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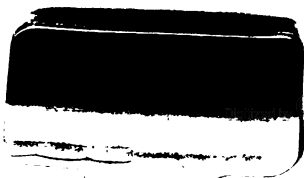
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THE
LITERATURE AND ROMANCE
OF
NORTHERN EUROPE:

CONSTITUTING
A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF SWEDEN,
DENMARK, NORWAY AND ICELAND,

WITH COPIOUS SPECIMENS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED
HISTORIES, ROMANCES, POPULAR LEGENDS AND TALES, OLD CHIVALROUS
BALLADS, TRAGIC AND COMIC DRAMAS, NATIONAL AND FAVOURITE SONGS,
NOVELS, AND SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE
LITERATURE AND ROMANCE
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CHAPTER I.

BAGGENSEN, CONTINUED.

AT Baggesen's return to Copenhagen, he published his translation of Holberg's "Niels Klim's Subterranean Journey." The story of Niels Klim is obviously suggested by "Gulliver's Travels," which Holberg had read in his visit to England. It introduces us to an under world, where trees, apes, and other things are rational creatures; and they afford the author the same opportunities of satirizing our follies and vices which Gulliver's Brobdingnags and Houyhnhnms furnished him with. Holberg wrote it in Latin; and Baggesen rendered a real service to the literature of his country by putting it into the possession of the readers of all classes in their own tongue, by one of the most masterly translations that ever

was made. It reads, in fact, not as a translation, but as an original; and we cannot imagine Holberg himself, had he written it in Danish, using any other than its very words.

Another work which Baggesen now also published was received in a different manner. This was "Holger Danske," an opera in three acts. He had taken the matter of Wieland's "Oberon," and transmuted it into a Danish work, changing the name of Hyon of Guienne into Holger, the Danish hero. The work was violently attacked, and a furious paper war arose out of the occasion. Cramer defended the work with impetuosity, and translated it into German. Rahbek wrote some witty and stinging epigrams upon it; and very soon Cramer, Tode, and P. A. Heiberg were engaged in a hot and merciless warfare about it. Heiberg put the *coup de main* to the affair by writing a burlesque of it called "Holger Tydske," or Holger the German, which is supposed to have annihilated the unfortunate drama. Be that as it may, it has never been included in any of the Danish editions of the author's works, where we find only some of its lyrics

Baggesen, who of all men had the poet's temperament; who was all nerve, sensitiveness, and excitability, suffered agonies under the infliction of this mohawk conflict. It was a strange and torturing change from the elysian abode in the aristocratic paradises of Holstein. His health suffered severely; and on every account it was deemed advisable that he should retire for awhile from the scene of contest, and open by travel new sources of poetic wealth and accomplishment. His good friends did not fail him. The Duke of Augustenborg procured him a travelling stipend of eight hundred rix-dollars yearly; he was to be at liberty to travel for three years, how and

whither he pleased. The whole scheme was left, in the most liberal manner, for him to fill out according to his free desire, just as if he was travelling at his own cost; and he was assured that, on his return, his future income should be permanently secure.

And here we cannot avoid expressing our admiration of the noble manner in which Denmark, for the most part, second the efforts and promotes the welfare of its men of genius. Small state as it is, it sets a grand example to far greater ones. In its earlier periods there were instances of woful neglect of native talent; but for a long time past the generous conduct of the Government to men of merit is most remarkable. Scarcely is there a man of real genius, whether in art, literature or science, who does not receive a travelling stipend to enable him to visit foreign countries, and by inspection of the most celebrated works of art, the most sublime features of nature, and the most enlightened cities and communities, to perfect himself in all that can possibly assist to develop his intellectual powers. Denmark does not wait, as we do, till our men of talent are falling into decrepitude, before it extends its aid; but it gives it when its objects are striving to put forth all their youthful powers to do honour to their country and themselves. Baggesen is only one out of numbers of such instances; Andersen another; and it is to the honour of Denmark, that not only does it thus bravely maintain its national honour, by cherishing its individual sources, but it even looks abroad, and confers its benefits where it sees that they will promote the progress of the universal mind. Klopstock was pensioned by Denmark; and when, through Baggesen, Count Schimmelmann became aware that Schiller was suffering under pecuniary cares, the Government sent him a present of two thousand rix-dollars.

Baggesen, thus endowed with the power by his country, set out on a journey destined to have the most decided influence on his fortunes, in which he made the acquaintance of the most celebrated men of Germany, and of the charming woman who became his wife. His narrative of these travels, styled by him, "Labyrinthen," the Labyrinth, is one of the most witty, delightful and characteristic of his works. It presents us some of the finest impressions of some of the noblest scenery of Europe that we know of, and some of the most graphic portraits of its celebrated men that we possess. We shall therefore take several specimens of our author's prose from this work. The scene with which it opens is an excellent example of his humour, and of his faculty of working up the most common occurrences into matter irresistibly amusing.

THE PASSPORT.

The packet-boat was to sail at nine. All my luggage was already on board. The company with which I was going to travel held itself in readiness in the immediate vicinity of the custom-house, to go on board at a hint from the captain. It was announced to me that it was past eight—all haste was necessary. "Give me your passport," said Professor Cramer, "and I will see that it is ready before hand." "Passport!" said I; "I have never dreamt of a passport. Is a passport necessary to get away alive from Copenhagen?" "As necessary as a balloon to get away alive from the earth." "You had better have forgotten anything else!" said another. "You might as well have forgotten yourself!" added a third.

Here was good counsel precious! They don't issue

passports on a Sunday. Luckily, a person in the house where I lodged was an alderman.

“Mr. Alderman, I have taken the liberty to call you up, to give me advice in my perplexity. I must go off with the packet-boat this moment, and I have no passport!”

“You must go to the landlord, get a receipt in full of all demands, and go with that to Alderman L——,” answered the Alderman.

I darted down the steps, and did not stop my running till, in the middle of the Östergade, a terrible idea seized me. It is nearly nine! At nine the captain sets sail! My little trunk with all my necessaries is in the ship! All that I now possessed besides in the world, from Baile's Lexicon, to the odd silver sleeve-button, which constitutes my whole patrimonial inheritance, is shut up in Mrs. B——'s well-locked room! My health, my spirits, and my own future welfare depend on this journey! My lodging in Copenhagen is let! My very manuscripts are in the trunk! All these representations gave me a most terrible ague fit.—Thou hast no passport!

One does not get along in this world by standing still and pondering. The spot where I was, was exactly in front of a perfumer's shop. It occurred to me that Mrs. B——, some days before I had thought of travelling away, had requested me to purchase her a couple of bottles of bergamotte. “Nothing,” thought I, “is more imperative than to hasten thee, get thy passport, and come back in time. Here is the extremest *periculum in mora* ;” and went into the shop to get a couple of bottles. As I had no small money, I was obliged to change a note. While I waited for the change, which came slowly, it ran in my head that my fellow-travellers, in the hurry of

packing, had most likely forgotten to take some perfumes, which are highly requisite on board for the ladies. The air is warm, the cabin is small ; we are ten persons in it ; in short, something fragrant will be very necessary. I could not do otherwise than compliment myself on my thoughtfulness on this occasion ; and gave myself much trouble to select the most excellent kind, to choose the strongest. I got at length a bottle which seemed to me the most suitable, paid, and again stood with my three bottles in the street.

Like a flash of lightning, the thought went through my head that I was on my way to my host, and to Alderman L—— ; that the time I had over was nearly expired ; and that it was more properly a passport that I wanted, than perfume. With this my feet took suddenly wings, I flew, rather than went ; but in my haste, the three bottles knocked together in my pocket : in order not to break them by my rapid motion, I was obliged to go carefully and slow ; and in this way I came at length to my host.

He wrote me a quittance, and in the mean time I took at my leisure the two bottles to Mrs. B——. I then took foot in hand, and more rapidly than before, having got rid of the two bottles, and came out of breath to Alderman L——'s gate. I rang. There came, after some time, a maid, and undid the gate. Alderman L—— was not yet up. "Then," said I, "I will see him in bed." "I will tell his servant," said she. The servant came. "The Alderman is really not up." "Never mind that—I must speak with him." "Yes, I will tell him." The servant went, and returned. "The Alderman is at this moment being shaved." "I will speak with him unshaved." The servant went, and came again. "His worship is just soaped." "The deuce take the Alder-

man!" I exclaimed, and paced to and fro distractedly in the hall. "An alderman ought never to be shaved! an alderman ought never to have a smooth chin! Abominable abuse! Confounded abandonment of the good, old, venerable, and, for all travellers, convenient custom, of aldermen having long beards, and by no soap detaining those that have business with them!"

"It is nine!" said the clock, striking. I stood before it, and watched every movement of the second finger. Never did a clock seem to me to have so detestable a face; every tick seemed a laugh, every strike a reproof. I could have struck it in the face with my fist. I turned me round again, wrung my hands, bit my lips, opened the door, shut it again, stamped with my feet, and the merciless clock kept up an incessant laughter at my anxiety with its eternal click-clack.

At length forth came the smooth-shaven Alderman, as smooth about the gills as a new-born babe. I explained to him, *allegro prestissimo*, my perplexity; he answered me that I should have done well to have thought of it the day before; that on a Sunday no passports were issued; and added, with the most cool *adagio*, that, moreover, he had nothing whatever to do with them. I brought him however, by the earnestness of my remonstrances, so far, that he passed over to *andante*, and informed me that the passport-clerk, L——, only could get me out of my fix; that he lived in Viingaardströde, where the Harmonic Society harmonized; and assured me, in the most polite manner in the world, of his sympathy.

Viingaardströde lies, as all the world knows, as far from Alderman L——'s house as Asia from Europe by the Dardanelles. As I was come half way, I had nothing for it but to jump into a hired carriage. I arrived, went in through one door, through another, through a third,

finally, in a backyard, I found a creature in a woman's dress, who informed me that the passport-writer no longer lived there, but had removed to Compagnieströde some days ago. "And thus has the whole passport-office conspired for thy destruction!" I exclaimed, and rushed down into Viingaardströde to get another carriage, in which I seated myself and drove off. When I was getting out again at Compagnieströde, I recollected first that I did not know the number of the house, and might thus go from house to house the whole day before I found the passport-office. I actually began my Herculean labour—nobody knew where it was; I ran on, and a hairdresser at last took me to a house which he supposed was it. True enough, a lieutenant had lived there, but was gone to Norway. Tired and out of spirits, I came now to a public-house, where they told me that the passport-clerk lived sure enough in the street, but that he and his whole family had driven out into the country early in the morning.

I had now given up almost all hope. The hour was passed, and I felt persuaded that the captain must have left the quay. "Hold!" I said to a public carriage driving past, "drive me a stage." "I am engaged," said the man, "to fetch Miss Winter," and looked round. "See! there goes Count O—— to church."—"Who? What?"—"The man there in the grey coat. Yes, on my life! it is Count O——; yes;" crack! crack! and he drove on.

I am not one of those prodigy-mongers "whom our Lord has taught me to fight shy of," according to the expression of St. Augustine, who find a miracle in everything, the cause of which does not lie before their nose, and pester Heaven to untie every knot, even a knot in heir garter; but I cannot deny that this *à-propos*

appeared to me, and does still, as completely Heaven-sent as any other incident in history that I know of, from the standing still of the sun in Gilead to my own standing still in Östergade. But I must pass on, with this single observation, and get my own knot untied, without breaking the thread of my narrative.

"Pardon me, your Excellency, that I stop you thus; but you fall from heaven, as it were, for me. I am in the greatest difficulty: I am in the very act of going off with the packet-boat this moment, and I have no passport."—"That you should have thought of yesterday."—"Quite true, your Excellency, that I know, but that I only discovered to-day."—"Who are you?"—I mentioned my name.—"I don't know you."—"That is not my fault, your Excellency; but known or unknown, I hope that this fortunate circumstance which causes me to meet with your Excellency here will free me from my perplexity."—"I cannot help you in this matter, my dear Baggesen, I have nothing to do with the issue of passports; go to the passport clerk."—"He is not at home; he is gone into the country."—"Into the country? It is bad that you did not think of it yesterday; I cannot help you, but the passport clerk will certainly come home again, for he cannot stay all night in the country."—"But I can wait no longer. The vessel sails probably this very instant."—"Oh, no! the wind is quite contrary." His Excellency looked up at the clouds and at the vane of St. Nicholas' church. The wind was exactly right. "The captain will take his time; make yourself easy."—"I cannot make myself easy. Be so good, your Excellency, as to say whether a testimony from his Highness the Prince of Augustenborg can serve me in this case instead of a passport?"—"Do you know the Prince of Augustenborg?"—"I have the good

fortune, your Excellency.”—“My dear Baggesen!” he clapped me on the shoulder. “I would help you with all my heart if I could; but here, go down to Alderman L——.”—“I have been there. He told me, like your Excellency, that he had nothing to do with it.”—“Yes, that is true enough; but give my compliments to him, and desire him to give you a passport extraordinary, for which I will be answerable.”—“I thank your Excellency for your goodness.”—“Farewell, my dear Baggesen. A prosperous journey.”

I ran now at full speed the whole long way down to the Alderman again. He was in the act of dressing himself; I must again wait half a quarter of an hour, which appeared to me more eternal than the former one. At length he came out. I related to him the affair of my lucky meeting, and after some persuasion, he took his hat and bade me attend him to the town-house. Here we found a clerk, who informed us that the passport clerk had taken with him the keys of the drawer containing the blank forms. All hope was now extinguished, and my passport despair was at its highest point.

But Providence, or whatever it is whom man so thoughtlessly calls by his name, willed that I should travel; and as I could not travel without a passport, and as there cannot be a passport without a blank form—had, with a foresight beyond all human wisdom, provided that the corner of a blank form should stick out between the desk and the lid. We all three discovered it almost in the same instant. It was drawn forth, and the passport prepared in all speed.

I had it now actually in my hands. It inspired me with the most eloquent assurances of thanks which ever streamed from my lips. The Alderman and I became excellent friends. He advised me, on account

of my health, to take a carriage to the custom-house, for I really had not much breath of life left. I was lucky enough to find one at once in the street. "Drive," said I, "as fast as your cattle can go, till I bid you stop in Bredgade." He drove.

Niels Klim could not be more glad over the "Testimonium Academicum" than I over my passport. The conquest of Troy, that of the Holy Sepulchre, and just lately, that of Oczakow, could not give a more triumphant feeling to their victors, than its achievement gave me. In the meantime I settled it firmly with myself, that when I was about to travel from Copenhagen to Kiel, the first thing I should take care of should be a passport.

"Hold!" I shouted before C——'s, and sprang up the steps. There was written on the door in white letters: "Thou wilt find everything at the custom-house." "Drive," I cried again, "to the custom-house, as if death was at your heels!"

Chance had given me the most rapid carriage in all Copenhagen. The man drove like King Antiochus Epiphanes when he was seized with his worm-fever and fell back in the chariot. In three minutes I was with my fellow-travellers, who had given up all hope of my arrival. It was at the very last moment. A boat lay ready to take us out to the packet. We got into it with all our provisions. Our friends stood on the quay—the boat pushed off. My journey's first day's Iliad was over, and the Odyssey began.

Unluckily our traveller's troubles were not ended; he discovered on board that he had left his provision-basket behind! Some ladies generously declared that they had

two baskets, and he should have a share ; but the next moment they discovered that they had also left one of theirs, and should themselves fall short. In the midst of his consternation over this serious misfortune, his sympathies were suddenly roused by a young girl crying out that her trunk with all her clothes were left. A boat in the distance seemed to be making after them ; they got out the ship's boat to meet it, Baggesen crying as they approached, "My provision-basket! my provision-basket!" and the forlorn damsel, "My trunk ! my trunk !" It was all in vain, the boat was bound on another errand, it had nothing for them, and they only regained the ship with difficulty, and without the hoped-for effects. The hurry and perplexities of a young traveller have rarely been so admirably depicted.

One of the first eminent men of letters that Baggesen introduces us to in his journey is

VOSS.

We alighted in the middle of the town, Cretin, before a small, neat house, and three little children came out at the street-door to meet us. I would not look at them to see something of Voss, for I beheld the veritable Voss himself. He and his Ernestine were with a village clergyman in the garden, who appeared to me the actual "Venerable Pastor of Grenau." We hastened forward, and Voss came towards us in a long morning coat, and a little round white hat on his head.

I had not formed any precise conception of Voss's exterior. I had been told that he had something dry and formal in his manner. I knew that he was rector of the grammar school here, and had recently heard that he also had the title of Privy Councillor. He is publishing "Virgilii Georgica cum annotationibus," thought I ; and

from all this I had settled him in my imagination as more or less resembling a grammarian or the learned Professor S—, and I pictured to myself the flesh-and-bone house in which dwelt the Muse of "Louise" and the idyls, as Gothic, old-fashioned and somewhat dilapidated. And he stood here before me, tall, slender, with an Apollonic presence, with the genuine smile of spring upon his open brow, and as he pressed my hand and bade me heartily welcome, he appeared to me one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He had scarcely cast a glance upon me, before he was my personal friend. Few people have at the first sight, made the same sympathetic impression upon my heart.

The joyous mood into which the varying features of nature on the road had put me, rose, after I had seen and listened to him for half an hour, to the highest pitch. I was extraordinarily merry.

Ernestine, who sate at the coffee-table in the summer-house, met us with the hospitality and friendliness of a shepherdess. She was a little rosy-cheeked, rurally simple, natural and good-natured woman. I had almost taken a cup of coffee from her hands, though this beverage, as you know, is poison to me, so vivid was my recollection of the coffee in "Louise," here, in this summer-house, by her side, between Voss, the "Venerable Pastor," and the old and intelligent lady, Voss's mother, who was present.

We walked about in the little neat garden in conversation over the beauties of nature, whose evening smile bade us farewell across the sea, which washed the side of the garden.

The conversation became literary, when I went up into his study, where I saw the first sheet of his "Georgics" of Virgil. But as this work, however beautiful it may be,

did not interest me particularly, I turned the conversation to his other productions, and especially to "Louise," so dear to me. I begged him to read us a portion of his continuation of this Homeric masterpiece. Cramer united his entreaties to mine, and he read. Nothing more perfectly harmonious or more heart-stirring I ever heard. From the moment that Amalie gets the fancy of letting Louise put on her bridal dress till the end, especially during the venerable father's blessing, the tears of transport streamed down my cheeks. Of all the pieces that the Muse ever conceived in a poet's brain, would my heart as fervently desire to write it, as would my head the "Artist" of Schiller. And this man must teach graver boys "fero-tuli-latum-ferre," and spend the few hours that he can steal from his daily duties in correcting the nicely corresponding note-columns of a slavish translation!

We had a long talk together about hexameters, in which metre Voss has unquestionably the same rank amongst the Germans that Virgil formerly had amongst the Romans. Our good Boje, who is become our rector here, has drawn his attention to the Danish literature, and our beautiful language's modest physiognomy has quickly attracted him. It delighted me not a little that he found most of the hexameters in the translation of Klim perfectly correct. He declares he will prosecute the knowledge of Danish.

Voss is a schoolmaster's son, but there is no reason that he should not be the chancellor of a university. He is one of the most learned men of his age, especially in the ancient philology. His familiarity with the Greek and Roman mythology, history and geography is unparalleled. He hates everything like excess, bombast and unhealthy excitement. He dislikes Richardson's "Cla-

rissa," but reads every evening in the winter "Don Quixote" to his Ernestine.

As they travelled along they were startled by an occurrence, such as cannot happen to a man twice in his life ; it was the first

OUTBREAK OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Yes, it looks frightfully in France," said the postmaster in Friedburg. "They have pulled down the Bastille and murdered many thousand people."

"Pulled down the Bastille!" cried Count Moltke.

"Pulled down the Bastille!" cried Spatzier.

"Pulled down the Bastille!" cried Baggesen.

All three for the moment forgot the bloody addition : "Right!—just!—well. Touch glasses, Mr. Postmaster. Down with all Bastilles!" "God save us!" sighed his wife. The charming daughter and her sisters looked frightened, yet they touched their glasses. It is only too natural to clink glasses over fallen Bastilles. "If that cursed Mirabeau only were not concerned in it," said a middle-aged man who sate with us at table. "But is he as bad as they say?" asked Baggesen. "Yet no doubt he has written that letter to the new King of Prussia." "But the abominable pasquinade on the Court of Berlin has been burnt," said the man, "as it deserved, in Paris, by the beadle. His wicked, mean and low character, his loose life, his shameless incendiary achievements are now well known. I am not over-superstitious, and would not take an oath that there is a devil, but if there be one, it is that common spy, disturber and traitor, Count Mirabeau." The ladies crossed themselves, and the man

went on. "Nations have something particularly saltpetry about them, and the French nation in particular is pure gunpowder." All applauded his remark and its metaphor. "Count Mirabeau is a burning brand, or if you like it better, a blazing torch, which has fallen into the National Assembly; and only mark, if the whole monarchy is not blown into the air." "What! the monarchy!" said Moltke. "And with it the whole people!" broke out the man furiously. "France can do without anything rather than a king." But does the King fall with the Bastille?" it was muttered. "Everything falls, so long as Mirabeau stands," replied the man. "Necker is away already." "Necker away!" all exclaimed, and trembled. The zealous middle-aged man went on, but was no longer heard; for the attention of his earlier listeners was lost in the new and unparalleled emotions which attended the reading of the scenes in Paris on the 3rd and 4th of July.

"Revolution! France! Before it was merely Fermentation—here and there a mist; now—what a raging, storming, flaming chaos!

"The Three Estates have united themselves in an Assembly of the People. All is prepared for war between freedom and slavery—popular laws and despotism. The terrible anarchy, the wild, dark, infernal labyrinth through which the way from tyranny to monarchy (the government of law) leads, has commenced. Europe's greatest political powder-magazine, Paris, is kindled. The enlightened friends of freedom fight—the oppressed chafe—the timid, confused, excited people, rage!

"Despotism has arrayed its forty thousand hired murderers against the trembling citizens, but their trembling changes into convulsive exertions. A hundred thousand

citizens rise ; amid the din of alarm-bells and alarm-drums, they resound the counsel of despair : ‘To arms ! to arms !’ and in a moment the many thousands are armed, the prisons are burst open, the criminals are turned loose, houses are set on fire, and the theatres closed. Three hundred of the thousands dare, with a courage which despair only can give, to storm the invincible Bastille ; and in three hours the invincible is vanquished ! Now streams blood in the swarming streets. Blood for sacred Freedom ! Blood for the Tyrants ! But alas ! blood also for unholy passions, blood for hellish lust of murder—the blood of the innocent !

“ All Paris is in horrible uproar, a prey to mutual hatred, revenge and despair. Amid flames and blood, amid the din of bells, drums and cannon, resounds the yell of ‘Murder ! Murder ! Fire ! Fire !’ from all quarters. The wails of mothers, and the shrieks of children are drowned in the deafening roar ; and like the tremors in the most remote caverns of disrupting Etna, the tumult of the capital spreads into the most distant provinces.

“ How the heart beats with terror, and in the midst of its cold horror, with the burning excitement, at the idea of the dread astonishment which these things shall spread over the whole earth !”

From this fearful explosion, which shook the world beyond the force of any earthquake, Baggesen soon turned into more peaceful scenes ; and we find him next at Hamburg, with

KLOPSTOCK.

He lives, to the honour of our Government, and of the Markgraf of Baden, free from care, in modest competence.

He has a neat little garden just outside of the city, keeps a riding horse, and can occasionally, without suffering from it, partake his bread and wine with a few good friends. It is a singular dispensation of Providence, an exception which has few parallels ; and I cannot understand how it happens that it continues so. A poet—and unquestionably the first poet of his time—a poet who has rendered to humanity incalculable services ; a poet who has devoted his genius to religious freedom, love and innocence ; who by perfecting his language, and in their most intimate recesses, cultivating the heads and hearts of his readers, has so essentially promoted the elevation of his race ; a man, in short, who has benefited and delighted so many thousands, still benefits and gladdens thousands, and who will long continue to benefit and gladden thousands of thousands, without having injured an individual : that such a man has an income, lives without debt, and without fear of dying a poet's death, it is inconceivable ! Does the time actually draw near when such a man, in the eyes of those on whose favour all nobility, and the whole physical life of the non-heritors of gold, depends, shall have the estimation of a cook or a chambermaid ? Shall a poet in our philosophical century really be able to raise himself to such a rank and regard in the community ? Shall his life become as politically efficient as that of the creeping scoundrels ? Really, our age deserves actually the name of—the poetic ! Homer, Cervantes, Milton, and fifty other such poor wretches, if they could rise out of their graves, would weep for joy to behold it !

Klopstock's outward person is simple, and in its perfect repose almost common. His eye beams with more innocence and heavenly piety than poetic power, and what is properly called genius ; but in his motions, and especially

in his gait, there is the highest degree of character. His countenance betrays unmistakably the sacred cultivation of the Graces. But all this is so finely diffused over his being, that it requires more than an ordinary glance to discover it at once in the simple, rather old-fashioned costume, and under an ordinary tie-wig. The free use of tobacco and snuff give his merely physical being the resemblance rather to a dried mignonette plant, than to a fresh one, to which some of his admirers have compared him. His smile is indescribably delightful ; but notwithstanding, there is in it a considerable touch of *naïve* humour, and it is rather that of a young maiden's than a man's.

The portrait which Baggesen draws of the author of the "Messiah" is, it will be perceived, spite of himself, more accordant with the estimate of the present age than of his own ; for, notwithstanding the services of Klopstock in breaking through many of the old forms and prejudices of the then poetic taste, his *genius* was greatly overrated by his contemporaries. In Hamburg, Baggesen saw Shakspeare's "King Lear" acted, and was thrown into raptures of astonishment.

Baggesen, like a true poet, found a charm where most other people found only a mere tiresome country—in the Lüneburg Heaths. He found also an Englishman there ; and their conversations are amongst the most amusing portions of his "Labyrinthen." We must give just a specimen :

THE LÜNEBURG HEATH, AND HEATH PHILOSOPHY.

As we had a road of ten German miles through nothing but heather between us and Celle, we set off at five

o'clock in the morning, and rolled out of the city, all in a carriage, for about a quarter of a mile, when suddenly it broke down. None of us suffered the least injury from this accident; the ladies escaped with a little fright. While we were busy in putting the wheels right again, there came by a foreign gentleman in a splendid English carriage, and ordered his coachman and servants to help us. In the meantime I went on. The totally new scenery here, so vast in its extent, incited me to a more close acquaintance. From my childhood it had been one of the chief wishes of my life to wander through a desert. Such a region, without hills, and without dales, without streams, or signs of habitation, is like a book yet unwritten; and he who is accustomed to put black upon white, is more delighted with such a book, than others can be with the most finely-bound quarto or octavo.

The farther I advanced into my desert, the more charming and entertaining it became to me. True enough, nothing met my outward eye but heather, and here and there a dwarfish fir-tree. All around me lay outstretched in an interminable black-grey, naked flat. But all the more passed before my inward eye—thousands of undisturbed fantasies. Now came a long-bearded hermit, a venerable Dervish, with water in the hollow of his hand; now a Prince of China, who had lost his way; then a flying Princess of Teflis; then a pilgrim, who for every three strides forward made one backward; then a wandering knight; after that, three ragged prophets; then forty terrible thieves; then a whole caravan, with all its camels: then all the children of Israel, six hundred thousand in number. I had scarcely time to nod a greeting to them altogether, signifying that I knew them, when suddenly the whole scene went up in universal dust or sand-smoke! A noise under me, and over me, and all

around me, so utterly distracted my attention, by drawing it at the same time upwards, and downwards, and to both sides, that I could have seen with my eyes shut just as well what I did see ; but there combated two terrible armies in one direction, the caravan and the robbers in another, trolls and old warriors in a third, and the never sufficiently renowned Knight of La Mancha, with all the world's sheep, goats, and windmills in a fourth. My desert was at this moment so populous, that I had begun to fear a dearth in the place, when the sound of a carriage just behind drowned all the other noises. I sprang aside ; the smoke and all that swarmed in it was gone ; and I saw nothing but the aforesaid gentleman, who drew up, and requested me politely to take a seat in his carriage.

I acknowledged his offer with my very best thanks ; "But, pardon me, Sir," I added ; " I wonder that a man of your active appearance " (he seemed to be about fifty) " should permit yourself to drive through such a country as this. If I possessed all the English equipages in the world, it has so many charms for me, that I should prefer to wander through it on foot, unless gout bound me to the seat of my carriage."

"Extraordinary !" said he, with a smile, and looked more closely at me ; " you are the first admirer of this heath that I have met with in my travels. I have myself passed it about twenty times, but without once discovering any charm in it."

The two travellers journey on together, and their conversations are particularly amusing. They come, at last, to

THE DEVIL'S STONE-ROAD.

The Hanoverians thus style the road we were now travelling ; and it deserves its name by the ill-humour it excites. We, on the contrary, found both road and humour right pleasant. We drew continually nearer to each other in our discussions. I began to find myself much more at ease in the carriage, and by degrees to reconcile myself to its amenities. Mr. Caillard was a man of experience, taste and knowledge. He related to me his history from beginning to end. He candidly stated to me his principles and his circumstances ; and the result was, that I set him down for the happiest man on the earth. " I have all," said he, " that I could wish for ; health, wealth, domestic peace—for I am unmarried ; a tolerably easy conscience, books, and so much in my head as is necessary to amuse me with them. I know only one want—am denied only one comfort in this world ; but that one is sufficient to embitter every other enjoyment, and place me in the class of unhappy mortals."

I tried my invention to find out what such a man, in such circumstances, could lack. " It cannot well be liberty ?" I said ; " for I cannot conceive what a wealthy merchant, in a free city, can want of freedom ?"

" No ; heaven help me ! I could not live a single day through without liberty."

" You are not in love with some cruel or unfortunate princess ?"

" That is still less likely."

" Ah ! now I have hit it, unquestionably ! Your soul burns with a thirst after truth—after satisfaction as it regards the theory of the great reasoning powers, which hitherto remain like so many philosophical riddles. You

seek after that which so many men, from Anaxagoras to Spinoza, have sought after, and not found—the philosopher's stone, which should become the foundation of the grand fabric of your ideas.”

He assured me, that in this respect he was tolerably contented.

“Then,” said I, “perhaps, in spite of your health, you are plagued with an unlucky catarrh? Second only to Jupiter, and rich. Free, respected, beloved—a king of kings, and altogether healthy—only plagued a little with a cold.”

As he denied this also, I gave up the quest after his one master-evil.

Oh, happiness! of all earth's chimeras, thou art the most chimerical! Rather would I seek dry figs at the bottom of the sea, or fresh fish on this heath—rather would I hunt after freedom, or truth, or the philosopher's stone, than be such a fool as to seek after thee, thou weather-cock of all weather-cocks, earth's universal Jack-o-lantern! I believed that at length I had found one totally happy, and in all respects enviable man; and now, truly! though I have not a ten-thousandth part of his riches, though I have not a thousandth part of his equipage; though I have not a tenth part of his health; though I have not, perhaps, a third part of his understanding; though, for the rest, I have not only all the wants which he has not, but the very one which he suffers under, I would not change conditions with him.

From this moment he inspired my heart with actual pity. But in what consisted his extraordinary misfortune? Hear it, and tremble!

“What,” said he, “avails me all besides? Coffee, which I love more than all earth's wives, and more, at least, in many moments, than all earth's daughters—

coffee, which I love to distraction—*coffee is totally forbidden me !*”

Let those laugh that will, for everything has its comic as well as its tragic side ; but he who had heard the sigh with which he brought forth these words and could laugh, could equally laugh at his own father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, his greatest grandfather, and at all his ancestors up to Adam. True, the thing which he languishes for is my mortal aversion. But had he said—chocolate is totally forbidden me, or tea, or English ale, or Madeira, or strawberries, there are those who would have thought it equally ridiculous. The conqueror wept, it is said, because he had no other worlds to subdue—he who grieves for the want of a world, and he who makes himself miserable for the lack of coffee, according to my ideas, is equally mad, and equally pardonable. The passion for a cup of coffee, and the passion for a crown—the hankering after taste or after a morsel of it, and the hankering after immortality of fame, is equally insane and equally human.

CHOICE SPECIMEN OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

Before closing this chapter, we must present one more acquaintance of Baggesen's in the shape of an Englishman—such specimens were found abroad then as now, giving odd ideas of us at home :

At Pymont, amongst the many amusing characters there, there was none so originally wild, and dissipated, as an Englishman. Mr. Imhoff Hastings, the natural son of the celebrated, or rather notorious, ex-King of India, is staying here at the baths with a pretty little travelling stipend of twenty thousand rix-dollars. Notwithstanding that he confines himself for the most part to the most

contracted circle of the Prince of Waldeck's state, and at the utmost he has visited the part of Germany bordering on Frankfort and Hanover, in course of half a year he has found himself obliged to contract a debt of eighty thousand rix-dollars. His equipage is confined to two carriages and five riding horses ; and as he seldom drives, and as riding is forbidden him by the doctors, this limitation of his equipage is by no means irksome to him. He has taken service in the army as Colonel of a regiment, merely, he says, for the sake of the dress, as the uniform happened to please him. He professes to be twenty-seven years old, and his acquirements certainly do not surpass what are expected from his age. His dress, when not in uniform, which he seems to economise, is simple, and compared with that of the other gentlemen, even shabby ; his hair negligently trimmed, or rather untrimmed ; and his exterior appearance altogether not distinguished from that of the most slovenly university members, except by his snow-white linen, which bespeaks the Englishman. His countenance is heavy, his air full of indifference, his gait sleepy. At the same time you perceive something in his expression opposed to stupidity, and a certain degree of good nature. He spoke tolerably bad French and worse German, which he usually mixed with a little English, with a curious freedom and unconstraint. For the rest he was a living impersonation of spleen and *ennui*.

I thought that no greater mortal contrast could exist than between myself and my companion of the Lüneburg Heath, but here was a still greater. Here were two young water-drinkers at Pymont, one with sixty rix-dollars per month, and the other with two thousand ; one with two carriages, six riding horses, and three mistresses, the other with none at all ; the one using the bath in

consequence of too great excesses, the other, of too great privations; the one heavy and melancholy, the other extremely lively and joyous. My Englishman's superfluity set my poverty in a most entertaining light, and I grew enamoured of my indigence, and thanked God for it, as the more profitable and agreeable conductor through life. Out of sheer want of knowing what to do with himself, he sought my society. I laid his depravity in one scale, and his originality in the other, and we became, so to say, good friends. I sought to convince him of how much enjoyment he lost by seeking to enjoy too much, and thus *ennuyé*ing himself. I came to fancy that he had more pleasure in my society than in the twenty thousand rix-dollars that he lost in play; and as he heard that I was about to make a journey, and was only delayed by the non-arrival of my remittances, he offered to lend me two-thousand louis-d'ors with the same unconcern that one offers the loan of an umbrella.

"But," said I, "mind! You will never see them again!" "Oh!" he replied, "as to that, it is of no consequence. Some time perhaps, you will make that out of your head, and can pay it if you like. No matter—there it is." I declined his offer; though Heaven knows, it would have been as useful to me as the money seemed useless to him. And perhaps he would give it away to the next chance acquaintance.

A young Prussian officer just admired a splendid English steel chain, of the most beautiful workmanship, attached to his watch, and praised it in the highest terms. "If you accept it as a keepsake, Sir, you will give me pleasure," said Hastings. The officer was astonished, and hesitated. "You will oblige me," he added, "by accepting it. It will please you more than it does me."

The officer accepted, and he walked away without waiting to be thanked. I said to him: "Do you know this person?" "No," said he. "Are you anxious to cultivate his acquaintance?" "No. But I gave him the chain, because, from the moment he had set his mind on it, it became a bore to me. If he had not taken it, I should have flung it away!"

And yet, spite of this reckless good nature, you would have wondered how he got through such immense sums. His dress, we have seen, was by no means costly. At the first view, he seemed to live in Pymont as economically as the simplest frequenter of the baths. Breakfast, dinner and supper cost him no more than they did the rest. He had only one constant means of expenditure more than I had; but then it was a leviathan one. He made his daily visit to the faro-table, on the higher side of the avenue, and at a cost of about one hundred rix-dollars. He looked on it as a sort of duty to make this fixed visit to the gaming table, though fortune seemed to have a steady pleasure in fleecing him; for he said: "A man must have some object in life!" He had, it is true, only two carriages; but one of them was partly of solid silver, and so constructed, that he could press it together, and lay it in the other. As the roads round Pymont were for the most part very bad, he had the plan of generally driving in the larger carriage, and when he came to a better piece of road, of alighting, taking out his little carriage, and with one harnessed horse, which his groom always had in attendance, of proceeding in the small carriage as long as the road would permit.

With his income of twenty thousand rix-dollars, his two carriages, three mistresses, four servants, and six

horses, Mr. Imhoff Hastings was still more miserable than my old friend who pined for forbidden coffee. There was no person in Pymont who so thoroughly excited my compassion. He had long exhausted the cup of earthly enjoyment, and was precisely in that condition of mind in which an *ennuyé* Englishman, according to all the laws of free-thinking, ought to hang himself.

CHAPTER II.

BAGGESEN, CONTINUED—BÜRGER.

“THE Privy Councillor is not at home,” said a little girl who opened the door for me. “Mr. Privy Councillor is gone to Ilefeld.” I begged her to tell me where Professor Bürger lived. She was so polite, spite of all my entreaties not to trouble herself, as to accompany me through three streets to his house, which lay buried in its garden, amongst some mean streets in the background of the city.

In this little garden I saw two persons, and I immediately guessed which of them must be Bürger. He invited me up into his room, where we sate upon a sofa. Though it was yet only twelve o'clock, he had already dined, so early is the dinner-hour in this orderly city. I told him who I was, and was mortified to find that he did not even know me by name. I told him how well I knew him, the cause of my journey, and so on. It was impossible for me to say to him that I also tinkled upon the harp; but when we had talked for some time, he again asked my name; and when I again gave it, he

asked if I were the author of "Holger Danske?" "Yes, more is the pity," said I.

"Hoc est mediocribus illis
Ex vitiiis unum!"

He had read some reviews of it, he said. This caused us to talk of his old and much-valued friend, Professor Cramer; and we had more than material enough for conversation.

Bürger is a man of about forty, with a simple, but, by degrees, attractive exterior, neither tall nor short, tolerably broad built, with a glance more melting than fiery, and of an easy, natural, and I might say agreeable manner. In his whole bearing, look and demeanour, there was not the least which reminded me of the poet, but rather the friend of poets. He seemed more to love than to cultivate the Muses. His whole person had the same tone as his works. I told him that I had translated his "Lenardo and Blandine," which seemed greatly to please him. This turned the conversation especially to peasant poetry. "Homer," he said, "was the proper poet of the people, and might be translated in a totally different metre to what it has ever yet been done." Though he once hoped to have done this in iambics, he had with incredible patience remodelled the whole thankless labour, and was now nearly ready with a completely new German Homer, in hexameters. I lamented that he had not finished the former work; it would have been new and unique of this kind, and the language, at least, must have gained as much as Homer lost. "For a new heroic poem," he said, "there must be discovered a wholly new and more popular metre." "According to his theory," I remarked, "each language had its own peculiar species of versification; so that it was quite sufficient

that Homer had used the hexameter to show that it was not suited for an epopee in any other and less living language." "Oberon," in his opinion, was composed in the kind of verse most adapted to a German heroic poem.

Songs, romances and, pre-eminently ballads, are the poetry of his life. Of these, which he called the genuine poetry, his favourite compositions, he talked with the greatest enthusiasm. He spoke of our *Kämpe-Viser* in ecstasies. The few which he had read in translations had made him insatiable for more, and he would fain learn Danish to enjoy them in their original language. Tullin and Evald he knew and prized. He had once heard Danish sung, and found it sweet, melting and singularly enchanting.

We talked of its literature, of its poets and of the prospects of poetry in Denmark; of the new edition of his works, which was already finished; of Göttingen, in whose background, he said, he lived as good as unknown; of the barbarism which prevails here in polite literature; of politics and jurisprudence, which swallow here all topics; everything that can be said or heard, written or read; and so on. Thus flew three hours, without our observing it; so completely so, that in the company of Lenore's poet, I had forgotten my dinner, and only recollected in the evening that I had had none.

LOVE ADVENTURE IN SWITZERLAND.

At length, Baggesen reached Switzerland, and wandered about amid its magnificent scenery with all a poet's delight. He climbed alps, crossed lakes, visited the haunts of Rousseau, made the acquaintance of Lavater at Zurich, and with his friends, Count Moltke and Herr

Spatzier, enjoyed that glorious region to the utmost. But now came the moment which was to open a new era in his life: he met with Sophie Haller the grand-daughter of Haller, the philosopher and poet; and we have in his "Labyrinthen," the account of their first meeting—as poetical a circumstance as could possibly befall a young poet.

"In a light summer dress, my coat and sundry books hanging on my alpenstock on my back, I sprang blithely down after dinner from Untersee to the quay at the end of the lake of Thun. It was beautiful weather, and the quick walk from Lauterbrun had put all my spirits in motion. The sun's rays danced with light clouds around the mountain tops about the quietly rolling lake. Now they lost themselves in the vineyards, now flew down into the meadows, now bathed themselves with the points of the rocks in the waters. Echo flung back from her romantic clefts the simple tones which nature drew from my full heart—free as the glaciers which, freed from their icy bonds, streamed through the dale,—and happy as the free, and strong as the free and the bold, I came to a lake by whose still margin lay the boat which awaited me. See! there sprang suddenly a damsel from behind a tree just near me. Light as Daphne, and fleet as Apollo, she sprang over the loose stones away into the meadow, whose dewy moisture obliged her to lift her dress as she ran, displaying the lovely feet which bore her lovely form. Love willed that in her haste she should drop a glove, and in turning to pick it up, she revealed a countenance which that of Selinè alone can compare with, when she blushes at her own image in the brook.

She now vanished in the hut; and during her stay there, I learned from a venerable gentleman who accom-

panied her, that she was the grand-daughter of the great Haller. She came back again, after a moment's delay, and how my heart beat as she approached me, and said, with the most unconstrained ease in the world: "Je suis bien charmée de me pouvoir embarquer avec vous." I could scarcely reply to the compliment: I bowed, blushed, nodded and looked down at my feet; threw my straw hat from me, to get a freer prospect; and thanked God that I got rid of my twelve days' beard at Untersee."

The old gentleman accompanying Miss Haller was President Zuiner, who introduced Baggesen and his travelling companion to the Haller family. Baggesen was enchanted, and thought her the handsomest woman he had ever seen, the most sensible he had ever talked with, the best he had ever become acquainted with. The impression was mutual, and he has left us in his "Labyrinthen" a detailed narrative of the progress of their attachment. In a while he wrote to the Countess Schimmelmann, with all the triumph of a successful lover: "She is mine! The immortal Haller's grand-daughter, the soul of her excellent family, the most fragrant lily of the Alps, the most lovely rose of freedom's garden—Sophie Haller is mine! She whom all earth's princes have striven in vain to draw from the tranquil bosom of her noble family—she is mine, and mine by the most beautiful and honourable means by which a son of Adam ever won a daughter of Eve—his mine, with the perfect consent of her whole family."

In truth, no more charming creature than Sophie Haller ever was described by a poet's pen; and the attachment of Baggesen and she to each other was of the tenderest kind.

SCHILLER.

After staying some time in Switzerland, and having made a short trip to Paris, he was married to Sophie Haller on the 18th of April, 1790, and soon after quitted Bern with his young wife, to return home. On this journey, they visited and took up their abode with Wieland, and cultivated the friendship of Herder, Hufeland, Bode, Reinhold and Schiller. The first interview with Schiller is very striking. "As we entered Schiller's room, his gentle, amiable and affectionate wife approached us smiling, and led Sophie and Mrs. Reinhold to the sofa ; whilst he, high and pale, with his yellow, untrimmed hair, and with a penetrating glance of his almost staring eye, approached us, and bade me welcome. He had toothache and a swelled cheek, and was obliged to hold a handkerchief to his mouth, as it was painful to him to talk. He was extremely friendly, but his assumed liveliness could not conceal the expression of deep care. I begged that he would spare himself, as I saw how much he suffered ; and now his wife seated herself at the piano, in order that Sophie, with whom she was very cordial, might hear what she had lately learned. We talked of music, of which Schiller knows nothing whatever, and yet is very fond.

"We took our leave, mutually lamenting to have found him in so sad a condition. Reinhold, on the way, made me acquainted with his circumstances ; which are so sorrowful as to make one almost weep over them. He has only about two hundred rix-dollars yearly income that is certain, and he requires twelve hundred, as he will and must live elegantly—that is his weak side ; and therefore

he is obliged to work like a slave from morning to night. He has only few attendants of his class, because he does not possess the peculiar talent and the patience to deliver lectures ; and is, therefore, dependent on the publishers, who do not allow him sufficient time for his works, and thus he gets deeper and deeper into debt. At the present moment, he is writing 'The History of the Thirty Years' War.'

"Schiller is a volcano, whose top is covered with snow. He appears cold in all his intercourse with his most intimate friends ; and especially with his wife this coldness prevails. In company, he is absolutely nothing ; not in the least entertaining, not in the least witty, but for the most part silent. Never has any one been able to draw from him a good conceit, never issues there a *bon mot* from his lips ; yet sometimes, but very rarely indeed, he becomes excited, and then he excites every one around him to tears. He never gives to his wife, or to any of his friends, an affectionate word ; but is cold, dry and morose. In his writings, on the contrary, he is a totally different man ; and in all his letters there are spirit and cordiality. Did not necessity compel him, he would certainly cease, if not to write, to publish. *Paupertas impulet audax* ; otherwise we should not have got one of his latest noble works, not even 'Don Carlos.' The ideal which he has placed before himself, stands so infinitely high, that he never will be able to approach it. Dissatisfied with all that he produces, he would leave it lying in his desk, if the stomach had not different caprices to the head."

Baggesen and his wife pursued their way leisurely homewards through Germany, visiting Dresden and Berlin, and taking Tulleborg, the seat of Count Reventlow, in their way ; Hamburg ; and Trembüttel, the seat of Count Stolberg.

They next visited Korsøer, Baggesen's native place, and gladdened his mother and brothers and sisters ; then they made a call on Professor Wöldike, in Slagelse, who had given Baggesen so cordial a recommendation to the University, and who now rejoiced in his good fortunes : and finally they arrived in Copenhagen on the 19th of October, and were received by all their friends, with one exception, with the heartiest congratulations ; his good patrons, the Reventlows, Schimmelmanns, and the Prince of Augustenborg as cordially as ever promoting his interests. They had procured him a fixed appointment as professor, and a pension for his wife in case of his decease. The exception to the general kindness, to which we allude, was poor Baggesen's old flame, Selinè. Baggesen had felt great compunction on falling in love with Sophie Haller, as to his conduct to Selinè, and had written to her, proposing that they should all live in an affectionate friendship ; but it is evident, that not only Baggesen, but the lady had felt that things had gone so far that he could not retreat without wounding her pride, if not her sensibility ; and when Baggesen presented his wife to her, she received them with a freezing coldness.

With this exception, the life of Baggesen, from the moment of his first successful *début* in the poetic world, had been a career of romantic triumph and pleasurable excitement. But the sunshine soon began to darken, the health of his wife became very precarious. In two years and a half he was compelled to make a journey to Switzerland with his wife, in order to recruit her strength. This had been, perhaps, the happiest and most prosperous period of his existence. In the enjoyment of a brilliant reputation, of the society of the wife of his heart, who was received as a sister by all the noble and literary friends that he possessed ; and varying their existence by the

publication of his poems and of the first part of his "Labyrinthen," with visits to the beautiful seats of his princely patrons, the time had flown like a heavenly dream. But serious fears for the health of his wife, who exhibited no equivocal signs of consumption, began to break in upon his happiness. In 1793, therefore, he again left Copenhagen with his wife and child, and made a journey through Germany to Switzerland, from which they did not return till 1795. On this journey they visited most of the celebrated places, and made or renewed their acquaintance with most of the celebrated men of the time. Once more he returned home, but in March, 1797, he set out for the last time, in the vain hope of saving his wife, towards a warmer climate, but she died at Kiel, on the 5th of May, leaving him with two little boys.

From the first happy journey made by Baggesen, there had been evident a restless tendency in him—a disinclination for a fixed life and solid labour. The charms of travel amid beautiful scenery, and of conversation with the great men of the time in Germany, all of whom he visited, even to good old Father Gleim at Halberstadt in the Harz, had irresistible fascinations for him. He acquired an unfortunate ambition to become rather a German than a Danish writer, lamenting most unadvisedly and unpatriotically, that he did not belong to the wide-spread literature of Germany, but only to that of a country which, as he expressed it, was only read by a few sailors and fishermen. In his despair on the loss of his wife, he once more set out to take his two children to their grandmother Haller, in Switzerland, and on his passing through Freiburgh, we find him paying a visit to Professor Jacobi, the brother of his friend, Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi, the philosopher and poet. Professor Jacobi was also a popular poet, and yet in the simple homeliness of the time and

country, Baggesen found his wife sitting out, in the street before the door, and mistook her for the housemaid.

It might have been supposed, that Baggesen, having comfortably placed his children under the care of the excellent Madam Haller, would have been anxious to return home, and devote himself sedulously to the duties of his office, which the health of his wife had so much interfered with. But, on the contrary, he still loitered in Switzerland, mixed himself enthusiastically and personally in its politics, as though he had been a denizen of that country instead of Denmark; made another journey to Paris, and astonished all his friends by returning in the summer of 1798, little more than a year from his Sophie's death, with a second wife, a native of Geneva, whom he had met with in Paris. This was Fanny Raybaz, the daughter of an evangelical clergyman of Geneva, then resident in Paris.

He now produced his opera, "Erik Eiegod," which was acted with much approbation, and the same year he was appointed a director of the theatre. Everything now seemed to conspire towards a settled and active life in his fatherland. His patrons and friends had shown the most astonishing patience and kindness. Spite of his everlasting ramblings they had him appointed Vice-Provost of the Regent's College, with a good salary, and a deputy to hold the place for him during his absence. Such extraordinary goodness and forbearance towards a literary man appear to us in this country something fabulous, yet it seemed as if nothing could long keep Baggesen stationary. His circumstances were now easy and free from care; the favour and affection which he had so early won with the public as a poet, was still unweakened; he enjoyed a happy position, domestic peace, and the most brilliant social connections, but all in vain. In less than two years

he requested permission once more to travel, on the plea that he found Copenhagen too expensive, and in 1800, he quitted for the fourth time his native land. In the spring of 1802, he returned for a short time to Copenhagen, but chiefly about his pecuniary affairs, and on his return to Paris, again traversed with his old friend, Count Moltke, a great part of his beloved Germany. As there was now clear evidence that he could never settle to the commonplace duties of office, however apparently congenial to his literary tastes, he was removed from the provostship, and the directorship of the theatre, yet, with the marvellous goodness of the Government, the emoluments of these offices were continued to him in the shape of a pension of eight hundred rix-dollars a-year.

From this time the greater part of Baggesen's life was spent abroad, in Germany, Italy, but chiefly in Paris, where he got a French taste almost as strong as his German one had been. He did not return to Denmark till 1806, which he again left in 1807, and remained in Paris chiefly till 1811, when he was appointed Professor in Kiel. Here, however, he delivered but a very few lectures, grew tired of the office and the place, and removed to Copenhagen, where, in 1814, his office was formally given up for a pension of fifteen hundred rix-dollars. But this circumstance brought the irritable poet little peace. During his abode in Paris, he had wounded grievously the national feeling by jesting in his "Poetical Epistles," over the bombardment of Copenhagen by Nelson, in 1801, and the loss of the Danish fleet. "And now," says Molbech, "he allowed his jocose humour to amuse itself with one of the bitterest national losses which had ever befallen Denmark;" and wrote in this humour in Paris his "Danish Seamen's Songs," and "Knud Vidfadme's Bottle-Letter." "But this tone was

not likely to find an echo," says Dr. Müller, in the "Nerology" which he wrote of Baggesen, "in those who had felt the seriousness of the affair which he thus right merrily and ridiculously treated." Afterwards, he took another turn, and in his "Sailor's Mythology," his Viking drinking songs, and his cabin-song, we find him once more in his proper element. But these vacillations did not contribute to raise his character in the eyes of his countrymen. The latter years of Baggesen were destined to be involved in continual bitterness and strife.

"While he had been living abroad, writing German and French poetry, including a most eulogistic but indifferent 'Ode to Napoleon,' the poetic horizon at home," says Dr. Müller, "had changed. Oehlenschläger had come forth. Not only had his earlier works announced a rising poet, but the two volumes of his 'Poetical Writings' were come out. 'Hakon Jarl' was written, and the public taste had turned from the humorous, from the poetry playing on the surface of things, to the higher and the deeper." In a word, a mightier genius had opened up in the new romantic poetry, the great fountain of the Danish language. Transported by so much of novelty in art's new phenomenon, people in Denmark began to have a different estimate of poetic worth than that which had prevailed in the eighteenth century. Taste, which had suddenly acquired such strong and rich nourishment, took a rapid direction towards the ideal in poetry, which gave to imagination and intuition a decided preponderance over reason and observation. The serious in the poetic art had elevated itself above the prosaic horizon within which it had hitherto, for the most part, fluttered with clipped or fettered wings.

It was impossible that Baggesen should not on his return home feel this change. The petted poet of the

last quarter of a century, who had taken little pains to cultivate the public good-will, who had done many things to weaken or alienate it, and as it seemed without effect, now felt, and that deeply, that a greater spirit had arisen, and pushed him from his stool. It was not in his sensitive nature, of which praise was the breath of life, to endure it patiently. He at once set about to attack the new poet and the new school. Singularly enough, while assailing this serious school, he declared himself to be essentially a serious poet himself; that he was anything rather than a humorous poet, and would proceed to show the public what he could do in his now mature and experience-guided powers. When he ceased to laugh, and declared himself grave and didactic, the public laughed; the grotesqueness of the air that he assumed was irresistible. He gave no proofs of this didactic disposition, however, except by his "Giengangeren," or "The Double." He assailed Oehlenschläger in both prose and verse, in the "Dannora" and the "Northern Spectator," published by J. K. Höst. His criticisms on "Hakon Jarl," "Correggio," "Hugo von Rheinberg," "Ludlow's Cave," and others of Oehlenschläger's splendid dramas, are extremely witty and trenchant, but one cannot read them without a melancholy feeling, from the consciousness that they are the outburst of a spleen unworthy of the writer, and unjust towards the noble poet who was the object of them. But Oehlenschläger stood too firmly on the rock of nature and of his own genius to be harmed by these attacks, they only recoiled on the unhappy and disappointed writer. The whole of the young mind of Denmark stood zealously for Adam Oehlenschläger, and Baggesen had the mortification to see that the poetic crown of Denmark was for ever gone from him.

Apart from the mortified feelings of the so long, and in

his own province so justly, popular poet, one is quite at a loss, after reading Baggesen's epic poem in nine books, "Thora fra Havsgaard," to perceive why he objected to Oehlenschläger at all. "Thora" is essentially a poem of the romantic school. It is true that it is written in classical hexameters, but it introduces supernatural powers, and all the aids and spirit of tradition. It is essentially founded on the old Scandinavian faith in trolls, runes, and necromancy. Its chief actors are of this character—they deal in talismanic rings; and the grand burden of the poem is the contest of the evil powers with the good. If there be any distinction, after all, between the classical and the romantic schools, this poem completely confounds it. Homer and Virgil, two of the greatest classical writers of antiquity, were as completely romantic in the spirit, machinery, and *dramatis personæ*, as Oehlenschläger himself. So too were the greatest dramatists of Greece, who wrought all the superstructure of the stories of Prometheus, Orestes, Antigone, Medea, and Iphigenia, into the webs of their immortal compositions. But so far as Baggesen is concerned, he was one of those extremely nervous and egotistic mortals, who are for the moment carried in any direction by their feelings, and present in their lives the grossest inconsistencies. Baggesen at one period, hailed Oehlenschläger as "Melpomene's greatest poet." At one period he regarded Wieland as Germany's greatest poet: and Goethe as its most intolerable one. He declared that he loathed Goethe's poetry, that his writings actually stunk in his nostrils. "Inimicus Diderot; inimicus Goethe—sed magis inimicum falsum."* Then Goethe became "the greatest of all German poets." But there is no weathercock so glib on its axis as an ambitious and resentful genius.

* Briefwechsel, I, S. 216.

Besides his fight with Ochlenzläger, Baggesen was busily engaged in other combats. He was in the midst of what was called the "Jew-feud," defending the Jews against Thaarup, who had raised the disturbance, and with T. C. Bruun, who paid him back in hard blows. His declining years grew darker and more melancholy, realizing what Wordsworth, with a true insight into humanity, has so justly described as the poetic career :

" We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
And thereof comes, in the end, despondency and madness."

In 1820 he left Denmark for the last time, and with his wife who had been an invalid for years, and his youngest son, travelled to Paris. The last years of his life were nearly one unbroken scene of sufferings and mortifications. In Paris he was thrown into the prison of St. Pelagie for debt, whence he was liberated partly by assistance from friends in Copenhagen, amongst whom were conspicuous the grateful Jewish people, and partly by the sale of a house he possessed in Marly. In 1821, he fell into a long and dangerous illness, when Prince Christian of Denmark had him brought to his own hotel in Paris, and attended with the most affectionate care. By the Prince's generosity he was enabled to visit the baths of Plombières, but was called thence by the illness of his wife, whom on his arrival in Paris, he found dead. He was now completely struck down by sorrow, and very soon after lost his youngest and favourite child. He lingered on till 1826, having been at Carlsbad and Dresden for his health. When he felt his end approaching, he was seized with a vehement desire to die in that native land which he had so much deserted in his lifetime, but he was not permitted to reach it. He died at Hamburg on the 3rd of October, 1826, and his remains were forwarded to Kiel, and buried by those of his friend Reinhold.

The works of Baggesen in Danish, fill twelve volumes, exclusive of his works in German, amongst which latter are some of his most considerable productions, as his "Parthenais," "Oceana," "Adam and Eve," and his "Heideblumen."

It is impossible in a work like this, to give a complete idea of the works of so voluminous and various a writer. Comic stories, humorous poetic letters, satiric sallies, and serious and passion-breathing lyrics, songs and ballads, make up a large portion of his writings. We have given ample specimens of his very amusing and sparkling prose in his travels, and a beautiful proof of his tenderness in his "When I was Little." But his dramas and operas—"Holger Danske," "Erik Eiegod," "The Trylleharpe," a passionate and very beautiful lyrical drama of Pandion and Dione, from the Greek Mythology, and "Thora," must be read to be estimated. In the "Poems to Nanna," which again have a romantic basis, we have unquestionably his most beautiful love poetry, which curiously enough was written in his later years. In these, however, everything like the effervescence of physical feeling is absent—purged away by the progress of time, and deeper and truer views of love and human life. In these, Nanna is the type of the pure and eternal principle of love, and Balder is the type of the human heart, which is perpetually yearning after it, in sorrow, and yet in hope. Nanna appears lost, vanished, departed into a higher and invisible world; and Balder, while for ever seeking after her, bears with him an internal consciousness that there he shall overtake her in the end, and possess her eternally. These poems are unquestionably not only amongst the most beautiful of Baggesen's, but of the whole Danish poetry. No man could have written them until he had gone through the deep and ennobling baptism of suffering.

In "Thora," though the story abounds with dark and often repulsive elements, there is still great beauty. The character of Thora, of Roller, of old Alrun, and of Gorm, are admirably and graphically drawn. There is a charming feeling of the wonderful blending with the sweetest paintings of natural scenery. We regret that it remains unfinished.

But one of Baggesen's great characteristics is that of great schemes and works unfinished. Like our own Coleridge, he abounds with fragments and projects of great things which never were accomplished. He was of too quick, outwardly impressible and excitable a nature; too much addicted to the pleasures of the society of the gifted, and of the contemplation of the world's varied scenery; too fond of living in the present, in the charmed circle of admired and admiring friends, to achieve works otherwise within the reach of his powers. Unlike his more fortunate rival, Adam Oehlenschläger he wanted that solid ballast in his soul which could rein his active phantasy; that strength which could control the intellectual forces, and while they worked, direct them into a determinate course, producing in the midst of the whirlwind of passion, the profound repose of the directing spirit; that union of vigour and expansiveness by which the great monuments of genius are wrought out; and therefore, instead of productions like "Hakon Jarl," "Palnatoké and the Gods of the North," we have "Thora" unfinished, the two first books of the "Iliad," and the two-and-twentieth book of the "Odyssey," in splendid hexameters, which *should* have grown into the whole of "Homer." But, with all his faults and short-comings, Baggesen's works will always remain, amid the literary wealth of Denmark, brilliant and beautiful, and his life and travels a deeply interesting romance.

CHAPTER III.

RAHBK.

THE name of Kund Lyne Rahbek is connected inseparably with the literature of Denmark, during the close of the last, and the opening of the present century. For fifty years of that time, he was actively and influentially at work in it. But Rahbek is a very different figure in that history to Baggesen. Baggesen was the quick, sensitive, wayward, but brilliant man of genius; Rahbek, on the contrary, was the genuine representative of the literary man. He has left no original works which can fix his name pre-eminently in the temple of his country's fame, but he has left a mass of able and interesting writings in poetry, in criticism—especially dramatic criticism—in periodical essays, and in almost every branch of polite literature, so mixed up with the people, the incidents and the interests of his time, that they must always stand there—they cannot be torn out of the general web, even were there a disposition to ignore them. But, besides that, there is so amiable and genial a feeling connected with Rahbek—with his “Camma” and his “Bakkehuus;” he lived so kindly and helpfully amid all his cotemporaries, that Rahbek is a household word, which must always be heard when this period of Danish letters is spoken of. Rahbek was a man of all-work, but

his great passion was for the drama, and he lived amongst the chief dramatic actors of his time, and has filled his autobiography, his "Erindringer, or Reminiscences," five volumes, with the testimonies of his intense interest in all that concerned the theatre and the opera, both in Denmark and Germany. He wrote plays, none of which had much success, and he also criticised those of his cotemporaries; he wrote songs, drinking songs, and songs of the social board, which were favourites with the young throughout Scandinavia; he edited several periodicals, and wrote the lives and edited the works of his cotemporaries. He collected the popular poems of the Danish authors into a Reading Book, thus making them more known; and was at the same time a Professor in the University of Copenhagen. He was indefatigable; fond of knowledge, fond of diffusing it by his pen, fond of the society of literary men; clever, possessed of taste, if not of the very highest pitch; and, in short, was an able and most estimable man, but not great. Perhaps the best specimens of his writings are to be found, after all, in the pages of "The Minerva," which he edited at first in conjunction with Pram, and afterwards alone; and in his "Danish Spectator," a periodical professedly on the model of Addison's.

The estimate of his literary character, given him by Molbech, in his "Anthologia," is perhaps as fair a one as can be drawn: "He belonged rather to the eighteenth century than to our own, but he carried over the fruits of his youthful life and his manhood's activity into the nineteenth: during the first thirty years of this, he continued, with rare perseverance and unweariedness, to labour as a writer in the sphere which was peculiar to him, and for which he had formed himself in an earlier school, in what is called the Transition period in the

eighteenth century, without being properly able to penetrate deeply into the new spirit in criticism and esthetics, which, towards the end of that century, began to make itself felt. As poet, and as creative author, he was deficient in the fire and concentrated force of genius, though he possessed many talents of a distinguished character; yet, by certain of his works, especially his prose stories and the earlier years' 'Spectators,' he produced a deeper impression, by his abilities of a certain kind, on the public, than all the other Danish authors of his time; and his services in these departments of the language and literature are in the highest degree important, and deserving of esteem.

“As esthetic critic, he acquired, during the most brilliant period of his life, that is, from 1790 to 1800, a great name and *status*: but that which in this respect he affected, was, at the best, but preparatory, and of far less result than might eventually have been expected from an author so full of native talent, so variously accomplished, of so rich a knowledge, and extensively artistic acquirements. There wanted in him a judgment possessed of clear acumen, and based on philosophic depth: and his taste, though in some respects elevated and correct, was neither delicate, strong, nor sufficiently purified and liberalized, to enable him efficiently to draw forth the hidden beauties of a poetical work, and present the best side of an average production to the light. In fact, there was in his mind, not sufficient of the poetic element, too little of the ideal vision, too much pleasure in dwelling on particular features, and in a material view of a work of art; a certain confined one-sidedness in some respects in his faculty of perception, and his mode of observation, and a proneness to substitute for his own loose and uncertain judgment, the opinions and dicta of others. These qualities, combined

with a great deal of good-natured weakness, which led him rather to praise the mediocre, than to blame the bad ; rather to suppress his conviction, than to speak the reality, lessened materially the weight of his influence on the literature of his time. Nevertheless, though he might have done more, he possessed so thoroughly accomplished a mind, and such liberality of principle, particularly as regarded art and matters of taste ; such kindness and integrity, that even where men's opinions were most decidedly opposed to his own convictions, he was ever ready to call forth and foster talent, and thus achieved immense good. This power of friendly and intellectual beneficence was greatly extended by his indefatigable and extraordinary extent of literary activity, and by his universal acquaintance and association with the literary and scientific men of the day."

Rahbek was born in Christenbernikov Street, in Copenhagen, on the 18th of December, 1760, where his father, the son of a farmer from Alergaard, in the village of Rahbek, in the diocese of Ribe, and the parish of Borris, in Jutland, was Inspector of Customs, with the title of Counsellor of Justice. His mother died when he was a year old, and he was called after his father's maternal uncle, Knud Lyne, who was also the son of a peasant from the same district, who had come to Copenhagen, and as a tradesman, had made a fortune, of what is called in Sweden and Denmark a ton of gold, that is, twenty thousand rix-dollars, or about two thousand four hundred pounds. Rahbek's grandmother, an honourable peasant woman of Jutland, being a widow, came to her son in Copenhagen, and was the young poet's earliest attendant and cherisher. His father had him taught to read when he was three years old, and set him to his Latin when he was only five.

His father now married again, but this only increased Knud's comfort, for the step-mother was a good and kind woman, who from the first, and through life, was always much attached to him, though she came to have several children of her own. Knud was now put under the care of a private tutor of the name of L. Jensen Adzer, the son of a smith in Copenhagen, and whose brother was an engraver of medals. This Adzer seems to have been a curious kind of character—eccentric, and fond of solitude and independence. He used to chastise little Knud vigorously during the hours of tuition; perhaps he would have thought, with Solomon, that he should spoil the child if he spared the rod; but out of school-time, he was especially kind, and treated his pupil on terms of perfect equality and companionable ease. Knud's father seems to have surrendered him most thoroughly into Adzer's hands, for the tutor used regularly to go out every evening to the house of his brother the medalist, where there was every comfort, and during all this time kept Knud locked up in his room, having his supper carried up before he went. The cause of this was supposed to be that a young midshipman was at a neighbouring house, and as Knud had a passion for everything belonging to the sea, it was feared that such company was dangerous for him.

Adzer was a jack-of-all-trades, and had a great box of tools in the bed-room, where at leisure hours he made tobacco-boxes, and bound his own books. For Knud, he could, during the long solitary evenings, only read, eat his supper, and go to bed. In vain did his mother intercede for him—there he staid. Adzer was not only a sound classic, but a proficient in French and German, and laid the foundation of the knowledge of languages and the readiness of speech which distinguished Rahbek.

In his twelfth year, Knud was sent to Herlufsholm School, at some distance from Copenhagen, where he remained three years. Here he seemed to enjoy himself vastly during holiday hours or days, in roaming through the old beech woods and fields, and in fishing. During his vacations, he used to spend his time chiefly with his old tutor and favourite Adzer, who had now succeeded to the post of Cashier of Highways, and lived at Jägersborg, near Copenhagen. Adzer had been teacher in the family of Evald's brother, and was the friend and attached companion of Evald while he lived. He used to buy up every work of Evald's the moment it appeared, and bring it home in triumph. Here Knud Rahbek got them; and this, and listening to Adzer's talk of Evald, very probably excited Knud to his own determination to live amongst books and literature.

In his fifteenth year, he was removed from Herlufsholm and the excellent Rector Brendth, for whom he always retained a deep regard, to the University, and was at once placed on examination amongst the number of the most distinguished students who entered at the same time. In the next year, 1776, he passed his philosophical examination, and in 1777, along with P. A. Heiberg, the philological one. After that he proceeded to the study of theology, and finally of law.

During the severe labour of these exertions, he sought constantly for refreshment at Jägersborg with Adzer. Adzer had now set up housekeeping for himself: for himself it was, literally. He had hired a side-wing of the old Schäffer's Court, looking out on the fields, and there kept house in an original fashion. He paid a man near to look after his horse, and had no servant, man nor maid, in the house: "So that," says Rahbek, in his "Erindringer," "when I visited him, especially in winter,

we were generally quite alone. He cooked his own meat, swept his own floor, and made his own bed ; and when I was out there with him, I was *co-opérateur en sous-ordre*, and according to my small abilities, rendered all the assistance I could. But alas ! my capacity for such little duties of life never was extraordinary, and therefore, on these occasions, confined itself principally to shelling peas, or at most to gathering them or beans in a little garden ; to gathering sorrel from the sorrel-bed ; giving the fowls their corn (when I was intrusted with that important office) ; and on Sundays to turning the roast. This last post I occupied willingly enough with a book in my hand, which at this particular time was a German translation of Rousseau's 'Nouvelle Heloise,' which I had made acquaintance with in Copenhagen, and was so enchanted with, that, being a pocket edition, I carried it everywhere with me. Whether it were the identical one that the Abbot in the 'Literary Letters' makes such a stir about, I cannot say ; but it was a duodecimo, in three volumes, with engravings. Later in the year, 'Werther,' which I found here, and which then was new, pushed 'Heloise' from her seat in my favour, and kept the preference for many seasons, without a single rival except 'Ossian,' which I also found here, in Harald's German translation.

"That was altogether a strange, solitary life that we led there together. Often we passed whole hours, nay, whole days, without exchanging a word ; he engaged in the affairs of his office, which did not give him much to do, or in the duties of his housekeeping, or, but now more seldom, and while he was with me, in his mechanical labours : I with my favourite books, or attentive to every rural sound, every rural sight, which offered themselves so pleasantly to me here, and to which I so gladly gave

myself up—a hen with her chickens, an ant-nest, a bird's nest under the roof, was enough to occupy me for whole hours. Often we went out and rambled in the charming Ermelund's Wood, or in the still to me more impressive avenue down in Charlottenlund, and it was during these wanderings that we conversed most together. Generally we went no farther than down to the so-called Hound's lake, behind the hunting stables, where he would sit for hours, silent, fishing for pike, and I by his side, engaged also with my angle. But it did not last long before I grew tired of this unprofitable employment, and took out a book, in which I was surer of sport; and thus we lay till the clock of Jägersborg Castle warned Adzer that it was time to go home and prepare our meal.

“That our table boasted no service of green and gold like a foreign ambassador's, that for the most part—Sundays and holidays excepted, when we indulged ourselves in a little outward excellence, and had soup and a roast—we confined ourselves to milk, eggs and vegetables (which truly are not the food I prefer), fish when we could catch it, and barley-porridge, will be easily imagined when the management of our kitchen is considered, and was especially so when Adzer went to the offices of the highways to pay the wages; then milk and hard eggs, well boiled, for sufficient reason, were the settled order of the day. But luckily this did not trouble me very much; for it has always been of more weight with me whom I dined with than on what, and I only turn my attention to the viands when I am desirous to turn it from the company. Our time over dinner was naturally somewhat short, and in the afternoon we again betook ourselves to our old occupation of fishing till tea-time, and then Adzer's flute or his harp were brought out for the rest of the evening, and generally without light, except at supper-time; and

the next day *da capo* in the same style. Intercourse with people we had none, except that sometimes the old joiner Gröndahl, a hearty old Brandenburger, made an errand over to us.

“Later, the excellent family of the medalist Adzer took up their quarters with him during the summer, and during that time the mode of life was, of course, exactly as in any other good and agreeable house; but in spring and autumn, and consequently still more so in winter, came back the old hermit life, with all the restrictions and changes that the seasons brought with them; and Adzer insisted that I must visit him at these times, or that he should think it was not himself, but the fields, the meadows and the woods, that I came to see; and these visits, especially in the spring and autumn, and afterwards in winter, became such an enjoyment to me, that I looked forward with longing towards them, and never tore myself away again without sadness.”

Rahbek had twelve thousand rix-dollars left him by his godfather, Knud Lyne, and on this he proposed to live; to enter no office or profession, but to devote himself to literature, and especially to the drama. He had met with Rosenstand, the dramatic writer, and with some of the principal actors of the time, at the then celebrated Neergaard coffee-house, and by that intercourse had become attached to the stage and to dramatic poetry, which remained for his whole life his leading attraction. In 1776, as he studied philosophy, he became acquainted with the writings of Racine, whose “Bajazeth” had been translated into blank verse. His university friend, Trönderen M. Rosing, went upon the stage, and this circumstance again added strength to his theatric taste, and he would have followed Rosing’s example, but nature had denied him the necessary qualities for success as an actor.

His friendship with Rosing led to a friendship also with Rosing's betrothed, J. C. Olsen, since as distinguished on the stage as her husband, and these connections, Rahbek himself says, had an incalculable influence on the whole of his future life. But not only Rosing, but the whole community of the theatre appeared in his youthful imagination as a sort of higher existence, and everything that stood in connection with the stage soon took that hold upon his mind which drew him more and more in that direction, and swallowed up in his inclination all other interests. As early as the winter of 1778, he began to take dramatic notes of all he saw; and his familiar intercourse with Pram, amongst whose earliest attempts were those of a dramatic character, and who that very year printed his pastoral piece "Signild," contributed not a little to stimulate Rahbek in the same direction. He soon became the friend and associate of the principal actors of the day, as well as of the chief literary men, and participated keenly in the great taste of the time for German romances and plays, which were chiefly of a sentimental character. This, naturally enough, led to his own attempts at poetic composition, and all these circumstances combined, led him farther and farther from the study of the classics, and from all the more grave and scientific studies, as well as from the plan which his father had laid for him, that of entering his office, and preparing to succeed him as Inspector of Customs. However much his father was disappointed and disconcerted by his very different views, he was a very kind and good man, and used no severity to compel him to adopt a course of life, however profitable, which was repugnant to his feelings. It is probable, nevertheless, that his father gave a hint to Guldberg, the powerful minister, who was always well disposed to Rahbek's father and family, for he questioned

Rahbek as to his future plans, and hearing that he proposed to devote himself to the study of polite literature, Guldberg drily replied that, "They who study nothing, study the *belles lettres*."

Rahbek had made the acquaintance at college of Kierulf, the brothers Trojel, Pram, A. B. Rothe, Münter, F. Sneedorf, and of Hornemann, who had now left it; and these young men, most of whom became eminent in the world of letters, stimulated Rahbek, by their writings and conversation, to authorship. He published, but anonymously, an article on the Danish actors in the General Danish Library, in which Pram's "Signild" had appeared; and followed this by "Letters from an old Actor to his Son," in the same vehicle, which were extremely popular, so much so, as to be collected in 1782, and translated into German. In these letters, Rahbek gave his decided preference to tragedy at the utter cost of comedy, which brought out in as decided opposition the able and art-accomplished Auditor Rosenstand; but the writing of these letters had this advantage for Rahbek, that it compelled him to study all that related to this department of literature, both in the dead and living languages, and made him first acquainted with English, of which he became a zealous admirer and reader.

In his "Erindringer" we have a very *naïve* statement of the extent of his finances at this period, and the means by which he procured the funds to prosecute his inquiries, and enjoy the pleasure of the theatre. He found that he could go to Neergaard's coffee-house, and get a glass of milk and water for a skilling, that is, a farthing, or a cup of coffee for three. He observed that Madam Neergaard was by no means less civil to him than if he had been a much better customer; so he could sit for several hours, see the newspapers, or hear the news talked of,

hear all the talk of the learned men or of the active men of the world, and get a game of chess. As he had from a lad had a singular talent for play, so much so that he scarcely ever failed to win, he saw here a means of indulging his theatrical taste. Even as a boy, he had played, and his opponent, despising his appearance as a mere lad, had found soon to his indignation that he was fast losing; and the gentleman's wife, perceiving the dilemma, crossed over the room, and quietly placed a plate of confectionary at young Knud's elbow. This had the desired effect: the boy directed too much of his attention to the sweetmeats, till a loss awoke him out of his distractions. But here the temptation was in the other direction, and he soon found that he could, each evening of the play, not only win his two marks for his admission, but could also, at Madame Barfred's eating-rooms, get his steak or cutlet for eight skillings (two-pence), his bread for one farthing; and if his luck was particularly good, his measure of wine for three-halfpence, and hear all the criticism on the play and the actors. His weak eyesight, however, compelled him to win an extra mark, in order to procure him a nearer and better place in the theatre.

Rahbek now translated Diderot's play, "The Natural Son," his first work for the theatre, which was printed, together with his friend Zeuthens' translation of Diderot's "House-Father;" and he followed this by an original play, "Young Darby," which was acted in 1780. This play had considerable success, and gave him a name as a promising young dramatic poet; but it was singular, that in "The Young Darby" he had just as little carried into effect his own avowed predilection for the sorrowful tragedy, or even the serious comedy, as he did in those lyric poems and *bon-vivant* songs which he from time to time published in the papers; neither did they manifest

any prominently characteristic traits, or original intellectual powers, so much as a various talent, a clear and lively capacity, and much feeling for representation of the beautiful in pure and noble forms, as well as a disposition for a free-thoughted, good-natured, and somewhat sentimental joviality and enjoyment of life. But amid this there were clear evidences that his literary character resulted rather from outward than inward influences, and that strong individuality and internal independent power which mark high genius. Even his *penchant* for the drama appeared less the consequence of a decided natural adaptation, of unmistakable and irresistible impulse of soul, than of a lively tendency, which he had derived from the circle in which he moved, and which, coinciding with his idea that the theatre might be converted into a powerful school of morals, carried him forward with an enthusiastic attachment to it.

Rahbek seems to have chiefly devoted his time, from his seventeenth to his twenty-second year, to the enjoyment of this dramatic circle; to the cultivation of all that could promote his success in literature, and to writing, translating, and even assisting at the representation of dramatic pieces. He translated Goethe's "Erwin and Elvira," and was anxious to have it brought out with Andre's music. He also wrote a romance, called "Pauline Rinteln," which, however, he never finished; and he wrote a prose story, which, at the suggestion of Pram, grew in after years into his well-known and popular "Fortelleren." Pram advised him to diversify the stories with humour and shrewd sarcasm, in the manner of Fielding and Sterne; but he properly felt that this was beyond him, and he eventually composed them in what he calls an "elegiac and erotic tone." Some idea of this original story, he tells us, may be formed from Perdita Bedre-

vård, though with a whole new thread of narrative. After this, he commenced writing, like Rousseau, his "Confessions," though one wonders at that age what he had to confess. There was enough, however, to cause him a great alarm; for he found that, having left his manuscript on his table, it had been carried off by an enemy in his absence, and he fell into the greatest anxiety as to the use that might be made of it. To prevent any misrepresentations, he set about and again made a copy from memory.

His father, dissatisfied with his proposed mode of life, resolved to draw him away from his coffee-house and club-life, and the persons he was surrounded with, by a journey abroad. He thought that a year's study at the University of Kiel, in Holstein, might bring him to study in a more serious manner, and on those subjects which were more calculated for an active official or mercantile life. This proposal was strongly recommended by Guldberg, the Secretary of State, who promised a royal stipend for the foreign sojourn; but, of all things, Rahbek himself was reluctant to quit his native city and companions. "Charmed," he says, "with my then circle, and with all that my heart and my spirit took pleasure in; without a wish, a plan or a prospect, which beyond this circle could offer me recompense for what I lost; tempted by nothing of what people in the world commonly called advancement; entertaining a thorough repugnance both to the ways in which men have to seek what is called earthly happiness, and to the sort of happiness to which the way leads; with no interest in the sciences and arts, which did not conduct me towards that goal which I had planned for myself within tolerably contracted bonds; I could not but regard with horror a journey which only promised me heavy sacrifices, without a prospect of an equivalent reward."

