of Strengnäs, now, however, of little importance. The cathedral is a fine building, dating from 1291, and has a length of 300 feet. Charles IX. is buried there, and many other renowned personages, among them Sten Sture the elder. Opposite the town is the island of Tosterö, with the old church of Aspö.

Farther on from Strengnäs is the well-known old chateau of Fiholm, once belonging to Axel Oxenstjerna, the great adviser of Gustavus Adolphus. At a short distance is the Jäder church, in which are numerous mementos of the Thirty Years' War, and the tomb of the chancellor.



SEAL OF TORSHÄLLA.—ST. OLAF IN A BOAT.

Beyond, a short distance up the Eskilstuna River, is situated the little town of Torshälla, and that of Eskilstuna—the latter being the most important and populous of those on

and near the southern shore of the Mälars. It has considerable manufactures of arms, cutlery, etc. Near the western extremity of the lake are the small towns of Köping and Arboga, situated on the rivers which bear their names.



ARBOGA CHURCH.

From the Arboga River a canal runs to Lake Hjelmars. A couple of miles from the western end of this lake is the old city of Örebro, with a population of over 10,000 inhabitants, situated on a plain which is divided by the Svartå River, here forming several small islands. Örebro has in the older history of Sweden played quite an important part. Of ancient buildings the most remarkable is the castle, on an island in the river. It is built in a square with four towers, of which one still has some of its loop-holes left. The City Hall is a fine new stone building in the Gothic style, and nota-



ble for a small tower. The church was built in the fourteenth century, and contains the remains of Engelbrekt Engelbrekts-son, a famous man, born in Dalecarlia, whose statue adorns the open place near the church.

During the reign of Erik XIII. (1397-1439) his bailiffs com-



ÖREBRO CHURCH.

mitted the most lawless and cruel acts; among them Jösse Eriksson was especially distinguished for his many revolting cruelties: he resided at the castle of Vesterås, and his district comprised a part of Vestmanland and Dalarna. By enormous and unjust taxes he robbed the peasants of their property; and,

when thus their horses and oxen had been taken from them, he harnessed the peasants to the plough, and their wives, even the pregnant ones, to the hay-loads. Unprotected women were kidnapped, and forced to submit to his infamous passions; and many wealthy men were imprisoned on false accusations, and then sentenced, to enable him to confiscate their property. When the peasants came to him and made their complaints, he had their ears cut off, or had them lashed, or hung up in smoke until they were smothered.

At this time lived near Falun copper-mine Engelbrekt Engelbrektsson; he was a noble, though not a very high one. Although small of stature, he was, however, of dauntless courage, and was besides eloquent, and well versed in the arts and sciences of his time, as he had in his youth resided at the courts of some of the great men. He felt pity for the Dalecarlians on account of the oppression under which they suffered, and promised to appear before the king and try to have their wrongs righted, as well as to have Jösse called away. Engelbrekt therefore went to Copenhagen. Erik XIII. would not at first believe him; but as he offered to answer therefor with his life, his majesty referred him to the council, who went to Dalecarlia and examined into the matter, and found it to be true, and so reported to the king. When Engelbrekt appeared before the latter, he said, in great anger, "Thou always dost complain. Go away, and never show thyself again before my eyes!" He obeyed and went away saying, in leaving, "Once more I will come back!" When he returned home with this answer to the peasants, they turned out from every house, and resolved to die rather than longer endure such oppression. They therefore arose, and under Engelbrekt's command marched to Vesterås, where they were met by the council, who promised to see that their grievances were remedied, and they at once departed satisfied. But nothing was done towards the fulfilment of these promises, and Jösse soon again sent his armed men to force them to pay taxes. They therefore rose a second time, but instead of going down to Vesterås, where they had been sent away with fine promises, they went to the castle of Borganäs, by the Dala

River, south-west of Falun, and burned it on midsummer-day, 1434. The rebellion soon assumed great proportions, and within a short time the Danes were driven away from the whole kingdom; an armistice was then closed, and Engelbrekt chosen regent of the kingdom; and at the conclusion of peace he was also made commander of Örebro Castle. King Erik did not keep his word; a second rebellion broke out, also under the leadership of Engelbrekt, who had now become very eminent, and thus was an object of the envy of the great nobles of the kingdom. One of these, Bengt Stensson Natt och Dag (night and day), of Göksholm, a castle by Lake Hjelmar, had a quarrel with our hero, which, however, was settled in Örebro, April, 1436; and when the latter, on the 3d of May, 1436, was on his way to Stockholm, he encamped for the night on an islet in the Hjelmar, close to Göksholm. Hither came the son of Bengt and killed Engelbrekt, who expected no harm from his late adversary, after the reconciliation. As soon as the news of this treacherous murder spread, the peasants assembled and tried to avenge it, but the murderer had fled. Therefore they went to the islet, where they picked up the mangled body of their beloved chieftain, and with tears carried it to Mellösa church, where they buried him who had been their only protection and help in their oppression.

About twenty miles from Örebro lies the pretty town of Nora, which is the centre of a very important mining region, among which the ore-fields Striberg, Dalkarlsberg, Pershytte, and Kläcka are the most remarkable. Nora parish is the one in which more iron ore is mined than in any other of Sweden.

The northern shores are also very interesting. Vesterås, at the mouth of the Svartå River, with a population of 5448, in mediæval times was an important place; it had four churches and a Dominican monastery. The cathedral now standing near the water was built during the twelfth century, and has a spire of 320 feet, the highest in Sweden, and a length of 306. In it are the tombs of Svante Sture, Erik XIV., and Chancellor Magnus Brahe. The elementary school

has a fine library of 12,000 volumes, which includes that of the Electoral Prince of Mayence, given by Axel Oxenstjerna.

The castle of Strömsholm was built by Gustavus I., and was formerly used as a summer residence by the Swedish kings. Here is also the largest stud of Sweden, and a riding-school for the officers of the army.

At Strömsholm begins a canal more than seventy miles in length, of which only about seven miles are dug, while the rest are formed by natural watercourses. This route offers one of the most beautiful water-ways of Sweden. The most northerly end terminates at the village of Smedjebacken, in Dalecarlia. Numerous iron-works are met with along the journey.

On the northern shore, some twenty-five miles from Stockholm, is the Sigtuna fjord, from which one can journey all the way by water to Upsala. Near the water is the royal castle of Rosersberg, with beautiful surroundings. Here is the village of Sigtuna, often mentioned in the old sagas, and in those days a rich and populous city.

In the middle and end of the twelfth century the coasts of the Baltic were constantly harassed by the attacks of the heathen fleets of countries to the east. Such a fleet, under the Esthonians, entered the Mälars in 1187 and destroyed Sigtuna, which, after the destruction of Birka, was then the most important trading town. They carried away two large church doors of massive silver, which are still in the church of Novgorod in Russia. Of the former churches only a few ruins remain, and one cannot but wonder how the immense boulders of which they are constructed were put in their places.

Farther up the fjord, after passing the narrow strait of Erikssund, one enters the bay of Sko, in the midst of dark forests. Near the shore loom up the towers of the castle of Skokloster. This cloister was founded in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and was destroyed by fire. Not far from the castle the monastery church still stands, well preserved.

Karl Gustaf Wrangel was one of the most renowned generals of Gustavus Adolphus, but his great achievements were made after the death of his king; he was chief commander of the armies at the Peace of Westphalia.

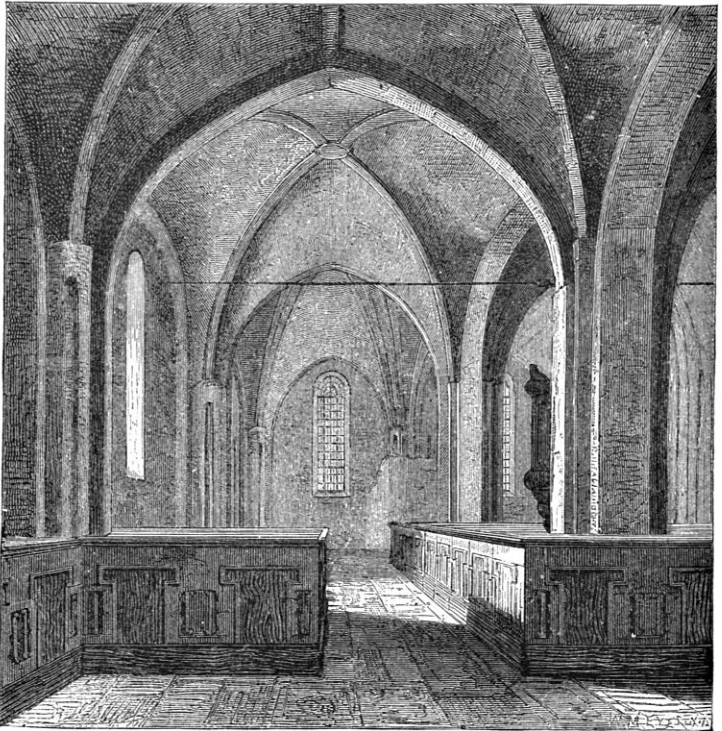
In the church are several paintings of artistic value, taken from Oliva monastery, near Dantzic, Karl Gustaf Wrangel's equestrian statue, erected in his chapel, the walls of which are ornamented with half-raised representations from his campaigns, and the grave-stone of the holy Holmgeir. The pulpit, the altar, and other ornaments are spoils from Germany.

Gustavus Adolphus gave Skokloster to the Field-marshal Herman Wrangel, whose son, the still more renowned Karl Gustaf Wrangel, erected the present edifice.

The only child of Admiral Wrangel, a daughter, married a Brahe, and thus the estate came entailed in that illustrious family. The chateau is one of the handsomest private ones in Sweden. It forms an exact square; it encloses a court, has four stories, and is flanked by four towers, which are a story higher than the rest of the edifice. The principal entrance towards the lake is marked by a frontispiece, with the Wrangel coat-of-arms. The arch of the vestibule is supported by eight Ionic pillars of marble, a gift of Queen Christina to Karl Gustaf Wrangel, but which Count Nils Brahe, during the "reduction" of Charles XI., had to redeem at an immense sum of money. The reduction during the reign of Charles XI. embraced the restitution of such crown estates as had, during the preceding reigns, especially during that of Queen Christina, been given to nobles for real or pretended services. The interior of the castle is a museum of curiosities; stairways and corridors are ornamented with paintings, mostly portraits of Wrangel's Scottish companions in arms. Room after room is filled with portraits, including other comrades of Field-marshal Herman Wrangel, and dating back to 1623. As we looked at them our thoughts turned to that fierce struggle marked by the military genius of Gustavus Adolphus and his generals.

One is almost bewildered in the rooms containing the collections of arms—which number about twelve hundred—comprising fire-arms of all kinds, and a great number of sabres, swords, poniards, and bows, some inlaid with gold and precious stones; others of historic value, such as the sword of the Hussite chief Ziska; and armor taken by Marshal Wrangel and other victorious generals. Not the least interesting is the

beautiful shield of the great emperor Charles V., which was taken in Prague when that city was sacked by the Swedes. The state apartments are hung with old tapestry—the gift of Louis XIV. of France; others are hung with gilt skins. A great delight is the old-fashioned chimney, reaching to the ceiling, with beautifully-carved armorial designs. The walls are adorned with portraits, Venetian mirrors, cabinets inlaid with ivory, amber, and blood-stone; china and great



KNUTBY CHURCH, IN UPLAND.

numbers of objects of art are arranged in huge cabinets in the so-called King's Hall, the ceiling of which is a masterpiece of the plasterer's art.

In historical paintings Skokloster ranks next to Gripsholm. The collection of portraits here also is very fine, including the

families of Wrangel, Brahe, Königsmark, and Bjelke. There is a splendid library, containing over 30,000 volumes, and many valuable manuscripts and letters, among which is one of Erik XIV., in which he orders negotiations for a marriage with Mary Stuart, which he denied when he wished to wed the English queen, Elizabeth. One is never wearied in looking at the wonderful treasures: nearly every object has a tale to tell. From the paintings we return to the cabinets, and back again to the paintings, being loath to part from this most fascinating collection, which it is hoped will never leave the country.

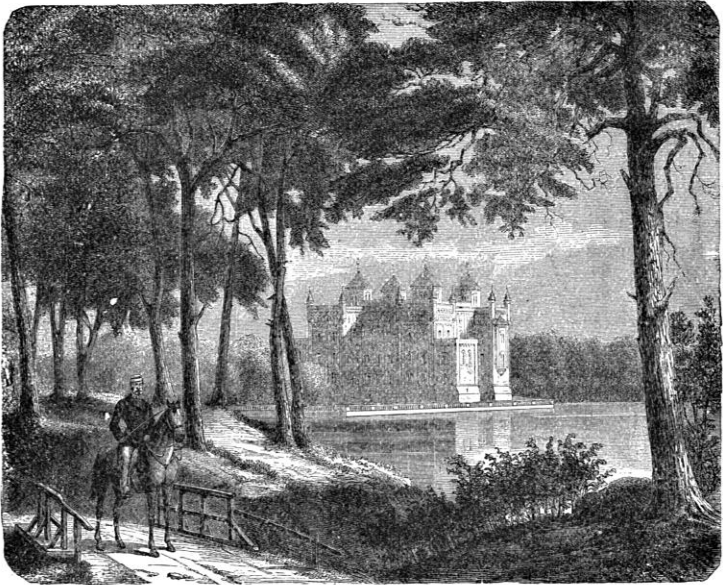
We will bid adieu to the Mälar, upon whose shores we have lingered many a day dreaming of the past.

From the Mälar some time may be spent pleasantly in visiting the castles, chateaux, and churches of Upland, many of which are full of interest.

The province of Södermanland is bounded on the north by the southern shores of the Mälar, and partly on the west by Lake Hjelmarn. The landscape is in many districts well wooded and picturesque, with lakes and streams in every direction; the coniferous forests of the north are often replaced by trees of a greater variety, the foliage of which adds to the beauty of the country. The linden, the elm, and the horse-chestnut attain large growth, while the oaks are often of superb size; many of the hills and dales are clad with those pre-eminently Scandinavian trees, the birch and the fir. In the western part of the province—Wingåker—most of the people still adhere to their national costume, which is for the men composed of a long woollen white homespun coat, coming down to the ankle, with crimson bar lining, blue cuffs, leather knee-breeches, and short waistcoats. The women's head-dress is a high red roll, which on Sunday is covered with a ruffled cap of varied colors and forms, according as the wearer is maiden, betrothed, wife, or mother.

Numerous estates are scattered here and there, with fine old chateaux situated in lovely retired spots. On the eastern end of the Hjelmarn is the magnificent estate of Stora Sundby, belonging to the family of De Geer. The castle is imposing, with turrets; the apartments are of royal splendor.

Near Wingåker is Säfstaholm, entailed in the family of Bonde. The chateau is surrounded by rural scenery; its apartments are adorned with Italian and Dutch paintings, and others of great merit; the library is very valuable, and some of the archives date back to 1300.



STORA SUNDBY, IN SÖDERMANLAND.

The finest estate, not only in regard to size, but on account also of its beautiful situation, and grand ancestral home, is Eriksberg, which is entailed in another branch of the family of Bonde. The castle, which is about two hundred years old, occupies a commanding position on a hill overlooking the charming little Eriksberg Lake. The main building, showing unmistakable traces of the master-hand of Tessin, is of stone, three stories high, with ground-floor and four wings. Its rooms contain choice objects of art from the period during which it was built. The south-western wing includes a richly and tastefully decorated chapel. The elegant halls are ornamented with valuable portraits and paintings. The former





ERIKSBERG.



so-called audience-hall is now occupied by a library of 10,000 volumes—as regards Scandinavian history, one of the most complete in Sweden. The grounds are in harmony with the whole. Between the two southern wings rises the castle terrace, ornamented with statues, and directly in front of this is a bronze fountain. Bounded on two sides by shady old linden alleys, a spacious lawn stretches in front of the castle with flower groups, *bosques*, and *parterres*.

One of the most prettily-situated estates of this province is that of Sparreholm, on the shores of the charming little Lake Båfven. Its mansion, although it cannot compare in grandeur with some others, presents to the visitor a most cheerful and inviting appearance. It has a fine library, a collection of coins, and also some good paintings of native and foreign masters.

A few miles distant is the interesting old chateau of Stenhammar. It lies by Lake Valdemaren, surrounded by extensive parks, in which may be seen stately old oaks and other deciduous trees. The beauty of the place is greatly enhanced by the ever-changing panorama of the lake, with its maze of islets and winding passages. The estate is mentioned as early as the year 1300. The whole neighborhood is one of the most charming in Södermanland, and is rich in memorials from by-gone days.

## CHAPTER XXX.

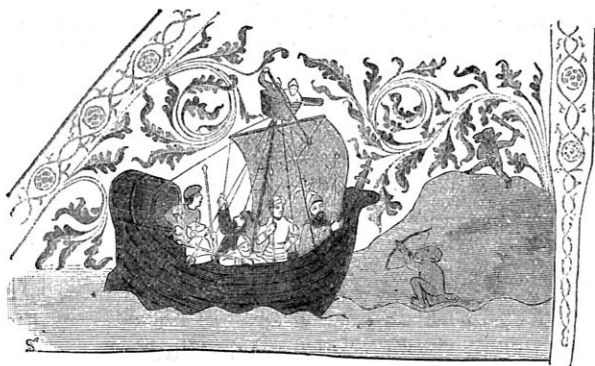
Across Sweden by Water.—Interesting Water-route.—The Göta Canal.—From the Mälars to the Baltic.—Ösmo Church.—Söderköping.—Lake Roxen.—Ruins of Stjernarp.—Wreta Church.—Tombs of the Tenth Century.—The Boren Lake.—The Estate of Ulfåsa.—A Story of the Past.—Lake Wettern or Vettern.—The Town of Vadstena.—The Cloister of Vadstena.—St. Birgitta.—Its Monks.—High Birth of its Nuns.—The Church of Vadstena.—Tomb of Queen Philippa of England and others.—Bo Jonsson.—Immense Wealth of Bo Jonsson.—Karl Niklas.—His Death.—Bo Jonsson's Tomb.—The Castle of Vadstena.—Alvastra.—Jönköping, Grenna.—Visingsö Island.—From Carlsborg Inland.—Lake Viken.—Lake Ymsen.—Scandinavia's largest Lake.—Towns on the Wenern.—The Church of Råda-Karlstad.—The Iron-works of Uddeholms.—Kinnekulle.—The Chateau of Börstorp.—Ancient Jewels.—The Church of Husaby.—Olaf Skötkonung.—Kollandsö.—The Falls of Trollhättan.—Terminus of the Canal.

A CHARMING summer journey is that of crossing the peninsula, from sea to sea, by the Göta Canal and the lakes connecting the Baltic with the North Sea. Linger here and there in the midst of the romantic scenery found on the banks of some lonely river, or on the shores of lovely lakes; tarry awhile in some clean, quiet, thrifty town, with castle, cathedral, or church dating from mediæval times; visit some spot where remains of the stone and bronze age are to be found; and stop at some old chateau which brings recollections of the by-gone centuries.

This beautiful water-way, crossing the central part of Sweden, is about 259 miles long, with 74 locks; the highest level reached is 308 feet 2 inches, on the Lake Viken, between the Wettern and the Wenern. The canal is 10 feet deep, generally 48 feet wide at the bottom and 88 feet at the surface; the locks are 123 feet in length and 24 feet in width; there are more than 30 bridges over its course. The traffic is considerable, the number of vessels cleared from the North Sea to the Wenern averaging yearly between six and seven thousand, and between the lake and the Baltic about three

thousand. This superb work shows in several instances great engineering skill; in many places locks after locks are cut out of solid granite hills. The construction is made to last, and the banks have been so built that they are secured against dangers from steam navigation. Comfortable steamers make the journey direct, and are generally two or three days on the way, according to the number of stoppages to discharge or take cargoes; others ply on their respective lakes from one city to another, stopping at intermediate places.

From Stockholm the steamer follows the southern shore of the Mälars to Telge-viken, and ere long enters the Södertelge Canal, which connects the lake with the Baltic. Down the



SHIP CARRYING ST. ERIK TO FINLAND.

fjord, and not far from the shore, about sixteen miles south of Södertelge, is the old and interesting church of Ösmo, which possesses many very old and grotesque paintings; one of them represents the devil as the people believed him to be in those days. Beyond is the royal chateau of *Tullgarn*, an imposing edifice, surrounded by parks and gardens, luxuriously decorated by the Swedish artist Hillerström. The estate, which formerly belonged to some of Sweden's most famous noble families, such as Brahe, Bonde, Sture, Oxenstjerna, and De la Gardie, was in 1772 sold to the Crown, and has since been used as a summer residence for members of the royal family. To the south, one enters the Slätbaken fjord, and soon after

looms up the tower of Stegeborg, a fine ruin by the sea. The former castle was mentioned in the thirteenth century, when King Birger used it as his residence. In its early history it was many times besieged—taken and retaken by Swedes and Danes. The tower is the only portion remaining.

About ten miles from Stegeborg the entrance to the Göta Canal is reached. Three miles beyond is the small town of Söderköping, once a place of considerable importance, and boasting in olden times of a castle, four churches, and two monasteries; of its churches only two remain, St. Lars and St. Drothems. Continuing the journey, at about fifteen miles from the sea the boat enters the charming Roxen, with its wooded and hilly shores. The lake is 109 feet above the Baltic, has a length of about 15 and a breadth of between 6 and 7 miles. It has three considerable streams—the Motala, the outlet of Lake Wetteren, the Svartån, and the Stångån.

Along its shores are a number of large estates. Among the historical ruins are those of Stjernarp, formerly the dwelling of the Scotch earl, Robert Douglas, who entered Gustavus Adolphus's service in 1631, and by his military genius rose to great distinction. The castle was built in 1654, and withstood the ravages of time well, until a fire in May, 1789, laid it in ashes. It lies in a magnificent situation overlooking the lake and surrounded by trees. The two wings escaped destruction; in one of them is the chapel, and the other is still occupied. The court-yard is apparently square. On the north side the ruin is four stories in height, with nine windows in width, and the middle part, with three windows, rises two stories higher. In the portal one can see traces of the beauty of the old building.

On the eastern shore of the lake, at the port of Berg, the canal is continued, and sixteen locks have to be passed, which makes the ascent tedious. Overlooking the lake near Berg is the Wreta church, built on the ruins of the old monastery which belonged to the Benedictines, and later to the Bernardines, who sent out nuns all over the country. Here are the tombs of Inge the younger, who reigned between 1118 and 1130, and his queen, Helena; of King Ragwald Knap-höfde (1130–1133), belonging to the Stenkil, and King Valde-

mar Birgersson, of the Folkunga dynasties, besides other men great in their day, but now forgotten.

In the Folkunga family was a renowned chieftain, Folke Digre (the stout), who died about 1100; his posterity became very powerful. One of his great-grandsons was Birger Jarl, who for a long time governed Sweden with a strong hand, and was the founder of Stockholm. His son Valdemar, who in 1250 became first King of Sweden through his father, was so only in name. The descendants occupied the Swedish throne until 1389.

The canal skirts the shores of the Kungs Norrby Lake, which is below, and beyond this enters the Boren Lake, 245 feet above the sea, and 136 above the Roxen, which we have left behind. This charming sheet of water is about nine miles long, clear as crystal, and with beautiful shores. In Ekbyborna church-tower is seen the chamber where St. Birgitta dwelt. Near by is the old estate of Ulfåsa, which belonged to the Folkunga family in the twelfth century. Among the historical facts connected with them is one that is most pleasantly remembered, as follows:

Bengt, a brother of the powerful Birger Jarl, was *lagman* (judge) of Östergötland, and lived at Ulfåsa. All the other brothers of the family had married women of the highest nobility, and thus satisfied the pride of Birger Jarl. Bengt, however, had fallen in love with a young girl of a family of much less repute, but of such uncommon beauty that she was generally called Sigrid the Fair. He had also married her clandestinely, which greatly angered the proud Jarl. He therefore sent Sigrid, as a wedding present, a cloak, half of which was made of gold cloth, while the other half was of coarse woollen material (*vadmal*), in order to thereby signify how little suitable was a union between two persons of such unequal stations, as was the case with Sigrid and Bengt. As an answer Bengt returned the cloak to the Jarl, after first having had the *vadmal* portion covered with gold, pearls, and precious stones, so that this part of the cloak became much more valuable than the other. Birger, still further enraged by this constancy of his brother, promised to come and have a talk

with Bengt himself, and soon after journeyed to Ulfåsa. When Bengt heard of his coming he went away from home, and told Sigrid to receive the Jarl. She therefore dressed herself in a manner to heighten her great charms. On the arrival of Birger, Sigrid met him, greeted him most reverently, and bade him welcome. When the Jarl saw her, he was so enchanted by her beauty, and modest though dignified demeanor, that he forgot all his anger, embraced and then kissed her, saying that if his brother had left this undone, he would have to do it himself. Bengt was now sent for, and the brothers were reconciled. Bengt had by Sigrid a daughter, called Ingeborg, who was married to Birger Persson Brahe of Finsta, lagman of Upland. Their daughter was Birgitta, who afterwards became a seeress and prophetess, and founded the cloister of Vadstena, and finally was made a saint: people even from foreign lands came in pilgrimage to her tomb.

In the cathedral of Upsala is shown to this day the slab under which Birger Persson and Ingeborg were buried. The inscription, which commences at the left foot of Birger, reads: "Here lie the noble knight Sir Birger Persson, Upland's lagman, and his wife, Lady Ingeborg, with their children; whose souls may rest in peace. Pray for us." On the shield is seen the coat-of-arms of Birger (two down-turned wings), and on the sides of the stone his seven children, with their names. Sir Birger died in 1328, and his wife, Lady Ingeborg, in 1314.

During the oldest times the people were their own judges in their Things, their lagman explaining the laws to them. Later, this lagman, who was chosen by the people, but whose office often descended from father to son, acted as judge, as well as speaker in the Things within the provinces; and for his decision were submitted a multitude of questions, not only judicial, but also purely economical. Gradually the kings assumed the right of appointing the lagman, and the functions of his office changed, until they became purely judicial, corresponding with those of the present *häradshöfdings* (district judges).

The royal jury (*kungsnämnd*), similar to the present *häradsnämnd* (district jury), formerly in some instances judged cases in place of the king, without his presence or that of any



one in his stead. Their number was twelve in each judicial district. The ruler during those times travelled around in the different provinces, and personally heard and judged cases submitted to him. Every province then was an independent



SLAB OVER THE GRAVE OF LAGMAN BIRGER PERSSON AND HIS WIFE, INGEBORG.

state, which had its own laws and its separate taxation ; and the king on his accession to the throne had to go to every one of them separately, and there receive the oath of allegiance of their different populations. Just as the kingdom was a union

of independent states or provinces, every province was a union of smaller districts; while the district was a union of several families, who joined together for mutual protection. The members of the family not only had a common origin, but also were joined together for mutual assistance and responsibility. If one member was killed, the whole kindred was obliged to avenge his death, and had the right to receive an indemnity in lieu thereof, which in the latter case was distributed equally between the members.

The land was divided in the same manner; but in case of a sale the relatives of the seller had the first right of bidding in the property. These free owners of the land were the safeguards of society; over them stood at the end of the heathen age only the *jarlar* (earls) and the king. It is the general idea that the inhabitants of Sweden in olden times enjoyed a complete political equality; this is, however, a mistake; for among them, as other nations, only the free possessor of the soil, who had not entered the military service of any one, had complete political rights.

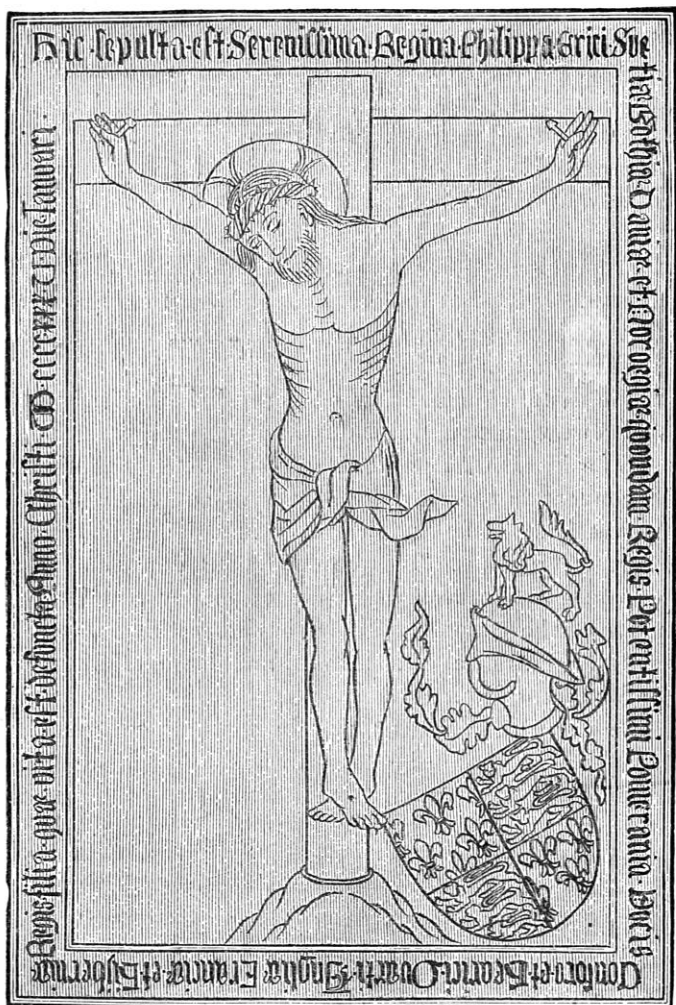
Leaving the Boren, the ascent is by five connecting locks. The distance between the lake and the Vettern is about two miles, and presents most charming views. On the south of the water-way runs the outlet of Vettern, the Motala River forming occasionally small falls, which set mills and forges in motion. Motala is near the mouth of the Göta Canal on Lake Vettern, and is a village of some 1800 inhabitants, not counting the employés of the iron works a little higher up in its course. These works have the largest machine-shops in Sweden, and are of great importance to the country; they employ about 1700 people; for whom are established schools, dwelling-houses, hospitals, etc. Twelve miles north of Motala are, in an exceedingly pretty neighborhood, the mineral springs of Medevi. These waters were known as early as the first periods of Christianity, but did not attract general notice until 1674, when they were opened for the public. Medevi resembles a little town, with church, post-office, hospital, a large number of dwellings for patients, fine parks, promenades, etc.

The Vettern is the second largest lake in Scandinavia; it has a length of 84 miles, and in its widest part a breadth of over 20; its level is 297 feet above the Baltic, and its greatest depth is 427 feet, showing its bottom to be much below the sea-line. It is fed by a large number of small streams. It is so clear and blue that when smooth it looks like a mirror of blue glass. But the mariner at times dreads its surface, which is very sensitive, and without warning is often stirred up without any apparent cause. It is also noted for its eddies, whirlpools, and mirages. It is encircled by four provinces—Nerike, Östergötland, Småland, and Västergötland. It has but few islands, the largest being Visingsö. Upon the shores are five towns—Vadstena, Grenna, Jönköping, Askersund, and Hjo.

