





E V E L Y N ;

OR,

A JOURNEY

FROM

STOCKHOLM TO ROME

IN 1847-48.

BY MISS BUNBURY.

“ Time, as it courses onward, still unrolls the volume of concealment.”

COLERIDGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE events of one year—a year the most singular, perhaps, which the history of modern Europe has to record—appear to throw into the distance of time those which, even immediately, preceded it. Such a sentiment will probably be felt by the reader of these Volumes. The style is that of a record of passing occurrences; the light character of a work designed more for amusement than instruction was best preserved by maintaining that style. It should, however, be remembered that the time spoken of as present, has actually passed away. But while one year has produced a change so universal as to render a book of travels previous to 1848 a work of *antiquity*, to the author's own mind it is not uninteresting to find that the opinions or remarks expressed in these Volumes, as

having been made during a journey through countries so soon to be convulsed by revolution, were mostly true guesses at events *then* future, but *now* historical. Other sentiments, which, at the time, the writer never had heard otherwise mentioned, have now become more general. Eighteen hundred and forty-eight left us in peace at home; yet its influence has been shed over England also, and is becoming more and more visible in the development of opinion.

The friends who read this narrative of the events of a journey from Stockholm to Rome, will know that it was made at a time when the elements of revolution were everywhere at work, or ready for explosion. They will know, also, that, while it ended with the author's arrival in England almost simultaneously with the King of the French, its complete record on paper could not be commenced until tidings reached us of the Pope's flight to Gaeta.

May 9, 1849.

E V E L Y N.

CHAPTER I.

STOCKHOLM.

IT was in the Djurgard, on one of those festive occasions in which the good people of Stockholm delight, that I first saw Evelyn.

There was a royal supper in honour of his present majesty of Denmark, at the pretty villa of Rosendal, or the Vale of Roses, built by the late king, Bernadotte, in that charming deer-park, or djurgard, wherein, however, there are no deer.

All the world poured forth thither from the capital of Sweden; the shops were closed—the streets deserted. My good friend Fru P. was as much alive as any of the community, and quite as anxious to go forth with due loyalty to see King Oscar eat his supper; so she took me with her in a pretty boat with a square green and white awning,

paddled by the stout Dahlkuller, across the lovely Mälars, to behold a scene which, in some respects, was certainly unlike any festive scene I had ever witnessed.

Independently of the human creatures who have rendered that evening to me one of almost romantic interest, the season and the scenes were too singularly beautiful and novel to be easily effaced, even from an overloaded memory.

In summer there is no night here: the invisible sun has left its light when its beams are withdrawn; but when we set out for the Djurgard, those gorgeous beams were not extinguished; and Stockholm, the bright Venice of the north, viewed from the western side, flashing in reflected light from the radiancy of a sinking sun, appears to a dazzled stranger like some enchanted city of palaces, rising from the waters, and illumined by the many-coloured northern lights.

The windows of the glitteringly white houses, six and eight stories high, being double, have the outer sash level with the walls, a circumstance which adds considerably to the effect; when, mingled with the curious variety of colouring in the pale blue

and yellow wooden buildings, houses, steeples, palaces, and churches throw back on the spectator the gorgeous tints of a richly setting sun.

It was at such a moment that Stockholm presented to me an appearance of indescribable beauty and grandeur. The romantic aspect of the surrounding rocky and woody scenery gives it a charm, which the queen, or rather the mournful widow, of the Adriatic, lacks. Rapidly-rolling streams of fresh and salt water intersect the town, and throw up here and there broken waves, and light thin clouds of spray, which, catching the prismatic rays of evening, add their rainbow hues to the dazzling effect of the many-windowed and sparkling houses, and give to the whole scene, rising thus from the wooded lake at one side, and the ocean at the other, an aspect that to the eye of fancy is magical.

On this occasion the Dalecarlian giantesses were in their holiday attire. These industrious creatures, the Dahlkuller, or peasant women of Dalecarlia, as we name the province of Dalarne, gleaned some crumbs from his majesty's supper, in the shape of copper skillings. It would be a species of

heresy to prefer their boats to the time and romance-honoured gondolas of Venice; I must not therefore say whether they are cleaner or prettier,—let Venice keep, if she can, her gondolas, and Stockholm her paddle-boats. The holiday garb of the Dalecarlian boatwomen consists of a jacket, or boddice, of red leather, with shoulder-straps, but no sleeves, open in front, and laced across, at a pretty wide interval, with a silvery-looking cord, having islet-holes and clasps of the same bright metal, and underneath a stomacher adorned with fringes. The under garment is of coarse, but white, linen, with long and very wide sleeves; a thick petticoat, fully plaited, reaches a little, a very little, below the knee, economizing in length what it expends in breadth; a many-bordered apron is curiously worked into it—a still further saving of material. Their awfully stout legs are cased in scarlet worsted stockings, and shoes “of a most exquisite fashion,” as the dainty Amy Robsart would have said,—the thick wooden sole being, for about half its length, raised some inches higher than the remaining portion, and these “high heels” certainly add a good deal to their reputed

stature. The head-dress is a sort of skull-cap, of scarlet, or white, generally knitted, and without a border, though adorned also with the favourite fringes; and this being worn far back on the head over their thick hair, might have a pretty *bonnet d'enfant* effect, when worn by a young girl—if indeed a Dahlkulla is ever young; I only saw one who looked so, and she reminded me of a picture of the ogre's daughter who lived in the days of Jack the giant-killer. Some people say the Dahlkuller are handsome; some, they are hideous. I certainly do believe that they have the worst noses and the best teeth and hearts in the world.

Do not let any one suppose that the costume I have described is to be seen every day in the week; or that I want to represent the boatwomen of Mälaren as a French artist paints the weather-browned wood-carriers of the Pyrenees. I only describe what I saw on a festive occasion. In winter, for example, you may see a sheep-skin, worn in the reverse manner from that in which a sheep wears it,—forming their sweetly simple and patriarchal attire; not that I mean to infer, as some one at my elbow hints, that

the petticoat, &c. do not maintain their places.

Such were our picturesque boatwomen, not rowers, for the tiny barks are impelled by paddles, turned by hands instead of by steam; and this manual exercise being alternately exerted by the two women employed, gave a pretty dancing appearance over the lake, which was covered with these water-carriages of Stockholm.

Backwards and forwards flitted the gay little boats; the Dalecarlians had not long to sit knitting or sewing, until each was laden again with the loyal citizens of his Swedish majesty; then the little tinkling bell sounded, and they were off, paddling their cargoes backwards and forwards to Djurgarden, while the road that led more circuitously and less agreeably to the same centre of attraction, was literally thronged with droskies, carioles, handsome carriages, walkers, riders, people of all ages, classes, and conditions, moving in any way they could, to and from the royal villa of the Valley of Roses, or Rosendal, but with more gravity, quietness, and decorum, than is sometimes seen at a funeral.

As we were slowly proceeding in the same direction, two carriages, with four horses each, dashed past us; the king raised his white plumed hat far from his head, the queen graciously bowed; and as I felt it was very pleasant to get such a fine bow from the king of Sweden, I could not help recollecting the tone of regret in which an old, impoverished, miserable officer of "the empire" used to say to me, long ago—"Ah! if I had never flogged Bernadotte, when he served in my corps!"

The Djurgard is a charming spot. The splendid oaks, the undulating grounds, the grand masses of rock overlooking such lovely views; the cafés I could dispense with, though they were now very gay, and most of them bristling with military; but all the rest made me sigh for such a retreat for our toil-doomed citizens of London. The king, for the benefit of his present ally, the *ci-devant* arch-enemy of Sweden, Denmark, had held a splendid review on the Ladugardsgard, where, I suppose I should, in traveller-phrase, inform the world, "may be seen as fine a body of men" (judging from the half-

dozen officers I have known), "as any in Europe." There were a good many of them still about Blaäue Pforten.

But we went on to Rosendal, and in the space before that royal villa we found a dense mass of living creatures, motionless as the "Blue-Posts" itself; their heads were about as close together, and as evenly placed for walking over, as the huge paving-stones of their streets. Not a word was heard, scarcely the slightest movement seen; and, almost as moveless, before their eyes appeared the whole royal family of Sweden; the queen, the princess, the queen dowager, &c., attired in simple mourning costume, with shawls and lemon-coloured bonnets, quite *à la Française*, were seated in a row in the balcony, and behind them, in the open window, stood Oscar I., the crown prince, the younger princes, and his present majesty of Denmark.

A splendid military band, stationed at a little distance, was all that disturbed the silence, though not the harmony of the scene; the music was worthy of the land of Lind, and certainly the military we saw

were worthy of the soldier-king who was no more.

For the space of two hours the silent crowds enjoyed the privilege of gazing on that balcony; and almost beneath the royal eyes a poor woman was crouching on the grass over her basket of cakes (there was no policeman there to seize her gently by the shoulder), and apparently bargaining with an old man, who, holding one of them in his hand, turned it over and over, and then, in answer to the up-turned eyes, dropped it into the basket again.

The motto on Bernadotte's coin is, "The love of my people is my reward." Is that love ever obtained when kings are a pageant and a wonder, and close their eyes and their senses from the sight of their people's poverty and lowliness? Behind a small grove, not more than thirty yards from the royal windows, through which the brilliant supper-table was seen ready prepared, a booth was erected, which offered all sorts of familiar compounds for sale, for the refreshment of the loyal subjects of good King Oscar, under the fatigues of their long gaze.

“ There is no truth at all in mesmerism,” whispered Fru P., laughing, “ or their majesties would have been asleep long ago, with all these eyes fastened on them.”

But their majesties were not asleep ; for the queen — and every movement of the grand-daughter of Josephine must be grace — swayed at times slightly on her seat as she said a word to the portly dowager, or to the slender young princess, or turned back her head to her royal husband, or his guest, who bent and smiled, and then all was moveless again, among the crowd below, and in the balcony above ; until, perhaps, a chamberlain appeared in his elegant dress, a long-skirted dress coat, of dark blue, trimmed with rich gold lace, the rest of his attire pure white, delivered or received a message, and disappeared again.

And still the people stood silent, and gazed ; no head was uncovered, no acclamations raised, scarcely a whisper seen to pass, and no word heard. The voice of Fru P. caused some wandering looks to be directed to us, as if asking—who is so rude as to talk in public, and to laugh too ?

So, as we did not intend to join in the

mesmerizing of royalty, we went off, passed round into the gardens, and saw the splendid porphyry vase, the finest in the world, they say, large enough for a bath for Odin, but too beautiful for such a purpose, and made at the manufactory of Elfsdal, in the renowned province of Dalecarlia. Then we moved on, away into the distance, escaping from crowds, but not from noise, for, with the most perfect unrestraint, the solemnity and decorum of a religious ceremonial appeared to be observed by all sorts and conditions of people; and we wandered away through Djurgarden, and got among great oak trees and rocks—such fine old trees, such great brown rocks—and there, sitting alone, in a spot where no one would think of finding her, where no one but ourselves, I believe, would have thought of straying to—did Fru P., in that utter solitude, discover Evelyn.

She had wandered out there from the gardens of Rosendal, and had nothing on her head but the white handkerchief laid over it, which is not an uncommon fashion with the maidens of Sweden when in the country.

A gleam of most radiant hair, catching

through the foliage the declining sunbeams, appeared to shed a brightness "on the shady place." That hair, which always struck me as the most remarkable part of her appearance, concealed her face, while she sat leaning forward, and looking like the musing spirit of the legend-haunted scenes in which we were ;—a fair water-spirit, pining for the forbidden mortal love which alone could give it "a soul."

When she raised her face, at our approach, I beheld one which ever after left a sweet, yet

" Troubled memory on my breast."

Why should I wish to describe it? I only know one way of giving an idea of it—Guido's Beatrice Cenci—at least the picture so called: copies of it in all styles are plenty enough in England; but whoever has seen the original in the Barbarini Palace can guess what I mean—the white handkerchief that lay on her head, as she half turned it round at the sound of our steps, was perhaps what first gave me the idea of this likeness; but there was the same innocent, frightened regard; the same supplicating and deprecating gaze; the same pure, delicate, mar-

tyrized expression of face, the same round coral lips, telling of more sorrow than the half-terrified eyes; the same clear complexion; the same sweetness and sorrow—as Guido fastened down on canvas. But the hair of Guido's portrait is too auburn; Evelyn's did, without any figure of speech, look like threads of gold, yet without a shade of red; but instead of the blue eyes which would appear the more appropriate feature in a face so fair, hers were large and luminous hazel; thus the delicately traced eyebrows and eyelashes, partaking of their brown hue, did not strikingly contrast with the almost glittering brightness of her beautiful hair. Her colour had faded; but still there was a warm pinky hue in her pure cheeks, not so deep as the sea-shell, or even as the blush-rose, yet the colour was as delicately shaded as that of the shell, and the white as perfect as that of the rose.

This complexion, as well as the expression of the sweet face, appeared not quite its native one; it seemed to have lost a ruddier bloom too soon;—the peach bloom of youth had not yielded to nature. The whole aspect was timid and affectionate, like that of the

startled fawn, with some nervous apprehension of an undefined danger in its expression; those large beautiful eyes, when they looked fully at you, seemed to supplicate sympathy, even protection.

Why was it that my heart at once desired to approach that of the fair, lovely girl, yet I felt it was unapproachable?

There might be something rather mystic in her aspect, as she sat on the bare granite rocks beneath the great old trees, and in the shadowy light of that romantic northern sky. Its influence fell upon me. I have known that foreshadowing of the future many times, and seldom has it proved unprophetic.

“Your beautiful compatriote,” whispered Fru P., and Evelyn’s silvery accents, as she replied to her frank, joyous salutation, spoke to me at once of my island home.

A ray of pleasure shone, like sunlight over snow, on her fair countenance when she saw me. We sat on the rocks beside her; and Fru P., amusing herself, let us talk as we pleased. A similarity of taste and feeling is usually discovered at once, if it is to be discovered at all: I am a devout believer in the

doctrine whereon the theory of animal magnetism is founded.

Evelyn's manner and conversation were merely those of a simple-minded, and perhaps too sensitive, girl; I was not brought into contact with a mind at all out of the common order; and we were reclining at our ease, speaking together like old friends newly met, when—alas! even in the remote places of the Djurgard one is liable to such disturbances,—a quick, manlike step came sounding on, and stopped on turning round the rocks.

“Lady Evelyn,” cried a young, fine-looking, fair-headed officer, in the uniform of the royal guards—dark blue and red, with a plumed cap, like what our Highlanders of the glorious 42nd used to wear—“I have found you at last!”

Evelyn did not appear to be equally rejoiced to be found.

“Is my presence required, baron?” she demanded.

“Not now!” was the response, as he threw himself on the turf at her feet: turning to hers a countenance whose open and winning expression gave a force, beyond

that of common-place gallantry, to these two words.

Evelyn slightly coloured, and then the bright pink that overspread her face quite took away the aspect of singularity that had at first struck me rather forcibly.

“Why did you follow me, baron?” she asked in a tone of reproof; “I have met a countrywoman here, whose society, you know, must be preferable to me to all other.”

The young man sprang to his feet; with a flushed countenance and haughty apology he was turning away, when Evelyn’s deprecating eyes were raised to his; but as the murky cloud on his open brow was fleeing before the soft brightness of those sweet orbs, a royal chamberlain appeared in sight.

“See!” cried Fru P., laughing, “there is no use of quarrelling, for you are both sent for, and must go home like good children.”

The chamberlain had indeed come with a message, he said, from the baroness, who was uneasy at Evelyn’s absence.

“You must apologize to your mother,” she said, rising, and nodding her head at

the young baron; "it was you asked me to go into the gardens."

"Yes," he replied, rather stiffly, "but I did not ask you to go out of them, Lady Evelyn, while you sent me back with a message."

She smiled, probably at her own little *ruse*, and taking my hand, said—

"Shall I see you soon?" then, without waiting for an answer, asked Fru P. if I did not intend to leave Stockholm shortly.

"Very shortly, unless you or the baron detain her," said the malicious Fru, in a half-whisper.

"He could not, and I would not," replied Evelyn, with some emphasis on the could and would.

She waved her hand, and went off with her double escort.

"That fine young man has lost his heart to your fascinating countrywoman," said Fru P., looking after the graceful three, as they disappeared among the trees—"What a pity!"

"He will surely find one in exchange," I remarked.

“Not there,” she replied, shaking her head like a puzzled doctor; “I do truly fear there is no heart to give.”

“How? Lady Evelyn appears only too susceptible; too much, for her own peace, inclined to pity and love.”

“That may be; but if she does not love, or pity another, depend upon it she has a real aversion to matrimony.”

I could not help laughing at the awful face with which these words were pronounced.

“Well, I scarcely think her love could be hopeless; but as to your latter suspicion, surely in one so young, and so very lovely, that disinclination may be got over.”

“Perhaps so; but if so, the baron is not the man who is to awaken this sleeping beauty. I assure you she turned quite pale the other day, when I said something to her of his devotion, and hinted, merely hinted, the probability of her becoming a genuine Swede, and forgetting that little England altogether. You see she has all that sweet softness of disposition and looks, which lead you to say quite openly your thoughts and sentiments; and then, directly, you feel you

have done something quite wrong, given some secret pain, or dealt a blow where you meant a caress ; and the worst of it is, that she has not our command of either countenance or manner, but lets every heart-twinge be plainly seen. In short, my dear, with all her beauty, and it is marvellous, just like one of the angels ; though, to be sure, no one ever saw them,—at least not of late years,—but with all her angelic beauty, the fair Evelyn is not an easy person to deal with ; and as for that fine, handsome, happy-hearted young baron, I believe in my heart pretty Lilla would suit him better ; and perhaps it is just as well he should leave it to some one else to get over Lady Evelyn's matrimonial antipathies. Oh ! yes ; depend upon it, it is better."

There was that in Fru P.'s face which somehow seemed to reconcile one to the mysterious contrarities of life ; and when she said—it is better—you felt, despite your opposing will, almost persuaded to think it was so.

" Has she been long here ? " I asked, as we walked back to our Dalecarlians and their boat.

“ Since last October : she came just after the ice set in. You know it was severe last winter. On that account the arrival of an English lady was a strange event ; but the circumstances of her arrival were stranger.”

“ What were these ? ”

“ I can tell you something about it. Fruherren C——, you know, is my old and best friend. Well, she was ill ; and I was staying with her and Lilla. Some letters had come, but the baroness, thinking they were only on business, had not opened them. When her son was off duty at the palace, she made him do so. There was one which required immediate attention ; it came from an old friend of the baroness, whom she had not seen for years ; that lady had resided in Austria, or Hungary, or somewhere, I am not sure where ; she wrote, however, from Ystad, which, you know, is one of our frontier towns on the Baltic. She said she had just landed there with an English lady, whom she was anxious to convey to the baroness’s care ; or, at least, to Stockholm, under her own care, as she had wished to return and end her days there ; but she was ill, she could not get further ; she implored Fru-

herren C—— to come or send to her; in fact, poor woman, she felt the hand of death was upon her, and it was for her companion, a foreigner, not speaking a word of our language, that she was anxious.

“The baroness made her son set off instantly to Ystad. It was, certainly, no trifling undertaking. Do you know Ystad—that dreary place on the sands, and that horrible inn close to them? Well, it was there he found them—the poor old lady dying, if not altogether dead; and Evelyn—you have seen her—think of that angel-like figure, hanging over the bed of death; her bright hair and pale face!—Do you not fancy you see it all? I do. Well, the poor lady tried to speak—she was not, therefore, quite dead—but she could not, so she put Evelyn’s hand into the young baron’s; for she had, I believe, been the first teacher he had had; and when she could only utter words he could not understand, she put the terrified girl’s hand into his, and made a sign up to Heaven; and Lady Evelyn says, that what she meant was, that they were to trust to Heaven, and that to God alone the secrets of human hearts are known. But the young

baron, of course, thought that,—why, that, as your English marriage service says, you know, that he was to take Lady Evelyn ‘for better for worse;’ and, to tell you the truth, I believe he would have done so on the spot, it was all so romantic. However, I do not know any more of the secrets that were told, or whether there were any; I only know that the dead body of the poor lady was brought here, and interred in the cemetery; for they would not leave it at Ystad; and when the baron brought his living charge to his mother’s house, I do assure you, that if you wrote novel tales, you could have got a good groundwork for one then. If you had seen them come into the lighted house that night, you would have thought it was a snow pillar that the baron lifted from his sledge—it stood so moveless, resting against the wall, enveloped in his fur mantle white with snow. But when he pulled it off, there was a perfect Undine, only so much taller; and then when the warmth of the house acted on the frosted skin, such a radiant colour came on the fair face—oh! you never saw anything half so beautiful; not just now even; she is not

one-half so lovely now. We could do nothing but gaze. For my part, I was frightened. I verily did believe the old times were coming back, and that the baron had brought home some of those lovely-looking things that used to do such strange work among mortals long ago. But he was not frightened; he kept hovering about the sofa, just like a mother-bird over its ransomed young; he thought, poor fellow, that the sweet stranger was his treasure-trove; but he was mistaken, I think. He would not let her speak one word, though she could talk French afterwards to the baroness; but she was not well able to speak then; indeed, I believe, her tongue was frost-bound. The next day I heard her say to her in French—

“ Can you then trust me, and allow me to be silent? ”

And the baroness answered, as she should have done,

“ Why not? I should be sorry to let myself wish to know what you must not reveal. Do let this house be your home, and, if you can, look upon me as a mother, until you can feel freer than you now do.”

Fru P. was silent.

“And is this all you know of your interesting friend?” I inquired, with most intense curiosity.

“That is all: she has never told, and we, of course, have never asked more. But what is strangest is, that though she must be rich, as all you English are, she had no attendants, not a single servant, neither had the poor old dead lady: in fact, they must have reached Ystad like persons who fled from a bombarded town, or a house on fire, or a ship that had foundered at sea, or had escaped from banditti—or—but there is our Dahlkulla—run, run! we shall be late.”

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we got back to our dwelling, and trod over the mosaic pavement of the hall and stairs—natural mosaic, for the dark stone of Sweden is inlaid with petrified things; a naturalist might have sat on the blue stone stairs, and made out fishes and mosses, and various *et cetera*; but I was tired with a whole day's wandering and sight-seeing, and went to bed directly. Not to sleep, however, for truly the prophetic description of a better state is here already realized—“There is no night there.” So, being wide awake, I lay and read, with-

out any artificial light, till nearly midnight.

The watchman on the belfry blew out his horn, and then, I am told—for I did not see him, being in my bed—he turned to the four quarters of the compass, and in a voice which I have read of, he chants—

“ Twelve is the clock ;
 God keep the town
 From fire and brand,
 And hostile hand ;
 Twelve is the clock.”

Now whether the chant

“ Twelve is the clock ”

produced a somniferous effect on me or not, I cannot truly say, but my book declined, the shadows of the night deepened, or,

“ The fringed curtains of my eyes ”

closed over them, and made it night to me ; but my book at last dropped ; and in place of its lines, Evelyn stood before me, her bright hair gleaming in that mystic light, which is not the light of the sun, nor of the moon, but something between both—a light of poetry and of dreaminess, but not of sleep—a light of the spirit-land ; and in that

mystic light I saw the pure spiritual face and gleaming hair of that fair girl; I saw her lustrous eyes; she held her fore-finger on her lips, like the statue of the goddess of silence: I looked imploringly at her: in answer, she raised that finger upwards, as if indicating a time when the secrets of all hearts should be revealed, and every one have praise of God; and seemed to float away into the misty light, as into a cloud-wreath, blending with it, and growing dim and dimmer to my sight; I stretched my hand, grasped the air, and awoke with a start.

My heart palpitated so violently, that I could not at first draw aside the mosquito curtain of my bed. When I looked round the room, all was as still and solitary as it had been when I sat there meditating about the king of Sweden's supper at Rosendal: I did truly see everything as I had left it, and I saw no Evelyn there. You may think me imaginative, but it is true; I got up and tried the door, I found it locked inside; and I returned to my bed, saying, half aloud—"It was a dream; she has not been here." Perhaps many other persons have done the same; but who can solve the mystery of our

being? How often may we say—"It was a dream; she has not been here,"—but a day or two passes, and the post brings us a letter, and we say—surely that person—she, he—whoever it may be—must have known my position, must have understood my thoughts; must have been present here. It is said that infidels are the most credulous and superstitious of human creatures; it may be so: yet I think few, who reflect on the mysteries of their own being, can be unbelievers in a future existence; in a soul-state, distinct, even at present, from mere animal life.

CHAPTER II.

STOCKHOLM.

STOCKHOLM is a dull place in summer ; the country houses are then alive with industry and hearty mirth, but the town houses are dead. In winter the capital is all life and gaiety : ice and snow are congenialities to Swedish temperaments ; complain of the cold as they may, their blood appears to warm as their atmosphere freezes, and their spirits rise as the thermometer falls. Then the houses in town are made comfortable, and well prepared for all “home-bred delights, and busy labours ;” then the frozen lakes are all alive with travellers and skaters ; then everything but commerce starts into new vigour ; people trudge along knee-deep in native snow, and sledges skim along, and little one-horse chairs with a one-passenger seat, and skates that carry people without a seat, and all sorts

of curious flying conveyances—even to one impelled by sails along the frozen Wetterri—may be seen in motion over Sweden, moving as if time, at least in Stockholm, flew faster than anywhere else in the world.

In one respect, perhaps, it does so ; for, tired of staying up all night in summer, the sun only rises for three or four hours a day in winter.

Then the good country houses, where, in the shorter season, the arts and labours of husbandry and housewifery are carried on much as they used to be in the good old times of our Saxon ancestors, are left to the subordinates, sometimes wholly shut up, the furniture removed with the proprietors to the metropolis.

In winter, especially, Stockholm is “the Paris of the north,” as its citizens love to style it. No one has then much to do but to spend the time as agreeably as it can be spent. Trade and commerce are ice-bound ; I believe the very jingle of the iron pigs (a species of animal, the nature of which, to my shame I confess it, I never understood until I went to Sweden) is then unheard, although in other seasons it is the chief sound that is

heard on their quays, as they are loaded and unloaded to and from the vessels.

Happily the Swedes are a thoroughly domesticated, and most industrious, as well as pleasure-loving people; and how happy the combined dispositions! Hail, then, even to the long winter-nights of the north.

But the Swedes make the most of their summer too. Long life to them! would an Irishman say; they catch the sun as it flies from them, and make the most of the darkness that stays more patiently with them. Here, in summer, the Mälar is alive with boats; and in winter, it is alive with skaters and sledge-drivers. Well, everything is beautiful in its season; but I know, that in Stockholm, the good shopkeepers would rather go forth to the Djurgard, or take a sail down the island-gemmed lake, than stand behind their counters after four o'clock; and it is a chance almost if you could get a cup of coffee, or a sheet of paper, or see anything but closed-up windows and doors after such an unseasonable hour, while the sun, which is the modern Balder of old Scandinavia, keeps his court day and night in their sky.

There is an advantage in loneliness; it is,

that there can be no disagreement in taste. This advantage is felt more in travel than at other times. Think how truly horrible it is to stand before a work of art, of painting or sculpture, which penetrates your very soul, and just as you feel its beauty, not flashing upon you—perfection seldom does so—but stealing slowly into the inner depths of your mind—to hear some delighted exclamation, to have yourself hurried away to see some worthless object! Never can I forget my sensations, when in rambling through the Vatican, I turned accidentally into a cell-like compartment of that grand museum and came suddenly before the Apollo Belvedere. It was as an old friend, known by correspondence, but never seen face to face before. With clasped hands and a cry of delight, I threw myself on a seat opposite to the unmistakable statue, rejoiced still more that no guide had formally introduced me. A little, wild-looking man came and looked at me, and conjectured there was “something to see;” so as he thought, I suppose, that I was only resting, he planted himself between me and Apollo, intently to read the whole of the lengthy descrip-

tion, &c. in Mr. Murray's Hand-Book, which, having finished, he raised his eyes with half-a-second's glance to the statue, and walked off with the red book "to see" something else.

I have always found enjoyment in loneliness; and I liked to ramble alone in the charming environs of Stockholm, where I found my only impediment the lack of speech.

I went one day alone to Drottningholm, or Queen's Island, a most lovely retreat for royalty, and equally charming to a solitary stranger, who could ramble through the antique, old, Versailles-like gardens, with their dark and light statues, and the far more delightful park, where Nature is,

"When unadorned, adorned the most,"

rocks, trees, beautiful and verdant earth, rising out of the shining Mälar, and bearing up the stately palace, built by a queen two hundred years ago; for such is Drottningholm, the magnificent retreat of the widow of Charles X.

Yet Haga is a more favourite resort of the people of Stockholm. There is a sha-

dow of darkness around the memory of both places. At Drottningholm, Gustavus IV. was at first kept a "prisoner of state," before his removal to Gripsholm, when his dethronement by his subjects opened a path for the singular advancement of Napoleon's soldier of fortune.

"Make way!—make way, my friends, the king is ill," cried the stalwart Captain Greif, as he carried in his arms, through the midst of the guards, the sovereign he had seized as he was effecting his escape from his own palace.

Pleasant Haga, too, was built by Gustavus III., whom the cruel Ankerström shot at the masked ball with "a piece of lead and two rusty nails." How can men select such discordant scenes and means for effecting a purpose of cruelty and murder?

I did not wish one of the darkening shadows, which overhang most royal residences, to fall upon me, as I wandered among the parks, the rocks, and waters of Drottningholm and Haga; yet my visit to the latter recalls to my mind recollections of the scene I beheld at a tomb.

I had come from the old church of Solna.

old, they say, as the fierce faith of Odin and Freya; I entered the pretty cemetery near to it; and weary of walking, I sat to rest beneath a little shade, and looked round on the beds of the sleepers, which presented no revolting, gloomy spectacle, from which the shuddering mind turns aside, as it does from even the thought of the untended, forgotten graves of a land that is considered far more highly favoured.

It is strange that Christianity should make death such a horrible thing: that it should have personified it by a hideous skeleton, armed with a scythe or a dart; whereas heathen mythology represented it in the form of a lovely youth with folded wings; the Angel of Death—not the terrific spectre.

Here, in this strictly Lutheran land, where religious dissent is scarcely permitted, I looked on the flower-decked, garland-hung tombs, which we, in past years, regarded with doubt and jealousy, being by no means sure that popery did not lurk concealed beneath the flowers; or that the visit to the tomb, which in other lands is a sacred and salutary duty, was not merely “prayer for

the dead." How much that was valuable, lovely, and of good report, have we lost in the same way!

I was involuntarily feeling that yearning desire of the human heart, which is seldom gratified, that thus my grave might be cherished; that thus some hands, in love and reverence, might plant the blossom over me, and shed on the turf the tear which blesses the living, if not the dead, when the quick roll of a Swedish carriage, the bounding of the long-tailed, short-bodied black horses, announced an arrival, and lo! before me appeared the young baron, whom I had met at Rosendal, Evelyn, and a young girl, whom I guessed to be the Lilla whom Fru P. had assigned to him.

He threw away the reins, and leaped out, but the English girl was before him; he helped her companion from her seat, who had a fine, hardy-looking flowering shrub in her hand; Evelyn secured a beautiful plant, and the young man drew out a spade: thus prepared, they proceeded towards the only bare, unornamented grave in the cemetery.

Evelyn stood a few moments at its foot, her hands clasped, and head bowed down: thus

did she pray, as we all feel disposed to pray when we stand at the grave of a friend ; not for the dead, but for the living.

The baron fell to work with his spade, and the young girl, with one knee on the ground, held the plant in the burying-place he made for its roots, looking up to him, as if asking whether she performed her office aright, with a face so timid, so sweetly youthful and full of innocence, and yet so loving -- pretty enough, but quite unlike Evelyn's, without one trace of that sudden sorrow, or secret care, which had evidently made a cruel gash in the young heart and hopes of the lovely English girl.

But only once did the baron's eye dwell longer than was necessary on that upturned face, and he smiled affectionately upon it ; then it returned to the other—the other, which never once was directed towards him. Evelyn stood now at the head of the grave, her arms were on the stone, the hands hung over it, and her form was pressed against it. Her deep eyelids were lowered ; she was silent, and shed no tears ; but the whiteness of her cheeks was contrasted with the red-

ness of the rounded lips and glistening of the golden hair.

The gentle Swede moved away to a distant part of the ground with a basket of flowers in her hand, and sat down there, without seeing me, to weave a garland. I rose to come forward, thinking the work at the grave was over, and that I might make my presence known. But I somehow fancied Evelyn was uttering a prayer, and I stopped, unwilling, once more, to disturb them. It was not so; for in answer to whatever ejaculation she had breathed, the young man replied :

“ Ah! she is too happy, even in death, to be thus loved and lamented.”

Evelyn raised her hand reprovingly—“ Do not speak thus lightly, friend;” she said. “ We know nothing of the state of the dead—how they may be affected by our grief, our hallowed remembrance, or careless indifference. But for her loss I do not mourn;—for what it occasions me, I may—I do.”

“ You loved her then so fondly?—that good old lady; my mother’s friend in their youth; and, they tell me, my first instructress.”

“No,” said Evelyn; “deception I abhor; I cannot say I loved her; I had not been very well acquainted with her; the tie that bound us was recent—and”—she paused, as if reflecting—“and,” she added, slowly, “was horrible. I mourn her death, because with her lies buried my chief earthly hope of help, or sympathy.”

“Evelyn, dearest! dearest!” cried the young Swede, losing all command over himself, and darting forward as if to catch the hand that hung so lifelessly over the headstone of the grave, and only too eager to offer the sympathy she appeared to want. Evelyn started backward; that upraised hand and the look he met checked the burst of feeling that rushed from the heart to the lips of the young baron.

They stood there one minute, that young and beautiful pair, pale and erect, beside the tomb that separated them.

Then Evelyn, with that self-control which women almost always possess when the prerogative of mind is exerted, spoke as calmly as if no heart palpitated to bursting within that delicate and trembling form—

“Your kindness, your brotherly kindness,

Oscar,"—and she placed, perhaps, a cruel emphasis on the word "brotherly"—"is more deeply felt than my words can ever express. Believe that it is so—for oh! never, never can I otherwise repay you but by this faint expression of gratitude. I have never seen this grave before, and I think I may never see it again; but you, in still happier days, may come hither; and then, I trust and pray, that with a dearer, better, happier friend by your side, you may tell how your warm, kind heart opened to a stricken stranger. Here you may recall that dreadful day at Ystad, that dreary inn close to the sands, that dying bed, the speechless lips that so vainly tried to utter what mine can never reveal—and what the dying heart broke in an effort to say. You will recall all this, and you will tell her, who"—and Evelyn looked full at the lover who gazed upon her, and she softly smiled, though her lip quivered—"you will tell her, who, I say, will then be at your side, that your stranger-friend"—

Between the pair, in walked, with downcast eyes and sweet humility, gentle Fröken Lilla, and hung her flower-wreath at the tomb.

“Sweet Lilla,” said Evelyn, changing her speech, “you bring flowers, the emblems of fresh hopes; hopes that should gladden the pathway of the living and brighten the grave of the dead.”

I, too, joined the group, and they proposed that I should make the fourth in their carriage back to the city.

“You will have shade, at least, from the fine trees of Carlborg Park,” said the young baron, “if you will let me drive you by that road.”

Thus tempted, I exchanged my solitude for society.

“There,” he said, looking back, as he drove along, “is the military college, which was once the favourite palace of our admired hero Charles XII., whom some of your authors, I think, style the mighty madman of the north. Is not the old palace of Charles XII. well employed as the Krigs Akademi? There I have spent some pleasant days, dreaming perhaps of the never-to-be-realized warrior-fame he has bequeathed to us. But, in my own belief, our hero fell most ingloriously at last at Frederickshall: do you not think so? *Par exemple*, have

you seen his hat, pierced with the very same small hole the pistol made in his head?"

"No," said I, wondering what made the young man talk so rapidly, and address me only; but I suspected the abrupt finish to the scene at the grave had something to do with this little excitation.

"Will you come and see it now?" Evelyn suddenly asked; "if so, perhaps the baron will attend us."

He turned almost fully round, and looked earnestly into the eyes of the speaker.

"Us!" he repeated. "You, Lady Evelyn! will you truly come?"