These were singular sentiments for a young man, and especially for one who aspired to a career which requires the actual knowledge of men, and things, which travel and reflection can confer. He had just now brought out the collected and improved edition of his "Dramatic Letters," dedicated to the Queen-Dowager, Juliana Maria, and was in the midst of the genial flow of a young popularity ; but there was no alternative, he must depart, and he proceeded to Kiel, where he spent a year, chiefly in the company of his young, and afterwards celebrated friend Samsøe, the author of "Dyvecke," and enjoying the hospitalities of the excellent Iselin family.

But we shall not follow Rahbek at length through his travels, they are widely different from those of Baggesen, and are totally destitute of romance and adventure. He made a tour in Germany with Samsøe, and formed acquaintance with some of its celebrated writers, but particularly those connected with the drama. He even got one of his own plays represented at Mannheim, called "The Confidant." Thence he went to Paris, where he cared to see nothing but the theatre. In fact, no two books can present a more extraordinary contrast than the "Labyrinthen" of Baggesen, all liveliness, romance, and charming pictures of splendid scenery, domestic life, and intercourse with great men ; and Rahbek's "Erindringer," which, though in five volumes, bring him little beyond his marriage, and during that period, little beyond the theatre and theatric affairs. In his relation of all such matters, he is diffuse and tedious, the chaff is not blown from the wheat, he treats trifles and subjects of importance at equal length.

On his return from his tour, Guldberg the minister was dead ; whatever he had hoped from his patronage, was at an end ; but Pram proved the true patron, for he invited him to co-operate in the publication of the monthly

periodical, which became so popular, "The Minerva." The same year he published the first volume of his "Fortellinger," under the name of "Prose Essays," and was busy in criticism. In 1788, he became Lecturer in the University on rhetoric and esthetics. The following year he made a fresh journey to Germany, and finding that the fortune on which he had calculated on the death of the widow of his godfather, Knud Lyne's widow, was nearly all gone, he procured, through the duke of Augustenborg, the post of extraordinary Professor of esthetics, in the University, with a salary of two hundred rix-dollars. This was a great satisfaction to his father, who, though he had long considered Knud's pursuits anything but likely to contribute to his worldly advantage, had maintained a most kind and forbearing demeanour. Rahbek gives us this amusing proof of his father's tolerance, which occurred previous to his appointment.

"Another thing, which perhaps every father would not have allowed, my father regarded only as a pleasantry. I lay in a bed only calculated for one; but it was not seldom that a companion who got locked out, came and took up his quarters with me: for instance, Baggesen, who lay at the Regents (Royal College), and which was closed at eleven o'clock; or some one who came in from the country, as Kierulf, who was tutor to the young Baron Bolton of Sorgenfri. It so frequently happened, that my room, and my one-man bed, from the very popular song of Nordahl Brun,

" 'I dwell upon the lofty rocks,'

got the pleasant name of the 'Souls' Sanctuary,' or refuge; and that any of my most intimate acquaintance who was known to the servant, though he might not have been that evening with me, if he were at a pinch for

a lodging, came in ; and it thus occasionally happened, that when I came home with a guest, I found an unexpected forestalment of one or two who had already taken possession of the bed ; and so, we had to realize the best we could, the old proverb, ' that where there is heart-room, there is other room.' And at last, we became so convinced of the justice of the adage, that when it seemed necessary, I have even invited a couple of friends home with me, with the possibility of finding a fourth already there. Thus I recollect, that one Saturday night, on which our more intimate circle was accustomed to meet at one hospitable domicile or another, Brorson the younger, of Regents, a brother of my old friend Professor Brorson of Herlufsholm, and Kierulf accompanied me home, where we found Baggesen already in bed. In the morning, my father came to the door of the room to see after me, as on Sunday morning was his particular custom. ' Good morning, Knud !' he said, but was answered by Kierulf, with ' Good morning, Mr. Counsellor of Justice !' ' Good morning, Kierulf,' said my father ; but now another ' Good morning !' was received from Brorson. ' Good morning, Brorson !' said my father, smiling — ' are there more ?' when Baggesen gave him a ' Good morning !' ' Now I know there are no more,' he said, as at the same moment I completed the troop by a ' Good morning, father !' and then we all laughed out heartily together, at the number that were packed into the little room."

The friends, indeed, which Rahbek at this time was in the habit of meeting, particularly at the celebrated " Dreier's Club," present a catalogue of singularly brilliant names. First and foremost, the noble patriotic Dane, Tyge Rothe ; next, the great and good merchant Malling ; the venerable and apostolic Egede ; the profound and free thinker Wadum ; the two vigorous brothers,

Peter and Philip Rosenstand Goiske ; the merry Lauritz Nørregaard ; the satiric, but good Clemens Tode ; the upright Aaskov ; the brave J. Dreier, the firm friend of the countryman, Recké ; the poets Edv. Storm, H. C. Sneedorf, Th. Thaarup, T. Pram, Riber, Baggesen, N. D. Riegels, so learned and eloquent ; the accomplished P. Wedeze ; the intellectually brave M. W. Rall ; and amongst the young and rising—Nyerup, Manders, Thr. Hornemann, Samsøe, J. Kierulf, Fr. Sneedorf, P. H. Aagaard, Thr. Hoyer, Zimmer, T. von Thun, F. Harbo, F. Braun, Würzen and Spechler.

The Duke of Augustenborg, in 1793, not only obtained him an increase of two hundred rix-dollars salary on his professorship, but offered him the post of private secretary to himself, vacant by the continuance of Baggesen abroad. In 1794, he was also appointed secretary to the commission issued for the better organization of the University and the learned schools, and especially in reference to their mutual co-operation, an office which he held till the commission ceased in 1804, and a royal direction was substituted for it. His professorship, Rahbek held till 1799, when an article in "The Minerva," occasioned him a sharp and menacing reproof from the Government, and he resigned the professorship, accepting, instead of it, the place of teacher of history in the educational establishment of the court chaplain Christiani. In the meantime, he had not only edited "The Minerva" alone, since 1793, when Pram retired from it, but had started in 1791, and conducted alone, the "Danish Spectator," a weekly publication. The incessant labour to which he habituated himself, he gives us a good idea of in his "Erindringer," at about this period :

"I had 'The Minerva,' the 'Spectator,' and Schultze's newspaper to edit ; to deliver an hour's lecture daily, to

discharge my duties as secretary with the Duke of Augustenborg, and especially to assist the excellent old Trant, in those of the University Commission, with various extra engagements, partly as matters of business, and partly of duty, which seldom could be got through before late in the evening, so that the few hours I could enjoy at home with my Camma, were often cut suddenly off by the early closing of the city gates ; and I more than once have been compelled to make use of a secret path, tracked by idlers across the ice over the city ditch and the palisades, which, during the long peace had become looked upon rather as obstructive and inconvenient, than as indispensable ; and when I had heard it said by some of my acquaintances that ladies had not only found practicable but easy, and which led me to try it."

He describes himself as rising in winter at five o'clock, greatly to the annoyance of the maid, who complained that there was a confounded work-devil in the house—and by breakfast time having completed his writing for "The Spectator." The first ten or twelve volumes of this "Spectator," Molbech judges to contain the best and most characteristic of Rahbek's productions. "The manner," says this able critic, "in which he has employed the vehicles of satire and irony to describe and to correct many of the moral, social and literary customs of the age, if not new—for the English were his models, and J. S. Sneedorf, in Denmark, had shown him the way—yet were frequently equally telling and characteristic, as they were witty and entertaining ; and even where the forms were borrowed or imitated, the execution was not the less original, through the local and peculiar circumstances." A fair and impartial judge of Rahbek's literary career and merits has justly said, that "our children's children will only, in Rahbek's 'Spectator,' from the year

1791 to 1801, behold Denmark's then social condition in a limning as correct as it is rich in information ;" and we are quite prepared to subscribe this assertion, that those volumes of Rahbek's "Tilskuer" will be his true *monumentum cere perennius*.

At that period of his life, he stood foremost amongst Denmark's writers in the vigour, brilliancy and eloquence of his style ; and that especially in his stories, his satires, his popular moral reflections produced in prose. He and Baggesen were by far the most favourite and widely read authors of the time. In his humorous and satiric delineations of the manners, follies and weaknesses of his cotemporaries, he had a more ethical and instructive than poetic tendency ; but while he sometimes reminded the reader of the keen and sarcastic wit of Holberg, he was scarcely ever known to turn its edge against an individual. In historic composition he was less happy ; but it was as a theatric critic, that by his honest character, and his deep attachment to the stage, he rendered great services to the serious drama. For comedy he had little taste, though, singularly, he almost worshipped Holberg. For Aristophanic freedom in comedy, he had as little liking, or for anything that on the stage approached to burlesque, to free, unrestrained merriment and jest. He could never be persuaded to go and see the admirable mimic, Casortis.

The same peculiarity or inconsistency was manifest in his political opinions. At home, and in all that regarded Denmark, he was a zealous patriot, and a defender of the existing state of things ; but as regarded France, from the first outbreak of the Revolution, he was an enthusiastic republican. He was at once a faithful servant and eulogist of his own Government, and as zealous a worshipper of the revolutionary one of France. He was the

friend of the conservative, Guldberg, and of the out-and-out republican, Peter Heiberg. But, in fact, Rahbek never properly understood the French Revolution, and with all his knowledge and experience, he never was a sagacious or deep politician ; for he let his fancy and his feelings constantly outrun his understanding. How little he was in his place, his management of the paper called "The Day" (Dagen), from 1811 to 1814, only too well showed.

The labours of Rahbek, as might be expected from his industry, are voluminous. His poetical works, especially if his poems were extracted from the pages of "The Tilskuer," together with his plays (of which "Summer, or the Country Life of Copenhagen," is perhaps the best), and prosaic stories, would fill many volumes. His lyrical pieces of themselves are not so numerous, and the greater part of them consist of songs and social pieces, for which he was greatly esteemed. He published a collection of these in 1794, and these were again issued in two volumes, under the title of "Collected Poems." Then we have his "Erindringer," five volumes ; the "Kiempe-Viser," published in connection with Abrahamson and Nyerup ; and he edited the works of various poets ; the plays of Holberg, and the poems of Samsøe, Wessel, the brothers Trojel, Riber, Thaarup, and Pram.

The domestic life of Rahbek was for the most part happy, as his character was kind and affectionate. He was a fast and affectionate friend. Samsøe died literally in his arms. He was peculiarly blessed in his domestic and friendly ties, though he had no children ; for his wife was a charming, very witty and most excellent woman, and he enjoyed the intimate attachment of a very wide circle of superior people. In 1798, when he was already eight-and-thirty, he married Karen Margrethe Heger, whom he used to call Camma, from the two commencing

letters of her two Christian names. His house, the celebrated "Bakkehuus," or, as we might translate it, Hill-House, or the Mount, where he resided for fifty years, in the suburbs of the capital, was during the thirty years united life of himself and Camma, the great resort of all the literary, artistic and intelligent society of Copenhagen. Their friends looked upon it as a second home, and some of them staid, not only days, but months and years with them. The younger Heiberg, on the banishment of his father, spent two years of his childhood's life under the roof of the Bakkehuus. From 1798 till 1829 Rahbek and his noble wife lived a singularly happy life there; and those who recollect Camma cannot sufficiently praise her for her intellectuality, her wit and liveliness, and for her engaging amiability.

In his "Erindringer," Rahbek speaks of his Bakkehuus thus: "My wife's house was originally in a stony place, where, except some huge willows in the road, that contributed neither to its fertility nor its beauty, there grew neither flower nor good herb; but she rooted up, dug, and trained, and in the four years that it was hers, brought it so far that, on becoming the possessor of the Bakkehuus and of the old Bakkehuus garden, so dear to me from the associations of earlier years, which so many precious recollections consecrated to me, it was still a heavy trial to forsake my Camma's garden! And though my Camma, in the five-and-twenty years and more that the greater garden has bloomed and flourished, and grown more beautiful under her enchanted hand, has created one paradise after another, and both in the taste displayed in the grounds, and in the splendour of the flowers, has for ever cast that first simple garden of herbs into the shade, it has never been able to root it out of my heart; but every plant, every flower which I have learned from

her to love, remains a favourite, which every year takes deeper hold on my affections."

Through the attachment to the old spot we yet see the charms of the ever-memorable Bakkehuus, which a modern writer has thus described: "In this hospitable home people were estimated on totally different principles to those of the rest of the world. It was there as in heaven, where rank and affluence are forgotten. The poor, they whom the world overlooked but who possessed some artistic value, some merit, were sure of finding an asylum, whither they could hasten in dark hours and reap consolation, sure of being received with a warm pressure of the hand and a pleasant countenance by the ever youthful Knud Lyne, and of being informed and cheered for many days by conversation with his intellectual wife. How many have assembled there of all that in two generations the nation has had to boast of noble and distinguished! In that circle, under that humble roof, how much was sown which has since sprung up, flourished and borne fruit, like the flowers and trees of the garden, planted and cherished by Camma's hand. Had Socrates lived, he would have frequented that house with Plato and Alcibiades. Did Jupiter and Mercury descend again to earth, they would seek this temple which Baucis and Philemon had formed from a hut. I hear that there are those who condemn the column which is raised in the avenue. I say the column is good. Who has raised it I know not, but I honour highly the author of the inscription. He has felt as I do what lies in the few words: 'Here lived Knud Lyne Rahbek and his amiable wife.' Here they lived, here they live no longer. Return, poor pilgrim! Thou findest no more the old true-hearted Singer and his inestimable wife."

The most touching monument of this admirable wo-

man's virtues is the profound sorrow over her loss, left by Rahbek, recorded in his "Erindringer. There can be no more interesting specimen of his poetry than his verses

TO MY "BAKKEHUUS."

At last, and thou art mine ! mine own at last,
Old home, which I have loved in joy and sorrow.
My early spring, my summer here were passed,
And here shall wear away my autumn's morrow.

In thee will I enjoy a rural home,
A peaceful life far from the city's riot ;
No city fogs thy cloudless heavens shall gloom,
No din, no city cares disturb thy quiet.

As in a magic glass will I review
In thee each wondrous scene my memory treasures ;
Will see each day departed dawn anew,
And even enjoy past sorrows as past pleasures.

Here, 'neath the spreading linden's leafy bough,
Which once was witness of youth's tender smart,
Will I with soul-felt gratitude avow
That household love can heal the wounded heart.

And ye that clothe the margin of the lake,
Blue violets and ye beloved roses,
Blossom with twofold beauty for the sake
Of that dear friend who near to you reposes.

My Camma's garden ! where with love I own,
Is the true picture of my life pourtrayed,
A stony desert once with weeds o'ergrown,
Her hand creative into Eden made.

And in each fertile growth and flowret bright,
 My heartfelt bliss acknowledges a brother,
 Whose joyful smiles yet only more incite
 My rapturous heart to bless their gentle mother.

Here, here—oh whither can I turn mine eyes,
 But that awake a thousand feelings tender ;
 A thousand long-lost, sacred memories
 Doth every glance, and path, and thought surrender !

These consecrate to me my favourite spot,
 These wheresoe'er my steps have gone were wanting ;
 Beside the Rhine, in Ortung's scenes enchanting,
 Still did I wish for thee where thou wast not.

Let travellers see with rapturous amazement
 The wide horizon o'er the ship-thronged strand,
 Far as old Malmö in the Swedish land—
 A Belvedere seen from my humble casement.

Thus seek I not my charms apart from thee,
 In thee my anxious bosom's sorrow endeth,
 In thee a better star of life ascendeth,
 And be thou, therefore, ever dear to me !

Rahbek did not long survive his wife. The charm of the Bakkehuus was gone ! The heart-crushed poet stood alone in its solitude, and said, in Goethe's words :

*" Ach ! wer bringt mir eine Stunde
 Sener holden Zeit zurück."*

In little more than twelve months after Camma's decease, and in his seventieth year, he also departed.

Perhaps we cannot present a better specimen of Rahbek's prose than his account of

THE GREAT FIRE OF COPENHAGEN, IN 1795.

As, the day after our return from our excursion into the country, I looked out of my window, to learn by the shadow on the grass in the garden what o'clock it was, that I might go at the proper time to my lecture, I suddenly perceived a vast smoke over Copenhagen, where the sky before had been perfectly clear. I packed my papers rapidly together, and hastened towards the city. On the way, I met an old friend of Kiel University, Mr. Paulsen, whom I had not seen for many years. He said to me: "The fire is on the Holm;" and we were both so unconcerned at the event, that I remember well that, smiling, I asked him what Mr. Pitt might probably have given for that? And we continued our discourse about old joys and old friends. I went directly on leaving him into the College, and began my lecture. It was not long before the accompaniment of the tolling bells became too powerful for me, so that I was obliged to cease, and I then hastened to the fire, where I found to my horror that it had already sprung across the street, and had seized on one of the buildings which was not far from Pram's house. I ran at once up to him, and helped him to flit, till the fire on one side flamed up from the canal where, as the deceased Ravert expresses it, the materials which had been thrown into that empty channel had ignited and become a lake of fire; and on the other side the flames were rushing from the cellars of the house first seized. We therefore next made ourselves a way through one or more back yards, through which we continued going till the flames also closed that path.

In this flight I met an acquaintance, Auditor Steenstrup, so well known for his defence of the journeyman printer,

Stephensen. He also was endeavouring to escape with his effects, for he lived near the church of St. Nicolas. I now laid a hand on them, and while I was forwarding the removal of his furniture, I saw the Nicolas steeple, if not in flames, yet beginning to burn ; and went and gazed at it, as a remarkable sight, without I, or any of the thousands amongst whom I was now crushed, dreaming for a moment of the danger that impended over us.

I now met with Pram again, who requested me to stay by his goods in the court of the Harmonic Society, while he got a carriage to take them to the Manchester Manufactory outside the gate. I remained there walking about and watching the burning of St. Nicolas's steeple, but without thinking of anything farther, till Pram's goods were fetched away, when I went in the direction of the Oestergade. Here I met my old friend Wolquarts, whom, without in the least thinking how matters might stand with him, I asked in the ordinary way, "How do you do?" But imagine my astonishment, when, shaking his head, he replied : "Ah ! Färge Street and Höibro Street are lost ! but I hope Läder Street may be saved."

At once I looked up in astonishment, and saw the Nicolas church in full flame. I now hastened away to my friend Schultz, where I found them in the act to flit, but after having made a few journeys with goods, the fire obstructed our way out of the front door. I had taken a large looking-glass to carry, and there went with me a smart young girl, whom I never saw either before or since, and who carried a basket of Copenhagen porcelain. As the people told us that we could not go out of the gateway into Höibro Street, she turned with perfect composure, and went by the back way to Läder Street, but as we would proceed by the regular way into Höibro Street, there fell the gable of a house, if I recollect right, where

Conference Counsellor Jacobi lived, and was precipitated towards it with such a crash and thunder, that we saw plainly there was no venturing in that direction, especially with such brittle wares as we bore. "Will you come this way?" said my companion, not in the least disconcerted, and led me down to Läder Street, again to the nearest cross street, and then turned by the Strand up into Høibro Street.

"May I ask," I now inquired, "where you are going with these things?" "To my father's," she replied, in the same friendly and composed manner, as if she had promised me an angel's dance. "Yes! but pardon me," I said; "but who is your father?" She named a well-known man in the neighbourhood of Boldhuus Street. "But is not the fire raging there too?" I asked. "Yes, truly," she replied; "but everything with us is ready packed, and as soon as the fire approaches us, my father will have the goods carried out to the vessel which lies in the canal, and it will sail away with them." Had my heart had the celebrated pigeon-house capacity, I have no doubt that this very handsome girl, whom I never saw but on this occasion, and have seen nothing whatever of since, would have taken possession of it; but as it was already pretty well occupied, I could only offer her a place in my most respectful memory, whence her noble self-possession, her unostentatious courage, her exalted placidity amid perils and misfortunes, will never be excluded; although in the still heavier calamities which twelve years afterwards struck us, I found these qualities in the days of infinitely greater terrors and tribulations renewed and exceeded in that noble sex, which almost seems, in the small affairs of every-day life, to show itself timid and irresolute, that we may the better acknowledge and value its high-hearted daring in circum-

stances where men are in danger of becoming confused, if not dispirited and lost.

As we returned from our expedition, talking as we went of how much worse such wanderings to rescue property would be in a town where bomb-shells and cannon-balls were whistling about one's ears, we met Schultz's clerk in Läder Street, with the message, that the printing office was fallen down in the back gateway, and that consequently all ingress and egress to the premises were closed. We therefore parted, and I hastened, without a precise object, down Läder Street, and there encountered my friend Lindgreen, who lived in one of the cross streets in the Vimmelskaft, and was in full flight with his goods, or had rather about finished his flitting; and I left his empty rooms with him, which were speedily to become the prey of the flames.

It was now late, or more properly early in the morning; for naturally, on such occasions, one does not keep a very clear reckoning of time; but it was dusk, and having followed Lindgreen, without thinking that there was any danger in that quarter, I found myself in front of the dwelling of my betrothed, and was startled by hearing her mother call to me. She was standing, full of anxiety, at her door, listening to the fearful shout from the not-distant fire at the Lady steeple, which now threatened to complete the desolation which that of St. Nicolas had so widely spread. If it was pleasant to solitary ladies in this moment of fear and danger to see a friend, it was pleasant to me to get some refreshment, which I had had no time to think of during the day, and to get some additional wrapping to the light dress in which I had run out.

As it became day, the terror somewhat decreased, though the real danger increased; but this day I saw less,

as my attention was greatly concentrated on the Lady Tower, which was the chief object of observation, and from whose vicinity the people were hurrying. On Saturday morning, I went to the city physician, Mangor's, in the New Market, and where all was cleared out, except the old Skiermbrät Theatre, where we, in the Nyhavn company, had played ; and my friend Mangor and I bade it farewell, and left it, an offering to Vulcan.

On Sunday, I was more my own master, as Rosing's rooms lay, at least for the moment, in security from the fire ; and I met my old friend, Schultz, who accosted me with the words : " Both my houses are burnt. Now I can walk about ! "

I now took my way to the Nörregade, to see the Lady Tower, which was really less terrible to see, now that it no longer hung over a beloved head. Here, nearly in front of the Bishop's house, a fireman laid his claws upon me, tempted by my not very commanding presence, and shouted : " You shall help to work the engine. The devil ! you are not too good for that ! " But he was taken considerably aback, as I very coolly replied : " I have never said that I was ; " and took it very unconcernedly. I was very soon clear of him ; and in Nörregade, in one of the courts into which the fire from Feglgaard Street threatened to fall, I recollected that I had an aunt, in her days of health the very handsome lady of the Counsellor of State, Schiønning, whom I had not seen for many years, but who for the greater part of this time had been confined to her bed by illness, brought on by her anxious nursing of a sick child ; and who, under these circumstances, must be in the greatest jeopardy. I went thither, was received as one who after many years' absence came, because he hoped that he might be of service, and found her, as a person who had long been acquainted with pain

and suffering, patient, and resigned, but fully persuaded that if this calamity happened, there was no rescue for her. I, in whose nature it lies never to despond, though perhaps in this case I cannot say that I was quite free from despair, insisted that they should take immediate measures to have the hospital's sedan-chair in readiness, if the danger increased, and went further. I proceeded to my future father-in-law's, Counsellor of Justice Heger. Karen and her mother and sister had quitted the neighbourhood of the conflagration, and gone to Baagaard. The father and two eldest sons I found in the garden, watching the progress of the fire; and the father, with his accustomed quiet temperament, so little troubling himself, that when I urged them to knock down the wood-work which connected the house with the back buildings, so as to cut off the progress of the flames, he reached me an axe, smiling ironically, for me to undertake the labour I so zealously recommended.

After getting some refreshment, I again set out on my wanderings, and soon met Count Christian Reventlow, and joined him in helping a chain of people who were handing water to an engine that was playing on a house at the corner of Nørregaard and the old market-place, and by which the house was saved. I mention this little circumstance, to show how every one at this time stretched the hand of a brother to help, without regard to age, rank or condition, and without it being at all noticed as anything extraordinary. This reminds me that in the memorable water carrying, on one of the nights, to keep the fire from the Lady Church, I was in a row with our present King, and no doubt with many other exalted personages, without at the moment thinking anything of it, for he was found everywhere where help was wanted; and Rvaert, in his book on this fire, has pointed out

another place where he took an active part, that is, at the water-carrying over the rampart from the fortress ditch, to subdue the flames in the low and waterless buildings along the fortifications.

I now returned to my bed-ridden aunt, and found that when the litter had been fetched, she had resolutely determined not to quit her room, and with that firmness which long suffering gives, declared that she would not go unless she could be carried on her bed—a thing the impossibility of which her husband asserted, on account of the narrow staircase. Upon which she calmly said: “Then I remain.” As I was in unusual favour with her, on account of my unexpected coming, they begged me to persuade her; but on the contrary I agreed with her, declaring that should the house take fire, there must be no hesitation in knocking down the balustrade; and that the moment there was any real danger, I should be there, and not go away: if she burnt, I would burn with her. “Then,” said she, extending me her hand, with inexpressible fortitude, “I am perfectly easy.” Whether God would have given me success in what I vowed, I know not; but I know that I should have kept my word; and I was rejoiced to see the peace which an expression of calm resolve can give. We were not put to the final proof. The Allwise One had said to the ocean of fire: “So far shalt thou come, and no farther!” We never saw one another again; but many years since this day of terror, I have had the pleasure to learn from my honoured friend, her son, the Royal and Municipal Lands’-Assessor, Schiønning, that this occurrence always continued to live in the memory of her children, who were then young, and that she never forgot me.

On Sunday evening I went finally to my Bakkehuus, and there found Steenstrups, who from a few hasty words

in passing had taken possession of a couple of my rooms. After having bade him and his heartily welcome, I sought to rest myself, after three days' incessant exertion and disquiet; but my blood was in too great a fever. I woke in the morning, and literally, as I cast my eye upon the city, and the Lady Tower, which stood opposite to the window, it seemed to me, in the redness of the morning, which fell upon the cloud of smoke which hung extended over Copenhagen, that a diadem of flame surrounded the whole city, and especially the church and the steeple. I sprang from my bed in my clothes, and ran into the city, where I learned from the sentinels that the night had been quiet, the fire was brought into subjection; and consoled and glad, I hastened home, and laid me down again to rest.

CHAPTER IV.

OEHLenschLÄGER.

WE now come to the greatest poet of Denmark, and perhaps of the North. The only writer who can be brought into comparison with him is Tegnér, the Swedish poet. Both are genuine poets of a high order and of a kindred genius; but while Tegnér perhaps excels Oehlenschläger in tenderness and delicacy of feeling, Oehlenschläger certainly transcends Tegnér in vigour, and in the wide and varied field in which he has exerted it. *Frithiofs Saga* stands as the only great poem of Tegnér: without that, he would be reduced to the simple rank of a lyrical poet, and would stand as the author of short compositions which might find many parallels in merit. But Oehlenschläger is the author of a host of works, epic, dramatic and lyrical, which altogether place him on an elevation for masculine strength, richness of topic, prolific invention, and genial confidence of execution, which no other Northern writer comes near. In Tegnér we are charmed with his exquisite sensibility and almost feminine softness and fulness of heart, with a purity of thought and feeling equally feminine, and with a fancy roseate and delicious as the early sky of a summer morning.

Occasionally he puts forth a power which surprises us, because it is so little seen in general, that we forget that it exists. But in Oehlenschläger the sense of manly vigour is not occasional, it is permanent. It is one of the qualities which stands forth as pre-eminent and characteristic. It is so constant and prevailing an element, that we should not recognise Oehlenschläger without it. In delicacy of feeling he is far inferior to Tegnér; and he is by no means so uniformly correct in his taste. He often offends our sense of purity by descriptions that are voluptuous, not to say sensual; and not unfrequently as much offends our sense of ideal propriety by a machinery of the wildest and most extravagant kind. But his horizon is so extensive, his creations are so numerous and so nobly developed; there is so much human life and action, based on the strongest sense and the most healthy passion, that we can pass over the dark nooks, and the occasionally repulsive scenes of his magnificent dominions, and forgetting them as we forget such things in nature, revel in the amplitude of his atmosphere, and the wild beauty of his scenery and his characters.

Oehlenschläger, as we have already observed, stands like a young giant at the opening of the nineteenth century, as its representative in the North—as the representative of the ampler, the more genial and natural spirit of the time. With Scott and Byron in England, Goethe and Schiller in Germany, he is the growth of a great era, in which the soul of mighty events looks forth in new and divine forms, and casts down all dead shapes and the hollow surface-work of imitations. Instead of being called the romantic school, in opposition to the classical, it should be called, as we have already asserted, the universal school, in opposition to the confined and servilely copying school. Jean Paul says the romantic is synonymous with

the infinite; and in that he says true—for nature is infinite, and the so-called romantic school is the school of nature. Instead of slavishly looking back to see what has been done, in order to do something like it, till the world is filled, as it has been, by so-called poets and romancers, with repetitions of the same small things, each more cold and contemptible than that which preceded it, the great modern writers have looked to nature for their guidance in producing something which was new and living. It is not the use of supernatural, of spiritual machinery, which makes the difference between the so-called romantic and classic schools, as we have shown, but it is the use of whatever exists in life and nature, or which may be conceived of in unseen worlds, in accordance with those great principles of physical and intellectual being, which from analogy we may suppose run through, and, to a certain degree, govern and mould, the illimitable universe. Those very classical writers which the old school pretended to follow, employed all the agencies of myths and superstitions to an extent far beyond what any modern writer could venture to use them. Gods, demons, dryads, naiads, nereids; Tartarus and Elysium, swarming with horrors, with monsters, and with shadowy existences, are the grand staple of their writings. No authors can possibly be more romantic. In modern days, Pope, Boileau, Racine, Gay, and even Darwin, men as classical, as correct, as French, or as dull as you please, all introduce ideal existences, and often of such intellectual rank only as sylphs, gnomes, ordinary apparitions, or the humble guardians of a tree or a hair. Therein lies not the distinction of the so-called classical school, but that it wanted enterprize, originality and nature. It looked to other men, and not to God and the universe, for models

to work by, and thence came deadness and spirit-loathed monotony.

With the end of the eighteenth century came the end of this "worn-out creed." Great souls sent by the Great Spirit, by the Divine Providence which intends in this, as in all worlds, progress and diffusive intelligence, appeared on the stage, and saw they were not in a charnel-house, but in a universe, and that it "was very good." All nature, with her seas and mountains; all life, with its pleasures and its passions, with its great and little souls, with its attractions and repulsions mingling and clashing into great events and little events, the fragments of the greater, was open to them, and was the eternal and inexhaustible material of ever new and entrancing forms. They were men of a calibre fit for the work of such a universe. They cared little for what was done, but asked eagerly of their own souls what they could shape all fresh and living out of such a world of capabilities. And, accordingly, we at once become conscious of the immense difference between the productions of the two schools. In the one, all is death and frost; in the other, all is warmth and life. In the one, we look back through rows and crowds of so-called lyric and occasional verse writers, till we seem to be in a vast gallery all of miniature paintings—many beautiful enough in themselves, but so small in their dimensions, and so exactly like ten thousand of their neighbours in their neat and Lilliputian grace, that we soon grow heartily tired of them. In the other case, we do not seem to be in a gallery at all, but in actual halls, mansions of the living, parks and wide domains. We are amongst great men and great things. Within, we look on great pictures, and listen to great strains of music. Without, we find ourselves gazing on glorious heaths, wander-

ing along the margin of dashing seas, sailing to fairy, forest-crowned islands, penetrating into mountain valleys, with all the ruined towers of tradition and of ancient chivalry above our heads. Everywhere is the stamp of greatness, and of vitality, for we are in the hands of mighty men armed with the creative energies of a divine commission, and who, therefore, like Moses, work miracles far beyond the utmost arts of the magicians of Egypt or of any other country. That is the actual and essential difference between the two schools; and no ringing of the changes of criticism, or the empty phrases of objective and subjective, esthetic, original and specific, will help us to annihilate it. "Let the dead bury the dead!" once said a divine voice on earth. Our business is to enjoy the living creations of the living, and when we find ourselves charmed with a work of literature, when our hearts warm to it and expand to it, then our instinct, which is the truest criticism, tells us that we are in the company of a man true to God, to nature, and to himself: and therefore his works are great.

Such a man was Oehlenschläger. As Scott saw all the history, tradition and characteristic manners of his country lying untouched before him, so Oehlenschläger saw all the history and mythology of the North lying equally unappropriated at his feet. Evald and Pram had entered the field, but had not explored it. The discovery of the affluence, physical or intellectual, which is to become the aliment of a new era, always awaits—the hour and the man. Till they arrive, Providence throws the veil of an impenetrable invisibility over it. In California and Australia, the gold which is now gathering by ship-loads, lay scattered on the open surface through all ages, but no one could perceive it. The keen-eyed Indian, who could detect the trail of an enemy where no other eye could

mark the turning of a withered leaf, could not see it. The eager Spaniard, on fire with the passion for gold, who overran the New World, pulled down temples, ransacked cities, destroyed nations for it, could not see it. Sir Walter Raleigh, who had heard the whispers of such an Eldorado, and made a voyage in solemn quest of it, stood on ground which was literally a mass of gold, but could not see it, and paid for his blundering with his head. Thousands of keen adventurers have ranged those hills and plains in both continents where now so many thousands are gathering gold like the dust beneath their feet, and striking it in masses from the rocks, where it glitters and laughs in their faces, and would have given years of their lives for it, and could not see it. Neither savage sharpness of vision, neither art nor science, could open the eyes of men or of nations to the perception of that harvest of gold, sown broad-cast by the hand of God. The traveller, the warrior, the naturalist, the geographer, and the very miner and mineralogist, went over that strangely strown, incalculable opulence, and struck their feet but not their consciousness against its ponderous lumps. How came it that the geologist never smote a fragment of it from the angle of the protruding cliff? How came it that no traveller or shepherd, no squatter or speculator, lying under his tent or the shadow of a tree, through all the years since the discovery of America or Australia, lifted by chance a piece of it in his hand, and wondered at its specific gravity, and awoke into a perception that it was gold? The hour for its action on the world and its history was not come, and therefore it was as inviolably invisible as the spirit which walks by our sides and looks forward already in triumphant gladness to the wondrous things which shall ascend to the human world with the next sun.

There was an intellectual gold-finding in the opening of the present century, which was not confined to one country, but extended to almost all Europe, and there were men abroad who were giants in the diggings. When the world has well worked up all that then was gathered, there will be a new revelation of wealth, which yet no eyes can see ; and the men who find it will be styled by those who sit on side-benches and criticise—a new school. Meantime, to our narrative.

Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger was born on the 14th of November, 1779, at Vesterbro, in a house which lies on the left side of the entrance to the Frederiksborg avenue. His father, Joachim Conrad, was from Krusendorf, a little village in the neighbourhood of Eckenförde, and his mother, Martha Maria Hansen, was, by the father's side, of a German family, whilst her mother was the daughter of a citizen of Copenhagen, of the name of Severin. His father's mother was from Jutland ; her family's name, Tholstrup. "And thus," says Oehlenschläger, in his autobiography, "I am descended from both Danes and Germans, and it seems as if fate had determined that I should belong to both nations." His father, who came to the place a young man of twenty years only, through the influence of the then all-potent Count Adam Gottlob Moltke, whose daughter he instructed in music, was appointed organist in Frederiksborg church, later clerk in the castle, and finally steward of it. Oehlenschläger was, in gratitude, named after the Count. In his childhood he went first to school to a cross old woman, who taught her scholars very little, but compelled them to sit motionless on their seats for hours, and on the least restlessness, gave them what such old schoolmistresses in this country call thimble-pie ; that is, rapped them on their heads with her thimble. Oehlenschläger says that he

used to envy the hens and ducks in the yard, because they could quackle and cackle at liberty, without any fear of punishment.

His next teacher was the parish clerk, where the boys of the neighbourhood went, many of them utter ragamuffins, and where he learnt as little as with the old woman. The clerk was a fat man, who did not want ability, but *miaued* on Sundays in the church as hideously as any cat, His assistant was as fat as himself, and while the clerk went about making visits to the members of the congregation, in a bright yellow tunic with black buttons, he walked to and fro in the school, in his morning-gown, slippers and nightcap, with his clay pipe in his mouth, and let the lads do what they pleased. They got plenty of boxes on the ears and cuffs with the fist, but that did not by any means check what was going on. At this time he was one amongst a number of boys who sung in the organ-loft, and while the clergyman read the Scriptures, or the psalms were being sung, he was all attention ; but as soon as the preaching began, his interest as well as that of his comrades ceased, and they got behind the organ in a circle, and talked of worldly matters till the singing began again. He was, however, by no means irreligious. Like all poetical natures, he was at this time intensely fond of the Bible, which he read at his mother's knee, and of psalms, which she taught him. He actually wrote a Morning Hymn when nine years of age, which he gives in his life. He was left very much to himself at this period, and rambled amid lovely scenery, and amused himself with the variety of people that he saw at the royal castle.

Frederiksborg, the royal palace in which they lived, was built by Frederick IV. on his return from Italy, in imitation of the Frascati Palace. Christian VII. enlarged

it with wings and colonnades. The pleasure-grounds had been altered by the former steward. They were in the old French style, with clipped hedges, fountains, and yew-trees cut into pyramids. The steward had re-cast them, in some degree, in the English style, sparing, however, many of the avenues and the trees of Frederick IV.'s time. "Thus," says Oehlenschläger, "I had daily before my eyes an image of English free nature and French formality, and betwixt both, the Italian palace, full of beautiful rooms and picture galleries. The things around me were as different in summer and winter as possible. In summer the place swarmed with well-dressed men, and elegantly appavelled ladies. The whole Court was there, and on Sundays we children could hear the most charming music from the band, which then played at table and in the court. From the gallery we could also see the royal company at dinner. On the contrary, the pleasure-garden was, for the most part, empty; it was reserved entirely for the Court. But my father had the keys, and I and my sister made many of our acquaintances happy by taking them to walk there. It was there as still and solitary as if it were fifty miles from the city. There we visited the Norwegian house, where great nature was deceptively imitated in small; the hermit in his hut; the grotto, with its crystals and its pieces of ore, like a fairy-cave; the Chinese summer-house, with its great shell-mirror, its motley pictures of mandarins and ladies with club-feet, and the bells on the roof, which moved and rung with the wind.

"When late autumn came, and the Court returned to the city, the whole place was changed. There was no more music, no more walking about; but both castle and garden were full of artizans and workpeople. I now went to and fro with bricklayers, carpenters, paper-

hangers and painters ; and sometimes I even ventured upon the roof with the plumbers. As in summer I admired the mode of life of the great, fine world, I now watched the habits and peculiarities of the labouring class, and observed the gardeners as they sowed, planted and grafted the trees.

“ Then came the actual winter, and we were entirely alone in the great castle with two watchmen and two great yellow hounds. The whole castle then belonged to us, and I went about in the royal rooms, looking at the paintings, and building castles in the air. If the weather was fine, my father allowed me sometimes to go to Copenhagen to fetch books from Venninghausen’s library. With six books tied up in a blue handkerchief, and carried upon my little stick upon my shoulder, I returned home by the dusk ; and when we had had tea, and lights were set on the table, we troubled ourselves neither for storm, rain nor snow. My father sate in his dressing-gown, in his great easy chair, with the little dog, and read aloud, or I read to myself, and followed Albert Julius and Robinson Crusoe to their islands, rambled about in fairy-land with Aladdin, or amused myself with Tom Jones, and triumphed with Siegfried at the Lindenberg. Holberg’s Comedies I knew almost by heart.”

By the time that he was twelve years of age, he had read through three hundred volumes. By a fortunate chance, about this time, Edward Storm, the poet, was rambling near Frederiksborg, and met with Oehlen-schläger, who was playing on the hill. He was struck with his appearance, entered into conversation with him, and was so struck by the *naïve* intelligence of his answer, that he declared that he would get the boy into the Real School of the Posterity Society, of which he was the superintendent, if his father would be at the charge of his

board in Copenhagen. To this his father gladly consented; and he thus commenced his school career. In 1794 he witnessed the burning of the castle of Christiansborg in Copenhagen, and in the following year the great conflagration described by Rahbek. His poetic propensities now began to show themselves; and besides verses, he also wrote sundry little comedies, which, on Sundays, himself, his little sister Sophia, only three years and a half old, and some school play-fellows, acted at Frederiksborg. Storm and Dichmann, the teachers of the school, however, did what they could to discourage this predilection for theatric life, but which required a future trial to extinguish it.

At the age of sixteen Oehlenschläger was confirmed, and left the school. It was now proposed to place him in the counting-house, and bring him up to trade; but for this he had a great repugnance, and the plan was not carried out. His love of study every day increased, and fortunately he procured an hour's teaching daily in Greek and Latin from Herr Høisgaard, who was the tutor of the sons of the castle gardener, Petersen. With great conscientiousness, he mastered his daily tasks, but he made little progress; the love of poetry was more powerful than his love of learning, and he felt more deeply the beauty and favour of the Muses than that of grammar. His love of the theatre continued, and he expended the little pocket-money he could obtain in plays and in the bills of the theatre. After a year's unprofitable study, he determined to select the profession of actor, and presented himself before the director of the theatre, the Chief Marshal of the Court, and Principal Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, his Excellency von Hauch, who was pleased with his appearance, and gave him a trial. He played in Schröder's "Ensign," in Samsøe's "Torben Oxe," in Tode's "Sea Officer," and as Cederström in

Kotzebue's "Pride and Poverty." But Oehlenschläger was not intended by nature for an actor, and he soon became tired of the theatre, and quitted it, to commence the study of jurisprudence, for which his peculiar taste and talent as little qualified him. He still continued what the actors in jest had called him, from the reports of his private poetical pursuits and his little success on the boards, "The man with the hidden talents." Yet about this time he made the acquaintance of Foersom and Laurits Kruse, and wrote a good deal in a weekly literary paper which the latter had. He also attended a festival at Dreier's Club in honour of the memory of the historian Suhm, who was just dead. Here he made the acquaintance of Rahbek, now in the height of his fame, in this sudden and agreeable manner :

"I knew Rahbek immediately, for I had some years before heard him make a speech in the Efterslägt. His witty and intellectual 'Tilskuer' was my weekly, his 'Minerva' my monthly reading. His songs and stories had delighted me. I knew that he had great influence in literature, and on public opinion. Rahbek also came smiling towards me, and said : 'Is not that Oehlenschläger?' On my saying 'Yes,' he added : 'Well, then, we will drink *thou* together.' I, the youth of eighteen, with 'the hidden talents,' was so astonished at this honour done me in the midst of this distinguished company, and which he treated in earnest, that I had nearly let my glass fall.

"I afterwards heard that it was his way immediately to drink *thou* with the men whom he took a liking to, in order to put them into a familiar tone, which he was fond of, for he was not a friend to many compliments. His name, his years, his talents and his knowledge, however, kept young men still in an unconstrained deference."

Rahbek continued to treat Oehlenschläger, not only

with distinction, but with the affection of an elder brother—a great proof of Rahbek's discernment of character. He invited him to familiar intercourse at the Bakkehuus, where his young wife not only was most friendly to him, but where also he became acquainted with her sister, Christiana Heger, and in her, with his future partner for life.

At this time, too, he became acquainted with the two brothers Oersted, since so famous, one as the lawyer and statesman, and the other as a natural philosopher. His account of his first meeting with these remarkable men we must give in his own words :

“ But also at my lodgings with the dyer's widow, Madam Möller, I made important acquaintances. At her dinner-table I met with two of her brother's sons, youths who were come from Langeland to study in Copenhagen. They had both passed their examinations. The one was a jurist, the other, student of natural philosophy. They showed themselves very friendly towards me—at that age friendships are lightly formed—and we became friends before I knew their names, for I remember well that I wrote in my diary—‘ To-day I made the acquaintance of the young N. N.'s ; they are two excellent fellows, and we shall certainly become the best of friends.’

“ The day after I learned that they were Hans Christian, and Anders Sandöe Oersted. We were for seven years the guests of Madam Möller, and here our friendship acquired a double tie, as I shall soon relate.” Anders Sandöe Oersted, in fact, afterwards married Oehlenschläger's sister Sophia. It was by the persuasion of the Oersteds that he quitted the theatre and commenced the study of law. He was now nineteen, and set about his new study with all zeal, Anders Sandöe Oersted being his guide and assistant. He passed the

preparatory examination for his juridical studies with much credit, and he had in the brothers Oersted the first examples of industry. These exemplary young men were rarely seen in any other company than that of each other. They appeared to care little for the opinions of others, knowledge was their great object, and that they seemed to take in and digest with the most surprising ease. The first winter that he knew them, Oehlenschläger says, they went about in great coats that reached nearly to their heels, like dressing-gowns. They went to and from Chlersens College arm in arm, as close as if they were twins grown together. They shone in advance of all their fellow-students like the Dioscuri, and the elder learned men soon perceived what there was in them. The prize essays, and the gold medals carried off by them testified to their extraordinary abilities and their diligence. In the evenings, they amused themselves occasionally with acting plays in the great dining-room of Madam Möller. But here, it was rather Oehlenschläger than the Oerstedes that shone. With all their capacity for physical and legal philosophy, they seemed to have no comprehension of the drama: on one occasion one of them stuck fast in his part, nor could the prompter set him going again. In this dilemma, Oehlenschläger suddenly pulled out a psalm-book, and began reading:

“O Lord, we stand in greatest need,”

at which the whole company, actors included, burst out in hearty laughter, and the good-natured Madam Möller said: “See! they laugh even at themselves!”

Little as the Oerstedes were qualified for the drama, just as little was Oehlenschläger adapted for the study of law. Literature, spite of himself, continually drew him away.

The great German poets, Schiller, Goethe, Jean Paul, Novalis and Tieck, with whose works he now became acquainted, produced in his mind a perfect fermentation of excitement and delight; and the almost daily intercourse, especially at Dreier's Club, with Sander, Pram, Tode, Rahbek, the brothers Mynster, Benzon, Steffens, and others of the chief Danish writers of the time, formed and ennobled his taste. The manner in which he made the acquaintance of Baggesen was as curious as his first meeting with Rahbek.

“Baggesen was about to travel abroad, perhaps to leave us for ever. He had said, that in future he would write no more Danish. All this grieved us, his young admirers. It was the untimely national death of a beautiful spirit that we had to lament. In this feeling, Hans Christian Oersted and I projected a festival to his honour at Dreier's Club. We sent round an invitation, and although Baggesen had already many persons opposed to him, who said out broadly that he did not deserve it, yet we carried it through. He was invited to an evening entertainment, where was sung a song which I had written for the occasion. A copy of this song, which Baggesen held in his hand during its being sung, he gave back to me wet through with his tears; he embraced me, and kissed me, and declared that he bequeathed to me his Danish lyre, which he intended to strike no more. Some days after this, he took his leave of Copenhagen; and I took upon me the correction of the first volume of an edition of his works, which he was now publishing with Brummer; and in this manner I made the acquaintance of the man who afterwards, without cause, became my bitterest enemy.”

Oehlenschläger was now deep in the study of the great German living writers. Goethe's “Sorrrows of Werther,”

at that time, had produced an extraordinary impression which was much increased by his "Götz von Berlichingen," and carried to the height by his "Faust." The glorious dramas of Schiller, his "Robbers," "Don Carlos" and "Wallenstein," were read with the most enthusiastic wonder. "The Hesperus," "Siebenkäs" and "Kampanerthal," of Jean Paul, with which O. H. Mynster made him acquainted, and the works of Tieck and Novalis, added fuel to his poetical flame. Besides these, he entered on the study of the German philosophers, Fichte, Kant and Schelling. The man who more than all opened up this new world to him, was Steffens. He came from Germany, full of their ideas and influence, and startled the literary men from their old notions and repose by his novel doctrines. He was first introduced to him by Ole Hieronimus Mynster, and he directly afterwards met him at Dreier's Club, where, says Oehlenschläger, he made their hair stand on end by the eloquence and boldness with which he asserted many new doctrines regarding poetry. They were as much astounded as the parish clerk and the justice were in "Erasmus Montanus," when Montanus would demonstrate that the earth was round, and that the clerk was a cock. Oehlenschläger was the only one that ventured to oppose him, but he was soon obliged to yield to the new faith. He was attracted irresistibly to Steffens; he visited him at his lodgings, and they talked of poetry and its true principles from eleven o'clock one forenoon till three o'clock the next morning. During this long discourse of sixteen hours, they had not sate, but had been and eaten beefsteaks at Richter's Hotel, had walked to Frederiksborg, traversed the gardens, returned to Copenhagen, and then had slept the few remaining hours at Steffens'. The very next day, Oehlenschläger sate down, and wrote

the lyrical poem "The Golden Horns," to convince Steffens that he was a poet, of which Steffens had expressed his doubts from the specimens of verse he had shown him. The subject was a pair of very ancient golden drinking horns, which had been recently stolen out of the Chamber of Arts, and melted down by the thieves. It is easy to see how Oehlenschläger would treat this matter with reference to the antiquities of the North; and so well had he caught the inspiration of the occasion, that Steffens exclaimed, on reading the poem, "My dearest friend, you really are a poet!"

From that time Steffens and he were inseparable; and from that hour also the career of Oehlenschläger was decided. He had already read Snorre Sturleson and Saxo Grammaticus, and begun to study the mythology and history of the North with deep interest. He had published a *Musen-Almanac*, called "Siofna," in which the principal thing was a translation of Wieland's comic story of "The Fisherman." He had also printed some sheets of his Northern story of "Erik and Roller." In 1800, he wrote for a prize offered by the University, the subject being—Whether it would be to the advantage of Northern Literature if the Scandinavian Mythology were introduced and universally used instead of the Grecian." Of course, he was an advocate for the Scandinavian; and though he did not win the prize, his essay was pronounced second. He now also studied the Icelandic, and read many sagas. In 1801, his literary pursuits were interrupted by the alarm of invasion, and he was zealously engaged in a volunteer regiment of students, in which he was advanced to sergeant-major and ensign. That over, he returned with renewed enthusiasm to his poetic plans, and in 1803, published his first volume of poems. Steffens had corrected and altered these poems for the

press, but Oehlenschläger, dissatisfied with them, secretly re-wrote them all, and thus they came out. In this volume he had remodelled many of the old Kämpe-Viser into great romances, and had introduced the Ottava Rima, as well as the Terzina, the Greek dramatic manner, the Northern alliterative letters, and the metres of the "Helden Buch," and the "Niebelungen Lied," into Danish poetry. The principal poem was the play of "The Eve of St. John," which became very popular, and at once gave him a distinguished name amongst the poets of Denmark.

He now, in rapid succession, wrote "The Sleeping-Draught," for Weyse, the composer; "Freya's Altar," and "Thor's Journey to Jötunhem," since included in "The Gods of the North." He re-wrote the "Saga of Vaulundur," from the ancient one in the Edda, in the same manner that Tieck had re-written "Kaiser Octavian," "The Fair Genoveva," "The Four Haimon's Children," and others of the old German popular romances. Besides these, he wrote "A Journey to Langeland," and "Jesus in Nature," in which he says he ventured to represent the seasons, and their various effects, as an allegory of the life and doctrines of Christ. The poem has great esthetic and religious beauty; but the grand work of this early period was his drama, or rather his two dramas, of "Aladdin." These dramas have certainly never been surpassed by Oehlenschläger, in any of his numerous future works. He was astonished himself at the sudden development of poetic power and grasp, which he found himself exercising in this composition, and the public were not the less astonished and delighted. It was clear that a great poet and dramatist had arisen amongst them.

"I seized," he says, "with youthful fire and inspiration

on one of the most beautiful of the stories of 'The Thousand and One Nights;' and the natural resemblance which this narrative had to the circumstances of my own life, perhaps gave to the whole something *naïve* and peculiar, which increased the effect. Had I not myself, in my discovered poetic power, found a wonderful lamp, which put me into possession of the treasures of the universe? Imagination was a spirit of the ring, which brought me whatever I wished. My powers had developed themselves late, yet with tolerable rapidity, and, like Aladdin, I had recently become acquainted with love. My mother was dead; and as I wrote Aladdin's 'Cradle Song' upon his mother's grave, my tears flowed for my own mother. Thus the fable touched, in many points, my own circumstances; I dealt with them in a free tone of irony, and was fully conscious of this as I wrote."

Oehlenschläger, in "Aladdin," as in all his dramas drawn from the mythology and traditions of the North, like a true poet, treated his fable not as fable, but as fact. He took up his subject, however based upon, or combined with, the wonderful and impossible, as simple truth. He made no apologies to the reader or the spectator. For the time, he entered into his poetical world, where he had a certain part to play, as a world real as the physical one around him. The greatest miracles, the most impossible events, were no longer miracles or impossibilities; they all lived and moved in the atmosphere common to them, and were through this medium consistent one with another. As when we enter into a theatre, and the common daylight is shut out, and the place is lit up with its own light, and furnished with its own scenery and machinery, we forget the world without, and fall into the spirit of that before us, finding nothing too great for belief which is not out of keeping

with the spirit of the place ; so it is in the poet's world. That is the true poetic faith : it is the faith and spirit of Shakspeare, in the "Tempest" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where the supernatural are so artistically engrafted on the natural, that we give as entire a credence to Ariel, to Caliban, to the power of Prospero, to Oberon and Titania, and to Bottom with his ass's head, as we do to the most simply human persons and doings in the plays.

In "Aladdin," therefore, the magical powers of the lamp and the ring do not in the least startle us ; and, in connection with this wonder-working influence, all the mere mortal life goes on so humanly, there is such a thorough knowledge of human nature, and the poet evidently works out his creation, makes his various people talk and act with so much relish, with so much wit, irony and yet *bonhommie*, that the reader is borne through the whole with the most unquestioning delight.

Why do not our caterers for the theatre extend their researches a little beyond France, with an occasional peep into Germany, and give us some of Oehlenschläger's admirable dramas, written in a spirit so allied to our own ? Such noble tragedies as "Palnatoké" and "Hakon Jarl," manly, full of action, full of great characters, great sentiments, and the most striking scenery, why are they not preferred to the mob of second-rate plays, to which we are so liberally treated ? And why is not Oehlenschläger's "Aladdin," so different to the mere Eastern story, introduced as a piece for the Christmas season ? There we have all the splendour and wonder of spectacle that any drama can furnish. We have scenes in all grades of life, and a variety of characters, out of which the playwright might choose to his heart's content. We have the opening scenes in the wretched abode of Mus-

tapha the tailor—he working on his board, his wife Morgiana spinning, and the boy Aladdin coming in from his street rambles. We have Noureddin the Magician in his room, amid his books and strange instruments; Noureddin and Aladdin in the wild deserts, going in quest of the lamp; numerous city scenes; Aladdin selling golden dishes to the Jews; scenes in the palace; the wonderful procession of black and white slaves carrying the enormous treasures to the Sultan; Aladdin's magic palace and all his glory, with his beautiful royal bride, Gulnare. Then we have his overthrow; his imprisonment; his half insanity through the loss of the lamp and the happiness and splendour it had brought him; his mother's death, his visit to the old house, his song on her grave; all the rude treatment which he receives from the world the moment his fortune had changed; and finally, the triumph of genius and virtue. Surely there is enough to create an absorbing interest, especially when the dialogue of the drama is written with a richness, a world-knowledge, a geniality and wit, which scarcely Shakspeare or Goethe have excelled.

From these fine dramas we can only allow ourselves to extract the noble song which Aladdin sings in his prison when he has lost all that was dear to him in life, and expects hourly his execution; especially as we propose to give a specimen of his irony from his second Eastern drama, "The Fisherman's Daughter:"

ALADDIN'S PRISON HYMN.

Shall I at my death impending tremble?
 No! Death cannot touch my soul with dread.
 Though fierce storms round night assemble,
 Shines the morning rosy red.
 I will not at death's approaches tremble.

God to me immortal life hath given,
 For He with immortality is crowned,
 And my life, that up hath striven,
 With His is wholly bound.
 God to me immortal life hath given.

Wither shall these soft and earthy members,
 And my failing flesh shall gorge the worm ;
 But the life amid my embers
 Shall not perish in the storm.
 Wither shall these soft and earthy members.

Death and the grave awake but my disdain,
 These cannot fill my dauntless heart with gloom,
 And my spirit upwards straining,
 Fears no bondage of the tomb.
 Death and the grave awake but my disdain.

Oh how oft, how oft is dead already
 The vain and empty weakness of this earth !
 Better life, serene and steady,
 From the painful strife hath birth.
 Better life, is that I live already.

Yes, death is the friend of man while living,
 Strengthens within us heaven's own holy light.
 Only trouble and misgiving
 Fill the base with wan affright.
 Yes, death is the friend of man while living,

Lest we, lingering amid idle fancies,
 Little even of earth's blessings know,
 Wakes he yearnings, tearful glances,
 Lays our every frailty low.
 'Tis for this he scatters our poor fancies.

Come, then with thy weapon keen and gleaming,
 Come, thou true man, though but of naked bone ;
 Not thy pale and spectral seeming
 Terror to my soul makes known,
 Makes me dread thy weapon keen and gleaming.

Shall my heavenly Father then forsake me,
When my eye darkens in the final strife?
From death will he refuse to wake me,
Me, who loved him so in life?
No, my God, thou wilt not then forsake me.

The publication of "Aladdin" placed Oehlenschläger at once at the head of the poets of his country. He was extremely popular, and acquired the patronage of the powerful Count Schimmelmann. But his success was not without its alloy. Besides the natural envy which is excited amongst cotemporaries when one suddenly starts over their heads, the adherents of the old school were alarmed and enraged at this brilliant expenditure of talent in the new and so-called romantic school of poetry. Oehlenschläger had not hesitated to ridicule the low notions of the time, that poetry was but a secondary art, the real object of which was to amuse, and which therefore might be sufficiently prosecuted at leisure hours, while a man devoted his main time and energies to the useful—that is, to the ordinary business of life. He contended that there was a usefulness beyond that of the world—the pursuit of the beautiful and the true, and the elevation of the human mind to the capacity for the enjoyment of these objects, with reference not only to this life, but to that of the far higher and infinite one to come. That poetry, therefore, whose great mission it was to achieve this work, was one of the very highest of arts, and required and deserved the whole energy of our nature to discover and to secure the beautiful and the good in all the circumstances of nature and of human life.

These doctrines subjected him to the keenest opposition

and annoyance ; so much so, that he was compelled to withdraw from Dreier's Club, which he suddenly quitted with his friend Hans Christian Oersted. He lived, however, all the more with the Rahbeks at their Bakkehuus, where he enjoyed the society of his betrothed, Christiana Georgina Elizabeth Heger, whom he describes as a very lovely girl, only seventeen when he first saw her, healthy and strong, with large blue eyes, with snow-white complexion, rosy cheeks, and a growth of hair such as he had never seen, and which, when let down, would completely conceal her figure.

In August, 1805, he received, through Count Schimmelmann, a travelling stipend ; and set off on a European tour, which continued for four years and a half ; and led him through Halle, Berlin, Weimar, Dresden, Paris, Switzerland, where he spent a whole winter with Madame de Staël at Coppet, and to Rome. This journey he has described at length in the second volume of his life ; and we are led into the most charming acquaintanceship with Goethe, Tieck, Voss, Iffland, and many other of the great writers of the time. He gives us a peep at his intercourse with the philosopher Hegel, which may agreeably surprise some of his grave readers : " With Hegel, Major Knebel, Professor Schelfer and Doctor Siebeck, I one day ascended the hill of Gensich, near Jena. Knebel related to me on the way much of the youthful life of Goethe. It was a very warm day, and we were thirsty. On the slope of the hill there was a garden, from which Schelfer fetched us some handfuls of cherries and currants. ' How did you dare do that ? ' I asked. ' It is a real robbery,' he replied, with his mouth full of cherries. ' Ah ! ' said Hegel, ' Schelfer is a botanist ; and, of course, all the herbs and fruits of the country are his lawful prey. If any one should pounce upon him with his stolen goods in

his hand, he has only to say that he is botanizing, and all is quite right.'

"On our way back, we were tormented with thirst again, but this time we did not find any currants, but only a clear brook, by which we all lay us down, and sucked up the water through the bents of tall grass. We must have made a picturesque group; but the scene was also symbolic. Thus the hero, the philosopher, the learned man and the poet suck refreshment through life's little straws, from the by-flowing stream of existence, and forget not the beautiful moments when they did so in brotherly unity with each other."

Oehlenschläger entered Weimar at the precise time that the battle of Jena was fought, and saw the Prussians come flying wildly before the forces of Bonaparte through the town. The intellectual benefit which he derived from this journey is shown by the great works which from time to time he sent home, justifying the liberal policy of his Government, which furnishes its men of genius with the means of expanding and accomplishing their genius in their youth, instead of waiting, as we do, till a man of science or literature is worn out, and then, if ever, granting him a paltry pittance. From this moment, even to his old age, the life of Oehlenschläger became steadily prolific of great works, which have wonderfully enriched the literature of Denmark.

CHAPTER V.

OEHELENSCHLÄGER, CONTINUED.

FROM his tour Oehlenschläger, we have said, sent home some of his most distinguished works. In Halle he wrote "Hakon Jarl;" in Paris, "Palnatoké," "Balder the Good," and "Axel and Valborg;" and "Correggio" in Rome; besides, during the same period, translating several of his productions into German. In "Hakon Jarl," and "Palnatoké," he produced perhaps his two most perfect historic and acting dramas. In the chapter on Tragic Poetry, in the second volume of his life, he gives this as the view of the poet's mission: "In all times have splendid human faculties developed themselves; but one-sidedly. It is the vocation of the poet to collect all the flowers of the ages into one ideal floral wreath. The events and the great characters of the ancient times he shall complete and ennoble—that is to say, he shall give them something of his own time's philosophy and enlightenment, and he shall in this prove this genius by making his union natural and beautiful."

That appears to us the genuine philosophy of poetry, and especially of dramatic poetry; and in the carrying out of this system, Oehlenschläger has certainly been

singularly successful ; and his objects in the dramas now particularly under our notice, he thus lucidly states :

“ In Hakon Jarl I represented a vigorous, savage, but crafty old heathen, in opposition to a young, mild, pious and inspired Christian. Christianity must stand forth noble and pure, and therefore I was obliged to soften down Olaf’s bigoted fanaticism, which afterwards led him into many barbarities. In misfortune, Hakon despises his former cunning, and becomes great. I was thus successful in producing a tragic activity ; and even the scene where he sacrifices his son, moves more than it horrifies ; because his paternal affection in the conflict with superstition comes out so much more prominently.

“ As in Hakon Jarl, I described pure and pious Christianity in strife with savage pagan cruelty, so in Palnatoké I again endeavoured to depict honourable and powerful heathenism in conflict with monkish cunning and treachery. The noble hero, in his impetuous haste, kills the old king, and nothing but his own blood can wash the stain from his shield. Thus Palnatoké becomes a tragic hero : he unites bravery and mildness, and stands connectingly between the Jomsbergers—love of battle without gentleness, and Thorwald—gentleness without the fondness for warfare.

“ As scarcely any female characters were necessary in ‘ Palnatoké,’ I introduced none ; but the next winter I wrote ‘ Axel and Valborg,’ in which love is the predominant topic. Strictly, this represented the *fidelity of love* ; as a few years afterward, in ‘ Hagbarth and Signé,’ I sought to portray the *passion of love* in its first outbreak ; the former between a couple of young Christians, the latter between a couple of young heathens, but both heroic and full of the Northern sentiment.”

We cannot give a better idea of Oehlenschläger’s

historical dramas, than by endeavouring to convey to the reader a conception of "Hakon Jarl." Hakon, called the Rich, is the ruler of Norway at the period when Christianity is making its way in the North. For a time after usurping the government, he had ruled well, and the country flourished, but he had then become despotic and licentious. The peasantry revolt against him, on account of his having endeavoured to carry off one of their wives; and at the same moment he hears that the celebrated Olaf Trygvesson, of the race of King Harald Haarfager, and who had married the daughter of the King of Dublin, is coming to claim the throne. He waylays Olaf in a wood at his landing, and employs a man to murder him. Olaf, however, discovers the design, confronts Hakon in the wood, upbraids him with his treachery, but allows him to depart, seeking only to win the country in fair battle.

Hakon, appalled not only by the simultaneous insurrection of the people, and the invasion of Olaf, who is a Christian, but also by the statue of Odin falling from its pedestal in the sacred grove, is oppressed by terrible forebodings; and to soothe the anger of the gods, determined to sacrifice his youngest son, a little boy, to them. This scene is described with great feeling:

THE DEATH OF LITTLE ERLING.

SCENE, THE WOOD OF SACRIFICE.

HAKON JARL *enters, leading his son by the hand.*

ERLING.

Father, it is so cold.

HAKON.

Because 'tis yet so early.

Art very cold, my child?

ERLING.

It matters nothing,
I shall behold how the bright sun ascends ;
It is right beautiful. I ne'er have seen it.

HAKON.

Seest thou the crimson beams far in the east ?

ERLING, (*clasping his hands together.*)

Oh, what roses ! what lovely, lovely roses !
But tell me, father, whence have come the pearls
With which the valley is all sprinkled over ?
How brightly sparkle they against the roses !

HAKON.

They are not pearls, it is the morning dew ;
And what thou call'st the roses is the sun.
See, it ascends.

ERLING.

Oh, what a lovely ball !
As red as fire. Cannot we, dearest father,
Both thou and I, visit the sun some day ?

HAKON.

Through our whole lives we strive towards the sun ;
That burning forehead is the eye of Odin ;
His second eye, the moon, shines not so bright ;
It has he placed in pledge in Mimer's fountain,
That he may fetch the healing waters thence,
Each morning, for the strengthening of this eye.

ERLING.

Where is that fountain, then ?

HAKON.

The sacred sea
Below there, that smites foamingly the rocks,
That is the fountain of the ancient Mimer

Which strengthens Odin's eye. Full of new life
Ascends the sun from the cool springs of morning.

ERLING.

It now ascends so high, it hurts my eyes.
(He holds his hand before his face.)

HAKON.

The Allfather mounts upon his golden throne,
And soon will overlook the earth's extent.
The burning jewel in the crown of noonday
Dazzles and injures the weak eye of man.
Who has the hardihood to gaze upon
The unveiled countenance of the king of day?

ERLING, *(looking fearfully round him.)*

Oh say, my father, what are those most horrible,
Those bearded men, in the far shadow there?

HAKON.

Fear not, those are the images of the gods,
Which human hands have fashioned out of stone.
They do not blast with burning rays of light;
Poor human dust before them can bow down
In confidence—can dare to look upon them.
Come, come, my child, we will observe them nearer.

ERLING.

No, father, I'm afraid. Dost thou not see
The old man with the beard? He makes me tremble.

HAKON.

Child, this is Odin. Dost thou fear the god?

ERLING.

No, dearest father; I've no fear of Odin—
Of the true Odin, up there in the sky.
He will not hurt me; he is good and lovely.
He calls the flowers forth from the fair earth's bosom;
He shines himself even as a glorious flower.

But yonder pale and grisly-looking wizard
Grins at us, as if he would take a life.

HAKON.

Ha !

ERLING.

Father, I will run and fetch the garland
Which I left hanging upon yonder hedge,
Whilst thou wast showing me the morning's crimson ;
And then let us go home, for I believe
That ancient wizard means no good to thee.

HAKON.

Go fetch the wreath, and come back soon again.

(ERLING goes.)

A lamb of sacrifice must wear a garland.
Eternal gods ! behold from your high heaven
That Hakon Jarl has confidence in you.

(ERLING, coming back with a white garland on his head.)

Here am I now, dear father, with my garland.

HAKON.

Now kneel, my child, to Odin, ere thou goest ;
Lift up thy hands unto the Throne of Heaven,
And say, " Allfather, hear the little Erling,
And keep him under thy Almighty care."

ERLING, (throwing himself on his knees towards the sun, and stretching
forth his arms.)

" O hear the little Erling's prayer, Allfather,
And keep him under thine Almighty care."

(HAKON, who stands behind him, grasps his dagger, which, when he is
about to strike, falls from his hand.)

ERLING, (calmly rising, and picking up the dagger.)

There is thy dagger, father ; oh, how bright
And sharp ! When I am grown a man, I'll have

As beautiful a weapon to defend thee,
My father, 'gainst thy foes.

HAKON.

Alas ! my child,
By what magician's power are such words given
For ever to thy tongue, to wring my heart !

ERLING.

Art angry with me, father ? Have I done wrong ?

HAKON.

Come, Erling ; go with me behind this image.

ERLING.

Behind that ugly greybeard ?—No !

HAKON.

Obey !
Roses are blossoming behind that image ;
Small, snow-white roses, beautiful red roses,
Roses of blood-red crimson ! 'Tis a joy,
A real joy, to see how rapidly
They burst the bud. Come with me.

ERLING, (*weeping.*)

Dearest father,
I feel so much afeared of those red roses !

HAKON.

Hence ! Hear'st thou Heimdall's cock ? It crows ! it crows !
Now is the time. Hence, hence ! it is the time !

(*They go behind the scenes.*)

EINAR TAMRESKIÄLVER, (*coming up hastily, armed with bow and
spear.*)

Where is the Jarl ? They told me I should find him
Amid the grove of sacrifice. But no ;
Where is he then ? And what should he do here,

When desperate fighting more than prayer is wanted ?

(*He listens ; a cry is heard.*)

Ye gods ! what cry was that ? Jarl Hakon ! Hakon !

HAKON, (*coming forward.*)

Who calls me ?

EINAR.

Ha ! what means the cry I heard ?

HAKON.

What dost thou want ?

EINAR.

To call thee to the field.

Already has Olaf beaten the peasant-army ;
Now marches he 'gainst Hladé. Thy bold forces
Are ready to receive them ; but they ask
For thee. Hast thou again been sacrificing ?

HAKON.

Yes.

EINAR.

What thy sacrifice ?

HAKON.

A youthful hero.

At back of Odin bleeds my sacrifice.

EINAR.

What is the use of it ? (*He goes behind the statue.*)

HAKON.

Now, it is done !

Now, strength and courage !

EINAR, (*returning in horror.*)

Ha, thou old, pale wretch !

What hast thou done ?

HAKON.

I have appeased the anger
Of the stern gods. Have sacrificed my hope,
My joy, for Norway's good.

EINAR.

Now, let the giant,
Down in the night of Nifelhem, with clubs
And red-hot, burning stones, smash me for ever,
If I again, from this day, bend my bow
But for one moment, to do thee a service,
Although I love thy daughter Berglioth!—
(He snatches a golden chain from his neck, and throws it at his feet.)
There, there thou hast my chain, and thus I break
Each bond which hitherto has bound me to thee,
Thou ghastly executioner! Now go I
To serve the pious Olaf Trygvesson.
I've done with thee. Thou has taught me to shudder
Before thy bloody gods! Christ now shall conquer!
What hinders me, that with my spear even now
I send thee not to hell? But sadder far,
More ignominious far, will be thy death;
For I will take thee prisoner, and convey thee
Alive to Olaf; thus will help to hang thee,
Thou bloody murderer, on the highest gallows. *(Exit.)*

HAKON.

Thou threaten'st, then!
*(Trumpets sound in the distance; a cry of "HAKON" is heard; he
draws his sword.)*

The hour is now at hand,
When Christ or Odin shall be conqueror.
Hark to the sound! The goddesses of war,
The stern Valkyrior flying through the air,
Call to the combat with their cries of terror;
Thick swells on Heimdall's brow the vein of wrath,
And with horrific strength he thrusts his horn.
Thorgierdur Horgabrud give time! I come.

To thee already have I given my Erling,
And a vast throng of foes shall follow him.

Hakon is defeated by Olaf, and flies to Thora, a lady of rank, and his late mistress, whom he had deserted. But he is preceded by Einar Tambeskiälver, who brings ill news.

FIFTH SCENE.

Night. THORA and INGER sit together at needlework.

THORA.

Inger, 'tis plain that thou art very sleepy.

INGER.

It is already long past midnight. Hush!
Some one knocks. 'Tis they!

THORA.

'Twas but the storm
Which through the livelong night has raged and howled
As if it would o'erturn the very house.

INGER.

In weather such as this, my noble lady,
Your brothers come not. They will wait till dawn.

THORA.

Go thou to bed, my child, I am not sleepy;
This morning will the battle have been fought.
And Skjalm and Alf, they promised, without fail,
To bring the very earliest tidings to me.
Go thou to bed; I'll gladly wait for them.

INGER.

If you permit. But hush; there 'tis again—
I hear a sound! It cannot be the storm!

(Exit.)

THORA.

How sad I feel, my heart seems so compressed !
Ah ! my dear brothers, fighting against Hakon,
For win which may, still, still doth Thora lose.

EINAR TAMBESKIÄLVER, (*entering.*)

God greet thee, noble Thora ! Good day to thee,
For if I do mistake not it is day ;
Loud crows the cock without there, in the yard.
I come with tidings to thee, I am called
Einar the Bowman. Be not thou afear'd,
Because a former friend of Hakon comes.
Since he in frenzy sacrificed to Odin
His child for victory, I am his direst foe !

THORA.

Eternal gods !

EINAR.

Yes truly, the old sinner
Grows monstrous, and deserves to be abhorred
By all, by thee especially. But now
To business. I am a vassal of King Olaf's,
But for a short time have I known thy brothers,
But that short time made us the best of friends ;
An hour of war can easily make known
What often through a long life-time of peace
Is undiscovered. Like brave Norsemen fought they—
The whole host did the same, and Olaf conquered ;
As chaff, dispersed he soon Jarl Hakon's forces.
There was hot work among the bloody shields,
And spear and sword, like fire, burned in red wounds.
The goddesses of war were in the battle ;
They wished for blood, and they had blood enough :
It flowed more freely than Valhalla's mead.
The greater number fell ; Jarl Hakon fled
With one attendant ; we are him pursuing.

THORA.

And my two brothers, Einar—my good brothers ?

Thou com'st a stranger to me late at night—
I tremble! and my brothers?

EINAR.

Sent me to thee,
They could not come themselves. Be glad of heart,
Thou noble Thora. Alf and Skjalm betook themselves,
About the time of sunset, to Valhalla:
They sit even now upon the seat by Odin,
And drain a welcome from the horns of gold.

THORA.

O Freya!

EINAR.

Thora rejoice, it is not sung
Beside the cradle of each human being,
That he shall die so beautiful a death.
They were in front of th' fight; the two great armies
Met in hot anger. Half of Norway fought
For Hakon Jarl, the other half against him,
With equal courage, on the side of Olaf,
Thy brothers, full of hot resentment, strove
To come upon the hero hand to hand,
Thee to avenge;—thus both of them were slain,
Slain by his sword; fierce blows deals he and sure,
Especially when his hot ire is up.
Ah well! what more have I to say? They found
A foe well worthy of them. For let folk
Say what they may, Jarl Hakon is a hero.
That proved he in the battle yesterday.

THORA.

Alas, my brothers!

EINAR.

I but envy them:
They are Einherriar now; upon their thighs
Wauland has girded glorious swords ere this.
And soon a barrow will be raised to them

Which will defy eternity, and round the barrow
 Olaf will place mighty memorial stones.
 —“Salute our sister Thora !” they exclaimed,
 And those were the last words that left their lips.
 I promised ; and thus I fulfil my promise.—
 Now ride I forward with our armed band
 In search of Hakon. Olaf does the same.
 We both shall meet at Gaulaa. On this day
 Will meet the assembled states, but where I know not.
 For thy dead brothers’ sakes, Thora, I made
 This little circuit.

Ha ! it rains, I fancy,
 My helmet plume is wet. We trust anon
 To meet the Jarl, and to avenge thee stoutly.
 Now Freya comfort thee ! Farewell, I speed ! *(Exit.)*

THORA.

Oh ye eternal gods, how have I sinned
 That my unhappy heart is tortured thus ?
(A disguised figure enters wrapped in his cloak.)

This is Hakon Jarl, who, notwithstanding his own
 desertion of Thora, trusts the noble truth and affection of
 woman in his extremity, and with the blood of her two
 brothers on his hands, seeks his sole refuge with her.

SCENE BETWEEN HAKON JARL AND THORA.

THORA.

Ha ! who is that ? Stranger, what wilt thou here ?

HAKON.

Are we two here alone ? Are we in safety ?

THORA.

What askest thou of safety, thou who thrustest
 Thyself into a stranger’s house, and frighten’st me ?
 But say, what wilt thou ?

HAKON, (*throwing aside his cloak.*)

Dost thou know me, Thora ?

THORA.

Ye gods ! 'tis Hakon.

HAKON.

Yes ; 'tis he himself.

THORA.

Fly'st thou to me ?

HAKON.

By all Valhalla's gods,
There's reason for thy wonder ; yet I oft
Have seen the noble deer fly for a shelter
To places most unlikely, when pursued
Fiercely by yelling hounds.

THORA.

Hakon,
Thy cheek is very pale, thy look is weary.

HAKON.

Odin has seen that I have combated,
Even as a wolf that would defend its young.
I with this sword have to Valhalla sent
A host of mighty men. Now I am weary ;
My army overthrown, fortune deserts me,
And Olaf with his Christian witchcraft dulls
The Northern sword. Many have fled from me ;
None now remain on whom I can confide.
The stern Valkyria, Rota, lays her hand
Heavy and cold as ice upon my brow.
—Through the long last night rode I with my thrall,
Forlorn and weary with the day's fierce conflict.
I have for hours been plagued with raging thirst.
Is it clean water which is in this vessel ?

THORA.

O Hakon, wait, and let me fetch thee some.

HAKON, (*drinks.*)

Stay where thou art. It has refreshed me greatly.
My overwearied horse at Gaulaa fell ;
I killed it there, then taking off my cloak,
Dipped it in blood, thus to mislead the foe,
Who hotly were pursuing me.

THORA.

O Hakon !

HAKON.

Then, Thora, just as I came past thy door,
It crossed my mind how solemnly and often
Thou vowed'st that no one's love was true as thine.
Full well I know that love can often change
To hate ; but let it now be put unto the proof.
Here am I, Thora. If thou wilt shelter me
From Olaf's search, and from his followers',
Thanks to thy faithful love, which heretofore
I knew not how to value as I ought.
If thou wilt not !—O Thora, how it wrings me !
How wrings it Hakon Jarl to sue ! O Thora,
I will go forth again into the night,
Climb to the summit of the loftiest rock,
And for the last time cast my eyes o'er Norway—
Over the kingdom which has paid me homage ;
Then calmly cast myself upon my sword.
So shall the wild storm-winds upon their pinions
Bear Hakon's soul unto the Father of Battles.
And morning see the hero's corpse upon
The rock, and say, "Lofty in death as life."

THORA.

O Hakon, Hakon, say not so ! No, Hakon,
I do not hate—I hate thee now no longer.

And I will shelter thee, I will defend thee—
Will shield thee truly against all thy foes.

(She gives him her hand.)

HAKON.

Knowest thou, Thora, that this hand has slain
The little Erling whom thou loved so well ?

THORA.

Yes, thou hast offered him unto the gods.
It proveth into what most dire necessity
The mandate of a pitiless fate has brought
Thy unaccustomed soul.

HAKON.

Ah, dost thou know
That I, with this same hand which now thou pressest—
Have—it distresses me to say—

THORA.

Yes, yes, I know
That thou hast slain my brothers in the battle.

HAKON.

And yet—

THORA.

Is Thora still, and ever will be Thora.
Yes, Hakon, thou hast acted hardly towards me.
Thou didst reject my steadfast love with scorn ;
Killed my good brothers !—But amid the fight
’Tis ever life for life : and Einar says
That now they are in bliss—are in Valhalla !

*(She hides her face in her hands, and weeps ; after which, she again
raises her head, and gazes at the Jarl.)*

Oh, tell me, Hakon, is it thou who standest
In Thora’s chamber, in this forest lodge,
Far from the brilliant, royal halls of Hladé,
Alone in all the dreary gloom of night ?