On the eastern shore, a few miles south, is the famous town of Vadstena, with 2500 inhabitants; it exports grain, lumber, iron, and spirits. The place, celebrated in old Catholic times, had a convent in the eleventh century. In 1383 a fine monastery was founded by St. Birgitta (St. Birgit), and consecrated with great ceremony. This establishment was then the richest one in Sweden, receiving gifts of money and land from all parts of the country. To be buried within its precincts insured the entrance into heaven, and large offerings were given for that object.

The convent of Vadstena was in constant communication with Italy. The house in Rome in which Birgitta had dwelt had been given to these monks, and was often used by them and their people during their visits to the holy city. But the intercourse was not limited to travels by its monks. From Florence came, in 1405, a request that it should send some one to the latter city to found a Birgittine cloister, which later was called Paradise. Pilgrimages were made to the shrine from foreign countries; and these pious devotees, who always left some token of their visit, greatly increased the wealth of the fathers. The Swedish clergy and monks during these times consisted mostly of sons from the families of common people, or at least not from the higher strata of society. Among the nuns it was, however, quite different; for many of the sisters

were daughters of the high nobility. The nuns of Vadstena convent were, however, not of Swedish birth only, but many



SLAB OVER THE GRAVE OF QUEEN PHILIPPA.

were from Denmark, Norway, and surrounding countries. The noble families showed their concern for the place by acquiring the right of having their remains buried within the holy

precincts of its church. It was not the intention that the cloister should become rich in silver and gold; but presents were nevertheless not refused. Queen Philippa gave to the church two golden crowns, ornamented with precious stones, the value of which was 1771 marks, a golden necklace, a golden girdle, and a golden tablet worth 1080 marks. In 1412 it received from the two brothers, Sten and Ture Bjelke, a shrine for preserving the bones of St. Birgitta, made out of pure silver, weighing  $428\frac{7}{8}$  marks, worth at that time about \$40,000 of our present money—a very large sum.

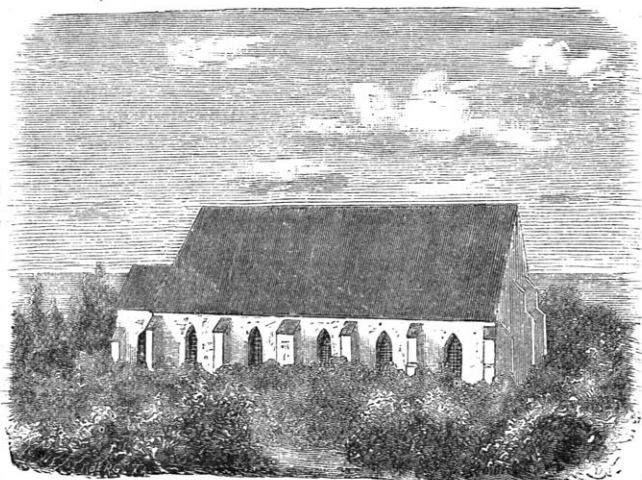
The wealth of the nobles at that period must have been enormous, for it is mentioned that Karl Knutsson at a feast had on his table 1400 silver plates, besides innumerable other ornaments of gold and silver.

The monks and nuns lived well in those days. It is recorded that twenty-five monks and one hundred and sixty nuns consumed yearly 480 bushels of rye, 96 bushels of wheat, 1152 bushels of malt, 192 bushels of barley, 26 barrels of butter, 120 oxen, 300 sheep, 3600 pounds of pork, 2000 pounds of cheese, a large amount of fish, and other things in proportion.

Among the interesting remains of the cloister is the church of St. Birgitta—built of cut blue stone, and in good order—begun in 1395 and finished in 1424. It is 220 feet long, 110 wide, and 55 high, and had formerly a square chancel to the west, and entrances to the east. To this day, in spite of the many changes it has undergone, the greater part of the floor of the church is composed of slabs engraved with the coat-of-arms of the nobles who had their places of burial there. Here are the remains of Queen Philippa of England and the beautiful Katarina, the first the queen of Erik XIII., who reigned 1396–1439, and the last of Charles VIII., 1448–1457. The inscription on Queen Philippa's gravestone is the following in Latin: "Here rests her Highness Queen Philippa, wife of Erik, formerly King of Sweden, Götaland, Denmark, and Norway, and Duke of Pomerania—daughter of Henry IV., King of England, France, and Ireland—who died on the 5th of January, 1430."

Formerly St. Birgitta and her daughter, St. Katarina, were

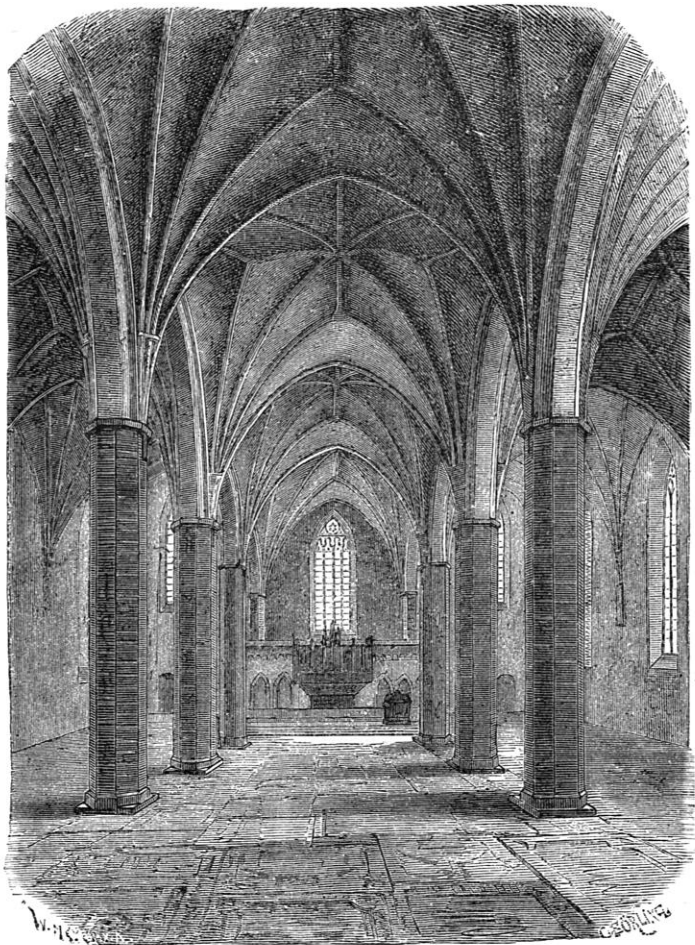
laid in a heavy silver shrine, but King John III. melted it for coining money; now these are preserved in a casket covered with red velvet. Great men of their day, Gustaf Olofson Stenbock, Jösse Eriksson, and others are here buried. Prince Magnus, the insane son of Gustaf Wasa, lies under a fine monument, supported by fourteen Corinthian pillars.



VADSTENA CHURCH.

Among the notable persons here entombed is Bo Jonsson Grip, who died in 1386, and left the greatest fortune ever owned by any man in Sweden. At his death he possessed Nyköpings Castle with South-eastern Södermanland; Stockholm Castle, and South-eastern Upland; a part of Vestmanland, with the mining districts and Dalarne; Kalmar Castle, and the greater part of the present Kalmar län; Åby, Viborg, Raseborg, Tavastehus, and Korsholms castles, with the whole of Finland; Öresten and Opensten castles—also Mark and Kind districts of Vestergötland; Forsholms Castle, and part of the southern shore of the Wennern. He further owned the whole of Norrland (in which at that time was not reckoned Gestrückland), Ringstadholm, and other castles, with a large part of Östergötland; Stäkeholm Castle, with Tjust district in

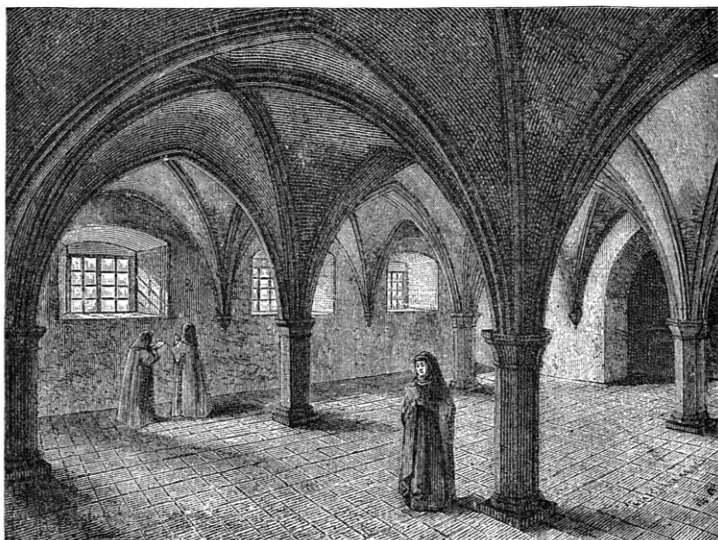
Småland ; Ydre and Kind districts in Östergötland ; and Rumlaborg Castle, with Northern Småland and Jönköping. Besides these were large estates all over the kingdom, partly inherited,



INTERIOR OF VADSTENA CHURCH.

partly acquired ; and one may imagine the extent of his wealth in personal property when told that he willed away 57,500 ounces of silver, which at that time was a fabulous fortune ;

and also an immense amount of ready money. He also owned Gripsholm, which got its name from him. No private man ever had so much land in Europe. There was not much of the country left for the king, and of this great slices were in the hands of other men. The reputation of Bo Jons-son reached even outside of Sweden. Once he declared war on the powerful Hanseatic town of 'Dantzic, and Lübeck's burghers advised its council to make peace with him.



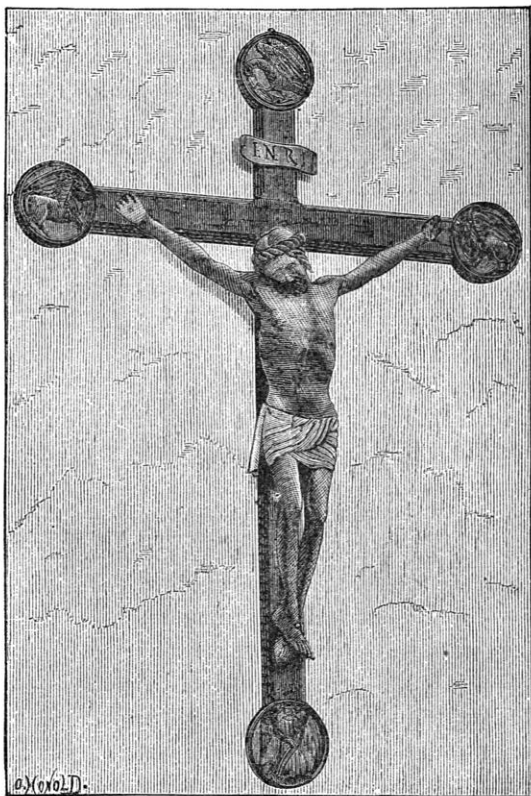
REFECTORY IN VADSTENA CLOISTER.

In 1383 this extraordinary man made his will, wherein he left all his fiefs and a part of his estates in trust to ten persons, who should manage all this until the debts which he had incurred on behalf of the kingdom were paid. With these fiefs his lawful heirs should have nothing to do. He was so anxious that this provision should be enforced, that he selected alternates, who should serve in case any of the original trustees died.

Though he had inherited great wealth, he during his life used all sorts of means for increasing the same. When his first wife, Margaretha Porse, died pregnant, he caused her to



be opened in the presence of witnesses to show that her child was still alive; and he, according to Swedish law, inherited her property through her child, which had, however, never been born. The clergy considered this act a great sin, and Bishop Nils, of Linköping, sharply took him to task therefor. To appease him, Bo Jonsson gave to Vadstena cloister twelve farms and two hundred and fifty marks in money.



CRUCIFIX, CARVED IN WOOD, IN VADSTENA CHURCH.

Bo Jonsson had raised and educated a poor young nobleman, Karl Niklasson, and also had him knighted on account of his prowess, and manly and noble qualities. He also gave him the estate of Färila, and many others in Östergötland and

other provinces. This youth was betrothed to a beautiful young girl by the name of Margaretha, her father being a nobleman by the name of Lambert Eriksson, living on his estate of Rimstad, on the shores of Lake Roxen.

One day Bo Jonsson happened to see her, and at once became enamored, and demanded her in marriage from her parents; they did not dare to refuse the all-powerful *Riksdrots* (chancellor of the realm), who sent the lover away on business, and married the girl during his absence. When the young knight returned and found he had been robbed of his most precious treasure by his benefactor, his wrath knew no bounds, and he went up to Bo Jonsson's residence in Stockholm, and, appearing before his former betrothed, accused her of having betrayed him. She, however, pleaded with him most earnestly, and showed him that she could have acted in no other way, and at the same time exacted of him a promise that he never would draw sword against Bo Jonsson. After having done this she gave him her hand, and he kneeled, covering it with most fervent kisses. At this moment Bo Jonsson entered, and seeing the young knight in such a position, accused him of trying to seduce his wife, and drew his sword, calling upon Karl to defend himself. But the latter, true to his promise, refused to draw against his former protector, and retired through the door into the hall-way and thence into the street, followed by the enraged chancellor. Thinking he would be safe in the church, he ran into the cloister of the Gray friars—the present Riddarholms church—closely pursued by Bo Jonsson, who, beside himself with rage, forgot the respect due to the sanctity of the place. At the high altar he came up to Karl, and gave the latter thrust after thrust, until he fell a corpse on the floor beside the sanctuary. This sacrilegious murder caused the deepest indignation; and in order to gain the pardon of the Church, Bo Jonsson had to give 1200 marks to Upsala Cathedral, 600 to Linköping, 500 to Strengnäs, 500 to Vesterås, and 600 to Åbo; he gave, also, five marks to the church in every parish where he had estates, besides five marks to the parish priest. During his time he used to meet the people on the Boslätten (Boplain), when he

talked to the multitude from the so-called Bostone, which still exists. Then, when the mighty nobles were nearly exclusively the governing power, the masses, who most felt the consequences of every measure, had the greatest need of knowing what in the future they must hope or fear. Except on such occasions, the common people had little or no chance of learning what was taking place on the heights of the social structure. The name of Bo Jonsson was a power not only among the nobles, but still more so among the people. The knowledge that not only the highest authorities, but the king himself, were forced to obey his will, drew the masses towards him. Around those who dared to speak out their

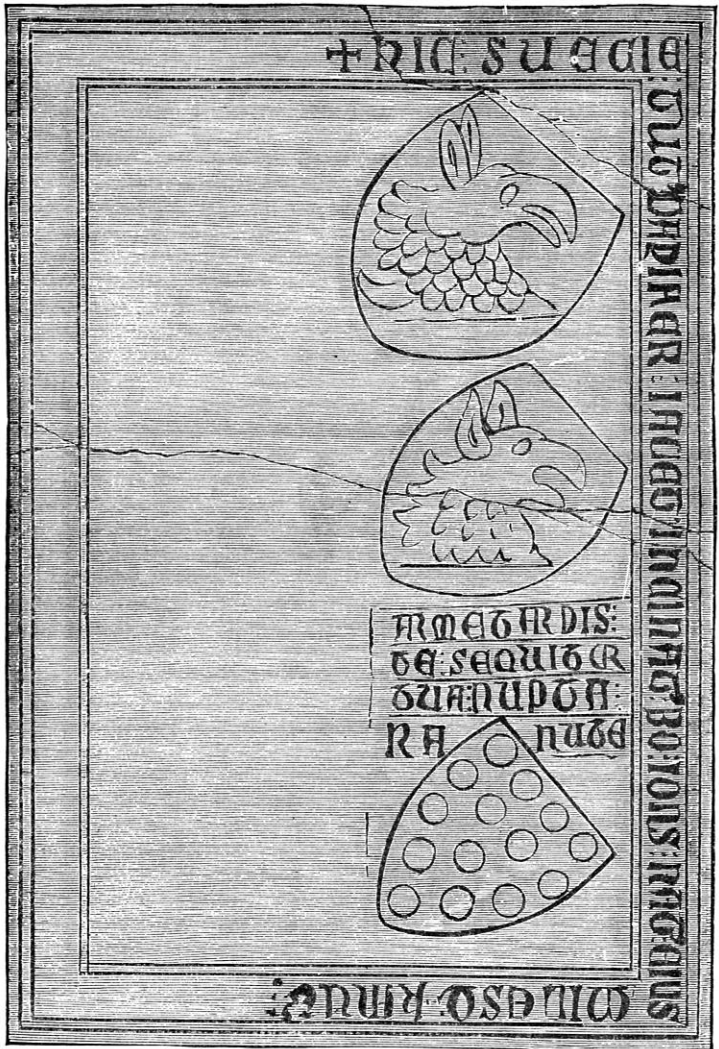
meaning, the oppressed people of mediæval times always rallied. Bo Jonsson kept up the Swedish custom of sometimes calling out the populace for a consultation about measures of importance—to talk with them and let them give their opinion. Although he well knew how to lead their judgments and resolutions to his own ends, he made them believe that they participated

therein, and were valued accordingly. Probably no Swede either before or since has wielded a greater power than he did; and, although about five hundred years have disappeared since he lived, his name is still upon the lips of the people.

Säby, on the Stångån River, was one of his favorite castles. The island upon which it was built is still called Bosholmen. Formerly, from the northern side of this place, a road led to a meadow a short distance from the river, and there stands to this day a high stone, somewhat resembling a chair, called Bo's stone, now surrounded by three grand old oaks. Here Bo Jonsson held his meetings with the people, and addressed them. It is worthy of note that, although the meadow is now cultivated, and a ditch ought to pass where the above



BO JONSSON'S COAT-OF-ARMS.



SLAB OVER THE GRAVE OF BO JONSSON AND HIS SON.

Bo Jonsson's road runs, the people on the estate could not be persuaded to open the former—such is the reverence for the memory of the great Bo. He owned, among others, the castle and estate of Gripsholm, built and named by him;

there he resided in royal splendor, holding diets and meetings of nobles. In Östergötland he had the castles of Bro-kind, Säby, and Vesterby, besides many more of greater or less importance. On the slab under which he was buried in the church the inscription, in Latin, reads as follows:

HERE LIE  
THE SWEDISH CHANCELLOR, BO JONSSON,  
IN SAFETY BURIED,  
AND HIS SON, SIR CANUTE.  
ARMAGARD, THY WIFE, FOLLOWS THEE, CANUTE.

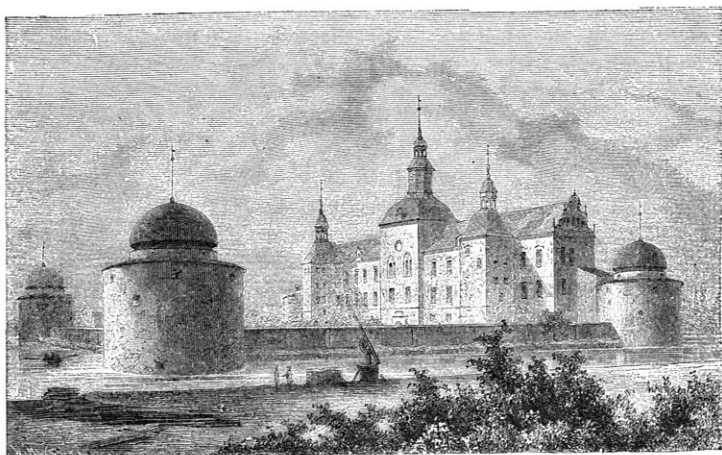
Here is also the tomb of his son-in-law and daughter, Sir Algot Magnusson and Margareta, with the following inscription, with the date of the latter incomplete :

UNDER THIS STONE ARE HIDDEN THE BODIES OF THE NOBLE PERSONS,  
SIR ALGOT MAGNUSSON,  
AND HIS BELOVED WIFE,  
LADY MARGARETA BOSDOTTER,  
WHO DIED IN 1414, AT EASTER, WHILE HE DIED IN 14—.

The castle of Vadstena consists of an oblong square main building, enclosed in a rectangular court, and flanked by four round towers. The middle part rises like a high tower, surmounted by a lofty spire. The whole is surrounded by the *Wettern*, and the moats which are filled by its water. The neighborhood has been much changed, but the old castle has been kept in repair, and stands pretty much the same as during the days of Gustaf Wasa I. It was begun in 1545, and finished in 1552. In it the old king celebrated his third wedding, with Catharina Stenbock.

Here also Prince Magnus, in an attack of insanity, threw himself from one of the palace windows into the *Wettern*, tempted by the siren-song of the water-nymph; and here, after a separation of sixteen years, Charles XII. again met his sister, Ulrika Eleonora. Little remains to tell of the great splendor of this fine castle; the Knights' Hall must have been in its day a magnificent room. After the death of Gustaf Wasa, Vadstena came into the possession of his son Magnus.

About ten miles from Vadstena is Omberg hill, 574 feet above Lake Wetter, and 871 above the ocean. On the sloping



VADSTENA CASTLE—LAND SIDE.

side grows a luxuriant forest, through which streams of limpid water find their way to the lake. At the foot of Omberg,



VADSTENA CASTLE—LAKE SIDE.

about seventeen miles from Vadstena, is Alvastra, the finest ruin of Sweden. The cloister, the oldest and one of the largest

and most renowned, was built in the middle of the twelfth century, probably by Alfhild, queen of King Sverker (therefore Alfhilstad, Alvastra); it was in the possession of Bernardine monks, and finally was given up to nuns. Here rest the remains of the kings Sverker I., Karl VII., Sverker II., and Johan I., all of the Sverker Dynasty; and also Birger Brosa, Ulf Gudmarsson, the husband of St. Birgitta, with others. At the Reformation the cloister came into the possession of the Crown, and part of the buildings unfortunately have been taken down and used in the construction of the castles of Vadstena and Visingsborg. One of the oldest churches standing is Heda Church, not far from the rocky side of the Omberg towards the



KÄLLSTAD CHURCH, ABOUT SIX MILES SOUTH OF VADSTENA.

Wettern Lake, which is called the red gable, and from which the stone for the church is said to have been taken.

At the southern end of the lake is the city of Jönköping, with a population of 15,000, and a commodious harbor, protected by a regular breakwater. Its communications with different parts of the country are excellent, the railroads of the State here forming a net-work whose terminal points are Malmö, Göteborg, Christiania, and Stockholm, and through branch roads to several of the coast towns of Southern Sweden. Water communication with Stockholm is effected by three or four steamers, which go and return every week; with Göteborg by three others, and with the ports on the Wettern by a smaller one.

The industrial establishments are numerous, embracing paper and linen mills, steam dyeing works, manufactories of snuff, cigars, wall-papers, and chemicals, machine shop, iron-foun-

dery, and match factory. The situation of the city is very pretty, being chiefly between the Wettern and two lakes, a canal communicating with one of them. At a distance of about ten miles is Taberg, 1129 feet above the sea, an iron-mountain which, with a few others found in Lapland, are the only ones in Europe where the ore is broken or blasted above ground. A few miles east of the city lies the factory of Husqvarna, where rifles and sewing-machines are made; its employés number about one thousand.

To the south, a short distance from the shore of the Wettern, and between Alvastra and the foot of a mountain range, embosomed in luxurious fruit-groves, is the town of Grenna, with about 1500 inhabitants, who export grain and potatoes. It was built in 1652, by Count Pehr Brahe the younger, and is especially noted for its beautiful site. One mile from Grenna is Visingsö, Wettern's largest island, about ten miles long and two wide, the property of the State, and rich in relics belonging to the iron age. On the south side are the ruins of Näsbo, an ancient castle, still seen under the water. Here have been found graves in great numbers from different periods, whence it has been concluded that the island was employed as a burial-ground by the tribes around it; before the founding of Stockholm Visingsö was often used as a residence for the kings. Here lived and died Karl VII., who reigned 1160-1168, Erik X., Johan I., and Magnus Ladulås.

In 1561 the island came into the possession of the Brahe family, who built the splendid fortified castle of Visingborg, completed in 1657. At the "reduction" it became the property of the Crown. The structure was burned in 1718, and nothing of its former splendor remains but ruins. The church, of cut stone, finished in 1636, has a fine portal, and is ornamented by numerous paintings, among which a couple on copper are said to have been done by Catharina Stenbock, the third queen of Gustaf Wasa. Highly gilt silver tablets shine on the walls, and the church contains other curiosities. In its chancel are the marble statues of Pehr Brahe the younger and his countess. Under the church are the burial-vaults of the Brahe family.



Crossing the Wetteren from Vadstena to Carlsborg, a fortified place intended as a base for the defence of the country, one enters the Bottensjö, which may be considered a bay, and, sailing through this, reaches Forsvik, where the canal is again continued, and, by means of a lock, an ascent of eleven feet takes place; after which Lake Viken is entered. This is the highest water on the route, being 308 feet above the Baltic, and 160 above the Wenern. The Ymsen is a lake midway between the Wenern and Wetteren, with pretty (formerly oak-clad) shores. On the top of a promontory are still seen ruins of the eight-foot-thick walls of a castle, the remnants of a well cut through the rock in its central part, and, surrounding all this, remains of breastworks and ditches. Gold chains and rings have been found in the ground around these old ruins, which date from 1229. From Viken the canal runs in a north-westerly direction towards the Wenern, and for several miles is perfectly level, in one place being carried through the rocks. The steamer wends its way slowly on account of the locks, and finally reaches Sjötorp on the Wenern, with its spacious basins, docks for repairs, and workshops.

The Wenern is the largest lake of Scandinavia, its length being ninety-three miles, and its widest part forty-seven; its greatest depth, 359 feet, is found north of a group of islands called Lurö; its level varies sometimes ten feet, according to the amount of water poured into it in the spring by the rivers. It has but few large islands, the most important being Kolandsö, near the southern shore; Hammeron and Amon on the north, and Forsö and Bromö on the south. The banks of this inland fresh-water sea are beautiful and picturesque, with its bays, fjords, archipelago of islands, wooded hills, cities, hamlets, churches, farms, and historical castles. It is supplied by more than thirty rivers. Sailing-vessels and steamers plough its surface in every direction; more than forty light-houses have been erected, to warn the mariner of danger, or show him the approaches to his port of destination. Along its rivers and shores are numerous saw-mills and iron-foundries. In its north-eastern corner is the town of Kristinehamn, with a population of over 4000; it is connected by

railways and canals with Filipstad, and other mining districts of the province of Vermland; it exports bar and cast iron, and ores, timber, and grain. Every year, in April, is held the fair, when contracts for iron and timber are made between producers and exporters. It has a match factory, tanneries, machine shops, etc. Filipstad was founded by Charles IX., and has a mining-school supported by the iron-masters' association.

In its neighborhood, especially north of it, are situated a large number of iron mines, smelting furnaces and works, making it one of the most important places in Sweden. All these are connected with the new railroad, either by tram-ways or lake transportation, thus getting their products to the sea.

In the southern part of Vermland, on the Skagen, about sixteen miles from Kristinehamn, stands the church of Råda, one of the oldest wooden ones of Scandinavia, built in the beginning of the fourteenth century. The outside of the edifice presents no special features, but the interior is very interesting. Odd paintings illustrate the Scriptures; those of the chancel dating from 1323, and of the nave from 1495. There is one porch, which in olden times was used as a depository for weapons during the services; for at that period men came armed, as if ready for a fray.

West of Kristinehamn is the town of Karlstad, on the shores of the lake and of the Klar River, with a population of 7000. In 1865 a fire laid almost the whole city in ashes; it is now entirely rebuilt, and looks handsomer than before, with wide streets, boulevards planted with several rows of trees, large squares, stately buildings, and fine stores. Quite a number of manufactories have a permanent exhibition of the products of the province, near the city park. Along the river, north of the city, are a number of iron-founderies, saw-mills, and other factories, among which the Uddeholms works are the most important. These consist of seven iron-works and four smelting-furnaces, the estate embracing an area of nearly half a million acres, and employing more than 10,000 workmen. The forests are exceedingly well managed, so that their new growth is properly cared for.

The next valley west of the Klar River is Fryksdal, with Lake Fryken, skirted on both sides by ranges of hills. This, as well as that of the Klar River, constitutes one of the large arteries in which the industrial life of the province of Vermland pulsates; but the former is in a higher degree than the latter distinguished for its beauty. Steamers ascend the By River



INTERIOR OF RÅDA CHURCH, VERMLAND.

and the Seffle Canal, and far into the interior of West Vermland. There is another and most charming route by the Dalsland Canal, and a series of lakes which bring one to the frontier of Norway. The scenery is at times extremely beautiful, and the canal in many places displays great engineering skill, especially near Håfverud. Hemmed in on either side by perpendicular rocks, there is a cataract, beyond which the vessels must be carried. To build this canal and locks on the left side was always considered impossible, as there was no safe

bottom; to lay them on the right was also exceedingly difficult, the rocks above the cataracts being of such a nature that a cutting could not be made through them without enormous expense. The engineer overcame these obstacles by placing the lower part of the canal and the locks on the right side, but carrying the upper part first over the cataract in a colossal hanging aqueduct of iron, 122 feet long and  $15\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide; and then, in an obtuse angle, following the left bank of the stream, against which one wall was built, while the other was blasted out of the rock. When the vessels are in the aqueduct, they seem, as it were, to swing in the air.

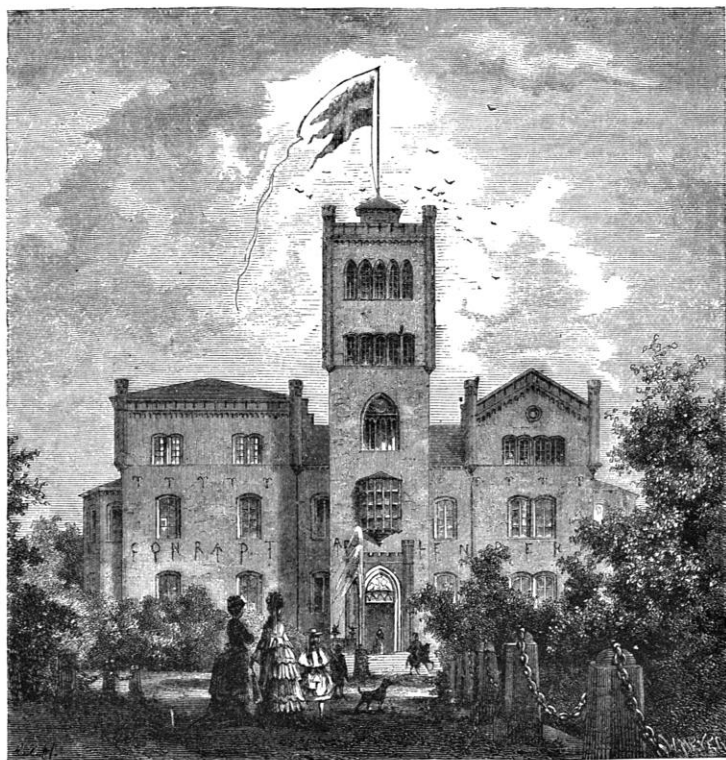
Among the most lovely spots on the lake are the hills of Kinnekulle, rising several hundred feet, from which a magnificent view of the Kinne Bay and the surrounding country can be had. At the base is Hellekis—a large estate, with a fine mansion. In the southern part of the bay is the town of Lidköping, where the Lidan River empties itself into the lake: it has a population of over 4000.