"Yes," she replied, smiling; "if my countrywoman wishes it, you may now take us to see all your national wonders."

Away flew the coal-black steeds, as if they bounded with the human heart which throbbed with joy and hope at this small mite of encouragement.

"You have seen our noble palace," he said, still addressing me—"what think you of it? is it like any of Queen Victoria's?"

"It strikes me," I answered, "as not being at all a lady-like palace; and much more adapted to the successors of Odin, than

to the ‘gentle lady throned by the west.’ That great granite basement, those huge blocks of unhewn rock, the immense quadrangle, and massive military-looking style of architecture, are more suited to your land of the north than to our little garden of England, and its gentle queen.”

“Ah! you do not admire it!—but no successor of Odin inhabits it now”—and the baron whipped on his horses still faster.

“Pardon me, you mistake. I own that, like most things long heard of, the so-called new palace of Stockholm much disappointed me. I saw merely a vast mass of building, so formed as very conveniently to enable the king to hold a military exercise in the central square; and you know there was such the other day, when the troops figured before his majesty in their newly adopted Prussian uniform—a bad exchange, in my opinion, for it is not becoming, and if Sweden goes to war with Prussia, how is one to be known from the other?”

“Oh!” said the baron.

“Well, that is no matter—*au reste*—I now have examined this wonderful palace under different aspects, and I yield to the

opinions of others ; it is simple in its greatness, and chaste in its massive grandeur ; I really admire those wings which flank the pleasant, though very public garden sloping to the sea, where, I believe, your good and much-loved king and queen, like our own happy sovereign and most estimable prince, daily take their early walks before the eyes of all who choose to behold them.”

Just as I had made this complimentary speech, he drove up to the “ new palace” of Stockholm, built about a century ago, and we were conducted by the royal guardsman into the museum within its walls.

As we passed through the picture-gallery, where those who have visited a great many others will not be tempted to linger—he led me up to one, saying, with an ironical smile in his well-opened blue eye—

“ Admire the sleepy mildness of that soft face !”

It was Dahl’s expressive portrait of Charles XII. The volcano soul breathed in the countenance of the youth ; and, young as it was, you felt it must explode, yea, become extinct ere long. Then he took us to see the cradle in which he had slept, and

the toys with which he had played at two distinct eras of his life—when he frolicked in infancy, and when he defied the Turks at Bender. The toys of the child, and the sword of the man, are there.

“ DEO SOLI GLORIA ”

is the inscription on a blade, which, methinks, it would require the arm of a son of Odin to wield.

Then we saw the library, which with kingly liberality is literally given *pro bono publico*.

Queen Christina conveyed her library to Rome, and made it a present, with herself, to the Pope, when she forsook the religion of her father, the Protestant champion of Europe. The admirable collection of modern times consists of more than seventy thousand volumes; I saw a great many of our English authors on the shelves, but most of them, I thought, in a French dress.

“ What I should most like to see,” said the soft voice of Evelyn, and our guide leaped from my side at its sound, “ is the Golden Law.”

“ Oh! the Codex Aureus.” In a few

minutes it was produced; a beautiful and interesting relic of the piety of our own land in the sixth, or at latest, the seventh century. The Gospels, written in Latin in characters of gold, upon immense leaves of vellum, of white and purple alternately. The characters are gothic, and, being traced in gold, have given the title of Codex Aureus to this beautiful work, which was presented by a pious Saxon couple to the cathedral of Canterbury, having been by them purchased from "a heathen war-troop," probably the Danes. It found its way into Italy, brought there, perhaps, by refugee monks, and was there purchased for the royal library of Sweden.

Evelyn begged for, and obtained, a copy of the donor's inscription, which is written in Anglo-Saxon.

"In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. I, Alfred, aldorman, and Werburg, my wife, got us this book from a heathen war-troop, with our treasure, which was pure gold. And this we two did for our souls' behoof, and for the love of God, and for that we would not this holy book should longer abide in heathenesse. And now we give it to Christ's

church, God to praise, and glory and worship, in thankful remembrance of his passion, and for the use of the holy brotherhood, who in Christ's church do daily speak God's praise ; and that they may, every month, read for Alfred and for Werburg, and for Alhdryd, their daughter, their souls to eternal health, so long as they have declared before God that baptism shall continue in this place. Even so also, I, Alfred, Dux, and Werburg, pray and beseech in the name of Almighty God and his saints, that no man shall be so daring as to sell or part with this holy book from Christ's church, so long as baptism there may stand.

“ALFRED, WERBURG, ALHDRYD.”

Here would seem, from the charge respecting baptism, to be internal evidence here, that this interesting copy of the Gospels was presented to the abbey of Canterbury at a time when the heathenness of our Danish oppressors appeared likely to uproot the institutions of Christianity in England.

The most enormous book I ever saw was in this library ; a manuscript bible, written on ass's skin ; a monkish labour, taken from

a convent at Prague, by Gustavus Adolphus. Here is also one of the first printed bibles, with marginal notes, by Martin Luther. But while Evelyn was examining the Codex Aureus, we went to peep at the sculpture.

The baron showed us what is considered its gem, the sleeping Endymion, bought in Italy, and taken from the ruins of Tivoli; and after this graceful relic of the southern mythology, we were abruptly presented to the terrible representatives of the northern—the colossal statues of Odin, Thor, and Freya, by the native artist Fogelberg. We shrunk from the gloomy might of the Scandinavian deity, and turned to the sweet little Cupid and Psyche, by another of Sweden's modern artists, Sergell.

The name of Byström is, perhaps, more generally known to passing visitors as a sculptor, from his name being given to the villa in the Djurgard, a most elaborate edifice, where his works are now preserved. But though it is pleasant enough, especially with pleasant companions, to see all these things, it is tiresome to write them down, and perhaps it would be as tiresome to read them—doing either can be avoided.

I must not omit, however, to state, that Baron Oscar did keep his promise of showing me the hat of King Charles XII.; a curious-looking thing, very like the soft, broad-leaved, round-crowned hats now introduced into our imitative country, only black, not grey. The orifice was not larger than to admit his thumb; and he explained to me, with much clearness, how very stupid every one but ourselves was, not to perceive that by the manner in which that hole was made, it was evident the ball could not have come from the besieged town, but was aimed by a closer and private assassin. So, also, some affirm, fell the great Gustavus Adolphus, even in the arms of victory—“*Moriens triumphavit.*” So says that great man’s tomb; great, because he could resist himself as well as vanquish others.

We had gone to the church of Riddarholmen, or the Isle of Knights, and, standing by the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus, I uttered something like the words I have written. A hand was laid upon my shoulder, a soft voice whispered in my ear—

“May we not too be strong in self-resistance; great even in weakness; triumphant in death?”

The voice was Evelyn's; her soft bright eyes, like moonshine on water, looked into mine. I answered them without words; for I *felt*, though I did not quite understand, her meaning; at least I did not know how it might be applied to her own circumstances; and the organ of cautiousness, phrenologists say, is largely developed on my head.

Baron Oscar, however, came up, and prevented any moral-philosophy discussion by asking me if I had seen the visor of King Karl, which represents outwardly the visage it was intended to conceal, moustaches and all. And when we had duly admired the face or the visor of Charles VIII., he showed us the shields of the noble order of Knights of the Seraphim, to which only the blood-royal and a few of the *haute-noblesse* are admitted; pointing out among them that of Monsieur Napoleon Buonaparte, who admitted himself to the honours of the order of the Seraphim.

This Riddarholms Kyrkan is indeed an interesting, but most forlorn-looking place. It was to Sweden what our Temple Church once was to England; but how are the

mighty fallen in both places? Riddarholmen is one of the islands on which Stockholm is built, and connected with the rest by a bridge. The church of the knights, who once possessed it, is not now used for divine service, except on an annual festival; it is made the mausoleum of Sweden's kings; but a range of stuffed equestrian figures in ancient armour, one suit of which is of beautiful Florentine workmanship, meet you at your entrance, and just serve to tell you that real living men in armour once dwelt in the Isle of Knights.

Here rests the dust of the fiery Charles XII., after thirty-six years of commotion in this mortal life; for it is reasonable to suppose, that, like the infant Hercules, that warrior began in the cradle the noise he afterwards made in the world. Here, too, is that of a longer-lived, but not less remarkable man, whose life has done more good to Sweden,—that of Charles John XIV., who followed Napoleon's recruiting-party from Pau, to ascend from the ranks of the French army to the throne of Sweden and Norway, and establish there a Bernadotte dynasty, which there is at present no pro-

bability will be displaced, even by the revolutionary spirit that is everywhere else progressing. But there is something miserably neglected-looking about this interesting old church; you could hardly imagine it was the modern burying-place of royalty; though it contains the noblest dust of the land, including that of the Wasa family—not Gustavus himself, his tomb is at Upsala;—yet all appears to be mouldering in decay, and resting in damp.

We left the church of Riddarholm to look at the houses of parliament, or diet, of Sweden, which includes four classes of representatives—the nobles, clergy, burgesses, or trading and professional class, and the peasants, or agricultural class. One class is thus left out, as being, I suppose, nugatory in the interests of a working country—that which is nearly parallel to our *ci-devant* House of Commons—the independent and private gentlemen of Sweden, who, being of no profession, trade, or calling, have no vote in the legislature.

Like our peers, the head of each noble family possesses a seat in the Riddarhus. The three other classes are elected for the

diets, which are held at intervals of five years, and sit for about four or five months. As in England, the assent of the crown is requisite to sanction their decisions; the king can also summon a diet when the affairs of state demand it. In the case of an act which affects the constitution, the decision of the four houses must be unanimous; an equal division of votes neutralizes a measure, unless that measure be one concerning money; in that case, as no financial affair may be thus neutralized, the four houses go into committee, and decide the matter by the preponderance of votes given among seventy-two members, equally selected from each class.

This mode of legislature appears fair, simple, and likely to be agreeable to all parties; nevertheless, here, as elsewhere, the peasant-house complains bitterly of the undue power given to the three higher chambers.

Baron Oscar wanted me to tell him a great deal more of our parliament than he told me of his. But I assured him that our political machine was too vast, too wonderful, for such a head as mine to comprehend its workings: but that I did not think it went

by steam ; the Parliament was at work nearly all the year round ; the papers were full of long speeches, and of thousands of proposed measures ; that what was talked about even I could sometimes guess, by looking over these papers, but what was done remained generally quite unknown to me. That an election made a great noise in the country, and cost a vast deal of money ; whether profitably disbursed or not, I was too ignorant to be able to tell. So I left Baron Oscar just as wise as he was before ; having told him as much as, I dare say, most people—women at least—know of their own constitution.

The Riddarhus, or house of the knights or nobles, is an interesting old place, the assembly-room hung with three thousand shields of Sweden's chivalry. Here it was that the noble speech of Gustavus Adolphus, recorded in Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*, was made by him previous to his departure for Germany. That strange little recreant to her father's faith and fame, Christina, was carried to the Riddarhus, when the deliberating nobles were on the point of forsaking their allegiance to the baby-sovereign, to whom the death of the hero of Lutzen

left the crown ; and this old hall rang with a burst of loyal acclamation, when, recognising in the face of the then innocent child the features of the great Gustavus, they saluted Christina queen.

Since then, the salique law has been established in Sweden.

No one who is not of the religion of the state — the Lutheran — is eligible to any office under the crown, and therefore is excluded from the senate. Dissent is barely tolerated in Sweden : but though tolerated when quiescent, no interference with the established religion of the people is permitted.

The clergy hold a high and respectable position ; in dress they do not differ much from the secular clergy of Rome. Genius and literature are not unfrequently rewarded by a living, or, as in the case of the poet Tegner, with a bishopric. The extraordinary disparities of clerical income and labour, which the changes of time and population have produced in England, are happily unknown to Sweden. The only archbishopric, that of Upsala, is worth eight hundred pounds a year ; the lowest bishopric about two hundred and fifty pounds ; and the

parishes are certainly proportioned, in extent, amount of population, and of income, in an apparently more reasonable manner, allowing to each labourer enough to eat, and not too much to do.

The nomination of the clergy rests with the crown; but a sort of election usually takes place when a living becomes vacant, and the state generally ratifies the choice made by the parishioners. Patronage is consequently sought for by clerical candidates. The bishops are selected by the inferior clergy, but the decision is with the crown. Three persons chosen by them are presented as the candidates; the king elects one of these. No one can deny that there is great room for improvement in spiritual things in Sweden: but in its outward form there is much that is worthy of imitation in the religion of this land. It is wonderful, in the far north, to find the poorest peasant able to read, and almost always to write. The benefit of its parochial system may be seen in the fact, that poor parents are obliged to be, in most instances, the teachers of their own children. In poor and thinly-populated districts, schools are "few and far between."

In England, Ireland, or Wales, children would in such cases grow up without learning anything more than other animals; but, in the Lutheran north, no one can be confirmed or admitted to the sacrament who cannot read; and no one can hold certain offices, or perform certain acts, who has not been admitted to these rites; so that, in order to be married, it is necessary to have acquired the preliminary accomplishment of the art of reading, because neither man nor girl can be married who has not been confirmed, and is not able to receive the sacrament. Thus an institution of the church is actually the means of perpetuating a race of parents able to instruct their own children.

Education may still be on a low scale; but it is enough to enable almost every Swedish peasant to read his bible and hymn-book, and seldom do you see them going to their church without these accompaniments.

The excellent king, however, who is now on the throne, is making, we hear, strenuous efforts to raise the tone of education. Indeed, under the Bernadotte dynasty, there is every reason to expect that Sweden will

rise high in the rank of nations. In the ups and downs of this world, the generations that come after us may see the remote north brought into a more prominent position than that which lands of milder temperature will then hold.

We are told that the Swedes are not a moral people. To that expression there is generally a definite meaning given in our language; and in that sense I have had no opportunity of proving or disproving the charge. But on the subject of morals, taking the word in its full sense, a diversity of opinion exists: a simple, kind-hearted, amusement-loving Swede, for instance, might think the morals of London much more appalling than those of his own land.

The professors and literary people of Sweden are a most liberal and unforbidding tribe. Some of its learned bishops were ready to receive us *en route*, without even an introduction.

In Stockholm they are most amiable to strangers; and here every facility is afforded for seeing sights. These sights, however, are really few, and are by no means likely to be their attraction to that delightful capi-

tal. The Zoological Museum is good and interesting as a national one. The Cabinet of Northern Antiquities is far more so ; but when we reflect on the “antiquities of Scandinavia,” we feel amazed at the scanty amount of care and zeal which has been expended in their collection and arrangement.

I ought to make this complaint, in order to excuse what follows ; for I left the antiquities of Scandinavia to enjoy the modern delights of its modern capital.

Evelyn, the baron, and young Lilla, after having stood with their heads very close together for some moments, gathered round me with a petition, that I would give up all such blue-stocking researches, and join them that evening in a party to his island villa.

The idea was too attractive to admit of a repulse ; I welcomed it, and agreed to be on the shore of Mälaren at six o'clock with Fru P.

Shortly after that hour, we shot away over the sparkling lake ; and certainly, if you could only fancy that clear-rolling stream changed into the fetid standing waters of the Grand Canal, these islands and green

banks converted into old, sedgy, empty palaces, and our pretty dancing boat exchanged for the funeral gondola, one might enjoy oneself as well here, where all speaks of a happy present, as there, where all tells of a glorious, yet melancholy, past.

Up to the landing-place of the little islet, whirled, with a skilful and graceful sweep, our water-equipage,—as necessary almost to a Stockholmer as a horse or a car is to a native of Dublin,—and out sprang our young host; his extended hand, open countenance, and large joyous blue eyes, adding to the heartiness of his Swedish welcome.

His pretty villa was the lord of the lonely place; this summer-house, for such it was, was a wooden one, delicately painted, and almost hidden in flowering shrubs and trees. An Æolian harp was in the open window: the breeze just swept its chords as we landed.

“What a fairy dwelling!” cried Evelyn, in lowly-uttered accents of delight—“How charming a retreat!”

“You like it,” the owner half whispered—but what a long commentary might these three words give rise to—“You like it!”

and, added to the countenance of the speaker, perhaps it was no wonder that it stole a gentle sigh from young Lilla's heart, as she bent her eyes down on the flowers that made a bower of the enchanting little room we entered.

Our baron heard it, I think ; for, glancing at her, as if with some slight pang of self-reproach, he added, quickly—" Lilla is the fairy : she adorned it for me."

" Now truly do I think," said hearty Fru P., " that our sweet Lilla would adorn any place, palace or cottage."

" How I do like your Swedish heartiness of manner," said Evelyn ; " I wanted to say much the same ;" and the brightness of her smile, as she looked at the timid girl, made her feel more gratified by it than by the compliment of Fru P.

" Jak, jak," said Lilla, nodding her pretty nod in that way which implies, " Thank you," without any language.

And then she began to act the Eve of the little Paradise, and,

" On hospitable thoughts intent,"

prepared for us an entertainment, quite in character with the locality.

When the sun had gone down—at least gone so low down as not to be troublesome—we went out and sat by the water's side, among some rocks and trees, and green grass. The light became more and more softened and lovely, the most profound stillness reigned around.

“I am surprised,” said Evelyn, “that the Swedes are not a more imaginative people.”

“Pardon me, I think we are an imaginative people; we are very superstitious; is not that tendency connected with imagination?” said the baron.

“I do not know: perhaps so; but I meant to say, I wonder you have not more imaginative writers, you have had so many great men in science, and in history, from Tycho Brahe and Linnæus, up to Berzelius.”

“Pray do not omit our lady-authors; we have Miss Bremer, and—”

“Oh!” I cried, interrupting him, and I was sorry for it afterwards, “you do not style Miss Bremer an imaginative writer; she is admirable as a describer of everyday home-scenes, which might, every one, be compared to a certain picture I once saw, which struck me as being so true a por-

trait, that I asked the poor woman, who showed it, whose it was. She answered, ‘ I do not think it was done for any one in particular, it was taken from nature.’ So Miss Bremer’s pictures, whether meant for any one in particular, or not, are taken from nature ; they give you a portrait, not an imaginative composition.”

“ Perhaps your long winters may counteract the influence of your summers,” said Evelyn, smiling. “ I never could make out a consistent theory of the influence of climate on imagination ; here, for instance, I should fancy, were the clime and scenery to produce it—those soft mystic nights, which are neither day nor night—ah ! Lilla, if, like you, I had been a Swede, I should have been a poet and a romancer. Can you tell us a legend here, baron ? It would be delightful.”

“ Let us sing our favourite song first,” was his answer ; “ then, if you command me even to make a legend, I must do so.”

“ Oh, no ; no made legends ; we are tired to death of them in the books of our English travellers,” I said. “ Please, baron, tell us a true story.”

He bowed : they all then sang their Swe-

dish song; Evelyn had her part: her voice was melody itself, low and thrilling. When it ceased, there was a fine figure reclining on the grass, at her feet, and an earnest, thoughtful face looking anxiously towards hers. Evelyn turned from it, with a look of pain and a sigh.

“Come, now for the story,” she said, with a little degree of awkwardness unusual to her.

“Shall it be a love-tale?”

“If the others are pleased with it, yes,” Evelyn answered, but she blushed deeply; “for my part, the subject is quite indifferent.”

“I will tell you, then, a tale too true, of our beautiful Dahlkulla,” he said, quickly, and began.

“Ebba lived on the banks of the Dahl river, just where it opens into a lake. She was betrothed to Erik, a young Dalecarlian; but bad times came on, and Erik was obliged to go to work in the copper-mines of Falun.

“It almost broke young Ebba’s heart, to think she might one day have to leave the fair banks of the Dahl to live in the desert region and copper smoke of Falun; but to

think of her Erik working down there, in these drear vaults, hid from the sunlight and pleasantness of earth, was far worse.

“Ebba resolved she would earn enough money to enable Erik to come and live with her in the pleasant cottage on the Dahl, where her father and mother had lived and worked from their marriage to their death, and where her sole ambition was to be able to live and work from her marriage to her death; and she thought if she could but earn money enough to enable him to cultivate the bit of land her parents had cultivated, and to keep on the cottage which had been their home, her toil would be as the labour of Jacob when he served for his Rachel.

“Ebba resolved not to marry Erik and go to live in the copper smoke of Falun; for then, she said, must he still work down in those tremendous vaults, which it disturbed her imagination to think even of entering. She said to him, ‘Wait: we are young and strong; better times will come, and we shall yet have some happy years to live: better a few that are bright and blessed, than many that are drear and dark.’

“ Yet while she spoke she felt she loved Erik more than the cottage on the Dahl, and more than the glad sunshine of Heaven. But hers was a strong woman’s heart, and its love was strong and unselfish. So she told her young miner she would go and work at Stockholm, and sore against his will he saw her depart. But as she went, she said to him,

“ ‘ Be true to me, Erik, for, come what may, I will be true to thee; and one day thou wilt say it was well for thee I was not now made thy wedded wife.’

“ So Ebba came to Stockholm, and got a boat from the owners. But the maiden was very fair to look upon, not eighteen years old, tall and strong, with a free, firm step and open brow. Her eyes were blue as the summer sky, and her hair dusky as its twilight hues, the rose of health was on her face, and love and gladness in the sound of her joyous laugh, and even in the gleam of her shiny teeth. She was beautiful with love and goodness; and she was happy at her work, for she worked for love; and love gave strength to her active arms, and hope winged the boat she led over Mälaren Zee.

“ Now Ebba was too fair to pass and repass as the common Dahlkuller may do. But she had thrown around her a panoply of might, and the woman who worked for love was safe from the assaults of vice ; her story was made known, and even the lovers who sought her hand in marriage despaired of shaking her purpose.

“ ‘ I will work for Erik until I have got money enough to enable us to work together,’ she said ; and thus the boat of the betrothed became a favourite one on the Mälar Zee ; it was thronged from morning to night, and though half its earnings went to the owners, many a dollar rigs-geld, and dollar banco, too, were slipped into her hand for Erik the miner, together with the copper skillings that paid for the passage.

“ At the close of the summer Ebba was already rich. Ah ! poor girl, had she been content, and then returned to Dalecarlia, all might have gone well with her and Erik !

“ But success inspired new hopes ; she thought after another summer she should be able to set up Erik in the little farm. If she went back for the winter, she feared he would not suffer her to leave Dalecarlia

again; and then he must still work in the mines, and she must live at Falun.

“She stayed for the winter, and she got a creditable and good employment. Now to stay for the winter in Stockholm inspires mistrust and anxiety in the peasant-homes of Dalecarlia. Yet Ebba the next summer resumed her boat-paddles, strong and good, active and happy as she had been before; and with even greater zeal did she work for Erik, because hope told her that the next winter she should work with him in the pleasant cottage on the Dahl, where her parents had lived, and that he would then work for his bride, and love her and cherish her all the days of his life.

“But jealous eyes had been on fair Ebba, and evil tongues had not been idle when the frost on the Mälars had stopped the boat-paddles. She had gained more in her first summer than many others had gained in two or three, or even four; and when the women went back to Dalecarlia, they had spread this report. It reached to Erik in the mines, and made him wonder; and when the winter came, and his betrothed did not return, it made him fear, it made him mistrust. He

had not her strong human faith : the doubt he felt had never entered her heart, and she took, therefore, no steps to prevent it.

“ The summer had come ; the ice and snow melted off, and seemed to leave the earth ready furnished beneath them : where white had been, there green had come, and the shadowy sky was bright with sunshine : the sledges and skates were laid up, and the boats were again dancing over the Mälär Zee ; and Ebba, as she went down one morning to the water, met Erik watching for her on its shore.

“ His face was dark ; there was no glad greeting in his eyes. She would have flown to him and cried, ‘ I have worked for thee ; I have been true to thee.’ But these dark eyes terrified her, and she gazed into them as if it were her own conscience that scowled upon her.

“ Then did Erik’s words frighten her more ; for they told hers were verified ; it was truly well for him she had not been made his wedded wife.

“ He accused her of betraying him, of being faithless to his love.

“ Ebba, for her sole reply, drew forth her bag of Swedish paper-money, and said,

“ ‘ All this have I gained for thee.’

“ But he struck the money from her hand, and cried,

“ ‘ Accursed be thy gains ! Thinkest thou I would touch the wages of shame ?’

“ Then Ebba stood moveless, and spoke not at all.

“ Erik thought she was verily guilty. He went away in his wrath ; his heart was torn with passion and grief, and the false tongue which had brought him Ebba’s evil report soothed him with more base slanders of her he loved.

“ So he went off again, and saw her no more ; and Ebba sat in her boat, but she did not now knit stockings for Erik while she waited for customers ; she did not now work for Love, neither did Hope wing her boat over the shining Mälar. Her head was bowed down like the bruised bulrush ; her songs ceased, for her heart was heavy ; her eyes shone no more like the summer’s sky ; and, leaning over the side of her boat, she dropped into the deep bosom of the lake the bag of money Erik had struck from her

hand. It was ill-done, they said to Ebba, for it might have been given to the poor. But, with a pale cheek and lustreless eye, Ebba replied—‘Should I offer to the poor of our good Lord the wages of shame?’ for the words of Erik never left her heart or lips; she verily seemed to think that as Erik believed her to be, so she was.

“Now, after a time, Erik heard in the mines what Ebba had done, and how she had buried in the lake her hard-earned money; and his heart smote him, for surely, he said, it was an upright and virtuous, a proud and unjustly wounded spirit that performed that action. So he sent to Ebba to ask her, if she knew herself to be innocent, to forgive him, and come to him, and poor though she was now, to be his wife.

“But Ebba said, ‘I have no assurance of innocence or of guilt to make: rich, happy, and beloved, I would have gone to him, and have been his wife; poor, suspected, and disgraced, he shall see me no more. Tell Erik that Ebba forgave him; but wine once spilled cannot be gathered up, and confidence once lost is not easily restored. She will stay where the wages of her shame are buried,

until she goes to the land where shame is no more : for her dear Lord and Master knew shame unjustly, and hid not his face from it ; He will not scorn one who has known it also.'

“ Her lover got the answer ; but he still thought she would repent ; yet when his proud love stayed all the next winter in Stockholm, he said, ‘ I can live without her no longer ; I will go to Stockholm and bring her here ; I will labour for her, and she shall work for me no longer.’

“ So he set off on his journey.

“ That long winter Ebba had ceased to work ; they said the strong maiden was drooping ; and when the summer came they thought she would no more go forth to the Mälar.

“ But the snow-cleared lake was gay, and the people of Stockholm were glad : Ebba sat one morning in her boat ; her head lay on her arm over its side ; her comrade came down, and thought she was asleep ; but when passengers were coming she shook her, and she did not awake ; then they lifted up the head, and saw she would wake no more : the slandered maiden was dead ; she had melted

away like the snow-maiden in the first rays of the sun, and had gone to the land where shame is no more.

“ Her doubtful lover came, and embraced her corpse.”

“ Beautiful Ebba!” said Evelyn, in a trembling voice, as our young host concluded his story with a bow; “ ah! yes, confidence once lost is not easily restored! The woman who must be doubted had better die!”

“ Erik was a wretch!” said Fru P., Lilla, and the baron, at the same moment.

“ He was natural,” Evelyn and I uttered quite as simultaneously.

“ Well, I do truly fear there are many Eriks in the world,” said Fru P., shaking her wise head; “ so I think we had better all go home.”

CHAPTER III.

STOCKHOLM.

SOCIETY appears to me to be on very easy and accessible terms in the Swedish capital; yet I am told by some of the citizens that the lines of social demarcation are very distinctively drawn, and that, like some of the old-fashioned family-caste districts of Wales, society here is parcelled out into distinctive circles, consisting each of its own classification.

A foreigner, however, may be happily at liberty to dine at the table of the people of commerce in the afternoon, and end the evening in the saloons of the aristocracy, especially if he be one of the swarm to whom the warning of Robert Burns would apply,

“ A chiel’s amang ye takin notes,
An faith he’ll prent it.”

Presuming on this self-assumed privilege, I kept two diverse engagements on the same day. I dined at "my banker's" villa, in the Djurgard—the use of the possessive pronoun, when prefixed to the word "banker," or "publisher," gives an air of importance to the substantive it stands for, if it does not confer additional honour on that it precedes—and after that dinner I was to spend the evening at —, —[I must leave a blank here, although I dislike such miserable subterfuges]—where I was to meet Evelyn, and, it may be supposed, some one else.

The dinner-party at the banker's assembled without either formality or ostentation. The time was four o'clock, the latest that is usual: the guests entered the pleasant room without having their names announced half a dozen times; some very pretty girls, in white dresses and bonnets, advanced to the middle of the apartment, and then inclined so very lowly and reverentially to the company assembled, that their tall stature was most wonderfully, yet gracefully, diminished. That sweet reverential modesty, which still appears to remain among the young people of Sweden, is an attribute we would

pray might continue to be sheltered in that remote part of our world.

Everything here was *sans façon*, even to the taking off of the bonnets and shawls. As a prelude to our adjournment to the dining-room, a tray was handed round containing bread, cheese, butter, and something—I really suspect it was slips of dried herring, but I am not certain, for my kind host told me I was at liberty to decline such a preparative for my dinner, although it was as customary for Swedes to begin theirs with bread and cheese, &c., and for the men, a glass of spirits, as it was a century ago for us to finish ours with a similar *bonne bouche*.

The most fastidious gourmand, however, might have reconciled himself to a dinner in the far north, if it were like that which followed. The *cuisine* was quite French, but served *à l'Anglais*.

I believe that the citizens of Stockholm are remarkable for the profuseness and hospitality of these entertainments; the wines, of various and excellent qualities, were equally abundant; but all dismissed with the repast. The ladies did not walk out of

the room, after the still cherished custom of England, when they had had their share of the good things, and leave the men to more enlightened conversation than they and the children could share in.

The ladies sauntered out, together with the host and a few of the other gentlemen; the rest, I believe, went back to the town, or—horrid to relate—to smoke; while we went to a pretty temple in the grounds, commanding a charming view over the lake; tea was brought to us there, and in due time I departed, to keep my evening engagement.

In evening assemblies, I am told, the old Swedish fashion of the three rooms still exists, one for matrons, a second for single ladies, a third for men; but to make a fair division, or classification, there ought to be two more rooms at least; for now a bride of seventeen may be consigned to the old matrons, while a spinster of seventy remains among the girls. I do not know exactly how this is all managed, but I do know, that a wedding consigns the respective parties to the realms of matrimony in actual location; and before that event takes place, a good deal of rigorous propriety and con-

ventional regulation maintain a proper distance between the opposing ranks.

But the realm of matrimony is no Utopia in Sweden : it is as well defined as any of our penal settlements are to our own convicts.

Listen to this description of a Swedish wedding, by a Swedish writer, though from which of Frederika Bremer's works I stole it, I cannot now truly declare.

“ The gilded crown waved and trembled amid the attacks and defence of the contending parties ; for it was precisely the trying moment of the Swedish peasant wedding, when the crown, as it is said, is danced off the head of the bride. The married women were endeavouring to vanquish and take her captive, while the girls were doing their utmost to defend and hold her back. In the other half of the great room, all went on more noisily and more violently still ; for there the married men strove to dance the bridegroom from the unmarried ones ; and they pushed, and tore, and pulled unmercifully, amid shouts of laughter, while the polska went on in its whirling measure.”

But I was not meditating on matrimony, or the civil combats it occasions ; I was gazing out of a window, and thinking only

of the charming bits of scenery with which the neighbourhood of Stockholm abounds, when some exclamations of Swedish-speaking Swedes made me look round to see the fair *Englesh fröken* come in. I knew Evelyn by her hair; she now appeared so dazzlingly bright and beautiful, I doubt if I should have recognised at once the pale, sad girl I had seen bending over the tomb on the day of Haga, or the more mysteriously impressive one I had seen in vision by night upon my bed.

Evelyn wore a thin robe of ethereal-looking white, in which she seemed to float like those pictures of angels that are just lightly shadowed by a cloud-wreath. Her only ornaments were an antique cameo of the same pure hue, and a white rose with two green leaves; her beautiful hair was quite unadorned, and the sea-shell pink shone even brightly on her cheek. Except in the red rounded lips, the childlike, innocent mouth, there was no likeness to Guido's portrait.

Evelyn and Lilla were attended by a matron, who took the part of the baroness, that lady never going into society. The

young baron's face was looking out from the door of the third apartment ; they were immediately surrounded, and while Evelyn was conversing either in English or French to some few acquaintances who were inquiring for Friherrinnan ——, or in English, for the baroness, the gentle Swede, seeing I was expecting her, drew near to me, and bending with that lowly reverence, which even still, in Sweden, youth sometimes pays to age, she took the side of my dress in the tips of her fingers, and touched it to her lips.

“ My countrywoman appears to be a favourite here,” I remarked to Lilla.

“ Ah ! she may indeed easily become an angel hereafter,” she answered, “ for she is almost one now, in this present world. If one should love the good angels, one should love her.”

Sweet Lilla ! I thought, as I listened to this innocently warm eulogium, for even then I fancied Evelyn was her rival.

“ Of whom does our best Lilla speak ?” said the young baron, as he advanced, his youthful head pre-eminent over all the men who came trooping in to secure partners

for the dance. He leaned on the back of her chair, and bent those smiling blue eyes on the young girl. A deep blush suffused her face, neck, and brow.

“Do you not truly know that there is only one I would speak so of?” she answered, in her softest Swedish voice.

“Yes; but we must not let her be quite an angel yet: let her be only what she is, the loveliest and best of human creatures.”

Did a slight expression of pain cross that loving face? If it did, it was but slight, and perhaps a better, or wiser, feeling chased it away, as Lilla quietly said with a smile, “Even so, Oscar, for our sake, we would pray her to remain: but she comes to us at last.”

Oscar turned at the last words with a quick eager glance, and then hastened forward to meet Evelyn as she came to join our group.

We could guess the request he had gone to make from her words as she reached us.

“I have told you already that I never dance.”

“Yes; but one believes sometimes that importunity may at last prevail.”

“ Not with me,” she replied ; “ it cannot.”

Some questions and answers were then exchanged ; I know not what they were ; but the final one, by Evelyn, was evidently displeasing to the young officer ;—with all his good-humour, I should not like to make him angry. The colour mounted to his fair brow, and his blue eyes grew almost dark. Evelyn looked with appealing earnestness into them, and the transitory anger changed to sorrow ; the baron turned, and taking Lilla’s hand, said,

“ Our sweetest Lilla, then, must obey Lady Evelyn also ; the English ladies command us to let them see our national dance, Lilla.”

Her hand lay quietly in his, and with a blush, a smile, and a pretty inclination in sign of obedience, she went with him to the dance.

I felt displeased with Evelyn ; and the petty indignation I felt broke out at once into speech.

“ How can you be so insensible to the devotion of that fine young Swede ? ”

“ I am not insensible to it,” she replied, with a grave and placid candour, which at

once calmed my indignation, and removed the apprehension I was beginning to feel of finding her a heartless coquette; "I am far from being insensible to it; but I would give much to put an end to it. I am glad you spoke; for now I can express a hope which has to-day given me new spirits. Fru P. told me you wished to leave Stockholm as soon as possible, but had been disappointed in your companions; I, too, wish to do so, but dare not travel alone; she thought you would allow me to travel with you; at least to Germany, where I should once more feel myself really on the continent of Europe; though I think I may have to go to Rome."

"I shall be rejoiced to have your company," was my answer; "but will not the baroness object to my carrying away her guest?"

"No; my arrival was unexpected, I might say, uninvited; I, who never knew a mother's love, or a sister's, or a brother's, have found all among these dear people. I love them all, as if I belonged to them: I could have wished to have stayed with them, but I ought not, must not; yet they

are perhaps the only friends I shall ever desire to see again."

She spoke in a sorrowful accent, and the last words were uttered as if unconsciously. I suppose I looked surprised, for Evelyn coloured as she rather hastily added,

"I mean, that I should like to meet them again, when, what is, I believe, the single earthly desire of the chastened mother shall be gratified, and her son united to her adopted Lilla."

"To, Lilla! is that the wish of the baroness?"

"Yes; it is caused by circumstances connected with the affecting story of that young girl's parents and herself."

"Is that story a secret?"

The word "secret" produced an electric sort of effect on Evelyn, and transformed her into the girl I had met in the Djurgard.