Here, while the storm without as madly rages,
As in my breast? Say, Hakon, is this pale,
This silent man before me, really thou,
Thou, who with neither helm nor purple mantle
Stand'st propped upon the sword?

HAKON.

The pallid shadow
On which thou gazest, once was Norway's King,
Was mighty, and the Norsemen him obeyed.
He fell in battle at the fight of Hladé.
Ha! that is long ago, almost forgotten;
But his pale ghost yet walks, and may be seen
At nightfall. He was called Hakon the Jarl.

THORA.

Ha, I'm avenged, avenged most fearfully,
Hence cruel hate—come back thou milder love!
I was a wolf i' th' wood and not a woman.
Gone is each angry passion from my breast
At such a sight! Oh rest thee on my breast;
Come let me wipe the sweat-drops from thy brow;
Come let me bring back life into thy glance!

(She embraces him.)

HAKON, *(wildly.)*

What is thy name, fair daughter thou of Norway?

THORA.

I am called Violet by the girls of th' valley.
I was a little, blue and gentle flower,
And sprang up 'mid the strong roots of thine oak,
And from them drew both life and nourishment,
And could do nought but fade when 'twas permitted
No more to grow in its beloved nook
O'ershadowed by its stem.

HAKON.

Ah, Violet,

A pretty name.

THORA.

Oh Freya, what is this ?
 Thou tremblest in mine arms with ague-fever !
 Thou weepest, Hakon ! Ye eternal gods,
 This is a new, a most unusual sight !
 When saw I ever tears upon thy cheek ?

HAKON, (*with wild tenderness.*)

Tell me, sweet Violet, pale and lovely flower,
 Upon the hero's grave, are my tears strange ?
 Hast thou not seen ere now the hard stones weep
 When from the cold they come into the warmth ?
 'Tis a death-sweat, pale blossom of the grave,
 Let it not frighten thee !

THORA.

Ha, good Freya !

HAKON.

The mountain snow doth melt ; it soon is past,
 The icy winter flows away in tears,
 And bows before the gay, rejoicing spring
 And Olaf's flowers. Jarl Hakon now is dead,
 His pale ghost walks again ; but come anigh
 The body without dread, and stoutly drive
 Through it a stake, deep down into the ground :
 Thus will he walk no more, thus be at peace.

THORA.

Be calm, my Hakon ! Do not talk so wildly ;
 The mightiest soul, however great and strong,
 Must pay its due to nature in the end.
 Too fierce has been the excitement of thy soul,
 Girt round with foes, adversity and danger,
 And now it falls into a dark delirium.
 Come with me : 'neath this house there is a vault
 Dug in the ancient times within the rock,
 Now known to none save me. There will I hide thee,
 Until the present danger has past by :
 A better fortune soon on thee will smile.

HAKON.

Now tell me truly, dost thou think the day
 Smiles on the other side the dreary vault ?

THORA.

I do not doubt of it, my noble Hakon.

HAKON.

And down into the deep and cavernous vault,
That gloomy cellar, unknown, underground,
Where foes come not, and danger is o'erpast,
That silent fortress, that secure asylum,
Wilt thou not lead me ?

THORA.

Yes, beloved hero !

HAKON, (*giving his hand solemnly.*)

Come, my Valkyria, my lovely Hela,
I go with thee !

THORA.

Oh, all ye gods of goodness !

HAKON.

Think'st thou that I shall quail before their aspect ?
Ay, thou art pallid, and thy lips are blue ;
Thou dost not slay like thy impetuous sisters,
Like Hildur and the savage Geierskögul,
With one blow from the sharp spear of the eye,
Thou slay'st more slowly ; with the ice of anguish ;
Firstly man's courage slay'st thou, then himself :
But 'tis all one ! Now thither let us hasten,
And if thou hast not quenched my spark of pride
I follow thee with quick strides to the grave !

THORA.

Oh, all ye gentle gods, abide with him !

Hakon Jarl is killed by his treacherous slave Karker, in his concealment ; on the arrival of Olaf at Thora's castle, where he holds a Thing, or assembly of the people, Olaf, instead of rewarding Karker for his pains, orders him to be hanged, and the drama closes with a fine soliloquy, by Thora, over Hakon's coffin, on which she lays his sword and a wreath of the northern pine.

Palnatoké is the Tell of Scandinavia—the original Tell,

who, at the command of Harald Blaatand, the usurper King of Denmark, shoots the apple from his son's head. The tradition is precisely the same as that of Tell, but has the advantage of far greater antiquity. Whether the tradition was carried by the Scandinavians into Switzerland when the six thousand migrated thither, or whether the singular fact repeated itself under similar circumstances, is a moot point; every lover of poetry and Tell will incline to believe the latter. Palnatoké is a fine example of the ancient Northern hero—full of the most invincible bravery, and the most sublime sense of honour. He kills the King because he has thrice secretly attempted his life, and because he is a usurper and murderer; but his feeling of spotless honour is only appeased by his own death. The tragedy, as Oehlenschläger has observed, has not a single female character in it; it relies entirely on the elevated tone of sentiment, on the vigorous portraiture of character, and on the contrast of the noble sense of right and unswerving integrity in the heathen Palnatoké, and the dishonest cunning and artifice of the Catholic Bishop Popo.

Of the third tragedy written at this period, we must say a few words—"Correggio." It is curious that it did not please the poet's countrymen so much as the dramas laid in the North. We are surprised to observe the criticisms on this drama, and on the half-heroic poem, half-drama, of "Helgé." "Helgé" is to our notions one of the most extravagant, and, at the same time, revolting, of Oehlenschläger's productions. While he declares that he does not belong to the ultra-romantic school, we can conceive of nothing more ultra-romantic. A great deal of its machinery consists of mermaids, mermen and airy men, who glide over the snow with a real child. Nothing can be so opposed to all probability, or more completely

conceived in the wildest and most extravagant spirit of the superstition of the North, sundered from the more grand and heroic spirit. There is much lyrical and other poetic beauty in these pieces, much extremely musical and rich versification, but these advantages appear to us thrown away on such characters as mermaids and mermen, and men of the snow, as well as such monsters as Skuldé, Helgé's daughter, by the mermaid, and Oluf, the heartless Queen of Saxonland. Helgé, who evidently is intended for a hero, is, contrary to Oehlenschläger's usual tact, degraded from that character into a ragamuffin. Who can feel any respect for a man who breaks his kingly word to one woman—though a woman of the sea,—and violates another—the Saxon Queen—out of revenge? And what can be more revolting to every sense of purity, of delicacy, or of heroic greatness, than the marriage of Helgé with his own daughter Yrsa, a charming, noble-minded young creature—and that with the vengeful knowledge of her own mother Oluf? In a word, these pieces abound with every element which shocks and disgusts the English taste; yet, if we are to believe Molbech, they are amongst the most wonderful and attractive of Oehlenschläger's works. Had he written nothing better, we should be ready to adopt the verdict of Gerwinus, that Oehlenschläger's dramas are worthless, and betray, by their being laid so much in what he calls the remote and chaotic North, a consciousness of the want of power to delineate the realities of the present time. From such verdict, however, we totally dissent; knowing that Oehlenschläger, both in his tragedies and his comedies, particularly in his "Three Brothers of Damascus," has produced actual men of flesh and bone, and of the most genuine life-like vigour and reality; but we regard such poems as "Helgé" as errors in taste; and wonder

all the more when we see them preferred by so usually able and judicious a critic as Molbech, to such a drama as "Correggio."

"'Correggio,'" Molbech tells us, "is inflated with an effeminate and sickly sensibility, which is equally rare in the fiery Italy as in the vigorous North; that in reading it, we find ourselves neither in the native land of Correggio nor in his life's period; that it neither describes the artist life of the age of Michael Angelo, Raffael nor Correggio."

Perhaps to the English reader the exact reverse of this opinion will appear the true one. "Correggio" is not at all an *acting* drama; for that it wants incident. It is essentially a reading and poetical drama; and taken in that view, is a peculiarly and pre-eminently beautiful one. The scenes are full of truth to nature, of tenderness and beauty. The brusque, fiery, impulsive character of Michael Angelo, the more bland and considerate temperament of Julio Romano, and the sensitive but not spiritless Correggio, labouring in obscurity and indigence, are all admirably drawn. Oehlenschläger has adopted the popular tradition of the death of Correggio, from carrying a bag of copper money which had been maliciously paid him for one of his pictures; and though this has been denied by his biographers, its belief amongst the people was sufficient for poetic purposes, and has been well employed by the author. The scenes between Michael Angelo and Correggio, and between Julio Romano and Correggio, have been rarely surpassed for truth to nature and feeling.

Battista, an innkeeper, who is a secret but malignant enemy to Correggio, points him out to Michael Angelo, as he is painting under a tree by his cottage in the hotel court, having previously pointed out Michael Angelo to him, saying that he was a vain, conceited

fellow, who pronounced judgment on everything without understanding anything. Michael Angelo approaches Correggio to look at his painting, and the poor painter, misled by the guileful host, receives the great unknown artist in no very courteous spirit :

MICHAEL ANGELO *comes forward proudly.*

MICHAEL ANGELO. May I see, Sir, what work engages you ?

ANTONIO (*ironically, without looking up from his work*). Most certainly. 'Tis true I play a solo,

Yet still I hope that you will not betray me.

MICH. ANG. Are you not then afraid of being rude ?

ANT. Oh, no, good Sir. Come forward, if you will.

MICH. ANG. (*looking at the picture with admiration*). Ha ! what colouring !

ANT. Of course ! The woman

Is bright enough ! She is a peasant woman !

MICH. ANG. But, my good man, your colouring is good.

ANT. Of course ; I might be born a colourman !

MICH. ANG. What may that mean ? Did you not hear the words I said to you ? You have a splendid colour.

ANT. Ah, no, Sir ! I am pale ; so much the worse.

MICH. ANG. You are clever.

ANT. Nay, really !

MICH. ANG. I say, clever !

ANT. I must believe it, else you will grow angry.

MICH. ANG. But yet you cannot draw ! You are disgusting, Equally alike in art as in your life.

ANT. (*suddenly becoming serious, rising, and looking at him*). How so ?

MICH. ANG. Where have you, for example, learned To draw such beautifully crooked hands as these ?

ANT. You mean—

MICH. ANG. And that delicious honied smile !

Yours is a blessed picture ! Pity only

That in foreshortening you fall so short !

ANT. How can that be ?

MICH. ANG. Do you, in truth, believe

That you could draw for me an arm, a leg ?

ANT. (*astonished*). Who are you ?

MICH. ANG. (*taking a brush handle*). Look, Sir ; of this what think you ?

Suppose that you had drawn this upper arm
 Just thus much longer ? And suppose the legs—
 The boy's left leg—had joined the foot in this way,
 Instead of that, which now, like a plump sausage,
 Hangs dangling in the sweet exuberance of childhood ?

ANT. You mean—My God ! I think you are in the right.
 Who are you ?

MICH. ANG. (*with proud contempt*). One who *knows* it, and towards
 whom

Much more respectful deference would be shown,
 If people were themselves aught more than bunglers.

ANT. Who are you ? God in heaven—

MICH. ANG. (*about to go*). Your servant, Sir !

ANT. (*seizing his hand, and perceiving a large seal-ring on his finger*).
 You are—oh, God !—“the vintage of the Dryads !”
 I recognise this much-renowned ring ;
 You—you are Buonaroti !

MICH. ANG. Possibly ! (*Is about to go*.)

ANT. Oh, wait ; oh, tarry yet a moment longer !
 Forgive me, Sir, if I, the unhappy one,
 Misled by thoughtlessness and by presumption—
 (*He seizes his picture in desperation, and holds it before him*.)
 Once more observe my picture ! Yet once more,
 Tell me—But no, no—that you cannot do.
 Oh, thou great master, say—am I a bungler ?
 Is that your true opinion ?

MICH. ANG. (*contemptuously*). Go ! you are a weak,
 A wretched man. Full of conceit at first
 And peasant-pride ; now meanly humble,
 And weeping like a child. Go ! you will never
 Enter the real sanctuary of art ;
 Though you may feel the outward charm of colour ;
 Yet vacillation, abjectness of spirit,
 Will never rise to the true height of greatness. (*He goes.*)

ANT. *alone* (*he sets his picture down dejectedly*). Is it a dream ?
 And, of a truth—and really
 Has that great Buonaroti been with me ?
 Said he to me ?— I hope I am delirious.

(*He seats himself, covers his face with his hands ; after some
 little time he again looks up.*)

Yes, I am delirious, but I am awake.
 One word, one horrible word, has wakened me.
 I am a bungler!—Nay, of a truth, nay, never
 Had I believed it, had not Buonaroti,
 That great man, said it unto me himself.
 Before mine eye floated a splendid mist,
 Methought of beauty 'twas a revelation ;
 I seized my pencil, faithfully to paint it—
 But what I painted was again a mist,
 A mottled surface, neither great nor spiritual,
 And without feeling, purpose or consistence.
 Yet with a pure, with a devoted thought,
 Have I for ever gone unto my work ;
 Seated before my easel, it has seemed
 As if I knelt before God's holy altar,
 As if on high He from the clouds revealed
 His far-off glory—yet, yet I was wrong,
 Wrong, very wrong !

While yet a little boy,
 I was one day at Florence with my father ;
 And while he traded with the market folk,
 I ran into the church of San Lorenzo ;
 And there by Giulio's and Lorenzo's grave
 I saw those mighty statues—the Aurora,
 The Dawning Day, the Twilight, and the Night,
 By Michael Angelo, in snow-white marble.
 I could not stop, I must away again,
 Yet deeply did that sight impress my heart ;
 The only time that I have ever seen
 The sculptor's art. And it appeared so strange,
 Mighty and lovely, yet so stern and mournful.
 It gladdened me when I once more outside
 Stood 'neath the blue of heaven among red flowers.
 And now again stand I in charnel vaults.
 Now have the beautiful, the floating shapes
 Vanished once more, and shudderingly I sink,
 Crushed into nothingness by gloom and night.
 So be it ; I will never paint again.
 God knows I did it not for my own glory ;
 I painted as the bee constructs her cell,

Or as the bird builds its small nest in th' bough.
 Was it delusion merely? Yet once more—
 Yet must he once again repeat the same.
 Not in the strength of wrath, but with calm power,
 Even like Day beside Lorenzo's grave,
 Must he repeat it. After that, good night
 Thou glorious art! and I am what I was:
 A poor man and of low estate. Yes, yes;
 I will no longer grieve nor yet despair.
 I have within my breast a blameless conscience.
 And if no painter, am I therefore mean?
 No, though the world's sublimest Angelo
 Said that I was in thunder, a still voice
 Within says, thou art not.—That comes from God.

MARIA (*coming up to him*). What ails thee, my Antonio? Art sad?
 Dost thou not paint? It is so rare to see thee
 Alone and yet not busied at thy work.

ANT. Maria—dearest wife! my painting now
 Is at an end.

MAR. What, hast thou finished?

ANT. (*speaking painfully*). Yes!

MAR. Oh, holy Virgin! Speak, my friend, what grieves thee?

ANT. Dost thou not know?

MAR. Dear husband, what is it?

Oh, let me hear!

ANT. Sweet wife, be not alarmed.

I have been pondering over various plans
 Of what is best for us and for our future;
 And soon I saw, and saw it very clearly,
 That this my calling does not make us happy;
 And therefore have I with myself resolved
 To change it wholly.

MAR. (*astonished*). Ah! what dost thou mean?

ANT. When seven years ago I brought thee hither
 From thy old father as my youthful bride,
 Dost thou remember what the old man said?
 "Give up this painting, Anton," was his word;
 "He who lives ever in a dream of art
 Is for this world unfit; the painter
 Should never be a husband; he loves fame

Better than wife, better than son or daughter ;
The offspring of his brain stands first with him."

MAR. He was an honest man, a steadfast soul,
A weed which in its little nook grows green,
But to which Nature hath denied a flower.
Forget all that !

ANT. " Be thou a potter," said he,
" As I am ; paint fair pictures upon clay !
Sell it, so wilt thou thrive with wife and child,
And give thy life to them and thy best time."

MAR. He did not see that what to me was dearest,
Was thy pure soul, thy active, beautiful spirit,
And that thy art alone could make me happy,
Because it was a portion of my love.

ANT. My child, we often trust in what is false.
I have not made thee happy by my art.

MAR. Antonio, hast thou a wish to grieve me ?

ANT. (*embracing her*). Thou art an angel ; thee I find in all things ;
But yet I have not made thee fully happy.
To thee I have not given all my feelings ;
I have expended them on idle pictures.
Whate'er I earned, I spent for costly colours,
Nor ever thought to spare in buying them.
At times we have had plenty, but most often
Have been in want of what the day demands.
Ah ! that has deeply grieved thy loving heart ;
But now from this time forth it shall be different.
We will not strive for the impossible,
Will not be dreamers. I will submit myself,
I will go back into my old retirement ;
And if I cannot be a painter—then
I will be a good husband and a father.

MAR. Thou not a painter ? Then will never art
Bloom more upon this earth.

ANT. Thou darling wife,
Thou lovest me.

MAR. Because I know thee well.

ANT. (*taking up his picture, and comparing it with her*). Thy smile
is sweetly innocent. See'st thou
How this disgusting, mawkish face is laughing ?

MAR. Antonia !

ANT. Ah, now I see the faults.
Why had I not ere now an honest friend,
Who could have pointed out these faults to me ?
I feel a strength within me to do better !

MAR. My God ! what can have happened ?

ANT. Still I fancy
That even in this poor picture there is something,
Something which should awaken more than scorn.
Not merely colouring, nor the pencil's skill ;
Not merely the fresh play of light and shadow ;
Something beyond that—spiritual and divine !

MAR. What can have happened ? Tell me, my Antonio !

ANT. (*after a pause*). He must repeat it yet once more to me !
Twice did he thunder it into my ear ;
But if the judgment is three times repeated,
Then will I paint on clay !

MAR. Who has been here ?

ANT. Michael Angelo Buonaroti !

MAR. And he ? What did he say ?

ANT. Be still, dear child !
We will await the third time spoken sentence.
Else I may not so calmly tear me hence
From this so beautiful and better world.
Yet once again—then will I paint on clay !

THIRD ACT.

* * * * *

ANT. (*alone with his picture : he takes his pencil*). I will paint
here, at parting, in the grass
A hyacinth. When lovely maidens die,
They scatter all their grave with odorous flowers ;
Ah, lovely was the hope—it is no more.
Well, then, here will I plant a little flower ;
'Tis the last honour !—Wherefore should I live
If I can paint no longer ! For me to paint
Is just as needful as to draw my breath.
Well, well ! I will henceforth on work-a-days

Labour for wife and child—a handicraft ;
 But Sunday morning shall belong to me !
 Then may the lovely Iris with her bow,
 Seven-tinted, built of air, come down to me,
 In the still dawn. Then will I draw and paint
 For my own pastime. That would surely be
 A blameless pleasure ; and within our cottage
 Shall hang small painted pictures, to adorn
 The simple walls ; Maria loves them much,
 So does the little lad. And when I die,
 And when a pilgrim, coming there by chance,
 Enters the cottage, and beholds the pictures,
 They will delight him also. Every one
 Is not as stern as Michael Angelo.
 And he will say, the man was well-intentioned,
 And loved his art in all sincerity.

JULIO ROMANO (*comes forward, and stands at a distance observing*
ANTONIO without being perceived by him.)

There does he sit, the favourite of the Muses,
 Painting again a picture, which shall set
 The world once more in wonder. How I long
 To be acquainted with him—that great man !

* * * * *

(*He approaches ANTONIO, and watches him at work.*)

ANT. Stand there, thou little pallid hyacinth,
 Thy tender beauty speaks to me of death.

JULIO, (*again stepping back and observing ANTONIO.*)

His countenance is pleasing as his picture,
 Gentle, and beautiful, and full of feeling ;
 Pity alone, he wears so sad an air ;
 The lovely colouring, in which he excels,
 Blooms on the canvas, not upon his cheek.

ANT. There stands again a foreign traveller.

(*They bow to each other.*)

JUL. Forgive me, my good Sir, if I disturb you ;
 But it was quite impossible for me
 To leave this town, ere I had made my greeting
 To that rare master, who is this town's treasure.

ANT. Ah, good God ! you only meet in me,
 My noble Sir, a most dejected man.

- JUL. Impossible ! As well might the great sun
Warm only strangers, without heat itself !
- ANT. You are a kind, a friendly man,
Who will not wound me ; yet, still I am wounded
Against your will. The sun ! Ah ! if you knew
How dark a chasm is here—how void it is !
(He lays his hand upon his breast.)
- JUL. Not even the faintest star to cheer its night !—
Brightly the glory beameth from your Night,
And with a splendour of immortal brightness
Will crown your head. I pray you, tell your name !
- ANT. I have been called Antonio Allegri.
- JUL. Antonio Allegri da Correggio !
How can that name sound strange unto mine ear,
Which soon will be familiar to each tongue ?
Antonio ! I have beheld your Night,
In the church yonder. That which you would show,
A miracle, you have shown, for the light
Shines through the gloom of common human life,
And makes the shepherds glad. Among these shepherds
Am I ! Amazed I stand before you,
Nor comprehend the miracle ; I gaze
With hands to shade my eyes, still half in doubt
Whether the whole scene is not some delusion.
- ANT. Ah, it is all too much a mere delusion.
You are a noble man, you love the art ;
But do not take offence at what I say :
Can judge of it no better than myself.
- JUL. Antonio ! how can I understand your words ?
- ANT. For long I have not understood myself.
- JUL. You are in all things unintelligible :
How you can have perfected thus yourself ;
How you thus from the world can have been hidden ;
How you can doubt so much of your own worth ?
- ANT. Give me your true opinion of this picture.
- JUL. Is there a word which can give my opinion ?
If I say beautiful, what have I said ?
Your picture is divine ! Whilst I gaze at it
Within my inmost being are awakened
Unnumbered feelings which till then have slumbered ;
And 'tis in this that lies the power of genius.

Till now, I ever saw the mother of God ;
 In the Madonna from the hand of Raphael,
 I only could conceive of her as that,
 Here is she very different, yet no less
 Is she Maria !—more, the loving woman,
 The tender mother, than the Queen of Heaven.
 By Raphael has the earthly been uplifted
 With solemn gladness to the might of Heaven ;
 You have beguiled with childlike love, the heavenly
 Into a union with earthly life.

ANTONIO, (*regarding him for a moment with joyful surprise, and then speaking with dejection and doubt.*)

Do you perceive no fault, then, in this picture ?

JUL. What fault ? Where is such affluence of beauty
 Is nothing wanting. * * *

ANT. You do not know how happy you would make me
 If you would show me faults.

JUL. Here now,
 He who can merely draw, has this and that
 To say against your picture.

ANT. For example ?

JUL. That arm's foreshortening is not quite correct ;
 Methinks too that the child's leg is too plump,
 It fails in outline. * * *

ANT. Once more, Sir : it is like new life to me !
 How does it strike you, the Madonna's smile ?
 And the babe's smile ?

JUL. Peculiar both—but lovely !

ANT. Nothing disgusting in them ?—nothing mawkish ?

JUL. So should I fancy that the angels smiled.

ANT. (*naïvely.*) O God ! and so indeed I thought myself.
 * * * * *

And what amazes me is the true judgment
 With which you have discerned these various faults.
 You are quite right ; but you use gentle terms
 And wish to spare my feelings ; and, in fact,
 All your remarks, so full of truth and knowledge,
 Would please me beyond words, did I not know
 (So much the worse, I heard it first to-day)
 That my work is but poor and without value.

JUL. And who has told you so ?

- ANT. The greatest artist
Of our time, nay, perhaps of any time.
- JUL. Ha!—Michael Angelo?
- ANT. You speak his name.
- JUL. That is just like him. The broken carriage wheel
Runs round still in his head.
- ANT. I, in the first place, thoughtlessly, unwillingly
Offended him.—The landlord, who lives here,
A strange man, and who hates me, came to me
And told me that the guest who there sate drinking,
Within his house was but a colourman,
An ignorant and an unmannered fellow,
Who censured everything and yet knew nothing.
Hence was it that I did not meet him with
The reverence which in truth was but his due.
He came, and spoke to me in jesting manner,
And I returned a jest for my reply.
He became angry, said I was a bungler,
Who never, merely by a sense of colour,
Could rise up to the height of real greatness,
To spiritual beauty.
- JUL. And therein he was right ;
You will not do it, 'tis already done,
And far above the very Sistine chapel !
- ANT. (*with a good-natured dissent*). Ah, dear friend !
- JUL. You think that I am speaking
Like a blind man, of colour ? You are wrong.
If not a Michael—not an Angelo,
Yet I'm a human being—am a Roman ;
If not a Cæsar, yet a Julius !
I also have been taught what painting is ;
The noble Raphael Sanzio was my master,
His mighty spirit yet floats over me.
I am a member of the guild, like you.
- ANT. St. Joseph ! You are Julio Romano !
- JUL. I am he !
- ANT. Are you Julio Romano ?
That great master ! Raphael Sanzio's favourite ?
- JUL. So was I.
- ANT. And you say I am a painter ?

JUL. I say, that since the death of Raphael Sanzio
Our Italy has had no greater painter
Than you, Anton Allegri da Correggio !

ANT. (*seating himself*). Forgive me, Sir. Ha ! my head turns
round ;
I never have experienced aught like this.

* * * *

That surely is noble poetry, full of the truest feeling,
the most beautiful impersonation.

The scene in which Michael Angelo returns to Correggio's hut, to make amends for his former wounding remarks, and takes his little boy Giovanni on his knee, is admirable. We are glad to see, from Oehlenschläger's own statement, that the public, at the time Correggio appeared, were fully sensible of its exquisite beauty. " 'Hakon Jarl,' " he says, " had reawoke the feeling for the ancient North, so Correggio awoke a feeling for art, and was perhaps one of the first incentives to its zealous study in the fatherland, which has since borne such abundant fruit."

We must now hasten more rapidly over the life of Oehlenschläger. He had reached the climax of his fame, and the numerous works which he continued to produce, even to his old age, though they added to the wonder of the prolific strength and variety of his powers, could not give greater evidence of the intensity of his genius. On his return homeward in 1810, he made a *détour* to visit Goethe once more in Weimar, but the great poet had just then got a fit of his Privy Councillor dignity upon him, and received Oehlenschläger coldly. Probably the old man had felt himself a little bored by Oehlenschläger's reading his manuscripts to him, a habit to which Northern authors appear addicted, and which is as useless as it is often annoying ; for no author can calculate on obtaining

a faithful opinion of his work under such circumstances : the only way being to throw it into the hands of the public, where he is sure to hear sooner or later the truth. Whatever was the cause, however, Oehlenschläger was deeply wounded, and from that time he never addressed another letter to Goethe, though he continued to honour to the utmost his genius, and called his eldest son after him.

At home his reception was enthusiastic in the highest degree. "Hakon Jarl" had won an extraordinary popularity. It was the first delineation of the ancient pagan heroic life, founded on history, which had been brought upon the stage. The success of "Palnatoké" had been less from the cause mentioned ; but "Axel and Valborg," a story of love from beginning to end, based on one of their most beautiful and admired "Kampe-Viser," had more than effaced the transient effect of "Palnatoké." Rahbek, in a fit of vexation, had some time before thrown up his post as Professor of Esthetics in the University of Copenhagen, and this was now, at the instance of the Duke of Augustenborg, conferred on Oehlenschläger. On the 17th of May, 1810, the poet was married to his fair betrothed, Christiana Heger, and they passed the summer at the charming seat of Christiansholm, which was placed at their service by Oehlenschläger's great patron, Count Schimmelmann.

During the next five years, Oehlenschläger wrote and published "Faruk," an opera for Weyse ; the beautiful Eastern story, "Aly and Gulhyndy ;" "Harald Hylde-tand," a collection of poems and stories ; the tragedy of "Stärkodder," in 1811 ; the "Canary Bird," "Honour Lasts Longest," "Hugo von Rheinberg," in 1813, an excellent acting tragedy ; the "Robbers' Castle," and "Ludlam's Cave," a drama curiously constructed from

two English legends, 1814 ; a dramatic tale, the "Fisher-man," "Hagbarth and Signé," also a tragedy founded on one of the Northern most favourite ballad sagas. In 1815, he wrote "Helgé," and "Hroar's Saga."

It was on the publication of the "Robbers' Castle" and "Ludlam's Cave," that Baggesen commenced that furious attack upon Oehlenschläger, which he pursued during the greater part of the remainder of his life, with a bitterness which testified too plainly that mortified vanity was at the bottom of it. We have seen with what passionate emotion Baggesen responded to the honour done him by the youthful and then little known poet at Dreier's Club, on Baggesen's leaving Denmark, under circumstances of most popular dissatisfaction. When Oehlenschläger was afterwards in Paris, Baggesen called on him, and though Oehlenschläger had then had intimation of Baggesen's incipient hostility, and received him coldly, Baggesen broke through it, with tears and embraces, exclaiming in return of Oehlenschläger's formal address of "Mr. Professor Baggesen:" "No, not so! Thou! thou!" Their daily intercourse was restored, and when Oehlenschläger afterwards read his "Palnatoké" to him, he flung himself at his feet in transports of admiration.

But when this strangely excitable genius came home, and found the whole nation resounding with Oehlenschläger's praise, he seemed seized with an agony of jealousy, and began that unhappy onslaught which, alas! is only too well known to all Danes, and which they wish it were possible to bury in eternal oblivion. The criticisms on the works of Oehlenschläger may, many of them, be seen in Baggesen's works, and though they abound with the most sparkling wit, it cannot hide the venom that exists in them. The fame of Oehlenschläger was not purchased without the usual quantity of vinegar and gall. Tieck,

Grundtvig, Rahbek, Sander, and others, had each a stone to throw, but the greater were the genius of these opponents, the less did their opposition assume the shape of personal enmity.

In the spring of 1816, Oehlenschläger was induced to make a second foreign tour, as the travelling companion of the young Baron Bertasch, and which he has described in two volumes. On this journey he wrote in Paris his tragedy of the "Foster-Brothers," and met with Frederick Schlegel; once more with Madame de Staël, who had been married to Rocca since he last saw her, and was again a widow; with Uhland in Tübingen; with Dannecker in Stuttgart; in Munich with Schelling and the Spanish painter Morillo; in Vienna with Caroline Pichler, Grillparzer, von Hammer and Beethoven: and in Berlin with Schenkel, the architect and landscape painter, and other celebrated people.

After a year's absence he returned, and wrote his charming idyl, the "Little Herd-Boy," the scene of which, founded on a real fact, is laid in Switzerland. In 1818, came out his comedy, "Robinson in England;" and in 1819, his "Gods of the North." This is, as he himself tells us, an attempt to combine the legends of the Eddas into one connected whole. It is a most successful attempt. Oehlenschläger has entered fully into the spirit of those grand ancient poems, and condensed and elaborated them into one fine poem, consisting of many chapters. He has done it as a poet of these times alone should do it. He has written as if he had faith in what he wrote, giving to his theme all the advantages of modern art and modern enlightenment. He has made the spirit of Christianity tacitly throw the last touch of beauty and grandeur over the old system, which it, in fact, annihilated by its own august and overpowering presence. He has em-

ployed a variety of metres in the different relations, so that each story forms a whole of itself, independently of the rest, while to the great whole it is an essentially requisite portion. In the various scenes of the upper, the middle and the under worlds of the Odinic Mythology; in the regions of gods, of giants, of men and dwarfs; in the striking variety of characters—the great and wise Odin, the good Balder, the mighty Thor, the subtle and malicious Loke, the queenly Frigga, the genial Freya, the lovely Iduna and the gentle Nanna; in all the magnificent scenery of Gladhem, Walhalla, Midgård, and Nifelhem, with the glorious tree Yggdrasil, the Rainbow Bridge, the fountain of Mimer, and the wild, tempest-traversed regions of Ran, the poet found inexhaustible scope for poetical embellishment, and he has availed himself of it with a genuine poet's power. Any one may, in his "Gods of the North," find a luminous exposition of the whole mythology of ancient Scandinavia. We regret that our space will not permit us to give a specimen, but we are glad to perceive that Mr. Bowring has lately published an English translation of it.

In 1820, the year after the publication of the "Gods of the North," he wrote his opera of "Tordenskjold," and his tragedy of "Erik and Abel." "Tordenskjold" he dedicated to Thaarup, who had been of the party opposed to him, and by this friendly act won over the kind heart of the poet. Thaarup always visited him afterwards; but often before, his generous poetic nature had lifted itself above the jealousy which an elder poet too often feels towards younger ones. When Oehlenschläger was about the first time to go abroad, Thaarup said to Stephen Heger, a brother of Oehlenschläger's betrothed: "May the Germans only not spoil him." In reply, Stephen Heger read him some of "Aladdin," and when Thaarup

had heard it, he stroked his chin in his usual humorous way, and said: "Let him go, he can take care of himself."

In 1822 was celebrated the literary centenary of Holberg, dating from the publication of his first comedy, the "Political Tinker." Oehlenschläger took great interest in it; and soon afterwards did the memory of Holberg a greater service, by issuing, with Brockhaus, in Leipsic, a German translation of his comedies. He also wrote now in German his romance of "The Island in the South Sea." This he himself characterizes as not simply a romance, but a cycle of romances. With a good deal of extravagance, reminding one too much of the older days of German romance, of the Veit Weber school, there is in it much German student and burgher life. You are introduced to Peter the Great as he was working as a ship-builder at Saardam; to Leibnitz the philosopher; and are left with a new Robinson Crusoe, the hundred years old Albert Julius, in a paradisaical island in the South Seas, the story of Albert Julius having been one of Oehlenschläger's boyish delights.

After the poet, through the years from 1821 to 1824, had thus employed himself, including the publication of three volumes of Danish lyrical poems and operas, "The Flight from the Convent," with the music of Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutti;" "The picture and the Bust;" and "Precipitation:" there followed in 1816, "The Väringer in Myklegård," (Constantinople,) "Charlemagne;" "The Three Brothers of Damascus:" "The Longobards," and the heroic poem of "Rolf Kraké" in 1817.

It was about this time that Oehlenschläger, who had immensely enjoyed the romances of Sir Walter Scott as they appeared in succession, wrote to him expressing his admiration of them. Sir Walter, who had not yet ac-

knowledged himself the author of these works, replied however, cordially, and was anxious to have Oehlenschläger's "Island in the South Sea" translated by Mr. Gillies into English. The result is curious, as it shows the state of the public feeling in regard to translations from German or Scandinavian, which we found existing, when we ourselves resolved, at our own cost, to introduce the works of Miss Bremer.

Sir Walter tried in vain to get a publisher for this translation, so that Oehlenschläger and Mr. Gillies should divide the profits between them. He wrote to Mr. Feldborg then in London, who was the agent in the matter for Oehlenschläger: "Mr. Cadell says, *no German work* has ever stood the expense of translating, and we know how very small that is. In short, I had the mortification to see that he is not in humour with the undertaking. I wish you would look into Constable's shop, and talk with Cadell on the subject. He will tell you that I offered to do anything in my power to make the British public acquainted with Mr. Oehlenschläger's merit, and I will assure you that the matter shall not miscarry for lack of zeal on my part."

Sir Walter does not appear to have been aware of the far finer productions of Oehlenschläger—his "Aladdin," his "Hakon Jarl," and "Palnatoké." In fact, who then knew anything of the rich and beautiful literature of the North? All that could be effected was to make honourable mention of Oehlenschläger, and to translate portions of the romance in the "Edinburgh Magazine."

Oehlenschläger was now arrived at his fiftieth year. He was crowned with honours beyond all the bards of the North; but he had not attained this mature age of existence without experiencing those rubs and those losses which are inseparable from the career of humanity. Three

times he had had a narrow escape of his life. In Italy while visiting Correggio, he fell into the cataract of Tivoli. While standing on the stage of the theatre, in Copenhagen, speaking with the manager, as his "Little Herdboy" was about to be acted, one of the heaviest scenes fell directly at his feet. Two inches nearer, he observes, and the public would have seen the blood-stain on the stage where the author of the piece had finished his life. Again, when acting in a private theatre, in his "Correggio," he took a wrong way to the stage, and fell into an open trap-door, severely bruising himself. But one step nearer to one side, and he would have plunged headlong into the cellar, and probably broken his neck. Though he had, however, escaped with his own life, friends and relatives had fallen into the gulph that awaits us all. His mother died before his fame commenced; his sister Sophia died early; Camma Rahbek was gone, and Rahbek had soon followed her; the Bakkehuus stood desolate. As he wrote his "Rolf Kraké," died Baggesen in Germany. For some time he had ceased his bitter and unworthy attacks on Oehlenschläger, and Oehlenschläger generously feeling that death reconciles many enmities, and declaring that the only thing which they should remember was his immortal genius, which in time had been too much disturbed by earthly weaknesses, wrote a beautiful poem for recital at the festival in honour of his memory. Soon after followed the death of his own father, who had so long and so much enjoyed the renown of his son. By this event, Frederiksborg Castle, the scene of his childhood, and till this late period still regarded as his proper home, where he often went with his wife and children, and spent whole summers, became a strange place to him. It required some fresh and sunny circumstance to disperse the shadows which those

privations left on the mind, and such an one came in as beautiful a form as we can well conceive in a poet's life.

Side by side with Denmark lay a kindred country—Sweden. Its people were of the same blood, the same spirit, the same genius. They possessed the same interest in all the glorious memories of the Scaldic and Heroic North. They had their own heroic memories, their own beautiful literature, their own poets. But many a bloody battle, and many a bitter strife had arisen between them ; and the political tinkers of Europe had not diminished their mutual hostility, by rending Norway from one and giving it to the other. In the summer of 1829, some friends invited him to cross over by the steamer to Malmö and Lund, in Sweden. As he was approaching the Swedish shore, it struck him as strange, that he from his very boyhood had been in the habit of gazing from Frederiksborg on the outstretched coast of Schonen, and yet never before thought of visiting it. The manner in which he was received was such as must have increased this wonder. All ranks of people testified the same hospitable enthusiasm to welcome the greatest poet of Denmark. Addresses were made to him at the University of Lund, and again on his return by the students, in a body, on the high-road, with a professor at their head. He was invited to various dinners, where addresses were presented and songs sung in his honour. Finally, he was requested, by a deputation of students in full academical dress, to attend the great annual inauguration of the Rector of the University of Lund, and the distribution of the degrees. This took place in the ancient cathedral, and as Oehlenschläger stood near the altar, Bishop Tegnér, the great poet of Sweden, who was delivering an oration in hexameters, suddenly turned round, saying, in the words of his poetical address :

“The Scalds’ Adam is here ; the king of the poets of the North ; the heir to the throne of the poetical world, for the throne itself is Goethe’s !” and with that, before all the immense crowd which filled the church, amongst whom were Oehlenschläger’s wife and children, he placed a laurel-crown upon his head, amidst the thunder of kettle-drums, trumpets, and the discharge of cannon.

This honour was followed by other festivities, in which the students carried the poet in triumph on their shoulders. The visit was returned by Tegnér, with Agardh, Thestrup and other Swedes of note, to Copenhagen, where they were received with like flattering marks of attention ; and this exchange of civilities produced a marked effect on the intellectual and social relations of the two kindred nations, who for centuries stood in an hostile attitude towards each other.

In Oehlenschläger’s excitement, amid these sudden honours, he makes some most natural remarks on the situation of poets in the world. “First,” he says, “people demur as to whether we are poets, and scarcely have we shown it, when they doubt whether we are so any longer. With every new work we must again demonstrate this as on the first occasion. If a new production does not please, the blame, for a certain time, overwhelms all the previous fame. All the half-educated will undertake to teach us our own art ; many readers imagine themselves, as judges, quite able to look down upon us. Thus in our own art we are regarded as possessing the very least portion of understanding. Jean Paul says : ‘They who like Adelberg, think themselves geniuses without understanding—really think so—without understanding.’ But this very often happens. The maturity of mind, and the knowledge of human nature, the sagacity and vigour of judgment, which are necessary

for the working out and completing of a great poetical work, pass without notice. 'They succeed sometimes,' it is said, 'and much oftener they fail.' We are great children, and with bandaged eyes we grope in the lucky-bag of genius: fruit-trees, that produce ripe or unripe fruit, just as it happens, for the knowing, accomplished, tasteful eaters! And with this estimation, bordering on contempt, shall we permit ourselves to be satisfied? For what is an artist if he be not also a man? And what is a man without reason, without confidence and taste in his art? What I have suffered from unreasonable depreciation, I will here say nothing of; I will only say, that even my children's children might possibly have been hereafter taunted as the children of such a father. But, God be praised, this judgment was thus, at once and for ever, overruled! My son rejoiced in his father, and my countrymen rejoiced too in their landsman, and testified it by a thundering hurrah as I ascended the steamer to return home."

For twenty years longer, however, did Oehlenschläger continue to show that he had not merely genius, but a masculine understanding, and to reap the honours he so richly deserved. In a few months after this day of distinction he was ordained by the King of Sweden, Knight of the North Star, and received a diploma as Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Lund. We have not space here to name all the works with which he enriched the Danish, or more properly, the whole Northern literature. His tragedies will stand as *monumentum ære perennius*, and we have yet to add to those already named, a series of others. In 1833 came out "Queen Margaret;" in 1835, "Socrates;" 1836, "Olaf the Saint;" 1838, "Knud the Great," (Canute); 1841, "Dina;" 1843, "Erik Glipping;" 1846, "The Land Found and Lost;" and "Amleth," (Hamlet).

In the poet's latest works, the same intellectual freshness and the same inspirations manifest themselves, as in his earliest labours. He continued strong and prolific to the last; and from his own countrymen, from foreigners, and from his monarch he was continually receiving marks of grateful affection and admiration. Immediately after his return from his first foreign tour, he was appointed Professor; at the coronation in 1815, he was made Knight of Dannebrog; and in 1839, Counsellor of State. The present King conferred on him the medal of honour of the Dannebrog-men; and the following year he was named Commander of Dannebrog. He received from Sweden the great gold medal of the Academy of Sciences; the cross of Commander, and afterwards the great cross of the North Star. By the King of Prussia he was honoured, after Thorwaldsen's death, with the Order of Merit; he was an officer of the Belgic Order of Leopold, and Knight of the French Legion of Honour.

From England what was the distinction he received? None. The English Government of the day, chary of encouragement to native literature, knew nothing of the literature of other countries.

To conclude—in this sketch of the life and character of Oehlenschläger, we feel, after all, that we have been able to convey but a very inadequate idea of his real greatness as a poet. His genius is strong, healthy, and fertile, and he worked in a genial consciousness of his strength. In him there is no straining, no galvanic efforts to produce effect. Like nature, on whose calm bosom he reposed in love, he is great in his own amplitude, and in the very depth of his tranquillity there are life and power. His natural tone is solemn, like that of the ancient North, which so early awoke his admiration and affection, but he can throw out the sparks of wit, humour

and irony, on any fitting occasion, as in his "Aladdin," his "Brothers of Damascus," and his "Fisherman's Daughter," and others of his dramas. We must make room for a single specimen of these qualities from the latter drama. The Fisherman is engaged in lamenting the death of his little boy who has been drowned, when there comes a European into the Arabian desert, carried in a palanquin by black slaves, and attended by his secretary and a guide.

EUROPEAN (*with enthusiasm*). Is it then here ?

GUIDE. Yet a few paces farther,

Towards the left, good Sir.

EUROP. May I then feel assured

Of this great fact ? That it was even *here*

That Moses, in the early dawn of time,

By Pharaoh was pursued. In very deed,

Is this the great Red Sea ?

GUIDE. It is indeed ;

Without a doubt ; you may depend on't, Sir.

EUROP. The redness does not indicate itself.

I had supposed it to be much more red ;

Something like cherry-soup, or perhaps red ink.

GUIDE. The sand alone gives it a reddish colour.

They ought not really in geography

To use such names as give a wrong idea.

The Black Sea, now, it is not raven-black ;

Nor is Marmora's sea hewn out of marble ;

Nor yet are the Green Mountains always green ;

And often is the luckless seaman wrecked,

With all he has, at the Cape called Good Hope.

EUROP. There you are right. Travels are full of lies,—

Thrown in for broad effect. And therefore 'tis

Of such importance that we should ourselves,

With our own eyes examine. Gracious God !

And it was here then, where that mighty man

Led forth upon dry land the all undrowned,

The chosen people ? Yes, by heaven ! one sees

Even yet the scars—sees the great furrows still.
 Not very plain, 'tis true ; the tooth of time
 Has dimmed them somewhat, but has not destroyed.

GUIDE. Your Grace is quite poetical in language !
 You mean that the monsoon, that the great winds,
 Which then produced effects so marvellous,
 Have not yet wholly ceased, and still continue
 To combat with the waves which once they parted.
 To me appears that learned hypothesis
 Full of great truth, and worthy to be printed.
 Therefore I counsel you immediately
 To make an entry of it in your diary.

EUROP. (*to his SECRETARY*). Under the head "Red Sea," write
 down these words :

"This was the very place where fled the Jews
 When through the sea King Pharaoh followed them,
 As by the furrows may be seen, even now."

SEC. I will, Sir, note it down immediately. [*He writes.*]

"This was the very place where fled the Jews
 When through the sea King Pharaoh followed them,
 As by the furrows may be seen, even now."

[*He returns the book to his pocket.*]

EUROP. How glorious is it thus to place ourselves
 'Mid dim antiquity ; to find its traces,
 And clearly to perceive its old remains.

* * * *

Has no one here anything rare to sell ?
 I understand such things, and gladly buy them
 When they are not too dear.

GUIDE. (*takes a stone from the ground, blows upon it, rubs it with his
 garment, and then presents it*). 'Twas with this stone
 That Pharaoh in his holy earnestness,
 Struck the great Moses 'mid the deep abyss ;
 Here, at this corner is a little redness,
 That is blood petrified. It is not dear,
 It only costs a baham.

EUROP. (*having bought the stone, addresses his SECRETARY*.) There,
 Secretary,
 Put it in your pocket.

SEC. I am already

As heavily laden as a common waggon
That carries loads of bricks.

EUROP.

That matters nothing.

I must soon buy another ass or two ;
In this land are more rare and curious things
Than I expected, and at reasonable prices.
What is a baham for such stone as this,
The stone wherewith the mighty Pharaoh smote
The yet far mightier Moses in the back !
Now lead me farther ; it will soon be dark.

The European again appears descending in a balloon into the court of the Sultan. The Sultan, of course, in great amazement, takes the traveller for a wonderful necromancer, and wants to buy the secret of the spell by which men can thus fly ; but the European, in condescension, enlightens the Grand Sultan with the information that it is no necromancy, but actual science ; that a man in water only weighs four pounds, and of course when a kind of wind much lighter than common air is discovered, he is easily carried by a good bag of it up into the air. The Sultan offers him any money for the secret of this wind, but the European indignantly rejects the idea of selling knowledge for money, but suggests that if the Sultan, in his superfluity of precious stones, has a few surplus diamonds, rubies, sapphires, smaragduses and the like, they would not be an unsuitable present to a philosopher ; and in return, he will furnish him with as much wind as he pleases.

But Oehlenschläger's great and serious dramas are, after all, his master-pieces. These are, however, only a small portion of his numerous works. His prose stories and romances fill some volumes, and his smaller poems would of themselves have established almost a greater reputation than that of any Danish poet who went before him. As a lyrical poet, he is not so successful as a

dramatic and heroic one ; but even in that department there are numerous compositions that are radiant with beauty and true feeling. In a word, we may cordially subscribe to the declaration of one of his own countrymen, that :

“ Oehlenschläger belongs to the heroes who cast a glory over the land which has given them birth. The influence which he has already exerted, and which he will continue to exert, over the younger generation of poets, and even the whole Danish nation, is incalculable ; for although his works belong to the world at large, yet for us Danes he has a peculiar value, as the man who, in Hans Christian Oersted's impressive words, ‘ has called Valhalla forth from the darkness of time, and wedded the fire of the South to the strength of the North.’ So long, therefore, as Denmark stands, so long as there remains the slightest trace of Danish literature, will the name of Oehlenschläger be pronounced with love and blessings.”

In order to perceive the full extent of what he has accomplished, we should throw back our remembrance to the boy, the son of the Bailiff of Frederiksborg Castle, accidentally met in his rambles by Edward Storm, the poet, and then glance over the splendid array of delightful and imperishable creations with which he has enriched the literature, not merely of the North, but of the whole civilized world.

CHAPTER VI.

NICOLAI FREDERIK SEVERIN GRUNDTVIG.

GRUNDTVIG is one of the giants of the North—a genuine Kämpe, only appearing now instead of a thousand years ago. He has the same astonishing vigour, the same lofty, difficulty-defying nature, the same impetuosity of temperament, even rushing over not infrequently into the Berserker mood. It is one of the most striking facts of Danish literature, that the great burning and shining lights which beam along the course of its national intellectual history, are so different each from the other. Old Arreboe, with his sacred and descriptive poetry; Kingo, with his solemn and simple hymns; Holberg, all comedy and satire, without a spark of the sentimental or the pathetic; Evald, again, all fire, all pathos, and often somewhat swelling and bombastic; Baggesen, all wit and versatility; Oehlenschläger, grave, deep-feeling, and full of profound and manly passion; Grundtvig, burning with religious zeal, while he is heaving up masses of historic labour with the energy of Thor; Ingemann, the master of the historic romance; and Heiberg, the genius of the vaudeville and of inimitable sketches of actual life.

The character and life of Grundtvig have been so well sketched to our hands by Danish writers, that we shall occupy the brief space we have with little more than a literal transcript from these sources. He has stood forth as a totally isolated and original prophet of modern times, and he resembles the last of the ancient prophets in this—that his words have often been like a “voice in the wilderness.” With a glance which has penetrated deep into the world of history and spirit; with a heart glowing with Northern and Christian inspiration; with a voice which now resembled the roar of the thunder, and now seemed to breathe forth all the tenderest sweetness of the mother-tongue, he stood forward, “half-Scald, half-book-worm,” in the first years of the unhappy war, and to a generation, with all its eloquence and poetry, still in action prosaic and degenerate, he preached return to the living faith and a new birth into the spirit of the ancient times, as the only salvation from intellectual and political perdition. The North, nor scarcely any other land, can name a writer with so burning a patriotism, with so heroic a dauntlessness; who without stopping to look right or left, without caring for benefit or favour, or any temporal advantage, has proclaimed by word and deed all that seemed to him right and true. And not only did Nature endow him with that miraculous power which is called genius, the power of a deeper, clearer, more rapid intention, of feeling more warmly and more nobly than the multitude, but where he has gone wrong—and not seldom has his zeal seemed to carry him too far—he has still always acted and spoken with the most honourable intentions, and from the fulness of an upright heart. And this not merely patriotically Danish, but equally Northern and Christian spirit, has never found him lukewarm, dubious or inactive—he has never allowed the

sword to rest in the sheath. Never has there been an important occasion, whether good or ill, in which his voice might have been heard, where it has failed to be heard,—now severe and menacing, now manfully exhorting; now bitterly complaining, now full of Christian warning; now glowing with noble pride, and always with a supreme contempt of whatever is mean and little, cold unworthy or slavish.

This remarkable man, who, in the Middle Ages, would have been a Knight of the Cross or a reformer, but who, in our days of enlightened spiritual effeminacy, has been doomed to excite more admiration than living sympathy, was born on the 8th of September, 1783, in Udby, South Zealand, where his father was clergyman. His mother, whom he describes in his "Little Songs" (Kvædinger), was a daughter of Herr Bang, Counsellor of Domains, and Steward of the Royal Estates in Odsherred. If he were not the man he is, we should not state that he traces his descent from the noble race of Skjalm Hvide; but, for that reason, it is not without significance. In his boyhood he was equally addicted to reading "Hvidtfeld's Chronicle" and Holberg's historic and comic writings. After two years spent at the Aarhus Latin School, where he began to write verse, and read Suhm's work on Odin, he became student in 1800. Here he passed his theological examination in 1803 with credit, but after that chiefly attended the lectures of his cousin Steffens on natural philosophy and on Goethe, which latter produced as decided an effect on Grundtvig as on his contemporaries. He soon afterwards was led to the study of Saxo and Snorre by his friend Skovgaard, and went deep into the ancient language and literature of Iceland. From 1805 to 1808, as he was private tutor in Langevad, he extended the horizon of the new world thus

opened to him by the reading of Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, Fichte, Schelling, and especially of Oehlen-schläger's earliest works, which gave to his mind its decided direction.

From Langeland he sent to "The Minerva" a series of articles on the Songs of the Edda; on the Doctrines of the Asar, *i. e.* the Principles of Odinic Mythology, which, notwithstanding their originality, and their wonderful power over the language, excited little attention. This was soon followed by a very different essay—"On Religion and Liturgy," in which, with youthful daring and warmth, he called for a religious reform. In 1808, the same year, he published a polemic poem, "The Masqued Ball," in which he lashed the frivolity with which the people of Copenhagen, the year after the bombardment, pursued mere amusement; but he was himself too deep in the heathen ages, and his countrymen too far from them, for him to arrest attention, or even to be understood.

That year he ventured from Langeland to the capital, and published his "Northern Mythology," in which the ancient religion of the gods was for the first time placed in a poetic and philosophic light, and which is a book which perhaps gives the truest idea of the spirit in the Northern myths. The following year, he published the first volume of his "Scenes from the Fall of the Kämpe Life in the North," which represented in Dialogues, with more historic truth and force of language than poetic and dramatic creative power, the last gleam of Northern heathenism and hero-spirit in Gorm, Palnatoké, and Vagn Akesön.

But now his mind became vehemently and unceasingly drawn in another direction., His feelings had always been deeply religious; and it now came startlingly over him that his engrossment with worldly wisdom was a

falling off from the true God, and that he had been sunk in a life of dreams, and had been guilty of idolatry with the Northern gods. While he portrayed the revolution which Christianity introduced into the history of the North, he became transpierced with a Christian inspiration, which, in his Probation Sermon, "How is the word of the Lord vanished out of his house!" was so prominently polemic, that it threw the whole of the clergy of Copenhagen into an uproar, which could not be allayed till he had been called before the Consistory, and reprimanded. It was not the first time in which free spirit had been reprimanded by privileged vapidty. But his long-continued and excessive exertions of mind, his nocturnal studies, violent fermentative ideas, and his more recent conflict of soul, had weakened his health, and brought him into an excited state. He longed for repose; and after publishing a New Year's Gift, "Iduna," he returned, in December, 1810, to his father's, accompanied by Sibbern, who, with S. B. Hersleb, had been his most intimate friends at college. As he was still under the ban of the rationalist clergy, it was only by the assistance of Bishop Balles that he was allowed for the next year to be his father's curate.

In his writings now came forth more and more zealously the revolution in his views, so that he condemned his own pen and productions, wherever they had not been directly engaged in extending the kingdom of God and the honour of Christ. The last "Scenes of the Northern Hero-Life," the Niflunger and Volsunger, in 1811, in which we find far more poetic power and dramatic talent, he had nearly annihilated, and published them for the sole purpose of repelling the reader by a series of crimes, and mocking and denying the power of the Asar. In his "New Year's Gift Saga," in 1822, the poetry was

chiefly become a versified confession, and in "A Short Compendium of the World's Annals," perhaps the most original and genial of all his prose writings, he placed the Bible in judgment upon History, and expressed himself with so much intellectual and poetic force, but so unrestrainedly, so one-sidedly and polemically against opposing opinions, that a general cry of denunciation was raised against him, and amongst those who attacked him was one of his own friends, C. Molbech; and H. C. Oersted, who styled him a false prophet, and a misleader of the people.

After his father's death in 1813, he returned to Copenhagen, and preached again conversion and faith to his countrymen, "To the Fatherland, on its Duty and Danger." And in January, 1814, when the Allied Army had overrun Holstein, he delivered during three successive evenings in Ehler's College, speeches glowing with Christian and pathetic fire; and in union with a number of Danish students, offered to Frederick VI. to devote life and everything to drive out the enemy. Yet during eight years this zealous patriot was refused admittance to the clerical office. Meantime, however, and partly by royal aid, he was displaying the greatest fertility as a writer. During those years he published a "Bible Chronicle," "The Roskilde Rhyme," and "Roskilde Saga," "Kvæd-linger," "Heimdal," a poetic New Year's gift; "Scriptural Sermons," and various writings connected with the events and spirit of the times.

But now a new era developed itself in his life. With a wonderful capacity for labour, which reminds us of the old builders up of massive folios, he completed, in 1822, his greatest and most laborious work—his translations of Saxo and Snorre, in six quarto volumes, by which the ancient chronicles of Denmark and of Norway were made

the property and became the favourite enjoyment of the multitude. With gigantic perseverance, he had at the same time, assisted by Rask, made an enthusiastic advance into the little-trodden regions of the Anglo-Saxon language and literature ; and already in 1820 had published a masterly translation of the old heroic poem, "Biowulfs Drape."

In 1818, he had married Eliza Blicher, the daughter of D. R. Blicher, clergyman in Falster ; and in 1822, he was appointed by the King residentiary chaplain of Our Saviour's church in Christianshavn, in which part of Copenhagen he has since for seventeen years constantly resided. He retained, however, this appointment only four years. In a theologic controversy with one of the professors of that faculty in the University, his religious opinions were considered to be inconsistent with his sacerdotal office, and he not only felt himself obliged to resign, but was fined two hundred rix-dollars, for infringing the laws regarding the press, and was subject to a consequent censure, which was not rescinded till 1838. Some years of his life were now wholly devoted to literary labour, and particularly to the issue of a theologic monthly magazine of thirteen volumes, which appeared from 1828 to 1838. Besides these, he published in 1827, his "Sunday Book," a selection from his sermons ; and in 1829, his "Rhyme Chronicle" for the instruction of children.

In the latter year he again undertook a laborious enterprize. With royal assistance, and with a letter of introduction from H. C. Oersted, he made a journey to England to study the original Anglo-Saxon manuscripts preserved there. This undertaking and its results are so curious that we will take the account literally as it stands in Molbech's fourth volume of his "Poetical Anthology."

“ The original object of Grundtvig’s first journey to London, was to make a collation, or rather a new copy of the ancient *Biowulf’s* poem, from the only existing manuscript ; and at the same time, by a more exact search amongst the other remains of Anglo-Saxon literature, still unpublished, and known by little more than name, to satisfy himself of their condition and value. These labours led to an acquaintance with the very few men of learning who at that time could be said to know, or to be in any degree conversant with the ancient language of their forefathers ; and one of Grundtvig’s most zealous endeavours was, as well amongst those persons, as in every literary society in London to which he obtained admission, to endeavour to awake a new interest for a study which more than ever in England had been ready to die out, a renewed regard for the monuments of the Anglo-Saxon language, of which some of the most important—*Biowulf’s* poem, and Bishop *Leofric’s* “ Great Book,” both of the eleventh century, had been forgotten or neglected for seven or eight hundred years, that is, through the whole Anglo-Norman period. Notwithstanding that Grundtvig met with little attention for some time, he was fortunate enough, especially on his second visit to England, to awake much more sympathy ; and people now began from many sides to feel and to express a degree of shame, that a higher value should be set in Denmark on the Anglo-Saxon remains, than in the country to which they belonged, and where, at least, they must have the value as means for inquiry into the origin and history of the mother-tongue. There had long been announced, and still was expected, a collection of the Saxon chronicles, laws and diplomas, under the name of “ *Corpus Historicum*,” which was to be published at the public cost, but Grundtvig had now drawn observation to the long-overlooked Exeter

Manuscript, which, during several weeks' sojourn in Exeter, he had been allowed to study, and in part to copy, and to others in the British Museum; and it was proposed to bring these out also. Grundtvig had no idea of participating in this labour, except so far as to produce a new edition of Biowulf's poem, considering the undertaking more properly belonging to the English themselves.

But, in the autumn of 1830, as he was about to leave London, he received, quite unexpectedly, from a respectable publishing firm there, the offer to bring out with them a collection of the finest poetical and prose Anglo-Saxon remains which had never yet been published, excepting only the historical. After some hesitation, Grundtvig resolved to accept a proposal which was equally honourable to himself, and beneficial to the English literature, and in which he hinted that he might receive assistance from others. He therefore issued a prospectus and plan of the work: " 'Bibliotheca Anglo-Saxonica.' Prospectus and proposals of a subscription for the publication of the most valuable Anglo-Saxon Manuscripts, illustrative of the early poetry and literature of the English language; edited by the Rev. N. F. S. Grundtvig, of Copenhagen. London, 1831."

The work was to be completed in ten volumes, and was to contain, besides Biowulf, with an introduction and English translation, Cædmon's celebrated poetical paraphrase of the First Book of Moses; many minor miscellaneous Anglo-Saxon poems and poetic fragments; Layamon's old English Rhyme Chronicle, from the beginning of the thirteenth century, in three volumes; and in three more volumes, a collection of Anglo-Saxon homilies.

Grundtvig was not able, from want of funds, to remain

longer in England ; he returned to Denmark, and as in the winter of 1831—2, he received no information from the publishers of the progress of the subscription, without which to a certain amount they would not venture to proceed, he considered the project as probably abortive. But as, in the ensuing spring, he saw with a good deal of surprise his prospectus published in an English newspaper, with a long list of subscribers, he considered it necessary to proceed at once to London, and avail himself of the apparently auspicious circumstances. He received once more royal aid towards this third journey to England ; but on his arrival in London, he found matters not so favourable as they had seemed. The proposal of Grundtvig and his publishers was thrown into confusion by an opposition which had arisen. An entirely similar plan had been announced, and its author, Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, had acquired a considerable party for himself in the London Society of Antiquaries, and where the opinion had been zealously propagated that the enterprise must be a national one ; that a foreigner should be prevented carrying out a scheme which ought to be accomplished by native talent : and that to do that it only required the society to devote some of its ample resources for the purpose.

Under these circumstances, Grundtvig thought it best to let the thing take its own course. He offered to leave the publication of Layamon's Rhyme Chronicle to his learned friend Mr. F. Madden, so well known to the Danes by his edition of the interesting old English poem, "Havelok the Dane," and in the meantime diligently pursued, during the summer of 1831, his Anglo-Saxon researches in Cambridge, as he had done the year before in Exeter. At Cambridge he experienced the utmost liberality and kindness. The otherwise inaccessible collection of Anglo-

Saxon remains in Bennet's College was thrown open to him, as well as a circle of distinguished men of letters—an advantage which he in a great measure owed to the celebrated physical philosopher, Mr. Babbage, and his acquaintanceship with this gentleman through H. C. Oersted's letter of introduction. The reception which he met with in Cambridge was only a repetition of the true liberality and open-hearted kindness by which, both in the great London and the little Exeter, he had learned to honour British learning and British hospitality in their characteristic and highly national forms.

On Grundtvig's return from England, where, like an ancient Viking, he was ready to undertake the most astounding labours, or, like a Berserker, to combat with gigantic difficulties single-handed, he was appointed by the King to preach a sermon every Sunday, at the evening service, in Frederik's Church, in Christianshavn, independent of any other ecclesiastical duties, which he continued to do till, in 1839, he was appointed clergyman of the Church of the Holy Ghost, of Vartou Hospital, in Copenhagen.

The estimation in which Grundtvig is held as a preacher is well expressed by Miss Bremer, who heard him, as well as another of Denmark's distinguished theologians, Bishop Mynster, a few years ago:—"In the dawn of the present century, Mynster and Grundtvig stood prominently forward in the Church, announcing, with the fire of the spirit, and with words of power, the old, eternally-new doctrines of the new religion; Mynster, scientific, explicit, harmonious; Grundtvig—a volcanic nature—with all the spirit and power of the old prophets. Mynster's spiritual discourses soon spread from Denmark to Sweden and Norway; Grundtvig's hymns, like those of Ingemann and Boje, gave new life to the church music,

of Denmark. To these succeeded many Christian ministers and pastors, yet far before them all stand still these two—Mynster, with the fire of youth beneath his snow-white hair, proclaiming the immortal word of Hope; while Grundtvig, foremost amongst the bards and seers of Denmark, casts flaming glances, now over the deeps of immortal life, now over those myths of antiquity which he interprets into philosophic themes and poems, and, again, over the young dawning day of Scandinavia, and the reunion of sister-peoples.”

Such is Grundtvig as a preacher—great, full of fiery zeal and burning eloquence. He has concerned himself rather with the sublimity and importance of the truths which he had to deliver, than with the manner in which they might be received. He has never condescended to seek proselytes, or to organize a party. His object has always been to pour out the feelings of his soul, and leave it to the matter delivered to make its own way, by its own convincing force, as a free message to free spirits. His preaching has always found a warm response from an extensive circle, not so much from any strictly carried out and learnedly informing development of Christian doctrines, as because it is a “living word,” with a religious inspiration, an irresistibly contagious fire, which, while he himself was borne away by it, awoke in others the spirit of edification. What he effected by his preaching, he greatly strengthened by his voluminous collection of Psalms and Hymns, which he completed in 1841, and called “A Ring of Bells for the Danish Church;” in which his own lofty poetical spirit displays itself with a lyric inspiration, a depth and earnestness of thought, a freshness, purity and richness of expression, which never had been seen so beautifully united in him before.

Of the strength, the tenderness, the lyric grace, the inward and heartfelt devotion—weeping, praying, sympathizing, deprecating the anger, and triumphing in the goodness and the greatness of the Almighty—which pervade the hymns and psalms of Grundtvig, our limits will not allow us to give any adequate conception. No nation has a nobler or more original collection of such sacred poetry than Denmark. From Kingo and Brorson downwards, almost all their chief poets, have contributed to it, and every Sunday their splendid compositions are sung in the churches: amongst them, none are more lively and beautiful than Grundtvig's. We present one of them, and regret that we cannot also add his beautifully touching "Mary Magdalene."

SONG OF PRAISE.

O mighty God! we Thee adore
 From our hearts' depths for evermore.
 Who is in glory like to Thee?
 As Thou, who from eternity?
 Thy name is blessed by cherubim,
 Thy name is blessed by seraphim!
 And songs of praise from earth ascend,
 With thine angelic quires to blend.

Holy art Thou, our God!
 Holy art Thou, our God!
 Holy art Thou, our God!
 Jehovah! Sabaoth!

Thou didst create the glorious skies,
 And in thine image, man likewise.
 The prophets prophesied of Thee,
 The old apostles preached of Thee;
 The martyr-bands they lauded thee
 In their death-hour exultingly!
 And Christendom shall never cease
 To bless Thee both for life and peace!

Yes, Father, praise from all bursts forth,
 Because Thy Son brought peace to earth ;
 Because Thy Holy Ghost doth give
 The word which makes Thy Church to live.

Thou King of Glory, Saviour, dear,
 Blessed and welcome be Thou here.
 Thou laid'st Thy great dominion by,
 On a poor Virgin's breast to lie !
 Thou didst to glory consecrate,
 And heavenly joy, our poor estate ;
 Our yoke, our sins, on Thee didst lay ;
 Our penance on the cross didst pay !
 Didst rise triumphant from beneath ;
 And overcam'st the power of death !
 To Heaven, which opened, didst arise
 Received with angel-symphonies !
 On God's right hand is now Thy place,
 But in Thy Church abides Thy grace !

O Holy Ghost ! to us so dear,
 Blessed and welcome be Thou here !
 Truth, goodness, joy Thou dost impart,
 With life, unto the Christian's heart ;
 As thine Thou dost the nations claim,
 And givest peace in Jesus' name.
 To thee doth God a pledge accord
 That all is true in Mercy's word ;
 Thou art that power divine, whose might
 Doth give eternal life and light !

Halleluja ! grief is o'er,
 And Paradise unsealed once more.
 Halleluja ! joy is sure,
 God's Spirit dwelleth with the poor.
 Halleluja ! evermore,
 Our God hath bliss for us in store.

O mighty God ! we Thee adore
 From our hearts' depths for evermore.
 Yes, Adam's race shall join the hymn
 Of seraphim and cherubim,

O holy, mighty God of grace !
 Let endless glory, blessing, praise,
 Rise, wheresoever peoples are,
 Unto Thy name. Halleluja !

In his more general poetry Grundtvig often betrays too much of the oratorical talent, and his words flow like a mountain stream, impetuous and almost without limit ; but in his shorter pieces, like the following, he is peculiarly happy. In fact, his poetic genius is essentially lyrical.

THE MOTHER-TONGUE.

The mother's name is a heavenly sound
 As far as the blue sky bendeth ;
 The mother's voice casts gladness round
 Where the iciest realm extendeth.
 Sweet in pleasure and sweet in woe,
 Sweet in life and in death also,
 And sweet in recollection.

Our mother's voice was the cradle song
 That soothed us beyond all other ;
 And sweetly soundeth the mother-tongue
 When the first-born lispeth " Mother !"

Our mother-tongue is that in which
 Our young souls first found expression ;
 And the lover knows no other speech
 To pour out his full heart's passion.

'Twas spoken by all those kings of old,
 Round whom our homage gathers,
 And by those warriors true and bold,
 Whom we proudly call our fathers.

Our mother-tongue, in the people's mouth,
 With words of power it liveth ;
 'Tis loved in the North and in the South,
 And its echo the green wood giveth.

Our mother-tongue, like a flowery wreath,
 Both high and low it enfoldeth ;
 Through it the souls of our fathers breathe,
 And the true heart fast it holdeth.

Our hearts speak only our mother-tongue,
 They know no foreign translation ;
 'Tis it alone, whether written or sung,
 Which from sleep can rouse a nation.

Our mother-tongue, by the sea-shore wild,
 And in deep woods, summer laden,
 How sweetly it sounds, from man or child,
 But sweetest from the lips of a maiden.
 Sweet in pleasure and sweet in woe,
 Sweet in life and in death also,
 And sweet in recollection.

It is only by collecting into one view the great and varied labours of Grundtvig—what he has written and what he has done ; his masterly writings on the Ancient Scandinavian Mythology and hero-life ; his equally masterly and extensive translations from the Latin, the Icelandic and the Anglo-Saxon ; his sermons and speeches of the most fervent eloquence ; and the voluminous mass of his miscellaneous productions, poetic, historic, antiquarian and polemic, that we arrive at a true idea of the intellectual proportions of Grundtvig—one of the most colossal, original and independent minds of the North.

CHAPTER VII.

STEEN STEENSEN BLICHER.

STEEN BLICHER, if not one of the greatest writers of Denmark, is one of the most characteristic and original. A cotemporary author of his own country has declared him to be the "most Danish of the poets who have hitherto written in Danish." He was a clergyman in Jutland, as his father was before him ; and he has made his native province the scene of his poetry and his stories, giving and receiving from it that peculiar tone and aspect which make his writings stand out in sharp contrast to that of all other Danish writers, as those of Crabbe do from English ones. They have the same graphic character ; the same power of scene-painting in words ; the same faculty of placing whatever it touches, not only before you, but living, and fresh as in nature. But Blicher has the advantage over Crabbe, that he possesses or at least brings into use, more imagination, and does not confine his topics so much to what is wretched, painful and humiliating. His country is a country of wild heaths, sandy and heathery, with its pine woods and its

ancient cairns ; and amid the solitary and often gloomy scenery, the genius of Steen Blicher revels as that of a spirit congenial in its nature, and therefore silently rejoicing in it. He takes you to the lonely parsonage, or the lonely hall of the great land proprietor, where no other habitation is seen for leagues around, except the small dwellings of the people belonging to the farm or the household establishment. He introduces you to the primitive but often plentiful mode of life there ; you smoke with the old clergyman or landholder ; make love, perhaps, to his daughter ; range the immense heaths and woods with his son in the chase, and return to dance with the neighbouring families, who are come in from Heaven knows where, and are to be stowed away for the night. You are introduced to old churches, old mysterious ruins, the grey cairns of the ancient Kämpe ; to the wild, wandering potters or gipsies ; to dreary sea-coasts, storms and wrecks ; and then are brought back again to the bright and ample hall of the noble, where busy throngs of people are assembled, amongst whom the repelling and attracting powers of human nature are weaving up some romance worthy of the pen of a Steen Blicher.

Steen Blicher has seen and lived what he writes. Though a clergyman, he has always been warmly attached to field-sports ; and has travelled so as to watch the springs of humanity in other countries than his own, and to muse over them amid his own immense heaths and woods. In his poetry he has many equals, but in his prose stories he has no one that in the least resembles him. What others never dreamt of as material for poetic scenery and romance, he has appropriated, and shown to be as capable of receiving the stamp of life and immortality as any other. There is, indeed, in his painting of Jutland landscape,

something drearily attractive, a stern, solitary feeling of the wilderness that delights the imagination.

Blicher was born in October, 1782, in Vium, in the district of Lysgaard, and diocese of Viborg, the very centre of Jutland and on the borders of the heath country. His father and his ancestors before him had been parish clergyman for four generations in Jutland. By his father's side he was descended from no less a man than Martin Luther, and by his mother's from the families of Skjalm Hvide and Absalon. He was born apparently dead, was only revived by medical aid, and possessed a weakly constitution. He received his education chiefly at the Latin School at Randers, and at Walkendorf's College in Copenhagen. Before he was nineteen, he fell into what was considered a hopeless consumption through over exertion in swimming, and perceiving himself steadily sinking under the doctor's hands, he adopted the resolution of killing or curing himself on a plan of his own. He began to dance, to play on the flute, and engaged himself in the autumn, as a private tutor on the Island of Falster. Thither he betook himself, and besides discharging his duty to his pupils, he boldly engaged in hunting and shooting, and all the sports of the country. He became familiar with all the mysteries of the chase, took to reading Ossian prodigiously in a copy which he found there, and came back about three years afterwards to Copenhagen sound as a roach.

After he had finished his academical education, and served with great daring in the corps of students at the bombardment of the city, he went for a time to Randers, as teacher in the grammar school, and the same year married the widow of his uncle, Ernesté Juliané Berg, then only sixteen! and by whom he had seven sons and three daughters.

He had already imbibed the new doctrines regarding poetry, like many of the most distinguished spirits of the time, from the genial and inspiring Steffens, and had made himself familiar with English and translated Ossian. His salary, however, was so small, and steadily decreasing, that he quitted his post in the school, and for eight years lived with his father as the manager of his parsonage farm, while he at the same time qualified himself for a practical clergyman.

In this situation he acquired that extensive knowledge of rural economy, and especially of the cultivation of flax, and the manufactory of linen, which distinguish him, and on which he has written ably on various occasions. Amongst other benefits to his native district, he was in later years instrumental in causing extensive planting in the naked, unwooded districts.

Finally, he became a clergyman himself, but it was not his learning, but his gun which promoted him. Finding all endeavours to procure an appointment to a church-living in vain, he advertised that "A theological candidate offered himself to a gentleman or nobleman, as wood-ranger and gamekeeper, and was willing also to instruct the children of the family in the dead and living languages." This took effect. It was an announcement likely to excite attention, and a landed proprietor, with whom he had become acquainted in the pursuit of field-sports, used his influence to procure him the living of Thorning and Lysgaard. The income here, however, was so small, and the duties so heavy, that in 1825, when he was promoted to the living of Spentrup and Gassum, in the diocese of Aarhus, which he retained for the remainder of his life, he found himself burdened with a debt of five thousand rix-dollars. In order to satisfy an importunate creditor, he found himself compelled to dispose of his

movable property. This unmerited condition of so gifted and worthy a man, now, having excited the attention of his admirers, a subscription was opened to relieve him from these embarrassments, when it was seen how much his writings were esteemed, for liberal contributions poured in from all quarters of the country, and the poet was thus placed at ease by the affection of his countrymen.

Blicher seems to have gradually indulged himself in poetic compositions for his own enjoyment, while busy in his country avocations providing for his family. As these—which were chiefly lyrical and expressive of his own deep feelings—accumulated, he printed a volume under the title of “*Snowdrops*,” which excited some attention. But when he produced his first stories, which was not till he was about five-and-forty, and their fame went rapidly over the whole country, he was little known except as the translator of *Ossian*. His “*Rural Dean’s Diary*,” was one of the first, which by its freshness and life-likeness produced a deep impression on the reading world. But Blicher was residing far from the capital, and without connections in the literary world; and it was some time before he procured that attention which he deserved. Once well known, however, he continued to write; and his list of published works is extensive. Amongst these several volumes of poems, his collected tales, his translations of *Ossian* and “*The Vicar of Wakefield*,” and two or three plays, are the most important. His tales are the writings on which his fame will eventually rest.

In a poem addressed to Ingemann, he gives some expressive touches of the scenery in which he lived and wrote :

“ I lay on my heathery hills all alone,
The storm-winds rushed o’er me in turbulence loud,
My head rested lone on the grey moorland stone,
My eyes wandered skyward from cloud unto cloud.

There wandered my eyes, but my thoughts onward passed,
 Far beyond cloud-track or tempests' career ;
 At times I hummed songs, and the desolate waste
 Was the first, the sad chimes of my spirit to hear.

Gloomy and grey are the moorlands where rest
 My fathers, yet there doth the wild heather bloom,
 And amid the old cairns the lark buildeth her nest,
 And sings in the desert, o'er hill-top and tomb."

Blicher's life was not passed upon roses, but it was cheerful, hopeful and useful. "Many vexations and sorrows," he says himself, "have I had to contend with, many a suffering, and some imminent perils of my life, but I have held fast by my maxim: 'Lord, when Thou bowest me down, Thou dost but strengthen me;' and in my fifty-fourth year I am full of vigour, both of mind and body, and my health is as good as in my youth's best years." He is since then deceased, and his country, and particularly his native province, have lost an active patriot, as well as a delightful writer. To awaken the general mind, to establish concord, equality in the eye of the law, and justice in society; to excite universal love of the fatherland, and encouragement of its best men; to invigorate labour in peace, and dauntlessness in war;—in a word, to requicken expiring energies, and strengthen and guide those already in action for the common good, is the brilliant character which his own countrymen have given of Steen Blicher.

The following sketches may give some idea of the character of his prose writings :

THE PARSONAGE OF LANGEBEK.

This house lies like a lark's nest among the heather—quiet, low and hidden; it is not seen from any of three sides on which run carriage-roads, until one stands, as it

were, right upon it. One would not believe that here, nearly two miles from the church-tower, and still farther from any human habitation, and in the middle of a wild heath, lay the home of a clergyman, if it did not sometimes betray itself by its smoke, which at a distance seems to rise from the earth.

When I for the first time came here, many years ago, I took a guide with me from a town about seven miles off. "How far is it to Langebek?" asked I. "A good step," was the reply. But it was a long step, and longer than it ought to have been, because the deep wheel-tracks wound about like two snakes. "How far have we now to go?" asked I, many times. "A step farther"—"a little step," was always the reply. At length I made no more inquiries, but endeavoured to shorten the long and monotonous road by counting the cairns. This, however, was no easy task; for not alone did they spring up in crowds, like bubbles on the sea of heather, but the atmosphere quivered above the moorland with that billowy movement, called by the Jutland peasants "Loke's Oat-seed," and which bewildered and confused the sight, which the unsteady motion of the carriage already made sufficiently uncertain.

All at once a green stripe opened itself before us on the dark-brown heath, and the nearer we approached, the more it widened out and extended itself. A little plot of grass in a Jutland desert is at any time sufficient to captivate the eye; how much more a stream of water! If the banks which it moistens are narrow, yet the fresh verdure smiles all the more cheerfully from being set in the dark frame of heather, and the rippling sound of the water is doubly pleasant in the deep silence which surrounds you.

"Now we are at it," said the guide.