A few miles south of the entrance to the canal is the chateau of Börstorp, built by Baron Falkenberg: iron letters show the name of the builder, and the date of its construction, 1646. In one room hangs a remarkable little painting, representing the daughter of King Magnus Ladulås, named Elna. In the border of this picture, which is an original portrait, is written: “Elna des Königes Magni Ladlos Tochter zu Schweden, ihr herr Vater hat sie in St. Clara gegeben. Anno 1288 da sie nicht ihr 7te Jahre erreicht ist ge-Contre—fait. Anno 1299.” A royal shield with three crowns rests by the foot of the princess, who is ornamented with two chains, which she got from her father, and which she always carried while a nun in St. Clara convent. From her these chains descended, and were worn by the abbesses in the convent, and when this was abolished by Gustavus I., they remained in the possession of the last abbess, Anna Reinholdsdotter Leuhusen, in whose family the estate fell. One of the chains is composed of 98 rings of pure gold, and weighs about 400 pennyweights; the other is a rosary, consisting of 101 little balls of silver, seven of gold, all of filigree work, 45 still smaller



VIEW ON DALSLANDS CANAL.





BÖRSTORP, IN VESTERGÖTLAND.

golden balls, and an ornament of the same with a few small images of apostles—altogether weighing about three ounces. The ornament is completed by two very finely-worked earpendants of gold; in each of which there is a pair of scissors, and a knife and fork, all of steel. They have been in the Leuhusen family three hundred years, and are carefully kept in a large case, and are, with the very rich library, entailed to the eldest son. If to these three centuries, during which these valuables belonged to the pious abbesses of St. Clara convent, are added those in which they have been in possession of the Leuhusen family, we have an aggregate of six hundred years, during which they have descended regularly from hand to hand.

There is no country in Europe where so many old stone churches of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries are found as in Sweden; they are abundant from the central part to its southern extremity. Their spires and towers, rounded and pointed arches, present most graceful proportions; many are perfect specimens of the architecture of those periods, with doors of exquisite design. A few are peculiar, and no doubt were parts of heathen temples, to which additions have been made. These often appear when least expected, as they are embosomed in groves. In them are found

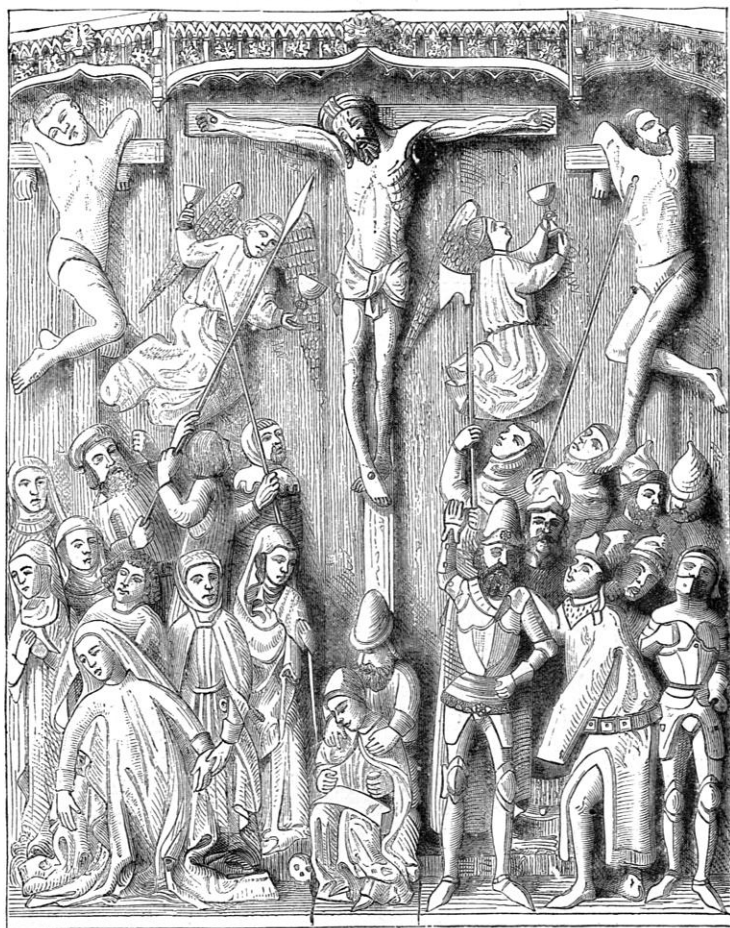


RELIC SHRINE OF WOOD, COVERED WITH EMBOSSED AND GILDED COPPER, FROM THE END OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY—ERIKSBERGA CHURCH.

many mementos of those days, in the shape of crude paintings illustrating the Scriptures, or wooden carvings on the same subject; baptismal fonts of stone, with odd sculptured figures or designs, surrounded by Latin or Runic inscriptions;



embroideries of remarkable pattern, shrines chased and covered with enamelled copper, or of solid silver, wood-carvings, old altars, and other relics too numerous to mention, many of which are now kept in the museum of the State. Here



REPRESENTATION OF THE CRUCIFIXION ON A CABINET, FROM ÖSTERÅKER CHURCH, UPLAND.

and there one sees a *skampållen* (shame stool); persons convicted of crime or misdemeanor, against either Church or State, were formerly condemned to stand upon it in front of

the high altar, so that the delinquent might be seen by the whole congregation. The reason why these structures have remained untouched is that, even during their intestine wars, the churches and tombs of former enemies were always respected; and when the Reformation took place there were few Vandals willing to burn and destroy them. The accompanying illustrations are representations of some of these relics, and a volume might be filled with them:

The relic shrine is from Eriksberga church, in Vester-götland, near Falköping; the inscription, two lines on all four sides, enumerates the relics kept therein: of St. Andrew, Holy Cross, St. Pancratius, blood of St. Vincent, etc.



BAPTISMAL FONT OF STONE FROM NORUM CHURCH.

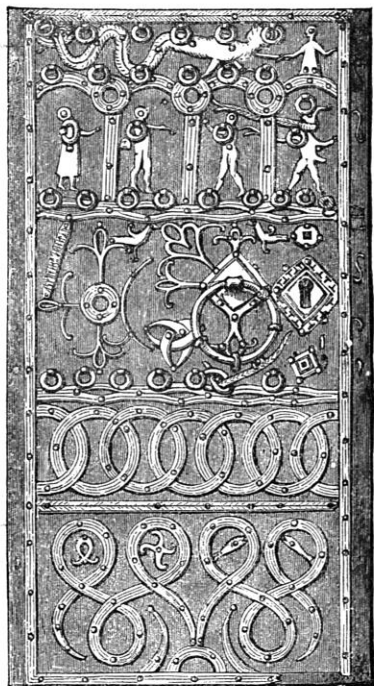
The baptismal font is from Norum church, in Bohuslän, now in the historical museum of the State. The Runic inscription reads: Svän Kärthe (Swain made the font); the signification of the last five characters is not known. Below the inscription is seen a man surrounded by four snakes, who seems to rest with his feet on a harp, or something similar. Probably this is meant to represent Gunnar in the snake-pit, a scene from the Eddaic sagas of the Völsungar and Gjukungar. The wooden door with iron mountings is in the church of Versås, in Vester-götland. The inscription in Runic characters on a strip of iron reads: Asmunter gärthi dyr (Åsmund made the door). The same name also occurs on similar doors in the

churches of Visingsö, on the island of that name in the Western Lake, and Väfversunda in Östergötland, on the shore of the Wettern, about eight miles south of Vadstena.

Near the southern border of the bay of Kinne is Husaby church, one of the most historical and the oldest of Sweden, situated at the foot of the hills, on the southerly side, about twenty-five miles from the town of Mariestad. The ancient graves, the stones with Runic inscriptions, and other relics bear testimony to the antiquity of the place, which dates from the dawn of Christianity upon the land. It was here that Olaf Skötkonung, born about 965, and who died in 1024 (the first Christian King of Sweden), was baptized by Sigfrid, sent by King Ethelred about the year 1001.

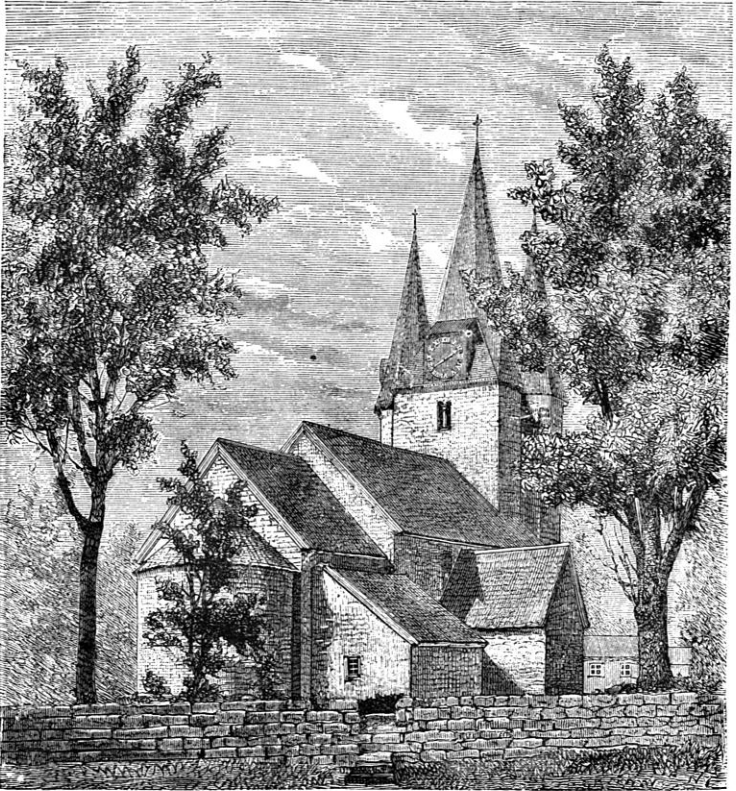
The castles of the kings in olden times were called *hus* (house), and after his conversion Olaf Skötkonung established his court in Husaby, which was long before his time a king's farm; for he would not live among his subjects in the province of Upland, who clung with great tenacity to the religion of their forefathers. A few years later he gave this farm as a residence to the first Bishop of Västergötland, and it became chiefly the abode of his successors, while the cathedral of Skara was being erected on the site of a great heathen temple.

From the king's house rose the Husaby church, which still possesses the original three towers belonging to the old



WOODEN DOOR OF VERSÅS CHURCH.

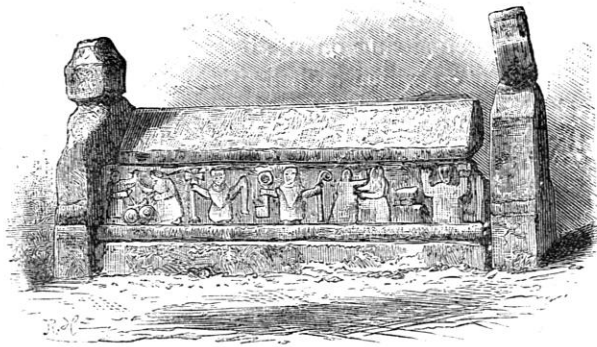
Kungshus. This edifice is about thirty-two feet wide, and, with the chancel, 105 feet long, and was the cathedral of the bishops for nearly one hundred and forty years, and until the Cathedral of Skara was inaugurated. The towers are three, one beside



HUSABY CHURCH.

the other, on the west end of the church, and are seen with their spiral stairways, from which there are doors opening to four stories; the two side towers were the entrances to the castle, of which the middle tower then was a part. The old stone sculptured baptismal font, the stakes to which torches were fastened at bridal-parties, the altars, the bishop's chair, and other relics of the Catholic Church remain. There are

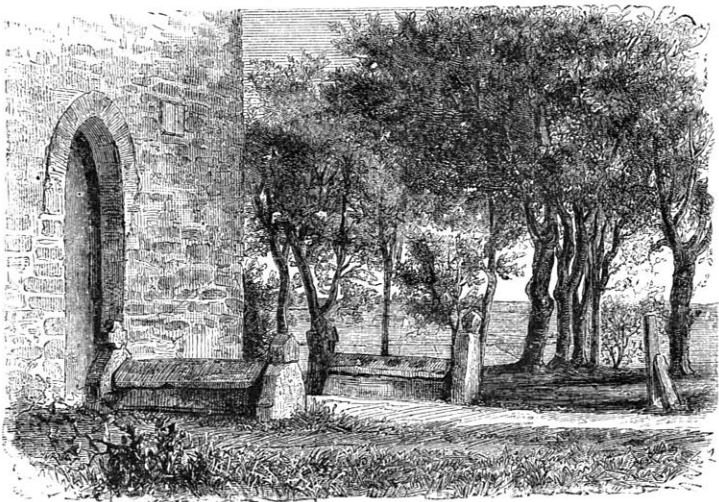
queer epitaphs on the old slabs over the tombs inside and outside the edifice. Among the most remarkable tombs are



TOMB OF OLAF SKÖTKONUNG.

those of King Olaf Skötkonung, and of his queen Astrid, just outside the west end, and nearly nine centuries old.

One of these is wholly without inscription, while the other has on the east end two animals, which seem to meet in anything but a friendly mood; on the west end two others, which



HUSABY CHURCH-YARD, WITH TOMBS OF KING OLAF SKÖTKONUNG AND QUEEN ASTRID.

appear to devour a human head; on one side two persons holding a chalice and a balance, a bishop with a cross and a fish, another who with one hand receives a key from a hand extended from above, and in the other holds a bishop's staff—two children sitting on the border of a well-house, near which is an altar on which a chalice is put, and a person with outstretched arms; on the north side two dragons, against which two men armed with swords and shields are battling—



END VIEW OF THE TOMB OF KING OLAF SKÖTKONUNG.

one with a short dress seeming to be a layman, whose foot a dragon has taken hold of, while the other, with a long wide robe (an ecclesiastic), thrusts his sword into the mouth of the monster. These are symbols of the Law, the Gospel, the Baptism, the Lord's Supper, and the battle between Christendom and Heathendom. Tradition indicates that Olaf Skötkonung was baptized in St. Sigfrid's spring, which is situated east of the church; and several places in the vicinity bear the name of Sigfrid.

Olaf was called lap-king, because he was chosen a king while a child in his mother's lap. He, with King Sven Tveskäg of Denmark, defeated Olaf Tryggvason of Norway at the famous naval battle of Svolder.

After this battle Sven Tveskäg's hands were free to renew his expedition to England, where he had been twice before. An occasion soon arose, giving him a pretext for going. On the 13th of November, 1002, the English had agreed to the general destruction of all the Northmen then living in the country; this resolve they put into execution, killing the greater portion of them; even Gunhild, the sister of Sven, who was married to the English earl Paling, was also murdered. Angered in a high degree by this treachery, Sven equipped a large army and landed on the English coast, continuing his ravages until 1007, when the weak King Ethelred paid 36,000 pounds to obtain peace from the invaders; but the desired peace he did not gain, for other chiefs continued to plunder the country. Sven died the 2d of February, 1014, and Ethelred thought it a good chance to recover his entire kingdom; and after having bought the assistance of the Danish chief, Thorkil the High, for 21,000 pounds, he managed to expel the young Canute, the son of Sven. But he did not long enjoy this state of peace, for, in the latter part of 1015, Canute returned with a large army and a splendid fleet, and soon drove Ethelred away; and, finally, after many hard-fought battles, Canute was, at the end of the year 1017, in sole possession of the kingdom, which he kept till his death, November 12th, 1042. He reigned over England, Denmark, Norway, and the southern part of Sweden.

One of the most interesting places between the Wætern and the Wenern is the town of Skara, an ancient trading and offering centre on the Vestgöta plain. This place was, before Christianity, the centre of heathendom in Götaland, just as Upsala was in Svealand. The cathedral, next to that of Husaby the oldest in Sweden, was consecrated in 1151 by Bishop Ödgrim; of its many towers only two are left. The town has a fine elementary school-building, and a new library with 20,000 volumes. There is also a seminary for female

teachers of the folkskolor, and a veterinary college; it has about 3000 inhabitants. Between Skara and Falköping is Gudhem, during the heathen age a great sacrificing place, later a cloister for nuns, of which, however, now only a few ruins are left. About six miles east of Skara stretches Axevalla heath, now used as a field of manœuvring or drill for the military; but in olden times a great burial-place, to which numerous passage-graves and other reminiscences bear witness. Not quite three miles east of Axevalla, near the base of Billingen, is the old cloister-church of Varnhem, originally built in 1150 by King Sverker the elder; the structure, in which several kings rest, was burned by the Danes in 1566, but was restored to its original state by Count Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie, 1668-1671. It is in shape a Gothic-cross with three towers, and is one of the handsomest in Sweden. The old royal tombs were restored by the above-mentioned art-loving magnate, who in the church built a magnificent mausoleum for his family.

Near Kinnekulle is the historic island of Kollandsö, which forms part of the bay, and is almost contiguous to the shore, upon which stands the interesting castle of Leckö, commenced in 1298 by Bishop Brynolf of Skara. The structure is on a high cliff on the north-eastern corner of the island. It was occupied by the Catholic bishops of Skara, and Brynolf Gerlachsson at the end of the fifteenth century extended and strongly fortified it. From one of these bishops, Didrick Slaghök, it was captured by Gustaf Wasa I.; afterwards, in 1527, it was confiscated by the Crown from Bishop Magnus Sommar, and was, in 1615, with three districts, made a county for Jakob Pontusson de la Gardie. Not only the latter, but also his son, Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie, greatly improved the castle, which had been burned by the Danes in 1566; scarcely more than the foundation and a wall of the original structure were remaining; finally it had as many as seven towers: it was seized for the Crown by Charles XI. Although with all its irregular additions presenting a certain disorder, it is still a stately square building with four towers, and surrounded by a garden, and a moat blasted out of the rock separates it from the island.



From Leckö the channel runs through the rocky passage north of Kollandsö, and then out into the open Wenern, or rather that part of it called Dalbo Lake, and thence in a south-westerly direction. To the right are seen the shores of Dalsland, and to the left Hiinna light-house. The Wenern now gets more and more narrow towards the end. Soon comes in sight the hill Halleberg (290 feet above the lake), and beyond the Hunneberg, both with perpendicular walls, after which is shortly reached the port of Wenersborg.

From Wenersborg the journey westward continues to be very interesting. First the vessel enters Lake Vassbotten, and from this through a canal into the Göta River, thus avoiding the cascade of Rönnum, 19 feet in height. At last the famous Trollhättan (witches' caps) falls are reached; these are 111 feet in height, but are divided into four large cascades and rapids called Gullö, Toppö, Stampeströms, and Helvetes, extending altogether nearly a mile. First comes the Gullö, with a height of 26 feet; then the Toppö, where the river, which here attains a considerable width, throws itself down 44 feet on both sides of the islet of Toppö, which can be reached by a frail bridge, and from which a very good view of the scene can be had. Here is also situated the so-called "King's Grotto," an excavation in the rock, where many royal personages—Gustaf III., and Gustaf Adolf, Karl Johan, Desideria, Oscar, and Josefina—have had their names cut. Next after the Toppö fall comes that of the Stampeström, nine feet high, and immediately east thereof the water is seen to rush through the Polhems lock, 64 feet deep, with the assistance of which it was the intention to pass both the Toppö and Stampeström; it therefore had to be of colossal dimensions, with floodgates of not less than 53 feet in height. Below Stampeström the river forms a still-water, called Håjumsvarp; but it soon again gets narrower; and then follow each other with terrific speed the three Helvetes falls (falls of hell), together, however, only 28 feet in height. Finally, 1000 feet farther, the river forms another cascade near Flottbergsströmmen four feet high. The canal, most of which is blasted out of the rock, first runs 6600 feet to Åkersjö (129 feet above the sea), and then through

eleven locks of 24 feet in width and 10 feet in depth, down to Åkersvass, where it ends. These are the new locks, the old ones, eight in number, which are still used for smaller vessels, lying close by the new; they were opened in 1800. The journey is then continued on the quiet river, which here is only 19 feet above the sea, past Skårsbo down to Åkerström, where a fall of three and a half feet necessitates another lock; then past Torpa, remarkable for a salt spring—one of the very few in Sweden—until the village of Little Edet is reached. Here the river gets narrower, and forms a fall of 10 feet, to avoid which, near the fine estate of Ström, commences the so-called Ströms Canal, 4000 feet long, with two locks; beyond this the stream runs along smoothly until it empties into the North Sea. Upon its shores many historic events have occurred. Near Foxerna church two battles took place between Inge the elder, King of Sweden, and Magnus Barefoot of Norway.

Not far from the fall of Little Edet is the ancient town of Liodhus or Lödöse, once powerful, rich, and strongly fortified, several times besieged and plundered, but now an insignificant hamlet with a ship-wharf. A little beyond is the village of Kongelf, with about 900 inhabitants, remarkable for the historic memories which cluster around it. In Northern history it is often mentioned as the proud and mighty Konghäll, formerly Konungahälla, *i. e.*, the Kings' Hall, so called on account of the many meetings of kings held there. By reason of its situation on the former boundary between Norway and Sweden, it constantly was the scene of remarkable events. Here was held the fatal meeting between King Olaf Tryggvason and Sigrid the Proud; here Inge the elder met the kings of Denmark and Norway. In the beginning of the twelfth century Sigurd Jorsalafar intended to make Konghäll, which was then the most powerful town of Norway, and whose fleets sailed to the Mediterranean, his permanent residence; but in 1135, five years after the death of this king, the place, although strong, was completely destroyed by the Vandaliens, and never afterwards regained its former greatness. On an island opposite are the remains of the old fort of Bohus.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

The Provinces of Halland and Bohuslän.—Rivers abounding with Salmon.—Halmstad.—Bohuslän.—An Ancient Viking Place.—Its numerous Relics of the Stone, Bronze, and Viking Ages.—Extensive Fishing.—Bathing-places on the Coast.—Särö.—Life at Särö.—Marstrand.—A Fashionable Bathing Resort.

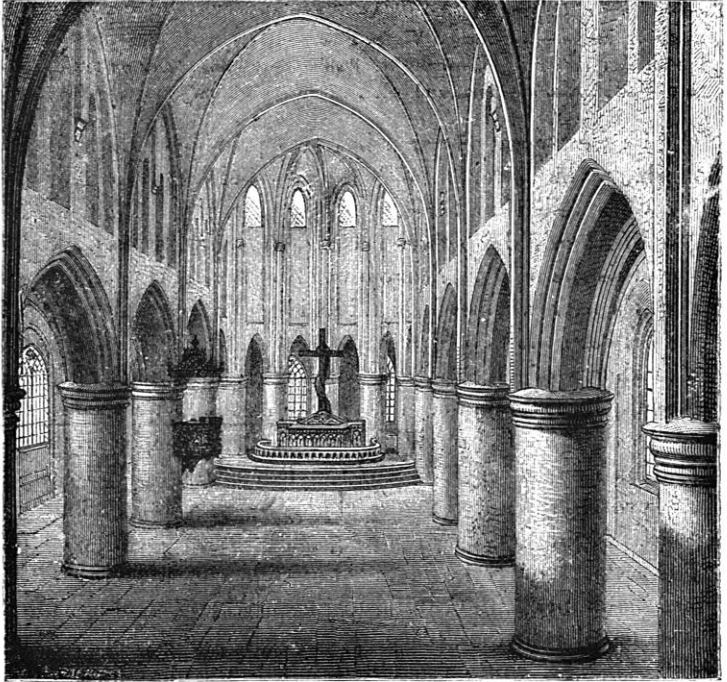
ON its west coast Sweden has two provinces, Halland and Bohuslän; the latter in olden times belonged to Norway. They were ceded to Sweden by Denmark in 1658, by the Peace of Roeskilde, between Charles X. and Frederick III. Before this the only territory owned by Sweden on the North Sea was a narrow tract of land belonging to Westergötland, lying between the two provinces.

The shores of Halland are bathed by the Skagerrack and Kattegat; its rivers abound in salmon, said to be superior in flavor to those of the other rivers of Sweden, especially those caught on the Nissa. Most of the fish are smoked by a peculiar process, giving to them a flavor much relished by the Swedes. Numerous fishing-villages are found on the coast.

The seaport of Halmstad, on the shores of the Nissa, with 8000 inhabitants, is the capital of the province. Here, in 1062, a fierce naval fight took place between the Danes, led by Sven, a grandson of Canute the Great, and the Norwegians under King Harald Hårdråde, in which the latter were victorious. The church was built about 1400, and ruins of old cloisters and of the fortifications still exist.

Bohuslän was, in ancient times, a province where many a Viking resided, and well chosen was their abode. The shore is indented everywhere by deep fjords; innumerable islands of all sizes guard the coast, the most dangerous in Sweden; these hide from view the rivers and bays, where the pirate chiefs assembled their fleets unknown to their enemies, or from

which they sailed for distant lands in search of booty. There is no part of Scandinavia where so many tombs of the stone, bronze, and iron ages, with their relics, are to be found, and weeks and months can be spent in their examination. I have given an account of some of them in the chapters on these graves (Vol. I.). How thoughtfully I have stood before these tokens of the past, which so well illustrate the littleness of



HIGH CHANCEL, HALMSTAD CHURCH.

man, and show how quickly he is forgotten when the usages and manners of his time have passed away! His remains, once buried with great honor and deep religious feeling, are disturbed and taken away as objects of curiosity for the people of distant lands, who care nothing for, and know little of, his deeds.

The bare rounded hills contrast singularly in summer with

the blue sky above; while in winter the waves dashed by the tempests seem to sing a sad, long wail on the dark gray coast, which then partakes of the color of the clouds. The islands act as reefs, guarding the shores and giving safe anchorage. Some of them are inhabited; and in protected places there are green meadows and fields of grain, with now and then a windmill, a red-painted farm-house, or a fisherman's cottage, roofed with red tiles. Fishing is carried on extensively, especially that of herrings and sprats; lobsters and oysters are abundant.

From Bohuslän northward the bleak shores of Norway come into view; the scenery increases in grandeur and ruggedness, and presents the character before described. On the frontier is Fredrikshald, at the siege of whose fortress Charles XII. met his death. The most important town of the province, after Göteborg, is Uddevalla, with 6000 inhabitants, at the end of the By fjord, which is fifty miles long.

On the coast there are a number of very pleasant bathing resorts, among which is the village of Grebbestad, in whose vicinity is the large battle-field of Greby, studded with a great variety of grave-stones, raised, according to the saga, over the remains of Scots who, after a plundering expedition to the Bullar lakes, were here overtaken by their pursuers and slain. Strömstad is the most northerly town on the Swedish coast, with a population of about 2000. Lysekil is another fishing and bathing village. Gustafsberg is a charming spot.

The two most fashionable resorts of Sweden are Särö and Marstrand. On a warm July day I sailed from the river Göta towards Särö, the islands rapidly increasing in number southward; seals were basking in the sun upon the rocks, and wild ducks swimming quietly, surrounded by their broods; gulls were flying above our heads or resting upon the water, while here and there on some deserted islands were sheep left to browse for the summer. In August and September there is capital sport here in seal-hunting.

A whistle from the steamer announced to the inhabitants its approach, though there was nothing but rocks in sight. Trees soon after made their appearance, and in a short time

we came to the wharf of Särö. A few ladies, dressed in the height of summer fashion, with their children queerly accoutred in sea-side costumes, were waiting to meet their husbands or friends. Särö is an island connected with the main-land by a causeway, and is a peculiar sea-bathing place, no house overlooking the water. Less than a hundred yards from the shore groves of large oak-trees, often from ten to twelve feet in circumference, with long spreading branches, and other trees, formed a park, in which were scattered charming villas of different sizes, some containing only two rooms, surrounded by gardens. Paths led in different directions, every rock and bit of ground being used to advantage. Life was very quiet, there being no bustle, and very little driving; the cottages were rented for the season, and chiefly occupied by the inhabitants of Göteborg. In Sweden ladies and gentlemen do not bathe in company, and here do not get sight of each other, the respective places being separated by a promontory. The beach for men is in the hollow of a rocky cove, where the sea is so clear that one can see the bottom at a great depth. The people wear no bathing-costume. The water was 73° Fahrenheit, and I found it too warm to be refreshing.

Marstrand is on an island of the Kattegat, and at the entrance of the By fjord. It looms up in the distance, with its castles of Gustafsborg, Fredriksborg, and Carlsten, which were considered formidable before the invention of modern artillery. The town was founded in 1220 by the Norwegian king, Hakon Hakonson; during the sixteenth century it became one of the most flourishing places of the north on account of its herring fisheries, but now depends for its support on the summer visitors. About 2000 persons come to spend the summer here, ladies being in greater number than gentlemen. I noticed that the former were attired more fashionably than at any of the other watering-places; the dresses, in warm weather, were chiefly of white or light-colored muslin, with long and broad silk scarfs around their waists. Graceful hats partly hid their blue eyes and smiling faces; no one wore a silk robe, for the sea-shore was not the place, according to Swedish notions, to wear costly fabrics, the salt air ruining them. The

gentlemen were clad in summer suits, and everybody had an appearance of refinement.

The bathing season lasts from the 1st of June to the end of August. There were restaurants and hotels, and houses were rented for the season. There was also a small ball and concert room, in which was dancing twice a week, on Wednesday and Sunday evenings, besides concerts and other entertainments given by actors or artists. Almost all the visitors rented rooms and took their meals at the restaurants, of which there were two. There was no driving, and the people amused themselves by walking, boating, and fishing, while flirtations by the seaside took place here as well as elsewhere.

The bathing-place was peculiar, being enclosed with a fence in a sandy spot where the sea was as quiet as a pond, and where the bathers could not be seen from the outside. There were several rooms for the use of gentlemen, but no bathing costumes were worn. The ladies had their own place also, and as I saw no wet garments drying, I suppose they bathe in the same fashion as the sterner sex. The water was  $71\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and consequently a little cooler than at Särö. Among the bathers were a few Russians, Norwegians, Danes, and Finlanders.

The arrival of the steamer was always an event, and all Marstrand was out. The Swedish ladies looked very pretty, and many of the men were really handsome; I was especially attracted by their pleasant manners.