"No," she said, with a sigh, "I hate that word; but there is no secret in this little history; it is generally known. The baroness, you know, has been many years a widow: in her youth she was exceedingly handsome, very like what her son now is: at present her complexion is lost, her once

bright eyes are dull, her fair hair turned almost to grey. At seventeen she was betrothed to a young man in the same rank of life as herself, which was not then a high one. They were both poor, but the love of each was intense. Their marriage was delayed by poverty; and during her first visit to the capital the country beauty met the baron, Oscar's father, who was then high in favour with the late king, having been his companion in arms when he was made crown prince. This man was also engaged to a young woman, of whom, they say, Lilla is the antitype: but he was captivated by the superior beauty and brilliancy of the present baroness, and she was dazzled by the prospect of such elevation. The lonely, poor young man, and the gentle, loving girl, were both forsaken; the baron and the betrothed broke their vows and married. Both were disappointed: could it be otherwise, when"—Evelyn paused, as if a sudden recollection crossed her, and broke the thread of her discourse—"when human hearts were trampled on in their road to the altar, sacred words forgotten?"

"Happiness," I observed, "can never be

the fruit of selfishness, though deep sorrow is too often the result of self-renunciation."

"Oh! true! true!" cried Evelyn, and a flash of pure enthusiasm shed a holy light on her sweet face. "True! but welcome such sorrow, though its reward be not here!

"The forsaken pair," she continued, "were also unhappy, for no soul-sustaining principle of such a nature comforted them; they had been ill-treated, and were mortified. Some mistaken ideas led to the result we so often see take place when wounded hearts, however disharmonized, attempt to rush into unison because they have been repelled from their natural course.

"Each wished to conceal from the world, perhaps even from each other, the pain that was felt, and in the hope of doing so, they married, very soon after their unfaithful lovers.

"Lilla's mother made a good, peaceful wife; but her own heart was broken, and she knew her husband's would love no more.

"Perhaps an equal trial would, in our dear Lilla's case, lead to the same consequences, for soon after her birth, her mother fell into a decline. She was watched and nursed with

unremitting tenderness by her husband, to the moment of her death : up to that moment she had never grieved him, he had never cost her a sigh.

“ The baron, too, died while on a mission to Russia. The baroness then saw all impediment removed to a union with the man who alone had ever possessed her affections. She was now rich ; she could elevate him. She waited to hear from him, to be told, what she already felt, that they both were FREE again. She did not hear ; she supposed timidity restrained him, and impelled by feelings she believed to be generous, she wrote to him.

“ His answer stung her very soul, and still, as an act of penance, she reads it over.

“ It told her that, after having preferred the wealth, fame, and honours of the world to him, and after having found Ichabod written on them all, she had returned to offer to him the dregs of an exhausted heart. It told her her forsaken lover would not take second-hand the heart which had been stolen from him when new : it told her that her selfish worldliness had broken the gentle heart of the mother of his child, the woman who

loved him as a sister, but whose heart had been irrevocably given to the man she had so wrongfully married.

“ And after this, the worldly-wise woman, who now stood alone, the survivor of wrecked happiness, hoped to reach the harbour she had missed before. ‘ But, go,’ he concluded ; ‘ go, and offer on the tinselled shrine of the world all that may yet remain of the heart that once professed itself my own ; withhold not what may remain, for verily, for what hath been given, thou hast had thine reward.’

“ The world-loving woman cowered into herself, as she read the epistle ; the mask fell from her heart, she saw it as it was : vanity had been its gangrene. She laid that letter next it ; literally so, I have seen it in the case she keeps it in, and believe it will be buried there. Her time ever since has been passed in seclusion, in acts of benevolence, and in devotion.

“ Some years passed, and her only child was at the military college, when she got a letter from her early and only love ; it contained but a few lines, yet they showed her he had known her manner of life, known

that she had lived as ‘a widow indeed,’ doubly a widow, and had approved of it. They told her also that he was ill, and conjured her, by the remembrance of her first love, to come to him ; to forgive, if she had aught against him, and to accept his last bequest. She flew to him. He was in a poor abode ; lassitude and melancholy had impeded his labours, and brought him again to poverty, and he was dying. He told her he had vowed never willingly to see her before then. He showed her his child, his Lilla ; he desired to bequeath to her care his only earthly treasure. The contrite woman accepted it. Her love was recognised in death ; the snares of the world were broken, the husband of her heart died in her arms : purified and chastened, she returned with his child to her house, to devote the remnant of her days to a double object ; to effect the happiness of that child on the earth, the happiness of all around her, and of her own soul, in a holier life.

“She brought Lilla to her house. She has been as dear to her as her own son. The baroness hoped the marriage of the children

might make some atonement for that of the parents.”

I drew my handkerchief before my eyes as I said,

“Do you share the hope?”

“Yes; for Lilla has ever loved him, and he, too, I think, has loved her. I do not know; a man’s love is more easily distracted than a woman’s. But still”—Evelyn hesitated—“still the romance, nay, even the mystery of our first meeting, might readily fire a youthful brain, and interest a warm and generous heart. Such emotions Oscar has mistaken, but he will return to his polar star.”

“But”—then I hesitated longer than she had done, and at last blurted out—“but your own inclinations, must they be sacrificed? and perhaps to an ideal”—

“My own inclinations!” Evelyn repeated in a voice that was really solemn; and lifting up her large clear eyes, “Oh! would Heaven in its mercy grant me no severer sacrifice than that! the marriage of Oscar and Lilla!” Her folded hands fell together on her bosom, and a look of serene happiness beamed on her countenance.

“ No,” she said, a moment afterwards, smiling, and shaking her fair head at me, “ no, believe me, I am not of those who think a woman acts a noble, or even a right part, in giving up to another a man whom she loves, and who also loves her. If he loves her not, it is another matter; then she ought to resign her claim, even if he had given her one in haste or error; but if he does, and that she truly loves him more than herself, and desires his happiness more than her own, then all the nonsense of preferring the happiness of a third person, which is sometimes found in books, but never, I believe, in real life, is, as the judges of Galileo said of the earth’s revolution, false in philosophy and erroneous in faith.”

“ I understand you, now ;” I said ; “ and if, from no sentimental notion of promoting the happiness of others, which would be sure to end in making them unhappy as well as yourself, you wish to leave Stockholm, I quite agree with you that your absence will be more likely than your presence to promote the marriage of Oscar and Lilla.”

“ Decidedly,” said Evelyn, in a very ab-

sent manner. "When do you intend to leave this place?"

"I cannot say any moment, but any day I can be ready; I wish, however, to go by the Gottenburg Canal, and I believe the boat goes the day after to-morrow, at a very early hour."

"I shall be ready," cried Evelyn.

"The whole journey of four days and a half," I considerably added, "will only cost, I think, about two pounds, meals and all included. But are you prepared for what you may meet?"

"How?" she said, with a start.

"Why, the whole entomological tribe of Sweden bite; and to be bitten must be your fate, while you can, I fear, get nothing to bite."

"How ridiculous! You mean that I cannot eat knacken, and other northern compounds."

"Nor drink finkel, or corn-spirit: as to knacken, it is only fit for flag-stones, and finkel—ach! I assure you, however, seriously, that the whole power of my hands could not subdivide that Swedish bread, expressively called knacken, which means—does it not—the knack?—so I never yet tried

it with my teeth. But as to the sleeping accommodation, it is the neatest, cleanest, most compact and delightful in the whole range of invention: little dormitories, with one or two couches, mosquito blinds to the window, and blue curtains to the doors, if you do not choose to close them. You take a little room for one or two, *à volonté*. The *salle à manger* is at the far end, the aft, I think they call it, of the vessel, or the fore end, down where the sailors are; and there, a discontented traveller said, you have three times a day to go down a ladder, ‘feet foremost,’ for your meals, and get nothing you can eat after all. But you know, when travellers are rude and troublesome, they are naturally discontented, and will say anything: for my part, I would rather go down a ladder feet foremost; would not you?”

“Decidedly. So I think you will not find me a discontented traveller, if you will only let me travel with you,” Evelyn smilingly answered.

But almost while she was saying the words, the young baron came back with his now happy-looking partner: we had seen

enough of their mad-cap dance to be able to speak of it, but he did not give us time. Merely placing Lilla in a seat, he made his bow, drew back, and after the law of the land, bowed again, and so again, until bows and the baron disappeared, I know not whither; but I heard that he was not seen at his mother's all the next day, and consequently did not hear of Evelyn's intended escape.

CHAPTER IV.

STOCKHOLM.

FEAR of being too late often makes one be too early: such was the case with me when, at a very early hour on the morning but one after the evening aforesaid, I arrived at the house of Friherrinnan — nearly an hour before the last moment.

The baroness had not risen, and Lilla was engaged in weeping with her over the sudden departure of their friend.

The houses in Stockholm are usually so contrived that privacy and publicity are united in most of the apartments; communicating with each other in interminable succession, you never feel quite sure you are alone when alone.

I was shown into a large, cold, handsome saloon, and spying a cosy-looking little one at the farther end, I hastened into it, knowing

I had a full hour to wait, and anxious to seize on all the repose I could find before I entered the steamboat, of which a dreary guide-book had given me a rather dreary idea. An early starting-hour involves a wakeful or restless night; and the consequent irritability of the nerves made me long to ensconce myself in the great luxurious sofa which half-filled the little apartment.

There, then, much to my shame and confusion, as it afterwards proved, I placed myself in such a position that both eyes and ears must command all that passed in the antechamber, while arranged on the soft sofa, and involved in its huge pillows, I was unlikely to be seen by any one who did not actually enter the place of my retreat; and certain of not being sought for till the moment of departure, I directly fell into a very dozy state.

The sound of hasty, noisy footsteps startled me; but before I could get free from my nest, the young baron, with a highly-excited air, came into the grand saloon before me, just as Evelyn, by an every-day accident, popped into it by the opposite door; for there were three at least to that room.

I tried to get up, but, in fact, when I tell what followed, it will be seen that I could not.

He sprang with no little clang across the floor, and took her prisoner.

“Evelyn! is it true? Tell me it is *not* true!”

“What?” she said, quite trembling.

“That you were going to leave me.”

“Yes; I am going. Let me go,” she cried, writhing out of his grasp, “and hear what I have to say. It was painful to depart without a farewell, but I thought it wiser to do so.”

“Yes; but such wisdom is useless now; you shall not go!—not without me.”

“Baron!” cried Evelyn, looking up at him, as if indignant at the speech; but the countenance she saw changed her emotions.

“Oscar, listen to what I have to say.”

“Say nothing,” he replied in a low hoarse voice; “say nothing, unless you say my love is not hopeless.”

“It must be so, if set on me,” she replied, with gentle firmness; “but I hope you will yet find it was not so. Circumstances, friend, have given me a strange claim on your noble

heart, your generous sympathies, your manly protection ; but some day you will find this was not love."

Words such as burst from the full passionate heart of youth cut short her calm but faltering accents.

I heard Evelyn's attempted words lost in the torrent of her lover's eloquence, and I thought she was yielding to it. I wished myself away, but escape was impossible.

" Ah ! truly, so to speak," cried Oscar to her in reply, " shows that you at least can know no love !"

" Blessed will be the woman to whom your love is intrusted, Oscar," she replied equivocally ; " but I am not, never could be, that woman."

Her words were putting out fire with oil ; Evelyn saw this, and took another tone. With a pure pale face, and hand laid softly on his shoulder, she looked up to him, as he bent, stilled like a child, by the soft pressure of that hand, and thus she said :—

" Dear, good friend, my protector and consoler in fearful trial, your memory will be dear to me ; dear as that of a brother's. But, Oscar, the beautiful prayer of my church

tells me there is one Being to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; that knowledge gives me comfort and peace; for whatever I may hide from others, I would not, if I could, hide aught that has befallen me from the eyes that are too pure to look upon evil. Believe this when you think of me; but believe also that I do not now speak from maidenly coquettishness or prudish affectation, when I truly declare to you that I *cannot*, will not, marry."

"Are you not mysterious, Evelyn?"

"Ah, yes! and you, open as the day; happy and joyous: oh! trust me, the sunlight of your life will not pass away with the friend over whose future days you already know some fatal circumstances have cast a shade."

"Evelyn, be my wife," cried Oscar, "and preserve any secret you wish to keep. My trust, my love, will never be diminished by your necessary reserve. But ah! sweet friend, why, for your own sake, will you not repose confidence in me? Evelyn, I feel, I could help, protect, perhaps avenge you."

"God forbid!" she exclaimed, almost in a voice of horror, "that any one should do

the last. But see now, Oscar," she added, with a faint smile, "to what marriage might bring me: could I resist such solicitations? You know not how frail poor nature is, how great the desire to trust; how the solitary heart aches for human sympathy, and longs to repose its burden on an arm of flesh: that must not be; there is One alone from whom no secrets can be hid. No, my friend, my resolution is, indeed, unalterable; but add your prayers to mine, that God may give me grace and strength to keep it, and to trust in him only. I wish you to be happy; I could never make you so, but I can show you the way. Next to the service and love of God, dear Oscar, the greatest happiness is to be loved with all the fervour of a fond and single affection. This you would vainly seek from me; but it yet may be yours. Lilla can present the blessing which it is not mine to bestow. She loves you with an innocent, but a deep and fervid love; let her be your consolation when I am gone; and, believe me, that one of the few things which can ever cause me to feel real joy again, will be to hear from yourself that the sweet girl is your bride."

It was curious to see the effect of these words. The storm of, perhaps, hasty passion was calming; an opposite current of milder and re-awakened feeling set against it. They sat side by side on the sofa, and he, bending down his head, murmured the words,

“ And Lilla loves me !”

“ Only from my own perception do I know it,” said Evelyn, with that tender jealousy for the honour of her sex which is so lovely in woman, “ not by word or token from her. Such love as hers is too low, too soft, too beautiful for human ear; it is the down on the butterfly’s wing; the finger that touches it bears trace of its existence, but the common eye perceives it not.”

The young baron laid his arms on the table, and his head upon them. A groan burst from his heart: the love he had lost was at that moment dearer to him than that he had found.

Evelyn rose gently up from her seat; a tear, as she bent over it, fell on that young manly head; she lifted her arm, as if, in woman’s unadulterated affection, she would have twined it round the neck of one she had involuntarily made unhappy; but she

held the hand suspended over the bright locks and hidden face, looked upwards, and breathed a blessing or a prayer ; then glided from the room, unheard and unseen.

I sprang with wonderful activity from my sofa, and got out, I know not how. We met in the gallery, and were gone from the door, I do believe, before poor Oscar had lifted up his head, and discovered that his English love was lost to him for ever.

* * * * *

And now, steaming slowly, we pass on through a beautiful archipelago : rocky and woody islets are here as dark gems in a diamond setting, the waters are sparkling so brightly in the fresh morning sun.

The beating hearts in our circumscribed space throb, perhaps, less wildly than one we have left behind.

But what know we of human hearts? What know I of that which almost touches my elbow as I write? Evelyn sits beside me ; her soft eyes are full of tears which never overflow ; they beam like the moon through the light haze of a summer night : she is sad, yet happy ; “ sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.” She surely feels she has done right.

And on, and on, we move slowly through a fair and intricate course: soon the city disappears, and silence, the deepest and most solemn, reigns around us, and dwells in the countless islets that throng our course; a silence meet for the poet and day-dreamer; a silence lovely in the warm summer-time, but which in an ice-wrapped scenery must have an awful effect.

The approach to this Venice of the north by the Baltic shows the city to much greater advantage than this way of exit of ours by Lake Mälär; both want the charming uniqueness of the Venice of the south, which, unlike any city of earth, seems to spring forth

“ fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of round towers,”

on a level with the sea, and without apparently a foot of earth to rest on. Stockholm, built on its seven islands, is, on the contrary, clearly seen, even at a distance, to be partly elevated on a high rocky site, and partly descending to the water's edge. It is surrounded, too, by trees, rocks, hills, and turf-banks covered with flowers; instead of rising like fair Venice from a bed of waters,

its site undistinguished from them by a tree, or rock, or glimpse of solid land. But if it were not for that beautiful singularity, and for the romance-history which invests the widow of the Adriatic with a character all her own, in beauty or in grandeur, the water-approach to the capital of the north might well compete the palm with her.

It appears much more delightful to leave Stockholm by the Mälars than by the Baltic. In the first place, there is not the dreary prospect of sailing for three or four days over the deep green sea; but the more pleasing one of traversing the great old mystic lakes of Sweden, ever since the marvel-loving time of my own sweet childhood associated with all the ideas I ever formed of the land of Odin: and then the whole water-journey to Göttenburg is the most curious, and to me one of the most interesting that can be imagined.

I certainly never felt on Como, or Maggiore, the sense of interest and enjoyment which Lake Mälars has given me. It is seventy-five English miles in length; at times its banks contract so as to bring close to you their luxuriant verdure, their flowers,

pretty villas, and handsome chateaux; then it expands again, and presents you with large and small islands, to the amount, in its whole course, of one thousand four hundred; some of these dotted with pretty houses, others filled only with fir-trees, others a bare rock: and these last were the favoured haunts of superstition, and scarcely one of them but would furnish matter for a legend, if we had time, *en passant*, to make one up.

As we moved away from the city, its steeples and towers, and afterwards the green banks, with their pleasant villas, were more distinctly visible to us when we looked down on the sunny water. We seemed to sail over a splendid picture, dividing the crystal that covered it: the last, and the first, of sights, as of everything else, are the most impressive; but the *last* more than the *first*; perhaps such is the reason that Stockholm, as seen in the waters of Lake Mälaren, is most distinctly mirrored still in my memory.

Now we go round a fine promontory, and adieu, a really affectionate adieu, to dear Mälaren. We now get into the first of the numerous and extraordinary canals which

string together the various natural waters which are employed in making our romantic water-route to Göttenburg.

The high, picturesque banks and narrow channel of this connecting bit of canal, which is said to be on the site of that cut by the famed St. Olaff, Viking of Norway before he was sainted, to carry his ships away from the blockade of the fleets of Sweden and Denmark, gave me the notion of a pretty gallery, leading into a handsome saloon. A single door, or lock, admitted us into the latter, a vik, or deep small bay of the Baltic; but the sea is here like a lake, in scenery and peacefulness. The town of Södertelje, and its picturesque swing-bridge, are left behind; the grey crags of East Götaland are at each side, and numerous islands, bare, or fir-crowned, and half-hidden rocks, begin to render our passage a slow and cautious one; but the proper channel is generally marked out for anxious mariners, by painting the rocks white, or, in shallow water, erecting sign-poles. One little island left its memory with me; it bore, on a rocky soil, one tall, sad-looking young fir-tree. I pointed it out to Evelyn.

“It is,” she said, “a melancholy type of some human lives or hearts.”

At Mem we enter the Göta Canal; it is a pretty spot, the scenery to us was novel. In the perfectly circular basin before the village, an admixture of salt and fresh water occurs. The deep solitude which had marked a great part of our course had been to me delightful; but, as Evelyn remarked, I was equally delighted here with the change. Handsome houses of the higher orders, and comfortable stone ones for the more lowly, neat farms, grazing herds, troops of horses, kept somewhat as they are in Bretagne, *en masse*, and immense droves of coal-black pigs (not iron ones), are seen among the pastures; and young ladies are angling in the clear basin of Mem with much grace and dexterity.

“An angling lady!” cried Evelyn, who, contrary to my prohibition, had peeped over my shoulder to look at what I wrote,—“how can you record such an offence against our nature? Who could pity her if she were caught by some treacherous bait herself?”

“They say cold-blooded animals do not feel,” I replied, without stopping my pencil.

“In that case our pity for her might be

thrown away, you mean, I fear, to infer. But I will only believe that assertion when a fish tells me so."

Our kind, English-speaking captain of the *John Telford*—for the pretty little steamboat was named after our engineer, who assisted in constructing the Göttenburg Canal—came to tell us that the town of Soderköping (N.B. The *k* in Swedish is pronounced like *ch* soft in this and similar names) was one of the first seaports of Sweden in the age of Gustavus Wasa; and that the great chalk cliff before that now quiet place was, at a still earlier date, the abode of the renowned pirate, Giant Ramundar, and is still named Ramundarshäll.

I do not know whether the giant-pirate patronised the water cure, or was partial to the purity of that pure beverage, but the hall of Ramundar is famous for it still, and we eagerly intercepted the bare-legged boy who brought down a supply for the use of the passengers of the *John Telford*.

Soderköping is a watering-place in another sense, but I do not think my description of it would send as many English there as that of the Old Man did to the Brunnen

of Nassau. A single "bubble" it would be useless for me to cast up.

We left the canal to enter the small lake of Asplongen,—our valuable captain wrote all names in my pocket-book ;—then we got into the canal again to lead us into lovely Lake Rosen.

Now at this point we should call to mind that the waters of the great Lake Wetteren, and small contiguous lakes, or natural streams, at the Stockholm side, flow, in that direction, to the Baltic Sea ; whereas those of the mighty Wenern flow by the Göta river to the Kattegat at Göttenburg, so that the course of this truly wonderful canal is divisible into two sections : of which, one, that which we are upon, ascends from the Baltic at Stockholm to Lake Wetteren ; the other, which we enter into after leaving the Wetteren, will descend from the Wenern to the Kattegat.

Now, then, we are going up granite hills in a steamboat ; presently we shall go down them. I only note what is most remarkable ; for as we were four days and a half in our packet, it may be reasonable to imagine

I was asleep some part of the route. And, indeed, I am now just reminded, by a cruel mosquito-bite, that I should be where other people are,—asleep in their nice little dormitories.

CHAPTER V.

THE GÖTTENBURG CANAL.

IT was after crossing Rosen-Zee that the feats which our little packet performed appeared to me singularly interesting, and, united with the scenery through which it led us, rendered this journey unlike any I had ever made.

From the Rosen the canal is carried up the face of a hill, and by a series of seven locks, admits us into the Wettern.

Two hours are required for the passage of these locks. Almost all our passengers, Evelyn among them, spent the time in visiting Vretakloster, an old church, where are the tombs of ancient Swedish kings and other great personages, including some of the gallant Scots once so famous in Sweden, the Douglas, who fought with Gustavus Adolphus.

I should like to have seen Vretakloster, but an injured foot made me avoid the risk of being left there, as there was no Giant Ramundar to carry me back.

I spent the time in my own fashion, and I do not regret having stayed behind.

It was a sweet evening: diverging from the road, I went into a field of tall grass, whose rising ground gave me the view I wanted. I sat under a large hawthorn, pulled wild-flowers, looked backwards and forwards and straight before me, and I wondered much. Nature was very beautiful, and art was admirable.

When my head turned one way, I saw the poor, patient, afflicted-looking steam-boat standing at the bottom of a steep rocky hill, rising seventy feet above it, and awaiting there the moment of its toilsome tug. The locks are divided into sections, but, at that distance, appeared to me to form one continuous dark staircase, ascending from the pretty boudoir-like lake that lay at its foot. Then, when I turned to the other side, there lay the fair, smiling, gentle Rosen, gemmed with its islets, and bright with the rays of the declining sun.

The tall tower of Linköping rose among the more distant trees on the opposite land ; and there was the old castle of the bishop, who so steadily resisted the Reformation of Luther, preferring a prison for life to an improvement in faith.

Not a creature in the world appeared to be stirring but myself, not even the mosquitoes,—their hour was not come ; but the banks of the lake, wooded to the water's edge, the noble oaks, the bright green of the verdure, so far removed all aspect and thought of gloom, that I could hardly fancy this pretty scene was the vestibule of the haunted and dreaded Lake Wetteren. Boren, a less interesting and smaller lake, is connected with both by a piece of canal.

We assembled again ; the boat mounted the hill ; we passed Motalla, the great iron-manufactory of this iron-producing land, and we passed, too, the grave of Admiral Von Platen, who helped to make the canal. A short time ago the captains used to fire a salute in so doing, but now they content themselves by saying to all strangers, "There is the grave of Admiral Von Platen ;" and this answers as well as the discharge of guns.

The great architect of Italy desired to be buried where he could see his beautiful spire; and the engineer of Sweden has just as good a view of his canal.

Night came on,—the still and glorious night of the north. We got out on the vast and beautiful and mystic Lake Wetteren. The moon rose clear and calm, mingling its light with the twilight of the sky. Not a breath stirred the soft, strange atmosphere. The upper deck was empty; I had crept from my cabin when others crept to theirs. I sat there in blissful solitude, and felt the influence of the solemn and majestic scene; Wetteren by moonlight! Deep thanks be thine, Parent of all good, who, with whatever hath been taken, hast left me the capacity to love and enjoy thy works!

Wetteren Lake is about ten miles less in length than its sister Wenern, but much less in breadth. It is ninety English miles long, and only fifteen broad: Wenern, the largest lake in Europe, except Ladoga, is one hundred long, and extends to fifty miles in breadth; although, like Mälaren, it frequently contracts narrowly. Wetteren Lake is two hundred and ninety-five feet above the

sea, its sister is only elevated one hundred and forty-seven.

Wettern is in parts immensely deep ; perhaps from that cause arises the deep green of its waters, green almost as those of the Baltic.

Our polite captain, a lieutenant in the navy, out for his three years, when, as the pay is small, they are allowed to take other employment, gave me a description of it quite in unison with my earliest ideas.

Its exposure throughout its vast length to the winds of the north and south, and other causes, " arising from its physical formation," as a pedant said—without an island to interrupt the continuous swell of its sea-like billows, or offer a refuge to the foundering mariners, whose heavily-laden vessels have to pass it, might alone cause it to be an object of dread ; but it is besides subject to some strange caprices, which render it decidedly their aversion. Its incertitude sets at nought their skill and foreknowledge. When a profound calm prevails on land and sea, the waves of this paradoxical lake " arise and toss themselves : " on the contrary, when a tempest sweeps the land, and

the waves of the sea roar horribly, Lake Wetteren reposes in tranquillity.

Such phenomena, arising as aforesaid from physical constitution, however natural to human compositions, are calculated to give a mysterious character to a lake. Even modern superstition—and this in Sweden is not as threadbare a thing as it is in other parts of Europe—is not unimpressed with the awe that is reflected from the terrible days of old.

The fierce and gloomy legends which the genius of Scandinavia created, are indeed well-nigh worn out; but still the Wetteren may recall the idea of those unholy things which sported in the storm, and exulted in the shriek of the drowning, which danced on the surge of the billow, and sang in the whistling wind. And where, in the clear white gloom of a northern winter night, could there be found a more fitting scene for the savage wolf-witch, with her jaws dripping blood, to pursue her ghastly flight, than over this vast lonely lake of ice? There are real wolves in abundance, which prowl and worry, if they dare not devour, the sledge-driving traveller.

A white, ghost-like form stood beside me on the deck; noiselessly it planted itself there; it stood between me and the full-orbed moon that hung clear and pale in the twilight sky.

“Cruel, that you are,” said a silvery voice, quite full of reproach; “why not awake me? I was asleep, and might have lost this magnificent scene.”

“You looked so like a ghost,” I replied, drawing a long breath, “with that great mosquito veil over your head; if you had not spoken so matter-of-fact-like, I should have had a mysterious story to record.”

“Ah! I hate mysteries; never invent them,” said Evelyn, “lest as a punishment you, too, should have to experience their real misery.”

“Yet are you not sometimes mysterious; at least, is there not some mystery about you?” I boldly said.

“Yes, to my deep sorrow,” she instantly, and without either offence or prevarication, made answer; “yes; if not mystery, there is concealment; and I have been always taught to think that so wrong; to feel that one’s heart and thoughts should be seen as in a

looking-glass; that every feeling should be bared to the view of others."

"That system in early education often leads to subsequent error, or unhappiness," I remarked.

"I do not think it has led to error in my case," she replied; "to unhappiness—oh, yes!"

There was silence between us; we looked over the mystic moonlit, and daylit lake; then turned and looked into each other's eyes. Moonlight then again met mine. Without word or sign, we felt our hearts conversed, understood each other's language; yet mystically still.

"You can, then, trust me," said Evelyn, in a voice of emotion; "you can leave me to myself, and let me bear my own burden, as I must, as I ought to bear it."

"I can do so," I replied, "and without explaining why."

Evelyn was quite silent for some time; I could not even see her face.

"I have lately," she said, after this long pause, "met some noble hearts; perhaps God never sends to his children a trial, that he does not also send some way of

escape that they may be able to bear it; though," she added, deeply sighing, "though it be not the way their hearts would desire. I have honoured you for your silence; your avoidance of all questions."

"Be assured that I shall always avoid asking what you may appear to wish to leave unanswered," I replied.

"Ah!" and that "ah!" must typify a great sigh, "that is just what I longed for you to say. I have feared to speak, lest I should be drawn out to say too much. Oh! when the pent-up heart longs to expand itself, to vent even the least part—"

A great figure, muffled in a long-sleeved cloak, came up the steps; Evelyn sprang close to me, a scream was bursting from her lips.

"Sall you natt be too cald, ladees?" said our ever-attentive captain.

I could answer as to the improbability of our trembling from cold, but Evelyn trembled from some other reason. Here, however, was a Swede, wrapped up to the eyes, and fearing the cold of a summer night; he had a delicate chest, to be sure; but, strange to say, it is always affirmed that foreigners

bear the winter cold of Sweden better than the natives.

“How solemn must this scene be in winter,” I said to Evelyn, when he had retired again; “those trees gemmed with icicles, —those vast frozen lakes, white and pathless.”

“I have passed over a part of this in the baron’s sledge,” Evelyn observed; “we came this way from Ystad, and for a part of it we were obliged to come on the frozen lake. It was a grand but terrible scene, and the cry of the wolves!”—she shuddered—“when I think of that long adventurous journey, just four hundred and fifty of our miles, performed under his protection, his kind-hearted servant our sole attendant; half-dead as I was with fear, grief, and cold, surely it is not wonderful, that a man so brave, young, and noble in mind, should even fancy he loved the forlorn creature for whom he endured such hardship? One night we reached the edge of that vast solemn forest: to get through it was impossible; a friendly old wood-cutter took us into his hut;—ah! if you had seen how like a father young Oscar watched over

me ; Heaven bless him, more than I ever can."

" I never have," I said, " wondered at the love of the noble young Swede ; I only wonder how you, so young, lovely, and formed, one would say, to love and be loved, could not return the sentiment you inspired."

Evelyn fastened her deeply tender eyes on me, and said,

" You wonder at that ! Well," she added, turning the direction, though not the subject, of our conversation, " the heart is often a mystery to oneself, it must be so, therefore, to others. But the baron's love for me was the growth merely of circumstances ; I am convinced he had loved Lilla first ; I am sure they both had felt she was his destined bride, his legitimate and first love. I came between them like the wandering star that might eclipse for a moment our view of the planet ; but now the eclipse is passed ; or, a more appropriate simile is to say, that the parted waters will meet, now that the dividing rock is removed. Sweet Lilla ; she saw I was that rock ; but she bowed her meek heart, and appeared only to love and reverence me the more, because she saw he

did so. She fancied, dear girl, that hers was the love of the moth for the star. Her love for Oscar is almost devotion."

And now the moon was gone ; the gorgeous sun came forth rejoicing from his chamber in the east. He shone over lovely and varied scenery. Wanas, the great fortress and military depôt of Sweden, guards the entrance of the Wettern ; it would doubtless be to Sweden what the Capitol was to Rome, should that land become the scene of war.

Viken is a deep pool in the bosom of fir-covered mountains : here the scenery became most lovely ; the foliage of more genial temperature mingled with that of the dark pine and fir and the silvery stem of the hardy birch. A number of beautiful islands thronged the passage, and rendered it a curiously labyrinthine one. The passage is threaded, and the West Göta Canal is entered,—with the exception of that at Trollhättan, the most astonishing thing of the kind I ever beheld. It is hewn out of granite ; and the labour and expense of cutting the passage were so great, that, to save a couple of feet in width, it is so narrow, that the poor little

packet is in danger of crushing its ribs against the walls of rock between which it is wedged in passing the locks. We feel for its position, as well as for that of the anxious crew and captain who have to conduct the panting, puffing thing through the many curving and dangerous bends of the canal. Its progress is naturally slow, but, to my fancy, interesting, as we, idle passengers, have constantly to run from side to side, exclaiming and admiring, as we momentarily expect to come dash against the high black walls. But the captain says the boats very rarely meet with an accident, they are so skilfully managed; yet there, at that projection of the curve, a poor sailor who held the pole, shoving the boat off from it, toppled over, and was killed between that horrid paddle and the black wall. The locks are numerous, and dignified with royal names, as theatres and other things are with us. They have the advantage, which royal persons themselves do not always possess, of giving liberty to prisoners; at the name of Charles John, or Prince Oscar, we leap from confinement, and ramble at liberty through the pleasant country.

But beauty is rapidly passing away. The highest level of our course is marked on a column, as, I think, three hundred feet above the sea. We shall soon begin to descend, but for some time we have a nearly level run, and perhaps therefore an uninteresting one; the scenery is flat and unromantic, though more populated and animated.

At this crisis in our journey, Evelyn and I went to sleep.

My general impression of this West Göta Canal, however, is, that fir and birch now take place of trees of a more temperate latitude; lichens are in great variety, and the largest mosses I ever saw; also heaths, and a profusion of wild strawberries in the woods, with an equal abundance of wild flowers; of the latter fact we had incontrovertible evidence, by often getting a smart salute on the cheek from a great bunch of these flowers—no matter if the nettle or thistle were among them—flung with all the benevolence which the hope of receiving in return the smallest mite into which the Swedish threepenny bank-note is divisible, could impart to the poor young girl, bare-legged boy, or old woman.

who threw it at us. Very different from the pretty flower-offerers of Florence, who have won so much English money, if not hearts, they yet made their offering with quite the same intentions.

The banks of this canal were, indeed, in some parts, lined with poor creatures, both men and women; some of the former the largest I have ever seen in any country. I never saw such large men as in this part of Sweden. These poor people had not shoes nor stockings; their fair, but tanned or freckled faces, and dirty light hair, presented nothing of comeliness or interest. The head-dress of the women was that most repulsive one of a dirty-coloured handkerchief, wound round the forehead, and ~~all~~. But if there was nothing sentimental or engaging, there was nothing offensive in their manner or aspect; they appeared to be civil and quiet; not pertinacious like the beggars of Austria, nor clamorous like those of Italy, nor impudent like those of Ireland.

I sometimes seriously incline to the belief that my journeys are productive of some skiey influences. I know not how it is, but I fancy if any one particularly wanted fine

weather, and were to send me on a journey,—of course paying its expenses,—the weather would be fine. It is always so when I am *en route*.

Now, on Midsummer's Eve, it might have been raining if I had been stationary in England, but not a drop fell on the banks of the West Göta Canal ; never have I to record the usual complaints of travellers against weather and disappointments. It is very strange, but it is true.

The feast of St. John in the north has taken place of the feast of the Scandinavian deity Balder. We came in our rambles on a gala group of young peasants, celebrating in the pleasant ball-room of a meadow that ancient fête of the sun. A high pole was decorated with a parachute-like crown of wild flowers, and a spiral rope of the same wound it around. The dance went on in a circle about it, like that of our old May-day, which is now only celebrated by the chimney-sweepers of London. We were in the land of Jenny Lind and of Taglioni, but neither the music nor dancing reminded us of either the Swedish nightingale or Swedish *danseuse*. The notes of a home-made

violin were eked out at irregular intervals by a chorus of vocal sounds; but whether these proceeded from the nightingales or corncreaks of Sweden, I, unfortunately, was not ornithologist enough to discover. Yet it was a happy and innocent scene. Many of our merry passengers took part in it, and the young people received the dancing tribute to their flower-pole in good part, and were in no degree "put out of the way" by the accession of a foreign troop.

This was near to Carlstad, where we had to stop for three hours; it is the chief town of the province, the residence of a bishop and governor, and seated on the brink of the Wenern, on an island formed by the junction there of the great river Klar, which, after a roll of two hundred and fifty miles from Norway, pours itself here into the waters of this vast lake, with them to find its only passage through the narrow opening of the rocks at Trollhättan. Most of our passengers went off to examine the pet fortress of the late soldier king; I found Evelyn sitting with her feet almost in the lake, her head encircled with a coronet of mosquitoes, wheeling round the brow they ap-

peared afraid to touch. My forehead was one great red blister, and hers was as white as ever. It is curious that that part of "the human face divine" is the sphere of their malignant attacks. They are evidently an intellectual tribe.

