

their side, thus making them look away from themselves to that Being they had been taught to reverence. He tells them that the only way to enjoy the priceless blessings they have won is to prove themselves as wise and prudent citizens as they have been brave and self-sacrificing soldiers; in short, to show themselves as great in peace as they have proved great in war. He tells them of his own unbounded love for them, and promises over again that justice shall be done them in the future, and their claims satisfied. How completely he sinks himself, the great central figure, out of sight! He does not refer to his own sacrifices or achievements. He sees only his country, and thinks only of her welfare, and his whole soul is bent on keeping that army which has followed his fortunes so long true to its interests. Viewed in this light it stands unparalleled as a farewell address from a military chieftain to his soldiers, and shows a sagacity and far-seeing glance that seems more like prophetic vision than

human foresight, and displays in the strongest light the great and lofty traits of his character.

After he has thus put in their hands a chart to guide their future course, and laid down the only principles on which they can safely act, after having done all in his power to serve and save his country, he at last lets his thoughts revert alone to their bravery, their toils and devotion, and as he contemplates his final parting with them forever, his heart gives way to a burst of affection; and he bids them farewell with a benediction and prayer for their welfare that shows how deeply that great heart was moved.

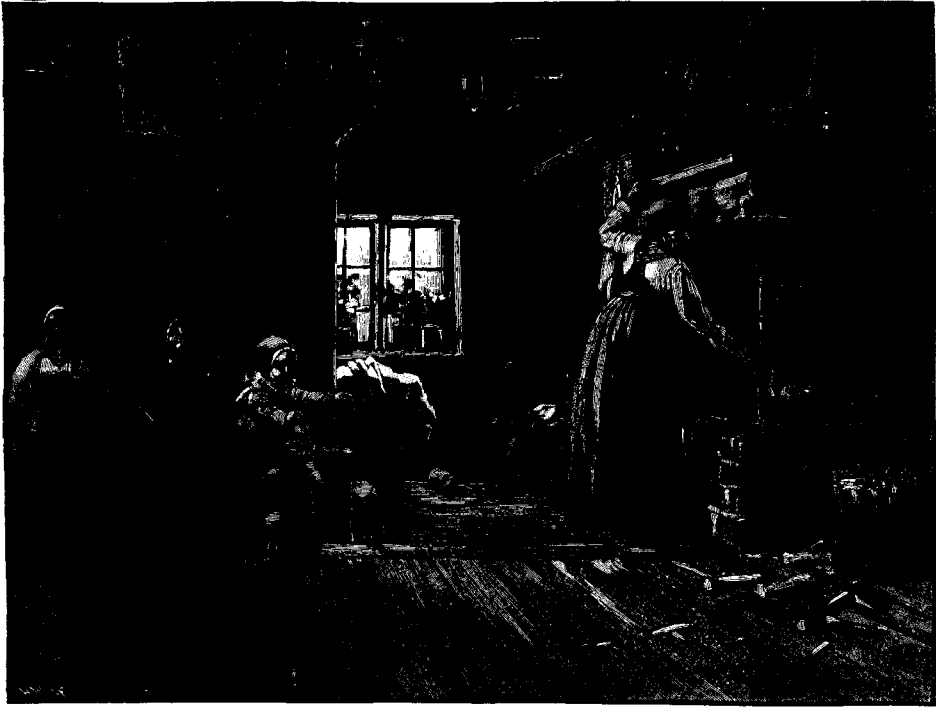
As one rises from the study of this address, viewed in connection with the times and purpose for which it was written, he says, with Fisher Ames: "Of those who were born, and who acted through life as if they were born not for themselves but for their country, how few, alas, are recorded in the long annals of the ages! Two Washingtons come not in one age."

DALECARLIA.

II.

FREE from the oppressive dictation of a guide-book, we wandered far into Dalecarlia, wherever the picturesqueness of people or landscape led us, regardless of the conventionalities of travel. The long days of midsummer, with no darkness and little twilight, followed one another like a succession of day-dreams, for no arbitrary nature drove us to bed or summoned us to rise. At midnight we were sometimes working on sunset-color studies or sitting at the window reading. We started for our day's walk an hour after supper, sleeping when we were sleepy, and eating when we were hungry. How long a man accustomed to a lower latitude could endure the dissipation of this irregular life we did not discover, for our experiment was not long enough to fix the limit of our endurance. For a while at least it was an agreeable change, and we looked forward to dark nights with no pleasant anticipation. There came continually to mind the complaint of the thrifty New England housewife, who, although rising at dawn, and continuing her work by evening candle-light, never thinks her day half long enough for the hundred duties that are crowded into it. But the Dale-

carlian farmer doubtless finds his working hours as many as human nature can endure, for he is obliged in this short season to make up for the long and dark winter, when candles are lighted in the middle of the afternoon, and the cattle do not leave the barns for months. The farm-boy hitches up the horses to harrow at ten o'clock in the evening; toward midnight the carts laden with hay rumble along the village streets, and there are sounds of life all night long. Even the birds scarcely know when to cease singing, and their twitter may be heard far into the evening. Rise when you like in the morning, and you will always find the farmer already at work. In the heat of high noon he may be asleep in his wooden bunk in the living-room, but most of the day the house is deserted, and the key hangs on the door jamb or is stuck in the shingles of the low porch. The laborers come in for their dinner after hours of dusty work in the fields. A huge copper pot is brought out in the middle of the court-yard and filled with water. The girls take off their kerchiefs and bathe their arms and necks, huddling together in the shade of the porch. Men follow, and repeat the oper-



INTERIOR OF A FARM-HOUSE.