As yet I saw nothing ; a few seconds later, and the parsonage lay as if just under our feet. While the coachman halted to lock the wheel, as is customary in driving down steep hills, I stood up in the carriage, that I might properly enjoy this delicious and unexpected view. Beneath my feet lay that humble priest's dwelling, thatched with ling, and with walls of bluish clay ; behind it extended a pretty little garden, fenced in with storm-defying elder and lilac, and well planted with cherry and apple-trees ; and beyond that a verdant but narrow stretch of pasture-land which extended three or four miles down to the river, the water of which glittered in the mid-day's sun. In the garden—for so lofty were the heights on which we stood, that I could overlook the half of it, and the greatest part of the court—in the garden I remarked that a somewhat numerous and gay company was assembled, who lately must have left a plentifully spread table, for they were talking more loudly, laughing and singing more merrily, than is usual before dinner ; and almost immediately afterward came a young girl from the house with a coffee-pot, another followed with cream, a third with cups, a fourth and fifth with a table, in the carrying of which as many young gentlemen were emulous to take part. After these came children running with chairs, pipes, and all other necessaries for smoking ; others again carried out musical instruments—a pair of violins, a flute, and a venerable violoncello. In the neighbourhood of Copenhagen such a scene would have been passed over without observation ; the eye merely passes over the groups to see if an acquaintance or two may be among them, and then goes onward, without pausing on its way. But here, far away among the moorlands of Jutland—here it was an electrifying sight.

And then the hospitality—but that is not the right word—the cordiality with which I was received—I, the entire stranger, as though my arrival had been of especial benefit to the whole company! It was the harvest-home feast at the parsonage; and besides a number of strangers who were staying in the house from the city, many of the principal people from the surrounding country, according to old custom, had been invited. I had no other introduction to the family than the delivering to the master of the house some papers, in themselves unimportant, which I had been requested to convey to him on passing through his neighbourhood by an official gentleman in the next trading town, and yet it was with difficulty that, after a stay of three days, I was allowed to proceed, and then only in the clergyman's own carriage.

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Here is a glance at a more aristocratic abode :

SOLHOLM.

This castle, like most old castles in Denmark, lies low, and upon marshy ground, in order that there may be no scarcity of water in the surrounding moat. It is situated in a pasture valley, but the hills on the east and west are so lofty, that at a couple of miles distance, you see nothing of Solholm but the spires of its three towers, the middle one of which is the tallest. They have a pyramidal form, and the peasants call them, "Solholm's Look-out." When seen from the western hill, the castle has a beautiful appearance, lifting up its proud mass of dark-red walls and leaden-roofed towers above the low surrounding out-buildings. Behind may be seen the tops of the garden trees, and on each side extends a copse of birch wood, through which runs a little creek or brook, a tributary to the larger river.

The hall itself consists of four sides, enclosing a courtyard, sufficiently large to enable a carriage and four to drive round it. The whole is surrounded by a double moat, which in former times was crossed by drawbridges; even now the situation of them is evident from the more modern brickwork of the central arch of the bridge. The innermost buttress at either end anciently served as a prison: a little square vault, with thick, whitewashed iron bars, still shows the first intention. Now they are altogether superfluous; law now constitutes a securer defence than walls and moats. It delights, therefore, every friend of peace and freedom to see the surface of the outermost moat converted to pasturage, and the innermost overgrown here and there with rushes and reeds. The sighing of the wind through these often came, borne like the sighs of distant spirits—of those who miserably wasted away in the prisons of petty despotism, or of those who now mourn over the departed glory and power of the old times. The swans which no longer are able to root up the vegetable productions of ever-creative Nature, seemed to me like graceful types of peace and domestic happiness, as with uplifted wings and soft fluttering motion they skimmed along the surface of the water, across which, in former times, had sped the arrows of war, and the trumpet note of combat had been heard.

The interior of the castle is a perfect labyrinth for strangers. Narrow, winding staircases conduct from one story to another; and passages, long or short, dark or light, lead to so many small adjoining chambers, that it is only by the aid of numerical arrangement that a person unaccustomed to the house can find his own; nor is it till after a long residence that the designation of the “Red

Room," the "General's Cabinet," "Lady Else's Chamber," etc., can give any clear indication of the intended apartment.

Among so many rooms, I found only two really large ones—the "Knights' Hall" so called, no doubt, from its containing a great number of portraits of old knights, barons, and other ancestors of the family, long since dead, together with their high-born ladies. When the present possessor introduced me for the first time to his predecessors, with their gloomy, bearded countenances—some in armour, with gold spurs on their wide boots, others in long-skirted coats, and with cravats or bands, in breeches and broad-toed shoes—it seemed to me that he, with his gay demeanour and fashionable dress, looked like a stranger in the family, rather than its true descendant and heir. The same inappropriateness of character struck me in the second large room, which is beautifully decorated, according to modern taste, but which appeared to me no less unaccordant with the antiquated style of the house, than a square window would be in a Gothic church. For this reason, perhaps, it was that there appeared to me a propriety in *our* dining there, rather than in the Knights' Hall; for it seemed to me that the proud ancestors looked down from their places on the walls with derision and anger upon the mixed company of nobles and citizens assembled there; upon the Liberty and Equality which prevailed between lord and steward, lady and citizen maiden; and where the drinking song, "The Grape it grows upon our Soil," was sung by a respectable clergyman.

What changes take place merely in the life of one man! Not more than thirty years back, a clergyman must have left his carriage down in the barn-yard; the

steward could have had an audience only in the lobby, and a peasant would not have dared to cross the second drawbridge.

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One more sketch will give us a curious and merry custom of the Jutland peasantry :

THE PEASANT-FEAST.

The Baron with much politeness insisted on my remaining over night at the Hall ; but it is probable that the presence of Theresa influenced me more than his persuasions.

The following day, our lively host proposed an amusement for his guests, which was altogether new to me, although, to speak the truth, I did not expect much from it. The day before, there had been a wedding in the next village. One of the Baron's most respectable peasant-farmers had married his daughter to the son of an equally well-to-do neighbour. On Sunday, the " Second day's feast," as it is called, took place ; and to this it was that he proposed to conduct us, in order, as he said, " that he might show the gentlemen his pretty peasant girls."

We went in two carriages, but alighted on the outside of the village, that we might go on foot to the house of feasting, which stood at the opposite end.

A visit of this kind was no surprise to the tenant peasantry, who often saw their landlord among them on occasions of less importance, and who very well knew the general intention of such condescension. Besides, as this class did not regard with much severity the love adventures of the unmarried, and as these were not without certain advantage to those whom they concerned, the peasants received with much satisfaction the visits of

their Sultan, as he was called by the steward, a name which the people themselves soon adopted.

The news of our arrival was not long in reaching the bridal house, and as we entered the court we were saluted by two clarionet-players, who had established themselves outside the great door, from which the guests swarmed like bees out of a hive, to see this addition to their merry company.

As soon as we had entered the house, the Baron asked the bride to dance. At that time the peasants were acquainted with no other dances than the polska and a weak imitation of the minuet. The first, which is commonly only danced by one or two couples at a time, is boisterous and wild; stamping and leaping, the dancer draws or rather slides his partner after him, in rapid but narrow circles, letting her go for a moment, clapping his hands, seizing her again and whirling her round with impetuous speed. The Baron, an excellent dancer, fell short of none of the peasant youths in impetuosity, while he far excelled them in ease and grace; so that I should have admired with the greatest satisfaction his skill in this Slavonic national dance, if he had confined himself to the new-married wife or any other woman; but whilst I was thus thinking, he seized on Theresa. My heart beat, and with an oppression of feeling, I withdrew from the circle of spectators; when she, after a few rounds, slipped from him and seated herself on a bench near where I was standing. With a mind considerably relieved, I approached her, and expressed my repugnance at so low and rude an amusement.

“I would not dance, because it seems so to me,” said she with a smile, which restored my equanimity.

At this moment came Mr. Bang to us, and requested me to go with him into another room.

“The peasants,” said he, when we were alone, “have a custom which I really like. The day after the wedding the bridegroom leaves the bride’s house, accompanied by the young men and a fiddler. A little time after, all the married men come out and seek for him, and endeavour, by fair means or foul, to get him away to their party. The same thing happens with the bride, who has been taken away by the young girls, and for whom the married women now seek. If the young couple can get together before either of them has been seized upon by the opposite party, they win the wager which has been laid, or *vice versâ*. You understand the meaning of this joke?”

“Yes, very well,” replied I; “but why do you bring me in here to tell me that about which there is no mystery.”

“Because,” said he, “I want to propose to you that we should each of us take parts in this farce. The scheme is to throw the pursuing party on a wrong track and to help the young folks if opportunity occurs, by dressing up either of us as the bride or the bridegroom; or better still, by our personating both. Don’t you see? I am about as tall as she is, I can put myself into her place; you can change clothes with him, and so the travesty is perfect. The men will run after you and the women after me, and in the meantime the young couple will come together.”

Without waiting for my consent, he took me by the arm, and while we hastily passed through the court, he told me that everything was arranged and prepared in readiness. We stole down into the village, therefore, and entered a little house, where we had not been long before the bridegroom and his attendants joined us. We hastily changed clothes; he put on my fine dress-coat and white waistcoat, together with my high-crowned hat; I, his

long, blue, wadmel coat, his red cotton waistcoat and broad hat. While this was going forward, Bang had vanished, and I accompanied the young fellows into the street, with the fiddler at our head, who applied his bow incessantly, for it is customary that the hunters should know where the game is.

We now for the first time got sight of my bride, who with her attendant maidens was far a-head of us, on the other side of the street ; and somewhat after them came the women, taking the same direction, but as yet we saw nothing of our pursuers. At length, however, we became aware of their being considerably in our rear ; and now the chase began, over stock and stone, through yards, through houses, over gardens and fields, as if an actual fiend was after us. At length we stumbled in a narrow lane unexpectedly on each other.

“Here we get a rush,” said one of the boldest of the young fellows to me ; “now take care of yourselves, whilst we mislead the men, and mind that you find a cover.”

I now ran back, but yet stopped a little at the lane-end to see the peculiarities of the contest and what turn it would take. The two parties were about equally matched, and struggled manfully, with much noise and outcry. Some fell, but like the combatants in Valhalla, immediately rose again ; still the married men were unable to break through the threefold line of the young fellows.

Without waiting for the final upshot, I continued my flight and stole into the first house of which the door stood open. But I did not remain long in the little room which I first entered ; a confused noise which I heard approaching, led me to fear that my pursuers had come upon my track. I, therefore, without ceremony, opened a door, which led to a spacious chamber, dimly lighted by

a single little window, composed of small, sunburnt panes. But scarcely had I closed the door and looked round for a hiding-place among chests and boxes, before the door again opened, and in came the bride, but whether the true or the false I could not tell.

"Is it you, Bang?" I asked. At these words the new-comer shrunk together and turned herself from me, with her back to the window. As I consequently could not see her face, I imagined that by mischance they had sent the true bride to me.

"It is unlucky, good little woman," said I, "for you see I am not the right fellow; but I will go out and see if I cannot find him."

So saying, I advanced towards the door. She made no reply, but turned round her head to look after me; I also cast back a glance at her. Amazement!—delight! it was Theresa! And now I stood mute as she was, and my heart throbbed with strange and delicious emotion.

It was evident that this encounter—sure enough contrived by the fertile brain of Bang—was as unexpected to her as to myself; her astonishment was not feigned. But, whether this meeting was the work of my friend, or of chance, I felt that I must avail myself of it as an unmistakable indication of fate.

"Theresa," said I, extending my hand.

Slowly, and with downcast eyes, she raised hers; I seized it with both mine, and pressed it to my heart.

"Theresa!" sighed I.

She was still silent.

"Theresa!" continued I, "this is the third time that we, as if by an invisible power, have been involuntarily brought together. Oh, tell me, will you become, what you now appear to be—my"—bride, I would have said, but before the word had passed my lips, the door flew

open and young men and girls crowded into the room with noise and laughter. They shouted in one breath that the game was now happily at an end, and that the new-married couple had met at the bride's house without any interruption from the men and women ; and now, therefore, we must accompany them thither.

I offered Theresa my arm ; but she proposed that we should first change our dress.

"By no means," replied I, "the illusion shall continue as long as possible ; besides," added I, in a lower voice, "it makes me so happy."

She silently took my arm. We went out, and the crowd, singing and shouting, followed after.

When we entered the eating-room, we found the young couple seated at the upper end of the table, both in their masquerade dresses ; he looking very conceited, with my hat, which was a little too small, stuck over one ear ; and she somewhat abashed, attired in Theresa's elegant dress, and with her rosy-red countenance half overshadowed and half hidden by her broad-brimmed straw hat. The Baron received us with a constrained smile, conducted us in, bade us take seats, and insisted upon our dining in costume. He himself took a seat opposite to us next to the bride ; and the rest of the table was filled in fraternizing union with the grandees from Solholm and peasant men and women.

"Here have we already a foretaste of the approaching Liberty and Equality !" exclaimed Hiarum, the steward.

"You mean when Counts and Barons shall have their heads cut off," said Bang ; "but then neither will they need stewards."

The peasants who sate near laughed with all their hearts. The steward laughed too, but said : "We take the gentlemen clergy under the arm, and follow in the dance."

They were soon in the midst of the French Revolution, which just then was at its height. Hiarum was a regular *sans-culotte*, and Bang, who always attacked him in the flank, contradicted him in everything. I, however, listened with only half an ear to this war of words, my thoughts being occupied with my beautiful neighbour. Our conversation was scanty enough; it consisted mostly in stolen glances, and once our hands met under the table; she replied by a timid pressure, but the lace upon her bosom heaved with a quickened movement. By this I knew that she loved me.

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CHAPTER VIII.

BERNHARD SEVERIN INGEMANN.

INGEMANN is again one of the most voluminous writers of Denmark. To give a full account of his works only, would require as much space as we can afford to give to all the remaining authors of this little country, so affluent in its literature. He has poured forth works of many totally different kinds, with a prodigality which is astonishing. Poems, great and small ; psalms, hymns and other religious lyrics ; lyrical poems of sundry kinds, epic poems, dramatic poems, tragedies, small stories, great historic romances, satiric comedies and satiric prose compositions ; besides Greenland stories and stories and poems for children. Amongst all these stand pre-eminent his historical romances : these give him his distinctive character amongst the leading authors of his nation, by these will he be most known and estimated beyond the boundaries of his own country ; and it is in this character that we principally regard him. His reputation, based on these romances, is of a kind which must be most dear to a man who values, beyond the mere fame which his writings produce, that genuine affection which he awakes towards himself in the hearts of his country-

men, and the impulse which he gives to the spirit of patriotism in his native land. The historic romances of Ingemann are the universal possession of the Danish people. Throughout the country, the peasantry have their village libraries, and in these take a pre-eminent place the romances of Ingemann. They read them as they read their national history. They find in them their most popular monarchs of the olden time—they whose fame has come down to them in all the wild splendour of their ancient Sagas and Viser. They see them again, clear and strong, as in actual life, playing their parts in the towns, the forests, on the bold sea-coasts, in the castles now fallen to ruin, and on the hills and by the rivers, where they themselves follow their daily avocations. All these places are familiar to them, and hence the enthusiasm with which they listen to these spirit-stirring narratives. That is a glory worth of itself more than all other possible triumphs of a long life. It is a glory fraught with eternal benefit to his country; and with ages of the purest happiness to the myriad firesides of his countrymen. What prouder thought can arise in a generous heart, than that now, and henceforward for centuries—now, and when also the head of the writer shall have mingled with the dust of his fatherland in indistinguishable amalgamation—by the winter firesides throughout the North, amid the wildest mountains and the vastest snow-barricaded woods, in the huts of the peasant, the hunter and the fisherman—thousands and tens of thousands shall be listening to his pages, forgetting in them every outward inconvenience, and filling their hearts with noble and patriotic resolves. That is the fame of Ingemann.

Ingemann was born in 1789, at Torkildstrup, in the Island of Faltster, where his father was parish priest,

and dean of the northern district. His father died when he was ten years of age; and his mother removed to Slagelse, where, the youngest of eight children, he was placed in the Latin School in which Baggesen had studied, and under the same kind old master, B. Wöldike, or rather the well-known Jens Möller, who now, on account of the failing powers of the chief master, was the real instructor. In his seventeenth year, Ingemann was sent to the University of Copenhagen; and the following year, 1807, witnessed the bombardment of the city by the British. In January, 1811, he became *Alumnus* of Walkendorf College; and in the same year he published his first volume of poems. In the following year, he published a second volume of them, and also won the University's gold medal for his essay on the relation in which Poetry and Eloquence stand to each other. The poetical field which Oehlenschläger had opened, had prepared the way for other young writers; and Ingemann was unquestionably influenced and inspired by this great poet's fame and views. He won a sudden and great popularity. In these volumes of his poems appeared his first dramatic poem, "Mythridates," and his first epic one, "Parizade and Gangergriffen." The next year, 1813, he produced a third collection, under the title of "Procne," including the tragedy of "Turnus," and a romantic poem, called "Varner's Poetic Wanderings." With these terminated what he calls his first poetical period, or rather this terminated in 1814 with another romantic poem, "The Black Knights," in six books. This period is characterized by an excess of romance and sentimentality; still his popularity was so great, as in some degree to overshadow the solid renown of Oehlenschläger.

He now passed over into an equally rapid production of

dramas. In one year, 1815, he published "Masaniello," "Blanca," and a scriptural drama, "The Voice in the Wilderness." The next year he produced three more dramas: "Rainald the Wonder-Child," and the tragedies, "The Herdsman of Tolosa," and "The Lion-Knight." To these he added a collection of poems as a Christmas gift. In 1817 he published a new edition of his earlier poems, and a story in prose, an idea of which may be sufficiently formed from its title, "The Subterranean."

This precipitate frequency of Ingemann's productions could not argue much hope of their lasting merit. Of his dramas, some obtained a good deal of applause on their representation; but his last, "The Herdsman of Tolosa," was only acted once; and the critics—Baggesen, Molbech and Heiberg amongst them—began to demonstrate severely the defects and weaknesses of his writings. Luckily for the welfare of his genius, Ingemann now (1818) received from the State a travelling stipend, and made a tour during this and the following year in Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy. On this tour he made a warm friendship with Tieck, whose writings and conversations are supposed to have been not without influence on his future compositions. During this journey, however, his pen was not idle. He wrote in Italy a dramatic poem, "Tasso's Liberation," forming a continuation of Goethe's "Tasso." In 1820 he published two volumes of poems, "The Lyre of Travel," which showed satisfactorily the more healthy tone which his travels had infused into his mind and his views of life.

But how far he was from a really sound and healthy temperament, is arrived at by his volume of "Romances and Novellettes," "Eventyr og Fortællinger," which he published the same year. These, which were well received

by the public and the critics, are an evidence of how much of false taste the earlier German school had engrafted on the Danish mind, and how much still remained of it. The volume consists of two short romances and two novellettes. The first is called "High Play," and relates the story of a young fellow full of life, who throws away recklessly his patrimony, and goes out to see the world. In a public-house he meets with the devil in disguise, plays with him, and loses two years of his life, with the souls of his future wife and children; but soon after gets a piece of luck-money—a half-skilling—from an old man on the way, which produces rix-dollars as fast as he pleases by turning it over; and this machinery is the means by which one of those wonderful stories of beautiful Princesses and Arabian Nights' miracles is carried out, and in which the devil, of course, is outwitted at last. The second romance is a story in the manner of Hoffmann, in which a young student buys a stick having the head of a beautiful sphinx carved on the top; and this leads to a series of those perpetually changing and bewildering visions of personages and things which resemble only an opiate-inspired dream, and in which Hoffmann so especially delighted.

The first novellette is an actual Blue Beard the second, introduced into modern life; and the second one is equally improbable and repulsive. A young Count goes into a wood to see an old servant of the house who has retired thither with his only daughter, and leads an isolated and solemn life there. The young Count falls in love with the fair daughter Guiliana, only to find that she is his own sister by the mother's side, the product of an adulterous connexion with this old servant. This of course drives the young Count to distraction, and to America, whence he never returns.

Ingemann had, however, the root of the matter in him, but he had not yet found the right way. He was stumbling about in bewitched regions, and haunted by the nightmare of German monstrosity. Luckily for himself and the world, the true daylight broke in upon him, and with his satiric comedy of "Magnetism in the Barber's Shop," he closed what he calls his second poetical period. Peace be with it!

Oehlenschläger had given a decided tendency to the public taste towards the stories of romance and history in the North, awaiting the hand of the poet and the romance writer. Grundtvig, who was a dear friend of Ingemann's, was also now working in his own way on these gigantic materials, and Ingemann struck at length into that track which was to conduct him to a reputation worthy of his really great powers. He did not, however, all at once find himself in the clear day and the ample horizon which awaited him. The fogs of the past still hung about him, as he wrote his "Battle for Valhalla," a tragedy, in 1821, and which represented the last conflict of the heathen for their religion in Iceland. It betrays too much of that sentimental romance, from which, indeed, he never sufficiently freed himself.

In the following year, 1822, he was appointed Lecturer on the Danish Language and Literature in the restored Academy of Sorö. Here, in a spot so rich in historical memories, his poetic studies and labours took a new direction, that of Denmark's history in the earlier portion of the Middle Ages. The first fruit of this new tendency, was the noble epic poem of "Valdemar the Great and his Men." It was obviously the product of more careful and natural thought, for it was not published till three years of a fruitful silence had passed over, and it may probably be regarded as the most excellent of his larger works.

Ingemann now made a fresh movement in his career, and taking a hint from Sir Walter Scott, abandoned the metrical form of his romances, and came forth with a series of prose historical romances. These consist of "Valdemar Seier," that is Valdemar the Conqueror; "Erik Menved's Childhood," "King Erik and the Outlaws," and "Prince Otto of Denmark." These were published respectively in 1826, 1831, 1833, and 1835. Having completed these, he returned again to the poetic form, and produced his epic poem, "Queen Margaret" in 1836, and "Holger Danske," an epic poem composed of a cycle of lyrics, and drawn from the mythic period.

This series of romances, more or less historical, more or less poetical, stands unquestionably the true and imperishable monument of his fame. It stands, as we have said, distinctive and peculiar to Ingemann—that portion of literary creation which he has given to his country, to constitute one of the main original links in the great chain of its national intellectual renown. These works present here and there features that remind you of Walter Scott, of Oehlenschläger, of Evald and of Grundtvig; but they present also, and predominantly, the features of Ingemann, and in their totality are specifically and essentially his own. To give a general idea of them, we will select two—a romance and an epic. The romance shall be his first, "Valdemar Seier:"

Valdemar Seier is a cotemporary of Canute the Great. Thus the time of action is so far back as beyond the period of our Norman Conquest. Valdemar Seier is the son and successor of Valdemar the Great, the hero of the previous epic. The story includes his fortunes, his victories, his reverses, his loves, and the deaths of his two successive Queens and of himself. It may, therefore, be understood to include an amount of incidents rarely com-

prehended in a three-volume romance. In fact, for English taste, the events are too numerous, and the action diffused over too wide a space; besides this, there are too many of these events which are somewhat ultra-romantic, somewhat too glaringly improbable, and there abound in the work too many of those subordinate half-mysterious, half if not wholly deformed, and malicious characters, which figure in the pages of Sir Walter Scott. Of these we may notice Helen, the lady of Säbygaard, who is attached to the young King, but discountenanced by him, becomes a mysterious woman appearing ever and anon singing ominous songs, and disappearing with a splash into the water as if she were a mermaid; the hump-backed Archdeacon Arnfred, who is always appearing on some errand of villainy; and the old Kullemand, or Biergmand, the old miner or Man of the Hills, who lives a hundred years, and appears in two strange scenes, with all his astrological apparatus and assumption of sidereal prognostication. These, to say nothing of the arch-scoundrel, the Archbishop Valdemar, the King's uncle, and the squinting traitor, Count Henry of Schwerin, are eminently after the Walter Scott model. But, independent of these features, the romance abounds with stirring events and brilliantly drawn characters. So far from finding, with some of Ingemann's Northern critics, that his characters are feebly sketched, we think that Valdemar himself, his two Queens, so different, Count Albert and other of the chief personages, are actual and living personages, graphically, vividly, and with a masterly hand introduced and supported through the whole story.

The opening picture of the venerable Saxo Grammaticus, in the midst of his monastic cell surrounded by relics of antiquity, putting his last finish to his annals of the realm, is worthy of Scott himself. Valdemar, who is

distinguished as much for the vigour of his mind as for his fine person, first marries Margaret of Bohemia, the fair and good Dagmar of Saga and Viser, the idol of the people for her amiable and pious character ; and after her early death, the dark and haughty Beengjerd, the Princess of Portugal, who is as much disliked by the Danes, and is treacherously shot by an arrow from an unknown hand. The King is afterwards surprised while out hunting, by his perfidious and mortal enemy, Count Henry of Schwerin ; and while asleep is wounded, seized and bound with his attendants, and carried off on board a ship lying near at hand. To escape from his captivity, the King makes solemn oath to surrender extensive territories, and never to seek revenge ; but, once at liberty, he regards his oath of no weight, being obtained by force ; he procures from the Pope absolution from it, and carries fire and sword into his base enemy's country. But success deserts him, he is repeatedly defeated, his eldest son is nearly slain, one of his own eyes is put out, and he remembers the warning which the upright Archbishop Andreas had given him, to observe his oath, and leave vengeance to God. There is a grand moral here worked out ; and the King, eventually tutored by misfortune, becomes as celebrated for his Christian triumphs over the indignant vengefulness of his temper, as he had before been for his victories in the field.

There are many splendidly written scenes in the work, and the opposite characters and as opposite styles of beauty of the two Queens are, in our opinion, admirably delineated ; but, as a specimen of the descriptive powers of the author, we must confine ourselves to a single scene in the King's battle with the heathen in Esthonia, in which the origin of the Dannebrog, the national flag of Denmark, is introduced.

MIRACLE OF THE DANNEBROG.

The numbers and force of the heathens were overwhelming, and the aged Westhard conducted them with distinguished sagacity and collectedness. Where the red cock shone on his helmet, the Danes were often compelled to give way ; but when the King observed this, he pushed forward at the head of the main body of the army towards that point, while Count Albert forced back the brave Russian auxiliaries ; and Count Otto, with the light cavalry on the left wing, had sufficient to do to keep the bold Kyriawan at bay.

The battle was continued with great gallantry and endurance on both sides till mid-day, but now the Danes began to be fatigued ; the enemy, on the contrary, continually strengthened itself with fresh troops, and their multitude was so great, that fall as many as there might, they still seemed only the more numerous. And now a circumstance occurred which appeared as if it would give the entire victory to the heathens. The bold Kyriawan had seen that where the grand banner of the army waved, there the Danes fought with the greatest order and confidence. The banner was emblazoned by the pious hand of Queen Dagmar, with the King's arms, the azure silver lions, and the four-and twenty golden hearts. It was planted on an elevation, whence it could be seen by the whole army. Nearest to it, fought Count Otto amongst the Jutlanders, and the Frisians with Svend Starke and Brother Samling at their head. By a rapid movement, Kyriawan contrived to draw away Otto and the Frisian warriors, with their cavalry, from the height ; and while Kyriawan allowed his Esthonians to fly before them, he himself, with a select band of cavalry, rushed up to the

height on the opposite side, and made himself master of the banner with an almost incredible promptness and address.

When the Danes no longer beheld the great royal banner waving, they became struck with terror, and sudden confusion showed itself in the army; even the King and Count Albert losing hope, and regarding the battle as already lost. But now exclaimed Bishop Peter with a loud voice: "Look towards heaven, Christians! and doubt not—behold the sign there!"

The warriors stood still, and gazed towards heaven, and in the storm flew a large red banner with a white cross over their heads.

"The higher it is borne, the nearer is the victory!" resounded in a voice as from the breast of some giant shouter, but whence no one could see, but many believed from heaven.

"Behold, that is the banner of our Heavenly King!" cried Bishop Peter. "Only with that can we conquer; but if it fall into the hands of the enemy, we shall certainly perish."

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted all in amazement, while the banner flew high above their heads, and was borne by the storm towards the host of the heathens, without any one being able to come near it and seize it.

"Forward! forward!" shouted the Bishop; "rescue the heavenly banner!" and with a zeal and power which only a divine miracle seemed capable of inspiring, the excited combatants rushed onward.

While the banner thus flew over both the hosts, stood Absolon Bälge and Carl of Rise disarmed upon the height, which was surrounded by the heathen infantry, and where, amid a throng of other Christian prisoners, they were watched, in order, immediately after the battle and

victory, to be offered to the idols. They were both much dejected. Absolon Bålg cursed Carl's foolish rashness which was the cause of their calamity, but Carl did not hear it, he knelt and prayed. He and Absolon were the only ones of the prisoners who were unbound; for the bold Kyriawan, out of respect to their bravery, had allowed them to be free from fetters on the last day which they had to live.

As Carl now, with an inward prayer for his King and countrymen, lifted his eyes towards heaven, he beheld the resplendent cross-banner above his head: "The sign! the sign! delivery from heaven!" he exclaimed, as with an insane gladness, and sprung up. The banner rested on the top of the height; he seized it, and swung it enthusiastically over his head.

The sun shone upon the white cross, and the tall form of Carl of Rise was visible to the whole Danish army in his sky-blue, glittering armour. The casque had fallen from his head; his long yellow locks floated in the storm round his shoulders; and as he thus stood, he resembled the picture of the Angel Michael as he is frequently represented with the banner of victory in his hand, and the overthrown demons under his feet.

At the foot of the hill was battle and confusion. "See! see!" cried Bishop Peter; "the banner is in Christian hands, in the midst of the enemy!" With Svend Starke and Brother Samling at his side, Count Otto cut his way through the Pagan infantry, who surrounded the hill, and before these could prevent the attempt of the prisoners, they lay crushed beneath the hoofs of the horses, and the Danish cavalry surrounded the mount.

Otto had immediately recognised Kristine's brother in the handsome and daring standard-bearer. He instantly sent to him and his brethren in arms weapons and horses,

while he himself continued to disperse the enemy. Now advanced Carl on a tall white horse, and the banner uplifted in both hands, to the place where the King and Count Albert were most severely pressed. Absolon Bälgh hewed manfully his way by Carl's side, and a young, bold retainer, named Uffo, with thirty-four stalwart men-at-arms, accompanied him. All eyes were turned towards that miraculous cross-banner, and whenever it waved at the King's side, the enemy flew before it.

In the meantime stood the Archbishop Andreas, surrounded by bishops and clergy, on the top of the so-called Strandberg, where a number of catapults and huge engines of war were cast, where he could overlook the movements of both armies, and whence he sent to the King important counsel and suggestions during the battle. With great agitation he beheld the imminent danger into which, by his well-meant and pious counsel, as the most zealous advocate for this expedition of the Cross, he had plunged his King and countrymen. When he saw Kyriawan carry off the royal banner, he immediately sent an urgent message, and put all the war-machines in motion; but the catapults were too weak to reach the enemy, who had now, moreover, cut him off from all connexion with the King and army. He beheld the overwhelming force of the enemy, and knelt praying, with burning devotion and hot tears, while his hands were lifted towards heaven.

Long he lay in this position, and now he heard the joyous exclamation amongst his clergy: "The Danes conquer! the enemies fly!" He praised God, and continued to pray; but when at length, from weariness, he allowed his extended hands to sink, he heard the clergy exclaim: "Alas! the Danes give way!" then became the venerable Andreas extremely troubled; he remembered

how Moses by his powerful prayers had drawn down victory from heaven: "Great and merciful God!" exclaimed he, "if thou wilt only hear my fervent prayers, and give victory to Thy champions for Thy great name's sake, then will I pray unto and praise Thee till my last breath!" And he stretched again his trembling hands towards heaven.

"The enemy flies!—the King conquers!" now again shouted the astonished bishops and clergy; and as this singularly occurred every time that the Archbishop lifted his hands, and the contrary when they fell, the bishops and clergy hastened to kneel and support the pious Archbishop's hands. Thus they continued to support his arms, and to unite in his invocations to Heaven so long as the battle lasted, till finally, as the sun went down, the heathens took to flight over the many thousands of corpses, and were pursued by the victorious Danes.

"Praised be the Almighty!" said the Archbishop, and attempted to rise, but he sank back pale and exhausted into the arms of the bishops and clergy. But now, as the King and all the leaders of the army assembled round him, he arose with fresh vigour, and began a solemn "Te Deum," which the King and the whole army joined in with gladness and devotion, while Carl of Rise waved the miraculous banner above the King's head.

This singular occurrence of the appearance of this cross-banner, which since then has been preserved under the celebrated name of the "Dannebrog," in the cathedral of Schleswig, has been accounted for by some in a natural manner, and the standard has been regarded by many as an ensign of the cross sent by the Pope; but the tradition of its descent from heaven, was preserved amongst the people to the latest time, and gave to this national palladium such honour and sacredness in their eyes, that

a white cross on a red ground for ages led the way to the Danish sea-warrior towards glory and power, and became, in the order of Dannebrog, the badge of honour to the fatherland's distinguished men, with the significant inscription—"For God and the King!"

As a specimen of Ingemann's poetry, we have said we would particularly point out his "Holger Danske." It is, as a poetic whole, composed of a cycle of lyrical pieces, divided into five sections, entitled: First, Home—Going forth into the World; Second, Holger's Youth; Third, Hero Life; Fourth, Holger in the North and the East; Fifth, Return to Life.

Holger was a King of Denmark, cotemporary with Charlemagne. In his boyhood, never liked by his father, because his mother died to give him birth, he grows up amid the warrior memories of his fatherland, and early goes forth as a hostage to Charlemagne. He is baptized in the Rhine, and eventually becomes one of the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne. The rest fall at Ronceval. Holger, who has fallen in love during a captivity in Italy, with Gloriant, the beautiful Princess of Hindostan, but yields her to Prince Carvel, the man she loved, goes on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and thence to India, where he sees again Carvel and Gloriant; and after great campaigns against the heathen, whom he baptizes, and sets over them as princes his own followers—amongst them Præst John, or Prester-John,—he then returns, but is borne to the Island of Wonder, the Hidden Island, which no one but those for whom it is destined can see or approach. Here he meets Morgana the fairy, who stood by his cradle; and in her castle of Avalon, he meets also

Prince Arthur of Britain. In this beautiful region they live for ages, hunting, jousting and enjoying the music of ancient Scalds, till Holger returns at the appointed time to assist and inspirit his countrymen, as Prince Arthur does to England.

These legends of great ancient kings returning to the earth to give victory to their people, are but symbols of the popular faith in many countries, that the spirit of their greatest and most patriotic champions lives on for ever, comes forth into the heart of the million on all great occasions to inspire them with courage, and to carry them forward to victory over all tyrannies and obstructions, to the ever-onward career of civilization and freedom. King Arthur still waits in Avalon the time when he shall come forth for the glory and greatness of the British race; Charlemagne still sleeps under the Untersberg near Saltzburg, till the hour arrives for the liberation and triumph of the whole Frank race; Barbarossa still sits in the subterranean vaults of the castle of Kyfhäuser, till his beard has grown through the stone table before him, reserved for the hour of the salvation of Germany; and Holger Danske, now in Avalon, now on the hills and cairns of Denmark, watches over the fortunes of his country, and breathes aloud his patriotic inspiration, whenever it is threatened with evil.

But the Danes have a more living faith in the presence and active ministrations of Holger, their national champion. They do not believe that he sleeps in the delicious shades of the Hidden Isle for some future period, but through all great crises for the last thousand years he has been amongst them inspiriting and invigorating them. The peasantry have a profound faith in his actual life and workings amongst them. He is seen on all national emergencies—he was beheld during the last war with

Holstein, mounted, as usual, on his foam-white steed, and pointing the way to heroic enterprise.

It is thus that Ingemann sees him, the guardian and inspirer of the nation, and lets him tell his own story. He beholds

HOLGER ON THE WARRIOR-CAIRN.

Every time I look o'er the country,
Where their heads the old cairns raise,
My thousand-years' heart still beateth
As it did in earliest days.

Those mounds I yet may clamber,
And look on the stones so grey,
On these huge old stones on the summits
I can lie as of old I lay.

And if it soughs in the forest,
In the beechwood's native land,
And if the sea roars deeply,
I nod to wood and strand.

Oh never my heart forgetteth
The cairn, the wood and the strand ;
For my heart is only at home in
The warrior's fatherland.

As he opens his story and as he closes it, he makes him proclaim his eternal mission and his recognition by the people :

When life blooms forth in the heart of the Dane,
When its song the nation raises ;
Then bright as the sun do I live again,
And the poets sing my praises.

My name is known to the toiling hind,
I embrace him with exultation ;
With joy my life renewed I find,
I live in the heart of the nation.

Thou know'st it, peasant! I am not dead;
I come back to thee in my glory.
I am thy faithful helper in need,
As in Denmark's ancient story.

“Holger Danske” is conceived in the most truly poetical spirit. The old heroic feeling breathes in it, brave, free and tender, and the verse reminds us of the simple music of the ancient harps. In the various scenes of Holger's life, there is ample scope for the descriptive talent of the poet. Whether Holger lies as a child in his father's shield as a cradle, gazing on oak and beech which murmured by the northern casement, or listened to the harps of the Scalds; whether he gazed on the bowed head of Wittekind, the vanquished Saxon King, or on the grave and noble face of Charlemagne—

“As he saw him on Whitsun morning,
Baptize Saxons in the Rhine.
When he came from Ingelheim Castle,
All with Master Alcuine;”

whether he sate in captivity and listened to the wondrous singing of the beautiful Gloriant; whether he hewed his way in the battle amongst the Moors, or feasted in the hall of triumph amongst the glorious Paladins, everywhere there are superb subjects for the intellectual artist, and everywhere those glorious days are sung with an undertone of melancholy, the voice of an eternal regret over those beautiful but departed times. It is in “Ronceval,” however, that this tone reaches its height. That noble ballad, that mild, sad sound of the beloved Roland's horn, those funeral obsequies of the treacherously slain Paladins who had done such immortal deeds in the great Kaiser's campaigns throughout such vast countries, and the astounded monarch now mourning over them in the

dust, remind us of some of the finest things in the "Cid." Then the Holy Land, the brilliant East, the magnificent Himalayas, and the ocean paradise of Avalon, add ever fresh colours of enchantment to the wondrous story. From a host of beautiful lyrics we take :

HOLGER'S SONG ON LIFE.

I looked alone behind me. My life's joy seemed to cease ;
When through my soul there sounded a song so full of peace :
Look onward, not behind thee. Perchance may yet be won
That which thy soul yearns after, once more beneath the sun.

Let ebb the rolling billows, let the green leaf grow sere,
Anon the tide will flow and the green leaf reappear.
Let the sun be darkened, let the full moon wane,
Brightly o'er the sea will rise both sun and moon again.

Let the past be buried in the waves of time ;
That life which doth not perish is the soul sublime.
Has the soul's life no ending ? then being no more dies,
And we are, as it were, born into Paradise.

There, where a fountain springeth beneath life's mighty tree,
The immortal river floweth into the world's wide sea ;
The sea it grows not older, and in living green comes forth,
With each returning summer, the island of the earth.

One drop but from the fountain where first its waters flow ;
One flower but from the branch whereon life's apples grow ;
And the hair will ne'er be hoary, nor the wearied mind need rest,
For a blissful heart and youthful shall ever fill the breast.

Where springs of life the fountain, there are my wishes swayed ;
Where the tree of life was blooming, still blooms it undecayed.
Look forward, not behind thee. Perchance may yet be won
That which thy soul yearns after, once more beneath the sun.

And if beneath the sun the soul wins not what it will,
Yet other suns and other stars are brightly shining still.
And even should be quenched all suns and stars that shone,
Yet as it ever flowed, life's fountain will flow on.

Ingemann did not any more than other authors escape the attacks of the critics, and these he repayed in his "Elfin Gifts, or the story of Ole Nameless," related by himself. Besides this and the works already mentioned, his "Leaves from the Pocket-book of the Jerusalem Shoemaker," deserves to be distinguished amongst his later works, 1833; a dramatic poem, "The Renegade," 1838; and "Solomon's Ring," a dramatic story with a lyrical prelude, also 1838, in which he returned to the more sentimental style of his earlier career.

As a devotional poet, Ingemann is distinguished by the cordial tone and the pure and dignified expression of his compositions. Of these compositions there are several collections, as "Morning Psalms, for the Children of the Academy's School;" "High-Mass Psalms, for the Holidays of the Ecclesiastical Year;" "Morning and Evening Hymns for Children," 1838. In 1840, he published the "Symbolism of the Constellations," and "Cloud-growth, or Luke Howard's Theory of the Formation of Clouds with reference to Imagery for the Poetry of Nature," which may be regarded, perhaps, rather as pleasant poetical phantasies, than as likely to result in anything practical. In 1842, he published "Kannuk and Naja, or the Greenlanders," a story evidencing much study of that remote people. Add to this list of his works a liberal quantity of lyric poems, short romances, cantata and occasional poems, and you have a tolerable idea of the incessant activity and prolific character of Ingemann. Since 1843, he has been engaged on a uniform edition of his works.

About the time that Ingemann was appointed Lecturer in Sorö, he married Lucie Marie Mandix, a daughter of the Conference Counsellor Mandix. In 1833, he made a tour in Sweden and Norway, in which he acquired many literary connexions. In 1838, he was named a Knight of

Dannebrog ; in 1840, he received the badge of honour of the Dannebrog's Men ; and in 1842, was appointed Director of Sorö Academy. Here, in the romantic Sorö, Ingemann leads an idyllic and poetic life by the side of a gifted wife, beloved and respected by all for his noble, open and amiable character. All strangers who visit him find a generous and cordial reception ; and the translation of various of his works, particularly his romances, into several of the languages of Europe, have made him widely known beyond the limits of Scandinavia.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHAN LUDVIG HEIBERG.

HEIBERG is one of the most justly prominent writers of the present age in Denmark. Highly accomplished, soundly and variously educated, profoundly versed in philosophical inquiry, and having had ample opportunities, by foreign travel and intimate acquaintance with all ranks of society, to study human nature, he was admirably qualified to develop his natural genius in whatever direction it might show itself. It has manifested itself in more than one direction—in many. As a dramatist, a poet, an able and discriminating critic, and a fascinating novelist, Heiberg is deservedly admired. We owe to him, perhaps, the very best criticism on Oehlenschläger which has appeared; but his fame rests most decidedly on his dramatic works. He has not only introduced the vaudeville into Denmark, but given it there a more elevated and permanent character than it possesses in France. He is the Holberg of the present day, but with more feeling and imagination than Holberg, more genial, and infinitely superior to Holberg in regard to his estimation of female character. Holberg did not respect women, and the ladies do not respect Holberg; but Heiberg both respects and loves the sister-half of the race, and places

their charms and virtues in their true eminence. In his plays, under their various names of vaudevilles, puppet-plays, and regular five-act comedies, there is a union of wit, knowledge of life, interest of plot, strength of representation and vivacity of action, which would give them a welcome reception on any stage of Europe.

Heiberg is the son of Peter Andreas Heiberg, the well-known dramatic poet and satirical writer, who was banished in January, 1800, from Denmark, for offending against the laws of the press, and continued ever afterwards to reside in Paris, where he was, under the government of Buonaparte, employed as translator in the foreign department. He became a complete Frenchman in manner, habit and sentiment, and died in 1841. The young Johan Ludvig was left, by this circumstance, at the age of nine years, with his mother, who did not care to accompany her husband into exile. She was Thomasiné Christiné Buntsen, a native of Copenhagen. Probably there had not been a very thorough union of feeling between Heiberg's parents previous to the banishment of the father, for we find the mother soon procuring a separation from her husband, and marrying again Baron Ehrensvärd, well known as a co-conspirator against Gustavus III. of Sweden, with Counts Horn and Ribbing. The conspirators found a refuge in Denmark, which the Swedish Government did not appear to care to disturb. Here, therefore, Ehrensvärd assumed the name of Gyllembourg, from the family name of his mother.

Before this marriage took place, young Heiberg was placed under the care of the Rahbeks, and spent two years in their pleasant Bakkehuus, which always afterwards was a sort of second home to him. In his stepfather's house, he found himself in the midst of many distinguished people, especially foreigners of similar

opinions, particularly Swedes. In every period of his youthful life, Heiberg was thus thrown amongst the most intelligent and liberal classes. In his own father's house assembled the literary men of the time and the French republican diplomatists in Copenhagen. In the Bakkehuus, again, he was in the very midst of all that were distinguished in literature and art; and at Count Gyllembourg's, he not only saw many foreign nobles, but also Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, Oehlenschläger, Hans Christian Oersted, and at a later period, Baggesen.

In 1809, he had taken his *examen artium*; and in 1811, he made his first foreign journey with the family of the Swedish Count Taube, which, however, was only to Stockholm, where he saw a great deal of the society of the capital, and resided chiefly with a cousin of his stepfather, the Minister of Justice, Count Gyllembourg. After a sojourn of three months, he returned home, where he made a new acquaintance which had an undoubted influence on his intellectual development: namely, that of Frederiké Bruun, the celebrated German poetess, the wife of Conference Counsellor Bruun. Her house was the resort, not so much of Danish authors, as of foreigners and diplomatists, but there he again met Oehlenschläger and Baggesen, till the offensive attacks of Baggesen induced Oehlenschläger to withdraw from the places where he was sure to encounter his restless enemy.

Heiberg became almost like one of the family of the Bruuns, adopted very much their elegance of taste, and was strongly urged by them to become a diplomatist. Fortunately for literature, their endeavours to settle him in this mode of life failed; and in 1819, he received a travelling stipend from Government, and he betook himself to Paris, where he resided three years. Here he

lived with his father, and was surrounded by a number of his countrymen, many of whom had for years resided in the same house in which his father had taken up his abode; and amongst these, Clausen, Hauch, Molbech, Hiort and Malte-Brun. Here, too, he made the acquaintance of many distinguished men, who, though avowing the most opposite principles, yet all belonged to the elder Heiberg's circle; amongst many others, Cuvier, Cousin and Beranger.

In Paris, young Heiberg stood, moreover, in danger of being drawn into a wholly different sphere of activity than that for which his poetic genius and satiric talents marked him out. He had acquired some degree of facility on the guitar, and he took it into his head to become a teacher of this instrument; but of that he speedily grew tired, and his only advantage from his musical knowledge he was destined to find in his subsequent and true career, that of dramatic author. A second attempt, that of becoming a writer in "The Constitutionnel," was equally abortive; and his erratic schemes in Paris were now luckily cut short by his friends at home, who had procured him the appointment of Professor of Danish Literature in the University of Kiel. He arrived in Kiel in the spring of 1822, and remained there three years; but after the free and world-embracing life of Paris, he found but little attraction in a little German provincial town, and his chief enjoyment there consisted in the society of his mother, and in literary employments.

These employments had now been of long standing. In his early acquaintance with Hans Christian Oersted, the philosopher had induced him to study geometry, and in the course of these studies his attention was very naturally arrested by the remarkable life and labours of Tycho Brahe. These he brought into his first play, in

1812, called "Tycho Brahe's Divination," which, in an almost remodelled state, was first in 1819 produced on the stage. In the same year in which he originally wrote his Tycho Brahe, to oblige a lady, he produced for a puppet-theatre, a piece called, "Don Juan," framed from Molière's, "Le Festin de Pierre;" and in 1814, he also published his "Walter the Potter," under the title of "The Marionette Theatre, by J. L. H."

In this piece, Heiberg took the old, favourite German subject of a man selling himself to the devil; but he introduced into it such a union of the wild and the socially comic, as gave decided proof of the nascent comic writer. He had also been zealously studying the Italian and Spanish poets, and amongst the latter, especially Calderon, and this led him into the romantic region of the drama; and he produced in 1817, "Boldly Ventured is Half-won," a play in three acts, the scene of which is laid in Spain; and "Psyche's Initiation," a mythologic drama, which was never wholly finished. From these studies, also, originated the article which Heiberg wrote the same year on the Spanish drama, as a thesis for his doctor's degree.

But he had already written an original comico-romantic play in two acts, called "Christmas Fun and New Year's Merriment," which he boldly styled a continuation of Oehlenschläger's play of "St. John's Eve." This mixture of beautiful lyrical composition and daring satire, like the master-piece of Oehlenschläger, the tone and spirit of which it imitated, did not at once win the deserved acknowledgment—it was only the author's subsequent popularity which raised it to its proper place.

A journey which Heiberg made to Berlin in 1824, was not without great influence on his intellectual progress. He there met with Hegel, and as he had for some time been seized with a vehement desire to master his philo-

sophy, he now devoted the two months which he stayed there to sound its depths. He had read Hegel's works all the way in the diligence from Hamburg; he was deep in the perusal as they rolled over the stones of the city to the inn; and during the whole time of his stay he was studying and endeavouring to get at light from the philosopher himself, and from his disciples, amongst whom he passed his time chiefly, especially with Gans, but all in vain. On his return to Hamburg, he was struggling with the same incomprehensible mysteries for six weeks, when he says, that, as he sat pondering on them in his inn, "The King of England," suddenly the chimes of St. Peter's Church began to play, and the whole at once stood clear before him. He felt himself to understand the Hegelian philosophy to its deepest core, and was possessed of a peace, a certainty and a self-consciousness that he had never known before. The immediate result of this revelation was a warm controversy with Professor Howitz, which we leave to notice a new and important era in his life. This was the introduction of the vaudeville to the Danish stage.

In Paris he had paid attention to this species of play, French farce, and had seen it in Hamburg adapted to the German taste; he, therefore, conceived the idea of naturalizing it in Denmark, and in 1825, he produced his "King Solomon and Yörgen the Hatter," which was received with enthusiastic applause. This was followed by a number of others, all bearing the stamp of the national character, yet widely diversified in the *dramatis personæ*, in situations and mode of treatment. "April Fools;" "The Critic and the Beast;" "The Inseparables;" "Kjöge Huuskors;" "The Danes in Paris;" and "No," constitute a cycle of vaudevilles, which, more or less, have charmed the public. In answer to that

degree of opposition which the introduction of anything new always produces, he wrote his essay "On the Vaudeville, as a department of the drama, and on its importance in the Danish Theatre."

In 1827 and 1828, Heiberg published a weekly esthetic, literary and critical paper, called the "Copenhagen Flying Post," in which appeared his admirable criticism on the writings of Oehlenschläger, and other similar articles, which are to be found in his collected works. In 1828, he also brought upon the stage his national drama, "The Elverhøi"—the Mount of Elves—in five acts, which was received with such extraordinary enthusiasm, that it was acted fifty times in succession, with undiminished acceptance. The following year, he produced another Spanish play, "The Princess Isabella, or Three Evenings at Court."

In the meantime he had resigned his situation as Professor in the University of Kiel, in 1825; and in 1819 was appointed Royal Poet and Translator to the Theatre, with a salary of six hundred rix-dollars. In 1830, he was also appointed teacher of logic, esthetics and Danish literature in the newly-established Royal Military High School; and held this post till 1836, when a change of plan in the school took place. In 1839, he received the title of Professor; and in 1832, published, as the guide to his lectures in the High School, "The Synopsis of Philosophy, or the Speculative Logic," in which he described, according to his own views, the principles of Hegel's Logic.

Heiberg now introduced another new kind of play to the Danish stage—the Romantic, or more properly, Fairy-Comedy, of which the "Elves" was acted in 1835, and the "Fata Morgana" in 1838. Of these, the "Elves" has always been the greater favourite. In consequence

of his eminent services to the drama, he was appointed Director of the Theatre in 1849.

Heiberg has also published much beautiful lyrical and occasional poetry, and has even indulged in astronomical pursuits, the results of which he has given to the public in his "Urania." In fact, he has displayed his talents in a variety of modes, and with extraordinary success. He is at once satirist, dramatist, philosophic writer, lyric poet and novelist. Over the last feature of his character, there hangs some degree of mystery, for the admirable "Tales by the Author of an Every-day Story," though published by him, are not published with his name, and by many are attributed to his mother, the Countess Gyllembourg. Be that as it may, we present the reader with a specimen of these stories, which it is easier to detach without injury, from the original, than any fragment of a drama; indeed, many of Heiberg's plays are adapted rather to the taste of his countrymen than to ours. Rhymed comedies, and rhymed romantic dramas, with much longer dialogues than we tolerate, can only be read to full effect in the whole. There is a like difficulty of detaching fragments from his numerous plays without detriment, the wit being more diffused over the whole than concentrated on particular portions. Heiberg differs, moreover, from Holberg, Oehlenschläger, and even Hauch, in his tendency to the melodramatic, as in "The Mount of Elves," and "Boldly Ventured is Half-won," and which yet by their success seem to indicate that he understands the popular taste. On the whole, however, Heiberg's numerous writings have had a decided effect on the elevation of the public taste.

Madame Heiberg is one of the most distinguished and charming actresses of Denmark.

Amid all Heiberg's writings, however, we candidly

confess that we like his stories the best. His dramas may be infinitely more amusing in representation, his criticisms are philosophical and acute; but the stories published under his name, and partly if not wholly his, have a reality and a genuine feeling about them, that at once secure your liking. They lead you into the midst of the burgher life of Denmark, and introduce you on the footing of a familiar friend to the old-fashioned rooms and domestic scenes of a class that is piquantly picturesque, and full of homely virtues. There is a genuine painting of genuine characters, and you are brought acquainted with so many specimens of simple, strong attachment, fidelity and devotion from old clerks and servants towards their masters, and of generous high-mindedness in the masters themselves, that you feel that the author has had the good fortune himself to have known such.

In the "Every-day Story," which gives the name to the rest, a young man from Copenhagen is on a visit to Holstein, where, at a country-house, he makes acquaintance with a young lady, also from Copenhagen. He tells his own story:—"Now began balls and parties really to interest me. Her well-bred freedom of manner, the open-heartedness with which she treated me, the youthful vivacity with which she danced with me, operated so delightfully upon my whole being, that Jetté H—— seemed to me to be sent for my especial comfort. Perhaps it was not the least of her merits, that she was excessively pretty, and shone like a sun amid the other ladies; for beauty is tolerably rare in North Germany.

"Through all these co-operating circumstances, it was natural that I should feel myself extremely smitten by this young girl, of whom, however, I knew nothing more than that she was pretty, talked good-naturedly with me,

and was the daughter of a man who was known to me as esteemed and distinguished in his profession.

“ She was come to this place with an elderly Copenhagen lady. It was in the bathing season, and Dobberan is affluent in amusements for strangers. One evening we had been at a party, and were present at a dance there. Through a misunderstanding, the carriage which was to have come for us from our common hotel, did not arrive ; and as it was very fine weather, the ladies proposed to go home on foot, accompanied by myself and another young man. It was my enviable lot to accompany Jetté. We wandered now along the pleasant strand ; the moon shone on the clear waters, on whose surface many a boat was gliding, while the strokes of the oars were heard through the still night, mingled with the sound of the distant music. It was a warm, beautiful summer night. Everything appeared to me so enchanting—most enchanting of all, the maiden whose fair arm rested in mine, and—I know not how one word brought up another, but we came home—with the plighted faith of lovers.

“ When I was alone, I was amazed enough at the thoughtlessness with which I had taken this important step ; it seemed to me as if the whole was a dream. The next day when we visited the Danish ladies in their apartments, Jetté presented me in the most unembarrassed manner to her companions as her betrothed : said thou to me, as if we had by whole years of acquaintance learned to know and love each other. If this had something in it startling to my feelings, yet, on the other hand, I was agreeably surprised to discover my Jetté’s many accomplishments, of which I had never dreamt. She played on the piano-forte with great skill, sang most scientifically, and was a perfect mistress in all the customary occupations of ladies. We wrote both of us to her parents in Copen-

hagen, and I made a formal suit for her hand, at the same time giving an account of my resources, which were adequate to the support of a family.

“Jetté was to sail by the next steamer. We hoped by the same vessel to receive a few lines of acquiescence from her parents. In the meantime we daily walked out together alone, and with her open-hearted gossip, Jetté told me all about her home and its circumstances. Her father she did not seem to love as she did her mother, whose especial favourite she appeared to be.

“‘God be praised!’ said she once, ‘that my poor parents will now have the pleasure to see me betrothed to thee; for it is scarcely half a year since they had a great sorrow with my Swedish sister.’

“‘Thy Swedish sister!’ exclaimed I; ‘who is she? I thought you had no sisters.’”

The easy way in which the hero of this “Every-day Story” thus falls in love, and the open-hearted, familiar manner in which his love is accepted by this pretty, simple girl, are not more amusing than they are frequent of occurrence in life, we believe. But the youth makes a visit to his beloved, on his return to Copenhagen; finds her, with her mother and some lady-friends, in the midst of cutting and sewing, and such woman’s work; is more and more convinced that Jetté is a very good but very unintellectual girl; and is growing inwardly very restless; when he is led by Jetté into another room, and the Swedish sister—Jetté’s half-sister, who had been brought up in Sweden—stands before him. He is now struck with consternation at his hasty choice, for he now beholds the woman that is, of all others, calculated to fascinate his imagination and fill his heart. She is beautiful, with another and more exalted beauty; a crea-

ture of noblest mind and sentiment, and touched with the dangerous spell of a past sorrow.

Here are the elements of an intensely interesting story, which is worked out eventually to the satisfaction of all parties. This may show what sort of things are to be found in Heiberg's stories. But we may take another scene. It is in the house of a family of wealth, but of old-fashioned, burgher habits, and where a young Count is making suit to the daughter for his own purposes ; but is eventually defeated by the more worthy young man, who also appears in this scene—a scene admirably descriptive of the embarrassment occasioned by the entrance of a guest of a rank not accustomed to appear there.

“One afternoon the Svendsen family were sitting in their common parlour, in company with two ship-captains, old friends of the master of the house. He was sitting with them near to the cheerfully crackling stove-fire. Before them, upon a table, stood a steaming bowl of punch ; they sate all three in a state of cheerful enjoyment each with his pipe in his mouth, and puffed away till the whole room was filled with a cloud of tobacco-smoke. The two strangers had come directly from their respective ships, and were dressed in their every-day seaman's attire ; and their boots were so dirty that, spite of the sand which was strewn on the floor, the place where they sate looked quite muddy.

“Helene and her mother sate at another table in a distant part of the room ; the mother busied at her spinning-wheel, and the daughter occupied by a book. The urn and tea-things stood on the table before her. She was just about to make tea, and had risen to lay aside her book, when some one knocked at the door.

“‘That is Steersman Madsen, come to fetch me,’ ex-

claimed one of the sea-captains ; and then added, in a loud voice : ‘ Come in, you old vagabond ! ’

“ The door opened ; but instead of Steersman Madsen, entered Count Falkenstjerne, splendidly dressed, who bowed to the company.

“ All sprang up at this unexpected sight. Svendsen collected himself, and advanced towards him ; Helene stood as if riveted to the floor.

“ The Count apologised in the most polite manner for his intrusion, but added, that he was just returned from the country, where among others he had visited the before-mentioned clergyman’s family, and had undertaken himself to convey to their Copenhagen friends, a letter and a basket of fruit. He now delivered a letter to Svendsen, and then going to the door, received from his servant, who stood there with it, a large covered basket, which he presented to Madame Svendsen. After this, he approached Helene, and said with a respectful yet significant manner : ‘ I have also a letter for you, from the clergyman’s daughter, your friend Maria.’

“ He drew forth the letter, adding, in an under voice, as he placed it in her hand : ‘ I was commissioned particularly to beg of you to open and read this letter when you are alone.’

“ Somewhat astonished, Helene received the letter without any reply.

“ The good-natured parents were touched by the politeness of the Count. They thanked him, and begged him to be seated, and Svendsen deferentially inquired if he might venture to offer him a glass of punch ? Then presenting the strangers to him, he added : ‘ I sit here quite at my ease with a couple of faithful old friends.’

“ The Count bowed ; seated himself at the table with them, but declined the glass of punch which was offered.

The old seamen in their simple dress were quite embarrassed ; their loud-toned merriment was all gone, and they presently laid aside their pipes, perceiving that tobacco-smoke in a room was unpleasant to the high-bred stranger.

“Madame Svendsen asked the Count whether she might not offer him a cup of tea? He thanked her, and rose to join her and her daughter at the tea-table.

“The urn, however, by this time had gone cold, and Helene was about to lift it from the table, to carry it out, when the Count held her back, and insisted on doing it for her. The poor girl felt ready to cry for shame ; and her father, who was quite impatient at the sight, called out in a stentorian voice to the maid-servant in the adjoining kitchen, and bade her come and fetch it. The servant entered, her appearance making it very evident that she had been interrupted in the midst of coarse work. Her dirty kitchen-apron was tucked up at one corner, and she looked very angry at being obliged to show herself in this condition before company.

“‘Carry out the urn, and bring in hot water!’ said Svendsen.

“‘Then you must wait for it,’ said the girl ; ‘for there is no more hot water.’

“The Count prayed, that, for Heaven’s sake, they would not make any difference on his account ; for that in reality he was not accustomed to drink tea so early in an afternoon.

“In the meantime, Gustav having entered, had been witness of this scene. He made, therefore, an end of all embarrassment, by approaching Helene, and saying to her :

“‘If you will really oblige Alexander and me, let us have some of the fruit which he has brought, and a glass of that excellent wine which your father lately purchased.’

“ Helene hastened from the room, and returned gladly with a waiter, on which stood a bottle inclosed in wicker-work, finely-cut wine-glasses, and a silver basket of fruit, together with silver knives, all old-fashioned but costly.

“ The Count was eloquent in praise of this entertainment, and seemed to contemplate the whole with real delight. He and Gustav seated themselves with Helene and her mother, and thoroughly enjoyed this little meal. When Gustav, however, observed that Svendsen and his friends seemed out of their element in the presence of himself and the Count, he brought it to a close as soon as possible, though it was not without difficulty that he could induce Falkenstjerne to go away with him.”

CHAPTER X.

HAUCH—HERZ—PAJUDAN MÜLLER—WINTHER—HOLST—BOJE—
ANDERSEN—GOLDSCHMIDT.

THE beauty and affluence of the Danish literature has caused us to exceed the limits which we had set to our notice of it. We are, therefore, compelled to compress into one chapter the mention of a constellation of living writers, each of whom deserves a chapter to himself.

JOHAN CARSTENS HAUCH

Is a distinguished lyric poet, dramatist and romance-writer. He was born in 1791, in Frederikshald. His father was Privy-Conference-Counsellor, General Post-Director and Grand Cross of Dannebrog. He has himself been chiefly attached to literature. He was Lecturer to the Academy of Sorö, and afterwards Professor in Kiel; but he quitted it in consequence of the outbreak of the war, and now resides in Copenhagen.

In his poetry, there are strong traces of the naturalist, as in his poem, "The Life of Plants." The same tendency is observable in his romances, the principal of which are "Wilhelm Zabern," an Autobiography; "The Goldmaker," and "The Two Points of View."

His tragedies are numerous, and full of intellectual power: the principal ones are, "Bajazet," "Tiberius," "Gregory VII." and "Don Juan," "The Death of Charles V.," "The Siege of Maastricht," "Svend Grathe, or the Meeting of the Kings in Roeskilde," and "Marsk Stig." In all these, there is a strong tendency to metaphysical philosophizing, to the tracing of the outward character to its inward springs, and to the representation of intense passion, and scenes of exciting peril and distress. On the whole, they are calculated to delight the deep thinker, rather than the general reader and mere seeker of amusement. This may well be imagined from the strong opposition which Hauch has always made to the character, and what he deems the tendency of Heiberg's dramas.

HENRIK HERZ

Is another of Denmark's most brilliant living poets and dramatists. He was born in 1798; and in 1827, he produced, but anonymously, his play of "Herr Burckhardt and his Family." In 1832, he published this with his name, in conjunction with two other plays: "The Flitting-Day," (that is, day of removal); and "Emma, or the Secret Betrothal." In 1827, appeared his vaudeville, "Love and the Police;" soon after, "Love's Strokes of Genius;" and in 1836, "Debates in the Police Friend," a vaudeville, in two acts. Since then, he has dramatized Sagas and Viser, from the times of the poetry of the people, in his "Svend Dyring's House," a romantic tragedy, in five acts; and in "The Swan-Coat, or Swan Disguise," a romantic play, in three acts, written and represented in 1841, on occasion of the arrival in Denmark of the Crown Princess, Charlotte Mariana. But his

most celebrated production is his "King René's Daughter," a lyrical drama, founded on the political marriage between the daughter of King René and the Count of Vaudemont. This has given him a European reputation.

Herz has published several volumes of New Year's Gifts, in which are many beautiful poems; and in his "Ghostly Letters, or Poetical Epistles from Paradise," he has manifested keen satirical powers, especially in his attacks on Hauch and Andersen, the latter of whom he will not admit to be a poet at all.

FREDERIK PALUDAN MÜLLER,

Who was born in 1809, is esteemed, and justly, in Denmark, as one of the most powerful poets of the present day. From the union of deep feeling, genuine passion and pathos, with the most sportive humour and sweeping satire on the follies of the age, he is regarded by a large body of admirers as the Byron of Scandinavia. His works, like those of many of his countrymen, embrace various departments of literature. In 1832, he published his "Four Romances," which was honoured with the approbation of the Society of Polite Literature. In 1833, appeared his "Dandserinden" (female dancer), a poem, in three books, bearing the stamp of the author's character—a mixture of seriousness and humour. Since these, he has published "Cupid and Psyche," a lyrical drama; "Poems," in two volumes; and "Venus," a dramatic poem. But his great production is his "Adam Homo," a poem, in three volumes, of which the first appeared in 1841, in which the hero's life is described from his cradle to his grave, and in which the author liberally indulges his satiric ridicule of the failings and

meannesses of the age. The following stanzas from Adam's boyhood, give a good idea of the more tender and spiritual portions of the work :

WHAT IS, TO BE ?

"O mother," Adam sighed, "tell thou to me,"
 And with these words his large blue eyes he raised,
 As at her feet he sate, and on her gazed,
 "Tell me, dear mother, what it means, *to be* ?
 What those two words can mean I cannot tell,
 Yet, says my father, I must learn them well ;
 I know my lesson well from line to line,
 Yet what *to be* means I cannot divine."

"*To be* ?" the parson's daughter whispered low,
 In self-communion, with a quiet smile,
 And stroking with her hand his cheek the while,
 "These words, my child ! their sense dost thou not know ?
 Nay, let not thy tears fall, but bear in mind
 That weeping sometimes maketh people blind.
 Now dry thine eyes. I yet may show to thee
 The meaning of these words in some degree."

Thus, rising from the garden seat, she spoke,
 Whilst the boy clapped his hands for joy amain,
 And full of gladness flung aside his book,
 Because it tired him, as the slave his chain ;
 Then, after silent thought, she spake again :
 "Come," and his hand with tender love she took ;
 "Come, Adam, thou and I awhile will walk,
 And thus about thy lesson can we talk."

And through the garden went the loving pair ;
 And full of life and with a roguish joy,
 Among the bushes hid the merry boy ;
 Then with a cry leapt forth, his mother to scare.
 Thus through the garden-paths they took their way,
 Until the meadows green before them lay ;
 And then a little bird, on pinions bright,
 Flew past them towards the distance calm and bright.

"Behold the bird!" said she unto her son,
Who, gazing on its flight, beside her stood,
"See how yon little bird hath quickly flown
Back to its nest within the meadow wood;
See, only with its tiny beak alone,
It makes a nest for its beloved brood.
To sing, to fly, to rear its progeny,
That, says the bird, my Adam, is *to be*?"

"And look thou at the snail, which slowly fareth
Along the pathway in a shiny maze,
Which ever with its long horns round it stareth,
Yet is so bashful, as thou say'st, always;
When it rejoiceth and no food doth lack,
And the sun shines upon its wrinkled back,
Then doth it say, though thou no word mayst hear,
To be, is thus to move in sunshine clear!"

"And if the mighty trees had tongues as well
As have the leaves and every tender blossom,
So that they could of their experience tell,
And thou shouldst ask them, thus would they unbosom
Their vigorous thoughts: *to be* is to put forth
Both leaf and flower, with groves to crown the earth;
To spread, like mighty arms, our branches wide,
To be with sunshine and with rain supplied!"

Whilst from the spring-head thus of her fresh feelings,
Poured forth of easy words the eloquent stream,
Stood Adam, gazing as if in a dream,
Gazing, yet drinking in her sweet revealings.
She paused; and troubling thought again came stealing
O'er him, and with a voice of low appealing,
Again he cried: "Still, mother, tell to me,
Tell me once more the meaning of *to be*!"

"Know I myself?" she whispered low and mild:
Then by the mother's glowing impulse led,
She lifted from the ground the little child,
And clasped him to her heart, as thus she said:

“ When I enfold thee thus with loving care,
 And all my soul lift up to God in prayer,
 For thee and for myself and for my dearest,
 Then what it is *to be* I feel the clearest !

“ But to thy father let us now return,
 That he may to us these hard words make plain,
 Perhaps we from the strong that light may gain,
 Which we, the feeble ones, cannot discern.
 —Adam shall question, Peter shall explain ;
 We both of us will go and from him learn,
 And both our kisses shall be his reward
 If he can answer us this question hard !”

Since “ Adam Homo,” Paludan Müller has published two dramatic poems, “ Tithon ” and “ The Dryad’s Marriage,” besides many smaller poems.

CHRISTIAN WINTHER

Is the half-brother of Paul Martin Möller, a poet also of good standing. His subjects are drawn very much from the life of the people, and from the old Kämpe-Viser ; and are *naïve*, strong and life-like. He is also author of some novels. We cannot give a more spirited specimen of his popular ballads than—

HENRIK AND ELSE.

“ Nay, nay, my noble Lord ! I speak the truth to you :
 She only loves her Henrik, and to him will be true.
 Pure as the slender lily will she, my Else, prove,
 Though she has fired your bosom with such a flame of love.”

“ My brave good man, to-morrow it is again a day ;
 Then will I woo your daughter and win her as I say.”
 Thus spoke the wily Lord and looked upon the ground.
 The other Lords smiled to themselves as they stood listening round.

When sang the summer lark o'er the town of Vordingborough,
And the weathercock shone golden in the fresh dawn of the morrow ;
When the cool and gentle breeze came wafting o'er the corn,
Was heard amid the leafy wood the sounds of hound and horn.

Sweet Else sat so calmly her father's door beside,
All busy at her wheel, and round her blossomed wide
The tulip and the peony, the box and mint so rare ;
But the maiden was the fairest of all the flowers there.

Her fair form was attired in a dark blue woollen gown,
And the sleeves of snow-white linen unto her wrists came down ;
And busily and rapidly her little foot turned round
The ever-whirling wheel with its cheerful humming sound.

Beneath the privet hedge the cat basks in the sun,
And a-nigh, the lapsing waters of a sparkling brooklet run,
Down which a flock of ducklings swim all in happy strife,
Each like a golden egg-yoke that moment woke to life.

The humming bee flew by, the sun shone bright and warm,
When she raised her head and shaded the sunshine with her arm ;
A troop of gallant hunters came on with thundering speed,
Over hill and hollow, and right across the mead.

Each rider was apparelled in all his best array,
Yet still was he the fairest who rode the charger grey.
He glittered like the sun amid that splendid train ;
She stopped her busy wheel and he checked his charger's rein.

"Mong roses here thou sittest, thyself a rose so fair,
Sweet Else, I have loved thee, yet all were unaware."
Then bowed that modest maiden, and cast to earth her eye,
For bashfulness and terror she was about to die.

"For thy heart and for thy hand I now am here to sue ;
These honest Danish gentlemen of this will witness true."
With that arose she slowly, her face one crimson glow,
And taking up her wheel, she turned her round to go.

“ A time to think this over, will I, as meet, allow ;
 To-morrow, my sweet Else, will be a day as now.”
 Thus did he speak so guileful and looked upon the maid ;
 The other Lords smiled to themselves to hear the words he said.

“ To the sound of harps and flutes, where a thousand tapers blaze,
 We will move on costly carpets, in the dance’s pleasant maze ;
 When winter’s time is dreary in halls so large and fine,
 We will throw the golden dice and drink the Malmsey wine.”

She raised head, and with her hand she flung her locks aside,
 And a smile was in her eye, a smile of maiden pride.
 How golden were those locks around her forehead white,
 And then those lovely eyes, how blue they were and bright !

“ I am but a peasant maiden : you are a high-born knight ;
 And soon your eye would cease to gaze upon me with delight.
 Unto a peasant only will I give my plighted word,
 For never could you lay aside your glittering knightly sword.”

“ Gladly upon the wall will I hang my noble brand,
 And sharpen scythe and ploughshare, a tiller of the land.”
 “ And you must cast aside this crimson cloak so fair,
 And clothes of homely wadmel must be content to wear.”

“ Yes, wadmel will I wear ; and this crimson mantle gay,
 Will I, in due submission, upon God’s altar lay.”
 “ Then will this noble charger no longer you beseech ;
 My husband, as is fitting, must drive the oxen team.”

“ I will send my gallant charger into the wood so wide,
 The horse which I have ridden may no man else bestride ;
 And I will slowly follow the oxen through the field,
 If thou, my sweetest Else, to me thy heart wilt yield.”

“ From out your castle cellars must all your wine be sent,
 And with the beer and mead I brew you must be well content.”
 “ Yes, I will gladly drink the Danish mead and beer,
 And leave unto my minstrels the wine so sweet and clear.

“ No minstrel singeth gaily without his draught of wine ;
 And long ago I saw that they loved that wine of mine.”
 Thus, looking at his minstrels, he said, with crafty smile ;
 The other lords laughed to themselves as they stood by the while.

“ Your noble shield with pictures and wondrous signs set round,
 That must you place beneath your knee and break upon the ground ;
 And level with the sod your proud halls great and strong,
 And where their deep foundations lay, the plough must pass along.”

Then from his noble countenance both pride and joy beamed out,
 For she to her beloved was true, he could no longer doubt.
 “ Now see I, sweetest Else, that I thy love must yield,
 Because I in my house must dwell, unharmed must keep my shield.

“ Upon the shield leap lions, and a heart that is on fire ;
 And how could I this precious shield deface at thy desire ?
 For I King Walmar am, and my home is Denmark good ;
 And how could I o'erthrow old Denmark if I would ?

“ I will no longer tempt thee, now that I know thy mind ;
 Christ grant as true a maiden that every one may find !
 Thy words have greatly pleased me, and I will well repay.
 God's peace be thine ! To-morrow will be, as now, a day !”

With that upon his charger's neck the loosened rein he cast,
 And forth with all his train he sped, even as an autumn blast.
 The leaves they rustled under the horse's thundering bound,
 And with a wildly shrill halloh ! the summer woods resound.

Just then across the garden rushed on with joyful haste
 Her best beloved, and to her heart was tenderly embraced ;
 And to the town across the fields they took their quiet way,
 Where the weathercock shone golden in the sunny light of day.

CASPAR JOHANNES BOJE

Is celebrated for his religious poetry. His Psalms and Hymns are to be found in all the collections for public worship, and are equal to any productions of that kind.

He is himself a clergyman, and in 1835 was appointed pastor of St. Olaf's Church, in Elsinore; in 1840, Knight of Dannebrog; and is now minister of Garrison's congregation, in Copenhagen. He has written the following tragedies:—"Svend Grathe," "King Sigurd," "Queen Juta of Denmark," and "Erik the Seventh." Under the name of "David's Harp," he published a selection of the Psalms, translated metrically from the Hebrew. His Spiritual Poems and Songs were published between 1833 and 1836, and a new collection in 1840. He is also well known as the translator of the best of Sir Walter Scott's romances and the co-editor of Baggesen's collected works.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Is sufficiently known to the English reader by his romances, "The Improvisatore," "O. T.," and "Only a Fiddler;" by his Autobiography, and his Stories and Legends for the Young, introduced to the English public by ourselves. The following slight sketch of himself and his productions may therefore suffice. He was born in 1805, in Odense, where his father was a shoemaker. He first thought to attach himself to the theatre. He did not succeed very well there, but attracted the notice of powerful individuals, and, with the liberality to youthful genius so characteristic of Denmark, he was enabled to enter the University, and there passed his examination with credit. He then received a travelling stipend, and visited Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy. To this journey we owe his "Improvisatore," unquestionably the best romance he has written. He afterwards, in 1840, again visited those countries, and extended his travels to Greece and Turkey. He has written a great variety of

poems, plays, operas, travels and stories. Those which we have mentioned are his best. His "Picture-Book without Pictures," and stories for children, will always retain their simple, legendary and fascinating charm. His "Improvvisatore," from its vivid portraiture of Italian life; his "O. T.," from its equally graphic painting of the life amid the heaths of Jutland; and his "Only a Fiddler," from the touching truth with which the sorrows necessarily attendant on a spirit with more sensibility than genius are represented, will equally continue to charm. But Andersen's subsequent productions have been failures; those published in England have dropped nearly dead from the press; and the reason for this is very obvious. Andersen is a singular mixture of simplicity and worldliness. The child-like heart which animates his best compositions appears to your astonished vision in real life, in the shape of a *petit-maitre* sighing after the notice of princes. The poet is lost to you in the egotist; and once perceiving this, you have the key to the charm of one or two romances, and the flatness of the rest; for he always paints himself—his own mind, history and feelings. This delights in a first story, less in the second, and not at all in the third; for it is but *crambe repartita*.

Perhaps much of Andersen's fame in this country arose from the very fact of the almost total ignorance here of the host of really great and original writers which Denmark possessed. Andersen stood forward as a wonder from a country of whose literary affluence the British public was little cognizant, while in reality he was but an average sample of a numerous and giant race.

To this illustrious list we may yet add the names of Hans Peter Holst, a poet of established reputation, and the author of much excellent lyric poetry. His "Farewell," written on the death of Frederick VII, was sung at his funeral in 1839. The same year, he published a collection of his poems; and in 1843 his Romances, as well as his "Out and Home," the result of his foreign travel, containing both prose and poetry. Besides this, he is the author of "Giachino," a play; and in the war with Holstein in 1848, he stood forth in an attitude of strong patriotism with his "Little Hornblower," in which he expressed and at the same time propelled the spirit of the time.

Neither must we here omit the names of Moritz Christian Hansen, the author of a variety of dramas, novels, tales and educational works; of Carl Christian Rafn, so celebrated in the department of the old Northern literature and antiquities; of Henrik Arnhold Wergeland, a poet and dramatist; or of A. M. Goldschmidt, the editor of "Corsaren," the Danish Charivari, of a collection of highly interesting short stories, and still more of the novel "A Jew," just translated by ourselves into English; a novel written with remarkable power and feeling, and possessing the peculiarity of showing us the Christian world, from the Jewish point of view; while it is, by the confession of intelligent Jews themselves, a most accurate picture of the domestic and social life of that very extraordinary people.

These are the leading names in the Literature and Romance of Denmark; but besides these, more popular departments of knowledge—those of art, science, antiquities, jurisprudence and public policy—all present names equally numerous and brilliant, and which would well deserve a detailed view did our purpose extend so far. Amongst the chief ornaments of Denmark of present or very recent

date, we name the following; and in naming them, we shall avail ourselves of our friend Miss Bremer's statements, made after a considerable residence in Copenhagen; and such facts from other sources as will make all that we wish to say complete:

Thorwaldsen is too entirely a world's acquaintance to require much more than naming. In artistic form he adhered to the antique, but in vividness of expression, in freshness, in youthful *naïveté*, he is the child of "the green isles," he is the son of Dana. This great artist was one of the fortunate of the earth. He was descended from Icelandic parents, and seemed to inherit the genius of that wonderful island. His father was a carver in wood, but was too poor to give Thorwaldsen the advantages necessary for the development of his talents. These, however, soon attracted public attention, and he was gratuitously educated at the Copenhagen Academy of Arts. His progress there was so satisfactory that he obtained two gold medals, and received a travelling stipend for three years, when he set out for Rome. Without friends, however, and therefore without patronage, his period of State assistance about to expire, and his funds, of course, about to expire with it, he was on the eve of returning in despair to his native country, when our countryman, that munificent patron of art, Thomas Hope—Anastasius Hope—who so essentially encouraged the genius of Flaxman, Chantry and Dawe, saw his magnificent model of Jason in his studio, and immediately ordered it to be executed in marble at a price liberally characteristic of the man. Thorwaldsen had not the money necessary for the purchase of the requisite block of marble, but Mr. Hope at once removed this difficulty, and by that single act the reputation of Thorwaldsen was at once made. Orders, honours and fame flowed in rapidly upon him from this time.