Evelyn had been conversing with a finely-dressed officer of the Swedish navy, one of the enrolled, but not employed, who hold lands after the ancient tenure of military service. He had come to Carlstad to see the governor, whom, as he, like all seamen of his country, spoke English, he called "the general." But he had the double object of making one at the midsummer ball; and fearing to be late for it, he went away soon after I returned.

"Do you really never dance?" I said to her.

She answered my question, as a certain people are said to do, by asking another.

"Do you?"

"I am too old."

"Equivocal! But did you ever?"

"Many a time; and giddily as any one; even as the Swedes can do; as that young Oscar and Lilla did the other night. But I

gave it up when I came to years of discretion. I have not danced since I was seventeen years old."

"What a droll person you are! What could make you give up dancing when most people begin?"

"Sorrow, and, people say, religion."

Evelyn sighed.

"Well," she said, "such was not my case; I never was taught to dance. I always thought it was sinful."

"You were then religiously brought up?"

"I was brought up by what are termed strictly evangelical people; pious, excellent, well-meaning women."

Out rung the little imperative bell from the boat, and down came running all the straggling passengers, leaving their various employments; some from taking a warm bath, some from eating a better supper in the town than they could find on board,—but these were neither natives nor Germans, for the supper was paid for, eaten or not,—and Evelyn and I from criticising our early education. That work was postponed, for we had now to dive down "feet foremost," in the manner aforesaid, in order to try to mas-

ticate our daily bread ; a work of more practical utility, but so much more difficult, that, overcome with the labour of trying to break knacken into eatable subdivisions, and of shaking my head at the sundry plates presented to me by the busy Flika, I went to my berth, and slept the sleep of the weary.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GÖTTENBURG CANAL.

I WAS fast asleep when we got into the Wenern: but I was awoke by Evelyn, in her white dress and gleaming hair, bending over me, and, with a low whisper, causing me to jump up in an instant to the living world.

She wanted me, so naturally, to come on deck, and see the dangers of our passage. It was indeed most intricate: parts of the Wenern are exceedingly shallow, and so beset with rocks that the only safe channel is marked by sticks, so close to each other as barely to leave room for a vessel between them, while the rocks and sharp-pointed crags bristle up equally close, and the numerous islets render the passage tortuous, as well as difficult.

To the fearfully disposed, all this at night would not be agreeable; even the chiar-

oscuro of a northern sky might be insufficient to guide a steersman, less skilful than a Norwegian one, through its clusters of rocks and islets; but Evelyn was quite delighted when she got me to stand beside her, and with a sense of perfect safety we saw our young captain guide our packet within a hair's breadth of the jutting crags; sometimes just the least little scrape, and off again.

This was only for a part of our passage; though for some distance the shores of the vast lakes are near, and form even jutting peninsulas far into it; and though the Kinekulle, the Brocken of Sweden, was shown to me from it, yet does the boat take another course, and gets out on the wide, deep lake, and then no eyes can range over its expanse of fifty miles, neither can they meet any object whereon to rest in the intermediate space.

“Now, Evelyn,” I said, “I really am very sleepy; there are no more dangers to awake me to see: the sun performs the part of the night-police in Sweden, and you remind me of the old watchmen of by-gone days in England, who made the country gentleman

complain that they awoke him to tell him what o'clock it was."

"Yet I am not a coward," she replied, with a smile.

"You have moral courage, perhaps too much," I answered; "good night. Do you sleep too?"

We both did so.

The words of command given by the captain in Swedish are almost the same as those used in our language, so that some travellers have imagined that English words are used; the calling out of some of these words, though in the silky voice of Sweden, awoke us both; we started up, and found we were at Wenersborg, or the town of the Wener, as would be its interpretation.

Here we had to take in wood, an operation at which others might grumble, but at which I was much pleased, we saw so much to amuse us, and passed the time so agreeably. Certainly in England, where time is money, and a person who steals a man's time is therefore a pickpocket, and ought, if our laws were consistent, to be more severely punished than he who steals a handkerchief, the Göttenburg Canal would

not answer as well as the railroads; but everything is beautiful in its season, and perhaps when the railroad is made between Göttenburg and Stockholm we shall find it beautiful too.

We left any one to grumble that pleased; and while some of the immense piles of wood, which are most artistically built up along the banks, were being carried into the boat by herculean, yet very poor-looking Swedes, we walked forth into the rather dreary town of Wenersborg.

The houses, raised only one story above the ground-floor, are laid out in regular order, at a distance so wide apart as to give an idea of unsociability; they seem to say, "I am obliged to be near you, but I will keep as far off as I can." In fact, they look like the streets of Berlin, where a certain space of ground was obliged to be covered with buildings.

Land cannot be as dear on the banks of the Wenern as in over-crowded England; the object, however, is, not to keep peace between neighbours, but to prevent them from taking fire from each other.

Since a terrible conflagration that took

place here about a dozen years ago, Wenersborg, like princely Hamburg, is rising like the phœnix from its ashes. The ancient church stands in the centre of a desolate square; we saw nothing to charm us in the town, but in returning we found occupation in examining the national vehicles; the small carriages, and the compact little horses that draw them, the antique ploughs, and rude farming implements, all worthier of a simpler age than the nineteenth century. I could not help thinking what a mutual-advantage system it might prove if English or Scotch farmers were encouraged to settle in this agricultural country. But some one told me Sweden did not like such settlements.

Here we saw cars and carts patched up in a primitive fashion, the timber not altogether stripped of its bark. Here too we were amused by the curious carriages used by these people for the transit of their frozen lakes; but some of them were too awful to be lightly spoken of—a sailing carriage upon ice! literally propelled by sails. Hail to the old genius of Scandinavia! could anything be more in keeping with it?

The less imaginative vehicle consists of two shafts of rough fir, extending two or three feet behind the part on which the body rests; these trail on the ground, and are rarely cased in iron, labour and wood not rendering the first expense the best.

A wooden bridge, a mile long, was our next promenade; it crosses the broad Göta river at its exit from its source in the lake, and is the only medium of communication, except that of boats, between the eastern and western shores of the Wenern, and opens to permit vessels to pass. The effect of the miniature carriages of the country, with their Lilliputian steeds, making the rapid transit of this bridge,—for every driver in Sweden appears the lineal descendant of the son of Nimshi,—contrasts almost enchantingly with the immensity of the lake they gallop over, its stilly surface shadowed along the distant shore by the wood-clothed bank.

Fish, which we were told—alas, are we not always told so of things we are not to possess?—were of a delicious quality, sported in our very sight, as if mocking us with the cry, “Come eat me, come eat me,” and breaking, together with the sleep of the deep, our

charm of poetry and imagination, by exciting the covetous desire of being able to add them to the more easily subdivided provisions of our steamboat *salle à manger*. Well, everything is beautiful in its season, and so, too, is knacken, for I have brought a bit of it to England, and I look upon it with affection, as on an old, but very crusty friend. I wanted very much to go to see Wälchäll, a singular rock which we had been told to see, but which we could not see. It is a heart-shaped rock, supposed to have formed an altar of pagan sacrifice: some say that on this rock victims were immolated, and others say, that from this rock the elderly heroes of old Scandinavia used to precipitate themselves, from impatience to meet the embrace of Odin in Valhalla. Had my researches been pursued on the spot, I might have been able to throw light on the subject; but I must leave the rock and its offices just where I found them. Indeed, while I was coveting an excursion to the neighbouring mountain of Hunneberget, the name of which commemorates a battle of the Huns, and to the splendid valley, which has, for a longer period, commemorated “ the

dread magnificence” of nature, Evelyn took my arm, saying,

“The mountains, the valley, and rock will remain where they are, and the fish are beyond your grasp, but the boat is moving off to Trollhättan.”

“And to effect the possible, instead of speculating on the impossible, is, I conclude, the moral you would imply,” I answered. “*Allons.*”

The passage of the locks at Trollhättan occupies fully two hours. The canal is carried over a height of a hundred and twenty feet above the Göta river, which issues from the falls; and its channel for half an English mile has been blasted out of the granite mountain.

In the contemplation of this really stupendous work, the mind is strongly yet agreeably divided between admiration of art and nature; both spring from the same source, the fountain of wisdom and love.

Hans Anderson, in his story of a Life, has given a brief expression to the wonder of a native of level Denmark at this sight:—“I was in the highest degree astonished at the Trollhättan voyage. It sounds to the unin-

initiated like a fable, or fairy tale, when one says that the steamboat goes up across lakes, over mountains, from whence may be seen the outstretched pine and beech (?) woods below. Immense sluices heave up and lower the vessel, while the travellers ramble in the woods. None of the cascades of Switzerland, none in Italy, not even that of Terni, have in them anything so imposing as that of Trollhättan. Such, at least, is the impression it made upon me."

And, taken in connection with the singular adaptation of the falls, and even of the surrounding works, to the nature of the scenery, such also is the impression that it made upon me.

Having made this voyage both in the ascent and descent, that is to say, in going towards Stockholm and coming from it, I deem a great advantage; but prefer the former both for grandeur and interest. In coming from Göttenburg, the first point of view is from the river Göta, when an almost unequalled sight holds you spell-bound before the mystical Trollhättan. Hanging on the side of a wood-crowned mountain, you see a white fallen cloud, a hill of snow,

anything, you fancy it, but a torrent of water; and when you are told it is water, you imagine the old Troll has arrested its accumulated froth and spray, and suspended it for ages in a stationary mass, a mountain of snow-white vapour.

Then you see, as you ascend towards its source, how the young "exulting river," fresh from its struggle for freedom, bears on its surface some of that "young republic" excitement which a lengthened course will subdue, while the great old grey granite rock looks over it, like the stern guardian that frowns on the escapade of the impetuous scapegrace, bursting with a shout of wild delight from its parent lake.

Here, it is running away beneath the boat you sail in; there, it is still, white, calm, and moveless, hanging on the mountain-side with the tall green trees above it, and its voice is yet unheard.

On we come, and gaze round with a sensation of awe.

"Truly, this is like Scandinavia," Evelyn murmured.

Never did I see a place where the art of man had been brought among the sublimities

of nature without creating a sense of vexation in the beholder's mind, except at Trollhättan, the astonishing works of this engineering achievement are so entirely in character with the aspect of the scenery.

That singular chain of locks, as they rise up the face of the mountain, look in the distance like the wards of a giant key; and the waters, you may fancy, roar out his impatience, as he waits its turning to plunge into the abyss below. Imagination may riot at Trollhättan; but, in simple reality, our poor little packet stood at the top of that vast chain of locks, with its nose just peeping over them; for, be it remembered, I have been now sketching the upward route, not our actual downward one.

We got out near to the large stone-built inn, quite a great affair for Sweden; but this is a show-place; all our fellow-passengers, having taken their peep at the falls, went there for another species of enjoyment, and we were left alone.

Trollhättan Falls consist of four vast rapids, formed by the water of Wenern Lake, which can only find vent by a fissure in the rocks two hundred yards wide, through

which this great body of water rushes, in this head-over-heels fashion, to soothe itself to a quieter demeanour in the channel of the Göta river.

Some one remarked, that if these falls were perpendicular, they would be the greatest in Europe; I should think so, as their length is about an English mile.

Their roar is heard at a great distance, and its sublime effect is quite in harmony with that of the scene.

This spot is well named Trollhättan,* for there is something magical about it altogether, and one can easily believe that the Troll kept here his dwelling-place as well as his hat.

This water is not a cataract, neither is it like any waterfall I ever saw; around it there is no Alpine scenery, no eternal snow, or savage desert; its character is its own; it is a whirling, powerful mass of water that will have its own way, and roars and dashes through the rocks and woods, making them appear to tremble at its fury, and re-utter its passionate voice, as it whirls down its wide, but encumbered descent, encircling in

* *Anglicè*, the Conjurer's Hat.

its way that adjunct of Swedish water-scenery, a fir-covered island.

This small island is reached by a wooden bridge; where, alas, for such nuisances! a guardian dragon is stationed to collect a toll. This is the *point de vue*. Here, in the midst of the roaring, tearing stream, you think the rocky island trembles beneath your feet: here we are told a German fainted, from fear, I suppose, of the island sailing off with him; and there, more melancholy still, a sensitive Frenchman is said to have died!

There is a great cavern down lower, which was, I believe, the residence of the Troll: many a wild and fearful superstition is still connected with it. But the Conjuror's Hat, which has stood sponsor to the king of torrents, is merely a circular hole in the rock, invertically covered with autographs, said to be those of the kings, queens, and great folks of Sweden, from I know not who, down to Bernadotte; together with those of many more, who got into the Conjuror's Hat in order thus to inform the world that they once had "a local habitation and a name."

I stood there, thinking of the Troll more than of the autographs in his hat, while

Evelyn walked on before me, and entered the island.

I saw her standing there gazing on the advancing torrent; but she turned, and the earnest, and then frightened look she fastened on the great dark rock below the upper fall, made me wonder whether she too fancied she felt that *tremblement de terre* which had caused the sad results before mentioned. With a low, faint cry, as if in exquisite pain, she moved a pace or two backward, and fell against me as I came on.

“He is not in danger, do not alarm yourself,” I cried; for, naturally looking in the direction she had turned to, I perceived a man clinging to the abrupt rocks, down which a rash curiosity, that seemed to write him English, had evidently made him descend, in hope of having a finer view from beneath it.

But surely, I thought, the old Troll had endued this island with the faculty of inspiring terrors, when Evelyn, grasping my arm with a pressure that even from her light hand was painful, cried in a low voice of anguish, “Ah! save me! hide me! take me away.”

I drew her arm through mine, and led her so quickly away that she had not time to faint.

We did not say a word, but walked on over the sawdust-strewn path until we came near the small lake, from which the blue frocks and red caps of the seamen, who there anchor their barges, appeared picturesquely through the trees. I had an idea that it was well to keep in the way of help: it never once struck me that Evelyn's terror was caused by love. But truly Trollhättan was to be a place of mystery to me.

CHAPTER VII.

TROLLHÄTTAN.

I REMEMBERED my promise, and resolved to die a martyr to curiosity, rather than ask Evelyn a question. I put her to sit on a felled tree, and I stood beside her. It was as much as to say, Here I am, but there is no communication between us unless you make the first move."

In fact, she did so ; but I believe she spoke only to herself. "He will go the other way," she said ; "he will join the boat that is going to Stockholm."

"To Stockholm," I repeated, just by way of keeping open the channel of communication without being inquisitive.

"Yes, must he not," she demanded, lifting up such a face,—a face of bewilderment, agony, and affection,—“when he is going for me?”

"For you, Evelyn ? Oh ! I see, you wish to avoid this person."

She threw me a reproachful glance ; then put her elbows on her knees, laid her face in her open palms, and burst into a flood of tears.

“ Dear, dear Frank,” she murmured ; but the words came from the heart rather than from the lips ; the very tone in which the common-place name of Frank was uttered revealed to me whole pages in a chapter of life.

“ Evelyn, Evelyn !” I cried, “ we can stop him yet ; I can run.” I was almost off, when she caught my dress. She held it for a minute silently, and without lifting up her face.

“ No, no,” she said, with a deep sigh, “ it is better not ; I have not strength ; at least it is better not to trust our strength too far ; if I should fail, if I should betray——Oh, no, let him go.”

“ Incomprehensible girl,” I exclaimed, for when one is in a benevolent humour, it is hard to be thus checked ; “ yet you love that man, I know you do.”

Evelyn’s large, clear, brown eyes rose up, and looked fully into mine ; their first expression changed, for that had been like displeasure.

“And even if you are right,” she said, with a faltering voice and a varying colour, “does not true love act for the happiness and good of the beloved?”

“You are right, and true,” I answered; “but may not the happiness of one or two lives hang on the decision of this moment? let it then be wisely made.”

She bent down her face again; and once more burst into such a passion of grief as I scarcely thought she could have given way to. She wept like a child; sobbed and trembled with emotion. I drew away one hand, and silently pressed it between mine.

The poor girl became calmer, and faintly returning the pressure looked anxiously up, and said,

“You will not forsake me now?”

“Decidedly not.”

She sat some moments as if listening to the roar of the falls, the murmur of the saw-mills, the hush of the summer leaves.

She heard them not; her mind was in far other scenes.

“I will not see him,” she said at last, looking to me with that agitated and working countenance, which I think would have

enlisted a host of the crusaders of old in her cause ; “ we may be strong for others, and weak for ourselves ; but, ah ! dear friend, do you go ; I can rely upon you, you will not betray me. Just go and bring me word if he is still there ; if he is still the same, or if he looks anxious and altered. Bring me his description, and I will bless you for it.”

I went off without a word. The last direction was sufficiently explicit to act upon ; though how I was to perform the foregoing, without having previously seen the object in question, poor Evelyn forgot to explain.

As I re-approached the falls, I saw the unknown had got out of his rather hazardous predicament, and was now standing in the little island quite in the established hero-attitude, for his arms were actually folded, and every novel hero folds his arms on every possible contingency.

I drew an augury from the fact.

The stranger was watching the torrent that came madly dashing down, as if it would hurl his resting-place before it. I stopped, and, leaning on the little gate, made my observations also.

I saw a young man who at first sight struck

me as being like Evelyn, yet his hair was nearly black, and his eyes a clear, bright blue. His figure possessed that grace which is certainly preferable in men to mere regularity of feature, yet his countenance was one of no common cast, and you felt that such a person, once seen, was not again easily forgotten.

Intent as he was on the wild scene before him, it was not easy for me to fulfil Evelyn's commission, and report whether anxiety or sorrow marked that countenance. It was grave, and I was going to say earnest, but that is the word used to express everything now; and who could stand in such a spot with a different expression of the tone of mind, it inspired? His dress, also, might reasonably account for something of the same expression; for while it resembled that of no other priesthood, there was a certain air of stiffness about it, which, together with the distinctive badge of a white neckerchief, told me he was a clergyman of the Church of England. A few moments sufficed for such observations; but they were interrupted by the movements of their object, who, after a gaze of intense, though silent emotion, at

the scene around him, declined his head, as if the action involuntarily expressed the bowing of the spirit to the great, holy Power, which it felt and discerned "in the things that are made."

Then he had to pass out of the little wicket on which I was leaning. I drew back, and he made me a bow, and gave a glance that said "Are you English?" But he passed me in silence, and I felt as if Evelyn's fate, her spirit-twin, had gone by me.

The stranger to me—what was he to her?—took the way to the inn, and I went back as fast as I could in the contrary direction. I almost expected to find this too mysterious girl had been caught up by the strange beings of the cave, called Sjäfboden, or conjured away by the Troll.

She had crept on to meet me, and stood leaning against a tall tree; a look of girlish excitement, one that made visible the flutterings of a fond and fearful heart, was bent forward to me, as she said anxiously, "Well, how does he look?"

"He looks like a handsome, yet intellectual, young Englishman," I replied; "but

never having seen him before, I cannot tell whether he ever looked otherwise."

"Ah! I forgot that. But does he look anxious, sorrowful?"

"No. His aspect is grave; perhaps, especially about the mouth, which is not at all like yours, bordering on severe, at least expressive of a moral strength, which often gives a character of severity. But, Evelyn, we must now act like sensible people. Our packet will soon have passed the locks; there is still a choice for you to make. Let us either give up our progress to Göttenburg, stop here, meet this man, and—I own in my own idea of the case—put an end to your troubles and difficulties, and make yourself happy; or let us come on to meet our boat. If you wish it, I will stay here with you." There was a moment's silence. Then Evelyn put her arm through mine, and said,

"To the boat;" and she set off at a rapid pace. I think if she had walked slower her purpose might have altered.

The paths from the falls to the canal meander, for about an hour's walk, through delicious scenery: it was a sunny and breezy day; the wind was hot, and it flung from

the tall trees dancing shadows over the bright grass. There is something wild and peculiar, something that, as I have said, imagination can associate with the Trolls and Valas of old times, in particular aspects which Trollhättan presents.

The path was thickly covered with dry, clean sawdust, and, homely as the covering might be, there was a degree both of pleasure and poetry in the soft noiseless tread, which harmonized with the not ungentle, and to me most pleasing murmur of the humming saw-mills, the rustle of the foliage so loftily raised above our heads, and the distinct, but not stunning voice of the ever-roaring torrent.

Wild and beautifully frantic as it is, that current has been tamed in a degree to man's more resistless will, or made subservient to his arts and purposes. These saw-mills are a curious feature in the scene, and while they detract from its original air of lonely grandeur, are more in keeping with it than many other works would be.

Man, that ever-toiling ant, brings his schemes and labours into the mightiest, and apparently the most unalterable of nature's

operations, and proves that to him alone, little as he is in comparison, was primevally given dominion over the works of God's hands.

The saws which, without manual labour, divide into planks the immense quantity of wood carried by this channel to Göttenburg, are kept in motion by the water, and their sound is a soft dreamy hum, quite unlike the harsh grating of the steam machinery for the same purpose which I have heard in England. The wind was so warm, the sun so bright, and the place so charming, that I found it impossible to walk as fast as Evelyn; she had dropped my arm, and finally got on far before me, while I sauntered after, making these observations on scenery and saw-mills.

Our packet had passed the locks of Trollhättan Canal, which, as I think I before described, has been the means of opening this water-passage to Stockholm, by avoiding the tremendous obstacle interposed by the rapids.

All our passengers, a great many fresh ones having joined us, were already crowded on the little decks when I got on board. I

did not see Evelyn. I went here and there among the Swedes, Germans, Fins, Norwegians, Lapps, and sundries, but she was too distinct a being not to be discerned.

A thousand ideas can, in such a dilemma, come and go in one moment through the brain; one settled conviction rested in my mind; I knew I should never be at peace with myself again if I went on and left her behind, uncertain whether accident, design, or, perhaps, compulsion, had detained her.

I was on the point of springing from the boat, though the words "Gä an" had been given, when it struck me that she might very naturally have gone straight down to our little cabin. It was better to go there and look, as I could get out at the next station.

The blue striped curtain was drawn across the door; putting the least bit of it aside, I peeped within. Evelyn was kneeling on the floor with her back to me, her face raised towards the opposite window; her hands lay cross-wise on her breast; her face expressed even passionate emotion. Her small travelling bonnet, which more resembled a cap, had been thrown hurriedly off,

and her glowing hair made her look, when thus falling around her, a Magdalen, in all but humiliation. There was nothing of humiliation, nothing of penitence, in that working countenance; it was rather the appeal to Heaven of an upright and pure soul, desirous amid mortal weakness, or against the sinfulness of others, to maintain the course it was called to pursue. Such was the reflection of the soul that seemed to be wrought in that fair face, which, amidst the workings of a passionate tenderness, was still full of a sweetness that might be called holy. I withdrew, in the conviction that Evelyn knelt not there at that moment to plead for pardon, or implore grace to regain a better path.

We passed Lilla Edet, a great saw-mill station, and a village prettily named, which reminded me of the sweet young Swede, and her silent love; but Lilla, in Swedish, signifies nothing but "little."

The Ströms Canal, says our *John Telford* captain, was constructed to avoid the fall at Lilla Edet. The fall here is indeed the herald of the king of torrents. The waters from Trollhättan here take a last, and

splendid leap, before they settle down in the quiet stream of the Göta, bounding beautifully from the edge of a huge rock which nearly fills their bed.

Here then commences, or ends, that prodigy of engineering art, Trollhättan Canal, although five pieces of canal, between this and the mountain town of Wenersborg, are distinguished by distinct names. Now we are taking leave of canals, and are to finish our wonderful journey on the river. Delighted myself with all I saw, felt, or understood, it was with a feeling of repulsion from a mind so opposite, that I read this note in a traveller's pocket-book :

“ These canals and locks are tedious and monotonous, and when the mind has stretched itself in wonder and admiration at the colossal proportions of this masterpiece of engineering skill, it becomes affected with *ennui* at the endless repetition of locks, over which the little packet creeps and scrambles in its ascending way.”

“ Ah,” said Evelyn, faintly smiling, “ a mental collapse appears to have succeeded the stretching process.”

From Ström to Kongelf the scenery is

pleasing and diversified, and the rest of the course to Göttenburg becomes of a different character to that of our previous course.

Coloured wooden houses, chiefly red, though of a large size, are scattered over bright pastures covered with herds of cattle; grey and fantastic crags are often partly clothed with a long moss of the same hue; a great variety of lichens and gigantic firs mingle with glimpses of interesting home scenery, and constitute an aspect which is not at all extraordinary, yet totally unfamiliar to English travellers.

At the ancient town of Kongelf the mountains begin to rise, and much more animation is seen; picturesque ruins of fortresses and castles crown the heights; the towering pine, the lonely lord of the solitary rock, still, Crusoe-like, looks out over the rich, verdant strip of pasture which lies in the midst of harsh piles of granite, reminding one, as I said to my now silent companion, of a gentle woman's mind thrown into rough ungenial circumstances.

“I like you,” said Evelyn, “for seeing beauty everywhere and in everything; those little speeches often touch my heart, be-

cause the comparison applies to its feelings.”

“ Well, if Göttenburg was not in sight, I should try to make another ; but now we are going slowly through all these barges and boats, with their cargoes of wood, and iron, and corn, and I suppose, cranberries, too, for I think I read somewhere that Göttenburg exported thirty thousand quarts of cranberries one year. Look, Evelyn, do look at those boats, rowed by the great stout women of Sweden ! ”

How curious it is to hear the remarks of travellers. People, of course, have said the same in regard to ourselves. But we had taken in at Trollhättan three or four natives of Great Britain. One was a chubby-faced John Bull, who was on some trading affair, or railway speculation at Göttenburg : the other was a man with a pocket-book, in which, with a look of some wildness, he wrote an abbreviation of anything he heard which he understood. But, like the poor Welshman, who lately lost his life in an attempt to prove that the blankets of the American Indians were fabricated by a tribe of the same people who fabricate the same things

in Wales, this good man found out in all he saw, or all he heard of, some resemblance, or some discrepancy between Wales and its people, and the people and country wherein he travelled. I have observed in Scotchmen's books of travel the same tendency. Now, when I made Evelyn look at the female rowers, a young enthusiastic man, who was not either of these two, exclaimed,

“The Amazons of the north! the daughters of Odin!”

“What a many big daughters he must have, that Mr. Odin,” said the chubby-faced John, turning his own great dull eyes on the speaker.

“The women of Sweden are robust,” said the observer with the book, “but they do not exceed the women of Wales. From what I have seen of Sweden, I should say the men are well made, the upper classes especially so, that is, judging from that fine young artillery officer at the passport-office in Göttenburg; but not more so than the Welsh.”

“The girls,” said the young man, “are fair, but freckled; the children have blue eyes, when they are not grey, and the women are plain, with some exceptions.”

“Hum, hum, hum,” the man with the note-book kept murmuring between his lips, while he wrote down the qualified description.

And now we are landed. Our four days and a half are ended : farewell, a long farewell, I fear, to the dear little *John Telford*. All I can say is, that I could spend my four days and a half over again very willingly ; much more willingly, I fear, than ever I shall spend a fourth of the time in the famous railroad they are going to make to supply the place of this wonderful canal.

Guided by an old hand-book, of which, be it remarked, that our inestimable captain said, very expressively, “If I had behaved so very badly in a foreign country, as the man who wrote that account of the Göttenburg journey says he did in this, I do not think I should have liked to publish it when I came back to my own.”

Would that many young tourists, or voyagers, and scribblers, would take the Swedish sailor’s hint.

But to return to our hand-book, for I feel a wicked spirit stirring when I think of good paper and print being employed to cele-

brate the schoolboy pranks that the knowledge of having a little English gold in their pockets enables—but I dare not proceed ;—as an old woman said, looking over her spectacles, “ the chap should go to school again ;” and so in their tongues, if they understood them, have, I fear, the people of every clime been saying, while the happy natives of England thought they were staring out their admiration.

Well, once more, to return. This book told us that “ at Mrs. Todd’s hotel, at Göttenburg, all the household speaks English.” Comforting ourselves with the pleasant prospect of being surrounded on all sides by the speech of our beloved queen, we loyally repaired to Mrs. Todd’s hotel. As we drew near her door, we beheld a stout dame—not Mrs. Todd, for she, we afterwards found, was on her travels—standing in the doorway, one shoulder leaning against one door-post, and the opposite elbow, the hand of which was stuck into her side, resting against the other. I do not *invent* any part of my story, and this may be received as well as any declaration before a magistrate, for I put that great bugbear, called the public, in his place.

She looked at us, but did not stir nor speak. We felt she was not one of the English-speaking household, for the faculty of uttering our words gives a wonderful and easy presumption to the smart waiter who in all lands trips forth to receive the gold-bringing people of England.

The dame did not alter her attitude, nor withdraw from the barricaded door; but seeing, I suppose, on our resolute English countenances, as we advanced, a cool determination to carry the fortress, she yielded at discretion; making a sign with her head, over her shoulder, to a tall young woman who advanced, and stood erect on the position she had yielded. The young woman regarded us with all the quiet gravity of her nation, when in repose; I saw she was made over to us, and with a smile, I said,

“ You speak English, min flika ? ”

“ Yes,” she answered.

I nodded both to her and Evelyn, and feeling quite at home now, we entered the inn.

The odour of the juniper-leaves which cover the passages and floors of these very clean northern receptacles, is not exactly adapted to sensitive organs; but stifling ours, we

followed the tall Swede to an immensely long room, with a very small room at each end. The small rooms held two equally small beds. Evelyn put down her bonnet and shawl on one bed of one room, and I walked to the opposite extremity, and did nearly the same thing.

“And now as to eating,” I said, as we both simultaneously issued from the dormitory, and stood face to face in the long saloon, where the young Swede was standing also; “as to eating, that is the question now. I am starving. I had not strength to pound the bread; and, in short, notwithstanding the three meals of meat *per diem* in the boat, I am very hungry, and I long for a cup of tea. As they all speak English here, we can get anything; shall I order cutlets and tea, Evelyn?”

“Very well.”

“Can you give us tea?” I asked of the tall flika.

“Yes,” she replied, very gravely.

“And some mutton cutlets?”

“Yes.”

“Be so good as to get them directly, with fresh bread and butter, and some boiled milk.”

“ Yes.” She stood as if waiting for a more luxuriant order; but as I turned away, she did so too.

Evelyn lay down on her bed, I took possession of the red sofa. Being accustomed to Austrian, Tyrolese, and German waiters, we were naturally patient, and let our Swedes take their time; but when a whole hour had passed, my longing for tea became irresistible.

“ Will it never come ? ” I cried.

“ I wish you would call for it,” said Evelyn’s languid voice, from the inner room. Fortunately there was a bell, and a bell-rope. In answer to its summons came a different flika; who was an exception to the English-speaking household of Mrs. Todd.

She poured forth a flood of soft words, not one of which I understood; and finding I did not respond to her eloquence, the non-English-speaking Swede came nearer, and repeated the same at my ear.

“ She means,” said Evelyn, “ to tell you that the flika who speaks English will come presently.”

“ Oh, then, we will wait,” I answered,

thinking she might as well understand my language as I hers ; but in addition I nodded my head, and uttered the word, which in Swedish signifies good, but looks irreverent to our eye—"god."

She went away, and we waited.

"How very ridiculous," I said, "it is to come to a country without understanding the language, though no one thinks of learning that of Sweden ; I have been often reminded of the speech of a sweet little fellow of four years old, who in his living days, which barely exceeded that term, was seized with the longing for travel, which I believe all such intellectual creatures more or less experience.

"I should like," he once said, "to travel to the moon ; some time one may go there in a balloon ; but there would be no use in going unless I could speak moonish."

"But, Evelyn, is this 'tea and chops' to come at all?"

"Pray, ring again ; perhaps our good English genius is now at hand."

"But I thought *all* the household spoke English well ;" so with a heavy sigh I rose off the sofa and rang again.

In, to our joy, came the English-speaking fika.

“ Have you got the tea and outlets ready ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Will you bring them, then, directly ? ”

“ Yes.”

We waited again.

“ It is necessary to have patience,” said Evelyn ; “ you know in Sweden it is hard to get anything after four o’clock.”

“ Yes ; but I would not eat a morsel in the boat to-day, because I knew that here, where all the household spoke English, we could have even what they thought were our national whims satisfied.”

“ Try to sleep,” said Evelyn, still in her dormitory.

“ I cannot, I am so hungry.”

I got up, and rang again ; in came the grave tall Swede.

“ We are tired of waiting for this tea and outlets.”

“ Yes.”

“ Is yes the only word of English you can say ? ”

“ Yes.”

A hearty burst of laughter, much as I dis-

like the words, followed the last “yes” we extracted from the English-speaking member of this English-speaking household. Our tea and cutlets, alas! were somewhere, I suppose, in the kingdom of Utopia. We were now reduced to the language of signs, and by that means, and the help of a few words Evelyn had picked up, we convinced our grave tall Swede that we wanted food and refreshment; and we obtained—lobsters and porter! The first is a native production, the last an engrafted one; resulting from the speculative energies of Scotchmen, who are rivalling, by our potent beverage, the much-loved finkel, or fiery corn-spirit of the north. Indeed, lobsters and porter, like them or not like them, you are sure to be treated with as specimens of the gourmandize of Göttenburg. Unhappily, the one I never could eat, and the other, could such lips as Evelyn’s ever imbibe?—I will not say drink, for they tell me that word is vulgar—such an act is not to be even suspected; and the fact was, that, leaving a most enormous red lobster and great bottle of porter on the table, we went out, and got a warm bath at the pretty and well-kept establish-

ment, also set up by the enterprising emigrants, who, while they love their mountain land the fondest, are found more diffusely dispersed than perhaps any other people, except the Jews, among all nations. Almost everywhere one may trace the Scotch, and almost everywhere they are found to prosper, in ancient records and in recent times. The old slander says, that a turnpike-keeper will allow a Scotchman credit if he is going into his country, but never if he is leaving it; yet never was the *amor patriæ* more strong, scarcely even among the Tyrolese. In Switzerland the case is the same; the Swiss love their country, and the Swiss we find settled and thriving everywhere.

We returned from the baths tired, but still wakeful. I went to my little bed, and lay there, thinking of the manner in which some persons learn to speak a language; and of all the serious dilemmas to which the faculty of saying "yes" only might give rise; and of lobsters and porter, and Scotch enterprise, and many *et ceteras*, which kept me half awake, half asleep, until a tap came to my door.

CHAPTER VIII.

GÖTTENBURG.

A TAP came to my door. In this English-speaking house I knew the English words "come in" were unavailing, but I had some idea that the all-answering word "yes" would effect the purpose. So I said,

"Yes."

And the door opened, and Evelyn walked in.

The light she carried shone on her pale face; she was wrapped in a loose white dress, her hair let down, but not yet "done up" for the night.

"Evelyn! this is the second time,—the third, indeed, I might say, that you have appeared to me so spirit-like! Yet at other times you are such an every-day creature; formed to be a household divinity, perhaps, but certainly not quite either a ghost or an angel."

She held up a warning finger, and passing silently on, set down the light on the table, and seated herself at its further side.

“ You are like the serpents of the Laocoon,” she said ; “ you press the life-blood from my heart while you twine around it. You show me that you understand me ; that you know, or feel, what nature meant me to be ; and oh ! my own sad heart knows all the rest.”

“ Yet there is happiness in it still, Evelyn, happiness too in store for it.”

“ Oh ! yes, yes !” she cried, her soft brilliant eyes half raised ; “ yes, yes ! I know that. The manner, the time, the place, all that is uncertain ;—now, here, or hereafter.”

“ If God places happiness within our reach at any time,” I answered, “ the hearts that let it slip will repent it.”

“ True,” said Evelyn, looking fully at me ; “ but while I agree in your sentiment, it does not, as perhaps you think, affect my case. I do not let happiness slip ; others may have snatched it from me. But will you let me sit with you, and talk a little ? it is early, and I cannot sleep : besides, when-

ever I am sorrowful, or fancy I have done wrong, it is a relief to be near some one, or to get any one to blame me but myself."

"Perhaps you think others might do so more gently," I remarked.

"It is very probable: but is it not the Dane, Andersen, who says, 'when those who smite us are those we love, then do the scourges become scorpions?' I wanted, however, to ask you if you think I was wrong to let my poor cousin go on to Stockholm?"