There is a church in the village, and a shaded promenade of fine trees. Among the curiosities are so-called "giant holes," which were, no doubt, made by water. I fared well, for the friends who had received me so kindly on my arrival in Sweden had made known to their wives my intended visit, and their reception was most affable. With great trouble they had been able to secure a room for me at the hotel; for in the height of the season, unless one has done this in advance, the chances are that he will spend the first night walking through the streets or contemplating the sea.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

The Province of Östergötland.—Risinge Church.—An Historical Battle-field.—The City of Norrköping.—The largest Manufacturing Town in Sweden.—How the Artisans live.—Comfortable Dwellings.—The Iron-works of Finspong.—Laws concerning the Employment of the Young.—Intelligent Citizens.—Fine Schools.—Interesting Ceremony at the closing of Schools.—A Teachers' Sociable.

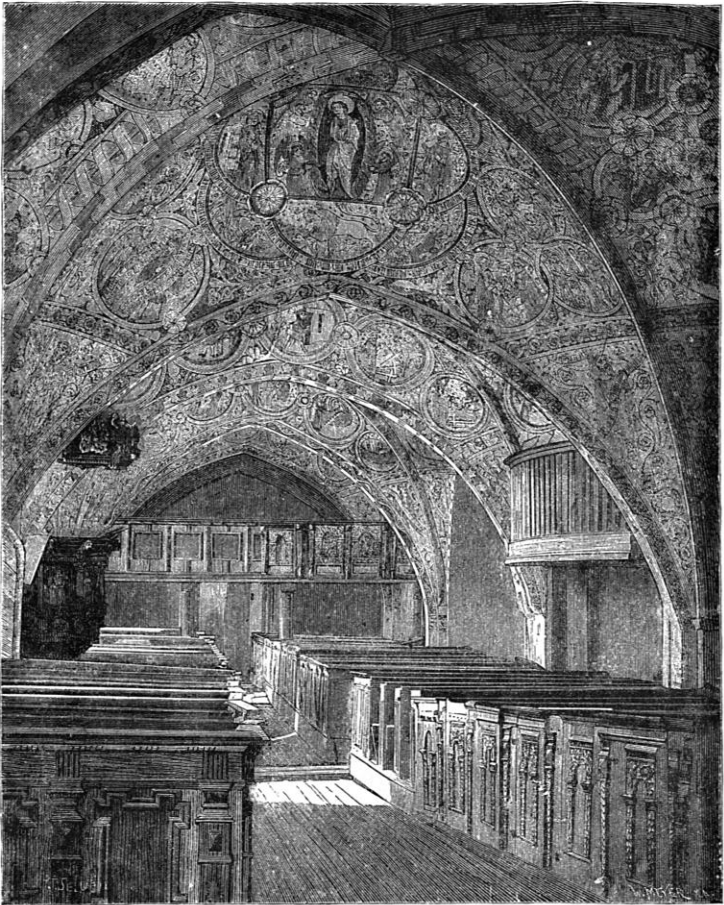
SOUTH of Södermanland we enter Östergötland, one of the most fertile provinces of Sweden, whose territory lies chiefly between Lake Wetteren and the Baltic. From the north the traveller on his way to Norrköping passes near the ancient Risinge church, remarkable for its wood-carving and painted ceilings of mediæval times. As he nears the coast, and approaches the Bråviken fjord, he comes to Bråvalla heath, the scene in pagan history of the bloody battle which took place, about the year 740, between Harald Hildetand and Sigurd Ring.

The city of Norrköping, with a population of 27,000, near the head of the Bråviken fjord, is built on both sides of the Motala River, whose rapids furnish apparently an almost unlimited water-power to the numerous manufactories located on its banks. Vessels ascend the stream as far as the lower bridge, and quays are erected on both sides; the streets are wide, and some are far superior to those of Stockholm, large slabs forming the pavement of the sidewalks. The town is clean. Most of the houses are of wood, painted, and not more than two stories in height.

This city is the principal manufacturing centre on the peninsula of Scandinavia. There are paper-mills, lithographic establishments, machine shops, tobacco, soap, and match factories, tanneries, breweries, sugar refineries, chemical, hosiery, and starch manufactories; three ship-building docks, one of



which belongs to the Motala iron-works; extensive woollen and cotton mills—some employing from five to seven or eight hundred hands. The manufacturers have discovered



INTERIOR OF EISINGE CHURCH.

that the greater the power of production the cheaper is the cost of the goods; they have awakened to the importance of adopting the latest improvements in machinery devised in England, America, France, and Germany. There is a great

deal of enterprise, which I have no doubt will in time greatly enlarge the industries of the place.

The working population is thrifty, and their houses exceedingly clean; indeed, cleanliness is one of the characteristics of the Swedish artisans. They live generally in flats, of three to five rooms. In some cases the owners of the mills have houses which they rent for a stipulated sum to their hands. I met no beggars; and altogether was delighted with this little Manchester of Sweden. I was particularly pleased, in visiting the manufacturing establishments, to see the order, and, as a rule, the tidiness of the women; and only in the lithographic works did I notice a few girls twelve years of age.

Eighteen miles north-west of Norrköping is the magnificent estate of Finspong, with iron-works and a cannon-foundry. It has a very fine castle, erected in 1668, with a chapel, and it also contains a valuable library, a theatre, and a number of paintings, among them some by Titian, Guido Reni, Rubens, and other masters. The parks are beautiful; the iron-works and foundry are near the castle. The works, established during the sixteenth century by the Crown, were, in 1641, sold to the renowned Louis de Geer; in 1685, during the "reduction" of Charles XI., the estate was again taken by the State, but it was the year after given back to Louis de Geer the younger and his heirs or assigns, in consideration of certain yearly contributions which are still in force. The property, which by late purchases has been greatly increased, now covers an area of over 96,000 acres.

The laws concerning the employment of the young are rigorously enforced; no child, male or female, being engaged in a store or factory, or in any handicraft, unless over twelve years of age. In manufacturing establishments or workshops, no one under eighteen years is employed between nine o'clock in the evening and five o'clock in the morning. No labor may interfere with the school, and the children who work during the day must attend the evening classes. But the statutes, however beneficent, compared with those of other countries, are capable of improvement. Children above twelve years have often to work here ten hours a day in close rooms; this is

entirely too long a time, especially as they have besides to attend the evening school.

The merchants have their country-seats in the suburbs. Some of these retreats are beautiful, hidden in glens and shaded nooks. The villa of the gentleman to whom I am indebted for much of the pleasure I enjoyed in Norrköping is situated in a romantic spot, in the midst of fine groves of birches, firs, and pines, by the side of a narrow dale, with meadows flanked on either side by a ridge of granite. The citizens are most intelligent and liberal in their views. The schools are among the finest in Sweden, and this is saying much. There is a technological institute, also an excellent high-school standing in the midst of open ground, and commanding a grand view; this is an ornament and a credit to the town, and would compare favorably with any in the United States. One of the rooms is 80 feet long, 40 wide, and 25 high; there is plenty of light, and the ventilation is good; the scholars meet there daily before the hours of study. A chapter of the Bible is read at the opening of the school, and one of the scholars reads the prayer for the day. This room is also used for musical entertainments, for there is a musical society belonging to the school. There is a small museum, furnished with zoological and mineralogical specimens, skeletons and skulls, shells, eggs, corals, fish, turtles, etc.; also a library stored with scientific works and books of reference. French, English, and German literature are well represented by the works of Thackeray and Dickens, Napier's "History of the Peninsular War," Thiers's "Consulate and Empire," the works of St. Beuve, Lamartine, Balzac, and Jules Janin, and even those of Voltaire, and the "Biographie Universelle." The school also possesses a good laboratory for the study of chemistry; and one room is used for the instruction of classes in drawing. The number of teachers and professors is between twenty and twenty-four. The gymnasium hall stands at some distance from the main building.

There are several free-schools, all occupying good buildings, showing the intelligence of the people and the interest taken in education. There are also one or two private schools.

By Herr E——, director of one of the banks, to whom I had a letter of introduction, I was received most kindly. "You have come just in time to see the closing of the free-school; would you like to go with me?" I assented, and went. The children had gathered in a large hall, and numbered about 1500 girls and boys belonging to the working-class. All were dressed in their best; and if I had not known I was in Sweden, I might have thought myself in one of the large school-rooms in an American city.

I found that Herr E—— was a man of large and extended views. He thought it might prove advantageous to educate boys and girls together, and he also believed that there should be more female teachers; that women ought to be paid the same price as men for the same work; and that the high-school should be as free to young women as to their brothers. I was presented to the superintendent, who was on the platform with two clergymen, members of the Board of Education, and several ladies; the children sang Swedish hymns and songs; and a few prizes, consisting of books, were given to the best scholars in the different classes. Then one of the clergymen made an address, directing his remarks especially to the girls who had finished the course of study prescribed by law, and who would not return the following term. He exhorted them to remain pure in thought, to love and fear God, to cultivate virtue, and to believe in the atonement of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The superintendent kindly invited me to attend a little sociable given by him to all the teachers. The party was held in one of the *Folkskolor*, and there were thirty lady and eight gentlemen teachers present. Most of the former were young, and all were attractive in appearance, and modest, and some of them quite handsome. I began to feel after awhile that the place might prove dangerous to a bachelor like myself; perhaps I might not be able to resist the smiles of so many pretty Swedes. Several of the gentlemen present were married, and their wives were teachers also—a step in the right direction, which might be imitated elsewhere with great advantage to the comfort of the household. I could not at first induce the superintendent to talk

in any foreign language; and, in order to draw him out, I said, "I find that the students in Upsala can speak foreign languages better than in Lund." The Doctor was a graduate of Lund, and this was a little too much for him. My remark had the desired effect, and he replied in English that the graduates of Lund could speak other tongues as well as those of Upsala, and then laughed heartily over my subterfuge.

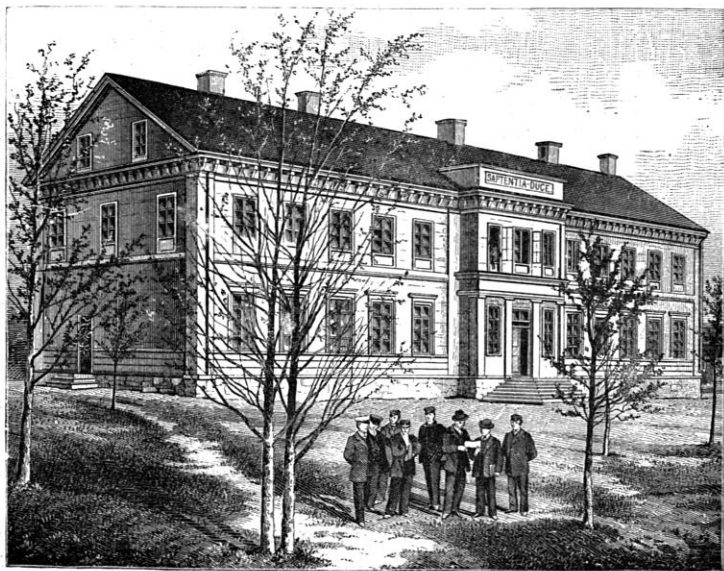
## CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Schools of Sweden.—Fine Buildings.—Regulations.—Teaching considered a High Calling.—How Teachers are regarded.—Respect shown to Governesses.—Compulsory Education since 1842.—Large Attendance of Children in Schools.—Number of School-houses.—Studies in the different Grades of Schools.—Gymnastic and Military Exercises.—Standard of Studies before entering some of the Schools.—A Small Fee required for some Schools.—How Schools are supported.—Ambulatory Schools.—Supervision over Schools.—Professional and Trade Schools.—Seminaries to prepare Male and Female Teachers.—Industrial Schools.—Technical Schools.—Institutions for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind.—The Agricultural Colleges.—The Schools of Norway.—Universities of Sweden and Norway.—Scientific Institution of Learning.

WHAT most forcibly strikes a stranger travelling in Sweden is to see the fine school-buildings scattered all over the kingdom, even to the farthest north. Entering a town or village, almost invariably the structure that is the most conspicuous is the school-house, in which the people take great pride. When he gains a better acquaintance with the country, he is astonished at the number of institutions of learning it contains. He wonders that in that far away and barren corner of Europe the people, though poor, have such a love of knowledge; that the study of the sciences and foreign languages is very common, and that the inhabitants strive to root out ignorance from their land. Visiting the schools, he is surprised to see how well managed they are, and that a gymnastic hall, fully equipped, is attached to each one, showing that the body is as well taken care of as the mind. He finds that, among the regulations, the younger children have to go out of the building every hour for an airing, and play in the yard for about ten minutes. Every school has a library, provided from a fund, and additions of books are made at each term. I have seen in some more than 30,000 volumes. Many besides have

museums, with zoological, geological, and botanical collections. The smaller scholars learn from the black-board to read music. The children of the poor are neatly dressed, for the parents feel that it would be a shame to send them otherwise.

It has always been a cause of sorrow to me, while travelling in Europe, to come in contact with communities where the great



SCHOOL-HOUSE AT HAPARANDA.

mass of the people did not care for education until quite recently, preferring to see their government or their cities spend in the construction of theatres enormous sums of money, which could have built thousands of school-houses in the midst of a vast population that could neither read nor write. I am not speaking here against theatres, for I myself attend them, nor against amusements, for they are necessary for the health of the body as well as of the mind; only I would have the school-house first, and should prefer to live in the poorest town provided with one, where children can be well educated, rather than in a beautiful city without any. No country can

thoroughly love education unless the people sincerely respect those who instruct its youth; and I was particularly glad to notice in Scandinavia how much the teachers were esteemed, their calling being considered a high one: the educating of the future generation is fully appreciated. This is partly due to the fact that the school-teachers are unusually proficient, most of them being graduates of the universities. In districts where the population is sparse, the country school-master, a peasant himself, not a graduate, nor knowing enough to enable him to teach the studies the law requires, is nevertheless held in high regard by the good farmers, and is always welcome in the family circle. I was specially pleased to see the consideration shown by parents to the governesses of their children. They are generally highly educated, and regarded as part of the family, and, as well as tutors, are treated by all with a great deal of respect.

Compulsory education has been enforced for a long time in Scandinavia. A law was passed by the Swedish Diet in 1842, requiring every child to attend a school, or to receive instruction at home, from the ninth year to the time of confirmation. Norway followed the lead of her consort in 1848, making education compulsory between the ages of eight and fifteen.

By the census of 1873 the population of Sweden was 4,297,972,\* of which, according to the latest statistics, the whole number of children of school age was 734,165, or 17 per cent. Of this number 371,622 were boys, and 362,543 girls. Nearly 83 per cent., or 607,986 children, attended the primary and people's schools: of these, 239,517 the stationary, 149,565 the ambulatory, 218,616 the primary, and only 288 the *högre folkskolor*. In other public schools 9293 were instructed; in private ones, 29,405; at home, 68,682; altogether, nearly 15 per cent. of the children of school age. The grand total, therefore, was 715,366, or over 97 per cent. of all the children of that age. Those who, for one cause or another, did not attend school, were 18,799. The number of people's schools was 3973, of which 2805 were stationary, and 1168 ambulatory, besides 4143 nursery, and 10 higher people's

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\* In 1879 the population was 4,578,901.



schools, making a total of 8126, or about one for every 529 inhabitants.

The teachers numbered 5039 males and 2776 females. Of the former 3444, and of the latter 564, were employed in the people's schools; 1585 males and 2212 females in the primary; and at the higher people's schools, 10 males. Of the male teachers 3215, and of females 485, had graduated at a seminary of learning.

The population of Norway in 1875 was 1,817,000, and the whole number of school children was 267,000, of whom 211,000 were instructed in the stationary; in ambulatory, 30,000; in private schools of the same scope as the *almue-skolor* (people's schools), 4000; in the higher ones and under private teachers, 17,000; while 5000, from various causes, received no instruction. The instruction was given by 3900 teachers, male and female. The whole number of stationary people's schools was 4470, with 2266 teachers. The ambulatory numbered 1911, with 999 teachers. Of higher people's schools there were 19, with 467 pupils, besides 20 people's high-schools, with about 400 pupils. The lower schools of the towns were attended by 33,200 children, with 638 teachers. The average salary of a Norwegian or Swedish country teacher is about 500 kronor, besides which he gets a house and a piece of land to cultivate.

The educational system of Sweden, as well as that of Norway, is worthy of great praise. The free-schools include *Småbarnsskolor*, or primaries, which instruct children under the school age in the rudiments of religion, reading, writing, mental arithmetic, and singing. The *folkskolor* (people's schools) are of two kinds, the stationary and the ambulatory; the latter being under the care of teachers, as we have seen in the course of these volumes, who go from place to place at stated periods.

The instruction in the *folkskolor* is reading, religion, and Biblical history, Bible reading, and the memorizing of hymns and selected pieces out of a Reader, combining natural history, the elements of natural sciences, and the history of the country, besides singing, writing, reading, written arithmetic,

and, if circumstances allow, gymnastics and military exercises. The School Board can, if so disposed, extend this curriculum also to grammar, geography, history, natural sciences, drawing, surveying—and, for girls, needle-work—and, in the country districts, horticulture or gardening. These schools are generally open for eight months in the year in the southern part of the country, and nine or ten months elsewhere. In most places instruction is given every week-day, but in others only on five days; and in the ambulatory schools the pupils are examined on the sixth day. The daily period of attendance is from five to six hours.

The *folkhögskolor* (people's high-schools) have only lately come into existence; their object being to instruct young men and women of the working-classes, who have already attained an age far beyond that required by law for attending school. The studies here pursued comprise a more extended course of the subjects taught in the free-schools, besides the elements of useful sciences and their application. There are fourteen of them. For the instruction a small fee is charged, the schools mainly deriving their support from private subscriptions, and from appropriations by the county or the State.

The nation is continually progressing, and the *högre folkskolor*, or higher people's schools, which were established in 1858, in 1875 numbered ten, with ten teachers. They are open only during the winter months, and their purpose is to give to such children of the working-classes as are endowed with greater capacities and desire for learning an opportunity to acquire a higher degree of knowledge, without detriment to their occupation. The course of instruction is the same as in the *folkskolor*, book-keeping and free-hand drawing being added, but the studies are extended. The teachers are required to be graduates from one of the universities. The State considers itself bound to give free education only so far as is provided by these institutions.

The elementary schools are divided into two grades, the lower and higher; the smaller towns having only the former, which has five classes or less; the higher, seven. In both, the studies are the same in the corresponding sections, but schol-

ars of the lower grade have to go through the course of study of the last two classes of the higher school to enter one of the universities. The course requires five years for the first five classes, and four years for the last two, the scholastic year being divided into two terms of eighteen weeks each. The number of these schools amounts to 98, with 967 teachers. The object of these institutions, which also receive support from the State, is to impart a general education, and knowledge of the sciences higher than that of the people's schools.

The morning exercises begin with prayer, the reading of the Bible, and the singing of hymns, which occupy half an hour. The studies are in religion, in the Swedish language, mathematics, geometry, writing, natural philosophy, history, geography, singing, drawing, Latin, French, German, and English; but those who study Latin cannot be instructed in English. The tasks of the two higher classes embrace a more extended consideration of the same subjects, with the addition of Greek, philosophy, natural history, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, Hebrew being optional. Instruction in gymnastics and military exercises is given to all the seven classes for half an hour every day; besides which the fifth class is instructed for one hour, and the sixth and seventh for two hours each week, in the use of arms. At the beginning and end of each school year a more extended course of training is given in drill, target-shooting, and field manoeuvres, for eight or ten weeks, to the scholars of the sixth and seventh classes. These elementary schools are so situated that the people who desire that their children shall receive a good education are not compelled to travel very far; for example, in the far North, Luleå has a complete institution of this kind, with seven classes. To be accepted as a pupil in this grade of schools a boy must be not more than ten years of age, and shall pass an examination in the reading of the Swedish language, both in the Gothic and Roman characters, and be able to repeat any passage read to him, write a plain hand, spell tolerably, know the simple rules of arithmetic, practise mental calculation, and possess a knowledge of the geography of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. The degrees of progress

in study and standing in the class are recorded daily, ten being the highest mark in each subject; and every year the pupils are examined. Every scholar has to pay an entrance fee of 6 kronor, and 12 kronor 50 öre per term; so that for the modest sum of 25 kronor, or about six dollars a year, a young man can prepare himself for the University. He has, however, to pay for his books.

At the suggestion of the faculty of the school, the superintendent may exempt a poor scholar from a part or the whole of the fees required. In order to become an instructor in an elementary school, it is necessary to have taken the degree of doctor of philosophy, to have taught on trial for one year, and to have passed a competitive examination.

Neglect to send a child of the prescribed age to school, or in some other manner to provide the instruction required by law, is punishable by fine in Norway; and, in case of opposition from the parents, the child can be taken away and be left at their expense with another family. In Sweden no fine is exacted. Factory owners, who employ children, regulate their work so as not to interfere with their education.

The *folkskolor* are supported by the districts, but also receive aid from the State, and are governed by a school board chosen by the people, whose president is the pastor of the parish, or, in the towns, a minister selected by the bishop. In the country, if farms are situated near enough together to enable thirty scholars to attend school every day, a house is erected or rented for such a purpose. Where the farms are far apart the school is ambulatory, and it is the duty of the farmers to provide rooms for the pupils and teacher, as well as board for the latter during the time the instruction lasts. In this are also embraced such holidays as may fall within this period.

In Sweden the board consists of at least four members besides the president, elected by the voters of the parish for four years. The bishop and consistory of the bishopric have general supervision of school affairs, and are obliged to report every third year to the ecclesiastical department, which has supreme control of the schools. The supervision of the *folkskolor* is exercised by a school inspector appointed by the head

of the same department. The inspectors are appointed for five years. In Norway there is one in every stift or bishopric. Their salaries are paid by the State, and are proportionate to the size of the district. They are also allowed traveling expenses.

The private schools are under the general supervision of the public board, which, if the instruction does not come up to the standard prescribed by law, can order the children to be transferred to some other institution.

The cost of the school is defrayed as follows: for the erection of school-houses it is procured in the same manner as for the building of churches, by taxing the real estate; and for the pay of the teachers and necessary expenses, by an individual tax, which cannot exceed eighteen öre for each taxpayer; and, if this is not sufficient, and there are no other means of obtaining the amount, then the contributions are made over again in the same manner as the communal assessments. Under certain conditions, when the cost of the schools exceeds the limits of taxation, the government grants a subvention, which is principally invested to pay the teachers, who advance by a system of promotion which prevents favoritism. The highest salary is attained after twenty years of faithful service, an increase being made every five years.

Once a year, in Norway and Sweden, all the boys of the free-schools are collected, and go through a great military parade. Each school has its place; some of them even have a band of music, and show the public on drill day what they have learned. They are cheered by the people, who prepare a feast for them, for great interest is taken in the evolutions, especially the exercises with wooden guns.

Besides the public schools there are some private schools in the towns, the graduates from a few of which have the right of admission to the universities. There are also a large number of public and private professional and trades schools, in some of which fees are charged for instruction, while in others it is free. There are also seminaries for the education of male and female teachers, to which a primary school is generally attached, where the future instructor has an opportunity

of learning his art, and in which the tuition is free. For girls there are, besides the national schools, a large number of private elementary, and also public and private industrial schools.

There are in the country eleven free *folkskollärare-seminarier*, which are seminaries for teachers of folkskolor—seven for males and four for females. These seminaries have three classes, and the course in each class is one year; the year consisting of 36 weeks, divided into two terms, with 36 hours of instruction weekly. The studies include religion, the Swedish language, arithmetic, geometry, geography, history, natural philosophy, the science of teaching writing, drawing, music, singing, gymnastics, the manual of arms, horticulture, and cultivation of trees. The number of students in 1875 was 780, of whom 588 were males and 192 females; and the number of graduates was 193, of whom 146 were males and 47 females. In the new female seminaries there are special classes to prepare instructors for the primary schools.

The "Seminarium for bildande of lärarinnor" (seminary for the education of female teachers) was established in 1861, and has a corps of instructors 18 in number. In this the pupils have to go through a course of three years, but no charge is made. Instruction is given in religion, Church history, the Swedish language, including the mythology of the North, Icelandic, French, German, and English, the history of the North, universal history, geography, natural science, hygiene, mathematics, and the art of teaching, besides singing, drawing, and gymnastics; and, at the option of the pupils, botany, zoology, and chemistry, natural philosophy, physiology, geometry, algebra, and English and German speaking exercises, etc. This institution has connected with it a normal school for girls.

In the industrial schools, which are found only in the towns, instruction in different trades is given; and in that for girls there are regular lessons in needle-work, etc. In some of the larger cities the girls also learn the common household arts of baking, washing, ironing, mending, etc.

There are technical elementary schools, where young men intending to learn a trade receive, without charge, a theoretical and practical education. The course lasts three years, and

comprises instruction in mathematics, linear and free-hand drawing, modelling, mechanics, mechanical technology, engineering, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, zoology, modern languages, book-keeping, and commerce. The number of teachers in these is from six to nine, and of pupils exceeds a thousand.

There are in several towns free evening and Sunday classes, where the pupils are taught mechanical trades, and two higher technical schools, where a tuition fee is charged. The Teknologiska Institutet (Polytechnic Institute) at Stockholm, founded in 1798, was established to give scientific education to young men intending to follow some technical business as a profession. The studies are mathematics, geodesy and topography, theoretical and practical mechanics, descriptive geometry, physics, elementary chemistry, chemical and mechanical technology, geology, road and canal construction, drawing, mining, metallurgy, and smelting. The course continues for three years. In 1875 there were 17 professors and tutors, and 218 students pursuing the entire course, while 52 were studying only certain branches.

The Chalmerska Slöjdskolan (Chalmer Polytechnic School) in Gothenburg, founded in 1811, has the same course of studies, except those belonging to the branch of mining. It had, in 1875, 10 teachers, one of whom was the principal. The number of scholars was 149.

Two elementary mining schools are established at Falun and Filipstad, which are, properly speaking, private enterprises, being supported either by the society of miners or by the Ironmasters' Association (Jernkontoret).

As I have before mentioned, there are 27 agricultural schools and 2 agricultural colleges. I have given an account of the former in the first volume, with the studies required. Of the latter, one is situated at Ultuna, near Upsala, and the other at Alnarp, near Lund, in the southern part of Sweden. The first I have visited. In the colleges the studies are agriculture and rural economy, cattle-raising, anatomy and physiology, diseases of domestic animals, geology, chemistry, natural philosophy, forestry, gardening, land laws, book-keeping, farm

architecture, practical mechanics, machinery and map-drawings, surveying, and management of the dairy. The students also have to participate in actual farm-work. The number of pupils in 1875 was 63, with 20 teachers. The charge for board and tuition is 600 kronor per annum, and at each college there are four free scholarships. The course is for two years. There are large tracts of land connected with Ultuna. This institution sends out some of the very best practical farmers in the country. Distinguished professors and teachers deliver lectures to the students; a veterinary surgeon instructs them in the diseases of cattle, and a museum, stocked with skeletons and other specimens, illustrates their lectures. Numerous scientific works on chemistry and agriculture are in the library; and there is a fine laboratory, in which chemistry applied to agriculture is thoroughly taught. There is also a botanical garden, where cereals of different countries are grown, and where experiments with fertilizers are made, besides a vegetable and fruit garden; but the fruit-trees seemed to be neglected, it is said, on account of the poor ground. Special care is taken in the breeding and crossing of stock, and fine horses and cows are raised, many of which are sold. There is also a dairy, where great attention is paid to the making of butter and cheese.

A prerequisite of admission is that the applicant must have passed the examination necessary for matriculation at the universities, or a similar one at the college. The colleges are supported exclusively by the State. There are two dairy-schools for women, where they receive theoretical and practical instruction.

Good care is taken of the deaf, dumb, and blind. In Sweden there is a very fine institution, the Manilla, in Stockholm, with 208 pupils; besides 13 smaller ones, situated in different parts of the country, with 398 inmates. In Norway there is a special institution for the blind, and four for the deaf and dumb.

In Norway the scope and regulations of the *Almueskolor* (common people's schools) are about the same as those in Sweden. The School Board also can establish sewing and



other industrial schools, as well as others for children under the legal school age. The higher people's schools and people's high-schools are similar to those of Sweden, except that the latter are free, although supported by private means. In the mountain districts, where, in consequence of the sparsity of the population, even ambulatory teaching cannot be arranged, the Board is empowered to provide for the instruction of the children in some other manner.

The Norwegian high-schools correspond very nearly to the Swedish elementary schools, the studies and the time of instruction being the same. They, however, differ in the fact that the separate branches generally have independent schools. Of State high-schools there are 16, with 195 teachers and 2122 pupils. Of private high-schools there are 4, with 1266 scholars. There are 14 seminaries for the training of male teachers, with 343 students; but for female teachers there is only one, situated in Christiania. In the country districts there are 400 free evening classes, most of which receive support from the State. In the towns there are 35 communal middle schools, with 173 teachers and 26,345 scholars; and 126 private middle schools, with 5592 pupils. Of private high-schools only a comparatively small number are established, owing, no doubt, to the excellence of the public schools, and these are found mostly in the largest towns.

For girls there are no public schools corresponding to the elementary schools, but a considerable number of private institutions, supported principally by the fees paid by the scholars, only a few of whom receive aid from the State. From these the graduates have the privilege of admission to the universities.

The yearly school time of Norway is far too short to give a practical education; and in this respect it falls far behind that of Sweden. The Norwegian school year in the rural districts must be at least 12 weeks per annum, or, where the school is divided into classes getting instruction at different times, 9 weeks—each week being reckoned at 6 days, and every day at 6 hours, thus giving instruction for 432—or 324 hours yearly. It is also required that in every factory employing on an av-

erage 30 men or more in steady labor, as well as in a collection of smaller works lying near each other, which together have that number of workmen, there shall be constructed and organized classes for the children of the laborers, if the owners of the works cannot agree with the School Board in regard to the use of the schools already in existence. In the larger towns one or more classes are organized with separate departments for boys and girls, and they have to be kept open daily—each child receiving at least 12 hours' instruction each week. As a rule, no teacher may instruct more than 60 pupils at one time. A yearly examination is held in presence of the pastor of the parish and the members of the School Board. At visitations of bishop or pastor the children are examined in their religious knowledge.

Refractory children receive marks for bad conduct; after which they are warned by the principal of the school twice, and if they then do not improve, they receive corporal punishment.

Sweden has two universities: that of Upsala was inaugurated September 21st, 1477, and of Lund, January 28th, 1668. The former was already a seat of learning in 1249. At that time there was a college where the studies of theology, philosophy, and medicine were pursued. In 1875 the number of professors and students at Upsala were as follows:

	Professors.	Students.
Theological Faculty.....	10	332
Law " .....	9	142
Medical " .....	14	151
Philosophical " .....	71	855
Total.....	104	1480

The University of Lund in the same year had the following:

	Professors.	Students.
Theological Faculty.....	7	112
Law " .....	6	54
Medical " .....	9	44
Philosophical " .....	47	313
Total.....	69	523

Norway has one university at Christiania, inaugurated in 1811, before which time Norwegians who desired a higher education had to go to the University of Copenhagen, that city having been for centuries the common capital of the two countries. There are 46 professors and 831 students.