In 1819, after an absence of twenty-three years, Thor-

waldsen, in the blaze of his fame, revisited for a short time his native country; here he was received, not only with public honours, but with the universal popular enthusiasm which is the first-fruits of immortality. After being distinguished by the King and nobles with marks of the highest respect, and modelling various royal busts, and works of art of a more public kind, he proceeded to Warsaw to an interview solicited by the Emperor Alexander. He then returned to Rome, where the greatest part of his life was spent. He came back, however, and ended his days in Copenhagen. It is not known precisely when he was born, but he died March 24th, 1844, aged about seventy.

The Danish people have, in Thorwaldsen's Museum, raised to him a monument as honourable to the artist as to themselves, who thus know how to value their own great men. In the centre of the museum is Thorwaldsen's grave, which may often be seen covered with fresh-blowing roses.

The best Danish sculptor before Thorwaldsen, was Wiedevelt, Thorwaldsen's master. The greatest now living in Denmark are Jerichau and Bissen. Of the works of these artists, some specimens were exhibited in the Danish department of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and will be recollected by our readers. By Jerichau there was the group of "Adam and Eve," in plaster; "The Hunter and Panther," in marble; etc. By Bissen, there was the fine figure of "Orestes," "Eros, or Love," "A Fisher-boy Angling," and a bust of Andersen.

Amongst the best painters of Denmark, may be named, Juul, in portrait; and Horneman, in miniature portrait. Eckersberg, historical and marine painter; Dahl, Harder and Möller, in landscape; Gebauer, an admirable animal painter; Lorenzen and Stubb, in historical portrait; Fritsch, Camradt and Martens, flower-painters.

“Denmark,” says Miss Bremer, “has, in painting, a young promising school of artists, who, while they confine themselves faithfully to nature, and to the search for truth in all its beauty, still more, seek for it in their own native land, and represent it in their pictures.” Those of historical painters are Marstrand, Simonsen and Sonne ; of painters of *genre*-pictures, Schleisner and Monnier ; of sea-pieces, Melby and Sørensen ; of landscape, Skovgaard, Keirskow and Rump : flower-painters, Jensen and Ottensen ; portrait-painters, Gärtner, Schütz, and others. Amongst these must be reckoned a daughter of Poland, and now the wife of the sculptor Jerichau, a woman richly gifted, and whose paintings are distinguished for their effective expression and brilliancy of colouring.

In music, Hartman, Rong and Gade, are the most distinguished, and have introduced the grand old airs of the ancient *Kämpe-Viser*, and popular songs, into circles where they were never heard before.

In medical science, the names of Bang, Trier and Stein, stand pre-eminent, both at home and abroad. In botany, Professor Schouw is famous for his geography of plants.

In geography there is a name which most readers believe to be French, that of Malte Brun. It is, however, the merely Frenchified name of a real Dane, Malthe Conrad Bruun, who has chiefly resided in Paris, where he was one of the founders of “*La Société de Géographie*,” and its chief secretary.

In philology and literary antiquities, no nation boasts greater names than Rask, Grundtvig, Molbech, Finn Magnussen, and Warsaae. Of Grundtvig we have already spoken. Rask was one of the greatest philologists that ever lived. A fair account of him and his labours in tracing the origin and principles of languages, and in dragging from the dust of antiquity, the buried knowledge

of past ages, would form a large volume of itself. He made a journey with Professor Nyerup, at the royal cost, to Sweden and Norway, to study Swedish, Finnish and Lappish. He took a voyage to Iceland, to make new researches after its ancient manuscripts, and study its language, travelling during nearly two years over the greater part of that singular island. Some years afterwards, he set out on a far greater journey—that is, through Russia, Georgia and into the regions of the Caucasus, to trace out, if possible, the original soil and language of the ancient Gothic tribes. He continued his journey to Tartary, India, Ceylon, studying everywhere with amazing industry, the languages: amongst others, Russian, Persian, Sanscrit, Zendest, Pehloist, Hindostanéé, Tamul, Pali, Zingalese, etc., and collecting heaps of manuscripts—many on the native palm-leaf—and copying inscriptions. This journey consumed five years. His invaluable collections belong now to the library of the University, and the great Royal Library. He translated Snorre's Edda, and with Afzelius, that of Sämund. Besides these, he has left grammars and treatises, on almost all existing languages. An Icelandico-Latino-Danish Lexicon; Anglo-Saxon, Zingalese, Frisian, Italian, Danish, and English grammars, with reading-books; Chronologies of Hebrew and Egyptian. He left numbers of treatises on these subjects; assisted Grundtvig in translating "Biowulf's Drape," from the Anglo-Saxon; published "Locman's Fables," and in that did the work of a whole generation of men. He visited Scotland in the course of his tours, and was honoured by being made a member of almost every learned society in the world, the English Royal Society amongst the rest.

Of Professor Molbech we ought to speak with gratitude, for from no quarter have we received more assistance

in reviewing the Danish literature than from his "Poetical Anthology," and his numerous criticisms. Molbech is one of the Northern literati whose industry astounds us. His great Danish Dictionary is work enough for one person's life: he is the Johnson of Denmark. Besides this, he has published a Dictionary of Danish Dialects; a "History of the Stuarts on the Throne of England;" "History of King Erik Plogpenning;" has edited "The Danish Rhyme Chronicle;" the oldest Danish translation of the Bible, Holberg's Comedies; translated Schiller's "Don Carlos" and other dramas; written lives of Evald and other eminent men; various volumes of travels; of lectures; numerous selections from the Danish authors, for the use of schools; has edited several periodicals, and written a perfect host of criticisms.

Of the labours of Thorlacius, Müller, Nyerup, Finn Magnussen, Werlauff, Simonsen, Thomson, Abrahamson, etc., in the archæology and antiquities of the North, it is impossible to speak too highly. Most of these learned men, with Monrad and Schlegel, were engaged in bringing out the Arne-Magnæan Society's magnificent editions of the Eddas. Finn Magnussen, besides re-translating and illustrating the Elder Edda with notes, also translated it into Latin for the great Arne-Magnæan edition, and added his invaluable treatise on the "Eddalæren og dens Oprindelse," or a complete and learned Commentary on the Odinic Mythology. Professor Warsaae has followed ably in the steps of these great men, and has just conferred a distinguished benefit on this country by his "Danes and Northmen in England."

In intellectual philosophy and theology, Denmark has a new and distinguished race of theorists, who seem by no means inclined to follow in the German fog, mist and find-nothing school. They have a decided Christian ten-

dency. C. F. Sibbern, the author of "Psychological Pathology" and "The Letters of Gabriel," has, like Fichte and Hegel, entered into his own mind, to trace, as far as possible, the laws and the instincts of its being; but, unlike them, has brought thence the firmest anticipations of a future worthy of both God and man, and in fullest accordance with revelation. In these works we have a profoundly interesting history of the progress of a human spirit through all the sorrows and troubles of sceptical doubt and fear, to victory and peace. The same views are powerfully promulgated both from the pulpit and the press, by the eloquent Bishop Mynster and the Titanic Grundtvig. Martensen, in his "Anatomy of Self-Consciousness," his "Attempt at a System of Moral Philosophy," "Master Eckhardt," and "The Christening," follows convincingly in the same track; and the brothers Kierkegaard have done signal service in it. Peter Christian Kierkegaard made himself intimately acquainted in his youth, not only with the writings, but the persons and living thoughts of the German moral philosophers, of however differing views—Hegel, Schleirmacher, Neander, etc.; and has shown his own convictions, not only in his writings, but by his long and zealous friendship and co-operation with Grundtvig. Sören Aaby Kierkegaard, "the solitary philosopher," has also probed the depths of the same metaphysic systems in the society of the great advocates of them, having especially devoted himself to the study of Schelling; and in his singular but remarkable works, "Enten—Eller:" that is, "Either—Or," a Life's Fragment, by Victor the Hermit; "Reiteration;" "An Attempt in Experimental Psychology;" "Fear and Trembling;" a Dialectic Lyric, by John de Silentio; and his "Instructive Tales," dedicated *To that individual*, has with wonderful eloquence, and with the warmth of an

actual experience of the "Fear and Trembling" and the "Gospel of Suffering" of which he speaks, proclaimed his firm adhesion to that true spirit of the North, which of old saw, in the myth of Valhalla, combat and death as leading only to victory and life.

We must not close our present remarks without a brief allusion to two of the most remarkable men of Denmark—the brothers Oersted. We have seen these two ever-united brothers appearing, in the life of Oehlenschläger, in the vigour and beauty of a young existence which promised high eminence. That promise has been fully realized. They were the sons of an apothecary at Rudkjöbing, in Langeland. They were sent to Copenhagen together to study, and boarded at their aunt's, where Oehlenschläger also boarded; and by which circumstance they became great friends, Anders Sandöe afterwards marrying Oehlenschläger's sister, Sophia.

The two brothers always continued united in the most beautiful brotherly affection. Anders Sandöe Oersted became a great lawyer and statesman. He has not only occupied some of the highest posts in the Government, but has done much by his writings to clear and establish the principles of state economy. Hans Christian, on the contrary, devoted himself to physics, and has won one of the greatest names of the age. His discovery, in 1820, of electro-magnetism—the identity of electricity and magnetism—which he not only discovered, but demonstrated incontestably, placed him at once in the highest rank of physical philosophers, and has led to all the wonders of the electric telegraph. His great work, in which he promulgates his grand doctrine of the universe, "The Soul in Nature," we are glad to see is about to appear in an English translation in Mr. Bohn's Scientific Library. In that he argues from analogy, that the whole universe

is constructed on great, infinite and uniform principles, and that, therefore, we are bound by the most direct kinship to all spiritual and intellectual life, wherever, and under whatever diversified form it may appear in the empire of space. Death has for a time divided the so long inseparable brothers: the philosopher died a short time ago—the lawyer and late minister is still living.

CHAPTER XI.

MODERN SWEDISH LITERATURE.

OUR task here will be comparatively brief. The ancient literature of the Swedes, was that of the common Scandinavia. We have already given it under the heads of the Eddas and the Sagas. As with Denmark and Norway, so with Sweden, the first independent literature which it possessed was that of the Visor. This, too, we have given, and as the reader will have seen, it is a particularly rich and vigorous department; affording ample promise of a rich future harvest; ample proof that in the native soil of the popular mind there was prolific vigour, which, under the influence of culture, would send up a noble intellectual growth. That too, in modern days, has been realized. But during the middle ages, precisely the same causes which destroyed the native literature of Denmark and Norway, annihilated that of Sweden. It was the incubus of Latinity and Rome. From the time that monkery set its foot in Sweden, till the Reformation shook its yoke from the soul of the people, there lay a dark and barren waste of mind, in which the Visor and the Sagas, circulating amongst the uneducated population, and keeping alive the germ of intellectual life,

amid woods and hills, were almost the only evidences of intellectual taste and genius.

The Swedish literary annalists divide the history of their literature into four grand periods. First, The Romantic; Second, The Germanico-Italian, or Stjernhjelm period of the seventeenth century; Third, The Gallic period; and Fourth, The New School, commencing with 1809.

Of the first of these periods, we have already given the most remarkable productions in the Visor and Sagas. Such was the dearth of actual genius, that the period is extended to the commencement of the seventeenth century. The Germanico-Italian period, and the Gallic, have little or nothing so prominent as to deserve minute examination, or afford novelty by extracts. We shall, therefore, only have to give a passing notice to these epochs, and come down at once to the modern school, in which is, in truth, to be found the true glory and greatness of Swedish intellect.

But there is another cause which will much shorten our labour in reviewing the Swedish literature, and that is, that it is especially and distinctively lyrical. The genius of Sweden is confessedly neither epic, dramatic nor historic, but essentially lyrical, and that only in one department, but pre-eminent in that—a lyrical realism. On this head we may quote the assertion of Lénström :*

“ We are too lyrical to be purely epic, and too epic to be purely lyrical. We stand between the two poetical poles, the ideal and the physical. This mediate position generally produces a *dramatic* element, which we, however, do not possess. Why? Because this mediation does not act inwardly but outwardly with a partial jurisdiction. The highest sphere of the inward life, reason, is the only

* “Svenska Poesiens Historia,” p. 9.

power which can reconcile life's ideal element with the physical. Man is called to *act* according to reason, according to ideas ; to throw back the action of the whole exterior world upon them ; for on this system has God, as well as man, produced the creation and history of the world. Man has done his part in this either voluntarily or involuntarily ; but beyond this, he is called on to exercise a poetic faculty ; not only to describe the outer world as a shell, or the inner one as a kernel, but to demonstrate how the kernel pervades its shell, that is, produces action, which is *dramatic*. The Swede has no purely epic element, and therefore allows his lyrical one, his subjective sentiment and thought, to strike through the epic as a lightning stroke ; and thus there is present throughout the whole literature of Sweden no perfect epic, but on the contrary, all its epic is lyrical in its character, from the *Folks-Visor* to *Frithiof*." From this result the following important observations :

" In our country," says Tegnér, in his Oration over Oxenstjerna, " people for the most part read all the great poets only by fragments. We break up heroic poems into romantic episodes, and tragedies into elegies. It is not here the place to inquire how far we may seek the cause of this in a generally less educated poetic feeling, or perhaps rather in the nation's well-known, and exclusive *penchant* for the lyrical which compresses the whole poetical world into a few strophes. Does not the cause of this lie, in a great degree, in the nature which surrounds us ? Are not the hills, with their dales and streams, the lyrics of Nature ; or the softer plain-land, with its tranquil floods, its epic ? Many of our mountain chains are actually natural dithyrambics, and man is delighted to poetise in the same tone as that of Nature around him. It appears to me at least remarkable that the ancient

highly poetic hero-life of the proper North rarely expressed itself in anything but a war-song, and first in a more southern climate expanded itself into a more complete epic form. Does not a lyrical character pervade the whole history of Sweden? Are not the most distinguished representatives of the national mind, as well in ancient as in modern times, rather lyric than epic in their essential features. Be the cause, however, what it may, so much at least is certain, that every poem of great compass is usually judged of amongst us, not as a whole, but by parts; or, what is the same, we look rather at portions than at the totality; and in the parts, again, most at the diction. In this we look for beauties, and overlook the contents in the form."

We do not see that Tegnér's theory, however plausible at a first glance, will account for the difference between the genius of the Swedes and that of the Danes. The latter are almost equally distinguished by their achievements in lyrical, dramatic and epic poetry; and amongst the most eminent masters in these various departments, some are Norwegian, where the country, on Tegnér's principle, is still more mountainously lyrical than in Sweden. We suspect that there must be other and more historical or social causes, and that we shall yet see Sweden develop herself in these directions, as she has of late done so brilliantly in romance. Her literary life appears yet in its dawn. But to return to Lénström:

"Further—the Swede has no *purely* lyrical element; cannot long hold fast ideas, and allow them to ripen into a system; on the contrary, he hates, as something wholly un-Swedish, profound speculations carried forward into all their consequences and circumstances; hates purely lyrical poetry; regards its languishing sighs as whining, as ideal pretension and pulverized romance,

which prefers living in the clouds, and has a panic horror of whatever is actual. The lyrical in the Swede cannot support itself; the ideal will not long ally itself to it; it needs a counterpoise; will have solidity, something real. . . . It is this realism which permeates the whole of our poetry, and expresses itself therein positively, though no one fixes his attention upon it. It is this realism which gives actuality to the Folks-Visor, as a counterpoise to sickly feelings; the same which, in the "Rhyme-Chronicle," in the pursuit of something real, lost all sentiment; the same which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, became occasional verse in a prosaic dread of ideal pretension; and in the eighteenth, took refuge in the courtly topics of the Academy, in the popular life through Bellman, Hallman and Wallenberg; in burgher life, through Madam Lengren; in the life of Nature, through Oxenstjerna; in juvenile life, through Franzén; in the ancient myths, through Tegnér; and in the Folk-Saga, through Atterbom. All these entertained a horror of empty speculations and airy fantasies; all sought something real, as the fundamental principle of their creations.

"For this same reason we possess no Drama. Little faculty as we have to create epic poems with their necessary attributes, still less have we to create dramatic characters which are life-like and self-actuating, or to construct a dramatic world in perfect keeping and consistency. Portions of a dramatic and epic world we can construct splendidly; but the *whole*, the grand requisite, exceeds our power. Thus we come back again, though by another way, to the old result, that the best which we possess is *lyrical, pure* only in small portions, usually to be found here and there, as a living and beautifying element in our narrative, descriptive and reflective poetry. And it is

hence that Rydquist, in the North's oldest play, observes, that in the people's literature the dramatic and mimic faculty shows itself as good, pure and worthy of esteem ; but seldom vivid, and still less rich and strong : it has, moreover, become entangled in its growth, and has stood still at the first stage of discovered vigour, where one finds merely promise, but no fulfilment."

Lénström, after much more reasoning on this singular national characteristic, shows that, in Gustavus III.'s time, "the only epoch in which the drama made some approach to national," the stage received some tolerable productions ; but he adds : "The moment the accidental causes ceased, the effect ceased with them ; and in no period, it must be conceded, has the Swedish drama been able to maintain itself." He infers, therefore, that the defect lies in the position of Sweden in regard to external nature and society, as well in climate and natural disposition as in the modes and views of life there. He quotes also the assertion of Beskow, in his "Reminiscences of Stjernstolpe." "No literature," says the Baron von Beskow, "is so poor in comic authors as the Swedish. What is the cause ? The Swedes have no want of the love of fun or of wit. The first requisite for the development of comic genius is *freedom*, in the esthetic and social meaning. Has no one, then, discovered that this may have had its influence on our dramatic *status* ? The intolerably heavy esthetic fetters have only in our own day become broken ; but conventionalism, etiquette and the daily circumstances of social life, rule with scarcely less vigour than formerly. We are too serious, people say. On the contrary, we are not serious enough. No one knows how to laugh heartily who does not know how to be truly serious—being dull is a different matter ; and that deep seriousness must lie at the foundation of

all classical mirth, is sufficiently shown in the fact, that the most serious and proud of all nations—the English and the Spanish—possess the most splendid comic authors.”

In this quotation Lénström has hit the true secret, and might have spared all the rest of his reasonings. We are persuaded that the one-sided character of Swedish literature neither originates in natural scenery, climate, nor in native capacity for any description of intellectual productiveness, but in the fact, that the old restraints of French taste and French etiquette, notwithstanding the effects of the New School, have not yet been sufficiently cast off. The Swedes have prided themselves on being the French of the North—a fatal pride as it regards literary independence and originality; and one cannot avoid being struck with the wonderful contrast of the free-and-easy, and, so to say, very English bearing in actual life, of the Dane, with the profound bows and stately demeanour of the Swede. The recent and rapid advance of Swedish literature in other provinces than the lyrical, demonstrates that a greater intellectual liberty and a greater consequent literary renown await them.

But our object was here, not so much to trace the causes of the prevailing lyrical character of Swedish mind, as to point out the fact, and to explain on that ground the necessity of our refraining from too much extract. We have said that a great collection of lyrical compositions has the effect of a great collection of miniature paintings. There wants breadth and variety of design besides finish of execution, and therefore they soon tire. We are bound to keep this in view in our selections of specimens from Swedish authors, and that will have a natural effect of reducing the amount of letter-press on this literature. For these and the other causes

stated in this chapter, we shall take only a rapid survey of the Swedish literature till the opening of the eighteenth century, and shall more especially concentrate our notice on its writers of the present century, during which, Sweden may be said to have first established for itself what Lénström, the historian of their poetry, denies that it possesses at all—a genuine national literature.*

* “Derföre finnes ej i ett land som Sverige någon *inhemsk* litteratur, att egentligen tala om.”—*Svenska Poesiens Historia*, s. 21.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST PERIOD OF SWEDISH LITERATURE AND ROMANCE.

THIS period may be properly said to extend over the enormous space of five hundred years : that is, from soon after the introduction of Christianity, or from about the year 1000 to 1600.* The old Edda period constitutes the introductory period of Swedish as of all Scandinavian literature, and the productions of this second immense period, in which the scintillations of genius amongst any but the common people, are few and far between, consist chiefly of Visor, Folks-Sagas, and later of a vast mass of monkish mysteries and moralities, and of legends and popular romances introduced by translation.

After the Kämpe-Visor, of which we have given such ample specimens, and after the half-heathen, half-Christian Visor, and afterwards of the wholly Christian Visor, of which too we have furnished numerous examples, there continued to appear from time to time, even down to the eighteenth century, Visor founded on historical facts, on the old model. Amongst the most remarkable of these are : "The Battle of Brunkeberg ;" "King Erik and the Fortune-telling Woman," which relates to Erik XII. ; "The Gothland Visa ;" "Thord Bonde's Murder ;" "The

Battle of Brännkryka;" "Gustavus and the Dalecarlians;" "Christian IV.'s Fancy;" "The Battle of Narva," and "The Battle of Helsingborg." "Charles XII.'s March," attributed to Magnus Stenbock, is a vigorous and noble song, set to a fine air; and other ballads about Charles XII.

Amongst the first imitators of the old Folks-Visor is named Nicolaus Hermanni, Bishop of Linköping, in the thirteenth century, who wrote the ballad of "Elisif Eriksdotter, the Nun," who was carried off from the convent of Risberga. The same author wrote an account of the death of Ansgarius, the Northern apostle. In 1437, Bishop Thomas wrote poems on Engelbrecht and Erik Puke. Dahstjerna wrote "The King and Sir Peter," on the victory at Narva. "Malcom Sinclair," by Director Odel, is celebrated. "The Old Hen-woman's Song," written in the middle of the eighteenth century, by O. Cardius, pastor in Södermanland, is a relation of Swedish history from Christina to Adolf Frederick.

Perhaps still more popular were the love-songs during this period, some of them written by nobles, and others even by kings. The gifted but unfortunate Erik XIV., so beloved by the people, expressed his deep affection for his Catharina Månsdotter in a warm, touchingly melancholy and simple ballad :

"Blest is he whose path embraces
 No dizzy cliffs, but valleys low;
 Oft slips his foot who on high places
 Is doomed to travel to and fro.
 Let each man follow his own will,
 I love my simple maiden still.

The towering palace by the thunder
 Is often struck a shattering blow;

He who climbs high may topple under,
 Dashed down to ruin and to woe.
 Let each man, etc.

Huge billows sweep the mighty ocean,
 There rocks and stormy winds prevail ;
 He who is wise prefers the motion
 Of streams that flow in quiet dale.

Before the rich man's door unheeded
 You stand and knock, and inly pine ;
 That with my Phillis is not needed,
 For I am hers and she is mine.

Has Phillis land nor golden treasure,
 She has what more I do desire :
 Her love for me without all measure,
 Than gold or jewels valued higher,

And shines she not in diamond splendour,
 Her eyes than diamonds brighter glow ;
 My fancy sees each grace attend her,
 Though she to others seem not so.

By him who will, be heaven invaded,
 My wings were with such flight distressed ;
 My heart, most easily persuaded,
 Sinks down by Phillis, wholly blest.

Good night ! my Lily of the Valley ;
 A thousand such good nights again.
 Whate'er God sends us, freely shall He ;
 What I have vowed, I aye remain.
 Let each man follow his own will,
 I love my simple maiden still."

These verses, it has been well remarked, show that Erik was born for a poet rather than for a king, as Gustavus Adolphus's two Swedish ballads show that he was born rather for a king than a poet. Erik, who the English

reader may be reminded, was one of the suitors of our Queen Elizabeth, and at the same time of the Queen of Scots, and of a Princess of Hesse ! and was, moreover, notorious for his amours at home, yet was faithful to his Catherine, or, as commonly called, Karin Månsdotter, who was the daughter of a corporal, and made her Queen.

The story of Erik and Karin Månsdotter is a strange and melancholy romance. Karin was a true and affectionate wife to Erik, and bore him several children. In all his fortunes, his madness and his imprisonment, she was his support and comfort. Her virtues even overcame her enemies ; and John, her husband's murderer, allowed her, after a time, a sufficient income. Surrounded by her daughter, son-in-law, and their children, Karin lived at the remote but lovely Ljuxala to a serene old age. Two of her sons died young ; another, whose claim to the crown had been admitted, was pursued by his powerful uncles into life-long exile and death. Karin, after having shown herself as noble a mother as a wife, lived on, forgiving her worst enemies. One of these, who had been particularly ferocious towards her husband and herself, being killed in her neighbourhood, and thrown ignominiously into a hole, she sent and had his remains decently interred. High forest-covered mountains, wooded hills, smiling fields, and blooming valleys, amid them clear lakes at different elevations, united by winding streams and rushing waterfalls, combined to form a paradise around the dwelling of this true woman. The memory of her virtues and benevolence still lives amongst the peasantry in the neighbourhood, after the lapse of more than two hundred years. King Erik, her husband, and the son and successor of the great Gustavus Wasa, had been imprisoned and put to death by his brother

John. He was of an irritable disposition, and guilty of many tyrannical acts; yet his memory was long cherished with affection by the people. He wrote during his imprisonment religious hymns; and the 180th and 373rd in the Swedish Psalm-book are composed by him. The latter is one of the most simply touching and heartfelt confessions of contrition and faith in God ever penned. It tells the whole history of the royal prisoner's altered heart and fortunes; it speaks from the heart to the heart, and has been appointed in Sweden as one of the penitentiary psalms sung at the execution of criminals. Erik stands thus as one of the earliest authors of sacred poetry in the mother-tongue of Sweden. Ericus Olai had preceded King Erik in psalmody in 1515; and we may add here, as his coadjutors and immediate followers, whose productions are to be still found in the Swedish Psalm-book, Olaus Petri, P. J. Gothus, George Marci, Martin Olai, Peter Niger, and others.

Count John of Hoya also wrote love verses during this period; as did Gustavus Adolphus to his youth's favourite, Ebba Brahé. One of his warriors, too, the brave Colonel Ekebladh, wrote many poems, which seem rather a new class of lyrics than imitations of the old Visor. Amongst these are "The Five Perils of Men:" viz., from the caprice of great lords; from April weather; rose-coloured garments; card-playing; and fair women. Several amorous pastorals: "A Wood-song about the Nightingale;" "Pious Thoughts;" "A Home Song;" "The Maiden in the Grove;" "The Flight of Truth;" and others. We may also name Buræus, a writer of strange cabalistic verses, and the first attempter of hexameters in the language.

The rest of the reading of this period was chiefly made up of translations of chivalric songs and the Folks-Sagas

which existed in the country, or had been translated in the sixteenth century. As King Erik XIV. was one of the first poets, so Queen Euphemia of Norway was one of the first translators of the foreign chivalric poetical romances. She translated, or caused to be translated, from Norwegian into Swedish, some of the King Arthur cycle of such metrical romances as "King Arthur," in 1308; "Iwain and Gawain;" "Charlemagne;" "Flores and Blancheflor;" and "Duke Frederik of Normandy." These were called Queen Euphemia's Visor, but only the "Duke Frederik" was printed. Besides these, were translated others of a more didactic character; as "The Conversion of Sinners;" "The Knight of St. Yrian;" "Dialogue between Christmas and Lent;" "How the Soul and Body Wrangle;" "Rynecké the Fox;" "The Dance of Death;" "Martin Goose;" and the like.

Of native Folks-Sagas written about that time were Hoberg's "Old Man," "Pelle Batsman," and a few others; but the grand intellectual food of the people, the joy of their firesides, was the mass of middle-age popular romances, which are still found in unabated esteem by the peasantry almost all over Europe, viz.: "The Childhood of Christ;" "Judas Iscariot;" "History of Pilate;" "Jerusalem's Shoemaker;" "Cardinal Manfred;" "The Twelve Sybilles' Prophecy;" "The Patient Helen;" "Faust;" "Owlinglass;" "Fortunatus;" "The Fair Melusina;" "Genoveva;" "Octavianus;" "Magelona;" "The Seven Wise Masters;" "Appolonius;" "Carsus and Moderus;" "Bidpais' Fables;" "Baarlaam and Josaphat;" "Lunkentus;" "The Blue Bird;" "The Knight Fink;" "Marcolf;" "Tumme Liten;" "The Island of Blessedness;" "Blue Beard;" "The Duke of Luxemburg's Pact with the Devil;" "Master Cat;" "Hildegard;" "The Two Merchants," the same story as

one in Boccaccio, and as introduced by Shakspeare into "Much Ado about Nothing;" "Shariton;" "The Nix in every Street;" "Sidonia Borch," of late worked up into a romance by Wilhelm Meinhold; "Caloander;" "The Princess in the Sleeping Wood;" "Fortunée;" "The Swedish Robinson;" and a host of others.

These works present the truest picture of the psychological condition of the people. It was one of great simplicity and intensity of faith, with a profound love of the poetical and the marvellous. At the same time, we quite agree with Lénström, that "the majority of these legends contain great wealth of poetry, of adventure and deep feeling; sometimes a powerful popular humour, often of delightful descriptions of love. They contain more pure originality than most of the romances of our time, and deserve to be published, not only for the reading of the people, but of the more cultivated classes."

To this literature must be added a number of Rhymed Chronicles; and if not exactly mysteries and moralities, yet a species of sacred drama much akin to them; and others called Ballets, more resembling the English masques. Amongst the sacred dramas which were publicly enacted for the edification of the people, were histories of David, Joseph, Judith and Holofernes, of Man and his Fall. Amongst these, and one of the earliest, was the comedy of "Tobit," by Olaus Petri, which we must for a moment notice on account of its language. This drama was written by the zealous reformer, Olaus Petri, in 1550, only eight years before our Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne. One is therefore surprised to find so extraordinary a resemblance between the Swedish and English languages at that period. The resemblance is nearly as great as that of the Scotch at the same period, as we find it in Sir David Lindsay's Dramas,

some of which were written later ; his "Satyre on the Three Estaites" being acted before the Court in 1554. In "Tobit," the sound and spelling of the *th* in "the," "three," and all similar words, now quite abandoned by the Swedes and Danes, though retained in the Icelandic, and so difficult of expression to all foreigners, is in full use. Nay, in Hans Olffson's drama, published as late as 1635, or in the time of our Charles I., a "Tragedia om the tree wisa män ;" but in "Tobit" we find lines like these :

Thet är hans werck, som wij nu göre.

That is his work which we now do.

Död ligger på gatan (the street) en Israelitisk Man.

Dead lies upon the street an Israelitish man.

Och låta then dödha komma i jordh.

Oh let the dead come into the earth.

O, Abrahams, Isacs och Israel's Gudh !

Oh, Abraham's, Isaac's and Israel's God !

Unge Tobias til sin Faderh.—

"En gode Mannen haffuer jag funnet."

Young Tobias to his father.—

"A good man have I found.

Fadren.—Then gode Mannen haff här in.

Father. — The good man have here in.

Mit nampn är Azarias, om tu thet will weta.

My name is Azarias, if thou that wilt wot (know).

Take now a sample of Sir David Lindsay's "Satyre on the Three Estaites," of precisely the same date, and take the first lines you open upon. Are they more like English of the present day ?

"I trow this pillour be spur-gaid,

Put in thy hand into this cord,

Howbeit, I se thy scap skyre skaid ;

Thou art ane stewst I stand for'd."—p. 39.

Or again—

“ But, nocht, in thir bischopis, nor their freiris
Quhilk will, for purging of their neiris,
Sard up the ta raw, and doun the uther,
The mekill devill resave the futher.”—p. 79.

But if there was a resemblance of the two languages at this period, how widely different was the state of the two literatures! Amid all this mass of Middle-Age composition, which still held its place among the Swedish people, we discover but here and there a faint glimpse of what is native and original; while in England, Chaucer had ages before produced his great poem; Sir Thomas More had now left behind him his “Utopia;” and it was the day of Marlowe, with his vigorous dramas; of Sir Philip Sydney, and the “Arcadia;” of Spenser, and the “Fairy Queen;” and, lastly, of Shakspeare. Lénström asks: “How shall we account for this lack of poetry during so long a period?” And he answers it by attributing it to the butcheries of Christian the Tyrant, the troubles of Erik, and the splendid outbreak of the Reformation, absorbing the soul of the people, and occupying them with tragedies and great poems in real life. It may be so; but we had also our troubles, our civil wars, our wars of the Roses, and our breaking out of the Reformation—there must have been other causes for this tardy development of the North. A new era was now, however, approaching, under the influence of Johannes Messenius and George Stjernhjelm.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—THE STJERNHJELM AND THE GERMANICO-ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

THE effects of the Reformation were soon seen in the literature of Sweden as of other countries. The puerile mysteries, and long-winded allegorical moralities, vanished before the aroused understanding of the age. Legends and absurd pretended miracles fled before the keen spirit of inquiry. A thousand owls and bats of superstition and superstitious credulity which had haunted for ages the darkened purlieus of the abased human mind, precipitately departed as the light of a new day was poured into it. Everything became more real, palpable, and allied to the life and business of the world. The drama was removed from the cloister and the church to its more legitimate stage in the midst of social life, and monks gave way to secular actors. With all this, true poetry was not banished; it received no injury; but, on the other hand, the most decided advantage; for the genuine elements of poetry have no connection with darkness, with fatuity or delusion. They exist in Nature, in knowledge, and in the heart of enlightened man. All these were left when the mists and eclipses of monkery ceased. Nature abroad presented her sublime and soul-inspiring features—her mountains, her rivers, her oceans and ocean-shores, her forests dark with solemn shadows, and her

flowery fields bright with the sun of heaven. Nature smiled with her glorious face into more intelligent eyes, into spirits more capable of comprehending and of loving her. What many authors have asserted, that Protestantism was essentially founded on reason, and that reason is opposed to imagination, and therefore to poetry, is false, and founded on a deficiency of true psychological knowledge. Reason and imagination, in a healthy and unfettered state, strengthen each other, assist each other, and by co-operation extend their mutual horizon, and achieve more elevated flights. Reason fettered by superstition; Imagination fed with false knowledge, or deprived of the true, becomes diseased and erratic. The answer to such writers is to point to Shakspeare and Milton, two of the most essentially Protestant writers in the world, and whose freer faith and more daring exercise of the imagination have given them a grandeur, an expansion and a completeness, which they could never have acquired under any other circumstances.

The intellectual development of this epoch in Sweden displayed itself first in dramatic attempts, under the two Messenii and George Stjernhjelm : continuing, with some improvement, what Olaus Petri had begun. Next it exhibited itself in lyrical poetry, at one time fashioned on the model of the Italian school, at another on that of the German; now love verses, now occasional verses, and finally, didactic and religious poems, the French taste then coming in and giving the public mind another direction.

Johannes Messenius and his son Arnold J. Messenius, were the first to reform the public taste, though they were themselves persons of no actual genius, and did little more than change the subjects from legendary and scriptural, to actual history. For the rest, the dramas of

Johannes Messenius were as flat and spiritless as those of his predecessors. They were divided into from five to seven acts: and we discover in them the first tendency to a division into scenes. He wrote six dramas, or comedies, as all comedies were then called, like Dante's "Divine Comedies." These were "Svanhvita," "Blancka Mareta," "Disa," "Signill," "Christmanna Comedia," and the comedy of "Gustaf I.," of which only the four first were printed. They are destitute of all poetical value, and their small dramatic worth consists in what we have just explained. Messenius was Professor of Jurisprudence at Upsala, and died in prison at Ulleåborg, in 1637, on a charge of participation in a conspiracy. His son, who was Historiographer of the kingdom, was dismissed as an accomplice in his father's crime, and left in manuscript a drama representing the whole of Gustaf I.'s reign!

The cotemporaries, and for the most part imitators of the Messenii, were Prytz, Bishop of Linköping; Brask, a clergyman; Hjärne, Kolmodin and Beronius, who all wrote plays, and with these vanished all traces of the Messenius school.

Of much more merit were the productions of George Stjernhjelm. He wrote dramas, lyrics, an epic, and didactic poems. In all he was distinguished far beyond his cotemporaries, and produced such an impression, that he literally decided the character of his country's literature for a century. His works are "Hercules," an epic poem, or rather, an allegoric, didactic poem, which Hammarsköld pronounces to be the best poem of its kind in the Swedish language. It is written in hexameters, which, though not the first in the language, were at the time far the best; and is distinguished for much vigour, deep reflection, and power of description. He may truly be

styled the first artistic poet of Sweden, for drawing his subjects often from the Greek and Roman classics, he endeavoured to give them a classical form in his native tongue. His "Hercules" was wonderfully popular in his time. The King had it read aloud to him as he travelled in his carriage: Gustavus Adolphus, Oxenstjerna, his great minister, and himself a distinguished writer, were enthusiastic in its praise.

Besides this, he wrote, "The Hanged Astrild;" Sonnets and Epigrams; a Ballet, a Masque, "The Captive Cupid." "Parnassus Triumphant;" "Recollection of Wedding Troubles;" "The Manners of the Time," and much miscellaneous verse. "The Hanged Astrild," the idea of which is taken from Anacreon, is highly praised by Hammarsköld. One great merit of his works is, that they contributed to the purification and progress of the language; another, that they lashed unmercifully the follies and basenesses of the age. His writings also contain a singular collection of the proverbs and adages of the people. Stjernhjelm was a native of Dalecarlia. His father was engaged in mining, but he himself took an entirely literary turn. He was born in 1598; after completing his education, he travelled on the continent, and then became Professor in Westeras, magistrate in Livonia, and finally, royal antiquary. He died in 1672. He was the great man of the age; and his chief followers in his peculiar school were Lindsköld, Rjörk, Wallenius, and Count Stenbock, who chiefly wrote dramas and ballets; and many others who, more or less influenced by his style, yet gradually were lost in the growing Italian and German taste.

There are few other names during this century over which we must linger. The chief of these are Gunno Dahlstjerna, who introduced the *Ottava Rima* in his

“King’s Skald,” a long poem on Charles XI.’s death, and made a bad translation of Guarini’s “Pastor Fido.” After him Gustaf Rosenhane wrote one hundred sonnets, and other things in prose and poetry. Christopher Leyoncrona was also a writer of sonnets and love verses. Thorsten Rudeen, Bishop of Linköping, wrote some good jocose love songs, and other good and bad small poems. Carl Gripenhjelm; Johan Liljenstedt was also a similar writer. These were of the Italian school.

Of the German school were Samuel Columbus, whose writings were published in 1680, under the name of the “Biblical World,” chiefly songs and epigrams, but much inferior to the writings of Stjernhjelm, who was his teacher and friend. Carl Gyllenborg; Holmström; Risell; Werwing; Geisler; and Olaf Broms.

LASSE LUCIDOR,

Or Lasse Johansson, was one of those wild comets which appear now and then in every land’s literature—brilliant, erratic, blazing in a strange lurid light of genius, and soon extinguished. Lénström thus relates his short and wretched story:—Lasse Lucidor was a shipwrecked genius; in his life and in his poems a Diogenes, or, in comparison with Stjernhjelm, we might call him “the mad Socrates.” While he revelled through his youth, he was at the same time a cynic. His friend Columbus thus describes him: “Lucidor was of a thoroughly philosophic turn, and lived a long time on Norrmalm in Stockholm, in a summer-house in a garden, at least during the summer months, where his whole furniture consisted of a quire of paper and an inkstand. His bed was a bundle of straw, and his clothes were in good keeping with his chamber: such was the contempt of the

world which he professed. As he went along the streets he sung aloud ; and when Columbus once was with him, and bade him be quiet, he asked whether the air and space were not free to all. His tongue he said, was his own ; and the song he sung too, for he had composed it. When Columbus asked him why he did not lift his cap to the Lord Chancellor, Peter Brahe, as he drove past ; he answered : ‘ Count Peter goes his way and I go mine. If I have cash in my pocket, I go to an inn, order the best entertainment I can, and Count Peter goes where he likes : but if I had anything to ask of him, of course, I must go and bow and bend before him. I will not, however, pay court to the great—that is, to sell my freedom for a hundred rix-dollars a-year. And, as to the honour, that is all nonsense. If you sate at a great man’s table, and I sate at the cook’s ; or if you sate at the upper end of the table, and I at the lower, what better would you be than I ? Have I ever starved ? ’ Columbus replied : ‘ That may come in time.’ His great resort was the taverns and similar places. His genius, like his life, was cynical, abandoned and dissipated. He composed his songs with great rapidity, and many of them at weddings and funeral entertainments. He sung a bridal song at the marriage of Baron Gyllenstjerna ; but it was so immoral, that he was put in prison for it. His poetic faculty displayed itself in a rapid inspiration and recitation in all the languages of Europe ; and wild and reckless as were his songs, he composed some hymns, as his ‘ Lord God ! I mourn before thee,’ and his ‘ Sinful Man,’ in which the most lacerating remorse breathes, and which are sublime in their very fearfulness of the outcry of a tortured spirit. It was while singing the first of these in a wine-cellar, that he was murdered by a lieutenant, who ran him through with his sword. He was then only twenty-four years of age, truly

styled by his biographer—a student worn out with excesses.”

There is another phenomenon which arrests us at this point, and that is the *first lady author* of Sweden—Fru Brenner. It is true that the name of Queen Euphemia of Norway has come before us, but as a patron of translations. We have no reason to think that Euphemia soiled her royal hands with authorly ink; but Mrs. Brenner was a *bonâ fide*, and hard-working authoress. “She produced,” says Lénström, “fifteen children, and still more poems;” and though she better understood the art of housekeeping than the art of poetry, yet she was regarded as an actual miracle in her day, and there remain no less than thirty tributary and most laudatory addresses to her, or upon her: some of congratulation, some of lament over her grave. These came from no less distances than Copenhagen, Germany, Mantua and Mexico. Adlerstedt, one of her eulogists, thus closes his long lament at her grave: “Ah! is there no poet remaining who can write of thee so ably as thou didst write of others? No! Art, like thee, has abandoned us! Our Swedish poetry is gone with thee into the grave, and the children of the Muses stand terrified and struck dumb. Farewell! farewell our poetry: Good night, thou famous old lady!”

Her verses relate chiefly to weddings and funeral feasts, and are furnished with the strangest and most elaborate titles. They abound with dry, learned, verbose and trivial reflections, but are distinguished for their very easy and neat style. Nobody, however, could speak more humbly of their performances, or assign a more commendable motive for them. “I have,” she says, “pursued my meditations by the spit and the cradle, though particularly lofty thoughts or profound invention are scarcely to be expected amid such homely occupations.

But of what consequence, it will be asked, are a woman's reflections? The world may best decide on that; if I have now and then composed a verse, it has been especially done because it has given pleasure to my excellent and affectionate husband; and but for his earnest desire, not one of them would probably have seen the light. Never have I been so ignorant or so vain, as to dream of placing myself in the rank of the poets."

One more name of the Stjernhjelm period deserves especial mention, that of Archbishop Haqvín Spegel, the Arreboe of Sweden, who died in 1711. He translated Arreboe's "Hexamæron," founded on Du Barta's "Creation," styling it "God's Work and Rest," and his countrymen do not hesitate to place it above Arreboe's version. But Spegel's Psalms are the compositions which give him a lasting place in Sweden's literature.

Wieselgren says: "They are incomparable, and rarely have been equalled. There is not a word which appears used for mere effect; they are full of the simplest beauty. We seem ourselves scarcely to hear the tones which float round the heavenly ideas, but are certain that they are heard in heaven. The spirit of the seventeenth century, pious as was that even of its heroes, is caught by Spegel, and the school which rose and flourished around him, in a manner which for ever cast a glory over the character of Sweden—over that serious gladness, that hopeful yet solemn temperament, which is, like the 'Song of Vala,' in our most ancient myth, a spirit heralding Christianity, a natural religiousness, which constitutes the key-note both of our literature and of our history."

This is high praise, but deserved, as the Psalm-Book of Sweden testifies. Spegel wrote also "Paradise Lost and Refound." He had read, no doubt, Milton. He was the author also of a keen satire, "Sir Highmind Down-

fall." His disciples and successors in the same sacred department of poetry were Olof Kolmodin, author of the immensely popular "Voice of the Dove;" Professor Arrhenius, Bishop Svedberg and Jacob Frese.

The other most marked names of this era in different walks of literature are Runius, Dalius, Lindsköld, Björk, Triewald and Lars Fornelius.

During this century, the literary taste in Sweden made a great progress; for not only were its own sons beginning to show a deeper and more original consciousness of the intellectual world within them, but the finest productions of all Europe were pouring in upon them. We find them quoting and commenting on Ronsard, Corneille, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Flemming, Cats, Vondel, Arreboe, Kingo, Hoffmanswaldau, Lohenstein, Opitz, Gryphius, Guarini, Boileau, etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

FRENCH taste prevailed all over Europe during the eighteenth century. The splendour and *éclat* of Louis XIV.'s Court, and the familiarity with French affairs and opinions which the long warfare between Popery and Protestantism, which ended with the Peace of Utrecht, had spread everywhere, laid the foundation of it. By that Peace, Louis, at his last shifts, was, to his own astonishment, at once relieved from humiliation and disgrace, and the projected invasion of his kingdom and capital by Marlborough and Eugene. All the struggles of the Thirty Years' War, of the War of the Spanish Succession, and all the victories of Marlborough and the Prince of Savoy, were rendered abortive, and Catholicism and French *prestige* remained in the ascendant. Not only the social manners, the etiquette, and the fashions of France, were imitated over nearly the whole continent, but the fashion of its literature was adopted too. Some of the greatest writers of France had adorned that reign—Corneille, Racine, Molière, Boileau:—these were the men who stamped their peculiar philosophy of literature on the greater portion of the civilized world; scarcely

any country escaped it. England, from Pope to Cowper, bears abiding traces of the French influence upon its poets, in which the spirit of the imagination was frozen down into cold glittering models, till life and originality became extinct; till imitator following upon imitator, there was a dearth of soul in the land, and men gravely asserted that everything had been said and done that could be said and done in poetry and general literature. What a glorious reply there has since been given to this oracular utterance of inanity and formalism, in Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Campbell, Southey, Coleridge, Dickens, Tennyson, and an almost countless host of great and original names, all the world knows. Germany suffered immensely from the Gallic mania, which was pre-eminently fostered by Frederick, miscalled the Great, of Prussia, where Voltaire and French fashions, French vice, French atheism and French poetry, so admirably described by Byron as "hurdy-gurdy music, monotony in wire," were enthroned and worshipped, amidst pig-tails, powder and jack-boots. Klopstock, however much his merits might be over-rated by his cotemporaries—however much he might deserve the sarcasm of Coleridge, who, when some one called him "the German Milton," replied, "Yes, a *very German Milton!*" still had the merit of first breaking up the French life-in-death reign of verse-smithery in Germany. In Denmark, we have seen the same epidemic disease continuing to the same period (the close of the eighteenth century), and Baggesen, as its last champion, fiercely doing hopeless battle for its prolongation with Oehlenschläger. But in no country was this epidemic of Gallic formalism and surface glitter more strongly and enduringly prevalent than in Sweden. The marriage of Louisa Ulrika, the sister of Frederick II. of Prussia, with the King of Sweden, carried over a fresh

contagion of Gallo-mania thither; and her son, Gustavus III., born amid this French influence, and educated in it both at home and in Paris, became the author of a new life to it in Sweden, and, in 1786, founded the Swedish Academy on the avowed model of the French Academy, and thus perpetuated its reign.

It is not our business here to enter far into the question of French literature and French taste, which even in France of late years has partaken, in some departments, of the revolutions which have unsettled that country; but we may briefly state, that, conferring upon their models the name of *classical*, and especially *Greek*, the French authors sought to dazzle the literati of other nations, and to win an undisputed acquiescence in their dogmas. They dwelt, therefore, emphatically on artistic organization—on forms, rules, unities and external polish. All that diverged from these stereotyped laws was denounced and ridiculed as barbarism. Shakspeare was the prince, or rather the monster, of all barbarism, in their eyes. Their straight gravel-walks, clipped hedges, trees cut into peacocks, and artificial cascades, were pronounced more true to nature than Nature's own woods, mountains, rivers and un-trimmed foliage.

Literature in France was called upon to attend, to amuse, and to embellish the Court; and therefore it was absolutely necessary that it should be courtly, wittily superficial, superficially brilliant, strict in etiquette, and polite though not very moral in tone. It was employed in comedy, masques, birthday festivities, and flatteries: and men with good tact and supple backs, but no encumbrance of self-respecting genius, soon found promotion in it. The French taste was particularly prominent in the theatre, and from that quarter was, of course, rapidly brought under the notice of the whole public, and as

rapidly spread through the same medium over Europe. It pre-eminently celebrated the deeds of kings and men of rank and fashion, and by this means again diffused a quick and extensive imitation of their manners and modes of thinking. All other subjects and *dramatis personæ* were condemned as vulgar and beneath the dignity of the dramatic muse. Even kings and heroes of unpolished ages were placed in the same category; and thus all the grand topics of the ancient times of such countries as England, Germany, and Scandinavia, were at one fell swoop consigned to the limbo of oblivion and contempt. The theory succeeded; and Shakspeare and many of his class who abounded with such subjects, and who, in the freedom of their native independence, introduced Hamlets, Macbeths, Lears, and had the gross barbarity to introduce into their tragedies interludes, with merry anomalies, as Falstaffs, Queen Mabs, and such monsters as Caliban, were regarded as Calibans themselves, and it was only by a grand fight that the sovereignty of Shakspeare and of common sense were restored.

On the continent, more than here, the attempt to engraft the French language, French manners and French gait, on the Gothic speech, the Gothic open, manly, unadorned demeanour, and the Gothic gravity of spirit of the Northern nations, succeeded for nearly a century: and it is now our task to note the Swedish literature during the prevalence of this unnatural influence. The Swedes divide this period into three portions, which arrangement we shall follow.

I.—THE MORNING OF GALLICISM. THE DALIN PERIOD.

There is little evidence of real genius during this period, which is named after Dalin. The principal writers under it are Dalin himself, Fru Nordenflycht, Creutz and

Gyllenborg, and there would be as little pleasure in perusing their compositions as there would those of our own Yaldens, Spratts, Dukes, Cawthornes, and the like. The Gallo-mania was not yet confirmed, but there were strong evidences of its rapid advance; and improvement in style in these writers is no sufficient compensation for their common-places and platitudes. Dalin himself was the Court favourite of the Queen Louisa Ulrika. He was the son of a clergyman in Holland; was born in 1708; studied at the University of Lund, and became Clerk of Chancery in Stockholm. In 1737, he was appointed Royal Librarian; he then travelled abroad, and on his return received a proposal from Government to write a History of Sweden. He was the tutor to the Crown Prince from 1751 to 1756, became Court Chancellor, and died at Drottningholm in 1753.

The influence which Dalin acquired must have resulted more from his favour at Court, and especially with the Queen, than from his genius, of which he certainly possessed little. He attempted various walks in poetry—epic, in his poem of “Swedish Freedom;” lyric, in his “Occasional Verses at Court;” dramatic, in “Brynhilda,” a tragedy; “The Envious One,” a comedy; and in a pastoral drama. In none of them exists there any real poetry: though there is much smartness and polished diction. He wrote verses on all trivial Court affairs, as congratulations, festive odes, birth and death poems, which have no other value for posterity than so many cast old clothes. In his comedy he is more successful than in tragedy or grave epic, because he is there clever and smart, while he lacks the true depth of thought and feeling necessary to a higher class of composition. His Visor were much admired because of their liveliness of style, but are wretched imitations of the old Visor, from their possessing none of that

strong genuine nature and feeling which are the soul of the old ballads.

It is as a prose writer that Dalin is deserving of remembrance, and especially for his periodical, the "Argus," which was brought out in 1732, in imitation of the "Spectator" of Addison, and continued till 1734. Through this, he conferred on the Swedish literature the same benefits which Addison conferred on that of England—a great improvement in style, and the origination of a national periodical literature.

A very different person was Hedvig Charlotte Nordenflycht, the poetess of this period. She was in verse and life the Swedish Sappho. Possessed of a tender heart, of quick and powerful passions, she was a martyr to her affections, and her poetry is all love and sorrow, as her life was. In a better age, she would have been a better poetess; for she possessed the elements of poetry in no ordinary degree—passion, feeling, and imagination. She was born in Stockholm in 1718, and by her dying father was compelled to betroth herself to a humpbacked lover, a young mechanic, Tideman, who after three years' betrothal died. She then became acquainted with the Pastor Fabricius, a poet himself of some note, through her cousin and friend Kilingenberg, whose death she afterwards celebrated in verse. A mutual and intense passion sprung up between Pastor Fabricius and herself, but, through the opposition of relatives, their marriage was prevented for four years, during which time, however, they never ceased to correspond, and often in verse. At length they were married, but in seven months death deprived her of her husband; and her overwhelming grief on his loss threw her into a long and dangerous illness. Recovering in some degree from this, she hired a cottage in Södermanland, where she hung her room with pictures of mourning, and

wrote her "Sorrowing Turtle-dove," a series of elegies dedicated to the eternal memory of her lost husband. Notwithstanding the lack-a-daisical title of these poems, they contain the first pure traces of the genuine lyric vein since the time of the Folks-Visor; and, notwithstanding much in them that offends our present tastes, they are full of warmth and heartfelt sentiment, and are pervaded by a wild, poetic melancholy, that is by no means unattractive. The same may be said of her love songs, her odes, and her idyl, "Camilla."

Through her "Turtle-dove" effusions, she became extremely popular; and her fame surprising her in her remote retirement, she soon abandoned her sackcloth and ashes, her sable-draped cottage, and hastened to Stockholm, where she became the centre of a wide and brilliant circle, and the active soul of various coteries. She again, however, returned to the country, to a solitary house which she called "Lugnet"—The Repose—on the shore of the Mälars Lake. Here she soon became desperately in love with a young man of the name of Fischerström, whom she had patronized, but who unfortunately was already engaged; and in despair and mortification, like another Sappho, she actually attempted to throw herself into the sea. She was prevented, but died soon afterwards.

Madame Nordenflycht was a woman of extensive reading, considered very learned for her time, and this learning is somewhat lavishly and injuriously displayed in her poetry. She wrote "Swedish Poets," a series of portraits extremely flattering; and she published a "Defence of Woman," in reply to Rousseau, with learned notes. Besides these, she was the author of "Spiritual Songs," epigrams; an "Attempt at a Caroliad," and other productions.

The influence which Mrs. Nordenflycht exerted on the

literary life of her time in the capital, and the *éclat* which surrounded her, is evidenced by the coteries which sprung up about her, embracing all the poets of the day, none of whom would be left out, lest they should be marked as tasteless and unimportant. These coteries decided the literary fashion of the time ; and the leading one modestly published the productions of its members, as " Our Experiment in the Formation of Opinion," and " Literary Labours," in two volumes, in 1759 and 1762. On the death of Fru Nordenflycht, this society fell to pieces, but was renewed again by Schröderheim, under the name of " Utile Dulci," and had two kindred societies, one at Upsala called " Apollini Sacra," and another at Åbo, the " Aurora." Societies became the rage ; Bergklint founded a " Society of Belles-Lettres," which ceased in 1766. But already in 1753, the infection had extended to royalty, and Louisa Ulrika had established " The Academy of Literature," which continued till her death in 1782, and in 1786, was restored under the title of the " Academy of Literature, History, and Antiquity."

We may give a few lines of Fru Nordenflycht's, such as she probably wrote in her mourning-hung hermitage in Södermanland :

" My life's desire is shorn away,
 I long for death alone ;
 For thee, dark mansion of decay,
 Thou grave ! I inly groan.
 On earth I find no more,
 Aught that my soul can bless ;
 Here life is but distress ;
 My time in tears runs o'er.
 Youth's bliss was once my lot,
 But now to misery sold,
 Bound in grim sorrow's fold.
 A long, slow death before me stands, and yet I reach him not.

Thou sad and wounded heart,
Cannot the bitter smart
Which thus consumes thy breath,
Bring thee this longed-for death !
That life's frail tissue rending,
The soul's pure flame ascending,
Its prison-house may quit, and soar to love unending."

In the school, and amid the social circle of Madame Nordenflycht, formed themselves two poets who are allied to her in the more living sentiment that distinguished her above her predecessors, and the one resembling her in the portraiture of idyllic love, the other in the melancholy lament over the evanescence of earthly happiness : these were the Counts Gyllenborg and Creutz. The difference between them is, that Creutz possessed more imagination, through which his descriptions display a greater splendour, a more tropical luxuriance, and a greater feeling of life's enjoyment ; while Gyllenborg was more melancholy, more sentimental, reflective, and the faculty of conception being more predominant in him.

They unhappily resembled each other in this respect, that neither of them were poets of the first order ; that they employed themselves in the descriptions of nature and of the outer world, while they were deficient in that lyric depth, without which description becomes a mere inventory. They formed themselves on the model of the English poets of the period, especially of the descriptive ones. Dalin, besides copying in the "Argus," the English "Spectator," began a translation of Addison's "Cato;" and Gyllenborg and Creutz took Thomson as their model ; Silverstolpe translated some of the poems of Shenstone ; Kellgren and Leopold, writers that we are approaching, preferred Pope. These authors accorded well enough with the French taste of the period, and

were, in fact, themselves, in a great degree, formed upon it.

Creutz, who was born in 1729, in Finland, was employed as Ambassador at the Courts of France and Spain. He died in 1785. His best work is "Atis and Camilla," the story of which would excite no interest at the present day, but of which the style is distinguished for its beauty, and the whole poem for its real feeling for the beauty of nature. He wrote besides, a "Song of Summer," "Daphne," and elegies. His satiric poem, "The Defence of Lying," has much merit.

Gyllenborg's chief works are: "Songs of the Four Seasons," "The Joys and Sorrows of Men," "Farewell to Youth," "Ode on the Power of the Soul," Fables, "Tåget öfver Bält," in twelve books. "Essay on the Art of Poetry," Satires and Plays. His "Tåget öfver Bält"—Expedition across the Baltic—is an attempt at a national epic, but is too rhetorical, diffuse and overdone with allegoric machinery and reminiscences of Voltaire's "Henriade." Charles V.'s crossing the ice to make a descent on Denmark, in Cromwell's time, and the interference of Meadows, the English minister, with similar agency, are poor materials for an epic poem. His "Joys and Sorrows of Men" is full of a deep melancholy. Every species of earthly ill is congregated in it, and limned with no ordinary power. An inexpressible pain transfixes our heart as we read it; we are reminded, perhaps, of moments when the burden of life lay with mountainous might upon our souls, and then the miseries of Job were poured out upon us. But if we long for the home of eternal repose, where every anguish is stilled, and are bowed beneath the hand of Providence, who chastises but to improve us, no such poetic or religious balm breathes from these pages. There is a spirit of epicurean

and stoical scepticism expressed in them, of which Gyllenberg was the first whisperer, but which grew and was perpetuated in the literature of the Academy. His poems on the Seasons are more pleasing. In their first lyrical shape, they are worthy of comparison with Oxenstjerna's "Hours of the Day," and we need only to compare Gyllenberg with Dalin and Madame Nordenflycht, to perceive what a decided advance he had made beyond them, both in style and in the spirit of poetry itself. His deeper though more sorrowful glances into the human heart, his yearning after profounder thought, and his vivid feeling of the beauty of nature, comprehending it with an idea great and national, are his peculiar characteristics, and mark him as the chief poet of this particular school.

The other writers, who may be briefly mentioned in this first section of the eighteenth century, are Wrangel, Hesselius, Celsius, Lalin, Wellander, dramatists; Liljestråle, Skjöldebrand, Hallman Göstafsson, Bergeström, narrative poets and translators; Olof Rudbeck, author of the "Boråsiade," Livin, Cederhjelm, Nyrén, comic and satiric writers. Mörk was the great romance writer of the times. He may be considered Sweden's first regular author of romance. His models are Fenelon, Barclay, and Lohenstein. His productions are more numerous than readable, for they are heavy, bombastic, monotonous and diffuse. He had his imitators in Wexel and Gyllenstolpe. Palmfelt and Nicander were translators chiefly from Virgil and others.

II.—THE NOON OF GALLICISM. THE PERIOD OF GUSTAVUS AND THE ACADEMY.

Gustavus III. was a man of unquestionable talent, and as an orator he might be said to possess decided genius. His eloquence has rarely found a rival in the annals of Sweden. He was a master of rhetoric, but no real poet. It is not often that an accomplished orator and a good poet meet in the same person. An orator may and ought to possess imagination and poetical feeling, without these qualities, oratory degenerates into dry declamation ; but the exertion and mode of intellectual development in the poet are widely different to the arts which are requisite for a popular orator. But Gustavus III., even in his poetical tendencies, was fast bound to the French system, in which the law of regularity fettered the free soarings of genius, and where versifying, taking the place of invention, soon fell down to common-place. Gustavus was, however, the true friend of literature, and did whatever lay in his power, according to his own views, to promote it, and to honour and reward literary men. Following up the plan of his mother, Louisa Ulrika, and the inculcations of his tutor Tessin, he established, in 1786, the Swedish Academy, which, for the remainder of the century and for some time longer, continued to dictate, in a great degree, the taste of the public. It is not to be denied that Swedish literature owes much to Gustavus and this school, so far as polish of language, and a horror of barbarism, and grossnesses are concerned. As in our Addison and Pope, so in the Swedish writers of this period, polish, harmony, exquisite finish of diction, and a promulgation of sound, just, and philosophical sentiments, are the distinguishing qualities, and have produced

their good effects on the literature of each country. But little that can be called genius, at least of the higher grade, little of the more intrinsic, ethereal, creative spirit of poetry—of what Wordsworth calls so admirably “the vision and the faculty divine,” are, or can properly be looked for amongst them. Their souls were bound down within a certain sphere by the inexorable chains of their system.

Of this mid-day of the Gallic era, Gustavus himself, Kellgren, Leopold and Oxenstjerna, are the chiefs. Gustavus wrote a number of dramas, the chief of which are “Gustavus Wasa;” “Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe;” “Siri Brahe;” “Helmfelt;” Gustavus Adolphus’s Magnanimity;” “Frigga,” a comedy; “The Jealous Neapolitan;” “Alexis Michaelovitsch” and “Natalia Narischkin;” “The Deceived Pacha,” and “The One for the Other,” two comedies; also a farce, called “The Birth-day.”

In their original prose form, these dramas possess considerable merit, and are still read with interest. They make no pretences to poetry, but are rather rhetorical, for Gustavus is the greatest master of rhetoric amongst the monarchs of Sweden. But the King had an ambition to see them in a poetic form, and he employed Kellgren to work up into operas, his “Gustavus Wasa,” “Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe,” and “Queen Christina.” Leopold also threw his “Helmfelt” into the operatic form. In this artificial shape, they lost the natural freshness and freedom of the original cast, and are still preferred in their prose form.

Kellgren is essentially a lyrical poet, and the greatest of this period. There is that genial warmth, feeling and grace of manner about him, which make it probable that under more favourable circumstances he would have risen

much higher in the ranks of Sweden's lasting poets. Kellgren was born in 1741, in West Gothland; and was educated at the University of Åbo, where he became a teacher in 1774 of *belles-lettres*, and in 1777 went to Stockholm, where, with his friend Carl Lenngren, he commenced "The Stockholm Post," which for nearly fifty years exercised a powerful influence on the opinion and intelligent progress of the public mind. He soon attracted the attention of the King, who nominated him a member of the Academy, and made him his private secretary, with an income which permitted him to devote himself chiefly to his poetical labours. He died in 1795, at the early age of forty-four.

Kellgren was a witty and keen satirist, as his "Enemies of Light," "My Laughter," "Man only a Genius when he is Mad," sufficiently testify. His operas are not equal to his satires, and are far inferior to his lyrics, which are full of original poetic vigour, a clear, vivacious and rich feeling. Some of these betray a tendency to escape from the bondage of his time, and open up a new spring-time in Swedish poetry. Nay, in his later days, he even expressed in some of his inspired pieces his suspicion that his poetic career had been a mistake. Had he lived longer, he would probably have had to rank amongst the transition poets of the next section. As it is, his "New Creation," "Spring Song," "To Frederika," "To Christina," "Regret," "Despair," "The Valley," his fragment of "Sigwarth and Hilma," with some others, will always give him a high rank amongst Sweden's true poets. For his own fame and the fame of the age, his early death was a serious loss. A growing feeling was within him, that the spring of true poetry lay deeper in the human heart than his school supposed, and this made his productions more and more simple and true to nature

than those of his cotemporaries. As he approached his end, he began in earnest to utter his voice from the depths of his soul; and of that end he had a melancholy foreboding. He had for some time begun to study the literature of Denmark and Germany, which were then in Sweden regarded as barbarous, and a friend who had lent him some German poems met him one morning with tears in his eyes, and asked him the reason of his obvious distress. "Ah!" said Kellgren, pointing to the open volume of Klopstock, "I have lived in vain, and wasted my time on things of no value." His friend sought to comfort him by the hope of a long life, and the opportunity of repairing the evil. "No!" replied he, "with me it is all over! I shall die soon!"

In his prose writings the same characteristics are discernible: you perceive a spirit in captivity to the ideas of his age, and struggling to break loose. In his preface to "Fredman's Letters," you are struck with the clear, intuitive glances of a genius which betray rather than express the feelings of a man who is not easy in his bonds, but has not the strength to break them.

Carl Gustav Leopold, after the death of Kellgren, continued to sway the literary sceptre during the remainder of the century. He was born in Stockholm, in 1756, but went as a child to Norrköping, whither his father removed. He went thence to the school of Söderköping, and in 1773, to the University of Upsala, but was obliged to leave it for want of means. On his return to Norrköping, he became acquainted with Professor Liden, who gave him the promise of becoming the overseer of the library which he had given to the University of Upsala. Leopold was sent to Greifswald, where, in 1782, he took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and became librarian to the Council in Stralsund, and in 1784, received his

promised post in Upsala. When Gustavus III. desired to have his drama "Helmfelt" converted into an opera, Leopold undertook it, and executed it so much to the King's satisfaction, that Gustavus desired to have him nearer to him. He was named a member of the Academy, made librarian at Drottningholm; in 1789, secretary to the King, and 1790, attended him as favourite and court-poet to Finland. On the murder of Gustavus III., Leopold was brought before the Council of the Regency on a charge of holding Jacobinical opinions, but was acquitted, and retired to Linköping till the young King Gustavus Adolphus (Gustavus IV.) entered on his government, when he was again employed; and on the revolution of 1809, was ennobled, and in 1818, became Secretary of State. These honours, however, did not compensate him for much domestic trouble, the excitable temperament and final loss of mind of his wife, and his own blindness during the last seven years of his life. He died in 1829, the last of the Gustavians.

Leopold was a copious writer; his collected works consisting of six volumes. He had attempted almost every species of poetry but the epic; but he is best known for his dramas and his miscellaneous poems. His dramas are too much formed on the principles of his school to please now. They are: "Odin, or the Migration of the Asar," and "Virginia," both tragedies; "The Petition," an occasional piece; and two translations, "The Metre-Mania" and "The Speaking Picture." These plays, judged by our present rules of art, are too high-flown, too rhetorical, and have not enough of the reality of life and nature, the genuine emotions of the human heart, and the genuine conflicts of human passion.

His odes have many of the same faults—bombast, repulsive Court flattery, and frigid reasoning in place of

genuine feeling. His best pieces are to be found amongst his *Miscellaneous Poems*, such as "The Voice of History," "Providence," "The Closing Century," "Eglé and Annett," "Ode on the Desire of an Undying Name," etc. Many of these abound with just and striking thoughts, and are written in a style clear, elastic and graceful.

The great writer of this period was Johan Gabriel Oxenstjerna. He was born in 1750, was educated by Bergklint, became a Marshal of the Kingdom, and died in 1818. He was a descriptive poet; a wonderful admirer of our countryman, Thomson, whose "Seasons" produced a great sensation in both Germany and the North; and his chief works are "The Harvest" and "The Hours of the Day," written in imitation of him. With all the faults of the age and the academical school, he displays a deep feeling of nature; and the pictures of simple life amid the fields and woods of Sweden are full of an idyllic beauty, and a homely attractive grace. The manner in which these poems are written may be best conceived from the feeling with which Tegnér speaks of the "Dagens Stunder"—the Hours of the Day.

"Oxenstjerna," he says, "loves in Nature not merely her outward beauty, but her innermost heart; the profound calm, the unconscious innocence, all the great life, revealed only to the eye of the poet. He regards her not so much with a lover's glance as that of a long-absent son, who gazes again on a beloved mother, whom he grieved to have left behind; and hence arises in all his compositions that mild but half-elegiac tone which finds an echo in every feeling heart. Hence arises the peculiar and touching pleasure of his scene-painting, which not only delights the eye with its splendour, but awakes in the spectator a quiet longing, and a conviction that he sees

some secluded side-path which he had formerly trodden, but had forgotten. How fresh and youthful is the whole of the first book! How joyously comes up the morning sun! How lightly plays the blood in the new-awakened veins of life! The dew seems to lie glittering upon the sunny picture; the morning wind blows through the whole noble book. On the contrary, what an indescribable charm, what a soft melancholy is diffused over the whole third book! This note of regret the poet has learned from the nightingale; this dying and yet living colour is that which the sinking sun casts over retiring Nature, or rather it is a serenade to the slumbering earth, it is a long-drawn sigh over extinguishing life. And in night! What a picture do heaven and earth constitute! How dark, and yet how magnificent! how soft and transparent are all its forms! In the beginning, the gracious sleep which rocks earth to rest; amid hovering dreams; in the middle, the glorious moonlight; and at its close, the graves whence arise voices of lament. This gloomy, solemn song belongs only to the hour of spirits. It is as if we heard at a distance the rushing of subterraneous floods, or the stroke of the passing pinions of the angel of death!"

Oxenstjerna also translated Milton and Tasso: the first remarkably well; the latter, indifferently.

The remaining writers of this period are Johan Stenhammar and Isaac Reinhold Blom; besides Axel Gabriel Silverstolpe, who cultivated, however, the English taste; Nils Lorens Sjöberg, also a cultivator of English literature, and who translated Pope's "Universal Prayer;" and, finally, A. N. Edelcrantz, who translated "God Save the King," and was the first to employ the Northern Mythology in an "Ode to the Swedish people."

CHAPTER XV.

TERMINATION OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL IN SWEDEN.

As the French taste had overspread Europe at very nearly the same time, so its influence decayed and died out almost simultaneously. A system that, in securing the regularity of outward forms, and what may be called the etiquette of literature, restrained its free exercise and extinguished its spirit, must sooner or later come to an end. It was incompatible with progress, and progress is the law of mind. In France itself, long before the termination of the eighteenth century, elements were at work destined to produce the most extraordinary changes in the political, social and literary circumstances of the world. Even those authors who were most French were most concerned in the preparation of this astounding revolution. Voltaire, the author of the "Henriade," that pitiful example of what the epos must naturally become under the French poetical *régime*, was one of the most potent actors in the preliminary labours of Frenchmen for a world-change, which assumed shapes so inconceivably different from what the most sagacious of the prophets of emancipation could conceive.

In many countries they were not the French *doctrines*,

but the French *events*, startling, dazzling and exciting the human heart and imagination to the widest extent, which produced the greatest effects on literature. Those who sympathized least with French views, were often the most influenced in their psychological system by the magnificence of the scenes which swept over the face of the civilized world. Antagonism was not less potent in arousing the energies of mind than sympathy. In this country no man sympathized less with the spirit of the French Revolution than Sir Walter Scott, and yet no man was more influenced by its consequences in the breadth, strength and novelty of the creations which he originated, and conferred on the world in his romances—themselves constituting a new epoch in that department of literature.

But even before the French philosophy and the French movements had produced any marked effect in this country, the influence of Gallic taste on our literature was dying rapidly out. The publication of Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," in 1765, had produced a profound impression on the young men of genius of that time. Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and others, attributed their return to the truth of nature, to the perusal in it of the bold, simple and living ballads of our older bards. Burns soon after broke forth from the tail of his plough with strains which, like lightning flashes, struck everywhere through the clouds of mere school dulness, and spread a new electric pulse of life through society. Poetry in the voice of real life and passion, was heard from the cottage and the field. It was like the thunder rolling in awful grandeur through skies which had been so long unvisited by the voice of heaven; it was like the lark carolling in the blue air when the thunder was past, and the sun shone, through the fresh atmosphere,

on the earth glittering with rain-drops and alive with rushing streams. Men came forth from schools and systems, to nature and to man, and from that time liberty was abroad, and genius ranged the earth to choose its materials wherever God and man were to be found.

In Germany, the innovations introduced by Klopstock, were carried forward into essentially different, and more healthful forms by Lessing, Jean Paul, Schiller and Goethe. In Denmark, we have seen the same change produced by the fervent teaching of Hendrik Steffens, and the bold adoption of it by Oehlenschläger. In Sweden, the same spirit was stirring at the same time, and Bellman, Hallman, Kexél, Wallenberg, Lidner, Thorild and Lenngren, in songs, lyrics, dramas and other compositions, drew their spiritual life from the life of the people, and appeared in shapes and with language, which startled and often irritated to bitter exasperation the orderly and orthodoxly dull members of the Academy.

CARL MICHAEL BELLMAN

Was born in 1740, and studied in Upsala, was appointed by Gustavus III., Secretary of the Lottery office with a salary of three thousand dollars, of which Bellman appropriated one half to the person who managed the business of the office, received the title of Court Secretary, and lived a joyous poet's life, till his death in 1795.

Bellman is at once the poet whom the Swedes regard as national and unrivalled, and whom it is impossible for foreigners to estimate according to the standard of his own countrymen. We must confess, that, amid the whole number of Scandinavian poets, we have found none in whom our expectations have fallen so short as Bellman, of the glowing portraiture given of him by his landsmen.

A Swede, on the mention of Bellman, brightens up like the sun bursting through a cloud. His eye kindles, his pulse beats, and the pride of his name, his race, and his nation, concentrating themselves on this one man, bursts forth in a jubilant exclamation of delight. Everything Swedish and patriotic, everything connected with home life, home feelings, home memories, the loves, the pleasures, the music and entrancements of the past, seem to be associated with the songs of Bellman. We despair of conveying any adequate justification for such national enthusiasm to our own countrymen, through the medium of translation; we have been wholly unable to discover it ourselves in a careful and repeated reading of the originals. His "Up, Amaryllis!" which throws the Swede into ecstasies of delight, we have given to the best of our ability; and those of our countrymen who are disappointed, we refer to the original for a more ethereal conception of it. His "Drink out thy glass: see Death awaits thee;" his "Mark how our shadow, mark, Moritz my brother;" "Phœbus renews the golden clouds;" "Ulla! my Ulla!" "Like a Shepherdess in festive garb;" or "Ulla lay in bed and slept," are all genial, spirited, and charming songs, some jovial with the full tide of happy, social life; some pointing to the shadows of mortality amid our brightest moments of enjoyment; but by no means satisfying us of the sober fitness of the appellation of Sweden's Pindar, which, amid a host of most enthusiastic epithets, is conferred upon him. To our mind he has a truer claim to the designation of the Swedish Anacreon, and a certainly still better to that of their lyric Rembrandt and Teniers.

Still we are ready to admit that the Swedes are the best judges of the excellences of Bellman. There must be something so perfectly national in his spirit, that he finds

an echo of infinite delight in all Swedish hearts. There must be expressions and imagery so exquisite to the Swedish taste, a music to their ears, that escapes in its passage to ours, not only in translation, but in the reading of a foreign tongue, that it is in vain to seek to enter into the full enjoyment of them. That his claims to the affectionate admiration of his nation exist in his pages, it would be presumptuous to call in question; we can only lament that we exist beyond the pale of his perfect merits. For this reason we shall endeavour to convey to our readers the Swedish idea of him, rather than our own, and as much as possible in their own terms; and we will strengthen these encomiums by the addition of the verdict of the German Arndt, who lived long in Sweden, and learned to admire him not less cordially than his own countrymen. Arndt says:

“Bellman is one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived, whether we regard him under the general character as man, or under the national one as Swede. He lived in the time of the genial Gustavus III., during which every species of national talent developed itself. This fortunate poet is a rare phenomenon in the North, such as, since the days of the ancient Scalds, has not been seen. He was a genuine improvisatore, or rather a man genuinely inspired, without learning, without preparation, without any desire to shine, without any plan of working out a particular object, by which our poets so often become unpoetic and constrained.”

We do not understand how Bellman, who had studied at the University of Upsala, could be destitute of learning, or how he could be supposed to be without any desire to shine. But we will allow Arndt to proceed:

“The most wonderful thing is, that this extraordinary man, with his vigour in the joyful art, possessed also

the highest mimic powers, of which his friends relate the most singular instances. When wine had given him the proper elevation, he sought first an air for his song, imitated it, and the sound of different instruments by his mouth and on his fingers, and then sang in accordance what the inspired Muse gave him.

“But he was by no means an habitual or excessive drinker. Those who knew Bellman, testify that nothing could be further from him than fuddling, or a habit of haunting taverns. His whole disposition was joyous, refined and shy. Coarseness found no place in his person, though it was not always absent from his pages. He was difficult to become acquainted with, a certain sign that he was not of a dissipated nature. It was not easy to allure him to a festive rendezvous; only his intimate friends, and that through great address, could draw him out to drink and sing: only the most delicate viands and wines had attraction for him; it was rare to see him in any degree inebriated. His tavern-life, if it could be so called, consisted in occasionally taking his place in a corner, with a bottle of weak wine and a pipe, and there watching the crowd, and catching originals for his ‘Three Students,’ or the like. If a friend, or a particularly jovial person came, and ordered a finer kind of wine, it might happen, but it was not at all to be calculated upon, that Bellman would take a few glasses, yes, might be prevailed on to sing, if his company knew how to awaken his interest; but for a stranger, or any one who did not understand how to attract him agreeably, it was not advisable to intrude upon him, or to endeavour to excite him to gaiety, for instead of that he would probably get a killing sarcasm. Tavern debts he had none, and of such a tavern-life as certain self-imagined geniuses lead, he knew nothing. How he obtained the originals of his

pot-house heroes who moved in a lower sphere than he himself dwelt in, it would at first sight seem difficult to conceive, since gaiety flees from the places of meeting and carousing of the so-called lower classes. But yet it is in reality easy, for every evening, in almost every alley, may be heard a fiddle and the hum of joyously dancing people. These balls, as Bellman called them, were open to every one ; and often he went in, and seating himself in a corner, with his pipe and a glass of ale, he looked out for subjects for his poetic painting, but he never mixed in conversation.

“ As some of his friends walked with him, it often happened that all at once he was missing. If a violin was heard in the neighbourhood, they had only to follow its sound, go in, and there they were pretty certain to find him, sitting apart from the throng, as one sees a landscape-painter on a hill contemplating the distant view. With Moritz, or Mollberg, or Ulla, he had probably never exchanged a word, but he had studied them in the companies before him. What he caught up, he represented ; but often the whole proceeding was imaginary, the characters only were real, the portraiture being at once seized, and struck off for all time.”

“ It was not, therefore, intoxication,” says Lénström, “ which he sung as the height of felicity, but something else which developed itself during the enjoyment of wine under his eye ;—the life and rejoicing of the people, Swedish nature and manners, the seriousness of existence included. Yet it is not to be denied, that the majority of his countrymen estimate or condemn him as the painter of drinking, and as it were exciting to it.”

“ What is it,” asks Wieselgren, “ which makes Bellman so dear to the many, or so *national* ? Certainly not that which is Orphaic in his nature ; that which gives

such life to his paintings of scenery ; or those harmonies in his hymns, which seem to spring from the heart of nature, and the tones of which man only can catch, though never again to be forgotten ; much less is it the sighs which are heard from the heart of Orpheus himself as it is rent asunder by the Mænades, revealing the deepest soul of the poet, and embodying the sigh of creation itself. No, thousands of those who press forward to this eternal feast of Bacchus are captivated by the enchanting power of the beauty of the Mænades. Even in the artistic representation of a debauch there lies a power of calling forth the Lyœisk, the bacchanalianly poetical in nature. Therein can infinitely more sympathize than they who know Nature's *free* intoxication, the hero's enthusiasm, the artist's inspiration, the lover of art's exaltation. Both species of intoxication are found in Bellman's pages."