ation. Then the girls dip their feet in the bath, and dry them on the embroidered towels hanging in the sun, and finally the men and boys likewise finish their dinner toilet in the same water. The meal is a simple one—porridge, milk, unleavened bread, and perhaps some dry or pickled fish. Weak fermented drink is handed round in a clumsy wooden firkin, with side and cover painted or carved two generations ago. At the close of the meal they sit around the room and sing a hymn together before they return to the fields. Everything in the house is of the most primitive order. In the single large room on the ground-floor are chairs made of hollow tree trunks, tables of rough-hewn planks turn up on folding legs against the side of the room, and there are bunks in the wall with curiously carved and painted trimmings. Beside the rude stone fire platform, where the smoke curls up under an overhanging hood, stands the well-worn chopping-block, where during the long evenings of the winter months the farmer sits by the hour splitting kindling-

wood and whittling. From the smoky beams overhead hang tools, baskets, and poles draped with great bunches of folded rye bread, about the appearance and texture of coarse brown paper. To lighten up the dull-toned interior the farmer's wife has hung her embroidered towels and brilliant coverlets along the front of the straw-filled bunks, and spread a richly colored piece of soft home-woven wool over the painted chest where the Bibles and hymn-books are carefully stored. On the floor she has sprinkled fresh birch leaves or stretched a piece of home-made rag carpet. Geraniums and roses bloom in the long low window, where the green-toned glass set in lead lets in a mellow light. The rakes which hang by the door are whittled out of tough wood. The beer mug, the old hand-mangles, and the saddle-bows are carved in grotesque forms or covered with intricate ornamentation. Among the few pieces of coarse crockery is found perhaps a quaint silver cup, and sticking in the same rack with the clumsy wooden ladles is a battered but serviceable silver spoon

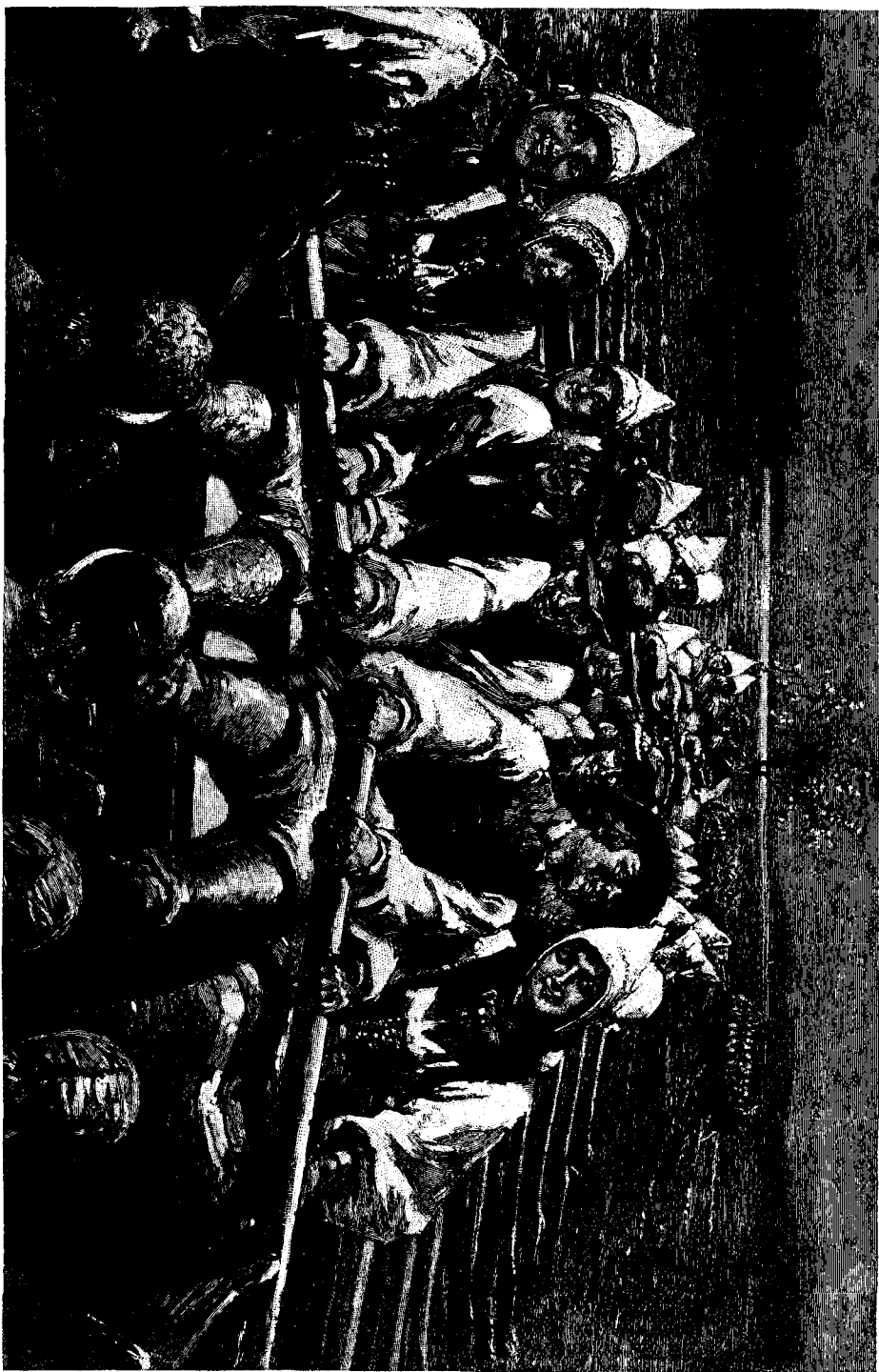
which has fed a half-dozen generations. The only literature in sight is a bundle of Swedish newspapers from far-off Minnesota, carefully preserved, and read again and again.