The whole number of university students in the two countries amounted to 2834, with 219 professors.

There are numerous scientific and other institutions, some of which have been described in these volumes—schools of midwifery for women, colleges of medicine, veterinary surgery, pharmacy, and forestry, etc., etc.

Teachers, after thirty years of service, receive a pension. In Sweden each school district is bound to pay to the pension fund four per cent. of the salary of every teacher. In Norway they are pensioned by the State. The system of education is so perfect that there are no private boarding-schools in either country.

I have dwelt particularly upon the educational system, because I consider that it has been developed to meet the requirements of the people in an extraordinary degree; and, as I leave the subject, I cannot refrain from the expression of an opinion that the example so well set might be followed with favorable results by other countries which make much greater pretensions in this direction without producing so substantial an effect.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Linköping.—Its Cathedral.—A Water-way through South Östergötland.—Superb Trees.—Åtvidaberg.—A Night Watchman.—The Estate of Adelsnäs.—A Pleasant Welcome.—The Manor of Adelsnäs.—Unpretending Life.—Our Host and Hostess.—The Copper-mines of Åtvidaberg.—Wages of Miners.—The Miners' Homes.—Kindly Manners towards the Artisans.—Politeness to Inferiors.—The Village Dancing-place.—Good Feelings.—A School for the Miners' Children.

FROM Norrköping\* one of the highways leads to Linköping, an inland and very old town on the shores of the Stångån River, with a population of about 8000. The cathedral, begun about 1150, has a length of 329 feet; Roman in style, with twenty large pillars in two rows to support the roof. Another church, St. Lawrence (St. Lars), also dates from the twelfth century. The castle, built between 1470 and 1500, is a massive but not handsome building. In the old elementary school is a library of over 30,000 volumes, together with coins, portraits, and antiquities.

From Linköping an interesting trip is by water south, through the remaining part of Östergötland, a distance of over one hundred miles. A canal connects the lakes with each other, and steamers make the passage every alternate day. On the way are seen some large estates with fine chateaux—among them Sturefors, one of the largest of the province; Säby, on the Rängen Lake; Brokind, with its fine collection of paintings and library, and whose park occupies several islands.

Taking one of the highways which leads south of Norrköping, I saw, a few miles from that city, the chateau of Löfsta, on a hill overlooking the road and a small lake, with its fine and shaded grounds. Farther on, after passing Fil-

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\* In one part of Sweden the names of quite a number of towns end in *köping*—as Malmköping, Nyköping, Norrköping (norr, north), Söderköping (*söder* meaning south), Linköping, Lidköping, Falköping, and Jönköping.

linge, I entered a splendid wood of pines and firs, among the finest in Sweden, and as yet untouched by the axe. A picturesque scene suddenly came into view. The fields of wheat and rye were bright with poppies, while buttercups and dandelions relieved the green of the meadows. The weather was quite warm, and the time passed so rapidly among these beauties of nature that before I knew it I reached the station of Örsäter, where we stopped to allow the horse to rest.

As we approached the copper-mines and smelting-furnaces of Åtvidaberg the distant hills looked dark and desolate, for the sulphurous smoke, carried day after day by the wind, had destroyed vegetation. I saw on a hill the family vault in which the barons of Adelswård are buried. Soon afterwards I came to Åtvidaberg, a small hamlet consisting of a row of white-plastered houses, with vegetable gardens attached. It had a comfortable hotel, which, like all the other houses of the place, belonged to the estate. In the valley were the smelting-furnaces, around which clustered the dwellings of the operatives—the whole forming a street of red-painted log-houses, roofed with red tiles, with a public square, and a pond with a bathing-house for the people. At some distance was a brick-yard, a foundry where iron pipes were made, and a blacksmith's shop where the tools were mended. The village was silent, for its inhabitants had gone to rest. The night was beautiful; the rays of the moon mirrored themselves in the pond; the music of the water, as it plashed down from the mill, added its charm; the smoke from the high chimneys rested among the hills in bluish streaks. The blowing of the horn of the watchman—an officer who is found in every Swedish village—warned me that the clock had just struck, and I heard him sing,

“ God keep  
Houses and the land  
From fire and burning,  
The hour of eleven has struck.  
God keep  
The house and the land  
From fire and burning,  
The hour of eleven has struck.”

Åtvidaberg is part of the large estate of Adelsnäs, which is entailed in the family of the Baron of Adelswård, and embraces nine parishes; that part which is in Östergötland alone contains over 41,000 acres, and is one of the largest and most valuable properties in the country, on account of its copper-mines. The family dwelling is about two miles from the hamlet, on the farther shore of a small lake. On my approaching the water, a young girl, thirteen or fourteen years of age, rowed towards me. She was tidy and clean, her complexion fair, and thoroughly northern, her hair blonde, braided and twisted back of her head, and she was barefooted. The child ferried me over to the house. Two ladies and two gentlemen were playing croquet on the lawn, while another gentleman was seated on the piazza. With him I exchanged salutations, and presenting my letter of introduction, was welcomed in excellent English. He said his father was not at home, but received me with the air of a polished man of the world; as I afterwards discovered, he had been in America for nine months, besides having travelled in England and in many other parts of Europe, often "roughing it," as many English noblemen do. The game of croquet seemed to be disturbed for awhile by my arrival. I was presented to the guests and the members of the family; and refreshments having been brought in, we kept up a pleasant conversation. The charming hostess, a model of simplicity, was attired in a pretty calico dress, fitting like a glove, with a plain white collar, and a ribbon fastened with a simple brooch. The other ladies were dressed in the same unostentatious fashion.

An atmosphere of repose surrounded this unpretending abode. The view of the lake, a shady walk under a row of tall trees, beds of flowers, large spreading oaks, and white-trunked birch and other trees, and the green grass, gave a great charm to the place. Near the mansion were the graperies and hot-houses, which, among other things, contained apricots and peaches on trellises; also forced strawberries, cherries, and raspberries. A long white house, with only one story and roofed with tiles, contained bedrooms for guests.

At the manor the life was simple and unostentatious. Dur-

ing the warm days the drawing-room windows were open, to let in the balmy air, and to enable the mother or attendants to watch the children playing upon the lawn; their school-days were now over, vacation had come, and the tutor of the boys and the governess of the girls were soon to leave on a visit to their friends. The merry laugh of the young people fell pleasantly upon the ear, and now and then the half-hidden smile of the mother showed that she could hear and was enjoying the happiness of her little ones.

Industry is part of a lady's education in Sweden, and idle habits are very seldom indulged in, even by members of the aristocracy. The duties of house-keeping are not considered below the dignity of the high-born or of the wealthy. They are often busy with their needle-work, which does not prevent their taking part in agreeable conversation.

Dinner was social, and the table was adorned with a beautiful silver vase—given by Gustaf III. to the family of the baron—in which was a large bouquet of fresh flowers. There was no formality; the conversation was pleasant and varied; and nothing was wanting that could make the repast agreeable. The governess was also at the table. After coffee, a drive or walk wound up the day. The hostess and myself occupied one carriage. The good lady, as I learned, always provided herself with a bag of new pennies for the little children who were watching at the gates on the road to open them for travellers.

The largest of the Åtvidaberg mines is that at Bersbo, with a depth of 1286 feet, while that of Mormorsgrufvan attains a depth of 1360 feet, the greatest in Sweden. These are the most important, but there are several smaller ones.

According to appointment, the baron in his carriage drove me to the copper-mines of Bersbo, six English miles from the smelting-furnaces, the ore being transported by a railway. I declined the invitation to go 1200 feet underground, and wind my way through the dark galleries and narrow passages. The mine employed from 400 to 500 persons, whose wages ranged that year from 40 to 60 kronor a month each. Women, girls, and boys were also employed

to assort and treat the ore preparatory to smelting, making from four to six kronor weekly. The women were working, while their children played around; some of the mothers had left their babies under the care of elder sisters. None appeared coarse or dirty. Some two hundred females and quite a number of children were employed; for among the poorer classes of the Swedes, as with the thrifty French and Germans, every member of a household helps in its support. Besides their pay, each family received every year ten cords of wood and lodging free. The rooms in the cottages were about 18 feet long by 14 or 15 wide; a spacious hall ran through each dwelling, and each had an upper story, with a detached store-house for wood and provisions. The floors in all I visited were very neat, and everything about the houses was exceedingly tidy. Sewing-machines were quite common: the furniture was plain; a few wooden chairs, a clock, simple pictures, a bed or two, and a stove, made up the frugal appointments. Many of the houses contained looms, with which the mother or the elder daughter wove cloth for the family, when they had time to spare. On the walls of some of the rooms hung tin boxes, used to keep leaves or flowers collected by the miners' children on their botanical excursions, for the love of botany is extensively cultivated in Sweden. In one cottage a poor widow was quietly weaving, and by her side a bright-looking lad was studying, in preparation for entering the high-school in Linköping: a part of the little money left by the father was appropriated to the education of this lad. I was struck with the kindly manner with which everybody was treated. Now and then a poor barefooted working-woman came to the superintendent to make some inquiries; as soon as he was addressed he at once uncovered his head, notwithstanding a very warm sun, and listened to her, paying attention to her remarks, and showing no sign of impatience; his answers were made in a quiet and polite way. It would be well if the higher classes everywhere should give the example of good-breeding to the humble. The baron never entered a miner's cottage without uncovering and remaining so while he was under the roof of his workman.



When the miners or their families fell ill, they were cared for at the expense of the baron; and if a man was killed, a pension was given to his family. When I asked the superintendent, "Do you not turn away the wife and children of a deceased miner, and leave them to shift for themselves?" his answer was, "No, indeed!" with a look of disgust, as if the very thought of such a selfish act had never been entertained by the owner of the estate, and would be considered wicked by himself and the community.

Now what are the results of the support of schools, and of a certain degree of education among the working-people? To what does this politeness of all classes towards each other tend? Simply this: to bring about a better state of feeling in all the different elements of society, and to produce mutual consideration. A few strikes have taken place in Sweden, but only within late years; ordinarily, a disagreement and the causes of a dispute are talked over by employer and employed as among intelligent rational beings; there are no threats of intimidation, no arson, no carrying of arms, no murder, no lying in ambush, and beating of those who do not wish to join the strike; no armed bands parading streets and districts with looks of anger and hate; no hooting, no vulgar language, no oaths debasing the children who hear them, and brutalizing still more those who utter them.

There is a pleasant spot near the church, shaded by fine old oak-trees, under the branches of which the workmen, their wives, and the village people meet, and, seated on the grass, listen to the music. All the musicians are either miners or workmen. A circular dancing-floor had also been built on this place by the baron's father especially for the use of the people—an act which showed the kindly feeling that existed. The baron and his family rarely failed to come to the social meeting. I noticed the politeness, and at the same time the manliness of the villagers, of the miners, and working-men who were present; there was none of that extreme obsequiousness from the humble to their superiors which one so often meets in many countries; while at the same time there was not the slightest show of authority or display of pride

on the part of the latter, who, by their position, might have thought themselves entitled to receive homage from those they employed.

A visit to the public school showed the beneficial influence it exerted morally, socially, and intellectually. These miners' children were all very attentive to their studies, and tidy in their persons. Each girl had a colored calico handkerchief over her head, in true Swedish fashion, with the hair nicely combed, and face and hands clean; they attended the classes for three days in the week, and none of them seemed to be overworked. The boys were all barefooted, but their feet were clean, being washed often during the day; they all looked happy, and evidently enjoyed the exercises of the hour: the marching and countermarching was regulated by the stroke of a bell. In one of the rooms music was written on a black-board, and the children sang from these notes, the teacher pointing with a wand from bar to bar; in this way they learned to read music at sight. One class was composed of girls and boys, the girls occupying all the front seats and the boys the rear. Some children of seven years of age wrote sentences on their slates for me, and their bright eyes shone merrily as I read them.

It was with regret that I parted from this Arcadian spot, where the wealthy and the mining population were so friendly. I do not know of any place in any part of the world, either in a mining or manufacturing district, where the feeling is so cordial between employer and employés. It left a deep impression upon my mind, and reflects great credit on the noble rich family of Adelswård: may their descendants follow their example.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

The Province of Småland.—A Thrifty Population.—Vexjö.—Poor Stations.—Gamleby.—Westervik.—Visits at the Parsonage.—A Festive Occasion.—A Concert by Ladies.—Oscarshamn.—Kalmar.—A Holiday.—Bad Temper of the People.—A Beautiful Highway.—Grand Beech and Oak Trees.—Great Variety of Mushrooms.—Poor Food at the Stations.—The Churches of Hagby and Voxtorp.—Nearing Blekinge.

A FEW miles east from Åtvidaberg one enters Småland, a large but a very poor province of Sweden. Many parts are either barren or covered with moorland, forests, and also numerous lakes—of which the chief is the Åsnen, whose shores are extremely picturesque. The people are so frugal that it is a saying among the Swedes, “Put a Smålander on a barren rock in the sea, and he will manage to make his living.”

There are a number of seaports, among them Westervik, Oscarshamn, Mönsterås, and Kalmar. There is only one inland town of importance, Vexjö, with a population of a little over 4000 inhabitants. The place is prettily situated on the shores of a lake, and a small rivulet runs through it. It has an excellent elementary school. Its cathedral was built about 1300, and contains the grave of St. Sigfried, one of the apostles of the North. In the church-yard is a monument over the grave of the poet Tegnér, who was bishop of Vexjö. Near the town are the episcopal residence and the central hospital. On an island in the lake are the ruins of the castle of Kronoberg. The town is connected by a short railway with the trunk line which traverses the country from Malmö in the south to Stockholm.

The morning of my departure from Åtvidaberg was clear and bracing; the country was the more beautiful for the rain of the day before; everything looked fresh, though some of

the rye, which here grows very high, was prostrated. Traveling was very pleasant, as the roads were not dusty.

Beyond, a chain of small lakes ran towards the Baltic in a south-easterly direction. At a short distance from the village a cross-country road, with a post station, led from the main highway through a charming country as far as the village of Gamleby, on the sea. The cross-roads increase largely in number towards the south, and often pass in so many directions that the



VENJÖ CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

traveller is at a loss which to choose when desirous of getting out of the more direct highway. The landscape continued to become more picturesque; the rocky hills were covered with trees, the fields were in fine condition, and the banks of the lakes were dotted with small thriving farms. At Öfverum there was a large manufactory of agricultural implements; mowing and threshing-machines and ploughs were made here, the machinery being moved by water-power.

It was late in the afternoon when I entered Gamleby. The

situation of this village is quite picturesque, at the head of a narrow fjord; a small stream runs through it, upon the banks of which a saw and two other mills are kept busy during the summer months. There was a Tingshus, or court-house, built of stone, which was used partly as a hotel; the station was good. Some of the houses were painted white or light green, but the greatest number were red, and roofed with red tiles; numerous pots with flowers in bloom ornamented the windows. From here one can go to Westervik either by land or water; but in order to take the road it is necessary to be ferried over the fjord. A small steamer runs daily between the two places, leaving every morning at half-past six o'clock. After a pleasant sail of an hour and a half we came alongside the quay of Westervik, a town of 5500 inhabitants, and possessing two ship-yards and some factories. The streets are paved with very small cobble-stones put close together, and walking is difficult and fatiguing to those unaccustomed to such pavements, unless they wear thick-soled shoes. The houses are spacious and airy, with large yards. If relay-stations are bad as regards food, one is sure to find in a town a comfortable hotel where the table is good, and this place was no exception to the rule.

At Åtvidaberg a letter of introduction had been kindly given me to Dr. B——, a learned professor living in Westervik, who did all he could to make my stay agreeable. I was invited by the pastor to join a party of gentlemen at dinner, and was received very warmly and hospitably by him and his wife. The entertainment was given in honor of the School Board of Examiners; thirty gentlemen were present, nearly all of whom could speak French, German, and English; and the sociable and pleasant manners of the company were very agreeable. According to the custom, where so great a number of guests are assembled together, we helped ourselves, and took seats at little tables in the different rooms. A toast was proposed by the pastor in honor of the School Board of Examiners, and we all exchanged bows with them before sipping the wine. Afterwards the host kindly proposed my health, and paid me the high compliment of saying that I was known in Sweden,

and was welcome in the country. I felt uncomfortable at such pointed remarks, but again we all bowed to each other. Coffee was served under the trees in the garden, and then we separated. During the summer months musicians and theatrical bands travel through the country, and on this evening a concert was given in the high-school building, which began at seven o'clock. The performers were three ladies, one of whom played on the violin, another on the violoncello, and the third on the piano; they were excellent musicians, and one sang finely. The audience was large, for Westervik seemed to have turned out in a body on this occasion.

From Westervik the sail along the shore is pleasant, as it generally is in summer on the tranquil waters of the Baltic; for at this season the sea is seldom rough.

Either by land or by steamer one may reach Oscarshamn, on a small bay protected by numerous islands, with a population of 5500 inhabitants; it has ship-yards, a machine-shop, and a foundry. Farther south is the port of Kalmar, the most important in Småland, with a population of about 10,000. The situation of the city is very picturesque. The streets are wide and clean, and paved with cobble-stones; the houses are generally two stories in height, with large rooms; and on the public square is the church, a fine, spacious building. The streets extend at right angles from the square, and lead to every part of the town and to the old fortifications. At intervals you see some queer old-fashioned pumps, which supply the people with water. The old ramparts are the pride of the place. Upon them a park-like garden has been created; the ample ground being tastefully laid out with beautiful lawns, groves, hedges ten feet high, and chestnut, elm, maple, apple, and other trees, and a flower-garden. From this can be seen the Baltic, the island of Öland, and the vessels at anchor.

The ancient Kalmar during heathen times was a great market-place, and afterwards was known by the expedition, the so-called Kalmare Ledung, of Sigurd Jorsalafar to Småland. It was long the greatest city of Southern Sweden, and for centuries was considered the key to the country, being strongly fortified. Among the many historical events which have taken

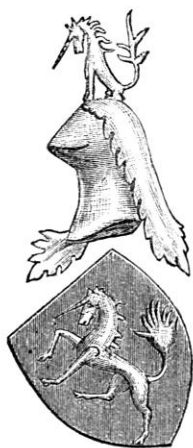
place within its walls was the Diet of 1332, when Skåne, Halland, and Blekinge submitted to the Swedish Crown; but a sum of 70,000 marks had to be paid to the Duke of Holstein and others, who held these provinces as pledges for money loaned to the King of Denmark. In 1397 there was a Diet, when the so-called Kalmar Union was concluded. It contained the following provisions: 1. That all three kingdoms should always be united, and have one and the same king. 2. A new king should be chosen by the councils of the three united kingdoms, together and unanimously, but not by each kingdom separately. 3. Each kingdom should be governed by its own laws and customs. Besides these, there were several similar articles. This covenant was written on parchment in duplicates, which are preserved.



COAT-OF-ARMS OF KING CHRISTIAN I. OF DENMARK, SWEDEN, AND NORWAY, DURING THE TIME OF THE KALMAR UNION.

Often since has the city been exposed to attacks of the enemy. The old castle, built shortly before the year 1200, is still standing, and its interior has for many years been undergoing a restoration to its original appearance. The great object of attraction is the octagon bedroom of Erik XIV., in one of the turrets. The ornamentation of the ceiling and inlaid floor, and other adornments of the apartment, were the work of the king's own hand. This castle was once changed into a still; then into a granary; and was left at last to perish, until Oscar, father of the present monarch, interposed for the preservation of this historic pile; but, with the exception of the ramparts and castle, nothing remains to indicate the antiquity of the town, for it has suffered greatly from fires.

The Kalmar Union was substantially in existence from 1389 to 1521, though several times interrupted by jealous wars. In 1521 the first Wasa appeared, and the Danish power was broken.



COAT-OF-ARMS OF THE  
NIPERTZ FAMILY, NOW  
EXTINCT.

One midsummer day found me in Kalmar, when the ringing of the morning bells called the faithful to the church; the edifice was large, but the congregation was small, and composed principally of women. The city had a gala appearance; the people were dressed in their holiday garb, and steamers were crowded with them going to Öland to spend the day. Good-looking girls were diligently taking passengers in their boats from one place to another, reaping a good harvest of cash. On this part of the coast the midsummer dance is often marred by scenes of drunkenness, and the May-pole festival ends in a general fight. I was present at one, and was startled by the evident specimen of rowdyism, and the use of the knife.

The people around Kalmar are among the worst characters I met in Scandinavia; and, with those of Blekinge, are noted for their fiery tempers. It was common in former days for women of the latter province, when they went to these dances, to take linen with them in case their husbands or brothers were wounded; people not unfrequently were killed, especially in the frontier towns. They used to wrestle with knives, the men divesting themselves of their garments, and putting a belt around their waists which encircled both; then each holding a knife in his right hand, and with the other clasping the wrist of his opponent's knife-hand, they tried to cut each other.

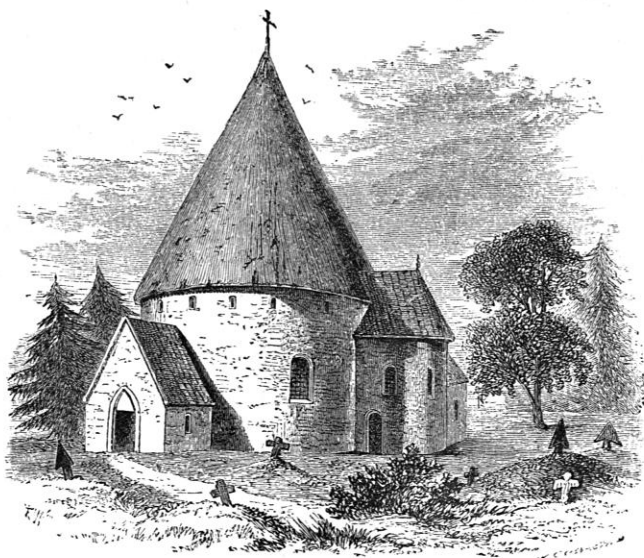
Among the highways leading out of the city of Kalmar the one running parallel with the shores of the Baltic southward is very charming; and passes in the midst of the most romantic part of Småland, and for about thirty or forty miles presents a constant and ever-changing panorama, with tracts of lovely landscape; views of the sea and the shores of Öland,



with its windmills; grand old beeches (*Fagus sylvatica*) and oaks, with their long, spreading branches, appear here and there. The beech-trees were among the finest I had seen in this or any other country; they began to make their appearance on the coast only about thirty miles north of Kalmar.

The great variety of the mushroom found in the forests is wonderful, the species numbering about two thousand. Of these several hundred are not only a useful article of diet, but a great many are exceedingly palatable; of late years they have come into general use. They are most abundant in the northern forests, especially during the autumn; though this seems incredible, the data are furnished by the eminent botanist, Professor Andersson, of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences.

The stations are poor, and the fare reminded me forcibly of the Swedish proverb that, "At the Småland stations one dines sumptuously if he has a good knapsack with him."

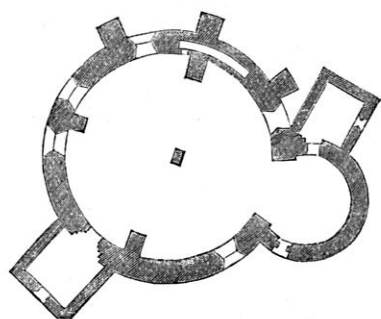


HAGBY CHURCH.

This saying can justly be applied to many other provinces than Småland, for, as a general rule, except in cities and large villages, the food is of the plainest kind. As I had no knap-

sack, and preferred to live poorly to taking one, I was content with eggs and a piece of cold pork and coffee; as for fresh bread, it is generally out of the question. Near one of the stations a bell was suspended to a wooden framework, above which was a cross; close by was the court-house, surrounded by a fine garden; there was also a small prison, which at that time contained no prisoners.

About nine miles south of Kalmar, near the road, is the quaint and interesting church of Hagby, and, a short distance beyond, that of Voxtorp. These are very old. The middle parts or circular towers are thought to have been heathen temples, which on the introduction of Christianity were altered into churches. The loop-holes in the walls were probably used to shoot arrows against enemies. The Solna church, near Stockholm, is of the same style and period of architecture, and its

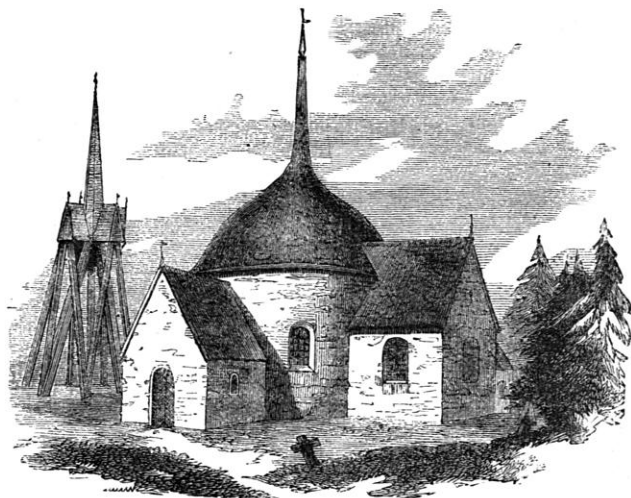


PLAN OF HAGBY CHURCH.

tower is built of large boulders. The earliest Swedish churches were nearly all of this shape, like the heathen temples, the priest standing in the middle, and the hearers around him; in the same way they were accustomed to have their *lagman* (lawman, judge) stand in their midst and read the law to them, the people closing about him in circles

as near as they could get. The church-yards were also round, and the stones enclosing graves and mounds were generally laid in circles. These walls are still called ring-walls, although they now are square. When high-mass was held, the people gathered to the church from long distances; tradesmen also came thither with the intention of selling their wares; they had their booths erected outside of the ring-wall, which was called *Bodgårdsmur* (Boothyard-wall). Among churches of circular shape there is now left only Dimbo, in Vestergötland; but existing foundations and remnants of others show that they formerly were common.

About twenty miles south of Kalmar is the estate of Värnanäs, which was in ancient times the seat of a jarl; later it belonged to Gustaf Wasa, and afterwards to Axel Oxenstjerna, the chancellor of Gustavus Adolphus: at present it is owned



VOXTORP CHURCH AND BELFRY.

by the family of Mannerskantz. There is a fine avenue of trees, about two miles long, leading to the sea. From a thick forest of pines and firs we emerged into a picturesque rolling country, and a few miles beyond entered the hamlet of Söderåkra. On approaching Blekinge, the soil becomes poorer and more sandy, erratic boulders are numerous, and the fine trees begin to disappear.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Island of Öland.—The Church of Alböke.—Relics of Ancient Times.—The Village of Borgholm.—Imposing Ruins of Borgholm Castle.—Karl Gustaf.—The Queen's Farm.—Proud Karin.—Celebrating the Advent of Spring.—Song welcoming the Spring.

AT a short distance from the Swedish coast, near the province of Småland, is an island called Öland, about eighty miles long and six to ten miles broad, which, with the main-land, forms a beautiful sound. A ridge with wooded slopes runs along its western shore, upon whose summit are found a great number of windmills, which add to the picturesqueness of the scene. The ridge, like the island, is of limestone, and this in the south rests on a stratum of Silurian alum slate. Often the red limestone comes to the surface, and there the soil is barren. Besides a home supply for a population of 40,000 inhabitants, the island exports from 300,000 to 350,000 bushels of grain, principally wheat, every year; is rich in apples, pears, etc., and has good hunting-grounds; it exports also lime and limestone. Formerly it was celebrated for a breed of ponies, now extinct, smaller than those of Shetland; and it was the favorite hunting resort of the Swedish king, Karl Gustaf. Few of its once superb forests of oak now remain. Some of its churches are very ancient, being of the so-called klöfsadels form (saddle shape). One of these is that of Alböke. A passage from the roof connects the two towers, in one of which are rooms with the open primitive fireplace, with no chimney for the escape of smoke. In old Catholic times, when the Church owned immense tracts of land, Öland belonged to the convents of Vadstena and Alvastra.

The island is rich in antiquities. Several ship-forms of upraised stone are models of the vessels of the Vikings, or perhaps of more ancient inhabitants; there are also many graves,

and numerous valuable finds, containing bronze and gold ornaments of the Roman period, some of which have been mentioned in the chapter devoted to this subject. Ruins of old castles are found, the most remarkable of which is Ismantorp, which is mentioned in Vol. I. It is certain that Vikings dwelt on this island.

The village and port of Borgholm, having a population of 800, is the most important place on the island of Öland. Entering the harbor, we were soon moored along-side a jetty, which also acted as a breakwater. There were no vessels; the place was quiet, and only a few persons were walking in the broad streets, in which grass was growing. The old church rose above the surrounding buildings. The houses appeared comfortable, and now and then a dame or damsel looked out to see what strangers were passing by. Near the village, on the brink of a ridge clad with bush-trees sloping rather abruptly to the sea, and where the limestone comes to the surface supporting a few stunted oaks, rise the ruins of the castle of Borgholm. The square court-yard is flanked by dark walls pierced with numerous windows to the third story, still intact; but its chambers are roofless. It is a sad picture of the past. This great place once resounded with the hum of life—mighty men and beautiful women dwelt in its now deserted and crumbling remains. The ruins consist of two distinct parts. The old castle is mentioned as early as 1280, and the foundations are still extant. About the year 1312 it was occupied by Duke Waldemar of Sweden and his consort, Ingeborg of Norway, daughter of King Erik (priest-hater), who married Isabel, the sister of the Scottish hero, Robert Bruce. The present castle was built by King Johan, who reigned 1568–1592. It was several times besieged and taken by the Danes—the last time in 1612—and its possession was often an object of contention between Sweden and Denmark. Upon the walls and windows overhanging trees were growing, giving to the majestic pile an aspect of desolation and silence broken only by the croak of the ravens nestling there. The view from the upper part was fine, and the beautiful day made the ruins less gloomy.

Between the village and the castle was the queen's farm. It was a combination of garden and park; the walks were lined with high hedges, formed of trees so trimmed that they resembled walls. Birds were hiding in the thick foliage, especially nightingales; although we were in latitude  $56^{\circ} 52'$ , they were in every bush, and the air was filled with their melodies in the twilight and moonlight.

Borgholm was the favorite residence of Karl Gustaf, eldest son of Johan Casimir, the Duke of Pfalz-Zweibrück, and Catherina, daughter of Charles IX. He was at one time engaged to be married to his cousin Kristina, the only child of Gustavus Adolphus; but when she abandoned her intention of marrying, she selected him as her successor to the throne. Before his accession to the crown he spent most of his time at this castle, which during his residence attained the height of its glory. Karl Gustaf loved Öland, which at that time was clad with oak forests filled with deer; and at his coronation Öland ale was served, as a compliment to his beloved island.