"The people," says Sondén, "have even come to regard him as a sort of Owlinglass ; for although Bellman lived so near our time, numerous traditions of such a character have obtained wide circulation. Amongst the peasantry you frequently hear relations of fancies and repartees which are ascribed to Bellman, although they are manifestly much older. But they have been attributed to him because his name has become generally known, while the real authors of the sayings are forgotten."

"We cannot sufficiently lament," adds Lénström, "the misfortune which has prevented so many of Bellman's finer inspirations from coming down to us. The greater part of them have died away with the occasion which gave birth to, and the joyous admiration which attended, them. The favourite of nature, of the nation, and of the King, he was fully satisfied with the enjoyment of his few desires, and even the desire of the immortality of fame seldom hovered

in his care-free imagination. He partook of the happiness of earthly life in its completeness according to his own notions: friendship, nectar and the lute; and moderate in all, except in enthusiasm, he went singing on his way towards his early death, not disturbed in the flush of youth by any straining after an unapproachable goal; and happy in not having out-lived the noon of life and genius. One of his friends has related to me with emotion, how the great poet, a short time before his departure to the 'land of the leal,' like the swan, perceiving his last hour approaching, greeted his assembled friends with a farewell improvisation, into which he collected all the beams of his poetic fervour, in order once more, as he expressed himself, 'to let them hear Bellman.'

"He then sung the whole night through under the influence of an unbroken theme of inspiration—the joyous course of his existence—the praise of the good King, and gratitude to Providence which had cast his lot amid a noble people, and in the beautiful Northern land: and, finally, he took an eternal farewell of every one of the assembled company, in a different air and metre, in which art and tone expressed the individuality of the person addressed, and the personal relation of the poet to him. As the day broke, his friends, drowned in tears, implored him to cease, and to spare his health, already so severely affected, but he replied: 'Let us die as we have lived—in music!' drank off, for the last time, the fragrant, ethereal draught, and sang out the conclusion of his swan-song. From that hour he never sung again. * *

"But it would require a volume, not a few pages, to travel through the world of Bellman's characteristics and of his genius. How many memories arise at the very mention of his name! We see the poet, in the Court of Gustavus III., surrounded by the most distinguished courtiers

and noblest poets of his native land. We seem to see the poet's delight in the countenances of a Kellgren, an Oxenstjerna, a Leopold. We behold the poet enter the sick-room of Lidner, and, during conversation with his dying friend, jot down upon paper some verses to the bard of Spartara ; and a few days afterwards, we see him enter, with satisfaction in his eye, the room of Lidner's widow, and giving her a sum of money, say : ' This have I sung together for thee.' Now he sits in a tavern, and exchanges witty sallies with Hallman and Kexél ; now you see him, with Hallman, visit Kexél in the debtors' prison. At another time, you see him teased by a person, who was a clergyman and member of the Diet, to sing ; and he sung :

“ ‘ The devil a parson in a swing,
Swung jovially to and fro ;
And though he was a parliament man,
He swung him down below.’ ”

“ Now he wanders into Sergel's *atelier*, and sings a cradle-song for his son Carl. But who does not remember Father Bacchus wandering round the world, and his scenes and characters of all kinds ? Who does not recollect the inimitable personages—Fredman, Father Berg, Father Bergström, Corporal Mollberg, Ulla Winblad, Christian Wingmark, Bredström, Kihlberg, Wetz, Jergen Puckel, Father Movitz, Kempendahl, and all the rest of our old acquaintances ? ”

Such is Bellman, as described by his friends and countrymen. They are never weary of heaping eulogy upon him. In portraiture of the people's life ; in the exercise of the burlesque and satirical ; in a jovial, pure, genial and festive nature ; in sketching in colours of a higher world the amenities of nature ; and even in

touches of the sad and the sacred given amid the gaities of existence, they represent him as unrivalled. Bacchus and Venus, say they ; the merriment of the drinking resort ; the pleasure-excursions of the people ; the life of stirring throngs and the life of nature, mingled with frolic and caricature, which, in fact, often go together, are the subjects of his pen. It is as if the Satyrs and Fauns, the Bacchanti and Sileni, the Cytheres and Phrynes, with all their sports and gaities, had shown themselves in the North, as if Nature and man exhibited all their changing forms and aspects, so livingly has he limned them. Even in sacred poetry, they give him no little merit, especially in his "Zion's Festival."

We have given his "Up, Amaryllis!" and one of his "Fredman's Epistles," as specimens of his style and spirit. We do not understand the assertions of the critics quoted, that it was not intoxication that he sang as the height of felicity ; for though he might be tolerably temperate himself, if ever there was a work whose entire aim it appears to be to array drinking and tavern dissipation in a seductive light, it is "Fredman's Epistles." In these Epistles, like Holberg in his dramas, he has adopted a set of *dramatis personæ* who always appear. These are Fredman, the supposed writer, called "a famous clockmaker in Stockholm, without clock, shop, or manufactory;" Ulla Winblad, nymph and priestess of the temple of Bacchus, a corporal's daughter ; Father Berg, paper-stainer and player on several instruments ; Father Bergström, another musician ; with two other Bergströms ; Father Movitz, a constable and musician ; Corporal Mollberg, a horse-soldier, without house, horse, or caparison, sometimes dancing-master. Jergen Puckel, clerk in the hall of manufactures ; Fröm, a grave-digger ; and a dozen or two of like characters, with old landladies

and their daughters, boatmen, passengers, etc. These are exhibited in the taverns they frequented, and in *restaurants* in the park, in all their jollity, with plenty of music and plenty of interludes, of fights, squabbles and bloody noses. Hogarth, not in his sketches from low fashionable life, but from low life altogether, presents the best idea of Bellman, except that Hogarth sketches in a manner to repel from such scenes; and with a warning pencil, Bellman, with all the charms of a most glowing and flexible style, reminding us of Hood's wonderful power of language, calculated, whether he intended it or not, to allure. The first Epistle of Fredman will show the spirit of the whole, though not the extraordinary powers of versification which most of them exhibit; and we confess that we quote this because it is partly in prose, and altogether short.

FREDMAN'S EPISTLE TO KAJSA STINA.

“Upon my life! no one drinks! Drink, dear brother. Look at the glasses on the tables in the public-house.* See the pots on the shelf in the cupboard. See how the glittering pewter-pot, which Kajsa Stina holds in her hand, seems to say to thee, Hey! dear soul, moisten thy ashes! Truly, my brethren; truly, my dear sisters, do you know how it seems to me? Why, it seems to me that no one can get along till he has taken a draught. How so? Eh? Your health, dear soul!

“Here's to you, day and night;
New rapture, new delight!

* Here is a play on words that cannot be translated. “Skåder glasen om på borden om, i krogen om,” etc. Bellman is full of these untranslatable vagaries.

Wet your clay, Brother Andy ;
 Forth with the brandy.
 Live ye in Bacchus' way ;
 Here's to you, night and day !
 Look at Sister Kajsa Stina,
 See her bottles bright and clean-a ;
 Take the pot, good fellow, grin-a,
 Grin and swill and drink like me !

“ I am he who shall empty the measure ; it is thou who shalt join us ; and ye are they, dear brothers, who have to order the ale, so that none of us may come short of his liquor. If brandy fail us, if ale is wanting, then we lose all courage. Actually ! courage ! How many are you ? Legion, for you are many. Your health ! Jergen Puckel ! Hey ! Benjamin Schwalbe ! Your servant, Eric Bergström ! Drinkest thou, Anders Wingmark ? Honest brother Berg ! and thou, Christian Samuel Bredström, who liest under the table, your health ! Don't tread on the poor beast ! Strike up with the fiddles ! beat the drums ! A stout pull at the pot !

“ Here is to ye ! as is fit ;
 The reckoning day endeth it :
 The big bottle hail ye !
 Drums beat réveillé ;
 At one draught down send it,
 The reckoning will end it.
 Kajsa Stina stands a-drawing ;
 All my heart is clapper-clawing ;
 From the pot my fingers thawing ;
 Thus I sing my dying song.”

The following is one of his more general lyrics, and altogether his most admired one :

UP, AMARYLLIS !

Waken, thou fair one ! up, Amaryllis !
 Morning so still is,
 Cool is the gale.
 The rainbow of heaven,
 With its hues seven,
 Brightness hath given
 To wood and dale.
 Sweet Amaryllis, let me convey thee,
 In Neptune's arms nought shall affray thee ;
 Sleep's god no longer power has to stay thee,
 Over thy eyes and speech to prevail.

Come out a-fishing ; nets are forth carrying ;
 Come, without tarrying,
 Hasten with me.
 Jerkin and veil in,
 Come for the sailing ;
 For trout and greyling
 Baits will lay we.
 Awake, Amaryllis ! dearest, awaken ;
 Let me not go forth by thee forsaken ;
 Our course among dolphins and sirens taken,
 Onwards shall paddle our boat to the sea.

Bring rod and line, bring nets for the landing ;
 Morn is expanding,
 Hasten away !
 Sweet, no denying,
 Frowning or sighing.
 Couldst thou be trying
 To answer me nay !
 Hence, on the shallows our little boat leaving,
 On to the Sound where green waves are heaving,
 Where our true love its first bond was weaving,
 Causing to Thirsis so much dismay.

Step in the boat, then ? both of us singing,
 Love afresh springing
 O'er us shall reign.
 If the storm rages,
 If it war wages,
 Thy love assuages
 Terror and pain.

Calm 'mid the billows' wildest commotion,
 I would defy, on thy bosom, the ocean,
 Or would attend thee to death with devotion.
 Sing, O ye sirens, and mimic my strain !

A modern Swedish author, Dr. O. P. Sturzenbecher, whose Six Lectures on the more recent Literature of Sweden, abound in clever, clear, masterly sketches, and which we shall henceforward make free use of, says well of this particular period :—" The so-called Gustavian age was drawing to its close. Bellman's lyre was about to grow silent. The fauns, crowned with garlands of wild roses which his magic wand called forth from the groves of the Park, appeared to be retiring by degrees from the stage, and the roguish-eyed troop of dryads from the fisherman's hut danced out between the scenes. Kellgren, the Minnesinger in the pigtail, was singing his last song ; Oxenstjerna was growing old ; Leopold, the inimitable master of steady, sober, reasonable poetry, was growing more and more solitary on the old Parnassus. It was time that the Gustavian age betook itself to rest : but, before we bid the age good night, we must yet name a few names that lie in the transition period." And first of the comic writers, Hallman and Kexél :

HALLMAN.

Bellman had a friend named Hallman, and more than a good friend ; for he was in a great measure the soul's-friend of the great poet. Hallman, too, was a Flemish

painter in literature. He wrote comedies and farces, for the most part playful, sometimes rather coarse-grained, but often right vivid sketches out of Swedish folk-life, with a certain poetical bloom over the whole. His vaudeville "Opportunity makes the Thief," still retains its place upon the Stockholm stage, and still receives on every representation the same hearty applause as it received on its first appearance before the Gustavian public.

Carl Israel Hallman wrote the just-named comedy—"Caspar and Dorothea," a parody of *Acis and Galathæa*. An after-piece to *Caspar and Dorothea*, or "Corporal Oebom;" "Finkel's Funeral Oration," a prologue to "Finkel, or the Subterranean Brandy-distillery;" "Sea-captain Rolf," "Petis and Telé," "Donnerpamp," etc. "Hallman," says Dr. Sturzenbecher, "is a miniature Holberg for us Swedes." But to have been a Holberg, it was necessary to have taken in, as Holberg did, the whole panorama of social life. Hallman drew his characters only from one class—that of the bacchanalian class which Bellman described in his lyrics. His characters are real, but they are not types; and his scenes abound with life and vigour, but they are not sufficiently varied in their scope and sphere to create an actual Swedish drama.

OLAF KEXÉL,

The friend of Hallman and Bellman, lived a gay, vagabond life, without office or engagement, and found a home in the debtors' prison. He wrote "My Pastime in Prison," and "New Pastime in Prison," which were much admired then but not now. He is more celebrated for his comedies, which are chiefly borrowed so far as the plots go, but are often cleverly worked out. He threw into them a true Swedish character and feeling; and "Captain Puff" and

“Michael Wingler” are considered by many to excel the originals.

Carl Envalson, a public notary in Stockholm, wrote a great number of plays of some merit; and Elis Schröderheim, Lännerstjerna, and Holthusen, were popular in their day. A much more remarkable writer was

JACOB WALLENBERG.

He was a clergyman who, in his youth, made a voyage to the East Indies as chaplain of the vessel. He appears to have been a right jolly fellow, full of the enjoyment of life, and disposed to take everything in good humour and see the best, or rather the most amusing side of everything. A writer just quoted is right in supposing that Wallenberg is almost wholly unknown beyond the bounds of Scandinavia, but he is held in high esteem by his countrymen for his amusing sketches on his Indian voyage, which he calls “My Son in the Galley, or All Sorts of Ink-horn Wares.” This most amusing, laughing, light-hearted book, is said to have been published long after his death; but his talents must have been well known, perhaps through his drama, “Susanna;” for the King, Gustavus III., had let fall on some occasion that Wallenberg might calculate on almost any living that he asked for. The splendid living of Mönsterås in Kalmar falling vacant, Wallenberg presented himself as candidate for it. He was still a very young man, and the living was one of the wealthiest in the kingdom. The King paused: “You are very young for such a fat living, and for so heavy a duty,” said he, pondering. “I was born the very same year as your Majesty,” replied Wallenberg, with a significant bow. The King smiled, and gave him the living.

Wallenberg, like Dr. Syntax, rhymes it here, and proses it there, and picturesques it everywhere. He tells pretty early that he means to follow his own fancy. "Freeborn in society, I tolerate no compulsion in my study. When the political yoke does not oppress my shoulders, why should I load my brain with grammatic rule. No! let your Donatuses and Quintilians lie on the school bench. Rules are only dead weights on a living genius, which crush the power of thought and circumscribe freedom with a quickly-flying demonstration. Be genius its own guide. If a feeling for the lofty, the beautiful, the natural, be not in my soul, Aristotle cannot put it there. Homer had not been Homer if he had read our poetic laws. Pliny tells us of an orator who was very accurate and according to rule, but had very little spirit or fire. 'He had but one fault,' he observes, 'and that was that he had none at all.'"

Wallenberg could be serious and even sublime on occasion, as his fine hexameters, expressing his feelings during a storm at sea, amply testify; and he does not omit occasions for a dry satiric hit, as in his account of the origin of the flying-fish. "The flying-fish is brother to his sister the bat on land. Both were spoiled in the making. Jupiter, says the sea chronicle, sate down to create them, and meant them for birds, but his wife, the jealous Juno, gave him a nip on the ear just at the moment. 'Hold!' shrieked the astonished old god, and let his work half finished fall out of his hands. The one fell into the sea, the other dropped on land. The moral character of the flying-fish is giddiness and fool-hardiness; he plays all sorts of mad tricks in the water, and whirls rashly over and over high up into the air. By this circumstance we got him upon deck, where he fell and died before his wing-fins were dry. I carry this thought home with me to show, first of all, how little binding are the protestations

of poets who assure a selfish Mæcenas, whom they wish to flatter out of a benefaction :

“ ‘Sooner fish shall learn to fly,
Than I forget this boon.’ ”

And, secondly, to caution some of my smart countrymen at home in Sweden, not to fly higher than their wings will bear them. ‘See,’ I will say, and point to this fish ; ‘this little creature had been living now, if it had remained in its proper sphere.’ ”

But the most interesting portion of Wallenberg for the English reader will be his visit to London. It is curious enough to see the British capital through the eyes of a foreigner in the reign of good old George III., in the days of Johnny Wilkes, and so long before the idea of a city police had germinated in the youthful brain of a Sir Robert Peel. We have often wondered how people did before the days of a police in London.

LONDON IN GEORGE III.'S REIGN, AS SEEN BY A SWEDE.

The Englishman is an extraordinary being. No one carries virtue to the same extent as he does, neither does any one go so far in vice. In no place in the world can benevolence and magnanimity be met with in a higher degree than in London ; while, on the other hand, nowhere does one hear of such outbreaks of cruelty and insane folly. The great and rich aristocrats are not the best people ; neither can much be said in commendation of the proud and uncurbed populace ; the middle-class, however, for the most part consists of honourable and irreproachable people. It is a difficult matter, however, to become familiar with them, but if a man once does so, he may safely rely upon their steadfast friendship, even if

it should be to the sacrificing of life and property. If I have one of this class for my friend, I am possessed of a support for my back, which never will fail me. If he hates, he will hate me, even to my grave. If he has attached himself to any political party, neither bribes nor threats will induce him to change his opinion. A zealous partizan of liberty from his birth, he is careful to make himself acquainted with the laws and prerogatives of the realm ; and hence it is by no means uncommon to meet with a shopkeeper or an artizan who will carry on an argument like a great statesman.

The unrestrained expression of opinion and freedom of the press, which makes it fully acquainted with all that occurs in London or in Europe, causes this nation to be more enlightened than any other.

Wonderful people of London ! According to all appearance, the vast population of London is the ruin of the city and the kingdom. It is not possible to maintain any order amongst them. If they see a foreigner who does not wear the English dress and pigtail, they turn him to ridicule, and fling mud after him. If you have not as much money as they want, they excite an uproar. The mass of population is too great for it to be made use of ; hence it happens that there is so much burglary, robbery, murder and beggary ; yet notwithstanding all this, there prevails among these lower classes of the people a something noble, a certain sense of justice. For instance, if I was maltreated in the streets, fallen upon or robbed, and were to call out to them : “ Gentlemen, shall you suffer a foreigner to be so handled with in your country ! ”* or words to that purpose, they would form into a ring round the place, find out the guilty person, and punish him on the spot, either by ducking him in the kennel, pumping

* Wallenberg's own English.

upon him, and thrashing him till he can hardly move, or by compelling him to restore the money.

The lesser crimes are punished here by the pillory, which is thus done ; the offender is fixed in a frame, by which means his hands put through holes are presented to the populace. If it so happens that he is a favourite with them, they form a guard of defence around the pillory, and thus prevent any harm being done to him ; if it is otherwise, they sing songs of derision, insult him, and throw all kinds of filth in his face. I have seen such an entertaining business as this going on.

These and other such bloody and revolting spectacles are the most agreeable amusements of the populace. With the same delight that the French peasant leaps for joy and laughs at a sleight-of-hand player, or a clown, do these people congregate at the gallows, and clap their hands to behold a man either put on the rack or hanged.

They have no pleasure in any play in which there is neither murder nor beheading. Hu ! they are a bloody nation ! For example, they have a sort of entertainment which I once witnessed with horror. A number of boys are assembled to fight for money. He who can " break most heads," receives the highest sum. They fight with wooden swords, and no one leaves the sport without being covered with blood and slight wounds, many being injured for life.

Is it not a hateful sight to see sensible people clapping their hands and exciting their youth onward like dogs to fall on one another ? Their cock and dog fights betray their inhuman disposition in no less degree. If they see two people quarelling in the streets, they oblige them to settle their dispute with their fists, and this they will do till their clothes are torn off their backs like bulls. And

the women, if possible, are even worse : I saw a few days ago two worthless creatures ; naked to the waist, handle one another most shockingly, and when they could not stand any longer, but lay in the kennel, they threw handfuls of mud at each other. And if in these cases the magistrates were to interfere, they would be prevented by the mob, who would consider such interference an infringement of their beloved freedom. So greatly have they confounded together the ideas of licence and liberty.

In other countries the greatest appearance of religion is met with among the people. But here one sees no trace of it. No one can deny that the lower class of Londoners are more enlightened than the same grade of the population in other countries, where the freedom of the press and of opinion is more circumscribed ; because here one may see a carman, a coal-heaver, a handicraft's journeyman, and such like, frequently reading one of their numerous newspapers, while they sit drinking their "strong beer ;" hence it follows that they are able to talk tolerably well on all that happens, whilst their equals in Paris or Denmark hardly know the name of their King. But this is not altogether beneficial, for I am not sure whether it would not be better for the working class to be ignorant rather than free-thinking or atheistical.

A few days ago, as I happened to be passing a corner, I heard a horrible noise, and looking I saw a number of crutches and wooden-legs dance out from the door. I asked what all this meant, when I was shown half a score beggars pulling one another's hair. I was told that these beggars, who go about all day collecting alms, assemble in the evenings at their clubs, throw their crutches aside, and sing songs about the Government, whilst they wet their throats with porter.

London is thus a place where you meet with the best and the worst in the whole world ; nor is there any spot in which villains and malefactors can be more safely concealed, and hence we may say that there is here the off-scouring of all nations under the sun.

WILKES.

On the 24th of September I went to the King's Bench to see the notorious Wilkes, who is called by the ministerial party the Don Quixote of the mob. He is a tall, but slender man, and somewhat squints ; in manner he most nearly resembles a deep-thinking philosopher. He sits there buried in a well-furnished library, and continues his "North Briton" with a much keener freedom of opinion than hitherto.

The zeal of the populace for him appears to be abating by degrees, through the intrigues of the ministry. A Swede, who is in prison for debt, has the honour of dwelling next to him.

I have seen a copper-plate engraving, in which Freedom is represented as a well-fortified castle. Lord Bute, together with the most distinguished adherents of the ministry, have bound strong ropes round the tower of the castle of Freedom, and are endeavouring, with all their might to pull down the old edifice ; but Wilkes, like another Atlas, props it up with the one hand, while in the other he holds the Magna Charta.

The national taste is wonderfully exhibited on the stage. Shakspeare, in whose honour England has just celebrated a solemn jubilee, is now more than ever admired and loved, spite of all the old-fashioned trash and extravagance which he introduced upon the theatre. The nation is in this, as in everything else, obstinate. I saw last evening

the representation of "Hamlet." The actors played their parts excellently; the decorations were numerous and splendid; but the extraordinary taste of the nation perpetually adheres to antiquated customs, which are revolting to good sense. One often sees the character of a harlequin introduced into the middle of a tragedy; one sees ghosts, devils, murderers, grave-diggers and such like, all jumbled together on the stage; and never is there so much clapping of hands as when Lucifer shows himself, or any bloody execution is represented. The pleasure, the incomparable pleasure, of being able to weep at any affecting representation, which I never fail to enjoy at a French tragedy, is unknown here. One might say that an Englishman cannot weep. The better informed portion of the community, they who have seen something more than London, know only too well what is wanting; but neither they nor any nobler genius dare to break through a barbarism which the caprice of the multitude has made sacred. The gallery rules the English theatre: it alone passes judgment. From this cause it is that the theatre here will never be in the flourishing condition which we find in other places. A Congreve, an Addison, and many others, who have endeavoured to introduce a better order of drama on the stage, are crushed, if I may so say, under the weight of Shakspeare's chaotic fragments.

In a general way, we must acknowledge that the English have a peculiar excellence in accomplishing and working out anything, but their want of taste causes them seldom to succeed in designing or projecting a work: for example, whatever they produce in silver, their engravings on copper, their articles of taste, all are well made, fine and durable; but they are always deficient in genius and originality of design. If I would have any-

thing of superior excellence, I would employ a French head to design, and English hands to work it out. The last French Ambassador to this place brought with him, according to report, twelve artificers of dress, under the name of Chamberlains; and these, principally by their own fancies, which were full of genius and originality, and the style of fashion which they knew how to give to their work, in a very short time stole away all the customers of the native Londoners. The French cook can manage out of a single leg of veal to concoct ten savoury dishes. The same in all matters of taste. The French are always ingenious; amiable sometimes, even in their follies.

It is no wonder that London is so crowded with people. Let any one be whatever he may, Turk or Heathen, black or white, if he can but use either head or hands, and will maintain himself—he opens a shop, displays his goods, and gets rich. A teacher, who in any other place would not think of opening his mouth, may here preach in the market-place, and get a congregation. If the Bishop refused to ordain, I have the liberty, if I can, to build a church by subscription, and gather about me an audience. Of this there are many examples.

On the 21st of September, the King's birthday was celebrated with the firing of cannon, presentations at Court and bonfires in the streets, around which thousands of rude boys made merry. On this occasion I saw the royal personages and their suite. The King is in appearance a well-grown gentleman; he has a handsome countenance, though the lips are somewhat large, and an expression which seems rather to betray bad temper than profound thought. He lives, for the most part, retired, at home and amid his family, and but very seldom is seen in London. The Queen sate and amused herself with

the youngest Princess. She is a little woman, rather under than above the middle size, has a small countenance, and looks as people mostly do, with the exception of what regards sorrow, and is as well made as it is possible to imagine flesh and blood can be. She has much wit, and is said to be possessed of the sweetest and most cheerful temper in the world.

In the public schools, lectures are given through the principal part of the year. The so-called masters or private teachers give the greater number. Some of these, when they have established a reputation, have a numerous attendance of pupils, who assemble in the room of the College to hear Greek and Latin lectures. Strict police regulations are attached to the place where young men are instructed; and in every parish there is a school supported by its own community, and in which good order is preserved. All the boys are clad in a uniform of blue cloth with yellow stockings. In some parts, similar schools also exist for girls, who are instructed in the Christian religion, in writing, and needlework.

In England, a person must serve an apprenticeship of seven years, whether it be boy or girl; and, after that, they are at liberty to open a shop and support themselves if they can.

On the last of September I went on board to return to my native land, *Domini bene est*. As we were obliged to cast anchor in the Thames on account of a north wind, I had an opportunity of observing the surrounding places, among which I remarked a small fort called Sheerness, where there is a royal wharf and anchorage for vessels of war. But one thing which I had never seen before, was the use that was made of old ships. These had been brought at high water on land, and there secured partly by outside supports and partly by heavy ballast of stones

within them, and then turned into dwellings for the families of seamen. It is a somewhat novel sight to see a whole city of old ships on the strand full of inhabitants; two stories of port-holes served for windows, and the upper decks, which were covered with tiled roofs, were adorned with five or six chimneys. One large vessel, in the same way, was converted into the cathedral of this singular town.

LIDNER AND THORILD.

Far different to the writers we have been contemplating, were Lidner and Thorild. Those we have just reviewed were jovial natures, lovers of the comic, the mirthful and the living rush of the city's motley life. They were essentially inspired to seek pleasure and amusement, and to represent the follies or the ludicrous doings of their fellow-men over the wine-cup, or on the stage. These two were grave, passionate, and even sorrowful. Next to Bellman, they were the wild song-birds of the time. They both loved nature, and detested the pettinesses and conventionalisms of society. They sought refuge from its artificiality each in his own inner world; the one in that of *thought*, the other in that of *feeling*. But while one possessed imagination and feeling without profound reasoning powers, and the other these powers without adequate imagination, they neither of them became great poets.

Bengt Lidner was the son of the organist at Götheborg. He was born in 1759, fled from Lund to Rostock, where he became Master of Arts; went afterwards as a seaman to the Cape. On his return he inscribed himself as Clerk in Chancery, and attracting the attention of the King, he was sent with Creutz for a time to Paris, but as his course

of life was irregular, and he became addicted to intemperance, he was dismissed. He went then to Finland in 1787, married, and in 1793 died in great indigence.

Lidner was like too many other poetical natures, wanting in firmness and self-command. Through this he fell into habits derogatory to his character, and destructive to his happiness. This was felt in his poetry, which was gloomy, lurid, and spasmodic; and though his imagination was brilliant, it was feverish. "Lidner," says Dr. Sturzenbecher, "was a great poetic nature, whose last tones sounded like the deep notes of the quail in the dusk of the Gustavian period. Feeling and passion overflowed the whole man, but as his private life was an incessant series of orgies often considerably cynical, so was his muse a lawless Mænad, now uttering the sublimest tones, now the most excruciating dissonances: at one moment pouring out his soul in almost spasmodic pathos, in the next in the flattest and most tasteless sentimentality. He was—

"—A thousand heavens enjoying,
And yet—what streams of tears!"

or he was, as in the imprecations of "Medea," or in the very melo-dramatic description of Spartara's death in the earthquake at Messina in 1783, exclaiming:

"O God preserve me! I am struck with terror!
With night's most fearful darkness I am shrouded. . .
It lightens! Ha! what flames! they rush—they roar!
The hissing sulphur-rain comes deluging down.
The earth from its profoundest depths explodes,
Its huge foundations shake!" etc.

Lidner was a nerve-sick, over-excited genius. He was not master of himself, and therefore could not be an

artist in the highest sense of the word ; but many of his inspired thoughts struck deep into the heart of the time, and there is something in their wild glow that seized and captivated the imagination. He presented a striking contrast to the spirit of the times—a fire-breathing Geyser amid the icebergs of the Gustavian era. His chief works are : “The Death of the Countess Spartara,” “The Last Judgment,” “Medea,” a tragedy ; the oratorios, “Messiah,” and “Destruction of Jerusalem,” and “The Maniac.”

THOMAS THORILD, it has been well said, was the cock that first proclaimed the coming morning of intellectual re-awaking in Sweden. People sate and slept on the Gustavian Parnassus, where his shrill crowing awoke them. He was the first who dared to assert the true genius of Shakspeare. He there, in the face of the Court, acknowledged the merits of Ossian, Klopstock and Goethe. He was from head to foot, a man of the new ideas. His nature was revolutionary. To whatever subject his attention was drawn, he there saw something new ; and he avowed his convictions with an honesty that bespoke a high and independent mind. He was a master in prose, and was altogether more calculated for a philosopher than a poet, though his “Pleasures of Imagination,” his “Passions,” and his “Göthmanna Songs,” have much merit. He was born in Götheborg, in 1754 ; studied in Lund and Upsala ; in 1788, published a “Critique on Montesquieu ;” studied law in England two years ; and in 1798 was sentenced to a four years’ banishment, for a work “On the Universal Freedom of the Understanding.” He then retired to Greifswald, where he became Librarian and Professor, and died there in 1808. Swedish literature is highly indebted to Thorild for the spirit of manly freedom, and the sound principles

of reasoning and of taste which he introduced into it. He was a man of truth, of noble feeling and high independence, heroic and true. He looked with just contempt on the self-complacent little spirits of the Academy, into whose circle of pigmies such men as Bellman, Hallman and Lidner were not admitted, and, like another Samson, he shook down its pillars, though he crushed his own fortunes in the fall. Per Enbom and Gustav Engzell were imitators of Thorild.

ANNA MARIA LENGREN.

The transition period of Swedish literature, occupying the close of the last and the opening of the present century, possesses no brighter or more interesting name than that of Anna Maria Lengren. In her the female literature of Sweden possesses the representative of a school especially within the range of woman's sphere, habits and mission. Fru Lengren affects no high flights; has no ambition to attempt epic or tragic grandeurs. There may be others of her sex—and the literature of various countries has brilliant examples of the kind to produce—who prefer the field of more bold adventure, and enter the arena of the passions, disdaining to be a step behind men in their delineation of their conflicts. Woman has shown that she can scale the Alps of dramatic and lyric sublimity—can trace, in all gravity and dignity, the deeds of history; wield the instruments and execute the subtlest calculations of science, and stir the soul with all the mysteries, terrors and tender emotions of romance. But Fru Lengren desired none of these glories. There was a world before and around her, yet untraced by any Swedish hand: it was the world of domestic and social life. There she saw things and persons, manners and

modes of thinking ; the quiet and unobtrusive play of passions and desires ; the workings of love, pride, envy, hatred, pity and goodness, which deserved a faithful record, and yet possessed none. There were both idyllic nature and pictures of family life, to add a charm to the scenes which she was irresistibly tempted to paint with a pencil full of the colours of the comic, and the expression of quiet, rich, racy humour.

These pictures required, however, a skill, a firmness, and yet a delicacy of touch, perhaps more difficult of attainment than the broad lines of a much more ambitious style. Humble and common-place as the sphere seems, success is far more rare in it than in more lofty ones. It requires a quick, sagacious eye ; a mind calm, but of the most keen analytic acumen ; to detect the finer and yet more characteristic traits of human nature ; and withal a sunny, cordial goodness of heart, to temper the casuistry of wit, and fling over the whole picture the warm tone of kindly affection. Miss Austen in this country, and Miss Bremer in Sweden, have succeeded in the same delicate and difficult provinces, though both in prose ; but we look in vain for others who may group with them. Fru Lengren's scenes and personages are all types : therein is shown the genius which guided her hand in limning them. She selected from the mass of facts and beings those which were alone generic ; and every one in Swedish life sees continually the *fac-similes* of her heroes and heroines, her social and family *tableaux* presenting themselves in perpetual and amusing reproduction.

There is nothing in the modern literature of Sweden which strikes us more forcibly than the resemblance between the genius of Fru Lengren and of "Mamsell Bremer," as her countrymen call her. There is the same love of domestic life ; the same quick perception of the

characteristic and the ludicrous; the same instinctive selection of original types; the same quiet but deep wisdom; the same satiric and yet genial tone. Both ladies seem to sit and look you in the face with a significant smile, which says, as plainly as possible: "I see through and through you—all your foibles, all your strength; but you need not fear me. I shall paint no personal portraits, only general sketches; and in them, perhaps, some lineaments of yourself may live, but only so that you would recognize them with pleasure, if you recognized them at all." Miss Bremer has taken a broader canvass, and extended her experiences over a wider space; but we still see the indestructible resemblance, and cannot but feel that Fru Lengren was an especial favourite of her youth. Had Fru Lengren written prose, it would have been "The Neighbours."

Anna Maria Lengren was the daughter of Professor Malmstedt, of Upsala. She was born in 1754, married Carl Lengren, Counsellor of Commerce, in 1780; and died in Stockholm in 1817. She commenced her literary career with the translation of some operas; but her original poems, which are to be found in one small unpretending volume, are what will for ever secure her a place amongst the classical writers of her country. The poem which opens this volume is one of her most characteristic, and most justly admired.

SOME WORDS TO MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

IN CASE I HAD ONE.

My Betty, thou art growing tall,
 And dolls no longer are in favour,
 Now from thy mother's lips shall fall
 Counsel for life and wise behaviour.

And in that world to thee unknown,
 So many adverse fates are warring ;
 But by a cheerful heart alone
 Mayst thou subdue and still their jarring.

Walk thou with cautious eye life's way,
 Yet not all evil tales believing ;
 Our world, whatever folks may say,
 Is the best world we have to live in.

It is what it has ever been,
 The home of sense, the home of folly ;
 But those who rightly think, have seen
 More cause for joy than melancholy.

Of too much doubt is rancour born ;
 And too much trust brings sorrow surely.
 Think not that each rose bears a thorn,
 Nor that all hearts are evil purely.

Well for thee if thou tak'st as guide
 Old Prudence, that will sagely note all,
 For she and Cheerfulness beside
 Furnish of wisdom a sum total.

Waste not thy time on bookish lore,
 Our sex has little need of learning ;
 Yet, wilt thou read, leave off before
 The pot boils o'er, the meat wants turning.

A merry wit, a soul refined,
 Are these of books the sole creation ?
 Study the world, and thou wilt find
 Subject enough for meditation.

Each person, Betty, is a book ;
 Learn, then, what worth each one containeth,
 Nor yet the foolish overlook,
 The wise from such oft wisdom gaineth.

But still, if reading pleaseth thee,
Read thou ; but show thy mind's extension
By the true grace of modesty,
Not by the pedant's poor pretension.

No learned woman can escape
The keenest arrow, which is satire's ;
And knowledge in our sex should shape
Itself to dress and household matters.

To custom's law 'tis meet to bend ;
Seek not to shine in things uncommon,
And feel thy dignity, my friend,
In the sweet pride of being woman.

Look at this mother in her home,
Who knows her place, nor asks another ;
In whose heart no desire has room,
Save only to be wife and mother.

See beauty, kindness, order good
Still strew her onward path with roses,
And honour, born of gratitude,
Upon her life and name reposes.

Joy is to industry akin,
And active skill doth honour merit ;
And let thy modest dress be seen
As the sweet symbol of thy spirit.

Avoid all finery in dress,
Pure, simple taste, my Betty, follow ;
All ornament in its excess
Bespeaks a woman vain and shallow.

Shun gossip when the social meet,
Nor Sphinx-like sit in grave presumption,
None like of foolishness the prate,
Nor yet of wisdom the assumption.

Choose well thy words, and let thy speech
 Prove that the witting misesteems us ;
 And talk, yet, Betty, do not preach,
 Thou know'st not how this misbeseems us.

Still, let the jest its purpose fit,
 And give to speech its best perfection ;
 Yet bear in mind we laugh with wit,
 But give to goodness true affection.

One sluggard, dull of head, no doubt,
 Than life can find no burden harder ;
 Another sluggard findeth out
 That shuffling cards his time can murder.

This pastime shun, though not at strife
 With fashion and by her permitted ;
 Yet trust me, for an active life,
 And soul and knowledge 'tis unfitted.

Behold how sharp-eyed beauty grows
 To mark the cards' auspicious traces ;
 See, at such hateful words as those
 Are put to flight the lovely Graces !

And just as carefully shun thou
 The furor of the politician ;
 Our politics the toilet's law,—
 And our republic is our kitchen.

Keep to thy sewing head and hand,
 Thy 'broidery calls for perseverance ;
 God will protect thy native land,
 Fear not, without thy 'nterference.

Whene'er a woman fair I see
 The nation's laws and rights propounding,
 Heaven knows ! there seems at once to be
 A monstrous beard her chin surrounding.

No, such discussions suit but men,
And therefore let them not mislead thee !
—Thou wilt be wed ;—thy husband then
Will bless the lesson that I read thee.

Be married ! not a theme I touch
Doth so abound in maxims needful ;
But, dearest Betty, leaving much,
Of these few maxims be thou heedful.

The destined husband of thy youth,
(Mark this mysterious ordination),
Is loving, if of love he's worth,
If not—it is a life's vexation.

Take all things with an easy mind,
My child, let not life's clouds dismay thee ;
And—this I whisper—thou wilt find
'Tis best to look as young as may be.

My Betty, life flows on amain,
And 'tis a pity to deny us
The full enjoyment and the gain
Of all the good that passeth by us.

Let others seek their life's delight
In dissipation and in riot ;
These will not best their cost requite,
Seek thou it, where it is, in quiet.

Let peace within thy home have place,
Nor give thy conscience cause to sting thee ;
Then gladness will make fair thy face,
Nor need'st thou fear what time will bring thee.

Yes, of life's joy partake, my friend,
Yet leave no debt to duty owing.
Now is my council at an end,
And I will go back to my sewing.

Madame Lengren's popularity was unbounded in her day, and not even a Frithiofs Saga, nor the romances of Miss Bremer in the present day, have diminished her esteem in the halls and parsonages in the country, where, in past days, she was as indispensable as the pine twigs on the floor, and the blue corn-flowers on the stove. Fru Lengren's poetry is itself both pine twigs and corn-flower, which diffuse a pleasant odour, which delight the eye; but which also, in some degree, sting. In her idyllic effusions you are transported at once to the country, and see and feel amid all the charms which made it in youth an Elysium. The little poem from which we give a few stanzas is sung all over Sweden, and reminds us of Hood's "I remember, I remember :"

BOYS.

That time I well remember,
 As if 'twere yesterday,
 When innocence and gladness
 Kept ever on my way.
 Then evil was but witchcraft,
 And grief a passing sound ;
 Then all things, save my lessons,
 I light and pleasant found.

Upon my lips was laughter,
 And health was in my blood ;
 Within my soul dwelt pleasure,
 And all mankind were good.
 Then was each merry urchin
 At once my loving brother ;
 Each girl to me was sister ;
 Each woman was my mother.

Those fields I well remember,
 Where I went many a day,
 Where I was still a hero
 In all our games and play.

The thousand pranks we played then
In summer's season glad ;
The butterflies we chased then ;
The rosy cheeks we had !

Of guileful arts and falsehood
In those days nought I knew ;
In every merry comrade
I saw a friend so true.
Of rank we took no notice,
Distinctions there were none,
The baron or the peasant
To us was all as one.

Among us boon companions
In frolic fun, of all
Ranked he as noblest fellow
Who highest flung the ball.
And even the lad in tatters
Was sure to win renown,
If, where had failed an earl's son,
The king he could bring down.

Who heard not our lamenting !
Our hearts with grief ran o'er,
When chastisement's infliction
Some favourite comrade bore.
How gladly we received him
Back from the angry cane,
And I my cake divided,
In hopes to soothe his pain.

But, ah ! my young companions,
Ye are not as before ;
I know ye now no longer,
Am known to you no more.
They now are men of office,
Those boys of early days,
Now quarrelling for promotion,
For titles and for place.

With forty years upon them,
They toil, those struggling bands,
Up that steep, weary mountain,
Where Fortune's temple stands.
And what gives she, this goddess,
So sought by all mankind?—
Cold hearts beneath their orders,
Rank bought by peace of mind.

But there is none of her poems which give a more charming picture of country family life, than "The Joyful Feast." It recalls the inimitable home scenes of Voss's "Louise." It is the birthday of an old clergyman. The whole house is in bustle; there has been pounding in mortars, scrubbing and polishing. But now the servant appears in her Sunday gown, and the good matronly wife goes about full of her plans and preparations, smiling quietly to herself, for her venerable husband, the object of all this preparation, forgetful of the day, and in his own thoughts unconscious of all that goes on around him, is suddenly surprised by a carriage driving up and his married daughter rushing into his arms. His friends flock in, the dishes on the table are adorned with leaves and flowers, and the old pastor finds himself in the midst of a rejoicing circle, and the object of warmest congratulations. Very different is the "Little Beggar Girl." It is a perfect contrast to "The Joyful Feast"—it is a picture, not of family felicity, but of houseless wretchedness. The Good Samaritan is here once more seen in contrast to the empty formalism of profession. There is much of our own Wordsworth in the piece.

"The Countess's Visit" displays Fru Lengren's satirical talent in the most exquisite manner. The excessive deference for worldly rank even in the dwelling of the Christian pastor, where the consciousness of the moral dignity of

man should especially prevail, is touched off with inimitable felicity :

Good Heavens ! there's a stir at the Parson's this morning,
In a worry and bustle are they all !
A message has come from my lady the Countess,
That she is intending to call.

The Parson's wife talks with her daughter Louisa,
Of what shall be set on the table,
For she will display all the skill of her cooking
In the very best way she is able.

Now dust they the parlour and all the old portraits,
Above all, the ancestors grand,
The matrons in old-fashioned head-gear and boddice,
The clergy with Bible in hand.

The Parson's wife put on her silk gown long-skirted,
The Parson his best peruke wore,
Louisa a dress, which though made in past ages,
Had come into fashion once more.

The Countess arrives and my lady her daughter ;
The Parson goes forth them to meet,
For ever arranging his collar and cravat,
That they may look clerkly and neat.

On the steps stood the Parson's wife glad in the sunshine,
With curtseys unceasing and low ;
And mother and daughter stooped down on the garments
Of the ladies a kiss to bestow.

The nobly-born visitors enter the parlour,
And the low-bowing Parson avows,
That he knows not sufficiently how to acknowledge
The honour they do to his house.

And now the great people at table are seated,
Where God's gifts unsparing are spread :

“Good Heavens! what trouble you’ve taken!” the Countess
Thus most condescendingly said.

She graciously praised all the Parson’s wife cookery,
Thought the cutlets were better than ever ;
Commended the cheesecakes, and rallied Louisa
About that young curate so clever.

My lady the daughter, with fair snowy fingers,
The wing of a chicken she breaks,
And now and then feedeth her pretty Belinda,
Yet of little herself she partakes.

The guests so high-born, whilst they glance at each other,
Watch the Parson, good man, in dismay,
With his knife in a joint, and the sweat on his forehead,
Standing tugging and bowing away.

The Parson’s wife brings the wild strawberry basket,
And wishing to do them a pleasure,
So, as if she were serving a whole noble race,
She heaped up each plate without measure.

With patties and pastry, and healths drunk in pontac,
The time passes wearily on ;
As if upon thorns sit those ladies so noble,
But at length, and the dinner is done.

Now the olive-plants enter so stout and so sunburnt,
And father and mother stand by ;
And my lady Countess asks each what his name is,
And receives but a sheepish reply.

The Parson’s wife sits with her hands crossed so seemly,
And in words that drop smoothly as pearls ;
She tells of Louisa, her cooking and weaving—
Good Heavens! she’s the cleverest of girls!

Louisa, who studied my lady the daughter,
And the trimming on skirt and on sleeve,

Sate thinking how she should annoy her young neighbours
If she could aught like it achieve.

Now coffee was poured from the fair pot of silver,
Which shone with a lustre serene ;
And on this made the Parson a funeral oration
O'er the late Count, whose gift it had been.

Thus got he afloat among noble achievements,
And held forth with eloquent skill,
And puzzling his brain, he his words interlarded
With scriptural phrases at will.

At this, with a sigh for the dead, the great lady
From her pocket her handkerchief drew ;
And then thanking them all with a gracious politeness,
She rose up and bade them adieu.

The Parson went with them as far as the lime-trees ;
And his wife and his daughter each one,
On the steps, at the door, at the gate stood and curtseyed,
Where they yet may stand curtseying on.

These are all the specimens of Madame Lengren's poems, that our space permits us to transcribe, but every poem in her little volume is a gem. The whole deserve to be transferred to our language. Besides these, we will only name, as especially excellent, "Love and Folly," "My Late Husband," "The Bear-Dance," "Miss Lisé," "Miss Juliana," "Portraits," "Stockholm's Spring," "The Troublesome World," "Other Times, other Manners," "The Gentleman and Lady's Morning Talk," "The Little Ones in the Country," "Adam and Eve's Morning Hymn."

There was another lady poetess at that time, Fru Widström, whose tone is more sentimental. Her Erotic

Songs, and the poems in the romances, "Victor and the Forest Child," and "The Monk," manifest a tender and loving heart, and paint family affections and felicity in an attractive form.

There was a number of writers who also properly belong to this period, many of them men of great original mind and acquirements, whom here we can do little more than mention, as we could give no idea of their merits by extracts. Amongst these are Paykull, Boman, Regnér and Alderbeth, chiefly distinguished as translators of the classics; Stjernstolpe and Skjöldebrand, translators and original writers; Walerius, a poet who wrote prize poems which are no longer read, and songs and ballads which are. He was a sort of Tom Moore of his day; had a fine voice, and was much in request at dinner and other parties, where he sung his own songs. Choræus, Kullberg and Lindegren, poets of a grave and somewhat melancholy caste. Choræus had more feeling than force. He wrote some religious poems, and joined Wallin in issuing examples of such hymns, as laid the foundation of the present Swedish Psalm-Book. Kullberg, a similar writer, Bishop of Kalmar. There is also another Kullberg, who has written afterpieces for the theatres, etc. Granberg, Altén, Nordforss, Becker and Wallmark, are names of merit; and there are still two who demand a more marked notice, these are Ehrensvärd and Höjjer.

Ehrensvärd was, in every respect, a most remarkable man. In his "Travels in Italy," and the "Philosophy of the Fine Arts," he enunciated some wholly new ideas, which were not comprehended by his cotemporaries, but were good seed sown in a good soil. He was General-Admiral, and wrote esthetics. A more profoundly philosophical head never commanded tarry sailors nor powder-burning artillery-men. It is at the same time by no means

a completely developed system which he has left us, but genial fragments delivered in a most characteristic form. It is like the cannonade of a man-of-war—an explosion of brilliant and novel ideas—a flash here and a flash there, quick, like strokes of lightning, without any connection with each other, but always well directed and hitting their mark.

In Atterbom's first volume of "Swedish Seers and Poets," will be found a clear and concise analysis of his theory of the fine arts, and a warm eulogium of him as Sweden's most profound and original thinker in art—standing in his own age, as Schelling said of Winkelmann, "solitary as a mountain." We there learn what he calls the *free* arts,—they are architecture, painting, sculpture and poetry. He terms these *free* arts, because they are not built at all upon human necessities—that is, the lower necessities of men, but may be used or let alone, and yet man exist. They are created only out of the love and desire of genuine beauty. Men may protect themselves by walls and roofs from the weather, and yet know nothing of architecture, which is that part of the building art which relates to the expression of beauty in building. We fear that Ehrensward's theory would not satisfy Ruskin, however, in its fundamental principle; in which he contends that, in the pursuit of perfect beauty, we do not find it in any individual objects of nature; but that, as a work of man, beauty can only be produced by an extraction of the elements of beauty, as we find them scattered, as it were, through existing nature, blended with what is imperfect and degenerated, and by their reunion into a perfect whole, a something more beautiful than Nature herself. Ruskin will deny, and we think justly, that anybody can produce anything more beautiful than specimens of the

same thing which he may find in nature ; and Lord Byron was of the same opinion when he said :

“ I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of the stone ideal.”

That, however, is Ehrensvärd's theory, and what is singular enough, he has omitted from his list of *free arts, music and dancing*. This has puzzled the readers of all kinds. “ Had he forgotten them? Had he no taste for them? Did he regard them not as free or fine arts?” has been asked by thousands. Probably not—probably he felt that it was impossible to exclude them at the same time from the list in accordance with his own definition. So much, however, is clear, that he has neither mentioned them in his writings on this head, nor anywhere else. It is also known, through facts communicated by Beskow, that Adlerbeth put to him the question expressly why he had passed them over, and he gave no reply. As a whole, however, his writings on the subject deserve the careful study of all lovers of art, and are noble and ennobling as it regards art.

Benjamin Höijer, the profound thinker of Upsala, followed up the attempts of Ehrensvärd, by establishing a periodical organ to diffuse the new ideas on art and true beauty in literature. He started “The Literary Gazette,” and afterwards, “The Universal Literary Gazette;” but was persecuted and hampered by the Government, and continually prohibited from proceeding, the King announcing that he would only have *one* literary journal in the kingdom, which he put into the hands of Wallmark.

CHAPTER XVI

THE NEW SCHOOL, COMMENCING IN 1809.

WE have reviewed the causes in various countries which overthrew the French taste; the natural impatience of the human mind of mere school restraints, and of artificiality; the effects of the French Revolution, and the renewed acquaintance of young men of genius in various nations with the old and simple ballad literature. In Germany, philosophy, through Kant, Fichte and Schelling, had acquired a profounder field of labour, and had opened up more extended views of science and art. The latter had, through the labours of Winkelmann, Lessing, Herder, Goethe and Schiller, become more correctly understood. The Schlegels, Tieck and Novalis followed these, displaying to the public the beauties of the art of the middle ages, and of other times and countries. In Denmark, Oehlenschläger, following Evald, and excited by Steffens, had begun to work up the ancient myths into new forms of singular loveliness. In England, the reliques of ancient poetry were doing their destined work on a race of young intellectual giants. Still, however, in Sweden, the Academy defended itself for a time, manfully against the new spirit of the age. The spirit-destroying

doctrines of the French Encyclopedists, had failed of its object, religion received a new impulse, natural philosophy took a healthier tone, history was loosed from the chains of rhetoric, and everywhere men cried out for fact, reality, practical virtue, character and freedom. But the Academy stood fast, resisting the introduction of all novelty as leading to disorder and false taste, overlooking the good and the true which lay in the new direction, whether in the Romantic or the Gothic Schools.

Fortunately, a political revolution took place in Sweden, and an almost entire freedom of the press followed in its train. A society, under the name of "The Friends of Literature," which had been organized some years before in Upsala, to which belonged Atterbom, Hammarsköld and Livijn, in 1807 had resolved itself into a new association, called the Aurora League, at the head of which was Atterbom, and the chief members of which were Palmblad, Ingelgren, Hedborn, Sondén; all men who stood forward as the most doughty champions in the great strife. So soon as the freedom of the press took place in 1809, the fruit of these small literary confederacies became apparent. "The Polypheme," a literary paper, was published the following year in Stockholm, edited by Askelöf. This journal vigorously attacked Wallmark's journal, ridiculing Wallmark, who had published a poem called "The Hand," as the poet of the ten fingers, and was zealously supported. In 1810, a periodical called "The Lyceum," was issued, in which Höijer wrote. In this a slashing attack was made upon the writings of Leopold, who still lived, and stood a determined partizan of the Academy. In vain Wallmark replied in rage and astonishment at the audacity of these new times and men; the spirit of innovation grew amain. In the same year, 1810, arose the afterwards so famous journal, "Phos-

phorus,"—the herald of day, the morning-star. This was originally the organ of the Aurora League, and Atterbom was at its head. A deadly war now raged between the old and the new school, and was maintained remorselessly till the latter triumphed.

We need not here farther pursue the history of this contest than to state, that the earlier combatants distinguished themselves by the name of "Phosphorists," from their leading journal, "The Phosphorus," and that the new school eventually became divided into several sections or subordinate schools—the "Phosphorists," or Romantic School, the Gothic School, and what may be called the Miscellaneous School. The first were styled Romantic, because, like Rückert in Germany, they displayed a tendency to Eastern character; the second, because they assumed a pathetic ground, and celebrated in their works national, or at least Scandinavian or Gothic themes; the third, because they partook more or less of the taste of both. All, however, more or less, were romantic; and it is now our remaining task to notice the most prominent writers of this modern school, with some regard to their own self-arrangement.

Two of these writers, and amongst the most distinguished, are considered to constitute a class of themselves. These are Franzén and Wallin. They arose as larks in the early morning of the new day; still carrying on their wings the shadows of the past night, yet free-songed as angels in heaven, and neither classing themselves, nor entirely classable, with the after literary sects which arose. One was a Bishop, the other an Archbishop, and the Archbishop is, as was fitting, more renowned for his spiritual lays—the most renowned, in fact, of Sweden's religious bards.

FRANZ MICHAEL FRANZEN,

Who died Bishop of Hernösand in Norrland, is, on the contrary, more celebrated for his lyrics of social life, but not like Fru Lengren, sparkling with satiric fires. Of all Sweden's poets, he most resembles our own Wordsworth in his smaller poems. There is the same extreme of simplicity. His subjects are drawn from the same sources, in lowly life, and open nature: and there is in him the same wise, kindly and almost childlike nature. In his larger poems he did not succeed like Wordsworth. He has no "Excursion" to show; for his larger poems, and fragments of poems, though containing splendid parts, are generally heavy as wholes. These larger works are: "Emile, or an Evening in Lapland;" "Columbus," an unfinished epic; "Gustavus Adolphus in Germany," also an epic fragment in twenty cantos: "Svante Sture," a metrical romance in imitation of Sir Walter Scott; "A Picture of Freedom;" "Julia de St. Julian," a poetical story; and "The Lapland Girl in the King's Garden," and "The Murder on Elgarös," dramas.

The "Evening in Lapland" has, as may be imagined, much that is wild, new, and striking to the imagination of an Englishman, much idyllic beauty and charming painting of simple and peculiar manners; but the harmony of the whole is painfully disturbed by the strange, fretful temper of the hero. This is another Abelard who, engaged to teach the beautiful daughter of a nobleman, engages her affections, and secretly marries her. The family enraged, desert the bride, and only procure a country church living for the husband in Lapland, in order to remove the offending pair quite out of the way. The young lady follows her husband cheerfully, quitting all the luxuries and

advantages of her former position, without a murmur, and enduring all the hardships of a winter journey into such a country, with a fortitude only known to true affection. The "Evening" is the wild winter evening on which they arrive at the remote parsonage, where the bride does all in her power to comfort and console her husband; but he, strangely enough, makes her only miserable in return, by bitterly regretting her loss of all her former wealth, jewels, rich dresses, and all the splendour and amenities of high society. It is only at the close that he begins to yield to his noble wife's admirable reasonings and tender and unselfish persuasions. We turn with delight to Franzén's lyrics.

Here we find simplicity which is often enchanting, though sometimes, like Wordsworth's in "Betty Foy," "The Waggoner," and "Peter Bell," almost approaching to poetry intended for children and not for grown men. The Swedes themselves notice the resemblance of the poetry of Franzén to that of the Lake school—to the delineation of the natural, the domestic, the idyllic, and the beauty of childhood. "They represent," says Leopold, "now a picture out of the Saga times, in all the truth of its antique painting; now a romantic sorrow; and now again a simple trait of the heart and of life; a smile of innocence, a tear of pity, an outbreak of childlike joy, as if they were struck off in haste but prevented from again escaping." It is in the idyllic and the lyric that he is entirely at home. Nature smiles and blooms under his eye, and night, in its simplest and loveliest scenes, displays its pleasures and affections. There is pleasant humour but no satire in his verse. "How could there be any satire," asks one of his countrymen, "in such childlike, pleasant eyes, with such a pious mild countenance, with that evangelic hair, combed à la Jean Baptiste?"

Amongst his most charming poems of a joyous cast, are "Champagne," "Moments of Joy," "The Little Ones." Amongst those of a higher character: "The Human Countenance," "The Hours of Life," "The Higher Life," "The Stars," "Mother and Son," "The Blessing," "The Regret," "To those at Home," "The Burial Day," and "An Inward Reconciliation." Immensely popular as Franzén is in Sweden, they are the qualities of heart, unmixed affection, the deep-felt and happily described home blessings and home incidents, with the gladsome, carefree, and felicitous appreciation of the beauty of life and nature, which give him his great charm. No one regards him as a great genius in the guise of a simple country poet: no one looks through his two handsome volumes of "Skaldestycken"—Poetic Pieces—to discover some grand scheme of philosophy under the playful or rural guise of the most extraordinary poetic simplicity. "His poetry," says Sturzenbecher, "is no mighty Niagara hurling its foam over rocks and woods, but a murmuring stream, wandering through the dale, to which the neighbouring people come to refresh themselves." Perhaps the piece which he calls "The Little Ones" may give a good idea of his manner in his domestic poems. It is related by a young girl who, the evening before, had received a handsome veil as a Christmas gift, and had been to morning service in it.

Franzén was born at Uleåborg in Finland, in 1772, and was educated at Åbo, where he became a teacher. A poem on Creutz was that which first gave him a poetical popularity, and showed that he had abandoned the bombastic and unnatural style which was then regarded by many in Sweden as poetry. In 1795 and 1796, he made a tour through Denmark, Germany, Holland, France and England. During his absence he was appointed Librarian

to the University of Åbo, and was there for two years Professor of Literary History, and afterwards of History and Morals. When Finland passed to Russia, Franzén went to Sweden and received the rich living of Kumla, in the district of Örebro. In 1835, he was called to the capital, as the incumbent of St. Clara; and, in 1831, he was made Bishop of Hörnösand, where he died in 1847. As Historiographer of the Swedish Academy, he wrote a considerable number of the biographies of the distinguished members, under the name of "Memorials of Honour;" and, in his later years, he took the field in his poetry against the doctrines of Strauss and the Rationalists.

CHAMPAGNE.

Drink ! drink the fleeting, the foaming
 Sunny pearls : drink !
 Hasten ! the essence bright, sparkling and winking,
 Seek'st thou in vain if a moment be lost.
 Fools, who stand watching the bubbles, not drinking,
 Get only water, poor water, at most.

Seize thou the flying, enchanting
 Passing hours : seize !
 Pleasures extremest, feelings the sweetest,
 Waken and die, like the flower of a day.
 Seize as they pass on those raptures the fleetest ;
 Highest the rocket as it dies away.

Short-lived on earth is that maddening
 Rapture, ah ! short.
 Seized by the youth ere experience is warning,
 Now from the grape-juice ennobled and bright,
 Now on a mouth like a rose-bud of morning,
 Then straight hath it taken for ever its flight !

THE HORIZON.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A CHILD AND ITS MOTHER.

“ See ! where to earth bends down the sky ;
See how the morning clouds up-rolled
Tinge the far forest with their gold.
And we delay—both thou and I,
To go to Heaven, my mother dear,
When every day it is so near.”

“ Come,” said the mother, “ no delaying—
Come, let us go then ;” and they went,
On heavenly objects both intent,—
And onwards through the woodlands straying,
'Mid shadows soft and purple light
Seemed Paradise itself in sight.

“ How beautiful ! This sure must be
Eden itself ; what fruit ? what flowers ;
And yet—Heaven is not in these bowers,
O'er church and moor it seems to flee.
Far off, I see the golden cloud
With splendour all the village shroud.”

“ My child, while thou on earth sojournest
Will Heaven elude thy eager quest ;
Where'er thy steps may be addressed ;
Whether to North or South thou turnest,
Where the sun rises or descends,
Still to Heaven's gate thy travel tends.

“ Hear'st thou that voice in mid-air pealing ;
Us doth it to God's house invite.
This is his day ; on this his light,
Comfort and peace he is revealing.
There stands his church in day's clear flame ;
Thy heart within it glow the same.

“Come, child, the world thou must explore,
 From Paradise thou too must go :
 And as we thus roam onward, so
 Thy whole life’s region travel o’er.
 And when thy pilgrimage is done
 Heaven will not fly thee, but be—won.”

WALLIN.

Wallin, who was born in 1779, and died in 1839, Archbishop, is the greatest religious poet of Sweden. They who would know what he really is, must read the new Swedish Psalm-Book, which was chiefly prepared by him, and in which no less than seventy-six of his own original compositions are to be found. When Wallin is named as a literary magnate, it is especially of his Hymns and his displays of religious eloquence, that you think, and justly; for there, Wallin is first and foremost—“he and none else.” It is in those that you recognize him at once, when he breaks forth with his thundering :

“Up, psaltery and harp,
 Up, word of power, thou Spirit’s sword,
 Two-edgéd, bright and sharp.”

Or when he sings the beauty of God’s earth, in his inimitable Paraphrase of the Hundredth and Fourth Psalm ; a paraphrase which, says Sturzenbecher, you may call a melo-drama, in the old musical sense of the word ; for you seem all through to have the accompaniment of the organ to the changing and most expressive rhythm of the piece :

“Sing, my soul,
 The Eternal’s praise !

Infinite !
 Omnipotent !
 God of all worlds !

In glorious light, all star-bestowed
 Thou dost thy Majesty invest ;
 The heaven of heavens is thine abode,
 And worlds revolve at thy behest,

Infinite !
 Omnipotent !
 God of all worlds !

Thy chariot on the winds doth go ;
 The thunder follows thy career ;
 Flowers are thy ministers below,
 And storms thy messengers of fear.

Infinite !
 Omnipotent !
 O thou, our God !

The Earth sang not thy peerless might
 Amid the heavenly hosts of old ;
 Thou spakest—and from empty night
 She issued forth, and on her flight
 Of countless ages proudly rolled.
 Darkness wrapped her, and the ocean
 Wildly weltering on her lay ;
 Thou spakest—and with glad devotion,
 Up she rose with queenly motion,
 And pursued her radiant way.

High soared the mountains
 Glittering and steep ;
 Forth burst the fountains,
 And through the air flashing,
 From rock to rock dashing,
 'Mid the wild tempest's crashing,
 Took their dread leap.

Then opened out the quiet dale,
 With all its grass and flowers,
 Then gushed the spring so clear and pale
 Beneath the forest bowers.

Then ran the brooks from moorlands brown
 Along the verdant lea ;
 And the fleet fowls of heaven shot down
 Into a leafy sea.
 'Mid the wild herd's rejoicing throng,
 The nightingale's accord ;
 All Nature raised its matin song
 And praised Thee—Nature's Lord.

* * *

O Thou who wast, and art, and e'er shalt be !
 Eternal One ! all earth adoring stands,
 And through the works of thy Almighty hands
 Feels grace and wisdom infinite in Thee !

And answer gives the sea—
 The fathomless ocean—
 The waste without end,
 Where in ceaseless commotion
 Winds and billows contend.
 Where myriads that live, without count, without name
 Crawling, or swimming in strange meander,
 Fill the deep, as it were, with a quivering flame,
 Where the heavy whale doth wander
 Through dumb night's hidden reign.
 And man, unwearied with earth's wide strife,
 Still hunts around death's grim domain
 The over-flood of life.

To Thee ! to Thee ! Thou Sire of all,
 Our prayers in faith ascend.
 All things that breathe, both great and small,
 On Thee alone depend.
 Thy bounteous hand thou dost unclose,
 And happiness unstinted flows
 In streams that know no end.

* * * *

There are certainly in Wallin a strength and majesty,
 a solemn splendour and harmony of intonation, that mark

the great master in sacred poetry. We are told, moreover, by his countrymen, that many of the characteristics of his lyrics were found in his preaching and his speeches. He had a style, and even a peculiar accentuation, often at variance with the prosody of the language, which, when he declaimed from the pulpit or the tribune, produced through its strange originality a wonderful and overpowering effect. When he stood, the dark-glancing man, with his deep voice, which seemed to issue from the depth of an oracular cave, with this novel rhythm, and its measured but always piquant accentuation, and poured forth his lofty speech, full of sinewy words and antitheses; or his solemn sermon, which, like his Psalms and Hymns, have no parallel in the Swedish language; you seemed to hear an inspired prophet from the ancient times, or a Nestor, with his head full of the wisdom of ages, and his breast of that universal music of which Shakspeare speaks.

Wallin, besides his splendid Hymns, was the author also of a good deal of light lyric poetry of a more worldly nature. Amongst his miscellaneous pieces, some of the most popular are: "The Angel of Death," "Fanaticism," "The Sailor," "Sunday Morning," "Home-sickness," "A Country Maiden," "Song to Washington," "To Dora," and "The Old Woman's Counsel." But in this class of poetry Wallin has many competitors; in his own sacred province, he had none. He is styled "The David's Harp of the North," and was an Archbishop in song as well as in station.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PHOSPHORISTS.

WE have noticed the causes which led to the formation of this literary sect. Atterbom, Hammarusköld and Palmblad, were its great chiefs; but Atterbom was considered as its especial head and founder. In "Polypheme," in "Phosphorus," and other publications, he led the attack manfully against the Academicians; and for those services deserves well of his nation. As regards the school itself, though a great improvement on the old Gustavian one, it is far from what the spirit and more extended views of the present times demand, still less of what we may expect in the future. In aiming at being romantic, in opposition to the frigid formality of the Gallic class, it became too romantic. Atterbom had the ambition of becoming a sort of Northern troubadour, as his taste had been affected by reading the poetry of the Provençal and Italian schools. This gives an airy unreality to his productions, which disappoints the healthy appetite of modern readers, who require something with more bone and muscle in it. Imagine us carried back to the allegories of Giles and Phineas Fletcher, with their "Purple Island," or, in plain, mortal language, the human body,

made the subject of a great poem ; or imagine us, in dipping into Atterbom's lyrics, finding a great number of them constituting a fragmentary Darwin's "Botanic Garden," where plants are personified, and treated as reasoning and impassioned creatures. Such, however, is the character of Atterbom's poetry in "The Island of Blessedness," a long allegory ; and in his "Flowers."

With great lyrical talent, these tendencies give to Atterbom's works a warm, sunny, southern air, but a want of substance and verisimilitude. They present you with beautiful scenes and objects ; but as you approach them nearer, you find them very much of a *Fata Morgana*, a mirage which dissolves under your search in it for real men and women, with their actual passions, and their robust and work-a-day feelings.

Dr. Sturzenbecher has made himself very merry in deciding on the merits of Atterbom, between his partizans and opponents ; but as there is much truth in his remarks, and as they apply to eccentricities in other countries besides Sweden, we cannot do better than quote them.

"Atterbom is a decidedly and almost exclusively lyrical genius. His blind admirers find in every word written by him 'a romantic feeling,' a 'profound enthusiasm,' 'an inimitable music of language.' His opponents have called him an actual madman, a fool, and found him an abortion *in totum et tantum*. Both parties have overdone their criticisms. Atterbom's genius is a rich germ, which obviously has failed greatly in course of development, and that almost wholly in consequence of the particular circumstances of the times in which he arose and was educated. But when we withdraw from him all that we find in him objectionable, there remains much good, and that entirely good. It was a misfortune for Atterbom, that from the beginning he had the idea that it was not sufficient for

him to be a good poet, but that he must also be a philosopher. Schelling was his providence and his prototype.

“Schelling was at that time the lion of the speculative world. It is now really lamentable to see how this lord and master has from time to time committed his poor, ‘actual disciples,’ as they called themselves. Every time that he made a new curve to the right or the left in his philosophic progress—and who has made so many gyrations as he?—his faithful disciples performed the same manœuvre. ‘Now we have it!’ they exclaimed. ‘What is it you have got?’ asked the world. ‘What have we? We have the *system!*’ Well, scarcely were the words uttered, before Herr Schelling again wheeled round to one side or the other; and the faithful disciples, as in duty bound, wheeled round too! It was a real comedy. Atterbom, as the sole ‘genuine Schellinger’ in Sweden, performed with great accuracy at Upsala, all these Schelling evolutions, and with more or less grace. This gave occasion to abundant merriment, and it is certain that Atterbom did not become a great philosopher because he made himself a great martyr.

“In the meantime, Atterbom had set himself with all his power to introduce a leaven of the same uncertain, vacillating, heavy-headed and misty speculation into his poetry, to show the world that he was a poet of a rather deeper and more artistic kind than is customary amongst them. Hence it came that his whole poetic system speedily assumed so hyper-ideal, naturo-mythic, symbolic and chaotic a character, that he often really did not seem himself to know where he was. His poetic diction became, in contrast to the existent Gallicism, a constant struggle after an abstract, mystic and undetermined Germanism, the strangeness of which was less inspired than grotesque,

and along with it a mannerism, the cling-clang of which, though it seemed divine music to his worshippers, was to the ears of all the world besides but the unmeaning clash of cymbals.

“Enough! he has done such daring feats of this kind, as are sufficient to make one’s hair stand on end in wonder, how such a little light-haired man could arrive at such a pitch of desperate valour. Many of his boldest phrases have become quite proverbial, as—‘astral purple enchantment;’ ‘elysian spirit-rustling;’ ‘the silver twinkling of the midnight cloud;’ ‘bright moon-witchery;’ ‘magic spirit-strains;’ and the like. When Atterbom, in one of his ‘Flowers,’ describes the East, he bursts out:

“‘The Earth dressed herself for the *Sun-Sultan’s* eyes
In a robe of *one tulip* of measureless size!’

And in another place in the same collection of ‘Flowers,’ he sings how the moon:

“‘The *lily august of the spirit-world’s sphere*
In God’s mother’s star-wreath glittereth clear.’

Upon which, the satirical Vitalis somewhere says, it really takes some time to get accustomed to such phenomena—but

“‘The poet finds such things as light as a feather,
And sets heaven and earth in a flower-pot together.’

For the rest, as regards these and similar matters in Atterbom’s earlier poems, let me once for all comfort you with the assurance that if you do not understand them, neither has anybody in Sweden yet been properly able to get to the bottom of them.

“ But there has always been a kind of people who proclaim the incomprehensible for the very height of poetry, and these *nightmen* cannot possibly get enough of obscurity. They seem to say : ‘ Oh ! if we can understand it, we will none of it ! ’ Like a certain old coxcomb in a well-known French comedy, who, having ordered of his tailor a new dress-coat, called after him at the door : ‘ Yet one thing, Sir ; mark this—if I can once get into the arms, I won’t have the coat at all ! ’ ”

The two larger works of Atterbom, “ The Island of Blessedness,” and “ The Blue Bird,” though they are heavy as wholes, contain many splendid and beautiful passages, like green oases in the desert. The hero of the Island is a certain Astolf, who falls in love with Felicia, the fairy-queen of the island, and lives there with her happily, till a desire of revisiting his native land comes over him. On his arrival at home, he finds, like Rip Van Winkle, that he has been ages away, and a totally new generation occupies the place. He sets out to return to the island, when he meets Time in a car covered with wings, who is in pursuit of him, as the only mortal that had escaped his influence ; and here Astolf, Felicia and the Island of Blessedness, disappear for ever.

These larger poems of Atterbom are only additional proofs of the strange inability hitherto of the Swedes to construct a large poem. They are further confirmations of Lénström’s remarks, which we quoted at the outset, of the decided turn of the nation for the lyrical. We have hitherto encountered no epic or great drama of national merit, and we shall encounter none with the exception of Tegnér’s “ Frithiof.” Amongst Atterbom’s lyrics, we find many very charming, but perhaps none which would please the English taste so much as—

TO MY MOTHER.

Dearest mother ! Spring makes green earth's bosom ;
 All things toward the light with longing tend :
 All rejoice—and wish—tree, bird or blossom ;
 Can life be when wishes have an end ?

And I wish too, as 'neath Spring's dominion,
 Doth each various creature in its lot,
 Thought outspeeding time on rapid pinion,
 Seeking after—shall I tell thee what ?

First, I wish a maple-shaded dwelling,
 Like the one where light first met my eye,
 Round about it, birch-clad mountains swelling,
 And sweet valleys filled with fields of rye.

And 'mid these, meandering all unhidden,
 Like to string of pearls shall flow a rill,
 Now in sunshine, now by willows hidden,
 Turning, as it flows, my little mill.

In my wish were I thus blessed of Heaven,
 Heaven would surely to my wants attend ;
 Daily would a plenteous meal be given,
 To be eaten with a cordial friend.

And the taste that hath outside presided
 Shall have rule within ; yet must there be
 Still an inkstand, chiefest, first provided,
 Indispensable as rhyme to me.

Cumbered not by tomes of each dull triller,
 Shall my inmost rooms a case contain,
 Large enough for Bürger, Hölty, Schiller,
 Large enough for Lidner and Franzén.

When each new-waked impulse of their singing
 Germinates in feeling's deepest tone,
 Oh, how sweet the spirit's utmost winging
 To that vast, where art has made its throne.

But for this a pleasant walk is needed,
 Shady, cheerful, rich with wood and height,
 Lakes, where morn and eve, by man unheeded,
 Stars are mirrored and the purple light.

When the wind its cheerful spirit sendeth
 Forth, the lily and the heath to kiss,
 When each flower, each tree its odour lendeth,
 And thou hearest life's low sough of bliss ;

Who sends not his heart o'erfraught with gladness,
 With the lark through heaven's blue vault away,
 That in harmless joy and blissful sadness,
 In the Maker's eye doth dawn like day ?

From the Northern-fells are heroes coming,
 From the Southern fields young maidens fair,
 Thronging round the wanderer, until gloaming
 Falls on mead and wood, and finds him there.

Back they lure, those cottage casements glowing,
 Seen from far in golden evening sheen ;
 Round the door the lilacs thickly growing,
 And from them—what laughing eyes are seen !

Can they be a wife's ? Yes, with the poet
 Dwells she in the home that Heaven has blest,
 And as floods of moonlight overflow it,
 Lulls the flowing river us to rest.

Dearest mother ! all is now completed—
 Nay, not so. There wanteth still the best :
 If by wishes may my bliss be meted,
 Live, dear mother, and with me be blest !

Atterbom was born in 1790, in the diocese of Åbo, in East Gothland, near the borders of Smoland. He was the son of a country clergyman, and studied in Linköping and Upsala. We have already seen his participation in the Aurora League, and the publication of the

"Phosphorus" and "Polypheme," which latter was started by Hammarsköld ; as well as in "The Swedish Literary Gazette," conducted by Hammarsköld and Palmblad. In the years 1817 to 1819, he made a tour in Germany and Italy, countries whose language and literature he had studied with such enthusiasm, and which had had much influence on his literary taste. In the autumn of 1819, after his return, he was appointed tutor to the Crown Prince Oscar, now King, in the German language and literature. He accompanied the Crown Prince, in the winter of 1819, to Stockholm, and resided there till 1821, when he was appointed Teacher of History. In 1822, he was appointed Assistant Teacher of Philosophy in Upsala ; and in 1828, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics ; but changed this Professorship, in 1835, for that of Esthetics.

Atterbom has long lived a quiet and tolerably unmarked life in Upsala. In 1839, the Swedish Academy, which of late years has sought to infuse new blood into its veins from the ablest of its adversaries, and, as it were, to give a splendid example of magnanimity and reconciliation, chose him as one of the eighteen elect. Possibly, too, the conservative tone, which had gradually become visible in the poet's mind since his patronage at Court, was not without its effect in this proceeding. Of late years, Atterbom has not published much poetry, but has devoted himself to esthetic and philosophic inquiries, as evinced by his "Skrifter, or Studies in History," and "On a System of Philosophy ;" and by his "Swedish Seers and Poets," in two volumes ; the first of which is devoted to Swedenborg and Ehrensvärd ; and the second, to Stjernhjelm and his followers : viz. Columbus and Lagerlöf, the Counts Gyllenborg, Spegel, Lucidor, Runius, Fru Brenner, Dahlstjerna, Frese, and Fru Nordenflucht.

Some of the best accounts we have of these authors are to be found in these volumes. His poems, many of the best of which had appeared in the successive volumes of the "Poetical Kalendar," were published in two handsome volumes, in 1836. He was also a contributor to the periodicals, "Svea," "Skandia," and "Mimer."

HAMMARSKÖLD, PALMBLAD, AND OTHERS.

Hammaršköld and Palmblad were the stout fellow-champions of Atterbom in the warfare against the Academy and the establishment of the Phosphoric School. Hammaršköld is a vigorous and trenchant critic, of a warm, excitable temperament, and somewhat unsparing. He it was who wrote the critique on the writings of Leopold, which created such a sensation amongst the disciples of the old school. In all Atterbom's strife, Hammaršköld and Palmblad stood boldly by his side. Hammaršköld, assisted with Sondén, Dahlgren and Livijn, in writing the "Sleepless Nights of Markall," in which they so successfully ridiculed Wallmark, the champion of the Academic poetry, and whose name was thus converted by an anagram into Markall. Hammaršköld has, however, equally firmly assailed Tegnér, who answered him in a good-humoured but scarifying sarcasm, under the name of Hammerspike. Hammaršköld was born in 1785; was Secretary of the Royal Library in Stockholm, and died in 1827. He is one of the ablest critics and literary historians of Sweden. He wrote some poems and tales of little value; they are his histories of Swedish Literature, of the Plastic Arts, and of Philosophy, which established his fame; for in some of these departments he is singularly almost the first writer of Sweden who entered on them.

Palmblad, besides being a critic, and one so very caustic, that it has been asked how a man, with so peaceful a name, could be so belligerent, is the author of the first Swedish novel, "Amala," an Indian story; for Palmblad, like Atterbom, had a decidedly Eastern taste; "Castle Stjerneborg," "Åreskutan," and "The Island in the Lake of Dall." He is, moreover, translator of portions of Homer, Æschylus and Sophocles. He is professor of Greek in Upsala.

The other writers of this school we must name briefly. Anders Fryxell is known as a poet of some merit, but far better for his admirable History of Sweden, in many volumes, under the name of "Narratives out of the Swedish History." It is a work of great research, perspicuity and interest; the two first volumes of which were some years ago, translated by Mrs. von Schoultz, and published by Mr. Bentley. It deserves and ought to be completed.

Adolf Iwar Arvidsson, a native of Finland, is distinguished as a poet, but still more for his publication of "Early Swedish Ballads," in two volumes. Besides these, Peter Elgström, George Ingelgren, Adolf Sondén, Carl von Zeipel, Johan Börjeson, Joh. E. Rydquist, the editor of "Heimdall," and translator of Moore's "Irish Melodies." Hedborn, Graftström and the Countess d'Albedyhl, are writers of more or less merit in Swedish poetry and literature. Fru Kerstin Nyberg, whose maiden name was Julia Christina Svärðström, is a popular poetess, who holds in Sweden very much the same position as the late L.E.L. in English poetry. Like her, she has written under a *nom de guerre*—that of Euphrosyne. Her poems are distinguished for their pleasant fancy, their feeling and their rich musical diction. Her poetry is extremely popular, and much of it may rank with that of her most

distinguished cotemporaries. "Euphrosyne," says Dr. Sturzenbecher, "is no longer a young lady in her blooming summer, but a comely matron, of a kindly and pleasant autumn, an autumn of charming recollections, and not without its mature graces. She lives up in the hilly region of Vestmanland, leading a retired life in the high pine forests, amongst birds and flowers ; for which, of late years, though herself in reality no sentimental turtle-dove, she has shown a great poetic passion." We cannot present a more agreeable specimen of her poetry than one from this forest region ; the subject being one of those so-called Norway thrushes which visit us in such flocks every winter :

THE PINE THRUSH.

A secret yearning which the Father kindles
Brings me to Northern woods so fresh and lone,
And here amid the winged nomadic singers
I as their gladsome nightingale am known.

Enraptured, through the brilliant nights of summer
I see, 'mid castled crags the elfin dance,
And list to Bragé's harp 'mid streams and meadows
Ringing to many a lovely, old romance.