The treasure of the farm is kept out of sight in the attic rooms, scrupulously guarded from the attacks of insects and the hands of mischievous children. This treasure is the wardrobe. No farmer so poor but has his Klädekammare, in which is gathered all the store of linen and woollen cloth, the product of feminine industry, the holiday garments of summer and winter, the wheels and reels and implements for domestic manufacture of textiles. This room is as sacred as a sanctuary. There is the odor of fresh linen and the fragrance of dried leaves as the door is opened. The floor is as clean as scrubbing can make it; no trace of fly or spider is seen on the low window which dimly lights the room. Along the rafters are nailed cords or slender birch poles, and on these rows of snow-white chemises are arranged methodically along, graduated in size. Below these bodices show in ranks of blazing red, and the heavy black petticoats hang against the wall. Clusters of beautifully starched caps fill the corners, and regiments of shoes stand all along the floor under the eaves. On the other side are the men's clothes, and the wonderful sheep-skin garments for winter use, the wool as white as swan's-down, and the hide as soft as chamois. The clumsy great-coats of the men, the sheep-skin petticoats of the women, and the numerous fleecy dresses of the children are carefully hung in rows, with all wrinkles rubbed out, and no spot or stain to mar the creamy surface of the dressed hide. It is with no small degree of pride that the farmer's wife displays these treasures, the accumulation of many years, and the result of many a long winter's patient work at spinning-wheel and loom. When Sunday comes the toil-stained garments are laid aside, and the sweet, fresh holiday costume is put on for the day. But the farmer's wife, who on Sunday stands as prim and stiff in her starched linen as the figures in old portraits, wears at her every-day work the simple costume of rough homespun, or the dress which years before her mother used to wear to church. Her husband finds at his work in the fields the modern costume cheaper and more comfortable than the complicated and formal dress which the

parish fashion requires, and perhaps during the week he dresses but little different from any other working-man. Thus degeneracy of the distinctive costume gradually creeps in, and probably in another generation the Klädekammare will exist no more.

Before the extensive use of steamboats on the waterways around Stockholm the Dalecarlian girls were accustomed to come to the capital in great numbers each season to row the passenger boats from point to point in the neighborhood of the city. This custom still exists to some extent, and the visitor may be rowed by a buxom peasant girl to an island restaurant, or across an arm of the lake. The girls have lost none of the moral independence and the remarkable physical strength which have since the beginning of Swedish history distinguished their ancestors. In the large cities they are found to-day mixing mortar, carrying burdens, and rowing boats quite as easily as the men, and quite as acceptably to the employers. The most famous boatwomen are the girls of the parish of Rättvik, whither we had rambled in the search of the mythical midsummer dance.

One Sunday morning we watched the people as they landed from the church boats, and drew them up on the shore like the Vikings of old. During the long church service we hid ourselves away in a high-backed pew, where we thought we should be unobserved at our sketching. We carelessly left a vacant pew between us and the wall, and soon we had an eager spectator looking over our shoulder, and only sitting down when he took out his snuff-box and stowed a great pinch inside his under lip. We attempted to hide our work from his eye under the very shallow pretense of attention to the prayer-book, but he whispered in a hoarse stage tone, "Don't mind me; I've seen a good deal of this thing before." He then installed himself as our protector, and kept all others out of the pew beside or behind us. When, before the sermon, the pastor walked down the aisle, our friend gave a timely caution for us to hide our books and look innocent. The drone of the sermon and the heat of the day had their natural consequences, and if the contribution collectors had not poked a bag on the end of a long pole under the noses of the sleepers occasionally, the hard breathing might have rivalled the cries of the babies.



RACE BETWEEN CHURCH DOATS.



THE KLÄDEKAMMARE.

When the service was over we translated to our mentor the information that was destroying our peace of mind, and he assured us with perfect calmness that in the village of Vikarby across the lake there would be a dance that very night. He furthermore went on to detail the beauties of the festival, and to dilate so eloquently on the attractiveness of the peasant girls that we were weak enough to believe him, and were unhappy until we found a means of conveyance to that same village. It was distant across the lake perhaps two miles and a half, and quite four times as far away by the dusty hilly road. The church boats had come overloaded to the water's edge, and no small boats were to be had. We had just made up our minds to walk, encouraged in this enterprise by the sight of a great crew of pretty girls putting off in one of the Vikarby boats, when the people began

to fill the second one. It was quite as elastic as an American horse-car. When it was filled overfull, a half-dozen laggards came down to the shore and calmly piled themselves in. This addition to the freight apparently made no difference at all. We took courage from this incident and resolved to try it ourselves. The third and last boat was rapidly filled up, and we boldly went down and asked to be taken to Vikarby. A place was rapidly made for us in the bow—a small place, but still as much as anybody had—and off we went.

The moment we were clear of the shore the forty oars struck the water together, and began the stroke in perfect rhythm. The immense weight of the people caused the frail craft to quiver and settle, and for a moment it almost seemed as if she must sink lower. But with the first strong strokes she felt alive and leaped forward, swelling her sides like some heavy-breath-

ing monster. The rival boats of the village had a little the start of us, and our crew was determined to reach the village as soon as they. The excitement developed rapidly as we darted out into the deep water of the bay. How the lithe oars bent, and how the gunwale creaked and shivered! The old helmsman kept his eye on the leading craft, and steered with a firm hand, now and then noting the progress by a word or gesture of encouragement. Ten thwarts held four rowers each, two girls and two men, the latter sitting in the middle and holding the end of the oar. Every space on the gunwale between the oars was occupied by a woman, the stern held a mass of children and adults packed closely, and even to the high stem the bow was wedged in solidly with men and women. Altogether we counted very nearly a hundred souls.

The day was very warm, and a bright sun threw up a painful reflection from the water. The girls took off their kerchiefs and pulled the harder; the men paused one by one to doff their jackets, and then worked with the more vigor, the perspiration running from their faces. On the thwart near us sat a young couple