There is an old song which still lives in the memory of the people in the neighborhood of Ismanstorp and Långlöte. There formerly lived a famous man, whose fair daughter was called "Proud Karin." She once went out with her maids—fourteen young girls, but she the fairest of them all—to enjoy themselves with songs and plays. Suddenly there came in from the sea a ship carrying a son of the Danish king. He went ashore and listened to the voice of Karin, which seemed to him like the music of a golden harp; but when he came into the grove he was still more charmed by her beauty. He invited her to drink with him (the manner of courtship of those times), and won her assent and good-will. He then took her in his arms, carried her on board his ship, and sailed away.

Proud Karin was Jarl Asbjörn's daughter, who was married to Harald, son of the Danish king, Sven Estridson, a nephew of Canute the Great. Harald, against the last wish of his father, by the cunning and power of his father-in-law, Asbjörn, excluded his brother Canute from the kingdom, who thereupon fled to the court of the Swedish king, Hallstan, and re-

mained there in peace until the death of his brother Harald in 1080. Canute had many friends in Sweden and Scania, but was not liked by the Danes. When he came to reign in Denmark he fostered Christianity in every way; but the worldly power and distinction he gave to the clergy, calling them into his councils in preference to jarls and others of high rank, awakened against him the enmity of the most powerful men of his kingdom. This, however, would not have caused him much trouble, for the people in general were easily persuaded that it was right that the servants of God, and those who took care of souls, ought in worldly matters to be treated with more regard than the king's servants and those who had charge simply of the material affairs of the country; but when he imposed tithes, and collected them with great severity, then the peasants arose, and a rebellion was soon in full blast. The king retired to Odense, whither Jarl Asbjörn went, assuring him of his friendship. Canute did not suspect any wrong, and easily agreed that Asbjörn should go to the rebels and sue for peace; but no sooner had he met them than he urged an attack on the king at once, as the latter had only a small force: which they did. Asbjörn led the forces, and came upon the king as he was praying at the altar of St. Alban's Church, where he killed him. Asbjörn had red hair, and since that time red hair is in the North considered indicative of a treacherous mind.

One of the ancient customs preserved in some parts of Sweden is that of welcoming the advent of spring. The evening before the first of May is called Valborg Mass-eve: in mediæval times mass was celebrated. Even before darkness has come, in many districts lads of neighboring farms are seen engaged in collecting material for bonfires, and to stack it on the top of the highest and nearest hill; generally each hamlet has its separate fire, and they vie with each other in having the brightest; often from an eminence may be seen at once twenty or thirty of these blazing piles. The old folks remain at home, and pay special attention to the number of fires—if it is odd or even, if the sparks fly northward or southward: if odd, with a north wind, the spring will be cold; with a southern one it will be

warm. When the well-fed flames are at the highest, a ring is formed by the young men and women; or, if the crowd is large, two or three, and the släng polka, a very pretty and graceful dance, which varies according to the different provinces, is enjoyed by those who participate in the frolic; the dancing is accompanied by singing,

So did we go out on Valborg Mass-eve  
For to dance;  
So did we upon the highest mountain go.  
Oh hey! Let us be merry.

I have played on Valborg Mass-eve,  
Tralle-ralle-ralle-rej;  
Out did I go with both hat and gloves,  
Hey tralle-ralle-ralle-rej.

Hey, how merry it is to dance!  
We as others.  
We all join in a ring,  
We all dance around;  
The fire burns on the rock.  
Hey, how merry it is to dance!

Another spring custom is also observed in the South, though fast disappearing. The young men of the hamlets assemble on Valborg Mass-eve at dusk, and go around among the farms carrying birch-twigs with newly opened leaves, and sing the May song before every door; whereupon, in case they meet with a good reception, they put twigs over the porch. Baskets are also brought along, in which are collected the gifts received, consisting mostly of a liberal supply of eggs; these are used at a feast which takes place on Whit-Sunday, when, between plays and dances, abundance of pancakes and other good things are served.

The May song is as follows:

Good evening, if home ye are,  
May is welcome!  
Excuse us if we wake you up.  
Summer is sweet for young folks.



Now we come to your farm,  
May is welcome!  
And ask if you will let us sing.  
Summer is sweet for young folks.

For now we carry May into hamlet,  
May is welcome!  
And praise it with songs new.  
Summer is sweet for young folks.

The little lark's sweet song,  
May is welcome!  
Goes up to the skies with May song.  
Be glad now for such a sweet summer.

For winter's constraint now has left the land,  
May is welcome!  
For leaves and grass now are green.  
Be glad now for such a sweet summer.

Welcome is the month of May,  
May is welcome!  
God bless this summer mild!  
Be glad now for such a sweet summer.

Give us an abundant year,  
May is welcome!  
Guard both house and farm.  
Be glad now for such a sweet summer.

Hop-vines yield on the poles,  
May is welcome!  
Then bitter wormwood in the meadows.  
Be glad now for such a sweet summer.

Give milk and cheese so sweet,  
May is welcome!  
Buckweat also for mush.  
Be glad now for such a sweet summer.

Give the beeswax and honey sweet,  
May is welcome!  
For healing, food, and candles, and mead.  
Be glad now for such a sweet summer.

Let the hen lay eggs on plates,  
 May is welcome!  
 For pancakes and egg-cakes.  
 Be glad now for such a sweet summer.

Now we put sprigs on your porch,  
 May is welcome!  
 That you can see to-morrow by day.  
 Be glad now for such a sweet summer.

Good-night, and thanks to you,  
 May is welcome!  
 For the gift was very good.  
 Be glad now for such a sweet summer.

In case the song should not awaken any attention in the party for whom it is intended, the following end verse is sung:

Then lie and lie, thou lazy ox,  
 Till crows and ravens shall drive thee out!

This festival is a remnant of the religion of the Scandinavians in heathen times. On that day it was the custom to sacrifice children on the top of the *stendösar* or *cromlech* (which is represented in Vol. I.), and the people danced until the sun rose.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Province of Blekinge.—Opening the Road-gates.—Love for Flowers.—Clean Cottages.—The Sin of wasting Bread.—The Horror of Perjury.—Women working in the Fields.—The Custom of Betrothal.—A Happy Population.—The Dance of the Elves.—A Beautiful Vision.—About the Elves.—A Charming Night.—The Ball of the Trees.—A Happy Maiden.—Songs.—Not so Primitive a People.—Karlskrona.—The Swedish Navy.—The Nettraby River.

FROM Småland I entered Blekinge, one of Sweden's most picturesque provinces, celebrated all over the country for the beauty of its women. Its landscape scenes are very diversified; here the soil is barren and stony; there the country becomes fruitful, and presents rural scenery of great loveliness. Though the province is not more than seventy miles in length and about twenty-five miles in its greatest breadth, more than three hundred lakes and lakelets are scattered over its surface. Luxuriant woods and groves greet the eye everywhere; colossal oaks, with gigantic spreading branches, which are among the largest in Sweden, and the finest in Europe for grace and beauty, and magnificent beech-trees, excite the astonishment of the stranger.

The coast makes a sudden sweep, running east and west, and its shores are indented by numerous bays, and lined with superb trees growing even to the edge of the sea. Here and there are hamlets or farms, with tiled and thatch-roofed houses painted red.

In some districts the farms are large; often the roads leading to the towns are lined with trees, and the fields protected by stone walls, while others are ditched instead of being fenced. Now and then on a bare granite hill or on some charming spot stands the windmill, the sails of which move briskly to grind the grain. The house of the miller is always close at

hand, and there is generally a faithful dog watching while the farmers with their carts are waiting for their grist.

Here, as in Dalecarlia, of which we have spoken, and other places, the roads are often barred by a fence to keep the cattle within bounds, and children are looking for travellers. As soon as one makes his appearance there is a general scramble, each anxious to be the first to open the gate, and earn the coppers which they hope to receive.



OPENING THE GATE.

There is perhaps no province where the love of flowers is greater than in Blekinge. In summer the garden surrounding even the poorest house is usually gorgeous with bright colors; while in many a window, through snowy muslin curtains, can be seen an array of plants loaded with blossoms, belonging to the female members of the family. It is considered a great compliment when one of these flowers is given to a friend. The poorest of the people know how to make their rooms cheerful with Nature's bounties. Under glass tumblers shoots or cuttings are raised, which, when large enough, are transplanted with great care.

On one of the latter days of June I was jolting on my way towards the road that skirts the shores of the Baltic on the

eastern part of the province. My horse was going slowly, for the day was warm; many of the wild flowers were drooping under the powerful rays of the sun. The poppies displayed their gorgeous tints among the tall, waving fields of rye and wheat in bloom, and the bright blue of the *Centaurea cyanus* was beautiful. The air was perfumed with the fragrance of the red and white clover; farm-houses were scattered about; cows and horses were grazing in the fields, with children watching them. Now and then I met peculiar carts drawn by two oxen, or long k arra, on their way to a farm or a hamlet.

The majority even of the humblest cottages are spotlessly clean, for the peasants of Central and Southern Sweden are neat; the floors by their whiteness attract the attention of the stranger. Everything is in place, and in summer wild flowers are displayed in cups and saucers to create a cheerful aspect. Old matrons and blooming girls are spinning, weaving, knitting, or doing needle-work; and bareheaded and barefooted, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired, children are playing around their humble home, their rosy cheeks and happy faces reminding one very forcibly that wealth is not essential to bring health and content. As I was going along I saw a woman put carefully on a stone a piece of bread which she had been eating; the Swede or Norwegian never throws bread on the ground, but, when on the road, after they have satisfied their hunger, they lay the remainder carefully on a spot where the passer-by, if hungry, may find and eat it. They think it sinful to cast away the gift of God. I have even seen persons when a piece of bread fell down pick it up and kiss it. Farther on I met a strapping fellow of twenty-two years of age, with a happy face, who was coming from the parsonage with a paper in his hand which he showed me with great pride.

Every Swede, male or female, leaving his village or city for some other part of the country, is obliged by law to have a certificate of character, called prestbetyg (clergyman's certificate). This document contains the name of the person as numbered on the register of the parish church, his vocation, date of birth, whether married or single, if vaccinated, and his

qualifications in reading and writing. There are three degrees or classes in education, and the class to which each belongs is indicated in the certificate, as is also the rank in Christian knowledge—whether the individual has attended the husförhör, a meeting where all the people of a parish are examined in Scripture once a year by the pastor, whether confirmed or not, and has attended communion, and the general moral character. If one has been in prison, or had an illegitimate child, it is so stated.

Among the customs of the Swedes, showing their horror of perjury, is the värjemålsed, or “oath of defence.” When the evidence against an accused person is insufficient to convict, though there is a strong presumption of guilt, the judge gives him a chance to clear himself by the above oath. Before this can be taken, however, he is sent to his pastor, who solemnly instructs him on the nature and responsibility of an oath, and who gives him a certificate that he has been thus instructed, which he must produce to the court before he can be sworn. This may be required in cases where there is only one witness, or one unworthy of belief, or where witnesses contradict each other.

Many women were busy in the fields, weeding potatoes, beets, turnips, and carrots. The meadows were being mown, and the cut-grass filled the atmosphere with its fragrance. The maidens were superb specimens of womanhood, the embodiment of health and strength, and often were beautiful, with that exquisite Swedish complexion already described, and which, strange as it may appear, is not burned by the sun. In consequence of the warmth, they wore only their white linen chemises, made fast with a scarf around the waist, and a picturesque red head-dress. Their bare legs were as white as milk, and they moved gracefully about, in simple unconsciousness of their odd dress, as they busily raked the hay.

A gay crowd of damsels and lads in their holiday attire were on their way to a neighboring farm, where a feast given in honor of a betrothal was to take place. A betrothal in Scandinavia is celebrated in a festive manner. In the country districts the engaged couple often go before the clergy-

man, who, in presence of the respective families, says: "Before God the All-knowing, and in presence of these witnesses, I ask thee if thou wilt have him (or her) for thy betrothed?" After an affirmative answer from both, rings are exchanged as a pledge; these are worn on the ring-finger of the left hand.



BLEKINGE MAIDEN RAKING HAY.

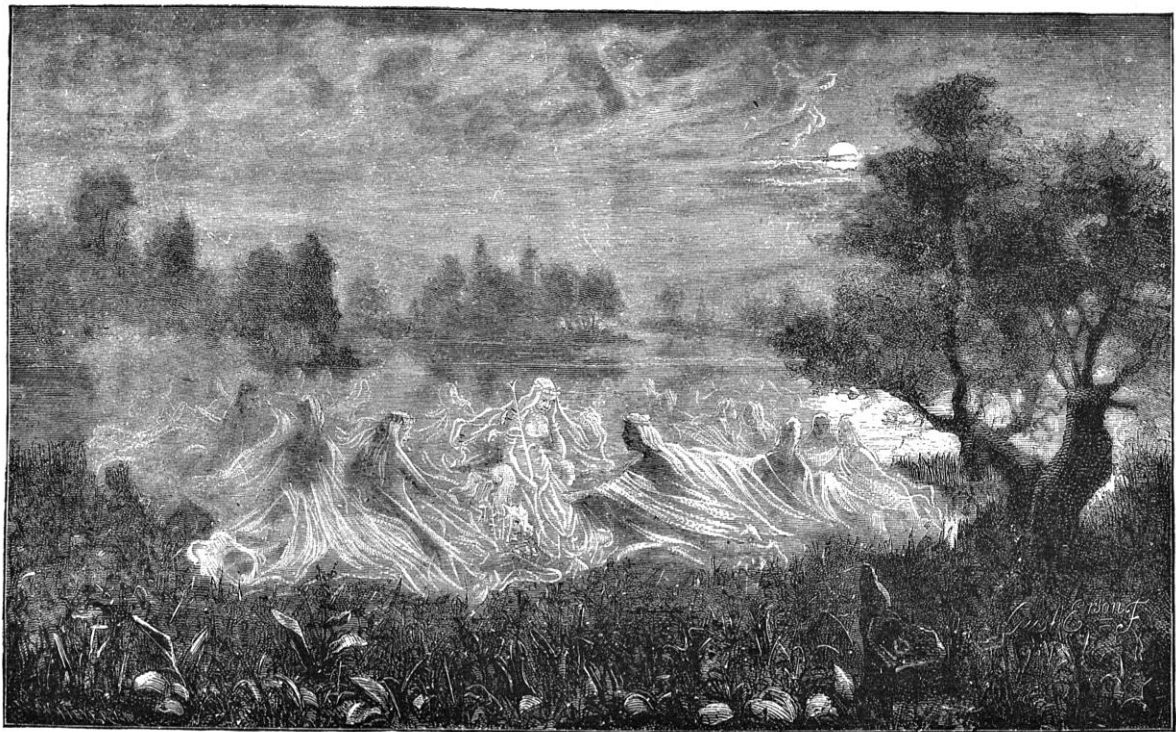
The custom of going before the parson is dying out. In the cities, or among the educated classes, after a gentleman and a lady have become engaged, both their names are written on a single visiting card and sent to all their acquaintances, this being a notice of the betrothal; it is also published in the newspapers. The lady, after her engagement is announced, is allowed to go alone with her affianced, and they are often seen

together without their families at balls or places of amusement. But even in Scandinavia engagements are sometimes broken. Nothing but a plain gold ring is given, even among the most wealthy. The wedding-token is of the same character. When a woman has a family she wears three rings as a mark of distinction, of which many feel very proud, though this last fashion is going somewhat into disuse. It is only in the country that weddings are interesting, for in the cities the ceremony is the same as in other lands.

On Sunday afternoons, in every hamlet, on the grass under the trees were groups of peasants—hard-working men during the week—quietly amusing themselves; fiddlers were playing while the people were dancing, and all were in holiday attire. I thought that in no country had I met with a more happy and contented population.

One evening after sunset the singular condensed vapor called by the peasants *Elfdans*—a “dance of the elves”—a soft mist, not heavy like a fog, but white and transparent, hung over the plain, forming a sort of veil through which the meadows, fields, and groves were visible in shadowy outlines. It was like a fairy cloud, making the whole landscape a scene of perfect loveliness; I could see through it every flower and every blade of grass. People who were working in the fields looked like phantoms, and, though they were near, appeared to be far away. The white veil seemed to form a stratum only ten or twelve feet in height, apparently hanging in the air, gradually thickening towards the ground. We had emerged from this one when I drove into another precisely like it, and was startled by a new phase of the phenomenon. Fairy-like figures were apparently intent upon preventing my farther progress. The sight seemed supernatural but lovely. Yet these angels were only a group of flaxen-haired maidens partly shadowed by the mist; I saw only their heads and shoulders as in a haze, their bodies being wholly hidden by the thick lower strata. I felt like apostrophizing them: “Are you the daughters of Blekinge, so famed in Sweden for their beauty, or are you their spirits?” My horse stopped, and I said, “Beautiful maidens! are you the Scandinavian valkyries who travel through





THE DANCE OF THE ELVES. FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY G. E. FISCHER.



the air, or their spirits flying before me?" but no answer came. The heads drew nearer and nearer, when suddenly on the other side of the road I saw other forms advancing. It seemed as if I were in another world; the whole was like a vision; I might have fancied myself in space, surrounded by the disembodied.

Such scenes are often observed in some districts of Sweden in summer.\* These phenomena are caused by the sudden contact of cold air with the warm surface of the earth, and the transparency is occasioned by the dryness of the atmosphere. Farther on a gentle zephyr came, and the vapor took a thousand fantastic shapes, which at times seemed to represent human figures, and "the dance of the elves" began. In old times the people said that this dance always took place over the spots where good people had been buried, and where their spirits dwelt.

The elves were gentle beings—the friends and assistants of the gods. They were divided into two classes—the light, or elves proper, which dwelt above-ground in *Alfheim* (elves' homes), and were fairer than the sun, and the dark elves, or dwarfs, which lived underground, beneath stones or in mountain caves, and were blacker than pitch. The former were held in such esteem that offerings were made to them as to the gods. The dwarfs could not bear daylight, and during the day hid in their holes: none could make such arms and ornaments as they did, for they were the finest smiths in the world, and as such continually executed work for the deities. These spirits, whose name is derived from the beautiful clear rivers, are the forces of nature which work for the good of mankind, either above or under ground—in the plant life that spreads over fertile plains, or the precious wealth of the mines. It is, however, natural that the light-winged, beautiful elves stood nearer to the empire of the gods than the heavy, clumsy, and ugly dwarfs; the popular tales have also preserved the distinction between them.

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\* There is a painting in the royal palace in Stockholm which portrays the fairy-like scene with marked effect.

The elves are well-known under the names of *Ellefolk* or *Elfvefolk* (elfe people), the small beings who dwell on the elf-mounds. The elf-maiden is extremely beautiful, like a snow-white lily; her voice is silver-toned, and no one can withstand her charms and her speech. She sometimes glides with the sun's rays through an opening in a house, but she may disappear very suddenly; she is not to be depended on—often infatuating the mind of youth with love; but when he tries to embrace her, she becomes an empty form or a tree. One must be careful not to sleep by an elf-mound; but happy is he who is privileged to hear their beautiful harps and songs on a summer eve, to watch them dance in the moonlight, and to see them, swan-like, sporting or bathing in the waters.

The dwarfs of the sagas were small and ill-shaped, delighting to deceive human beings, and steal from them things they like. They did, however, show gratitude; and when their women at childbirth asked their earthly sisters for help, they often gave the latter great treasures, for in their caves they possessed immense riches. On Yule-eve the stones which closed the mouth of their abodes were raised, as if by magic, upon four glowing pillars, and glimpses of their sumptuous homes appeared within; one was then careful not to enter, for it was very difficult to return. It was especially maidens they wished, and those whom they had enticed were called "mountain-taken."

Gradually the twilight became very dim; but far away towards the north the pale glow from the sun shone like the light of day fading away high up in the heavens. The night was so beautiful that I kept travelling. The aspens (*Populus tremula*) were scattered here and there in groves, and, as I gazed, there seemed to come a carnival of joy among them; their leaves quivered and danced like merry maids, as the breeze from the hills touched and kissed them on its journey to an adjacent lake. This was the ball of the trees; the blue canopy of heaven was their banqueting-hall; the thousand stars were the lights; the murmur of the wind among the branches was the music; the wild flowers scattered in the meadows were the spectators, and the still night presided over all.

The dim outlines of an old mansion rose in the distance like a spectral castle, while oaks near by looked on as silent witnesses of the past and the present. The ball of the trees drew towards its close; the lights gradually disappeared, and the rustling of the leaves became fainter and fainter, for the wind was dying away with the expiring night. Darkness slowly merged into the twilight of morning, and the birds began to sing as harbingers of the coming day; then clouds took on a golden hue, which was reflected in the lake; the flowers raised their heads, refreshed after the heat of the preceding afternoon. Then the great orb rose full of majesty and glory above the hills, and in the sunlight the dew-drops shone like precious gems. One by one the tillers of the soil appeared in the fields; the songs of the lads and maidens, the hum of insects, the warbling of birds, the lowing of the cows, and the neighing of the horses, were mingled together. Another morn was come, and nature took on new life, and only as one can behold it in the North.

Approaching a cheerful little house with a flower-garden in front, I was startled by a sweet voice, fresh and clear; I stood still, and beheld, unseen, a beautiful girl doing her morning work. I listened with delight to her song, as follows:

When fourteen years I was, I believe,  
A little girl so merry and so gay,  
No woe I ever heard of,  
None either thought upon.

Tra, la, la, la.

Indeed, when seventeen I became,  
The sun shone, the cuckoo sang, and it was spring;  
All was fair, the earth green, the heavens blue,  
But I, however, was wanting something.

Tra, la, la, la.

Yes, now it is no more as it was—  
Sometimes I am so sad, sometimes so merry,  
Sometimes I am so white, sometimes so red,  
And I want neither to live nor die.

Tra, la, la, la.

This was followed by another old folk-song full of sentiment:

## THE BRIDE'S QUESTION.

Lovest thou for beauty's sake?  
 Love me not then!  
 Love the sun! See, in gold  
 Luxuriously do her curls glow in the blue.

Lovest thou for my youth's sake?  
 Love me not then!  
 Love the spring! It is full  
 Always of fresh roses. Mine will soon vanish.

Lovest thou for treasures' sake?  
 Love me not then!  
 Love the Sea-queen! Pearls, gold,  
 Forests of corals does she offer thee.

Lovest thou for love's own sake?  
 Oh, do then love me!  
 Love have I. Faithfully  
 It has long been, and will eternally be thine.

She had hardly finished this song when she began another folk-song of Southern Sweden.

## LITEN KARIN (LITTLE KARIN).

And little Karin served  
 On the young king's farm;  
 She shone as a star  
 Among the gentle maidens all.

She shone as a star  
 All among the maidens small,  
 And the young king spake  
 To little Karin thus:

"And hear thou, little Karin!  
 Say, wilt thou be mine?  
 The gray horse and the golden saddle,  
 Them I will give thee."

"The gray horse and the golden saddle,  
 Them I do not suit.  
 Give them to thy young queen;  
 Let me with honor go."

"And hear thou, little Karin!  
Say, wilt thou be mine?  
My red gold crown,  
That I will give thee."

"Thy red golden crown,  
That I do not suit.  
Give that to thy young queen,  
And let me with honor go."

"And hear thou, little Karin!  
Say, wilt thou be mine?  
Half my kingdom,  
That I will give thee."

"Half thy kingdom,  
That I do not suit.  
Give that to thy young queen,  
And let me with honor go."

"And hear thou, little Karin!  
Wilt thou not be mine?  
Then I will have thee put  
Into the spiked barrel."

"And wilt thou have me put  
Into the spiked barrel?  
God's little angels, they will see  
That I am innocent."

They put little Karin  
Into the spiked barrel,  
And the pages of the king  
Then rolled it around.

Then there came from the heavens  
Two white doves down;  
They took little Karin,  
And instantly they were three.

Then came two black ravens  
Up there from hell;  
They took the young king,  
And instantly they were three.

Little Karin was followed by another song:

## THE ALUNDA SONG.

My boy he lives in Alunda hamlet,  
 Alo—Alunda, Alundalej!  
 Eyes has he blue as heaven's clear sky.  
 Alunda—lunda, Alo.

Goes with his scythe light as a wind,  
 Alo—Alunda, Alundalej!  
 Little burnt by the sun, but fresh and red on his cheek.  
 Alunda—lunda, Alo.

Just he rode his horses to pasture,  
 Alo—Alunda, Alundalej!  
 Never saw I colt better tended in stall.  
 Alunda—lunda, Alo.

He goes in to dance—modest and shy,  
 Alo—Alunda, Alundalej!  
 Looks he at a girl, it is just done on the sly.  
 Alunda—lunda, Alo.

Whit-Sunday-eve came he to me,  
 Alo—Alunda, Alundalej!  
 "Rosa little, hear what I will say to thee!"  
 Alunda—lunda, Alo.

"Rosa, my Rosa, lovest thou me?"  
 "Oh no!" Alunda, Alundalej!  
 "Thou will get some one else—meet thy fate so quiet!"  
 Alunda—lunda, Alo.

So he came to me on midsummer-eve,  
 Alo—Alunda, Alundalej!  
 Went with me in the dance, light, swift, and quick.  
 Alunda—lunda, Alo.

Girls, only hush! but own it I will,  
 Alo—Alunda, Alundalej!  
 How it was, but a kiss he forced upon me.  
 Alunda—lunda, Alo.

"Rosa," he said, "shall I die of grief?"  
 "Oh no!" Alunda, Alundalej!  
 "Here thou hast my hand, I take back what I said."  
 Alunda—lunda, Alo.



Evidently the singer's *repertoire* was extensive, and she loved both lively and sentimental lays. Suddenly she sang again:

High up in the heavens  
 There sit little stars;  
 The friend I loved  
 I can never get.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh!

He fell into my mind—  
 That I cannot help;  
 He swore to be to me true  
 Unto the bleak death.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh!

And then he went away from me,  
 And soon I got another;  
 I got the one I did not want,  
 And Sorrow was his name.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh!

Here the maiden stopped, for she had seen me listening, and her cheeks flushed. Bowing to her, I continued on my way.

On a warm afternoon I neared Karlskrona, the chief town in Blekinge; the wind was high, and the dust flew in thick clouds, as it had not rained for many a day. The drive was dreary, the soil in many places poor and stony, and trees scarce. At Jemjö a tomb was pointed out to me as that of the former sheriff, who, on a dark evening, as he was seated in the station-room, was shot from the outside in cold blood; his assassin escaped in the darkness, and has never been identified, although the authorities made great efforts to discover him. The murder was supposed to have been committed for revenge. The station-keeper was arrested on suspicion, but soon released, his innocence being established. Approaching the city of Karlskrona, the country became more pleasant, and the highways lively.

The people, where there are many small seaports, were not so good as those inland. The prisons were not empty: they talked of thieves, and doors were carefully locked: two or three times I had detected attempts at overcharging; and on

my way from Kalmar I saw a revolver hanging by the bedside of a landlord, and drinking had become a vice. Karlskrona (lat.  $56^{\circ} 10'$ ) is a naval station, the most important of Sweden, and has a population of 17,000. The town is built on several islands, the largest of which is Trossö, connected by floating and other bridges, the one communicating with the main-land being of stone. The streets are very broad and regular; the dwelling-houses are large, and there are many squares, and a shaded garden or park, called Hogland, crowded every afternoon. Along the quays were boats laden with vegetables and fruits from the main-land, and in the early morning with fish. One is soon reminded of the military importance of the town from its geographical position: barracks, fortifications, dismantled men-of-war, piles of cannon-balls, etc., give a warlike appearance to the place. Numerous islands protect the approaches to the harbor, which are strongly fortified.

The Swedish navy is recruited like the army, by enlistment. Certain estates and hamlets are obliged to furnish a stated number of men for the service; and these sailors, when on duty, are treated like the soldiers, and while ashore are permitted to cultivate their little farms. There are no conscriptions, and the regular sailors voluntarily engage themselves. One branch of the service is that to which is assigned the defence of the coast lakes. The sailors, while on shore, are kept under strict discipline. They live here in large, clean, and well-ventilated barracks. There is a library, accessible to all.

Among the fine estates of the suburbs is Johannishus, famous for its oak-trees. At a short distance the little Nettraby empties into the Baltic. Small steamers ascend the stream several times a day. The shores are lined by meadows, fields, and groves; the sail is sometimes under a perfect canopy of branches overhanging the water. Steam navigation is stopped by a stone bridge, below which, on the river brink, is the ancient parish church of Nettraby, with its shaded graveyard and old tombs. The grand trees, grassy banks, and beautiful lilies floating on the water added to the beauty of the place, while the hum of human voices contrasted with the stillness

of the scene. The surrounding country is so charming that one might fancy himself driving in a park. About midway between Karlskrona and the seaport of Karlshamn is the celebrated Spa of Ronneby, situated a distance of about fifteen miles from Karlskrona. The high-road thence traverses a fruitful country; some of the views are exquisitely beautiful, but very few large farms are met. Most of the dwelling-houses are small, and contrast greatly with the buildings found in the northern provinces.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Village of Ronneby.—A Celebrated Spa.—Life of the Patients at the Spring.—The Resident Physician.—A Mud-bath.—A Committee of Amusements.—Hotel or Club Fare.—Djupadal.—The Manufacture of Wood Pulp.—A Strange Yearly Custom of Ronneby.—Drunkenness on Saturdays.—A Legend of Two Giants.—A Viking Burial-ground.—Karlshamn.—Funeral Ceremonies.—Family Notices of the Death of Relatives.—A Place where People killed themselves in Viking Days.—Valsjö.—A Delightful Retreat.—Fine Beech-trees.—A Lovely Ramble.—A Family Collation.—Leave Valsjö.

RONNEBY, in lat.  $56^{\circ} 13'$ , has a population of about 1600; and from its protected situation in a fertile valley and proximity to the sea enjoys a mild climate, which in summer is quite warm. This village is celebrated for its mineral springs. The waters are especially beneficial in anæmia, scrofula, chronic and intermittent fevers, rheumatism, diseases of the digestive and nervous systems, when accompanied by general or local weakness. The mud-baths have been found especially advantageous in rheumatism, and are very much frequented. The charge for each patient of the first class is 10 kronor, which includes contributions for the chaplain, service of water, music, and the poor. The fee to the doctor is optional. Patients of the second class pay 4.50 kronor to the establishment and 2 kronor to the doctor, and, when circumstances make it necessary, these charges are lessened to 2.50 kronor and 1 kronor respectively.

The village is about three miles from the sea, on the banks of the Ronneby River. Above the bridge navigation is interrupted by a fall, while below a small steamer goes as far as the Baltic, so that visitors can enjoy the sea-bathing or boating. The same steamer takes the people to the springs and back every morning.

The old church well deserves a visit. The paintings are

odd, and sometimes excite a smile. The candlesticks, with double-headed eagles, are probably spoils of the Thirty Years' War.

The place was burned in 1864 or 1865, and has been completely rebuilt since. It would require a large hotel to accommodate the travellers who come to the springs. Patients board in the different houses; and in the height of the season, unless lodgings are secured in advance, one may not find accommodations. The cost of living is three to four kronor per day. Every one here retires early, and at five in the morning the town is full of people on their way to the springs.