"Your cousin, Evelyn!"

"I thought I had called him so; he is not exactly a cousin, there is an in-law in the case; but he is my only relative, at least the only one I feel to be such; for you know I am an orphan, without brother or sister, or any close connection, but this. I had another"—she paused, and visibly shuddered.

"Before," I said, "I can answer your inquiry as to right or wrong, I should know what he is going to Stockholm for."

"To make me his wife," she answered quickly, and her full heart heaved.

I started straight up in the little crib.

“ Evelyn ! you promised to be that man’s wife, and served him so ! ”

“ No : would to Heaven I had ! ” A pause followed her quick reply. “ I utter that wish,” she said, averting her face, so that with the light between us I could not see its expression, “ because, had I made that promise, my present entanglements might have been avoided. A promise ought, perhaps, to be as binding as the most awful and solemn vow.”

“ Decidedly so. But is it long since you saw this cousin, or cousin-in-law ? ”

“ It is more than two years. We were almost brought up together, not often separated, except when he was at college. Ours, unhappily, was a house divided against itself, and such we know shall not stand : perhaps it was the rancorous feeling that existed among the elder generation which caused the younger to attach themselves more strongly together.

“ Frank, his brother, and myself, were as warm friends as our aunts and uncles, fathers or mothers, have been unkind or jealous relatives. Our fathers were step-brothers ; we both lost our parents in early childhood. I

was left to the care of my two maiden aunts, and he and his brother to that of their own aunt.

“ My guardians were good, plain, pious and respectable old maids ; fondly attached to each other, and bitterly opposed to their sister-in-law. They dressed alike, thought alike, acted alike : the very bow at the back of their bonnets was cut in the exact same fashion : only in one respect did they differ. Every Sunday morning and evening they left their rooms at the same moment, came down stairs together, went out together, and walked to a certain street corner together : then one went to the right, and the other to the left ; they had each their favourite church and favourite preacher ; and my preference for either, as a child of eight years old, I well recollect being the only subject of jealousy respecting me.

“ My step-aunt resided with my step-cousins just beyond the village ; it was her bitterness against my guardians which provoked theirs towards her ; whatever was done by them would, for that reason, be left undone by her, and *vice versa*. She regarded me, therefore, with a prejudice which I do believe

was merely founded in this antipathy to her sisters-in-law. Nevertheless Frank, her idol, and adopted heir, did not partake in that prejudice; even from infancy I was his darling and pet.

“Excepting these cousins, I had only one other companion, and that only for four years. This was the young daughter of an old Hungarian officer, who was possessed of some property in his native land; he had married an Englishwoman, a lady not remotely allied to our family, whose declining health had excited that yearning after a native clime which is generally symptomatic of death; she came with her child to visit her former friends in our neighbourhood, and died there. The old man resolved to leave young Bertha to be educated in England, and my aunts had her placed with them to share in my studies.”

“Pardon me, Evelyn, for interrupting you, but there is one thing I do not understand. You say Frank had a brother, but you appear to lose sight of that brother altogether.”

“Have I lost sight of him?” cried Evelyn, turning her face round to me with an

air of almost wildness ; “ yes, yes, culpably, weakly. But what can I do ? where ought I to go ? Oh ! I dare not, could not, go there again.”

I believe my fixed and wondering regard recalled her recollection : she pressed her hand on her forehead, and drew her breath.

“ What was I saying ? That question drew me back from the past to the present ; to my every-day thoughts ; reminded me of my promise, and all it should involve. But you did not mean that ; you inquired about previous events ?”

“ I only wanted to know why you did not speak of Frank’s brother.”

“ Frank had a brother,” she added, with a sigh, “ a beloved and only brother ; we all loved him : he was a fine youth, but wild, impetuous, incapable of the least self-control. He was the elder brother, but only inherited his portion of the funded property bequeathed by their father ; and Frank’s serious studies and very contrary disposition always made him act the part of a tender and anxious parent towards the wild youth, rather than that of a younger brother. Finally, all I can tell you of him is, that when dear

Bertha left us, the poor prodigal gathered together the portion of goods that fell to him, and went into a far country, where *all*, worldly, moral, and spiritual good was wasted in riotous living. He had a connection at Vienna who plunged him into all the dissipations of that gay capital, and soon withdrew him widely apart from the paths of piety and peace in which his brother walked. His family, however, knew nothing of this; they only understood that he had entered into the military service of Hungary.

“ Previous to his departure from among us, a great change had occurred in my life. My two good aunts had died within a few months of each other; the one suddenly, the other from the effects of the shock, and of grief. They had left me their little property, but I had no protector, or other relative, except my step-aunt; she therefore received me, and I inhabited the same house with Frank. But his guardian never could bring herself to believe that I had been trained up in the way I should go, simply because I had been trained by her sisters-in-law.

“ One of the misfortunes which pursued

me in consequence of this in-lawism was, that my poor aunts, not wishing all their little religious, charitable, or other proceedings to be talked over by her, had often charged me, in my visits to her house, not to mention certain small matters, which probably would have done no injury if they had not been concealed. I was always tenaciously observant of a promise, and yet naturally candid and communicative, so that I was frequently involved in embarrassment when questioned as to matters at home; and the result was that my step-aunt was convinced, and steadfastly affirmed, that I was brought up in habits of secrecy and concealment, and that my nature was inclined to the same.

“She constantly strove to impress that fact on the mind of Frank; and now you see what reason I can give him to believe it.” Evelyn said these words with the only smile, tinged with bitterness, I ever saw on her lips.

“This insinuation always rendered me highly indignant; dear Frank, finding his efforts to soothe me ineffectual, often changed them into reproofs: these had more effect, for my respect for him equalled my affection.

I thought I loved him as I should have loved a brother; I knew no difference in the sentiments.

“ But one day, when I was just half-way through my seventeenth year, my step-aunt startled me with an assurance that I had formed a secret engagement with Frank.

“ Her health was failing; she was irritable and easily excited; I had then but little self-control,—I was a creature of impulse and feeling, yet I feared to produce one of the paroxysms to which she was subject. I burst from her room, and ran out to the field where I had seen Frank meditating among the newly-cut grass. The idea she suggested had never before occurred to my mind; I never stopped to consider the propriety of imparting it to him; I had thought of neither love nor marriage. I viewed the charge as simply one of concealment, and with flashing eyes I stood before my cousin, and called upon him to vindicate my sincerity, and convince his aunt that no engagement existed.

“ Frank looked earnestly at me; then, with his own grave smile, taking my hand, he made me sit beside him, and said,

“ ‘ I cannot do that with truth, Evelyn ; you, I fear, dear girl, could do so ; but the heart may have formed an engagement while the lips have made none. Yet will I never demand a promise, Evelyn, until I can also demand a wife.’ He looked into my eyes, and for the first time in our lives they were cast down from his. His aunt had done what she was anxious to prevent ; what had been a vague dream became a real fact, to a young untutored mind. I felt then I was loved, and my heart for the first time told me I loved with another love from what I had hitherto thought.

“ We sat long there, in that pleasant field, and we did not talk of love, or hint at any future ; but while dear Frank’s arm held me to his side, I am sure that in silence we both owned that our hearts had made an engagement—a betrothal, that never should be broken. Yet no word was spoken, no promise asked or given ; all, except that sense of deep and present happiness, was forgotten. My friend, this was all the engagement that has ever subsisted between the man you saw at Trollhättan and myself.

“ Very soon afterwards I was sent to Ger-

many, about six months afterwards ; Frank's college term was then nearly over. His aunt, who had travelled in Germany and Italy in her younger days, thought it was advisable I should do so too. My friend Bertha, who had returned to her old father, had been anxious to see me ; but an expedition to Hungary appeared formidable. My step-aunt—I call her so still, for I never called her my aunt in the lifetime of my others—had, for a few years past, been fond of talking of her ‘ sister the countess ;’ and to this sister, then residing at Vienna, she determined to send me. A family, going from London there, offered to take charge of me ; I was furnished with the address of the countess, and departed with my friends just before Frank arrived from Oxford to find me gone. An inexperienced girl as I was, I met a sensible shock on reaching the place of my destination. We had loitered nearly four months in Germany. I found my poor aunt on her death-bed, speechless. I was told dear Bertha had just married, and was with her father and husband in Hungary. Her former governess, the old lady who died at Ystad, was there, the friend of my poor

aunt. As soon as my aunt was dead I wrote to inform Bertha of my arrival, and set out with that good woman for her abode, little suspecting what was there to befall me. We spent some time happily together; then an awful change came on; but of all that I am unable—may till the end of my life be unable—to speak.”

“ And I am bound not to ask; but, Evelyn, is your step-cousin still unable to demand either a promise or a wife?”

“ No; I told you he was going to Stockholm to seek for both. The very day I first saw you in the Djurgard, I had had a letter to that effect, and had answered it in a way to give him room to believe that my sentiments, at least as regards matrimony, had changed, and that I now inclined to a convent life. Don't shake your head: I was not quite insincere; that very evening when you first found me musing on the rock, such a retreat was the subject of my contemplation. I was thinking Frank would regret me; but would gradually get over the pain of his loss; whereas, if he were to know all that I know, a cloud would rest upon his life for ever. I do not think I could be happy in a

convent, consistently with my own religious convictions ; and I have, besides, an imperative duty to perform, one I have solemnly promised to endeavour at least to perform, and which could not be fulfilled, I believe, in a cloister. My perplexity chiefly arises from not knowing how to place myself in circumstances to fulfil the work I have undertaken. Throughout the severe winter which I have spent in Sweden, I have been nearly cut off from all communication with any world but that of Stockholm. Reviving spring only brought reviving anxieties ; for I felt I ought to do something, to take some steps, towards the attainment of my object, which there I could not take. I have a correspondent who occasionally gives me some tidings respecting the object of my solicitude. That correspondent is a priest. I have felt certain that I ought to go to Rome, and hearing that you were going there, I thought that Providence might indicate my way. I wished to tell you something of myself ; but what I have said is not satisfactory. Darkness, however, may yet be light. I do not wish to accuse the step-aunt I spoke of :—and poor Frank ! it was of him

only I wished to speak ; it is so miserable to think of him now, passing over these strange lakes ; going on such a strange journey, to be so cruelly disappointed. Ah ! if he could know that I saw him ; saw him, and let him pass on !”

“ You want me, I think, to tell you if you were wrong,” I said ; “ but how is it possible for me to judge of your conduct when I have not the least clue to the motives that actuate it ? When persons live in constant intercourse, it is difficult, while one is bound to secrecy, for the other not to overstep the limits of discretion, through the desire of affording consolation or guidance.”

“ I understand you,” she replied ; “ it is my weakness only that brings me to you. What you say is true, but what would it be if those persons were united indissolubly, in a state where every thought must be understood, every feeling shared ?”

“ That maxim has been stretched too far by some persons, Evelyn, who have deemed it a sin for a man to keep a secret from his wife, or a wife to conceal any sentiment from her husband.”

“ I have been taught to think so ; and therefore I could not confide aught that burdened my mind to a clergyman of our church.”

I fancied I had now got some clue to her avoidance of the cousin-in-law.

“ Do you not then approve of the clergy marrying ? ” I said.

“ I have never thought about it,” she replied, “ nor does it affect this question, so long as confession is not admitted in the church.”

“ The two institutions are closely united, it is true ; for I remember a story of a Russian priest, who was banished to Siberia for revealing the secrets of the confessional to his wife. However, all that I wanted to know was, whether any question of a religious nature interfered to prevent your union with this clerical relative ? ”

“ Of a religious nature ? oh yes ! most religious ! ” she answered ; “ but if you mean any question of ordinances, or institutions, any question disputed by churches, oh no ! nothing save the question of truth before God ; save that I must try to fulfil a sacred promise.”

“ Well, Evelyn,” I said, after a good, long silence, “ I really can give you no opinion ; I cannot tell you if you were right or wrong to let that singularly interesting-looking young man steam on his lonely way to Stockholm, while the object of his mission took hers in the contrary direction ; all I can say is, that I should not have done so had it been my case.”

“ What would you have done ? ” she asked.

“ I should have run to meet him, and been just as glad to see him as he was to see me.”

The dove’s breast felt to touch my cheek : it was Evelyn’s that was pressed to it.

“ Oh ! how gladly would I have done so ! ” she whispered ; and I felt a tear on that soft cheek.

“ Evelyn,” I said, “ I have promised to ask no questions ; but this one, if you *can*, answer me this once and for ever. Do you conceal guilt ? ”

She stood straight up, and looked into my face.

“ Guilt ! ” she repeated, and shuddered ; “ guilt, ”—and again she looked doubtfully at

me; “if you mean the guilt of others, *yes*; if you mean my own,”—she fell down on her knees beside the bed, threw back her head, and added, “God, who has seen fit to try me more than such a creature might appear able, without his grace, to bear, knows that there is not an action of my short life, however worthless in his sight, which I would shrink from having upheld to the eyes of the world.”

The fair head dropped down on the coverlet, and the full heart gave way in tears.

Evelyn rose, took the candle, and was leaving the room. From the door she looked back to me, and the face was Guido’s portrait; the head turned over the shoulder, the white robe, the colourless cheeks, the red lips and eyelids, even the tear beneath them—that young, innocent look of sorrow.

“Evelyn, dear girl, forgive me,” I cried, extending my hand. She ran back, and threw herself sobbing on my neck.

“Oh! why did I not think of this before! suspect in the least what you might imagine; how kindly, how nobly, you have acted!”

Some more words, not necessary here to

introduce, followed; Evelyn closed them with another pressure of her downy cheek, and we repeated the words of Oscar and Lilla,

“Farvall; god natt;” which is almost as plain English as “farewell; good night.” But were either of us wiser than when the conversation began?

* * * *

The next morning the kindness of one of the kindest merchants of Göttenburg, to whom I happened to have a letter of recommendation, came to our relief; and by his negotiation we obtained a breakfast in the English-speaking household of Mrs. Todd.

We went out with him afterwards to see the town, as he also informed us that the packet from Christiana to Copenhagen called at Göttenburg the next day, and we could not depart sooner. We had time therefore to look over the first commercial city of Sweden, and that which is second to Stockholm in amount of population.

The foundation of the town, which owes its origin to Gustavus Adolphus, is laid on piles. The houses, built of stone, resemble in general those of Germany; they

are massive and lofty, and have the under floors uninhabited, on account of the cold.

A great many canals, formed by means of the river, run through the town, and are crossed by stone bridges, high, and very much arched, to allow the passage of boats; they are the most antique, primitive-looking bridges I ever saw, though Göttenburg is not the most antique town.

The business and shipping department is quite unlike the higher and more fashionable quarter, where many British merchants reside; there is an English church and chaplain, but no bodily physician here for the English.

Mr. S., our amiable Scottish merchant, conducted us up the granite heights on which stands the castle, which in former times, when Denmark frowned across the Kattegat at her then oppressed neighbour, and now powerful ally, was used as the citadel of Göttenburg.

From here we had a fine view of the country. It presented a varied, yet rather tame panorama; grey granitic ridges were but little enlivened by valleys of beauty or richness; yet the pretty villas of the

merchants, the river, which could be seen for miles covered with laden barges, and the vast piles of wood, in which its merchants so largely trade, piled all along the banks, gave it an animated and picturesque aspect, which was considerably heightened by the effect of the coloured cottages.

Some of these wooden tenements are of brilliant red, others yellow, green, blue, or deep pink. The picturesqueness of effect is, in my opinion, increased by having the frames of the windows, which are numerous, and large in proportion to the size of the houses, painted a different colour: thus the red houses have green or white window-frames and doors; the green, red or white; the yellow, green, and so on.

The projecting roofs, with very low eaves, are formed to protect the walls from the inclemency of the weather; they are covered with red tiles, but these are not glazed as in Denmark.

The effect of these houses is to my taste pleasing and fanciful; and to a utilitarian, I think they must be unexceptionable, as the owner of a coloured house would, in a Swedish winter, more readily find his home

than one who possessed a whitewashed one.

In this land of stone and granite, wooden houses, of the minor sort, are almost universal. The labour and expense of cutting the hard stone render its abundance almost unavailing to the poorer classes, and they say, that besides the advantage which wood possesses from its plentifulness, it is also warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

“Do you think,” said Evelyn, to Mr. S., “that the women of Sweden, I mean the peasants, are so pretty, as the German and some French writers seem to think?”

“I never have seen here a native face so beautiful as one from our own good land,” he answered, looking at her with a smile. “But in sterling value, that is to say, if the value of human creatures be rated, like that of others, at the amount of labour they can perform, or of service they can endure, or profit they can produce, I believe this female peasantry might rival the factory-girls of England; and they, too, possess a gift not vouchsafed to those poor girls,—that of longevity.

“Look at the old creature who has come in sight so *à propos*; she is, to my knowledge,

eighty years old:" he pointed to a brown-skinned, white-haired, strange-looking creature, who was carrying up the steep ascent a burden I could not have moved.

"Wonderful!" we exclaimed; but soon afterwards we saw a gentler, if not a feebler animal even than woman, hard at work. Sheep, poor, timid, lazy things, are here to be seen harnessed in small carts.

"Do you recollect the absurd description," said Evelyn to me, "we read in Marmier's 'Lettres du Nord,' of a young Swede, with legs, arms, and shoulders bare, her fair hair flowing in ringlets over the latter, going to work in the fields, and like Ruth, to find a bridegroom among the reapers? We have not seen a Swedish Ruth yet."

"Oh!" said Mr. S——, "never mind a Frenchman's descriptions; if he does not travel scientifically, he will do so sentimentally. I say nothing against the display of the legs and arms, however; yet surely, in such a *demi-toilette*, the fair Ruths of Sweden do not look very unlike those of Scotland,—I will not say Ireland, for the Swedes are almost always clean."

This is nationality, I thought, for surely the Scots are not always so.

The beggars of Göttenburg are as abundant as in most parts of the world. Such is usually the case in seaports: but one sight we beheld there made us believe that real poverty existed. A cart loaded with sacks of dried peas was passing along a road immensely deep with dust; some of the peas were spilled, and in an instant, like a swoop of crows, the spot was covered and crowded with really decently attired people, boys and girls, men and women, eagerly picking up a few grains with a handful of dust. In Stockholm there is not a beggar to be seen; and even here you are not struck by the same miserable aspects which our great towns present, where wealth and wretchedness congregate together.

We spent a pleasant evening with Mr. S——, his charming wife, and fine little boys; left them with some faint hope that they should hear of us again, and embarked the next day in the packet that calls at Göttenburg on its way from Christiana.

There was a young, white-haired, white-

faced, and white-hatted German on board, who said he spoke "Engleesch;" he came up to us, and said,

"It is no shoke to cross the Kattegat."

And truly no joke, or shoke, according to a vulgarism metamorphosed, did we find it. The Kattegat is as cross-grained as its name appears to imply.

What a scene we had on board! I never thought *la maladie de mer*,—for disguised in French that one phrase is less appalling,—I never did think *it* could look beautiful; but the "sea-change," usually so horrible, really appeared in Evelyn to be

"Into something rare and strange."

She lay on a couch without a sign or breath of life; she was like the statue on the tomb, which shows the loveliness of life and the repose of death without any other characteristic of either. It was in fact just the statue of the fair queen of Prussia, by Rauch, at Potsdam, only with Evelyn's bright hair showered over it in all its living radiancy.

Poor thing, to see her thus calmly subjugated by that cross, conflicting channel, I

could not help repeating, with a selfish groan, "It is no shoke to cross the Kattegat."

"But here we are in calm water. Evelyn arise, and look at the Sound."

The wind fell, and the glorious scene broke on our view under the brilliancy of the evening sun. There was a Russian fleet of fine men-of-war, and there was the flag of, I believe, every nation of earth that sends a vessel on the sea. "There go the merchantmen bringing goods from afar, and there are the sailors whose cry is in the ships;" and peace, blessed peace, spread her own white flag over all, and the varied colours that fluttered side by side in the breeze told that the pruning-hook had supplanted the sword. Alas! for how long? The rumbling of the earthquake that was to heave the kingdoms of Europe was only then distantly beginning.

Did any English traveller ever pass the Sound or visit Elsineur without talking of sweet Caroline Matilda, and of Prince Hamlet?

It is so pleasant to be exceptions to a general rule, that though I was at Cronberg and Marienburg, I will not say a word about them. The story of the sister of our good

George III. is just like an eastern tale, where we hear of a cruel mother-in-law and jealous husband shutting up a fair girl in such a great tower; and though this was a mere political cabal, it is interesting to think of the young wife and queen of Denmark writing on her palace window with a diamond, "God keep me innocent; make others great."

"What," said Evelyn, "promise not to say a word, and say all that."

"I have done," I replied; and lo! as I spoke, we stopped at the pier of Copenhagen.

The broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, red-cheeked Holsteiner, who took charge of our baggage for the form of inspection, came up to the solemn-looking official with a laugh on his broad face, and one of its articles in his hands, which appeared the most suspicious.

Never did a Holsteiner appear less like a discontented subject; and little did I then imagine, although I heard complaints which I did not understand, about Schleswig and Holstein, that we should soon hear so much of the duchy of which our porter was a native.

It was simply what is called in England a milliner's basket, which he had got hold of; I had adopted it as a bonnet-box on account of its lightness and portability. With that knowing laugh, he clapped it down before the revenue officer, and shook his great head, making a Danish speech, of which the only word that was familiar to me sounded like "hen." The officer scrutinized me over his spectacles; but the Holsteiner's droll expression enlightened me more, and I recollected that the octroi system is in practice here, and a toll is levied on all eatable goods brought into the capital of Denmark; therefore, reasoning from analogy, and thinking of German and English, I made no doubt but that the word which sounded like "hen" signified "fowl," and that my bonnet-basket was considered to contain these creatures.

I took hold of the leaf of the bonnet which was on my head, and in a mixture of unintelligible language, said, laughing, in answer, at the Holstein porter, "Nei, nei, das ist nicht hen, das ist ——" and unable to finish, I shook the leaf of my bonnet at the eyes that were peering over the spectacles.

“What on earth do you mean?” said Evelyn, who stood leaning on my arm, waiting to see the end.

“They think I carry fowl in that basket, and they are going to open it, in hope of levying a toll for the king of Denmark; but it is duty free, containing only my bonnet and caps.”

“Why do you not speak German? they will understand it.”

“I spoke a little German, a little Swedish, and a word of English, and they have understood all, with the help of that symbolic language which is known everywhere.”

It was so, for the great jocund Holsteiner laughed, and the grave official gave a Jupiter-like nod; and my basket and myself, with Evelyn and sundries, were deposited in the droskies, and with due stateliness of motion, conveyed to the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

I always wish to avoid hôtels d'Angleterre; but they told us the landlord spoke French, and I believe it is a very excellent hôtel d'Angleterre.

The landlord, as usual, ran out to receive us; we were duly installed: finding our way to our rooms through numerous tall house-

maids, carrying buckets of water, brooms and mops. Such insignia of office appear to be seldom dispensed with in Denmark.

“How much we have to see here!” I cried, putting my giddy head, still swimming with the Kattegat, to rest on the sofa. “How delightful to ramble through Copenhagen, to see all Denmark, to explore the Danish islands!”

“How long do you intend to stay here?” Evelyn demanded in a voice full of apprehension.

“Ah! you do not then wish to stop in Copenhagen?”

“Oh no! but”—

Evelyn stopped; but her face, full of an affectionate fearfulness, the innocent expression of the rounded lips, told me more plainly than her words, what it was she meant. She feared a similar occurrence to what had taken place at Trollhättan, and it was not likely that from another such she could escape in the same manner.

“You *will* go on, Evelyn?”

“I must; I never thought of asking you if you intended to stop long *en route*.”

“True; we should have arranged that

point. For your own sake, I should like to stop here; but for mine, merely, I will not. I shall come back for a winter to Stockholm, and will leave Copenhagen now whenever you please. But to-morrow is Sunday; you will not travel then?"

"Decidedly not."

I was disappointed at this abrupt departure; but to make the best of a bad case was all that could be done; and, as a present means of doing so, I went to bed, and slept till the water-buckets, brooms, and mops in the passage next my room awoke me in the morning.

CHAPTER IX.

COPENHAGEN.

WHEN will our world become sufficiently enlightened to allow countries, capitals, towns, and rivers to be called everywhere as their own respective geographies name them? A party of English, who wanted to see Ratisbon, passed it by, because they were told they were at Regensburg, and did not recognise the native name. Surely, on seeing the written name in Danish of Kjöbenhavn, we too might have gone on looking in vain for a Copenhagen. Why should not London be London, and Munich be München, all over the world? If all Europe were to break out into a revolution, I should propose this reform to the president of the grand republic.

The date of my paper made me think of this, for I wished to write Kjöbenhavn, but

it looked pedantic, when every one else says Copenhagen.

“ God morgen min Fröken,” I said to Evelyn : “ What will you do to day ? ”

“ Go to church, I suppose.”

“ But where ? ”

“ To the church of the embassy, I conclude.”

“ You do not then follow the usual travelling plan of going anywhere but to one’s native worship ? ”

“ No ; I shall be too happy to hear again our beautiful Liturgy in the tongue wherein I was born.”

We set out for the church of the British embassy, attended by a French-speaking *commissionaire*, a good old man, who appeared to remember “ the misfortune,” as he called the bombardment of the capital by the English ; and as he delicately pointed out to us from the ramparts which afford splendid points of view, the damages too wantonly effected by our arms, he also called it *le feu*, with a glance that said, Do you understand the term ? That sore spot will long remain on Danish history ; and amid

all the glories of our Nelson's epoch, we might be content to have had it omitted.

We took a circuitous route to church, in order to see as much as we could of the town.

“There,” said our *commissionaire*, “is Vor Frue Kirke.”

I forgot all else, but that we were at Our Lady's Church ; and darting up the steps, I entered the portico, and got inside the doors without even looking at Evelyn, who was thus obliged to come in too.

I would not have seen that sight more premeditatedly : it burst upon me with a suddenness which rendered it more distinct to my after-vision. The congregation were at prayers : the minister at the altar appeared looked down on by the colossal statue of Christ ; while the twelve apostles, in their respective niches, placed round the simple oblong building, appear in like manner to regard the worshippers. The effect altogether of Thorwaldsen's works was certainly heightened by being thus beheld ; although I fully feel how wrong it is to enter a church during the time of service merely to admire ; still more to condemn.

When I saw this church, therefore, the next morning, I could examine, but at this moment I could only feel.

When the church was empty, I could lament, perhaps with bad taste, that the figure of our blessed Lord was of such colossal and rather Odin-like dimensions; but the subject is one I never like to see depicted in any form.

The effect of the kneeling angel, holding the baptismal font, when seen in the midst of the worshippers, was most beautiful. It is an exquisite work of art: and the charming bas-relief of the child walking forth into life, with his guardian angel's hand extended over his head, is at once the embodiment of a poetic conception and a divine verity.

The first impression the Frue Kirke made on me was, that the building was too small for the size and number of the statues and bas-reliefs, with which the great sculptor, the son of Iceland, by blood, though not by birth, adorned this favourite church of his native capital, when it was to be rebuilt after having been nearly demolished by English cannon at the time of *le feu*. But, with becoming taste, all other adornment has

been omitted, and its elegant proportions may have the effect of rendering its apparent size, like that of the mighty St. Peter's, less at first sight than the reality.

Thorwaldsen, from a sentiment not quite in accordance with a Christian tone of mind, formed his own tomb, to be placed in the centre of the museum which his country was raising as the depository of his works and the monument of his fame. There he rests ; but until that museum was completed, his coffin lay in this church ; a black curtain screened the dust of the artist, while his art appeared to live before us. The crown prince, now king of Denmark, was his chief mourner.

“ A sudden death,” said Evelyn, as we walked on to our church, “ appears to me an enviable one ; if we can indeed drop off this mortal to be clothed with immortality ; slip away gently from the corruptible to put on the incorruptible. But who would wish to die like Thorwaldsen, at a theatre ? ”

We entered the English church.

Oh ! reader, I have not often apostrophized you, because while I write you are to me a very imaginative personage, perhaps never

to become a real one ; but if ever a reader has been put off with that most impotent conclusion—" it is left to his imagination,"— then, will such a person pardon me for begging the help of imagination to accompany us from the chaste and beautiful Frue Kirke of Lutheran Copenhagen, into the place which represents, I suppose, the church of England in Denmark, just as our ambassador there represents her government.

A cold, cheerless, neglected place ; with a floor of uneven flags, a rude painted pulpit, and sundry brown square boxes, with one person in one such box, and another in another ; a man standing with arms in an angle, resting on the sides, and an open book in his hand ; a few women of decent appearance, probably from the seamen's quarter, but not one of what are termed " the better classes," men or women, though I think one *table d'hôte* would furnish more English than there were in the church. The regular chaplain, I believe, was absent, and no trace of " the Embassy" was present.

Certainly, on the continent, our spiritual power does not share in much of the pomp and expenditure bestowed on the temporal.

Copenhagen is not the only place in Europe where our ecclesiastical dignity contrasts rather painfully with our secular representation.

It was in returning from this most depressing church that we walked on the ramparts, and saw how agreeably they are laid out for the convenience and enjoyment of the citizens; but here our guide, after regarding us with a glance that said, "Do not be angry, but I hate you on Sir Parker's account," as he called Sir Hyde, would again and again show traces of "the misfortune," until we began to think that as in our Anglo-Saxon Liturgy the clause was once inserted, "From the attacks of the Northmen, good Lord deliver us," the Danes might have returned the compliment, or reversed the prayer. In the interesting cemetery for the deceased of the Danish navy, there is an obelisk something like that which stands on the heights of Toulouse, where a cruel battle was fought, when cause for battle was no more. At Toulouse the obelisk bears the inscription, "To the brave, who died for the country." In the naval cemetery of Copenhagen, the obelisk says, "They fell

for their country. April 2, 1801." Round that column clusters the hardy oak and sturdy pine; the granite blocks around bear the warriors' names,—meeter and more inspiring memorial than the hidden and stately monument which an abbey or cathedral may enclose to a single Leader's memory, while those he led pass unnoticed, and for affording a sight of which the *amor patriæ* is manifested by the demand of a fee!

We drove down a pleasant road; the Sound, with the cold, bleak, scraggy coast of Sweden, was at one side, and on the other the famous beech-woods of Denmark, pretty villas and most agreeable *paysage*.

In the water we saw the memorable isle of Hveen, where Tycho Brahe spent twenty years in his "city of heavens," or Uranienborg, and expended, it is said, a ton of gold in his establishment, where he kept open house for philosophers, nobles, and princes; was visited by that singular personage James I., of England; and created as much wonder and suspicion among the superstitious people, by the gold and silver nose which he wore, instead of the natural one he had lost in a duel, as he did by his mid-

night commerce with the skies ; his spectral automatons with which he delighted to frighten them, and his invisible bells, by which he could summon any student he pretended to call for.

Dangerous pranks were these for a man to play who lived before his age. Whether any age will come after this strange one of ours we know not ; but no one *now* lives before his age.

Poor Tycho ! it was the physicians, and not the priests, who feared his craft ; for he cured diseases by astrology ; and so he was persecuted and impoverished, and driven to Prague, where, welcomed and honoured, he lived, died, and was buried. And now of the great astronomer's city of the heavens, an old traveller has recorded this pithy observation, " There is on the island a field where Uranienborg was."

Then we went to the Dyrhave, answering to our fondly-remembered Djurgard, or deer-park ; a noble forest, where the great annual fair is held, where all sorts and conditions of men mingle together without constraint or annoyance. Here is a pleasant royal lodge named the Hermitage, but rather misnamed,

especially under the aspect it presents on a fine Sunday afternoon.

Then we went into the grounds of Sorgenfrie,—or Sans-Souci, or Free-from-Care. But our wish, amongst all these royal residences, was to get into the grounds of Frederiksberg, and there accordingly we went, seeing that splendid avenue of chestnut-trees, where the wealthier of the citizens have villas, and all classes love to have a cup of tea, or something else, in the so-called tea-gardens.

The Danes make the most of their summer, as well as the Swedes; and rightly so, if it be true that previous to the famous peace of Roeskilde, Charles X. brought his Swedes, baggage, artillery, horses ~~and~~ all, over both the Great and Little Belt, on the ice.

If such may be the winter, who would not make use of the summer? There is a profound moral in the remark, for the benefit of all who discover it.

All continental Protestants—I do not speak of the Neologists of Germany, but of those who, I really believe, cling to their reformed religion—spend the evening of Sunday in recreation. In the morning and at mid-day the churches are crowded; the sacrament

administered, not to a few out of a congregation, while the rest walk out of the church, but to the entire; and the rest of the day is only made a Sabbath from toil. There is, on all holiday occasions, nothing that the trading and lower classes, and even the higher ones too, among the citizens of Copenhagen, enjoy more than a supper or tea in some of the many royal parks which render its environs so agreeable.

The accommodation there afforded to them, the liberty they have to make use of them, is something quite wonderful to natives of England. Booths, tents, all sorts of things, are there to offer them refreshment; but none of the more vulgar amusements, which may be seen in some of the approaches to these pleasant resorts, are allowed access to the royal domains.

The feudal institutions, which, with all this apparent liberty, inflicted a species of slavery on the lower classes, were only abrogated by the late king. His present majesty is called "The friend of the people." May the title be preserved, for in it is the safety of monarchs, and the welfare of a state.

“ But there,” I cried,—breaking off a discourse which, though to save time and space I do not put it in the form of question and answer, had nearly that character,—“ what would our notions of English liberty say to that spectacle?” It was a gang of malefactors working in chains (not on Sunday, however), with a soldier standing sentinel over them.

“ I have often heard or read the same remark from English travellers,” said Evelyn, smiling. “ Such sights are indeed unpleasant to refined eyes, and it is marvellous how well England contrives to keep hers averted from them. But do our colonists forget that the masses they see are as truly British subjects?”

“ Ah! it is only in our little country, and not in our kingdom,” I replied, “ that such sights could not be tolerated. I did not think of that before. But there are a great many things in England one does not well understand. We are, beyond doubt, the greatest, and richest, and wisest nation in the world. All foreigners, I am told, admire our noble institutions, our great charities, our magnificent workhouses! But how is it

that here, no more than in Stockholm, not a beggar is seen in the streets? and yet they are not suppressed by policemen. The appalling contrast of misery and magnificence does not strike the passer by as it does in London; and still more horribly in Dublin, where a tax on carriages and horses would be one of the most merciful acts ever passed by our legislature."

"You forget," said Evelyn, "when you gallop on in this manner, drawing your conclusions only from what strikes your eye—in the first place, the different subdivision of landed property, the more improved condition of the agricultural labourer, and above all, the superior mode of education. Then, as to Copenhagen, the population is about half as much as the town of Liverpool, one hundred and twenty-seven thousand, I think; and it certainly holds out no such attractions to the needy or speculative as our own awful metropolis does.

"That the state of the poor in England, and the moral and social condition of its hard-working classes, appear to us much more cruel than those of the good Danes we now see, I readily admit. We see them

in the unrestricted enjoyment of these noble domains, revelling quietly in pure air and delicious scenery; and so far as our great towns are concerned, we must feel how much more likely the minds of the lower orders are to be elevated and refined by such a liberty, than are those of people who, like the poor denizens of London, are enclosed in that murky atmosphere; spending their evening or Sunday hours in those dreadful dens, which I believe in no other country in the world but Christian England, are legally and nationally made the only places of recreation for the working classes; shut during the hours of service, but allowed to be open at other times, in a land which in general deprecates any innovation on the strictness of the Sabbath observance. There is a strange prejudice in the English mind against allowing the people any intellectual amusements."

"The people of England have little taste for such," I remarked.

"How can they, when they are rarely formed, and seldom can be exercised? There is little open to them. They are excluded from all resorts of the higher orders: if payment forms the right of admission, it is

purposely made high to attain that end. We feel satisfied that it is so, because the people of England do not know how to behave in public. Their only notions of independence lead to gross and rude behaviour; they never have been taught to feel any right in public property; and when they have the opportunity, they generally take a brutal sort of pleasure in injuring what they imagine was only intended for the luxurious and great."

"You remind me," I said, "of a notice I read in the pleasant promenade of Metz, that great garrison town of France: 'The Prefect invites the inhabitants to assist him in the preservation of these walks and flowers, designed for their gratification.' In our language this would read, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted according to law.'"