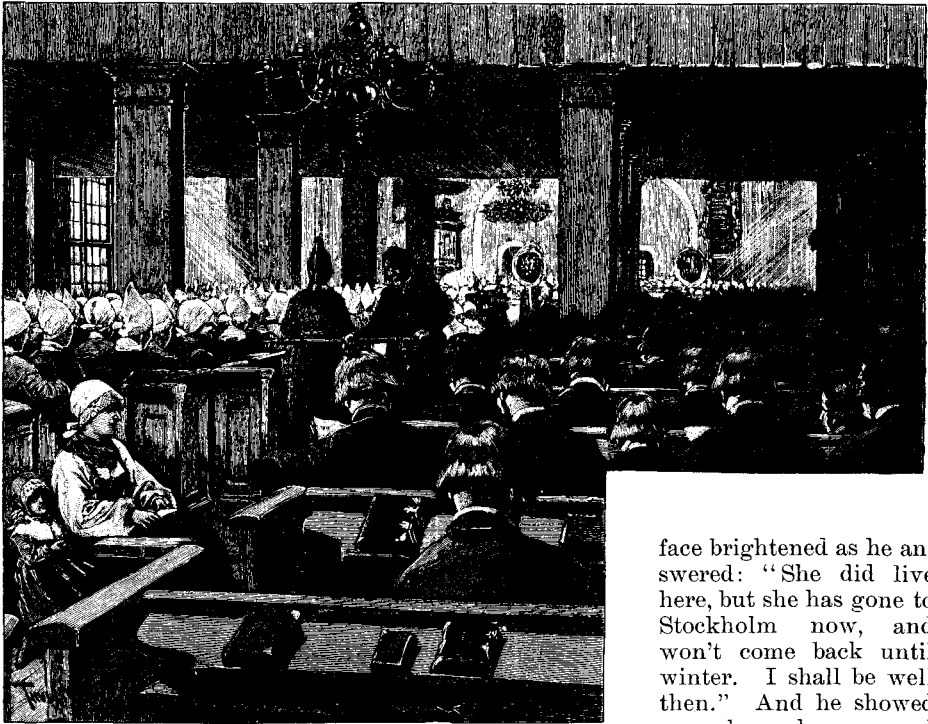
who took the opportunity at every recovery of the stroke to speak to one another or to glance into each other's eyes. When she smiled he threw himself with redoubled energy on the oar. She on her part sometimes hid her heated, blushing face in the full sleeves of her outstretched arms. It was perhaps the only chance during the week of speaking to one another, for the social etiquette of Dalecarlia forbids the young men to notice the young women in public places, and only condones conversation on the sly. This was not the only little pastoral drama on the boat, for other plump damsels and muscular youths were becoming intimate as they tugged at the same oar. Truly age and experience had the helm, but young love propelled the boat.

On the same thwart with the young lovers sat a man of middle age with his wife beside him. As he let go the oar to take off his jacket he turned and said, in the best of American: "It's an awfully hot day! Don't you think so?" He had spent half his life on a Western farm, and had come home to live in comparative ease.

Thrilled by the excitement of the race we watched the distance between the boats



RATTVIK CHURCH.



IN RÄTTVIK CHURCH.

grow smaller and smaller, and as we were stern and stern with them we ran upon the shingly beach. Out tumbled crew and passengers with the same impulse, and the boat was instantly housed under the long shed.

We strolled up through the grain to the village, where we were to await the expected festival, and sought along the rows of log-houses for the home of a Dalecarlian girl connected with the Stockholm Society of the Friends of Manual Arts, which we learned in the boat was in the village. We were directed to a house where brilliant red paint had been plentifully applied on all sides. Knocking at the door we heard at first no response, but later a faint "Stig in!" Entering the living-room we saw in a wooden box bed under the window the figure of a boy of perhaps sixteen years lying in the sunlight, with the shadows from the house plants flickering on the linen. He explained that he had charge of the house, but that his mother would soon return. We asked if Greta lived there. His pale

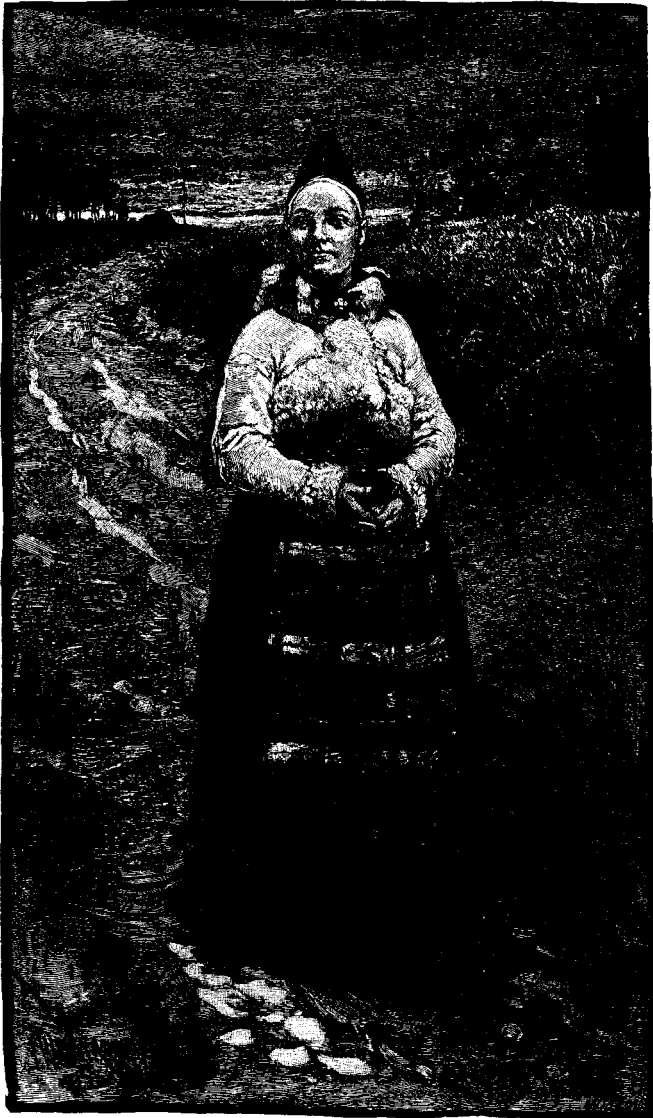
face brightened as he answered: "She did live here, but she has gone to Stockholm now, and won't come back until winter. I shall be well then." And he showed us, as he spoke, a scarred and emaciated leg, explaining that he had been in bed for eighteen

months; that the doctor lived nearly twenty miles away, and had only seen him once or twice since the accident had happened which shattered his leg. "But," he cheerfully assured us, "I am better now, and shall soon be out." Soon two little girls scarcely as old as the invalid came in and out by the bedside bringing flowers and a few playthings to amuse him with. Their ruddy, sun-browned faces under the quaint pointed caps contrasted strongly with the pallor of the blonde boy as he lay in the sunlight. It was a touching little genre picture.