The grounds are pleasant, and the trees furnish a grateful protection from the sun. Around the spring the visitors await patiently their turn to drink the water. A band of six musicians plays lively airs. At eight o'clock the music ceases, the crowds draw together, and the pastor of Ronneby offers thanks to the Almighty for his goodness, beseeching him to bless those who have come in search of health. No one thinks of leaving the spring before this act of devotion. This custom prevails at all the Swedish spas.

The Swedes are very methodical when they go to a spa in search of health. The resident physician was on the ground from six to eight o'clock, and was surrounded by those who wished to consult him. The doctor had a smile and a pleasant word for every patient, and, however foolish their questions or insignificant their ailments, examined into their cases. He kept a register of the invalids. The usual duration of the treatment was from three to four weeks. In one part of the grounds there was a hospital for the poor, and those who could not afford to pay drank the water and procured advice without charge, the doctor receiving a given sum from the parish for this duty. The amounts paid by patients are devoted to the support of the hospital, the improvement of the grounds and buildings, and of the bathing establishment; but the last was still burdened with a debt at the time of my visit.

The doctor was also the health officer of the parish or district, which contained a population of 13,000. He had been in office for seven years, but had lately been promoted to that

position in the province of Blekinge; his duty being to travel, to attend to sanitary precautions, and to hold autopsies. The governor of the province and five leading citizens were charged with the direction. When a vacancy occurs in the health department the medical college in Stockholm is informed of the fact. The name of a doctor whom the local authorities would like to see appointed is called for, and the person chosen is generally accepted. There is a health officer for each province, besides one for each parish or district, all of whom have to attend to the poor gratuitously and watch over the health of the people, and take precautions necessary to avoid the spread of epidemic diseases.

For curiosity's sake I took a mud-bath. An old woman was in attendance, who smeared and rubbed my body with mud, and afterwards with a soft brush; after being washed I received a cold douche, producing a delightful sensation; finally I was enveloped in a warm linen wrapper, and over this a thick blanket, and stretched myself on a sofa to rest. The bath caused a temporary prickly sensation in the skin, but the after effect was pleasant. This water is so strongly impregnated with iron that it is only used in baths, and is heated to 92° Fahrenheit. In this quiet watering-place there was no show, and no rivalry in dress. There was a committee of amusements, composed of three ladies and three gentlemen, who every day chose a spot where coffee was served, and at the foot of the stairway to the springs the name of the place selected was displayed upon a placard. The servants preceded the guests, and when the company had been gathered together innocent games and plays were indulged in. No Swedish punch, spirits, or wine was allowed to be sold on the spot chosen, and no gambling was permitted.

In the square of the village music was played until 9 P.M., and up to that time the place was crowded. At 9.30 P.M. everybody was in bed. There was very little driving, the people generally preferring to walk. There was a club, where those who chose could obtain their meals—a privilege of which nearly all the guests availed themselves. Three meals were served daily. The fare was simple but excellent, and calculated to produce

good hygienic effects. The prices at this restaurant were wonderfully cheap—the breakfast costing about 35 öre; the dinner, consisting of two dishes with soup, or three dishes without soup, 1 krona; and the supper about 70 öre. Wines were not generally used. A good room could be procured for 1 krona and 50 öre or 2 kronor a day. The doctor presided at one of the tables—all standing for a moment in a silent and prayerful attitude before taking their seats. The want of ventilation in the restaurant, however, was oppressive to one not accustomed to a stifling atmosphere. We have already noticed the great dislike of the Swedes for fresh air; they seem to be in constant dread of draughts and rheumatism. The windows were kept closed, and at dinner every opening in the dining-rooms, which communicated with each other, was shut, though the weather was exceedingly warm—the thermometer standing at 86° Fahrenheit. If one window remained partly open by mistake, it was immediately closed. The universal trust in the honesty of people is prevalent here. When one is ready to depart, he goes to the club and pays his bill, and not before: nothing would be easier than to leave without paying. I should think the visitor would be glad to get out of the place, for its life is certainly very monotonous.

At Djúpadal, the country-seat of Baron Wrede, I went to see one of the mills which had lately sprung up in Sweden and Norway for the manufacture of the wood-pulp used in the production of paper. As this invention unfortunately causes the destruction of millions of young white-pine-trees every year, the lovers of nature, who dread the demolition of forests, regard this new industry with alarm. Taken together with the requisition for timber for mines, the increasing demand will eventually destroy the forests, unless a law is made to restrict the cutting down of the trees of less than a certain diameter.\*

In pursuance of an old custom, every year on the first

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\* The wood used for the manufacture of paper is white pine; the red pine, on account of its resinous quality, being unavailable. The logs are broken and ground, and the mass is passed between heavy rollers until it forms a perfect pulp, which is then dried and sent to England, where it is converted into paper.

Sunday in July crowds of country-people make their way to Ronneby. A large part sleep on the way at different farms. In the suburbs many groups of maidens, sheltered under the trees, were engaged in removing the dust of travel and combing their hair, so that they might make their entrance in a becoming and tidy manner; hundreds arranged their toilets in this fashion, afterwards putting on their heads silk handkerchiefs which they had carefully protected on the road. More than 5000 peasants had arrived, and in the church to which they had flocked there was not even standing-room.

It is considered a kind of betrothal-day: men and girls arrived with bunches of flowers; the people came to meet their friends: if one of the men saw among the girls one whom he wished to marry, he proposed by offering to the chosen one a bouquet; if she accepted it, her act signified an affirmative; but the custom is getting into disuse. Men seen with flowers are afraid of ridicule, and this assembly of marriageable persons may be said to be virtually a thing of the past, and is now only the occasion of a merry gathering. During the day long wagons, arched over with branches of birch-trees, were packed with people bent upon a frolic—a custom which reminded me of the “straw ride” parties common in the rural districts of the United States.

The only unpleasant feature in the quiet life of Ronneby is the Saturdays, when the peasants and laborers come to the village to get their supply of bränvin, and drunkenness is prevalent. The right of granting licenses for the sale of spirituous liquors is left with the communal councils, which in most cities dispose of the privilege to companies or individuals at a stated sum per year, these again subletting this right to retailers. In some cities, however, companies have been formed consisting of some of the most prominent inhabitants, who, wishing to diminish the evils of drunkenness, take the sales of spirits into their own hands, paying for the licenses, and, after getting a fair interest—generally six per cent.—turn the surplus into the city treasury, to be used for the benefit of the poor, hospital, or other good object. It is forbidden by law to sell spirits to intoxicated persons or minors. It has been found



that this system has been the means of diminishing intemperance to a considerable degree, as the licenses are limited. In Norway retailers of bränvin are not allowed to sell from 5 o'clock P.M. on Saturday to Monday, at 8 A.M.: the same regulation applies to religious holidays. In Sweden bränvin is made from potatoes and grain, and before coming into the market must be free of fusel-oil. The yearly consumption of bränvin per head is in Sweden about three gallons; in Norway, one and three quarter gallons.

One of the favorite drives or walks is towards Djupadal, above which the Ronne River rushes through a channel about 120 feet long—in one place only 5 to 6 wide; the walls are smooth, and the water 100 feet deep. Below the mill the river breaks. Lodged between the walls is a huge rock of granite, which, according to tradition, was brought there in the following manner: "In the days of old there were two giants, Ronne and Mörrum, who resolved to force a passage to the sea for the water from the upper lakes. The one who first brought the water to the sea was to have his river full of fish; while in that of the other a human being would be drowned every year. They worked away, each at his own river; but when Ronne reached the rocks at Djupadal the work was so hard that he rested and lay down to sleep. In the mean time Mörrum got the road open to the sea for his stream. That river is now called Mörrum, and it empties into the sea about seven miles from Karlshamn. When he had finished his task he sent a woman to tickle Ronne on his head to awaken him. When Ronne awoke he flew into a rage, and dashed the woman against the rocks; and some hundreds of years ago the mark of the place where she struck was pointed out. At the same time he took a huge stone and threw it with such force against the obstruction that it split open, and the water found its way to the sea, the rock remaining where it was," for tradition says it is the very one that did the work. Great abundance of salmon are found in the Mörrum River, while the Ronne has none, and every year there are some people getting drowned in the latter.

The province of Blekinge is very rich in antiquities, espe-

cially old graves or bautastenar. Half-way between Karlskrona and Ronneby is Hjortshammar, on a small promontory running into the sea. Here are found nearly one hundred memorial stones and ship-markings: some of these bautastenar are of considerable size. The place was evidently a Viking burial-ground, and the spot a fitting resting-place for these heroes of the deep. A little farther west, north of the road, are three fine bautastenar, one of which has a Runic inscription. These brave men appear always to have chosen for their final resting-places some romantic spot in the neighborhood of the sea.

On the way to Karlshamn I passed the church of Hoby. Karlshamn has a population of about 6000; it is a thriving town, with ship-yards and factories of various kinds. It has a large square surrounded by a row of shady trees, and in the centre an old-fashioned pump, to which the people come for water. One side is flanked by the white wall of the church-yard, and comfortable houses adorn the three other sides. A shaded square lies at the mouth of the river on the bay. There is a park just outside of the town, on a hill called Bellevue, adorned by superb trees, among which are very fine oaks and beeches.

Swedish towns are very quiet except on market-days; as is usual on such occasions, many on their way home feel rather exhilarated, and have entirely lost the demure countenance they had on their arrival.

One of the primitive sights which amused me was an antiquated dredge in operation, moved by two poor-looking cows, which wearily went round and round.

Walking through the streets I came to a house before which fir twigs were scattered. This is an old Norwegian and Swedish custom, observed on the day of burial. Often in small villages or towns these are spread from the house to the church. In the cities, in the room where the dead lies, the mirrors, as well as the front windows of the house, are covered with a white sheet. The announcements of death are published in the newspapers with a black border around them, specimens of which are appended:

That the ever-merciful God, in his supreme and impenetrable wisdom, has called to himself our beloved little daughter, HANNA YRA EBBA AGNES, who, born on midsummer-night's-eve, 1878, after only a few hours of suffering, calmly and peacefully expired at Askaröd, Tuesday, March 11th, 1879, at 1.37 o'clock A.M., mourned, regretted, and bewailed by parents, a little sister, grandfather, and relations, is only in this way announced to relations and sympathizing friends. Sw. Ps. No. 477, v. 8.

AGARINE PEHRSSON,  
WILHELM PEHRSSON.

Askaröd, March 11th, 1879.

That the grand chamberlain, commander of the Order of Vasa, knight of the Order of Nordstjernan, COUNT AXEL JACOB DE LA GARDIE, born April 4th, 1819, died calmly and peacefully at Maltesholm, January 16th, 1879, at 1.50 A.M., deeply mourned by the surviving wife, brothers and sisters, relations and numerous friends, is only announced in this manner. Sw. Ps. No. 91, v. 5.

That it has to-day at 9 A.M. pleased God to call away by a calm and peaceable death my dearly-beloved wife, ELNA NILSDOTTER, after a life of thirty-seven years six months and nineteen days, mourned and regretted by me and five little children, parents, brothers, and sisters, is only in this way announced to relations and friends. Sw. Ps. No. 478, v. 4, No. 344, v. 4.

NILS PERSON.

Vestra Kattarp, February 28th, 1879.

That the servant-girl CAROLINA PERSSON died calmly and peacefully in Klintarp, March 14th, 1879, at an age of fifty-five years nine months and eight days, mourned by sisters and their children, is only in this manner announced to relations and friends. Sw. Ps. 478, v. 1.

Huge boulders in some parts of Blekinge are common. Near Karlshamn there are some of very great size, almost square, with rounded corners. Upon one of these are marks resembling impressions of feet, knees, and fingers which in olden times were supposed to have been made by the giants.

At a short distance from the town is the hamlet of Asarum, where there is a spring called the offering spring (offerkillan). On All-hallow-eve the boys and maidens from far and wide come to make their offerings at this place, consisting of small pieces of money, bread-crusts, egg-shells, etc. This old custom was originally designed to gain the favor of the fairies, who were thought to have their homes around this spring, and who would assist them in getting sweethearts.

A few miles from Karlshamn there is a beautiful spot called Valhall, made of gigantic boulders piled one upon another, which form in one part a grotto. It is so steep that its summit

is accessible only on two sides. This was in heathen times an *ättestupa*, that is, a place from which the people, when old and infirm, used to throw themselves, it being considered shameful to die in bed or of old age, as men ought to have died before on the battle-field, from which they were carried by the Valkyries to Odin's hall, Valhall. Of all the religions invented by man, none ever taught a more utter disregard of death, or led to more reckless deeds of bravery, than that of the Northmen.

On the way south is the estate of Elleholm, from whose grounds one has a most beautiful view of land and sea; and near by is the now quiet town of Sölvesborg, the ancient residence of the great Viking Sölve.

Not far from the boundary-line between Blekinge and the province of Skåne, at a short distance from Sölvesborg, and near the Baltic, is the country-seat of Valsjö, entailed in the family of Count Trolle Wachtmeister, a descendant of one of the old and famous families of Sweden. From the road, as is often the case in this country, one does not dream that such a beautiful place is hidden from view. Having a letter of introduction to the owner, I directed my steps towards the mansion, which was embosomed in trees. I was received with a courtesy that was the more gratefully appreciated as I was a stranger to all. The countess expressed her regret at the absence of her husband.

Near the porch stood a post-chaise ready to start; but my unexpected arrival delayed the departure of the guests, a gentleman and two young ladies, his daughters; a cousin of the host, bearing the same name and title, who was governor of Karlskrona län (province of Blekinge). During the short time of our acquaintance I was invited to visit them at their estate of Johannishus. The mansion at Valsjö is unpretending and small; indeed, a large building would seem out of place; but no wealth could give the spot its exquisite natural surroundings. It is a gem, and may be ranked as one of the prettiest places on the shores of the Baltic. There are no extended lawns or majestic avenues of trees; but these, in such close proximity to the sea, would spoil the effect of the land-

scape. The woods grow down to the very edge of the water, and when the sun is powerful one enjoys the shade of the superb beeches, the long branches of which spread widely from the trunks. One of these trees measured between six and seven feet in diameter. The ground was carpeted with ferns, and large boulders were covered with a thick, green, velvet-like moss, forming natural cushions several inches deep, adding greatly to the beauty of the view. At times one skirts the Baltic, upon the shores of which lay large bare masses of granite, brought down by glaciers. The countess was an admirer of nature, and loved Valsjö for its beautiful scenery, and a great deal more than her more pretentious chateau of Ljungby. We sat for awhile at a favorite place where the members of the family often stopped to rest, and whence we had an extended view of the coast. Soon after we came to another point, from which the sea, the islands, and the mansion could be seen, and then plunged again into the midst of a grove of splendid beech-trees, and among moss-covered rocks, until we reached a promontory of bare granite, upon which we seated ourselves to enjoy the view of the bay, studded with rocky and barren islands, with a background of dark forest. Two or three fishing-smacks, with sails shining white as the sun struck upon them, were slowly moving, for it was almost calm, and not a ripple disturbed the still waters. The scenery was peculiarly Swedish, and can only be seen on the southern shores of the Baltic. We continued our ramble under beautiful trees until we came to groves of white-trunked birches, two of which were centuries old, with crooked limbs and hollow trunks, covered with thick moss. Meadows and fields of winter rye lay between this grove and another wood of magnificent birches, and as we approached the house, which looked home-like, the fragrance of roses in full bloom perfumed the air. The cherries in the kitchen-garden were getting ripe as early as July 1st, and their bright red color could be seen.

When I thought that the time allowed by etiquette for my visit had been exhausted, I rose to bid good-bye to the family; but the hostess said, "Be so good as not to go yet; do not be in a hurry;" and then delicious strawberries and melons

from the garden were served to us outside the house, after which the countess insisted that I should remain, and upon sending for my trunk at Sölvesborg. My engagements were such that I could not accept, but I could not leave before taking tea with the family. There was no ostentatious display, but a sense of home-like comfort pervaded everything. The daughter of the house, a charming young lady, poured the tea, which with the cups had been placed on a separate table, after which she came to join us, while the servant waited upon the guests.

When the hour came to say farewell, two members of the family prepared to accompany me back to the village, and all came out to see me safely in their own carriage. I have not forgotten my kind reception at Valsjö, nor the pleasant walk under the old trees.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Province of Skåne, or Scania.—The Garden of the Peninsula of Scandinavia.—Chateaux.—Ancestral Homes.—Mild Climate.—Fine Farms.—Peculiar Construction of the Houses.—Character of the Scanians.—Diet of Farmers.—Names given to Females and Males.—Trolle Ljungby.—An Old Drinking-horn and Whistle.—Interesting Legends.—Lake Ifö.—Its Chateaux.—Åhus.—Christianstad.—The Estate of Råbelöf.—A Fruitful Garden.—Great Numbers of Birds.—How Farm-hands are Paid.—Law concerning Master and Servant.—Home Life on a Large Estate.—Estates in the Neighborhood of Christianstad.—Ystad.—Chateaux around Ystad.

SKÅNE or Scania is the most southern province of Sweden, covering a space of 4300 square miles, and is justly called the Garden of Scandinavia. Large estates under high cultivation, belonging to the old nobility of Sweden, are met in every direction, and numerous chateaux, many of which are surrounded by moats. Often their ancient walls are green with ivy, honeysuckle, or fruit-trees growing in espaliers; while a garden in the French style, resplendent with the bright colors of many flowers, contrasts singularly with the greensward, and the majestic trees or parks which are around them. A view of the sea, sometimes seen afar over the plain, or of a neighboring lake, may add to the charm of those lovely homes. Graperies, hot-houses filled with flowers and exotics, are close by, perhaps hidden from sight by shrubbery or trees. The owners of many of these remain all the year round, enjoying the life of country gentlemen, and, possessing fine studs, take great interest in the improvement of stock and horses. Shooting and fishing are the principal pastime.\*

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\* Among the game are *Tetrao tetrix* (black grouse), *Perdix cinerea* (partridge), *Gallinula chloropus* (moor-hen), *Scolopax rusticola* (woodcock), *Gallinago media* (common snipe), *Gallinago major* (double snipe), *Capreolus caprea* (roe-buck), *Cervus elaphus* (stag).

Many of these ancestral homes were erected in the beginning or middle of the fourteenth century, when Skåne belonged to Denmark. Their structure reminds one of the mode of building of that period, and of the intense religious feeling of the people at that time; over the gate-way, or under a stone arch, are often seen sculptured representations of the Trinity. The owners bear names known in the annals of history; within their walls are libraries and archives, which are valuable to the student, and in their halls hang portraits of famous men and women of their days. The climate is comparatively mild, as the province is surrounded by the sea on three sides; the summers are warm, the thermometer reaching 90° in the shade, and I found the rays of the sun more powerful than in England: the winters may compare with those of the State of New York, but the summers have not its intense heat. In the most southern part, at the latter end of April or beginning of May, the horse-chestnuts unfold their leaves; and a little later the oaks are full leafed. Apple, pear, plum, mulberry, walnut, and chestnut trees flourish, while peaches, apricots, and grapes do well in espaliers in many places.

The landscape of the province has characteristics of its own; the large forests are missed, except in the northern part, the country is not so well watered, lakes are few, and mostly shallow. In the south the country is flat, and hamlets with their red-tiled roofs, the spires of churches, and farms embosomed in trees, can be seen from a long distance in the midst of waving fields. The farms vary in size from 20 to 300 acres, and the people raise grain, cattle, and horses. There are several kinds of properties in Sweden:

- Frälse*.....A farm or estate upon which no direct tax to the State is levied.  
*Krölseskatte*... } Free from direct tax to the state, but pay an annual tax to  
*Skattefrälse*... } some other party.  
*Skatte*..... Pay direct taxes to the State.  
*Krono*..... Crown estates are leased generally for twenty years.  
*Rusthåll*..... One or several farms supporting a horseman.  
*Rotehåll*..... One or several farms supporting a foot-soldier, or marine.

Skåne is celebrated for its fine farms belonging to the peasantry, many of whom are quite wealthy, and independent in



their politics. The mode of construction is peculiar. The farm-buildings along the roads form a perfect square, often more than 100 feet in front, with a single entrance or gate, through which the carts enter; there are no windows on the side towards the road. The dwelling-houses stand back, and often front towards the fields; most of these are thatched—a mode of roofing almost unknown in other parts of Sweden. Generally such places have no trees around them.

The smaller farms, of less pretensions, occupied by the poorer people, are so arranged that the buildings form only two sides of a square, presenting an odd appearance. On one side is the dwelling-house, of a white color, often built of bricks plastered over, and sometimes of wood, with lathwork covered with mortar, while on the other is a long structure, generally of wood, painted red, used for the cattle, for stable and cart-house, the storage of wood, and other purposes. The people here have much less capacious buildings than in the far North. On account of the scarcity of timber, they have a peculiar kind of house called “korsverkshus;” the frame is of wood, filled in with bricks, with the outside plastered. There are others besides, which are built in the following manner: the timber frame is first set up, on which boards are nailed inside and outside to a height of about three feet; then a carefully prepared mixture of clay and straw, three-quarters of the former and one quarter of the latter, is rammed in as tightly as possible; then another height of board is put on, and the same process is repeated till the eaves are reached; when the boards are taken off, the walls are left to dry, and the outside is further protected by mortar. These buildings are very comfortable, and some are to be found over two centuries old.

The character of the Skånians contrasts singularly with that of their northern neighbors of the provinces of Blekinge, Småland, Halland, and Bohuslän; they are quiet, phlegmatic, peaceable, and good-natured. Their farmers live well; in summer, in the height of the harvesting season, they take a meal composed of milk and soft, dark, sour rye bread and butter immediately after rising; at six or half-past six comes what

they call breakfast, of about the same food, with or without coffee; at half-past ten or eleven, if they have not taken food with them, they either come home or something is sent. Dinner is at noon, when they eat either salt pork, fish, or sausages,



AN OLD HOUSE IN SKÅNE, 1558.

corned beef, or soup (according to the days), potatoes, and sour milk. At five o'clock they take another meal, consisting of cheese, butter, and bread, with a portion of *dricka*, a light small-beer; at eight o'clock is supper, consisting invariably of

gröt, with either sweet or sour milk. The cows and sheep are kept on the farms all the year round.

In the southern and in some other parts of Sweden many of the names of the women are peculiar, and some of them very pretty. Among them are Signild, Hildigunda, Elna, Bengta, Ebba, Ingrid, Karna, Yra, Selma, Erika, Wendela, Thekla, Ulla, Pernilla, Gerda, Blända, Gunilla, Helfrida, Bothild, Signe, Gundela, Hildegard, Hedvig, Valborg, Disa, Thyra, Ingegerd, Gothild, Astrid, Valfrida, Yrsa, Helga, Hillevid, Illiana, Magna, Estrid, Elvira, Vendela, Hildur, Engela, Alfhild, Hertha, Freja : Syster (sister) is often used as a surname.

Among the men are the following names: Axel, Pontus, Klas, Fabian, Thure, Sixten, Malte, Hjalmar, Henning, Didrik, Sigge (very old, Odin being called Sigge Fridolfson), Fridolf, Sven, Sigurd, Sten, Ivar, Thiodolph, Gunnar, Jesper, Thorgny, Ragnvald, Alf, Göthe, Valfrid, Helge, Folke, Frithiof, Gude, Hildmar, Erland, Arvid, Elof, Bengt, Tryggve, Egil, Svante, Elof, Ulf, Björn, Styrbjörn : Bror (brother) is also used as a surname.

At a short distance from Valsjö is the small river Sissebäck, which there forms the boundary between Blekinge and Scania, which last includes the läns of Christianstad and Malmöhus.

About nine miles from Sölvesborg, and midway between it and the seaport of Åhus, is Trolle Ljungby, the largest estate in Scania, comprising over 40,000 acres; it is entailed in the family of Count Trolle Wachtmeister. The chateau is of brick, surrounded by a moat, and in the midst of a very unpicturesque, flat country. The oldest part of the present structure was built in 1633, and a later addition in 1787. The mansion has nothing remarkable in its architecture.

Among its old family portraits is one of Count Wachtmeister, who was Minister to England in the time of Cromwell. The collection includes those of several kings of Sweden, presented by themselves. There are charming paintings, the work of the present countess, and one of the count, hanging upon the walls; the old clocks and spoils of the Thirty Years' War are full of interest.

Crossing the moat, one comes to the church, where, as usual,

the males and females sit apart; the pew of the countess was on one side, and that of her husband on the other; but in no way different from those occupied by the people of the place. As in most of the old churches, this contained portraits of former pastors and their families, as a sort of memorial. In the crypt below were coffins containing the remains of members of the family who died long ago. Two of these coffins were made of brass or copper, and among the dates I saw that of 1679. In a wooden casket I could see the shrivelled form of a woman; a few remnants of lace around the head and some dried flowers were all that remained to mark one of the wealthy and accomplished countesses of Wachtmeister.

In many of the old chateaux of Sweden are found curious articles which, in centuries past, when superstition was rife, were held as talismans. The destruction of so many beautiful buildings by fire has taken place where these have been removed, that the people, without being actually credulous, keep them for good-luck. Among the objects of curiosity shown me at Trolle Ljungby was a drinking-horn and a whistle, which had the following curious history attached to them: On the road to Christianstad not far from the chateau stands a boulder thirty feet long, twenty-four feet wide, and twenty feet in height, called Maglestone. Tradition says that at the introduction of Christianity two giants resided here. A church was built in Åhus,\* and the giants living in the parish of Jemshög becoming exceedingly angry at this innovation, threw at it two huge stones, called Maglestone and Toppelstone, intending to destroy it; but they failed to hit the mark. It was believed in olden times that the Trolls (witches) dwelt under this stone, and at Christmas-time raised it and supported it by pillars of gold, while they danced and feasted beneath its shadow, the peasants not daring to approach.

In the year 1490 Ljungby was in the possession of Lady Sidsela Ulfstand, who, hearing that the Trolls would hold their Christmas revel under Maglestone, asked her servants if any one was willing to try to find out what they did there,

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\* Åhus is situated on the coast a few miles from Ljungby.

promising to give as a reward her best horse and a suit of clothes. A stableman said he would try. Saddling a horse, he rode to Maglestone, and as he approached it he saw it was raised and supported by pillars of gold, resplendent with lights, and the Trolls, among whom was a Christian maid who had been made a prisoner by them, were merry. When he was discovered, two men came towards him, one with a horn the other with a whistle, and asked him to drink to the health of the mountain king, and to blow at each end of the whistle. The Christian maid whispered to him: "Don't drink, but ride back home full speed." So he threw the contents behind him, spilling a few drops on the hip of the horse, burning the animal, and with horn and whistle galloped back to Ljungby, pursued by the Trolls; but Lady Sidsela ordered the draw-bridge to be raised, for Trolls cannot cross the water or run over ruts and ploughed ground. The next day a deputation of the Trolls came to the castle and asked for the return of the horn and whistle, promising in exchange to make the family the richest in the land; but their entreaties were in vain, and they retired, leaving a curse, saying that her family should become extinct, and that every time the horn was removed Ljungby would be destroyed by fire. The stableman, who had escaped, died; three times the horn has been removed, and three times the place has been destroyed by fire; great misfortune has attended the descendants of Lady Sidsela Ulfstand, and none of them are left. So the prophecy of the Trolls has been fulfilled.

The drive from Sölvesborg to Ljungby gives to the stranger a poor idea of the fertility of the province of Skåne; the soil is in many places light and sandy, with large boulders near the sea; fields and patches of tobacco are numerous in this section. Tobacco is planted extensively in many parts of Sweden, especially in the southern provinces, and is seen even around Stockholm. That raised around Åhus, and near Christianstad, is highly prized by the Swedes, its good quality being attributed to the manuring of the land with sea-weed; and this cultivation has given a high value to that otherwise poor soil.

A few miles north of Trolle Ljungby is Lake Ifö, on the

eastern side of which is the farm of Hofgården ; the house is built over the crypt in which the Bishop of Lund, Andreas Suneson, lived while afflicted with leprosy, and is now used as a cellar. Over the entrance is cut in the stone the year 1222.

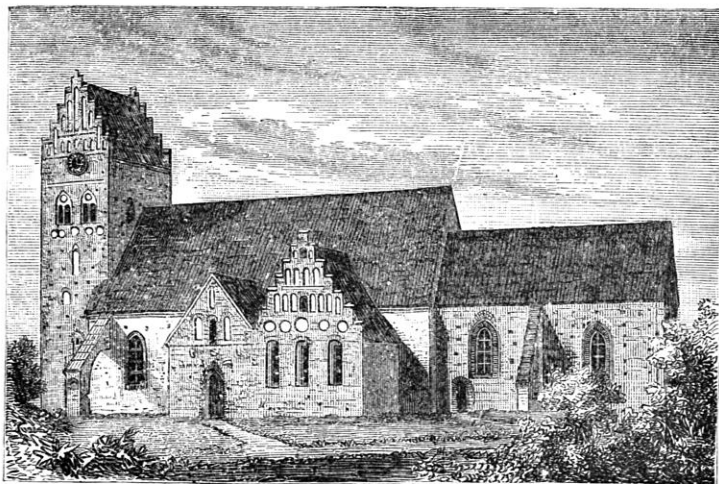
On the shore are several chateaux, among them the castle of Beckaskog, a crown residence on the narrow tract of land which divides this lake from the Opmana. This was a favorite summer residence of the late king, Charles XV. It was in former times a monastery for the Bernardine monks. Of the former monastery buildings the old church with a tower remains. The castle has a tower five stories high. The house is of brick, forming one side of a long square, flanked by low buildings, roofed with tiles, and used as barns and stables. Through the yard a little stream of clear water runs on its way to Lake Ifö. Beckaskog, by right the residence of the colonel of the regiment of Dragoons of Skåne, comprises about 1300 acres of land. The father of King Carl leased it from the colonel, and the lease continued under him. The apartments in the mansion had a cosy look, and were notable for taste and simplicity. In this quiet retreat King Carl passed a few weeks in the summer, and often received the farmers, talking and drinking beer with them. Among the horses I saw two superb Arab stallions. There are three national stud-farms in Sweden—at Strömsholm, near Westerås ; at Ottenby, in Öland ; and at Flyinge, in Skåne, whence the stallions are sent in summer to different parts of the country for the use of farmers who are desirous to improve their breed of horses. I was surprised to find clouds of mosquitoes, the first I had met in such numbers in the South.

From the park I could see Karsholm, a castle finely situated on the opposite shore of Lake Opmana. This property belonged to a Danish gentleman, who had made a fortune in Norway, where he also owned quite a beautiful place on the Christiania fjord.

From Ljungby the highway continues along the coast, and at almost all times views or glimpses of the sea are obtained ; following that route, one passes numerous country-seats, often hidden from view, and comes now and then to a sea-town.

Åhus was formerly an important trading-place, and is mentioned in old writings as early as 1149.