Sweet song is ever kindred unto silence,
From tumult's discord flies it far away,
And all unnoticed in the mighty pinewood,
Woo I the sweet Linéa day by day.

And oft the gentle flowret hears ascending
From moss-clad altars unto Heaven above
The deep sighs of the roaring tempest blending,
With my low hymns in Tärna's chapel-grove.

But when I for my bride will give expression
By joyous singing to my soul's delight,

The dwarfs mischievous mock me from the mountain,
And the Neck gambols in the waters bright.

And fairy people hearing of our marriage
With silver wings beneath the moonbeams' glance,
And tiny glow-worm torches through the meadows
Lead hand in hand the merry midnight dance.

Thus flies my lovely Northern summer's-dreaming,
A joyous, wingéd minute undelayed,
Myself a simple minstrel ditty only
Which soon upon the lyre of time is played.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GOTHIC SCHOOL. TEGNÉR, GEIJER, ETC.

WE arrive now at the hitherto most distinguished school of the Swedish literature, and of Sweden's two most distinguished literary men at its head—Geijer and Tegnér. Geijer is the prince of Sweden's historians, Tegnér of her poets. This school terms itself the Gothic School, in contradistinction to the Gallic and the Phosphoric. It regards neither of these prior schools as national, and it aspired itself to be national. It may be said to have taken its rise in the "Iduna," a periodical, in 1811; and which continued to advocate its views so long as it existed, that is, till 1824.

The Gothic School, aiming at a national spirit and character, drew its themes from what was not only national, but which embraced in that nationality all the Gothic race, as one great original family, possessing the same ancestry, the same original religion, the same traditions, and even still the same spirit, predilections and language, however broken into different dialects. In seeking to carry out these views, they refused, however, to adopt the practice of the Phosphorists, that of attacking, and as far as in them lay, destroying all those of a different literary faith.

They declined to ally themselves to the Phosphorists, while they conceded their full right to enjoy their own tastes, and even approved of much belonging to those tastes. But they regarded their views as one-sided, and they protested against an indiscriminate crusade against all the authors of the older periods, in many of whom they recognized distinguished merits and beauties. They regarded the sweeping condemnation passed on Sweden's past poets, as a suicidal onslaught on the honour and mind of Sweden itself. Tegnér declared that he detested the German theories, and the fashionable Carbuncle poetry, as he called it—that is, the poetry of show and glitter; that a reform was necessary, but that it ought to be introduced in an independent manner, and on principles of a universal nature. For these liberal and just views they were denounced by the Phosphorist chiefs, especially Palmblad and Hammarsköld, as “Badge-prohibiting Neutrals.” But the new school had truth, nature and the spirit of the nation and the times with them, and they speedily triumphed, compelling even their assailants to become their most enthusiastic encomiasts. First and foremost in the rank of its originators may be placed :

GEIJER.

He it was who started the “Iduna,” which speedily attracted universal attention; excited a lively sensation, and eventually influenced the whole future of Sweden's literature. Geijer had been always a firm friend and associate of Atterbom; admired his genius, and encouraged his efforts for literary reform; but his own intellectual character was of a totally different stamp, and he resolved to pursue for himself his own independent course. Endowed with less imagination than feeling, with more calm powers of research and intellectual inquiry than

taste for metaphysical legerdemain, Geijer saw clearly enough that the new school would degenerate into utter German idealism, while the times required a national poetry at once popular and substantial, to replace the abandoned Gallic tinsel-work. Geijer and his friends were themselves Romantists, like Atterbom and his school, but Romantists who desired to feel the earth sometimes under their feet, and not always to be soaring in the clouds. The example of Oehlenschläger in Denmark, decided both Geijer and Tegnér in the adhesion to these views.

In "Iduna," both Geijer and Tegnér produced early proofs of the wisdom of their choice, and of their power to reap the most luxuriant laurels from their native soil. Tegnér had already written his "Svea," with many traces of the old style about it, but, on reading Oehlenschläger's "Helgé," he determined to try a subject also from the Saga times, and "Frithiof," was the result, portions of which he published from time to time in the "Iduna."

Geijer, on his part, produced and published there some of his best poems, as "The Last Scald," "The Viking," "The Last Champion," and others of the same class, which are reckoned among the most precious treasures of Swedish literature. As we have given many of the ancient Visor, and as these are of precisely the same genus, though in a modern form, we shall omit them, and quote in preference a specimen of his prose. For the present, we add only the character of his poetry, as given by one of his best critics: "That which gave to Geijer's verse so great and immediate a popularity over the whole Phosphorite School, was the individual character of the ancient North—seriousness and simplicity which animated it. People recognized themselves again—which, with the best will in the world, they could not do in the fog-world of the Academy—as still living in that beloved old North,

amid rocks and lakes, amongst natural pine-trees and unassuming anemones. And how was it possible that they should not feel themselves happy in having escaped into the fresh air—into that scenery so melancholy, so impressive, so irresistible, after they had sate for half a century sipping poetic lemonade in the French drawing-rooms so artificial, close and musk-scented !”

“Geijer,” says the same critic, “is equally born a musician, a poet, and historian. He is a sort of natural singer, or, he is rather a natural Scald than an artificially accomplished poet. Like Bellman, he has composed music to many of his small poems, a music certainly not perfect according to the strict rules of art, but partaking of that immediate inspiration which so transportingly expresses itself in the *naïve*, melancholy sound of the old popular airs. ‘The Little Collier Boy’ is precisely one of these simple songs in which the words and the music are so thoroughly blended :

“My father to the pit must go ;
 My mother sits at home to spin ;
 Wait ! I too yet a man shall grow,
 And then a loving wife I’ll win.
 It is so dark, far off—
 Far off, amongst the woods !”

“The old Northman Scald has, of late years, written both words and music expressly for Jenny Lind ; and I shall never forget the delight with which the profound historian nodded his approbation to the young singer as she sung one of his compositions in a great company at the piano. It made him happy as a child, the excellent old man, and you certainly could not have drawn him thence, had you informed him that the whole of the royal archives were in a blaze.”

But Sweden has many poets—she has only one Geijer, the eloquent and masterly author of “Svea Rikes Häfder”—the Chronicles of Sweden. This is still but a mere fragment of a history, but it is a fragment grand, unique and created for all time. The first volume, in which he penetrates far up amid the darkness and the misty shades of antiquity, and brings thence magnificent traces of men and ages, that point still onwards to the times and haunts of the world’s youth, is of itself a national monument of genius such as no people has prouder to display. There is a mass of information, and a clear intimation of immensely more, which may be obtained by collecting the remaining portions of a great past, and artistically assorting and combining them, that gives you the same sensation of wonder and awe as the first news of the discovered remains of the primeval Nineveh. In following Geijer through those far-off and Cimmerian regions, you feel yourself under the guidance of a man with such a firm, sure step, and with such a steady and penetrating glance, that you surrender yourself in child-like faith, and enjoy all the wonder of the scene. In that one volume you have all that belongs to the North—its gods, its mythic doctrines, its grand traditions, its heroes, Vikings, runes and poets, carrying whole ages of history in their trains; and that in so eloquent, brilliant and comprehensive a style, as is rarely to be met with in an antiquarian. But that antiquarian is a poet, and a rare one: and with his poetic fervour he has made the dry bones of tradition and chronology live like the actual flesh and blood of present times.

Geijer and Tegnér are both from the same country—Wermland or Warmland, where subterranean fires seem to quicken the soil, and give a more prominent vigour to both vegetation and man, and where the solitary moun-

tains, woods and lakes are contagious of poetry. They met there as youths, and Tegnér has described the strange antagonism and yet attraction which their different modes of viewing things, and yet the same substratum of poetic feeling, produced, and ever after continued to produce, between them. Geijer was the son of an iron-founder at Ransäter, in Wermland, where he was born in 1783; became a student at Upsala, in 1799; Master of Arts in 1806; travelled to England in 1809; and in 1817, was made Professor of History. He spent the greater part of his life in Upsala, less employed in lecturing on history than in searching into the ancient archives, and penning his histories; the lesser History of Sweden, in which he was engaged, being also left unfinished, till his death, which occurred in 1847.

We can present no example of his prose writings more delightful than his own account of his first great success in life.

GEIJER—RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CHILDHOOD.

I thank God for the best of parents. The memory of the happy spot which their gentle care has rendered sacred, lies like a sunbeam in my breast. It is a place of rest in the innermost of my being, where yet the fountain of youth seems to sound. Whatever has been quickened by the verdure of spring, soothed by the shadow of woods, invigorated by the fresh billows; the scent of fir-twigs and flowers, country air, early morning air; all these live and are present in my memory: nor has city life, Court life, books without number, nor all the accumulated dust of the highways of literature, sufficed to deaden it. It wells up out of the sand like a spring in the desert. I bear it with me, and am a youthful fool with grey hair.

My native country, Vermland, is in one respect both fortunate and peculiar; it is, in a great measure, as it has always been, a new country. One cannot believe that it was so long since Olaf Trätälja there first put an axe to the root of the tree. He does it to this day. The country belongs to the Norrland scenery. One sees its ground-plan of water and mountain; long stretches of water and valleys, from which lesser side valleys branch off, and lose themselves within the hills and among the woods; whilst in the woods themselves lie many scattered waters, farms, cultivated estates, remote fisheries, clearings of timber, charcoal stacks and green paths, which indicate the winter roads of the peasant. In the greatest part of the country, iron first broke the land. Hammers resound by the greater and the lesser waters.

Where I was born, there were, upon a little stream, which poured itself from a little lake in the woods into the river Klara, three iron forges, within about a mile and a half. The life there in winter was wholesome. The smelting of iron and the Northern winter accord with each other. It is its beautiful season. In the middle of summer, it is a painful sight to see the sons of Vulcan blowing their huge bellows at the forge; but in winter, they and their surroundings present an image of the cheerfulness of the hardest labour. These flames, bursting amid depths of snow, which send forth waters from beneath vaults and pillars of ice; the heavy, far-resounding hammer-stroke, which, amid a landscape frozen to rest, shows that man is yet awake; muscular energy and sweat, in cold and storm; charcoal and iron-carriers, in long lines, with hoar-frost on their beards; horses sending forth warm clouds of breath from their nostrils; a stir of people and business; it is a picture to see, a picture to live in the memory. How many a day

have I seen it ! have made one in the throng of magpies, sparrows and children ! How many an evening have I watched the sparks ascending from the smithy, and followed the wandering stars, until they were extinguished in the darkness of space !

Nevertheless, I was brought up in a corner of the world. It is with a sort of secret satisfaction that I still recollect that, scarcely a mile from the abode of my parents, the road came to an end—that is, for those who merely drove in a carriage ; the end of cultivated society.

It is singular to contemplate that deeply-seated feeling of prosperity which prevailed during the concluding twenty years of the last century, when the world was shaken to its foundations until it trembled. Nothing was known of these convulsions in the above-mentioned corner of the world, or if heard of they were gazed on as I gazed on the fire-sparks from the forge-chimney. War and revolution, when contemplated from a proper distance, serve as a species of amusement after dinner. It is astonishing what people then can sustain. They regard the most terrific incidents but as outbursts of heroism. We were not horrified. The beautiful speeches of the French National Assembly, so far as an echo of them reached our forests, caused us infinite delight. We did not put much faith in the bloody scenes which were related, as long as they remained in words ; and I still remember how one of our respectable neighbours spoke of Robespierre (not yet the Dictator) as a persecuted, virtuous man, who was not permitted to live quietly.

But then burst upon us, like a thunderbolt out of the clear heavens, the murder of Gustavus III. I remember, as if it were yesterday, how the horrible tidings reached us at table, and how at length horror gave place to tears ; how we pressed weeping round the knees of our excellent

father, and how his eyes and hands were uplifted to heaven. Even yet I seem to hear the tolling of the death-bell through the long day.

Yet, nevertheless, the concluding ten years of the last century were fortunate for Sweden. Various outward signs that the times were not calculated for peaceful enjoyment, might, however, even then be perceived or rather, afterwards: then nobody saw them, or else disregarded them. There were among the political weather-wise men, a few old pilots, who by signs, which escaped the cognizance of the many, could foretel approaching storms. As a general rule, the approach of social earthquakes is preceded by a remarkable gaiety among human beings. With the many it is the thoughtlessness of levity, the arrogance of peace and prosperity. Many feast and sing away their fear. A gayer time, a time more affluent in pleasure than that which in Europe preceded the French Revolution is scarcely to be formed. Sweden enjoyed her neutrality in the great war. The wounds of the Russian war were soon healed. There was a superabundance of money, at least of government paper; whilst agriculture, trade and commerce flourished. Iron was in extreme demand, and Vermland, which owing to this being its principal production, had fortunately been able to resist violent commercial changes, had not, since the year 60 in the last century, experienced any of those financial failures which had visited at intervals this province, and caused property to change hands.

My father had reinstated his paternal house after such a failure. He had now, if not indeed a superfluous income, at least a competence; and such prevailed generally throughout the country.

There could not be found a more hospitable habitation than that of my childhood. At Christmas a great number

of young people, sometimes in a coal-sledge, drove round to the neighbouring houses. I was brought up amid dancing and music. Though indeed it might often be said that we went in worsted stockings—for I very well remember that I presented myself at the dancing-school in such, of my mother's own knitting—patched shoes, black satin breeches, made up for me after having belonged to another generation, and green home-spun jacket with steel buttons. Nevertheless, I became no inefficient dancer; and not much better attired, made my appearance, a few years afterwards, at a dance at the Whitsuntide fair. Neither was practice wanting. No sooner had the young people assembled, than my father arranged the dancing, in the autumn almost every evening, himself acting as master of the ceremonies; and his large venerable figure, sometimes participating in the pleasures of the young, stands at this moment before my mind's eye.

It was no soul-less enjoyment. I have seen the world, and I now look back with admiration on the real good-breeding which existed in this rural circle; but good old authors were held by us in universal esteem. No stain had yet dimmed the brightness of their glory. I had at this time heard as a child the excellent fables of Gyllenborg, Creutz's "Atis and Camilla," Oxenstjerna's "Skördar" and Dagen's "Stunder;" Kellgren's and Leopold's best pieces more than once read aloud, enjoyed and admired. An old friend of the family, who often visited us, was, on these occasion, the general reader. In the same way, I heard translations read from the works of Marmontel and the Tales of Madame Genlis. The more modern foreign languages were not wholly unknown to us; among the boys Greek and Latin, both at school and at home, took their usual place. My sisters and their young lady friends did not pretend to jabber the French tongue, but

they read the French authors. Later, the German was introduced, but not without opposition. But what could be done? An elderly friend and relative, father to the daughters whose visits in our family belonged to its holidays, taught himself the language, and even, in a short time, advanced so far as to read us his own translations of Schiller's "Don Carlos." I remember with what rapture I listened to him. He became afterwards my father-in-law. He played also on the violoncello as no one else did in Sweden; he was one of the most richly-gifted human beings whom I ever knew. Both I and my brother chose wives out of this circle of relatives and playmates, and we have not had occasion to regret having so done.

Shall I not still say a word about all the music which sounds back to me from my childhood? Receive in thy grave my first gratitude, thou my good, old, half deaf, beloved aunt; whose affectionate zeal already, at six years old, placed my fingers on the keys of the piano and never grew weary, although, at the beginning, it suited my taste so little that, when the hour for practice came, I made my escape through the window. For what have I not to thank thee! What satisfaction can be greater than to communicate a noble art, a source of rich enjoyment for life! Have thanks, also, thou departed benefactor! to whom I owe, not merely my acquaintance with the poets of my adopted country, which works I so often heard from thy lips; but also for my first lessons in the science of music, which have not been fruitless! Even now I seem to see thee driving down the long lane from church in thy grey hat and with a whole chest of music beside thee in the chaise.

It was the delight of this extraordinary man's old age to arrange large pieces of music, so that they could be produced by only a few hands. For instance, that a

whole library of music should be performed upon two pianos, the only instruments which our house possessed. How many pieces have I not, during several years, played with him in this way, from Schobert and Boccherini to Haydn and Mozart ! Besides this, there were at this time several musical families in the province, into which he introduced me on his annual journeys. Youths thus, by means of music, formed bonds of friendship which endured through life. Two noble ladies have especially, at this time, a place in my grateful memory which shall not be effaced. Thus, at the age of sixteen, without having left my parental home, I was possessed of a real musical education. I also made attempts at composition without understanding its rules.

I now at once make a leap from the years of my youth to my first essay in authorship.

I was twenty years old, and came home from the Academy. It was determined that I should endeavour to obtain a situation as tutor in some high family. My before-mentioned fatherly friend, with whom in particular this plan originated, had passed some years of his earlier life in the great world. From it, however, and from his, at that time, brilliant prospects, he was called away by his father's loss of property, and also, as I believe, in consequence of an unhappy love affair. This good man wrote to one of the friends of his youth, recommending me in the highest manner. The reply of the great man was shown to me. He demanded to see something which I had done. My examination at the University had not been very advantageous to me ; I was a youth without a degree. It was my first experience of the benefit of a name and reputation. I felt myself pointed at by the whole world. My whole being was in a tumult to get rid of this unexpected notoriety by the acquisition of a

better name. Thus I seized my pen, and, resolving to compete for the prize of the Swedish Academy in 1803, I wrote the "Eulogy on the Memory of Sten Sture, the Elder." Full of fear and with the greatest secrecy I went to the work. I did not even know, when the thought arose in my mind, what subject was given out for the prize. I might, however, ascertain that from the Post, and the "Country News," which, after it had gone its round in the parish, was left at the minister's house. One August evening, therefore, I set off thither full of anxiety, and desired, under some pretence or other, that the minister would allow me to see all the numbers of the newspaper which remained for the year. He produced from an old cupboard, and from amongst fragments of cheese and bits of bread, a number of tattered newspapers more or less perfect; fortunately, among them, was the one which I needed. On my way home I experienced for the first time what it was to travail in literary child-birth. The newspapers were exceedingly heavy in my pocket: my thoughts were, as it seemed, all afloat; I seemed to myself to be searching after them, whilst my feet during the walk on which I had set out late in the evening, struck against stocks and stones. I could not sleep.

The following day I got up, and, amid anguish and sighs, I began to read in "Dalin's History of Sweden," which we had in the house, such portions as referred to my hero. This was my only source of information. Never had I read anything so crabbedly written, and yet out of this must be extracted the very finest essence of eloquence. There was a labour! Happy was it that the old Government-Administrator knew it not in his grave! After I had arranged my subject in my mind, there was no little difficulty in getting it on paper. My father

was very niggardly in this respect, and I am forced to confess that I obtained secretly and without his permission all the paper that I required. I hid my booty in an old empty clock-case ; and there also "Sten Sture's Eulogy" was deposited sheet after sheet as it was written. It was not easy to preserve any secrecy in our house, where every one was accustomed to know each other's business. Nevertheless, I succeeded without taking any one into my confidence ; and one fine evening, with trembling hand and beating heart, I dropped my work, fairly copied out and stitched together, wrapped up and sealed, for the last time into its dark concealment, from which it was the following morning to be sent by post to the heights of Parnassus.

It could not be entered at home in the post-book without exciting attention. I secretly possessed myself, therefore, after the old postman was gone away for the night, of the key of the post-bag, and rode alone early on the following morning across the river Klara, to the nearest post-town, and thus got my packet entered and sent off.

That autumn I spent at home. In the beginning of December, my eye caught a paragraph in the newspaper ; it was a request that the author of the "Eulogy on Sten Sture, the Elder," bearing the motto "*non civium ardor prava jubentium*," etc., would make himself known to the secretaries of the Swedish Academy. My sister inquired from me why this advertisement made me turn so crimson. Unacquainted as I was with the forms of the Academy, I hardly knew whether the paragraph portended good or not. Between hope and fear, however, I replied to it.

The following post-day brought me a letter from the Lord-Lieutenant Rosenstein, announcing to me with candour and kindness, which his after behaviour to me confirmed, that the Swedish Academy had awarded its

great prize to me. I rushed with the open letter in my hand into the room of my parents. Their astonishment was great, and at the beginning silent. My good mother clasped me to her heart ; my brothers and sisters embraced me. All the friends of the family rejoiced. Of my old friend and benefactor, it was told me that when he, early in the morning, received the intelligence, he immediately went to his brother's (an old unmarried officer, as he was himself,) drew a chair to the table, seated himself on the chair, and with a loud voice proclaimed my honour. My father, as I remember, never caressed me. Our behaviour to him, although affectionate, was yet too much penetrated by the deepest respect ever to become confidential. On this day, when we accidentally met, he stretched out his hand and pressed it against his breast. Of all tokens of affection, as well as of all rewards, none ever touched me so much, nor even to this day can I recall it without tears.

TEGNÉR.

Tegnér stands at present, all qualities considered, as Sweden's greatest poet. He makes the nearest approach to a successful epic writer. His "Frithiofs Saga" is a great poem, constructed with art and executed with a true poet's creative faculty. In this respect, he is the first to remove from Sweden the defect confessed by her own authors, of not possessing a constructive and organizing genius in poetry. "Frithiof," if it cannot be called a perfect epic, may, perhaps, be called something better ; a truly noble narrative poem, planned and written by its author in the spirit of his own genius, and telling a continuous story in a thoroughly methodic and progressive manner, animated by the fullest poetic life, and adorned with all the graces of feeling and imagination. Frithiof,

the hero of the work, is a hero of a truly noble and heroic stamp. He is like a demi-god in youth, beauty and bravery. In these qualities he excels, as he should, all men of his age. But to make a perfect hero, there requires also intellectual and moral qualities as transcendent, and these Frithiof possesses. He shows the capacity for the profoundest affection, which is fixed on a woman worthy of a hero, for her beauty and virtue. He is faithful in his allegiance till he is insulted and persecuted by his envious Prince, beyond the endurance consistent with the honour and dignity of a man. He is faithful to the dictates of honour and conscience, in the most trying situation, and flings away his sword when tempted to avenge past injustice, and snatch the object of his life's desires, when it must be done at the expense of the worthy and hospitable old King Ring.

It is true that Frithiof is but a bundle of lyrical poems woven into one epic cycle, rather than epic poem. But it is, nevertheless, a complete and great poem ; and not being built on the old-established epic pattern, it possesses all the more novelty, which is certainly a recommendation. There is no reason why poets, any more than architects, should slavishly adhere to Greek models, if they can find anything better, nay, if it be not better, if it be only newer—a thing with a life, a fashion and a character of its own. Let Homer have the glory of having erected the grand old epic fabric—let modern authors adopt modern forms and plans, so that they do but give us truly inspired poems, which combine in their own way a great subject, with great characters, great sentiments and principles, and a high and worthy aim. It seems to us that Tegnér has achieved all these advantages in Frithiof. It is a poem which has won an enthusiastic reception wherever it has been read in the original, and that enthusiasm has

endeavoured to diffuse itself amongst the readers of other nations through translations. In our own country this attempt has hitherto failed. We believe that no less than five translations exist in English, most of which we have seen, without being able to recognize any living resemblance to the original. Before we read that original, we came to the conclusion, from the perusal of such translations, that "Frithiofs Saga" was a meagre and threadbare composition; it awoke in us no pleasure, and no enthusiasm. We read the original, and were astonished and enchanted.

Whether Frithiof be capable of being translated without losing its beauty and its life, we will not pretend to say; but another poem of Tegnér's has been translated by Longfellow: "The Children at the Lord's Supper"—"Nattvardsbarnen"—with singular success.

Tegnér has been represented by Scandinavian critics as possessing less feeling than Oehlenschläger; we, on the contrary, are of opinion, that in general he evinces much more. We mean of tender, sensitive and delicate feeling, as a characteristic of the general tone and temperament of the mind. If they mean, however, passion, deep, powerful, overwhelming passion—that storm and conflict of the feelings under the influence of circumstances that call forth the most violent emotions of profound natures, and which find their fullest utterance in a dramatic form, then, unquestionably, Tegnér stands far behind Oehlenschläger in this respect. Oehlenschläger is altogether a more *robust* spirit. He is masculine, dramatic and many-sided. There is often a want of true delicacy and refinement of feeling about him, but never of strength and passion. On the contrary, there is in Tegnér, a delicacy and tenderness of feeling that is almost feminine. Though the portrait of Frithiof is that of a strong, great man, the

tone of the poet is soft, feeling and rarely impressing us as masculine. The want of the strong, stormy, and impassioned power, in which Oehlenschläger is never deficient, is to us the great defect of the character of Ingeborg. She is restrained by a sense of duty and womanly propriety from going away with Frithiof to avoid a marriage opposed to her own wishes, and destructive of the happiness of both herself and her lover ; but she does not, under the circumstances, exhibit that intense grief, that agony and fiery conflict of soul, which Oehlenschläger would have thrown into the scene.

This defect was felt by the readers, and pointed out by the critics ;—Tegnér replied that it was done in accordance with the ancient womanly feeling in the North, of reverencing the parental authority. Perhaps a lamer reason, or one in more utter variance with the poetic and historic fact, as evidenced by the ancient ballads that we have translated into these volumes, could not have been hit upon. We need only to refer to the striking ballad of “Hagbarth and Signé,” so popular for ages all over the North, where Signé, rather than renounce her lover, burns the palace over her head, and perishes with him.

We may find a truer explanation in the poet's own nature : he is essentially lyric, and not dramatic ; and the true mode of estimation is not to compare him with Oehlenschläger, or with any one else, but to judge him by his own standard and on his own principles. These are stated lucidly enough in his poem called “Song.” Here, speaking of the true poet, he says :

He listens not to gloomy tidings,
Of sorrow without hope and strength ;
He utters no weak wails or chidings,
Sees not a cloud but fades at length.

His wishes are but streams, which stray
 In music to the ocean wave :
 His sighs, the sport of winds which play
 Amongst the flowers upon a grave.

His temple stands in light sublime ;
 A fountain bubbles 'neath its tower,
 Whose waters spring from deepest time,
 And in them drinks he life and power.
 To every pang which here hath birth
 In them a remedy is given ;
 The well is not the tears of earth,—
 No ! 'tis the mirror of glad heaven.

So bravo ! here my drink is found,
 If I am worthy of that honour ;—
 And with glad eyes I'll glance around
 To see what earth has fresh upon her.
 The golden lyre shall not appal
 My neighbour with my griefs severe ;
 A poet's woes are—none at all.—
 The heaven of song is ever clear.

Such was, in truth, Tognér's theory ; and such, judging from the whole mass of his poetry, his practice. He delighted to see the bright side of nature ; to turn his gaze towards the cheerful and sunny side of the sky ; to indulge in ideas and feelings that were cheerful, loving, hopeful and aspiring. Where, as in the story "Frithiof," the ancient Saga, which was his model, from which he did not, and could not, far depart, compelled him to deal with sorrowful incidents, he treated them as not terrible enough for despair, and found an outlet for hope and ultimate triumph. Thus "Frithiof," with all its adventures and trials of fortitude, is still a genial, solemn, but hopefully-toned poem, full of noble deeds and images, and rich with the most affluent outpouring of poetic beauty. Of the very highest class of poems, it

cannot be said to be ; but it is one of the most charming and delicious. It is an exquisitely finished poem, for you feel throughout that Tegnér is a most accomplished artist, and that, though he writes in a modern form, the spirit and guiding grace of the great classics of antiquity are ever present to his consciousness. They cannot conquer his Northern and independent taste, but they bend and modulate it ; and it is very probable, that if Tegnér had not been so learned a man, he would have been a more bold, vigorous and original a poet.

Before we speak further of his writings, as the greatest poet of Sweden, it is necessary to take a more particular view of the man than our space has allowed us to accord to his countrymen. Tegnér, as we have said, was born like Geijer, in Wermland. His father, also Elias Tegnér, was a clergyman, at the time of Tegnér's birth, in 1782 ; curate at Kyrkerud, but afterwards appointed rector of Millesvik, where the embryo poet, the fourth son, spent his childhood. When he was nine years of age, his father died, and he was taken into his house by an excellent man, Assessor Branting, and brought up as his assistant in his office of the bailliewick. The good man was like a father to him, and cherished the idea of marrying him, when grown up, to his youngest daughter, and getting him appointed as his successor ; but the boy's passion for reading soon attracted the good man's attention, and, giving up his own plans, he said to him : " You must become a student." Tegnér's mother was incapable of maintaining Elias at college, having already as many sons there as her limited means would allow ; but the worthy Assessor promised his assistance.

Tegnér from this time devoted himself assiduously to study ; and in his sixteenth year, to relieve his friends

from any burden of his education, he became private tutor in the family of Herr Myhrman, a master of iron-works, and afterwards Councillor of Mines. In his family, in a wild and picturesque part of the country, he continued till he was seventeen, when he went to the University of Lund. Here he at first proposed to prepare himself for an office in the Royal Chancery, but his tastes soon diverted him from the scheme, and he laboured intensely in the study of the classics, mathematics and philosophy. To relieve his friends, Branting and Myhrman, who had furnished the chief funds for his first year's college expenses, he obtained a University tutorship in the family of Baron Leyonhufvud, of Yxkullund, in Smoland. His pupil was the young Baron Abraham Leyonhufvud, with whom, in the autumn, he again returned to Lund. He passed his examinations, in 1801 and 1802, with the highest distinction. On taking his degree of Master of Arts, he returned to Wermland, to visit his mother and his benefactors, Branting and Myhrman. This visit produced an attachment between him and Herr Myhrman's daughter, or rather confirmed one which had grown up before. They were now betrothed, and were married four years afterwards.

He went for some time from Lund to Stockholm, to study, and became tutor in the family of Chief Director Strüberg, and there made the acquaintance of Choræus, the poet. He returned, after some time, to Lund with his pupils, and was soon afterwards appointed Assistant Lecturer on Esthetics. In Lund, he also made acquaintance with the celebrated poet and gymnast, Ling. In 1806, he added the office of Sub-librarian to that of his Assistant-lecturership; and, though possessing yet but a very moderate income, he married his long betrothed Anna Myhrman.

At this period, a number of the young officers of the

University formed themselves into a club, called "The Herberge," many of the members of which rose afterwards to distinction in Church and State, and no less than three of them became Bishops, Tegnér being one of them. In 1811, he won the great prize of the Academy by his poem "Svea," or Sweden, which excited a great sensation, and made him at once extremely popular. This was altogether an extraordinary year in his life. He made a visit to Stockholm, where he was received with all the honours of a rising poet, and gained the friendship of the literary veteran Leopold, of Rosenstein, and other members of the Academy. But this was only antecedent to a great honour. The Chair of Greek Literature was made distinct from that of the Oriental Languages, with which it had before been united, and Tegnér was appointed to it. Nor was this all; he at the same time received from the King the living of Stäffje as his prebend.

In his labours in the University, as Professor of Greek Literature, Tegnér distinguished himself highly; and his growing fame as a poet, extremely extended by his "Prestvigning, or a Consecration to the Priesthood," and his "Nattvardsbarnen,"—The Young Communicants—induced the Swedish Academy to elect him a member, as the successor of Oxenstjerna, the author of "The Harvest," etc.

In 1824, came the crowning period of his life, for he then published "Frithiof;" and soon after the clergy placed him first on the list of three communes, for the vacant see of Wexiö, one of whom the King is bound to select, and his choice was Tegnér; and soon after being thus raised to the episcopal chair, he was nominated Knight Commander of the Order of the North Star. From that period he continued to labour almost exclusively in his diocese, produced little more poetry, and died in 1846.

The speeches of Tegnér on public occasions, at the gymnasium and the schools, have been much praised ; and in private life he has been celebrated for his wit and satiric talents—a Swedish Sydney Smith. “ He has been a most irresistible sort of personage,” says Sturzenbecher in his Lectures ; “ full of the most inexhaustible spirituality, and flinging around him witty conceits, *bon-mots* and repartees, which not seldom were of a somewhat coarse-grained kind, but sure to travel over the whole kingdom. The care-free principle which he proclaimed in his poetry, he with perfect consistency put in practice in his life ; and he thought with the great Luther :

“ Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weiber und Gesang
Der bleibt ein Thor sein Leben lang.”

As a public man, Tegnér has been the very opposite of Geijer. He began with liberalism and finished with ultra-conservatism. There was a time when Tegnér did not hesitate to send forth his bold songs of freedom, as in his “ Charles XII.,” and they became the watchwords of the people :

“ The Old will not for ever last ;
Nor can custom’s worn-out codes
Be again renewed for aye ;
That must perish which corrodes,
And the New must rise like day
From the ruins of the past.”

And that “ Old,” rotting away, has begun to tumble to pieces ; while Tegnér, alarmed at the noise of its falling fragments, has not, in his time, been able to tell how the new movement was to be arrested, which, thirty years before, he himself mainly contributed to set agoing. However, the heart-warm words of freedom uttered by

Tegnér in his more youthful years, such as those in his speech at the Jubilee Feast of Luther, and others, both in prose and poetry, will protest most eloquently against the follies of the old man ; and the great and imperishable ideas of his former productions will, fortunately for him and the world, outlive him, while his latter ones have gone with him to the grave.

How precisely have different countries the same class of literary curiosities to show !

The specimens of Tegnér which we shall present we shall take from " Frithiof," and this brief statement of the story of the poem may be sufficient for making the extracts fully understood :—Belé was King of Sygnafilké, in Norway ; he had two sons, Helgé and Halfdan, and a very beautiful daughter, Ingeborg. The friend of King Belé was Thorsten, who lived on the other side of the frith, at the village of Scamnäs : Frithiof was his son. Frithiof was distinguished for his beauty, strength and courage, above all the young men of the time. He was brought up, according to the custom of the age, as the foster-son of a royal vassal, Hilding, under whose care also, Ingeborg, the King's daughter, was educated. The two young people became deeply attached to each other ; but the sons of the King, Helgé and Halfdan, were highly incensed at the presumption of Frithiof, who was only the son of a freeholder, not even a Jarl, in asking for their sister. The old King and Frithiof's father were dead, and Frithiof, having sued in vain to the brothers for Ingeborg, declares that they need not look to him for help in any time of trouble. Trouble soon came, for King Ring of Ringariké, in Norway, invades their territory : they call on Frithiof for aid, but in vain. They are, therefore compelled to make peace with Ring on condition of giving him, an old man, their sister Ingeborg. Frithiof

is enraged at this, and menaces them in his turn, when they agree to be reconciled to him on condition that he goes to Orkney and fetches thence the tribute which King Angantyr has for years refused. This is an enterprise of vast danger and difficulty, but Frithiof undertakes it, on condition that the brothers shall swear to abstain from all injury to his lands in his absence. He accomplishes his mission, though opposed by both human and superhuman powers, but finds, on his return, that the malicious brother Kings have utterly ravaged his domains, burnt down his village, and given Ingeborg to Ring.

For security, the royal brothers have taken refuge in Balder's temple, but Frithiof goes there, and upbraids them with their treachery. Then he sees his gold ring which he had given to Ingeborg in betrothal, on the finger of Helgé's wife. The scene which took place is as given in the old Saga itself, extremely curious and characteristic of the times: "The Kings were making offerings, and were sitting at the drinking-tables. There was fire on the hearth, and the Queens sate before it, and warmed the gods, which their women had been anointing and drying with a cloth."

When Frithiof caught sight of his ring on Helgé's wife's finger, he was so enraged, that he took hold of her hand to pull it off; but, as the ring fitted tightly, he raised the Queen from her seat in pulling at it, and the god Balder fell from her knee into the fire. Halfdan's wife, in trying to catch Balder, let the god which was on her knee, also fall. Both fell into the fire, and, being freshly oiled, they began to burn furiously. The flames caught the roof, and Balder's temple was burned down.

Frithiof, who was now regarded as a sacrilegious person, and regarded himself so also in some degree, left the country, and went to the Court of King Ring in dis-

guise, from an irresistible desire once more to see Ingeborg. He there passed by the latter part of his real name, Thiof, and was in much favour with the old King. One day, they went out hunting together ; and old King Ring, professing to be sleepy, would lie down under a tree, under the sole guardianship of Thiof. Here Frithiof fell into great temptation, seeing the only obstacle to his recovery of Ingeborg lying asleep and defenceless before him ; but his noble nature disdained treachery—he flung away his sword ; when old King Ring, rising up, told him that he had only tried him. That he had known him, as did Queen Ingeborg, from the moment that he entered the Court ; and that he only pretended to sleep, in order to see whether Frithiof were as true a hero as fame represented him. He now made him stay with him ; said that his own life could not be long ; and that Ingeborg would then be his. The old King made Frithiof guardian of his infant son, and very conveniently soon died. In due course, Frithiof married Ingeborg, faithfully executed his trust towards her children by King Ring, and in an expedition against the treacherous Helgé and Halfdan, killed Helgé, reduced Halfdan to the condition of his feudal vassal, and assumed the government of his native kingdom, Sygnafilké.

This is the ancient Saga, and Tegnér has for the most part adhered to it in his poem. The following extract from the poem includes the whole of the eighth canto. It describes the interview and conversation of Frithiof and Ingeborg, when Frithiof is about to depart on his Orkney expedition. The reader will see that the author assumes a regular dramatic form in the midst of a narrative poem. This is not a greater innovation than that of employing a different metre in every different canto, which he has done.

THE DEPARTURE.

INGEBORG.

The morning dawns and Frithiof cometh not !
Yet was the Ting but yesterday proclaimed
On Belé's cairn ; the place was chosen well,
For there his daughter's fate must be determined.
How many earnest prayers has it not cost me,
How many, many tears counted of Freya,
To thaw the ice of hate round Frithiof's heart
And win the promise from his haughty lips
To give his hand in reconciliation.
Alas ! man is so stern, and for his honour,
(As thus he calls his pride) thinks it as nothing
To crush our faithful spirit more or less ;
And the poor woman, clinging to his love,
Is like the moss which blossoms on the rock,
With its pale colours unobserved of all,
And only keeping hold with painful sorrow,
And only nourished by the tear of night.

Thus, was my fate determined yesterday,
And yester-eve the sun sank in the west,
Yet Frithiof came not ! The pale stars of night
One after one grew faint and disappeared,
And with each one that disappeared from heaven
Departed from my heart a hope to its grave.
Yet why do I still hope ? Valhalla's gods
Have no love for me. I have angered them.
The lofty Balder, 'neath whose roof I sheltered,
Has been insulted, for no human love
Is pure enough to meet the eye of gods ;
And earthly joys have no right to intrude
Beneath the arched roofs where the supreme,
The lofty powers have made their dwelling-place.
And yet what is my fault, and why grew wroth
The pious gods at a young maiden's love ?
Is it not pure as Urda's crystal wave ?

Not innocent as Gefion's morning dream !
The noble sun averts not his pure eyes
At sight of two young, loving, faithful hearts,
And starry night, day's widow, hears with joy
Amid her own sad griefs their tender vows.
Can what is fair beneath the vault of heaven
Become a crime beneath the temple's vault ?
I have loved Frithiof—ah ! as long ago
As I can aught remember, have I loved him !
That love is as the twin of mine own being.
How it began I know not, nor can I
Conceive the thought that ever it was not ;
And as the fruit groweth about its core,
And swelleth ever, still embracing it,
Through summer sunshine, in its sphere of gold,
So have I also grown and ever ripened
Around that core of feeling, and my living
Is but the outward covering of my love.
Forgive me, Balder ! with a faithful heart
I tread thy hall, and with a faithful heart
Will I go hence, would dare to bear it with me
Over the bridge of Bifrost ; would stand up
With all my love before the gods of Valhall ;
There should it stand an Asa-son, like them
Reflected in their shields, and then fly forth
On free wings of the dove, amid the blue
Infinite space, to the All-father's breast
From which it came ! But wherefore is this frown
Upon thy glorious brow in the fresh morning ?
There flows within my veins, as flows in thine,
The blood of Odin ! what will'st thou, my kinsman ?
I cannot sacrifice to thee, my love,
I will not do it—'tis of heaven worthy !
But I can sacrifice my own life's bliss,
Can cast it from me as a Queen doth cast
Her mantle from her, yet remain the same
That she was ever. And it shall be done !
The lofty Valhall shall not be ashamed
Of his kinswoman's weakness. I will meet
My fate with hero strength !

There Frithiof comes !
 How wild, how pale ! Now it is past—is past !
 My wrathful Norna cometh forth to meet him.
 Be strong, my soul !

Welcome, although so late !
 Our fate is fixed, is fixed ; I read it plainly
 Upon thy brow.

FRITHIOF.

See'st thou not also there
 The runes blood-red speaking of shame and scorn,
 Insult and exile ?

INGEBORG.

Frithiof, bethink thee ;
 Tell what has happened. I have long foreboded
 What worst can be. I am prepared for all.

FRITHIOF.

I sought the Ting assembled on the barrow,
 And round its grassy sides, shield against shield
 And sword in hand they stood, the sturdy Norsemen,
 One populous crowd thronging upon another,
 To the hill-top. But on the judgment-stone,
 Dark as a storm-cloud sate thy brother Helgé,
 The ghastly bloodman, with a lowering glance,
 And near him Halfdan sate a full-grown child,
 And like a child was playing with the sword.
 Then stepped I forth, and spake : "Even now war stands
 And smites his sounding shield within the land :
 Thy realm, King Helgé, is in jeopardy ;
 Thy sister give to me, so will I lend
 My arm to thee in fight ; it will be useful.
 Let cease the quarrel betwixt thee and me !
 Hateful the strife to me 'gainst Ingeborg's brother !
 Be reasonable, King, and save at once
 Thy golden crown and thy fair sister's heart.
 Here is my hand ! By Asar Thor I swear,
 'Tis the last time I ask for reconciliation !"
 Then was the Ting astir. A thousand swords
 Their plaudits thundered on a thousand shields ;
 The clang of weapons rose to heaven, which gladly

Received the plaudits of free men for right.
 "Give to him Ingeborg, the graceful lily,
 The loveliest flower which blossoms in our dales !
 He is the bravest warrior in our land,
 Give to him Ingeborg !"

My foster father,
 The old man Hilding, with his silver beard,
 Arose and spoke, his speech was full of wisdom,
 With pithy proverbs keen as the sword's edge ;
 And even Halfdan from his royal seat
 Arose, beseeching both with word and glance.
 It was in vain ; wasted was every prayer,
 Like to a sunbeam lavished on a rock,
 In whose cold heart no plant can germinate.
 Such was the countenance of stern King Helgé,
 A pale-faced " No ! " to all the prayers of men.
 " Unto a peasant's son," said he with scorn,
 " I might give Ingeborg, but the sacrilegious
 Is all unfitted for Valhalla's daughter !
 Hast thou not, Frithiof, broken the peace of Balder ?
 Hast thou not seen my sister in his temple,
 When day concealed himself to shun your meeting ?
 Speak ! yes, or no ?"

Then echoed forth a cry
 From the armed crowd : " Say merely no ! say no ?
 We trust thee on thy word ; we answer for thee ;
 Thou, Thorsten's son, art good as a King's son.
 Say no, say no ! and Ingeborg is thine !"
 " My life's best bliss hangs on a single word,"
 Said I ; " but have no fear thereof, King Helgé !
 I would not lie to win Valhalla's joys,
 Nor yet the joys of earth. I have seen thy sister,
 Have spoken with her amid the temple's night,
 But Balder's peace have I not broken thereby."
 No need that I said more. A thrill of horror
 Passed through the Ting ; they who me nearest stood
 Drew back as if before one smitten by pest ;
 And when I looked around, dumb disbelief
 Chained every tongue, and turned to deathly white
 Each cheek, late flushing with a joyful hope.

Thus did King Helgé triumph. With a voice
 As hoarse and gloomy as the long dead Vala's,
 When she in Vegtams Quida sang to Odin
 Of Asa's ruin and of Hela's triumph,
 Thus hoarsely spake he : " Banishment or death,
 According to the law my father framed,
 Is thy crime's penalty ; yet mild as Balder,
 Whose shrine thou hast defiled, will I be towards thee.
 'Mid the wild West sea lies a group of islands,
 Under the government of Earl Angantyr ;
 And long as Belé lived, this Earl paid tribute
 Duly each year, which since he has neglected.
 Cross to these stormy isles and fetch the tribute.
 Such is the fine imposed upon thy rashness.
 'Tis said," he added with insulting scorn,
 " That Angantyr is fierce, and guards his gold
 As his the Dragon Fafner ; but who dare
 Defy our modern Sigurd Fafner's bane !
 —This were a manlier achievement far
 Than fooling maidens within Balder's field !
 When comes next summer, here I will await thee,
 With all thy honour and with all the treasure.
 If thou come not, thou, Frithiof, art a niding,
 And banished for thy life from this our land !"
 —Such was his doom ; with that the Ting dissolved.

INGEBORG.

And thy resolve ?

FRITHIOF.

But had I any choice ?
 Was not mine honour bound by his demand ?
 And it should be redeemed though Angantyr
 Should hide his paltry gold in Nastrand's flood.
 I shall this day set forth.

INGEBORG.

What ! and leave me ?

FRITHIOF.

No, not leave thee, for thou wilt go with me.

INGEBORG.

Impossible !

FRITHIOF.

Hear, hear me ere thou swearest.
 Thy cunning brother Helgé has forgotten
 That Angantyr was friend unto my father
 As unto Belé ; he perchance will yield
 Willingly what I ask ; and if not so,
 I have a strong persuader ; a keen pleader,
 Which, on my left side, ever bear I with me.
 The much-beloved gold send I to Helgé,
 And thereby both of us are rescued from
 The royal hypocrite's sacrificial knife.
 But we, fair Ingeborg, ourselves will hoist
 Ellida's sails above the unknown waves ;
 She will convey us to some friendly shore,
 Some safe asylum for our exiled love.
 What is the North to me ? What is a people
 Who tremble at each word their lord may speak,
 And with audacious hands who would despoil
 My heart's true sanctuary, my being's life !
 By Freya ! they shall never have their will !
 A wretched slave is bound unto the soil
 Where he was born, but I—I will be free
 As is the mountain wind. A little dust
 Out of my father's cairn and out of Belé's
 Will yet find room on shipboard ; that is all
 Which we need carry from our native land.
 —Thou best beloved ! There is another sun
 Than that which pales above these snowy hills ;
 There is another heaven fairer than this,
 Whence gentle stars, with a diviner glory,
 Look softly down in tranquil summer nights,
 Through laurel-groves, upon a faithful pair.
 My father, Thorsten Vikingson, roamed far
 Amid this land, and often he has told
 By the hearth's blaze on the long winter nights,
 Of Grecian seas and islands scattered there,
 Of verdant groves amid the crystal billows.
 A mighty people in old times dwelt there,
 And lofty gods amid the marble temples.
 Now are they overthrown, and grass has sprung

In desolate pathways, and the sweet flower blows
 Amid the ruins that tell of former wisdom ;
 And slender pillars are engarlanded
 By the rich tendrils of the Southern vine ;
 And all around, heart of itself produces,
 In unsown harvests, all that man requires ;
 And golden apples glow amid the leaves,
 And purple grapes hang clustering on each bough.
 There, Ingeborg, there form we 'mid the waves
 Another North, more beautiful than this ;
 And with our faithful tenderness will fill
 The lonely temple arches, and make glad
 With human bliss the long-forgotten gods.
 And when a gallant ship with flapping sails
 (For never storm comes there) goes past our isle,
 In the red evening sunlight glancing gaily
 From rosy-tinted billows to the shore,
 It shall behold upon the temple's threshold
 Another Freya—Aphrodite, thus
 She in their speech is called—and wonder at
 Her golden tresses floating on the wind,
 And blue eyes brighter than her Southern heavens ;
 And in due time around her shall spring up
 A little sacred race of elf-like creatures,
 With cheeks where thou may'st deem the South has set
 Amid the Northern snow-drifts all its roses.
 —Ah, Ingeborg, how beautiful, how near
 At hand is human bliss to faithful hearts !
 There needs but courage to take hold on it ;
 It gladly goes with them, and fashions for them
 A bower of happiness beneath the clouds !
 —Come, let us haste ! each word which thus is spoken
 Taketh a moment from our blessedness.
 All is prepared. Ellida spreads abroad,
 Impatiently for flight her eagle wings ;
 The freshening winds points out to us the way
 Which leads for ever from this friendless shore !
 Why still delay ?

INGEBORG.

I cannot go with thee.

FRITHIOF.

Not go with me !

INGEBORG.

Ah, Frithiof, thou art happy !

Thou follow'st none ; thyself go'st ever foremost,
 Like thy ship's prow, whilst at the rudder stands
 Thy own bold will and steers for thee thy course,
 With steady hand, across the angry waves.

How otherwise, alas, is it with me !

My fate is held by other hands than mine,
 Nor will they loose their prey although it bleed ;
 Self-sacrifice, and woe, and languishing
 In weary grief is the King's daughter's freedom.

FRITHIOF.

Free art thou if thou wilt ! Within his cairn
 Thy father sleeps.

INGEBORG.

Helgé is now my father,

Holds now a father's place ; and his consent
 Bestows my hand ; the daughter of dead Belé
 Steals not her bliss, however near it lies.
 Ah, what were woman if she freed herself
 From the great bond with which the All-father bound
 Unto the strong in will her feeble being !
 She doth resemble the pale water-lily
 Which rises with the waves and sinks with them,
 And the ship's keel goes over her, unheeding
 Though it should cut her slender stem in twain !
 That is a woman's fate, yet even then
 It strikes deep root into the sands below,
 And has its own pure worth, and borrows tints
 From the pale, kindred stars above its head,
 Itself a star upon the azure deeps.
 But should she lose her hold, then will she float
 A withered leaf upon the desert waves.
 —Last night—it was an awful night of dread,
 I waited, waited for thee, but thou cam'st not,
 And night's dark children, solemn, gloomy thoughts,
 With their black looks, passed by, in long procession,
 My wakeful, burning eyes which shed no tears ;

And Balder's self, the bloodless god, gazed on me
With glances that were full of menacings.—
Last night I pondered deeply on my fate.
And my resolve is taken ; here I stay,
A sacrifice upon my brother's altar.
Yet, yet it had been well had I not heard
Of thy delicious islands built of clouds,
Where rosy evening light for ever lies,
A lovely flower-world of peace and love !
Who knows how weak he is ! My childhood's dreams
Long lost in silence, now again rise up
And whisper to my senses with a voice
Familiar as a sister's, and as tender
As is the pleading of the soul's beloved.
I hear ye not ! No, no, I hear ye not,
Ye once beloved and so seductive voices !
What is the South to me, child of the North !
I am too pale for all its rosy hues ;
Too colourless for its deep glow my thoughts
Which would be scorched by its resplendent sun,
And, full of longing, would mine eyes turn ever
Towards the pole-star which unwavering stands
A heavenly sentinel o'er our father's graves.
My noble Frithiof, born his land's defender,
Shall never fly from its beloved shores,
Shall never cast away his great renown
For aught so trivial as a maiden's love !
That life, wherein the sun, from year to year,
Brings one calm round of still unwearied days,
In sweet but dull monotony, is fit
Alone for woman's soul, but not for man's.
To thee, of all, were life's calm wearisome ;
Most happy thou when the tumultuous storm
Careers the deep upon his foaming charger ;
And on the deck thou stand'st for life or death
Wrestling with danger for thine honour's sake !
The lovely Paradise which thou hast painted,
Would be the grave of hero-deeds, not rouse them,
And as thy shield grew rusty, so would rust
Thy free-born spirit. Thus it must not be !

I will not steal away my Frithiof's name
 From the great poet's song, nor will I quench
 My hero's glory in its morning blush !
 Be wise, my Frithiof ! Let us bow before
 The mighty Norna ; let us save at least
 Our honour from the shipwreck of our fate,
 For our life's happiness we cannot save !
 —Now we must part.

FRITHIOF.

And wherefore must we part ?
 Let not a sleepness night untune thy mind.

INGEBORG.

Because that thou and I must both be saved.

FRITHIOF.

The worth of woman rests upon man's love.

INGEBORG.

He loves not long when he esteems her not.

FRITHIOF.

But idle whims can ne'er win his esteem.

INGEBORG.

It is a noble whim to know the right.

FRITHIOF.

Our love but yesterday opposed it not.

INGEBORG.

Nor yet to-day, but our flight all the more.

FRITHIOF.

Necessity compels it ; come away !

INGEBORG.

Necessity is what is right and noble !

FRITHIOF.

The sun ascends with speed ; time passes on !

INGEBORG.

Woe's me ! the time is past, is past for ever !

FRITHIOF.

Bethink thee ! is this thy conclusive word ?

INGEBORG.

I have bethought me, and it is conclusive.

FRITHIOF.

Ah, then farewell ! Farewell, King Helg's sister !

INGEBORG.

O Frithiof, Frithiof, are we thus to part,
Hast thou not even one friendly glance to give
Unto thy childhood's friend ; no hand to offer
To that unhappy one whom once thou loved'st ?
Think'st thou I stand on roses here and wave
My life's bliss from me with a careless smile,
And rend, without a pang, from out my heart
A hope which grew together with my being !
And wast not thou my young life's morning dream,
All pleasure that I knew was Frithiof called,
And all that life possessed of great and noble
Assumed an aspect which was like thine own !
Dim not this glorious image, nor receive
Harshly the weak, when she has sacrificed
That which was dearest to her in the world,
And will be dearest in Valhalla's halls !
Frithiof, that sacrifice is hard enough,
And well deserves a tender word of comfort.
I know that thou hast loved me : I have known it
Since first my youthful being had a thought,
And still the memory of thy Ingeborg
Will go with thee wherever thou may'st go !
But clanging arms will still the pang of grief ;
The wild waves will convey thee far away.
How will grief sit with warriors when they drain
The drinking horn, and sing of victory ?
Yet now and then, amid the hush of night,
When thou recallest long-departed days,
There will glance forth from them a pallid form,
Well known to thee ; and thee will it salute
From far-off scenes beloved, the shadowy form
Of the pale maiden in the field of Balder ;
Oh, do not chase her thence, although her eye
Be very mournful, whisper unto her
A word of friendly import ; the night wind
Upon its faithful wings will bear it to me.
One consolation I shall have, but one ;
Nothing my grief can ever dissipate,
All that surrounds me serves but to sustain it ;

Those lofty temple domes speak but of thee ;
 And in the moon's dim light pale Balder's form
 Which else should threaten, wears the form of thee.
 Gaze I out seaward, there it was thy keel
 Cut through the waves its path to Ingeborg :
 Gaze I into the grove, there many a tree
 Bears on its bark the name of Ingeborg.
 Now grows the bark and covers o'er my name,
 And that, the legend says, betokens death.
 I ask the day when he beheld thee last,
 I ask the night, but night and day are silent ;
 And even the sea, which bore thee hence, replies
 Unto my questioning only with a sigh.
 With evening's crimson shade I send to thee
 A greeting, as the sun sets in the waves,
 And heaven's ship, the cloud, shall take on board
 A freight of sorrow from the poor forsaken.
 Thus shall I sit within my maiden bower,
 The sable widow of my life's delight,
 And broider broken lilies in my loom,
 Until at length the spring shall weave his web
 Broidered with fairer lilies on my grave.
 And if I take my harp, that I may sing
 My infinite woe to all its deepest tones,
 Then shall I burst in bitter tears, as now.

FRITHIOF.

Thou conquerest, Belé's daughter ; weep no more ;
 Forgive my anger, it was but my sorrow
 Which for the moment took the guise of wrath,
 But that false guise it can maintain no longer.
 Now art thou my good Norna, Ingeborg.
 A noble mind teaches but what is noble.
 The wisdom of necessity can have
 No better advocate than thou thyself,
 Thou lovely Vala with thy rosy lips !
 Yes, I will bow before necessity,
 Will part from thee, but never from my hope ;
 That bear I with me o'er the western waves,
 That bear I with me to the gates of death !
 —But with next Spring I shall be here again,

And then King Helgé will see me once more.
 My promise then performed, his claim appeased,
 The crime atoned for with which I am charged,
 Thee will I ask ; no, thee will I demand
 In open Ting and with unsheathed blades !
 But not from Helgé, from the whole Norse people !
 They, thou King's daughter, shall dispose of thee,
 And who objects shall hear a word from me.
 Farewell till then ; be true, forget me not ;
 And take, in memory of our early love,
 This armet : 'tis a fair Vaulunder work,
 With heaven's marvels carved upon the gold,
 But its best marvel is a faithful heart.
 How beautifully suits it thy white arm,
 A glow-worm twining round a lily stem.
 Farewell, my bride, my best beloved, farewell !
 In a few months it shall be otherwise. (He goes.)

INGEBORG.

How gay, how confident, how full of hope
 He set the point of his good sword against
 The Norna's breast, and said : " Thou shalt relent !"
 Ah, my poor Frithiof, ne'er relents the Norna !
 She goes her way and laughs at Angurvadel.
 How little dost thou know my gloomy brother !
 Thy frank, heroic soul can ne'er conceive
 The dreary depths of his, nor of the hatred
 Which smouldering burns within his envious breast.
 Ne'er will he give his sister's hand to thee,
 Rather his crown, his life unto destruction,
 And me a sacrifice to Odin, or
 Unto old Ring, with whom he is now at war.
 —Where else I look there is no hope for me ;
 Yet I rejoice that thy life yet has gladness,
 I to myself will keep this weight of sadness,
 But oh, may all good gods attend on thee !
 Here on thy armet will I reckon duly
 Each passing month of all this weary pain :
 Two, four, six—then comest thou back, truly—
 But never find'st thou Ingeborg again !

The following is the hunting-scene, which we have already spoken of, and which needs no further explanation :

FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION.

Spring is come ; the birds are warbling ; woods are green, and
bright the sun ;
And the ice-freed brooks leap onward, singing as they seaward run ;
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeps the young rose from its
bud ;
Hope wakes in the human bosom, strength and joy impel the blood.

Old King Ring will go a-hunting, and the Queen with him must
ride,
And the Court is all assembled, thronging round in gorgeous pride.
Bows are twanging, quivers rattling, steeds are pawing by the way ;
And the hooded falcons screaming all impatient for their prey.

See, there comes the Queen o' th' hunting ! Ah, poor Frithiof, shun
the sight !
Like a star on spring clouds resting sits she on her palfrey white.
Half like Freya, half like Rota, yet more fair than either she,
And in her light cap of crimson floats an azure feather free.

Look not on her blue eye's heaven ; look not on her golden hair ;
Arm thee 'gainst her waist so slender ; arm thee 'gainst her bosom
fair :
Glance not thou as rose and lily o'er her cheek their changes fling ;
List not to her voice beloved whispering like the breeze of spring !

Now the hunting-train is ready. Hark away ! By dale and
height ;
Horns are sounding, hawks ascending up to Odin's halls of light.
Terror-struck the wild-wood creatures seek their broods 'mid wood
and reeds,
While, with spear advanced, pursuing she the fair Valkyria speeds.

He the old King cannot follow in the chase as far it flies,
Lonely by his side rides Frithiof, silent and with downcast eyes.

Gloomy thought and full of sadness through his troubled breast
careers,
And where'er he turns within him its lamenting voice he hears.

“ Ah ! why left I the wild ocean unto mine own danger blind ?
Sorrow on the sea scarce smiteth, borne away by heaven's wind !
Droops the Viking, all his manhood is aroused by wars alarms,
And his troubled thoughts soon vanish in the bright assault of
arms.

“ Here 'tis different ! Tender longings of unutterable love
Round my busy brain are floating, and like one in dreams I move.
Balder's field can I forget not, nor forget the vow she spoke ;
No, that vow she has not broken ; it the gods of evil broke.

“ For they hate the human being, and displace his good for ill,
They my rose-bud took, and placed it in the breast of Winter chill.
What can Winter do with roses ? He knows not their beauties' price ;
His cold spirit but enfoldeth bud and leaf and stalk in ice !”

Thus he murmured. And then came they to a little valley lone,
Dark and overtopped with mountains, and with birch and elm
o'ergrown.

Here the aged King alighted : “ See how cool this wood and fair,
Let us rest, for I am weary, and an hour would slumber here.”

“ Here, O King, do thou not slumber ! chill the sod, and all too
hard,
Heavy would thy sleep be ; let me to thy castle be thy guard !”
Said the old King : “ Sleep it cometh, like the gods, when looked
for least ;
And an hour of quiet sleeping grudges not his host the guest.”

Then took Frithiof off his mantle and upon the meadow spread,
And upon his knees, the old man laid to sleep his heavy head ;
Calmly slept he, as the hero when the battle's strife is past
On his shield, or as the infant sleeps upon its mother's breast.

As he slumbers, hark ! there singeth a dark bird upon the bough :
“ Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, let your strife be ended now !

Take his Queen, she is thine only, thou hast her as bridegroom kissed,
Not a human eye can see thee ; from the deep grave nought is
wist."

Frithiof listened ; hark ! there singeth a white bird upon the bough :
" Though no human eye should see thee, not from Odin's 'scapest
thou !

Niding, wilt thou slay the sleeper ; slay an old, defenceless man ?
Win whate'er thou may'st, the glory of no hero thus is won !"

So the two birds sung unto him, and he snatched his falchion good,
And he flung it, thrilled with horror, far into the gloomy wood.
Flew the dark bird down to Nastrånd, but the other's pinions bare,
As it sung a harp-like anthem, it into the sunny air.

And just then the old King wakened : " Much this sleep has me
restored,
Sleep is sweet beneath green shadows guarded by a brave man's
sword ;
Yet where is thy sword, O stranger ? Where is it, the lightning's
brother ?
Who has parted you, who never should be parted from each other ?"

" Little boots it," Frithiof answered ; " swords enough the North
affords,
Sharp the sword's tongue is, O monarch, never uttering peaceful
words ;
In the steel dwell sprites of darkness, spirits sent from Nifelhem,
They with sleep have no accordance ; silvery hair inciteth them."

" Youth, I have not slept, I only wished to prove thee in this wise.
Who is prudent never trusteth man nor sword till both he tries.
Thou art Frithiof ; I have known thee since thee first my hall received,
What his prudent guest kept hidden old King Ring has long
perceived.

" Why by stealth sought'st thou my dwelling, without name and
in disguise,
Why, unless to steal his young bride from the old man's loving
eyes.

Honour, Frithiof, stands not nameless where the cheerful guests
advance,
Like the sun her shield is spotless ; frank her noble countenance !

“ Fame has told us of a Frithiof, terror both of gods and man,
Cleaving shields and burning temples, boldly carrying forth his
ban ;
I believed that with an army he would come against my land ;
And he came, but came in tatters, with a beggar’s staff in hand.

“ Wherefore are thine eyes thus downcast ; I was young, like thee,
in sooth ;
From the first, life is a combat ; its Berserker-time is youth.
Youth will press into the battle till its wilder mood is spent :
I have proved all, and have learned now but to pity and relent.

“ Look thou ! I am very aged, soon must sleep beneath the stone,
O young man, then take my kingdom ; take my bride, she is thine
own !
Be my son, and in my palace dwell a guest as heretofore,
Weaponless thou wilt defend me ; so shall our old feud be o’er.”

Gloomily spoke Frithiof : “ Thief-like I have not come unto thee ;
If thy Queen I would have seized on, what was there to hinder me ?
I, my bride would once more gaze on—once, once only would her
ken,
But, oh fool ! the half-slaked embers of my love revived again.

“ In thy hall too long I tarried : King, I break no more thy bread :
Heaven’s wrath yet unappeased weighs like mountains on my
head.
Balder with the sunbright tresses, he whose love is broad as day,
I alone to him am hateful—am alone a castaway !

“ Yes, I burned to earth his ⁴temple ; Varg i Veum am I called ;
At my name gay guests are silenced and the children shrink
appalled ;
But my native land has treated her lost son with scorn unkind ;
I am exiled from my country ; exiled from my peace of mind.

" No more on the green earth's bosom will I seek for peace or aid ;
 'Neath my foot themild turf burneth, and the trees afford no shade ;
 Ingeborg is lost for ever ! she of old King Ring is wife :
 Darkness only is around me ; and 'tis set, my sun of life !

" Therefore hence unto the ocean ! Thou, my vessel staunch and
 good,
 Bathe thy pitchy bosom proudly once more in the briny flood ;
 Stretch thy wings amid the storm-cloud through the deeps thy
 pathway dare
 Fly as far as stars can lead thee, or the conquering billows bear.

" Let me see the heaven's lightning ; let me hear the thunder's
 roll,
 When there is a roar around me, then is peace within my soul !
 Clang of shield and rain of arrows ! Far at sea 'mid combat wild,
 Let me fall, and, blood assoiled, meet the gods then reconciled !"

Amongst the minor poems of Tegnér, the "Clergyman's Inauguration" is a fine religious poem ; and his "Children at the Communion Table," which we have already mentioned, is a charming piece in hexameters, full of a beautiful religious spirit, and beaming with the innocent freshness of young life. It alternately reminds you of portions of Voss's "Louise," and of our own John Wilson's "Children's Dance on Christmas Eve." "Axel," is a narrative of the times of Charles XII., in the style of the poems of Byron's younger days—"The Bride of Corinth," "Parisina," and the like. It has fine passages, but is too romantic by half. In his poem written for the Swedish Academy's Jubilee Feast, he gives a series of excellent portraits of the past poets of the country. His "Song to the Sun," "Poet's Morning Hymn," "Voices of Peace," "Cloister Memories," "The Flood," may be named amongst his most attractive lyrical pieces. But to know their value, they require not merely

to be named, but read. His "Gotha Lion," is the national song, and is set to fine music. We shall never forget hearing our friend Madame von Schoultz sing this spirited song on a fine summer day, beneath the pine-trees of the solitary Haardt Forest, while peasant women cutting grass in the forest glades for their cows, gathered round; and though they understood not a word of the Swedish original, yet excited by its bold martial tone, brandished their sickles, like wild Mænades, and accompanied the rhythm by their expressive gestures.

Tegnér is not only at present the most popular poet of Sweden, but the bold advance which he has made beyond the established models of the country, and his success in it, show what Swedish poets may yet accomplish by following on in the track of a higher and freer enterprise.

The remaining poets of what is strictly called the Gothic School, though men of high merit, we must briefly notice. They are Ling, Afzelius, Nicander, Von Beskow and Lindblad; and they present the system of their sect, as run to ripest seed.

The merits of P. H. Ling are thus stated by Lénström: "Ling is a lyrical descriptive poet; not purely lyrical, for he had too little poetical art, and a paucity of ideas. He is not epic, for he lacks calmness and actuality, as well as sufficient knowledge of men and things, and therefore is deficient in the power of sketching character and giving life to his compositions. His 'Asar' is the most long-winded poem in the language."

Sturzenbecher, in his lectures, gives a similar and very lively portraiture of him: "Ling was of a soaring nature, but somewhat too rude, something too old-Northern. His poetry flies up to the very regions of eternal snow, where only a few solitary Rollers

twitter amongst the thin birches, and here and there a stunted pine leans over the mountain cataract. He had at bottom a genuine lyrical vein; but seduced by the example of the fabricators of Northern poet-work on the large scale, which is become now-a-days so much the fashion both in Sweden and Denmark, he too resolved to manufacture something in the grand style, of magnificently astounding dimensions. He set himself, therefore, to compose a multitude of Northern dramas, by which he probably expected to become another Oehlenschläger; and also a couple of great Northern epics, 'The Asar' and 'Tirfing.' These works are sufficiently tedious, and are destitute of all knowledge of the chief elements which are necessary for the treatment and the characters of a drama or an epic. In his dramas, his heroes stand talking together from morning till night, as if talk, were it ever so beautiful, could move the world one inch further. In the epic poems he generally sinks down into the style of the chronicler, and gives you descriptions of actions; but these are not the actions themselves that keep the machinery in motion. Whenever he becomes lyrical, he is at once a poet, and becomes imposing, effective and exalted; and many of the choruses in his dramas are actual master-pieces, and show what he would have been had he followed his own genius, and not seized on a lyre strung with a bear's entrails."

Besides the two epics, Ling wrote no less than nine dramas; but he was still more distinguished as a gymnast than a poet; and the critic just quoted describes him in this character, thus: "I have called Ling, considered as a poet, an apparition from the old world of heathenism. The whole man looked just something of that kind as he was to be seen of days in his great gymnastic hall in Stockholm, clad in a strange, hairy and rugged costume of

wolf-skin, cut according to his own peculiar fancy; and in which his meagre form presented itself in a style most strikingly original. Ling was, in fact, an original in everything. Together with poetry, he had, from his earliest years, with the utmost ardour, embraced all such knightly usages as stood in connection with gymnastics, for the universal use of which he enthusiastically and indefatigably contended as the only means of restoring in the North a more vigorous race, a race like those old Berserker who were so dear to him.

“He thus raised gymnastics into a regular science, based on anatomical and physiological principles, and created an entirely new department of them. These were the so-called Medical Gymnastics, which have proved themselves by no means a contemptible branch of the general science of maintaining or restoring health.”

Ling's system has been for some time practised with great success by Mr. Doherty, of Great Marlborough Street, London, under the name of Kynesipathy. Ling died in 1839.

Arvid August Afzelius, is another lyric poet, who, like Ling, has injured his claims to admiration by too extravagant an adhesion to the rage for the old-Northern. The Afzelian poetry, says the critic just quoted, is the extreme consequence of the inflated, old-North, wolf-skin clothed character, which, from the first, lay at the foundation of the Gothic School's whole field of action. It became, in course of development, such a vapouring with big, strong words, such an uninteresting and old-world boasting about hero-courage, and lion-marrow, that, at the first searching glance, it vanished into thin air. Antiquity was become so monstrously huge, that it was obliged to bow its head to find room between heaven and earth, and the writers now under notice carried the

foolery to its height. Vitalis wrote how the "Goths eat lion-marrow with a spoon;" Ling and Afzelius used the like extravagance, for the two poets had much in common. Afzelius was also as superfine in his phrases as strong: he gives you not only a "golden harp with silver airs," but a "golden hair," a "golden castle," and a "diamond hall," into the bargain.

But Afzelius has greater claims on the public esteem than those resulting from his poetry. His love of antiquity has produced other and inestimable poets. It is he who, with the learned Rask, has translated into Swedish Sämund's Edda. It is he who with Geijer, has collected the "Ancient Folk-Visor," in three volumes; and has since himself published, under the title of "Svenska Folkets Sagohäfder," a sort of history of Sweden drawn from the traditions of the people. These are works, which of themselves give an immortality, and are well-springs of poetry which will for ever pour their quickening currents through the heart of youthful genius.

Afzelius is a clergyman, who since 1821 has been pastor in the little town of Enköping, in Uppland, and bears the character of being of a social and agreeable temperament. His most popular original poems are "The Neck's Polska," and "Tomtarne," the Hobgoblins. He is chaplain to the King.

Karl August Nicander, who died in 1839, wrote "The Rune-Sword," a tragedy; "Hesperides," a collection of prose and poems, chiefly written in Italy; "The Lion in the Desert;" and "Memories from the South," besides two volumes of poems. Nicander is one of those poets whose writings charm you at the moment, but leave little impression behind. If you allow him genius, it is not of the deep, powerful, and thought-inspiring kind. He is full of *external* beauty. All that relates to style, colour,

elegance and picturesque effect, is conspicuous in Nicander. If he had been a painter, he would have been a brilliant colourist, a sketcher of light, beautiful forms, and sunny, Southern scenes ; but you would not find yourself arrested by any face or figure which touched your deeper feelings, and created a desire to linger by it. Nicander, like so many Scandinavians, had a passion for Italy ; and his "Moonlight Night in Albano," his "Happy Week in Venice," and his "Departure from Italy," are amongst the warmest, and most lovely reminiscences of that beautiful land. His romantic poems of "King Enzo," and "Tasso's Death," are full of the same spirit, and, in fact, Nicander, though classed with the Gothic School, because he first appeared in the "Iduna," is far more of a Troubadour than a Northern bard. He is altogether a very charming, rather than powerful writer ; but possessing a warm feeling for the beautiful, and a rich and brilliant style in expressing it. He is also the graceful translator of "Othello," and Schiller's "Maid of Orleans."

Bernhard von Beskow is the author of various works, chiefly historical dramas, which if they do not display the highest traces of genius, are still distinguished for their masterly style and artistic adaptation to the stage. They may, in fact, be ranked as the first approach to a real practical and national drama. Swedish critics, while they do not allow him great imagination, admit that his conceptions of character are correct, and that though his feelings are not glowing and energetic, they are warm with patriotism, and the love of virtue and beauty. To us, the merits of Beskow appear many, and directed to the elevation of literature and the character of his native country. Some of his cotemporaries are inclined to ridicule him as of the kid-glove school ; but, however von Beskow may incline to fashionable and aristocratic tastes in some things, it is certain that he has worked him-

self up to his present eminence with an energy of character which does him high honour. A brief glance at his progress will demonstrate this.

Bernard von Beskow was the son of a wealthy merchant and iron-founder. He was born in Stockholm in 1796, and in his youth was well instructed in painting and music. He entered the Royal Chancery in 1814, became secretary there, and afterwards private secretary to the Crown Prince. In 1826 he was raised to the rank of nobility; in 1827, was made Gentleman of the Chamber; and in 1833, Court Marshal. He afterwards was made Director of the Theatre, and brought many excellent pieces upon the stage. He was made member of the Academy, and has been since 1834 its secretary. He made extensive travels through Europe in 1820—1 and 1827—8, and cultivated the acquaintance of the most celebrated men in Europe. In 1818, he published two volumes of original poems; and these were followed at different times by the tragedies of "Erik XIV.;" of "Hildegarde;" "Torkel Knutson;" which has been by some critics pronounced the best acting drama that Sweden possesses; and "King Birger and his Race." Some of these were translated by Oehlenschläger into Danish and German. His opera, "The Troubadour," was set to music by the Crown Prince, now King. In 1832, he published "Recollections of his Wanderings," in two volumes, and he has been an active writer in almost all the Swedish periodicals and papers. In 1842, he was honoured with the title of Doctor of Philosophy. Throughout Bernard von Beskow's writings there prevails a generous, patriotic and liberal spirit.

Assar Lindblad, who was born in 1800, is a clergyman in Scania. He commenced his career by too decidedly broad imitations of Tegnér; but his poems, published in Lund, 1832, display much real genius.

CHAPTER XIX.

POETS BELONGING GENERALLY TO THE NEW SCHOOL.

THE most prominent poets of this class are Stagnelius, Almquist, Livijn, Dahlgren and Fahlerantz. It would be incorrect to allocate them with Phosphorists or Goths, for they differ both from these schools and from each other so decidedly, that they can only be styled writers of modern power, tendencies and spirit. They possess much of that independent and individual character which should be the result of the doctrine of every man endeavouring to develop his own genius according to his own inner impulses, and the perception of his own natural organization and endowments. The greatest of these poets is unquestionably—

ERIK JOHAN STAGNELIUS.

Stagnelius is a genuine modern gnostic. His poetry is as fully and as positively the enunciation of gnosticism as ever were the preachings of the old Syrian and Egyptian speculative Christians. Himself a physically suffering creature, with passions at war in his body with the intense heavenward longings of his soul, he was deeply impressed with the philosophy which the gnostic sect of the early

Christians inherited from Plato and Pythagoras, that our souls were once in a higher state of existence, and that, in the words of Byron, we all live in a place of penance :

“Where for our sins to sorrow we are cast.”

It was the doctrine which Wordsworth drew from Plato in his noble Ode, “Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.”

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar.
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy.

The farther he goes, the more the heavenly inborn light
 “fades into the light of common day.”

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim ;
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And the imperial palace whence he came.

This is the gnosticism of a man comfortably wandering amid the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, with a good old clerk issuing stamps to the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and leaving him no care except that of

receiving the rich percentage. But the gnosticism of Stagnelius was held under different circumstances. Cooped in a sickly body, contending with the higher instincts of the soul, "the homely nurse," old mother earth, did seem to him to have an "unworthy aim." Psyche, in his eyes, was in bondage to Hyle; the soul was in a stern prison to matter, which was constantly endeavouring to make her,

"Forget the glories she had known,
And the imperial palace whence she came."

Stagnelius did not, like Wordsworth, live out a serene life of upwards of seventy years, but his tried and conflicting existence terminated at the age of thirty. Therefore, we have no remoulding of his youthful doctrines, no calmer views evolved through the experience of longer and more tranquil years, but his thoughts and feelings stand before us, thrown off in the fire of youth, and the gloomy fervour with which the upward and the downward tendencies of complicated human nature inspired him.

The Swedish critics see a strong resemblance between Stagnelius and Wordsworth: we see more between him and Shelley. With the exception of the differing faiths, there is the same early fate, the same speculative spirit, the same attachment to Greek philosophy and Greek poetic forms. No one can read the "Cydippe," the "Narcissus," the "Bacchantes," "Proserpina," nor even his "Svedger," without being struck with this. There is the same yearning after the unknown, the same tendency to the mythic and speculative, the same constant warring of oppressed nature, which Shelley has expressed in his "Prometheus Unbound," against some overbearing power or element, and the same wonderful power of language and affluence of inspired phrase. In the very choice of the subject of the

“Riddertornet” and the “Cenci,” we see a resemblance. But far more lies this kinship of spirit in the spirit itself, in those longings, despairings, those far flights into the ideal world and those sufferings from the real one, which marked them both.

Stagnelius was the son of a clergyman, afterwards Bishop of Kalmar. He was born in 1793; studied in Lund, and afterwards in Upsala, and became a Clerk of Chancery in the Ecclesiastical Department in 1815, and took successive advancements in that office. He died in Stockholm in 1828. In his lifetime he published “Women in the North,” for which he received the prize of the Royal Academy. His “Wladimir,” a fine heroic poem in hexameters, was published in 1817; his “Lilies of Sharon,” in 1821; his “Bacchantes,” in 1822; and, after his death, his “Collected Writings” were published in three volumes by Hammarsköld.

They are his Lilies of Sharon which distinguish him from all other Swedish poets, and place him amongst the greatest intellectual poets of the age. Some of the critics of his native country complain of the gloom and the sorrowful tone of his poetry, and are inclined to regard it as sickly. To our fancy, it is much too strong and wrestling in its nature to be sickly. That there is a tone of suffering running through the greater part of his productions, is true; for it was the lot of Stagnelius pre-eminently to present an example of the truth of Shelley’s declaration, that

“We learn in suffering
What we teach in song.”

We are, therefore, more pleased with the serious portions of his poetry than with the rest. The world has a superfluous, and Sweden especially, of the light, the play-

ful and the merely fanciful lyric ; and we listen with a far profounder interest to the outpourings of a great and suffering soul, as it were the wail of the chained Prometheus on his midnight Caucasus, uttering his proudly sustained agonies to the stars above him. In the poem which we here quote is found the great dogma of his philosophy.

THE MYSTERY OF SIGHS.

Sighs, sad sighs, they are the element
 In whose bosom breathes the Demiurgus.
 Look around thee, what makes glad thy spirit ?
 Does thy heart throb with a stronger impulse ?
 Does the rosy tint of joy empurple
 Thy cheeks' pallor only for a moment ?
 Say what was it ?—But a sigh of sadness,
 Which forth flowing from the fount of being
 Was bewildered in time's endless mazes.

Twofold laws direct the life of mortals ;
 Twofold powers divide whate'er existeth
 'Neath the moon's for ever-changing empire.
 Hear, O mortal ! Ever seeking, yearning,—
 Is the first law. Forceful separation
 Is the second. Diverse though in heaven,
 These two laws are ever undivided
 In the land where ruleth Achamot,*
 And in fixed duality and oneness
 Appear they in the mystery of sighs.
 'Twixt of life and death the sigh of sorrow
 Is the human heart for ever wavering,
 And each breath it draws announces only
 Its destination in the world of thought.

Lo the sea ! Its waves are flowing inland,
 And will clasp with arms of earnest longing,

* Materiality ;—original sin ;—the mother of Demiurgus.

'Neath the bridal torches of the heavens,
 To its breast the earth enwreathed with lilies,
 See it cometh ! How its heart is throbbing
 With fierce yearning ! How its arms are stretched forth
 All in vain ! No wishes are accomplished
 'Neath the moon ; even the fair moon's waxing
 Hastens its waning. Disappointed longings
 Depress the sea, and all its mighty billows
 Leave the shore with endless, endless sighing.