The mother and sister of Greta shortly came in, and gave us a hearty welcome. The former began to make no stranger of us by taking off her Sunday clothes. We sat and fidgeted, and knew not whether to run away or to stay and affect not to notice her. Before we had fairly time to decide she had stepped out of a couple of woollen petticoats, taken off a thick bodice, the pointed cap with two under-caps, the clumsy conventional shoes and the shapeless stockings, and stood in her che-

mise and cotton petticoat, with her hair twisted closely around the top of her head. The pristine innocence of the operation disarmed our modest remonstrances, and we found ourselves accepting the sit-

the marvels of the town, notably a large and fine old interior, with quaint bunks and buffet, and a four-hours-old baby packed away in a box like so much market stuff.



GRETA.

uation as a matter of course. Nothing would do after that but we must eat and drink, and shortly milk and beer, eggs and bread, were set before us. Then the stout daughter was sent to pilot us to see

The long afternoon was ended, the cows were milked, and the village gossips were all busy in the shadows of the houses, but no sound of music was heard, and no preparations for the festival were visi-

ble. Every one whom we interviewed on the subject "allowed" that there might be a dance, but no one knew anything definite about it. We haunted the cross-roads where the May-pole stood, until the lake grew cool and purple in the quiet light, and then went to the lake-side landing, hoping, but scarcely expecting, to find some one willing to ferry us over to the inn three miles or more across the lake. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the little row-boats, full of girls and children, plied along the water's edge. Two pretty boat-girls of perhaps seventeen years, with hair as pale yellow as the flax they spin in the winter, and deep ruddy cheeks, volunteered to carry us to Karls-vik, and we took our places in the stern of the rude craft, feeling a little ungallant at not insisting upon taking the oars ourselves. But the picture of these two lithe, healthy creatures easily sending the heavy boat through the water was too agreeable to be destroyed, and we let them pull on, singing, as they stopped to rest, the following melody:



The sandy roads through the spruce and pine forests on the shores of Siljan Lake are as dreary and monotonous as all similar highways are. The lake itself closely resembles in character Moosehead Lake, in Maine, the hill-sides to the water's edge being covered for a large extent with an unbroken forest. The peasants regard the lake with a sentiment approaching

veneration, and many are the traditions of the historical dramas enacted on its shores. Old women say that its depth is to be measured by its length. If their other tales are as accurate as this, the grain of truth in them may be measured by the ratio of about seven hundred feet to twenty-five miles. There is very little navigation on the lake except the daily steamers, which carry freight and passengers, and rare clumsy sloops, which spread a timid show of canvas. For a large part of its extent the surface is unbroken by islands or rocks, but toward the northern extremity, where there are great patches of cultivated land on the hill-sides, there are clusters of little wooded islets and pleasant little bays with fertile meadows bounding them. Here also numerous villages cluster by the lake-side, and occasionally a modern villa in the Renaissance French or Italian style reflects its ugliness in the water.

The two parishes of Mora and Orsa correspond at the northern extremity of the lake to the parishes of Rättvik and Leksand on the south. Curiously enough, although a half-day's journey from a railway, the former parishes are the much more advanced in modern civilization, at least as far as external evidences go. As we approached in the steamer, the wake of a little steam-yacht puffing around the bay splashed water over the gunwale of half a dozen laden church boats on their way home to a distant village from the missionary meeting in the Mora church. A dory of the pattern of two centuries ago rubbed its tarry sides against the white waist of a trim sailing yacht flying a Swedish flag as large as its mainsail.

Mora seen from the water, dominated as it is by the great brick church and the characteristic bell tower behind it, is far more picturesque than on nearer examination. Ashore, the steamboat wharves, with piles of wood corded ready for the boilers, the wooden houses half overhanging the water, the little red school-house marred by the school-boy hieroglyphics, the general abundance of logs, and many evidences of skillful use of the axe, impress one quite the same as a village in one of the inlets on the Maine coast. The inn, a bald, spacious building, with awning-shaded seats on the ragged lawn before it, and a general air of desolation and hard usage, does not disturb, but rather completes this illusion, especially when it

is found that a strict prohibitory law is in force in the parish. We seemed very near home when the landlord approached us on our arrival, and after preliminary greetings led us with an impressive show of mystery up to a closet door which bore unmistakable signs of frequent and not too delicate handling. Opening the door he indicated that a collection of a dozen fly-soiled bottles and a score of sticky glasses standing on a newspaper-covered shelf were at our disposal. We saw him after this go down to the piazza, tip his chair back against the wall, and take a chew of tobacco in the most stagy American fashion.

Very stringent liquor laws have been in force in Sweden as well as Norway for many years. With a few exceptions, the provisions of the law correspond exactly to those in force in some of the New England States. Parishes may prohibit the sale of spirits entirely, or according to the vote of the people limit its sale to one or two establishments, which are required to pay either a high fixed license, or to turn in to the public treasury all profits over five per cent. This last is the system which prevails in many of the Swedish towns, and particularly in the large cities, under the name of the Göteborg, or Gothenburg system, so called from having been first tried in the town of that name. The plan consists essentially in the letting out of the liquor stores by the local authorities, usually to a company, which undertakes to pay over all proceeds to the authorities, after deducting the five per cent. interest for itself. The special purpose of the Gothenburg system is to take away from the retail liquor seller all temptation to "make custom" by encouraging drunkenness; but there seems to be some question whether the plan works as well as it is expected to, even when combined with such further restrictive regulations as the re-

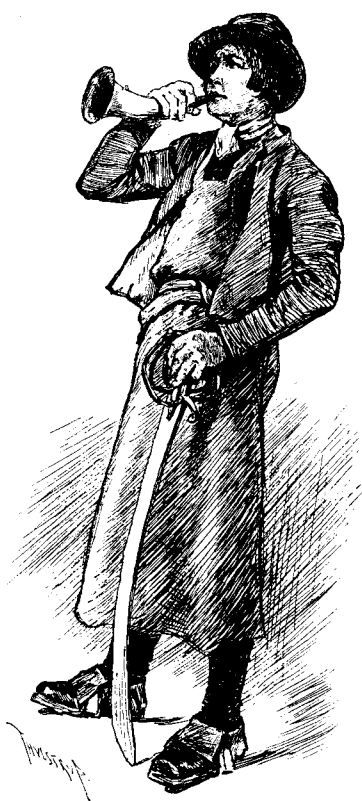
quirement that in certain cases the customer shall eat before he drinks, or a limitation in the amount of liquor to be sold to one person. But wine, beer, and porter are usually not included in these restrictions; and though private stills are prohibited, private drinking is not con-



MORA BELL TOWER.

trolled. The Gothenburg system does not, therefore, prevent or abolish the evil; but it is nevertheless a wholesome check upon intemperance. The parishes around Siljan Lake have suffered greatly in past times from the prevalence of intoxication, and in no one of them is a liberal license system in vogue.