For a long distance the spire of the church of Christianstad is seen, as the city lies in the midst of a flat and rich marshy country, on the shores of the Helge. This place has a population of 9000, and was founded by the Danish king, Christian IV., when Skåne was under Denmark, and was made a fortified town; the fortifications have now been partly pulled down



ÅHUS CHURCH.

and replaced by pleasure-grounds. It is the residence of the governor of the province, and the seat of the Superior Court for the provinces of Skåne and Blekinge. A regiment of cavalry is always stationed here, and, as in many small garrison towns, the feeling of the civilians against the military is intense: such was the case when I visited the place. Duelling in the army is unknown in Sweden and Norway; public opinion regards this custom as a relic of a barbarous age. The church is a fine type of Renaissance architecture. The letter C and arms of King Christian are found in many places on the walls. The town is on the bank of the Helge Lake, and at its upper outlet. The lake is shallow, and extensive

engineering works are now employed to drain it and turn it into fruitful land. The river has been deepened, and connects the city with the thriving port of Åhus.

Many fine estates are also found around Christianstad. About three miles from the city is Råbelöf, which covers an area of about 17,000 acres of land. Iron figures on one of the outside walls of the house show the time of its construction (1637), and the letters H. W. and F. M. W. give the initials of its former owners. In ancient times it had two towers, since destroyed by fire; almost everywhere these old country-seats have been partly burned at one time or another. Four avenues lined with trees lead from the house in different directions.

The host received me with great kindness. He was of Scotch descent, and spoke English remarkably well, also German and French. He had travelled all over Europe, and in Persia, Egypt, and Algeria. The baroness spoke French admirably.\* I was surprised to see on the table of the parlor a number of *Harper's Magazine*. When I expressed my astonishment, my host took occasion to bestow great praise on that publication, which he said had maintained for years the same high standard of popular and interesting matter. I was glad to hear the encomiums awarded to my friends, and to see their periodical so well appreciated in this distant region.

The mansion was simply furnished; no old portraits or paintings adorned its walls, but everywhere was an air of comfort. The front of the house overlooked a large garden protected by a hedge, and redolent with flowers, a kitchen-garden, a small pond, numerous fruit-trees, a pavilion, while trees and shrubbery were abundant. On one side the carriage-way was an open gravelled space, near the ridge of which stood a large chestnut-tree with a seat. Through the trees we had a view of the lake; behind a little lawn there was a thick grove hiding a large barn, while other spacious buildings were close at hand. Several huge bee-hive-like piles of fire-wood, chiefly birch, cut or sawed, were drying; for wood is generally used

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\* In Sweden a titled woman marrying an untitled gentleman keeps her title added to the name of her husband.



in well-regulated houses only when it has been cut two or three years, as it burns better and makes a warmer fire. The windows of my room overlooked the garden, and at night I heard at times the horn of the watchman, whose duty it was to walk around the farm to guard it against fire. This custom is prevalent on all large estates in Sweden. The watchman is required to be on duty until 4 A.M., and then he sleeps until 1 P.M., and works afterwards. But even before the specified hour, at that time of the year, as the twilight fell, a boy appeared in the garden, making a loud noise with a wooden rattle, and this was followed now and then by the firing of guns. This is done to frighten the birds, which were exceedingly numerous. The bullfinch, thrush, sparrow, oriole, several varieties of warblers, and many other birds peopled the wood outside of the garden, and made sad havoc with the cherries. The cooing of the wild-pigeon was also heard.

This estate is charged with the support of 28 soldiers, each of whom has a cottage with four acres, which must be ploughed by the owner of the estate. Certain farms are rented upon the agreement by the tenant that he will work for a given number of days during each year on the property. Peat is supplied to all the laborers, this fuel being extensively used, for forests are scarce in the South. There are about 150 people employed by the year; during the busy season 400 or 500 extra hands are hired. The farm hands have a right to about half a gallon of sweet milk daily, together with an annual portion of thirty-two bushels of rye and barley, divided into equal parts; five more of potatoes; an allowance of ten kronor for meat and fish, and a certain amount of tobacco; besides, three measures of flax-seed, and land enough to plant it, so that each man can produce the material for his own linen. In summer each hand has beer, and the supply of fuel is sufficient for his use the whole year. The men are lodged free, and the unmarried man can save 100 kronor a year out of the 150 he receives. Besides the great number of servants employed (and every farm or estate seems to have a greater number than is required), the children of the farm hands, and the sick and the poor, are under careful supervision.

The laws concerning masters and servants are strict in Sweden. After engaging a servant, the employer gives a small amount of money—generally about three kronor—to seal the bargain; when this sum has been accepted, it cannot be returned, the contract thereby becoming irrevocable on either side. After engaging a servant, the employer cannot send him or her away until the time of the contract expires; if not satisfied, the master must endure, unless he can prove before a court of justice that the man he has engaged refuses to work. If sent away before the stipulated time, the servant can recover the full amount agreed upon, together with the equivalent of his board and lodging. In the same manner, should the servant run away, he is liable to a very heavy fine, and is compelled to return. This precision has a happy effect in securing good service for the employer, and kind treatment towards the employed.

The home life of the owners on many of these large estates is still primitive, in many respects resembling the mode of living in mediæval times. The stranger is impressed by the air of comfort perceptible among them. The landholders make at home almost everything they require. Industrious habits characterize every one, from the master and mistress of the house to the humblest servant. The larger the farm or estate, the more the mistress has to superintend in the household and its economy, and these duties are never regarded as a derogation from her dignity.

Near the mansion of Råbelöf is the Economy House (name given to a building where home industries are carried on), a granite structure, in one of the rooms of which there are three looms. An experienced weaver, a woman, is engaged by the year to superintend the work. As I entered she was occupied in weaving a beautiful large linen table-cloth, while one of her assistants was making a linen cover for a carpet, and a third was busy on coarse sheeting for the beds of the working hands. The flax and hemp were raised on the farm. There were also people employed in spinning wool, and weaving cloth and carpets—all the wool used in these fabrics being the product of the farm. The head woman-servant was paid 200 kro-

nor a year; the other females receiving from 50 to 60 kronor each. There is also a brewery, where a woman made the beer, and, when not so engaged, employed herself in weaving. The hops were grown on the estate. A bakery also was supplied with home-made flour. The amount of winter provision necessary for the household had to be carefully attended to, in order not to run short; but the proceeds from the sale of the produce of the kitchen-garden and orchards were large, and furnished the pin-money for the wife, as is the case on many of the estates.

A short distance north-west from Christianstad is situated the estate of Araslöf, belonging to Count Hamilton. It is one of the largest in Skåne, and is divided into a great number of fertile and well-cultivated farms. About fourteen miles farther north is the estate of Wanås, with a fine old chateau dating from the year 1566. It is surrounded by gardens and woods. Among the remarkable paintings which it contains is *Ecce Homo*, by Guido Reni.

The sandy and monotonous region which surrounds Åhus gives place a few miles south to a landscape which in many respects can well compare with the most favored parts of Skåne. Maltesholm is one of the finest estates entailed in the De la Gardie family, whose armorial shields are seen in many churches and chateaux belonging to that name before the "reduction." The chateau dates only from about 1700. It is approached across a valley by a road 4650 feet long, often 24 above the ground, and in some places 35 feet wide. Farther south and near the sea is the estate and chateau of Widtsköfle, with its several towers—a fine old structure, surrounded by a moat, dating from 1533. Above the gate-way is a representation of the Trinity; it is surrounded by grounds, parks, and gardens, said to be among the finest in Skåne. South-west of Widtsköfle lies the princely castle of Kristinehof, entailed in the family of Count Piper.

Journeying down the coast, one comes to the port of Cimbrishamn, with a population of about 1800 inhabitants. At a short distance is the fishing-village of Kivik, where is seen the graves of the bronze age which I have described in Vol. I.

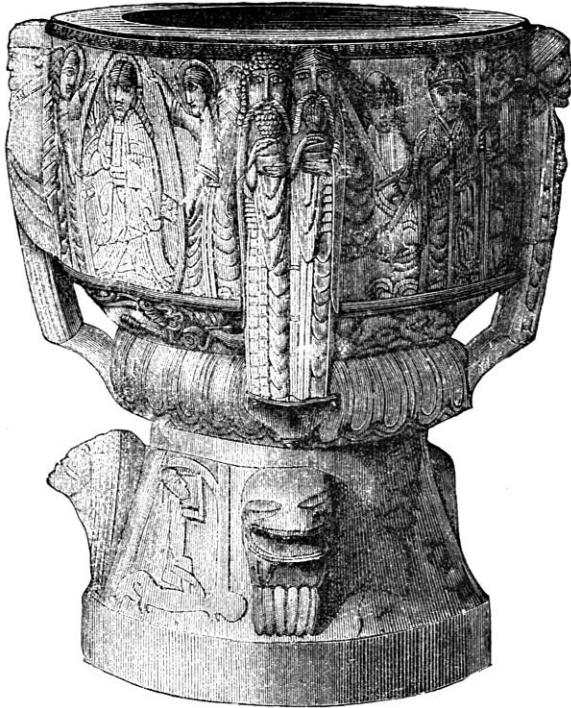
Near it is the parish of Jerrestad, one of the few places of Skåne where the ancient costume is still in use among the



COSTUME OF JERRESTAD.

peasants. The men wear light yellow leather breeches, and the women woollen outside garments of variegated colors, with white skirts over the petticoats.

A few miles south-west, near the high-road, is the estate of Glimminge, with a castle, one of the two left in Sweden in its original state, showing the mode of building fortified houses during mediæval times, and therefore one of the most remarkable, perhaps, in the country. It was built during the fourteenth century.



BAPTISMAL FONT OF STONE IN TRYDE CHURCH, SKÅNE.

Thirty miles south-west of Cimbrishamn is the town of Ystad (lat.  $55^{\circ} 25'$ ), with a population of nearly 7000. It has a commodious harbor, and exports much grain, especially to England. There is a charming walk along the beach, a public garden, and a fine cemetery; there are two churches, one dating from about 1200. The chalk cliffs of Denmark (isle of Møen) are seen, looking very white in the dazzling sun. From Ystad we have now entered Malmö län, the most thickly settled and

fertile part of Skåne, containing a population of 181 to the square mile. On its seaboard are several thriving corn-exporting towns.

Tosterup is eight miles from Ystad, with a castle and towers, from which a magnificent view is had over the surrounding plain and the Baltic. Among the chateaux in the neighborhood are Charlottenlund, with pleasure-park and gardens, from which there is an extensive view of the sea; Marvinsholm, built in 1644-48, with a moat spanned by a stone bridge; and Krageholm, the property of Count Piper, with its trees clipped to form rooms and passages. A few miles farther north another branch of the same family own the estates of Snogeholm and Söfdeborg, the latter with a chateau of the seventeenth century, decorated and furnished in the Netherland style of the sixteenth century: here are fine historical portraits, among them those of the Königsmark family, including that of the fair Aurora; the knight's hall was once of great magnificence, ornamented with copper sheets, which, when the wind struck them, made an æolian music. Farther north is Öfvedskloster, with a very fine chateau and a grand forest, in which roam a peculiar breed of milk-white deer, of which there are only two or three herds in Sweden. In a more westerly direction from Ystad is Svaneholm, on an island in the beautiful Svanesjö, besides a number of other estates.

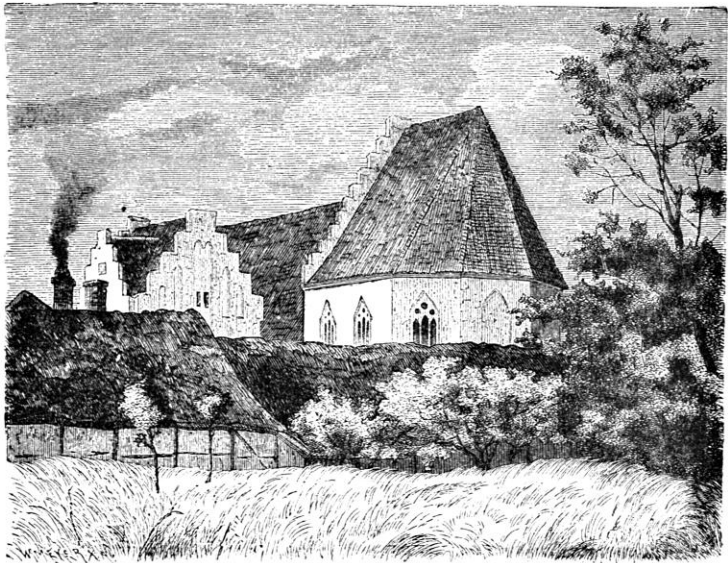
From the roads, winding their tortuous way along the shores of southern and western Scania, the eye, wandering across the water, sees the coast of Denmark, a kingdom inhabited by a race worthy of their ancestors of old. Looking at that land, the memory of the daring and mighty deeds of their forefathers came back vividly to my mind; the brilliant record of their great past, with the grand results which followed the outgrowth of their tremendous energy, as seen in the great empires which have risen and inherited their blood, appeared in a panorama of majestic outlines. History unfolded itself. Uncovering my head reverently, I exclaimed, Land of the Danes! Scandinavian country! ancient home of Vikings! I salute thee! and equally with thy twin sisters, Sweden and Norway, I wish thee happiness and prosperity!

## CHAPTER XL.

A flat, low Coast.—Skanör and Falsterbo.—Their Antiquity.—Malmö.—City Hall of Malmö.—Guilds in Northern Europe.—Malmö Castle.—Landskrona.—The Island of Hven.—Birthplace of Tycho Brahe.—Helsingborg.—A Beautiful Neighborhood.—Castles, Chateaux.—The Coal-mines of Höganäs.—The University Town of Lund.—Cathedral of St. Lars.—Estates around Lund.—Örtofta.—Skarhult.—Löberöd.—Trollenäs.—Trolleholm.—The Promontory of Kullen.—A Fine View.—Leaving Scandinavia.—Farewell.

FROM the dangerous Sandhammar reef, some seventeen miles east of Ystad, the low coast of Skåne runs east and west for about seventy miles. At the fishing-village of Smygge (lat.  $55^{\circ} 20'$ ), the most southerly point of Sweden is reached. Here the sun rises on June 23d at 3.18 A.M., and sets at 8.46 P.M.; on September 23d it rises at 5.49 A.M., and sets at 5.55 P.M.; while on the shortest day, December 23d, it rises at 8.31 A.M., and sets at 3.27 P.M. What a contrast between this southern shore of the peninsula and the northern! Here fruitful fields, orchards, and hamlets embosomed in trees; there a stern, dark, rocky coast, terminating in the weird North Cape. Trelleborg (lat.  $55^{\circ} 22'$ ) is the most southerly town of Sweden, with a population of 2100. In the midst of two clumps of trees are seen two spires: these belong to the churches of the old towns of Skanör and Falsterbo, once rich and powerful, but now insignificant villages; the first having a population of 750, and the second, of 300. They have a common cemetery, burgomaster, and poor-house. There is neither druggist nor doctor, and sometimes a year or two passes without a death. For more than a generation not a person has been imprisoned even for the most trivial offence. The people are temperate; they do not allow a liquor-shop in their midst. A more primitive community can hardly be found; but, like the rest of their countrymen, they indulge in innocent recreations on Sunday afternoons. Both places flourished in the begin-

ning of the Christian era, and their fairs once were among the most popular in Scandinavia. Hollanders and merchants of the Hanseatic League owned large establishments. The herring-fisheries were very extensive, the shoals said to be often so thick that the boats could hardly row among them; but the fish have disappeared. Their ports were deep and safe; Falsterbo, especially, had a magnificent harbor, but in 1631 a furious tempest swept the sand from the downs and shores, and filled it, covering, besides, the fertile lands around: dangerous reefs now line the coast.

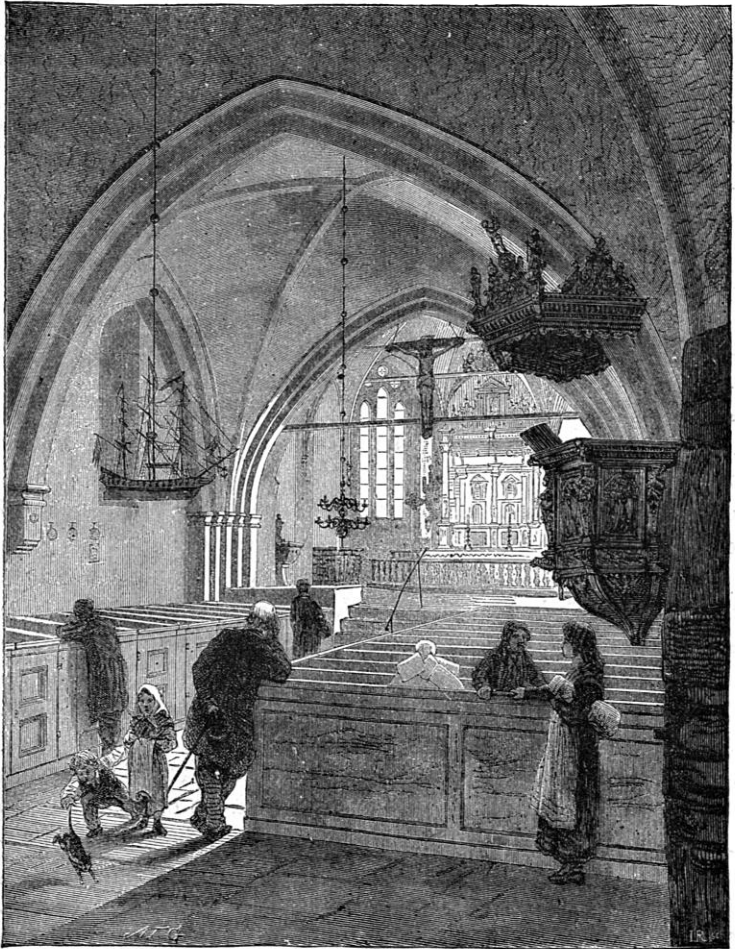


CHURCH OF SKANÖR.

Most of the male population is a seafaring one; their sailors are considered among the best in Skåne, and many men have their homes here. The church of Skanör is an interesting old edifice, possessing among its relics an ancient stone font, with the effigies of a number of kings, among them St. Olaf. From Falsterbo the coast trends north, and forms with the Danish shores the Öresund Sound, where, for a distance of about seventy miles, a charming panorama greets the eye.



Some fifteen miles from Skanör, nearly opposite Copenhagen, is the city of Malmö, in lat.  $55^{\circ} 36'$ , with a population of 36,000. It is one of the most flourishing towns of Scandinavia, exporting annually great quantities of grain and spirits.



INTERIOR OF SKANÖR CHURCH.

It is the largest city in Southern Sweden, and is rising in importance yearly by the extension of its commerce and man-

ufactures. It contains a cotton-mill, a machine shop, a glove factory, and other industrial establishments. It was known in 1259 under the name of Malmenhauge; its fortifications were finished in 1434. The Church of St. Peter, founded in 1319, and rebuilt in 1847-53, is worth a visit, its transepts being extremely beautiful and light in form. It is in pure pointed-arch style, and was founded in 1319: in this church the Lutheran confession was first promulgated. The Rådhus (City Hall) was built in 1546, and renovated in 1867-69, in Renaissance style. It is remarkable not only for its handsome exterior but for its magnificent festival hall, the so-called Knutshall (Canute's Hall), in which formerly the St. Knut Guild held its meetings: this is 100 feet long, 19 wide, and 12 high. The St. Knut Guild was a powerful society, every member of which was equal to six witnesses before a court of justice. These guilds were exceedingly popular in Northern Europe, and were numerous. Wisby, as has already been said, possessed many of them, each under a patron saint; but religion comprised a very small part of the system under which they were established, conviviality being apparently the chief object of their members. The beautiful drinking-cups of the order, preserved in Malmö, furnish evidence on this point. The ancient guild of St. Knut was founded in 1100, and the branch in Malmö dates from about 1360. The regulations of the brotherhood bound its members to help one another. When a brother was to appear before the king, a court of justice, or a bishop, twelve of his fellows accompanied him, armed to the teeth, and did not leave him until he was safe. If one of their number killed a man, all were bound to aid him in his flight, providing him with a horse or other means of escape; for in those days the taking of human life for revenge was not considered disgraceful, and in nothing, perhaps, has greater progress been made than in the protection of life. Kings, princes, and princesses who loved the pleasure of the table and convivial life joined these fraternities.

Malmö Castle, dating from 1537, serves at present as barracks for the garrison of the town, and as a prison. In the castle Count Bothwell, the third husband of Mary Stuart, was

kept a prisoner. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the herring-fishery, once a source of great profit, fell off. After the terrible plague which swept over the country Malmö rapidly dwindled. At the end of the seventeenth century the town numbered only 2000 inhabitants, but it is again rising fast into prosperity.

The surroundings of Malmö are flat and bare of trees, but, like the greater part of Southern Skåne, very fertile. There are no large estates in its immediate neighborhood, and the farms, as a general rule, are small. But a few miles south-east are a number of estates, among them Torup, a chateau surrounded by a moat, with its pinnacled gables, and solid round and octagonal watch-towers, which have stood the blasts of over three centuries; it lies in a meadow encompassed by beech woods. Börringekloster, Skabersjö, and many others are found in that vicinity.

North of Malmö is the town of Landskrona, founded in 1413 by King Erik XIII., with a population of nearly 9000 inhabitants. The harbor is good; the manufacture of beet-sugar is carried on here. The fort, built in 1543, surrounded by a moat, still remains, and is now used as a prison for criminals under long sentence. These are constantly employed, and a careful register of their conduct is kept. A few miles north of the city, in the sound, is the island of Hven, where the renowned astronomer Tycho Brahe lived; but few traces remain of his princely castle, Uranienborg, and observatory of Stelleborg. About fourteen miles north-east of Landskrona lies the estate of Knutstorp, remarkable as the birthplace of Tycho Brahe.

Continuing the sail, one comes to Helsingborg, with a population of 9000, in the narrowest part of the Öresund, which here has a width of about three miles. The harbor is fine, and the town flourishing. In olden times, like other cities of the southern peninsula, it was an important trading mart, but has gradually deteriorated. The old town was situated where the tower of Kärnan still stands; but, after a great fire in 1425, it was rebuilt on the present site. Three miles south-east of Helsingborg, in an exceedingly pretty neighborhood,

is the mineral spring of Ramlösa. The spring issues from a sandstone rock about eighteen feet high, and is efficacious in the cure of many diseases. The place has a beautiful park, and offers from several points very fine views.

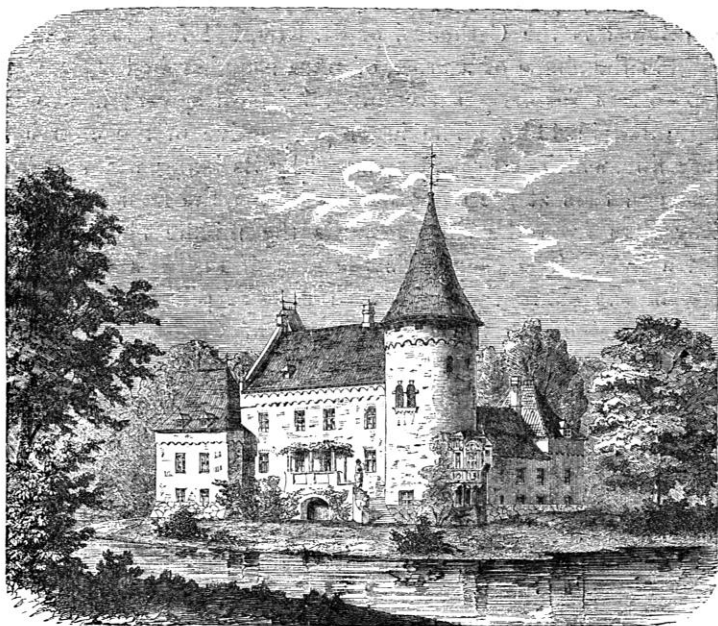
About four miles from the city is the new palace of Sofiero, the summer residence of the present queen. The view over the sound is magnificent. About two miles beyond one comes to the fine estate of Kulla-Gunnarstorp, belonging to Baron Platen, with an old castle erected in 1562, and a new one which is one of the most valuable and beautiful of Sweden. Farther on is the estate of Wrams Gunnarstorp, with considerable forest, and surrounded by a beautiful country. Following the coast northward, about fifteen miles from Helsingborg are the coal-mines of Höganäs, which were worked as early as 1650, and which now have a depth of 320 feet. The coal in quality is inferior to the English. The mine also yields fire-clays, from which bricks and stoneware are manufactured: the works form quite a little town. Here one sees the same thoughtful care, met everywhere in Sweden, of the employers towards their workingmen. Everything is done to elevate them; their houses are clean and healthy; a public garden has been made for their benefit, and the miners and their families are contented and happy; schools for them are not forgotten, and there is also a church.

Ten miles north-east of Malmö, on the line of railway to Stockholm, is the city of Lund, formerly called Lunden, "the grove," and Londinum Gothorum—the only inland city of Skåne except Christianstad: this place is said to have had 200,000 inhabitants. There is an old saying that when Christ was born Skanör and Lund were already in harvest, meaning that they were already prosperous. About the year 900 it is mentioned as rich and fortified. It is situated in a fertile plain, on the little river Höjeå, which formerly was navigable for large vessels; during Viking times their fleets sailed up to the town. In 1048 it received its first bishop, Henrik, under whom the cathedral was commenced; in 1107 it became the seat of the first archbishop, Asker, who was primate of the North. Lund was then called *Metropolis Danicæ*,

and was the place of residence and coronation of many kings. After the mediæval age it began to decline rapidly, so that when acquired by the Swedes, in 1652, it was little more than a village. It soon after began to rise again; in 1668 a university was inaugurated there, and at present the city is constantly advancing. Here are the principal hospitals of Skåne, the numerous university buildings, many lower schools, and an institute for the deaf and dumb. This old university town has now a population of nearly 12,000. The chief building of interest is the Cathedral of St. Lars, 271 feet long and 72 high, in the shape of a cross, of pure round-arched style, with two towers formerly surmounted by high spires; it was inaugurated in 1145. The inner perspective of the church is very fine, which is probably caused by its being wider at the west end than at the east; besides which, the floor imperceptibly rises from the sides towards the middle about a foot and a half. The chancel is the most beautiful and majestic part of the church, with its open rows of pillars and its pinnacles symbolizing the thorn-crown of Christ. The inner vault of the structure rests on 18 pillars, in two rows. The pulpit and altar ornaments are of the mediæval age, and are quite valuable. Perhaps more remarkable than the church itself is the crypt, extending under the entire chancel, with a length of 126 feet, 36 in width and 14 in height. It is lighted by 10 windows, and is supported by 24 pillars; it is one of the largest crypts in the world. The university has a fine library, and an historical museum of Northern antiquities.

The country around Lund is rich in fine estates with old chateaux. On the line of the railroad, about six miles distant, is the castle of Örtofta, on the bank of the Brå River. It was built at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and in public documents the estate is mentioned as early as 1381. Many historical memories are connected with it. Örtofta was the only property in Skåne whose owner had *birkerätt*, *i. e.*, full jurisdiction over his dependents and subordinates, and the right to all fines; he was free from taxes, but instead had to maintain a court-house and a place of execution: this right was in force as late as the seventeenth century. The estate belongs

to Count Dücker. Around Örtofta are found several grave-mounds, and near it is the estate of Hviderup, with a castle built in the sixteenth century: this has for nearly 250 years belonged to the baronial family of Ramel. South-east of Lund, between Lund and Ystad, is Dalby Church, formerly a monastery; under the tower is a crypt like that of Lund; in the church lies buried the Danish king, Harold Heine, who died in 1080.



ÖRTOFTA.

Skarhult is a good specimen of the architecture of the fourteenth century, with lofty towers, pitched roofs, and peculiar chimneys; above the archway of the main court, and between two sculptured coats of arms, is the date (1562) when it was completed. Not far from Skarhult is the large estate of Löberöd, with a castle, from which in clear weather one can see across the Skåne plain and the Sound to Copenhagen. The estate is entailed in the De la Gardie family, which is of

French extraction, and whose history is full of romance. Few places in the country contain more objects of historical interest than Löberöd; they are chiefly trophies of the Thirty Years' War, including cabinets filled with treasure, old furniture, and paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

Trollenäs, with a large mansion erected in 1559 by Tage Tott, was formerly called Näs, and has always belonged to the families of Tott and Trolle, in which latter it is now entailed. It has very fine parks and gardens, and traces of the former fortifications are still seen. Charles XI. had his headquarters here in April, 1677. Trolleholm, about twenty miles north of Lund, is a large estate, comprising nearly 22,000 acres. The castle has four towers, and is surrounded by a moat with two stone bridges; the garden is large and fine.

Near and on the shores of the pretty Ringsjö are situated many fine estates with old chateaux: among these are Bosjöklöster, Fulltofta, and Ousbyholm. The first is very old, and formerly was a nunnery: on this estate is found one of the largest trees in Sweden, an oak measuring forty feet in circumference near the root.

One of the most picturesque places in Skåne is the promontory of Kullen, extending into the Öresund, and the most north-western point of the province. Its extremity was formerly an island, separated from the main-land by a creek. The promontory is composed of several steep granite hills, rising like an amphitheatre, the highest being more than 600 feet above the sea: on this point is a light-house. At the base of the mountains on the north side near the sea is the Trollhålet (the witch-hole), a grotto about 100 feet deep. To one who has been wandering through level and monotonous plains, and along the flat shores of Skåne, great, indeed, is the change to this promontory. From the highest point of Kullen the scenery is charming and the view extensive, including the shores of Skeldervik, with its fishing hamlets and farms, green hills clad with beech and oak, and fertile meadows—the Cattegat, and beyond the Öresund, whose shores are lost in the distance—the coast of Jutland, with Kroneborg and Helsingör. Among the castles in its neighborhood are Krap-

perup, with its towers and ramparts, park and garden; Vegeholm, built in 1530 on the island of that name, whose fortifications have disappeared.

As I stood upon the heights of Kullen, how beautiful was the scene! Not a ripple disturbed the sea; the sun, gorgeously red, was sinking slowly below the horizon. How calm was that summer evening on the Cattegat, where in olden times the Viking fleets sailed on their voyages for conquest and plunder! As night advanced, the outlines of the coast became dimmer, and at last were lost in darkness, but with here and there a bright light to guide the mariner.

Though I have left much unsaid, I must close these volumes. Farewell, Scandinavia—Land of the Midnight Sun! I have wandered over thy country from north to south; I have seen thy gay cities and quiet villages, thy fruitful farms, thy humble cottages; I have sailed upon thy fjords and lakes; I have wended my way in the midst of thy beautiful valleys and dales; I have clambered over thy majestic mountains; I have gazed with awe and wonder upon thy noble glaciers; I have stood upon thy grand and rugged coasts and watched the storm-tossed sea as it dashed with fury upon thy shores.

Never shall I forget the kindness and hospitality of thy people. The lofty and the lowly—king and peasant—have united to welcome the stranger who landed among them. The many happy days spent among thy good and noble people will never be forgotten. The memory of the dear friends who have been so kind to me will always be cherished.



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