"But perhaps you have been too long absent from our great metropolis to be aware of a delightful fact; namely, that the National Museum is open to *tout le monde*, and that the people take advantage of the privilege. We shall soon see there what is commonly seen at the Louvre,—soldiers spending their idle moments in copying sculpture. Yes, believe me, it would be almost worth

while to come on earth again fifty years hence. You, to be sure, may not then have left it; your threescore years and ten will be only just about completed; but I should so like to see, or at least to hear, what a different England there will be.

“We have already an artist-prince, and we have an open museum: this latter is one *fait accompli*. It actually did my heart good to feel myself there among a group of ragged urchins; though a lady did tell me she would not enter it now for fear of having her pocket picked. Such accidents, it is true, may happen; but the character of a people will be modified by the advantages offered to them, or the trust reposed in them: the idle ragamuffins who may loiter through the British Museum, are forming, insensibly, material for the intellect of another generation. It is worth while to have patience with the present; and besides this good motive, the *naïve* remarks one hears on works of art are, in my opinion, quite as excellent as learned criticisms. *Par exemple*: just after the great opium war with China was brought to a glorious end, I was looking at the Etruscan vases in our museum, when

two respectably attired women came in, and one said to the other, ‘What are all these jars for, I wonder?’

“‘Oh,’ said her companion, who seemed to act as *valet de place*, ‘I know; these are things that were taken in the China war. Don’t you see they are all china?’”

“I suppose,” said Evelyn, “you want to prove that the good woman’s children, or children’s children, will know the distinction between a China jar and an Etruscan vase?”

“Saucy! But, Evelyn, seriously, as to education, do not they say in England that it is the hope of the country?”

“We are certainly wise people if we can settle the education question,” she answered, smiling, “and perhaps even you”—

“Silly as I appear to be, would smile at your presumption if you propounded your ideas; now is not that just what you would have said if you had spoken out?”

“Well! my idea is, that the question of education in England is as much embarrassed as that of the poverty of the many. I mean that, as matters are at present constituted, the same cause appears to rise up as an obstacle to redress or improvement,—

the increase of population. If we are to have a religious people, we ought to have a church education; how can that be, when the church establishment is not only insufficient for the demands upon it, but when its existing state is so utterly disproportioned to that of the times, that it has become, in many districts, a mere nominal power, to be referred to in certain acts, births, marriages, deaths, for registries, and so forth; while the real, individual, and spiritual power, for which it was originally constituted, is, it may be said, almost totally lost? The pastoral office is lost in the ministerial; the best of the working clergy feel that it is so: what can be the individual influence of one, or even two men, over a charge of twenty or thirty thousand souls? Not to speak of the frightful fact, that one rector or vicar may be appointed as the spiritual overseer of two hundred and fifty thousand, or perhaps nearly double that number, so that a rector or vicar more resembles a bishop than a curate of souls: and this is not because the population is really too great, but because modifications in the existing state of things have never been made to meet it.

Parishes remain as they were constituted when the population amounted perhaps to one-tenth, or one-twentieth of its present number. Liverpool, formerly a hamlet, is still one parish; Manchester, the second city in England, with a population of four hundred thousand, is still one parish. To meet this 'enormous anomaly' in a professedly Christian land, district churches have been called into existence, which have produced another lamentable feature in our once excellent system, by placing the clergymen of these churches almost on a level with the dissenting minister, making him more or less dependent on 'the sittings' for his payment; thus keeping up that painful practice of caste, even within the walls of the churches; as well as producing the more obvious evils and painful consequences which must result from such a false position. The only part which the clergy can now be supposed to take in the actual education or training of their people, is by an occasional inspection of their national schools; by opening the Sunday school perhaps with prayer; or by 'giving an address' to the children. The work that ought to belong

to them is made over to Sunday school teachers or district visitors ; and the people, too generally, know little more of their church than what the actual sight of the building informs them of ; namely, that such a place exists, and that if they belong to it, they ought to go there on Sundays."

"How very odd it is," I said, "to find minds running on in small separate rills, each quite unobserved, or considered to be a disagreeable sort of puddle, which has become muddy by taking some tortuous track, until they all meet in the broad open stream of 'public opinion;' and then all the obstructions they have encountered at once give way, the hostile few are won over by degrees, or taken by a *coup de main*, and join the amalgamating mass. Then there is an end of the matter, whatever it be. The thing must be done. Why? Because every one says so. Now, do you know, Evelyn, that I, too, have been thinking of these things, but I was afraid to speak of them, because people would say I was a schismatic, or a Jesuit in disguise."

Evelyn laughed. "Well," said she, "I fear they will not alter their opinion because

my sentiments coincide with yours. But Jesuit though you may be, let me tell you that I would never presume to argue on subjects certainly out of a woman's province, and mine especially, if"—

"If what, Evelyn? Dear! how you blush."

"Ah, Jesuit!" she cried, raising a finger, while she yet turned the tell-tale cheek aside. "But since you will know the truth, I have only been saying what I have often heard from one of the clergy I spoke of."

"The step-cousin? Well, go on: let me have all his opinions, even second-hand."

"All his opinions," said Evelyn, looking gravely in my face, "are not made known to me; but I have often heard him lament that the office of pastor is now, in the church of England, almost superseded by that of what is called the 'minister,' and that when persons have what they consider a good and useful preacher to give them two or three able sermons weekly, they are well content with the spiritual advantages of their own lot; and seldom reflect on the enormous amount of loss, of want, if not of actual evil, which is produced to the mass of the population,

who are totally deprived of the advantages which are possessed by them even in this respect. Now, since I have been in the north, I have observed the advantages which result from the strict carrying out of the parochial system, the more, because in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway"—

“ Oh, Evelyn! would you barter the spiritual blessings which England enjoys for any, or all, which these three lands can afford?”

“ Pardon me. I meant not to speak of spiritual blessings; or, if I may use such a phrase, I did not speak of internal religion. I alluded only to the externals, which are aids, or means, to producing national religion. There is, I believe, in England, both among the clergy and the better instructed portion of the laity, an amount of real and active religion which far surpasses that of any other country in the world. But there is also a frightful amount of utter godlessness, of indifference, or of profane irreverence among the people, which very nearly borders on infidelity. Were the object of the church of England only to save a few of the *élite* of society, who could afford to enjoy a luxurious

seat in a church, and might occasionally receive the visits of their minister in their houses, it were indeed well to leave it as it is; but if its object be to instruct, to raise, to restore, or purify each individual of the land, then it were well to make the means in some degree proportionate to the end.

“ This can only be done by the revival of the parochial system; by restoring pastoral influence, and insisting on pastoral instruction; by dividing and subdividing enormous parishes, and dividing and subdividing enormous clerical labour. It was to this only I alluded, when I spoke of the Lutheran church of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; because there the pastoral office is strictly maintained; and without it, what would these countries be? The church, indeed, may be dependent on the state, but the state is surely, in great degree, dependent on the church; because the formation of the minds and characters of the people is greatly intrusted to the clergy.

“ Religious surveillance is there a part of the law. Not only is the secular education of children obligatory at every village school provided for them, and not only are Latin

schools, at the most moderate charges, accessible to the youth of Denmark, but the highest instruction, that which concerns the immortal part of our being, is secured by the law which makes it incumbent, nearly in the same manner as in Sweden, on every subject to obtain from his pastor a certificate of confirmation ; as a document much more necessary than a baptismal register is with us, since, without it, men are not eligible to certain offices, and without it, neither man nor woman can be married ; so that you see there are even temporal inducements to obtain it. And for that purpose young persons have all to undergo six months' examination from the clergymen of their parishes : this alone affords to every individual in these lands, high and low, such instruction in the doctrines and observances of their church, as I fear can never be derived from the merely ministerial offices which the inadequate number of subordinate clergy renders practicable in our church, or from the irregular efforts of what is termed ' lay agency.'

“ Were there a subordinate order of clergy, whose chief work should be the

care of education, spiritual instruction, and religious training, and who by performing certain offices, or being able to read the Liturgy in churches, might allow us to have the daily service performed in them, no matter how few were the worshippers, we might hope yet to see England really become, what, alas! only a portion of its good or great ones now enable it professedly to be—a religious land. Would that we might see this change!—see the parishes, the offices, the clergy of our church, both divided and multiplied;* the parishes smaller, the clergy more numerous, the services shorter and more frequent; each little flock brought

* Since Evelyn uttered this wish at Copenhagen, Lord Ashley has expressed a somewhat similar one in the English Parliament; and while I revise the proofs of this work (then never intended to be written), a petition from the clergy of Manchester, on nearly the same subject, has appeared in the papers. Thus are the “rills of mind” flowing on in similar channels, yet unconnected with each other. Soon shall we see them conjoined in the broad stream of public opinion, which those alone who are opposed to the interests and influence of the church of England will continue to oppose. Then will such thoughts as those of my gentle Evelyn be no longer deemed visionary or speculative.

again under its own modest pastor, who would be the instructor of their faith, the almoner of their bounty, the reliever of their wants, their warning, advising, reproofing, or consoling friend ; a now nearly godless multitude, who too often know not even the name of their clergyman, receiving with revived reverence the instruction of their church ; while its beautiful services, instead of being so lengthy, in consequence of making three services into one, were more frequent, and consequently less confused."

" You must become a parson's spouse, Evelyn ; then you may have excellent opportunities for stirring up the church reform you seem to desire, for I believe whatever is to be done must be done by what are emphatically called the working clergy ; they hold in relation to the church just the same position that the people do in respect to the state."

" We shall become would-be politicians if we go on in this manner ; so to change the conversation, which has crept from the virtues of Denmark to the wants of England, let me remind you that there is one

feature in the financial department of this country which must strike you as admirable."

"And what is that?"

"Poor little Denmark, which you have heard Germans a hundred times say ought not to be a separate kingdom, allots twenty thousand two hundred and twenty pounds to the advancement of science and literature; and one thousand six hundred and sixty-six pounds to paying the travelling expenses of young artists and men of genius, like Thorwaldsen and Andersen, both of whom were sent to Rome; where you know the former, after a long struggle, was brought into notice by an Englishman: thus Denmark gives her literary and scientific sons their first push, launches them on the sea of life with an oar to begin the struggle; and if, like Thorwaldsen, they mount its waves triumphantly, welcomes them back with open arms."

"And her daughters," I said, "what of them?"

"Oh! women have no right to possess genius. Poor things! if such an accident of nature befall them, they are more to be

pitied than blamed. But in rich and liberal England, I have known literary women as well as men to receive handsome pensions."

"I really do not know how that was managed, Evelyn; for some one told me the literary pension-list only amounted to one thousand two hundred pounds a year; but then the civil list, you know, in other respects is heavy. Some time ago I think I read in some speech in the House, that sixteen thousand pounds a year went to the Poles; but now I believe the sum is really only seven thousand eight hundred pounds."

"To the Poles!" cried Evelyn, with a start.

"Yes. I do not mean that the government sends that annual sum on voyages of discovery; but to the Polish refugees. And then, besides that, it keeps them in medicine and doctors, in case the change of climate or manner of life should make them ill. I wish I could pretend to be a Polish countess in disguise, and have my doctor paid from the treasury, and get a pension for living in England. But what is the matter, Evelyn? My wish has made you grow pale as death."

It was the words "Polish countess" that had caused her to tremble; but averting her face, she murmured, as if considering my former piece of information,

"Only seven thousand eight hundred a year! and our poor—our broken-hearted men of genius and literature, our struggling artists!"

"Ah! that is quite another question: how could England either pay the poor for doing nothing, or pay the whole herd who in this day come forth to swell the ranks you name? No, no; if people cannot live by writing or by art, they should live by something else; women especially."

"But if they have nothing else to live by. In England they are excluded from many departments they can fill in other countries; and surely the trade of governesses is most frightfully overdone. If a woman, therefore, possess talent, and use it as a woman should, why should not the talent be recognised, more especially on account of the difficulties which belong to her class?"

"Would you have a poor authoresses' institution," I said, laughing, "as well as a

governesses'? But do you not feel, as well as know, that there is a deep, indelible disgrace attached to those who live *by* literature or art, instead of living *for* either? The rich man may receive both money and a bow from his publisher, because he wants fame alone; but the poor author, to whom fame is best represented in the tangible form of a banker's cheque, may be invited to 'divide the profits.' I never met the man or woman yet who did not feel shame in confessing they were 'dependent on their writings for support;' and I believe there is no other trade or profession of which this could be averred. And therefore it is natural that this feeling should extend to the government, and to the patrons of art and literature; and the claims of such persons be regarded with something like a contempt that is not shown to the poor and hard-working of other orders. But what on earth has all this to do with the Poles? There was such an *éclat* about them; and to see them dancing, for their annual benefit, was so interesting. Then they are all princes or counts;—*un comte sans comté* is general now. My hatred, too, to that great

monster, Russia, led me to admire the brave people who tried to evade its great jaws."

Evelyn looked at me earnestly.

"Poor, degraded wanderers!" she said, or almost sighed.

"You do not mean what you say, surely?"

"I do, *now*. Time was when I shared in all the enthusiasm that could be felt for the cause of Poland and its brave patriots. Still I feel the same for its cause; alas! for the fate of its exiles! There were brave and high minds among them, doubtless; but what a vile alloy of mean, sordid, dangerous, wicked adventurers! Such every revolution is the cause of transmitting to other lands, to push a fortune there which could not be made at home; and often to prosecute plans, to which generous sympathy and unsuspecting confidence give too easy scope."

Did Evelyn speak thus from experience? I fancied she did so, and asked if she had been intimately acquainted with the people alluded to.

"Not with many," she replied. "The Poles now excite little attention or interest; and there are some of the proscribed living

under the strict government of Austria. In the castles of the Hungarian nobility I have known some."

"I have always thought them," I said, "in many respects, a noble race, although I believe that term can never fully apply where a nation is divided into the classes of lords and serfs; the lords of Poland, who hate their Russian and Austrian devourers, are also hated by their serfs: but as to the Polish exiles, with the exception of those to whom the beneficence of governments, which disburse as munificently with one hand as they withhold tenaciously with the other, and of those who, combined with a liberal pension, enjoy the benefits of English trade, I can well imagine what the lives of men may be, separated from ties of home and country; reduced to struggle for daily bread, without one of those restraints which, in the absence of all higher principle, would bind a native subject to seek it lawfully, if not honourably. In such cases we must expect that the course of moral degradation will become deeper. The brave, dashing Poles, who were so captivating in Paris some years ago, and who, while accompanied with much

that was spurious, excited no little enthusiasm in England, are become like a thrice-told tale now; and nations begin to open their eyes, and wonder why, if their own people must starve, or languish in toil and disappointment, foreigners must be fed and supported."

"And how," said Evelyn, "such a man as poor Gerald Griffin might go for three days without food while experiencing

"how hard it is to climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;"

and how many others, men and women, too, have to feel that their talents and their genius go unnoticed and unrewarded; until, in old age, the pittance, that might, if earlier accorded, have given scope to their talents, by saving them from writing to meet the exigencies of the moment, is at last vouchsafed just to gild their tomb, or tell the world that such a one, on his, or her, dying bed, met the bounty that might some years sooner have saved their lives."

"But you forget," I said, "how this pretty tirade militates against the theory of over-population in England. If that theory be

true, surely it is more patriotic to let poor authors die than to pay them, as well as the Poles, to live. Denmark is not so overstocked with population, and so she thought it more politic to save her poor Andersen, one, now, of her best known and best received authors. A friend, he tells us, said to him, ‘Your misfortune is, that you have been obliged to print every thing; the public has been able to follow you step by step. I believe even a Goethe himself must have suffered the same fate if he had been in your situation.’

“But Denmark gave her lowly son a pension, and lent him wings to climb; in England it would have been more politic or patriotic to have let him die, and to have pensioned his widow or his child.”

“Andersen has, I believe, neither wife nor child,” said Evelyn, looking at me very gravely, “and sometimes you would make one think you were almost satirical, if we did not know that satire from you might be as natural as snow at midsummer.”

“Indeed,” I replied, “we have been so rambling hither and thither in our discourse, that I, for my part, do not recollect a word

of it. What was it brought on all this disquisition? It would be curious to trace it back now: but somehow I have an idea that when Thorwaldsen designed his beautiful 'Childhood's Aid,' he meant rather to signify by the guardian angel, the temporal power which first sent the poor neglected ship-carpenter's son forth into the world to study his noble art in the land where art has been perfected. To the first friends and instructors of our childhood we feel a love and gratitude that no others claim. Thus when installed in apartments of the royal palace of Charlottenburg, when loaded with honours and riches, perhaps Thorwaldsen remembered with more affection the mite bestowed by his maternal government which paid his travelling expenses to Rome. In the seamen's quarter of Copenhagen, the sailors have made the poor Icelander's son a sort of divinity, and take the dates of his age, birth, and death, as their fortunate numbers in the lottery which is so much in use in that town."

CHAPTER X.

ROESKILDE. SLAGELSE. NYEBORG. HAMBURG.

I HAVE been at a loss for a date, and at last given a pretty long one. We are going to start for the old town of King Roe, called Roeskilde, or Roe's Well, because they say King Roe had a favourite well at that place, whose waters, if they still exist, may be easily more abundant and salubrious than those of Copenhagen.

There are few things more provoking than to leave a place of which you know just enough to make you wish to stay and know more; and yet there are few things more delightful than to do so. We leave it with all the delight of inexperience, and with a sort of young love which urges you ever to return and pursue its sequel. What is half seen is, they say, always most thought of.

I had time to take another peep at Vor

Frue Kirke; to admire most what has therefore left the most impression on my memory, "The kneeling Angel," "Childhood's Aid," and "St. James with his Palmer's hat." I did not know till afterwards that Thorwaldsen himself preferred the latter to the other statues. Then there was a rapid glance over the Museum of Northern Antiquities; alas! only a glance at that most interesting collection of Scandinavian relics! Here also we find evidences of the quiet pastoral surveillance which the Lutheran clergy exercise in Denmark; for, to the pastor of every parish throughout the kingdom is intrusted the care of forwarding to this national and royal collection, where a liberal price is paid for them, every remnant of the past which is discovered in his district.

Amid the strange and interesting relics of Scandinavia, how dreadful was it thus to hurry! An Icelandic almanac is the only thing clearly impressed on my memory; it is such a thing as may easily remain there. You cannot well forget that a goose stands for "Michaelmas term," though some of the symbols are, to my fancy, less explanative;

for instance, a hatchet for the sweet season of spring. In such a manner, for about nine hundred years past, have the calendars of Iceland been kept. Merely strips of wood, carved with emblematic signs, to denote the months and seasons of the year. Wonderful Iceland ! rude, yet most literate land ; contrarities as great as a land of ice, mountains of fire, and fountains of boiling water, seem generated in the genius of its children.

But adieu to Copenhagen, and its museums and palaces : I have seen and known enough to make me long to see and know more : and there is no use in talking about what I have neither seen nor known.

“ So come, Evelyn,” I said, “ if we are to go, we may as well start at once ; but let us go across the Great Belt, that I may try if it will realize the idea I had of it, when I used, in my blessed childhood, to repeat something about it in ‘ Guy’s Geography.’ ”

So we settled to go by land to Korsör, and thence across the Belt to Nyeborg, in the island of Funen.

I had already seen, in going to Stockholm, the Danish Switzerland ; that is to say,

the pretty island of Möen, where the highest *Alp* is rather more in elevation than four hundred and fifty feet above the sea, but where beauty and loveliness appear unimpaired by the fairy size of the romantic cliffs. It is a charming place for a summer ramble, and the Danes adore it; but as I had to post on with Evelyn, I preferred a route I had not yet traversed.

The railroad was open to Roeskilde, the ancient capital of Denmark, now memorable for its peace. It was the ancient bishop of Roeskilde who built, A. D. 1168, the first fortifications that surrounded Kjöbenhavn, or the Merchant's Haven, then a fishing hamlet, and afterwards sold by him to the king of Denmark.

The railroad goes on to Slagelse, but we preferred travelling in an open drosky, having with us our good *commissionaire*, whom we took as a "talk," which to our ear is a significant Swedish term for interpreter.

In the old brick cathedral of Roeskilde, which was completed in the eleventh century, is the tomb of the Scandinavian heroine who united Denmark, Sweden, and Norway into one kingdom,—Queen Margaret, and a

vast number of other Danish sovereigns are interred in this cathedral. But, at the ancient church of Ringstead Abbey, a little further on our route, rests, they say, the dust of the memorable Canute the Great.

A part of our road to Slagelse was most lovely. On the bank of the charming lake of Sorö, stands the fine conventual-looking academy, once a rich Bernardine abbey, a seat of learning as well as wealth, where lived and wrote the ancient historian of Scandinavia, Saxo Grammaticus, and which was transformed at the transforming era of the Reformation into a school for the youth of Denmark.

A school for the nobles was added by the good and great Christian IV.; and in this academy, not very long ago, the young nobility were by law kept distinct and separated from the other students. But now all such distinctions are abrogated: the Danish peasant is a free man, and his voice can be raised in the interests of his country, as well as that of the noble.

As we came up before this sweet lake, its quiet woods, and academic abodes, Evelyn's admiration was excited.

“How peacefully might life flow on here!” she said. “Look at those charming cottages on the bank.”

“The professors live there,” our talk remarked. “The great Holberg, who wrote our plays and history, was one of them, and left the academy all his fortune.”

“Ah! do you recollect the few lines that pleased me so in Hans Andersen’s rather disappointing ‘Story of Life,’ about sailing on a lake with a poet, who had an Æolian harp fastened to the mast? Surely it was of this very Sorö he spoke.”

“So it was. I paid no attention to the locality at the moment, but now I recollect it perfectly; it was Professor Ingerman’s life which he said appeared to him at Sorö like a beautiful story.”

“What a sweet situation for a convent,” said Evelyn; “the repose of these national beech-woods, the stillness of that soft lake.”

“Yes; but study and repose may be as much enjoyed here now,” I added, “as when this academy was a wealthy and learned monastery.”

“And without an irrevocable doom,” she replied, “which is all that is truly repugnant

to me in convent life, so far as temporal matters are concerned. But was this same building a monastery?"

"No; the original one was burnt down, and only this old church of the Bernardines remains of all their establishment, and in it Holberg kept himself a tomb in exchange for the fortune he left it.

"The monastery, I think, was built in the thirteenth century, by that same devout Asser Rig, who, when he was departing for the wars, while his wife hoped soon to present him with an heir, made her promise that if she became the living mother of a living child, she would build a church of thanksgiving for him during his absence. If the child were a boy, the church was to have a tower, and a spire on the tower; but if a girl, the tower was to be omitted, and a simple spire only erected.

"The worthy dame, to reward her lord's devotion, brought two fine boys safely into the world. This was a case unprovided for by his directions: but a woman's wit and mother's gratitude pointed out her proceedings, and she built the church with two towers and two spires."

We saw the tomb of one of these famous twins in the old church, that of Bishop Absalon, who became the first statesman of his country; and without let or hinderance we arrived at Slagelse.

Having fixed our time of arrival at K rsor, so as to make the passage of the Belt in accordance with the arrival of the steamer at Nyeborg, we found we had a couple of hours to spare, and chose to spend them at Slagelse.

We went for a ramble up the height which is named Hvileh i, the meaning of which in our interpretation is, the Hill of Rest; so called, because on the top of that hill, Holy Anders, a monk of the convent that once was in the adjacent wood, and the patron saint of Slagelse even now, when patrons are quite out of fashion, was found reposing after having travelled in his sleep from Jerusalem on the back of an ass.

“The story looks like a fable, but no one can ever prove it to be so; and other people at Slagelse will tell you more fully than Andersen has done, how Holy Anders went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem with a goodly number of the devout, and how that when

the vessel (not a steamboat I suppose) was ready to sail from the Holy City, after some geographical chart of its own devising, Anders could not depart without a last prayer in the Holy Sepulchre.

“The vessel in consequence sailed from Jerusalem without him. Anders, finding it gone, was walking disconsolately on the shore, when an old man, riding on an ass, came up, and inquired the cause of his grief. Anders told him that his last prayer had lost him his passage to Denmark.

“The old man told him to mount behind him : he did so ; fell asleep, and was awoken by the people of Slagelse on the Hill of Rest. He found the vessel had not yet arrived from Jerusalem ; and apparently it had a toilsome tug, for it did not come for two years after Holy Anders’s quiet passage.

“After this time the prayers of the good monk were attended by other circumstances of wonder ; for whenever he wished to perform his devotions out of doors, he hung his hat and gloves on the sunbeams, a favourite sort of hand-rail with saints, for the same memorial is found in the legends of Ireland.”

“If the sunbeams were so complacent,”

said Evelyn, "why did they not allow him to dispense entirely with these memorials of a fallen state?"

"That would be dispensing with the miracle: a miracle is never negative. Holy Anders, too, obtained for the town of Slagelse a grant of land, in a manner more marvellous and decent, than that by which Queen Godiva served the people of Coventry.

"King Waldemar tauntingly agreed to give them as much as Holy Anders could ride round on a new-born foal. The Saint mounted, and set off as comfortably and speedily as he had travelled from Jerusalem. It was so ordained that the king was in his bath, and no other orders could stop the galloping foal, or its rider. In this predicament the least danger was preferred, and the ministers broke in on his majesty's retirement, entreating him to come forth on the instant and stop the new-born foal, before Holy Anders had galloped round the whole island of Zealand, and won it in perpetuity for his good town of Slagelse."

From the top of Hvilehöi, there is a fine view of the opposite coast of Funen;

and on that shore our *commissionaire* told us a strange battle had taken place in the last war, about the time that the fire, or misfortune, occurred at Copenhagen, under the command of our gallant Nelson and Sir H. Parker.

A battle which had something in it truly horrible, akin to the legends of the north, was about that time fought on the sands of Funen. It was a battle of war-horses without riders.

The Spanish troops, having been detached from the service of Napoleon, were taken on board our fleet, but their cavalry horses could not be accommodated, and at the moment of embarkation were left behind on the beach. The fury of men possessed the animals; they knew, they felt, they were deserted and betrayed; that no longer they should "rejoice in their strength, going on to meet the armed men, when they mocked at fear, and were not affrighted; neither turned back from the sword, the quiver that rattled against them; the glittering spear and the shield. When they swallowed the ground with fierceness and rage, and smelled the

battle afar off; the thunder of the captains and the shouting." The captains had deserted them, and the horses made the battle among themselves, imitated their Spanish masters, and fought with wild fury against each other. A strange spectacle to the trembling natives, then menaced by two rival hosts, who appear to have let the horses fight out their own quarrel, until nearly all the sanguinary steeds were slain. A few exhausted and wounded survivors were taken prisoners, and it would seem made peace, and even intermarried with the natives of the isle, as they say their descendants are to be traced in a peculiarly fine breed of horses now existing.

"But if Madame will be in time at Nye-borg for the boat, it is necessary to set off for Körsör," said our Dane, who, I fancy, had picked up his French in his boyhood from Napoleon's soldiers; he was an old and poor man, and it required to be very far from France to believe that he spoke that language.

"*Allons; en route,*" was my reply, as with a deep sigh I rose up, from reclining near

the cross which marks the spot where Holy Anders was laid down;—"farvel to Hvilehöi, and soon, farvel, also, with sincere regret, to Denmark, which, if it can remain at peace, will surely now arise from its long depression."

CHAPTER XI.

HAMBURG.

I WONDER if that great man of old, Charlemagne, who was found sitting in regal state in Aix-la-Chapelle, with the crown on his fleshless brow, the sceptre in his bony grasp, the sword by his loose robes of state, and the Gospels on his skeleton knee, could exercise the attributes as well as retain the mocking semblance of life, what he would now think of the city for commerce he founded in his rude and wonderful age?—a merchant city of palaces; “her merchants are princes.” Hamburg, like the phoenix, has started gloriously from her ashes. That awful conflagration, which ruined so many of its inhabitants, has not a little added to its magnificent aspect.

I never had seen Hamburg before, and never saw a place which proved so totally

unlike what my prejudices had imagined. It is a place of trade and transit, and therefore I had kept away from it.

After seeing such great commercial towns as Liverpool, Manchester, or Bristol, one imagines that the wealth of such a splendid place as Hamburg must vastly exceed that of our own dingy but monied towns. There is so much lightness and beauty in modern Hamburg; the Maiden's Walk, or Jungfernstieg, with all its afternoon animation, contrasts strikingly with our gaunt, gloomy docks at Liverpool; though in sterling greatness, of course, we eclipse all others: and those pretty flower-girls, with their picturesque costume and captivating air, would lead one to forget the dark counting-houses and sombre faces which the art of money-making produces here as well as everywhere else.

However, the Poste Restante was the most attractive place to me in that fine city of Hamburg, which bears on its very aspect the declaration, that a German will no more permit his business to interfere with his recreation than he will allow his recreation to interfere with his business.

What an important spot is the Poste Restante! My heart was not left long to palpitate: two newly-arrived letters; one from England, one from Stockholm. Fru P. wrote the latter.

When I had read both, I thought over their contents, altogether in relation to Evelyn and her circumstances, although one of them only concerned her. In these rather random records of my journeyings, no one can fully understand how much my feelings, I might say affections, had become interested in that fair girl. I had of course been more in contact with her heart and mind than these pages have ever developed.

I thought her a sensitive, tender-hearted girl, possessed of intellect and information, but totally wanting in that clear judgment and iron will which enable persons to triumph over circumstances of difficulty, or even to bend them to their advantage; and only liable to suffer acutely from a too scrupulous conscience, if involved in the unjust meshes woven by others, or too likely to fall a sacrifice to what her unselfish heart considered to be the good of another. I had formed a

gloomy suspicion that she would immolate herself within a convent.

But the letter of Fru P. was full of the step-cousin, whose arrival at Stockholm, and visit to the baroness, had occasioned no little wonder and admiration. A very wise friend of mine once included in his rules for epistolary correspondence this item, "Do not place a letter before the inspection of a third person unless desired to do so." The contents, therefore, of Fru P.'s letter shall remain for the present *poste restante*. But in one respect they changed my sentiments respecting Evelyn; that is, they made me regret having yielded to her wish and left Copenhagen so speedily. Had we delayed a little, this impressive step-cousin might have overtaken us there.

Now, however, we were in the first seaport of Germany, the free city of Hamburg, and here a decision must be made. Evelyn, I said to myself, must go to England. Not for worlds would I be in any way an accessory to the unhappiness which this singular avoidance of the man, who, from Fru P.'s account, loves her so deeply, and whom, from her own involuntary concessions, or

unconscious admissions, it is easy to see is the sole object of her love. What folly it is in people to be thus always chasing happiness out of each other's paths. It is bad enough to read such stupid or silly blunders in a novel; but in every-day life, in the dry details of a journey, to be mixed up with such nonsense is too bad. Evelyn must go back to England, and be a good parson's wife. She may be very useful there, may be the means of having a model church, and—but before the addition was made I was at her door, and her voice bade me enter. Evelyn was reclining on the couch. She started up when I said I had had letters, and uttered an anxious

“Well!”

“One is from England, from my sister; I am not wanted there, and am even advised, as I am abroad, to stay, and spend the winter, as I wish, in Italy. Abroad, you know, is a generic term, which scarcely implies reflection on the space between Stockholm and Rome.”

“And you will stay!” she cried, clasping her hands with a look of joy that brightened her whole face.

“ I have had a letter from Fru P., also, Evelyn.”

“ Tidings of him ! speak ! ” But as she uttered the impatient command, she turned her head aside, and hid it on the back of the sofa we sat on.

There was a silence after I had communicated what I thought I might and should communicate of the tidings, regrets, and speculations of the good Fru.

“ Noble Oscar ! ” said Evelyn at last ; “ so he told poor Frank that my rejection of himself arose from no prior attachment, but from a firm resolve against marriage ? ”

“ He has concealed nothing from your cousin, apparently. But you know you gave the young baron that reason for your refusal ; at least, I believe it was the only one he was likely to understand.”

“ True,” said Evelyn, looking earnestly up into my face ; “ but if you *should* not marry the only man you ever *would* marry, might you not say it was unlikely you *could* marry ? ”

“ I fear one’s brains might be puzzled among the shoulds, woulds, or coulds,” I answered, “ and a decision made between

the two last ;” and as a laughing reply often leads to a familiar question, my speech was inadvertently continued by one.

“ But, Evelyn, will you tell me *why* you *should* not marry this captivating step-cousin of whom Fru P. raves ?”

A little to my surprise, she sprang up from her seat beside me ; a paleness, even to her lips, overspread her face : she lifted up her hand, and I thought of the soft midnight sun of Sweden, when I saw her thus dread an approach to a questioner.

“ I have broken my engagement,” I said ; “ I ought not to have asked that question.” But before I could apologize further, her mood was changed, and sitting down again she said,

“ Yes, I will answer that question. I cannot marry him, because I am solemnly bound not to reveal to him the fatal secret which burdens my heart. The possession of that secret has thus blighted my life ; its betrayal would render his miserable : yet he has been brought up in abhorrence of concealment. Can you not perceive that on every side unhappiness would await us ?”

I could not say I did ; for I thought

Evelyn was a romantic girl, and that her secret might be better told than kept; or might be kept without causing her husband to die of baffled curiosity; so I answered,

“ Was it not Charlotte Steiglitz who said to her good-for-nothing husband, when speaking of the beauty of reserve even with those we love best, ‘ I have one secret I never speak of, even to thee; it is for thy good, but it looks a little gloomy sometimes.’ ”

“ Ah! I have often recalled the words,” said Evelyn; “ but poor, erring, yet noble-hearted Charlotte, alluded then to her projected self-murder for her husband’s good; my secret regards not the destruction, but the preservation, of a life.”

I could not question; so, biting my lips, to prevent the attempt, I said, “ Well, what will you do now, Evelyn? We are fairly on what you called at Stockholm ‘ continental ground;’ and here, you recollect, our plans were to be arranged. A packet sails for Hull to-morrow, which is I believe a pleasant course.”

She laid her hand upon mine; it was icy cold.

“ Hull! England! oh no!” she said in a low, trembling voice.

“What will you do then?”

“Stay with you!” she cried, and throwing her arms around me, hid her pale, terrified face upon my neck. “Oh, friend, friend!” she almost sobbed, “will you send me from you?”

My eyelids were damp as they touched her glowing hair; and quite involuntarily, and against my own judgment, and every one's common sense, I answered,

“No!”

“Heaven with its best blessing bless you!” was the reply.

And so, though I had come into the room determined to employ some of the many friendly merchants of Hamburg to consign the dear girl safely to our native land, we had settled, before I left it, to start very early in the morning for the Hartzgerge.

I then went to my own room; but one of the misfortunes to which people possessed both of some cool judgment, and of some warm feelings are exposed is, that whenever one of these antagonistic qualities gains the pre-eminence, the other is sure to retaliate; that is to say, when Mrs. Feeling runs away, as we say, with Mr. Judgment, she gets

tired, and stops to rest, and then Mr. Judgment comes up with all the calmness of power, and sets poor Feeling aside, or tells her she is like a foolish nurse giving sweets to a child who wants medicine to save its life. And then, on the other hand, when we listen to Judgment, and will not let Feeling say a word, we often lament the cold worldly wisdom which has made our own hearts and the hearts of others to ache.

Now in this scene at the *Hôtel de Russie* at Hamburg, Feeling had, just in the manner aforesaid, run away with Judgment; but when I was alone at night, Judgment rose up and gained the victory, and I felt very doubtful whether I ought to have yielded to Evelyn's apparent whim. I could not rest until I had gone back and told her that I would go to England with her, if she wished it, and stay there till I consigned her to the charge of this parson Frank. What, if I should take her to Rome to leave her in a convent? said I to myself; every one would say I was half a nun myself!

Before my candle had quite burned out, this clamour of Judgment versus Feeling became so imperative, that I left my room,

and found my way along the passage that divided us to Evelyn's apartment. We had been unable to get contiguous ones. When I entered it, Evelyn stood partly undressed in the middle of the floor, and looked quite frightened.

“ Did I alarm you ? ” I said.

“ Oh no ! but I am nervous, I know not why. Do you see this door opening into another room ? I did not notice it till lately ; it is locked, but there is no fastening on this side : it makes me shudder, I feel so lonely, so unprotected here in this great room.”