As may have been gathered from preceding pages, the chief recreation and entertainment of the Dalecarlians is church-going. Open-air meetings and parish



NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

excursions are quite as popular as in any other Protestant country, and while we were at Mora nearly every day brought forth either a missionary meeting, a picnic prayer-meeting, or a conference of ministers. Steamer loads of black-coated pastors, accompanied by hundreds of peasant women in bright-colored costumes, landed at the wharf, and turned the day into a religious festival. *Autre pays autres mœurs*. It would astonish the congregation in a New England village to see the pastor, fat and dignified, wrestling with the cork of a beer bottle in a crowded dining-room, while his upper lip gave unmistakable evidence of devotion to snuff.

In Mora the summer visitor has not only to court sleep in the bright sunlight, but an unearthly blast from the horn of the night-watchman disturbs the stranger at every half-hour from ten o'clock until six. Four of us in the hotel arranged a scheme to forcibly corral the disturber of the peace, and either spoil his horn or per-

suede him to substitute for it cats or some other mild nocturnal noise. So we rallied out at midnight and watched for him. We had not the assistance and cover of darkness, so we decided to ambush the enemy, and consequently took our posts behind the little shanties which serve for booths in fair-time. As he drew near, tooting the instrument of torture, we saw as fine a specimen of a man as could be imagined, tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, and straight as a grenadier. He wore a white woollen, full-skirted coat, and small-clothes like the peasants of the time of Louis XIV. In his right hand he carried the torture bugle, and in his left he had a huge naked sword at least four feet long. We had planned to move out at his approach, and imagined an easy victory over such a specimen of watchman as we had hitherto seen. I scarcely need add that we suffered him to distend his lungs and give his ear-splitting blasts quite uninterruptedly. Mora and Orsa boast of the size and vigor of their men. We can now forgive them this boast.

The country around the northern part of Siljan Lake is famous as the scene of many notable events in Swedish history. One of the most romantic episodes in the life of Gustavus Vasa occurred in the little village of Tomtgården, a short walk from the town of Mora. Here the hero took refuge from his Danish pursuers in the house of a farmer. The wife was engaged in brewing beer when the Danish horsemen appeared in sight, so she hastily concealed the fugitive in the cellar, and covered up the trap-door by placing the heavy beer vat over it. Even the ugly memorial building in style of railway architecture does not prevent the patriotic Swedes from reverencing this spot. The building serves to display three historical pictures—one of them a representation of Gustavus and the farmer's wife, by J. F. Höckert; the second a picture painted by E. Berg of the Ornäs house, in Southern Dalecarlia, where a similar event took place; and the third a large Norwegian landscape of historical interest in the life of Gustavus Vasa, painted by the late King Charles XV., his eighteenth successor.

Dalecarlia was formerly famous for its manufactures; and clocks, bells, furniture, and various other articles were made by the peasants in their own houses. With the exception of a rare clock-maker, who devotes himself now solely to repairing,

no trace of these domestic manufactories now exists. The old people sadly date their poverty to the introduction of German machine-made wares, and the consequent cessation of the demand for articles

baskets of flexible chips with great skill. A two-quart basket with a cover sells as low as eight öre—less than two cents. Birch bark furnishes material for many articles which are a specialty of Dalecar-



HAIR-DRESSING.

of hand-workmanship. For the simpler pieces of household utility the peasants are still considered master-workmen. They fashion light and finely ornamented drinking mugs out of soft wood, and weave

lian production. Cut in narrow strips, it is woven into mats, saddle-bags, and slippers; covered with intricate ornamentation, it is bent to form snuff-boxes and other small cases. Spinning, weaving,



CARRYING WATER.

embroidery, and lace-making are still carried on in every house, and the linen and woollen cloths produced have no rivals in Sweden. In decorative textiles they cling to the semi-barbaric traditional patterns, and produce now specimens which differ only in the freshness of the dyes from those of Gustavus Vasa's time.

The architecture, too, has scarcely changed since the patriotic peasantry assembled around the banners of Engelbrekt or the Stures. The carpenters now as then begin the construction of a house by making a heavy ladder, which serves to raise the building material, and after the house is done, stands against the eaves, and gradually falls to pieces. Straight spruce logs are hewn square on two sides, convex on the top, and concave on the bottom. These timbers are then dovetailed together at the corners one above the other, and moss is tightly packed between the curved surfaces—a similar but more elaborate construction than the ordinary log-house of the West. The roof is covered either with double courses of shingles or with layers of birch bark, held down by battens, boards, and stones. Little or no ornamentation is attempted except in the scroll-work of the porch facings and the iron of the door handles, which are often quite in the style of the work of the later iron period of Scandinavian civilization.

The seeker of adventure might easily find a more fertile field for exploration than the interior of Sweden. The monotony of the landscape is sometimes wearisome, and the every-day life of the people is so unemotional that it offers little to en-

tertain or divert the mind. The great charm of the country consists mainly in the agreeable manners of the people and in the utter simplicity of their pastoral existence. Wherever we went we found nothing but unostentatious and sincere hospitality. We often surprised the inmates of some remote farm-house by appearing at the

door with our sketching paraphernalia, armed with no better introduction than a request to be permitted to study the interior. More than once, following a hearty invitation, we walked in upon domestic tableaux of such intimacy that we quickly sought excuses for retiring. In the living-room was evidently carried on all the household work, and the family toilet was looked upon as only a part of the common labor of the day. The father in one cabin was engaged in shearing the yellow hair of a youngster writhing in torment on a stool, while the mother arranged the dishes on the table, stopping now and then to endeavor to quiet the urchin's yells. With an eagerness to show goodwill which it was impossible to resist, the shed was turned into a barber's shop, and the dinner-table was set on the porch. A little girl with a curious labor-saving wheeled pole was sent to bring a bucket of fresh water from the spring, and a wooden beer firkin full of milk or of svagdricka was placed near us. The people were generally ready to pose for us at our will, and rarely or never showed the obtrusive curiosity which is the torment of almost every sketching tour. Notwithstanding their poverty there is very little misery among the people. A tramp is never met with, and rags are as rare as whole garments on Spanish beggars. Along the road-side near the churches is usually found an iron box strapped to a timber by an iron band, and locked with a curious padlock. In this are put the contributions for the support of orphans and the infirm, and the charitable institutions thus largely supported are eminent-

ly suited to the purpose. An indication of the quality of the popular disposition is found in their love for flowers. No house so wretched but has its window

country. The peasant who can not read or write is almost a curiosity. Their knowledge of the outside world is sometimes surprising. Few families but have