List the wind ! how softly sweet it floateth,
 'Mong the lofty poplars of the woodlands.
 Hark ! it sighs, and ever, ever sigheth
 Like a fainting lover, and desireth
 Spousal with the Flora of the summer.
 Yet already die away the voices.
 On the leaves' Eolian harp are sounded
 Swan-like songs which fade away and perish.
 What is spring ? sighs from the green earth's bosom
 Rising upward, and from Heaven demanding
 When again begins the May of Eden ?
 What the butterfly in all his splendour ?
 What the lark that greets the light of morning ?
 What the nightingale beloved of shadows ?
 Only sighs in different forms of beauty.

Mortal ! wilt thou learn of life the wisdom,
 Oh, then listen ! Twofold laws have guidance
 Of this our life ! Seeking, yearning ever
 Is the first law. Forceful separation
 Is the second. Consecrate to freedom
 This compulsion, and thus reconciléd,
 Dedicated thus, beyond the spheres,
 The gates of honour will to thee be opened !

The same doctrine pervades the following stanzas, but accompanied by the Scripture one, that "the whole creation groaneth together for the manifestation of the sons of God."

THE SIGHS OF THE CREATURES.

What sighs the hill ?
 What the North wind through the pine-wood that blows ?
 What whispers the rill,
 Whilst through the valley so softly it flows ?
 What says the morning,
 Golden mists born in ?
 What the night's moon all heaven adorning,
 Silently gazing on valleys below ?
 What thinks the red rose ? what the narcissus ?
 Or the stern precipice,
 Gloomy and threatening, what does it know ?

We know, and we think, and we sigh, and we speak !
 O man, from the trance of thy stupor awake,
 And up to the primal-life's region go back !
 If thou wilt ascend to the true world ideal ;
 Into light will transform all the gloomy, the real,
 We also, transfigured, shall follow thy track.
 Thou, thyself art in bonds to material powers.
 Alas ! the same terrible bondage is ours,
 For lead where thou wilt we must still follow thee !
 One law, that is common to both, we lie under :
 Unfetter the creatures—thy bonds burst asunder ;
 Unfetter thyself, and thou them settest free !

Still more clearly come forth his gnostic views, in the following dialogue. It is like a painting from a pre-Raphaelite School, Italian, German, or Byzantine, with its devotional figures and golden backgrounds. Who does not see the lustrous angel, and the sorrowful soul presenting her flowers at the grating between this world and the next ? They are like two figures, quaint and in white-flowing garments in the emblems of Quarles.

DIALOGUE.

THE ANGEL AND THE SOUL.

THE ANGEL.

Come nearer the grating, O nun full of sorrow,
 That I may give to thee the trembling narcissus,
 The tearful white lilies, the peonies crimson,
 Which Christ sendeth to thee, the King of the Aons,*
 From the fair fields of heaven.

THE SOUL.

How blissful thy seeming, O youth full of beauty !
 Thy eye brightly beameth with radiance Olympian ;
 Thy countenance gloweth with health and with goodness,
 And gracefully circle thy snowy white forehead
 The rich curling tresses. Methinks I aforetime
 Have heard of thy voice the low musical cadence ;
 Methinks I aforetime with rapture have gazed on
 Thy countenance beaming ; yet know I not where !

THE ANGEL.

Thou hast seen me full oft in the All-father's kingdom ;
 In the region of beauty, of spring-time eternal,
 The land of Elysium ; by the eye of the godhead
 With love all eradiate, on golden clouds borne up
 In the halls of perfection thou builded thy throne.
 'Mid murmuring forests of palm-trees and laurel,
 Engirdled with azure of crystalline waters
 Thy kingdom, all nature, in the light of the May sun
 Lay under thy feet. From the gates of the morning
 To shadowy sunset, when slumbers the evening
 'Mid fragrance of violets ; from the home of the North star
 To the Cloud † which engarlands with tremulous star-sheen
 The Pole of the South, thy yearning eye turned'st thou,

* The great intelligent powers placed by God, according to Gnostic philosophy, over the different regions of the universe. Christ, the divine Aon Logos, was over them all.

† The Great and Little Cloud ; two constellations in the Southern hemisphere near the Pole.

Thy eye brightly beaming, celestially filled with
 The All-father's love, with the Unity's worship,
 That infinite vastness of life universal.
 Then came I with flowers from heaven descending
 To the soul in its prison. Then came I with flowers
 From the low banks of Jordan, an angel of sacrifice
 Unto the soul.

THE SOUL.

How live the blessed, the hosts of immortals
 Up yonder in ether? Ah! heavy my brain is
 With vapours of earth. Scarce casteth one memory
 Of days quickly vanished, its pale moonlight glimmer
 Through thought's dreary night. Doth Maria* encircle
 With solemn star-splendour her bright golden tresses?
 Say, is not Christ thronéd the King of the Aons,
 'Mid spirits beatified, suns flashing lightning,
 In the purple of love, the tiara of power?
 Does the Great One remember the kiss of the soul?
 Say, has He forgotten his sad, yearning bride?

THE ANGEL.

For ever, Maria with stars brightly gleaming
 Encircles her shining ambrosial tresses.
 He is thronéd for ever, the King of the Aons,
 In the purple of love, the tiara of power.
 Thousands unnumbered, the spirits of women,
 Are crowned in His presence with roses of spring-time,
 Are clothed in the beautiful garments of purity,
 Dazzlingly snow-white. Yet doth He forget not
 His first, early loved one, and ever He hopeth
 The soul is returning in splendour of sunlight,
 More glorious and reconciled to Him again.

THE SOUL.

Come nearer the grating, thou youth full of beauty!
 That I may endeavour between the bars chilly,
 Between the thick bars of the damp brazen grating,
 To give thee a kiss!

THE ANGEL.

Ah, snowy-pale maiden! alone lips of crimson
 And cheeks heaven-blooming may kiss an immortal.

* The Intellectual World.

Once bright were thy charms, like the rose breathing perfume
 In the garden of heaven, all dewy with tear-drops
 Of feeling celestial. Now art thou, O poor one,
 Like the spring valley-lily, so wasted and pale.
 But what greeting sendest thou back unto Christ ?
 Ah, answer ! I like not these shadows below.

THE SOUL.

Ah me ! this thick grating—these cold, brazen barriers
 Exclude me from spring-time's Hesperian valleys,
 Where flowers I might gather to give to the bridegroom.
 Here I have nothing to send in return for
 The gift of the bridegroom, except his own gift.
 Take back this narcissus. Convey it, O angel !
 Back unto Christ ; say that the pearl-drops
 Which tremblingly gleam in its silvery chalice
 Are the tears of the soul. Say that for ever
 Her choice she repenteth ; deploresth with weeping
 The hour when seduced by the harp-tones of Achanot
 Downward she wandered, down unto matter.
 Oh, long enough now, 'mid the Aons of time and space,
 And with tears hotly falling, the maiden, the freeborn,
 Has paid the high penance ! Oh, long enough surely,
 Driven from life's tree by the angel of vengeance
 With sword fiercely flaming, hath she wandered, sighing
 Among gloomy figures of animal being !
 Is Psyche then never with Love to be reconciled ?
 Will the Phœnix not rise from its bale-fire more glorious ?
 Will the lofty blue shell of the world's egg break never ?

In presenting copious specimens of the more characteristic poetry of Stagnelius, we have left ourselves little room to speak of its other varieties. He has written in almost every form of poetic literature—tragedy, epic, opera and psalms, ballads, dancing and drinking songs. In some of these he has not particularly succeeded. His hymns are much inferior to what might have been expected from so feeling and religious a spirit. His ballads and lyrical poems, of a more general kind, are exquisite.

His "Martyrs" is a powerful and masterly performance, and unequalled in its kind by any Swedish author. The subject of it is Perpetua and her Companions, and the prayer which she teaches her little boy is one of the most touching and admirable religious effusions in any language. "Wladimir" is an equally splendid heroic poem, in vigorous hexameters. Wladimir, the yet Pagan Prince of Novogorod, is besieging the city of Theodosia, when a captive maiden is brought before him, who immediately excites a profound passion in him.

Hastily opened the doors, and into the monarch's proud presence
Solemnly stepped two Russians clad in their armour ;
Between them a trembling maiden—Oh ! who can describe her ?
White as her radiant neck, her hands with their lily-hued fingers,
Was the veil which she wore, and on her chaste sorrowing bosom
Hung a cross of bright gold, the sign of the suffering Godhead.
Free round her shoulders her golden hair floated all richly,
Her cheeks were dewy with tears, and up towards heaven's wide
 empire
Beseeching she turned her eyes, here eyes all saddened with weeping.

She proves to be Anna, the sister of the Emperor Basilius. Wladimir at once releases her, and following her to Constantinople, sues for her hand, which is granted. He embraces the Christian faith, and plants it in Russia. The story is simple, but the execution is perfect.

Stagnelius was comparatively unknown during his lifetime, and many of his poems are his first sketches, as he left them, many the merest fragments ; but he is now acknowledged as one of the greatest names of Sweden.

ALMQUIST.

J. C. L. Almquist is certainly one of the ablest and most varied writers of Sweden. There is scarcely a department of literature in which he has not written, and

written not merely well, but with a wit, brilliancy, power and novelty that astonish you. Poetry, the drama, romance, though they have issued in numerous volumes from his pen, form but a small part of his collective labours, or of the immense field over which he has wandered in his seven-league boots, reaping all sorts of harvests, gathering all sorts of products, from the potato of Sweden to the palm-date of Africa; from the cocoa-nut of Otaheite to the tea-leaf of Hong-Kong. He has written legends from New Holland, and a life of Hector; he has written on the condition of the poor in Sweden, on the honour of labour, in advocacy of education. He is a decided friend of progress, and the improvement of the social condition. Like Southey, Lovell, and Co., he had his "Pantisocracy," and not only wrote his proposal for a new "Man-home Confederacy," but went a step further than our English Pantisocrats, and endeavoured to put it in practice, as we shall see. He wrote an essay on the treatment of *ennui*, another on the new contest of opinion, on the union of the epic and dramatic in literature. He wrote a history of the world on a plan of his own, and called it the "Saga of the Human Race." He wrote "Writings for the People," he wrote the "Gospel of Health," and the "Prop of Man," religious treatises; and alongside of this, "Colombine," a sort of Rousseau automaton, to show that a woman who has no knowledge of Christianity, and becomes the last thing that it is universally thought a woman ought to be, may possess a "real beauty of the soul," and be just as good as any Christian. With one hand, this strange man exhorts to Christian piety, and exhorts the people to ennoble themselves by virtue and knowledge; and with the other, endeavours to show that religion is totally unnecessary.

But this is not all. He has written a whole row of

elementary books on arithmetic, mathematics, and the sciences. On this account he is called a reallist. These different treatises give him in Sweden the title of being a man of practical, plain, popular views; but how very practical he is in his works of fiction, the titles themselves may indicate. His "Törnrosens Book" is a collection of original stories of the most extraordinary and conflicting kind—many full of singular beauty, many as singularly fantastical, but here we only mean to give a few of their titles as the works of a *practical* man. "Schems-el-Nikar," a Nubian epic; "The Wolf's Daughter;" "Isodorus of Tadmor;" and "Marjam," also an Eastern dramatic piece. "The Swan-Cave in Ipsara;" "Ormus and Ahriman;" "Semiramis;" "The Little She-bear," and the like. But the mixture of practical sobrieties and excursions wild as ever old woman made on a broomstick, with no few sudden turns, and as startling contrasts of opinion, have made even his most admiring friends doubt sometimes his sanity. "When," say they, "we compare part with part, fragment with fragment, they seem to have resulted from different points of view, different aspects of the same world. Sometimes you find him contending for the life of nature as higher than spiritual life, for suicide, for a Simonian idea of marriage, a superficial conception of the Christian religion, a sort of ceremonial Catholicism without art or process of a deeper and more inward kind. And, again, you come upon an expression of the most entire Christian resignation, and acceptance of its heartfelt power. All this amidst so much that is strange, and falsely original, as well in isolated parts of his works as in reference of the parts to the whole, demonstrate a want of inward harmony, which speaks also in his assertion: 'I paint so, because it pleases me to paint so, and life is not otherwise.'"

The fact appears to us, that Almquist, with all his talent, is a very considerable charlatan—has a good share of the quack in him ; and we do not wonder at one of his critics saying, that he never reads his most beautiful things without feeling as if he sate on the edge of a volcano, and might at any moment be shot up a few miles into the air. There is an odd mixture of Lamennais, Eugène Sue, Dumas, Rousseau and Lamartine in him, with an element of the will-o'-the-wisp, quite his own. Amongst those stories of his which are considered the most practical, and drawn from real life, are “Skällnora Mill” and “Ramido Marinesco.” In the mill, which is a saw-mill, a certain Jan Carlson, to get his sister's property, poisons his sister, and then endeavours to get her husband hanged, on the charge of being the real murderer. Carlson then, in the mill, tempts the maid to give false evidence against her master ; but while doing this, is caught by the machinery and killed. Then comes a little bird, looks at the body, nods its satisfaction to the forgiving parties, who bury the body of Carlson, and thus it ends !

“Ramido Marinesco” is the son of the notorious Don Juan, who, being a very virtuous and promising youth, is sent from Majorca to Spain, to distinguish himself and make a good marriage. Distinguish himself he does ; but having fallen in love successively with four most beautiful ladies of high family, he finds always, when just going to be married, that every one is his own father's daughter. Giving up all hope of ever getting a wife, he returns home, and there falls desperately in love with a portrait of a young lady of overwhelming beauty, painted by his father, and which, spite of the endeavours of his mother to hide it, is hung up in the family chapel. Don Ramido, kissing this picture excessively, is poisoned by the paint ; for Don Juan mixed poison with his colours

as he did with his actions, and Ramido dies. On this Anselmo, the father confessor, insists that Don Juan's wife shall curse her husband ; but, instead of that, she curses Anselmo, who then drops his capuchin hood, and turns out to be Don Juan himself, who is delighted to have won his wife's curse, and is setting out on a pilgrimage of penance, to obtain the favour of a curse from all the women whom he had in the course of his wicked life corrupted ! We could not promise that such practicabilities would please the English taste ; but we will let one of his countrymen, Dr. Sturzenbecher, give us his view of Almquist :

“ Almquist is an extremely many-sided and powerful genius. Nothing could be more difficult than to characterize a writer with so many changing phases. He is a man whose great feature is, that he cannot adhere to any one thing, but must try a little of everything. He has a head for every species of literature, a sympathy for almost all views, a string for every tone. He is the most motley of all Swedish authors, and the most productive. He has written epics, lyrics, dramas, romances a whole legion, the greater part of them included under the name of “*Törnrosens Book* ;” religious treatises, philosophical propositions, political newspaper articles, historical works, political economy essays, a mass of criticisms, and I know not what. To-day he is in China, to morrow in Paris, the next day in Abyssinia, the day after in the Scotch Highlands, on the following day in the Swedish New Association, and the day after that in the Moorish palaces. In all this, and in whatever he produces, there is unquestionable genius—genius of the first order ; but there is besides something so fragmentary about the man, that you do not know what to make of him as a whole. Gifted with the richest fancy, he flings out the most bril-

liant and startling types, adventures, scenes ; but he never stays to finish them, but is off immediately into some distant hemisphere. With an immense dialectic power, he throws out the boldest paradoxes, and casts over them, by a piquant sort of reasoning, certain appearances of truth. His eccentricities, which have been a fixed habit with him, have exercised a most injurious influence on his dramatic compositions, which otherwise possess a greater life and individuality in their characters and actors than almost any in Sweden."

" During the later portion of his literary career, his prolificness has been astounding. His romances and novels have been a flood, and some of them even seem to outgo the new French school ; even Victor Hugo and Soulié might find something fresh in him. In "Skällnora Mill," he takes a subject from the life of the Swedish people ; in "Gabrielle Mimanso," he flings himself into the secret societies of the Paris republicans ; in "Tintomara," he introduces a pagan wonder-child into the midst of Gustavus III.'s elegant world. Blended with these are the most extraordinary fancies about Christ's Cross, the Well of Life, the World-dance of Spirits, and the like, many of them set by himself to music little less fantastic. Whether the following be original, God knows ; but is it not a little too original ?

"GOD'S WAR.

" God takes His trenchant sword ;
Corrects His world beloved ;
So grows she of Him worthy,
So bravely doth reflect Him.
God's war like lightning strikes
Down to the heart's abysm.
Thus she becomes most fair.
He is so truly fair !

No feeble thought is spared,
 No poor unhealthy feeling
 But when God's battle thunders,
 Is kindled life's deep flame,
 And welling up, clear waters
 Flow into the soul !
 Mighty stands the cross of God
 Smiling homeward in the soul.
 Sing, sing the war of God !
 Sing the Almighty's peace !

“ In the midst of all his multifarious labours, he finds time to make journeys, and to be seen out in the world in his green coat and red neckerchief,—yes, to carry on law-suits with bishops and consistories ; for Almquist, by the energy with which he has of late years stood forward in defence of the age's most liberal, not to say most radically democratic and revolutionary ideas, has drawn down upon him the heavy displeasure of all the authorities ; and the Upsala Consistory has especially desired to have their will of him for his suspected neology regarding the clerical office. For the rest, he has had in his time a world of strange and strangely opposing whimsies in his head. At one time, he was all on fire for the so-called “ Man-home's Association,” and lived up in Wermland's primeval forests, in a simple turf-covered hut ; went clad in home-spun, ate porridge with a wooden spoon, and enacted the ancient freeholder ; but he soon grew tired of that, and returned to Stockholm, in hope of getting a church living, of which the prospect looks somewhat dreary.”

Amongst his prose compositions there is none more characteristic than his description of domestic animals, in his “ Svenska fattigdomens betydelsé.” We should have liked to give this entire had our space permitted, but the

following passages will show a keen observation, and a dry, quiet humour :

“(CHARACTERISTICS OF CATTLE.

“ Any one who has a taste for the study of natural physiognomy should carefully observe the countenance of the ox and the cow ; should notice their demeanour and the expression of their eyes. They are shapes which, in an extraordinary manner, bear the stamp of respectability. They neither look joyful, nor yet melancholy. Seldom evilly disposed, but neither are they sportive. They are full of gravity, and always appear as if they were going about their business. They are not merely creatures of great economic service, but they carry in their whole persons the appearance of being so. They are the very models of earthly carefulness.

“ One never saw anything more dignified, more official-looking, than the whole behaviour of the ox : his way of carrying his head, and looking around him. If anybody imagines that a jest is intended in these words, he is mistaken : neither slur nor ridicule is meant to be cast upon official life, or on that which in the world is called a man’s vocation. I regard all those with as much respect as can be required from me. And, although I have an eye for natural configuration, yet is no feeling of ridicule connected in my mind with any of these forms. On the contrary, I regard the ox and the cow with the warmest feelings of esteem. I praise in them a striking and *naïve* picture of one who goes about his own business ; of one who submits himself to the requirings of duty, without any reference to duty in its highest sense ;—one who, in the opinion of the world, is dignified, regular, steady, conformable to rule, and middle-aged,—that is to say, neither youthful nor stricken in years.

“ Look at that ox which stands before thee chewing his cud and gazing around him in so indescribably thoughtful a manner, but which thou wilt find, when thou lookest more closely into his eyes, is thinking about nothing at all. Look at that discreet, excellent Dutch cow, which, gifted with an inexhaustible udder, stands quietly and allows herself to be milked, as a matter of course, while she gazes into space with a most sensible expression. Whatever she does, she does with the same imperturbable calmness, and as when a person leaves an important trust to his own time and to posterity. If the worth of this creature is thus great on the one side, yet, on the other, it must be confessed that she possesses not a single trait of grace, not a particle of vivacity, and none of that quick characteristic retreating from an object which indicates an internal buoyancy, an elastic temperament such as we see in a bird or a fish. * * * * There is something very agreeable in the varied lowing of cattle when heard in the distant country, and when replied to by a large herd, especially towards evening and amid echoes. On the other hand, nothing is more unpleasant than to hear all at once, and just beside one, the bellowing of a bull, who thus in the most authoritative manner announces himself, as if nobody else had any right to utter a syllable in his presence.”

The same nice observation, and the same equally nice strokes of satire are applied to the horse, the dog, and the swine ; but our space does not permit us to quote them.

Almquist was master of the New Elementary School in Stockholm ; but since the above sketch of him was published, he has vanished from Stockholm and Sweden, under circumstances of mystery as great, and amazement greater, than any which the erratic nature of his life and writings ever could portend.

It appears that he was on intimate terms with an old miser, whom he had induced to lend him a large sum of money on his promissory notes. The amount of this money is said to have been about eighteen thousand rix-dollars banco. When the old gentleman one day looked over his papers, he missed these promissory notes, charged Almquist with their abstraction, and threatened to give notice about it to the police. Almquist, however, persuaded him not to do so, saying that he would give him another set of promissory notes, which he did, but signed with a fictitious name.

Meanwhile, the old man was several times taken ill, and it was found that arsenic had been mixed in water-gruel, which he used to take, and also in a bottle of brandy, and it was proved almost to a certainty that Almquist was the perpetrator of this diabolical double crime of forgery and attempted murder. He escaped, by aid of a false passport, in the beginning of June last, to Hamburg, and thence to London, where he spent part of the summer, and probably was a no unfrequent visitor of the Great Exhibition. According to the Swedish papers, he is now in America. The publication of his notorious novel "Det går an," a phrase equivalent to "Ca ira," in which he advocated very loose notions respecting matrimony, insisting that people should be at liberty to contract and dissolve marriages *ad libitum*, gave the first shock to his popularity; but, since the discovery of this last horrid deed, he has been justly regarded by the whole country as a monster, and, we believe, not a single voice in all Sweden has been raised in his defence, or exculpation from the crime attributed to him.

The remaining poets of this section are Vitalis, Livijn,

Dahlgren and Fahlcrantz. We can only make brief allusion to them.

Vitalis, whose real name was Erik Sjöberg, wrote some excellent religious poems, as "Pious Life," the "Song of the Solitary in the Great Desert;" but in his "Comic Phantasies," he jests at this very class of compositions, which is not calculated to inspire us with much faith in his serious writings. He died in 1828, at the age of thirty-four, and the same year his "Collected Poems" appeared in a second edition.

Clas Livijn was best known as a novelist, where we shall shortly meet him. Dahlgren, who also died a few years ago, published a great quantity of matter, some in prose and some in poetry, in an annual calendar, sometimes under one name, sometimes another, as "Freya," "The Evening Star," "The Morning Star," "The Maiden in the Green," "The Tower of Babel," "The Sylphide," etc. He is author of "Mollberg's Letters," a romance; "Argus in Olympus," a comedy, etc. He is a humorist, who had an ambition to resemble Bellman; but is in his own character and vein an amusing writer.

Christian Erik Fahlcrantz, Professor of Theology in Upsala, is the author of a very celebrated humorous poem, called "Noah's Ark;" and of a yet unfinished poem of great merit, "Ansgarius," the Apostle of the North, the first attempt in Sweden at a great religious poem. "Fahlcrantz," says Sturzenbecher, "is now an influential and very reverent Professor of Theology; but years ago, when he was not so reverent, he abounded with wit and fun. He stands as the successor of Tegnér in the faculty of saying good things. If he were in Berlin he would be the King of the Eckenstehers." He adds a good anecdote of him: Fahlcrantz went one day into the room of Atterbom, where he did not find the author, but saw

on his desk two lines, the commencement of a new poem :

“The sunbeams together converging,
Made the stream like a fire-sea appear ;”

Fahlcrantz quietly added :

“And the fish in a sweat, cried, emerging :
‘Fy ! the devil ! how hot it is here !’”

Professor Fahlcrantz is the Sydney Smith of Sweden. He was, a few years ago, in England ; and our pleasant remembrance of him is that of seeing him, with another Swedish friend, throw himself on the grass of our lawn with a dish of grapes between them, as little troubling themselves about theology, poetry or romance, as two merry school-boys. Fahlcrantz is now Bishop of Westerås.

CHAPTER XX.

A FINAL GROUP OF SWEDISH POETS.

THERE are many names yet in the field of Swedish poetry, and those chiefly of living poets. Our limits will allow us only to name them. Prominent amongst them stand Wadman, Ingelman, Wieselgren, Böttiger and Runeberg. He to whom we shall here devote the most of our attention, as the most characteristic, is the last.

JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG.

Runeberg is a Finn by birth, though he writes in Swedish; and that has been a great advantage to him, in rescuing him from the mere indulgence in that easy manufacture of lyrical and occasional poetry, which is the fatality of the Swedes, and which makes so many of their poets only look like individual sheep of the same flock and breed, with the same wool, the same build, the same coloured legs and faces. Finland has its own vein of poetry, though it cannot be said to have a national literature. Having, for a great number of centuries, existed only as a province, it has had no chance of creating a national literature; but it has, nevertheless, a native poetry. Amid its solitary forests, its wide dark moorlands,

its lonely lakes, it was impossible that poetry should not visit her people, and it has done so. Finland has her own mythology, totally different to that of Sweden and Denmark. Amid her woods and moorlands wanders invisibly, but yet felt, the good old Wäinämöinen, the god of song, with his lyre framed from the wood of the sighing birch-tree, strung with six golden hairs of an enamoured maiden, and with its golden screws dropped from the tongue of the melodious cuckoo. Sometimes he sits on the rocks by the ocean, and lets Ahti, the god of the sea, and Wellamo, his goddess, hear its enchanting tones. Then, again, he wanders inland, and approaches Tapiola, the palace of Tapio, the god of the woods, that ancient palace of stone, with its golden windows, built in the deepest and most remote depths of the primeval forests. There gather round him Suvetar, the goddess of the summer, Etela fanning them gently with her soft south wind, the fair Mielikki and Tellervo, lovely nymphs of the woods, and even Ukko, the mightiest of heaven's powers, thunders his applause from the dark-purple cloud. Even to the deep abode of Kalma, death's monarch, can the harp of Wäinämöinen penetrate with its all-enchanting sound.

There, still on summer evenings, stretched by the shore of some forest lake, unseen, does he sing to the listening herdsmen and maidens, how Kullervo, the son of Kaleva, the great ancestor of all Finnish heroes, served the wicked wife of Ilmarin, the smith; how he tended her herds and flocks in the forest pastures; how she put a stone into his loaf, and how he avenged all her injustice to him. He sings how Ahti, under the name of Lemminkäinen, pursued his wild adventures amongst the maids of the isles; and how he himself wooed and lost Wellamo, Joukahainen's sister. So sings Wäinämöinen:

" And there lives not such a hero,
 Not a man so firm of purpose,
 Not a man, much less a woman,
 By his fires who is unmóvéd.
 Weep the young, and weep the agéd ;
 Weep the middle-aged not less so ;
 Weep the men who are unmarried,
 Weep the married men as freely ;
 Weep the bachelors and maidens ;
 Weeps the girl, half-child, half-woman,
 When is heard that moving sound.
 So his tears drop in the waters,
 Tears of ancient Wäinämöinen ;
 To the blue sea they flow onward,
 Onward from the wild strand flowing ;
 Deep beneath the crystal waters,
 Spreading o'er the sandy bottom :
 There they wondrously are changéd,
 Changéd into precious jewels,
 To adorn fair queenly bosoms,
 And to gladden loftiest men."

Wäinämöinen does not, however, shed his tears only for the high-born. He sends song and inspiration still amongst the simple people. They have their songs of the maidens, of the herdsmen, of their social festivities, songs of the cradle, and of the more stern and stirring passages of life. They have still their Kymäläinens, their Makkonens, and Puhakkas.

From such a race, like the poet Franzén, arises Runeberg, and with all the wild and melancholy character of his country, he has mingled a deep feeling of its sufferings and its wrongs. In his poetry, therefore, we bid adieu to all the play-work of Zephyrs, Muses, Apollos, Floras, Alexises, Naiads, Thirsises and Amaryllises, with the rest of the old tinsel and Rag-fair finery of a worn-out

Olympus. We come to living souls and living affairs of a real world—that in which we exist and rejoice over, with no feigned joys or sufferings—real, human, unmistakable sufferings. We come to genuine flesh and blood, genuine muscle and bone. Runeberg finds a country abounding with bold features, solemn and impressive, and a people full of strong passions and deep-seated injuries ready to his hands. He wants no imaginary Corydon, no lack-a-daisical lamentations over his own morbid feelings; he has the discernment to see that a great poetic world lies at his feet, and he is baptized with the spirit of his country and his countrymen by the reflection, over those brute but overwhelming forces, which have torn his native land as a prey from all its old and cherished associations, and made it an appanage of a vast, dominant, but unamalgamated empire.

These feelings break forth in the “Stories of Ensign Stål.” The old Ensign has been engaged not only in victories but defeats, and therefore, the retiring stillness of his mood, and the scenes of sad and strange woe, of wild passages, and pathetic incidents of war, ravage and domestic calamity, which he narrates when his heart is opened by kindness, and the spirit of indignant sympathy for the wrongs of his country and his fellow-men, burns upon his tongue.

ENSIGN STÅL.

I took such book as first I found,
 Merely to wile the time along;
 Which, written by no name renowned,
 Treated of Finland's war and wrong.
 'Twas simply stitched, and as by grace,
 Had 'mid bound volumes found a place.

And in my room, with little heed,
The pages carelessly surveyed,
And all by chance began to read
Of noble Savolak's brigade.
I read a page, then word by word.
My heart unto its depths was stirred.

I saw a people who could hold
The loss of all, save honour, light,
A troop, 'mid hunger-pangs and cold,
Yet still victorious in the fight.
On, on from page to page I sped,
I could have kissed the words I read.

In danger's hour, in battle's scathe,
What courage showed this little band ;
What patriot love, what matchless faith
Didst thou inspire, poor native land ;
What generous, steadfast love was born
In those thou fed'st on bark and corn !

Into new realms my fancy broke
Where all a magic influence bore,
And in my heart a life awoke,
Whose rapture was unknown before.
As if on wings the day careered,
But oh ! how short the book appeared !

With close of day the book was done ;
Yet was my spirit all a-glow,
Much yet remained to ponder on,
Much to inquire about and know,
Much yet of darkness wrapped the whole ;
I went to seek old Cornet Stål.

He sate, as oft he sate before,
Busily bending o'er his net,
And at the opening of the door,
A glance displeased my coming met ;
It seemed as though his thought might say,
" Is there no peace by night or day !"

But mischief from my mind was far,
 I came in very different mood ;
 " I've read of Finland's latest war,—
 And in my veins runs Finnish blood !
 To hear yet more I am on fire ;
 Pray can you tell what I desire ?"

Thus spoke I, and the aged man,
 Amazed, his netting laid aside,
 A flush passed o'er his features wan
 As if of ancient martial pride,
 " Yes," said he, " I can witness bear,
 If so you will, for I was there !"

His bed of straw my seat became,
 And he began with joy to tell
 Of Malm and Duncker's soul of flame,
 And even deeds which theirs excel.
 Bright was his eye and clear his brow,
 His noble look is with me now.

Full many a bloody day he'd seen ;
 Had shared much peril and much woe ;
 In conquest, in defeat had been,
 Defeat whose wounds no cure can know.
 Much which the world doth quite forget,
 Lay in his faithful memory yet.

I listening sate, but nought I said,
 And every word fell on my heart ;
 And half the night away had fled,
 Before I rose from him to part.
 The threshold reached, he made a stand,
 And pressed with joy my willing hand.

Since then, no better joy he had
 Than when he saw me by his side ;
 Together mourned we, or were glad,
 Together smoked as friends long tried.
 He was in years, I in life's spring ;
 A student I, he more than king !

The tales which now I tell in song,
 Through many a long and silent night,
 Fell from the old man's faltering tongue
 Beside the peat-fire's feeble light.
 They speak what all may understand ;
 Receive them, thou dear native land.

Then follow the stories, lyrics full of life, feeling and character.

But not only in these, in all the joys and griefs which attach to humanity everywhere, Runeberg has a profound, healthful, and impartial interest. We do not care to ask, with the critics of the North, whether his genius be lyrical or dramatic, epic or epic-idyllic. It is enough for us that he is a poet, strong, genuine, and of God's own making and sending. He may have benefited from reading Homer's "Odyssey," Voss's "Louise," "Herman and Dorothea," or what else. No doubt he has read these, and lit his own torch, like other poets at them, as the Phoenix kindles its brand at the sun. But the torch was his own, and it burns bravely in the strength of its own substance. He has learned from men, but he has learned far more and more deeply from nature.

In Sweden, Runeberg has had to encounter much carping comment, as every one who strikes out into a new field has : as Wordsworth for a long time had here ; but he is unquestionably one of the truest, and the greatest poets of the North. His verse is solemn and strong, like the spirit of its subject. He brings before you the wild wastes and the dark woods of his native land, and the brave, simple, enduring people who inhabit it. You feel the wind blow fresh from the vast dark moorlands ; you follow the elk-hunters through the pine-forests, and along the shores of remote lakes. You lie in desert huts, and

hear the narratives of the struggles of the inhabitants with the ungenial elements, or their contentions with more ungenial men. Runeberg seizes on life, wherever it presents itself, in strong and touching forms; in the beggar, the gipsy, the malefactor. It is enough for him that it is human nature doing or suffering; and in this respect he stands pre-eminently above all the poets of Sweden. Bellman, it is true, has portrayed the life of the people, but it is only the tavern-frequenting people of Stockholm, and in the midst of their orgies and their jollity. Nowhere else do you find the poets of Sweden coming down and walking their native earth with bare feet, and grasping humanity in all its forms, with honest, ungloved hands. When they have done this, they will cease to be merely lyrical, and advance into the giant stature, and stalwart shapes of full and various poetic power. Runeberg has set them a splendid example: one of his free, masculine transcripts from real life, animated with real passion, touched with the hues of genuine feeling, is worth whole volumes even of the revelries of Bellman, or the innocencies of Franzén; and we are, therefore, glad to see Professor Lénström rejoicing in the growing tendency towards the actual: declaring that the Muse requires no visiting cards, no outriders, nor heralds; but where she goes, the heart of man is open to receive her. In his defence of Runeberg, he says to the point:

“This is the fact. Man is man in the countryman’s hut as much as in the King’s or the nobleman’s palace. Under both are found the troubles as well as the repose of life. Both classes have an object. Both are visited by earnest strivings after a better, by presentiments of a higher existence than the present; and poetry is the real interpreter of their consciousness. All that is purely human is poetic. What is purely human? Why that

which is unsophisticated, is not merely accidental in its connection with man. That which does not look on the mere surface of life, but at that which is eternal in it. That which at once recognizes man as a spirit and a creature. All that which at once describes man as a spirit, as a willing and thinking existence, and as a creature bodily, and of independent action, is poetry. To analyse and demonstrate the whole circumstances and relations between these two existences and their rights, is poetry. Merely to describe a landscape, or a country-dwelling; dead or exterior matters, or domestic affairs; how a girl weaves, spins, or performs these and other mere daily duty, is not poetry, but the bare life of such portraitures—how men and women feel, think, suffer, rejoice, yearn after good or recoil from evil—that is human, universal, and in its higher sense, that is poetry.”

No northern poet has more fully, or in a more manly way embraced poetry, or achieved it, in this sense, than Runeberg. His principal productions are, “The Stories of Ensign Stål,” already named; “The Elk-Hunters,” a poem in nine cantos; “Idyl and Epigram,” a series of most popular sketches from life; “The Gipsy;” “Hanna,” an idyllic-epic in three cantos, in hexameters; “The Grave in Perrho,” and “Servian Folks’ Songs.” “Hanna” is a poem which may match with Voss for the charming painting of country and domestic life, with all its wooings, weddings, and attendant festivities. The scenery and characters, both in that and “The Elk-Hunters,” have for us all the delight of the most untouched freshness. Nothing can be more novel, new and delicious to the imagination, than the Finland nature and life that we are transported amongst. In “The Elk Hunters” appears the beggar Aaron, whose story is an example of the ruin

which the terrific visitations of the seasons, and the no less severity of men, bring with them, thus far north :

THE STORY OF AARON THE BEGGAR.

Kangas lieth in Soini ; 'tis a homestead that scarce has an equal ;
Plenteous in wood and in corn-fields, with rich grassy meadows
and moorland.

This won my father, in wedding the farmer's fair daughter,
And here he grew old like a summer's eve calmly declining :
From him came the farm unto me ; and here like my father
I spent the best years of my life, and dwelt like a king amid plenty.
Servants I had ; man-servants to plough with my oxen,
And maids in the house too ; and children the joy of their mother,
And the hope of my eye, who grew up like olive plants round us.
Thus sowing and reaping in comfort, from season to season abode I,
Enviied by many, but having the good-will of all men.

—At length came misfortune, and so put an end to my gladness.
The frost of one night destroyed all my yet unreaped harvest.
Wolves killed my cattle ; and thus passed a winter of sorrow.
Again I sowed rye-crops, looking for profit in autumn ;
But again the rye failed, for again was the early ear frosted.
I had men and maid-servants no longer. I could not pay land-dues.
Bread we had none ; bark dried in the oven sustained us.
So passed the time ; and as long as the milch-kine were spared us,
And we had their milk, the bark bread for us was sufficient.
Thus came and went Christmas ; and still we lived on, although
famished.

At length, when returning one morning with bark on my shoulder,
I was met on the threshold by strangers ; and thus one accosts me :
“ Friend, either pay that thou owest, or all that thou hast will be
seized on.”

Amazed, I made answer : “ Good Sir, yet awhile have thou patience,
And I will pay all, Heaven helping ! We now are sustained
Alone on bark bread ! ”

Again they turned into the house, no answer vouchsafing,
Then hastily stripped from the walls our poor store of household
utensils ;

Seized all that remained of our clothing, and carried them off to their sledge.

Weeping, my wife lay, my excellent wife ! on her straw-bed,
Watching in silence the men, and all the while soothing the baby,
Which lay on her bosom new-born, and kept up a wailing of sorrow.
I followed them out as they bore thence the last of our chattels,
As stern in my mood as the pine when his axe at its roots lays the
woodman.

They cast up the worth of their plunder, and said that it reached
not

The half of the sum that they needed. Again spake the bailiff :
" Friend," said he, " this doth not suffice, but thou hast much kine
in the cow-shed."

Thus saying, with no more ado they went on to the straw-yard,
Where stood the kine under their shelter lowing for fodder.
They loosened and drove them all forth, one after another ;
Still forcing them on by compulsion, unwilling to leave their old
homestead.

In this way six cows were secured ; the seventh, a starveling,
Dead, rather than living, they left me. Thus all that I had was
distrained on.

I spake not ; in dreary despondence re-crossing my threshold,
And thus from the bed of her sorrow a low voice of misery
accosts me :

" Look around if thou canst not find aught for my hunger's appeasing ;
How sweet were a draught of new milk, for I thirst, and the babe
findeth nothing !"

Thus spake she ; a darkness came over my eye-sight, and sorrowing
I went to the cow-shed, where stood the lean famishing creature
And chewed a poormouthful of rye-straw. I pressed the dry udder,
For milk trying vainly, for not a drop answered the pressure.
Despairing, yet dreading a failure, yet harder assayed I,
And blood flowed, a crimson stream, staining the pail of the milker.
As fierce as the mother-bear, struck by the spear of the hunter,
Rushed I indoors, and took up a loaf, which I sundered
By stroke of the axe, and black flew the bark-fragments round me.
One morsel I gave to my wife, saying : " Take it ; 'tis all that is
left us ;

Eat, and give suck to the infant !" She took the dry morsel ;

She turned it about in her hand, looked at it, then pressing
The babe to her bosom, she swooning fell back on her pillow.

I buckled the skates on my feet, and sped in all haste to the
neighbour

Who dwelt nearest to me, and prayed for some help in my sorrow ;
He willingly gave it, dividing his all as a brother.

Again I sped back with a pailful of milk on my shoulder ;

But on reaching my threshold a cry of sad sorrow assailed me ;

And entering, I saw by the bedside my two eldest children,

Frantic with terror, and trying to waken their mother ;

But silent and motionless lay she, a ghastly death-pallor

Spread over her face, and the blackness of night her eyes veiling.

This, this was the crown of our sorrow ; bereaved was the beautiful
Kangas,

And ere long, as if heaven-abandoned, I left it for ever ;

And taking my staff in hand, went forth drawing my children

On a light sledge behind me, and wandered grey-headed a beggar.

From parish to parish we wandered, and God and good Christians
sustained us.

But time doth alleviate sorrow ; and now amid strangers

My children are blooming afresh ; for myself, it contents me

If only my bread I can win, and playing my jew's-harp,

Can sit 'neath the trees in the sunshine and sing like a cricket.

* * * * *

In the land there was famine, and want stripped the home of the
peasant ;

They who had helped me afore time, like me now were beggars.

In this season of hardship bethought I one day of the city

Where dwelt wealthy people, rich landlords and prosperous mer-
chants,

And thither, most luckless ! with sorrow and pain I betook me,

My weak limbs scarce able to move, on my shoulders a wallet

A burden though empty. Thus famished and tottering with weak-
ness

I reached the great city at length, and there saw the strangest of all
things,

What I ne'er could have dreamed of, my friends, things quite out
of nature,

Great houses, yet round them no land, neither corn-field nor
pasture,

Nor yet any snug little corner to smoke a pipe in with a neighbour.

Nothing saw I but tall houses, great houses all glittering with windows

Bright painted and splendid to look at, in endless rows stretching Afar and yet farther, a hundred streets crossing each other.

And then in those streets what a tumult, like roaring of thunder,

The rattling of chariots four-axled, and shining with silver,

Each one as a house large and splendid ! the trampling of horses,

The rumble of wheels never ceasing, the whip-cracks and cries of the drivers,

Till the air seems quite deafened ; the walls and the windows all shaken !

Yet apart from earth's trouble, and spending their days amid pleasure,

You saw in each chariot a gold-spangled noble or lady,

Just like to gay butterflies seated on flowers in the sunshine,

Whilst the summer's soft breezes are waving them backwards and forwards.

Astonished, I wandered along, keeping close to the wall as I could do,

Hat in hand, bowing low, and stopping each moment for reverence.

Yet no one observed me, for quickly each person was hurrying onward.

At length unregarded, unheeded, I came to a space that was open. Level and flagged like a floor, and with sumptuous houses surrounded.

Here paused I, well-pleased to have gained such a spot of agreeable safety ;

And crossing my arms I stood wondering, beholding before me

A mansion as vast as a village, as tall as a mountain !

'Twas marvellous to me, nor could I grow weary of looking ;

A work of the giants, for never could human hands raise it !

At length I looked round me, desiring to ask of this building,

And seeing a man who was sweeping the plentiful mud from the crossing,

I turned myself to him, and courteously thus I addressed him :

"Friend," said I, "I pray you inform me if this is a church or a palace,

Intended and built for a monarch : the whole is to me an amazement."

Thus spake I ; no answer returned he, but laughed like a demon of mischief ;

And when I turned round once again to admire the great mansion,
He scooped up the mud with his besom and flung it upon me ;

Amazed and confounded I turned me, unwilling to quarrel,
But foes were around me, the stranger, and all unoffending !

And first a rude urchin sprung forward, and shouting with laughter,
Looked hither and thither, and summoned his comrades about him,

And in a brief moment came hurrying from eastward and westward
A mob of young vagabonds ragged, and barefoot, and dirty,

Who shouting and roaring with laughter assailed me with insult.

'Twas past my endurance ; abashed, yet excited to anger

I cursed them, and rushed forth among them, now aiming at one now
another :

At length by a skilful manœuvre I made one my prisoner.

Him dashed I among the crowd like a ball among nine-pins,

Then seized on another, and with a fist heavy with anger,

Belaboured them soundly, their cries yet increasing the tumult ;

This gathered a crowd from all corners ; then two men with sabres

Seized on me, and, quickly pursued by a dense throng of people,

They hurried me on through the city and put me in prison.

When I saw myself prisoner, saw the heavy jail-door closed
upon me,

My heart died within me, and weeping, I sate down despairing,

Remembering that hitherto no man could say aught against me,

But that now in my old age I stood as a criminal guilty,

And must herd with the criminal shut from the sweet light of day
and of heaven !

Thus sate I and wept in my anguish, whilst two men beside me,

With feet closely fettered, were talking of their own concerns in a
whisper.

My tears unto these were offensive ; they mocked me with curses,

My hoary hair turned to derision and quailed me with threatenings.

" 'Tis the land's law," said they, " pitiful greybeard, that vagabonds
Homeless and friendless are brought here to get their deservings !"

And thus through the day was I mocked at and scoffed at unceasing !

At length came the jailer, and thus put an end to their jeering ;

Food brought he, intending for each of soup and of bread a fair
portion ;

Then tried he the fetters, assaying them both with a hammer,

And next turning round unto me, bade me eat freely
 Whilst yet there was plenty before me, "for," said he, "your sen-
 tence,
 No doubt will be water and bread for a month in the prison!"
 So saying, he left us, the heavy door closing behind him;
 And, warned by his counsel, I hastened to eat ere the days of my
 fasting,
 But little for me was remaining; like wolves fierce with hunger
 The others had eaten, like a dog I had only the leavings,
 Anon, as thus picking the bones I was sitting dejected,
 My eye on the two as they bent close together and whispered.
 At once they sprang on me, each armed with a knife that he brand-
 ished;
 "Speak not!" said they, "or else we will hew thee in pieces; now,
 swear thou,
 If life thou esteemest, by God, that thou wilt not betray us
 This night when we flee from the prison!" With joy I made
 answer:
 "My friends, there requires neither knives, nor yet oaths, nor com-
 pulsion
 To silence the prisoner who longeth for food and for freedom;
 And yet will I swear, will swear to assist, not betray you!"
 Thus spake I: and they two retiring brought forth from their
 hiding
 Two strong files of iron, and, seating themselves, began quickly
 To work at their fetters; yet slowly their labour proceeded
 Though the sweat ran in streams from their faces, and when they
 were wearied,
 I helped first the one, then the other, well pleased to assist them.
 Towards midnight the irons were severed, and, full of rejoicing,
 The men swung their limbs, essaying the rapture of freedom.
 Then from the stern wall of the prison removed they stones, loosened
 And ready prepared for this moment, though hitherto hidden
 By straw from their beds from the eye of inquisitive notice.
 Through this opening we 'scaped from the prison, and, hurrying
 onward,
 We fled through by-ways that they knew to the end of the city.
 Here paused they, and thus did the one speak unto his fellow:
 "My friend, 'tis not well that, like timid hares, fly we to covert,
 Yet bear nothing with us; far better to me it appeareth

That first we should try how secure are some citizens' houses,
 And see if we cannot find something to gladden our flight with." So spake he ; the other assented ; for me, I desired but
 To go on my own way and sin not, so here from the robbers I parted.

"Twas thus, my good friends, that I 'scaped from the dangerous
 snares of the city ;
 Never again to return there, nor yet taken back to the prison ;
 For though I was followed by warrants, though the clergy proclaimed
 me from pulpits,
 Though all means were used to retake to carry me back to the prison,
 Yet none would lay hands on old Aaron, much better it pleased them
 to listen
 To the sound of his jew's-harp at eve when he strikes up a polska,
 Than to see the old greybeard a-weeping and hear him lamenting.

Another sketch terminates more happily, but presents a fearful picture of the fierceness of the elements with which the Finnish peasants have often to contend. The lesson conveyed in this piece is a noble one :

PEASANT PAVO.

'Mid the high, bleak moors of Saarijärvis,
 On a sterile farm, lived Peasant Pavo,
 And its poor soil tilled with care untiring,
 Trusting to the Lord to send the increase.
 Here he lived with wife and little children,
 With them of his sweat-earned bread partaking.
 Dikes he dug, and ploughed his land and sowed it.
 Spring-time came, and now the melting snow-drifts
 Drenched the fields, and half the young crop perished :
 Summer came, and the descending hail-storms
 Dashed the early ears down, half destroying :
 Autumn came, and frost the remnant blasted.

Pavo's wife she tore her hair and spake thus :
 "Pavo, Pavo ! man, the most unhappy,
 Take thy staff ; by God we are forsaken ;
 Hard it is to beg ; to starve is harder !"
 Pavo took her hand, and thus he answered :
 "God doth try his servant, not forsake him.
 Bread made half of bark must now suffice us !

I will dig the dikes of two-fold deepness ;
 But from God will I await the increase !"
 She made bread of corn and bark together ;
 He dug lower dikes, with double labour,
 Sold his sheep, and purchased rye and sowed it.
 Spring-time came, again the melting snow-drifts
 Drenched the fields, and half the young crop perished :
 Summer came, and the descending hail-storms
 Dashed the early ears down, half destroying :
 Autumn came, and frost the remnant blasted.

Pavo's wife, she smote her breast, exclaiming
 "Pavo, Pavo ! man, the most unhappy,
 Let us die, for God hath us forsaken !
 Hard it is to die, to live is harder !"
 Pavo took her hand, and thus he answered :
 "God doth try his servant, not forsake him ;
 Bread made half of bark must still suffice us ;
 I will dig the dikes of double deepness ;
 But from Heaven I will expect the increase !"
 She made bread of corn and bark together ;
 He dug lower dikes with double labour ;
 Sold his cattle, purchased rye and sowed it.
 Spring-time came, but now the melting snow-drifts
 Left the young crops in the field uninjured :
 Summer came, but the descending hail-storms
 Dashed not down the rich ears, nought destroying :
 Autumn came, and saw, by frost unblighted,
 Wave the golden harvest for the reaper.

Then fell Pavo on his knees, thus speaking :
 " God hath only tried us, not forsaken !"
 On her knees his wife fell, and thus said she :
 " God hath only tried us, not forsaken !"
 And then gladly spake she to her husband ;
 " Pavo, Pavo ! take with joy the sickle ;
 We may now make glad our hearts with plenty.
 Now may throw away the bark unsavoury,
 And bake rich, sweet bread of ryemeal only !"

Pavo took her hand in his and answered :
 " Woman, woman ! 'tis but sent to try us,
 If we will have pity on the sufferer,

Mix thou bark with corn even as aforetime,
Frosts have killed the harvest of our neighbour !”

A more cheerful little sketch is :

THE YOUNG FOWLER.

When he came into the house at nightfall
She was angry with him, his old mother.
“Son,” she said, “thou lay’st thy snares each morning,
And each day thou com’st back empty-handed !
Either thou lack’st skill, or thou art idle ;
Others can take prey where thou hast ta’en none !”

Thus to her the gay young man made answer :
“Who need wonder that our luck is different,
When the same birds are not for our snaring ?
At the little farm that lieth yonder,
Lives a wondrous bird, my good old mother ;
Snares I laid to catch it all the autumn,
Now, this very winter have I caught it ;
But till spring I shall not bring it hither.
Marvellous is this bird ! for it possesses
Not wings, but arms for tenderest embracing ;
Not down, but locks of silky, sunny lustre ;
No beak, but two fresh lips so warm and rosy !”

Equally agreeable and more original is :

OJAN PAVO’S CHALLENGE.

Came from Tavastland tall Ojan Pavo,
Tall and mighty ’mong the sons of Finland
Steadfast as a mountrain clothed in pinewood,
Bold and fleet, and powerful as a tempest.
He could from the earth uproot the fir-tree ;
Could the bear encounter single-handed,
Lift the horse above the loftiest fences,
And, as straw, compel strong men to bow down.

Now he stood, the steadfast Ojan Pavo,
Proud and vigorous at the nation’s council ;

In the Court he stood among the people,
Like a lofty fir-tree amid brushwood ;
And he raised his voice, and thus addressed them :
“ If there be a man here born of woman
Who can, from the spot whereon I plant me,
Move me only for a single moment,
To him will I yield my farm so wealthy ;
He shall win from me my silver treasure ;
Of my numerous flocks he shall be master,
And his I will become both soul and body !”

To the people thus spake Ojan Pavo.
But the country youth shrunk back in terror,
To the proud one, answering but by silence
No man was there to accept his challenge.

But with love and admiration gazed they,
All the maidens, on that youthful champion
As he stood—the powerful Ojan Pavo—
Like a lofty fir-tree among brush-wood,
His eyes flashing like the stars of heaven,
And his open forehead clear as daylight,
And his rich locks flowing to his shoulder
Like a streamlet falling down in sunshine.

From the throng of women forth stepped Anna,
She the fairest of that country's maidens,
Lovely as the morning at its rising.
Forth she stepped in haste to Ojan Pavo,
Round his neck she flung her arms so tender,
Laid her throbbing heart against his bosom,
Pressed against his cheek her cheek so rosy.
Then she bade him break the bonds that held him.
But the youth stood moveless, and was vanquished ;
Yielding thus, he spake unto the maiden :
“ Anna, Anna, I have lost my wager ;
Thou must take from me my farm so wealthy ;
Thou hast won from me my silver treasure ;
Thou of all my flocks art now possessor ;
And I am thine,—thine both soul and body !”

We could go on extracting from Runeberg. His "Brother of the Cloud," is a scene out of the war with the Russian invaders, which is extremely impressive and beautifully described. But we must only add, that we wonder that Runeberg, with all the wealth and novelty of the subject before him, has not given us some prose romances from Finland, in which the peculiar scenery, the life of the people, so full of the lonely, the wild and the picturesque, with the stirring events of the contest with the Russians, should be blended into as rich and original a whole as one can imagine it.

Besides Runeberg, we must barely glance over the remaining poets and literary men. J. A. Wadman, who lived in Göteborg in great poverty, and died there at an advanced age, was a clever satirist and a poet of the Bacchanalian school. Amongst his most clever satirical sketches are "The King and the Beggar," "Master Schmidt," and "The King and the Shoemaker." Ingelman, a poet of more feeling than genius, translated Oehlenschläger's "Helgé." Wieselgren, a clergyman of Scania, is a poet of much merit, but better known for his "History of the Swedish Polite Literature," to the close of the sixteenth century, to whose work up to that period we are much indebted. Erik Wilhelm Ruda has written a great variety of poetry, more descriptive than original. "The Wild Boar Hunt," "Brynolf's Story," "Hagbart and Signé," are amongst his chief productions. Olof Fryxell, brother of the historian, is author of various poems and some prose of much but unequal merit. His works are published under the titles of "Poems," "Writings." "Day and Night."

Besides these, there are numerous others: as Hedborn, a clergyman in Askeryd, who is the author of "Memory

and Poetry." Böttiger, author of "Memories of Youth," etc. Böttiger is professor in Upsala, and son-in-law of Tegnér, whose *Life* he has published. Adlersparre, Gentleman of the Chamber, author of "Poems of Youth." Braun, an officer and humoristic poet. Cronhamn, also a Bacchanalian poet. Assar Lindeblad, a clergyman. Ridderstad, an officer, a lyrical poet, and author of a tragedy, "Roderick and Albin." Behind these still come up, Säterberg, a pleasant painter of nature; Blanché, a clever vaudeville writer; Strandberg, the poet of freedom; Malmström, Nybom and Bergman, Upsala notabilities; Gosselman, a sea-officer, and author of "Travels in America" and "Letters from a Wandering Seaman;" Unge, also an officer, and humorous poet and traveller; Dr. O. P. Sturzenbecher, a brilliant writer of Heiné's school, author of "Orvar Odd," etc., and of the able "Lectures on Swedish Literature," delivered before the Scandinavian Society in Copenhagen, to which we have been much indebted. There are still Carlén, the husband of Emily Carlén; Nervander, translator of the poems of King Ludvig of Bavaria; Wennström, Göransson, and numbers of others, whom we will trust are yet destined to add fresh laurels to their own and their country's wreath. It would be unjust and also ungrateful, however, not to mention here Professor Hagberg, the excellent translator of Shakspeare, in twelve volumes, which he has lately presented to the Shakspeare Society in England.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ROMANCE AND NOVEL WRITERS OF SWEDEN.

IF the literature of Sweden is almost wholly modern, its romance and novel literature is especially so. Mörk, as we have seen, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was the first to enter upon the field of prose fiction. His models were Fenelon, Lowenstein and Barclay; and his productions are heavy, bombastic, diffuse and monotonous. Their titles may indicate their character: "The Romance of Adalrik and Göthilda," "Thecla, or the Tried Honour of the Throne," "Eugenia, or the Bewildered Wellmeaning One," etc. He died in 1763; and from that time to the end of the century, the country was overflowed with foreign romances. Lafontaine was a great name in the circulating libraries; and his "Victor, or the Wood Child," and "The Subterranean Burial Vault," says a lively writer, cost more tears and candle-ends than can be well counted. But this, like all other unsound stuff, had its day. Hobgoblins, like other horrors, lost their charm by familiarity; no interesting robbers, either, as philanthropists, or dreadful murderers, would show themselves after Rinaldini; and even Kotzebue's most novel

recookery of old monstrosities, though one more extravagant than another, ceased to affect the imagination. The restless reader was on the look-out for something better, when Palmblad and Cederborg arose, and presented them with fictions drawn, at all events, more out of real life, and infinitely more amusing. Palmblad was the first in time, but Cederborg became by far the most popular. His "Uno von Trasenbergh" and "Otto Tralling" resemble rather more the "Tom Jones" and the Smollett school, than would be tolerated at the present day; and with much actual life, and real transcripts of social manners of that day, have, as may be supposed, amid much that kept the generation in which they appeared laughing, many dubious positions and *double entendres*, such as Sterne delighted in. His stories are drawn, as it were, from the every-day life that passed under his own eyes; there is no very artistic invention, and no deep vein of philosophy in them. He seems to have desired to amuse more than anything, and in that he succeeded immensely. His novels passed rapidly through numerous editions. His "Jean Jacques Pancrace von Heaven and Earth" was equally popular. Even yet, there are people who delight in Cederborg's romances, to sit at the window in Oesterlång Street, and see the girls at the fountain gossiping with the city watch, and cast a glance at Fröken Odalsvärd, as in the house opposite she sits behind a red taffety blind, in her Phosphoric morning-dress. People yet sit with Precentor Torrstadius, in the blue-chequered easy-chair; with Mamsell Gnath, as she sits on the sofa winding her yarn, and surrounded by her favourite pugs. Still, through the blundering zeal of Mamsell Fredrika's old watchman, the dragoon Wigg, in his undress, you are taken headlong into the strictly moral damsel's bed-room, in the inn. Who

does not, too, yet listen a moment to Fröken Henhouse and Fröken Oemkansvärd ; yes, even to Fröken de la Wrak, if it be only for the sake of her aristocratic name ? Or who can refuse a look at Lieutenant Flycht von Striden, or neglect to invite La Sarrette Winsten to an *Anglaise* ? Who is not delighted to visit the Herren Wanck and Lythe at their warehouses, or who neglects to attend the Lagman Strunthén at his Courts in Nyse, Trasslinge and Luske ?

Cederborg was, allowing for the manners of the times, something of a Swedish Dickens in his peculiar walk and characters. He was an iron-master in one of the provinces, and wrote avowedly for his own amusement. Had he had the ambition, which he declared that he never had, of winning a great name, there is evidence enough of intellectual power to have taken a much higher rank as an author. His characters were such genuine types, that they were everywhere recognized as most perfectly Swedish ; and amid his burlesque there is something kind, amiable, excellent, at least in his best moments, which gives the resemblance which we have noticed to Dickens, as well as the originality of his personages. He was still living not so many years ago, and so late as 1834 he published a new edition of his works, under the title of "Youth's Amusement." His truly national scenes and characters are still universal and familiar acquaintances.

Cederborg had his imitators in Walberg, the author of "Uggelvik's Ball ;" and in the writers of "Fuselbrenner," "Baron Dolk," "Lifberg's Lives," etc. There appeared also two lady novelists, Fröken R*** and Fröken Cronhjelm, but of no great note. The first historic romance writer in Sweden appeared in 1828, in G. W. Gumælius, a clergyman in Nerike, who wrote a

romance called "Thord Bonde," in imitation of Sir Walter Scott, which, however, he never entirely finished, becoming absorbed in botany, and the introduction of more species of plants. Clas Livijn, the poet, also wrote "Spader-Dame;" but Livijn, who had much wit, though of a rather sharp and lawless kind, became a Government officer, and found enough to do as General Superintendent of Prisons throughout the kingdom, without authorship. He died but a few years ago. He was followed by Count Peter Sparre, who wrote "The Last of the Freebooters," and "Adolf the Foundling," of which the first is the best. It is laid in the times of the wars of Charles IX. and Sigismund, and presents many piquant scenes and lively adventures.

Cotemporary with Count Sparre, wrote, under the initials "O. K.," the author of "Snapphanarne," also the "Freebooters," and much in the same manner. He also wrote "The Last Evening on Oestanborg," a tedious affair. Of the same class, to a certain extent, were the national novels of G. H. Mellin, also a clergyman, "The Flower on Kinnekulle," "Anna Reibnitz," "Sivard Kruse's Wedding," and several others; all displaying much talent, correct sketching of costumes and manners, with touches of true descriptive nature, and recommended by an admirable style. Since then, he has turned his attention greatly to Eastern stories, and has written a "History of Sweden for Ladies." We have already spoken of Almquist's romances; and we may notice, in passing, the names of Mamsell Ståhlberg and Mina Grönwall, as well as "Gustav III. and His Court," with some other light stories by C. A. Kullberg, Gentleman of the Chamber.

But an authoress was now to appear who was to create a new era in Swedish novel-writing, and to connect

Sweden's literary name and interests more intimately and universally with that of the civilized world. In the very same year that Gumælius published his "Thord Bonde," in Upsala, 1828, Miss Fredrika Bremer published in Stockholm her "Sketches from Every-day Life." These sketches consisted of "Axel and Anna," "The Twins," and other stories and descriptions. They were far from presenting the new writer in that striking and admirable form which she afterwards assumed. She was yet only in her six-and-twentieth year. But they attracted immediate attention, and awoke a lively interest. It was not, however, till "The Family H——" appeared, that the public recognized a novelist of unquestionably original powers. In the first sketches, the critics detected talent; here, they acknowledged genius. It was seen that an author had arisen who, with the clearest eye for the peculiarities of character, for the nicest features of social and natural life, had the most delicate purity of mind and the kindest tone of feeling. We have said, that had Fru Lenngren written novels, she would have written "The Neighbours;" but Fru Lenngren, while she would have given to such a story all its faithful portraiture of real life, all the fine touches of an inimitable tact and humour, would have made it more biting by its satire and less genial in its feeling. It must be confessed that Miss Bremer possessed a much higher tone and tendency than Madam Lenngren, a deeper sympathy with humanity, a more sunny geniality. Fru Lenngren sought to correct,—Miss Bremer seeks to expand, to elevate and improve. All her works, more or less, possess the qualities which a Swedish critic attributes to "The Neighbours:" "Their characteristics are a naïve cordiality, a faithful painting of life, a Christian view of

the world, a deep insight into human nature and the spirit of society, with a poetic feeling, and in a style as charming as it is unpretending."

The works of Miss Bremer are too familiar to the English public to require any elaborate notice of them here. They are, besides those already mentioned, "The Home," "The President's Daughter," "Nina," "Strife and Peace," "The Diary," "The Parsonage of Mora," "Brothers and Sisters," "The Midnight Sun," and some smaller stories.

"The Neighbours" is, both here and in Sweden, as we believe everywhere, the prime favourite. The good-natured Bear and his admirable wife; their charming life at Rosenvik; The grand *Ma Chère Mère*, and all the subordinate characters of *Lagman Hök*, *Helevi Housegabel*, and the rest, are a grouping and a sun-bright piece of existence that can never lose their freshness. Scarcely less dear to us are the inmates of the "Home," and especially the large-nosed *Petrea*: scarcely less the brave *Harald* and the spirited *Susanna* of the delightful Norwegian story, "Strife and Peace."

But we have said that it is needless to describe them. They are become as familiar as the "Vicar of Wakefield," or "Robinson Crusoe," wherever the English language extends, and where they have gone they have awoken a kindlier tone, a more genial feeling of life, a better view of the world and its destinies, a deeper trust in Providence, and a persuasion that, to enjoy existence truly ourselves, is to spread that enjoyment around us to our fellow-men, and especially by those little amenities, those daily evidences of good-will, affection, cheerfulness and graceful attention to the feelings of others, which, in the social and domestic circles, are small in their appearance, but immense in their consequences. As a teacher of this

quiet, smiling, but deeply penetrating philosophy of life, no writer has yet arisen superior to Fredrika Bremer, while she has all the time not even professed to teach, but only to entertain.

There is one peculiarity connected with the writings of Miss Bremer, which has not attracted so much attention. It is their prominent relationship to the English mind. They are thoroughly congeneric. It is where the English mind exists that, except in their native soil, they hold their highest popularity. In France, they have been comparatively little read. In Germany, though much read, they have never excited that cordial and intense interest that they have done in England. But that interest is equal wherever the English race extends. In America, in Australia, in India and at the Cape, they hold the same affectionate and household position. When we first became acquainted with her works, as we were studying Swedish in Germany, we found no German, not even the ladies of taste, who sympathized in our admiration of them: "They are only," said they, "about everyday things; we could write that sort of thing better ourselves." We replied that it was a pity they did not do it, then. In England and America the effect was at once and universally the same as on ourselves; and there is a second circumstance connected with them which ought not to be forgotten—and that is, the influence which they have had amongst us upon translations from foreign literature.

When we proposed to translate "The Neighbours," there was not a publisher in London who would risk the publication of it. The universal reply was, that so much rubbish had been introduced from German and French, that nobody would look at a translation. We afterwards, indeed, discovered that "The Neighbours" had been translated on its first appearance, five years before, by an

English lady resident in Sweden. It had been offered by influential friends to John Murray and most of the leading publishers. In vain! Confident, however, in the excellence of these stories, some of which had been published ten and fourteen years, and in the taste of our countrymen, we printed and published them at our own risk. The result is well known. Such became the rage for them that our translations were seized by cheap publishers, altered and republished as new ones, at a shilling each. So much was this the case, that the works which we received direct from Miss Bremer, and which were neither published here, nor anywhere else till we published them, were announced as *published* instantly on the first announcement of our translations: and in a very few days after their appearance, were altered, and issued as original translations. This was carried on with so little disguise, that one of the works appears to this day, not with Miss Bremer's title—simply, "In Dalecarlia," but with the one which we had substituted as more intelligible to the English—"The Parsonage of Mora;" which does not belong to the original at all.

In America, the rage of rivalry for early possession of the Bremer stories, was still greater. The men in our own printer's office were bribed for sheets, and in one instance the pirated sheets appeared before those that we had sent over ourselves. These sixpenny editions were almost as numerous as leaves on trees, and boys who carried them about in the streets for sale, and draymen on their drays, might be seen deep in "The Neighbours," in "The Home," or in "The H—— Family."

Though this extreme popularity had the effect, by the *furor* of cheap competition, of rendering our own original venture in these works something worse than profitless, it had this effect, that it at once dissipated the prejudice

against translation, and opened up a field of literary labour, which has been since occupied to an almost boundless extent, and to vast public advantage.

Miss Bremer, though of small and apparently delicate *physique*, has, during the last two years shown that the old Viking spirit is alive in her. Alone, not even attended by a maid, she has made a voyage from Sweden to the United States, and there traversed a great portion of that immense country, visiting the Far West, New Orleans, the West Indies, and everywhere explored all the varieties of social life, mixed with all sects and parties, and examined the machinery, and the working of their various and often very curious institutions. We await the result.

The success of Miss Bremer's writings produced two cotemporaneous female novelists of no ordinary merit. These are the Baroness Knorring and Emily Flygare Carlén.

The Baroness Knorring is the author of a considerable series of novels, as "The Cousins," "Axel," "Parallels of Rank," "The Friends," "Women," "Illusions," "Aunt Elizabeth's Nineteenth Will," "The Cottagers," etc., besides travels and smaller productions. The Baroness Knorring suffered much from ill-health. The Baron being an officer of considerable position in the army, the Baroness is said to have lived much on their distant estate, and to have employed her leisure in the composition of these fictions. A jocose critic has said, that whenever there was a rumour of the Baroness being unusually ill, it was sure to be immediately followed by the appearance of a romance. But the death, some two years or so ago, of this clever and amiable woman, has changed the disposition to joke into sincere regret.

The works of Madame Knorring are distinguished by

brilliant talent, by extraordinary power of painting life and passion; in this respect, they are inferior to no writings of the nation; and by a sparkling and abounding wit. There are descriptions of scenery, and of the old baronial residences of the nobility in the country, which are exquisite, and place you in the midst of them with a living charm like that of Scott. In the world of rank and fashion she is peculiarly at home, and does not draw too close a veil over its follies and vices. But, unfortunately, she has a crotchet, which is fatal to the perfect pleasure and acceptance of her stories. She finds everybody married exactly to the wrong person, and the right person is sure to present her or himself, immediately that the die is cast and the mischief becomes irremediable. This is the eternal foundation of her plots; the everlasting axle on which the wheel of her narrative spins. This might render her fictions more piquant in France, and amongst the admirers of George Sand out of it, but it is not by any means a recommendation to the English public. She has drawn one picture of rural life "Torparen," the cottager, or little farmer, which we ventured to translate under the title of "The Peasant and his Landlord." Though her inevitable crotchet lies also at the bottom of this story, it is yet not so much so as to affect the *morale* of the work. On the contrary, the chief actors are admirable for their virtue and the nobility of their characters, but the peculiar entanglement of circumstances produces much misery and death. In it figure a wealthy brandy-distiller, a character so frequent in the country-life of Sweden; and the account of his large establishment, and the life going on in it, contrast vigorously with the life at the cottage farm of Gunnar, the hero of the story, on the border of one of Sweden's picturesque lakes. The chain of circumstances, by which the life of the noble peasant is

laid waste, the means by which he is wrought up to desperation, and to the destruction of the guilty distiller, in an accidental meeting in the forest, and the heroic duty with which the unhappy homicide, though unsuspected, gives himself up voluntarily to justice, are all sketched with a masterly hand, with a solemnity, a profoundly pathetic feeling, and a lofty and earnest sense of the greatness of the human soul, which makes us regret that Madam Knorring did not select themes at once worthy of her powers, and of the sublime sanctities of life. Had such been her choice of themes, no female writer of Europe would have won a fairer or more enduring fame.

Emily Carlén is, perhaps, a more prolific writer than either Miss Bremer or Madam Knorring. She has written "Waldemar Klein," "The Representative," "Gustav Lindorm," "The Professor," "The Rose of Tistelön," "Paul Värning," "Consecration of the Church," "The Entail," "Chamberlain Lassman," "The Postboy," etc., etc.

"These volumes," says Sturzenbecher, "certainly would not have been so many, if Madam Flygare Carlén did not possess a pen of inexhaustible fertility in writing at what is called full-length, in expanding her details; in following the example of the Flemish painters, who so frequently degenerate from the poetic generality into the flattest prosaic particulars." At the same time it must be admitted that she possesses much invention, and understands the art of entangling the incidents of a story, so as to sustain for a long time the interest. Some of her descriptions, especially of the life of fishermen and sailors, or her stormy shores and rocks of the skerry on the Swedish coast, are admirable; and there is a kindly and amiable feeling pervading her writings. But there

want, to us, the vigour of Madam Knorrning, and the higher tone and intellectual views of Miss Bremer. Several of Madam Flygare Carlén's novels have been translated into English, but have never made much impression. The reader can consult and judge of these for himself.

We have seen it several times stated in England, that Emily Carlén enjoys even a higher popularity in Sweden than Miss Bremer. In justice to the Swedes, we must quote one or two of their own critics, whose opinions are entirely supported by the critiques of Rydquist, Palmblad, and other first-rate authorities. Dr. Sturzenbecher says: "Mamsell Fredrika Bremer is little less celebrated over the whole world than Linnæus was in his time. In this respect, Sweden is infinitely indebted to her, that her writings, more than any other, have enabled the Swedish literature to participate in the intellectual progress of the world. Since Gustavus Adolphus, or Charles XII., no longer remind Europe that there is up towards the Polar Circle a land that contains something besides ice-bears and hobgoblins, our literary magnates have come into notice. It is no longer

"Come let us give a proof
How bites the Swedish steel,"

but how pierces—the steel-pen. Tegnér, with his 'Frithiofs Saga,' may be regarded as the intellectual Gustavus Adolphus; and after him came the Amazon, Fredrika Bremer—the veritable Charles XII. of our literature—for she it is who has cried: 'Forward, ye boys in blue!' and has gone forth in her adventures farther than any of our literary notabilities before."

Professor Lénström pronounces his verdict in a few but decisive words: "Fredrika Bremer is Sweden's greatest female writer of romance."

For the rest, Emily Carlén is the wife of a clever lawyer and poet, whose name we have already mentioned; and we may add, in the sportive style of one of her own countrymen, that she lives in Stockholm, as domestic and unassuming a life as any unliterary lady. Now writing down some pages of a romance, and now busied in the idyllian affairs of housekeeping with the same hand which has just pitilessly driven some poor sailor upon the rocks of the inhospitable skerry of Bohuslän, or cut asunder the tender bonds between two lovers in a second volume.

Amongst the later novelists of Sweden are some distinguished names, distinguished some of them in three departments of literature. Some of them we have already mentioned as poets; others are amongst the most distinguished of Sweden's journalists. Wetterbergh, who writes under the name of Uncle Adam, is the author of "The Four Signatures," and many small sketches *à la* Eugène Sue. His "Labour and Money" is a masterly work, dealing with one of the great topics of the day. He is now publishing in the *feuilleton* of a Swedish paper a novel, under the odd title of "The Wooden Spoon." Engström, the author of the dramas "Hjalmar and Ingeborg," and "Erik Segersäll," is also the author of the novels, "The Colonist's Wedding," "Björn Ulftand." His mission is especially to show the vast inequality of the condition of the people, those more particularly between the aristocracy and the peasantry. Snellman, a Finn, the author of "The Four Marriages," has displayed in his writings much of the originality and deep thought of his country. De Geer, the member of a noble family, has published a romance with the singular title, "Heart-Palpitations on Dalvik," with various small sketches, under the title "S. H. T.," but is now drawn away to

official life. Samuel Ödman, a Professor of Upsala, who died in 1829, should not be forgotten, for his masterly descriptions of the patriarchal country-life of Sweden in the last century, in his "Recollections of Home Scenes," and "The School." Besides these, two of Copenhagen's most brilliant journalists, Crusenstolpe and Lindeberg, have made themselves names in the field of fiction, the former in his "Morianen."

Here we close our sketch of the Literature and Romance of the North. After all, it is but a sketch—a mere outline—of the mass of literary, poetical, and imaginative wealth which is spread over the Northern lands of our stalwart and high-minded forefathers. It will be seen, we think, with some astonishment, that there exists so affluent a literature in Sweden and Denmark, that it requires two solid volumes to give but a concise notice of the most distinguished writers in the departments alone of its poetry, its romance and general literature. But it would be unjust in closing these volumes, not to add, that in all other branches of letters, in science, in art, the drama, in jurisprudence, in philosophy, Scandinavia stands already on a fair eminence, and promises in a few years to place itself on a footing of the boldest comparison with any other country of Europe. We have noticed in its proper place the achievements of Denmark in those other departments of mind, which did not come within our proper range of subject. We may now ask the reader, with us, to turn over the leaves of the "Swedish Biographical Lexicon," published in Upsala, or of Dr. Lénström's "Synopsis of the Literature and Art of Sweden," and behold what hosts of able authors, in every species of intellectual activity, present themselves ;

what whole libraries of works have been accumulated under their hands, in which all sciences, history, philology, antiquities, theology, every branch of natural and moral philosophy, every walk of art, and every kind of miscellaneous literature, stand elaborated with a talent and industry of which any nation may be proud.

Look back through the past. Along Sweden's annals shine with a world-fame, the names of Puffendorf, the author of "Jus Naturæ et Gentium;" celebrated also for his philosophical writings, and his splendid "Introduction to Swedish History." Carl von Linné, the world's Linnæus, the founder of the established system of botany; Emmanuel Swedenborg, a man not more known for his peculiar religious ideas, than deserving of being so for his profound and astonishingly varied acquirements in science, in which he forestalled numerous discoveries which are now benefiting the world.* The names of Scheele and Berzelius will present themselves to all chemical students. In history, from Saxo Grammaticus, Rudbeck, Tegel, Olof Celsius, to Geijer, Fryxell, and Strinholm, whose admirable "History of the Viking Expeditions" ought to be translated into English. In literary history, though Sweden has no complete history of her literature, those of Hammarsköld, Wieselgren, and Lénström's "History of Swedish Poetry," are, as far as they go, works of great merit.

If we cast a glance at cotemporary art, we see as sculptors, Byström, Göthe and Fogelberg, names of which any nation might be proud. In painting, they have numerous names of merit. Södermark is a portrait

* Mr. James Garth Wilkinson, the able translator of many of Swedenborg's works, has also lately published a concise and beautifully written life of Swedenborg, to which we would refer the reader.

painter of no ordinary talent ; Sandberg, in portrait and historic painting ; and Mörner, historic painter, and Dahlström, with others, are distinguished artists. Amongst portrait painters, a lady, Fröken Rothkirch, has shown much talent. And, in landscape, Fahlcrantz is an excellent painter of the Northern scenery. In this department, ladies have also distinguished themselves, as Evelina Stading, who died in Rome ; and Mamsell Linnell. Besides these, Julin, Ezdorff, Héidecken, Söderberg, the Anckarswärds, one an animal-painter, Kylberg, a painter of humorous subjects, Lauræus, a Finnish *genre*-painter, and many others, deserve particular notice. We may observe, in conclusion, that we cannot walk in our gardens and see dahlias and azalias, without being reminded of Dahl and Afzelius, who introduced those families of plants to Europe.

And, finally, while avowing, as we lay down our pen, that the execution of this work, from the fact of having to wade, often without much guidance, through the literature of three foreign nations, has been a labour of incredible industry and exertion, we must add too, that it has been one of a proportionately high enjoyment. We have made acquaintance with numbers of writers, little or not at all known in England, to whose works we look forward for years of continual gratification. It is a new world little explored, but abounding with intellectual wealth, to which we invite our countrymen. In it we have renewed the alliance with the old spirit which cast its gigantic influence over our forefathers, and which still remains as kindred in its tone as it is bold and enterprising in its character. A growing disposition has manifested itself of late years to extend our excursions, both in body and in spirit, to the solemn but most impressive and inspiring landscapes of the North. To its grand fiords flowing up

amidst its rocks, its snowy mountains and its legendary forests, to its simple and cordial peasantry, to its great solitary lakes, to the pleasant fields where the roses of Iduna and the flowers of Balder still bloom in the short, bright summer : and where poetry and legend are heard on every hand, in language which gives us a strange feeling of the dialectic tongue of our own provinces, and the racy, picturesque speech of our fathers. We congratulate ourselves on the fact that our own introduction of the writings of Miss Bremer, Hans Christian Andersen, and the Baroness Knorring, have done much to awaken this feeling, and we are persuaded that the present volumes will do infinitely more.

It must, we repeat, be borne in mind that the modern literature of Scandinavia is very modern indeed. If it continues to develop itself during the present century with the strength and rapidity which it has manifested during the last, it will open up for us sources of intellectual enjoyment of no ordinary intensity, and of a more congenial spirit than that of any other part of the European continent. The Swedes and Danes have long imported, translated, read, and often zealously formed themselves on our best writers. Let us now reciprocate the attention, for we may do it to our own eminent gratification and advantage. The more we do this, the more we shall perceive that we are less an Anglo-Saxon than a Scandinavian race ; and that we have yet kindred in the North who are essentially worthy of being known where Canute the Great once reigned. There is something piquant in the idea that where Ragner Lodbrok sung his savage death-song, and where the Danes carried abroad fire and sword, Oehlenschläger now visits us with his peaceful dramas ; Tegnér sings us his holy and tender song of the " Children at the Communion Table ;" Fredrika Bremer is perfectly

at "Home" here amongst her "Neighbours," and where Olaf Tryggveson demolished London Bridge, Kingo, Spegel and Wallin are ready to land, with hymns of the most beautiful Christian reconciliation which ever resounded beneath cathedral roof. Scandinavia and England may now meet, and forget the mutual injuries of the past in the glories of the present, and the hope of a great, united and intellectual future.

THE END.

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