“ You are more nervous than you were in the north, Evelyn.”

“ Oh yes ! ” she replied ; “ I felt quite at ease in Sweden, because it is so remote, so out of the way of disturbances, or of conspirators, or of ” — she looked round the room, and changing her tone, added, “ you have made me think over frightful things by that question you asked me not very long ago ; and besides, I am naturally timid, and since I have been in Germany, I am constantly apprehensive : it is foolish, for there is really no cause.”

“ Ah! Evelyn, that apprehensiveness just opens the way for what I wanted to talk to you about. You are indeed lonely and unprotected: you ought not to be so. You have pitied the shaken rose-branch that has got loose from the sheltering wall; you have seen it blown by the breeze, its fair blossoms seeming to tremble even in the sunbeams. Well, you remind me of that.”

The large, clear brown eyes filled quite full of tears. But with more energy than she usually spoke with, Evelyn exclaimed,

“ But if the nail that held it to the wall be gone, if the poor rose-branch can never again be attached to the sheltering wall, would it not be well to cut it quite away, and hide it out of sight, where it can never be seen again in the breezes or sunbeams? ”

“ As a last resource, perhaps,” I answered her, smiling; “ but if I could find the nail, and know that the wall is always there, methinks I would rather employ the hammer to make it fast again, than the knife to cut it away. And that is what I want to do in your case, Evelyn. I think I should make a very good hammer, and I fancy I know the wall; all I want is for you to find me the nail; if you *will*

not, then it is your own fault that the poor rose-branch flutters, so painfully detached from its position."

"Say cannot, instead of will not," said Evelyn, "and you speak truly. You mean that I cannot afford you that clue to my position which might enable you to perform the good work I see you long to undertake. I must not, dare not, nay, with the help of God, I will not do so.

"If you think I do not suffer by this detachment from all that once formed to me the hope and joy of life, you are wrong; and if you think that I do not feel, as all sensitive women do, the painful unpleasantness of an independent position, you may be convinced that I do when I tell you, that abhorrent to me as the thought of marriage is, when the image of the person one marries is not the first and only one enshrined in the heart, I found at first a soothing relief in the affection of that noble Oscar, and was fully sensible of the hope of protection, and degree even of happiness I renounced, when I resolved to check or divert it.

"I am thankful that two motives appeared to me in time to be strong enough to enable

me to act upon them. *One* was in itself overruling,—a regard for the happiness of him who loved me, and who had not the first place in my heart. I knew that if I were his wife, such warmth of feeling as he possessed would be like the fire of Hecla falling on the surface of Iceland. When the degree of fascination which, unhappily, circumstances had caused me to exercise over him was moderated by time, he would experience the bitterest feeling a heart can know, when it loves with ardour and meets no ardour in return. His happiness, therefore, and not my own, was the chief cause of my refusal.

“My other reason was the knowledge of his mother’s wishes, and the discovery I made, at first by observation, and afterwards by an unmistakable occurrence, of the faithful Lilla’s secret love. I explain all this to you now, because I cannot give you a stronger proof of my sensitiveness to the pain of an isolated and independent position, than by owning that, to avoid it, I was at one time almost tempted to accept Baron Oscar, and spend the rest of my life in the seclusion of the happy North.”

“ But another consideration must have occurred to you, Evelyn : would not your step-cousin be miserable if you married another person ? ”

“ He would be far more miserable if I married himself,” she replied, “ and was still forced to maintain the reserve and mystery he abhors.”

Twice she crossed the floor, as if the movement proceeded, as it often does, from the impulsion of a mind whose workings could not otherwise be manifested. Then she came and sat down on a low arm-chair just before me, leaned forwards, and covered her face with her open hands. Perhaps for ten minutes we sat thus, nearly face to face, in total silence. I thought she was revolving in her thoughts the course she would pursue, and that any speech of mine might only impede the process.

But when she lifted up her head, all agitation, all apparent perplexity, had disappeared ; her sweet face, though pale, was perfectly calm, and I felt she had been praying rather than thinking.

Her white hands lifted back the golden tresses that had fallen round her, and those

soft moonlight eyes, which few people could look into unmoved, gazed rather solemnly into mine, as Evelyn gently said,

“What do you think of the spirit-world?”

The question startled me, especially when thus proposed after midnight; but I answered it very wisely,

“How do you mean, bad or good?”

“Good; I never wish to think of the bad.”

“Still you must define your meaning: do you allude to the spirits which St. Paul tells us are sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation; or to the ‘spirits of the just made perfect,’ who have departed from their mortal probation?”

“I mean the departed spirits of earth—of our friends; but I love to think that *they* are the ministers St. Paul alludes to.”

“What? that the spirits of the dead are around us?”

“Does the thought alarm you? to me it is pleasing. I like to think that they see our mortal course continued; our struggles, our errors, and victories; that they behold us much as we behold a little child whose sufferings are self-made, whose faults produce our pity, but do not cause us pain. And

then, when we sometimes perform a good action, or express a noble resolve, are we not startled by a conviction that some dear departed one has looked at us with a smile?"

"I fear theologians would dissent from your belief, Evelyn."

"It is not a belief; only an idea, which I think the most arbitrary creed might allow me to cherish."

"Provided it does not lead to two errors; obscuring the sense of the omnipresent Father of spirits taking cognizance of the same things; or tending to produce superstitious and fearful imaginations."

"There is, I think, greater danger of the first than the last error. But we pray to God only; and, when we invite His presence and help to be with us, I think the minister in the church is as much likely to make us forget the God he serves, as our sense of being ministered to by our departed friends, from the spiritual world, is likely to cause us to overlook the Spirit of God under whom they act."

"The notion," I said, "is one too pleasing to my own mind for me to argue against it, if I could argue on any subject. But what

can this theory of departed spirits have to say to the question of the shaken rose-branch and its native wall?"

"Little, yet much," was her reply; and she resumed her former attitude, her elbows on her knees, her face in the open hands; her long bright hair hanging loose over the white *robe de chambre*, making her look not unlike some pure spirit herself, mourning over a loved wanderer of our sinful earth. Thus sitting, and speaking through the partly opened hands, Evelyn continued,

"I may suppose a case, to give you an idea of what I mean. It may appear a romantic one; but, as I say, it is only to give you an idea of my meaning.

"Imagine, then, a remote country house, built in fact out of the remains of a ruined monastery, the chapel of which stood as it had been when the monks had sung there their midnight prayers; a solemn yet neglected place. Suppose that in the house to which it was attached, you watched a fair young creature who some few months before had stood at the altar, when she was, it appeared, made a happy bride; whom you had loved with a fond sisterly love, and

whose spirit, though she had not lived nineteen years in this life, was, from some unknown cause, just hovering on the border land of eternity.

“Suppose that in the gloom of the twilight, when you alone watched beside her, and doubted whether life yet lingered in that slender, scarcely breathing form, she were suddenly to rise up from her couch, and with a life-like energy, that yet more resembled what we hear of galvanic action on the dead, draw you within that disused chapel; and there, kneeling by her side at the altar, cause you, not compulsorily, but from the power of holy and deep feelings, to pledge yourself solemnly to the fulfilment of her dying injunctions,—would you not afterwards be likely to fancy that her spirit was around you whenever you were tempted to go back from the contract; or whenever you were strengthened to resist all the temptations which the world or the flesh might offer you to do so?”

“The case you propose is an awful as well as romantic one,” I answered; “yet it is not too much of the latter to be a *real* one. As to the propriety of observing such a vow—

for I can readily imagine its having been undeliberately made—that depends on the nature of the dying injunctions that were to be fulfilled.”

“The vow was not undeliberately made,” said Evelyn quickly, for she was a poor dissembler, and could not even carry out her supposed case as an imaginary one; “and as to the nature of those injunctions, let us believe them dictated by a spirit going to its Redeemer, ‘washed, sanctified, justified,’—believe them such as His own death on Calvary, and His own last prayer, might have inspired.”

“In such a case, Evelyn, I can say no more. But if that dying friend knew the sacrifice of self her required pledge demanded, could she be right still in demanding it?”

“She would still, poor girl, have been right,” said Evelyn, with a deep sigh; “but she knew it not. I myself at first knew not how difficult it would be to try to fulfil it.”

She paused, and looked up with a start, while recollecting how quickly she had come to speak personally in her supposed case.

“Ah! there! there is the danger of be-

ginning to speak. Oh! if I were thus to converse with Frank, in one hour all would be told, all would be destroyed."

"I think," I replied, "there appears little fear of your betraying to me anything which you are obliged absolutely to conceal; and I should think you might be equally firm with him."

"How can you think so? You do not possess the knowledge, even the family knowledge, which alone could give you a dangerous power in questioning me as to recent events. You, too, would not suffer from my silence; and you, perhaps, do not think the appearance of mystery sinful. But let me add to the case I proposed to you, for I did not finish it. Suppose, further, that just as your dying friend's communication had been made, and when she, almost ghost-like, had left your side, you saw a man retiring with a well-known, cat-like step, from the same place, and knew that he had made himself a witness and a hearer of all that had been said and done; that he knew you held his life in your hands, but knew also that he held the life of another man in his hands; that for the sake of the last you must pre-

serve the first,—would not the sense of standing in such a situation change the very aspect you had worn, make you at times feel alarmed without cause?”

“I think so, undoubtedly; and this latter part of the case I should most certainly repeat to any friends likely to advise or assist me.”

“I may mention it to you,” she answered, “but I could not do so to my own family or connections, because, if I did so, my secret would be betrayed. Even what I say to you I dare not say to them.”

“You will then continue to avoid your cousin?” I said.

“For his own peace’ sake, and for the salvation of another, I must do so,” was her answer. “Half confidence,” she continued, “never can do good, and may do much harm. The only person who could have saved me from bearing alone what I must now bear, is buried at Stockholm. Circumstances, which many years ago took place in my family, were only lately made known to myself; unless you were acquainted with these, in connection with the strange events of my recent history, you could give me no advice

likely to reach my case. My only hope must be in time, for,

‘ Time as it courses onward still unrolls
The volume of concealment ; ’

and in God, to whom I may venture to say with David, ‘ I am afflicted and oppressed, without any offence or fault of mine, O Lord.’ Strange commotions are likely soon to take place in Italy : who knows but they may affect me ; be the means even of releasing me from mystery ? ”

“ You allude to the return of the amnestied conspirators ? ”

“ I allude to what will follow that return. ”

“ Evelyn, for one so young, and still so really ignorant of the world, you appear to have gained a singular branch of information ! ”

“ The means were the simplest in the world, ” she replied ; “ the man of whom I spoke is one of the amnestied of Pope Pius. ”

“ And it is for his sake you ” —

“ No, no, no ! Nothing for his sake ; for one connected with him—but, dear friend, let us say no more. I have already said enough to show you I cannot, must not, go to England ;

as yet, I know not where I ought to go, but not there at all events."

"You have convinced me you will not," I replied.

"Cruel! ah! if you knew the cousin whose cause you think you advocate, you would feel, as I do, that his peace, his honour, are worth the sacrifice of oneself."

"More and more puzzled, Evelyn."

"Alas! you must be so, if you will talk with me of myself, or of him. Five minutes of plain speaking would make all clear, but that is forbidden. Only then agree, for once and for ever, as far as your journey goes, to let me stay with you; let me accompany you to Rome, and you shall see the end, if an end there be. Do not now forsake me: your heart will reprove you hereafter if you do."

I kissed the poor trembler, scarcely knowing whether to think her the best and most heroic, or the most foolish of all lovely creatures.

But Evelyn's eyes, the expression of those sorrowful lips, even the touch of her soft hands, had somehow an effect on me which her arguments had not; and, however deter-

mined I was to say no, I always said yes, to the request which, but for her own sake, would have been very agreeable to me. One circumstance, indeed, had shown me that she was determined not to go to England, and that was her anxiety not to meet her step-cousin on our road. If she was to meet him there, she might as well meet him here ; but Evelyn now seems to think that an interview with him, with the only man she affirms she ever could marry, would have a fatal influence on her destiny, or perhaps on the destiny of others ; I know not which, for I feel as I used to do in the nights of the north, I can neither see clearly, nor feel myself in the dark ; it is neither day nor night around me.

I was going to my bed, when, finding we had talked so long, that it was scarcely worth while to do so, and remembering Evelyn's fear of the door, I placed myself on the spare bed in her room, and fell, very soon, at least half asleep.

When I opened my eyes, however, wondering that the light still burned, I saw Evelyn kneeling at the table. Resting against a bible was an open portrait ; Evelyn's back was to me, but the table being quite near, I

could see the portrait of a young preacher, robed in black. The clear blue-eye appeared to pierce beyond the limits of our time-state, and the one upraised finger to point the minds of others in the same direction.

There was something in that eye, which, though the face was almost youthful, could awe the careless, and impress the conviction of truth, eternal truth, on those who met its calm, powerful regard. There was a resemblance in those eyes to the eyes I had seen fastened on the falls of Trollhättan; but in the portrait they appeared to be dwelling on the things of eternity, at Trollhättan they were softer and brighter: you could even imagine them melting in earthly love, or smiling in worldly joy.

There, now, with those solemn eyes looking at her, Evelyn knelt; what was passing in her heart I know not.

When I rose in the light of day, she was sleeping, calm as a child, and more youthful-looking than when awake. I bent over her to awake her for our railroad journey, and felt that her slumbers betokened a spirit that had reposed itself in the love of God before the body sunk to rest.

CHAPTER XII.

NEUSTAD.

AT uninteresting Brunswick we were delayed for half an hour: while waiting at the railway station, a personage, who announced himself as a Pole who had come from London, and been at the *soirées* of the Countess of something, came to look about for a commission; he

“ left half-told

The story of Cambuscan bold ; ”

for a puff of the engine freed us from the civilities, which he assured us his gratitude to the English nation alone inspired.

We reached the handsome and really comfortable hotel of Neustad, newly built, as its name imports, at the terminus of the Hartsburg Railway.

The next morning we went to the Brocken. I had no desire to tread that too much trod-

den ground ; yet I had a little curiosity to see the often-talked-of scene of the Walpurgis Nacht.

O genius ! how are thy footsteps followed over earth. On every spot where thou hast set thy mark, thither does a motley group of pilgrims, from age to age, repair.

Let a writer like Göthe do evil, or let him like Scott do good, the effect as to the places he has celebrated becomes the same. If Mephistopheles and Dr. Faust had not flown, in an extraordinary manner, over the Hartz, fewer travellers would have wended their more common-place way over the Brocken.

“ Our mantles spread before the wind,
Are all such fellow-travellers need ;
No common wants our speed abate ;
Our luggage is not overweight : ”

an essential particular for Mephistopheles to remember, which shows us he was of German origin. And how many other scenes are made the object of a pilgrimage for the sake of the person who wrote, not of the place written of.

Evelyn and I were no adorers of Göthe, nor the least thankful to him for what he

had done, by means of imitators, either for English poetry or German religion ; but we wanted to see, as I have said, the wild theatre of the Walpurgis Nacht, not in the least knowing why the first Christian missionary's name should be given to the night on which witches and ghosts, and all unholy manner of things, are said to assemble—were, I should say, for superstition is well-nigh defunct everywhere.

We sat down on a fantastic block on the summit of the Brocken, not very far from the inn.

“ I should like to be here on the eve of May-day,” I said, “ if there were any chance of seeing my own ghost, with its name pinned on its back ; it would look so droll ! poor little thing.”

“ Hush !” said Evelyn, quite solemnly ; “ I fear to jest with the spiritual world.”

“ Nonsense !” I cried ; but the next moment added, “ I believe you are right. The error of our age is not superstition, but incredulity.”

“ Superstition !” Evelyn ejaculated ; “ unbelief has driven it from the world ; infidelity is treading down even its traces.”

I knew quite well she did not mean what I meant; yet I answered, for I did not want a serious discussion,

“ Oh yes! railroads and steamboats, and the whirr of this every-day working life, have quite run through and through the Blocksberg and its spectres. Only see how that Murray, with his cool matter-of-factism, forewarns every traveller of the dull realities which have supplanted the dear old wonders of a very different age. What says he in his curious encyclopædias of travel?

“ ‘ The spectre of the Brocken, occasionally seen from this spot, may have contributed to strengthen the belief of its being haunted. It appears at sunset, or sunrise, whenever the mists happen to ascend perpendicularly out of the valley on the side opposite to the sun, and leave the mountaintops free from vapour. The shadow of the mountain is reflected against the face of the vapour: the inn becomes a palace in size, and the human beings on the summit appear giants. The size of the figures increases or diminishes as the fog is driven further or nearer to the Brocken by the wind.’

“ ‘ And,’ adds Mr. Howitt, ‘ if the fog be

very dry, you see not only yourself but your neighbour; if very damp, yourself only, surrounded by a rainbow-coloured glory, the more lustrous and beautiful the damper the fog is, and the nearer it approaches.' How strangely lovely you would look, Evelyn, surrounded with that rainbow-coloured glory; I wish I could see you in the fog!"

"I fear you think me too much in cloud-land already," she answered, laughing.

"That is quite true. But do not such plain John Bullisms as these lift the veil provokingly high; and render all the delightful old-world phantasmagoria a mere raw-head-and-bloody-bones story for old heads on young shoulders to scoff at? How shall fare the generation that is following us? Imagination in this age has died a violent death; strangled, choked, in machinery; our railroads, *et cetera*, have crushed its soul out: we have lived on the shreds of the past, and worn them completely out."

"There is nothing new under the sun," said Evelyn; "what dies in one age revives in another; a generation or two, or more, even a century or two, may be passed over; but, like personal beauty, which you know

is said to run the same (at times) invisible course, the thing that hath been, reappears. The world presents a succession of changes ; but it is a great kaleidoscope ; if we could stand still, and watch its revolutions, we should see what we had seen before."

" Yes, so far as fashions, opinions, perhaps graver matters also, are concerned, you are right ; but the dear old credulities of by-gone times, the innocent mythology, which the algebra and mathematics of our infant education have quite destroyed, will it again delight the imagination of such a child as I myself was ? Will the wonder-flower bloom again on the Brocken ; or will its spectres appear when called for ? Have not the microscopic glasses of our times looked through and through all such dear illusions ? Have not our never-resting travellers ransacked and burlesqued their retreats and sanctuaries ; and the great, dry platter-faced genius of Anno Domini 1800 nodded its head, for nearly fifty years, at all the relics which the sacristies of imagination had preserved, and caused them to vanish into curious nothings ?"

" Do not get angry," Evelyn said, smiling ;
" what hath been shall be, and what is, is

that which shall come after. Ah! friend, in matters great and small there is wisdom in that word—wait.”

We heard voices murmuring at the other side of the granite block on which we sat.

“Let us go to the inn,” said my companion, rising; “even on the Blocksberg we may have listeners.”

“Perhaps a Mephistopheles is at the other side, with some silly Dr. Faust; they have heard no dangerous secrets; but I am tired, and could almost drink Birchen-wasser; so, come,” I made answer.

In moving round towards the Brocken Haus, we passed a young man and a lady, who were at the wild-looking scene of the Witches’ Festival. The lady had her back to us, but the other person was full before us; as we came near, she said, in the tongue wherein we were born,

“Yes; but while you are quoting Göthe, I cannot help thinking of an English version of some of the words of Faust:

“The wild wind sweeps like a storm o’er a wreck;
It is icy cold, and it cuts my neck.”

The young man sprang up, and with an exclamation, rather over-proportioned in ve-

hemence to the occasion, and in the sweetest tones of a decidedly Irish voice, exclaimed against himself and his forgetfulness, in letting her sit there and suffer; and, with a nurse's care, he endeavoured to draw a shawl around the threatened neck.

“Why will you always think of me, and not of yourself?” was the answer, as the effort was rather impatiently resisted. “Surely, you must know it was of you I thought? I am not suffering from delicate lungs. You never think of yourself; never take the least care of yourself.”

“Who would do so, if he could be so thought of?” said the young man, with flashing eyes; “but I am wrong, very wrong,” he added, in an altered manner, “to give any one the trouble of caring for me.”

In the Mountain Inn we were shown into a room already occupied by an elderly couple, and a quantity of shawls and cloaks, sufficient almost for a party of Germans; but we knew, instinctively, we were not with the natives. The man appeared sixty years of age, the woman, perhaps, five years younger; they seemed to belong to that rather undefined rank called the middle classes, and had good, broad, honest-looking, yet not quite

English, faces. They talked in whispers for a few moments, and then the old lady, approaching us, put her face very close to mine, and without the least of that scared appearance, which the address of a stranger usually gives a native of England, speaking very loud, and pointing her finger through the panes of the narrow window, to make her meaning still plainer, she said,

“Dere—in dat plaace—have—you—seen a lady—and a—yung man?”

The unequal pauses, the difficulty with which she tried to speak English, and yet her broad Irish accent, was the most ludicrous thing I almost ever heard; but aware that such tricks are practised, I was not disposed to laugh as I replied coldly,

“We did see a lady and gentleman not far from here.”

The effect of this speech was marvellous. The old lady’s face “broke in pieces with joy,” as my French master, an officer of Napoleon’s, used to make me translate “*la joie éclatait sur le visage de Calypso*;” and at the sound of my voice the old man rose up and came over to the window, exclaiming, in downright good Irish,

“Heavens bless my heart and soul! you are English!”

“Ah! then,” cried his good wife, “isn’t it a mercy to meet any one that can speak a decent tongue, and understands you without your talking gibberish? And, ladies, upon my honour and word, I never met a human creature, since I have been in foreign parts, that didn’t speak English just as I spoke to you; for all the world like babies; so when I thought you were foreigners, I knew there was no use of speaking to you like sensible people.”

“Certainly not,” I answered, with a gravity that made Evelyn actually laugh. But my heart warmed to the exquisite old woman; I felt as if I should be her friend for life. There is something so delicious now-a-days in open, undisguised, unblushing ignorance. Let others say what they will, when I meet it in honest, hearty simplicity, I love it; it wins and warms my heart.

“Maybe I’d better step out after them, dear?” said husband Patrick to his spousa, with the tone of a man who generally stated an opinion in the form of a question.

“Then is it mad entirely you’d be, Patrick,

man, to go out there, wandering about on the wild hills, and you not able to say a word for yourself if I'm not with you?"

"Well, dear, I know that; but sure, if he gets cold, or breaks a bloodvessel again, it's you that'll be blamed for it, when you are here to take care of him; so it's only to save you trouble I speak."

"And it's kind and considerate of you, Patrick, that it is; but you see I must perform my own duties, for, upon my word and honour, I do believe no one could ever perform them for me. Now, ladies, it's wondering you'll be at my anxieties; but you see my nephew that's out there, is a great genius; indeed, between ourselves, I fear he is too great a genius to live, poor boy; they said he was going into a decline, and the doctors sent him to travel; and then—and then—why then *some one* made me come to take care of him; and my husband, you know, couldn't be left behind; and there's a young lady, a very grand young lady indeed, under my care too, and so you may think I have enough to do."

"Undoubtedly. But if you wish to find your friends, you can easily do so; I will show you the place."

“ Thank you, ma’am, thank you,” she said, drawing a step or two from me as she spoke : “ very much obliged, ma’am, but I’d rather not go near such places as that ; why, ma’am, perhaps you don’t know it’s a very improper and wicked place they are gone to ? ”

“ Oh, indeed ! I did not know that.”

“ No, ma’am, it’s likely not ; but I knew better ; I said to my nephew, ‘ Albert,’ says I, ‘ I am agreeable to go with you all over the whole world as we are doing, and anywhere else in reason you wish, but when you want me to go to a witch’s altar ’ ”—

“ Altar is a papist word,” said the husband.

“ True for you, Patrick ; well I won’t say against that word ; but pulpit, Patrick, pulpit is Protestant ; and there’s a thing out there they call the devil’s pulpit ! Well, heaven forgive them ! that’s all I say ”—and as people usually do when they utter a similar good wish, she held up her hands with a gesture that said such forgiveness would never be accorded,—“ it’s a pretty sermon he’d give us, I’m thinking.”

“ And the witch must be clerk, and say amen,” cried husband Pat, with a hearty laugh.

“Don’t laugh, Patrick, don’t, dear; I don’t approve of such things; I do not indeed; I say it’s making light of sacred things.”

“But I think in Ireland you have got a ‘Devil’s Bit,’ and his glen, and his bridge,” I said.

“Aye, that’s true; and some people think we have got too much of his work altogether,” said the husband; and he laughed again.

“Now Patrick, dear, I wish you wouldn’t be jesting at sacred things,” said the old lady; “it’s not right, indeed it isn’t. But, ladies, may I ask how you knew we were from Ireland?”

“Oh!” I exclaimed; and Evelyn and I laughed in spite of ourselves, “I guessed it by—by a sort of accent.”

“Accent! have I any accent, Patrick? Upon my word, I thought my husband and myself had not the least Irish accent; we were a whole month, too, or more, in London before we came here.”

“But we never left the sweet banks of the Shannon in our lives before then,” said husband Patrick, “and I give you my word,

ladies, I never saw anything like them since."

"I suppose not," was my reply.

"Well, Ireland has its evils too, Patrick; but nothing, I think, so bad as the horrible superstitions that are practised here."

"What are they?" asked Evelyn, with a look of innocent wonder; but I believe our new acquaintances were stranger to her than the witches.

She received a glance of pitying admiration from the old woman.

"I declare now if it isn't a pity to see innocent, sweet creatures going about such places; and them as ignorant as the child unborn of the impropriety and sinfulness of them. Well, ladies, you see my nephew will follow his own opinion, because he is a great genius, and you know they can persuade any one that black is white; and the young lady that's under my care—well, I suppose she's too good to see evil in anything, or I'm sure she'd never come to this desolate mountain to see the Devil's Pulpit and the Witches' Altar; and sit out there listening to stories that would make your blood run cold, and your hair stand on an

end, if you were to hear them : how Satan flew over this mountain with a German doctor ; and of the horrid witches' feast ; and how on May-day eve he is here, with a great congregation round his pulpit ; and how any one who calls for his own ghost can see it, or any other ; and how the ghost will appear with its name pinned on its back. The poor deluded creatures ; it's benighted they are ! Now isn't it a wonder that in these missionary times, no one ever thought of sending a missionary to them—a mission to the Brocken ; isn't it the Brocken they call it ? Well, we have nothing worse in Ireland than this, Patrick."

"Try and get a meeting about it at the Rotunda," said I ; for though I never "jest about sacred things," there was something irresistible in this excellent lady's innocent zeal. But we were very hungry, and so we left her to consider the proposal, and went to look for something to eat.

We wandered afterwards a little about the Brocken, and returned to our hotel at Neustad.

The next day was Sunday. Had we known what a scene this railway terminus

would have exhibited, we might have chosen another halting-place. I fancied there was a quiet significance on our obliging Kellner's countenance, when I said something of our English custom of spending the Sunday quietly, for which reason we would remain there, contrary to our first intention, and start off on Monday ; but he only answered, " Si Madame le veut."

On that evening, thinking that Evelyn would not like to go out among such a mass of people (all the citizens of Brunswick, I believe, poured out to Neustadt, and all the peasants of the neighbourhood came to look at them, eating, drinking, knitting, and waltzing), I was stealing along the great corridor, to see if I could effect an escape into some quiet suburb, when I heard a quick step patting after me, and a voice, in very suppressed tones, crying " Honey, honey ; stop a bit, honey." I looked back, and saw the old lady of the Brocken.

" Ah then, honey, maybe you could tell me where my room is ? Upon my word and honour, I'm lost entirely."

" Do you know the number ?"

" Number : it's numbered they are, like

the doors of a street? Well, now I remember, there was, I think, 56 on it."

"Fifty-six; come this way, I will try to find it."

"Thank you, dear; I'll be for ever obliged to you. You see, my dear, when strangers meet in a strange land, they should be friendly, and do a good turn for one another. I'm sure I'll be heartily glad to help you at any time. You see, dear, when anything happens to me, I don't like to be disturbing the young lady that's under my care, though she speaks all the tongues that ever were invented; but then she's an authoress, you know, and she's always by herself, and always, I suppose, writing, or reading, or thinking."

"And you have an authoress and a genius under your care!" I exclaimed, surveying the vulgar-looking, good-humoured little woman from head to foot.

"Hush, hush! you mustn't say I said so; it's only particular friends, you know, are in the secret."

"Yes, like you and I."

"Just so, dear."

"Madame, voici votre chambre."

"Och! do you speak that gibberish, too?"

“This is 56.”

“So it is, and there is my cloak. Yes, it’s right. Come in, dear, come in ; come in for a moment. Now, upon my word you must. Patrick’s out, and even if he wasn’t, sure they eat, and sit, and sleep in the same room here, the savages ! but he is out with my nephew, and you needn’t be afraid. Come in, and let us have a bit of chat ; my tongue is tired of never saying a word ; for you know, dear, authoresses and geniuses don’t talk like other people.”

“Not at all like you and I,” was my sagacious rejoinder.

“Not at all, not at all ; there, now, sit down, and make yourself easy, for I am sure it’s a real pleasure to get any one to talk to.”

“Why do you not learn to speak French and German, madam ?”

“I do speak, ma’am, I do speak them ; how could I travel, and make myself useful, if I couldn’t speak ? But ma’am, my opinion is, that when people speak the language of these heathens, they grow like them. Why, my dear creature, let me ask you if you ever beheld such a scene as this on the Sabbath day ? and the women knitting too ; fine-

dressed ladies, actually knitting away as if for a morsel of bread, as if they hadn't six week-days to make their husbands' stockings. But they are heathens—they are heathens! with their ghosts, and witches' altars, and devils' pulpits. Ah! maybe it's the sermons they hear there that make them Sabbath-breakers."

"Very probably; yet they are Protestants too: this is Martin Luther's own land."

"Bless my heart! it's wonderful now, isn't it?"

"Wonderful! But I fear the English do not always set other people the example they say they follow at home; their favourite motto is, to 'do at Rome as Rome does;' they often refuse to act upon it in little matters, but observe it in great; and after joining in most of the Sunday amusements and customs abroad, they go back and write, or talk, against them at home."

"That is not my way, my dear; nor, indeed, I must say, is it my nephew's, or—or any one else's; but I should like to tell you what a scrape I got into once by trying to set people a good example, and to show them how to keep the Sabbath day."

“ Pray, tell me.”

“ Well, I will, then ; there, now, just sit on that couch : upon my word, the couches here are the only good things I have seen ; as for the beds, they are only like stuffed coffins.”

So when she had settled me to her wish, her tongue once more began to use its restored freedom.

“ So, my dear, we were on the Rhine—a mighty fine river it is, but nothing to compare to the Shannon, I think—and my nephew stayed somewhere to see the students. Did you ever see them, my dear ? Such creatures ! not like our collegians ; I declare, they are like things come out of Bedlam ; and sometimes they don't look a bit like man or woman, with coats like dressing-gowns, only covered over with braids and tassels and things, tag-rag and bob-tail ; and their whity hair hanging down their necks, and their bewildered looks, just like raving poets, pretending they are thinking ; and them with an embroidered reticule that they call a tobacco sack, round their necks, or fastened in their button-holes, and a long walking-stick, with a painted china bowl at

the end of it, in their mouths; and doing nothing but drinking great cans of nasty beer, and puffing smoke into your face, and then staring with their great wild eyes, just as if they were saying, 'How do you like that?' Upon my word, my opinion is, that if these fellows learn anything, it is a shame they don't teach them manners too."

"Why," I said, "there might be a difficulty there; for I have heard of an advertisement that once appeared in a little school-room window of your country, with this postscript, 'Them as larns manners, twopence more.'"

"Well, my dear, if it did cost a little more, it wouldn't be money thrown away. But if you were to hear my nephew talking of the great professors he has seen here, why maybe you'd think it no wonder about the others. Do you know that some of them live in a room that's so black with tobacco smoke, you couldn't see to the end of it; and their hair is all wild, and their faces yellow, and there they are shut up with musty books and dusty papers, and I declare, I think their thoughts must be as musty and dusty and smoky as all about

them is, for I'm sure no one could make head or tail out of what I have heard my nephew read ; you just feel as if you were in a dream at the end of all ; and you begin to think that maybe you have been dreaming all your life, and yet that there would be no manner of use in wakening : and there is a great, great heap of words, that I declare do not tell you anything at all, nor teach you how to be a bit better yourself, nor how to make any creature a bit better. And yet they do nothing but write, write, and read and read, and think and think."

"And perhaps you think they would be better, and do better, if they would act, act?" I said, laughing.

"To be sure I do, my dear ; they wouldn't write such strange, useless dreams then, take my word for it. But I must tell you the way I set these Sabbath-breakers a good example.

"You see, my nephew had stayed with those affected-looking creatures they call students, and the young lady who is under my care had gone with some friends she had with her then, but who have left us now, to see some place or other, I forget what, so

Patrick and I were left to act for ourselves. She left us directions written on a card, and told us we could get on so as to spend the Sunday in Frankfort, where there is an English church. So when we were alone, I said to Patrick, says I, 'Now we are left to act for ourselves, and we'll set these people a good example, and teach them how they should observe the Sabbath.' But, says Patrick, 'How will you do that, when you cannot speak to them?' 'Oh!' says I, 'I'll teach them by actions,—that is the best teaching; besides, I have learned enough French to manage very well. So to-morrow will be Saturday,' says I, 'and we'll get to Frankfort in time to be settled for the Sunday, that we may spend it properly.' Well, the next day we went off; and a fine piece of work we had, for there was my nephew's luggage, and the young lady's, and our own, and we had only the card to go by, and the landlord, and I don't know how many porters, had a fine fuss. At last we got to the railway, and came to Frankfort; and then there was all the fuss over again; but a porter took our card, and got us three carriages, and we drove off to the hotel. It was about half-past one o'clock,

and Patrick said it was a very fine town, but there seemed very little business in it, and it looked a deal quieter than Dublin.

“ So when we got to the hotel, I do assure you the landlord came running out to meet us, and he so fine, and all the waiters looking so smart, that I was ashamed to speak to them. Well, after a while, when we were in our room, a waiter came and made a speech ; and I said to him, ‘ What do you mean ? ’ and then he said ‘ *Table d’hôte,*’ for *table d’hôte* means, dinner is on the table ; so we went down stairs to our dinner, and you know here you must eat fifty dishes, and have twenty plates changed, before you can get anything you like, for they bring in a leg of mutton or a piece of roast beef for dessert, so that nearly two hours were spent at our dinner ; but when we got back to our room, Patrick was saying how much pleasanter it was to sit over one’s glass of wine, or something else, you know, by oneself, than to be fed like the beasts of the Zoological Gardens, altogether at one hour, and be made to eat as much as would do for half-a-dozen dinners ; but I said, ‘ Patrick,’ says I,

‘no matter what other customs we conform to, only let us show them we’ll keep the Sabbath as we do at home, and not conform in that to their heathenish ways.’ So then, I looked round for our luggage, that I might get our clean things out; and it wasn’t in the room. I rang the bell, and the waiter came, but not until I rang two or three times; so as I knew the word they called luggage, I said to him ‘Baggage;’ and he came up close to me, and spoke a good deal; but I only said ‘Baggage.’

“So at last he opened the door and made a bow, and stood for me to walk out, and Patrick said he thought he wanted me to go and show him the luggage. Well, he took me down stairs to a lumber-room, and there was all the luggage piled up, and a great deal of other things over it. So I touched all of ours with my hand, and told him it must go up stairs. He understood me, for I pointed with my hand; but he said, ‘Demang, madame, demang.’ ‘No, no,’ I said, ‘no demang for me;’ for I knew that demang was to-morrow, and that the fellow wanted to put off his work to the Sabbath; so I said ‘No, no; no demang.’ Well, after

a great piece of work, the landlord himself came, and he sent the waiter to look for another man, and we had the luggage all carried up stairs. When it was all in at last, I put my hand in my pocket,—and if I had not lost my keys! not a bit of them was to be found.

“ ‘Well, Patrick,’ said I, ‘there’s no use fretting, these boxes must be opened.’

“ ‘Wait till Monday,’ said he; ‘we are strangers here, and it’s no matter about our best clothes.’

“ ‘No, Patrick,’ said I, ‘I’ll do abroad as I do at home, on the Sunday at least, and set these people a good example. I’ll get out your clean things, and my own too.’