THE POOR-BOX.

filled with carefully trained house plants, and every empty jug has its bouquet of wild flowers, gathered by the children. A more honest, kindly disposed people does not live.

Compulsory education has given an untold impulse to the development of the

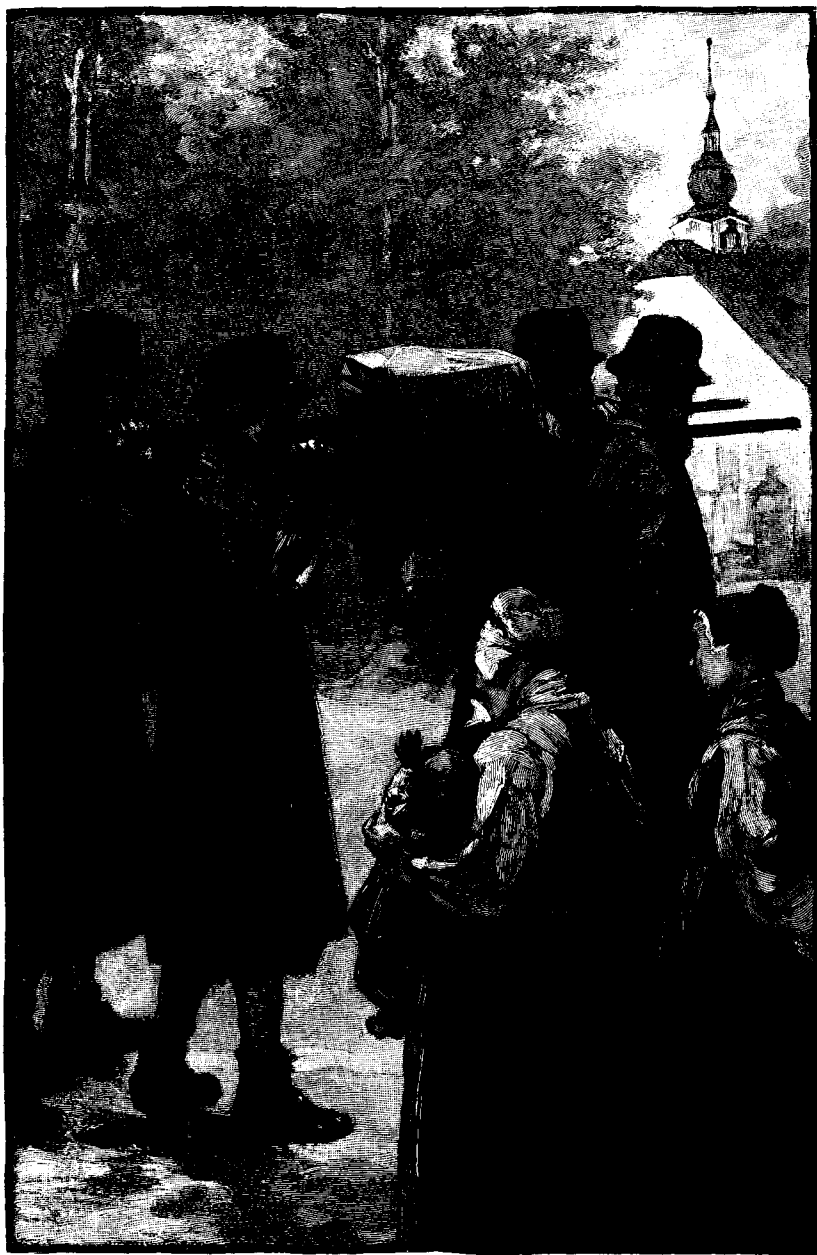
near relatives or friends who have emigrated, and through the means of constant correspondence they get an acquaintance with the manners and customs of other countries. We met more than one peasant who, although they had never seen a locomotive or worn a coat of new-

er cut than a hundred years ago, were better posted on the tonnage and speed of the Atlantic steamers than we were ourselves, and had no little knowledge of the politics of the world. Emigration seems to be chiefly caused by the high rate of taxes—in some parishes ten per cent. on the net income—and by the low wages for labor—one crown and a half—about forty cents—a day. The proportion of cleared land to forest is very small, and the reason given for this is the expectation of a new division of land. “No one,” say the farmers, “will improve his land as long as there is a prospect of a new division. Those who are badly off are always clamoring for this new division, and when it comes it will take at least fifteen or twenty years to execute it, and meanwhile everything will be in confusion.” The trouble is that the farmers’ sons, when they marry, receive a definite portion of the farm as their inheritance. This custom has naturally tended to a great subdivision of the land, and furthermore has brought about, after several generations, an inextricable confusion of titles. The farms of any great extent are now made up of many small parcels of land scattered all over the country. Some farmers have pasture lands adjacent; others must drive their cows a day’s journey, and keep them there all summer at great inconvenience. To remedy this confusion a new division of land is sometimes resorted to. This may be decided upon by a vote of the parish; and if the grumblers carry the day, the land is re-divided, the proportion accurately fixed, and the farm boundaries properly adjusted. This primitive method of settlement of a great difficulty is not without its injustice, and a new division causes no end of disturbance and ill feeling.

When we drifted around to Noret, in Leksand parish, again, after a short season among the villages and in the evergreen forests, we felt as if we had been living in the past centuries. When we left the inn on our previous visit the landlord insisted on letting the bill stand unpaid—whether a long-headed scheme on his part to secure our return, or a freak of confidence, we could not tell. But he knew far better than we how all roads out of Dalecarlia led through Leksand, and how potent are the attractions of country and people. He thought, too, perhaps, that we could not long resist the gastronomical tempta-

tions of a bill of fare which reversed all known orders of courses and combinations.

Popular excitement in Leksand is apparently gauged by the importance of the funerals on Sunday. Otherwise these holidays are repetitions of solemn assemblies under the birch-trees and devout attendance at the church service. When, as sometimes happens, only one coffin is brought to the church-yard, and that containing perhaps only a small child, the disappointment of the old women is not concealed. On such occasions they shake their heads and whisper to one another as the bier passes, “Only a small affair, after all.” This entertainment was more emotional than amusing, and we found it so depressing after a while to have human mortality so constantly forced upon our consideration that we systematically forbore assisting at any assemblage of peasants on the Sabbath, sure that a funeral or something equally solemn would be the attraction. One week-day it was announced by the town-crier that an auction of household goods would be held at a certain place. At the time named there was a great collection of peasants in holiday dress around the portico of a large log building in the market-place. When we approached all was quiet, and we supposed it was the hush preceding the announcement of “third and last call—sold.” But as we reached the door we noticed the men standing with uncovered heads in the attitude of prayer. From the open windows of the house came the droning sound of the pastor’s voice. We retreated as quietly as we could, convinced that they were taking advantage of the crowd to get up a funeral and enjoy some emotional excitement. We hurried away to the music of a mournful hymn. The landlady, who took a motherly interest in our study of the people, and had pointed out to us every character of note in the parish, from the peasant with an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year to the heroic father of twenty-three children, intercepted our flight, and assured us that it was really an auction, and not another funeral, declaring that parish auctions always opened with prayer and a hymn. We therefore returned to the house, and entered. On one side of the large low room sat on rude benches a multitude of women and children, and facing them in solemn ranks sat the men. At the end of the room was a large table piled up with



A FUNERAL IN DALECARLIA.

towels, caps, and other articles of domestic manufacture. The auctioneer, a mournful man, spare of habit and feeble of voice, stood near by, holding a towel in his hand. As he stood there, slowly turning from side to side, he plaintively complained, "En

krona! en krona! en krona!" (one crown), and as far as we could make out kept up his wail until some one advanced and took the article, laying down the money.

The judicious distribution of spruce gum and the employment of models had

endeared numbers of the Leksand beauties to the strangers. The absence of darkness prevented any approach to romantic social intercourse, and we had to satisfy ourselves with the privilege not granted to the youths of the parish, of speaking to any one, even in the market-place. A parting entertainment was given us in the village, at which we drank with well-concealed repugnance the sweet punch and the native spirits and water, eating inordinately, as one must do to satisfy Swedish hospitality. The gentle manners of the people and the perfect peace of their pastoral lives had made the anticipation of return to the turmoil of civilization far

from agreeable, and we prepared for departure with sincere regret. When we stood on the deck of the little steamer and waved handkerchiefs to the kaleidoscopic crowd on the wharf, a soiled and crumpled bit of paper fell from my companion's pocket. I quietly picked it up and examined it. It was a leaf surreptitiously torn from a guide-book long out of date, and the last paragraph read: "The best time to visit Lake Siljan is in the height of summer, when the vegetation is in perfection, and when the younger members of the community while away the long twilight with dances around the richly decked village May-pole."

NICAISE DE KEYSER.

IN the art galleries of Europe, perhaps no vestibule detains the visitor longer, and no single work inspires and instructs the artist more, than the vestibule of the Antwerp Museum, on whose walls and ceiling is painted, in a series of remarkable scenes, "L'Histoire de l'École d'Anvers," the result of ten years of the labor of the Flemish artist M. Nicaise de Keyser, who has been at the head of the Antwerp Royal Academy of Art since 1855.

The actual painting of this great work, intrusted to M. De Keyser by the government and town council of Antwerp, was not begun before 1867, but M. De Keyser entered upon the preparatory historical studies, experimental sketches, examinations of types, draperies, etc., in 1862.

In order to personally inform himself as to every authentic record and representation, whether of pen, pencil, or brush, of the characters and influences to be delineated in his art epic, he travelled through Europe, spending much time in La Bibliothèque Richelieu in Paris, and visiting the artists, the studios, galleries, and libraries of Amsterdam, the Hague, Dresden, Berlin, and London.

The painting was completed in 1872, and in August of that year the formal unveiling of the treasures of the vestibule was made the occasion of a splendid public celebration. The eminent architect and director of art improvements in Edinburgh, Mr. John Lessels, himself a very clever water-colorist, acquainted with every aspect of art on the Continent, and accustomed to make a yearly tour of Europe for artistic purposes, attended this

fête, and wrote an interesting account of it to the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, pronouncing "L'École d'Anvers" to be "the most important work of art completed within the last two centuries."

The old low, dark, and comfortless vestibule of the Musée d'Anvers was made lofty and well lighted from the roof for the reception of M. De Keyser's work, which covers the four side walls and the coved ceilings to the roof-light; but the work in the ceiling and on the east wall, though a part of the whole, and in every respect as carefully studied and nobly finished, belongs in a supplementary sense to the main painting, which, in a continuity of groups, occupies the west (or central) and north and south walls.

This supplementary work is intended to illustrate by incidents in the lives of the great masters the influences which impressed the origin and affected the progress of the school of Antwerp as these are portrayed on the three chief panels.

The west panel, containing the central group, is over forty-two feet long by sixteen feet in height, and represents fifty-two of the most important figures in Antwerp art.* The other eighty-four figures, forty-two each on the north and south panels, comprise the entire assembly of

* A copy of a section of this panel—and the only copy that has ever been taken—has been furnished expressly for this article by M. De Keyser, and contains what are considered to be the best existing portraits of Rubens, Jordaens, Schut, Del Monte, Van Diepenbeek, De Vos, Teniers, Vandyck, Crayer, Quellin, Van Thulden, François, Wouters, Van Balen, and Snyders.