“I rang the bell again, and again, and again; at last the waiter came, and really he looked a little cross; and then Patrick thought he should help me in speaking, and so he put his hand on the boxes, and took the key of the door, and made as if he threw it out of the window, to show the keys were lost; and the man, stupid as he was, understood that. But still the fellow kept saying ‘Demang, demang;’ but ‘No demang for me,’ I said; ‘I’ll sanction no Sabbath-breaking.’

So then, I recollected that in Dublin they called an evening party a soirry; and I put my hand on the trunk, and said distinctly, 'Dis soirry,' with the greatest determination. 'Dis soirry,' says I. So, after some time, a fine gentleman, in a yellow waistcoat, and with a gold chain, came up with a pick-lock. I was really frightened to see him, and to think of all the expense it would be to have such a grand person to pick the locks of the trunks. However, he did it just as well as any sooty blacksmith, and I really believe did not charge a bit more. When it was over, however, I said to Patrick, 'Well, my dear,' says I, 'I think we shall triumph over them, and show them how we keep the Sabbath.' Then I wanted a fire to air the clothes, for I never let any one put on anything without airing; and after a while I rang again, and I assure you I was sorry to see that good, respectable-looking waiter's face; it appeared to us that there was only himself in the house, and when he came to us again, it had grown quite cross.

"I was unwilling to give him so much trouble; and to cut the matter short, I

looked at him resolutely and said, 'Fou.' He stared, and quite frowned, but did not say a word. My nephew had trouble enough afterwards to teach me how I ought to have said the word, for he told me 'fou' meant fool, but when it is said mincing-like, it means fire. So the poor waiter stared; but when I put my hand on the stove, he made the queerest face, and went away.

"Then a woman came and made a fire, and I put all the things to air; but the room was so stifling, we could not endure it, and so we went out to take a little walk, and Patrick took the card, with the name of the hotel, that we might find our way back.

"Well, it's a fact, I never did see such streets, such fine-dressed people, such beautiful carriages, every one seemed astir; and Patrick says, says he, 'Oh! this is quite a different town to what we came into at half-past one o'clock to-day; it's alive now, and upon my word I think it looks as gay as Dublin; only there are not so many beggars and frieze coats, and carriages and horses, in it.'

"So we were walking on, making our observations, when a little boy came up to

us, and he spoke English just in the way I first spoke to you on that superstitious mountain; we understood him quite well, and were glad to get any one to speak at all, so as we could understand; and the little fellow said he had got two tickets for the opera, and he and his friend could not go, and he wanted to sell them, and a great singer, Viardot Garcia, he called her, was to be there.

“I did not think it right to go to the opera, but I did not know what it was; and Patrick said he would like to see it, just for once; and ‘You know,’ he said, ‘as it costs so little we can come out if we find it is not proper.’

“So we went in; and I do assure you, we were so amused, and found it all so droll, we stayed till it was over.

“But when we got back, I said, ‘Well, this is all very well, but we mustn’t forget to-morrow is Sunday, Patrick.’

“And to-morrow came; and I was putting on my best gown and bonnet to go to church, and Patrick was dressed, and looking out of the window, when he says,

“‘Well, my dear, I believe you are right; but to be sure you are always right; see now if Sunday isn’t the busy day here.’

“So I went to the window, and, upon my

word, the carts were going about, and every shop open ; then I said, ‘ They must be Jews, Patrick ; for those shops were shut yesterday.’

“ ‘ Ah, then, dear,’ said he, ‘ could you have made a mistake, and yesterday be Sunday?’

“ So I cried out for shame of him to think such a thing ; but I told him he had better ring the bell, and ask ; for somehow my heart misgave me when I looked at the street.

“ When the waiter came in, Patrick said to me, that I must speak, as I knew French ; but for the life of me I could not think of the word for Sunday.

“ So Patrick, who is quick enough when he pleases, took a prayer-book, and his hat, and looked very demure, as if he was walking out to church ; but the waiter stared, and stared, and said nothing. So then Patrick fell down on his knees, and held up his joined hands, and began as if he was praying ; but you would hardly believe it, when the stupid man saw that, he ran out of the room as if he was mad. Presently up comes the big landlord, his chest heaving and puffing ; and Patrick, making sure that he would understand him, falls down on his knees before him, and holds up his hands,

and begins mumbling and muttering over again. Off runs landlord, waiter, and porter, post-haste, as if a madman was after them ; and away they ran to an English gentleman's room, and told him, I suppose, some frightful story, for back they came, Englishman and all, and the Englishman said, very gravely,

“ ‘ What is the matter ? ’ ”

“ ‘ I want to know if this is Sunday, ’ says Patrick.

“ ‘ Why, Sir, the landlord said you had gone mad, ’ said the gentleman. ‘ No, Sir ; if that is all the madness, I can cure it. This is Monday ; yesterday was Sunday, Sir. ’ ”

“ Then he said something in their own gibberish to the landlord ; and he lifted his shoulders almost over his head, and they all went away. So, my dear, that was the way I set a good example, and taught them how to spend the Sabbath. And to think of going to the opera, too ! a place I never was in, in my life, before ; and that it should prove to be Sunday : but you see, my dear, it was all their own fault, not mine. ”

I was sorry Evelyn had not been present to hear this exquisite little history ; but while I was thinking how I could make an abrupt retreat from the suddenly loosened

tongue, the door gently opened, and with a noiseless step came in one who looked a "lady of the land." The tall graceful figure, the neck thrown a little back, the dark hair arranged in a circlet on the beautiful Grecian-formed head, the dark-grey eyes, the intellectual forehead, and full, yet not florid complexion, were what I had seen before, and involuntarily I said,

"It is, is it not, Miss ——?"

"Yes," said Geraldine, with her own truly fascinating smile, "and it was you we heard speaking on the Brocken, and you passed us with that lovely girl; I thought so, but you were out of sight before I could be sure whether I might claim an acquaintance. Let me make amends for lost time, and beg of you and your friend to join our tea-table *à l'Anglaise*; I came to summon you," she added, nodding her head to the old lady.

"Come, dear; say you'll come," whispered the good woman, touching my shoulder slyly with hers, "it'll make a bit of a change for you; and you can talk to me, you know, all the time, or I'll talk to you."

"Thank you! then I will come, if Evelyn will."

CHAPTER XIII.

DRESDEN.

EVELYN did come; and the result of that tea-table *à l'Anglaise* was, that we all started off together the next morning to the desolate region of Clausthal, the highest town of the Hartz, a mining district, where little, if any, corn is grown, the cold, which scarcely allows it to ripen, rendering the internal produce of the earth the chief object of labour.

From here, engaging two light carriages, we passed through the pleasant valley of the Oker, one of the most picturesque of those to be found among the Hartzgeberge.

The scenery was varied by the effect of the early and sparkling morning sun, now shining on dark granite cones, now tinging gloomy pines with light, then glancing on the meandering Oker, or smiling on the

white stem and quivering leaves of the tall birch. Like the playful effects of those glancing beams, were the coruscations of our new companion's genius; the genius of his ill-fated land—an anomaly among all lands—soft and wild, and bright and fitful, playing with its own fire, and sporting amid the chains that shackled it; revealing gloom, and dashing it aside with an electric spark, that made you forget it had existed.

O'Donnell—his name will tell you he was an Irishman—represented the character of his country in its best, its loveliest, perhaps its genuine form; without its recklessness, without that madness which has surely sprung from its despair. Amidst this lovely scene, we passed on our road to

“ the U-
niversity of Gottingen,”

which he wished to see. His conversation, whether amusing or intellectual, playful or profound, might have beguiled a journey over the Landes, so that it is not wonderful we all exclaimed “So soon!” when we stopped at the hotel of Göttingen.

However, notwithstanding the nobler

feasts we had enjoyed, we were all quite ready for something to eat; and when O'Donnell came, in serious-comic manner, to announce the request of the landlord that we would join the *table d'hôte* of, I believe, two or three hundred students, and some professors, of the said

“ U-
niversity of Gottingen,”

we could not reject the offer of a ready-prepared meal, knowing that those who, especially in the more out-of-the-way parts of Germany, do so, are liable to wait longer than they like. It was a curious spectacle; we were the only women-kind that varied it. Many of the students had their cheeks hideously gashed or seamed, from sabre-cuts in duels, and, I believe, few could boast of less than half-a-dozen marks of honour on his person. There were some English youths among them; one, who was studying chemistry, took Mr. O'Donnell off after dinner to the university.

As for us, there was little either to interest or amuse in the silent, grass-grown streets, or their sausage, pipe, and tobacco shops; but an evening of repose is no slight

privilege when travelling, so we enjoyed it; and, as correspondents say, we got safe to Dresden.

I have indeed been retracing our route, for I meant to have begun at the spot where I took up my pen, that is, in Dresden.

We had gone to the notorious picture-gallery, which Frederick the Great, when his cannon had laid the rest of the town in ruins, asked the conquered electress of Saxony leave to visit. But even that great robber of works of art, Napoleon, spared the gallery of Dresden.

We were standing before that wonderful picture, which, once beheld, is seen for ever,—Raphael's Madonna. The adoring Pope, and beautiful St. Barbara, are soon forgotten; but that inspired and glorious form, soaring to its native skies with the lovely infant on her arm, which she seems to have snatched from the pollutions of earth, and to bear in triumph to heaven, remains an ever distinct picture in the mind.

Although we have an artist among us, I do not mean to note down a single attempt at criticism on works of art. There have been blunderers and critics enough; I must

also leave to artists the technicalities of the tribe; I only profess to feel the power of genius, but often cannot explain either why or wherefore.

I saw Evelyn's almost adoring gaze on that picture, and as we withdrew to the end of the room, and sat down before it, my thoughts were almost unconsciously uttered:

“*She* is the Saviour; she is the Redeemer; she has led captivity captive, and received gifts for men!”

Evelyn and Albert O'Donnell both looked at me with something like wonder.

“Was not that idea in the painter's mind?” I asked them; “or did he not, in that resplendent figure, embody rather the idea of his church? She carries the infant Jesus in her arms to God, a child in all the radiant innocence, yet feebleness, of humanity; but she ascends from earth in all the graceful majesty of the Queen of Heaven, as if saying to the Eternal Father, ‘I have finished the work that thou gavest me to do.’ Is it for the child, or the mother, that the demand shall be made, ‘Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and

the king of glory shall come in?' Can we look at that marvellous picture, and not feel that the God is lost,—the woman is deified?"

"It is a beautiful superstition," said O'Donnell, "a lovely and most poetic form of idolatry."

"I do not like that sentiment," Evelyn whispered to me. "I agree with you"—speaking more loudly than timidity allowed her to do in expressing her dissent—"I agree with you, that the Church of Rome has gone too far, and pushed veneration into idolatry; but then how much too short have we come? Fear of the superstitions of Rome has surely driven us into revolting irreverence.

"There is something so touching to the heart in that sense of sympathy which may exist between the afflicted mother, who received at once the tidings that she should be highly favoured, blessed among women, and that a sword should pierce through her own soul also, and the afflicted sufferers of the world, who know not and see not the cause of their sufferings. Oh! there was a wonderful mystery in that life, before which our souls should bow in reverence, instead

of rashly and rudely levelling it to our common apprehensions."

Geraldine, who was seated at her other side, turned and looked earnestly at the speaker: then putting her hand on Evelyn's arm,

"True," she said; "great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifest in the flesh, that by taking our nature upon Him, He might enable us to take His into ours; and so, step by step, raise and restore us to that from which we had fallen. What avails that divine and human unity, if the medium by which it was effected, the ever-blessed mother of the human, supply the lost link between God and man, and yield the sympathy which our nature requires? He, the Son, and not the mother, is the Being who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. But, with you, I feel no less the gross irreverence which a rebound from the contrary error has produced."

Evelyn smiled, as if she had found a kindred mind, and touching the hand that rested affectionately on hers, whispered that she must speak to her again.

"The history of art," said O'Donnell,

“appears to me one of the most interesting, and perhaps unfailing, exponents of that of creeds. It is, I believe, admitted, that for the first three centuries of the Christian era, no representation of the Virgin is known to have existed. The first rude attempts at that subject were as clearly indicative of the belief of the Church then, as the multiplied madonnas of a later and a more glorious era in art came to be. There appears to have been an exceeding beauty in the early and poetic idea which described the holy mother as entirely veiled, appearing merely as an accessory to the holier child; and this not only explained the position assigned to her by the early Church, but harmonized well with her own meek words, ‘Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word.’”

“Add to these,” said Geraldine, “the words of her magnificent hymn, ‘My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden. For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.’ Yet there have been persons who, strangely enough, deemed it a relic of Popery to call her blessed,

or to speak of her otherwise than as 'Mary.'"

"There is a picture here, perhaps more in accordance with such sentiments as yours," he answered; "La Notte, of Correggio: will you come and see it?"

We followed him to another room, and stood in silence before that most exquisite conception, THE NIGHT. It is night, yet the spiritual morn is breaking. The infant Saviour is born into the world's gross darkness: the light of the world is come; and this is typified by a radiancy emanating from the body, and shining on the holy face of the virgin mother, who bends over it in adoring love, while another woman turns aside hers, unable to bear the light of heaven. Above them angels are hovering. At a distance the day-spring from on high is dawning on a group of the shepherds, to whom glad tidings of great joy are brought. It is the typical embodiment of divine and mysterious truth.

They say the effect of the effulgence is vulgarized by the labours of picture-cleaners. But it is one of those works of genius which leave an unobliterated impression on the memory.

Evelyn turned to Mr. O'Donnell with a countenance almost as irradiated as that we had been looking at. "Were you not right in thinking that the history of art is one of the best exponents of that of creeds? Here the glory of the Virgin is that reflected from her incarnate God. True, she alone is able to bear the radiancy undazzled; but does not that circumstance place her in the position the Church should assign her, blessed above all women, but deriving her glory from her God?"

"I think," he answered, smiling at her enthusiasm, "that from these two pictures the world might learn, if it could learn such a lesson, to silence the clamour of bigotry and prejudice, to cease to judge on a part until the entire is known. The reverse of a medal generally makes its obverse more significant. Raphael and Correggio both embodied the popular creed of their Church, and both at the same epoch; but from each of these embodiments a different opinion upon it could be derived."

"I fear," she said, looking at him with an expression of almost childish simplicity, "I fear you are what is termed a liberal."

He laughed.

“In the best sense of the term, perhaps I am: does it alarm you?”

“Yes. I abhor it. Liberalism and revolutionism go hand in hand; and infidelity is at once their result and their spring.”

“And are marching on 'pretty quickly over Europe,” he rejoined: “by consenting to admit railroads into his dominions, the new Pope has done more than he is perhaps aware of to abrogate for ever the iron rule of his predecessors, and to draw the Eternal City from the repose of the middle ages. He appears to be exactly ‘a man of the times:’ his free pardon of Pope Gregory’s enemies has made him a merely popular man, rather than the mysterious demi-god of ancient belief. We may not for very long have a war of tongues and pens carried on against the superstitions which have replaced ‘the old mythology of Greece and Rome.’”

“Infidelity,” said Evelyn, “is worse than superstition; it is fast superseding it.”

At this moment my old lady of the Brocken came close to my ear and said,

“Are these Papist pictures, my dear?”

“ Ask your nephew,” I whispered.

“ Och ! dear, sure it’s always laughing at me he is. Poor boy ! I believe, verily, that he does not know the difference between them himself, genius though he is. But are the people here Papists or Protestants ? ”

“ The king is a Catholic.”

“ Oh ! that’s the reason of it, then. Well, if it isn’t a shame to see that picture in a Christian land ; but they are not Christians : with flames coming out of the child’s body ! ” She nodded back her head, raised up her hands, and turned away.

Well, thought I to myself, there is nothing much more edifying than to hear a diversity of opinion.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRAGUE.

It was evening when we approached the ancient capital of Bohemia by the long avenue bordered with the greatest quantity of cherries I ever saw: the women cherry-carriers, with their baskets curiously fitted to their backs, were returning from their day's sale in the town. We drew up on the top of a high hill, and looked down on that remarkable capital, now a capital no longer, yet possessing a history so full of interest and splendour. The Hradschin, high up as it is above the other buildings, was below us; above it still, rose the heights whereon the fire-worshippers of the East had in other times adored their deity; and up the sides of the basin in which the city lies, did the sloping buildings ascend; towers, minarets, domes, and spires were gleaming in a proud and dull Asiatic

splendour in the declining sun that sparkled in the waters of the Moldau, which divides the basin-shaped valley nearly in two.

Of all the ancient capitals of Europe, Prague has to me been the most interesting: Rome, perhaps, always excepted. In Rome you must live in the memory of the past, as the Romans do when they are at peace, and do not aspire to a future; and in Prague we are in the middle ages, as they are called, far back in centuries gone by; though how long these are to be the middle ages, this world as yet saith not.

That Prague was once a capital seems inscribed on every tower, and gate, and proud ruined palace of its once proud nobility. Now it is a provincial town of Austria. But even then, when we trod its streets, and sighed over its fall, the fire was smouldering; the torch only was wanted, and the flame was ready. We stopped at the Schwarzes Ross, a fine-looking hotel, where we got the greatest profusion of caraway seeds imaginable: they are, I believe, a component part of Bohemian cookery, for the potatoes, boiled as in England, were always sprinkled with them.

The great old bridge which crosses the Moldau arrested our footsteps to examine it. A more curious piece of what may now well be called antiquity can hardly be seen: not only defended by embattled towers, *têtes du pont*, at each end, but additionally guarded by the statues, larger than life, of twenty-eight saints, with crucifixes and chapels besides. Gustavus Adolphus, being a heretic, may well have planted his cannon in vain against that old tower: but it was a brave Jesuit, however, who took the office of St. Nepomuk, and closed the portcullis, which saved the passage of the bridge. A purely Protestant imagination, like that of our now dear lady of the Brocken, could hardly picture to itself the antique aspect of this bridge. In the centre of the parapet five fine gilt stars commemorate, in the midst of the saints, &c., the form of the flames which played in the waters of the Moldau underneath them, until the miracle having excited attention, the river was dragged, and the body of St. John Nepomuk was found.

“But why was he drowned?” Evelyn demanded, with that look of simplicity which often makes more learned people smile.

“ Because King Wenceslaus was suspicious of his queen, and wanted him to reveal the secrets she had told him in confession,” said Mr. O’Donnell, with arch gravity.

“ And he would not, to save his life ? ” she asked.

“ Not even to save his life ; and see what honour he has come to by being able to keep a secret ! Some slanderers would say there is no female saint in the calendar for such a cause. St. John Nepomuk’s statue not only defends the bridge of Prague, but he himself has become the patron saint of all bridges in Catholic Christendom.”

I do not know if Evelyn attended to this piece of information ; she had turned away, and was looking over the parapet. I guessed her thoughts, but wished to divert them.

“ You do not surely believe this old story ? ” I said. “ Why, Evelyn, some people say that Catholic John Nepomuk was merely substituted for Protestant John Huss, who was killed by fire, not water. They say that the Bohemians held his memory in such esteem, that the Jesuits, when compulsorily established here at the downfall of Protestantism, and of the kingdom, brought up

the legend of the royal confessor, and had him canonized three hundred years after his death. So, perhaps, like many other things that cause a great deal of trouble, the secret was not worth what it has cost."

Everywhere here we see the remains of the Protestant struggle, and proofs of the fondness with which the memory of the Bohemians clung to it, notwithstanding its cruel consequences to their land. Everywhere, too, do we find evidences of the zeal with which Austria sought to obliterate the hold it had taken on the affections of the people.

It is curious to see, in a land where the Austrian police are more vigilant supervisors of education and opinion than the clergy of Rome, how carefully preserved, and even proudly shown, are the relics of its Protestant times.

In a monastery there is to be seen a portrait of Ziska (the one-eyed, as he was nicknamed, though he afterwards lost two), with his savage club. In the Theological Academy, once the Jesuit College, are the Theses of Huss, written by his own hand; and a splendidly illustrated Liturgy, used by his followers; among the coloured paintings of which

appear, one above the other, the three reformers—Wickliffe, in the act of striking light from a flint; Huss, beneath him, blowing the spark; and Luther, below, holding up the blazing torch in his powerful hand.

Jerome of Prague visited Wickliffe in England, and brought back those doctrines, which, unhappily, through the results of bigotry and intolerance on the part of the oppressing power, and of misguided fanaticism on that of their wild professors, were made the means of plunging Bohemia and its capital into all the miseries, losses, and savage demolitions caused by the Hussite, or, more properly, by the Ziska war. It is a singular circumstance, that the Bohemian controversy with Rome commenced only one century after the conversion of that nation to Christianity; Bohemia became Christian in the ninth century, and controversy began before the close of the tenth.

When Austria triumphed over the ambitious and fascinating daughter of our James I., and her weaker-minded husband, in the seventeenth century, that controversy ceased; Bohemia and Protestantism fell together.

But are they extinct? Who can now say what will not be?

The Hradschin is a fine-sounding name, which loses its charm when we find it is the Bohemian for steep little hill; but the Hradschin, with its curious, half-finished old cathedral, is a most imposing and chivalric-looking mass of building. Here indeed may be found a study for the artist, a museum for the lover of curiosities, a scene for the romance of history, a thinking-place for the reflective mind. Methinks, in the precincts of that singular cathedral, Walter Scott might have lingered for awhile, waited on by the genius of the past. As you tread the neglected court that separates it from the ancient palace of the Bohemian kings, and from the more modern one erected by the foreign rulers who succeed them, you feel, without being told, that there is an air of subjugation around you; and that the guide who walks at your side, and tells you, in his own manner, of things that were, and are not, is quite alive to Solomon's admonition respecting the danger of a "thing that hath wings" carrying the matter, if he should utter too carelessly the sentiments that are now becoming scarcely repressed in Prague.

But, while separated from my party I was more engrossed in past glories than amused by the relics they have left, my old lady, who made use of me as a sort of traveller's dictionary whenever she was puzzled, came up confidentially and broke my reverie with the following inquiry :

“Just tell me, dear, didn't you say on the bridge that the king, who was here long ago, burned John Huss in the fire and drowned him in the water at once? Maybe I didn't quite understand you, for it was strange enough; but I'm sure my nephew was telling both of fire and water; and then you said it was John Huss. Now, Albert says he is here too, buried with forty hundred-weight of silver over him. He was a great man, to be sure!”

“Oh! the saint who, they say, lies under this load of silver, is a Papist saint,” I replied, avoiding explanatory details.

“A saint! the poor deluded creatures! and they have wasted forty hundred-weight of silver over a Popish saint!”

The silver, however, on St. John Nepomuk's tomb, is sadly tarnished, or, surrounded with burning lights, its effect would be most dazzling. The tomb is surrounded by huge,

knobbed rails of silver; the silver coffin is borne up by silver angels, as "large as life," and, if silver angels could hover with suspended wings on air, we might imagine these were self-suspended. Within the precious coffin, enclosed in one of crystal, reposes what is called the body of the faithful confessor. But Mr. O'Donnell took a rather worldly view of this rich tomb, and said, "I wonder if a war of liberty were ever to occur again in Bohemia, would this silver be converted into 'good crown-pieces,' after the pious fashion of the olden time? But if you wish to see an old-fashioned robe, there is one, we are told, in the sacristy made by Maria Theresa, for the service of the priests, out of her bridal dress. And there is one relic there which you," he said, looking at Evelyn, "will be interested in,—the tongue of Nepomuk, which, as a reward for keeping a secret, never decayed, and is still to be seen just as it was five hundred years ago."

Aware that

“Many a word at random spoken

May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken,”

I interfered by saying, that such a relic as St. John Nepomuk's tongue was purely ridi-

culous, while others were painful by casting a shade of that ridicule on the most solemn and sacred of subjects. Here, for instance, is a bit of the sponge, which we are told was "dipped in hyssop and put upon a reed;" and one of the thorns that mocked the brow of him whose kingdom was not of this world.

The plan of this church was never completed, but the chapels are astonishingly rich, and tell of a species of piety which has, probably for ever, fled from our world. The walls of one in particular are inlaid with jasper, agate, and other precious stones.

In few countries have the people displayed a more religious tendency than in Bohemia; and even now, when they are seen almost everywhere rejecting spiritual control, and manifesting irreverence for all that was once deemed a constituted authority, the capital here witnesses a scene seldom beheld out of Rome.

The festival of St. John Nepomuk, who takes his title from the little town that gave him birth in the fourteenth century, is annually held in the month of May, when the priests have a hard day's work in confessing and shriving the devotees who resort to the chapel on the bridge. If the legend of the

saint were really substituted for an attachment to the martyr Huss, how curious it might be to trace back the gradual change of sentiment, and by an ingenious artifice, find superstition implanted in the soil of truth.

The palaces of most of the Bohemian nobility, although generally as deserted as the great houses that once were in Dublin, still remain as they were; Wallenstein, or Waldstein's, for which the site of one hundred dwellings was occupied, we went to; and having seen what remained of that splendour which is now as a gorgeous fairy tale to the ear that hears of it, and looked at the stuffed charger, and at the bath of the man who held an emperor in his power, we went out to the garden and sat in a little pavilion, and Albert O'Donnell, looking round him as if entranced, said, with wonderful wisdom,

“*Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

“Yes,” said Geraldine, “we say that again and again; and then each in his own way, little or great, pursues that glory as the child runs to catch the rainbow.”

She knew the mind she spoke to, though we did not, and the look she met in answer from those dark, too brilliant eyes, told her that words, to us so insignificant, were understood.

Now, to exemplify that often-quoted motto, let us go down to the Judenstadt, or Jews' Town, in Prague, and see there a portion of the people whose forefathers raised the Temple of Jerusalem.

Here resides the oldest colony of that extraordinary people, whose doom it was to be scattered among all nations, yet to amalgamate with none. Modern infidelity would repeal the decree. The Jews, the chosen of God, too long a by-word, a hissing, and reproach, have in great degree cast off their zeal for the faith for which their fathers endured the most cruel persecution that cupidity and bigotry could excite. Now they would merge their strange non-nationality, and become a part of the nations among whom they reside; they would have a voice in their legislatures, and an influence on their councils: we see them in France, in Prussia, Austria, England, even in Italy, in Rome itself, assuming a position that, since the fall

of Jerusalem, they never held; and this, perhaps, at the sacrifice of those principles to which their former generations clung, through torture, robbery, and death. Not that any sacrifice has been demanded; no, our times require neither steadfastness nor sacrifice in this respect; but because the infidelity of the age has deeply infected them also, and political influence, not religious liberty, is the object they would attain. We honour the Jew for his past tenacity of faith; but the present age appears to open a new era to the Jew also.

But what a wonderful place is this Judenstadt! The Jews of Prague are said to have been settled in that locality when the legions of Rome were on the Danube, and to have then traded in Pagan flesh, buying and selling slaves. There is something in the aspect of the wonderful old creatures, who burrow round the vicinity of their strange and ancient burying-ground and synagogue, which makes them appear coeval with their wandering countrymen; you can hardly believe they ever were young, yet you can hardly think they ever will die. There is a perpetuity of existence on their

dry, hard, withered physiognomies and stone-like figures, that seems to contradict the natural notion of a crumbling to dust.

Their appearance is miserable ; when unasked, I gave one of the old women some coppers she probably did not want, she received the alms with avidity, but the great black eyes and stone-coloured face looked up to me, as much as to say, What a fool you must be to part with money.

The old man, who performed the office of sacristan, led us into the ancient synagogue, which, they say, dates further back than the twelfth century. It is a remarkable place ; its dust, dirt, and gloom appear to be sacred in the estimation of its preservers, and its aspect is in unison with that of the people around it ; with that of the dried-up, mummy-like old man who unfolded for us the rolls of the Holy Law, and displayed to us the old robes and breastplates of its priests, and showed us the pomegranates and bells, as if quite aware that to Christian eyes these once sacred things were a curiosity for which Christian silver could pay.

And in harmony with this more living memorial of a great, old, never-expiring

race, ever, like the Burning Bush, continuing in the desert of life unconsumed, is the frightful burying-place of the children of Abraham at Prague. Heaped up, till its confined space can contain no more; gaunt, bare, horrible stones alone meet the eye, marked with their own peculiar heraldry, a pair of raised hands, to designate the tribe of Aaron, the high priest; a pitcher, I think, for that of Levi. But the crooked, deformed, stunted old elder-trees, which were the only living thing in this place of Hebrew tombs, among the stones of which they forced their half-withered stems, appeared to us even hideously in character with the soil they sprang from. Instead of the flower-woven cross which imaginatively depicts faith and hope when hung by a survivor's hand over "the narrow house," a Jewish friend casts a stone on the tomb of the deceased whose grave is visited; and thus, in this awful dwelling-place for the dead, unsightly piles add to the gaunt and dreary effect.

Outside it, the immensely high, dark, mysterious-looking houses of the narrow streets, literally swarmed with occupants,

whose faces bring to your remembrance the strangest romance that this world has ever known—the History of the Jews.

Now that a new, yet unopened chapter in that history is about to commence, what will be its nature? Liberty, equality, and fraternity are now extended to the Jew; will the faith that endured ages of persecution unmoved, now fraternize with popular infidelity, or so-called liberalism?

The Jews of Prague, though almost annihilated in cruel persecutions, are now 10,000 strong, and only the lower and poorer classes toil in these outer courts of the temple of mammon, and are dwellers in the Judenstadt. Austria extends her favour to the Jew.

There have been some Rebeccas found among the Jewish maidens of Prague, to attend on wounded Ivanhoes. Rahel Varnhagen says, in writing of the spectacle Prague presented during one of Napoleon's campaigns, "We have had, since the affair of Dresden, a countless number of wounded. These sons of misery lay by thousands crowded together, some in carts, some on the stones, under a pelting rain. The inhabitants did as in the old patriarchal times,

they bound them and fed them. One Jewish maiden bound three hundred in one day.”

After our dinner we went to Sophien Insel, or Sophia's Island, a favourite evening resort for the higher classes of Prague. The chief attraction there was, to us, a splendid national band. On our way we called at the *poste restante*. Evelyn found a letter there, which had followed her from *poste restante* to *poste restante* all the way from Stockholm. It came, however, from Hungary; I saw that its reception rather agitated her, and said to myself that it was from her correspondent the priest.

She forbore to open it until we entered that pretty island on the Moldau, laid out in shady walks, and possessing a great house of amusement and refreshment. Then, drawing me away both from the crowd and from the rest of our party, she sat with me on a bench half hidden in trees, a pleasant out-of-the-way sort of spot, and there began to peruse the epistle.

While thus engaged, with her head bent down, and her thick lace veil accidentally dropping over one side of her face, she was

unseen by, and did not herself observe, two persons who came along the walk at the side of which we were sitting, and one of whom caught my attention. The lady was, I think, one of the most splendid, and certainly the most remarkable woman I ever beheld; with a step so proud, a gesture so haughty, she looked every inch a queen.

Her beauty was of such a commanding nature, that I could not disobey its influence. I was forced to gaze with all my eyes; consequently, I only saw that her companion was a man, a male individual; but I never thought of observing whether he too was in outward form and bearing superior to most of the species or not. The woman engrossed my admiration; and, forgetting Evelyn and her letter, I exclaimed when she had passed, "What a splendid creature!"

Evelyn looked up, and only saw the pair disappearing among the trees. She grasped my arm, and its trembling pressure excited my nerves once more.

"It is she; I am sure it is she!" Evelyn murmured: "let us go away."

"Away, Evelyn? Oh no, it is so pleasant here."

“Pleasant! where they are? Well,” she added, with more self-recollection, “to you and to others it may be pleasant, to me it is not so; for recollections are now forced back upon me, which are of a very different character. Let me therefore return to the hotel in the carriage, which is waiting; it can come back in time to bring you all away, and do you stay and enjoy yourself. Do not oppose me in this; I want to be alone, to read this letter. I have already seen enough of its contents to lead me to believe that the woman you have been admiring is the very last on earth I could bear to meet. I know her step,—that sweep of the proud figure.” Evelyn shuddered, and paused. “Bohemia,” she continued, “will not long be at rest; the leaven is at work. What a strange breaking-up of the Austrian empire there will be ere long!”

“Evelyn!”

“You wonder; you upbraid me. But look at the people around us, the three nations at least, military and all,—Bohemians, Austrians, and Hungarians. Look at them, listen to the spirit that murmurs around us, and you need not wonder at words

any observer might utter; but besides personal observation, I have learned from this letter that two persons are probably in Bohemia who certainly would not be here unless political excitement were at work. Let me go now to the carriage; or come—yes, you will come with me there—I am so fearful of being alone.”

“I will go with you to the hotel.”

“No, thank you, kindest, for the proposal; but I would rather be alone. I do not quite understand this letter; I read German writing with difficulty.”

I went over the bridge with Evelyn, and put her into the carriage. When it had rolled away with her, I turned to go back; but a restive horse obstructed my passage, and frightened me not a little. A timid man, quite as much alarmed, was holding the bridle at its full length; and the spirited animal, alarmed by the rapid passing off of the carriage, was plunging and leaping, and on the point of gaining its freedom, when forth, with a slow and steady step, walked the magnificent woman I had observed, and, looking full into the wildly flashing eyes of the rearing steed, took hold of the bit,

planting herself, as I fancied, quite under its upraised fore-feet, and pushed it back with a firm hand that said, Submit! The creature was quiet in an instant.

I did not stay to see her resign her conquest, but wishing that women always had such power over all unruly monsters, and wondering at Evelyn's fear of such a person, I hastened on to rejoin my party.

When we got back to our hotel, Albert O'Donnell, who happened, I know not why, to be leading the way, stopped short within sight of the saloon, and with that serious-comic look that so often gave a peculiar charm to his expressive eyes, whispered to us,

“Is it a real, downright angel, or an actual, beautiful woman?”

I looked on through the open door, and saw Evelyn standing just under the light that fell through the coloured glass of the upper part of the window like a glory on her head. Her hands were pressed upon her breast, and at her feet lay the open letter she had been deciphering.

O'Donnell's words certainly signified nothing, yet Geraldine looked thoughtfully at the speaker.

As soon as Evelyn perceived me, she ran forward, and taking both my hands in hers, said aloud, and with more decision than usual,

“ I must leave this, I must go on ! ”

I had taken a lesson from the clever woman who sobered the runaway horse, so I looked steadily in Evelyn's rather impassioned countenance, in a way that plainly said, “ Will you ? I have the rein. ” I am sure, poor thing, she felt the bit ; for, changing her tone, she added,

“ Do let me ; come, ah ! come with me ! ”

Aunt Patrick put her head between ours : “ She is right, dear, quite right, ” she whispered ; “ it's the caraway seeds that have disagreed with her. We are sick of them too. Sure the potatoes is the only thing that can be eaten here, out of all their messes ; and they are so covered with caraway seeds no living creature could touch them. Take her away, dear, or it's ill she'll be, and all of us too. ”

During this speech, Geraldine had been reading Albert O'Donnell's only too intelligent eyes, and coming forward at its close, to Aunt Patrick's great joy, she said,

“ We too are ready to leave Prague ; let us go together to Vienna.”

“ Vienna !” screamed Evelyn, and dropping my hands, she put the tips of her own to her eyes ; “ anything but that ! indeed, it would kill me.”

Geraldine turned a look of perfect wonder on Albert O’Donnell ; but he appeared even already to have understood something of poor Evelyn’s mind, and instead of answering that wondering appeal, he replied, as if he misinterpreted its meaning,

“ I have no wish to go to Vienna.”

“ And I,” said Geraldine, “ know the Prater far better than Regent’s Park. Where do you then wish to go to ?” she asked Evelyn.

“ To Rome.”

“ Ah !” said Albert with a sigh, “ I should be sorry to die before I had seen Rome.”

Geraldine more than echoed the sigh.

“ Let us then go on together,” she concluded, “ through Tyrol ; will you like that ?”

“ Oh yes !” and evidently unable to say more, Evelyn darted from the room.

Hah ! said I to myself, for I had caught

that exclamation from our Irish artist, Geraldine fancies she sees what I too, I think, have seen, Mr. O'Donnell's admiration of my mysterious *protégée*. Well, is this to be a second Baron Oscar affair?

“But we must go and pack up again,” cried Aunt Patrick: “Oh, dear! what a life!”

END OF VOL. I.



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